

----- MEMORIES OF MY WONDERFUL MOTHER -----

Monday was always wash day at our house, which meant we had soup or beans for supper. Mother would throw the clothes out the bathroom window onto the ground, then she separated them into batches. Mother made her own laundry soap out of fat she rendered from the pigs. She had a large bar of soap which she grated into her old maytag washer. Mother had a large black tub that just fit over the ditch, she filled the tub with water made a fire and when the water was hot, she put the white clothes into the hot tub of boiling water to clean them before putting them into the washer, it took her most of the day to do her large washing.

On Tuesdays, mother would do her ironing in the morning and attend Relief Society in the afternoon, she was a faithful member of the church. She held different position in the church herself and was very supportive of all the callings Dad had. Her life was built around the church and her family.

On Saturday we cleaned the house and got ready for Sunday. Sunday was always spent at church, and we had our big meal of the day after church instead of in the evening. On Sundays afternoon we would go to St. George to visit our relatives, Uncle Guy and Aunt Althea, Uncle Orval and Aunt Ruth, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Orilla also Dad's sisters Aunt Elsie and Aunt Della. Whenever I think of mother, I remember her most in the kitchen, she was always baking and was a wonderful cook. Desserts were famous at our house and were a part if our evening meal. Mother made great chicken pies, she would serve them for her Club, when they came to our house, she received many compliments on them.

In the evenings, we would all be in the front room, listening to the radio and many evening mother would play the piano and sing. In the summertime mother loved to go to the field and help pick the fruit, she loved her garden enjoyed the fruits of their labors, she also planted flowers around the house, she had a beautiful wisteria climbing vine over the harbor in front of the Post Office.

Mother was the Post Mistress of Santa Clara for many years. The Post Office was a part of our house, mother would take care of her family, do all her house work and whenever someone wanted something in the office if she was in the house, they would yell at our screen door "Jessie" and she would leave her work to take care of them. When Howard & Shelby were babies, they were just fifteen months apart, I remember her saying she would be rocking one baby in her arms and have one in the buggy, pushing it with her foot, just as they were dropping off to sleep, someone would yell at her to come to the Post Office, waking them up again. She was very accommodating to people, helping them regardless of her regular hours in the office.

Mother loved history, she enjoyed reading and taught me to love to read. Many times when she was ask to give a talk at church,

she would choose to talk on a famous person in history, I always loved to hear her talk.

Christmas was always a special time when we were growing up, Mom would make her delicious divinity and fudge, on Christmas Eve we would go up to the church hall and Santa Claus would give me my doll. On Christmas morning there would always be a surprise under the tree. The spirit of Christmas was practiced even when we knew who Santa Claus was. As a curious teenager I would try to find Mom's hiding place for our presents, but she always managed to have a surprise under the tree. Once after Denzil and I were married, Denzil was going to college and we had no money for presents, just before Christmas we were home visiting my parents, Denzil fixed up an old mixmaster his mother gave him, to have a surprise for me under the tree. Mom hid it under the bed, she forgot and a few days before Christmas she sent me into the bedroom to get something from under the bed. I saw the mixmaster and went into the kitchen and said "what is that mixmaster doing under the bed?". She was so upset, she gave me a little push and said "now you've spoiled Denzil's surprise". We had alot of laugh's over it later.

When I married and left home, she loved to come and visit me. She came to California in May of the year she died. We took her to Farmers Market for sightseeing and lunch. When I ask her what she wanted for lunch, she said "something I've never tasted before" and she had her first taste of Mexican food.

Mother was a very kind person, she loved to share with her neighbors, friends and family. She was always very honest and fair, her example of honesty has been an inspiration to me.

When I was ten years old, I had an autograph book, I ask mom to write in it. She was standing at the kitchen cabinet with her hands all covered with flour, she said "put it in the cupboard and I'll write in it later". The autograph book has been gone a long time, but the page my mother wrote is framed on my dresser, this is what she wrote. Dear Dorothy, Be gentle and loving, be kind and polite, be thotful for others and brave to do right... from your mother. It is one of my most cherished possessions.

Dorothy Frei Lightner