

# Life Story of Herbert J. Ludwig

By Herbert J. Ludwig

Born: Zwickau Sachsen, March 14, 1907, Zwickau, Marienthal, Saxony Germany

Blessed: May 22, 1907 by Adam Q. Keller

Baptized: Ernest Ackermann

Confirmed: August 12, 1915 by Paul Glave May 12, 1915

## Priesthood Ordinations

Deacon - Paul Richard Ludwig 18 March 1923

Teacher - Helmuth A. Moeller 5 August 1928

Priest - William Ludwig 20 January 1929

Elder - George S. Romney 30 August 1931

Seventy - Rubon S. Wells 27 September 1940

High Priest - Leo Vett Anderson 7 January 1957

## Married

Cecelia Friederika Diekers 8 August 1931 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin by Myrthen N. Moon. Endowed in Salt Lake City, Utah in the Salt Lake Temple, 2 April 1936 and sealed for Time and all Eternity on the same day to Cecelia F. Diekers

## Patriarchal Blessing

By Frank Woodbury 3 April 1936

## Mission Call

Departed for Mission to West Germany 16 April 1936

Returned home October 1938

## Special Appointments

Presiding Elder in Mission

## Important Events

Trade School, Continuation School

Vocational School, Milwaukee

Trained in Stationary Engineering Embroidery

Six Year of training in Orthopedics, Chicago 1941-46

Chorister of Milwaukee Sunday School for 5 years

Set apart as Temple Ordinance Worker 19 March, 1957, Salt Lake Temple  
Moved to Leeds, Utah 1 May 1961  
Served as First and Second Councilor in Leeds with Bishop Walter Eager  
Attended Dixie College 1 year and attended the College of Southern Utah for 3 years  
and taught at CSU for 11 years

## FAMILY

My Father - Paul Richard Ludwig

My Mother - Anna Maria Weber

My birthday, 14 March 1907, in Zwickau Sachsen on the third floor. It was a nice area on a nice street, however, not quite the place for a large family. Zwickau was an industrial city of 70,000 inhabitants. Coal mines, machine shops, weaving and spinning, plus textile manufacturing. Beautiful hilly country.

On one side of the building was a lovely meadow with a beautiful stream below. My old brothers, Otto, Kurt and Paul were assigned to watch me in the wagon while they played and had a good time. Once Paul forgot about me and let me roll down the hill into the stream. Paul caught me before it was too late. The boys were always assigned to watch over me. I don't believe that they enjoyed it too much because I kept them busy.

My memory goes back to Marienthalerstrasse, a respectable neighborhood. Most of the buildings were tenant houses with about 8-10 dwellings or flats. As a very small boy, I remember that everyone in the family took good care of me. In spite of the fact that we were comfortable, we had a hard row to hoe. Father, like most of the tradesmen, was well underpaid (as was the practice in the country where 75% of the workers were poor, 15% middle class and 10% wealthy) and carried a heavy yoke. Under those conditions, my parents with a large family adapted well to their lot.

When I entered school, I could read quite well because the boys took me along to town and I always made them answer my every question, such as reading signs on the windows of the stores, etc.

My brothers always were responding, but quite slow doing so. They knew they had to satisfy curiosity. The result was that I could read when I started attending school.

Generally speaking, my brothers loved me and were very kind to me.

Since we were all the boys of the family, we enjoyed life not knowing the problems the parents had with the landlord who made life hard for us. Our Mother was always worried because the landlord had in mind to raise the rent which was a problem for us. My mother hoped to convince my Father to quit paying tithing so we could meet the demands of the landlord. Dad's response was "no matter what we do we would get kicked out of the house." Mother did not pay attention until our Dad finally gave in, but warned her of the consequences. The result was everyone of the children became sick

and we had to move. Dad knew it was the hand of the Lord which made itself manifest.

My Dad won the battle and again paid tithing which restored the children to good health. After this experience, we moved to Reichenbacherstrasse, into a nice building on the third floor. This place was like paradise...clean, peaceful and a beautiful area for us children to play in perfect peace. Otto, Kurt, and Paul made their own way from home to ease Father's burdens. Elsa and Klara found employment in Berlin in order to make a living...which made it easier for our parents to manage the house with only four children left at home.

## MY FATHER

My Father was an outstanding man in more than one way. He had to serve three years in the German cavalry, which was sometimes more like living in hell from what he told us. All the recruits had to line up on the grounds for instruction. When all the instruction was behind them they were told to head for the stables to pick out a horse. Since my Dad was small in size, he was well behind the larger, taller soldiers to get the kind of horse he could choose. Because of that he was left with a larger horse which caused many problems. It was hard for a man of his size to mount the big horse.

Once they were ordered to cross a stream and go to the depth of the stream, it became very dangerous. The commanding officer told them if they would lose their hold, they should grab the tail of the horse which would save them. This, however, did not always work out for the best. The result meant, they ended up in the great beyond. That is an example of what the German army was like. Once when my Father was on maneuvers, in the presence of the Kaiser, a horse shook off it's commanding officer. At another time while on maneuvers, my Dad's jacket began to split in the seam on the back. This could be followed by punishment although my Dad was not aware of it. The Captain got his hand in the seam and tore it wide open. That was life in the German army.

My Dad loved animals. He treated his horse like a friend by having candy on hand which the horse indeed loved.

One of my uncles who also served in the army was treated worse than a dog. When he was on leave, his next chance, he would shoot the Captain. It stirred up his mother so much that she pleaded him not to do it.

My brother Kurt got the same treatment as a prisoner of war by the French army. His crime was taking a handful of grain from a rail car because he was hungry.

As a gunner, he always did his best to avoid shooting at civilians.

The Lord walked by my families side day and night. My brother, Otto, served in World War I. My brother, Kurt, served in both World War I and World War II. Both Otto and Kurt returned home alive in spite of the destruction they faced. By living up to their promises to keep the commandments the Lord blessed and protected them from all manner of evil and harm.

Our Father was our guide with the help of the Lord. He preached the message of the gospel every chance he had, both to the rich and the poor. Even on the job at noon after he finished his lunch, he would climb on top of the workbench and preach for a half

hour.

My Father was a great man. He took care of his family. Whenever I wanted something like a sword or a shield, he made it with the permission of his boss. (Father was a black smith). No matter what it was, it was first class...so much so, the people were amazed.

The sword my father made was stolen within the first few weeks I had it. My father also made me a sled. This sled was made of heavy iron and was the fastest sled in town. The other kids had wooden sleds which often times didn't last the winter. However my sled was the envy of the community, at least among the kids. We wailed down the hill as fast as lightening and it took us twice the time to get back up the hill for the next ride.

Sunday mornings, my father would knock on people's doors to try and reach them with the teachings of the restored gospel. It so happened, that one time while he was preaching, a mad dog jumped at him. This did not discourage my father, but strengthened him in his convictions in teaching the restored gospel. Such is life sometimes, if we try to bring the restored gospel to mankind.

Of the five boys that grew to manhood, I was the youngest and have vivid recollections of many events of my life in general. All the boys were a well behaved bunch. In our younger years in Germany we knew discipline! Without it we were out of luck in the rough and tumbled world.

Of the five boys, William was quite different from the rest. William was blessed with a good mind--he was tops in everything he laid his hands on and succeeded well in meeting the challenges of life. Most of the time as I knew him, he was very reserved, something of a loner. William did not bother anyone, and even though he was well liked by all people, one could hardly guess what moved him inside.

William attended a school of language in Zwickau, our home town, to study English. The doctor, also the owner of the school, had this to say about William, "William is an extraordinary student--speaking practically like a native without an accent." All in all the doctor commented about things that were not an every day occurrence. William never capitalized on being praised, he was humble.

I remember William being able to play the organ, he could play all the church hymns. I don't know how he learned how to play since I never saw him take lessons. He was also a good soccer player. We would often go to the nice open space in the park and start a game of soccer. Some of the older boys had earned money and bought a soccer ball. Sometimes even the missionaries would come over when they saw us play. We could make a bet that when William was on our team we would win. The others would walk away disgusted because they could not win.

During World War I, we all suffered very much because of a great food shortage. Instead of having good, nourishing food, there were many substitutes. William had to work in a foundry--which was very hard work. He was grossly undernourished, so the government gave him special prescriptions to boost his intake. Undernourishment was the reason he was not drafted to go to war.

In 1923, William was called on a mission to Southern Germany, with neither purse nor

script. To understand this one has to realize that Germany was deep in runaway inflation. Inflation which seemed to never end. One silver mark was equal to 25 cents in American money, and that was inflated into billions. An illustration: As I was employed in the Engineering Department of Schuman, builder of railway cars, I earned 30 billion marks in a month. Twice a month the office employees got paid. So I received 15 billion marks in paper money which bought two loaves of bread. All that paper money was more than I could get into my coat pocket. Had I waited until the next day to buy the bread I would have gotten only one loaf. Under these conditions William left home into the unknown as far as money was concerned. He told us that he even slept in a chicken coop once.

William no doubt filled a good mission and as a reward he was given money to go to Zion at the Church's expense--to New York. Another problem was that he needed an additional \$100.00 to come to Utah. Brother Ackermann trusted him with the money until he was able to repay him. William was instrumental in helping us come to America from Germany. He found people who would loan us the money for the passage which we paid back in full.

## GERMANY

My recollection of the world I was born into. My memory goes back to 1909, at which time I knew my father, my mother and everyone in the family, but three who died in infancy. I remember the surroundings, a beautiful pasture adjoined with a creek at the bottom, a nice playground. Father worked as a blacksmith at Hoffman and Zinkeisen where they built steam engines. We lived on the fourth floor in a small flat with nine children.

I remember Hildegard landing on this earth on March 15, 1910. Our parents had already embraced the gospel in 1909 after searching for the truth for some time. My father told us when the missionaries came knocking on our door it was a total miracle! My mother answered the door. As was the custom in those days, mothers attended to the needs in the house. Her most sacred duty was rearing the children. The men had to work 10-12 hours a day. By the end of the week, they were very tired. When the missionaries tried to explain what the Gospel was about, mother told them they could come back on Sunday and talk to her husband. Since father was looking for the truth, he recognized it without any difficulty. What a glorious day it was for the entire family! The Lord's spirit guided us throughout our lives and the daily burdens became lighter to bare. We knew too well that in order to enjoy the Lord's blessings, we have to respond by making sacrifices.

Father was a real stalwart. He immediately walked in the Lord's footsteps by living the Gospel. Mother was also in full compliance. Her task was mainly to attend to the duties of homemaking and to rear a good family. There was real love and harmony among us in spite of the hard life we lived due to circumstances. There was a time when our mother, bent by everyday burdens, insistently suggested to our father we stop paying tithing. He finally consented to do so. However, he also responded by saying that we

would be told by the landlord to move whether we paid tithing or not, because of the many children that he hardly tolerated. The result was that the children got sick which increased the burdens on the family.

Another story happened one day when the older brothers wanted to play outside in the meadow. Mother gave permission with the condition they would watch me in the baby carriage. The meadow was at an incline and at the bottom was a swollen creek. The boys had such a great time playing that they forgot all about time. The carriage rolled down the hill into the creek. This was the first time that the Lord protected me from death.

After all that happened on Marienthalerstrasse and because of the prejudice against children, the Lord blessed us in finding a nice flat on Reichenbacherstrasse, across from a lovely nursery and a huge clay pit in the rear. The pit was a beautiful playground for boys. With track of steel for the lorries to move on, the setting was perfect for us boys. We had to be very careful not to get our hands into the turntable which would have meant disaster. The place was also just a twenty minute walk from the house to the factory where Dad worked. It all was lovely.

In the winter it was usually quite cold with a lot of snow. At one time by brother, Paul had no shoes to wear and so did not go to school. The truant officer appeared and wanted to know why Paul was not in school. The answer was he had no shoes, and Dad retorted, "I have no money to buy any." One of our missionaries seemed to find out of my parent's dilemma and offered to take Paul to Zion where he would be well cared for and later could return home. Dad, however, could not accept the offer for reasons we could well understand.

Life for our parents was a struggle. It was still very hard because of the lack of money. Germany was a monarchy and there was no freedom of religion or otherwise. There was only two churches, Catholic and Protestant. They wielded real power, whereas all other churches had no recognition and were called sects. Our church, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was one of them. It was mainly persecuted by the state. The missionaries often had to hide from the secret police. Thorough it all we were quite a happy family, since we had the restored gospel in our lives. After a few years in Reichenbacherstrasse, we moved to Jacobstrasse at the foot of the Windberg. Mother had passed away after a year of suffering with cancer. Because of that, it was usually up to Elsa, our oldest sister to take care of the home. She was young and inexperienced, so Father had a hard row to hoe. For me, it was not too bad. I had a few good friends. I loved the outdoors and had a lot of fun. Of course, I had to first attend to a few chores before I could play. Our landlord, Mr. Jacob owned a factory where they manufactured kitchen ranges and other appliances. Jacob's son, Siegfried, was one of my playmates. He was a lovely boy as was Mrs. Jacob.

I often played with Siegfried in his playroom or we went down the street to his grandmother's home who lived in a farm house with a creek and barns. Both of us boys had good times there.

Otto, Kurt and Paul (during their growing up years) found work after school to take

pressure away from our parents. The Gospel was our refuge from the storm. Without the Lord, we would have been bankrupt. As Otto reached his 21<sup>st</sup> year, he had to report for two years of service in the army./ We kept doing what was right and kept pushing ahead with the eternal goal in sight.

Father, in the meantime, worked in a foundry in Grosen as a blacksmith, it was about four miles from home. Since he had to walk the four miles twice a day, six days a week it was a real burden for him.

Our home was not far from Windberg--a small mountain 1,000 feet high with the most beautiful forest where we youngsters played games, etc. The circumstances under which we had to live, left much to be desired, had it not been that we had the restored gospel, it would have been very hard.

Dad related to us a number of experiences that are still fresh in my mind. At one of the baptisms an elderly sister, who had been in a wheelchair for ten years was baptized in water with ice on top a foot thick. The missionaries refused to do it in such cold water. However, the sister, (74 years of age) demanded it saying, "I may not be alive tomorrow." In spite of the cold, she wanted baptism now. The missionaries responded to her plea and baptized her. When she came out of the water, she had no more use of the wheelchair and walked home.

Otto and Kurt left home to make their fortune somewhere else. Paul left home and returned after three days from Rodewich. He worked on a farm for a bed to sleep in and three meals a day--a good example of slavery.

## NEW YORK

The desire to go to Zion was so strong in me that one night I had a dream. Two years before I left, the Lord opened the door for me to immigrate to Zion. In the dream I found myself in a room with six men conducting a priesthood meeting. Two years later in December 1925, my dream came to fulfillment as I went to priesthood meeting in New York City. Those six men I saw in my dream were present. They were highly educated men with a spirit that made me feel welcome. Brother Sharp was one of them who was later the manager of the Deseret News.

The ship that brought me and several sisters to Zion was the Columbus--spanking new--a luxury liner. My future sister-in-law, Helene Unger (she became my brother, Paul's wife) and Sister Fellermeier were checked in before entering the USA. We were supposed to have \$25.00 before walking ashore. I had spent mine on the ship and had something to worry about. However, the Lord was on my side. Upon the question whether I had \$25.00 I replied, "I have money!!", which made me a free man. Helene was detained for ten days because she was not married yet, which left some doubt in the responsible officer's head for Helene's safety. Ten days later she was released and on her way to Utah.

Being raised in Germany under trying conditions, including the first World War, New York seemed to me like the land of "Milk and Honey". Although my pay at the

restaurant on Wall Street, was just enough to exist on. I was happy and content.

My next job was in Long Island at a paint factory where my income was sufficient to save money to pay my debt--the trip to Zion. The first \$50.00...it taught me a lesson, never again mail cash, even through registered mail, by mail---only special delivery.

In New York I had an Uncle Ernst. Unfortunately, he had a second wife who had no use for his family and relatives. By the way, when Uncle Ernst landed in New York he was introduced by a total stranger who asked Uncle Ernst what he intended to do in New York for a living. Uncle Ernst said he was going to his son, Rudi (who had nothing and neither did Uncle Ernst) and establish his own business as soon as possible. The man gave him \$300.00 and said to Ernst not to worry about it, but when he had enough to pay it back, he could do so. The man suddenly disappeared and never returned. Who was the man? I believe we know if we are in tune with the Lord's will.

I was now in the land called Zion. The new world was an unbelievable sight. Everyone of it's citizens seemed very busy and happy. The city was an overwhelming sight. Skyscrapers, A-1 transportation at a very low cost--above ground and underground. In comfort, the masses moved in all directions. Stores with, never witnessed before displays, displaying high class merchandise at low prices. First class entertainment never imagined before--especially on Broadway--could be seen at low prices.

After a few days in New York, I found work at the Exchange Buffet on Wall Street. At \$10.50 a week with breakfast and lunch, which did not quite meet the demands of my stomach, I still was happy with my life. On 83<sup>rd</sup> street and Lexington Avenue, I found a room about the size of a chicken coop at \$4.50 a week. I felt secure until the better day would dawn. The landlady was very nice. She had compassion and was very encouraging. She was entitled to more room rent, which I did not have, however, she was very patient. One day she nailed my window shut to protect me from intruders. The house was only one block away from a large amusement center. The Mrs. Was concerned about my safety. No matter what!!, I pulled the nails out again because I wanted fresh air.

While I made my way, my cousin, Rudi Siebach, who was in the embroidery business, moved out of the house away from his second mother who had no use for Uncle's family or friends. Rudi started his own business on Third Avenue near 14<sup>th</sup> street. Rudi's brothers, Gerhard, Felix and Kurt Dramer, my friends and Eddy von Wachinsky, were my best friends. Together we had a number of wonderful experiences until we all went our own ways. I was really the one who broke the ring. Suddenly, I had the urge to leave New York for Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Eddy was upset about it! He wanted to get me a job where he was employed at the railroad in office work with promises of advancements every six months in position and pay. Eddy was very unhappy about my going away, so much so, that I believe he left the church. Eddy had his divorced mother and two sister who were not interested in Mormonism. I wanted Eddy to come with me to Milwaukee, however, I could not convince him. I can now see that the Lord had his hand in my plan to leave New York.

## PALMYRA, NEW YORK

Felix Richter joined me going west. We stayed two days at Palmyra. Brother and Sister Bean were in charge of the Hill and the Sacred Grove. Our next stop was Niagara Falls. A most beautiful sight! Felix went across the bridge to the Canadian side and on the way back, the police held him because he left his passport behind, which he needed to re-enter the USA.

After a long delay they let Felix go. Actually, one look at him wiped all suspicion out. They had to let him go.

After our visit to the Niagara Falls, we went to Palmyra. Brother bean was in charge of that historic place. He and his wife made us feel at home. I spent a nice Sunday with the family. We attended church, ate dinner and visited the Sacred Grove. I walked to the top of the hill where the prophet Joseph Smith found the Golden Plates and enjoyed a ride with the Beans in their open air Buick through the historical area.

Our next goal was Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The change from New York to Milwaukee was quite a surprise. I did not know what caused us to move to Milwaukee. As I look back upon it, I realize that it was the Lord's will!

## MILWAUKEE

Wisconsin was already deep in the depression. To find a good job that would make a living was out of the question. However, the Lord opened a way. I got a job at the Palmolive Soap Factory at \$0.40 an hour. I was in the Lord's hands because out of about forty people who wanted the job, I got it. Not only that, but I was the last one in the morning to apply for the job.

The "Big Wheel" promised me a \$0.05 hourly raise after six months. The work was all piece work--very hard. I probed myself and was well liked. When the six months were up, I asked the floor director to see the Chief of the entire operation to give me the promised raise. Our floor director made three efforts to give me the nickel hourly raise, but the chief simply did not keep his promise. His response was that times were hard. I told him they were hard when I was promised the increase in pay.

From the very beginning I roomed with William (my brother) and his family. William advised me to quit before I lost my health. I was wondering what chance I would be taking since finding another job was almost hopeless. Once again the Lord remembered me as I was in search for another job. One morning I hiked to West Ellis to find work at Allis Chaluers, (a company that employed 6500 men of which 4500 workers were laid off and told not to come back unless called). One of the men I worked with applied for help from the city, but because he owned his own house, he was not eligible for support. My friend's answer was, "I cannot eat the house."

No matter what, good luck came my way when I met my good wife, Cecelia, who had also come from Germany. The first meeting was in the little frame church house on Clark Street in Milwaukee. It was a new beginning in my life! Brother Lemke brought

her to church. From that moment on, my life completely turned around.

On August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1931, we got married in West Ellis. Our first home was a small flat without the conveniences we enjoy today. Never the less, we were happy facing the future with determination. The Lord was with us. Cecelia was a real stalwart. She loved the Lord already in her youth and found Him a source of strength even though she did not know about the restored gospel until she came to Milwaukee. Brother Lemke deserves the credit for introducing the gospel to her. The Lemkes were instrumental in making Cecelia comfortable.

Our most wonderful friends, the Lemkes, treated Cecelia as one of the family. I also was quite at home with them. They indeed were the Lord's children in every report. I often wondered what Cecelia would have done without them. The Lord actually walked by her side when Satan tried to impose his will on her. Her Aunt Ella deserves some of the credit for that. If I did anything to bring happiness into Cecelia's life, I give our Heavenly Father the honor and credit for it. May the Lord give me the wisdom and the strength to honor Cecelia by my love for her and my life, it were required!

In spite of our meager income during the depression, we enjoyed life and were richly blessed in many ways. On August 8, 1931, we were married and on April 4, 1936, we were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. On April 28, 1936 I was called on a two year mission to Germany. It was a matter without purse or script. However, with our faith and the help of the Lord, the doors of Heaven opened up and poured the way to fulfillment. We did not know that we had to go to the temple in Salt Lake City for our endowment, etc. Not having the finances to travel to Salt Lake City, we had to borrow \$100.00 to get us there. I also had to attend the missionary training school near the Eagle Gate, which was a great experience. President Heber J. Grant often paid us a visit in those ten days with lots of humor!

## EVAN

It seemed as though the Lord had given us every blessing we were in need of except the fulfillment of our hearts desires. Our life was not complete without a family. The promise of that blessing was expressed in our patriarchal blessings. Namely that we would have offspring. We supposed that this desire of having a family would be realized in the life to come. The Lord, however planned it to happen in this life time. After trying our best to have a youngster, the doctor told us we could not have a family. The Lord stepped in with His power and great love again to enrich our lives with a most beautiful 16 month old boy we named Evan. This gift has given us a new life on earth.

Little Evan was full of joy--there was hardly anything that did not give him much pleasure. Below the bluff where the trains came by he had to be close enough to the passing train to wave to the engineer. When walking in the park, Dad had to turn the park benches over, so he could pick them up--with Dad's help of course. When we returned home from a trip to Milwaukee he would stand up in the car and say he was anxious to get home, because the house was hollering for us to come home.

Everybody loved our Evan. When he went to school and Cecelia wanted to check on him, he did not care for such overtures. He wanted to be independent.

All in all he was indeed a gift of God! Evan loved life--the outdoors, animals, and nature. He also loved his neighbor and had many good friends.

In his school days he was awarded the honor of an Eagle Scout. Later he received the Silver Beaver.

Blondie was his dog--a cocker spaniel he loved very much. He enjoyed a large family of geese, some ducks and chickens, a special breed. The Lord blessed him in many ways./ Evan loved to work, study and was interested in many good causes including education. Whatever he did, he did with perfection. Evan was a year ahead of the students in school, and he graduated from BYU after four years.

## ARIZONA

On Sunday the 8<sup>th</sup> of April 1990, Cecelia and myself left home to drive south towards Arizona. Our goal the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale, Arizona, the last hope for Cecelia's recovery after five operations without success. By faith and prayer we were guided to take that step.

Our good friend and the Lord's faithful servant, Hal Tanner, who had several operations with success at the Mayo Clinic advised us and gave us much encouragement. Dr Wintch arranged our appointment for us with Dr. Drow on the 12<sup>th</sup> of April. We asked the Lord to guide and direct us in this undertaking! The Lord responded favorable, so we felt assured to go that way. Mayo Clinic is no doubt the most advanced institution on this continent to restore the sick.

Dr. Drow received us and arranged many of the tests needed, which took almost an entire day. The following day, Thursday, Dr. Drow went ahead with the operation. This was done at the Scottsdale Memorial Hospital. It's a Catholic hospital--a great institution! While Cecelia had to stay at the hospital, I stayed at the Courtyard. It looks as though the Lord has answered our prayers, the operation seemed to be a success. On Easter Sunday, Linda and Ron's daughter paid us a visit at the hospital. On Monday, Dr. Drow saw Cecelia. If the prognosis is good, he will have her stay with us at the Courtyard, a heavenly place in the mountains. The Courtyard, a Marriot Hotel, where we were treated like Kings! After that I joined my sweetheart, we spent two weeks there.