THEODORE TURLEY FAMILY NEWSLETTER

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Dear Readers of the Theodore Turley Family Newsletter—One thing about the gospel, it teaches you, whether you are coming or going. Just when you think you are quite knowledgeable about one principle, a problem arises and suddenly you are confronted with a situation you haven't even imagined for yourself. Such it has been for me of late, about one aspect of the Welfare Plan. You know, where those who can, help those *(continued on page 28)*

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RICHARD E. TURLEY, JR. RECEIVES STATE DAR AWARD FOR HIS MANY CONTRIBUTIONS

On 23 April 2004, during the DAR Utah state conference, **Richard E. Turley, Jr.**, managing director of the Family and Church History Department (and regular contributor to our Turley Newsletter), was awarded the Daughters of the American Revolution Historic Preservation Medal by the Utah Society for his efforts in historic preservation and compiling family history information.

Linda Tinker Watkins, president general of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was the presenter. This organization, which requires its members to be lineal descendants of patriots of the American Revolution, has about 170,000 members in the United States and abroad.

"The Family History Library is visited by more than 2,400 patrons each day," said president general Williams, "and the Church History Library has a gold mine of information." After receiving the special award, Richard responded: "I accept this honor, not on behalf of any work I have done, but on behalf of my many associates, many Church leaders, many Church members and volunteers . . .

"If we are not aware of our historical roots, we are at risk of losing our collective memory. The importance of maintaining that memory in the minds and hearts of the American people, in the minds and hearts of individuals whether born in this country or naturalized citizens, is extremely important, and we appreciate this opportunity to share this combined objective we also have."

Later, as she spoke at a dinner meeting, president general Watkins paid the following tribute to patriots of the Revolutionary War: *"They were ordinary men whose wealth was more earned than titled . . . The revolutionaries were, for the most part, common men who had the uncommon idea that God had granted individual lives for the low born as well as the high born. Their legacy to us is that of courage, determination and hope . . . They prevailed against the greatest power and the greatest empire of that day because they believed that the Almighty was on their side."* (Emphasis added)

LAST MEETING OF PRESIDENT AND SISTER HINCKLEY ON THEIR RETURN FROM DEDICATION OF GHANA TEMPLE

I am Ron Turley (Ivan, Hiram, Isaac, Theodore) and currently live on St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands where I teach the Gospel Doctrine class and have for the past four years. Since circumstances did not allow me to go on a mission, I am here to help all I can in this small branch.

Back in January, President Hinckley and his wife and daughter, etc., stopped for a meeting in St. Thomas on their way back from dedicating the Ghana temple. He invited the members in the three branches of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John to that meeting. Even though Puerto Rico is not far away, they were not invited for this private event. The Prophet quoted the scriptures mentioning that the Lord does not forget "the Islands of the Sea." Apparently neither does His prophets. President Hinckley and the other speakers gave us good advice about several subjects. It was almost like a family home evening fireside.

What an experience it was for the members of these branches. Most had no idea they would ever see more than a mission president visit their little island. Even though it is only 45 miles from St. Croix to St. Thomas the trip is moderately expensive for the people living here. It costs about $100 for a round trip, which does not seem like too much, but there are less fortunate people in these branches. A very large percentage of the St. Croix Branch was able to make this trip. What an experience we all had!

Several short talks were given by all of our guests except Sister Hinckley. She was not up to standing for a talk so their daughter gave a talk in her place. What great promises the prophet gave us. What strong new members we have. We have a new Relief Society President for example who has been a member for about a year or less. There are several stalwart members, mostly women, who are in the meeting every week. What a wonderful spirit we have in our small branch.

"Sister Hinckley was a large hit with the crowd . . ."

"The prophet and other speakers gave us good advice . . ."

"What a wonderful spirit we have in our small branch . . ."

Sister Hinckley was a large hit with the crowd, as was the Prophet. They mingled with the people, shaking hands with everyone and even posing for photos. This is a visit that will long be remembered. It may have been the last function that Sister Hinckley attended, for when she returned home she became quite ill, and you know the rest of the story. We were so privileged to have them in our presence in a near "family" environment during their visit here. I am sending a few pictures of this important event in our lives.

Since that January visit, our small meeting house has swelled with several baptisms. The island has been truly blessed by the Prophet. "We Thank Thee Oh God for a Prophet."
[Thanks, Ron, for sharing this special report. EMJ]

Unsung Heroes: The Family Record Extraction Workers

By Wallace F. Gray

Unsung heroes? Working on the best-kept secret in the Church? Who are they? These are the men and women who spend time, usually at their home computers, recording family history information from digitized documents. They are the extraction directors and workers.

What documents? These could be census records, church registers, or any vital records. The records are in English, Spanish, or other languages. The registers and other documents list births, intended marriages (bans), marriages, or deaths—valuable information!

For what purposes? The extracted names and vital statistics are made available to all in the International Genealogical Index (IGI) where world-wide family researchers can find them and where LDS members can determine whether temple work has been done. Some of the names are sent by Church headquarters to the various temples to supplement the names that members provide for ordinance work. Some names also go on compact discs such as the Ellis Island project and other vital records CDs.

The IGI is kept updated and is available online at www.familysearch.org. Go to *Search*, then *International Genealogical Index* for access.

How are records extracted? Most extractors work from CDs which contain scanned images of original records. Workers usually extract 500 to 1,000 names for each assignment given them by their directors. They place their work on floppy discs which are turned in to the ward extraction directors, then to the stake director who audits the information and transmits it to Church headquarters by e-mail.

About half of the names on the IGI are from extracted records. The rest are from members who have submitted their family names, and the temple work has been completed. Because all temple ordinances are entered into the IGI in a timely manner, members can now consult the index to avoid duplication of temple ordinances.

How extensive? In 2002 nearly 28 million extracted records were submitted to Church headquarters by stakes and volunteer groups participating in extraction. This number of records totaled about 80 million names. The volume has grown each year.

Who is doing the extractions? The extractors are the unsung heroes. Generally they are members of the Church, most holding other positions in their Church units. One of them is the editor of this newsletter, Ella Mae Judd, who has worked on counties in New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, and has even done auditing of some records in Spanish.

The Church Handbook of Instructions (page 267) points out that family record extraction provides opportunities for service. Members who are less active, homebound, or elderly can do the work in their homes. Youth can also help redeem the dead by extracting names. Non-members may also participate in this project.

When you search for an extracted name on the IGI you can often determine the film number and where the extraction came from and you can usually rent the specified film at your local Family History Center to see the original document.

Our hats are off to these unsung heroes who provide so much help in redeeming the dead!

[And our hats off also to Wally Gray for his faithful preparation of thoughtful and important information for readers of the Theodore Turley Newsletter!]

* * * * *

FORMER BISHOP AND WIFE DEMONSTRATE THE "LAW OF THE HARVEST" FOR THEIR WARD MEMBERS

[A few years ago I heard of an annual event in one of the Scottsdale Wards, brought about by Bishop Menlo and Barbara Turley Greer (Ernest Carlyle Turley, Ernest Tolton T., Isaac and Clara, Theodore). Just reading about their wonderful harvest dinners will make us wish we could all be there. Barbara explains as follows:]

* * * * *

I am Barbara Fernanda Turley Greer. I am the daughter of Ernest Carlyle Turley and Bertha Fernanda Thomson Turley. My father, who went by Carl, was the son of Ernest Tolton Turley and Sarah Centenna Wilson Turley. My grandfather was the son of Isaac Turley and Clara Ann Tolton Turley and Isaac was the son of Theodore Turley.

My father and mother met at the Agriculture College at Logan, Utah in the early 1920s from which my father graduated with a degree in Agricultural Science. It is therefore fitting that his little girl [myself], who is really not much of a country girl, would spend her retirement years hoeing corn, breaking beans, and running a pressure cooker with ease.

Barbara Greer: ". . . not really much of a country girl"

My life as a farm girl began with the death of Ben Slade, my step-father-in-law. He and my husband's mother always raised a garden in the White Mountains. Because my husband, Menlo Greer, did not want his mother's place to go to weeds once she became a widow for the second time, we went up in the summer and carried on the family tradition of planting, irrigating, hoeing, harvesting, and bottling a crop. In fact, Grandma had said that it made her sad to look out at her garden and see it barren.

"Menlo says I sing to the tiny plants . . ."

Grandma Slade was good to me and taught me many things about farm life. She taught me how to use the pressure cookers, for example, and later gave me her two cookers.

"We are getting ready for our 19th annual party . . ."

The old homestead had been divided into two halves; the upper part was Nadine's (Menlo's sister) and the lower half was willed to us. We were working the upper half of the 12 acres, which actually belonged to Nadine, but which was the land that Grandma had gardened in for most of her married life. Grandma Slade was still alive and so all of it actually still belonged to her.

One spring, Nadine informed us that there would be no more farming. Nadine said that

although Grandma liked the fresh produce, corn, beans, peas, beets, etc., that too much of a good thing made Grandma sick. At any rate, it put our nose out of joint that we were being told to cease our labor of love. So, we moved down on our own property and continued the farming operation. We built a nice little cabin, bought some water rights, and the yearly farming operations were underway again.

Soon after we moved to the lower property, we had a bumper crop of corn, squash, beans, beets, carrots, and peas. Menlo was Bishop of the Scottsdale 3rd Ward at that time, and in the Priesthood Executive Counsel meeting he proposed a ward party. The plan was for the sisters to bake some homemade bread and the ward would buy the milk; Menlo would bring down the vegetables and we'd have an old-fashioned farm supper. Everyone in the ward was invited so babysitting wasn't a problem. You can probably guess the rest. People turned out in big numbers and went wild over the flavor of our mountain grown corn.

That was 18 years ago and the corn party has become an annual tradition in two Scottsdale wards. One year we came down the mountain and told the new Bishop (after the ward was realigned) that the corn was ripe and ready for the party. He said, "That's great, but you are no longer in this ward; however, I've talked to your new Bishop and we've agreed to make it a two ward affair."

Of course, this put some pressure on our little farm, but it turned out to be twice as much fun. People invited their friends, neighbors, prospective members, etc. One sister up in years said, "I'm asking the Lord not to call me home in September because I'd miss the corn party!"

At the present time we are getting ready for our 19th annual party. The two 8-horse tillers have been worked pretty hard again this year, but we are about ready to start making rows and planting seeds. It has always been a miracle to me to see what the Lord can do with those tiny seeds, nice soil, water, and sunshine.

Menlo says I sing to the tiny plants and make them grow better. Actually, I can still bend down and do a better job of weeding than he can. As we have aged, the work has become harder. We have been inviting sons and grandsons to come up and help with the initial work, but it is always difficult for them to leave their jobs in the Phoenix valley for any length of time.

We work in the temple on Tuesday and Wednesday and travel to Eagar (a 250 mile drive) on Thursday. We do the watering and weeding on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning and drive back to Phoenix in the afternoon so we have Saturday to prepare for the next week. Menlo sometimes has to go up alone to take the water when it comes on a day that doesn't fit our schedule.

" Menlo sometimes has to go up and take the water..."

We used to do the canning (bottling) for the family and use the surplus for the corn party. Now, we have the party and put up the surplus for the family. It takes about 40 quarts of green beans and 800 ears of corn for the party. The squash, carrots, beets, etc. come in whatever quantities we have that year. Some years have been so dry that we have felt very grateful that the Lord enabled us to have any crop at all.

We've been grateful for the help of members of the ward who come up on picking day to help get the corn ears loaded into the truck and then unloaded, shucked, and cooked in time for the evening meal. It doesn't seem to matter how much we bring down and cook, it is all gone by the end of the dinner.

* * * * *

Many thanks to Mellonie Greer Grohman, oldest daughter of the Greers [see picture on next page]. She helped to get this article to me and get pictures scanned and e-mailed to me.

Mellonie is a teacher of gifted children and is the gifted chair-person in the Tempe Elementary School District. She also teaches classes at the University of Phoenix for teachers wanting

to know more about teaching gifted children. Her husband is a retired Scottsdale middle school teacher, and they have three children.

Another daughter, Teri, lives in Gilbert and is married to Richard Larsen, a building contractor. They have four children.

Also in the family is a brother, Len, who is an attorney. His wife is a high school English teacher and they have four children.

Last is another brother, Ben. He owns a commercial insurance company. He and his wife are the parents of six children.

All of the children and grandchildren currently live in the Phoenix valley, although one is on a mission to Chile and another has just been accepted at the William and Mary Law School in Virginia.

When it comes time for the annual party, everyone attends when it is at all convenient. Mellonie says when their children were in high school and competing in sports or performing, it was sometimes hit or miss, but now that the children are all grown, she and her husband look forward to attending the party each year.

Back, Len Greer, Teri Greer Larsen, Mellonie Greer Grohman, Ben Greer; F, Menlo & Barbara T. Greer.

B., Jen & Ethan Larsen, Mindi & Dave Moser, B.J. Wootan; M., Teri G. Larsen & Rich Larsen, Candi Wootan; F, Trace Moser, baby Trent Moser, on lap, Kylie Larsen, Tristan Moser; in chair, Tayler Larsen.

Julie G., Len G.; Not shown, Josh md to Amy & their son, Jonah; Mary md to Lance & their dau Elyse.

B, Grady Greer, Ben Greer; M, Linda G., Alyssa G., Emily G., Evan G.; F, Riley G., Miranda Greer.

*Below, B, Dare Grohman, Jeremy G., Bryan Sechez. M., Jessica Howard G., Larry G., **Mellonie Greer Grohman**, Victoria Riggs G., Alishia G. Sechez; F, Dakota G., Mahala G., Born later, Connor G., Menlo G., Dalin Sechez*

Clarence F. Robison, husband of Monita Turley Robison Has BYU Track Stadium Named for Him

"It doesn't matter what you do in this life as long as you're strong in the gospel," said Clarence F. Robison, nearly 80, who in a ceremony held on 24 April 2004 had one of the most modern and finest track facilities in our nation named for him.

The **BYU Clarence F. Robison Track**, located just south of LaVell Edwards Stadium, is "one of a few other campus facilities named for a living person," reported the *Church News*, on 1 May 2004.

In the ceremony bestowing this honor on Brother Robison, he gave much gratitude and credit to his wife, **Monita Turley Robison** [Frederick Andrew T., Theodore Wilford T., Isaac & Sarah, Theodore] for being the "coach who coached the coach."

Always one to put Church service first, Coach Robison told of how they had only a short time after retiring as BYU track coach in 1968 before being called to serve as president of the England Leeds Mission in the summer of 1969. Clarence and Monita loved England, and after the mission were called back to also serve as Missionary Training Center president, first at the London England Temple Missionary Training Center and then at a new training facility on the grounds of the Preston England Temple.

During his stay at BYU, Coach Robison coached "more than 100 all-Americans, including more than 20 national champions, and 26 Olympians." He is a member of the United States Track and Field Coaches Hall of Fame, the Utah Sports Hall of Fame and the BYU Hall of Fame. "Through working with young people, you realize the real champions in life are those who embrace the gospel," he said.

This couple had nine children and now have 41 grandchildren, the entire family "out in force" for the naming ceremony. That included son Mark, the current BYU track and field coach, and Mark's son, Nathan, who just won the 1,500 meters in a time of 3:46.10 – his fastest time at altitude – in one of the first races run on the newly named track.

"Family and the gospel are where it's at," said Clarence. "Family is the great joy and the gospel is the frosting on the cake."

Clarence and Monita presently serve as ward missionaries in the Grandview 14th Ward, Provo Utah Grandview South Stake, and he also teaches the high priests group.

More Turley Descendants Called to Serve in Presidency of Brigham Young University Stakes

Larry Turley Wimmer [Corinne Turley & Ivan Wimmer, Lowell Barr T., Theodore Wilford T., Isaac & Sarah, Theodore] was called on 14 March 2004 to be a counselor to Lynn Evan Garner in the presidency of the Brigham Young University 8th Stake.

Larry has been an economics professor at BYU for many years. He is married to Patricia Tischner Hansen, and is father of six sons.

. . . . . .

Also on 14 March 2004 **Robert Steven Turley**, an associate dean at BYU, was called to be a counselor to David Lemar Wilkey in the presidency of the Brigham Young University 1st Stake.

Robert is married to Deon Staffanson Turley. *Could someone please tell us a few more facts about this Robert Turley and his family?*

. . . . . .

Announcement from ROBERT E. TURLEY

** [Be sure to keep this information handy. This is the address where you need to send your missionary stories and order your Turley CDs.]*

We have moved into our new home!
Our new address is:
145 Gardenside Ct
Fallbrook, CA 92028
760-723-0504
My new email is: RobertTurley@adelphia.net
* I have changed the price of the **Red Theodore Turley Book Cds to $20.00**. [*WHAT A BARGAIN*! As I have said before, this is probably the last time anyone will copy this book for us. EMJ]

*** Would still love to receive more missionary reports from members of the family.**

Robert E. Turley

. . . . . .

"We live in the world. We work in the world. But we must rise above the world as we pursue the work of the Lord and seek to build His kingdom in the earth." (Gordon B. Hinckley, *Ensign*, Nov. 2003, 7)

MY MISSION TO GREAT BRITAIN

By **Loreine Turley Despain** [Wallace M., Alma R., Isaac and Sarah]

I received my call to serve in the British Mission at a time when unusual growth of the Church was taking place throughout Great Britain (December 9, 1959 – June 9, 1961). In fact, this period was spoken of by President David O. McKay as a New Era, or a Second Era, of missionary work in the British Isles. During the 18 months I served there the original British Mission became four missions. I had the opportunity to serve in three of them.

Also, during this special time the first stake of the Church in Great Britain was established in Manchester, England, known as the Manchester Stake. All British missionaries were invited to attend the meeting where this stake was organized, and it was indeed a privilege to be there.

Elder Harold B. Lee officiated in the organization of the Manchester Stake. L of Elder Lee, Eld Alvin R. Dyer; R, Pres. T. Bowering Woodbury, President Bernard P. Brockbank.

Elder Harold B. Lee officiated, and as he spoke to the large number of saints gathered the statement was made that he felt the presence of the first missionaries who took the gospel to this chosen land. The spirit was there in abundance during the meeting, and I was reminded of great, great grandfather Theodore Turley, he being among the first missionaries to the British Isles, or Great Britain, where many of the House of Israel have roots.

After the organization of the Manchester Stake and while the meeting was still in session, the long-time British Mission was divided into two missions. The new mission was named the North British Mission, headquartered in Hale, Cheshire, near Manchester. Bernard Brockbank was called to be president of the mission, which included a portion of Northern England, Ireland and Scotland.

The day following the establishment of the new mission, 26 March 1960, I was called to serve as Mission Recorder and Secretary of the Relief Society for the North British Mission. This assignment proved to be a very special experience, working with President Brockbank, and with Sister Brockbank as she headed the mission Relief Society with me working as her secretary.

Bernard P. Brockbank responds to being called as president of the new North British Mission.

Before my assignment in the mission office, I had been working in Cardiff, Wales, and while there had experienced some pleasing success working with referrals. So in the new mission, with the approval of President Brockbank I composed a letter to the all of the missionaries requesting that they send referrals of the people they had previously taught, but who hadn't been baptized, to the mission office. We had good response to this request and many of the missionaries were able to make contact with and teach, or re-teach these brothers and sisters. Over the next weeks the number of baptisms did seem to increase, which we were all pleased to see.

After serving five months as Mission Recorder, I received a proselyting assignment to Bradford, Yorkshire, in the midlands. The age-old buildings of this city were blackened by smoke from industry and the woolen mills. After a few months unfortunately I developed pleurisy, which resulted in my having to spend some time in the mission home to recuperate. However, working in the Bradford and Pudsey area was rewarding, as there were many to be taught.

During the period I labored there my companion and I taught and saw 13 people enter the waters of baptism. Three of these new members were from the Waite family from Pudsey. Albert and Gladys Waite and their two young sons, David and Peter, welcomed us into their home and were prepared to receive our message. Albert had been an inactive member of the Church, but he as well as

Sister Waite and their sons was anxious to read and pray and attend the church meetings.

Albert and Gladys Waite; she and sons were ready for baptism

In just a few weeks Sister Waite and their sons were ready to be baptized. David, who was 14 when we taught the family, later served as Bishop of the Leeds Ward for seven years. Sister Waite served as Relief Society president several years and Brother Waite at the same time was High Priest group leader. They also became devout temple workers, first traveling to the London temple and later attending the Preston Temple. Brother Waite actually was asked to say one of the prayers at the dedication of the Preston Temple. He is now deceased, as is their son David, who served as Bishop of their ward. David left behind his wife and six young children.

Now, after corresponding with Sister Waite for over 40 years, she still expresses, "I am so thankful for the early missionaries that came to our shores so long ago, and also for the missionaries that came to our home in 1960, for which I give my thanks." We still exchange greetings at Christmastime each year.

I would like to recall one particular incident that happened during a three-week assignment to Cardiff, Wales, while I was still working in the British Mission. My companion and I received a referral for a particular woman and her husband who had previously been contacted by missionaries, and who resided in Cardiff. Mrs. Seaborne was delighted to see us and warmly welcomed us into her home. She quickly and enthusiastically said, "Let me get my Book of Mormon out," which book she seemed quite familiar with. This dear lady accepted the gospel as she was approached the second time and was baptized; her husband was not.

Shortly after the North British Mission was established, plans for the Scottish-Irish Mission, among two other new missions, were being made. President Brockbank, who was to head this new mission, asked me if I had any ancestors who were from Scotland. I assured him that I did (through my mother, Margaret Turley), and in a short time he told me I would be going to Scotland.

I was pleased to have this opportunity, though missionary work in Scotland had a rather challenging start. In the beginning some of the church leaders from other faiths were displeased, as they did not want the influx of a larger number of our missionaries entering their country. For several days the newspapers had inch-high headlines expressing opposition, i.e., "As the Mormons move in, look out for their smooth salesmanship." But these comments only proved to be great free publicity, making the people more aware of the Church.

As the opposition became more apparent, President McKay flew to Scotland and met with all of the Scottish missionaries, in Glasgow. He gave us the encouragement we needed and benefited from, and his love for missionary work and for the Scottish people was felt. He let us know that he had Scottish ancestors and that he also had served as a missionary in this land at an earlier time in his life.

President David O. McKay greets Sister Loreine Turley (now Despain) at a special meeting in Glasgow, March 1961.

After President McKay's visit the mission experienced great success, and I felt I was very blessed to be able to finish my last six months serving in Dundee, Scotland. Two of the young men we met while tracting, along with some other members of their families, received our teachings and were baptized. These two young men later served as building missionaries, helping to build chapels, one in England and one in Ireland.

It was impressive to see the rapid growth of the Church and the several missions which stemmed from the original British Mission, in the years 1960 and 1961. I will always be grateful for having had the privilege of serving my mission in Great Britain and representing the Church and our wonderful Turley family in this special place.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH MISSION THE BEGINNING OF ITS "OLD" AND "NEW " ERAS

"Let my servant Heber go to England and proclaim my Gospel and open the door of salvation to that nation." Thus was the instruction of the Lord through the prophet Joseph Smith to Heber C. Kimball, an early apostle. As he and some of his traveling companions, Orson Hyde, Willard Richards, and Joseph Fielding, approached Preston, Lancashire, on July 22, 1837, they saw an election banner waving in the street which they accepted as a joyful omen. "Truth Will Prevail," it said, and they cried their answer, "Amen, Truth will prevail!"

Elder Fielding's brother, a minister in Preston, invited these brethren, without their even asking, to preach to his congregation the very next day, a Sunday. At 3:00 p.m. Elder Kimball arose in Vauxhal Chapel and declared to the unusually large audience that "an angel had visited the earth and committed the everlasting Gospel to man." "Glory to God!" his enthusiastic listeners exclaimed.

After more preaching on that evening and the following Wednesday, the first baptism was set for the next Sunday. Elder Kimball agreed to do the baptizing not far from Preston, in the River Ribble. The Reverend Fielding soon realized that his congregation would be diminishing, but unfortunately for him, the message of the Restoration had already been declared to his congregation.

Evil spirits were also aware of this first preaching and first baptism. Just before the baptism Isaac Russell came running to the third-story room of Elders Kimball and Hyde, crying for their prayers on his behalf and telling them he was being so tormented by evil spirits that he "could not live," without immediate help.

When the brethren prepared to lay their hands upon Elder Russell's head to rebuke the evil one, Elder Kimball was struck senseless to the floor by an unseen power. Even though he was in great agony he managed to pray, whereupon a vision was opened, of legions of evil spirits desperately and viciously attacking them.

Although Elder Kimball was weakened from this experience, the following morning, in front of more than 7000 people who had gathered on the banks to observe, he baptized nine individuals. In later years Heber C. Kimball asked the Prophet Joseph what had caused the demonic attack. The Prophet replied, "when I heard of it [the attack], it gave me great joy, for then I knew that the work of the Lord had taken root in that land."

The Elders soon had more work than they could manage. By Christmas day two dozen branches were already flourishing and a large congregation actually was meeting in the famous Preston "Cockpit" for the first British Mission conference.

In the winter of 1839 Elders James Mulliner and Alexander Wright introduced the Gospel to Scotland where they had first joined the Church, emigrated to America, and then were called to return and preach in their native land. On the way Elder Mulliner stopped in Edinburgh to see his parents while Elder Wright went further North to where his family lived. In doing this he exhibited great courage because he had to walk all the way; it was so icy cold that no boats were operating. He was poorly fed and clothed, and some of the nights he had to sleep out in the icy open. Feeling sick along the way, a chemist diagnosed his illness for him as the dread disease Smallpox. He was detained from his travel only two days, however, continued to bear his testimony along the way, and arrived at his former home completely well!

On January 14, 1840 Elder Mulliner baptized the first Scottish family. Five days later, at the confirmation service, he received the gift of tongues, a sure sign that the Gospel had reached Scotland. By the time Orson Pratt arrived in Scotland in May they had already baptized 80 Latter-day Saints. Confidently, Elder Pratt climbed a "jutting hill not far away," remembered by some as "Pratt's Hill," and boldly asked the Lord to provide 200 persons for him to baptize. Six months later at a mission conference in Manchester he was able to report over 250 members in the Edinburgh-Glasgow area.

Theodore Turley family members will remember the departure of Theodore as he accompanied the Apostles on their mission to England in 1839-1840. Of this event Elder John Taylor recorded: "I would here remark that very few of my brethren that came along were any better situated than I was in regard to disease. Elder Turley was taken out of his bed and put into a wagon when he started. Elder George A. Smith and Elder Turley, who started together, were both so blind with disease that when driving the horse a little distance themselves, they could not see a stump on the roadside, and running over it, were upset out of the carriage." [*Journal History of the Church; Rise and Fall of Nauvoo.*] "Elders Smith and Turley were unable to get up, not because of any injuries they had received, but because of their illness. Elder Hedlock helped them into their wagon

and they resumed their journey. They had not proceeded far when they met some gentlemen who stopped their team and said to the driver, 'Mr., what graveyard have you been robbing?' The remark being elicited by the ghostly appearance of the Elders en route for England."

"Thus in sickness and poverty, without purse and without scrip, leaving their families destitute of the comforts of life, with nothing but the assurance of the people, who were as poor as themselves, that they should be provided for ... [these missionaries] turned their faces toward Europe to preach the Gospel to the highly civilized peoples of the world . . . ."

Elder John Taylor began working in the Liverpool area, where he was instrumental in converting, e.g., the parents of George Q. Cannon. He later opened the mission in Ireland where on his first day there, while riding from one town to another with a Mr. Thomas Tate, he prophesied that Mr. Tate would be the first person to be baptized in that area. On his second day, just as they drove over a hill and saw a lake below, Mr. Tate remembered a quote from the eighth chapter of Acts and exclaimed, as a testimony came to him, "See, here is water. What doth hinder me to be baptized?" "Nothing," he responded to himself. There were other baptisms during the 10 days John Taylor remained in Ireland, and within a few months Ireland had 30 members.

Next, Elder Taylor opened the Isle of Man to missionary work. He was teaching a family and their friends one evening when the investigators became so enthused about the Gospel that they insisted on being baptized and confirmed right then, refusing even to wait until morning. The Isle of Man produced progenitors of the Cowleys, Quayles, Lamberts and many other prominent Church families.

Among other places, Elder Wilford Woodruff labored in the area of John Benbow's farm, a very difficult place to find. From a meeting at the home of the wealthy farmer, he learned this was the meeting place of the United Brethren, which had on its rolls 45 preachers and 600 members. All but one of these 600 United Brethren was baptized, and a total of 1800 persons eventually were baptized in the small pond that still stands on the Benbow farm.

With the blessing of the Prophet Joseph Smith, a small man by the name of Dan Jones, who actually had accompanied the Prophet to Carthage Jail, opened up missionary work in Wales. He also wrote many pamphlets and even published a magazine in Welsh. At one time when a group of leading citizens of Merthyr Tydfil had made certain charges against him, he was allowed to address them in a town assembly. Before he was finished speaking he had the entire audience weeping, including the police sergeant and the "big mobs who had signed the petition" against him. When he left Wales in early 1849 he reported 12 districts, 100 branches, and 4645 members, a sure witness that this native Welshman had been very successful.

Many members of the Church can trace their ancestry back to this early period in Great Britain. All of its presidents from Joseph Smith [to 1958] labored there, a place that literally became a training ground for great men in the Church, such as Charles W. Penrose, George E. Richards, Orson Whitney, James E. Talmage, John A. Widsoe, Joseph F. Merrill, Joseph Fielding Smith, Ezra Taft Benson, Richard L. Evans and Hugh B. Brown, to name a few. As his descendants, we can be thankful to add the name of Theodore Turley as one of the early missionaries.

The dedication of the London Temple in 1958 provided a single, glorious climax to these early labors. Just before President McKay offered the dedicatory prayer, he said: "The Temple dedication marks the opening of a New Era." When President and Sister Woodbury were in his office to be set apart, President McKay said, "With the opening of the new mission home, the proposed building of a new chapel in London, and with the dedication of the Temple, a New Era begins in the British Mission."

In the first three months of the New Era the proselyting hours of the missionaries almost doubled. In the same period the cottage meetings more than doubled, from 42.8 per missionary per month to 93. Baptisms went from 34 in October to 83 in November, and 121 in December.

There were strict standards for each New Era missionary, including the supervising elders, missionary branch presidents and district presidents. In addition to their regular duties, they were expected to devote a minimum of 56 hours a week to proselyting and hold a minimum of 25 cottage meetings each week.

With the continued blessings of the Lord and devoted service by the elders it was prophesied that they would see more baptisms than during any other period in the history of the British Mission, with the exception of the First Era, and more devotion and service by the membership. It was also felt that inactive members would be brought into activity and that the great growth in the British Mission would continue.

Indeed, a New Era had begun!

Theodore Turley: A Biography

Richard E. Turley, Jr.

(Continued)

[This is another in a continuing series of newsletter articles that together will make up the first rough draft of a biography of Theodore Turley. The draft will undergo considerable revision before being published in book form. I invite all family members to read it critically, make suggestions, and offer additional information for possible inclusion. Please send all comments and information to me at 2914 West Ivory Way, West Jordan, Utah 84084.]

24 Keen Reflections from Jail

"This morning my feelings and reflections are keen in this my confinement," Theodore wrote from the Staffordshire prison on 14 April 1840.[1] Besides the normal afflictions of his prison life, Theodore particularly missed being able to attend a much anticipated missionary conference being held starting that day in Preston, Lancashire.[2] "My Brethren whome the Lord has sent on this mission to England are now arrived in this land," he wrote longingly, "and I deprived of the priveledge of meet[i]ng with them in conferance."

He wondered at the circumstances in which he found himself after sacrificing so much to serve a mission. "After leaving my famely and all to Preach the Gospel," he reflected, "now Satan [h]as deprived me of an opertunity of Preaching by shutting me up in prison."

"Thank God," he added, as though sensing there were opportunities to be found even in prison, "I can Preach to the People here. I ask for wisdom to act as the Lord whould have me." Theodore would indeed seek to preach to his fellow prisoners. Meanwhile, he "wrote a letter this Day to Elder [Willard] Richards and the [T]welve, and one for one of the prisoners."

Whether it was contemplating his own struggles or simply passing the time, Theodore also wrote a paragraph in his journal that day about Christopher Columbus, who "after a Strugal of Eight years with Differant powers to convince them of the proberbility of there being land on the atlantic west he succeeded with the Quene of Spain." He also scrawled the following thought provoking poem titled "The Ignorance Off Man of His God":

> Thou knowest me not; Thy Blindness canot see
> How vast a distance partes thy God from Thee.
> Canst Thou in Wirl winds mount aloft? Canst Thou
> In Clouds and darkness wrap Thy awful brow?
> And when Day triumphs in m[eri]dian Light,
> Put forth thy Hand, and Shade the World with night.

The next day, Theodore spent his time reading, writing, and visiting a sick prisoner. Although determined to spend his time the best he could, he still ached to be free. He had written a letter to his brother John, the most educated and well-to-do member of his family, seeking help in getting out of prison, and he "long[ed] to know the result."

The sixteenth of April found him yet in prison, "but Thank God I have my health Better this day," he wrote. Despite feeling better physically, Theodore could not overcome his longing to join with the apostles in Preston, who were convening an important leadership meeting as part of the three-day conference. "My mind is some what engaged in Thaught," he wrote as he pondered on the conference being "held on this Land by the Quorum that God has chosen in these Last days to Preach the Gospel and warne this Land of those things that are coming upon the same. I feel much at being deprived of the Priveledge of meeting with them." Unable to attend the conference, he spent the day reading to a sick prisoner and practicing his shorthand. "I will obay the Gospel I have," he recorded in his journal.

The following day, a Thursday, he received a somewhat positive letter from his brother John, who was negotiating for his release. John's letter stated "that Mr L Attorney will take less than one halfe he had Demanded of me." Theodore sent off an answer, though he did not record its contents in his journal. He also wrote a letter to his wife's brother, Thomas Kimberley. "I pray God," Theodore wrote, "to Bless my endeavour to do his will."[3]

The next day began the Easter weekend, "This being good Friday so called in England," Theodore penned. He woke feeling well, "Thank God for it." He spent his morning writing a letter to the Potteries, where he had been serving before his imprisonment. A Brother Thomas from Stoke visited him in prison, bringing a loaf of bread. Theodore felt deeply grateful to him and other Church members who supplied him with food during his imprisonment.

Theodore spent the afternoon writing letters for prisoners and again practicing shorthand. In the evening, he "Preached Publickly . . . to the Debtors on the Broken covenant and plainly Preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them." His preaching apparently had good effect in convincing his hearers of the need for a Restoration. "After I had don[e]," Theodore wrote with satisfaction, "a Preacher of the Babtist order Called me a Demolisher."[4]

[Next issue: "Still in Prison"]

Notes

1. Richard E. Turley, Jr., "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal, 1839-1840" (honor's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1982), 40. Theodore's extant missionary journal skips from 12 February 1840 to 14 April. Between these two entries is a note: "My journal from this Date up to the 14 of April 1840 is written in a Pattent pocket journal." I have been unable to locate the journal for this period.

2. For an account of this notable conference, see *History of the Church,* 114-20; Richard L. Evans, *A Century of "Mormonism" in Great Britain* (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1984), 119-26; James B. Allen, Ronald K. Esplin, and David J. Whittaker, *Men with a Mission, 1837-1841: The Quorum of the Twelve Apostles in the British Isles* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1992).

3. "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal," 40-42. It is unclear whether "Mr L Attorney" means an attorney whose last name began with *L* or whether "Mr L." was the creditor to whom Theodore owed money and John was

negotiating with Mr L's attorney. Future research may someday uncover the mystery of this debt, which led to Theodore's original departure from England and ultimately to his final departure as well.

4. "Theodore Turley, Mission Journal," 42.

Can You Tell Our Identity?

A Turley family - Harry?

No clues. These pictures were sent by Dorothy Scott, Myton, UT, seeking to find a person or persons in the Turley family who might recognize them.

Isaac Turley One of Committee to Select Property, Help Pioneers in Old Mexico be Self-Sufficient

Soon after the settlement of Isaac Turley's families in an area now known as San Jose, the pioneers were told they must move about three miles further up the river. Isaac Turley was on a committee called to help select sites for future towns and ranches where the saints could be safe as well as self-sufficient.

During their search in an area called "Cave Valley," they found an immense urn, or oya, where ancient inhabitants had stored various kinds of corn and grain. The urn was about fifteen feet high, its widest diameter about eleven feet, tapering in and flairing out to make it wider at the top. It was made of a mixture of grass and clay, glazed on the outside to keep moisture out.

Isaac used a pole to climb up and investigate. Inside were many varieties of corn: yellow, dark blue, pale blue, grey, and red; and other types of seeds in heavy buckskin pouches, each holding about five gallons.

Isaac left in the winter of 1890 for San Bernardino, California to obtain various types of trees fruits, and upon his return distributed them to those who desired them.

The colonies were a very productive area for fruit growing. Today, out of Colonia Juarez, they ship to various parts of Mexico more than 2,000 carloads of fruit annually, eight hundred boxes to a car.

Isaac's main concern was for the well-being of his family, both temporally and spiritually. He felt keenly the challenge that Theodore Turley placed upon his shoulders: "Isaac, a great amount of Church activity and responsibility of my descendants will be carried on through you and your posterity." *[Read more about Isaac's activities in Old Mexico in the red Turley Book, pages 95, 96 by Isaac Turley, Jr. and Viola Haws.]*

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"

Kevin Ralph DeWitt was born 28 June 1958 and passed away 22 January 2004 in Holbrook, Arizona, where services were held for him on 26 January 2004. He was buried in the Holbrook Cemetery. His father, President H. Keith DeWitt (mother Marian) dedicated the grave. Kevin and his wife, Darolyn, are parents to seven living children, two deceased; two married and one presently serving in Philippines Tacloban Mission.

Kevin fought a long and courageous battle against cancer during the past four years. During this time he also was teaching at Joseph City High School. This year the HS yearbook staff unanimously selected Kevin for the dedication page, and after his first year of teaching he was named the "Outstanding New F.A.C.S. Teacher in the State of Arizona."

In addition to his teaching he coached JH football, served as one of the Senior class sponsors, and was always willing to donate time and expertise to "provide scrumptious beautiful treats for any occasion."

Kevin was always active in the Church, and had the privilege of serving as a counselor in four different bishoprics. He enjoyed serving in any capacity and was close to the youth and his peers.

In addition to his wife, parents and children, Kevin is also survived by three brothers, one sister, one granddaughter and two grandparents.

Following is a special message sent to his father by Elder Kevin Blain Dewitt, now serving a mission in the Tacloban Mission in the Philippines,which tells of a family's love. *[see page20]*

LOVING FATHER TO LARGE FAMILY

Floyd Leon Kartchner was born in the little town of Linden, Arizona on 18 October 1933 and passed away 3 April 2004 in Mesa, Arizona. Ten sons and sons-in-law were Pallbearers at his funeral, and 21 grandsons were Honorary Pall-bearers. The family prayer was offered by his son, Kelly Myles Kartchner and his grave was dedicated by another son, F. Scott Kartchner.

Leon spent his early years on a dry farm in Linden where often there was not enough rain to produce a good crop. By the time he was nine years old he was driving a team of horses and also their John Deere tractor; doing lots of hard work, with the nearest boy his age living more than a mile away. About 1946 the family moved to Woodruff, where Leon attended eighth grade and then graduated from Holbrook High School.

Leon next worked on a cattle ranch, cut logs for the Forest Service and was drafted into the Army in May 1953. When he returned home he met and married Beverly Jean Perkins White. Together they had four children and she brought four children to the marriage. They later were separated and in Murray, Utah, he met and married Karen McCulloch Clarke, who also had four children. While living in Murray, Leon worked as a gardener and groundskeeper for the city parks. As a hobby he raised registered rabbits and judged rabbits at county fairs.

Leon enjoyed spending his later years in Mesa where he could associate with many of his children and grandchildren and his sister, Venla. His advice to a grandson: ". . . always be willing to go one step more in helping others," and "stay true to your church and its teachings."

Journal Writing Tips
by Ann Lewis

Ann Laemmlen Lewis *[Grace Helen Smuin Laemmlen, Ruby Grace Lundquist, Grace Honor Bushman, Charlotte Turley, Theodore Turley]*
"A journal is a place to empty my mind . . ."

My first journal began March 22, 1969, when I was 10 years old. It was a little white 5-Year Diary with a lock and a key. Each page held 5 years of entries, with 4 lines of space for each day. I was pretty good about making entries in this journal, but at that age, I was not very creative with what I wrote about. Many of the entries read like this: "Nothing new happened today" or "Today was just like usual." Other entries were short, but long enough to bring back the memories of what happened, like April 14th, "Today we caught polly wogs in the ditch. I got a whole jar full of them," followed by April 15th, "Dad dumped all my polly wogs out."

The entries made that April were short, and not very detailed, but they were enough to help trigger memories of what it was like growing up on a farm with irrigation ditches. Recently I sat down and wrote as many things as I could remember about my childhood and playing in those ditches, and by the time I was through, I had written 6 or 7 pages.

Not everything needs to be written perfectly the first time you write it. I waited 35 years before ever mentioning polly wogs again in my writing.

For me, a journal is a place to empty my mind and to capture things I want to remember. Then I can come back to them, if I like, and develop the stories, or not. It just feels good to have the events and ideas written somewhere.

Here are a few tips and ideas that might be helpful as you write in your journals:

*The more detail you can write, the more interesting the entry.

*Include dialogues or actual quotes from those around you.

*Add a sketch or a photo or favorite quotes or poems.

*Include copies of letters to friends or family.

*From time to time write one entire day in full detail, such as "A Day in the Life of . . . . ."

*If you are traveling, include a map or brochures of where you have been.

*It's easier to keep up than to catch up.

*If you must catch up, write about the "big things" first, then if you have time, go back and fill in the details, or if you must, just leave a gap.

*Try to set aside a regular time for writing.

*Find a place you love to write (a leather-bound book, a cheap notebook, a small notebook in a purse, on the computer, etc.).

*Describe new technology and how it works (What is a Palm Pilot? What was it like to get one and learn to use it? or What are the newest features in your newest car?).

*Describe your children or parents at a given point in time (every 5 years, 10 years, etc.)

*Include the prices of things you purchase, and where you shop.

*Be sure to record Vital Record information (Births, Marriages, Deaths, Ordinances, Funerals, etc.).

*Include full names, dates, places, children's ages, etc.

*Keep your journals in a safe place. Keep a back up of work you do on the computer. Photo copy or scan and save important records in more than one place.

*Make known what you would like to happen with your journals after you have gone so they can be preserved for your posterity.

I found a great list once in a book called *The Everything Family Tree Book*, written by William G. Hartley (director of BYU's Family History and Genealogy Research Services Center in Provo, Utah). If you want to copy his fun suggestions, they make a great book mark for your journal, or you can hang the list by your computer or your writing place.

Anything Worth Saying About Any of These Things Today?

Best Friends
Celebrations
Church or religious beliefs
Community service, good deeds
Deaths, birthdays, weddings
Decisions made
Emotional high or low
Family news
Good humor, jokes
Happenings to family members
Help from anyone?
Historic happening you've witnessed?
Homemaking, house work
House, home, yard
Important phone calls
Mail sent or received
Money, finances, purchases
Neighborhood, neighbors
New insight, idea
New plans, goals
Pets, animals
Romantic Interests
Sports result
Things you are grateful for
Today's headline news
Today's headline news
Travels, tours
TV, radio, movies, sports
Visits? Visitors?
Weather, seasons
Work, job, co-workers
Your health

Hopefully with these ideas and suggestions, your journal keeping can be a little more fun, and some day, after you have moved on, your records will be valuable and of great interest for your loved ones to read. Happy writing!

* * * * *

[I might add a little insight here. Speaking of making records -- when my parents were living, my brother took a tape recorder to their home each Sunday morning for several months and recorded their memories on many different subjects pertaining to their lives. He then transcribed these tapes, organized the information and added pictures, which formed the basis for what became their quite extensive life histories.

[In my mother's old age (about 85 –92, after "dementia" began to take over) these books became her favorite reading materials. She spent many, many hours re-living both happy and sad times with her loved ones. Especially exciting to her were stories of her high school friends and her courtship years. In fact, she and one of her high school friends exchanged their histories with each other.

[Also, for Christmas one year near the end of her life, my brother made a page about each member of mother's quite large family, added each of our pictures and placed them in a loose-leaf binder. She enjoyed our stories and was able to remember us longer. EMJ]

* * * * *

"I believe that if we will walk in obedience to the commandments of God, . . . he will open a way where there appears to be no way.

"The Lord never asks us to do anything that He does not attach to it a blessing."

(Gordon B. Hinckley, "Excerpts from Recent Addresses of President Gordon B. Hinckley," *Ensign*, April 1996, 72)

* * * * *

UP IN THIN, THIN AIR

By Tillman T. Turley

Well, I guess you could call us the Colorado Turley's. Tillman T. Turley here. [Tillman E. Turley, Tillman W. Turley, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah]. We've been up here almost three years now, to the chagrin of my family back in Arizona. In the beginning of the Semi-Conductor down turn, I was very blessed to be laid off early from my job in Phoenix while there still were other jobs available.

Actually, I soon had the opportunity of two job offers. One was with an aerospace company in San Diego, and the other with a Semi-Conductor company in Colorado Springs. Though San Diego would have been the preference of my new wife and closer to my family in Phoenix by six driving hours, I was prayerfully drawn to the job in Colorado and accepted it.

A month later 9-11 happened and as I followed up with the people I had come to know through my interviews on the aerospace job, I found that they had decided to withdraw the job from the next person they had offered it to and had not filled the position.

I have been truly blessed over the last three years. I have married a wonderful woman. I have a wonderful job. I live in a wonderful place. The blemish on it all is my separation from my children and family still living in Arizona. Leaving my family and children has been incredibly tough, especially on my children. I have the most incredible children. Each has wonderful talents and each has proven continually they are growing up to be wonderful people.

My oldest, Tillman Nathan, has just recently come to live with us and has proven to be a well rounded and intelligent young man. I have been impressed with his commitment to the gospel and his moral integrity. He will be starting High School next year and has shown a legitimate interest in the scriptures. He has become an active participant with the Elders in helping them in their missionary efforts with a family that is taking the discussions and has a son his age. He has also taken up mountain biking and is a pretty avid skateboarder. I am very proud of him and the leadership role he plays with his friends.

My daughter, Alexia Lachelle, is just about the most energetic young woman you will find. She is always going. When we are together she literally wears me out. She has proven to excel in academics. She is a straight A student and is carrying a full load of weighted classes, which makes those A's pretty hard to earn. She has truly gone through a transformation the last year, going from my little child princess to my young woman princess. The transformation has been truly incredible. She also excels in karate and will be in a Young Women's Forum event later this summer where she will display her talents and knowledge with other young women her age. I am extremely proud of her.

[Tillman T. Turley family; B, Tillman T., Alexia Lachelle; F, l-r, Janet Elaine Savage Turley, Porter Braxton, Tillman Nathan.]

My youngest son, Porter Braxton, is absolutely going to be the financial guru of the family. Already he is a financial force in our family. He is avidly about making and saving his money. He has several small businesses and is the financial envy of all of us. Besides that, he is the cuddly, lovable kid. I don't think anyone gives a better hug than he does. He loves to ride his bike and skateboard like his big brother. He also has been busy in karate and baseball this spring. He does wonderfully well in school and is very responsible for a boy his age. I am very proud of the young man he is becoming.

My wife, Janet Elaine (Savage) and I have been hanging around each other for about four to five years now, and married for almost three of them. I have to say that I *extremely* like her. She has solved the mysteries surrounding "finding that one person that is meant for you on this earth." God has blessed me more than I deserve. I love her to death and can't believe that there is someone who cares about me far more than I do. She is my best friend, someone who I am drawn to, and I love being in her company.

My life though not perfect is the best it has ever been. I would like to talk a little about my divorce, I guess because I would like my children to know that there can be happiness and life after tragedy. Terrible tragedy, actually. My first wife Lacy and her husband Don deserve a lot of credit when it comes to our children. It is a testament that if people try hard enough they can put the negative and bad things that

have happened behind them and focus on what can really, truly be. Miracles can happen.

My children are truly loved on all fronts. They are supported and cared for on a level probably not experienced by many other children. Though my hope for them would be never to have to walk in Lacy and I's shoes, I hope they can apply this principle to the tragedies in their own lives. I trust they can find joy and hope in the aftermath and know that their Heavenly Father loves them, and that His gospel lights the path to happiness and back to Him.

I have done a lot of reading of late, especially following Theodore Turley's life from beginning to end. I cannot tell you all of the gratitude I have for him and his family, at the time they lived and the sacrifices they made for us. The fact that I live a wonderful life is a tribute every day to the sacrifices they made that brought us here.

The unmarked graves at Winter Quarters and along the trail westward. Being relatively new members, yet selling all they had to move south from Canada. Accepting the immense task of helping those saints who did not have the resources to make the trek to Nauvoo to get there.

The sacrifices Theodore and members of his family made over the next 100 plus years is a testament to the promise the Lord made to all of us, that the gospel and the priesthood will never again be taken from the earth. As long as there are those who will make sacrifices similar to those Theodore made, that promise will always be kept.

I have a deep personal pride in my heritage. I am proud of it and share it far too often I sometimes think. But the country we love, support and defend today was in a way created because of the efforts and immense sacrifices made by great men and women. Some were my ancestors. I hope that the legacy I leave for my children will be one that makes them swell with pride and be confident they are a part of it. Just as Theodore left a legacy unmatched for all of us, I want those who follow to know I have a testimony of the gospel. I know that Christ lives.

I wish you all the best from Colorado. I hope that even though you may not know us, should you come to this wonderful place you will stop and introduce yourselves. There's nothing better than shoot'in the breeze with loved ones. Whether we know you or not....doesn't mean we don't love you. And a special thanks to Ella Mae. Thank you for all the sacrifices you make on all of our behalves. We love you. The Tillman T. Turley family . . . . .

[What nice thoughts, Tillman. Thanks so much! EM]

Tribute of Elder Kevin Blain DeWitt To His Dad, Kevin Ralph DeWitt

[See obituary, page 16]

Dad,

I love you more than you know,
Because my pride wouldn't let me tell you so.
I look up to you, want to be like you,
Because you are my father, my example, and I love you.
When I was young, you taught me to ride a bike.
As I got older you taught me not to fight or lie.
You showed me the way to raise a family,
The way to hold the Priesthood, to listen and obey.
Father, I know that you are sick now.
The cancer has made your body weak.
But father, I know that you have something more,
A testimony of Christ, so I know you can endure.
Also Father, you taught me something more,
You taught me through your faith that death is like a door.
Right now we are on the outside,
And Christ is on the inside.
He knows when it is time for us to go home,
So when he calls, we must enter in.
However, death should not be feared,
For we know it is not the end.
We know that families can be forever.
I know that I will see you again.
I do not know what's in store
For me or you on either side of that door.
But this much I do know,
Nothing can keep us forever apart.
Because of your example
I too will tread where Christ has trod.
By trying to be as good a father as you,
I will become like Christ and Heavenly Father too.
Then, when the door opens and by Christ my name called
I will be able to come, like you, into the kingdom of our God.
Not a day goes by that for you I do not pray,
But still on this earth may never come the day
When in your arms I will be welcomed home.
But then, oh how much sweeter will be the day
When I go home forever, with you and God to live and stay.

--Serving in the Philippines Tacloban Mission

L.D.S. CHAPLAIN SPEAKS AT MEMBER CONFERENCE 25 APRIL IN BAGRAM, AFGHANISTAN

"Today I'd like to talk about how we can be a soldier at War, yet serve a God of Peace," Chaplain Eric A. Eliason, 1/19th Special Forces Group (Airborne) spoke to a Latter-day Saint Service Member conference on 25 April 2004 in Bagram, Afghanistan. Eric is husband to Stephanie Smith Eliason, [David & Judith S., Marion & Wanda T. Smith, Frederick T., Isaac & Sarah, Theodore T.].

"I think Jesus loves and understands warriors especially," said Brother Eliason, "because he *is* one." Also, ". . . why you fight makes all the difference. . . . you are here because you love freedom and want to protect that freedom for others."

"We should take seriously the morality of our profession as soldiers," he said. "How can we train to kill and at the same time follow a God who says thou shalt not kill? I say, the Lord says we can and we must, but it is all a matter of motivation and purpose. Brethren and sisters our motivation and purpose means everything. If we lose sight of this we can lose our souls."

The teaching of the Taliban that "We request family elders to keep tight control over their families . . . otherwise [they] will be severely punished . . . by the forces of the religious Police (Munkra.)," was compared with the "parallel" teachings of the restored gospel: "Successful marriages and families are established and maintained on principles of faith, prayer, repentance, forgiveness, respect, love and compassion" . . . and "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by longsuffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned" (D&C 121:41).

". . . The only thing the Lord is going to look at is why we fight, how we fight, and what we fight for within the realm of our responsibility," said the Chaplain. "The US military has solved a lot of problems through violence and is simply the greatest force for liberating people from tyranny and oppression that has ever existed in world history." He went on to list various victories to prove his point:

- Throwing off the yoke of British rule and setting up a constitutional government
- Liberating thousands of American slaves in our nation's "most wrenching war"
- Liberating millions in Europe and Asia from "the crushing boot of fascism"
- Holding "the greatest ever threat to human freedom, the Soviet Union, at bay in hot and cold wars both until State socialism collapsed . . ."
- Meeting the threat of the religious-inspired tyranny and terrorism we face today . . . [though] not as great as Nazism and Communism [it is nevertheless] a threat to civilization and freedom. "The threat is still dire and we are right to counter it."

"Except for a little episode in 1857-1858 that you Utah history buffs might know about – the US military has been the greatest protector of human freedom and means of liberation the world has ever known," says Eliason.

"I know there is a macho taboo in the military against admitting too freely that our motivations are out of love," he concluded. . . "But since I am a chaplain I can get away with saying this kind of thing . . . When the Lord searches our souls for motivations for us being here I believe he will be pleased with what he finds . . . If you joined because you had dreams of adventure and excitement . . .or . . . had no other good job prospects, or . . . needed money for school or family obligations; or even . . . a court order saying . . . 'join the army or go to jail.' It doesn't matter.

"What matters is why we decide to serve right now . . . We can ask [him] to accept everything we do as [an] act of service on behalf of his purposes. . . In this particular war it will be very easy for him to count our service in our favor. He will accept our sacrifices. . . He will bless us and our families for it. Your sacrifice and hardship here can be counted as service to the Lord if we offer it up as a sacrifice and let him and his mercy be our guide in all our actions."

* * * * *

[Eric & Stephanie are parents to four children, two of them requiring "special needs" services. Eric's father's career was Air Force; Eric, who has a PhD in History and is on the teaching staff at BYU, has also been in training as a chaplain and was deployed to Afghanistan in January. He says many service-men when not on maneuvers are "bored" and show great interest in religion, thus providing him with a special missionary opportunity. As he holds religious services in various locations, they must be non-denominational if non-LDS are present. In that event, he invites the members to stay following the meeting to partake of the sacrament. We are thankful that such men as Eric are providing counsel and leadership for those who are defending our freedom.]

NOTES FROM OUR READERS

Delisa Hargrove, Lubbock, TX . We've recently moved and I realized that I might have missed several issues of the Theodore Turley Newsletter!...Time surely flies when you're busy. So I thought I'd better get you our new address... **Jeri H. Maynard**, South Jordan, UT. Many thanks from me and my family. You have blessed our lives by faithful service with the Newsletter, and family vision in this life and heaven. [*What a nice thing to say. Thanks so much!*] **Mary Jo Rasband,** Provo, UT [Reva Hatch Rasband, Josephine T. Hatch, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah] Thank you for your contacting me. **Susan Moon**, Helper, UT. Our address has changed. Thank you. **Annamarie T. Haws**, Eagar, AZ [Tillman W. Turley, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah] I love the Newsletter and look forward to receiving it. We were supposed to get snow but didn't get much here in our valley. I pray it put more up in the mountains. We are so dry. The pine trees are dying because of the pine beetle that gets under the bark...The mountains look bad...It was good to see some cousins at Kevin DeWitt's funeral. **Luana T. Rogers**, Washington, D.C. [Harold Emerson T., Edward Franklin T., Isaac & Clara] We have moved to Washington, D.C. When will our subscription be due again? Thank you. **Joyce T. Bartlett**, Gallatin, MO [Ivan T., Hyrum T., Isaac & Sarah] We are now closer to our son Barry. ...Since we are getting old, they felt we should be closer to them. Our garage isn't done yet, but our other house sold sooner than we expected, then it started snowing, and that really put us in a bad bind. We now live on the outskirts of Gallatin, about two miles from the center of town. It will be great when everything is finished, and we get steps up to the front door. We have to go through the garage now. It has no roof, so the snow also comes through the roof. It was worse than this for the Pioneers, though. **Mellonie Greer Grohman**, Mesa, AZ [Barbara T. & Menlo Greer, Ernest Carlyle Turley, Ernest Tolton Turley, Isaac & Clara] We are proud to be part of their family, and proud of our wonderful Turley heritage. **Claudette R. Jones**, Mesa, AZ [Hazel McClellan Mortensen], Esther T. McClellan, Isaac & Clara] Mother is now **94 years old** and getting more frail. She enjoys visits, but needs to be reminded who people are. She is beginning to look like her mother, Esther Turley McClellan, more and more. It was nice to visit with you at Gary's reception. Thank for keeping us Turley descendants in touch with each other...May the Lord bless you to carry on this good work. **Sara Turley**, Tempe, AZ. Thanks for keeping up with us. Please note our new address. **Erma B. Shelley**, Mt. Pleasant, UT [Jacob Denzil Bushman, Jacob Isaac Bushman, Charlotte Turley Bushman, Theodore T.] Thank you, Sister Judd, you are doing a good work. I appreciate getting my issue. **Christine (Christy) Smith**, Sammamish, WA. We love the newsletter. Thanks for all your work. **Glen & Sara Fuller**, Highland, UT [Gerald Fuller, Hazel M. Fuller, Esther T. McClellan, Isaac & Clara] Thank you for sending us the family newsletter. We appreciate your good work. **Genie Roberts**, Mesa, AZ [Don, Harvey, Theodore Wilford, Isaac & Clara, Theodore] Guy, our recently resigned President is my oldest brother. I wanted to send you a note and thank you for all of your hard work on behalf of the entire family. The newsletters are so informative and we are able to gain great strength from them. The stories of living individuals give a sense of closeness to many I have never met. **... I would be glad to help with a Turley Family reunion if others are interested!** Let me know what you think. *[I hope you will be contacted SOON! EMJ]* **Glen & Sara Fuller**, SLC, UT Thanks for the family Newsletter. We appreciate your good work. **Elna Haught**, Woodruff, AZ [Rhoda T. Brinkerhoff, Alma R. Turley, Isaac and Sarah] Keep up the good work. I do enjoy the Newsletters. **Robert E. Turley**, Fallbrook, CA **How I wish more of the Turleys would send in their missionary stories. Also, the cost of the "Turley Book" CD is now just $20.** ***[**Folks, let's support Robert in this endeavor.]*** My address is now 145 Gardenside Court, Fallbrook, CA 92028. rstur@adelphia.net 760-728-2217 **Fran Hamblin (now Pyper)**, Medford, Oregon [Marguerite Romney & William Pyper, Frances Turley & Miles A. Romney, Isaac & Clara, Theodore] I have a son, Todd Williams, in Gilbert. He went to Indiana on his mission. Cameron Williams, my second son in California, went to the Sacramento. I do genealogy for my father's Swedish mother's line. I am having great luck and have submitted hundreds of names – the field has been white... **Marvene Duncan**, Pleasant Grove, UT [Hazel Turley Heward, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah] I am still enjoying working in the Mt. Timp. temple. Little did I think I would have this great blessing in my life. We are all doing okay here in Utah; just getting older and not able to do things we used to. **Nina T. Adair**, Eagar, AZ [Joseph Hartley, Isaac & Sarah] I really enjoy the Turley Newsletter. I get to find out about a lot of my relatives I haven't heard from for years. Thank you for all your work in putting out our letter. **Marian DeWitt**, Holbrook, AZ [Martha Turley DeWitt, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah] I'm sending information about Kevin's death. We love the Newsletters and look forward to them.

[If your relationship to Theodore Turley is not included here, please send it to me. I know I should know it, but sometimes right at the time I am preparing an article, I can't remember it. I have recently made a master list of the relationships of the entire family to Theodore Turley, which should help me a lot. Thanks. EMJ]

PATRIARCH IN TURLEY FAMILY WRITES HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[Last January I had the privilege of meeting Gerri Bingham at a wedding reception in Mesa. My sisters had told me about Gerri, so it was fun to actually make her acquaintance. She happened to mention that she was enjoying reading her father's life story, of which she had received the first installment, and that set me off! Could we publish it in the Theodore Turley Newsletter? I quickly ask. She called her father, ***Melvin Isaac Turley*** *(Isaac Turley, Jr. & Ida Mae Lake, Isaac & Sarah) The rest is "history!" EMJ]*

MY EARLIER YEARS

This is a writing of many of the events of my life from birth to the end of the first half of my mission. I was transferred to El Paso, Texas to the mission office-translating department on April 22, 1936. This is being written to present to my descendants at my 90th birthday celebration in Mesa, Arizona on August 30, 2003 (one day earlier than my 90th birthday).

Isaac Turley, Jr. & Ida Mae Lake were married July 4th 1912 in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico by Bishop Thurber. On July 23rd Isaac went by horseback to the mountain colonies, Colonia Pacheco, Colonia Garcia and Colonia Chuichupa to notify them that all the colonists should leave immediately to go to the U.S. because of hostilities of the Mexican Revolution, which began in 1910. He had some close calls while on his errand having been pursued by 2 different factions of the revolution.

Isaac and Ida moved to Beaver, Utah where Grandma Turley's family lived. After a few months my parents moved to St. George, Utah. They planned to be sealed in the St. George temple before my birth, which was due the last of August. I was born in St. George in a house under which a rushing, underground river could be heard as it flowed through the sandstone formation. (In 1944, as we returned from Salt Lake city to Colonia Juarez my parents took me by the house to listen to the gurgling waters.)

Not long after I was born Papa was hired to work on the Agricultural Experiment station in Washington County. We lived out on the big farm in a very large double tent, which was very comfortable year around. A large irrigation canal ran about 30 yards from the tent. I must have been about 2 years old when I wandered over near the canal. My Grandmother Lake was staying with us at that time. She saw me and went to get me, but somehow I managed to fall into the canal, but she was able to rescue me and take me back to the tent. She stayed with us until I was about 3 when we moved back to St. George into a house on a bench above town called Mount Hope. I remember Grandma Lake teaching me poems and songs and had me perform before visitors. She also made me a large boy doll dressed in bib overalls. She lived with us in St. George for a while, and then she went to Blanding, Utah to live with her oldest son, Bailey.

There was a large, round rock called "the sugar loaf" up on the bench. A ditch ran down the steep hill. There was a small pond with cattails and other vegetation. I used to gather pollywogs from the ditch in front of the house and put them into my pockets. Mother didn't like the idea very much.

When I was between 3 and 4 my mother seemed to not be well and had to spend lots of time on the bed. She was expecting George, who was born in mid December. I was very concerned about her because sometimes she was quite sick. I did what I could to wait on her and get things for her. After George was born she seemed to feel better.

Sometimes I was asked to start a fire in the fireplace or the stove. One day I started some fires with paper and brush out in the pasture and near the barn. When Papa came home he was quite upset and he took a match, lit it and told me to hold it in my hand. It burned my hand; he wanted to impress me with the fact that fire wasn't something to play with.

One day I went to a neighbor's house near by where there were some larger boys. While I was there they got mad at each other and called each other names. When I got back home I said some of the names and words to Papa. He got some cayenne pepper and put onto my tongue and told me to never use words I didn't know the meaning of because it could be swearing.

When I was 4 years old, my father had me take our two cows from the corral and barn, out to an adjoining pasture to watch them for a couple of hours each day. On one occasion the cows went grazing into a large settling pond, which the city used to settle some of the muddy water that was carried by a canal into town. There was lots of green vegetation around the pond and even out into the pond. One of the cows went out into the pond eating the vegetation. I was worried about it getting into the pond and I waded into the water to chase it out and became stuck

in the deep mud in the bottom of the pond. I began to call for help and an old hermit who lived in a small cabin near the pond came over and passed me a long stick to help me out of the mud. He also helped me get the cows headed toward our corral so I could take them back home.

Another time as I was taking the cows back to the barn they began reaching through the strands of barbed wire to eat the green grass inside the adjoining field. I climbed up on the strands of barbed wire to break off a small limb from a tree to hit them with to make them go on to the corral. Just as I broke off the limb my foot slipped off the strand of wire and one of the big long barbs cut a gash in the calf of my leg. It later became infected. I still have a scar on my leg.

When I was 5 years old my mother was expecting my baby sister, Viola. Again she had to be confined to the bed much of the time. By this time I was able to do several things to help in her care and in the care of my little brother, when he was nearly 2 years old. Christmas was approaching. I had seen a very pretty express wagon at a store down town. It had wire spoke wheels, rubber tires, a red box and a black tongue to pull it with.

I put in my order to Santa Claus for the wagon. Papa told me Santa might bring me the wagon if I would continue caring for mother and little brother. He also suggested I scrub all the wood floors of the house to make the house bright and clean for Christmas. With a big pan and soap and a scrubbing brush I really scrubbed the floors. Christmas Eve I was very excited, I could hardly go to sleep. I thought I could hear Santa with his reindeer and sleigh making a clatter outside. I finally went to sleep. Next morning I wasn't allowed to go in to the front room where the fireplace was and the stockings hung on the mantle and the paper chains strung across the room until after breakfast. When I did get to go in, there was that beautiful express wagon. I was a very happy boy!

Viola was born in January. When she was about 6 months old we packed up all our belongings and boarded the train to come to Mexico to live. We went through California; it took several days travel to get to El Paso. There we had to stay in a hotel for several days while crossing our things into Mexico and then take the Northwest Railroad to Pearson, near Colonia Juarez.

I remember how the Mexican people dressed. The men all had wide brimmed straw hats and white manta shirts and pants. Many of them wore sandals "teguas" on their feet. The women wore long black skirts and long black braided hair. At Pearson, Uncle Ed Turley was there with a big wagon with a deep long wagon box to carry our things from Pearson to Colonia Juarez. It took more than 2 hours to travel the 10 miles; it was after dark when we got to Uncle Ed's brick home. We stayed there for a few days while we got Grandma Turley's house ready for us to live in.

I didn't start school until the next year in September; I had just turned 7. My mother taught me at home about phonics and other things. When I did start school the schoolwork was very easy for me and I would get into mischief after completing my homework, so the teachers decided to pass me on to take the 2nd grade. I liked school and my teachers. Mary Johnson from Pacheco was my first teacher. Cleah Whipple, who was our neighbor, was my teacher in 3rd grade. I liked school and it was quite easy for me; I still had time to get into some mischief.

A large Mexican boy named Canuto always sat in the desk in front of me. He wore high-topped shoes and much of the time his shoelaces were untied. One day I proceeded to tie his shoelaces to the legs of his desk. When the bell rang for recess I was still under the desk finishing tying them. When the bell rang he tried to get up to go outside and fell over onto the front of his desk. He reached back and poked me in the back. I rose up and bumped my head on my desk and called out, "Ouch, I bumped my cocoanut." Some of the boys including Verl Redd, at recess began calling me "cocoanut." From then on I had a nickname, "Cocoa" which remained with me all through grade school, some called me that through high school.

At this time there was a girl in my class, whom I especially liked. Her name was Afton Oberhansley, a daughter of one of the high school teachers. It was understood by all that I was to stand in line right behind her as we formed a line at the beginning of school and after recess. At one recess period I was off on a game with some boy where we ran quite a distance from the playground. When I came to get in line Urban "Bacon" Haws was in line after Afton. I came up and said, "This is my place." He pushed me away then I pushed him out of line, pretty soon we were exchanging blows with our fists. I landed a fist to the nose and he went inside with a nosebleed. The teacher came out and took me by the ear and had me stand on a round "secretary" chair with my arms outstretched from recess to noon. She had me quite near to the blackboard where she had been writing

some homework for us to do. She pinned a sign on my back where I couldn't reach it with "Champion Fighter" written on it and told the students that nobody was to help me take it off. My arms would get tired. I would lower them; she would hit me with a ruler. I erased some of her homework. At noontime I went home and got George to take the sign off my back.

One day I was out in our front yard, under a big pear tree exercising on one of the "high bars" my father had installed for us to use to exercise on. One was higher than the other, I had to jump to reach the high one, which I used to chin myself and do other exercises on. While I was there a boy about my age, whose name was Frank Walser was walking up the sidewalk and stopped to watch me through the picket fence. I invited him in to play on the bars a few minutes, which he did, and began to learn to use the bars. He lived on up the street to the last street of town and then down toward the river two blocks. His family had quite a large farm adjoining their home. Quite often he would stop to play on the bars a few minutes and I went to his place once in a while. We became close friends. His home was quite close to the favorite swimming hole in the river called "The Nick."

In the summer time Colonia Juarez had the arrangement that Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays were called "girl's days" when they could use the swimming hole. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays were called "boy's days" when we could use the Nick for swimming. We liked that because we would rather take our weekly bath on Saturdays in the Nick instead of in the old #3 washtub that most everybody used at home.

Most families didn't have an indoor bathroom or shower. Most families had a small lumber "privy" about 50 yards from the house as the family toilet, it was often provided with small squares of old newspaper for toilet paper and a container with ashes from the kitchen stove to sprinkle down the hole to help control the flies. We didn't complain about being under privileged, we thought life was pretty good. It wasn't many years until most families had more of the modern conveniences.

When I was approaching my 8th birthday, my father was working in Colonia Dublan during the week and came home only on the weekends. He was doing carpenter work in one of the flour mills for a few weeks. He was not able to be home for my baptism and I was determined that I wanted to be baptized on my birthday. So we arranged to have Frank Walser's father who was in our Bishopric, to baptize me in "the Nick." In the early afternoon Mother, George and Viola and I walked down to the Walser home and some of their family went with us while Brother Walser baptized me. The following Sunday, which was Fast Sunday, my father, by appointment from the Bishopric, confirmed me a member of the Church and bestowed the Holy Ghost upon me.

We had a Family Home Evening in our home nearly every Wednesday. We had songs; we had a foot pedal organ in our home, which Mother played some. We had recitations, which we were assigned to prepare, and we had a lesson on a Gospel subject. Sometimes we had a special program that was more elaborate, we often had games and always had some kind of refreshments.

A TRIP WITH PAPA – 1923

This was a trip we had been planning for several days. I was going with Papa to take a load of fruit and vegetables to sell in Old Town, Casas Grandes and Dublan. We were to bring back flour, cracked wheat for mush and bread, also bran and germaid from the flourmill in Dublan; sturdy shoes for work and school from the shop in Dublan, also a new collar for Old Maud, and our sorrel work mare.

For a couple of days before we left we gathered fruits and vegetables. We had the following fruits to get ready: nice yellow Bartlet pears, early harvest; Jonathan and green cooking apples, early peaches, Satsuma and Potawatamy plums, all these from our orchard up the river; also some nice big Dew berries from the big swale at the bottom of the field. From our lot at the house there were big yellow apricots. We also had the following vegetables from our big garden on the lot: carrots, beets, turnips, radishes, green onions, cucumbers, chard greens, yellow summer squash, also sweet corn roasting ears, and green chili.

We didn't always use springs between the running gears and the wagon box, but we put on the springs to keep our load from bruising. We also put a layer of wheat straw in the bottom of the wagon box under the vegetables and fruit to help keep them from bruising and to keep them damp and fresh as well. We had gathered all the fruits and vegetables and stored them in the rock cellar before we were to leave. Then the evening before we were to leave we arranged everything carefully in the wagon box and covered it well to keep the sun and the dust from it

and left it loaded ready to leave early the next morning.

Papa set the alarm for 4:00 A.M. By the time we got up and got ready, had a dish of hot mush, then went and got the team ready and hitched to the wagon it was a little after 4:30. We had fed and grained the horses well for several days before leaving. We also filled a couple of sacks with alfalfa hay and some grain to tie on the back of the wagon for the horses on the road. Mother had fixed a big tasty lunch for two or three meals.

We were able to travel at a brisk trot through town, the roads were fairly good and it was mostly downhill. Going up the dug-way was quite steep, of course the horses could only go on a walk and we had to let them rest once before we got to the top of the dug-way. The road down to the Tinaja wash was fairly steep down hill and we had to use the brake lever. Going over the rocky black ridge and Lime Stone Ridge was rough so we had to go quite slow, but in the swales and down grades we made good time. In the early morning, before sun-up it felt good to cover our legs with the army blanket we brought along, we also had put an old quilt on the seat under us; the board seat over the rough roads is quite uncomfortable, especially on a long trip.

We got to Old Casas Grandes soon after sun-up. Don Toribio Galindo's store was already open; he was a good old friend. Papa went into the store and sold him some vegetables and a couple of boxes of fruit. He was a jolly old man and liked to visit, but Papa cut his visit quite short so we could be on our way, we had a big day ahead of us. We soon reached the Piedras Verdes River; it didn't have much water in it and we crossed without any trouble, but as we crossed our horses had a good drink of water. We carried a large canteen with water for us.

We got to Nuevo Casas Grandes before noon and were able to sell all our vegetables to Hotel Central restaurant to Dona Ramona and to El Globo, a Chinese store, we also sold several boxes of fruit, we had over 20 boxes of fruit when we started. We still had the Dewberries, the apricots and peaches and cooking apples.

We went on to Dublan and got to Alvin Coon's a little after noon, but Sister Coon fixed us a good dinner. We gave her some Dewberries and sold her some other fruits, then went on to Loren Taylor's and visited a little while and sold him a few things, then went on to Tom Jones'. He had us put our horses in his barn for a while and fed and watered them. We took a little tour of his beautiful farm, he was probably the best farmer in the valley, his alfalfa, corn and beans were beautiful.

We had to keep moving to get back home that night so we went to the flour mill and bought flour, 4 or 5 sacks, a sack of cracked wheat, bran, etc. Then we went to the Romney store and bought work shoes, the collars for horses, also a couple of sacks of sugar and other groceries. We also sold what fruit we had left to the store, and were on our way back home, our load was lighter than when we came so we made good time.

It got dark about the time we got to Old Town, but there was a partial moon so we had no trouble traveling up the road. As we drove along Papa sang several songs that were popular when he was a young man, such as "There's a Long Long Trail a Winding," "My Fond Delay"(?), "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and some others that I don't remember the names of. He also told me some of his boyhood experiences. It was a great privilege to spend this time with my Papa. I loved him very much and I knew he loved me. We got home before 10:00 P.M. I was ready for a good nights sleep and for a hug and kiss from my Mama.

SCOUT HIKE IN JULY 1925

I had to stay and help Dad put up the hay. Frank went on the hike where three of the bigger kids started a scandal about Frank and me. When the boys got back they told me about the scandal. I confronted the main instigator but we had a scuffle and only made things worse. Many of our friends shunned us because of the scandal. Mother told me, "Just do what you know is your duty and don't hold hard feelings. You'll be alright."

I received my Patriarchal Blessing while I was still 11 years of age. I was ordained a Deacon and tried to do my duty. I was secretary and later president of the Deacon's Quorum.

On December 21st, Saturday, I spent all day cleaning the main ditch to our property. My feet were wet most of the day. I had a sore throat. That night I had a high fever and came down with Rheumatic Fever. My parents and our local nurses gave me the best remedies they could. In March I asked for Patriarch Walser and my father to administer to me. After that blessing I fell into a deep sleep. I awoke in the night and told Mother about a dream I had.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

PLANNING A TRIP TO NAUVOO?
Following are some Points of Interest

The latest issue of *The Beehive*, distributed 11 May 2004 from Mesa, Arizona (for your free subscription call 480-844-9328) encourages the visiting of some of the privately-funded, restored shops and homes on display in Nauvoo, Illinois. "Plan to spend several days seeing the area and be sure to include these sites in your tour," they remind.

"There, on the highest spot of land overlooking the city, on the original land dedicated by the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1841, stands the restored Nauvoo Temple, re-dedicated by President Gordon B. Hinckley on June 27, 2002," reports the *Beehive*. Also of interest are the following:

LDS Visitors Center: See a 20-minute film, "Remembering Nauvoo," which is based on journals of the early Saints. Walk through the "Monument to Women" gardens featuring the original, 13 life-sized bronze sculptures showing women in various roles in the home and society. During summer months, enjoy musical theater productions.

Temple Site: This sacred spot, where the original temple stood, is awe-inspiring.

Wilford Woodruff Home: One of the finest and best-preserved brick houses of the 1840s, the home features many of the furnishings that actually belonged to the Woodruff family.

Heber C. Kimball Home: Remodeled by a great-grandson and the first site to be restored, this home is furnished with antiques and family pieces.

Print Shop: Housed at this shop is a printing press, similar to the one used in printing the *Times and Seasons* and other Church publications at this location.

Jonathan Browning Home and Gun Shop: The tour of this home includes a gun museum from the Browning family collection and an opportunity to learn about the humble beginnings of the Browning Arms Corporation, now recognized worldwide.

Brigham Young Home: The skill and craftsmanship of Brigham Young as a builder and carpenter is reflected in this home. Following the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the east wing served as a meeting place for the presiding councils of the Church until the Saints left for the West in 1846.

Seventies Hall: This building is restored to represent its use as a Missionary Training Center in the 1840s. Nauvoo's first library was housed in the upper floor.

Lands and Records Office: Look up your pioneer ancestors. Here you can make copies of genealogical, land and historical records of early Nauvoo residents.

Hiram and Sarah Granger Kimball Home: This home was restored by the Relief Society organization in honor of one of its original founders.

Cultural Hall: Enjoy a quilt display and be sure to see "Rendezvous in Old Nauvoo," a musical drama documenting life during the city's golden age, performed nightly throughout the year.

Community of Christ Visitors Center (Formerly the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints): Start here for the tour of the Joseph Smith home; the Smith family cemetery, where Joseph, Emma, and Hyrum are buried; and the Nauvoo Mansion House, where some original belongings of the Smiths are displayed.

Red Brick Store: Built in 1841 as a general store, the 2nd floor contained a council room and the office of Joseph Smith, Jr. The main floor has a shop.

Finally, *The Beehive* informs, "Be sure to include in your Nauvoo tour a drive to Carthage to see the old **Carthage Jail** where Joseph and Hyrum Smith, John Taylor and Willard Richards were attacked on the evening of June 27, 1844."

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL INFORMATION

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Dues for the Newsletter are $10.00 per year, payable to the Turley Family Organization, 6615 West Lupine, Glendale, AZ 85304. Please check your address label for expiration date. Remember, for newlyweds, two years for the price of one! If you know someone who would like a sample, just send us their name and address.

(*continued from page 1)*
who can't. And those who have, help those who are without. Of course we would all rather be on the side of the *cans* and the *haves*, but that is where we need to be careful.

To explain: Last November my husband had a stroke which left him completely unable to swallow, a function one doesn't ordinarily think much about unless he is forced to. A little thought will soon convince you that swallowing and all that goes with it is a pretty important function.

Well, we had been able to do quite well at pushing his food, all in liquid form, through a small tube and into his stomach, and he was getting better at tolerating the endless coughing and spitting. Since he could still do most of our shopping, keeping up the yards, mailing for his business, etc., and from my wheelchair I could do our laundry, cooking and some cleaning, (and the Turley Newsletter), we were beginning to think we could manage quite well.

But all of a sudden, about seven weeks ago we were both rendered nearly helpless! His inability to carry on any activity at all came from being in an awful hit-and-run automobile wreck, which left him with a totaled car, a badly fractured collar bone, seven fractured ribs (sorry to those I have told it was only two), a collapsed lung, and cringing with indescribable pain at each attempt to cough or spit (which the Drs. insisted on and he tried to avoid).

My problem was, I had no immediate substitute to do the many services I had come to expect of him – going for groceries, getting the mail, doing the banking, getting the medicine, etc. It might have been a very scary situation for us and could have left us to face the prospect of being prematurely dependant on others. But almost before we knew it our children had assessed our circumstances, held a meeting, and divided up the days, the chores and our needs.

Now, after staying about four weeks in the hospital is he back home, and with the help of our family we are beginning to live the rest of our lives. What the future holds, we are not sure (who is?). But our faith tells us the Plan does work (we help when we can, give when we are able, and *accept service when we must*), and we are thankful to know our Heavenly Father is just a prayer away!

TIME TO EXAMINE YOUR MAILING LABEL

Please check to see if everything on your mailing label is correct. Is your name spelled correctly? Is your mailing address correct in every aspect, especially your zip code? Do you have an apartment No. or a unit No? Does your RENEWAL DATE match with your own records? If your RENEWAL DATE has passed, PLEASE MAIL IN YOUR DUES IMMEDIATELY. One other small number after the renewal date identifies which of the Turley families you belong to. In October I will publish a list so this number can also be checked for accuracy.
THANKS FOR SUPPORTING THE TURLEY FAMILY NEWSLETTER.

If your last payment has been made within the last 30-90 days, it may not be reflected on your label until the October issue. THANKS TO ALL!

Please send all correspondence, including dues, to:
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