

**Life histories written by  
Olive Redmond**

About the cover photos:

David was born in East Ham, London, but his family moved when he was about 20 to 57 Prugel Street, Plaistow, London. The house has since been demolished and other houses built in its place.

After finishing his apprenticeship as an electrician, David had to serve 2 years in the British Army. After that he joined Rank Xerox fixing photocopiers. He was supplied with a van to get to offices in London. When David left them to go to New Zealand his father bought the van, sprayed it green and gave it to us for a wedding present.

We enjoyed visits to the beach at Canvey Island where David's grandmother lived.

David liked dogs and often there would be one following him around when we went for walks.

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## **David George Redmond life story**

*The life story of David George Redmond, written by Olive right at the end of 2005 while David was in hospital, only a few days before he died. I wrote whatever David said, then went home and typed it, read it back to him the next day to have it approved or changed and then wrote some more.*

I was born at 43 Hartland Road, Stratford, at least, that is the address on my birth certificate. As most babies then were born at home, I think I was not born in a hospital. It was Wednesday, 18 November 1936 and I was the third boy born to my parents Alfred and Nellie Redmond. They were delighted with my birth as only a year before this my brother Michael had died so that had been a sad time. My brothers were Terry born 26 November 1931 and Michael born 9 May 1934. Michael was 17 months old when he died of broncho-pneumonia. My mother thought his lungs had been weakened by having whooping cough as a baby and he was never very strong after that.

When I was a baby we all lived with my father's parents, or they lived with us, at 77 Gwendoline Avenue, Upton Park. In those days it was very common for 3 generations to live in the same house. My grandfather Michael David Redmond died in 1941 and soon after that, when I was 5, we moved to 63 Ladysmith Avenue, East Ham, where I spent all my growing up years until we moved to 57 Prugel Street, Plaistow, when I was 16 or 17. My grandmother, Florence Emily Yarranton Redmond, always lived with us all for about 30 years until she died in 1973. This was because my father

had promised his father on his deathbed in the middle of World War 2 that he would always look after his mother.

The house in Prugel Street had 4 small rooms downstairs and 4 upstairs. Each room was just over 3 metres square. Nan had one room downstairs as her living room and 1 upstairs as her bedroom. We had the other 3 bedrooms. There was no bathroom and the toilet was outside in the tiny garden which was only 3 or 4 metres square. The bath was in the kitchen. To have a bath meant making sure nobody else wanted to use the kitchen, taking a board off the top of the bath before filling it with water, and putting it all back again when the bath was finished. In winter, clothes were dried on wooden racks on a rope pulley, up near the ceiling. The pulley was lowered to put clothes on or off the racks.

Nan did her cooking in the kitchen whenever my mother was not using it, which was never a good arrangement with 2 women using the same kitchen. My mother did not like this situation as she did not get on well with her mother-in-law and felt her home was not her own. My father often took his mother's part and there were frequent family rows with everyone shouting. For this reason my mother always said she would never live with any of her children and give them the unhappy life she had endured. As it turned out she had a stroke in 1974 and was paralysed down one side. My father cared for her at home when they moved to 12 Wragby Road, Leytonstone, until he died of cancer in 1977 and she had to go into a rest home in Chingford where she died in 1984.

An interesting detail found on marriage certificates is that my grandfather Michael David Redmond, lived at 100 Napier Road, West Ham before his marriage in December 1903 and my parents lived in the same road before their marriage in July 1930. My father Alf lived at 29 and my mother Nell at 31, so my father married the girl next door.

My aunts Doll and Poll were always a close part of the family and our family often called round to see them as they lived

round the corner. They were Grandfather Michael's sisters Mary and Edith and had their mother Elizabeth Gillicker Redmond living with them until she died about 1943. She went blind in later life which may have been due to cataracts, but operations for that were not known in those days. At Christmas time we always invited our aunts and grandparents to us, or went to them, so there were always a lot of us together.

My mother was distraught when little Michael died when only 17 months old and was very nervous about what might happen to me too. When I was 2 I was very ill with Scarlet Fever. Soon after that in 1939 I was sent away to Letchworth Convalescent Home for Children as I was not eating well enough and the doctor thought I needed to be looked after by nurses so I would thrive better. My parents were not allowed to see me very often and it was a long train journey for them to get to the convalescent home, so it must have been a very traumatic time for them being separated from me. I loved the big house I had been taken to, and all the toys and lovely things to play with that I did not have at home, and soon settled in. When I returned home I did not know who my parents were and wondered why I had to live with these strangers.

World War 2 started in September 1939 and all through the bombing in London we were in constant fear of our home being destroyed. Terry was evacuated away to our Aunt Florrie and Uncle Tom. She was Dad's sister and they lived in the seaside village of Wells-next-the-sea, Norfolk. I liked to visit them with our family for holidays as we went to them for several years and always enjoyed our time with them. They were very kind to Terry and me and loved us visiting as they had no children of their own. I was evacuated to my mother's mother Gran Easton who lived on Canvey Island, Essex. As with many other children we were only away a few months and our parents wanted us home with them again.

One of my earliest memories was when I was about 5 and

playing on the bombsite of a house in our neighbourhood with another boy. As we looked through the ruins of furniture that was still there, the boy picked up a lamp and threw it at me. It cut my wrist and the boy was so scared when he saw all the blood that he ran home leaving me to stagger home crying loudly and bleeding quite a bit. My mother took me on the bus to the hospital to have the cut stitched.

When I was about 5 my parents thought it was a good idea to send Terry and me to Sunday School as it would give them a bit of peace and quiet on a Sunday afternoon. They did not realise it was not Sunday School for children in the afternoon, as they met in the morning and this was a church service for adults. I remember walking up the church steps and saw a man at the top standing firmly in our way, glowering at us. I wanted to run home but Terry held on to my hand as he had been given the job of taking me to Sunday School and was not going to be put off by the man. Before this man let us in the church door he bent down and put his face right up close to ours and threatened us with the words I have never forgotten. "If either of you make a noise I will pull you by the ears and have you out of this church quicker than you can say Jack Robinson." Then the man stood up straight and walked ahead of us up the church aisle. He took us almost to the front of the church, to the second row, while the congregation sang the opening hymn. Then he went to the back, to the church door, and looked out to see if anyone else was waiting there. Finding nobody there he came and sat down right behind us. All through the service I could feel this man's eyes boring into the back of my neck. As soon as the service was over Terry and I escaped out of the church and ran home as fast as our legs could take us. We did not stop running until we got to our road, Ladysmith Avenue, and never went back to that church ever again.

My first school at the age of 5 years was on the next road to Gwendoline Avenue, but I was not there for long before going to Hartley Avenue school. Around the age of 7 I went to

Cubs as Terry who was then 12 was in Scouts and our parents were on the scout committee. Originally scouts and cubs were held in the Church of England hall but the committee had a disagreement with the vicar and moved to Central Park School hall.

When I was about 9 in Cubs, working towards my sewing badge, I sewed on a button for another boy whose button had come off his braces which held up his trousers. The boy was rather fat, which is probably why the button was under strain, and I couldn't help wondering if I stuck the needle in him if he would go pop. A few years later I met him again at secondary school and he recognised me and said, "Oh, you're the boy who sewed my button on for me."

After age 11 I went to Central Park Secondary Modern school which I quite enjoyed. I liked soccer and was on the school football team. I knew John Kiss, John and Graham Thomson, but they were a year younger than me and I was not so friendly with them until a few years later when we were all in Senior Scouts together.

I learned at home to play chess with my Dad and Terry and at school on Friday afternoons we were allowed to choose an activity so I joined the chess club and we had about 30 boys playing chess. There were girls in the other half of the school but we were kept entirely separate and even had a 2 metre brick wall separating us in the playground. The only girls I ever met were my friends' sisters and Terry's friend Fred Fisher who had a sister Ann who was my age. One evening my parents and the Fisher parents had a scout meeting to go to so they brought Ann round to our house so we each had company. Nan Redmond lived with us and I can't remember if Terry was there or if he had gone round to Fred's house. I only remember not knowing what to say or do with this girl in our house. We were about 15 at the time, very shy, and felt rather intimidated by being thrown together in this way.

I was not really interested in girls as I was involved with

scouts and joined the local judo club for about 3 years where I advanced to a yellow belt. I also went to dancing classes with Terry and Miriam, and Terry's friend Peter Kiss and his girlfriend Julie who was also Miriam's best friend, and they still go after nearly 60 years. People thought they were twins as they went everywhere together. Terry told me there was a girl at the dancing class who wanted to go out with me but I did not want to as I was not very keen on her.

When I was about 20 there was a girl called Jean or June who I met at a dance and asked her out. I had not been out with anyone else before and neither had she. I had a motorbike at the time and we went on it to the cinema. We went out together quite a few times on Saturday afternoons. Sometimes we went for a walk, or to the cinema, or for a ride to Canvey Island where my Gran Easton and Uncle George lived. After a few months I got a letter from her, just before I went into the army, saying she wanted to break it off as I was not her type. She was very shy and thought someone like Miriam was more my type as she was energetic and vivacious. Later on I went out with a girl called Valerie and another girl called Jenny. When I met Olive and introduced her to my parents they realised I was serious about her. My father tried hard to remember her name but would get mixed up and say, "Hello Valerie, er Jenny, er Olive." It made me really furious and embarrassed. It was not as if I had gone out with a lot of girls either, as I had not.

My father was a plasterer and my mother worked part time in a factory making muffs from rabbit fur. They wanted me to learn a trade so I could get a reliable job later on. I left school in 1951 a month after my 15th birthday and went to work at Brownings, an electrical engineering company near the Boleyn Castle pub in East Ham. The front of the pub was built like a castle and the shops and other buildings around that area were referred to as 'the Boleyn'. West Ham football ground backed onto it too.

Brownings was carrying out a stock take so my job was to

count thousands of screws, nails and other items. After that they employed a man to do a work survey to see how to make the place run more efficiently. He was a miserable, critical man and no-one liked him. We also knew he was likely to make recommendations that would mean we would lose our jobs. Some of the men decided to leave before they 'got the sack' and after the man was made a manager, even more men left.

My brother Terry had almost finished an electrician apprenticeship with Brownings and he helped me to see the manager and get the job. We hoped I would get an apprenticeship but after over a year this had not happened so I left there and started an apprenticeship with Jackson and Bunn Limited. One day and one evening each week I went to East Ham Technical College to learn electrical theory and the rest of the time I was out round houses, offices and factories watching and helping the electrician I was with. I was his 'boy' which really meant slave labour. I was the 'gopher' who had to go for tools, or go for cups of tea for the electrician, or whatever else he wanted. Sometimes the older men teased the apprentices by sending them looking for something impossible like pink and white striped paint. As I had been well over a year at Brownings that was taken as part of the 5 year apprenticeship which I finished in November 1957 around my 21st birthday. Straight after that I was drafted into the British Army as all young men had to go into the army, navy or airforce when 18 or after their apprenticeship.

Basic training for the army was several weeks in York in the middle of England. It consisted of marching, which was called squad bashing, cleaning our uniform with spit and polish, and making our beds to the exact requirements of the sergeant who pulled the blankets off so we had to start all over again. Then we could train for a specialty and I was taken into the signals area to learn radio work in Catterick, Yorkshire. I then worked at Northag army camp and the following year was transferred to Reindalen camp in Germany. I was in a small building on the camp and as I was

on my own I could do more or less as I liked. We worked different shifts around the clock so the radio was operating all the time. There was not a lot to do when we came off duty as it was an army camp miles from a town, but sometimes we went to see the motor racing, and once I went to the ballet. While in Germany I went to Holland one afternoon as it was only an hour's bus ride away. I liked Holland and went back there for a holiday a few years later.

When I left the army my brother Terry got me an interview at International Computers Limited where he was already working. I got the job and worked as an electrician in offices in central London and the East End. One day I met an old friend David Chamberlain who joked about me still carrying a suitcase of tools and walking from office to office. He said he worked for a new company Rank Xerox and had a van provided. He told me who to write to for a job, which I did that day, and got the job straight away. When I met David Chamberlain 2 weeks later he was amazed how quickly I had got the job. I was a service technician and my number was 72 which meant I was only the 72nd person in this very new company. Twelve years later I was working with Xerox in New Zealand and people were amazed when they heard how small my number was, as by then there were thousands of employees.

I enjoyed going camping with my friends John Kiss and John and Graham Thomson from Senior Scouts and we often went to Frensham and camped on the farm of Graham Green who was a farmer we got to know there. We also climbed part of the way up Mount Snowdon in Wales in about 1962. When I was in my late teens I went with Terry and Miriam to France and we canoed down the River Rhone which was a great experience. I toured around France, Germany, and Belgium with Valerie in the early 1960's and went on a barge trip along the Norfolk Broads in 1964 with John Kiss and to Scotland with him in June 1965 before leaving for New Zealand in October of that year.

I enjoyed going to dances and this was one of the few ways you could meet a girl in those days. All the men stood round one side of the hall and the girls round the other wall. The girls had to wait until the men asked them to dance, and did not usually refuse as they were a bit bored if they did not dance. I went to a dance at Cranbrook Hall, Ilford, at the end of 1960 and met a very nice girl who I wanted to ask out but did not feel I could as I was going on holiday a few days later, touring the Lake District on my motorbike. So I left it, deciding to ask her out when I returned. I could not know that it was to be 2 years before I would see her again. In the meantime I went to every dance I could think of in the area looking for her and was determined to find her again. At last, in December 1962 I went back to Cranbrook Hall where I had searched many times, and this time, there she was. I wasted no time in asking her to dance, and then stayed by her side all evening, and in fact, I stayed by her side for the next 43 years.

# **Self Matters - David's writings about what was important to him**

*A note from Olive to explain this -*

*David read a book called Self Matters written by psychologist Dr Phillip McGraw. The book challenged people to work out who and what was most important in their lives. He said that in everyone's life there were 5 pivotal people, 7 critical choices and 10 defining moments. This is what David wrote after reading the book. The last items were added 5 April 2005 only 3 weeks before he collapsed on 27 April from a bowel obstruction caused by cancer, was rushed to hospital for several surgeries and did not return home for 3 months. This is probably one of the last things David wrote about his life, thoughts and goals, because he died 9 months after writing it. The wedding toast David gave to Fraser and Monique was found among his personal papers after he died.*

Who matters to me?

Myself, Olive, Owen, Craig, Fraser, and their families, also Kyla, Leila and Mallory Watene, who are our 'church grandchildren'.

Other friends matter to me in a lesser way and I like to help them.

Church Authorities, leaders, officers do not matter to me largely as they only fulfill their leadership when they officiate locally. I respect that they preside and I support them in

that, but I see no reason to accept callings I do not like nor assignments I am not likely to carry out.

What matters to me?

I enjoy working with children 8 to 12 years old.

I enjoy meeting with church members in a family setting, not official meetings with more than five people.

I like a challenge, of my own choice, but I do not care much for challenges issued by others.

I like to get to the bottom of things, the truth. To do this I research and study. I care little for the study that others think I should do.

I would enjoy a mission providing it was for a purpose, not because this is what we are expected to do and then get sent where we are not going to be effective. The trouble with the Church is that they do not have to pay us for our time, and therefore they do not have to be concerned whether we are effective or not, or how expensive it is.

I want to have sufficient money for our needs, I do not want to be dependent on others. I like my business, it is a challenge, and effective, pays well usually, and gives me satisfaction. It also allows me to retire part of the year to do whatever my other interests may be.

What do I want?

To believe in what I do

A challenge

To be recognised

To achieve something of people-worth

To be able to use my knowledge and skills to help others



Not to retire but to redirect my life

Put more meaning into life

To enter the age of integrity

To have balance and authenticity

Good self organisation and delegation

Pragmatism - practicality, workability

Redirecting is a Process rather than Goals

Do something different every year

2000 - Did heaps of research on health to discover the anomalies in our medical procedures.

2001 - Spent winter time teaching slow-learning children basic maths and how to multiply at TA primary school.

2002 - Visited church history sites, Palmyra and Kirtland, whilst visiting Canada and England.

2003 - We worked as service missionaries unofficially for 6 months, helping church families locally. Formed a group of about 5 older sisters on their own called The Golden Girls. Visited them in their homes most weeks, and invited them to dinner every few weeks.

2004 - Learn to do Forex trading. Continue the Golden Girls group.

2005 Plans -

Finish garden, painting the house and building a carport, carport roof drainage, electrical points in house.

Organise Grimebusters fly-spraying records by end of April.

Visit and holiday at Vanuatu for two weeks

Study Forex again at the end of winter.

Do 15 hours a week church member work in TA for 4 months, providing we do not buy another house.

Do family History 3 hours a week for 4 months.

Read the Book of Mormon.

In Vanuatu

Check out what accomodation we can get if staying for three and a half months. Possibility of purchasing a shipping container and converting to a bach, or getting a ready-made container home from China. Or build a ferro cement house from bamboo chicken wire sand and cement, build wall sections flat on concrete base leaving two inches at ends and top with no cement, then roof sections made in halves for A-shape and bound together then cemented.

Dimensions internal - 10 ft wide by 22 ft long, Lounge/fold-up bedroom 10 x 14, toilet shower 5x8, kitchen 5x8.

Ask ni-vanuatu about buying a section of land, or share one, find out if ni-van members would help me build a unit

FIVE PIVOTAL PEOPLE in David's life

Mother, Nell Redmond

Brother Terry Redmond 5 years older than David

Olive, wife

James Dunlop, friend and stake president, later NZ temple president around 2007

Craig, son

SEVEN CRITICAL CHOICES David made

Joining Cubs/scouts

Joining Rank Xerox

Coming to New Zealand

Marrying Olive

Adopting Owen

Joining the Church

Adult Learning, University/Polytech Counselling

TEN DEFINING MOMENTS in David's life

At age 5 being verbally abused by a door attendant at Church of England, making me dislike church

Being chosen for the school football team

Being dumped by a girl friend

Meeting Olive

Deciding to go to New Zealand

Marrying Olive

Decision to join the Church

Meeting the Rank Xerox manager and demanding a move

Starting a fly spray business

Decision to serve a 6 month mission of my own choosing in 2003, and achieving that

Authentic Self, David's thoughts on this

It is difficult to be authentic or original.

We have been conditioned since birth to conform to parental and societal beliefs, opinions, requirements as well as those imposed by school, employers, government, law and churches.

Obedience is promoted by all these institutions and is aimed at getting us to conform to the norm, the accepted, the rules. That is "do as we say and you are one of us and you are accepted". Up the Organisation. Employers, parents, authority figures require you to do as they say. They set up the situation. If you don't agree with it, then you are frowned upon, and may be rejected. Most leaders want you to do as they tell you. They do not want individualists or people thinking for themselves. People within the organisation expect you to do the normal accepted thing, advised or required by the leaders, although they quite often are not doing it all themselves. The trouble is the leader is only giving you directions according to that leader's opinion on whatever aspect of requirement he has, and that involves personality, his could be a long way different from yours or mine.

I have read and also observed that bureaucracies are particularly adept at making the simplest activities unrealizable. Invariably the difficulty is caused by the rules imposed on those who wish to organise it or are assigned to do it. Sometimes you have to challenge convention, in which you are likely to be reprimanded, especially if it fails or something goes wrong.

I am old by some people's criteria - but I am more free than I have ever been. I don't care much what other people think of me, except my family. It's none of their business anyway. I don't care what they think I should do. I conform to certain things, in particular to correct principles, but I am not going to allow other people to organise my life.

## Responsibility

At the end of the day I am going to be responsible for my decisions and actions, not someone else. I will have to face the consequences. I am not going to do what someone else tells me to do, unless he employs me, if it does not fit my ethics, principles, character, or time frame, especially as I hate targets, routine, redundancy and imprecision.

Free Agency - yeah right!

Gary Zukav - a writer whose ideas I like, wrote his views about the Meaning and Purpose in your Life

## Harmony

### Cooperation

Sharing - Caring, sharing what is difficult, but staying in your own integrity.

### Reverence

What is the difference between what you want and what the world wants from you?

Are you having fun, or are you buckling down and doing the right thing?

Are you excited about the future?

Do you want to keep running your life the same way, or are you ready for something new, but don't know what?

Do you have a great idea but it doesn't look feasible?

Do you understand things, or just see more questions?

What have I achieved? What did it add up to? Where do I go from here?

What do you do when the rules changed when you weren't

looking?

*Here is a wedding toast from David to Monique and Fraser  
28 Sep 2002*

*The main part of his talk has not been found, only the verse  
he ended it with:*

May there always be work for your hands to do

May your purse always hold a coin or two

May the sun always shine warm on your window pane

May a rainbow be certain to follow each rain

May the hand of a friend always be near you

May God fill your heart with gladness to cheer you

And we wish for you Fraser and Monique

That you both live as long as you want

And never want as long as you live.

## ***Olive's thoughts of David's final illness in 2005***

Weds 27 Apr 2005

I came home from shopping midday to find David collapsed on the living room couch in great pain after moving the fridge. He had been trying to put an electric cable through the kitchen wall to the carport outside. I asked Tom Vennik and Alan Holden to come and give him a blessing. As soon as they had gone David started vomiting and asking for the doctor to come. I phoned the surgery and they said the earliest a doctor could come was 6pm and David had to go there, and I could take him in the car or call an ambulance. I phoned the ambulance and the man took one look at David and decided to go straight to hospital. We arrived at 3pm and spent the next 8 hours in Emergency with doctors and nurses deciding what was wrong with David. They tried giving him an enema with no success and it was not until they took an abdominal xray they found what the trouble was. Then he had a chest xray and a young surgeon Dr Ming Yew came from theatre and told us David had a bowel obstruction that had perforated and caused peritonitis leading to septicaemia, and he would be taken to theatre that night. Because I had travelled with David in the ambulance I had no car so phoned Tom Vennik at 11 pm who came and drove me home. I then spent the coldest, most worrying night of my life for the next 4 hours keeping busy until 3am when I phoned the hospital for news. David was still in theatre. He was operated on from 2am to 4.30am. I went to bed but could not sleep and they phoned at 6.30am for me to come as soon as possible. Later I was told how many litres of sterile saline they had used to flush out the infection and that half of all

people who have this operation do not survive it.

Thurs 28 Apr 2005

I arrived at Intensive Care Unit soon after 7am and spent the day there, most of it fighting back the tears and holding David's hand while he lay unconscious. Dr Ming Yew came at midday and told me David had a malignant tumour blocking his lower bowel. This had been removed and a colostomy performed. I went home at 7pm when Craig, Cancy and Ethan arrived from Auckland having arrived from England 2 days before. What unhappy circumstances to be reunited in. They were very sad to see David in ICU. Charlie and Lily did not go in to ICU but brought Cancy, Craig and Ethan and their belongings in Charlie's van. They had planned to live with us for a year but that plan will have to be reviewed now. As it turned out they stayed until 21 May when they had to move back to Auckland to live with Cancy's parents and prepare for the birth of Joshua who was born 10 July, but, of course, we did not know that then.

There were so many things we did not know at that time and just had to live through one day at a time. I was very glad I had been trained as a nurse in Charing Cross Hospital, London, where we were trained to work hard and accept all different people. When I worked in the Emergency Department we had tramps and hobos come in because our hospital stayed open all night as well as the day time. Also we were near the Thames Embankment where a lot of them slept on wooden benches as they had nowhere else to go. They carried their belongings around in paper carrier bags and clutched hold of them when asleep so nobody would steal them. Actually, nobody wanted to go near them because they were so dirty. When they came into the hospital we had a special room to take them to. It had a leather-covered couch to put them on. After taking off all their clothes, which was done politely with them covered by a white sheet, we laid them on the couch and thickly sprinkled them with DDT powder to kill the lice that were crawling all over them. We

stood back while doing this so the fleas would not jump on to us. Their clothes had to be put in metal bins and sealed down before being sent to a special building in London that would heat them to kill the fleas on them. Then the patient would be taken to the bath, before being transferred to a ward. They were shampooed and submerged in the water, literally head under the water, to kill the fleas. When I worked on a surgical ward we had people come in who were so dirty they messed their pants and I as a young nurse had to wash their clothes in a bucket of water - no gloves, just bare hands. Our hospital took in all people, and we learned straight away to accept everyone no matter what kind of life they led. We had the rich and the poor, the well educated and the prostitutes and hobos. We had a few people having sex changes who would come into the ward as one sex and on their return from the operating theatre would be transferred to a different ward. In those days we had separate wards for men and women. We learned to be accepting of all people and learned a lot from them, without having to live their lifestyle to find out the hard way. I was glad of what I learned as a nurse, not only to help me in bringing up a family, but in this time of David being so ill, I could understand what was happening and how to help him. I put this paragraph here to show that there are many experiences we have in life that prepare us for difficulties ahead, sometimes many years later.

Fri 29 Apr 2005

I went back to ICU 8am. The doctor called me into his office to give me the bad news that David had reacted badly to 2 units of plasma and his heart was affected. I phoned the temple and asked Bill Mitchell to come and give David a blessing assisted by the LDS hospital chaplain Ian Whyte before David went to theatre for a 2nd bowel operation. Owen arrived just before David went at 4pm. Owen went on to Palmerston North to stay with Peter Te Rangi and visit Matthew. I had dinner at the hospital and stayed until 10pm

to see David back from theatre.

Sat 30 Apr 2005

Back to ICU 10am and I stayed to 6pm. I did not know it then but that was to be my routine for the next 3 months with me sitting by David's bedside holding his hand and talking to him encouragingly, hoping to give him the strength to keep going. The only break from this was when all the visitors were asked to leave the ward every 2 hours for about an hour while the patients were all turned by orderlies. This was to prevent the patients having bedsores from lying in the same position for a long time. During that time I would go to the chapel and pray - and cry. David still on the ventilator life support machine but opened his eyes a bit. The next day I came out of the hospital about 10pm and was worried it was so dark and lonely in the carpark. I found our car wedged in by another car and difficult to get out, hit a pole and crunched the front wing of the car. I decided not to be upset as I had more things in life to worry about at the moment.

After 10 days in ICU with a nurse to each patient, David was transferred to the High Dependency Unit with a nurse to every 2 or 3 patients. When I left to go home in the evening I heard David say quietly, I love you dear. I told him how nice it was to hear that and he replied that he could not think of anything else to say. I said, I love you too, and he quickly whispered, No, there's only one of me! So I can see his sense of humour is still there.

Mon 9 May 05

I went to the hospital soon after 7am to ask the surgeon's permission to use homeopathic medication for David with colloidal silver to spray on the rash all over his back. This is the rash from the reaction to plasma he had in ICU a week ago. The surgeon was annoyed but agreed and then immediately took David's dressing off in front of me. The wound is awful, gaping open and full of massive infection. I think the surgeon did that to punish me for asking for

something extra. He decided to take David to theatre for 3rd operation in less than 2 weeks. Even though he was urgent they could not get him in until 6pm due to other difficult cases. Tom Vennik brought Craig with Cancy and Ethan to hospital to give a Blessing. While we waited we had a meal in the hospital cafeteria and then went to a supermarket. In middle of the night David's heart beat went up with blood pressure dangerously high, and he was breathing very rapidly with severe chest pain. Rushed to CT for a scan and put on anticoagulants as it was thought to be a Pulmonary Embolism. Hospital phoned us 4am to say David was back in Intensive Care Unit.

Tues 10 May 2005 after David's 3rd operation he looked so weak I did not see how he could survive it. I was very upset and did not know if I could carry on. I went to the chapel and prayed for the help I needed. Into my mind came the words of scripture, This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. I hurried to the office to find the LDS chaplain Ian Whyte and asked him to phone our Branch President and organise a Branch Fast. Then I returned to David's bedside. Suddenly a lady appeared beside me very quietly. I had not seen her come in and did not know who she was. She introduced herself as Margaret Parsons a hospital chaplain and asked about David. As it was time for him to be turned over by the hospital orderlies, I went to the chapel with her. I spent over an hour talking with Margaret and it really helped me to do that. She asked me to write down my thoughts at random, over the next few days, so here they are.

Concerned about how David will handle it when he finds out he not only had a cancer inside the bowel, but it spread to the lymph nodes as well. David decided in the last few years he would not want chemotherapy if he ever had cancer, so how will he decide now that he really does have it. If it was not for the first blessing David had before the ambulance took him to hospital on 27 April, when he was told his time on the earth was not yet over, I would have wondered several times if we should just let David go, instead of trying to keep him

alive. The surgeon who did the first operation, Ming Yew, said we cannot keep saying, If only. He said, You get what you get and then you deal with it. That is a good standard for life. Margaret Parsons, the Anglican chaplain spent a long time talking with me which helped me a lot. She said you can only make a decision based on what you know at the time, not what you wish you had known in hindsight.

I am grateful when David has good nurses and doctors looking after him, but feel worried and helpless if the nurse is not experienced enough and I feel I do not want to leave David while I go home. I am glad we were able to get consent from the surgeons and doctors to use homeopathic medication for thrush. Also to use colloidal silver to spray on David's back rash which appeared with his bad reaction to the plasma. I hope this is not discontinued by another doctor, and feel we are at their mercy.

I feel cheated out of the good times I thought I would be able to have in the retirement years. I looked forward to having time with Cancy, Craig and Ethan and I have not been at home to do that. When I have been at home I have been exhausted. David and I had just got to the stage of our lives when we could go out for the day or have lunch or afternoon tea, and now all that has been snatched away from us before we have even done it.

I was very happy after David regained consciousness and told me he loved me but wish he had said it over the years. He said I should not need to be told it all the time. A year or two ago I told David I did not really know if he loved me, and he was really surprised and said, You must know I love you. Why else do you think I married you? But it never occurred to him to tell me. How I wish he had.

I feel anger and frustration that David did not sort out his papers in his office for insurance, the bank and his business. I asked him for years and years to do it but he refused. I also feel anger and frustration that I asked David for weeks and

weeks to go to the doctor but he would not go back after his first visit. In the end he became irritated with me asking him and thought I was nagging him. I felt helpless to know what to do. If I had made David's appointment with the doctor without his consent he would have felt I was treating him like a child, but in not listening to my opinion he was treating me like that as well, and thought it was all right to do so. I feel guilty that I feel so angry and frustrated about this. I want to help David all I can, but part of me wants to rage and say, Why didn't you do it?

I feel stretched in several directions, being wife and strength to David, mother and grandmother when I go home. It is really nice that Cancy cooks dinner and washes all the dishes, but I still do other things around the house as it is still my house and I do not expect Cancy to be my servant. It is difficult for me to see Craig occasionally tell off Ethan who I think of as still a baby at 2 years old. I respect their ideas, but I am an experienced nurse, having been in charge of the Children's Clinic in Palmerston North Hospital for nearly 10 years, as well as a mother, and it is not conceited to think I know a lot.

Wed 11 May 2005

Fasted and prayed and by evening David was able to open his eyes and smile a little. During the day I found my attitude changed. At first I prayed for David's heart, lungs, abdomen and all different areas, as I had done since he was first taken ill. As the afternoon progressed I changed that to Thy will be done, and by the end of the day I prayed that David will have all the expertise and knowledge of everyone in the hospital but that nothing would be done against Heavenly Father's will, and that if we are to let David go we will be able to accept that. It reminded me of the prayer of Enos. At first it was for himself, later for his family and later in the day for his brethren and wider community. At home I phoned Fraser not to fly to NZ yet as we had discussed the previous evening

whether he should come straight away.

Thu 12 May 2005

When David first saw me in the morning his eyes lit up with a smile and when I held his hand he had a really strong grip, stronger than ever before, seeming to want to let me know he loved me, but, of course, he could not speak with the ventilator tube down his throat. I told David I was very proud of him and he was doing well. He raised his eyebrows as if to say, You think it is good when all I am doing is lying in bed doing nothing.

Fri 13 May 2005

David still did not have enough strength for breathing so at 1pm the doctors put a tracheostomy tube in his throat attached to the ventilator. The only way David can communicate is by writing a word or two on a chalkboard. He finds that incredibly frustrating of course. Most of the messages are to the nurses about a treatment and say things like, Wait until my wife gets here, or, Don't do that until Olive is here. Frank Paton brought Craig with Cancy and Ethan and assisted Craig give David a blessing at 3pm. David was unconscious and sleeping rest of day.

16 May 2005

David was seen by surgeons and ICU doctors and was washed and changed from ventilator pushing air into him to a machine that let David breathe on his own for a few hours. David tried to write a message about what was worrying him. He wrote, I feel a fool. I knew he meant he was lying in bed and doing nothing and felt he was not doing enough. I told him he was doing well and all that we want him to do is rest and get better. David saw tears in my eyes and so he held my hand to comfort me. David's I/V line was changed by doctor and the dressing changed. David was tired so put back on ventilator 3pm. Around 4pm the I/V line was not running right so the doctor had to change it. At 5pm still not going

right. I was allowed to be there as the staff realise David is calmer when I am there. David started getting very agitated, red in the face and waving his hands around. I asked him to write it down and he wrote, What can I do? The doctor answered him with, All we want you to do is lie there and rest and get better, mate. David still was agitated and did not accept this and wrote again, What do I do, and lifted his hands in resignation as if to say, I give up. So I told him if the positions were reversed and I was very ill he would want me simply to rest and get better. He nodded in agreement, and started to think about that. I said David was getting better gradually but in Rehab there were young men who would spend the rest of their lives in wheel chairs and never get better. All I wanted was for David to do what he would want me to do if I were ill, to rest and get better and not give up. David nodded this was true and calmed down, and doctor got on with the I/V line and I went home. I felt shaky from fasting and praying for the past 2 days but also shaky from the severe talk I had to give David.

17 May 2005

David had a much better day. His colour was pinker in his face, he was more relaxed and slept a lot of the day so I just sat by his bed and read. David was seen for the first time by the specialist Wound Nurse who sees only the worst wounds. She ordered a special wound suction machine from Auckland to suction out pus and infection.

Thurs 19 May 05

Our GP Dr Paul Kennedy phoned me as he had just got an Xray report saying David had a chest infection and trachostomy. He did not even know David was in hospital as there had been no hospital letter to tell him that. I told him all about it. He said he had last seen David 3 March, requested 3 bowel motion specimens and told David he wanted to see him again when those results were back, also his nurse should have got David back, but that did not

happen. I never knew that, but had tried to persuade David all that time to go back anyway, but David never would. Paul Kennedy said though that due to the waiting list, even if he had referred David to the hospital he would never have been seen during the next 6 weeks before David's bowel perforated anyway. Not very comforting news. Even when David was in A & E in terrible pain and the doctor had examined him rectally David was given an enema as they still thought it was chronic constipation. It was not until they did an abdominal Xray that they found it was a tumour and David was prepared for Theatre, by which time he had spent several hours with a perforated bowel causing septicaemia, which then affected his heart.

When I saw David in ICU I realised he was in a very agitated state. His eyes were wide and staring. He mouthed the words Kill me. The nurse said David had been all right at 7 and 8 but soon after 9 had become agitated with staring eyes. This had worsened after David was lifted from his bed on the hoist into an armchair for 2 hours and he was given a sedative. I talked to David for over an hour to calm him as he wrote a note that said Murder and pointed to himself. I said David must feel very helpless and not able to make even the smallest decision in his life, even having a machine to breathe for him, and people to turn him over, and this must make him feel powerless and depressed, and he nodded in agreement with all that I said. I gave David the music head-set Craig had made for him and that also helped to calm him. Later in the day when David was calm again the consultant told me patients in ICU are affected by sleep deprivation due to noise in the unit and they would put David back on the ventilator for the night and sedate him to get a good sleep. Also I would be able to stay with David when they moved him on the hoist from his bed to an armchair because David's oxygen has to be turned off for a few moments when they do that and naturally he feels panic.

Fri 20 May 2005



I was at the hospital when David's suction dressing was changed. I always stay with David and hold the bed clothes up so he cannot see the wound because it is so awful. I have never seen such a terrible wound and do not see how it can ever heal. Special sterile foam attached to suction machine was applied. Took over an hour to do the dressing and the Wound Specialist nurse was there to give advice. I felt so exhausted afterwards. There have been so many things like that that I have had to see or do in the last 3 weeks and I do not know how much longer I can keep going. When I am with David I watch his every move to do things for him, and give him encouragement, but as soon as I walk out of ICU I am on the edge of tears all the time. The doctor Ming Yew told me 50% of people with David's operation die straight after it and it will take many weeks for the wound to heal and 6 months for the skin to heal across the abdomen.

Margaret Parsons the Anglican chaplain visited and gave a prayer for us at David's bedside which was nice. David had a 2nd blood transfusion and at 5pm ate some mashed potatoes and gravy which he managed to swallow, then tried apple puree and yoghurt but it clogged his tracheostomy tube so had to be stopped, which was a shame as he was enjoying eating again after 4 weeks.

Sat 21 May 2005

Cancy and Craig decided to move to Auckland today as Owen is coming to visit David and they can get a ride back with him so we said goodbye in the morning and then they packed up their tent and belongings. Owen visited David 3.30pm for half an hour and David enjoyed him being there. David's colour improved in that time as he had been pale and irritable in the morning.

Tues 24 May 2005

Yesterday David was transferred from his 2nd time in ICU to High Dependency Unit for the 2nd time. He looked terrible in the morning, so pale and tired I did not think he had the

strength to go on any more. In the afternoon they gave him 2 units of blood as his haemoglobin level was only half of normal at 85 instead of 130.

29 May 2005

David's nurse Leo capped the tracheostomy so he could speak a little and the first words David said to me, with great concentration were, "I love you. Thank you for all your efforts in looking after me," which brought tears to my eyes. David's dressing done and Leo asked me to wait outside as he does not like anyone watching him do a dressing. That was the first time a nurse had refused to let me stay while the dressing was done. Two days later the tracheostomy tube was removed permanently.

2 Jun 2005

Yesterday David was transferred from the High Dependency Unit to Ward 12 in Room 3 a single room near the office where the sickest people are put. The Charge nurse is Anne and I could tell immediately that she is a good nurse, so I feel relieved. Today David had his first shower in 5 weeks and felt much better for it, but very tired. The young surgical registrar tried David with sips of water but it made him choke. He was moved 2 rooms along to Room 5 a 4-bed room, the same room as Tom Vennik who had his gall bladder out yesterday. Strange to have the High Priest presidency in the same hospital room at the same time. Tom was in hospital for only 3 days but during that time he said he felt very concerned about me because he did not think David was helping himself enough and I was doing all the work and getting worn out. In the evening I phoned Miriam and she was very sorry to hear about David and it reminded her about Terry's illness. The next day I had to have a tooth out because it had become so infected so I did not go to the hospital that day, and the following day Celia Irving took me there at 2pm and collected me 5pm after she had visited her family in Hamilton.

James Ormsby our Home Teacher drove me to hospital at 2 pm and visited David. Viv Wairepo collected me 6pm and drove me home. She told me all sorts of things about Waikeria prison where she works. Like about a woman who is in prison because one of her cows got out on to the road, caused a car accident in which someone died and she was up for manslaughter and in prison. Other people have got caught up in schemes which they did not know were frauds and they are now in prison. It was very enlightening to find that ordinary people can end up in prison through things you would not think were their fault. Viv also said she knew of a few people who had committed crimes involving huge sums of money which they had invested in large houses, then they went to prison. Viv said they put up with going to prison because they knew that after they had served their time they would come out with a nice big house to live in.

8 Jun 2005

I went to the hospital chapel to pray as the surgeons were planning another operation for David, to close his wound and repair the broken down area around the colostomy. I did not think David would stand another anaesthetic as his lungs are so weak each time he has one and needs suctioning. I wished that Margaret Parsons was in the hospital so I could talk to her, but did not think she was on duty today. I came out of the chapel and there she was. I was so surprised. She said she would have gone home by then but had the feeling to come and see me and was just on her way up to Ward 12. We went back in to the chapel and I talked with Margaret about the story of Jesus healing the man who could not get in to the pool of Bethesda after an angel stirred the waters. I said maybe the man did not do enough to help himself. Maybe David needed to help himself more. Maybe I should do better. I know I must 'cast out all fear' but it is so difficult. If I did everything right, or had more faith, or fasted and prayed more then maybe David would get better instead of having so many things go wrong day after day. Margaret said that was not the main point of the story, it was that Jesus

told the man to stand up, and he looked at Jesus and did it. We must look to Jesus and that will help us do what we are to do in our lives, even when it seems impossible. Margaret always seems to put things so well for me to see more clearly. Also I am able to tell her about things such as priesthood blessings. She said that only because I have a mature faith can I accept what I have been able to so far, and all these things that are happening to David and me will help us trust in Jesus more. Then she gave a lovely prayer for us both.

11 Jun 2005

I asked David what he has learned during his illness and he said, patience, trust in Heavenly Father, thanks for priesthood blessings and people fasting and praying for him, not to have too high expectations, and to go with the flow. David has been a faithful priesthood holder ever since his baptism December 1974. He has worked diligently at all his callings, most of which have been in branch presidencies and Elders Quorum presidencies. He has always done his Home Teaching every month. When Fraser was 6 years old he saw David putting on his white shirt and suit one evening. He asked David where he was going and was told, Home Teaching. Fraser asked, What's Home Teaching? I realised then that we had never had Home Teachers come to visit us in all the time since Fraser was born - 6 years!

13 Jun 2005

After David went to xray to have a PEG tube inserted in his stomach for feeding I met Margaret at the door of the ward and stood talking about how tired and discouraged I feel that David's wound is still not healing. I sometimes let myself look ahead a few weeks to when David might be well enough to come home, and then something else goes wrong and I realise it will be such a long time before that happens, if it ever does. David is still very ill and weak, and might not survive even now. I am almost afraid to look to our future at all because there might not be one for us. Margaret said that

was fear and I suddenly realised that was really what it was. I know the scriptures tell us to cast out all fear, and I do, but it keeps coming back!

I talked to Margaret about how tired I am. I leave home around 10 am and do not get home again until about 7 pm. When I am with David I do not sit down at all the whole time as there is always something he needs done. It is not that he means to be demanding but he cannot get anything for himself so needs someone there to hand him things. Also I massage his feet and legs to improve his circulation, put in his eye drops, clean his teeth, shave him, get him up in a chair and do his exercises with him 3 times a day to increase strength in his neck for swallowing. He also has 1kg weights to lift in each hand, and a pedal-set like a little bike to strengthen his legs. Also I have started giving David colloidal silver spray in his mouth and homeopathic drops for thrush. I have not asked the doctor in this ward for permission to do this, but the surgeon in the previous ward said I could use it, so I wait until there is no nurse in the room and then do it. The medication they gave for thrush has not worked and David's mouth is so 'glued up' he can hardly talk. David came back with his PEG done at 5.30pm very sleepy so I went home. A man in David's 4-bedded room is a Chinese man called Ken Joe and his daughter Trisha is a pharmacist and natural therapist in Auckland. We got talking about colloidal silver which she uses too.

The next morning I was praying for David as usual about all the things David needs help for with healing, when out of nowhere into my head came the words from Proverbs 3:5-6 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct they paths. I realised I am all right to ask for what I want for David but must leave it in the Lord's hands and trust in that. A few minutes later I was again worrying about David as I walked through the house getting things ready to go to the hospital, and into my mind came another scripture from Psalm 46:10 Be still and know that I am God.

I realised Heavenly Father wants me to be in no doubt that I must be patient and leave the timing to Him for David's progress.

Over the next couple of days I noticed in my scripture reading each morning in King Benjamin's talk he spoke about joy after keeping the commandments. I know I should feel more joy but I feel so tired. Sometimes I sit in the car ready to drive to the hospital and wonder how I am going to keep awake for the whole day when I am so tired already, but I do somehow. I do laugh, though, and feel happy a lot of the time. This journey has been extremely difficult, much of it a nightmare, but we have also been helped by so many good people who simply want to help us because they can. There has been joy in many of those experiences.

Mon 20 Jun 2005

David was tired after dressings were done late afternoon and he went to sleep. I waited another hour and decided to go at 5pm without waking him. I usually do not go until 6pm but felt very tired so wanted to go home. Also I was fed up with David treating me like his servant. He does not mean to and I am sure he is not aware he does it, but he snaps out his orders and expects me to fulfil them, like when he says, Mouthwash, or That's enough, but there is no please or thank you. I put up with it for now as I realise he is still very ill and it must be so very frustrating for him not being able to do things for himself, and having to rely on others for the smallest thing. However there is another side to it in that David has always been like this. He has often snapped out his words like a command and is more demanding than he realises. Occasionally in the past I pointed it out to him but he usually did not agree it was demanding, so I learned in the end to keep quiet about it. I recognised that my father and mother and my son Craig had all spoken to me like that for most of my life. They never realised there was anything wrong with it, but it damages my spirit to be spoken to like

that.

Mon 27 Jun 2005

When I met David's doctor Ming Yew in the corridor last week I said the doctors must get fed up with all my questions and he said, No, that was fine. So today he smiled and winked at me when they all came in. Mr Campbell and Mr Whittle were pleased with David's progress. I told them about the small lump in the back of David's left leg just above his knee and they will take a biopsy. They talked to David about his cancer, which is the first time anyone has mentioned it. They said the cancer may have spread in the abdomen and they would ask an oncologist to talk to David about chemotherapy and radiotherapy. David asked me about a month ago what they found in the operation and as I thought he was not well enough for the whole diagnosis I told him they had found a cancer tumour blocking the bowel which then burst causing severe peritonitis. They removed the diseased section and made a colostomy. He accepted that and did not ask any more. After the doctors had gone I asked David how he felt now he knew more about the cancer. He said he is not sure he wants chemotherapy but will talk to the oncologist about it. Later I met Ming at the lifts and he said David's wound is healing well and he is pleased with it.

I met Ming in the corridor on my way to lunch and he said he had presented David's case to the oncologists that morning. They think David is not well enough to be considered for chemotherapy and radiotherapy for another few months, if ever, but they will see him in a few weeks and decide then. I told Ming that I often quoted what he said to me on the first day, after David's operation, when I had so many 'if only's' in my mind about, if only David had gone to the doctor when I pleaded with him to, or the doctor had found the lump in the bowel. At that time Ming told me you can't keep going back over the past and he said, You get what you get in life and then you deal with it. When I told Ming that he laughed out loud, and said he was amazed he had said something so

profound. It is good to have him as David's main doctor as he is so knowledgeable and easy to talk to.

3 Jul 2005

Yesterday Owen, Moana, Alma and Jacob visited David at 4pm. I took Alma and Jacob to the cafeteria for cake and icecream and on the way we met our doctor Ming with his wife Lillian and 2 cute little daughters named Alexandra and Lauren. They look just like 2 little Chinese dolls. I visited our friend Anne Macdonald who has been our homeopath for about 10 years. She is in hospital with food poisoning from food bought at a bakery in Te Awamutu. She said I had blossomed with confidence during David's illness, but I said this was who I really was in my early twenties, before I got married and came to New Zealand and then gradually lost my confidence over the years, especially when we had so many money troubles. Later on I had a long talk with Margaret Parsons in the chaplain's office about how I have become more confident while David has been in hospital and when he comes home I do not want to go back to being depressed by David's negative outlook on life. I felt guilty at talking like that about David, but it is true and I needed someone neutral to talk to about it.

9 Jul 2005

Fraser phoned from England in the morning to talk about Barbara's funeral which was held yesterday with 3pm service then short service at crematorium. After that they went back to Barbara's flat for afternoon tea. Fraser said it was good to be able to chat with all the family, Margaret and Ray and their 3 children and spouses, also Anne's twin sons Steven and David. Also David, Rosemary, John and Sue. Only Hazel and Ian were not there. There were also several of Barbara's friends and neighbours.

10 Jul 2005

Text message from Cancy at 8am to say she is in labour.

When I got home from church there was another text message from Craig to say they had a baby boy born 10.05am and Cancy and the baby were both fine. So that was a quick birth. Cancy was very shaky afterwards, as I had been after the birth of Fraser. At the hospital, David was very pleased to hear the good news and later to talk to Cancy for a few minutes when she phoned.

11 Jul 2005

David was transferred to the Rehab ward. David went to ENT clinic where they could not find any reason why David has not been able to swallow ever since he had a tracheostomy done in ICU so will not see him any more. Back in the Rehab Ward the doctor in charge said that was not good enough and he wants to know WHY David cannot swallow and will call in a neurologist. As it turned out, extensive tests were carried out over the following 3 weeks with xrays and scans and an MRI, but nobody ever found a reason for David not being able to swallow. Over the next few weeks David became stronger all the time. He was able to walk more, and eventually felt confident to walk to the chapel or rehab gym on his own. I went to WINZ office and explained to Jacqui Mattler my great concerns that the superannuation for David will be stopped soon as he is in hospital. I do not get superannuation as I am not 65 yet, but only get an allowance tacked on to David's amount. I do not know how I will pay the mortgage, insurances and other bills. Jacqui will sort it out for us. She has been wonderful in helping sort out these problems.

25 Jul 2005

David was able to eat 3 teaspoons of yoghurt today. They had oxygen and suction ready in case he choked but he was fine. Amanda the speech therapist was there and very pleased with David's progress. She is now confident he can go on to thick soup, porridge, icecream and similar foods. David's doctors had a talk with me to check I feel confident for David

to go home even though he cannot swallow much and will be on the machine milk feeds, and we all agreed for David to go home Wednesday. In the evening I went to Meri Pickett's for dinner and we had a nice evening catching up on each other's news.

26 Jul 2005

The last few days I have bought sheets and electric blanket, and washed blankets for the bed David will sleep in while he is on his feed machine. He has to sleep upright and cannot do that in our bed so will be in the single bed in his office. Today I got the room ready. David had a lot of people, doctors, physio, speech therapist, stoma nurse, giving him last minute checks before he goes home tomorrow.

Wed 27 Jul 2005

I got to the hospital about 11am and David was ready to go home but had to wait for some papers to be finished. We got home about 2pm and there was a lot to do unpacking all David's medications, milk feed and papers from the hospital. David was tired and glad to get into bed for a rest. So many people have been extremely kind to David and to me as well over the past 3 months, including hospital staff, people at church, relatives in England including Fraser who has phoned every day, and friends we have known over the years. The last 3 months have been a nightmare most of the time, but now there is hope for the future - not much as I realise David does not have long on this earth, but we can make the most of what we have got.

Sun 31 Jul 2005

Owen drove from Auckland to visit Matthew in Feilding. He brought Ethan with him to stay for the weekend with us, then picked him up on his way home today. We loved having Ethan to stay and he enjoyed being here. I kept him busy all the time and went out as much as possible. David enjoyed walking round the garden with Ethan yesterday talking to the

neighbours who are all very pleased to see David home from hospital. Ethan cried a few minutes at bedtime but soon settled and slept well.

Sun 4 Aug 2005

Joshua's Name Blessing. David was not well enough to travel to Auckland so Craig and Cancy brought Ethan and Joshua to Te Awamutu for the blessing and Owen, Moana, Alma and Jacob came too. It was special to see Craig bless Joshua assisted by David and Owen. It was also Father's Day so after lunch they gave David his presents. They all put in together for David to have new glasses. Also Owen gave David a video and 2 music CD's.

10 Aug 2005

David was admitted back to hospital after being discharged home from the Rehab Unit on 27 July. There is a lot of flu going around and David's breathing is difficult. His doctor told me as I was going home that he was concerned about the swelling in David's abdomen as it might indicate cancer had moved to the liver. I drove home in tears remembering how many other times I had driven home like that from ICU when I did not see how David could survive. I feel so tired. It is a normal way of life now and sometimes I have had to stop the car halfway home and walk around to stop myself going to sleep at the wheel. I have learned a lot about how other people cope with their problems. I did not sleep much all night wondering about the future and how I shall manage financially.

12 Aug 2005

Yesterday a girl from church came to our home and gave me a gift basket full of lovely items - bath essence, biscuits, grape juice, flowers, sweets and food. Her mother in Auckland is dying from cancer and she knows how important a gift like this can be to lift our spirits. People are so kind. I went to the 10.30am session at the temple while David was in hospital

again as I cannot leave him when he comes home. Our Branch President Jason and Donna Williams were at the temple and said they saw a lot of pain in my face and would I like a blessing. After this I sat in the temple lounge for a little while and felt so happy to be in the temple again. As I prayed I realised that I can not pray for material things, and do not want to. I also can not pray for David to get better, unless that is what Heavenly Father wants for him. In the end I refined my prayer to one request, that I would know what love is, and would know that David loves me and that I love him. I think my parents did not really know what love is, as far as I could tell, and I do not think David's parents did either. I want to know that for myself. Sometimes I think I do know, and after all, I wrote the book Love is the Reason! But I want to really feel that love in my spirit.

Sun 28 Aug 2005

David went to church for the first time in 4 months. Everyone was very pleased to see him. We only stayed for Sacrament meeting as David was tired by then and we went home for him to rest.

Wed 21 Sep 2005

Dr Kennedy gave us a letter to go to Emergency Department. Saw various doctors but it was midnight before they decided David does not have a hernia or obstruction and not real constipation, so no need to stay in hospital, so we got home at 1am very tired.

Thu 29 Sep 2005

Back in hospital for 2 days again. Consultant Mr Campbell said David did not have a hernia or constipation and was to be discharged. The registrar was furious but could not argue about it. So I was phoned to collect David late morning. I felt so frustrated as nothing had been achieved about his abdominal pain and swelling. I think they just don't know

what to do.

Tue 11 Oct 2005

I decided late last night that I had waited long enough for help and phoned the District Nurse asking her to speak to Dr Kennedy to arrange for us to go to Emergency Dept and be seen, which he did. We waited an hour in the waiting room, then 3 hours in the Emergency area where there was no bed available for David as they were so full. At 4pm David was at last admitted to Ward 2. They tried to give an enema but it just kept running out. The doctors still will not admit there is a blockage, and I think that is because they do not know what to do about it.

Fri 14 Oct 2005

David had Ultrasound of abdomen. Then CT scan but no results yet. He was able to go home for the weekend so we went and sat in the temple talking for an hour before going home which was lovely and peaceful.

Mon 17 Oct 2005

David had to go back into hospital. It was thought it would be for a colonoscopy but the doctors decided not to do that. When I went to collect him Ming Yew, the young surgeon who has looked after David all the way through, came to talk to us in the ward interview room. Ming said the cancer has spread to the liver and lungs and the surgeons will not do any more operations, so David is to go home and enjoy the next few months, as he now has only months to live. This was not such startling news as it sounds as I had expected it, and David does not really seem to believe it anyway. We will now use homeopathic medicines.

Fri 28 Oct 2005

David rested all day to be ready to go to the chapel Ball at 8pm. We had a really lovely evening. The decorations were

wonderful with lots of small trees covered in tiny white Christmas lights. We danced several times and David was not too tired and really enjoyed it all. We had intended to stay only an hour but were there 2 hours and loved it. Everyone was so pleased to see David enjoy it.

2 Nov 2005

I find I am becoming more sad these days. I have to read myself to sleep about midnight and then wake with the dawn thinking about things. When David went to the Oncology clinic on Monday we were there on time but I dropped David at the door so he would not have to walk from where the car was parked. When I got into the clinic I could not find David anywhere and the receptionist said she had sent him to Endoscopy clinic as he had a letter for there. I immediately realised I had given him the wrong letter and raced off round the hospital to find him. We were 20 minutes late by the time we got back to Oncology and the doctor was furious and told us she had a lot of other patients to see and we had made her very late. I was so upset I burst into tears and had to go out of her office and stood in the corridor and sobbed and sobbed. People were walking past me looking unsure of what to do and I tried to hide in a cupboard. Someone sent the nurse to comfort me and I told her I do not usually cry in public but it was a case of coping and coping and then the last straw makes you break in half, and it is always such a little 'straw'.

It is difficult to cope with being positive and encouraging with David to give him strength, but sad when I am on my own, especially thinking of the near future, in terms of months. However, there are many things to do before David leaves this world, and sorting out his insurance, banking and business papers is my next job. Murray Downs who is David's accountant has advised him to try and sell his flyspraying business, which he is now advertising, but few replies.

During the last 3 weeks I have worked hard on the garden. Some people might say I did not need to do it, but David always enjoyed gardening and created a lovely vegetable garden, so I wanted to continue that on his behalf. I weeded everywhere then planted tomatoes, beans and lettuces under his direction. Every plumber or electrician has a 'boy' who learns from him, so I told David I was his 'boy' and he enjoyed that. I planted cabbages and silverbeet from spare plants our neighbour gave us then went on to beetroot, carrots and cucumber. David suggested planting a pumpkin so I cleared a pile of old wood and flowerpots at the back of the house, then filled the area with soil and planted potatoes and pumpkin.

I have finished sorting out the boxes and tools, many of them rusty, collected in his shed and David was able to check everything to say either to throw it away or keep it. I did not want David's shed to be like his brother Terry's. We visited Miriam 2 years after Terry died and noticed she never parked her car in the garage. She said she could not get it in as the garage was crammed full of Terry's tools and other stuff. She had not had the energy since his death to clear it out. David's shed was such a huge job I really did not think I could do it, as it was so full it was difficult to get in the door, but like so many other things I have had to do in these last 6 months, I prayed and worked, and worked and prayed, and as I kept trying, I found I was able to do what I never thought I would be able to do.

So many memories come back to me now of our life together. I remember standing in the kitchen of our first house in Wellington almost 40 years ago, crying as I dished out the dinner I had cooked. David came into the kitchen and was mystified about why I was crying. As I sobbed I said it was because, 'I can't do this'. He asked what I couldn't do, and I replied I couldn't cook the dinner properly. David looked at the dinner on the plates and said it all looked fine to him but I said I had the meat and vegetables there but they would all be cold by the time I had made the gravy. I said, 'My mother

can do it, but I just can't get it right.' David said, 'How long has your mother been married?' '30 years.' 'And how long have you been married?' 'A few weeks!' Then he put his arms round me and everything was all right.

Recently, I dropped a bag of frozen peas and the peas ran all over the kitchen floor. I bent down to pick them up and started to sob. David came and tried to help but could not bend down because of the cancer. With that I cried more and he tried to comfort me telling me the peas did not matter. How could I tell him I was not crying about the peas but about the fact that he would be going soon and I would be left on my own with nobody to help me at any time. Nobody to tell about who I had met in town, or what we said. Nobody to tell anything at all. That time was coming and there was nothing I could do to stop it. If I could tell my children or grandchildren or anyone else, what really matters in life, it is to make the most of your life and treat your nearest and dearest with kindness, even when you are annoyed with them! Now I know how simple life is. All a husband or wife or child wants is to see your face light up with a smile when they walk into the room. To know they are number one in your life and you would do anything you could for them. So many times when I was fed up with David and thought of walking out, to what I thought would be an easier life. Now I know it would not. (It is very rare for divorce to be) It is not true in many cases that divorce is the best answer. You simply exchange one set of problems for a different one. I think we romanticise marriage too much, especially the wedding, and might do better to think of it more as a business arrangement - where you can sleep with the boss! Certainly, I am glad now that David and I stayed together through all the financial worries and the health problems. Now I am glad to be able to look after him and he does not want anyone else but me next to him.

Now that David's life on earth is getting so short, the important questions are thought about more deeply. For many years I have known the 3 questions about the meaning



of life; where we came from, where we are going after we die, and what we are to do in this life. I have found 3 other questions that correspond with the www of a website because they all begin with W. Why, What and Who. If we ask HOW the world could have been evolved, created or whatever word we use, we are missing the real question. Not How but Why was it evolved, created or organised? Why was such infinite attention to detail given in every instance? The sobering answer to Why is that it was for us. The next question must therefore be What? What are we, individually and collectively, to do while on this Earth? What are our responsibilities not only to the people of the Earth, but to the Earth itself? The last W question is Who. Who wrote the Book of Mormon? It certainly was not Joseph Smith. He was only 22 years old at the time, with hardly as much schooling as our average 11 year olds, due to illness and having to work on the family farm. Other clever men have been suggested but either they refuted the claim themselves, or were not even in the area at the time. So the question remains to be answered, Who wrote the Book of Mormon? We can only begin to answer that question when we actually read and seriously study the book, otherwise it is like learning to swim while standing on dry land at the side of the swimming pool.

Recently I met a young woman in the supermarket who I had not seen at church for a few years. She said she had had a baby during that time but was not married to the father and they were not together any more. I thought about all the worry and regret she had coped with for the past few years having a baby on her own. I compared it with myself and some in my family who were not able to have a baby for several years during their marriage and the absolute joy of at last being able to have a child. That joy is what Heavenly Father wants us all to have so He has given commandments regarding chastity to protect us from sadness and fear. The law of chastity may be broken in a bedroom or a car but it starts long before that when you walk in the door of the house or car with nobody else around. The commandments -

all of them - are not to stop us from being happy, but to give us joy. Happy is for a short time, joy is for a long time.

When Craig was living in the dorms at Church College while doing Business Studies at Waikato University he had a sign in his room which read: Sin is anything which moves us away from God. Taking that on further, Hell is the death of the spirit. When people are living in accordance with the gospel of Jesus Christ there is a light in their faces which is often called the Light of Christ or a clear conscience. When people move their life away from that way of life, there is a darkness in their faces which is what Lehi meant when he spoke at the end of his life of a curse which would bring darkness to the people who moved away from God. In 2 Nephi 5:21 the Hebrew word for blackness means gloomy or dejected. It is spiritual darkness. When Jesus Christ came to the earth He taught us how to live by the way He lived, and then went on to complete the Atonement which meant we would not be separated from God after our death, unless we chose to. The Hebrew word for Atonement means Covering. All people are covered by the Atonement and it enables us to be At-One with God. Not only have we been given our life but also our ability to make choices and decisions. Even after our life ends we continue to have that ability because that is part of our spirit and must go on with us. This is why we complete ordinances in temples because the spirits of people who have left this earth still have the right and ability to choose whether or not they accept those commitments.

Amid the sadness of David's illness, I have found I need to have things to laugh about. Friends often ask what they can do to help me and I reply, Tell me a joke. They are horrified and say, Oh, no, we couldn't joke at a time like this! But that is exactly what I need. I loved having Joshua and Ethan here last Sunday, as Ethan is only 2 years old and will laugh at the smallest thing. When he was in the bath and I made the little boats jump around in the water he thought it was so funny and we were able to laugh and laugh together. I have found that it gives the same release as crying but is better for me.

David and I also thoroughly enjoyed helping Alma and Jacob, who are 7 years old, do some planting the week before, and David was glad to spend time with them having fun with maths. David agreed with me that our grown up children do not realise the pleasure they give us simply by letting us spend time with their children. We are very grateful for our family.

3 Nov 2005

David is becoming progressively more tired these days as the cancer spreads and makes his body work less well, and finds being away from home for more than 2 hours a lot to cope with. Yesterday we went to Phil Rye for his osteopath treatment and were out for over 3 hours. David was so exhausted when he got home he slept for 2 hours in the afternoon. That is the way things are going to go in the coming weeks, I think. Since being told 2 weeks ago that the cancer had spread to David's liver and lungs and the doctors could do no more for him, we have been back to our homeopath Anne Macdonald. She said one of the main things is having a positive attitude. She has advised certain vitamins and other supplements, including shark cartilage, which David is now taking. I am also giving David carrot and celery juice, and he has a tiny dinner in the evening with mashed fresh vegetables which he enjoys. Today he managed half an egg scrambled, with quarter of a slice of bread and butter, which is the first time in 6 months he has tried bread as it is not as wet as other foods.

Sat 12 Nov 2005

Men from church came and loaded wood from our neighbour Dave Swanson's into our carport and checked our gutters for us. I then drove to the temple to look after Ethan and Joshua while Cancy and Craig went to the 12.30 session. I took them to Phil Rye so he could check Ethan after the fall he had 2 months ago, and he is still not walking right. Phil said Ethan's hips were displaced and he put that right.

Fri 18 Nov 2005

David's 69th birthday. We had driven up to Auckland the previous day, the car loaded with all David's medical equipment. We stopped in Huntly to visit Dorothy Downer where David had a rest. Then on to Howick to see Craig, Cancy, Ethan and Joshua in their cabin in the garden of Charlie and Lily. Craig was pleased to be able to explain to us all about his work he is doing, and hopes for the future. Lily gave us a meal and we drove on to Avondale motor camp to stay for 2 nights. Today we had a restful morning then drove to Owen and Moana's at 1.30pm. We were met at the gateway by Alma and Jacob dressed as guards with swords and shields, then escorted along the path with Owen and Cancy lighting sparklers as we walked along it, Moana photographed it all. David was dressed in a red royal robe and beautiful crown Moana had made, with a tiara for me, and we were led to our royal thrones and photographed by the paparazzi. After a lovely lunch David was given lots of lovely cards and presents; a CD player, computer mouse, large print scriptures, shirt, socks, and memories written by Craig and Cancy. Then David told stories about his life and some of the adventures he had taking Owen and Craig camping when they were 12 and 10. David had a rest while I looked at Alma and Jacob's planting. Craig and Cancy took Ethan and Joshua home and after David's rest he cut his birthday cake, and it was time for us to go back to the motor camp after a truly memorable day. The next day we drove home stopping at Dorothy Downer's for lunch and for David to have a rest. We arrived home at 3 pm and David had a nice long phone call from Fraser in England in the evening.

20 Nov 2005

Our Branch President Jason Williams interviewed us after church to ask about giving us financial help such as paying the phone bill, and we accepted it. Also he asked David to write his will and what he wants done at that time. David has always put this off, and still put it off for another 2 weeks. I

am used to doing everything for David but cannot write his will for him. He has never looked after his colostomy bag as the nurses did it in hospital and when he came home I have always done it. I could have had the district nurses do it but that meant waiting several hours for them to get to our house as they are so busy. It is something I have to mentally prepare myself to do, but it has to be done so I just take a deep breath and get on with it.

29 Nov 2005

David to Oncology clinic 10.45am. They said David is not strong enough for cancer treatment so he was referred to the Palliative Care clinic. Very nice doctor and nurse discussed his illness and how they can help him. It was such a lovely appointment. They asked David if he would like to sit in an arm chair or lie on the couch and then talked to us just like they were part of our family. I so much wish we had been referred there straight away when David was discharged from the surgeons on 17 Oct. They would have given us so much advice over the past 6 weeks instead of us struggling along on our own. At 5pm I took Leila and Mallory Watene to Pirongia to see beautifully decorated Christmas trees Dona Hobbs had organised for the Festival of Trees.

30 Nov 2005

Craig, Cancy, Ethan and Joshua arrived midday from Auckland to move David's huge desk and computer and all his stuff from his bedroom to enable a hospital bed to go in that room, but as it turned out the bed was too large so we had a hospital mattress instead. They did some sorting out then went home 6pm.

2 Dec 2005

Special evening at the temple for our Branch to do baptisms for David's names. It was truly amazing to see so many people from our branch there to do baptisms for David's ancestors most of which had been sorted out for us by Karen

Howard. The whole baptismal area was filled with people from our ward and there was a lovely feeling there. I was sad that David was not able to go but he was too tired by evening.

3 Dec 2005

I went to the temple 10am to look after Ethan and Joshua while Cancy and Liz did endowments. Then Owen and Moana arrived at midday and I looked after Alma and Jacob too. After returning Joshua to Cancy I brought the other 3 boys home and they had great fun splashing in the paddling pool with shrieks of delight which I am glad I caught some of it on video. Owen and family went home 5pm and I kept Ethan for a few days.

4 Dec 2005

I took Ethan to church. David and I bore our testimonies. David thanked everyone for doing the baptisms and said he loved his family especially his wife, and spoke about the importance of the gospel in our lives. I took Ethan to the park in the afternoon and saw some chickens in someone's garden which fascinated him. Clive Irving visited to give David a massage. About 10pm I could not get Ethan to sleep so drove round the streets looking at the Christmas lights outside the houses, which there are a lot of this year, especially in Pakura Street next to us. I thought Ethan might go off to sleep but he loved it all and was wide awake and kept talking about the dark with, "Berry gark, Grandma. Berry gark!"

5 Dec 2005

I took Ethan to the library then played indoors with him as it rained all day. We made biscuits in the evening. I started David on a low dose of morphine for his back pain.

6 Dec 2005

I drove Ethan to Huntly and Craig, Cancy and Joshua met us

there to collect him. We bought sandwiches and ate them by Huntly lake. Had a lovely afternoon but Craig gave me the bad news that they will fly out of New Zealand on Christmas day to Malaysia then on to the Philippines for him to set up the work he wants to get done, then on to England in April for 2 years. I was very concerned as David is dying and I do not want them to go at this time but Craig said he has thought about it a lot and thinks it is the right thing to do. When I told David he started to cry and I phoned Craig to tell him that but he still thinks it is the right thing to do.

8 Dec 2005

Yesterday Susann Fish drove me to Kawhia Branch Christmas evening while Len Fish stayed with David. It was a lovely evening and nice to get out to something. Today David signed his will in front of Len and Susann who are our Home Teachers. He kept putting it off but yesterday I took some of David's papers to his accountant Murray Downs and Murray told me very definitely to be sure to have David sign his will, so it was done. The very next day David was admitted to hospital and never came out of it.

9 Dec 2005

I got a morning appointment with Dr Kennedy and asked if David should go in to hospital, even the local hospital, for a couple of days to build up his fluids and settle his cough, but the doctor did not think that necessary but gave antibiotic for chest. By 4.30pm David was vomiting so much I could not stop it even with 2 doses of Maxalon so phoned for the doctor, but no-one there at 5pm. Phoned District nurse who came and phoned hospital for David to go there. We arrived 7.30pm and David was put on a stretcher in the plaster room. The doctor examined him, did a chest and abdominal xray then returned at 11pm to say David would be admitted to Ward 25 which is the cancer ward and also does hospice care there, but the doctors who could do that were busy with heart patients for 3 or 4 hours. I was amazed it would take

that long but refused to take David home, so there was nothing to do but wait. At 3.30am I went home as I thought David would go to the ward very soon. Owen had arrived from Auckland 9pm and stayed overnight at our house. On the drive home I felt so tired. I got out of the car at Ohaupo and walked around to clear my head, but when I started driving again I must have been going to sleep at the wheel as it was 4 am and I was exhausted. Many houses had Christmas lights up already. Suddenly I saw a brilliant display of Christmas lights. They were arranged just like lights on a big sailing ship in a paddock at the side of the road just past Ohaupo. That woke me with a jolt and kept me awake all the way home. I looked for the lights of that sailing ship many days after that on the way home, but never saw them ever again. No lights and no ship. I truly believe it was a sight given to me to keep me awake and safe.

10 Dec 2005

I phoned Ward 25 to see how David was and he was not there. They had no beds available. I was horrified to find he had spent the night in Emergency still on the stretcher all night. I would not go to the hospital until after 2pm in case they sent him home with me, which I would have refused. I found they had put David in a proper bed in Emergency ward late morning and transferred him to Ward 25 at 4pm. At last! David is in a single room, which almost all the patients in 25 are in, with a TV and CD player in each room. He also has an electric bed for the first time, which makes it much easier to position him more comfortably. I asked for David to have an air-ripple mattress too which they also got for him. The staff are really good at making the patients as comfortable as it is possible to do. Owen did some computer work at home then visited David 5pm before going on to Auckland. He said to David he did not know if it was a blessing or not to have a wife who is a nurse. David said it is definitely a blessing. I said it was good that I know what David needs and can go and get it sorted out for him, but it makes it a lot more tiring and worrying for me than if I did not know about medical

things. I was glad to know David thinks I am a blessing!

17 Dec 2005

We moved Christmas day a week early. Craig and family arrived 10.30am and we all opened a few presents at home. Then to hospital 1pm and took photos of everyone with David. Then left David to rest while we had pizzas in the hospital cafeteria. We could not go out anywhere as it poured with rain all day. Gwen had allowed Matthew to come from Feilding because she knew David was dying and she has always liked David. Then Owen and family opened presents with David watching, then family went out while Owen said his goodbyes to David which I tape-recorded. Then Craig and family opened presents with David and the family went out while Craig said his goodbyes to David which I am glad I was there to hear as David said very strongly that he wants Craig to go to the Philippines and do his work and not be put off by other people's opinion of going at this difficult time, and not to come back for the funeral. He said he did not go back to England for his parents' funeral and Craig does not need to do this for him. He understands how difficult it is for Craig to make this decision but he wants him to do it. Then Craig came and put his arms round me and sobbed and sobbed. Owen and family returned to Auckland 5pm to have a day with Matthew before driving him back to Feilding on Monday. Craig and family came home with me and we stopped to have a look at Pirongia cemetery for David's burial, which they agreed was a nice green place with lots of trees. We then had a takeaway dinner before they left at 8pm for Auckland.

18 Dec 2005

I went to church but was in tears most of the time, then went to the hospital. I am always cheerful with David though. David had some visitors but was so ill and sedated he did not know any of the visitors were there. He looks like he will not last much longer. I went home at 9pm and went to see the

Christmas lights at the temple on the way. I walked around in tears in the dark knowing that I will always be looking at things on my own from now on, with no-one to tell about things I have seen or done. On the way home I had car trouble with a terrible noise of clattering under the car. I prayed for help and felt to go back to the Visitors Centre and ask Clive and Celia Irving to look out for me on the way home in case the car stopped, but got home alright. The next day I took the car to the garage and the men there know about David dying and attended to the car immediately.

21 Dec 2005

I had a long talk with hospital chaplain Margaret Parsons, in the chaplains' office, to catch up with her what has happened to David in the last few weeks since she last saw us at the hospital. She has been so kind to me since we first met in April. She asked me how David felt about dying and I said we had not often talked about it but on the 3 or so occasions I had talked to David about how he might not still be with us next year, and was that too difficult for him to think about, he had replied that he does not think about things very much until they happen. He said he cannot now do anything about his illness so does not dwell on it very much. He said that is just how he is as a person. I asked him what he regretted in his life and he said he wished he had known more about his illness. I asked how he could have found out more about it and he replied, by reading or looking on the Internet. I said that I could have told him a lot about it but he would never listen to me, and he said, Well, we won't go into that again. So I had to leave it.

I asked if there was anything else he regretted and he said he wished he had told me more often that he loved me. I said I wished he had too. There was nothing else to say that I could think of. It is only 2 or 3 years since I mentioned to David about something he would have done if he really loved me, and he was amazed and immediately said, But I do love you. Why else would I have married you? It never seemed to

occur to him to let me know about it. He genuinely did not think he needed to say it. He just thought that if he knew then I would too, somehow. I never did, and wish so much he had told me over the years. It would have made such a difference.

Margaret asked me how I felt about David dying and I said I felt cheated out of the time to make the memories that would hold me together later on when I am falling apart. She said that was a good way of putting it. She said it seemed like I was looking after David and everyone else in the family, and being 'the glue that keeps the family together' but that I had lost a lot of weight and was very tired. Eventually this would all catch up with me and I must replenish my energy reserves in time to come with creative crafts, walks, reading or anything else I wanted to do, and I agree with her. Just now my whole time is taken up with getting done things that David needs done before he leaves this earth. I try not to feel resentful at having to do so much, but the feeling is there underneath. I have been asking David about his childhood and youth, little bits at a time, then I write it down while he has a rest, come home and type it, then back the next day to read and check it with him. I so much wish he had done this a few years ago when I asked him to. Also I am grateful to Karen Howard for researching his family history and finding over 60 more names for him. Then the Branch did the baptisms on 2 December. That was a lovely evening. I have never seen so many people at a baptism. David was too tired by evening to go to it, which I was really sad about and cried a lot, but I was grateful to be there and see it. Then yesterday 20 December I did the Initiatory and left the names at the temple for our stake to do many of the Endowments. I will keep back a few for our family to do.

22 Dec 2005

Gail and Allan Leith visited David which he enjoyed. I think Allan has visited 3 times since David has been in hospital over the last few months, which is kind of him as it is a long

journey, over an hour, from Tauranga. I caught up on some computer work so Craig can have an up to date back-up tomorrow from my machine. He has put a special programme on it so he can fix problems by remote control from overseas. He tested it tonight and it is a weird feeling seeing it move without me touching it.

23 Dec 2005

Craig and Cancy brought their belongings to put into our shed then I met them at the temple and babysat Ethan and Joshua while they did sealings for most of David's family names, leaving a few for us for later. Then to the hospital to say goodbye to David as they fly out in 2 days. He gave each of them a father's blessing and it was a very emotional time for everyone.

25 Dec 2005

The saddest Christmas day of my life. I went to church then to hospital at midday and watched TV for most of the day. The nurses had Christmas lunch in their office for an hour or so after checking all the patients and making sure they had visitors or their bell, to call if necessary. I couldn't have any Christmas dinner as the cafeteria was closed so I just had sandwiches I brought from home. In the evening when I got home I tore down all the Christmas decorations around the room as I could not bear to see something that looked happy.

27 Dec 2005

Meri Pickett visited and it was nice to sit and talk quietly to her in David's room while he slept on and off. David was taken off the intravenous fluids as, for the past 2 weeks he has tolerated the continuous milk feed that drips slowly into his PEG tube. Also for the past 2 weeks he has been given a small dose of Fleet in the PEG which is a very strong laxative and it has worked over the past 2 days. If only David had been given this treatment 2 months ago, how much more comfortable he would have been. When he was discharged

from the surgeons we had no-one to turn to for advice, who was experienced in dealing with the many problems David has had, not only with his cancer and colostomy but lack of swallowing and PEG tube as well. It has been such a struggle to keep asking different professional people for advice and keep at it and I am so tired now.

28 Dec 2005

Owen phoned in the morning and said I sounded a bit down and I admitted I had been crying. He said he had been wondering whether to drive down to see us and this made up his mind for him. He arrived midday and I videoed David talking to him. Then Owen went back to our house to do computer work. David had a terrible episode of vomiting and then choked badly. The worst he has had. Doctors and nurses came flying into the room and were very worried. It took 2 hours for David to stop coughing after that and he was exhausted. They had been talking of transferring David to a Te Awamutu hospital-type rest home called Matariki in 2 days but I asked them to postpone this now until David is feeling better and they agreed.

29 Dec 2005

Owen and I looked round San Michele hospital but it is really a rest home and not suitable for David. Then we went to Matariki hospital and really liked it there but knew they had no vacancies. The senior nurse who took us around saw how upset I was about that and gave me a hug and I started to cry. I told her it was because I know this is the right place for David but know they have no vacancy for him. She said, "We will make room for him." I was so relieved as I felt it was the right place for David. Owen did too. After that we went to Pirongia cemetery and Owen again agreed it is the right place for David with its green outlook of grass and trees and he approved of my choice. Owen went to meditate outside the temple while I collected name cards that have had endowments done. Then I drove on to the hospital to speak

to Dr Allan Farnell who worked at Palmerston North Hospital when I was there and is good friends with Warwick Hunter and Stuart Malcolm, the paediatricians I worked with for nearly 10 years. He spoke to me very kindly about how it will be for David at the very end of his life and that he will be given a lot of sedation to help him over that time. Jane Faulkner the wound nurse who looked after David in May came to see me, also Margaret Parsons the chaplain. James Ormsby visited David. Owen bought an electric fan for David as the weather is very warm, then he drove back to Auckland. In the evening I went to look at a house in Tui Crescent, near me, which is up for rent and finalised it with Lois the owner. Fraser and Monique will arrive in New Zealand in about 3 weeks and need a house to rent.

31 Dec 2005

I took videos of David talking to me and a nurse took one of us together. I have now taken some of him talking to Owen, Craig and Fraser so they have a little video of him. In the evening Owen phoned and said they would all be staying up until midnight, so just before that they phoned me at home, on their new portable phone outside in the garden while they excitedly watched fireworks let off from the top of the Skytower, while I watched it on TV.

3 Jan 2006

I took short videos of David speaking to his grandsons then showed him photos on the laptop from Owen's family and others. At 6pm David had a bad choking episode which took 2 hours to stop him coughing after it.

5 Jan 2006

5 The hospital phoned at 9am to say David is too ill to be transferred to Matariki hospital today after another strong bout of choking yesterday, so he will stay in Ward 25. I phoned Fraser about the situation and whether to postpone the funeral until he arrives in 2 weeks, but he does not think

we should do that, so I feel relieved. I phoned Owen and he came straight away from Auckland and will stay a few days. David was well enough to open his eyes and recognise us but not able to talk. Dorothy Downer came as she was in Hamilton today and felt to come to the hospital, so she stayed in the ward with us for the day. Tom Vennik came as soon as he got back from Rotorua to visit David and was sad to see he had deteriorated since 3 days ago. Theresa the Palliative Care nurse came and talked to me about David's condition and what to expect in the coming days. She requested my consent to stop his milk feed today, which I gave, but was shocked at first as it seemed like I was agreeing to starve him, but I realise after seeing him vomit yesterday his stomach cannot cope with the feed now. He will not be given any treatment, only sedation and pain relief to keep him comfortable.

6 Jan 2006

David was barely able to focus his eyes and could only just recognise us. His focus got worse as the day went on, he was a bit feverish and his cough was worse. I phoned several people to come and visit David so we had a lot of visitors. Dorothy Downer stayed for the day. Len and Susann Fish brought Shirley Church. Karen Howard brought a big box of food for us to snack on at the hospital. Murray Downs and Meri Pickett visited. Peter Te Rangi brought Alice who is now 4. I played with her for a little while in the ward lounge while Peter spent an emotional time by David's bedside. Then Peter with Alice and Owen went out and had a long talk. Theresa came and talked to me again about what to expect over the weekend as David's condition deteriorates. Dorothy and I went to the cafeteria for dinner then I helped the nurse give David a wash and settle him for the night, while Dorothy sat talking to a patient she knows in the next room. After Dorothy went home I told David he must go to Heavenly Father and we must not hold on to him in any way. He does not need to hold on to wait for Fraser to get here, and when the time is right, he must go, and Scott will be waiting to

meet him. It was so sad to say all of that, but I felt I must say it while David is still slightly able to hear me speak, even if he can hardly open his eyes or focus now.

Saturday 7 Jan 2006

Only Owen, Dorothy Downer and me at the hospital today which was good as David was too tired to open his eyes much. I kept swabbing his mouth as he can only breathe through his mouth and it gets so dry. In the afternoon David kept waving his arms around as if trying to tell us something. We tried to hold a pen in his hand to help him write but he could not manage it, and could not focus on what he was doing. It was so frustrating not being able to work out what he wanted us to know. It reminded me of when he was in Intensive Care. I suddenly felt very tired and decided to go to the car for lunch and a sit down. While I was gone Owen and Dorothy took the family photos I put on the noticeboard opposite David's bed and pinned them on to a piece of cardboard so David could hold them himself. They said he looked intently at each one as if saying goodbye to the family. Then David kept touching his head so Owen thought he should give him a blessing. David was told that whenever it is time for Heavenly Father to call him back to Him, David is to go and not hold on for our sakes. That Olive would be all right and be looked after by her sons and their families. When I came back I was sad to have missed all that but maybe it was Owen's time without me, to do that for his father. Owen went home about 5pm and I helped the nurse give David a wash. Then Dorothy and I went to the cafeteria for dinner. After she went home I sat with David and again told him he must not hold on any longer for our sake. I held my face against his and told him I loved him and wanted him to go to Heavenly Father when it was his time. I felt so sad saying that but do not want him to go on suffering as he is.

Sunday 8 Jan 2006

I had a phone call at 7am to come to the hospital as soon as



possible because David's breathing had changed. I arrived at 7.45am and found David unconscious and his breathing very laboured. I gave him a shave and washed his face and hands, as I have done every morning, and made him as comfortable as I could. Owen knew about the phone call at 7am and came to the hospital at 10am saying Moana had decided to bring Alma and Jacob. They arrived midday with their piano-keyboard and played and sang for Grandad. I am sure he knew it was happening even though he was unconscious. Dorothy arrived and about 1.30pm Owen and I took Alma and Jacob to the cafeteria for sandwiches while Moana and Dorothy sang hymns for David. Moana later said she had a prickly feeling in her arms a lot of the time and felt there were other voices singing with them. I talked to Alma and Jacob about how when they go to Australia they are excited to be going to their father but sad to leave their Mum and Owen behind, and how that is how it is for their Grandad, happy to be going to Heavenly Father, but sad to leave all of us behind. We returned to the ward about 2.30pm and Owen asked Alma and Jacob to say goodbye to Grandad before he took them out to play on the grass. They wondered why they were to say goodbye as they were coming back soon, but did as Owen asked them.

I joined Moana and Dorothy singing hymns. They asked me for a favourite hymn and I chose 219 Because I have been given much I too must give. As we started to sing, David's breathing changed dramatically with a huge breath in and then he stopped breathing. I explained to Moana and Dorothy this was Cheyne Stokes breathing which could go on for hours, so we went on singing. In the second verse David again took a huge breath and stopped breathing but I could see a pulse in his neck. In the 3rd verse again David took a huge breath and as I watched his pulse stopped. I was amazed it happened so quickly and told Moana I thought David had gone. The time must have been about 2.45pm. Dorothy had not realised he really had gone and was just looking at the words of the next hymn, I'll go where you want

me to go dear Lord, and saying how appropriate it was for David, when she realised what had happened. I looked up at the ceiling and told David that if he was still in the room that we were happy for him to be able to go, free at last. I phoned Owen to come back quickly and then I gave a prayer thanking Heavenly Father for the privilege of seeing David leave this earth.

I rang for the nurse and told her David had passed away. She told us to take our time saying our goodbyes and we could stay in the room as long as we liked. She sent for the doctor who arrived about 10 minutes later and checked David's heart and lack of responses. Owen and Moana explained everything to Alma and Jacob who were happy to come back into the room to see Grandad. Already he looked like only the shell of a person. The real person was long gone. I went to phone Craig and Fraser in the nurses' office. Craig had just come out of Sacramento meeting and had taken Ethan to Nursery. Craig was in tears when I told him and went and sat outside with Cancy and Joshua talking and crying and comforting each other. Then I asked phone Enquiries to find the Toronto number and spoke to Stewart, then Fraser who also was in tears and said Monique was too.

I phoned the undertaker Tom Murray, who I knew at the temple, to come in about an hour and returned to David's room finding Gail and Allan Leith had arrived. They were sad they just missed David, but glad to help me. We went out for a few minutes while the nurses attended to David then came back into the room. It seemed there was little to do by that stage except to pack up David's belongings. Allan came with me while I talked to the undertakers who were so kind and gentle in their manner, then we all went home. Allan and Gail were sure I should not drive home by myself but I explained I had been through so much trauma in the last 9 months that this was very little different from all the other journeys I had made in tears.

Before going home I called at Tom Vennik's to discuss

funeral plans, and Branch President Jason Williams came too. I did not get home until about 7pm and was exhausted by then and longing to have a few minutes peace and quiet on my own, but as soon as I arrived my Visiting Teachers and Home Teachers turned up wanting to help. I could not think of anything for them to do except move the settee to the other side of the room, taking all the boxes of food storage out from under it, and all the boxes of David's medical and milk feed supplies behind it. They stored a lot of it in the shed then went to collect white flowers that I wanted for the funeral, and this was all a big help. Dorothy had gone back to Huntly to pack and return to stay the night with me as Owen and Moana took the boys to Auckland to their Nana and were to return the next day so Dorothy could go home. I asked Allan Leith, Len Fish and Allan Holden to go to the funeral home in Frankton, Hamilton, to dress David, as Owen needed to get back to Auckland. They said they felt honoured to be able to do that and brought David back about 8pm. He looked better than he had soon after he had died, and I am very glad I decided to have him brought home. The men could not get the coffin in our ranch-slider door and Allan Holden had to take the door off to get it in. It felt so strange to have an open coffin in our living room, and gave me a bit of a shock each time I walked into the room but I was glad to have him there with us around all the time. It is not a common event for Europeans, more usual for Maori, but several weeks before this I had spoken to Sheree Hopgood, a funeral director, who said it was much nicer to have family and friends visit David at our home instead of in a funeral home. President Williams arrived 9pm and told everyone I was exhausted and they must all go home, which they did, but then Tom and Maude Hemara arrived with Hira George at 10pm and sang songs until 11pm. I was so hungry by this time I did not know what to do and told them this. They told me to get some food while they went on singing, so I did, but then I had to tell them I really needed them to go home so I could go to bed. After they had gone Dorothy and I went to

bed utterly exhausted.

9 Jan 2006

After breakfast I went to sort out the funeral programme with Karen Howard who printed it all for me. Many people wanted to help in any way they could which was very kind of them. Ken and Viv Dell visited midday then Peter TeRangi arrived with Alice on their way home from Auckland to Palmerston North. They weeded the garden for me with Dorothy while I had a rest then they all set off for their homes. Murray Downs visited just before Owen and Moana returned from Auckland. Then about 20 people arrived for the service in the evening. We sang hymns including If you could hie to Kolob, which most people did not know, so we sang it again at the end to practise for the funeral service. The hymns were interspersed with me reading some of the memories written by Owen, Craig and Fraser, which everyone was very interested in, and which Murray asked to borrow to include in his talk for the funeral tomorrow. Then anyone who wanted to spoke for a few minutes. First to speak was Gary Wairepo who addressed David in Maori and told him what a fine Rangatira he had been, then he addressed Owen in English and told him that the mantle of the Rangatira of our family had now passed to him and to carry it with honour. As he said it I felt it was right, and was glad he had spoken this to Owen. After everyone had gone at 9pm we had dinner and got ready for bed.

10 Jan 2006

The funeral was set for 11 am. It was a sad time as Owen, Moana and I sat in the living room at about 10 am before the undertakers arrived, to have a prayer, which we took turns to say. I asked that for that day we would each feel we were 'wrapped in the arms of love' as it says in the scriptures, and that is how I felt for the whole day. Alma and Jacob, aged 7, who had been brought to Te Awamutu by their Nana, Carol, accepted the situation very well. They were invited to 'help'

carry Grandad's coffin with the other pallbearers who were Owen, Beau Edwards, Casino Rewha, Rick Solomon, Reihana Waitai, and Eric Wilcox.

We arrived on time at 11am at Te Awamutu chapel which was quite full, over 100 people, more than we had expected as many were away on holiday, and they stood and sang the hymn, I know that my Redeemer lives, as David was carried in. Those asked to speak or give a prayer were chosen from among men friends who had known David many years. They were Frank Paton, Gary Howard, Allan Leith, Murray Downs, Jason Williams and Tom Vennik. There were 4 speakers who mentioned David's attributes of being reliable, honest and determined to do a good job; his dry sense of humour; his love of working with children in Primary and his enjoyment of Cubs and Scouts; his dedication to helping in the church wherever he was assigned; and his commitment to marriage and loving his family. At one point one of the speakers, Murray, mentioned that we were well known for visiting people at church and asked the congregation to raise their hands if they had been visited by us. Almost every hand went up and Owen said later that it gave him a great feeling to see this and feel the love and respect that so many people have for us.

Several tributes and memories of their Dad from Owen, Craig and Fraser were read out so Craig and Fraser were able to be included in the service even though they are working overseas. We miss Craig, Cancy, Ethan and Joshua, but Fraser is due back in 10 days with Monique, which we are greatly looking forward to. The service was tape recorded and photos taken at the cemetery so these could be relayed to them later.

A poem that I had written 6 years ago after our youngest son Fraser, and then Cancy, went overseas, was read by Leigh Leslie, and here are the words.

## Doors

I took her to the playcentre  
And she skipped through the door to play with the toys.  
His first day of school  
And he smiled as he waved goodbye at the door.  
I wanted to say, "Let me come with you.  
How will you manage without me?"

So many doors were encountered through the years.  
She entered happily, keen to live life to the full.  
He strode ahead with a confidence born of encouragement.  
I was the one left behind,  
Wanting to say, "Don't go without me."

I took her to college  
And she hurried through the door, eager to learn.  
He bounded up the steps at the airport  
And smiled as he waved goodbye at the door.  
I wanted to say, "Are you really grown up now?  
Have I taught you well enough?"

With newly-opened eyes I saw her as an adult,  
Ready for the world.  
His quiet strength  
Came from challenges faced and overcome.  
No longer did I feel left behind,  
But knew we would walk together, as friends.

She carries within her  
The hopes of marriage and motherhood.  
His dreams and ambitions are yet to be realised.  
Doors stand widely open for them,  
While mine are gently closing.

The Final Door is closer now.  
I see more clearly  
It is not a door, but a door-way.  
There is no shutting out on one side or the other.

When I walk through that Door-way  
I will still watch her with gratitude.  
I will still admire his achievements, and feel for his sadness.  
Thinking of those who have gone before, I see,  
The past and the present are completed in Eternity.

Olive Redmond Feb 2000

The hymns we chose were, Because I have been given much I  
too must give, which Moana, Dorothy and I had just sung to  
David as he took his last breath. Also, Families can be  
together for ever, which was our family song. All the men  
gathered at the front of the chapel and sang, If you could hie  
to Kolob. How great Thou art, was sung as David was carried  
out of the chapel.

We drove to Pirongia cemetery at 12.30pm where, after the  
opening prayer by Len Fish our Home Teacher, and song I  
am a child of God, a poem was read by Darren Leith -

#### The Dash

I read of a person who stood to speak  
At the funeral of a friend  
He referred to the dates on her tombstone  
From the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came the date of her birth  
And spoke of the date with tears  
But he said what mattered most of all  
Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time  
That she spent alive on this earth  
And now only those who loved her  
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own  
The cars, the house, the cash  
What matters is how we live and love  
And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard  
And the things you'd like to change  
For you never know how much time is left  
You could be at dash mid-range.

If we just slow down a little more  
So we see what is true and real  
We can find a way to understand  
The way that others feel.

Perhaps we'll be less quick to anger  
And show appreciation more  
And love the people in our lives  
Like we've never loved them before.

We can treat each other with more respect  
And make it a habit to smile  
Remembering that this little dash  
Might only last for a while.

So when your eulogy is being read  
With your life's actions to rehash  
Would you be pleased with the things they say  
About how you spent your dash.

Author unknown.

Then Owen read the Benediction from the Bible, Numbers  
6:24-26.

*The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:  
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious  
unto thee:  
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee*

*peace.*

People were asked if they would like to speak a short tribute to David, and many people did so, then President Williams gave the prayer for the dedication of the grave.

I had asked for the earth to be filled in to the grave and this was done by the pallbearers. We gave Alma and Jacob little spades and they were pleased to be invited to be the first to shovel in some earth before the men did the rest. The reason for this idea, perhaps unusual to some, was so that we could then cover the earth with ferns, and flowers from the garden, and see a place of beauty as we left David's final resting place, instead of a stark hole. It was particularly so that Alma and Jacob would not have any fear of returning to the cemetery. The idea was so successful that several people became engrossed in placing flowers, standing around chatting, and even sitting on the grass in the sunshine, that in the end the funeral director who had been waiting patiently came and asked me if he could now go home. We returned to Te Awamutu chapel for lovely refreshments provided by the ladies at church, and it was a good time to chat to friends from long ago, and catch up on news. Moana and her mother took Alma and Jacob home to Auckland and Owen stayed on another night with me. The next morning Owen and I went back to the cemetery with more flowers and it was certainly easier having a place to go back to that looked nice. It had been a rush to have the funeral so soon after David's death, only 2 days, but it was Alma and Jacob's 8th birthday and baptism that week and I wanted the funeral over before then. Owen came with me to an interview at WINZ with Jacki Mattler to assess my financial situation which is of concern. I had been away from nursing for 10 years while doing office work for David's fly-spraying business. I had applied twice to return to nursing but because it is only 2 years before I reach retirement age the hospital management were not willing to put me into a

6-month refresher course and I was thought to be 'too qualified' to work as a caregiver in a rest home. Owen and I went to the park to talk about it a little more before he left for Auckland at 3pm. I felt so alone then and walked round the park crying. I know I just have to keep myself busy.

As I look back on the long, almost 9 months of David's illness I am so grateful for the kind thoughts and prayers of so many people all over the world. Over the days of the 'lying at home' and funeral, Owen, Moana and I certainly had a strong feeling of being 'wrapped in the arms of love' and I am sure this helped us and young Alma and Jacob to accept a sad situation a little more easily. I know many people who were unable to attend, and wish they could have been there, but we certainly could feel their love from afar and are very grateful to know so many wonderful people. Fraser in England had phoned every day, I was given meals, money for petrol, many prayers and men came from church to give David a blessing whenever I asked for that. A friend from church gave me a footbath because she found it comforting to have that at the end of a busy day. Jacki Mattler from WINZ found ways to increase the amount of money I could be allocated as well as the widow's benefit which is so small. She was upset on my behalf that because David had a life insurance it stopped me having a substantial grant towards the cost of the funeral. She agreed with me that it was unfair to penalise people who provide for themselves, but give money to people who had not bothered. Jacki also helped me with financial ideas when I had the sudden inspiration to use the foot bath and do foot care for people unable to cut their toenails. I phoned Trisha Joe, who I had become friends with at the hospital when her father was in the same room as David, to let her know of David's death. She invited me to stay a few days at her holiday home on Waiheke Island as it was empty that week and she would not let me pay her. I asked Moana to go with me the day after Alma and Jacob's baptisms and we had a lovely restful 4 days there in a huge house with hundreds of books to read and a private beach at

the end of the garden. Two weeks later Fraser and Monique flew back to New Zealand, via a week in Canada with Monique's family, after 4 years in England and moved into their rented house I had furnished a few minutes drive from me in Te Awamutu.

The following months were difficult to get through and I often felt overwhelmed and exhausted. I had been so busy for so long it was difficult to suddenly stop. After any death, whether that is the death of a person, or a marriage, or a job, it takes about a year to come to terms with the changes. Then another year to find ways to create a new way of life. After Scott died, our son who died as a newborn baby, I created a description of what it is like so other people would understand a little better. It was like somebody had dug a large, deep hole right outside our house so that whenever we wanted to go out of the door we had to walk around the hole. We did not ask for the hole to be there, it happened suddenly and was beyond our control. We could not get rid of it but had to find ways of adjusting our life to cope with it. In the early days we found it difficult to walk around the edge of the hole but knew we had to do that. As time went on we found that although we had to walk round the hole, and it was always there, we could still do other things and go out and meet people and get on with our life.

It was a lonely life. There was nobody to tell the little things that happened each day. There was nobody to discuss the little decisions about what to have for dinner, or if the car tyres needed more air in them. One of the saddest times was when I went with Fraser and Monique to visit Owen and Moana and family in Auckland. When we all went for a walk in the park, Owen walked with Moana, Fraser walked with Monique, Alma and Jacob rode together on their bikes, and I walked by myself. They all talked to me and included me but really I felt so lonely that I wished I could have been a hundred miles away.

Years before that when I heard of somebody having had their

spouse die 10 years or so before, I thought what an awful long time that was to be on your own, but as the months turned into years for me, I found I made a new life for myself. I could still do all the things I wanted to do, I just had nobody to do them with, or tell them about afterwards. Like the hole, I had no choice about what had happened, I just had to make the best of it and create a new way of life for myself. I was fortunate in having good friends who helped me a lot in this way. I had to rely on friends because my sons and their families all went to England with their work and I was left on my own. That was something else that I had never expected but it was their right to make their own decisions. I have found that whenever I have felt sad and lonely, if I can think of something to do for somebody else it lifts my own mood and I feel better. So many times I had to do things I did not know how to do or thought I could not manage, such as clearing out all the items in David's shed. I felt overwhelmed not only with physically lifting heavy items out of the shed, but working out what to keep and what to give away or throw out. Often I would be in tears but had a prayer and kept on working. It was a case of cry and pray, then try again. So that is how it has been in the many years since David died. I never think I have a strong faith, but the little bit I have, has kept me going and I hope it will continue that way as long as I live.

Completed 4 Jan 2020

## ***Reminiscences of David by his sons in 2005***

Reminiscences of David by his sons, written at the end of 2005 when David had been ill with bowel cancer most of that year and died a few days into 2006.

Written by Owen 26 December 2005

Reminiscences of my Dad.

The Fruit Cart & the fruit markets

One of the best learning experiences that I had with Dad was when we used to go to the markets with him. It was interesting watching him bid for all the good fruit and then coming home and boxing it up. Dad made a trolley from wooden planks attached to a set of old pram wheels, to transport the boxes of fruit. We would then jump on our trolley and go door-to-door selling. As we went down the road we would rub out the prices and raise them 10 to 20 cents before knocking on the doors. I used to think that Dad didn't know but years later we would laugh about it as he was well aware of what was going on. I really enjoyed the independence and faith that Dad had in us. I remember still going door to door well into my teens. It also gave me the confidence to ask people for money in exchange for work.

The A&P Shows

There are two memories here of the Agriculture and Pastoral Show held every year in Feilding, like most towns. First was the endless hours that Dad would spend with us on crafts for

the A&P show. I would always be so proud of my work and then we would get it judged. Most times we would get at least some 1st, 2nd or 3rd prizes of money. I used to always look at Dad's crafts and wonder how anyone could make something so cool. The other memory was one A&P show in particular when I was 12, raising money to go to the Scout Jamboree, when Dad got hundreds of hot-dog sausages and buns and a stand for us to sell them. We were all so excited and raring to go, but alas it was not to be. Someone else had the hot-dog stall rights. We didn't really understand why we could not sell ours, but we did get to eat hot-dogs for quite some time to come. We did however get to sell lots of fruit and veges on our cart and even made the front page picture in the main Hamilton newspaper. That A&P show was really fun for us, but I understand now that it would have been a real stress for Dad as he had all this produce he couldn't sell.

#### Heritage Lodge, Sixes Lodge and Cubs

I remember all the Cub camps to Sixtus lodge and Heritage lodge. Dad found I could not join cubs because they did not have enough leaders so he became a cub leader and took the name of Kaa. I remember my first ever cub camp and the hard time that I had. Dad was always there though helping me through all the slips and falls. There were so many camps I cannot name them all, not all with the cubs though. A couple I remember of course were the time Dad, Craig and I had to sleep out all night under a tree because we were too near the edge of a ravine by the river to dare walking back to our tent in the pitch dark. That was just the 3 of us camping, not a cub camp. Also in my last year of cubs the Sixes leader camp. As he was one of the leaders it was cool to have my Dad there while most of the other kids didn't, and the hand he gave us in making sure our fort was the best. I also remember a couple of cub camps as a leader or helper when Dad asked me to come along and help. It was cool being Kaa's sidekick-assistant and doing all the activities with him.

I still have a certificate of thanks from one of them. It would have been difficult for me if it wasn't for his example and encouragement to help me feel comfortable taking on the Cub leader challenge. In my own cub years it was good having such a dedicated Dad who took me through so many of the badges and helped me get ready for the Jamboree when I was 12. I felt nervous and really didn't want to go but he kept on encouraging me and insisting that I go. I ended up having a grand old time.

#### Building fences, roofs and destroying chimneys

Dad's house moving and renovating gave us boys plenty to do. I was at an age where I was actually able to be of help to Dad, I think, so it was a great feeling to be working beside him on things like the fences and the roof. I also remember the 2 cents per brick challenge. It would take us all day to knock down a chimney to get a house ready for removal. It was so much fun working and seeing the houses take shape. I also used to enjoy watching the moves as well. I remember being very disappointed when I missed one house move. I was at school and then went around to Bruce's. I didn't realise that the move was on. It is truly amazing how many houses we ended up having on that one acre block of land. I think it was 8 houses, including our old laundry which was converted into a small house.

#### The Kite flying at Foxton

One of the exciting times we always had each year was going to Foxton beach. I remember going to the caravan and setting up the awning. It was so cool having all the camping stuff out and around us. We would listen to Dad and Mum's muffled voices trying to make out what they were saying and trying to find out what our Christmas presents would be that year. We used to have so much fun playing in the water of the



estuary and making campfires and beach huts. I remember one with a huge cow skull that we found one year. I also remember all the kites we made. Most of them flew, and flew well. In particular I remember a big purple kite. Dad got me to stand on a sand dune to give it some height for lift off and it almost took me up with it. We spent hours trying to get it to fly that day. There just wasn't enough wind. So we flew the other ones instead.

#### Hobo stove cooking

Of course the hobo stoves were so much fun. I have not ever heard of them since. I never did find out for sure but it seemed like Dad invented Hobo stove cooking, even though he didn't really. They are so cool and so simple. I remember some pretty interesting meals being cooked sometimes.

#### Making the clay houses

One particular craft thing that I still remember so well was the little clay houses that we made. They are all still in the garden now. Mine, Craig's and Dad's side by side. They all turned out so neat and a little something that has always remained with me till this day.

#### Rafting down the Rangitikei river in the Manawatu

What more could young boys want than to have access to white water rafting. Dad took us a few times to start but once we got our confidence up he was the taxi. It was great being dropped off and on our way. I used to think that we were miles from anywhere and it was so cool. It wasn't till I was much older that I realised that we were really only a couple of miles from State Highway 1 and that the river distance was only a few kms most of the time. It was wild to have that opportunity. I feel sorry that my boys will not be able to have

such a great outdoor experience.

#### Robert the Robot

It is a distant memory now, but Robert the Robot was so much fun. I was so thankful I was inside the robot and not outside. I remember almost laughing myself silly with some of the things we had to come up with as the robot reduced items that were put into it, such as socks into knitting wool, an apple into an apple core. I also remember the Bang Shows with the Cubs and although I was much older, about 18, it was fun to be a part of those as well.

#### Our visits with Matthew

My last memory of Dad is a recent one, and a thankful one, for without him I wouldn't have been able to become a Dad to Matthew. I remember all the trips down to Palmerston North over the last 5 years. Never once was Dad not able to shuffle things around to make it happen. Even in his busiest of seasons when he had his own business of fly-spraying farms and houses, he would make it possible. I am so glad that Dad had the chance to get to know Matthew, and that Matthew had a chance to meet his Grandad. I still feel that to this day that Grandad is the most special person to him. More than that, though, I got to know my Dad better, as an adult. I think that I was so fortunate that I had this chance. I got to know about his childhood, his young man's days and some of the things in his life. He told me about all these on the long journeys of driving to visit Matthew and home again. I am thankful for this opportunity, and it helped me get much closer to Dad as a result. I always knew that he loved me, but these trips helped to reaffirm his love and dedication.

There are really so many other moments that pop into my mind as I write, little things that have made a big difference. Thank you Dad for all you have done for me, Craig and Fraser. It has helped us become good parents who realise that children need the chance to be children. I look at some of the things I do with Alma & Jacob and see a direct result of what you have done with us. Thank you for everything.

Lots of Love,

Your son Owen

Written by Craig for 18 Nov 2005.

Dear Dad, for your birthday this year I wanted to give you back some of the memories you have given me over the years. You have been the most wonderful father to me. You have been the most wonderful example to me. I love you so much. There are so many memories I have of my childhood. As I look back now at the age of 32, I can see how even the smallest of these has helped shape me into who I am today. This will also be a gift to my children. I want them to know what a wonderful Grandad they have.

Look Before You Leap

I remember one time while Fraser was still not much more than a baby. He had spread his collection of silver milk bottle tops all over the dining room floor. In an effort to get them cleared up, you offered Owen and me a reward to be the one who collected the most from the floor. I quickly lunged at them grabbing as many as I could. I was sure my efforts would make me the winner. When they were counted, it was clear Owen had won by a large margin. In protest I tried to explain how the effort I had put in was surely greater than Owen's. I'll never forget what you said, "Look before you leap." Owen won because he collected from the corner where most of the bottle tops lay. That day I learned from you that

it's better to step back a bit before a decision is made.

Selling Fruit & Veges

Selling fruit & veges door-to-door from the age of 10 has definitely proved to be one of the greatest learning experiences of my childhood. You made us some wooden trolleys, took us to the fruit markets early on Saturday mornings, showed us how to weigh and bag the produce, and then sent us on our way. At a young age I learned that I could earn my own money. I learned I could work hard and save up for the things I wanted, without depending on a hand-out. I learned I could approach complete strangers and ask them to buy from me. I learned that it took a certain amount of rejection in order to get a sale. How could I have learnt all this without you. I especially enjoyed us going to the fruit market together and watching you bid. It was like a small crack into the adult world had been opened for me.

Sleeping In The Forest

What about all the times you took us camping. We would drive for hours to some remote forest trail. We each carried our own backpacks on the long trek into the campsite. You would teach us how to light a fire, how to cook our own food, how to set up a tent, how to read maps. To this day I love camping because of these fond memories. I particularly remember the time Owen got stuck up a cliff and couldn't get down. We all had to follow him up to the top, but by the time we got there night approached. In the blackness of the night-time forest, we inched along behind you as you tried to find a way back to camp. I remember how you would roll rocks in front of you and listen to the thud to see whether the path ahead was safely away from the cliff. I felt safe. It all felt like a great adventure, but looking back, I can imagine how worrying it must have been for you. Eventually you announced that it was going to be too hard to find our tent and that we would sleep under the stars. As the day dawned, we could see that through the night you had safely taken us

right along the cliff top and down to within 100 metres of our tent, but I was secretly glad we slept under the stars. It was a huge adventure.

#### Picking Me Up From Parties

I remember how you would pick me up at all hours of the night from the parties I went to as a teenager. All I had to do was call and you would pick me up - no matter how late and no questions asked or strings attached. You would even drop off my friends. I felt the trust you had in me. You didn't question me about whether I drank or smoked like everyone else at the party. I knew you believed I could make my own choices and that I would make good ones.

#### Never Hitting Me

Mum told me once about a parenting seminar you both went to when Owen was 4 and I was nearly 2. They asked the parents, which of the fathers had never hit their children. Expecting a number of hands to go up, you raised yours, but when you looked around the room, yours was the only hand raised. I have reflected on this many times now that I have two boys of my own. I have made a silent pledge to myself to follow your example and never hit my children too. Already I can see the wisdom in this. Throughout my childhood I have no memory of ever fearing you. This on its own has shaped me in more ways than I can imagine.

#### Carrying Me From The Car Sleeping

Ethan always falls asleep in the car when we go for a drive. Every time we arrive home and I carry him into the house asleep, it reminds me of the times you would carry me into our home. I loved the feeling of you gently picking me up from the car and carrying me into our home. I remember how I would pretend to be asleep before we got home so you could carry me.

#### Having Good Books and Tapes Around

I am very grateful for the abundance of good books and audio tapes you had in your collection. As I reached my teenage years, I remember frequently sneaking into your study and looking at the latest books you were reading. They always seemed so much more interesting than the stuff other people read. Book after book I read cover-to-cover. Most of my reading choices were influenced by my watching what you read. I learned a lot from those books and tapes. The principles have stuck with me throughout my life and assisted me when faced with decisions. It has proved priceless in my life to learn from good books at a young age. Even now as an adult, I follow what you read with interest and enjoy discussing what I've read with you.

#### Building Houses

I remember the long summers Owen and I spent helping you with the houses you were building. This was from when I was about 11 years to 18 years. You taught me how to paint, how to wallpaper, how to lay concrete, how to make a house look good. I realised that I could achieve big things if I just stuck at making all the small things happen bit-by-bit. I enjoyed working with you. You let us learn at our own speed and from our own mistakes without us feeling bad about it. We felt like men even though we were still boys.

#### The Lights From Highfield Hill

I remember the times that we got to go out together, just the two of us. My favourite place was to go and look at the lights of all of Feilding, from the lookout on top of Highfield Hill. It was a great feeling to sit there together and look at the lights and sense the bigger world around me. At that young age, Feilding was all I knew. Having now seen more of the world I am so grateful for the choices you made on where and how your family would grow up. It was great having the acre of land out the back of our home to build huts in and ride our bikes. It was great when I was about 5 having the tree-house

you built to spy on people as they walked down the street. It was great having all the trees to climb. What a wonderful place to grow up. Thank you for bringing us to New Zealand.

There are many more memories ... like going kayaking, rafting, drinking ginger beer that Mum made, doing puppet shows ... so many things you did with us, so many things you did for us. Only now, as I have growing children myself, am I starting to realise the price you paid to give us the best. Thank you Dad. You are a wonderful Dad. The best.

With love from Craig.

Fraser 22 December 2005

#### Quality Time

As I look back on my childhood and youth, Dad, it's impressive to me how much time you managed to spend with your children. It's quite a strange concept to me for a child to not know his or her father, as it was so easy for me.

I remember you being around, not necessarily with me, but just around, when you were renovating the houses - being there to make sure I got up, and had breakfast before school, and being there afterwards when I got home.

I remember getting to go away with my Dad on holiday to New Plymouth and Wanganui.

I remember you being on every school or Cubs camp I had, as well as a few camps with just the two of us.

I remember long days driving around the Waikato flys-praying - sitting in the car together at lunchtime, not talking because neither of us needed to.

I remember being beaten playing pool on your pool table - and getting enough practise that I can now beat most other people I play at pool.

Also I am impressed that nearly every month you sat down with each of us for a monthly interview - always a fairly serious and dry affair, but which I think had a strong impact on me of keeping me accountable. It also meant that when I was called to the Bishopric, and had to interview youth, I found it very easy.

I hope that I'll be able to continue with my children the precedent you have set with me of spending time together - both quantity time, and quality time.

#### Home Teaching, Callings, FHE

Following on from the monthly interviews, I'm glad that, at least some of the time, we had Family Home Evening each week. I'm still not sure that when I was a teenager, reading a page from Mormon Doctrine was the best lesson, but I imagine you found it interesting, so at least one member of the family was able to enjoy it!

I am glad that I was assigned to be your Home Teaching companion in my youth, and that formed a solid foundation to my testimony of the Home Teaching programme.

I also remember that whatever your calling was, you magnified it. I hated having to sit in the car for such a long time after church waiting for you and Mum, and certainly did not appreciate it then. But now that I'm older, I always aspire to follow your example of not just doing the standard or minimum of what is required for a calling, but doing the things that will make a difference to the people I'm serving.

#### Good Tools

My interest in computers stems from my interest in using good tools. I find computers and the internet so useful, in so many ways, that it's hard for me to imagine being without one. I wonder now, if that stems from having an engineer as

a father. And not just an engineer in title or profession, but the type of person that will drill a hole in the floor and crawl under the house to put a telephone extension through to a different room. I think of the garage which for time immemorial has contained incredible quantities of 'junk' - but which was only junk to those of us who didn't know how to use the tools or materials that were stored there. I'm glad that I grew up in the type of environment where, for example, there was a huge roll of 1m x 1km of aluminium foil. 1 kilometre might be an exaggeration ... but then again it might not! That foil was used for wrapping food in to cook on a campfire, and for many other uses.

### Books

Similar to tools was the intangible tool of knowledge. I'm glad that our house had lots of books, of all different types. Thank you for setting this precedent for me and my future family. This is probably even more important when my generation is so much more dependent on tools of the mind than tools of the hand.

### Owen and Craig

When I first read what Craig wrote of his childhood memories, my first impression was to remember all the things that Craig and Owen had done for me, and the experiences I'd had with them in my growing up years, especially in Auckland from the time I was 17. I think this too is a tribute to you that you were able to raise two boys who, when they were barely men themselves, and before that too, were able to have such a positive and formative effect on their younger brother.

### My favourite memory of you

As I thought through my memories of you, I think my favourite was sitting in our living room when we lived in

Sinclair Terrace, Te Awamutu, and looking through the archway towards the kitchen, at you and Mum hugging. It was Valentine's Day, and I guess you must have got there before Mum came through to the kitchen, and you'd hung a hand-made card for her, in the shape of lots of hearts, from the dining-room light for her to discover. Then I happened to be in the living room when you arrived back, and got a thank-you hug. I'm so glad that you and Mum honoured your wedding vows and sealing covenants and stayed together, even through the tough times. And I'm glad that I was able to get this glimpse of the affection between you. This also is something I hope to carry on in my family.

There are many other memories of things that had a significant impact on me that could be shared: buying toys at the Warehouse to sell door to door; entering craft fairs; family prayers; and that there was always enough, but not too much, money. However, the point is more that I want to say thank you to you for doing such an incredible job in raising me, and to tell you I love you, and to give you the honour that you deserve.

Love from Fraser

## ***Murray Downs spoke at David's funeral 10 Jan 2006***

*Tribute to David by his accountant and church friend  
Murray Downs at David's funeral 10 Jan 2006*

In summary, David was a radio technician, while conscripted into the British army for 2 years National Service. This included a year in Germany and other European towns. While working in Europe, one of the many things he did was canoe down the Rhone River.

He was employee number 72 with Rank Xerox as a photocopier technician, and later when he came to New Zealand, when this company had become worldwide with thousands of employees, many of his workmates were amazed to find out he had been such an original employee!

Unflustered by worldly concerns, the making of money was never a priority for David. He had faith that he would be blessed by living the law of tithing. His love was to his fellow men.

He enjoyed establishing his own carpet cleaning business, and later his fly spraying service, through his trade name of Grime Busters. He was pleased to be providing stable, reliable service in Te Awamutu for the 10th season, as his advertisements always noted!

While living in Feilding, in the Palmerston North Stake, David's church service included many years as a Ward Clerk, a counselor in the Bishopric, Stake Executive Secretary, and High Councillor to Dannevirke.

The way David presented his business financial records each year to us as his accountants, I could see the influence of church records and training with everything always cross-referenced, and meticulous, and rarely did we have to ask any further questions. David was pleased when the minimum turnover for GST registration increased from \$30,000 to \$40,000 and he promptly de-registered so he did not have to charge GST to people.

David's work was thorough and he gave the same attention to detail in whatever calling he held. His children often remember waiting for him after church.

David did courses in Psychology and Philosophy at Waikato University around 1996 when he was 60 years old, joking about his student loan, which he said would be "written off when he died! He did repay it in full by the year 2000. He certainly did not at all agree with his lecturers!

At the English old time dances where David lived near London, he was always to be found looking for the girl of his dreams. He found her in Olive, at a dance at the very end of 1962, marrying in 1966. In describing marriage relationships, David and Olive are of completely opposite personalities. But David learned to defer to his wife, doing what President Gordon B Hinckley urges us to do today - Seek one's spouse's comfort and happiness.

To many, David appeared to be an unobtrusive, quiet man, letting his wife do most of the talking. He didn't impose upon you. But to those who scratched the surface, David had a fierce independence, courage, was a deep original thinker, self-taught, with strong opinions on a wide range of interesting and controversial topics! David could be quite stubborn at times - a Redmond family trademark maybe! It was a fitting treasure for Olive that one of her and David's last old time dances was at the Te Awamutu branch chapel extension Ball named Once upon a time, held in late October 2005.

Some may feel saddened that of David's three sons, only Owen and his family are here for the funeral to-day, but Fraser in England and Craig in the Philippines have been in regular long communication from overseas with their Dad.

I remember Fraser relating about the books of personality analysis the boys had been studying with their father around 1998, and then analyzing all of us adult young men leaders they knew, to see where we fitted in. This gave his sons a great understanding of what motivates different people!

I recall how David thought through problems. When Fraser had a problem of being bullied by another boy at school when he was about 8, David met with the boy and introduced him to the family dog, and offered to be the boy's friend. He invited the boy to come and visit in their home to play with the dog whenever he liked. Fraser never had any more problems after that!

David loved being a boy again, both with his sons and as a Cub leader, and in his service as a Primary teacher, using and making interesting gadgets and teaching aids included in his Primary lessons. It is great to see the Watene children here today and to recognize how Olive and David became extra grandparents to these children.

There were the Golden Girls' single adults family home evenings and dinners, and giving missionary service to the branch. There are many here today who were visited in their homes by David and Olive. Quiet, unobtrusive, thorough service was David's hallmark!

To me, David, when I think of Matthew 5:13 "Ye are the salt of the earth giving savour to all" this is your legacy to your children, and so many others you taught, who are a living tribute to your sojourn on earth!

## ***Owen's memories of his mother, from a talk given at church around 2005***

As I pondered about this talk I was asked to give at Church for Mother's Day, memories of my mother and my childhood came flooding back. So I thought that I would share some of these special moments with you today. I hope that my memories will help you connect with some of your own experiences that you have had with your mothers.

The first is when I was 4 or 5 years old but continued as we got older. Because my Dad would use the car each day for work, when my mother needed to go into town, she would strap my brother into his pushchair and start walking with us the 4 km walk, there and back, into town to do the shopping, or go to the library or swimming pool. While walking she would take the opportunity to tell us stories about prophets in the Bible and teach us things about the world. Obviously it was done to distract us from our tired legs, but also as a chance to teach us about the gospel and other things.

When I was at primary school Mum would always turn up to my sports days and swimming events. I would be so embarrassed at the time because to me it sounded like she was the loudest cheerer in the crowd. Now as an adult I realize that it wasn't that she was louder, but rather that I was tuned into her voice and could hear it above the crowd. Although as a boy I was outwardly embarrassed, inwardly I was proud to have my mother cheering me on from the sidelines.

Also around this age, Mum would come into our bedroom

and kneel down to say prayers by our beds. She would do this to stop us talking. We used to think that she just fell asleep herself because she would pray for 30 – 40 minutes. Often we would drift off to sleep well before her prayers would finish. She would tell us that she had a lot to pray about. Nowadays when our boys are at Grandma's and not settling down for sleep they get the same long prayers as well.

When I was 12 she helped me fundraise for my scout Jamboree. While most other scouts were given the money from their parents, my mother taught me how to make bread. We would make 12 loaves at a time in tall cans that we could just fit into the oven if we put them in upright. The cans had previously held fruit juice. She would teach me how to mix, knead and cook the bread ready to sell. Then she taught me how to approach friends and neighbours to sell it. To start with I was a bit shy because I didn't even like the taste of my bread as it was wholemeal and I preferred white bread, but people would happily buy it and this taught me the value of work.

When I was about 14 and old enough for Seminary, and later for Craig too, my mother would get us out of bed. She would get up at 5 am before my brother and me, light the fire, cook toast and make a hot Milo drink for us when we got up at 5.30. We would then climb on our bikes, mostly still half asleep, and head across town for Seminary. I really valued her love and kindness later on in Seminary life because when my mother went back to full-time work as a nurse, my father started waking us up. Then it was more often than not with a block of firewood being thrown at us and a call, "Time to get up".

My mother's influence did not stop even after I left home. One day when I was in my late twenties I was out with a group of Young Single Adults who were daring each other to get a tattoo or an earring. They tried to get me to have an earring but I refused. They kept on teasing me about it and finally I told them that I would not do it because I would



have to face my mother if I did. They were amazed that as an adult I was thinking about my mother's opinion. They asked what my mother would say and I replied that she would say, "Oh, Owen". They said that if that was all she would say, then what was I worried about. I said, "Yes, but you don't know the look of disappointment in her eyes when she looked at me."

I would like to express my love to my mother and my wife for all they do for our family. They show me all the time what motherhood is truly all about.

## ***Craig writing in 2015 about his childhood***

My childhood was wonderful from my point of view. I was born in 1973 into a family of father, mother and a brother 2 and a half years older than myself. He was adopted as a baby of 3 weeks so I was the first baby born to my parents. This was a happy surprise to them because they had been about to adopt another baby having been told by doctors 6 years before that my mother was not likely to be able to have a baby. My parents had moved to New Zealand as soon as they got married in 1966 leaving all their relatives behind in England, so I grew up with no grandparents, aunts, uncles or cousins, and although I knew I had them, I did not know what it was like to have relatives.

Our home had stability in that I knew my parents were not going to abandon me or each other. We lived in a 3 bedroomed house in Feilding, which was an average sized town in the North Island. What was unusual, especially today, was that we also had an acre of land around the house, so I grew up with space to build huts, climb trees and dig in the dirt. We had a dog, cat, and several chickens. At various times we also had pigs and calves in the paddock, and looked after other people's horses and sheep sometimes.

When I was born my father worked as a photocopier technician, travelling from office to office repairing photocopiers in our nearest city, half an hour drive away. He gave up this job when I was 3. This was because he had reached the age of 40 in 1976 and had been doing electrical work for 25 years and decided he wanted a change. When he left school at 15 he did a 5 year apprenticeship as an electrician before having to go into the British army for 2

years. Ever after the age of 40 he had no stable job for most of the time, going from job to job. My dad tried working as an insurance salesman but made no money from it. Various friends tried to persuade him to give it up and go back to photocopiers but he was determined to continue. Having gone through his savings this caused a great deal of hardship and worry, especially for my mother. I was not aware of any money difficulties until I was about 11 years old.

When I was 3 years old I attended North Street Playcentre where my brother went. I enjoyed it but don't remember much about it except lying on a mat for a rest one day. It was probably the mat we sat on for stories. When I was 5 I started school at North Street school and remember playing in the sandpit there. Again I do not remember much else about my early days at school but know I was happy there.

I enjoyed school and was never bullied except by one boy at Feilding Intermediate school when I was about 12, and this is what I remember. One day during a woodwork lesson the boy demanded my craft knife which was quite large as it was a Stanley knife. I refused to give it to him because I had not finished using it. He was determined to have it so he grabbed it. I was also determined not to let him have it so I hung on to it. In the ensuing struggle the knife cut him right across his hand. I don't remember what happened after that but he did not bully me any more.

## ***Cancy's childhood and mission***

When I was a little girl, my parents owned a hardware and electronics store in Manila in the Philippines. As a young child, I was taught the value of money as I had to work in the store to help out. I was generally the cashier, taking the invoices and giving change and therefore my math skills were improved. I also felt a great responsibility to get things right. If I didn't, people would get the wrong change or I would give more money to someone else, giving opportunity for dishonesty.

My parents worked hard and opened the store for 7 days a week, giving us only half days on Sunday to rest. I enjoyed those half days that we could spend as a family to go out, generally to my aunt's house to swim in her pool as it is so hot in the Philippines. I now realise that it was probably to save money on an activity, as it was a free swim for the whole family. I have since recognised, now that I have four children of my own, how expensive it is to go out as a family. It didn't matter, I enjoyed our swimming time while I was young and it was during those times that I taught myself to swim, and to this day, enjoy swimming.

My parents wanted to have a better life for their family than in the Philippines, so when an opportunity came to emigrate to New Zealand, they took it. How grateful I am for that. While we were living in the Philippines, we were able to have help to cook and clean in our home as labour was cheap there. In New Zealand we had to do all that ourselves, but it opened up an opportunity for me to learn. My mum was a good cook and I learned to cook from her. Sure, I burned a few things or made a meal too salty or not quite right, but

through those experiences, I learned and I love to cook now.

Soon I wanted to have pocket money for myself, and started delivering newspapers in my neighbourhood. When it was raining I still had to deliver newspapers and didn't like those times, and sometimes my parents would help me do the deliveries and walk with me. I am sure at the time, I appreciated it even though I may not have expressed my thanks to them. I saved up those earnings. I had allowance money for the bus and I would also save that and walk to school and back so I could save up more money. My parents kept our piggy bank somewhere safe and when I wanted to add more money into it, I would tell them and they let me put my savings into our money tin collection. I delighted in seeing how much my money would fill up. So I had early childhood experience of the value of money and saving, and not spending on things we didn't need.

As a teenager I worked at a department store in Auckland. I worked there after school, and at weekends, and worked long hours during the holidays. It was long and tiring sometimes, but I thought of all the money I had saved up. It also enabled me to help my parents and to lend money to my brother. I was able to buy things I longed to have but my parents could not afford to give me. I worked in the department store for about 4 years. During that time, I also did all kinds of casual jobs that the student centre found for me, which included, stocktaking, counting cars on the road for a traffic survey, attendant at a laser-tag place, gift wrapper during the Christmas season, and other jobs.

I have always known I have to work, so I started working as a door-to-door sales person, soon after that. It was hard work but it kept me fit. I started investigating the church during this time and when it was time to prepare for baptism I quit the sales job and left the company as I felt that being around those people was not helping me spiritually.

I started working full-time as a receptionist. After working

there a year, I decided to go back to school part-time and finish my diploma while working full-time. I had only one more credit left that I didn't finish and something a church leader said inspired me to go back and finish it. He said that we have the gift of the Holy Ghost, so we don't have any excuse not to study and excel from it.

I then took on another receptionist job and was promoted as a coordinator within 3 months. During this time, I was preparing to go on a full-time mission and for the last 3 or 4 months before going on a mission, I started working a second job. For a month I worked at nights at a call centre for an internet service provider. When that project ended, I worked at a video store at night. I had to do jobs that I didn't enjoy doing, like vacuum cleaning, but by the end of that time, I had saved enough money to go on a mission and had paid off my student loan. It was a miracle really. Those work ethics and my money saving attitude also blessed me during my mission time in Melbourne, Australia. There were times when my companion and I didn't have enough money, and we survived with little food from what we had in the cupboard, or by being blessed when sometimes the elders brought us food.

Here is a short record of the first 6 months of Cancy's time serving a mission in Melbourne, Australia. She was in the MTC (Missionary Training Centre) near the temple in Hamilton, New Zealand from 11 Feb to 3 Mar 2000.

Saturday, 4 Mar 2000

Today is the end of my first day as a missionary in the field in Melbourne, Australia. I am so tired. President and Sister Hodson met me at the airport yesterday morning, and are so friendly. They just love you, and make you feel so welcome. Then I had a day of orientation. My companion is Sister Wilde from the Salt Lake area. She is good with people and has plenty of confidence, and is good to be with. We have a flat on the main highway, the Nepean Highway, which takes

3 lanes of traffic each side, so we are scared to ride our bikes on it. There are so many cars. So much more than New Zealand. We don't have a car so we will just walk or go on the train. I can't believe I'm in Australia. It's similar in lots of ways but at the same time it's so different. The spiders are awful, so big. Oh, No! There's one here now and it's coming right towards me. I'm so scared!

7 Mar 2000

Today I want to share with you my pain! Today was our first day on bikes! The bike makes me so sore. I'm sore from the saddle, my knees are sore from biking, and I hurt all over. I fell off a couple of times and then I biked right into a fence and my handle-bars twisted right round into my stomach. So now that hurts as well. I'm so tired, but I love missionary work. Well, now you know my pain!

Friday 10 Mar 2000

It is late summer and the sun was so hot today. No wind. We were out tracting all day and it was just so hot. I thought I was going to faint. I asked Heavenly Father to bless me just to get to one door at a time. I had such a bad headache and my bag was so heavy, and I just didn't know how to go on. We went to a member's house for dinner. She is Kristy and has been a member for only a year but is so good. Her family don't want to speak to her because she's joined the church but she's amazing, and it makes it all so worthwhile when you meet someone like that. Sister Wilde was telling Kristy about D&C 84 and how it's about the priesthood and about missionary work. It was so amazing to me, I couldn't wait to read the whole section when I got home. I learned such a lot from it. At first my eyes were so tired after all our tracting, and I didn't think I could read it, but by the end I was just glowing. It was my answer to the difficulties I'd had all day. Now I understand so much more.

15 Mar 2000

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! I got some letters! I am so happy, happy, happy! It was wonderful to get them. I was so worn out from the bike riding and the heat and everything, and then 4 letters arrived and now I feel great! Thank you all so much.

17 Apr 2000 Nepean Hwy, Cheltenham

Today I certified my 4th Discussion. Yeay! Being here for my first 6 weeks has been a struggle. Mainly it's knowing I am a missionary, but as I look back, I can see the blessings I get from being here. The best thing that has happened is the Sisters' conference. It has given me a big boost being around the Sisters, which is different from being with the Elders. It made me realise that "this is my home" for the next 18 months, and Papa and Mama Hodson are my parents for that time. Elder Cook, who is a General Authority, spoke to us at the MTC and mentioned that when the Apostles choose a mission for a missionary candidate, they don't so much choose the place where the missionary should go, but which mission president they should be with.

I'm beginning to understand that, now that I'm on my mission, and spend time at the mission home, I really couldn't think of better mission parents than President and Sister Hodson. They made me feel welcome when I first arrived, and they are really concerned for us, especially the Sisters, and I know that they love us so much. Being around a circle of Sisters with our Papa and Mama Hodson really felt like a big family. Sister Hodson cooks us wonderful, beautiful, yummy treats, and President Hodson is like a Dad to us. He supports his wife so much and really looks after females. He counsels the Elders to treat women in their life well. He said that is the one counsel he wants to leave with them, even if they forget the rest, as he understands the role of the female. He really has a way of counselling in a loving way. As Sisters we don't open our doors if there are Elders there. I have heard that there are a lot of Elders in other areas who don't do it, but in our Zone my Zone Leaders really exercise that, and pick us up in the car, and don't let us lift

heavy things, and I get rebuked if I open a door.

14 Jun 2000

I had the wonderful opportunity of working at the Melbourne Temple Open House. Sister Barnes and I were there every day except for 2 days, 2 and 8 June, so were able to work at every duty from the welcome, video room, 'bootie duty' where we helped visitors put paper over-shoes over their shoes to keep the carpets clean, the exit, and all the rest in between. It's been really awesome.

During the Open Houses the weather was really good. It rained a lot just beforehand, but cleared up for the Open House. We had over 3,000 people through today and it was packed all day, especially in the evening. They had people moving from one area to another all the time, so no-one was waiting, and people were constantly on the move, with something to see. I had a sore throat for several days because of talking to so many people. Today there were heaps of Chinese people and I was able to speak to them, and to people from the Philippines. I also had to tell people I can't speak Cantonese even though I look Chinese, and I can't speak Spanish even though I have a Spanish surname!

The dedication of the temple was so powerful. President Hinckley is an awesome man, so humble, so sweet, and he really is the Prophet. Yesterday at Zone Conference we were given white hankies with a poem written by a sister missionary. Things are great here and I love being here. It's hard work, but it's all good. It's the best work ever. Heavenly Father does have a plan for each of us.

July 2000

We've been so busy lately, and it's been really interesting serving with Sister Barnes. Because our personalities are so much opposite, we sometimes clash, but we also learn so much from each other. We have heaps of ups and downs, and our downs, when they are resolved, make our ups so much

fun. We do have heaps of fun together.

We've been visiting a family, which is really in the Elders' area, but we visit them as they are all ladies. Only one of them, Gabby, is a member. She joined the church only last November, so she's very new. She's in Young Women and such a good example to her family. We go there to give Family Home Evenings, and none of them know much about it, but we have so much fun. Gabby's mum, Pauline, was brought up Catholic so it's all very different for her, but she likes it. Gabby's younger sister, Kathy, goes to Primary and loves it. Pauline's boyfriend didn't join in, but he was still there in the room, so that was something. We gave them pink hearts to write on them something nice about each other. Pauline said it helped her see better things about her children and be more positive, and she really loved it.

One of the things that touched me the most happened at the end of one visit when Sister Barnes and I sang a closing song, "Teach me to walk in the light." They didn't know the song but tried to sing the words with us. The Spirit really touched me to see this lovely family trying so hard to sing with us. Pauline felt the Spirit when she saw a church video and tomorrow she is going to start having the Discussions. She said, "Why is it President Hinckley is so humble and doesn't talk like the Pope?" She said she could feel when he spoke that it was like God was speaking. Pauline was baptised a few weeks later.

2 Aug 2000

The week before last was the worst and hardest for me. I had to try and balance myself and get my focus back, so then the following week was the best! I had amazing experiences at the doors, and with people we met while tracting - amazing people. First, on Monday we tracted to a man's house, and Sister Barnes and I both felt the Spirit there on his doorstep, and he said through the screen door, "Do you represent the Lord?" He said this not in a sarcastic way. We both felt the

Spirit lift us up, and said boldly, "Yes." We had a wonderful time talking with him. He said he wasn't interested, yet the Spirit was so strong. He believes in God, and he has gone through so much difficulty that it has humbled him. We left him with a Book of Mormon. As we left his door, we both felt that it wasn't finished. For the first time I felt Heavenly Father's love towards someone I don't even know. It was an awesome experience. Sister Barnes turned to me, knowing it wasn't finished, and said, "Maybe we can make him some cookies and come back with them." With that, we left and knocked on the other doors. It was a great street to tract on. As we were coming out of someone's gate, we again met the man we had talked to before. He was walking his dog along the street to the beach. We both felt he wanted to talk to us, so we walked along the path talking with him, all the way down to the beach and back. The whole time the Spirit was there, so we felt it was all right to walk with him, as normally we wouldn't. We invited him to hear the discussions, and he agreed. It was an awesome experience, and that was only one of the amazing things that happened.

Last Friday, we went to a part member family's home for dinner. All sorts of things went wrong before we even got there. We were late back to the flat from another appointment and missed our bus. So we had to catch a different bus, which took us to a different train station. All the trains kept running past us, not stopping because they were express trains, and it was 1/2 hour before we could get on one that wasn't an express. By this time we were really frustrated, and irritable! We felt so tired, and upset about being late. I tried to calm myself down so I could have the Spirit and I knew Satan was just trying to tempt me, because I knew we were going to have a wonderful evening. After dinner, we shared a spiritual thought and it turned out well. As we all sat down in the living room, John, the non-member father, started saying thank you to us. He said that since we've been coming for dinner and FHE in the last few weeks, he has felt good, and has noticed we have a spark in our eyes.

He said he feels that same warmth when he comes to church. In our minds we're shouting, "Yes!" We had a really great talk, and identified the Spirit, and invited him to hear the discussions. He said, "I'd be happy to." I'm so excited, and I'm excited for his kids. Finally they have the possibility of being an eternal family.

10 Aug 2000

I have a new companion. Sister Steed from Las Vegas. She's been on a mission for 10 months. Sister Barnes flies back home tomorrow. It's very sad as I have grown really close to her, and she is my best friend here, and I love her heaps. So it's weird now to have someone new, as I just came out from a best-friend companionship. Right now things are pretty weird, but I guess I'll get used to it. Gotta go - too tired - due to packing and cleaning!

That is all there is as a record of Cancy's mission in Melbourne, Australia.

Cancy continued writing in 2019: About 3 months after I returned from the mission Craig and I got married and during a great part of our life, we didn't have much money. Living in a two bedroom dilapidated old home in the north west of England, we got by, sometimes living off our food storage and living cheap and within our means. I think those times also taught valuable lessons to my four children about the value of money. The kids now know when things are expensive and whether something is a want rather a need, and they know not to pursue asking for such items. I then helped my husband in his business and worked all sorts of hours as we worked with clients in different parts of the country or even different countries, sometimes having meetings at midnight! I remember working even after our last child was born and I was working at the computer at the same time as breastfeeding her.

Now that I am back in New Zealand as a single parent, I have continued to work hard. I have had to start from scratch

again, working my way up in a new career and in a new industry. I am grateful to my Heavenly Father for all that I have and the things He taught me during the difficult times. As President Uchtdorf said, 'It is often in the trial of adversity that we learn those most critical lessons that form our character and shape our destiny.' I have had to learn the hard way, and Heavenly Father has continued to bless me. During the dark moments of the separation from my husband Heavenly Father has brought me closer to Him, but I couldn't have been spiritually fed until I was able to sustain myself physically through hard work.

## ***Olive served a mission with FamilySearch Support for 6 years***

By mid 2012 I knew I wanted to serve a mission but had no idea what kind of mission. I could not afford to go overseas, and my health was possibly not good enough for me to go. In between raising a family I had worked as a nurse and as a secretary so those were good skills for a mission. I decided there were 3 main reasons why I wanted to serve a mission:

1. To Thank Jesus Christ for what He has done for me
2. To Help other people
3. To Demonstrate to my grandchildren how important it is to serve a mission.

I had an interview with our stake president and was surprised to be asked what kind of mission I wanted to serve. I had expected to be Told, not Asked. I said I did not know, but would go where the Lord wanted me to go. Before I knew it a form was put in my hand to fill in for a Family History mission. That is the very last thing I would ever have thought of. I knew almost nothing about family history except what I had managed to do for my own ancestors over the past 30 years. I had never worked in a Family History Centre, and had never even ventured into one unless the consultant was there to guide me, so I did not mess anything up. So it was something of a shock that I began serving a Church Service mission with the FamilySearch Support system. This means I answered phone calls from people all over the world who had problems on their computer while doing their family history.

We were given training for a few weeks during which time I was unwell and struggled to keep going. I felt very depressed because I did not know what I was doing. I had to literally force my feet out of bed in the mornings and get ready to take the mission phone calls. If I left my session until later in the day I was too depressed to do it. A year or so later when I was asked to extend my mission for another few years I spoke up about how my early months had been and that I had nobody to turn to, and the system was changed after that.

I explained how I felt to Fraser who had served a mission in Melbourne, Australia from 1999 to 2001. I told him that before I started this mission some people had expressed the opinion that I should be using my nursing skills in a mission, and indicated that they thought if I did not go overseas it was not a real mission. Fraser said, "But you did not choose this mission. You told the stake president you would go where the Lord wanted you to, so it was the Lord who chose it for you." I agreed that I would never have chosen a family history mission, but said, "It's really, really difficult." Fraser said, "If it's really, really difficult, then it is a real mission!"

As I persevered over the first few months it gradually became a little easier. After 4 months I found that people, not only around the world on phone calls, but in my own ward needed help understanding the Family Tree. I realised that I was an ideal person to help people who had problems and did not understand what to do about them, because I did not know either! So I had to find out - fast! It took many, many hours of study to learn how to do this, but as I worked I was given inspiration about how to answer the questions. I have learned that we can be given the inspiration we need through the Holy Ghost, but first we have to Work and be Worthy.

We learned a lot of information that was a help to us personally. I did not realise that when a person dies the names on their temple list are 'frozen' and no more ordinances can be done until those names are released by a

request to Church headquarters. This is one good reason to have only a few names on your temple list at any time. Family history research is the same all over the world but some places do not have access to all the technology we are used to. In some parts of the world a valid death date may be termed as "The first moon after the second rainy season".

We were not allowed to change any information on the patron's family tree but had to direct them how to do that themselves. We did this by looking at their own Family Tree, and often emailed information to them after the phone call. Some people seemed to expect that they could tell us their problem and we would fix it for them. Many people were surprised that I spoke to them from New Zealand because they had assumed it would be somebody in Salt Lake.

It was in August 2012 I started serving a mission with FamilySearch Support for a year - I thought!. In actual fact it was not called that until the new website was launched in October 2012 but before that we helped people using the old programme. Then when the new programme started we all had to learn together how to use it. So I have been using FamilySearch right from the very beginning. In this mission everything was done online. There were missionaries all over the Pacific, particularly Australia and New Zealand, but including a few in Guam, the Philippines and Tonga - when the internet connection was working! Also a few in America because the time difference suited them to serve after they finished their daytime work. Our meetings were held online, like everything else, once a week at a time chosen to try and suit most people, but were recorded so anyone could listen at a time more suitable if needed. It felt strange to have prayers sitting at a computer and we had to use a signal to 'put our hand up' if we wanted to say something, but we soon got used to the new ideas.

In March 2016 I was asked to give a talk in our meeting about my experiences in the nearly 4 years I had served so far at that time, and the following writing is from that talk.



Eventually it was 6 years before I had to be released from my mission when I became ill with Giant Cell Arteritis. I was sad to be released but soon realised that I could not have coped with the illness and the mission. However, I still kept in touch with others serving the same mission and although it was a struggle, especially when I started, I am really glad I served a mission. I learned to talk to people about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and my beliefs in a way that I had not done before.

Questions are answered either by phone call, or email, or chat. When I started I used to read emails from patrons who gave such a short explanation of their problem with the Family Tree that I could not understand what they meant so decided to take only phone calls where we could discuss the problem and solve it together. Also, arthritis in my hands held me back from typing questions and answers for several hours in chats. Many patrons were irritated and we had to learn to deal with their anger and try not to take it personally. As we continued with the phone call we would find out more about why they were angry.

#### ANGRY PATRONS

When taking phone calls we have no idea if the person is going to be calm or angry, and a few of them have been very angry. One lady was so furious she could hardly speak. She had already spoken to one person on the phone who had not fixed the problem and wanted to be transferred immediately to a technician. I assured her I would do this but must first look at the problem and needed her basic information to do this. She became even more angry at the delay but grudgingly gave it to me. My heart sank when I saw that not only did she have a problem with her family tree but all the names were Italian! I worked with her to sort out the problem, fixing what we could and then sending her details to another department for completion. Throughout this time her attitude to me softened and by the end of the call she sounded like my best friend and told me I had the patience of

an angel. I did not ruin the moment by admitting I had had some thoughts that were not exactly angelic!

Another angry person had made mistakes and wanted to know how to fix them. As the call went along he admitted that the reason he was so angry was because he had just done something wrong to his car and blown up the motor which was going to cost \$5,000 to fix. He, too, softened as the call progressed and by the end of our time he apologised for his attitude and thanked me for my patience.

Some people who phone us seem to think we are paid technicians in Salt Lake, and are surprised to find we are serving a mission at our own computers in our own homes, all over the world. Some people think we fix the problem for them, and are taken aback when they have to go on to their computer with us as we show them how to fix it themselves. A lady explained her problem to me and I told her I would research it and phone her back very soon. When I phoned her about 20 minutes later she said, "Oh, I thought you were going to fix it for me. I can't stop now. I'm going shopping!" One man was irritable that he had spent a long time sorting out problems in his family tree and phoned, as he said, 'to make sure you guys are not going to mess it all up again'. I politely asked for more information so I could look at it for him, and he said something similar again about 'you guys messing it up'. The second time was too much for me, so I decided to put him right. While remaining polite, I explained that the people who answer the phones are not computer technicians but voluntary workers who do not get paid but do this work, for several hours each day simply because we want to help people do their family history. He was quiet for a few seconds, then apologised, saying, "I'm sorry sister" and after that spoke more respectfully to me.

A very annoyed patron could not print out names to take to the temple. She said she had printed some names 2 weeks before and knew how to do it. When I asked if I could take her through the steps to do the printing she became even

more annoyed and stated there was nothing wrong with the way she was doing it, she just wanted the problem fixed. When I looked at the way she had written the names I could see why the computer would not accept them and explained how to sort that out. All of a sudden the printer started working and she was thrilled. Then I showed her the Get Help and Help Center on the Family Tree that would help her in the future. At the end of the phone call she was like a different person, happy with the Family Tree and glad to be able to do this work. We said goodbye and just as I was putting the phone down I heard her husband say to her, "I'm so proud of you dear." I had no idea her husband was there as he had not spoken during the phone call, but he saw her frustration and annoyance turn to happiness and he was proud of her for persevering. There are people we cannot see but who are proud of us for persevering too.

Another patron was angry at the beginning of the phone call but we eventually sorted out the computer problems and he was much happier. I reminded him of how frustrated he had felt and how differently he felt now, and that frustration was just how his ancestors felt in the spirit world where they were unable to sort out their problems but have to wait for him to get around to doing it. He admitted he had never thought about it like that before and would think seriously about going to the temple again soon.

#### NOT COINCIDENCES

Christmas and New Year are difficult times for me because not only is it the time of year when my husband died, but also a lonely time as I have no brothers, sisters, children or grandchildren in this country. On 3 January 2013 I had a phone call from someone with an English accent. This was unusual because most of our calls come from America. While I was typing the information on my computer I asked the patron what part of England he lived in and he replied Reading, just outside London but he had a son in Watford Ward. The conversation became more excited when I said

that his son Jonathan Perry was the Young Men president of my grandsons Alma and Jacob. Not only that but his son's family and my son's family were good friends, lived around the corner, went to school together and had just spent New Year's Eve together. We readily agreed it was a small world in the Church, but out of all the thousands of people in the world, what an amazing link-up that was. It was no coincidence.

A week later, I took a phone call from a sister called Toni, who had difficulty merging 2 ancestors in Family Tree. As I was taking her details she asked where I lived and when I replied New Zealand she asked if I knew her friend Anne Mason who she had not heard from for many years. I was surprised and said I knew Anne well, and she was our stake Relief Society president. I was glad to pass on phone numbers and put the 2 ladies in touch with each other again.

Another patron also recognised I do not have an American accent and asked where I live. She was excited to hear it was New Zealand and asked if I lived near Raglan. I said it was an hour's drive away, and she asked if I knew one of her good friends who had moved there from Salt Lake. I was amazed to tell her that I work with this sister in the temple every week and we are friends too. Out of all the millions of church members in the world, and hundreds of calls every week, how amazing that we both had the same friend!

A few days later I took a phone call from a man who had problems merging together 2 ancestors' information. I showed him how to do it but he explained he had cataracts on both eyes and had difficulty seeing the screen. He was nervous about going to hospital the next day for an eye operation. As I had been a nurse all my working life I spoke encouragingly about the procedure. I suggested that since he would not be able to read or use his computer for a short while after the operation, and it was too cold and snowy to go out, perhaps he could ask friends to visit. He said he did have a few friends who visited but they always spoke about the

murders and wars in the news, and how much the economy was going down, and by the time they left he was thoroughly depressed. He said he was an old man, not well, and found life very difficult. I told him I was older than he was and I was not going to consider myself old until I was 95! He laughed and told me he liked my attitude. I also told the patron that I had had bleeding at the back of my eye the previous year and saw the hospital scans showing the damage that could lead to blindness. I had a priesthood blessing, slowed down my way of life, improved my health and over the next 6 months my eye healed. This greatly surprised the hospital doctor who said he could not account for the healing. I told him it was an answer to prayer but he did not know how to answer that. I suggested to the patron that he might consider asking for a priesthood blessing and as I am a temple ordinance worker and would be going to the temple the next day, would he like me to put his name on the prayer list. His voice sounded as if he was close to tears as he agreed he would like that very much. He was much happier by the end of our call and told me it was not a coincidence that his phone call had been directed to me instead of one of the other dozen or so missionaries around the world.

A lady with a problem with ancient ancestors from pre-1500 AD needed specialised help so I asked one of our Team Leaders to come on the phone call with me. While the Team Leader was examining the records of the patron on the phone she noticed that some of the ancestors from the 1700's were the same as her own. Both ladies were surprised and delighted to find they had common ancestors and would keep in touch to work together on their Family Tree. I am sure it was no coincidence that they happened to be on the same phone call that day. After the phone call the Team Leader called me back and said that she and her husband were visiting New Zealand in a few weeks and I was able to send her information about places to visit, sights to see and places to stay which she was very grateful for.

On 27 Jan 2014 a phone patron was very frustrated as she

had found what she thought was a mistake in Family Tree. She tried to change it, then got in a muddle and phoned FS Support. Her first question was, Why does FamilySearch change things and make a mess? I disregarded the question and replicated the problem. Using TeamViewer we worked our way steadily through to Restore the person. We corrected some names, dates and places, then made 4 Merges. She was ecstatic when she found the information was now showing correctly on her screen. She asked which country I lived in because I was obviously not American. When I said it was New Zealand she was overjoyed because when she was 16 she went with her parents to New Caledonia when they served a mission there 40 years ago. They bought the land for the first chapel built there, and later she was able to go to Church College in New Zealand for a little while. I explained that I am an ordinance worker in the NZ temple and for the last 3 weeks we had had a group of people visiting from New Caledonia. The patron was overjoyed to know that so many people still attend the temple from the country of her parents' mission. She said, Isn't it amazing that out of all the people I might have phoned, I got you. I replied that it was no coincidence, and that during the time I was helping her I was praying for guidance through the Holy Ghost, but next time she would have to do her own praying. I told her that her great-grandmother is proud of her for persevering to fix the problem about the merge. I could hear her crying when I finished the phone call but knew they were happy tears.

Another patron visited Salt Lake for a few weeks and was able to have many of her ancestors' ordinances completed while there, but moving back home to New York could not get them done fast enough. I suggested she ask the High Priests' group in New York to organise a temple trip and offer them all pumpkin pie if they go! She laughed and agreed she could try that. Then she said how alone she feels as she is the only member of the Church in her family. I could hear the tears in her voice as she then said that no matter where you are in the world, there is always a sisterhood in the Church,

and how much that means to her. I reminded her that as she is the only one in her family to get these ordinances done, how many of her ancestors are longing and hoping she will not give up. She cheered up when I said to this sister who is in her 70's, "You Go Girl!" We left the phone call with her happily encouraged to continue with her family history in the future. Incidentally, that sister phoned 3 weeks later with a query about ordinances being done, and recognised my voice as living in New Zealand. She said, "It's nice to talk to you again. It's like we're becoming friends."

#### INTERESTING ANCESTORS

At the beginning of April 2013 I took a call from a lady who wanted to check her father's line about 10 generations back. I asked for her father's name and was told it was Dallin Oaks. I suppressed my surprise and checked the details and found that, yes, it was 'the' Dallin H. Oaks. His daughter and I sorted out what she was confused about, which was to do with a malfunction on her aunt's computer. She said her father would be speaking in General Conference 2 days later and that when I listened to him I would know I had been all over his family tree. She told me her husband's ancestors had travelled to America from Lancashire and Yorkshire so I was able to tell her something of that area as I was living there 2 years before for 6 months. I told her about the preaching in Preston methodist church of the first missionaries in 1837 after which so many people joined the church that the minister would not allow any more preaching there; the first baptisms in the river Ribble where 8 thousand of the town's people came to watch from the river bank; people coming out of their houses in the villages of Chatburn and Downham to farewell their beloved missionaries Elders Heber C. Kimball and Joseph Fielding; and that Preston ward in England is the oldest ward in the whole world.

A few weeks later a patron gave me some names she wanted to sort out and the more I searched the families the more I recognised places and names in New York county and

realised that her great-great-grandfather was the uncle of Joseph Smith. A different patron had interesting names on her Family Tree. She found a man named Handy Barefoot was married to Spicy Tart.

I helped an elderly patron sort out some information in the Family Tree about her great-great grandmother Sarah who travelled with one of the handcart companies. I later read an account about Sarah in an old Ensign of 2006 and it was interesting to learn more about the patron's ancestor. Sarah Goode Marshall lived in Abenall in the middle of England when she heard about the Church. Her Baptist minister could not answer her questions so she met with the Latter-day Saints, walking 22 miles round trip, carrying her baby. Her husband Tom was angry about her listening to the missionaries and used to whip her for going there. He said that if she did not stop he would kill her. One day Sarah felt an impression that she should not taste the drink her husband gave her as it was poisoned, but should switch the cups around when he was not looking, which she did. Her husband died soon after this. Her 6th baby was born 6 months after her husband died and Sarah had to work hard to feed and house her 6 children. In 1856 she was granted money from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund to travel by ship to America. Her family tried desperately to persuade her not to go, fearing she would die on the journey. One of the presiding elders heard them and promised Sarah that she would travel in safety and not one of her children would die on the journey, which promise was fulfilled. After 5 weeks on the ship, Sarah and her 6 children joined a handcart company led by Brigham Young's son-in-law Edmund Ellsworth, and walked 1300 miles across America. At that time her eldest child was only 12 years old and the 2 year old had to ride on the handcart. When they neared the Salt Lake valley Sarah asked permission to start out very early in the morning so she would not get left behind when her children slowed down as the day got hotter. She found she was ahead of the rest of the company and was the first woman to enter

the Salt Lake valley. News had reached people in the valley that the handcarts were arriving and men on horseback rode out to meet them. With Sarah's permission they scooped up her children on their horses and rode them back into town. Soon Brigham Young, a brass band with soldiers and the townspeople came to welcome them. After settling in the Salt Lake valley Sarah worked hard and not only supported her 6 children but eventually was able to pay back all the money she had borrowed from the Perpetual Emigrating Fund.

#### SPIRITUAL LEARNING

A patron found that her brothers and sisters were not listed correctly with her in Family Tree, especially one who died as a baby. I showed her how to correct this and she was delighted to see her family all together now. I suggested that she keep in mind how happy this made her feel and how happy Heavenly Father is when we do our family history and get His children safely put together with their own families. I could hear the tears in her voice when she said she had never thought of it like that before.

The Church rule is that ordinances cannot be completed for individuals until 110 years after they were born, unless permission is obtained from the closest living relative so it does not cause trouble in the family. One young woman was very upset because an unknown person had reserved the ordinances for her father. She had not given permission for this and because there was no email address attached she could not contact the person. As we talked I knew I could not give her any assurances that the ordinances could be stopped, even though I would try to do that, so instead I asked her if she could go to the temple and sit quietly and think about her father and how proud of her he was, and how grateful he was that she was so concerned about him. As we felt the Spirit confirm this we were both in tears as we said goodbye.

The next phone call straight after this was from a patron

whose close relative had shot and killed his ex-girlfriend, her new boyfriend and then himself, all while under the influence of drugs. The patron wanted to know if temple ordinances were allowed to be done in these circumstances. As we talked we knew through the Spirit that all people need the ordinances of the gospel regardless of the horrific mistakes they have made during this life.

#### INTERESTING PATRONS

Recently I spoke to a sister serving a mission on a huge native American reservation. They provide social service helping with the huge alcoholism problem there.

On a warm summer day in New Zealand I took a phone call from a sister serving a mission in Mongolia. She said it was winter there and the temperature drops to 30 below and sometimes colder. She dresses in lots of layers especially valuing cashmere clothing which comes from combing the wool of goats. As a missionary sister she has to wear a skirt, even in such extreme cold, but copes by wearing thermals, a long coat and boots. She told me her husband writes a blog about living in Mongolia, and I later read it with interest. (drvalfarmer) From the blog I learned that they lived in a 5th floor apartment which was heated by hot water piped from a huge factory across the city. The water is heated by coal and sometimes the apartment gets too hot but there is no way to turn down the heat as it is regulated at the factory and piped to buildings all around the city. The people live in gers, pronounced gares, which are round dwellings made from very thick felt. Coal is used for heating and cooking and the smoke stays in the valley for weeks at a time, making it difficult to breath the smoky air. They are not allowed into Mongolia as missionaries but have to go as English teachers. They also help with family history work, teach Seminary and Institute and organise temple trips to the Hong Kong temple. Their young people show great respect to the older members of the family and expect to look after them. They find it unusual that the senior missionaries are so energetic.

Mongolia used to be a backward country verging on poverty but since the discovery of gold, uranium and coal, it is expected to become one of the richest nations soon. It was interesting to read about the country having just unexpectedly spoken to someone serving there.

A patron was concerned about not being able to print a temple card but when I checked it for her it worked perfectly. She told me about the ordinances she is searching for. She said the people whose names are waiting to be processed wake her up around 4 am every day to have these names ready. She feels the impression of a kind of tapping on her pillow. She does not hear words but they are impressions that come into her mind that 'say' start at the top of the page and work through to the bottom. She has worked through about 800 names in the last 3 weeks. One early morning she saw the face of one of these people. She continued with the names then with the last one she turned the page over and there was a photo of the person in her wedding photo and it was the same face she had seen. The patron heard some words in Ukranian but she does not speak it so did not understand what was said, but the Holy Ghost put it in her mind to understand that the words meant Thank you. She stood in church and bore testimony that we have not finished searching for our own family names and we must keep on doing this because people who are deceased are relying on us to do it. Her cousin had lots of family cards from the Catholic church. They give the name, birth and death details of each person in his family who has died. He said his daughter was going to get rid of the cards when he went into a rest home, because she thought it was just his hobby. Instead the cousin gave the Catholic cards to the patron and she has been working on them.

One lady who phoned was very puzzled because her DNA test results showed she was related to people in Norway who are known to be blond and blue-eyed, but she has the brown skin and brown eyes from Jamaica and Africa. She was shown how to use the Search area to find birth certificates and

census records from Norway. As we talked I realised she was not a member of the Church and was able to explain that we do family history research because one day we shall all die and it is important to have our families linked together, and we can only do that while we are alive. I explained that people serve a mission in many different areas of the church and for the last 100 years or so, many missionaries have photographed records and census entries and then typed that information on to the computer so that people all over the world are able to see it free of charge. The patron said she did not want to use words that might offend us, such as calling us Mormons. I said we would not be offended, but that the name comes from a set of books written at the same time as the Old Testament and then put together by a man called Mormon. I explained that church members pay tithing which not only pays for the building of chapels and temples, but also pays for the phone calls from people like herself to help with family history. The patron asked if I came from England and said that she had been born in south London. She was interested to find that we had both grown up only 20 miles away from each other and then moved to different countries. I emphasised to her that it was not a coincidence that I had been the person who took her phone call. I was supposed to be going off duty but had felt I should take just one more call, and it was hers. I suggested that she would find it helpful to go to a Family History Centre to have someone work alongside her in finding information from Norwegian records. She was amazed that people would help her so much, free of charge. I showed her lds.org where she could find her nearest chapel and centre and suggested she have a look around lds.org some time. I explained that to do this work I have to pray and ask for inspiration and she can have that very same guidance in her life when she prays and asks for it, because the Holy Ghost knows everything and can shine that knowledge on all of us, just like the sun can shine on all of us around the world. She kept thanking me for all that I had told her and said, God Bless You. It was nice to hear that, and in fact, I spoke to 3 non-members that day,

and each one of them said, God Bless You! I did indeed feel blessed that day in helping our patrons.

#### MISSIONARY ADMINISTRATOR

At the end of 2014 I was asked to continue answering phone calls, and also to add on being Missionary Administrator as well. This gave me a lot more work but I agreed to do it because I saw it as a way to be more in touch with the missionaries serving in APAC. The reason I wanted to do this was because I had had such an awful start on my mission and I did not want that to happen to anyone else. I started as one of a group of 5 who have all since left. The training was in the old style which has since been changed. We all met together online for an hour each day while our trainer showed us on his screen what we were to learn. I was not able to see this because the screen was so tiny it was like looking at a lot of dots instead of words. So I could never work out what he was talking about. After the 5 or so weeks of training we each had a mentor assigned to us, but my mentor was ill and could not often speak to me, so I had to struggle along as best I could on my own. Nobody knew about this because nobody checked up on how I was getting on. I often felt desperately lonely and isolated. I did not know the answers and did not know who to ask about things. I spent the first 6 months of my mission in tears most days and went on phone calls first thing in the morning because it was the only way I could face it. I had to force myself to get out of bed in the morning and became quite depressed over those 6 months. I spent hours and hours studying to try and learn what I needed to know and as time went on I became better at what I was doing.

Added to the difficulty of learning about using the brand new Family Tree programme, when I started this mission I was Primary president over the largest Primary in our stake with 60 children and nearly 20 adults. I was also a temple ordinance worker once a week. My bishop and I had no idea I should not have an extensive calling such as Primary president while serving a mission. Consequently, I became

very tired. I often felt like I was just cog number 2,346 in a very large wheel based in Utah where they know very little about Australia and even less about New Zealand. If you agree to serve in any calling then you should give it your all. However, if you served a full-time mission you would usually do that away from home so you are away from the usual way of life. If you serve from your own home then you still have a home to run, garden to grow, car to clean, shopping, washing, church visiting, a calling to fulfill as well as your part-time mission. If I had ever had an interview with someone attached to the mission leadership, they would have discovered how exhausted and depressed I was and advised me, but nobody talked to me about how I felt so I just had to struggle on alone.

After 6 months I was asked by a friend at church how my mission was going. When she saw how depressed I was she said it made her feel less guilty as she had decided not to serve a mission. I was horrified that my outlook had encouraged her in that decision and knew I must change my attitude to be more positive. I had not realised that I was being rebellious and when I read Alma 23:7 I knew I had to change. When we read that verse we usually think it means the weapons mentioned were swords, and they were, but the words 'weapons of rebellion' also included the way the people thought and acted which was in rebellion against God. Soon after that I was released from being Primary president and that eased my situation a great deal.

At the end of my first year I was asked to extend and agreed to do this because there were not enough missionaries. At the end of the 2nd year I was asked not only to extend but to take on being Missionary Administrator. This included dealing with people who contact us about serving a mission with FamilySearch Support. I explain what is involved in the mission and teach them about the many aspects of Family Tree. This usually involves many weeks of talking to them twice a week to guide them around using the Family Tree programme. They usually start off thinking they know all

about it because they have researched their own ancestors but do not realise they need to know the technical background so they can help people put right on the computer the mistakes they or someone else have made. One man thought that answering phone calls was something he could do, so he said, Just send me a list of the questions people ask and a list of the answers and I can read that out to them on the phone! I explained it was not quite as easy as that. When they were comfortable with using the Family Tree, I interviewed them to record their interests, family history experience and computer skills and capabilities then requested approval from the Pacific Area manager for them to proceed to their interviews with their bishop and stake president. I contacted them frequently during this time and in the first few months of their mission so they knew they always have somebody to turn to with any questions or concerns.

At the end of 2014 it was suggested I send out emails to all those who had served a FamilySearch Support mission in the last 5 years asking if they would consider doing it again. I sent out about 300 emails over a few days, so many in fact, that my email account was shut down by the provider because they thought someone had hacked into it. One of the replies was from Irene Beazley who said; Thank you for inviting me to serve another mission but I am already serving the Lord. I am an Indexer & Arbitrator and the Stake Indexing Director in my stake. Also I am the only Arbitrator for Maori LDS Church Membership Records which is a special New Zealand Project. This alone takes my full day every day 5 days a week. I have served two missions in Indexing and I am now 90 years old. I do not have good eyesight anymore and have to use a magnifier on my computer screen. So that is my life and my service until I leave this planet. I was amazed that a lady of 90 years was still working full time 5 days a week on indexing, so I wrote back to her and discovered that she had come to my home nearly 40 years before to help me with my family history. My

family had since moved north to be nearer the temple, and so had she, but she had married again which was why I did not recognise her new surname. Her son and his wife, Bob and Gail Davies, were good friends of ours which was how we met her in the first place when she was visiting them. Then they moved north, near the temple, and suggested we move to Te Awamutu, the town they lived in. We had a look at it, liked it, moved here in 1994, and still like it! So Irene and I have come full circle from her visiting me in my living room 40 years ago, to now emailing me in my living room, and all through family history!

#### TEACHING PATRONS

I will conclude by mentioning a phone call from a sister helping her daughter get family names ready for temple baptisms the next day. She could not see some names on her daughter's account, even though they showed on her own account. She was helped to understand why this was so, for privacy reasons from one account to another, and felt more relaxed knowing she could process the names for her daughter in time for the Young Women visit to the temple. As there were no other phone calls waiting I took the opportunity to suggest they work together as mother and daughter looking at diagrams detailing how to use the Family Tree in the Get Help/Help Center section. The sister was delighted to be shown this because she did not know it was there and said she had just been called as the ward family history consultant and felt nervous about teaching something she knew so little about. I suggested she look on the Church website under Family/Family History for more information about her calling and to see short videos created especially to interest the Youth in family history. I explained that some of the older people in her class may not use a computer but could still fill in the My Family booklet. The young people could transcribe their words on to the computer to fulfil their Personal Progress requirements. This would link the



generations together in the ward as well as on Family Tree. The sister was bubbling over with enthusiasm for what she now realised she could achieve in her calling and in her own Family Home Evenings. All of this took only a few minutes to explain and I felt grateful to have had the opportunity to assist her.

In this case the problem itself was simple and easily sorted out. I could have left it there but chose to teach the patron and add to her knowledge, knowing that she in turn would add to the knowledge of many others, including her children and church members. They in turn would share their experience with many people in their circle and so the ripples of knowledge would spread far beyond that one person.

Yes, I learned a lot over the 6 years I served a mission; about FamilySearch, about people, about myself, about the amazingly caring and knowledgeable people who also served a mission, but most of all about the inspiration I am able to have through the Holy Ghost when I have no idea whatsoever what to do about a patron's problem. Having been a nurse all my working life I believe strongly in education to help people live the best life they can, not only with their health but spiritually as well. Each person I teach, I have the feeling the Holy Ghost is teaching me what they need. The Holy Ghost is the greatest source of light and truth that we are able to access in our lives. I need to live in such a way that I am able to help other people achieve the best they can in their own lives and in turn reach out to those around them. This is the way we spread that light and truth. It only takes one little light to change the darkness. You don't have to be clever or know a lot, you just have to be the very best you know how.

On a lighter note, some interesting facts I have found while searching my family history -

- My sister married Bob and was Hazel Smith but born Hazel Deane

- Our mother was Freda Deane but born Freda Smith
- Her mother was Annie Smith but born Annie Obee
- Her mother was Elizabeth Obee but born Elizabeth Smith
- Her mother was Mrs Smith but born with a different name

So all these generations of women's surnames alternated between Smith and something else.

When I did my nursing training from 1963 to 1966 we were moved around all the time. Sometimes to another ward or different room in the nurses' home, or quieter floor for night-duty, but sometimes it was to another part of London, or out into the country, to another hospital. One of the hospitals I worked in was famous for its plastic surgery operations, especially on burns victims. It was Mount Vernon Hospital and was near Rickmansworth and Northwood, north-west of London. One of the names I found while working on the Cantlie and Calder lines 1996 in family history was May Calder Scott. She was born in 1894 and died in 1984 aged 90. She grew up in Northwood and after her father died when she was a child her mother opened a school in Northwood House. I went to a Nurses' Preliminary Training School at Mill Hill, which is all in that area, and it would be really strange if the Training School was in what used to be Northwood House.

My first date with David in January 1963 was walking in the snow around Mill Hill, as there had been such heavy falls of snow we were snow-bound for 3 weeks and could not travel far. David drove slowly for 2 hours across north London with buckets of sand and a spade to put under the wheels of his van if he got stuck. Our next date was out to dinner at a restaurant in Watford. I borrowed a dress from one of the other nurses, and a necklace from someone else, and so on. We all lent our things around to each other. David liked the dress and often wondered why he never saw it again!

Back to May Calder Scott. She married a William Turner who came from the next town of Rickmansworth, which is where Mount Vernon Hospital is. They eventually went to live in Loughton, Essex, only 5 miles from where I grew up, and she was a history teacher, so I wondered if she might have been one of my teachers in the 1950's which would be amazing! In 1996 I typed 1,340 names for the Calder line and it was interesting seeing all their different occupations. The most famous findings were a princess, called Maria Banatinsky, probably from central Europe, 6 Sirs, a professor, a barrister, 5 doctors, 2 surgeons, 4 Reverends, a submarine commander, an Admiral, a squadron leader, a wing commander, a Lt. Colonel, a Lt. Commander, 3 pilots, a Major, a captain, 2 Advisors to King George VI, 2 J.P.'s, a famous author, and several people who went to India, Africa or China, which 150 years ago was as unusual as us going to the South Pole. I was amazed to find one man married his 1st wife's daughter from her previous marriage. I did not think that would have been allowed, but they went to America, so maybe it was acceptable there!

## ***Olive's hopes for what her sons will do***

***Written in 2002***

Yesterday our eldest son flew to Australia for a few days. Tomorrow our second son flies to England for a few years. His wife, who has become my friend, flies to England next month. Our third son has already left this earth, and our youngest son is already in England. So it is no wonder that I feel sad that most of my special people are leaving. I have spent the past 35 years saying goodbye to so many of my close family and friends that it has built a well of sadness in my life that I have had to cope with.

However, there are many advantages in my life too. I have a husband who wants to find ways to show he loves me, wants to learn about better health and how to help me, and tries to help people in the community. It always lifts my heart when I see him praying or reading the scriptures. I am grateful he went out to work in the early years so I was able to be a stay-at-home mother for so many years, and help our sons learn so much that would assist them in their adult lives. To understand more about those times, look at the poems I have written, which are on our website. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to learn about the gospel and why I have been given my life on this earth. I have had interesting and varied careers as a secretary, nurse and then a mother, and have learned to use a computer to communicate what I consider most important to those I hold most dear.

No grown adult wants his mother continually telling him what to do, and I try to stay out of our sons' lives unless invited, as I recognise they must each make their own way in

the world in the way they think best. I am really proud of their abilities and the challenges they have overcome. I truly think our sons are wonderful people and I love them very much. I have survived severe illness several times in my life, sometimes being near to death, and these times have made me recognise the basic things that I want our sons to do in their adult lives. So I have written them here and hope that each of our sons will read this often, or at least on some occasion each year such as my birthday, when they may be thinking of me and who I am as a person. I don't need expensive gifts, nice as they are. What I really need is to know that my sons are doing these five things.

1. Thank Heavenly Father often.

Develop an attitude of gratitude. I have often noticed in our family prayers that I ask Heavenly Father for help for everyone who may need it, especially our immediate family, whereas David thanks Him for many things. Both are necessary, but He must like being thanked as much as we do. We need to notice colourful flowers, birdsong, friends, food, sunshine and rain, and other everyday things that we so often take for granted. One of my favourite scriptures is Alma 37:37. Make it one of yours too.

2. Attend the temple frequently with your wife.

Always, always have a current temple recommend. Never let it run out, and watch the date to get it renewed before it expires. I cannot stress that enough, from the disasters I have seen when people let it slip. Keep all the requirements to gain a recommend. Especially keep the laws of tithing and fasting. That means not just paying tithing, but paying it gladly, and not just fasting, but completing the fast by paying the offering to help those less fortunate too. President Hinckley and others have always counselled us all to get out of debt and stay out of debt, otherwise it drags us all down and stops us reaching our spiritual potential. One way to honour the priesthood you hold is to administer a blessing

whenever it is requested. While it is not your responsibility to ask if someone wants a blessing, I see nothing but good coming from asking people if they have considered having one. Sometimes people are feeling so unwell they do not think of the obvious.

Live as near to a temple as you are able, and go there together often. Make the nearness of a temple a prerequisite in your choice of where to live. Don't rush in and out. Linger and talk. Have a meal there. Pray in the Celestial room individually and together. Sit together in the lounge areas and talk about whatever is bothering you, and do not leave until it is either resolved or understood better, knowing that this is what your parents did for many years. If there is no temple in your area, go to a park to discuss differences in nice surroundings.

When you go to the temple listen carefully to the very first promise your wife makes, and look for that little word 'as'. Then examine your own life and see if it comes up to that standard. If not, that could be the cause of some difficulties.

Tell your wife you love her, every day, whether you feel like it or not. Yes, I really did say that, and it is not lying. There will be many times when you do not agree with each other, hurt each other's feelings, and do not like each other, but that is not love. Love is much deeper than the superficial power-struggles of two individuals learning to 'become one'. Real marriage is not like in the films, which often present an unrealistically rosy view of family life, where everyone lives happily ever after. When the reality of life gets you down and you feel like giving up remember to check whether your state of mind is In Love, which is real, or INLOF which is It's Not Like On Films.

In my nursing training I was moved around to many different wards and hospitals. Many times I was very unhappy in the places I went to and wanted to leave, but made a commitment to myself to endure it for 3 weeks before

I left. I always found it got better in that time and was bearable, sometimes even becoming enjoyable. President Gordon B. Hinckley told men at Conference that their greatest asset is a wife who loves them. Love is a verb, a 'doing' word. It needs to be demonstrated as well as being a deep abiding, underlying foundation to your life together. Russell M. Nelson encouraged couples to appreciate, to communicate, and to contemplate. Love needs to be seen and heard. Maybe that is easier for 'S' people to do, and good practice for 'N' people too.

### 3. Enjoy time with your children every day.

Read to your children, even when they are old enough to read to themselves. Find books you both enjoy, put on funny voices, examine the pictures, and treasure new-found knowledge. If there is one thing that would change the world it is to turn off the TV, move away from the computer, and read together for half an hour every day. Read books on all kinds of subjects, art, inventions, jokes, poetry, significant people, and scripture stories. Read together as husband and wife as often as you can. Not just scriptures, but jokes from a magazine, and funny or thoughtful things from a book you are reading. Have family prayers and scripture study every day and Family Home Evening every week. Learn to do better than we did when you were children. For us it was so often a struggle. We were the first generation to make it happen. Build on our experience and make it less of a contest, more of an enjoyment.

Play with your children every day. Play is how they learn. It is what work is to you. Because you have already learned all those things you may not realise the value of it, and may trivialise it without meaning to, but to a child it is of the utmost importance. Because it is important it does not need to be dull. Have fun with it and remember the 5th thing to learn in life is to laugh.

The others, in order of when they happen, even before birth

are, listen, love, learn, look and laugh. If you hold up your left hand you can use your fingers to remind you of them. It helps a young child learn which is their left hand because the finger and thumb form the letter L for left. The little finger suggests the first thing a baby learns, even before birth, is to listen. The ring finger reminds us of love. The middle finger is the strongest and indicates the importance of learning. The index finger is often used to point at things so we will look at them. The thumb is able to reach out to all the others, just as we can hold each other together with laughter.

Those words apply to you as a couple as well.

Listen: It's vital to listen to each other, and know you are listened to. To be listened to and to be loved are so much alike that most people cannot tell the difference.

Love: Does your heart 'lift' when you see your wife? Do your eyes light up when you see her or your children? They need to see it in your face.

Learn: Learn to love your wife in the way that is best for her, in the way she needs it, not in the way you think it should be.

Look: Be sure to be looking together in the same direction.

Laugh: A woman can forgive a man a lot of the minor frustrations of life if he makes her laugh.

### 4. Be good friends with your brothers.

You have each been blessed with three of the finest brothers anyone could have. One is already waiting for you in the next world. Don't let him down. Don't let some earthly power-struggle or misunderstanding come between any of you. Talk to each other often. You have a friendship between you that many people envy, and have been through too much together to let all that slip away. Don't ever lose it. If difficulties arise, be the one to apologise for your part in the hurt. Sometimes it is not the one who is wrong who

apologises, but the one who is strong. Let your wife know before and during your marriage how much your brothers mean to you, and learn to like her family too as they may well be just as important to her. One of the best things anyone can do to strengthen their marriage is to learn to really like their spouse's family.

5. Go Home Teaching every month. This was written before it was called Ministering.

Repeating that word every. Be the best Home Teacher they have ever had. Take something with you each time to catch their interest. The quickest attention getter is food, but it could be some other little 'object lesson'. Think about what to use, during the month before the visit. Plan it. Good lessons don't just happen. As soon as you have finished one visit, plan the next. It could be something you have used in Family Home Evening or seen in another lesson.

So if I could ask for my sons to do only five things, these are the most important that I know of.

Thank Heavenly Father often

Attend the temple frequently with your wife

Enjoy spending time daily with your children

Be good friends with your brothers

Go home teaching every month

Learn from our mistakes as parents, and there have been plenty for you to learn from. Each generation must do that so there is progress in life. Almost the last words from Moroni in Mormon 9: 31 were, "learn to be more wise than we have been."

If I see you doing these things I will be content, and if I have passed from this earth remember I am only a thin veil away

and will still know of your good lives and be happy.

## ***How they met***

### ***How the Redmond parents met ...***

David Redmond met Olive Deane at a dance at Cranbrook Hall, Ilford, Essex, in England in April 1961 but then did not meet again until December 1962 just before Olive started nursing training at Charing Cross Hospital, London. The reason for the long time in between was because David was going on holiday to Scotland on his motorbike a few days after we first met and he did not think it right to ask me out and then disappear for 2 or 3 weeks. Also, my parents were angry about my coming home late from the dance and forbade me to go to any more, which I had to obey even though I was then 18 years old. I spent more time with my friends from the Baptist church and school, and David spent the next nearly 2 years going to different dances looking for me. Eventually I went to a dance in December 1962 with my church friend Heather Dunkley. She had started nursing a year before and encouraged me to start as I was dissatisfied with being a secretary in a London office for the Nestle company. As soon as David saw me at the dance he came straight to me and spent the rest of the evening with me. Heather was asked to dance by Jim Hilton who had actually meant to go to another dance place but got on the wrong bus. We made a foursome for the evening and Heather and Jim married 2 years later and David and I married 2 years after that in 1966. Even though David died nearly 15 years ago, and Heather has had 2 lots of cancer we have kept in touch across the world, and remained good friends ever since for the past nearly 60 years!

### ***How Cancy's parents met ...***

Carlos Bernardo, who was called Charlie, was 24 when he

married Lily Ong who was 25. In the Chinese culture in the Philippines, couples usually marry in their very early 20's or younger. Lily's mother was 18 when she married and Charlie's mother was only 14! So when Charlie was 23 and no bride in sight his parents knew Lily's parents and they introduced them. Charlie and his parents went to visit Lily and her parents for a meal. While preparing the meal Lily dropped a glass and it broke. Her mother did not tell Charlie and his parents as they were Chinese and would think it was a bad omen. So Lily's mother picked up the glass and found it was only the top of the glass that was broken, and said that it was still able to hold water, so it was all right. Lily was not sure she wanted to marry Charlie but after she had let him know this, he was hit by a stray bullet and very ill. Lily realised how worried she was about Charlie and she married him in 1972.

### ***This is what Charlie wrote about himself...***

I was born in China, the oldest of 5 children. I spent my early days in China's remote country areas riding horses and fishing. At the age of seven, I went to Hong Kong to study for four years. Following that, I went to the Philippines to continue my education. In the late 1960's I was shot by a stray bullet which was 38 calibre. Although I was able to fully recover, the event had a lasting effect on me as I felt I was given a second chance in life. Many years later, I went to New Zealand for a short visit and fell in love with the country. I thought to myself: "This is where I want to live the rest of my life with my family." Once my decision was made I sold my business and applied to emigrate to New Zealand with my family. It was one of the biggest steps in my life — moving to a new country to start a new and peaceful life. My friends consider me an ideas and inventive man. I enjoy renovations and the outdoors, including: gardening, carpentry and home improvement. I also enjoy playing pool, and table tennis. I see life as a game. I like winning in a game, it makes me feel like a king.

### *This is what Lily wrote about herself...*

I was born in Manila, Philippines, to good parents. My father owned a small book store and a restaurant, while my mother raised Chinese chickens in a little yard above our shop. At the age of 18, I moved to Baguio City with a friend to teach grade-school Chinese while I furthered my studies in Commerce at University. I enjoyed my time teaching, and built a good relationship with my students. We would often go mountain climbing together. During these times I learned much about being independent. While in the Philippines, I was recognised as the top electric appliance dealer for 5 years running. This brought with it many travel opportunities. More recently, I have volunteered my efforts at the local Buddhist temple in Auckland, New Zealand, where I was recently elected director of the committee. My friends know me as a friendly, active and outgoing person who always strives to do something good in life. I enjoy learning and am always willing to volunteer my efforts to a good cause.

### *How Monique's parents met ...*

Stewart Irvine met Ruth Meiklejohn at a motorbike speedway which was held every Saturday night in Edinburgh, Scotland. Ruth joined the supporters club which was more of a social club. They organised dances and sometimes bus tours among the different districts to raise money. There she met Stewart and liked him but they were both going out with other people at that time. One evening while Ruth was walking home from work she met Stewart. He pushed his bike along while they talked and she discovered he was not going with another girl, and Ruth wasn't going with the previous boyfriend either. Then another couple if boys asked her to go out with them and Stewart decided he'd better get in quick. He asked Ruth if she would like to go to the pictures at the local cinema. They also went to the Bluebird cafe, which today would be a hamburger place. They did a lot of walking as they could not afford to go to many places and anyway Stewart's bike fell to bits and Ruth did not have a

bike. After 2 years they got engaged and after another 2 years got married on 11 April 1958 when Ruth was 21 and Stewart was 22.

Stewart had been called up to do his 2 years compulsory service in the British army 6 months before he and Ruth got married and was given 72 hours leave to get married. Then he was back to the barracks and 3 months later was sent to Cyprus. The British had ruled Cyprus from about 1880 but there had been fighting for years between the Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots. The army was called in to keep the peace between the warring factions. After Stewart's time in Cyprus he was awarded a medal for his service in the army. The medal was given to Howard because he could not have other keepsakes like furniture as he lives in a different country in Florida, USA.

While Stewart was away in Cyprus Ruth got a job in a clothing store called C and A in Edinburgh. She was able to buy a cheap midday dinner in the staff cafeteria so did not need much to eat at night. She rented a small 2 bedroom flat in Edinburgh and they continued living there when Stewart came out of the army but after a year he felt restless. He applied for a job with a construction firm in Carlisle in the north of England. They were allowed to rent a bungalow which was owned by the business, then when that was sold they moved to a flat in a block of flats which is where David was born. Then they moved to a 3 bedroom flat which is where Howard was born. Stewart felt restless again and talked about them all going to live in Australia. His brother had recently moved to Canada and they decided to join him there. They rented a flat high up in a block of flats then moved to a townhouse with a tiny garden which was where Monique was born. When she was about 2 years old they were able to start buying their house in Richmond Hill, Toronto, which is the home Monique knew all her life until she moved to the USA and then to England. When Monique finished school she went to BYU in the USA studying to be a teacher. When she graduated her parents went to collect her

to take her home but do some sightseeing as they drove back to Canada. They enjoyed the opportunity to look at many church history sites on their way.

Monique's brother Dave tried a few jobs when he left school but did not find anything he wanted to settle in for long. At every interview he was asked if he had Grade 12 but he did not as he had not wanted to stay at school that long. He realised he would need Grade 12 so decided to go back to school to get it. His certificate arrived just a few weeks before he went on his mission. He served for 2 years in Portland, Oregon, USA. After his mission Dave started the 4 year apprenticeship in heating and air-conditioning and has always really enjoyed the work, and now 2 of his sons are working in the same line of business. Nova went to work as a Nanny in Toronto, Canada, 2 months before Dave finished his mission. They met in Canada but married in England as all her family lived there. They married in the London temple but travelled north to Worksop, Nottinghamshire for the reception. At that time Howard was serving a 2 year mission in the north of England so Stewart and Ruth wrote to his mission president requesting permission for Howard to attend the wedding reception and give a talk on why people have a temple marriage. They were all very happy when permission was given and Howard and his companion attended the reception. Howard had also baptised somebody in Carlisle where he had been blessed as a baby twenty years previously before his family moved to Canada.

Monique's brother Howard was also at BYU at the same time as her, studying archaeology and anthropology as he wanted to be an archeologist. However, towards the end of his studies he was told it was a very difficult area to get into and would be advised to look elsewhere. He was offered a paid job at BYU teaching the students and checking their papers but found it very difficult to keep up with his own studies as well as helping the students, so did it for only one year. During that time Monique crept into one of Howard's lectures and hid herself at the back of the room behind a

big-built student, which was fine until he got up and left the room and suddenly Howard was stunned to see Monique sitting there. She said she heard 2 girls sitting next to her talking about how good looking Howard was. Howard was offered a job with a construction company who were planning to build on one of the islands but first had to get a land sweep done and Howard was qualified to be in charge of this. Nancy who Howard had met at BYU was also on the job and they later got married and moved to Florida USA where Nancy was from. Howard now works with a company as an engineer planning roads and bridges.

### *Three young guys in Auckland ...*

Owen, Craig and Fraser had flatted together and worked on computers for several years from 1997 in Auckland, New Zealand. During that time they attended church in Balmoral Ward where Craig met Cancy Bernardo who had recently been introduced to the Church by her friend Liz Santos. That was February 1998. Cancy's parents were Buddhists so she knew nothing about the Church. About 6 months after she was baptised Cancy realised she wanted to serve a mission and after about a year she served in Melbourne, Australia for 18 months. Fraser had been serving a mission for 9 months by the time Cancy left in February 2000. Fraser also served in the Melbourne mission and their mission president kept them apart in different areas the whole time. When Cancy left for her mission, Craig decided to go to Utah, USA to visit a friend for 3 months to learn more about computers. Craig and Kyle had served together on their mission in Taiwan. Fraser and Cancy met up only once on their missions and that was when they both helped visitors at the opening of the Melbourne temple in 2001. Fraser returned from his mission in May 2001 and left a few months later for London.

Cancy returned from her mission September 2001 and she and Craig were engaged a few weeks later. They chose November 2001 for their wedding but Cancy's Chinese relatives in Taiwan said the date they had chosen was not a



good one, so another date was chosen. This also was not approved so a 3rd date was chosen. This date was deemed all right as long as the wedding was before 9 am. Cancy and her family travelled from Auckland to Hamilton, staying in a motel overnight so they could be ready to enter the temple at 7.30 am. Their temple sealing was completed by a few minutes before 9 am and they went outside for photos. Then all their family and friends drove to Auckland for the reception at Valentine's restaurant. Olive made the 2 tier wedding cake and put two tiny teddy bears on top, wearing miniature wedding clothes she hand-made for them.

### *Over in London ...*

In 2001 Monique had been living in London for about 4 years, boarding with Pat Priest in Upton Park, near her work as a supply teacher in nursery schools all over east London. When Monique finished at BYU it was difficult to find a job in her area of teaching so she decided to work in London as she could do this because both of her parents were British. Monique attended Hyde Park chapel in London where they had about 300 young people in their Britannia Singles Ward. The young people came from all over the world so they understood what it was like to be alone in a big city. They made friends and helped each other find places to live and work. While visiting some friends from church Monique met Fraser who was staying with them. He had recently arrived from New Zealand and had not been able to find a place to stay so they took him in for a few weeks and let him sleep on their couch. Monique visited the flat a few times and got to know Fraser. Monique went home from London to Toronto for the holidays whenever she could and the next Christmas her family met her at the airport with Howard holding up a big sign saying, Who the hell is Fraser!

Monique and Fraser dated for about a year or so before Fraser proposed in Valentine's Park, Ilford, about 400 metres from where his parents had met nearly 40 years before. Fraser and Monique were married in the Toronto

temple on 28 September 2002. Fraser's parents David and Olive had not met Monique as they lived in New Zealand. They travelled to England to meet her but stayed with her parents Stewart and Ruth Irvine in Toronto, Canada, for a week on the way. Stewart and Ruth took them to many interesting places to do with church history such as Kirtland and Palmyra and David and Olive thought it was wonderful that they could see places they had heard about but never thought they would ever be able to visit.

David and Olive spent a few days with Monique at Pat Priest's house before travelling on to visit other relatives and friends they had not seen for 20 years. They also held a family reunion at Pat's chapel in Stratford, London, with about 20 relatives there, mostly related to Olive and her brothers and sister. Monique and Fraser flew to Toronto 2 days before the wedding so that Monique could have her Bridal Shower with friends mostly from church. Olive and David arrived just in time for this and David was immediately whisked away to go out for the evening with the men.

The wedding event itself was very unusual. Most people get married and then hold a reception, but the church hall was booked for a Relief Society broadcast for the afternoon and evening of the wedding day so it could not be used. Instead, Monique and Fraser had their reception and dance for everyone at the chapel on the Friday evening before going to Toronto temple the next day for the wedding ceremony. Everyone was invited to the chapel evening and Stewart felt very proud walking Monique along the corridor into the hall. Ruth had organised a lovely buffet meal and made and iced a beautiful 3 tier wedding cake. After the traditional first dance for the bride and groom and then their parents, everyone joined in and enjoyed all the fun 'chicken' dances as well as the more usual ones. Monique and Fraser invited their Bishop Ogunbote to the wedding and he intrigued everyone by wearing his traditional African dress for the event, a long white robe and white cap. The next day was a beautiful hot

day for the wedding and we were able to have lots of photos in the lovely grounds of the Toronto temple. Fraser's brother Owen who was working in London was able to be Fraser's best man but unfortunately his suitcase was put on the wrong plane so he did not have his wedding clothes with him. Fortunately Fraser had the same blue ties for each of the six men and Owen borrowed trousers and shoes from Stewart and nobody noticed he did not have a suit jacket to wear because it was such a hot day. Monique requested that the Irvine men, Stewart, Dave and Howard, wear a kilt for the occasion and they all looked very smart, although Howard was glad when he was able to change out of it. After the temple wedding and photos there was a sit-down-meal reception at a local restaurant, Daniel's, just for close family and friends which was a very happy occasion.

After the wedding Ruth and Stewart took David and Olive to Niagara Falls and spent a week showing them around the area. After David and Olive returned home to New Zealand, Ruth and Stewart packed up their home as they had been called to serve a mission for church for 18 months in Sydney, Australia. They left a month later and a young couple from church lived in their home paying only for their electricity and water, which enabled them to save money to put towards a home of their own. The social services mission entailed running courses to help church members find employment and building their confidence for job interviews or to apply to training colleges. Stewart and Ruth spent their first month in Salt Lake and Provo with other senior couples, learning about the courses they would be organising on their missions. After 3 weeks the other couples went to their mission areas but Stewart and Ruth had another week before they were due to go to Sydney so were told they could spend their time wherever they liked in Provo. They had already visited Salt Lake before so did not need to go sightseeing there.

In March 2004 during their mission in Australia, Stewart and Ruth were flown to Hamilton in New Zealand by the

Church for welfare meetings and further training. Stewart and Ruth were able to visit the New Zealand temple and David and Olive took them to Rotorua where we toured the boiling mud pools and saw an underground geyser shooting boiling water 20 feet up into the air. We visited a replica of a Maori village and ate a Maori hangi feast of food that had been cooked by steam under the ground. The organisers dig a huge pit then put in it special rocks. They light a fire to heat the rocks really hot then lower baskets of food on to them and pour water over them to create steam. The food is all hygienically sealed in packages so that when earth is shovelled over the baskets the food is safe to be left for several hours to cook. After the feast we watched traditional Maori dances and singing which was fascinating.

### *Looking for lodgings ...*

Owen had flatted in Auckland for about 2 years with Craig and Fraser, all doing their computer work. When Fraser went on a mission mid 1999 and Craig went to the USA, Owen looked for a room to board in. Someone at church suggested Carol Anderton was looking for a lodger. While there Owen met Carol's daughter Moana. Owen and Moana married on 18 September 2004 at Bastion Point, Auckland. The wedding was slightly different from the traditional wedding in that there was a reception before the wedding ceremony and another one after it! The first was held outside at a restaurant for photos to be taken by Moana's sister Celeste. Then we drove to Bastion Point in warm sunshine for the actual wedding. The ceremony was held on the lawns surrounded by flower beds and looking out over the sea. After the ceremony sparkling grape juice and cakes were served. They were set out beforehand on tables next to where the ceremony was to be held. Unfortunately, just before the ceremony it suddenly poured with rain so the grass was very wet and the table's legs sank into the grass, tipping over and sending the glasses crashing to the ground. We retrieved what we could, the sun came out again and we continued setting up the tables. Olive made the 2 tier wedding cake and

fortunately this did not fall to the ground in the crash!

It was interesting to think that there were now 4 Mrs Redmond's each born in a different quarter of the earth. Olive was born in the north in England, Cancy in the south in the Philippines, Monique in the north in Canada and Moana in the south in Australia. Truly an international family!

## ***Olive's father William Harvey Deane life story***

I was born at a house in Dock Street, North Woolwich, London, on 10 May, 1894, and I was told that as a baby I cried a lot. We lived in a down-stairs flat, which became my home for the early part of my childhood, and, in spite of the difficulties and hardships, they were happy years.

My father, Henry William Deane (6.3.1866 - 25.5.1956) was a foreman in a factory at Silvertown. He was engaged in the manufacture of the first deep-sea cables which were to connect the continents of the world. His hours, which were 6 am to 6 pm, were the normal working hours of ordinary working people. Often, when busy, he had to work until 9 or 10 at night. Wages were very small, but food was cheap, so we managed.

My mother, Elizabeth Ann Popham (19.6.1869 - 30.12.1960), who was good at dressmaking, was able, when opportunity came her way, to add a shilling or two toward the family budget. Later my sister was born, Mabel Elizabeth (4.12.1895 - 16.4.1971) and then my brother, Henry Gerald (23.5.1897 - 12.1977)

One of my earliest memories was when I was about three years old, going to the Docks with my father, where he worked. I probably inherited my "sweet tooth" from my father and liked jam, and sugar sprinkled on bread, and even sugar sprinkled on lettuce. My father kept a jar of strawberry jam on a shelf by his favourite chair, and enjoyed eating the

jam straight from the jar with a spoon. My father was a good carpenter and made some of the shelves and chests of drawers for our house. We did not have enough money for holidays, but we did have a dog whose name was Jack. Actually, there were several dogs over the years, one after another, and they were all named Jack.

At the age of 5 years I went to an elementary school. We numbered 60 to 70 in a class, but the standard was high. My teachers, all men, were good. Discipline was very strict, but I enjoyed school and learning. I liked mathematics, algebra, Euclid and arithmetic. Geography was always good, but I did not enjoy history. The only dates I can remember are 1066 the Norman Conquest 1666 the Great Fire of London.

At 11 years of age we moved to Plaistow, London, and I went to a new school in Balaam Street. It was nice and clean with a good record for teaching. We moved there partly for me to gain a scholarship, and I worked hard, but if I had passed, my father, who was out of work, could not have guaranteed to keep me at school to complete the course.

In the end I had to leave school in September, 1908, aged 14 years, and went to work in an office in London. My pay was small, which I gave over to my mother, as times were very hard, my father often being out of work. I had to get up early in the morning to go to work and one morning found there was something wrong with the light. My father had been in electrical work so I had learned a bit from him. I tried to mend the light, but did not turn off the electricity first. Suddenly, there was a great flash right across my eyes. I was stunned, but I was all right. I was very fortunate as I could have been blinded. About 50 years later doctors at the hospital said I had damaged my eyes and must have had an accident at some time during my youth.

My mother used to get up at 4am and stitch tennis balls to make extra money, and then catch the "workmen's train" about 6 am. to London, where she worked in a millinery

factory, making ladies' hats. My father was sometimes out of work and often had to line up for days and days to try and get work. When there was work available he would work all the hours there were, but other times he had no work at all. In those days work was so scarce you did not bother about what your children wanted to train for, you just got them out to work wherever you could, to get some money to help out at home.

My first employment at age 14 was with a printing firm. My hours were 8am till 6.30pm and being in the City part of London, it was one hour's journey each way. My father also expected me to go to night school three evenings a week, where I learned Pitman's shorthand, Book-keeping and English. At the end of a two year course I won a free scholarship for evening tuition at the West Ham Technical College. There I was able to take more advanced training in shorthand, English, French, arithmetic and mathematics, which I thoroughly enjoyed, although it meant hard work and long hours, with long journeys to college in the evenings.

I did not remain at the printing firm much more than a year, and on 7 November 1909 I went on to an architect's office, as I was interested in drawing and painting. There I was to be taught the drawing of houses and churches, but after a few months of being left so much alone, I decided to look for something more suitable.

On 13 March 1910 I started at a stockbroker's office as a junior, where I remained until the out-break of World War 1 in August, 1914. While working with this firm, I met an Alfred Ridley, who also worked at the printing firm, on the small telephone exchange. Alfred introduced me to a club he attended on weekends. It was a club which was part of the Cambridge Medical Mission in Bermondsey, London. There I was to meet on 19 March 1910 the Rev. H. D. Salmon, who was to change my life.

Most of my weekends were spent at the Mission, where we

would arrange camps for football and other sport activities. Although I was never very sport-minded, I enjoyed going camping with the boys. I was then 15, nearly 16, and most of the others were of a similar age. Pa Salmon, as he was known, was kind, always having the interest of us boys at heart. We always had to attend Bible Class, which we all enjoyed, and I very soon joined the Cambridge Medical Mission that March. Later at Easter the Club went to a camp at Dorking, Surrey. We also camped at Brighton, Sussex, in August, and another time at Little Holland, Essex. These camps went on until War came in 1914.

In spite of the War, I still spent my free weekends with the Club, but in 1917 I went into training with the Army at the Isle of Sheppey, Essex, and at Longmoor, Hampshire. At the end of 1917 I had just completed my training as a Rifleman in the K.R.R.'s (King's Royal Riflemen's corps) at Queenborough on the Isle of Sheppey, when I was asked to take a course of Signal Training. This took four months and was far more interesting than rifle drill. At the end of the course, orders came through for me to be transferred to the Royal Engineers railway construction troops, stationed at Longmoor, Hampshire. When I had received my certificate as a Signaler, I left the Isle of Sheppey and went on to Longmoor Camp, in the lovely countryside of Hampshire. I was stationed there for a few weeks until orders came for me to proceed, with 18 others, to Salonica, Greece, which is the same place as Thessalonians in the Bible. We were to leave early in May, 1918, after a short Leave at home.

On the morning of our departure we left early for a special troop train, en route for Southampton, where we went straight to the quay-side at the Docks, where our troopship was lying, and a great deal was going on. We went aboard and sailed at night down the Southampton waters into the Solent. We had no lights, in case of enemy submarines. Later we saw a tiny light signaling in Morse from the Isle of Wight, then a beam which seemed to say, "This is your course." So out we went into the English Channel, bound for Cherbourg

on the north coast of France. We arrived safely, in spite of having no lights and it being a moonless night.

We disembarked and were taken by trucks and lorries through Cherbourg, which seemed so quiet and peaceful, considering we were in the middle of a terrible war. We were taken to the British Camp, for a rest and a meal, before starting on our long journey to the Near East, through so many countries. We travelled through lovely countryside, past many chateaux, which were large country houses, set in beautiful grounds, until we stopped at Tour-la-Ville, for a night's rest.

Later on, we were to turn south-east to Bourges, a beautiful city, by the river Rhone. Then at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone we saw a magnificent range of snow-capped mountains, with Mont Blanc on the right.

I rarely discussed my wartime experiences with my family, and almost never showed them the medals I was given. I preferred them to know that war is not right, and nothing good comes from fighting. I saw many terrible things, with so many young men's lives being destroyed through death, mutilation or being caught in the gas that was used at times. Life in the trenches was sub-human with rats everywhere and hardly any food. In the daytime there was no escape from the burning sun, and it was freezing cold at night. Most of us men had fleas and body lice, and we were plagued with dysentery. Part of my time was spent taking important messages from one area to another by motorbike, and although dangerous as I could have been blown up or captured by the enemy, it was exciting to face the challenge and complete each assignment.

Although the War ended on 11 November, 1918, we were not allowed to return home for a long time. Eventually, I travelled home via the Dardanelles, a group of islands in the Aegean Sea, past Malta, south of Italy, and through the Mediterranean Sea. Then we sailed through the Straits of

Gibraltar, between Africa and Spain, and through the rough Bay of Biscay towards England.

A note found later on in an old photo album was a character reference and stated:

Officer Deane has been a clerk in my office in Constantinople and Salonica. He has done his work cheerfully and well. I have always found him keen and willing to take any amount of trouble and I wish him every success in the future.  
Rhodes. Constantinople. 2.2.20.

We landed in Purfleet, Essex, on 3 February, 1920. I had one month's holiday in Jersey with those who had returned from the War. It was good to meet the Rev. Pa Salmon, and those of the Cambridge Medical Mission again. After being in the Army for over two years, and travelling across Europe in the War, I found it very difficult to settle down to the restricted life at home. Several of the young men I knew trained as vicars and missionaries, and Pa Salmon wanted me to go into the Anglican ministry. I also wanted to go to Cambridge University, as many of my friends had done, and I had the intelligence to do it, but my father was out of work and I needed to get a job and bring some money into the home, as times were hard.

My mother did not want me to leave home, and I was also a little hesitant about doing the training for the Anglican ministry, and then I met Nellie Chambers, who was later to become my wife, and I did not go in for the training.

In 1925 we bought a house for 700 pounds at 126 Quebec Road, Ilford, Essex. The other houses were 600 pounds, but ours was the end house of the block of houses, so had a back gate opening on to a side street, Easternville Gardens. Nellie lived there on her own until 1927 when we were married at All Saints Church, Forest Gate.

Note from Olive: This story of the early life of William Harvey Deane was dictated by him to my mother, Freda

Deane, after I asked to know more about the childhood and early years of my parents. This was so I could tell my children about their grandparents while we lived in New Zealand. I have written it almost exactly as he dictated it, only explaining a little more about some of the European places for the sake of my children who grew up in New Zealand. The story was dictated in 1978 when my father was 84 years old. He had had a mild stroke a few months before, and this had slowed him down a little. Around that time he went through his personal papers, decided he did not need them any more and put most of them on the fire. So, unfortunately, there are not many of the early photos and papers left now. My mother rescued some and on her death they were passed to Hazel who sent me copies by computer. Unfortunately we do not know who all the people are in some of the photos.

He concluded his story as follows ...

I have enjoyed all my working life and retired when I was 75 years old, but found I could not settle to retirement, so I went back to work in the same office as a stockbroker's clerk in the City of London, where I had spent almost all my working life. Finally, I retired at 80 years of age because I found the travelling very tiring, as it was nearly an hour each way on the train, plus a mile to walk to the train, and then a mile to walk from the train home at night.

Note from Olive - Even after our father retired, he did not like to sit at home and vegetate, but would catch the bus to Barkingside Library most mornings to read all the newspapers, and catch up on the news around the world. After a rest in the afternoon, he enjoyed working in his greenhouse. He had several more mild strokes, and felt frustrated and irritable at not being able to do as much as previously. He was always a great reader, especially of books about the Bible, and had learned Greek as a young man. He was always pleased to find someone to play chess with him,

and he enjoyed his garden.

William Harvey Deane died at 2.15am on 21 November 1981 aged 87 years, in King George Hospital, Ilford, Essex from Broncho-pneumonia following on from prostate cancer.

*Written by Olive Redmond in June, 1998*

## ***Margaret Deane Hazell*** ***life story***

*The early life of Olive's sister Margaret Elizabeth Deane Hazell as told to Olive and gathered over several years.*

I was born in King George's Hospital Maternity Unit at 3 pm on Sunday 23 September 1928 and lived at 126 Quebec Road, Ilford, Essex. I was later told that I was an easy baby, slept well and smiled when I woke up. My father dropped me one day and I fell on my head but did not seem to sustain any major injury, except that I blamed that for why I could not do maths later on. My sister Barbara was born 15 months later at home in Quebec Road at 1 pm on Monday 25 November 1929. We lived there until our mother, Clara Ellen Chambers Deane, died on 28 August 1930. I was nearly 2 years old and Barbara was only 9 months old. Barbara was sent to Grandma (Turner) in Upton Park until she was 5 and I went to live at Gran's (Deane) in Forest Gate and Daddy did too, until I was 5. He rented out our house in Ilford to a Mrs Wilcox.

Barbara must have been devastated at leaving Grandma when she was 5 and came to Ilford to start school. Grandma was all she had known as a mother. She had been coming to Gran's for Sunday lunch since she was 3 or 4 and I had been to see her sometimes, but I was used to having Daddy all the time to myself, and Barbara was not used to him being there. I don't know when Barbara's asthma started but she had it severely all her childhood, and for the rest of her adult years.

Gran used to make extra money as a seamstress and she taught me about dressmaking. When she died Gran left me her treadle sewing machine but I was never able to go and

collect it. Gran loved to laugh and sometimes when she told a joke she laughed so much she could not tell us the ending of it. Grandfather, who we always called Father, used to make wine and keep it in the cellar. I would go to the cemetery which was just over the back fence and pick blackberries with him for the wine. When I was 21 he gave me a small drop of the wine he had made from blackberries I had picked when I was 5 years old.

We regularly attended All Saints the Anglican church which was only a few hundred metres away and I remember crawling under the pews and pulling on the ladies' heels in the seats in front but I was soon caught and reprimanded.

I know I was upset at leaving Gran's when I was 5 and started at Christchurch Road School but can't remember a lot about living there. Daddy worked from home with insurance work, and used to take me to school on his bike. I liked my first class at school and my teacher was nice. When Daddy went back to work I used to go in next door to Mrs Andrews' after school.

Barbara joined Daddy and me at Quebec Road when she started school at 5 years. I think we must have walked to school which was a mile from our home, so it was 4 miles to walk each day, as we went home for dinner. We had a housekeeper Miss Wyatt to look after us after school and to cook our mid-day dinner. After she left we went to the home of Mrs Mantch near Perth Road near the Fire Station for our dinner. We were not allowed to walk to or from school through Valentine's Park until we were much older as Gran was always afraid something frightening would happen to us.

When I was 5 I was sent to the Isolation Hospital near Seven Kings as I had Measles. Daddy said they put me in the hospital because they thought he could not look after me and go out to work as well. While I was there, Barbara was admitted from Grandma's with Measles too and she went back afterwards to Grandma's as she was still only 4. In the

hospital I was looked after by a nurse who I thought was called Nurse Peppermint who was very kind to me. This left me with a very strong desire to become a nurse so I could give other people the care and kindness I had received.

Grandma Turner had a hard life. Her husband George had a terrible accident when a beam fell on him and killed him, leaving her with 4 young children to bring up, George, Elsie, Clara Ellen who was called Nellie, and Ivy. Later she married George Turner and they had 2 children, Alfred and Georgina. Alfred rented a house for his mother in Torquay, during the 2nd World War to get her away from the bombing in London and Barbara took most of her holidays there for many years. Grandma Turner lived in Torquay for the rest of her life until her friend Miss Andrews across the road found her after she had fallen down the stairs, and couldn't move. After she came out of hospital her daughter Elsie took her in until she died aged 90 or 91. Her daughter Georgina, who is called Ena, emigrated to Australia where she lived the rest of her life in Perth until she died August 2014 aged 96.

When I was about eight, Daddy and I were coming home together through the Park from school or from Gran's, when we met Mr Roos who lived about 400 yards further along Quebec Road. Daddy travelled on the train with him most days to work in London. Daddy mentioned he needed a housekeeper and Mr Roos said his daughter Freda had recently left her previous job and could start straight away. She worked there for about 2 years and then they got married. They got engaged on her 21st birthday, on 15 July 1938 and married on 22 April 1939.

After the wedding the Reception for 14 people was held at 126 Quebec Road, Ilford. Barbara and I were bridesmaids and I was 10 and a half and Barbara was 9. After the wedding breakfast we visited my mother's grave site in the afternoon. Gran was against the marriage and we did not make our usual weekly visits to her for a year after the wedding. Because of World War 2 coming, we were evacuated in



August 1939 to Debenham, Suffolk. I loved it there but Barbara was homesick and her asthma flared up, so we were brought home before Christmas. I was not happy about that because I had more freedom there to do things I was not allowed to do at home.

Until Daddy got married again we had gone to Gran's every Sunday for mid-day dinner and then to Sunday School at All Saints Church, Forest Gate. Later we went to Saint Lawrence's, Barkingside, and later on still we went to Saint Clement's where I was a Sunday School teacher until I left home at 17 years.

Our family got on well with our next door neighbours the Andrews, who moved there after the Boreham's, and in the War we shared an Anderson Shelter between the two back gardens and about 2/3 of the way down. We were also issued with a Morrison Shelter which was built of metal in the dining room, and was issued to families with children. There wasn't room for the dining table as well in the room, so that was taken out and stored. Olive remembers sitting under the Morrison Shelter with Margaret and Barbara and being read to with stories. Our school, Dane school, was bombed and damaged by fire. For a while we had to go to different people's houses for lessons. When we got back to school, when the sirens went we all had to run for shelter down to the basement. As I think about it now that was not a good place really because that was where the boiler was and if it had been hit would have destroyed us all.

Barbara and I used to take David out in his pram. He was born on 11 August 1940. When he was about 4 I remember taking him on the bus to Ilford and bringing him back to Newbury Park on the train, just for the ride. When he was born Daddy asked me what name I would like to call him by and I immediately said, David. Later on when Olive was born I was again able to choose the name for the new baby and as I had a friend called Olive I chose that name for the baby. David or Olive had a toy rabbit. It was knitted and had eyes

sewn on crooked so one eye was higher than the other, so Daddy named it Isaiah!

I remember Gran and Aunty May taking us to a family Christmas party with all the aunties there. One was Aunty Ellen who was fat. Daddy said she put one spoonful of food in her baby's mouth and the other in her own and that was what made her so fat. Daddy's cousin was called Will and he had big ears. When I was a toddler he used to get me to hold on to his ears and he would pick me up just with his ears. He was very strong.

Barbara and I did not have a bike, when we were growing up, but I managed to learn to ride Daddy's bike when I was 16 or 17.

There were occasional activities at school, but not very often. Barbara and I went to Dane Secondary School, which was right next to our Primary School in Christchurch Road. I left school when I was 15 and a half and went to work in the Civil Service, at the War Office in London. Barbara left school soon after me when she was only 14 and a half. It was early in 1944 and because of the War the rules were not kept to very strictly. Barbara also went to work in the War Office, and worked in an office in London for several years until she was about 25 and started her children's nursing training at Queen Mary's Hospital for Children, Carshalton, Surrey. It was several years after that before she did her general training.

I wanted to be a nurse when I was 15 but Daddy would not let me. When I was about 16 and out at work there was a youth club I went to at church. I also went to evening classes and joined the Red Cross, and worked at King George's Hospital a couple of evenings each week as a volunteer. I didn't do anything very exciting, mostly washing nappies and taking round drinks for people, but late 1944 or into 1945 something exciting did happen. King George 6th and Queen Elizabeth and the two princesses came to visit his namesake hospital of King George's. We were all so excited to see them

there and it was a wonderful event.

During the war the government announced that they needed 30,000 more nurses so I told Daddy I wanted to go and be a nurse and at last he agreed. In January 1946 a few months after I was 17, I went to The Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, at Stanmore, Middlesex, and did most of my Orthopaedic training for 2 years. Then I went to Southend to do my General training at Rochford Hospital for 3 and a half years and qualified as a State Registered Nurse in 1950. It was hard work, 11 hours shifts, 3 months of day shifts and 3 months of night duty. After that I did Part 1 of my midwifery training at Kingston-on-Thames hospital. Later I worked at Stratford hospital and Plaistow hospital.

I met my husband Raymond Hazell in 1952 when he was recovering from a cartilage operation. I moved to Bristol where he lived and worked at the Chesterfield hospital on night duty. We got married 7 March 1953. We had 3 children, Anne, Valerie and David. I was at home with our family for 10 years, returning to work part time when David was 6 years old, and gradually increasing my hours to full time.

In 1967 we moved from our home in Withywood to a small-holding in Hengrove. There we had a menagerie of pets that seemed to be allowed to roam freely around the little farm we had, including the house! I worked hard balancing full time work with looking after all the animals, often getting up at 5.30 in the morning to feed them all and collect the eggs before setting off for a full day's work. I needed to work to put food on the table. We were a poor family and often had to make do with homemade or second hand clothes. The Sunday joint would be eked out to last until Thursday in various meals and the highlight of our week would be me sitting down with my children on a Friday evening sharing a packet of crisps.

I worked at various local health centres in Bristol. We lived very close to Knowle West which was a deprived area. I

noticed an advert in the newspaper for a job at a local school. At the interview they told me that due to the proximity to the deprived area, and the needs of the pupils from there, the health authorities had difficulty in recruiting and retaining a school nurse and the longest they had been able to keep someone was 3 months. I was there for 16 years and was often stopped in the street and thanked by former pupils and parents who I had helped. My own children always felt proud of the esteem and respect I was given. I worked full time until age 63 and then part time until age 69. I felt it difficult to stop after having worked all my life so worked voluntarily at the local health centre helping with the baby clinic.

I was always afraid of the water and only recently learned to swim in the 1990's. I have always liked reading and dogs, in fact, most animals. I used to embroider and sew, but did not like knitting. However, when our children were born I did a lot of knitting for them and made most of their clothes, but did not have time for embroidery. Now I have re-started the embroidery and have made several tablecloths since retiring, as I do not like to sit and do nothing. I have started doing patchwork and am learning sugarcraft. I would like to make a dolls' house one day, maybe from a kit set. It's interesting learning to do all these things.

Later note from Margaret's son David: Our Mum instilled a strong work ethic in us. She was always professional and never left a job unfinished. She loved her job and it was a true vocation. She was an inspiration to her family. Her children and her faith were everything to her and she often said that she could not have got through life without God's help.

## ***Olive's mother Freda Smith Deane life story***

I was born on Sunday, 15 July, 1917, in New Cross Gate Hospital, Clapham, in south London. My mother registered my birth at the Greenwich office, London, when I was six weeks old, and my father's occupation was stated at that time to be a Generating Station Gatekeeper. Later on my father was a tram driver, and often drank a lot when he had finished work, but was not bad-tempered with it. He had goitre and heart trouble, which he died from when I was only 18 months old.

My father's name was Frederick Smith (24 Dec 1857 to 8 Jan, 1919) and so I was called Freda after him. He was 24 years older than my mother. My mother's name when she was born was Annie Louisa Obee (2 July 1888 to 23 Feb 1966) and I think she was called Nancy by her family. I had one younger sister, Maisie Winifred, who was born on Tuesday, 17 September, 1918.

One day my mother was carrying baby Maisie across the tramlines in the road, and my father was carrying me, when he had what I think was a heart attack and collapsed in the street. He later died of bronchitis, asthma and emphysema. So at only 30 years of age, my mother was left a widow with two babies of four months and eighteen months. We can only imagine the worry and difficulties she went through at that time, and her feelings and opposition when, twenty years later, I wanted to marry a man 23 years older than myself. My mother rarely spoke about my father later on, but she said he was a wonderful husband, "one of the best", who

really loved his children. She said that if he had lived he would have really "spoiled" us. My mother did not keep any photos of my father. When I asked her once she said, "I did not keep any photos. Your dad was a sick man and I want to forget." It has never worried me as I was too young to know him, but my mother did tell me that he loved me and spoiled me a lot. When my mother married again I had a good Dad, and Mum wanted us all to be a united family and happy.

Eighteen months later, in July, 1920 my mother married Philip Allan Roos, (28 Jan 1886 to 20 Sep 1968), who she had met at the local Apostolic Church at a church meeting a year before. He used to go to Zion College on Fridays for Bible Study, and a friend of his there knew my mother too, and so they were introduced. He was also recently bereaved. His wife had died giving birth to twins and they had died as well.

Later, four more brothers and sisters were born. Dorothy Mary Louisa, born Monday, 14 August 1922. John Allan, born Tuesday, 19 August 1924. Grace Eva, born Thursday, 24 February 1927. Peter Victor, born Sunday, 8 February 1931.

I know little of my birth father as I was only eighteen months old when he died. Dad (Roos) was a good father, he taught me many things and was always anxious that we did well at school. He came from a well educated family, his mother was Scottish, and his father German, and Dad could speak French and German very well.

Grandma Obee was a little woman, very clean and kind. Grandad Obee was very strict, and did drink quite a lot. Looking back, although life was difficult and we had to work hard, I know our parents did all they could for us, and I certainly could not look back on a miserable childhood. My mother had a wonderful sense of humour but Dad was more serious. Although Dad was my step-father, he was never thought of as such. Mum would always say, if questions were asked by school friends, "He is your Dad, and a good one at

that."

We always had to help in the home, and often had to come home at midday to do shopping before our dinner, and then wash the dishes before we returned to school. In those days we had one and a half hours for the dinner break, as most people went home for a cooked dinner in the middle of the day. The smaller shops also closed for the dinner break, but not the big stores.

Saturdays were happy days. In summer time we would walk to the countryside, or go part of the way by bus. In winter we would walk into Croydon and end up at Lyons Corner House for tea and cakes. Every Sunday, all day, was church service, Sunday School, and then another church service in the evening. It sounds a lot, but we were happy.

My mother had two sisters and one brother as she grew up, although there had been a sister and two other brothers but they had died young. Emma Jane born 1873 Frederick J. (1875 to about 1958). Arthur H. (1880 - died). Alfred E. (1882 - died). Phoebe Florence (1886 to about 1950). Alice Maude (1890 to about 1953).

Aunty Alice, my mother's sister, passed on to me a white tablecloth with hand-crocheted lace edging, which was made for my mother's mother, Elizabeth Smith, (born about 1847) by her mother on the occasion of her wedding. This was probably about 1873, and the tablecloth has been passed on to Olive, having been made by her Great-great-grandmother. Olive also now has a gold coloured bracelet which once belonged to Aunty Alice, and the Bible my Dad gave me on my 14th birthday. He was a good artist and drew a pen and ink drawing of birds inside the front cover of the Bible.

Aunty Phoebe was my mother's other sister. She was put in a mental hospital, but she never should have been. The trouble was caused by some shock she suffered in the 1st World War, when a Zeppelin airship exploded nearby, and she was kept

in hospital for the rest of her life.

When my mother married Dad (Roos) we moved to Norwood. The Crystal Palace was not far away from us at South Norwood. One of my earliest memories is when I was about three years old, going to the house of my future Dad and seeing stacks of hats piled up in a downstairs toilet in the basement. I later found they had belonged to his first wife, who died giving birth to twins - they all three died. She was a "hunch-back" and had been told by the doctor she must never have children as she would not survive it. He shut the house up for a while and went to stay with his parents. Then he got married to my mother and returned to the house, and my mother had to clear out all the belongings of his first wife. Dad told her to get rid of the lot.

Dad's mother's name was Mary Roos, maiden name Cantlie, and he had three sisters, Amy, Maude, and Ella. Amy Sophie (9.7.1881 to 2.3.1949). Maude Mary (3.12.1887 to 15.3.1966). Isabella (4.9.1889 to 2.12.1964). He also had two brothers but one lived in Canada, George Cantlie (16.4.1883 to 26.9.1926) and the other died aged nine months and was probably a twin to Isabella. William (5.9.1889 to 5.6.1890)

I liked Ella best as she was such good fun, and loved to see us and play with us. They all died of heart trouble. They lived near Coulsdon, Surrey, in a beautiful house, and were very wealthy. They never went out to work, and lived like "ladies," reading and doing needlework. They sometimes came to help my Mum after she had the babies, but they always wore rubber gloves to protect their hands while doing the washing, so they would not spoil their hands for their needlework.

My mother was 42 years old when Peter, her last baby was born in 1931. All the six babies she had all lived, and she had no stillbirths or miscarriages, which in those days was unusual. Baby boys were always dressed in long dresses up till the age of two or three years, as it was easier to change their nappies, and this continued until about the late 1930's.

Little children were always thought of as babies until they were about four years old.

Dad was a clever man. He worked at Brandt's Bank in the City of London, as a Foreign Exchange Clerk as he spoke fluent French and German. He worked from Monday to Friday, and one Saturday each month. He went to work by train and travelled on the same train as my future husband, Will Deane, who worked at the Montreal Bank, in the City. They got to know each other as, not only did they travel together, but they lived in the same street, Quebec Road, about 400 metres away from each other, and that was how we met. Will's first wife had died about two years beforehand, and after having several housekeepers looking after his two very young daughters, Margaret and Barbara, he was again looking for a housekeeper. My mother helped them where she could and my Dad suggested I should go to help out for a little while. Several years later we got married, and were married 42 years!

In the 1st World War my Dad was a Conscientious Objector, and refused to go to War and be involved in killing. He was quite badly treated by people being very unkind to him and calling him a coward, and much worse. He was made to do the job of stoker at the local hospital to keep the furnaces going, and he had to burn the bodies. It was a horrible job. They always gave the worst jobs to the Conscientious Objectors.

I remember my sister Dorothy being born when I was five years old, as Maisie and I were sent to stay with Aunty Alice. From about that age we had a two week holiday each year in the summer at a boarding house in Ramsgate or Margate, by the sea. Then when I was about eight we started having our holidays at Southend, Essex, at the seaside guest house of a Mrs Foster. My mother did the shopping and bought the food, but Mrs Foster cooked the meals to give Mum a rest. Before she married, Mum used to work for some French people, living in as an Assistant Cook. They taught her to

cook, and she enjoyed it and was a good cook.

We used to go to church and Sunday School for most of the day on Sundays, and one day a week after school we went to an anti-alcohol meeting called The Band of Hope. We had singing and games and summer outings there. I used to go to the Open Air Meeting with church on Saturday nights in Ilford, when I was fourteen. I used to meet boys and girls of my own age then, but could not have many friendships when I was older as I was away "in service", which meant living in someone else's house doing their housework, and I could not go out on "dates".

Every evening, after an early tea, we walked to the railway station at South Norwood to meet Dad off the train. When we got home we would be hungry and sit round watching him eat his dinner, and hoping for a bit off his plate. Even in the winter we would often walk to the station.

There were cinemas with pictures - still and silent - but we were not allowed to go as Dad thought they were immoral. When we were on holiday by the sea at Southend we longed to go to the Kursaal Amusement Park which had fun-machines, like slot-machines, but Dad refused ever to allow it, so we had to obey. In winter we played many indoor games; noughts and crosses, boxes, snakes and ladders, ludo, and halma which is like Chinese checkers. If we got cross at losing - especially Maisie did - Dad said we must learn how to be a good loser.

When I was about eleven or twelve, I remember a lady we called Grandma taught me to darn, and I got a ha'penny (half a penny) for a pair of socks darned, from Mum. Grandma was a friend that Mum had met on holiday at Ramsgate, and she lived at Barking which was about three or four miles away, about half an hour on the bus. The first time I ever stayed away from home on my own was when I went to stay with Grandma for a month when I was fourteen. She had lots of clocks all round the rooms, all chiming together. I would

lie in bed listening to them chiming in the night. I was very happy, but missed all my brothers and sisters, and it seemed the longest month of my life.

My mother used to say, whenever we went out visiting, that we were to be polite and eat quietly, and not grab the food as if we were starving! We went to my parents' friends, the Scotts, at Wickford, Essex, which was quite a long journey by train to London, and then on a different train to Wickford. The Scotts always used to look after us well and fed us really well. First there was a big suet pudding, completely plain, with gravy over it, and that filled us up. Then there was roast beef and roast potatoes with cabbage and gravy. After this there was a pudding and custard to follow. In the middle of the room was a long, sticky piece of fly-paper hanging from the ceiling, and Mr Scott used to tell us that was where the flies had a rest. He did not tell us it was really to catch and kill the flies.

We used to like Friday nights as we would have a special treat, like Mum making us a toffee apple each, as Dad was at Zion class, and Mum would play games with us. She had a good sense of humour. I had it instilled in me that I must set a good example as I was the eldest, and Dad gave me a picture with, "Jesus first, Others next, Yourself last" (J.O.Y.) on it to hang on my bedroom wall to remind me. Maisie often got up to mischief and twice she shut me in a cupboard, and when the door jammed they could not get it open for hours. My mother was very sympathetic to me over that, as she had had a similar experience as a child, and knew the fear that it caused. I still have a horror of being shut in anywhere. Even now I never even close the bathroom door completely. Our Dad never liked to upset Maisie, so he often brought her home a packet of sweets to "get round" her. Maisie had bladder trouble and used to wet the bed for many years. Mum used to get upset about all the washing.

My mother never went out to work once she was married, and she was furious when I went out to work part-time after

I was married. She said, "Once you start that, you never stop." Our Dad had a good job, but did not give Mum as much money as he could have done, so things were a bit tight when we were growing up. In later years they had a more comfortable life and could save a bit more. Dad used to give a lot of his money to the church, I think it was Assembly of God, or a Pentecostal church. He also gave money to beggars on the streets of London, which was probably then spent on drink. His parents were very rich and could have left him a lot of money when they died, but not only had he told them he would refuse to take it, but also they thought he was a religious fanatic, so they left it all to his sisters instead. Also they were ashamed that a son of theirs, with so many famous relatives in the army and navy, did not fight for his country, so he was a great disappointment to his family. His mother's brother was Sir James Cantlie, who had 4 famous sons who were all in the Army or Navy. Three of them were knighted and 2 worked with King George 6th.

When we were five years old, we each started school. Maisie and I went to Holy Trinity Church School in Norwood, but later our younger brothers and sisters went to Whitehorse Lane School as the boundary had been changed by then. At eleven years old I went to Portland Road School. They had a school uniform of navy gymslip and white blouse. It was not compulsory but Mum got clothes for me that were very similar to it, so I would fit in.

I had some beautiful clothes, even though they were all secondhand, and I was better dressed than many other children. We always had new shoes, though, as Mum said this was important. I had a tendency for my toes to get cramped up, and this led to a lot of trouble later in life. I had to have my toes broken and reset in an operation at the London Hospital when I was about forty.

We enjoyed our birthdays, but did not have parties as Mum said she could not afford it for all of us. We played a lot of games to amuse ourselves - marbles, skipping, spinning tops,

five stones (knucklebones), hopscotch, and catching and juggling games with tennis balls. One such game was "sevenses". We had to throw the ball against the wall seven times and catch it each time, then bounce the ball under our leg without dropping it. This was repeated as many times as we could before we dropped the ball and were "out" and someone else had a turn. In other ball games we would bounce the ball on the ground or up against a wall and recite rhymes like,

Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews,

Sold his wife for a pair of shoes.

When the shoes began to wear

Nebuchadnezzar began to swear.

When the shoes were all worn out

Nebuchadnezzar began to shout.

Another skipping game was with a long, long rope, often taken from some mother's clothes line, with a girl at each end turning the rope in a big, high circle. Girls would run into the swinging rope, one at a time, and we would all count out loud to see how far each one could get before stepping on the rope and being "out". We also did bowling a hoop with a stick, but were only allowed to play with it in the park or in the garden. We had a nice garden with a lot of flowers. We grew our own vegetables and kept chickens. We used to go next door to listen to their wireless (radio) through earphones, and did not have a wireless ourselves until I was fourteen and we moved to Ilford.

My Mum showed me how to do needlework, and when I was about 12 years old I remember how tired I was sitting up late at night, night after night, before we went away on holiday, getting the clothes mended or sewn for the holiday. The lady

who lived next door to us at Norwood, we called Aunty Connie. She used to say it was wrong to make me do all that sewing. Mum was not unkind to me but she was very firm and made me do it.

We wore black stockings in winter and white socks in summer. We used to get parcels of clothes from a lady in Purley, Surrey, who had only one daughter and advertised in the paper to sell her outgrown clothes. Mum bought the first parcel of clothes and found how nice they were and kept on buying the parcels of clothes after that for several years. When I got older, about twelve years old, I felt very grown-up being allowed to go to Purley, about three miles away, to collect the parcel myself. Being the eldest I got a lot of trips like that.

Our Dad often used to take us on the train on a day trip to London. He would show us around all the places that were familiar to him as he worked in that area - Trafalgar Square with Nelson's Column, Piccadilly Circus, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Saint James' Park, The Mall, and all the famous big London shops. I remember climbing up all the stairs to the top of the Monument, round and round inside the tower. We seemed to be climbing up and up those worn, old steps forever, and I felt scared when we got to the top, and saw how high up we were. We used to walk for miles all round London, and were very tired on the way home, but we loved going there with Dad.

Occasionally, on Saturdays, we would walk to Croydon for a treat, to look round the shops. They stayed open all day on Saturdays and closed for a half day one day in the week, usually a Wednesday or Thursday. Often they would close for one or two hours at midday so the shop workers could go home for their dinner, which most people cooked in the middle of the day instead of the evening. Dad would take us all into a tea-rooms for a cup of tea and a plate of little fancy cakes, and then we would walk all the way home with Dad

grumbling about how much money he had spent on it. He gave a lot of money to the church whenever any of his relatives died and left money to him. When he died aged 82 years, he left over five thousand pounds to his family and another one thousand pounds to the Elim Church.

We had a piano at home. Dad was a brilliant pianist and could play from music and also by ear. He also played the church organ on Sundays. When we used to go to bed at night we would say, "Dad, play us some music," and he would sit in the twilight, or the dark, and play for us.

Aunty Connie, next door to us at Norwood, taught me how to do housework when I was twelve years old. She let me clean her front and back steps with a special mixture called Whitestone, after I had scrubbed them, and she would pay me for it when I did it well. She gave me two shillings, or two shillings and sixpence, when I helped her in her home, polishing the furniture with a mixture of turpentine and beeswax. This was quite a lot of money in those days, as we could buy a dress or a man's shirt for about that amount. I often worked at Aunty Connie's in the school holidays. They were only ordinary working people, but they had no children, so she took a special interest in us. She used to make us little jam pies and pass them over the fence to us children playing in the garden, which we loved.

If ever we went on a church outing it was on a train or a bus to the countryside. We usually went on an outing once a year in summer, taking a big picnic lunch with us. In the home I had to set the table for breakfast, and after breakfast wash the dishes, before going to school. School dinner time was between 12 noon and 2 p.m. First I had to go to the shop for the bread, then eat my dinner and wash the dishes before scrambling back to school for the afternoon. We also had to help with the shopping and with such things in the home as peeling the vegetables and doing the dusting. My mother needed the help as she had difficulty walking and getting around, and later on, after I was married, she was confined



to a wheelchair, or armchair, most of the time. She was in a wheelchair for 16 years of her life. This was probably due to the Rheumatic Fever she had when she was younger, made worse by the arthritis and varicose veins she had too.

After school we would play in the garden or in the toy room in our basement. We had friends in to play but were never allowed to play out in the street. We had a cat and a dog, and some baby chicks which we hatched out of eggs. We kept them to grow up and lay eggs. After school we sometimes went to the library which was quite near, but in summer, after tea, we would often play at the recreation ground nearby. We could not read in bed as we only had candles upstairs. Our house had a basement halfway under the ground, with windows at ground level, and then two floors above this. The basement had the kitchen, scullery and playroom. The 1st floor had the dining room and parlour, and over the scullery was a room to grow plants. On the 2nd floor were the four bedrooms. We had gas light in the kitchen, dining room and parlour, but the parlour was our best room and was hardly ever used. Mum used to sit in the dining room at the front of the house. The scullery was used to do the washing, using a boiler to boil the clothes, and a mangle to wring the water out of them. The house was damp, and as Mum had had Rheumatic Fever we had to move. Grandma and Grandpa lived at Barking, so they thought it would be good for Mum to live at Ilford, which was about five miles away from them, and much nearer than Norwood.

I first worked in a sweet-shop "Batley's" at Thornton Heath, Norwood. I kept it clean but only served behind the counter at mid-day while the owners had their dinner. I brought home a big bag of sweets every Friday. One day I was sent upstairs to get something and found the elder daughter of the family in bed with a man friend. I was shocked and told my Mum. She said it was very wrong and I must forget what I had seen. The son there also used to have girls home from school while his parents were out, and I knew that was wrong. One day, another daughter was standing in the

hallway when she felt her underpants slipping down, so she pulled up her skirt and pulled them up. Just then her sister's boyfriend came in the door and saw her. Her mother was furious and said, "Nancy, don't you ever do that again!"

As I was fourteen when we moved to Ilford I did not go to school there but went straight out to work. It was not uncommon for children to leave school at that age as money was very much needed at home. I desperately wanted to work in a florist's shop when we moved to Ilford but that needed an apprenticeship paid for and Dad said he could not afford it. I worked doing housework for a family called Bird until I was sixteen or seventeen. I also enjoyed looking after their little Scottie dog as I had always liked dogs. Mr Bird was a builder. They used to pay my fares as they lived at Chigwell, five miles away, and I had to travel there every day by bus. I used to walk up Tomswood Hill to save part of the fares so I could have a little extra money.

I then went into 'service' and lived-in with a family called Pardie. They had a family of three children, 2 girls and one little boy, very much spoilt. They lived at Mansfield Road, Ilford, by The Wash and close to Valentine's Park. I used to get twelve shillings a week and gave my Mum two shillings and sixpence to help out at home. I was with them until I was 18 and a half when I became very ill through hard work with long hours. I used to have to get up at 5.30 am to light the coal range and often never got to bed till 11 pm. I had half a day off each week, usually a Wednesday, and Mum used to meet me in the Park and walk the rest of the way home with me as she missed me terribly when I went. I was very homesick at first, but it made more room for the rest of the family, so they were not so keen to have me back home again then. I also missed my family and my friends at church.

My doctor, Dr Perchman, came and insisted I return home and rest, he watching over me. Later, to get back on my feet, I helped a kind elderly lady. Then I went to help Will Deane at 126 Quebec Road, 400 yards away as my mother could not

go on looking after his two girls. That all clipped my wings. I can't say it was a pity, but I often wonder what would have happened to me with the 2nd World War so close. My sister Maisie did have an interesting life. She went into the WAAF's and travelled a bit. Well, you can't turn the clock back, but sometimes when I don't feel so well I wish I had taken more care of myself.

I was already living at Will's house before the wedding. I was not very happy about it. At first I went to a friend but the box room was not in use at 126 so I came back. I went to my friend the night before the wedding and her husband gave me away. We were married at St Clement's church in Park Avenue, Ilford. Sadly that church was pulled down at the end of June 1977, although it had survived all the bombing around it in the War. We had the reception at Will's house. We numbered 14. I made the cake and with the help of a friend we had a sit down meal of salad and cold meat, and trifle. In my diary for 22 April 1939 is written - Wedding - 14 of us - table looked a picture.

None of my family would come to my wedding except my sister Maisie. She managed to smuggle out of the house a two-piece outfit which she had bought. Then she changed into it at a friend's and came to the wedding. In later years I have realised that my mum only wanted the best for me when she tried to stop me marrying Will. She did not want me to be saddled with a man old enough to be my father and with a family. I expect I made lots of mistakes in my marriage but I never walked out. I made my wedding vows and tried to keep them. Never mind, I survived it all, tough though it was at times.

(Note from Olive: In Mum's diary for the day after the wedding is written - "Went to St. Clements church. Mr and Mrs Boreham called to see the presents. Went to the Cemetery." This may have been to visit the grave of Dad's first wife. If so, what an insensitive thing to do to your second wife the day after you got married! Mum said there

was always a photo of Dad's first wife on the bedroom mantelpiece and she often wanted to turn it around, or put it away, but Dad wouldn't let her!)

Back to Freda's story. Will was married to his first wife at All Saints church, Forest Gate. He had his reception at his home at Shrewsbury Road. We still went to Gran's each week, even when the War was on. David was Christened at St Lawrence's which is just across the Eastern Avenue and further on than Ashurst Drive Baptist church. We were going to St Lawrence's at the time. Also so were the Godparents we had for David, Ernie and Ivy Smith. Olive was Christened at St Clements, so was Hazel. John was Dedicated to God at Ashurst Drive Baptist church where we went when the War was almost over as we liked the minister Beasley Murray there as he preached very interesting sermons.

My sister Maisie was born 17 Sep 1918 and died 19 Feb 1979. She was cremated and her ashes are in the City of London cemetery. She died in Whipps Cross hospital. My brother Peter told me she was in Whipps Cross hospital. He said our sisters Dorothy and Grace did not want me to know. He told me she had died but he did not have any details. I knew Maisie wanted cremation so I phoned the City of London cemetery and they told me when the funeral was to be. It was I who told Peter. He did not go to the funeral. He said, "They don't really want me to."

Maisie's husband came from Liverpool. His name was Arthur. She only knew him 6 months when she married him. He was a 'mother's boy' with the result that his Mum was not very kind to Maisie. Ingrid was born here at 126 Quebec Road, Ilford, in the back bedroom and they stayed with us in our box room for 6 months but it was very cramped and stressful with 3 adults, 4 children and 2 babies in a 3 bedroom house. Also with all the food restrictions straight after the War it was very difficult to manage. Later Maisie and her baby went to live with friends in Oakfield Road by the Ilford Town Hall. When Ingrid was 4 years old Maisie,

who was divorced by then, took a housekeeper job in Chigwell. That's all I know.

Will went into Black Notley Hospital in October 1960 with Tuberculosis of the spine, for about 6 months. Gran died 28 December 1960 while Will was still in hospital. He went home from Black Notley for a short time, then spent several weeks in the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, in London. This was to investigate his severe migraines, but was thought to be partly because he would not accept that he had had Tuberculosis of the spine. In his childhood T.B. was a killer disease of people who were very poor and lived in very dirty conditions, and he could not accept that he had something like that.

Will died on 21 November 1981 from pneumonia and cancer of the prostate. At first I felt very lost. I had had weeks of nursing him at home, then he was in King George's Hospital 6 weeks before he died. I walked to and from the hospital every day, nearly a mile away, taking him food. He liked mostly soup and soft food. He hated hospital food. He did not even like the taste of the cups of tea. He was buried in Barkingside cemetery. This was his wish. We had been to a burial service there some 2 or 3 years earlier and he said, "That's where I want to end my days. It would be nice to be near trees." On the day he was buried, as we stopped near to the grave I remember saying to Hazel, who I sat next to in the car, "Your Dad has got his wish. He has his trees." The trees were in a line at the foot of his grave, just saplings then, but now they are lovely and they bloom at different times through the year. When my turn comes I just want John to go to his Dad's grave and pop my ashes in a hole. I will have to go to the City of London crematorium as Barkingside does not have a crematorium. It is not easy for David or Hazel to get to the cemetery but John has taken me several times.

*Comment from Olive: This life-story was handwritten by me, as dictated by my mother during her visit to New Zealand in July 1982 but not typed until I learned how to*

*use the computer in June 1998.*

## ***Freda Smith Deane's diary for 1939***

*The diary for 1939 of Freda Beatrice Smith/Deane. Typed by Olive 18 Sep 2015 from Mum's diary that Hazel had in a box with photos after Mum's death in 1996. The inscription inside the cover of the diary is in her fiance Will Deane's handwriting - To my dearest Freda with love and best wishes for a happy 1939. Reference is made to someone called Grandma and it may have been a family friend who they called Grandma, or Grandma Turner who lived in Harold Road, Upton Park, and looked after Barbara from the age of 11 months after her mother had died suddenly.*

January 1939

1. Sunday. We have spent a very happy day. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Daddy started New year well by putting up hangers in hall. We spent a quiet but happy afternoon. Had tea with some more of my Christmas cake. Then finished up in the evening with a talk, and read to Margaret and Barbara. Then they went to bed. Will and I spent a very happy evening, long to be remembered.
2. Daddy made me stop in bed so I did not rise till 9.45am but made up for lost time and did two weeks washing. We then went for 1/2 hour walk before tea, Margaret, Barbara and me. We had tea as soon as we arrived home. Daddy came home feeling very hungry for his tea. He was very naughty and did not cook himself a breakfast but took to work some sandwiches from supper.
3. I was up first this morning - took a nice hot cup of tea up to my sweetheart. Then I cooked porridge, and bacon and

eggs for breakfast. After seeing Daddy off to business I made a start on the work. Margaret and Barbara woke up at 9.30am so I had their breakfast to get. I took them over to Grandma in the afternoon. We stayed till 8 o'clock. Came home feeling very jolly. Daddy was pleased to see us.

4. Did not wake until 10 o'clock but did a good bit in the short time I had. We went to Ilford. Was too late to pay electric light bill. Bought stockings for Margaret and Barbara and myself. Barbara's chest is very much better.

5. Still enjoying the life of a Lady. Did not rise until 9.30am. Came down to find a nice fire and a card from Doris, to say she was coming down about 2.30pm. Went and met May. She had plenty to say. Doris did not arrive till 4 o'clock. She has promised me a frock pattern.

6. Rung up People's Palace but cheapest seats were 3 shillings so we shall have to leave it for another year. Margaret queer, so have given her a hot bath and popped her into bed. Finished rest of my ironing. Had tea and later bathed Barbara. She is quite well. Margaret has been a little bit sick but seems brighter.

7. Margaret is much better but I am keeping her in bed till after dinner. Finished getting my shopping and then cooked dinner. We have stopped in as weather is cold and wet. Will has rearranged his tools, they are much tidier. We played Lotto before Margaret and Barbara went to bed.

8. Sunday. As Margaret had been queer and Barbara's chest was not too good we decided not to go out at all. Will make a switch for wireless. Then we spent the rest of the day quietly and so to bed.

9. Margaret and Barbara start new term at school, both quite well, but not wanting to go back. I went over to Gran's in the afternoon to say how we were and see how they all were. Promised to take Margaret's frock up on the Tuesday. Got back about 4.45. Margaret and Barbara had laid the tea for

me. Will came in looking very tired.

10. Did a little of my ironing and went and met Margaret in the Park and took her to the clinic to have 1 tooth out. She was OK. Then went to post office and filled up health stamp card and posted it off. Came back and prepared dinner and so off to Gran's with promised frock. Harry was not well. Father gave me wine glass of blackberry wine. Promised Gran we would go up on the Wednesday for tea.

11. Did not feel well. Had Company. Finished sleeve of jumper, then tidied up. Went to the hairdresser's in the afternoon and had hair off and shampooed with an iron wave. Then met girlies and so on to Gran's. Everybody liked it cut. Will said it looks nice but it's too frizzy. Still, it will soon go straight.

12. Feeling a bit fed up with my hair. Can't do anything with it. Went to Ilford to get a hair roller. Did not meet Maisie in the afternoon as I was too late, but did my ironing. Met Will at Super and went in to see Tom Sawyer and My Bill. Both pictures were very enjoyable.

13. Had a good clean up in the morning. Went and had my hair cut short as I could not get it into a roll. Then did rest of shopping and home. Did not bath Margaret and Barbara as water was not hot enough, but will do so tomorrow night. Will and I had another go at trying to play chess. I am beginning to understand the moves now. Did not go up to bed till 11.45pm.

14. Had a lie in till 9.15am then I prepared breakfast. Margaret and Barbara washed up for me. They went and met Daddy while I cooked dinner. Mrs West called to see me. Beef was not quite as tender as last week. I still can't seem to bake the potatoes right. Went to Ilford on my own to get tea cloths and odds and ends. Daddy's chest still seems very queer.

15. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in morning. At last I have

found out Will's opinion of my hair and he admits he does not much like it. Now I know what to do. We went up to Gran's in the afternoon. Mabel was feeling queer with the cold. It turned to rain as we were on our way home.

16. The weather has been very rough today but have all the washing dry and some of the ironing done. Did not dress till after tea. While Daddy had his tea I cleared kitchen ready for him to distemper and white-wash. 10.15pm Daddy has just finished kitchen and it looks nice and clean. Now to clear up the mess which is not much considering.

17. Got cleared up and went and met children. Called at Mrs Payne's on the way. She no longer requires me to work for her now. Met Margaret and Barbara and went to Ilford. We were caught in the rain coming back. Will and I had another go at chess.

18. I went to Ilford again and bought some very pretty wool. Daddy brought home 1/2 pig's head so we shall have that tomorrow.

19. I cleared out kitchen cupboard and took jam jars up to the shop. They gave me 1/2 pound of velveeta. Went to meet Maisie. She does not like my hair at all. Harry came down to tea. We played dominoes in the evening.

20. Sat for a little while in the morning knitting my jumper. Margaret and Barbara went out to tea to Eileen Gibbs. I met Will in the evening and we had tea, then did shopping. Had a very happy time together.

21. I finished my jumper at 11 o'clock this evening. I feel very pleased with it. Daddy tidied round by coal shed whilst I was knitting.

22. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's. Gran liked my jumper. Had my leg pulled regarding my hair. I was feeling quiet all the way home. Barbara has been queer all day. It looks like

another day at home for her.

23. Barbara did not go to school. I washed coloureds but left whites in the copper until tomorrow. I sat and did half of sleeve of one of the girlies' red jumpers. Will and I had a quiet evening. Had a card from Lizzie Field to say she was coming on Tuesday.

24. Tidied up. Did all the whites and got them all dried. Did all the ironing in the afternoon, then did a bit of shopping. Lizzie did not arrive until 6.15pm and stopped until 8.15pm. Will and I had a good game of chess.

25. Snowing hard all day. I went to Ilford then got dinner midday and took Margaret and Barbara to school and went and bought a pair of over-shoes for Will. Went and met Margaret and Barbara again after school. Met Will from the station leaving Margaret and Barbara at home. The fence blew down at 10.30pm.

26. Cleared up everywhere then met Maisie in the afternoon. Came home and did some more knitting. Margaret was sick at teatime. A nice mess everywhere. Will made me a lovely cocktail drink.

27. Went to Ilford. Bought another teacloth and buttons for Margaret and Barbara's jumpers. Did rest of shopping in the afternoon. Rang up Alcoes for two oak posts to be sent. Spent evening knitting jumper.

28. Dad's birthday. Gran came down during the morning. Bought brown stockings for Margaret and Barbara. Will mended the fence. Started on it about 3 o'clock and finished it at 7 o'clock. He felt cold and tired afterwards.

29. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Weather bitterly cold. Went up to Gran's in the afternoon. Gran has finished their (frims). They are very neat. Will told Mabel of our intention to get married. We had a good talk in the

evening about things.

30. Did my washing in the morning and met Margaret and Barbara in the afternoon. Went to see times of the Registrar.

31. Cleared up then did 1/2 hour's knitting before dinner. Went to Ilford in the afternoon.

February

1. Mabel and Harry came down. Harry came to the school to meet us. Will tried to teach Harry chess. He seems to have taken to it quite well. We all finished up with Lexicon.

2. I had a good clean up and then met Maisie at Perth Road. She was going to Mrs Nowlands to tea. We parted after our usual chat, I to do some more knitting.

3. Went to Ilford in the afternoon and met Beattie Cook. We had quite a nice little chat. Will and I had another game of chess. He won the game.

4. Went to the Bethnal Green museum with Will. We all had a very happy time. Also had our luncheon in the Victoria Park.

5. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Gran's in the afternoon. Margaret and Barbara started Sunday School at St Lawrence's today.

6. Did my washing then met Margaret and Barbara from school. Had a long talk with Mrs Agar. Went to St Clement's church. Home for tea. Had a game of chess in the evening.

7. Tidied up and did my ironing. Then went to Ilford. Called at Mrs West on the way down. Met Beattie Cook there. We all walked through to High Road together then we parted. Margaret seems to have a cold coming.

8. Margaret has been queer all night so am keeping her in bed. She has a touch of the flu I think. At 10.30am she got

very hot but seems better tonight.

9. Cleaned bedrooms out and did the windows. Met Maisie in the afternoon. She had been over to see Grandma and told me that Nora was married on the 4th February. Margaret may get up tomorrow.

10. Had a good clean up in the morning then Margaret and I went out for a short walk in the Park. Then did shopping. Margaret is not right so I do not think we shall be able to go to the State cinema tomorrow.

11. As we were unable to go to the State to see Sixty Glorious Years, we went for a nice long walk in the Park. Will likes Margaret and Barbara's red jumpers. They fit them very nicely. Margaret seems to have caught another chill.

12. Sunday. Margaret was not too well so we decided not to take her out. Daddy and Barbara went to St Lawrence's, whilst I stopped at home with Margaret.

13. Did washing. Margaret a little better so is getting up after dinner. I did a good bit of knitting. I feel as if I have got the flu.

14. Barbara had a bad night so Will got his own breakfast and told me to lie in as long as possible. Arose at 9am. We all went to Ilford. Had dinner, then Barbara went to school. Margaret and I took Jack the dog for a run in the park. I feel very queer. Will brought me up a good hot drink.

15. Feeling queer but got up at 9.30am. Barbara is very queer with flu. However I still keep going. Took Margaret for a walk in the park. Barbara had a nice sleep. I am feeling much better. Barbara very irritable.

16. Barbara is still very queer. Sickness has not stopped yet. Margaret started back to school. I did not go to meet Maisie but had a rest by the fire. Mabel came in the evening. We had a talk of our marriage. I went to bed feeling cross and tired,

my head feeling very heavy.

17. Barbara is better but very weak. I had her up for a little while in the afternoon. Mrs Wright came in to see me and bought my wool. Will came home with the news that he had the chance of going to a dinner with the office folk, so will be out on the 28th.

18. Have nearly finished my jumper. Went for a walk in the afternoon to see where the tunnel will come up at Newbury Park for the underground trains. Daddy went to see the doctor. He left home at 7 o'clock and did not return until 9.30. I went and fetched his medicine and met Maisie and Cliff on the way.

19. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Margaret and Barbara went to Sunday School on their own. We had a read while they were gone. Went up to Gran's later. They were all surprised to see us.

20. Barbara did not go to school. I did my washing then got ready and went to Ilford. Made a marble bag for Barbara in the evening. Have nearly finished my jumper.

21. Barbara started school again. I sat and finished my knop-yarn jumper. It looks very neat. Tidied up and prepared dinner. Went to Ilford. Gave Mrs West a knock but she was out. Bought buttons for my jumper. Met Margaret and Barbara from school.

22. Cleared up and did part of front room. Wrote letter to Grandma. Went to Ilford to get patterns for my jumper and Mrs Wright. Bought some green knop-yarn. Started jumper in the evening. Will went to see the doctor. He is not going to see Specialist now. That's a man all over!

23. Finished cleaning front room. It did look nice. Met Maisie then went on to the Registrar in Albert Road. Made arrangements regarding our wedding. Brought form back

with me. Harry came down to tea.

24. Had a good clean up. Mrs Wright bought wool for me to make her jumper. It is blue wool. I went to Ilford shopping. Knocked at Mrs West on the way back but she was out. Will filled in our marriage form.

25. Cooked dinner then we went out down to Albert Road but found our form should have been handed in before Saturday. So will have to be left until next week now.

26. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Will told Gran of our plans. She gave him a telling off and is not coming to our wedding. It has come as a terrible blow to us both. But we are going on with our plans.

27. Before I did any washing I went and had a good talk with Mrs Wright over yesterday's affair. She is disgusted. Went to see Mrs West.

28. Did usual jobs and then went to Ilford shopping. Did a little ironing when I returned.

#### March

1. Went to Ilford and got home in time for Gran. She did not give me my straight talk, but after she had gone I found that all was said to Margaret and Barbara.

2. Went to see Grandma. She is very pleased to hear the news and wants us all to go and see her on 11 March.

3. I went to Ilford and did shopping. Walked down to Registrar to find out time. Will went down in the evening with the form.

4. We went for a walk to Barkingside. Daddy put heels on Margaret and Barbara's shoes.

5. Sunday. We went to St Clement's to hear our Banns called out for the first time. Owing to trouble we did not go up to

Gran's.

6. Did my washing and then went to see Mrs West. Met Lena and her mother there.

7. Mrs Wright was taken ill at 3 o'clock this morning with internal trouble. I went to see if I could do anything for her. Went to Ilford in the afternoon.

8. Cleared away the breakfast things then went over to Mrs Wright to wait for the doctor. She seems a little better. Went to Ilford in the afternoon and did some shopping for Mrs Wright.

9. Cleared landing up after ceiling had been white washed. Went and sat with Mrs Wright for the afternoon. We had tea. Mrs West called to see me.

10. Had the chimney sweep at 9 o'clock, then went over to Mrs Wright. She was going to get up for dinner. She asked me to get her some eggs. Cleaned up after the sweep. Went to Ilford. Margaret sat for her examination for County High School.

11. Had early dinner. Daddy white-washed hall ceiling. We went to Grandma in the afternoon and had a nice time. I feel as though I have another cold coming.

12. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning. We went up to Gran's in the afternoon, all was very quiet. I felt very queer with my cold.

13. Did washing. Will white-washed dining room ceiling in the evening. It was a long and tiring job.

14. Cleared up dining room and washed curtains and then went to Mrs West as arranged. We then went down to Queens Road to get my wedding gown. Have bought a real beauty. Feel very satisfied.

15. Made arrangements with Mrs Dunn regarding girlies'



frocks. She has taken their measurements. Mabel came down in the evening. Was very funny.

16. Went down to Queens Road and bought some lovely material. Also bought myself a frock. Harry came down to tea and was very nice. Will and he had a good talk together.

17. Rang Mrs Lawson up and had a good talk. Cleared up everywhere and then we met Daddy at Ilford and chose wallpaper for dining room.

18. Went to Hainault for a walk. It was cold but very nice.

19. Sunday. Did not go out at all. Had a rest instead.

20. Did washing, then went to see Mrs West in the afternoon. Stripped dining room walls ready for Daddy to paper. He started papering same night and finished over half of it, but as it was late, left the rest until next day.

21. Cleaned front bedroom chimney and paint, ready for painting. Then went to Ilford. Will brought me home a lovely bunch of flowers. Dining room looks very nice.

22. Spent the morning cleaning dining room furniture and getting the front and back rooms straight. Did not have any time to do any painting in the bedroom. We are all going to see Four Daughters at the Regal cinema tomorrow evening.

23. Met Maisie. I have not seen her for over a month. She had very little to say. Went to the Regal. It was very good. Have now started painting bedroom.

24. Had a quick clean up, then went on with the painting. Finished it by 5.30pm feeling very tired, but the room looks nice and clean.

25. Went for a good walk out to Barkingside. Arrived home 5.45pm and found a letter from Gran waiting for us.

26. Sunday. Went up to Gran's. Had a nasty bother over all

the trouble.

27. Did washing and then called on Mrs West but she was out so will go tomorrow. Met girlies from school. Did not get much washing dry.

28. Did usual clearing up and then went to Ilford and gave Mrs West a knock on the way back.

29. Margaret went swimming but did not do her two strokes as she had hoped to do. Did all my ironing in the afternoon. Have made up mind to make my wedding cake myself.

30. Went with Mrs Wright to see Gracie Fields film at the Regal cinema. It was most amusing. Arrive home at 4.50pm. Had a game of chess with Will but it was a poor game. Took curtains down in the front room.

31. Had dinner in the kitchen as it was nice and warm. Went to Ilford and met Margaret and Barbara from school.

April

1. Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race day. I stopped at home.

2. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning and then stopped at home the rest of the day.

3. Did washing. Spent a little time at Mrs Coopers and then met Margaret and Barbara from school and took them to be fitted for their bridesmaids frocks.

4. Went to Ilford with the girls and tried to get their shoes but in the end I only bought their gloves. They are getting very excited over the whole affair.

5. Went to Ilford and bought my shoes and stockings. Had a terrible job to get shoes due to my large size 9.

6. Went to Ilford and bought Easter eggs.

7. Good Friday. Barbara was very queer but we managed to

go for a short walk in the afternoon.

8. Went to Ilford shopping.

9. Easter Sunday. Went up to Gran's to try to square things up but it was of no use. After a lot of unkind (words) had been said to us we decided to leave them so had tea when we got home.

10. Easter Monday. Went to Harold Wood. It was a lovely day. Came home all feeling very tired after a perfect day.

11. Went to see Mrs West but she was not well enough for us to see her.

12. Went to Ilford and did shopping.

13. Went to Barking to see Grandma and make arrangements for the wedding.

14. Went to see Mrs West who was a little better.

15. Did not go out anywhere, but painted kitchen. It is looking much brighter.

16. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning.

17. Did washing and cleaned down kitchen walls. Did a little more painting in the evening.

18. Barbara had to be examined at the school.

19. Changed bedroom furniture around. It does look nice. Mrs West came to tea. We iced our wedding cake in the evening.

20. Finished cleaning everywhere and did shopping. Cleaned the silver in the evening and finished cake. It looks a treat.

21. Great excitement over tomorrow. Everyone is so kind to us. Mrs West promised to come and help me lay the table but

did not turn up until 9 o'clock so I did it all myself.

22. Our wedding day. At last it has come. Everything has gone off very well. Cake and table looked a picture. There were 14 of us. Mrs Wright was taken away to Chadwell Heath Infectious Hospital with pneumonia.

23. Sunday. We went to St Clement's in the morning. It was a very nice service. Mr and Mrs Boreham called in to see the presents. We then went to the cemetery. Arrived home about 6.30pm.

24. Went to Southend on mud for the day. We had a lovely time and walked to Shoeburyness and back. We went up into the rock gardens at Westcliffe. Arrive home about 9 o'clock.

25. Did washing and had a good tidy up after the weekend. Still finding plenty of confetti about the house. Took snaps to be developed.

26. Walked up to Gants Hill in the morning. Went to see Mrs Wright in the afternoon. She looked very ill indeed.

27. Went to Ilford. Did not meet Maisie in the afternoon. We have got the snaps. They are very good.

28. Went to meet Will in the evening but had a terrible wet journey home. Will was soaked to the skin. Insurance man called in the evening to see us.

29. Had a good walk out into the country. Weather very cold and rough.

30. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Mr and Mrs Clark were pleased to hear the news of our marriage. Will and I went to see Mrs Wright in the afternoon. She is improving and much brighter.

May

1. Did washing. Weather very wet. Poured in torrents all day

long.

2. Went to Ilford shopping. Called to see Mrs West on the way home. She was very pleased with the cake and everything on our wedding day.
3. Went to see Mrs Wright. She was very much better and is coming home Saturday week. Doris was waiting for me when I arrived home. She bought me a chip cutter and a lovely bunch of flowers.
4. Called in the morning to see Nora and she gave me the snaps. They are very good and better than ours. They have to come to tea with us on 13 May.
5. Did not go out all day as I had arranged to meet Daddy at the station in the evening. We had a look at coffee tables but found they were too expensive so decided on a dinner waggon.
6. Margaret and Barbara did shopping for me. We went for a walk into Hainault and had a lovely time.
7. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning, then to visit Mrs Wright in the afternoon. She will be there another week. Went for a nice walk in the evening with the dog.
8. Did usual wash. A man called about air raid shelters this morning. Eileen came in to tea with the girls and went home at 6.30pm.
9. I went to see refrigerators at Electric and Gas Company. Met Will in the evening. Margaret and Barbara busy choosing presents before they met Daddy. Will finished ramble off in the evening.
10. My Husband's birthday. I bought him a silver pencil in remembrance of his first birthday since our wedding. Went to see Mrs Wright. She was very down and longed to come home.

11. Went to meet Maisie in the afternoon. Then met Margaret and Barbara, and Roy and Eileen, and took them in the park for tea, but weather was very cold all the time.

12. Did usual jobs then wrote two letters in the afternoon. Went and met Will from the station in the evening.

13. Les and Nora and baby daughter came to tea. They could not stop late because of Jaqueline. Nora is very interested in gardening. Will gave her a number of plants which pleased her very much. They left us at 7.15. Will cut the hedge after they had gone.

14. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Then to see Mrs Wright in the afternoon. Margaret and Barbara stopped at home in the evening while we took Jack for a run.

15. Woke up with a horrible pain in my back and went to see the doctor. She said it was lumbago and gave me some tablets to take. Will had to do the mangling when he came home because I could not turn it.

16. Weather very miserable. Worse than yesterday. Went to Ilford and met Mrs Agar on the way, and then met Mrs Cooper and her friend, so walked rest of way with them. Mrs West is not well.

17. Went to see Mrs Wright for the last time in the evening. She was much better but was wishing Wednesday was Saturday.

18. Met Maisie in the afternoon. She is leaving Sainsbury's in July. Dolly, John, Maisie are going to camp for a fortnight. Maisie and Cliff popped in in the evening.

19. Went to the sports day to watch Margaret and Barbara. They came 3rd in the egg and spoon race. Barbara was last in the obstacle race. We went to meet Will from the station. He bought some tomato plants.

20. Men called with electric washer. We all went for a nice

long walk out to Hainault again and came back very tired and hungry. Mrs Wright came out of hospital.

21 Sunday. Went to St Lawrence in the morning and for a walk in the park in the afternoon. Margaret and Barbara went to Sunday School. Went for another walk in the evening. I read 2 chapters of Home Sunshine to Margaret and Barbara before they went to bed.

22. Went over and helped Mrs Wright, then came back and tidied up and did a little shopping. Went over to Mrs Wright in the afternoon.

23. Went to Mrs Wright first thing. Then in Ilford to do some shopping. The Demonstrators came at 2 o'clock to use the electric washer. They did a big wash in 1 hour. Made them a cup of tea and they went by 3.30pm.

24. Went over to Mrs Wright then cleared up. Margaret and Barbara were home for the afternoon so Roy and Eileen came over for the afternoon.

25. Went over with Mrs Wright. She is going to get up for a little while this afternoon. Maisie called to see me in the evening.

26. Did usual jobs. Went to Ilford in the afternoon to see about dinner wagon and a tent. Met Daddy in the evening.

27. We all went for a long walk out to Hainault way. Were just 5 minutes too late to see shearing of the sheep. It was very amusing to hear them bleating for their mothers.

28. Whit Sunday. We all went to St Lawrence's and then for a walk in the afternoon.

29. Whit Monday holiday. We went to Chigwell for the day. The weather was very hot but we had a nice time.

30. Did not go out anywhere but had a good clean up and a

rest after yesterday.

31. We did not have tea in the park as Margaret and Barbara were going to a service at St Lawrence's at 6pm.

June.

1. Had our tea in the park but got home early.

2. Bought the new garden shelter at Moultons. It is quite a nice arrangement for the money. Did a good wash with the washing machine. It will have to go back on Saturday so I am making good use of it.

3. As the weather was so hot we did not go out but had a good rest in the garden. Had all our meals in the tent.

4. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's and had a nice walk in the afternoon.

5. As I did not have any washing to do I went to see Nora in the afternoon. Had a nice little chat.

6. Went down to Ilford to buy material for a frock. Went over to Mrs Wright and then in to Mrs Taylor. She helped me with my frock. Went again in the evening and together we pinned the pattern down.

7. Mrs Taylor came over for the afternoon and helped me cut my frock out.

8. Met Maisie in the afternoon. We sat and talked for a short while in the park. I rang up Mrs Parry in the afternoon. (where I used to work)

9. Had another go at my frock. Did a good lot of machining. Went to see Grandma in the afternoon. Went to meet Daddy in the evening and bought myself a hat.

10. Going to a Garden Party at St Lawrence's which begins at 3 o'clock.

11. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning.
12. Did washing and ironing, so in the evening I felt very pleased with myself.
13. Went to Ilford and bought one or two little things and had a good look round.
14. Went to Ilford and in the evening wrote off for holiday address at Clacton.
15. Stripped box room and turned the bed round again. I took stuffing out of wicker chair and cleaned it all thoroughly. I made cushions of the flocking (stuffing) in the evening.
16. Did usual jobs and then met Will at the station. The holidays are fixed we are going for full board.
17. Went for a walk in the afternoon and on the way Jack cut his foot in some long grass so we had to come back home and bathe it for him.
18. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's then stopped at home in the afternoon and evening as it turned out very wet.
19. Went over to Mrs Wright first thing and then came back and did washing. Did not finish till late. Phoned Will up to tell him to go and see his mother.
20. Went to Ilford in the afternoon to do shopping.
21. Did not go out anywhere as I was busy giving dining room a good turn out. Mr Trasler called to see us and stopped and had a nice chat.
22. Went to fetch Dr Bryant for Mrs Wright as she is very bad again. Did not go to meet Maisie but phoned Mrs Lawson instead. Went with Will to see Pygmalion on at the Astoria cinema. It was very good.

23. Cut hedge which was hard and took a long time to do. Went to meet Daddy in the evening. Did a little ironing after they were bathed.
24. Mr Trasler had given us tickets for the Dr Barnardo's fete so we went there for the afternoon and had a very nice time.
25. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's and had a nice sleep in the afternoon.
26. Did washing and a good bit of the ironing in the afternoon.
27. Went to tea with Mr and Mrs Trasler and had a very nice time, and did not get home until nearly ten o'clock.
28. Went to Ilford in the afternoon shopping.
29. Margaret and Barbara had a holiday so we went to Chigwell for the day. Met Daddy at the State cinema and went to see The Sign of the Cross. Will had been very queer all day.
30. Expected Mrs Agar to give me a knock but she did not so I sat and had a read and did some knitting.

#### July

1. Cooked dinner then Will went up and had a sleep as he felt so queer. I followed him later and had a little rest. We got up and walked through the park with Daddy to Dr Payan. Dr says Will is suffering from migraines.
2. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the morning. Will is feeling a little better but is far from right yet.
3. Did washing then went to see Nora for a short while.
4. Went to see Nora to find out about the car and plans for our holiday. It is settled that Leslie is going to take us down to Clacton by car.

5. Finished my frock this morning. I am feeling very pleased with it. Mrs Taylor called to see me this afternoon. Will is very pleased with my frock. I am glad. Leslie called to see us regarding Saturday.

6. Mrs Wright called to see me this morning and then Mrs Lee called so we all had quite a nice little chat. They both liked my frock. Mrs Taylor called me over to give me my cream maker. I feel very pleased with it.

7. Tidied up everywhere and did a little washing, then went to Ilford. Came back and did ironing then bathed Margaret and Barbara. Got things together for packing.

8. Going for our holidays. Daddy has the day off from business. We are leaving home at 1.30 and going by car to Clacton. Have packed everything and Daddy has taken Jack up to the kennels. Now we are ready ... Arrived at 5.20pm.

9. Sunday. Went to church at Clacton in the morning. Came home to a nice dinner then went for a good walk into Little Holland. Had tea and had another walk to Butlins Camp. Came home tired and ready for bed.

10. We all went down to the beach but did not take George as we had decided to take him out in the afternoon. Will went to see Mr Laverick so we went in Gardens, then Margaret and Barbara left me to see Punch and Judy show.

11. Went for a good walk in the morning and then walked on the pier. In the afternoon we walked to Jeywick but we did not think much of it.

12. We had another good breakfast then walked down to the beach. In the afternoon we walked into Holland intending to get a free bathe but we had to come back to Clacton in the end. Had another good dinner again.

13. Special Note - Friends again. Took George for a walk then went on the sand and there we stopped until it was dinner

time. In the afternoon we went by train to Walton-on-Naze. Had a good look round. Saw Frinton and then came home. Have been for a short walk since tea.

14. Weather very cloudy but we went out. The girls went for a look around shops with Daddy. I went into Gardens with George. When they had finished shopping we all went on the beach. Went for a walk in the afternoon.

15. Sat on the beach. Daddy went for a swim. We went on the beach again in the afternoon. Had tea early as we wanted to have a last look at the sea before returning home. Saw a lifeboat go out just as we were leaving beach. Arrived home at 9.30pm.

16. Sunday. Daddy and girls went to church while I called for Jack. He came to me as soon as he could and made such a fuss. He looked very well.

17. Did washing but did not feel a bit like it. Went to see Nora in the afternoon to get films.

18. Went to Ilford shopping and called at Mrs West. Will does not feel very well again. I do wish something could be done for him.

19. Did not go out but gave one bedroom a good clean out. Took curtains down and washed them.

20. Hurried up to go and meet Maisie but she had just gone so came home and did the ironing, then had a rest. The lady from Beattie Washer called to see me again.

21. Met Daddy at the station and did usual shopping.

22. Les and Nora go for their holiday. Weather seems to have broken up for a bit.

23. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence in the morning but stopped in the rest of the day.

25. Did usual jobs then went to Ilford shopping. Was home in time for Margaret and Barbara. Mrs Cooper gave me a lovely lot of spinach.

26. Margaret and Barbara break up for their summer holidays today. I went over to see Grandma and Mrs Comp in the afternoon. Had a very nice time.

27. Did a good bit of cleaning then went to meet Maisie. She starts her fortnight's holiday on the 5th August.

28. Will went about his glasses up to Moorfields Eye Hospital. They want him to go up again on the 1st August. We went to Ilford shopping in the evening.

29. We had a very nice walk out to Aldborough Hatch on fresh ground. We came out on to Barkingside. Weather very warm.

30. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's. Had a nice talk to Mrs Trasler. Had a rest in the afternoon. Did not go out in the evening. John came in and had some supper with us. He had a snap of the wedding.

31. Did washing. Margaret and Barbara had Eileen Gibb in to play with them. We went to Ilford in the afternoon and bought a new draining board. It has made a big difference to the kitchen.

August.

1. Have a lot to do as Grandma and Mrs Comp with children are coming to see us this afternoon. We spent a very happy time together. A terrible rain storm came on at 6 o'clock and ended with thunder and lightning. Grandma and all left at about 8.45pm. Mr Comp came for them with the car.

2. Doris Haines is coming to tea. Doris arrived about 3.30. She brought her little niece with her much to Margaret and Barbara's delight. Doris has shown me how to crochet a baby's shawl. I went part of the way home with Doris and

Pauline, and had a nice bath when I returned.

3. Stopped at home in the morning as it was very wet. We went to Ilford in the afternoon and then I left Margaret and Barbara at home while I met Will at station and did shopping. It turned out very wet on the way home.

4. Weather has turned a little for the better so we decided to go to Ilford and have a look at the shops, but it was pouring fast when we arrived at the Cranbrook, and again when we were nearly home. I left Margaret and Barbara at home while I went and met Will and did shopping.

5. Had an early dinner and then went for a good walk out to Chigwell. On the way we picked hawthorn berries intending to make wine of them. Arrived home about 6.30. Had tea, then Daddy repaired shoes, and so to bed.

6. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's as usual. We had a sleep while Margaret and Barbara were at Sunday School. Then I prepared the tea and we went for a walk in the park during the evening.

7. Bank Holiday. The day started very wet but brightened after a while so we decided on the country and not London. We had one very bad shower but that was all. Returned home at 8.45pm after a lovely day in the country.

8. Did the washing and ironing as weather was nice and fine, but felt very tired after it all. Will started doing one of the dining room armchairs and finished it at 11.30pm. Both of us felt very tired but my word what a difference there is in the chair.

9. Put stair pads under the stair carpet. It has made it much better. We had a quick dinner and then off to the Super cinema to see The Little Princes. It was a most enjoyable picture. We met Daddy at the station and had tea together.

10. Weather still very wet but we were able to go for a walk in

the afternoon. Daddy finished chair off in the evening.

11. Weather has changed again so I hurried up with work and sat in the garden in the afternoon. We met Daddy in the evening and did usual shopping. Daddy started on the other chair but did not quite finish it.

12. Had an early dinner and while Will did the chair I cut sandwiches for tea and made tea. Left home at 4.15 and walked to Chigwell then home again. Arrived home at 9.15pm all feeling tired.

13. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning and for a walk in the evening.

14. Did washing and Margaret and Barbara played with Eileen Gibb. I did a little ironing in the afternoon.

15. I did my ironing in the morning then went up to Hainault for the day. Arrived back at 7 o'clock. Mr Trasler called in the evening to see what we would like for a wedding present.

16. Margaret and Barbara went to Olive and Iris for the day. I followed later. We did not get home until 10 o'clock. Daddy was repairing Margaret's dolls pram shade.

17. Had a day at home as we felt tired. Mr Trasler called with wedding present. It was a glass cake dish and cake knife and jam dish. He stopped for a short while. Auntie came to us and is staying until Saturday.

18. Auntie was out by 7.30am to see about her insurance. Then came home for her breakfast. We had a chat then she went out and brought in fruit, jam and cake. We went to Ilford in the afternoon. She decided to go to Terry's at Malden.

19. Auntie settled up her insurances and I got dinner ready early. Then went to Ilford station to see her off. We were in good time.

20. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning and had a read out in the garden in the afternoon. Then went for a walk in the evening.

21. Did usual wash. We were going over to Grandma's but a bad storm broke out so we stopped at home instead. Dorothy came up and brought me a biscuit barrel and enquired about Auntie and where she had gone to.

22. Did not go out anywhere as Mr Trasler was coming to tea. We had a nice time together.

23. Margaret and Barbara had Olive and Iris over for the day. They had a nice time together. We all went in the park in the afternoon. They went home at 8.15pm.

24. Went up to Gants Hill to do some shopping. Did some ironing in the afternoon. Then took a walk round to Winston's to get my paper. Came back and cut the hedge.

25. We went to Ilford to get Margaret and Barbara mackintoshes in case they have to go away. Sat marking their clothing in the evening ready in case of an emergency.

26. Margaret and Barbara had to report at school. It was a terrible rush all day for them. Their haversacks are to be packed ready for Monday.

27. Sunday. We went to church in the morning. Sat marking their clothing in the afternoon and packed their bags in the evening.

18. Margaret and Barbara went prepared for evacuation with food for the day, but they returned at dinner time, so we ate the sandwiches for tea.

19. Packed them all ready again but they returned once more.

30. Did the same again. Packed them all ready and went with them, but they came home.



31. They are going away tomorrow, so gave them a good bath. I had to fetch their bags from school and repack them to make them easier.

September.

1. Margaret and Barbara went with Daddy a little way then came home ready to go. They left here at 9.30am. I then saw them off to the station. It was terrible to see them all with their kit bags.

2. It was terrible. The house was so quiet, so I got on with the work and did my washing. Will did not come home until 3 o'clock. We spent our time digging for the shelter to go in the garden.

3. Sunday. War has been declared on Germany at 11 o'clock. The first air raid warning was given at 11.20am. It has been a funny day to us, not a bit like a Sunday.

4. Spent most of my time talking and doing little bits of clearing up.

5. Mrs Wright called and was very worried regarding children, but she will be better when she hears from them.

6. Maisie popped in to see me. We had a letter from Margaret and Barbara. They seem to be getting along all right but Barbara is not too happy.

7. Did usual jobs and sat doing some knitting for a little while then cooked the evening meal.

8. Had a good clear up everywhere then went down and saw Mum. Came back and got ready to go shopping. Then met Will at the station and we came home together.

9. I went over to meet Will at Wimbledon. We had a wonderful time tramping over the country. We went all round Hampton Court. We arrived home at 8.15pm.

10. Sunday. We went to church in the morning, then I cooked a joint when we came back. We had a good sleep in the afternoon, then had tea. Dolly and Reg came in as we were starting. We had cleared up when Mr and Mrs Boreham came to tell us the good news regarding Margaret and Barbara.

11. Had a parcel from Margaret and Barbara. They sent us a tin of sweets, and scent for me and shaving soap for Daddy. Mrs Smith wrote to say they were more settled.

12. Doing my washing today as I was late home yesterday. Weather has turned much colder. Met Will at the station in the evening and intended getting fruit for jam making but as the shops close at 6 o'clock now, owing to Black out, I was too late.

13. Jack and I had our usual walk to the station with Will. Came home then called at Mr Baker's to say goodbye. Then later on in the afternoon I went to Ilford to get fruit for jam making. I made 8 pounds of plum jam.

14. Special note - Friends. Saw Will to the station then gave Mrs Gibb a knock. Came home and did my work. Had a bite to eat and then did ironing. Nora Baker and her friend called. We had a lovely chat. I then met Will. I made 16 pounds of blackberry and apple jam today.

15. Went with Will to the station. Walked back through the park. All is so peaceful and quiet in there. Had two nice long letters from the girlies. Just going shopping now and then pack a little parcel off to Margaret and Barbara and then meet my husband.

16. Went to Ilford shopping and bought malt and one or two things for Margaret and Barbara. Had our dinner then Mrs Gibb called to say would we like to make up a party of four with them and go and see our children tomorrow. We are going tomorrow, leaving home at 8.30am. I feel very pleased

about it all.

17. Sunday. I took Maisie's parcel down to her. We then collected our goods as the car came for us. We are now on our way to see the children. We arrived at 12 o'clock. The children were very pleased to see us. Time went all too quickly. They did not want us to leave them.

18. Did my washing but felt a very heavy feeling. Worried about the children. We wrote to them tonight but did not know quite what to put. We then went for a walk and on our way posted Margaret and Barbara's letters.

19. Called to see Mrs Gibb and then came home and did usual jobs. I then left dinner on and went to meet Will.

20. Did my ironing and Maisie came up while I was doing it. We went to Ilford together. She came back with us and had tea with us. Mr Cooper called in to see us.

21. I went to see Gladys Dilley and spent a very happy afternoon with them. We have had a very nasty letter from Mrs Smith.

22. Had a walk in to the park and up to the station, then came home and did usual work. Went out and cut the hedge in the afternoon, then went and met Will. Bought Margaret's cards, wrote her a letter and posted them off for her birthday tomorrow, and so to bed.

23. Went as usual with Will, then came home and tidied up. I then went to Ilford and sent a telegram off to Margaret. Did some shopping and then scouted round for a job. Will came home with a sprained ankle.

24. Sunday. We did not go out all day as Will has a sprained ankle, so has had to rest it.

25. Will is still in great pain with it and has been to see the doctor.

26. Went with Will to the station. His leg is much better but not right yet. Have signed on at the Labour Exchange for work.

27. Went to Ilford as usual with Will and then came home and did usual jobs.

28. Mrs Boreham knocked to say would we like to go down with them on Sunday to Ipswich, and we could then catch a coach to Debenham, owing to petrol rationing. I started on Margaret and Barbara's gym slips and have cut them out, ready to machine up tomorrow.

29. I had a quick tidy up and then got straight on with gym slips and was on them until 5 o'clock. I packed up and prepared dinner and then took Jack to meet Will and do some shopping.

30. As we are going to see the girls tomorrow I have plenty to do. Have finished gym slips. Will has come with a nasty cold and has gone to bed now, but is getting up at tea time. I have made a cake and done all odd jobs.

October.

1. Sunday. I was up at 6.15am. Came straight down and iced Margaret's birthday cake, then packed sandwiches and prepared everything. We left home at 8.15am, arrived at Debenham at 10.45. Mr Boreham ran us straight there. Had a very happy time. Left them at 4.30pm and caught coach to Ipswich to meet the Borehams at 5.30pm.

2. Will is not fit to go in to work so has decided to go and see the doctor. He says Will has laryngitis and must have a week of rest. I did my washing and then went down to the Labour Exchange, then had a quiet evening and so to bed.

3. Will is feeling a little better but very heavy. We stopped in all day and had a quiet rest. Wrote to Margaret and Barbara.

4. I went with Will to the doctor and took my coat to be

cleaned while he waited for the doctor. We then had a walk round the High Road and home. Will feels washed-out and tired. So we have had an early night.

5. Will stopped in bed until 12.15 then dressed and went to the shop for me. We had dinner and then walked round to St Lawrence's.

6. Will does not feel so well and has developed a nasty cough now. He is going to see the doctor tomorrow. We went to Ilford shopping and got back early.

7. Will went in to see the doctor while I did some shopping. I bought myself a blue hat to go with my coat for the winter. It is a very neat hat. Went and waited for Will at the doctor's and then we came home.

8. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's in the morning, came home and had our dinner, and then went to Evensong service at 3pm. Then went to Mr and Mrs Smith to tea and went to a short service with them at St Lawrence's. Then home to bed.

9. I spent today looking for work but was unlucky. Got soaked through. Went to see Mrs West for a little while. Then bought a knitting pattern for a frock and chose the wool, so now I must get busy.

10. Got cleaned up and then went out feeling very queer as I have caught Will's cold. Had a long walk.

11. Started my frock this afternoon. It is working up well. Did not go to the station to meet Will. We have not heard from the children so far.

12. Have not been far today. Went to get a stamp and then gave Mrs Gibb a knock but she was out. Spent afternoon knitting and have worked two ounces of wool into my frock.

13. Went to Chadwell Heath after a job but was unlucky. Had a nasty turn on the way home so went to see the doctor at 2 o'clock. Maisie came in with me this evening. Will worked

late and came home at 10.20pm.

14. Will worked late until 10pm.

15. Sunday. We went to St Lawrence's but I should not have gone. I have caught Will's laryngitis and am feeling rather queer.

16. Special note - Friends again. Could not get up. Will knocked at Mrs Gibb with the key. She lives 300 yards away. She came up and went for Dr Briant. She said it was 3-day flu. I had got to stop in bed and keep warm. Mrs Cooper came in in the afternoon and sat with me. She lives next door but one.

17. Mrs Gibb came up early and lit my fire and Mrs Cooper gave me my breakfast. Mrs Gibb and Maisie came in the afternoon and stopped with me. Mrs ... went and saw her sister married.

18. Will is working late every evening and comes home tired so I am going to get up for a little while this afternoon, so as to get up tomorrow and be downstairs when he comes home. Went back to bed early as I felt tired.

19. Stayed in bed until 12.15 then came down. Mrs Taylor came in to see me and had a chat. Maisie and Cliff came in the evening. I felt tired and rotten and was glad to get to bed.

20. Dr Briant came to see me this morning. She said I was better but must feed myself more. Mrs Smith came in the afternoon and evening and we had quite a nice time.

21. Mrs Gibb did my shopping for me and bought a rabbit home for me. I got it cooking. Will was glad to see me downstairs.

22. Sunday. Will went to the church in the afternoon while I had a rest.

23. Went out for the first time and was glad to get back home

again.

24. Went after a job but did not take it on. Went in to see Mrs Gibb.

25. Went to Ilford for the first time. I have got a nasty cough and can't shake it off. I still don't want my food.

26. Called at Mrs Dunn's about Margaret and Barbara's coats, to find out how much she will charge. She is willing to make them for 5 shillings each.

27. Had a good clean up and tried to work my feelings off.

28. We went out for a good walk in the afternoon and it did me good.

29. Sunday. Went to St Lawrence's in the afternoon.

30. Mrs Taylor came over to see me. We had a nice long chat.

31. Went with Mr and Mrs Cooper to see one of Gracie Fields' films. It was very good.

November.

1. Started at a new job house cleaning for a Mrs Carver up by St George's church. It is from 9am to 12 for 2 shillings a morning from Monday to Saturday and quite easy work.

2. Had to do a little washing. It is a good job but it will only be for a week or two. I went to ask about the piece of land for an allotment garden but have to go again tomorrow. The playing fields in the park have been ploughed up to be divided into allotments for people to grow food on.

3. Do not do 3 hours every morning now. It is better as it gives me a chance to get my own work done. Will is still working late every night.

4. Went to Mrs Carver as usual. As Will was working late I

did not hurry home.

5. Sunday. Did not go to St Lawrence's in the morning but went in the afternoon.

6. Did not do my washing as it was wet. May do it tomorrow.

7. Did not do my washing but went over to see Mrs Taylor instead.

8. Did washing and what a day it was. The sheets kept blowing off the line and then my washing post broke in the end. Mrs Cooper took the washing and put it on her line.

9. Went down to Mrs Gibb for the evening and had a game of chess with Mr Gibb.

10. Went to Mrs Carver as usual then came home and had a good tidy up. Went to see the film Goodbye Mr Chips at the Super on my own, and met Will after.

11. Went over to see about the allotment as Will was working late.

12. Sunday. I took Will over to see his allotment. It is a fair size, quite enough to manage. We went to St Lawrence's in the afternoon.

13. Did my washing and then did some knitting. Will is working late.

14. Went to Ilford and bought wool for babies mittens and booties. Also bought Will a new gas mask case. He is very pleased with it.

15. Went over to see Mrs Wright. Then went down to Mrs Gibb and did my knitting.

16. Went with Mrs Cooper to see her friend's twins. They are lovely babies but not a bit alike. Mrs Granger wants me to go again.

17. There was plenty to do at Mrs Carver so I did not get home till late. Went with Mrs Gibb to the Super cinema to see Wuthering Heights. It is a beautiful picture but very sad in parts.

18. I have finished up at Mrs Carver's. They are moving and have asked me if I will go in next Saturday and help them move out. Went over on the allotment with Will and put cabbages in.

19. Sunday. We did not go out to church as there was so much to do.

20. Did my washing then went down to Mrs Gibb in the afternoon.

21. Cleaned bedroom out and when I had finished I went down to Mrs Ganny and took Lance out for the day. He was very good and enjoyed being out.

22. Had a wire from Will to say he was working late, so I was able to work hard on the mittens and booties, but I shall not be able to finish them in time for Mrs Cooper to take with her tomorrow.

23. Had a quick tidy up and then went to Seven Kings to get wool for pixie hoods for Margaret and Barbara. Then went on to Ilford and bought Barbara's birthday present. Came home and made her a cake and did the ironing and started a pixie hood. I iced and marzipanned her birthday cake, and it looked very pretty when done.

24. Packed Barbara's cake and other things, wrote her cards, then dressed and waited for Mrs Gibb to knock. She came to the Post office with me, then we went on to the Savoy cinema at Gants Hill to see the film Nurse Edith Cavell. It was a very sad picture.

25. Barbara's birthday. I hope she gets everything quite safely. I had to leave here before 8 o'clock as Mrs Carver was

moving. Had a busy time and did not arrive home until after 2 o'clock. Will was home wondering where I was.

26. Sunday. We did not get up until past 10 o'clock. Had breakfast then I tidied up while Will did some odd jobs. We had dinner but did not go out in the afternoon. Had a rest and wrote to the girlies in the evening.

27. Sat knitting nearly all day as I wanted to send pixie hoods off by Tuesday. Mrs Gibb came down in the afternoon. I sat up till past 1am to get them done.

28. Had a little more knitting to finish so sat and did them. Posted the parcel off in time for them to get them on the Wednesday.

29. Had a good tidy up everywhere then dressed and took coat material to Mrs Dunn. Then went to Seven Kings and bought wool and went on to Ilford and finished my shopping. Bought a nice half pig's head, so will have that for dinner tomorrow.

30. Did usual work then Mrs Gibb knocked and asked me to go down to her if I liked for the afternoon. Mrs Cooper found out exact date of her sister's wedding. I am 10 days overdue (Note: David was born 11 August the following year). Have finished one of the girlies gloves.

December.

1. Having a lovely time cleaning my windows. Have heard from girlies. Going to the pictures tonight with my husband. Went to see the Lion Has Wings. It was a very good picture. We arrived home at 11pm feeling very tired.

2. Had a quick tidy up everywhere, then went to see Dr Briant and she told me the good news. I am to go in a fortnight's time to be examined.

3. Did not go to church but did a lot of gardening. It has made a big improvement. We had a rest in the afternoon

then wrote to the girlies.

4. I took on my new job as nursemaid to Mrs Ganny's baby Lance. He was no trouble. I was able to get my washing done quite well and was not behind much. Will did not come home until quite late.

5. Had a quick tidy up, washed and fed Lance, then played with him and put him to sleep in the garden. He slept till 1.30pm. I finished a bit of knitting then got washed and dressed and had dinner. Sat knitting all the afternoon.

6. Had a good clean up everywhere then had dinner early and went to Ilford to do some shopping. Arrived home before 4 o'clock. Lance was sound asleep. Maisie came and stopped for the evening.

7. It is thick fog everywhere so shall be unable to take Lance out. Have done 1 pair of blue gloves. Finished my ironing and made a bread pudding. Went for a nice walk with Will during the evening.

8. Had a letter from Miss Boulton regarding the children's leave at Christmas but we hope to have them home for good. Will has written to Margaret and Barbara and Miss Boulton.

9. Went over onto the allotment during the afternoon.

10. Sunday. We did not go to church in the morning but in the afternoon. Mrs Smith offered to come down with me when I go to Debenham.

11. Did my washing and went to the shops and posted a letter to Margaret and Barbara.

12. Went for a walk to Ilford and did some shopping.

13. Did not go out but gave Margaret and Barbara's room a good clean up and washed the curtains. Maisie is coming in tomorrow.

14. Finished Margaret and Barbara's room, then did the rest of the cleaning and finished odd jobs.

15. We got up early as I was going down to fetch Margaret and Barbara home from Debenham for good. I arrived there at 11.30am and got back to Ilford at 5.45pm feeling tired and hungry.

16. Had a lot to clear up, also all the shopping, but managed to get it all done. Mrs Dunn bought Margaret and Barbara's coats round.

17. Sunday. Went to morning church. Came home and had dinner, then sat round the fire.

18. Did my washing and then after clearing up I went down to Christchurch Road School to see about Margaret and Barbara's schooling. Brought some books back with me for them.

19. Did usual work then went to Ilford shopping and came home to get our dinner.

20. Did usual jobs and then went shopping. I did not have baby Lance until late in the morning.

21. Had a quick tidy up and then went to Ilford to change R. Books. Got back early. Made Christmas cake and mixed the pudding ready to boil tomorrow.

22. Boiled puddings and cleaned up everywhere, then did some more knitting for Margaret and Barbara's dolls clothes, but I shall not be able to finish them in time for Christmas.

23. Met Daddy at Ilford and did shopping. Bought a nice turkey for Christmas dinner, and bought Christmas gifts. Made my mince pies in the evening and did the odds and ends.

24. Sunday. Daddy went to church with Margaret and Barbara while I stopped in and cooked the dinner. Went

down to Mrs Gibb in the afternoon with a little parcel.

25. Christmas Day. We did not get up until 10am. Had a late breakfast and Christmas dinner at 4pm. The turkey was lovely and tender. Had a very happy day together. Everything went off well. It was our first Christmas at home.

26. Boxing Day. We were up early and had all our meals earlier. Had a good game of whist with Margaret and Barbara.

27. Daddy had to go to business. Margaret and Barbara did not get up until late. Barbara was queer with her chest so I took her to see Dr Briant. They went to tea at Eileen Gibb. We all had a good time.

28. I had Lance again. Barbara was better. Margaret went out with Auntie Maisie. It snowed hard while they were out. Had a letter from Mabel which we should have received before Christmas.

29. Did not go out anywhere as weather was too bad. Lance has a very bad cold. Mrs Cooper came in for a little while in the afternoon.

30. Had usual work and shopping to do then we had dinner. We had arranged to go up to Gran so we went and they were quite nice to us.

31. Sunday. Went to church as usual and stopped in for the rest of the day.

Memoranda.

Received a lovely letter from Dolly on Jan 3rd. Have made up my mind to ring her up as soon as possible.

Remind Mabel regarding my autograph book.

Ring up Mrs Pardy.

Household Accounts. (as written in the diary)

House - 10 shillings.

House - 10 shillings (written again)

For Week - 5 shillings

Milk - 5 shillings

Coal - 5 shillings

Will - 1 shilling

Freda - 1 shilling

Margaret - 1 shilling

Barbara - 1 shilling

Rainy Day - 4 shillings

Total - 2 pounds

Some basic food costs -

1 pint Jersey creamy milk - 4 and 1/2 pence

1 pint ordinary milk - 3 and 1/2 pence

1/4 pound tea - 9 pence

1/2 pound butter 7 pence

1 large brown loaf 6 and 1/2 pence

1 large white loaf 4 and 1/2 pence

1 small brown loaf 3 and 1/2 pence

1 small white loaf 2 and 3/4 pence

4 small cakes 7 pence

6 eggs 9 pence

Letter postage stamp 1 and 1/2 pence

Postcard postage stamp one penny

Airmail from England to Australia leaves every Wednesday and Saturday

## ***Grandpa Roos' family***

Written by Olive about her Grandpa who was the 2nd husband of Grandma after my mother's birth father died when she was only 2 years old. He was the Dad who brought up her and her younger sister Maisie, and their 2 brothers and 2 sisters born later. Considering what a quiet, not affluent man my Grandpa was, it is amazing to learn about his parents and the famous and wealthy families they came from. It all reads like a short version of Who's Who, and, in fact, much of it can be found written in the book Who's Who.

To start, we learn about his parents. The meeting and eventual marriage of Philipp Charles Henry Roos to Mary Cantlie must have been very interesting. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, and became a naturalised British citizen when residing in Banffshire, Scotland. All their children were born in Britain. His son Philip, my Grandpa, was fluent in German and French and other languages, which he used in his job as a Foreign Exchange clerk in a German firm, William Brandt and Sons, in London.

Philipp Carl Henrich Roos, changed his name to Philip Charles Henry Roos when he became a naturalised British subject and lived in Scotland. He was a very wealthy man, and when he died in 1918 he left 5,743 pounds, plus shares in 26 companies throughout the world. When you realise that the wages for a housemaid or gardener in those times was about 50 to 100 pounds a year, you understand what an enormous amount of money that was. The total, in today's terms, would probably be over 2 million pounds.

When Philip died he left all his money and shares to his wife, who had been Mary Cantlie before marriage, and then in trust to his 3 daughters, Amy, Maud and Isabella (Bella). He



had had 3 sons, but did not leave any money to them as William died as a baby, George emigrated to Canada and had a good position in a music publishing firm, and he did not agree with his son Philip's religious and Conscientious Objector beliefs. Also, his son Philip refused to accept any money he had not earned himself. Because of this the son Philip lived in fairly poor circumstances and his children, one of whom was my mother, grew up in financial difficulties. This is almost unbelievable when you think of the enormous wealth that was available. The father Philip's 3 daughters never married and lived all their lives on their inheritances with servants to look after them.

Philip Charles Henry Roos visited London once, from Banffshire, Scotland. He was accompanied by Mr Petrie Of the Scotland Bank, Dufftown, and Mr Findlater, once Factor (Scottish Manager) for the Earl of Fife. It was to give their evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, as to whether it would be desirable to construct a railway line between Keith and Craigellochie in Scotland. They were over a week in London and Philip called upon Lord George Gordon Lennox at his residence in Portland Place. He was the youngest son of Charles, 5th Duke. This was to keep a promise that he would call on him if ever he went to London.

After lunching with Lord George, he took Philip to Buckingham Palace, and they were shown around the Royal Stables, and saw the carriages and horses. In the riding school they spotted Princess Beatrice, who later married into the Battenberg family, and the Duke of Albany, having their riding lessons. From there they went to a reception at the National Gallery, given by the President on Members' Day. Lord George introduced Philip as a 'North Country friend of his.' The President stared searchingly at Philip for some time, and then said, "I'm sure I have seen you before somewhere, in the North. Oh, yes. I remember on a Sunday afternoon, my driver going from Huntly to Glenfiddich Lodge took the wrong turning, and so landed me at your house. You kindly

came and spoke to me, and invited me into your home where we had a talk and some fine whisky."

From the National Gallery, Lord George and Philip went to the House of Lords, and then on to the House of Commons, where they listened to some debates. Lord George was M.P. for Leamington for many years. Philip had a snuff box with an inscription, which Lord George gave to him in recognition of having presented him with a greyhound which he fancied.

Philip had property in Dufftown, on the Square, where the Aberdeen Town and County Bank still stand. The Duke of Fife's Agent asked him twice to be a J.P. but, living so far from the village, made it impossible for him to accept.

When the Earl of March, son of the 6th Duke of Richmond and Gordon, married Miss Ricardo, whose father was a partner of Baring the Banker, Philip was Chairman of the dinner and ball. It was held in the largest grain loft on the farm and the family and servants decorated the walls with evergreens in an attempt to make it as festive as possible.

Grandpa's uncle James

Philip's wife Mary Cantlie was Scottish. Her father, William Cantlie, was a farmer and Factor (Scottish Manager) in Banffshire. One of William's sons was Jimmie. He grew up to become Dr James Cantlie, M.B., F.R.C.S., who did his medical training at Charing Cross Hospital, London and later became a specialist in Harley Street, London. This was very interesting to Olive because Charing Cross was the same hospital where she trained as a nurse 90 years later. He was an authority on tropical diseases, having lived in China for some years and wrote several books on those diseases. He also wrote the book, First Aid for the Wounded which was used in many countries throughout the first World War.

Dr James Cantlie, was well acquainted with the late Doctor Sun Yat Sen, who became the first President of the Chinese Republic. Sun Yat-Sen became a doctor because he wanted to

help fight the many diseases which were widespread in China in the late 19th century. Much of this misery was due to the lack of concern of the Chinese emperors, the Manchus as they were called, and when people began to plot revolution Sun Yat-Sen joined them, and soon began to organise attacks on the government. His activities got him into trouble and he had to live abroad for some years.

Sun Yat Sen was in exile not only in Japan, but also in Europe, the United States, and Canada. He raised money for his revolutionary party and to support uprisings in China. In 1896 he was detained at the Chinese Legation in London, where the Chinese Imperial Qing dynasty secret service planned to kill him. Sun Yat Sen dropped notes and money out of the window to people he could trust to get a message through to his friend James Cantlie. He was released after 12 days through the efforts of James Cantlie, The Times, and the British Foreign Office. This left Sun a hero in Britain as well as with many people in China and 15 years later after a revolt by the people against their rulers the Manchus, Sun Yat Sen was proclaimed President of the Republic of China. James Cantlie wrote a book on the matter entitled, 'Kidnapped in London'.

Note from part of a letter written by Olive's Grandpa, Philip Allan Roos to his son John in 1946 who was serving in the British Air Force in Egypt right after World War 2. Uncle John photocopied the letter and sent it to Olive. Grandpa wrote -

"My uncle, Dr James Cantlie, was quite acquainted with the late Dr Sun Yet Sen, the first President of the Chinese Republic. I saw Sun Yat Sen at my uncle's house at Harley Street. He, being a leader of the rebelling parties in China, they were after his head, and he was caught in London and imprisoned in the Chinese Legation. He dropped notes and money out of a window, and so got information through to my uncle, and my uncle was instrumental in getting his release through the British Government. My uncle wrote a

book on the matter entitled, 'Kidnapped in London'. It would be good reading, and I wish I could get it to read." That book was mentioned in a children's book called The Zebra Book of Famous Men written by Plantagenet Somerset Fry Published by Evans ISBN 237 44589 1

In 1884 James Cantlie married Mabel Barclay Brown the daughter of Robert Barclay Brown and Sophia Ada Baylis. Robert Brown was a ship builder and employed a great many people, 160 men and 12 boys. Robert had been born in Montrose, Scotland and Sophia Ada in London. On his death in 1895 Robert left the enormous amount of almost 27 thousand English pounds to his wife Sophia Ada. The men he employed would have earned about 100 pounds a year. Robert and Sophia had 1 son Kenneth and 2 daughters Mabel and Lillias.

James and Mabel had 4 sons, Keith, Colin, Neil and Kenneth. They lived in China for several years and 2 of their sons Colin and Neil were born in Hong Kong. From China where they visited Annam, Peking, and the Great Wall, they went to India. Then to Japan, Korea, Vladivostok in Russia, United States and Canada.

James became Sir James in 1918 and about 30 years later 3 of his 4 sons were knighted.

Keith became a lawyer in 1926 and later a Judge in India. He became Sir Keith in 1944 and was eventually Lord Provost (Lord Mayor) of Aberdeen, Scotland.

Colin was a Submarine Commander in the First World War. Aide-de-Camp to King George 6th in 1939. Admiral in World War 2. Became Sir Colin in 1946.

Neil was Director General of Army Services and Honorary Physician to King George 6th. He became Sir Neil in 1949.

Kenneth rose to Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army and worked on railways in Argentina and in Jodhpur, India. He

was appointed technical adviser to the Chinese Minister of Railways in 1929. In 1948 he advised on the establishment of the locomotive works at Chittaranjan in India. He married Phyllis Gage Brown (1897-1965) and they had 1 son Paul. Kenneth died 11 Feb 1986 aged 86. His son Paul married Carol and had 2 children John and Jessica. Paul died 22 Oct 2014. John Henry Cantlie born 1970 became a war correspondent in Syria and was captured in 2012 and imprisoned for several years by the Islaamic State ISIS. It was thought he was still in captivity in 2019 but difficult to find out if he had been killed. He had not been released by late 2019.

Written by Olive Redmond

## ***Terrence Victor Redmond about his death***

*The last few days of David's brother Terry*

*Terrence Victor Redmond born 26 Nov 1931 - Died 5 Nov 1999*

On Thursday, 7 January, 1999 at 1.45 pm. Olive answered the phone to hear Kirk speaking from England. She quickly realised it was not just a "Happy New Year" call and asked Kirk what was wrong. He said he had something very sad to tell us, and that his Dad had just died in the early hours of Tuesday morning. Terry had had chest trouble for several months, but was convinced it was just a chest infection which was why we had not been told before. Then when it became really serious they were so busy nursing him at home they did not have time to write to tell us, and when Terry was at the end of his time, over Christmas, they were not only exhausted but did not want to spoil our Christmas.

Kirk said that Terry and Miriam went on holiday to Malta in June and while there Terry was ill with what they thought was a chest infection, and had to go into hospital. On his return to England he again had to go into hospital and the doctors decided to drain the fluid off one of his lungs. This eased Terry's breathing but then the other lung became swollen and had to be drained. Then both lungs became swollen with fluid and had to be drained and the doctors sought relief for Terry by shrinking the pleural cavity around the lungs. Then they found cancerous cells in the lungs, but still did not seem sure it was cancer. Terry was convinced all the time that it was really a chest infection and that what he needed was antibiotics and was annoyed that the doctors

would not give this to him. In fact, right up to his last few days he seemed sure that this was what it was. He had smoked a pipe all his adult life and never gave this up, even when he was on continuous oxygen in his last days, he just took the oxygen mask off to have his smoke. Even when people told him it was dangerous to smoke near the oxygen as it could cause an explosion, he still would not listen to them.

Terry refused to stay in hospital, even at the end when he was extremely ill, and wanted to be at home. Terry was always a gentle, quiet person, but also had a lot of determination, so Miriam felt it was best for him to be at home. A nurse was supplied for some of the time, but otherwise Miriam and Kirk had to look after Terry.

Kirk arrived back in England in May, after three years of teaching English in Japan, then three weeks in New Zealand when he stayed with us, and four weeks in Thailand. He stayed in England about three weeks then visited Canada for several weeks, arriving back in England about September, after the start of his Dad's illness. Kirk tried unsuccessfully for several weeks to get a job. Then in November he was offered a really good job but it entailed long hours of overtime which meant he would not be at home to help Miriam with Terry, who by that time needed constant nursing and lifting, so, reluctantly, he had to turn down the job offer. Grant, who has been intellectually handicapped since birth, was not able to help with lifting or moving Terry as, although he is strong physically, his balance is not very good and he often needs help himself.

Although a nurse was with Terry for some of the time, this was not the case over Christmas, and when the oxygen ran out on Christmas Day Miriam and Kirk were in an absolute panic, and did not know what to do. They rang the emergency number for an ambulance in the end, and got the oxygen that way, as Terry could not breathe without it. Then on Boxing Day public holiday, it ran out again, causing major

stress all over again as nowhere was open to get more oxygen.

Kirk said that he and his mother "knew" about a month before Terry died that it was going to happen, even though Terry was convinced it was a chest infection that he would get over. Miriam and Kirk were glad to be able to have those last few days at Terry's bedside, to sit together and say all the important things they wanted to say. Kirk said he was glad it was not an instant death where they would not have been able to do this. Terry died in the early hours of Tuesday morning on 5 January, in his own bed at home, as he wanted to. Kirk said he just looked as though he was asleep, and it was difficult to think that his Dad had actually died. He said it does not seem real yet and he does not know what he thinks at the moment.

An inquest is to be held, as there is some question about asbestos that may have been around when Terry worked at Brownings in his apprenticeship days, even though that was nearly 50 years ago. Miriam told Kirk there was thought to be a connection with asbestos in the death of Uncle George, who died 5 months ago, in August, on Canvey Island, Essex. Terry and Miriam had to deal with his Will and personal effects at that time, although most of it went to George's next-door neighbour, who had been like a daughter to him for many years.

The funeral could not be held until after the Inquest, of course, but Kirk said it would be difficult to arrange a funeral in under 10 to 14 days as there was a huge 'flu epidemic in England and many elderly people were dying. To make matters even worse for Miriam, her mother who was in her 80's in a rest home, had to be rushed into hospital in a very critical condition and they were not sure if she would survive. Kirk said his mother has coped very well with all the stress, but he thinks this is because she has had so much worry to go through with Grant and his physical and mental difficulties all his life, that she is used to it. As it turned out Miriam's

mother died around the same time as Terry and the funerals were only a few days apart, which was a great strain on Miriam.

Kirk said that Grant knows his Dad is not there now, and he understands that his Dad has gone to Heaven to be with their cat. Grant, who was 33 the day before Terry died, had only a very child-like understanding of the situation. He said to Miriam, "You will have to find a new man now, and I will have a look for you." Another time he also said, "You will have to get a single bed now, Mum, as you won't need a big bed any more." Grant finds it very difficult to have to cope with changes in his life, and they did not know how he would react when he fully realised that his Dad was not coming back. Kirk took Grant out to the shopping centre in the nearest big town to them, Leighton Buzzard, and bought him a hamburger for lunch, which cheered him up. Grant likes to go to town every week and spend his allowance on a music C.D. or cassette. He has not much concept of money, and life can be a bit expensive looking after him. He likes to go away each year for his holiday with the I.H.C. people, which costs quite a lot of money. There is also all the care-giving that Grant needs on a daily basis and places to take him to, to keep him happy and occupied.

Terry had money invested in various businesses, and in the months before his death several people advised him to sort out his finances, but he never did because he really believed he was going to get well again. Then when he could hardly breathe, and wanted to tell them where all the money was invested, it was too late as he could not speak. So Miriam and Kirk had all that to sort out as well as dealing with the death and Inquest and funeral arrangements.

Kirk said he had not been able to think about getting a job for the last few weeks, but in the near future he hoped to go into partnership with a friend. A town near them, Milton Keynes, has a huge Japanese population and they would be teaching English to Japanese businessmen and their families. Much of

the teaching would be done by computer, with Kirk as the personal back-up. Akiko would be coming to England in April and Kirk and Akiko would have a quiet wedding in June before her visitor's visa runs out. She visited England last September, so had at least seen where she was going to live, and was very happy about it.

When David phoned a few hours later, Miriam only wanted to talk for a few minutes as she said she still feels in a daze, and exhausted after all the weeks of the stress of looking after Terry. She was upset that there would have to be an Inquest due to the asbestos. David said he could not remember there being any asbestos at Brownings, as he worked there as well, but he was on the mechanical side for a year whereas Terry did his electrical apprenticeship there. Then Terry worked as an electrician at a flour mill for about a year before going into the Army for his 2 years compulsory National Service. David wondered if it was the flour from the mill that got into Terry's lungs and damaged them. This was all before Terry started at I.B.M. when he was about 25. He worked there as a computer engineer for 35 years before taking Early Retirement at age 60. Terry decided to do this as he had seen so many people go on working till 65 or even older and then die soon after they retired because they were worn out. He did not want this to happen to him and he and Miriam enjoyed the years after he retired. Terry was just 67 when he died.

Miriam, Terry, Gant and Kirk lived in the same house in the village of Stanbridge since the mid 1960's, so they knew a lot of people in the area, many of them doctors and lawyers, so there was a strong network of good friends and neighbours to help and support Miriam, Grant and Kirk at this time.

## ***Ev Cavanagh's life story until 1992***

*The life story memories of Evelyn Mary Goldfinch Cavanagh as told to Olive Redmond in about 2015. We had been friends since 1970 after being next-door neighbours in Feilding.*

I was born on 12 October 1924 in a nursing home in Station Road, Ohakune, and named Evelyn Mary Goldfinch. My parents lived in Ohakune township where Dad was farming. We had our own farm of 20 acres and milked about 10 or 12 cows and grew vegetables for the market. The vegetables were put on the train and sent to Auckland for sale.

My parents both came from Ohura and the 4 children older than me had been born in Taumarunui. My father's father was a farmer and my mother's father helped build the viaduct at Mangaweka. My mother's parents had only the 2 girls, my mother Mary Winifred O'Malley and her sister Annie Kathleen. Those 2 girls later on married 2 brothers. Mum married Patrick William Goldfinch and Annie married Percy Goldfinch. They all had farms in Ohura until Mum and Dad sold up and moved to Ohakune not long before I was born. Grandad O'Malley, helped to build the Mangaweka viaduct as they lived in Mangaweka. I think the O'Malley grandparents came from Ireland in the late 1880's.

### MARRIAGES

Percy John Goldfinch married Annie Kathleen O'Malley

Patrick William Goldfinch married Mary Winifred O'Malley

We were self-sufficient on the farm as Dad reared a pig and a few sheep to kill for meat and, of course, grew all our own vegetables. Mum churned the cream to make butter. Once I was old enough I went outside to help Dad on the farm, including milking the cows. My 3 older sisters helped Mum in the house but there was not enough work on the farm for my brother Charles to work there full time so he worked for the Electricity Board.

### CHILDREN of ANN and PERCY GOLDFINCH

James

Thomas

George

Catherine

Doody - became a nun with the Little Sisters of the Poor

Sheila

Winifred

Edward

Brian

My older sisters and brother were several years older than I was so were more or less grown up when I was still at school. The eldest, Rose Patricia, worked in a bakery shop from 9 to 5pm. Elsie Catherine worked for a draper, selling fabric, elastic, buttons, shoes and socks, and all sorts of other items. Next came Charles Vivien. Nancy, whose name was really Annie Grace, was 10 years older than me and worked for a

solicitor. The youngest in the family was Patrick William who was 5 years younger than me and when he grew up he had his own farm in Ohakune.

CHILDREN of MARY and PATRICK GOLDFINCH

Rose Patricia Goldfinch born 9 Sep 1910 married Bill Glass, no children

Elsie Catherine Goldfinch born 5 Mar 1909 married Colin Thomas

children Colin, Rose, Kay, James, Aden, Clare

Charles Vivian Goldfinch born 2 Apr 1912 married Zeta Frost

children Colleen, John, Vivienne, Margaret, Pamela, Patrick

Annie Grace Goldfinch (Nancy) born 3 May 1914 married Peter Rush

children Ann, Peter, Catherine

Evelyn Mary Goldfinch born 12 Oct 1924 married Henry Alfred Cavanagh

children Mary Ann (Sailor) Pauline, Peter, Patricia (Paddy)

Colleen, Henry (Harry)

Patrick William Goldfinch born 29 Mar 1929 married Elaine

Brody

children Christopher, Deborah, Erin

I attended Ohakune Convent school which was run by the Sisters of Saint Joseph who, although they were strict, were lovely to us. We started school at 9am until 12 midday when we went home for lunch. This was not a cooked meal as we had that in the evening. Then back to school from 1 to 3pm. We did not have all the interesting subjects taught in schools today, but basic arithmetic, reading and spelling. We also had to read a paragraph then answer questions about it to see if we had understood it, and this was called Comprehension. At school I was 'a bit of a dumb cluck from the word go' and was always a bit nervous about taking home my school report at the end of the year. We never misbehaved at school, and never expected to. We were expected to do as we were told without question.

Our school uniform for the girls was a navy gym slip with a white blouse and a Panama hat with a black and white ribbon round it. We wore black shoes, with socks in summer and black stockings in winter held up by elastic garters. When we were about 12 or 13 we wore a narrow black and white tie. The boys wore navy short trousers with a navy shirt and black and white tie. We had 3 sets of clothes; school uniform, church clothes and home clothes. On Sunday when we came home from church, or when we came home from school, we had to take off those clothes and put on our older home clothes. We had a bath only once a week so just had a wash on the other days.

All through school I was best friends with 3 other girls, Rose Punch, Doreen McDowell and Cath Curran and we always kept in touch after we left school. In fact, I went to visit Rose, who lives in Hamilton, in September 2009.

At school we played rounders which we played on the grass at morning playtime, or after we came back from having lunch at home. My Dad made us a bat and we used a tennis

ball. We had to hit the ball as hard as we could and run to the next base before anyone caught the ball and threw it to the base to get us out. It was very like baseball. We almost always only ever played any sport against each other at our school, but if occasionally we played another school it was on a Saturday morning, not in school time.

I was never in the Girl Guides and there were no other groups for us at church. We did not go away for holidays as a family, but once in the school holidays I went with Mum to Ohura to stay with Uncle Percy for a few days. Christmas was a happy time but not many presents. We always had one of Dad's socks to hang up and on Christmas morning there were little treats in it including a banana and an orange. I remember one Christmas I was given a metal spinning top with a handle to push down to make it spin round. I loved that spinning top. I had a few dolls but as they were made of a china-type of substance, before the days of plastic, they broke quite easily and Mum said I was too rough with them as I kept breaking their arms and legs.

One birthday when I was about 12 was a special time. We were asked to go to our neighbour who had a radio and while we were listening to it there was a special request played for me and they wished me a Happy Birthday. Then the radio announcer told me I had to go into my neighbour's living room and look on top of the piano. I did as I was told and there was a special present for me. It was a lovely picture of the Sacred Heart in a black frame, which was very special to me and I think I still have it somewhere.

All my schooling was at Ohakune Convent school which was a private school that my parents had to pay for and I left there when I was 16. My brother Pat went to the High School in Ohakune for a few years as although it was a public school it gave a better education in teaching more subjects.

My first job was in the bank at Ratahi. I had to write all the accounts into huge books called ledgers. At the end of the

day I had to balance all the debits and credits on a very big adding machine which had a big heavy handle to pull down each time I entered an account. We did not go out much in the evenings but because we lived near Waiouru army camp I was invited to go to a dance at the camp every weekend. I stayed in the bank for 4 years until I was 20 and started my nursing training in Taihape hospital which was a general hospital and did everything. I was there a year and met Harry Cavanagh. He was a sergeant in the army and as he had just returned from serving overseas in World War 2 he had to go to his nearest hospital for a health clearance. He was travelling to the hospital with his mother and father and the 2 young children they had adopted, when they were all injured in a car accident and all ended up in hospital for 2 weeks. I was working on the men's ward when Harry was admitted so that is how we met.

Harry's full name was Henry Alfred Cavanagh and he was born on 1 August 1919. Harry's parents lived at National Park as his father worked in a sawmill there. After Harry was discharged from hospital he would drive to Taihape in his car every 3 weeks or so, to see me. He had bought the car before he went into the Army, never realising when he sailed out of Wellington on the Aquitania that he would be away for as long as 4 years and 9 months, and his father had to store the car on the farm all that time. Before the war, Harry worked at a mill owned by Tuck Brothers at Oranui near Atiamuri earning the then excellent wage of seven pounds a week. He worked in the mill in the daytime and did the books at night, so with his good pay he was able to afford several new cars.

I did not have enough money to go home for my day off each week so only managed it once every 2 months or so. Our uniform was provided but we had to buy our stockings which cost sixpence a pair, and our shoes, which cost 12 shillings. We all lived in the nurses' home and had our meals cooked by Flo who was a fabulous cook. She used to fry bananas for us, and they were lovely.



Although Harry and I did not see each other very often we wrote to each other as there was no phone for us. Harry came to my 21st birthday party which my parents gave at my home. He collected me from the nurses' home in Taihape and drove me to my home in Ohakune. Mum and Dad gave me a beautiful Glory Box made from honeysuckle wood. Girls had these large boxes to store towels and bed linen in as they gradually collected them before their marriage. I learned to knit, but not crochet or sewing, and did not make things but was given towels, sheets and pillow slips to put in my box. Elsie and Rose made their things and Rose did lovely embroidery and crochet, and I am sure they gave me many things they had made. Rose was always good at sewing and sewed all my clothes for me.

When Harry and I decided to get married we were very nervous when the day came when Harry had to go and see my Dad to tell him he wanted to marry me. We were married on 22 April 1946 which was Easter Saturday. We had a Nuptial Mass at Ohakune. I wore a long, white silk wedding dress with a long veil and train, and carried a bouquet of flowers. My bridesmaid was my cousin Gladys Goldfinch who wore a long pink dress. Harry's best man was his older brother Arthur.

After the church service we went to Saint Joseph's church hall where we all enjoyed a cooked meal. We had about 40 or 50 people there and we ate meat and vegetables followed by a dessert, and then wedding cake. We went to Auckland for our honeymoon because Harry had a sister Gladys there and we stayed with her for about 4 days. We could not stay longer because Harry had to get back to work after the Easter break. As there were so many servicemen returning from the war it was difficult for people to find a house to rent but we were fortunate to rent a house belonging to the sawmill where Harry worked at Kakehe in the King Country. I did not go back nursing as it was not allowed once you were married. Our rent was 12 shillings and sixpence a week out of Harry's wages of 30 shillings a day. It cost 100 pounds to furnish the

two bedroom house and Harry paid for it in cash. That included lounge, bedroom and dining suites, lino and curtains. The toilet was a long drop out the back. Living in the back country was no hardship for me as a young bride as I was a country girl and loved it. At one time, later on, I even drove a logging truck for Harry. In those days it was one log at a time, all native timber.

After several months there we shifted to Apiti in the Rangitikei where Harry part-owned a mill. It was there that we got our first washing machine and refrigerator. The machine was a great improvement on the copper and washing tubs I had used to wash for the family as by then we had Mary Ann who we called Sailor, and our first set of twins, Peter and Pauline. When we were expecting our first baby people asked what we were going to name it, and Harry always said that no matter if it was a boy or a girl he was going to call it Sailor. Harry had an impossible job to get a washing machine and had his name down on waiting lists all over the place, in Dannevirke, Palmerston North and Feilding. Then one day when he was in Ohakune he saw a machine outside a dealer's shop and could not believe his luck, so he went straight in and bought it for about 25 pounds. He put it in the back of his A40 Austin car and took it home, but it did not work so he had to take it apart and reassemble it. It gave good service for about 10 years.

In 1955 we shifted the mill to Feilding and in 1960 we moved to Rotorua where for 6 years we ran the Blue Lake Holiday Camp. By then we had Patricia who we called Paddy, and our next set of twins, Colleen and Harry. We built a boat in the big shed on the Holiday Camp and called it the Mary Ann. We had it for many years before selling it to a man in Auckland. We had another boat built in Tauranga in the late 1970's because Harry loved going out to sea fishing. I never really liked it, preferring to have my feet on land, but went with Harry to support him. I enjoyed the achievement of catching a Marlin once, and another time a very big tuna, but otherwise I did not like the sea, especially when the weather

was rough.

Sailor got married to Des in Rotorua when we were living at Blue Lake. Des came from Te Puke but had a boat which he brought to Blue Lake for fishing. He often came into our shop and met Sailor there. Peter and Pauline both got married in 1971. I remember it was 1971 because that was the year I had to have a hysterectomy. Paddy, and Harry and Colleen all got married when we lived in Feilding. Of our elder twins, Pauline was born first, and of the younger ones, Colleen was born first. Straight after Colleen was born and while we were waiting for the next baby to be born there was a bit of a delay so I said, "It's OK. Leave it there and I'll have it next time." It seems silly now to think of it, but I must have been worn out at the time.

When choosing names for our babies Harry said he did not care what we called our first baby because whether it was a boy or girl he would call the baby Sailor because he loved sailing. We chose Peter and Pauline just because we liked those names. Peter's second name is James and he has a cousin called James. Pauline was given the middle name Mary after my mother, but on her birth certificate it was wrongly spelled as May. Paddy was named Patricia Rose after my eldest sister who was Rose Patricia. Harry is Henry Alfred the same as his Dad and Colleen May, we just liked the name.

CHILDREN of EV and HARRY CAVANAGH All born in Feilding

Mary Ann born 15 Oct 1947 called Sailor married Desmond

Pauline Mary born 7 Jul 1950 married Ray Toy, divorced, then married Elwyn Pirie

Peter James born 7 Jul 1950 married Carol Patton then divorced

Patricia Rose born 19 Sep 1955 called Paddy, married Brian Clare, then Murray Brown

Colleen May born 12 Apr 1958 Married Stuart KcKay

Henry Alfred born 12 Apr 1958 called Harry married Jan Goldsack

After the manager at the Feilding mill was killed we returned to Feilding in the late 1960's and bought a 1 acre section in Prince Street. We lived in a cottage on the section while we had a new brick-faced house built next to it.

In 1970 David and Olive Redmond moved from Wellington to the 1 acre section next to ours in Prince Street. They had emigrated from England in 1967. Olive was a nurse and worked at Dr Barnes' surgery a couple of streets from home in Sandilands Street, so would come home for lunch on her bike. She was new to bike riding and wobbled quite a bit and Harry took great delight in standing on the front porch calling out to her to watch where she was going, which made her wobble even more. In May 1971 David and Olive adopted a baby boy, Owen, and as all the grandparents lived in England I asked if I could be Owen's Nana, which was accepted very gladly. Olive had contracted a serious lung virus while in Auckland 3 years before and was told a side effect was possible inability to have children, but 2 years after Owen was born she gave birth to Craig, and later in 1978 to Scott, who died the day after birth, and then to Fraser in 1979.

In August 1970 Olive and I went to cake icing classes at Feilding Ag (Agricultural high school) in the evenings. Also my niece Anne Darragh, nee Rush, who lived round the corner in Sandilands Street, and Judy, another neighbour from Prince Street went with us, and we laughed all the way there and back. There were a dozen ladies in the class but our little group of four had the best time. Not much cake icing got done, but lots of jokes and chatter. Jokes like, Where do you get pure virgin wool from? From the ewe that runs the

fastest. The teacher got annoyed with us as she was sure we were wasting her time and not learning. For the final night she told us each to bring a cake we had iced at home and she would judge it to see whether we had been paying attention. We worked hard all week on our cakes and when she saw them she was so surprised at how good they were she really was speechless.

Harry liked his budgies and had several of them over the years. One was called Bluey and another called Chico. Harry tamed his budgies completely and loved to have them sit on his shoulder and take food from his mouth.

In 1973 we sold the house in Prince Street, Feilding, and moved back into the cottage next door while we had another brick-faced house built in Monmouth Street. We had bought a 3 bedroom house in Tauranga in the early 1970's so we could have holidays and weekends there. For several years we drove the 5 hour journey there every Friday after school and work to stay the weekend, returning Sunday night. The children had something to eat when they got home from school, and I packed sandwiches for us to eat on the way, so that as soon as Harry arrived home from work we could set off.

There was a section in front of the house in Tauranga with a little house on it and a hedge all round it. A builder had bought it intending to build units but he ran out of money so we bought it. We had known Ben White a builder in Feilding for many years and knew his wife was ill so we asked if he would like to live in the house so his wife could recuperate and at the same time build our new house and we would help with all the heavy work. It took 18 months to build our new home in Tauranga and then Ben and his wife moved back to Feilding.

In 1981 Harry sold the sawmill to Fletcher Challenge and we moved to Tauranga permanently. As far back as 1956 we had a holiday home in Mount Maunganui. We had a house built

on Marine Parade for 6200 pounds because this was before New Zealand changed to dollars. It was about \$12,000 and it sold in 1995 for \$400,000.

In May 1982 Harry and I went on a world tour, mainly going to European countries like Greece, Germany and Italy, where we visited Monte Cassino, in Italy, where Harry was a soldier in the 24th Infantry Battalion in World War 2. We also went on to America and up through Canada.

We bought a motorhome and travelled all over New Zealand. We absolutely loved going all round the South Island which we found to be a different type of country altogether from the North Island. We had 3 or 4 different motor homes over the years and went on some wonderful trips overseas, hiring motorhomes in the different countries we visited.

In 1992 We went to America and to Canada on the West Coast. We hired a motorhome there and travelled all around that area and had a great trip, but I could not understand why Harry wanted to go somewhere so far away and for such a long time, nearly 3 months. For that long time we had to take all Harry's medication for heart trouble and diabetes and I was worried we would be picked up for drug smuggling, so I got our doctor to write a note to take with us. I was homesick a lot of the time and felt a long way from home and from the kids.

We went through Georgia, USA, and got to Anchorage, Alaska on 2 June 1992, then to Dawson City where we panned for gold. They had boardwalks for footpaths on the streets of Anchorage and Dawson city because the ground was frozen all the year round. We saw bears and many other interesting things. Then on to Vancouver Island. We reached Calgary on 6 July 1992 where Harry went to a Rotary Breakfast meeting where they were entertained by the cast of the show Phantom of the Opera. Harry was delighted about that and also enjoyed the Stampede they had in Calgary. On 9 July we went to Honolulu and then flew home.

## ***Mere Dixon speaking about her Maori childhood over a century ago***

*Childhood Memories of Rangihoto Wi Teoka Dixon but always known as Mere, born 11th January, 1904, written in 1974 by Olive Redmond. Mere Dixon was a member of the church in Feilding, the aunty of Olive's good friend Noeline, and the great-aunt of Jeanette Te Rangī. She was sad because she wanted to write something of her life story but did not know how to do it so she came to our house a few times and talked about it, and Olive wrote it down.*

I was born in a farmhouse in Clevedon, near Papakura, Auckland. My grandfather was Chief of the Ngati te Reo tribe and won all his battles from Auckland up past Whangarei, so he won all the land in that area. He owned the land Auckland stands on. My grandfather's name was Heteraka Takapuna born about 1820 and Takapuna in Auckland was named after him. The Government took the land and was going to pay \$1 an acre for it but my father, Wiremu Heteraka Wi Teoka, would not take that as he wanted more than just that for his family. This situation is still in conflict, but my immediate family is not getting involved in it.

In 1909 when I was five years old we moved out of the farmhouse. The farm had been leased to a Pakeha, a European, and he wanted the house. In those days Maori didn't argue about it, but just moved out. We built a little Maori hut with a mud floor, nikau roof and punga or raupo walls. The nikau was plaited to keep the rain out and the mud was as smooth as cement. There were several of these huts put together with a separate room made of timber walls

and corrugated iron roof for the kitchen/dining room. Up against one wall was an open fire with a piece of corrugated iron fixed to the wall as a chimney. All the cooking was done on this fire and often there would be nine or ten people crowded around the area near the fire. Sometimes the cooking pots would rest on two metal bars low over the fire, and sometimes the pot would hang over the fire from a hook on a metal or wooden bar high across the fire. We cooked bread in the ground by digging a hole and lighting a fire using manuka wood to give a good heat. Then we would put the bread dough into an iron oven and lower it into the hot ashes, covering it with more hot ashes. A couple of hours later, or less, the bread would be cooked.

For our food we were mostly self-supporting. We grew our own vegetables - kumara, potatoes, taro, pumpkin, watermelon, and collected puha and watercress from the swampland round about. We had plenty of fruit growing wild - pears, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes, peaches, cherries and plums. We had kiwis, weka, quail, pheasants, and in the bush nearby, wild pigeon and wild pork. So the living then was really good compared with today. We had everything we needed. The swamp was at the back of our house and the Hauraki Gulf was at the front so we caught plenty of fish of all kinds with fishing lines and nets and spears. We enjoyed the sport of fishing with a line or spear better than a net, but needed a large net to catch the fish by the hundreds for hui. We also collected a lot of seaweed from the beach.

We had plenty of sport riding horses and running, and played games. The grannies, mothers and children all skipped with a rope together. The grandfathers and fathers made spinning tops and would race them with the children. We also enjoyed "Hop, step and jump" and jumping over hurdles.

My father got a good rent from his lands and about every six months he and my mother went into Auckland city, about 30 miles away, by steamboat, and bought flour, sugar, and

cabin-bread by the tonne. They bought it back on the steamboat and then by horse-drawn sledge back to the house. If my parents were only away for the day-trip sometimes we children would go with them. Cabin-bread came in great big boxes and was similar to cream crackers, but harder. We thought it a great luxury.

Our parents bought dress materials by the roll and made our clothes with a sewing machine. To get in the fashion we had to take our material to a nearby farm, because they made more fancy clothes than my mother, who just made us plain dresses with a frill round the bottom. Our underwear was always flannelette in winter and cotton in summer. Auckland seemed warmer in those days, maybe because the bush around protected it. There didn't seem to be as much rain then either, because we were forever watering the kumera as there wasn't enough rain. We had a big spring a few yards away from the house and got all our water from there, carrying it in buckets. We went swimming every day in the sea, so we never stayed very dirty, and didn't often have a bath. We had a tin tub hanging on the wall which would be carried into the living room and filled with warm water, and we would bathe in that.

Girls wore mid calf-length dresses with a frill from knee to mid-calf. Collars and cuffs were trimmed with lots of lace and the cuff also had a frill on it. Under the dress we wore a petticoat of cotton in summer and flannel in winter, and longish underpants which buttoned round the waist instead of having elastic in them.

Little boys wore dresses too until the age of three or four years. It was easier to change their nappies this way, and dresses were easier to fit on a baby than trousers. Old worn parts of blankets were cut up for use over the nappies and the edges of these squares were crocheted. Old sheets and flannelette were cut up for nappies.

Older boys in our family had their coats and trousers bought

for them as my mother was not very good at sewing thick materials, but she made their shirts and underwear. The people at the farm-house nearby made my thick coats. They loved me and wanted to adopt me, but as I was the only girl, my sister having died, my father wouldn't part with me. I was well looked after by everyone and even had handmaids, but I preferred to do things for myself, and as soon as my family went out I'd try cooking and baking. A lot of it went wrong and I wasted a lot of food, but I wanted to learn for myself. My parents tried to keep me home and "make a lady out of me" but I used to sneak out when I was about 12 years old and go out with the other girls and get up to mischief.

Housework was quite a simple matter. The woven flax mats were taken outside and shaken, and the dust swept off the floors with a manuka brush. Several twigs would be cut from the manuka tree and tied together to form the brush. The washing was done outside in the wash-house. Coloured clothes were washed in cold water on a washing-board with soap in the tub, or pounded on a board with soap. Cotton, linen and white clothes were boiled in the copper.

The gospel was most important in our family life. We had prayers at about 7am and 7pm every day. In summer we got up earlier than that and got some of our work done, but in winter it was dark and difficult to get out of bed, and we would often run into prayers with a blanket around us. My father always conducted the prayer meeting at home. We always had the same song each morning which was about getting up bright and the blessings would be ours. The evening songs were usually different, and if there was someone ill in the house we would choose a song appropriate to that person's sickness. My father would read the Bible and the book of Mormon in Maori to us. We had a good understanding of Maori in those days but were stopped from speaking it at school.

About once every two weeks my father held a prayer meeting in the Maori meetinghouse about two miles away, and the

whole tribe came. This was how the people in the tribe eventually joined the Church because they respected my father and his example and the good work he did. It was not because they were forced to join the Church. We had different songs then and prayers, and the missionary elders came too. While they were there the members of the tribe did not smoke, but as soon as the elders went they rushed for their pipes and cigarettes. My father and mother smoked a pipe occasionally, but it did not have tobacco in it - it was made instead from a certain dried leaf.

The houses around us were about two miles apart and I used to visit the people about once a week in the evening, with my cousin who was my father's sister's son. My aunt was also a very strong member of the Church and so was my cousin. This was like Visiting Teaching. We used to walk for miles, often stumbling along the rough tracks or over fields in the dark, but we enjoyed visiting the people and sharing the gospel teachings with them.

I was the only girl amongst nine boys so I had no sisters to play with. There were other girls around but they were not interested in the gospel and were different from me, so I never had real girlfriends until I was grown up and met other girls who were interested in the gospel.

Long ago a Maori prophet, Pauro Te Potangaroa had said to his people that they should not believe any church until they saw people coming from the east, two by two, to tell them about the Church and that would be the church to join. My father often read the scripture to us from Matthew 24 about the gospel being preached to all people in all nations, and that there would be wars and rumours of wars, and then Jesus would come to the earth again. When the missionaries came in twos he knew this was the right church to join.

The missionary elders came every six months or so and such was the example of my father that although he never asked anyone to join the Church, when the elders came there were

always ten to twenty people asking to be baptised. I could not be baptised until I was fourteen years old as the seas were always too rough when the Elders came to baptise me. After I was baptised I was given a blessing by Elder Matthew Cowley who was a great friend of ours.

*The above life-story was written, as dictated by Mere Dixon, during her visits to our home in Feilding, September 1974 to February 1975. Olive Redmond*

## **Maia Hamon speaking about her Maori childhood about a century ago**

*Part of the childhood memories of Maia Hamon written by Olive Redmond in 1992. Maia was married to famous New Zealand artist Rei Hamon and we met him at his studio where he sold his paintings, while we were on holiday in Thames. We needed some information we had seen in his studio about the plant Kumerahou. We wanted to know where to get Kumerahou to heal Craig's eczema and visited them at their home one evening. We spent an hour with Rei explaining to David, Craig and Fraser the meaning of the paintings around the walls of their living room, while Olive sat and listened to Maia talking about her Maori childhood. Olive asked if Maia would like to have written down what she had talked about and she was delighted to have that done for her.*

Shortly after his 1st marriage a close relative died. Rei and his new bride accepted the responsibility of becoming the parents of the orphans. Some years later his wife caught typhoid and died while nursing a sick child after a disastrous flood. Eventually Rei re-married. His new wife was a shy, beautiful young Maori widow. She became a warm and loving mother to her instant family of ten children. Together, she and Rei had four more children, in addition to many foster children they cared for later. Eventually the Hamons became parents to thirty-one children, most of them orphans or foster children.

Rei had injured his back while working as a forestry worker and turned to drawings of the trees, birds and other wild life

he had worked among. Utilizing a self-taught style of pointillism, which is drawings made up entirely of dots, his familiarity with the flora and fauna of the bush grew from the time that he worked in the forests of the Urewera area. In 1976 his lithograph Jewels of Okarito was presented to Queen Elizabeth II by the New Zealand Government on the occasion of a state visit. Rei Hamon was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire for services to art in the 1981 New Year Honours.

Maia explained about one incident in her life. She said ...

When I was born I was the 13th child and was brought up by my grandparents from when I was 3 months old. They looked after me really well and were the only parents I ever knew as I only saw my birth parents a few times. When I was 13 my grandfather died and later my grandmother died, and I was sent back to live with my birth parents. It was very difficult settling back into their home as I had brothers and sisters I did not know and it was hard being accepted by them into the family.

Times were hard as it was the mid 1930's and the middle of the Depression. The government allowed us only 250g butter and 1 and half kg sugar a week for a family. We grew vegetables in the garden and kept a herd of cows. We had to milk them all by hand and the cream was sent off to be sold.

I had not been with my parents long when I was given the job of taking the cream churn on its journey. I was only 14 and had to go on horseback many miles, crossing 3 rivers. There had been a lot of rain and the rivers were all in flood making it a very dangerous journey. My mother was worried and told my father he should not let me do this journey, but my father said it had to be done as selling the cream was our only way to earn money. My mother pleaded with my father not to make me go but he said, "She knows what to do," which meant that I had been taught to pray and ask for help.

I started on my journey and the horse had to find his own

way along the track through the bush as there were no roads. The track was slippery mud after all the rain we had had. When I got to the first river there was a causeway to go across but you could not see it as the river was in flood. There was a pole on each bank and by lining up the poles I knew roughly where to cross. I was very scared and sat on my horse a long time before plucking up courage to cross the river. Then I prayed and asked for the help I needed to do it. I pushed the horse forward and he started off. I clung on to the cream churn which was balanced on a lump of wool sacking on the front of the saddle. Somehow we made it across the river with the horse only foundering once as he neared the other bank. I gave thanks to God for the help I had been given. Then we rode on through the bush and the rain.

When we came to the next river it was even deeper and I did not think we could cross it, but I knew my parents were depending on me to get the cream delivered for sale, so I lined up the posts and had a prayer and urged my horse into the river. The horse stumbled on the stones in the river and there was a lot of debris of tree trunks and branches floating down the river making it even more hazardous, but eventually we struggled across and once again I gave thanks for my safety.

I rode on through the bush holding on to the cream churn in front of me on the saddle until I came to the third river. Not only was the river in full flood but it was where the river met the sea and it was high tide. The river was so dangerous I did not see how I could possibly cross it, and sat on my horse for a long time worrying about it and crying. I saw people on the other side of the river, just dots in the distance over a kilometre away. I did not know it then but they were waving and shouting and warning me not to cross the river.

I knew my parents needed me to deliver the cream so we would get the money we desperately needed and this was the only thing that spurred me on. I prayed, asking for help as I



did not see how I could cross the river under my own strength. Then I urged my horse on. As we plunged into the river my horse disappeared from under me as we had fallen into a deep part of the river and the horse went completely under. We were swept away downstream and I thought all was lost. Then, amazingly, my horse floated to the surface just in front of me and I grabbed him by the tail. Even more amazing was that the cream churn rushed along near me and I grabbed it with one hand while I held on to the horse's tail with the other. The horse swam across the river and kept kicking me to try and make me let go of his tail, but I hung on.

Then another danger occurred. A huge manuka tree was surging down the river and looked as if it would ram into us. The people on the riverbank told us later that they were very worried as they were sure it was going to hit us and that would be the end of us, but at the last minute it was swept away by the current and just missed us.

At last I could feel the horse putting his hooves on the stones of the riverbed and I knew the water was not so deep. I managed to clamber up on to his back again, still holding on to my cream churn, and that was how we struggled across the rest of the river. When we reached the other side of the river lots of people came running to help us. It turned out that some of them were my aunty and cousins. They had been trying to warn me not to cross and were frantic with worry while I was in the river as they were sure I would be swept away and drowned. They took me home with them and my aunty phoned a message to my father saying I could not go home till the floods had gone down in a few days as it was far too dangerous for me to go back on the homeward journey.

## ***Maori prophecy***

Maori Prophecy about Missionaries coming to New Zealand.

Among the Maori people of New Zealand there were many sages, believed to have the gift of prophecy. Several prophecies were made that seemed to foretell the coming of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This is the story of one of those prophecies.

In 1881 a convention was held for representatives of the Ngati Kahungunu tribe. At the convention leaders of that tribe discussed the problems that were important to their people. One of those problems was how to know which church was right. Many were persuaded by Christianity, and many Christian religions had sent their missionaries, but this caused confusion to the people. Mormon missionaries had taught people in New Zealand for nearly 30 years but mainly Europeans. There were now so many churches that the Maori people were confused and asked which one they should join.

The leaders discussed and debated this question at great length. Finally it was proposed that the question be addressed to the wisest and most learned of the chiefs, Paora Potangaroa. He retired from the people and spent three days in meditation, fasting and prayer. When he returned to the convention he told the people that 'The church for the Maori people has not yet come among us. You will recognise it when it comes. Its missionaries will travel in pairs. They will come from the rising sun in the east. They will visit with us in our homes. They will learn our language and teach us the gospel in our own tongue. When they pray they will raise their right hands.'

Before Paora Potangaroa continued his prophecy, a scribe was called to record it. The scribe was named Ranginui Kingi. Chief Potangaroa continued his prophecy naming years when the things he prophesied would come to pass, beginning with the first year, that very year of 1881, when the true gospel would come, followed by years when they would learn gospel principles and receive sealing ordinances. He named many other details, such as that the people shall be taught they are lost sheep of the house of Israel, that the missionaries would come from across the ocean and they would come from 'the sacred church with a large wall surrounding it'. A drawing of the 'all-seeing eye' was drawn on the document. The document was dated 16 March 1881.

To commemorate Potangaroa's prophecy and the writing of it, a cement monument was erected at the historic meeting house where the convention was held. The document was placed in the monument.

That year, 1881, just as Potangaroa had prophesied, the first of the Latter-day Saint missionaries to the Maori people, Elder William M. Bromley of Springville, Utah, arrived among the Maori people. Great numbers of the Ngati Kahungunu tribe and other Maori people joined the Church.

Just over 50 years later in 1929 members of a group called the Ratana church broke apart the cement monument to obtain the recorded prophecy, hoping they would find it to apply to themselves. The prophecy had not been hermetically sealed and the paper had, as a result, disintegrated into nothing. It was gone.

In 1944 Matthew Cowley was presiding over the New Zealand Mission. He attended a conference of the Church in the Ngatikahungunu region. At the conference an elderly member of the church, Eriata Nopera, told of his being present, 63 years before as a youth, at the convention of the leaders of the Ngati Kahungunu tribe in 1881. He told of hearing the prophecies of Potangaroa foretelling the coming

of the Church to the Maori people. At the end of the conference a Maori sister asked her husband to go to their house quickly and bring back a package in brown paper which had been stored for many years at the bottom of her trunk. The husband returned and his wife unrolled the brown wrapping paper, presenting the contents to the elderly Brother Nopera.

At the time of the tribal convention in 1881 there was a photographer living in the nearby town of Masterton. Having heard of the writing of the prophecy, the photographer had asked permission to come and photograph it. Permission was granted. It was this photograph, over 60 years old, preserved and passed down through a Maori family as a sacred possession, that was presented to Brother Nopera, who turned it over to President Cowley. Long thought lost, the document was preserved as a testimony for today.

From Maori Prophecy

Proof