Dear Turley Newsletter Readers, No space for excuses on being late, although I assure you I have good ones. Of necessity, here is a small explanation on why the Newsletter is extra long! I have kept three very nice articles that I would love to have included. Although it costs more, I justify the length of the Newsletter on the following grounds: (1) Every article I used needed to be included in this issue; (2) I hate to say this, but I do not believe I am going to be able to continue editing the Newsletter after October, and I don’t want all these articles left over; and (3) even though it costs more, you, the readers, have been very generous in the past few months, and we have a good collections record. Finally, when you receive this Newsletter, I believe that any of you whose address label indicates it is time, or past time, to pay your dues, will send them right in. Just look at your label. Please be sure everything is correct. If you need to pay your dues, please do it now. If you are behind, just pay from this time forward, so we can keep all of our readers. If I need to make a correction, or change your FDC (see page 26) please tell me. Now for my important message: (1) With much regret, after October be assured I will leave the Newsletter in very good hands, and (2) I love each and every one of you very much, and have appreciated your acquaintance, support and encouragement more than I can say. Lots of love to each one, Ella Mae Judd, Editor 6615 West Lupine Avenue, Glendale, AZ 85304-3136 623-412-3955 GjEnjPub@aol.com
Theodore Turley, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger

Richard E. Turley, Jr.

Because Theodore Turley wrote that he began preaching Methodism at a young age, many family members have wrongly supposed that he was a full-time minister who operated his own separately constructed chapel. In fact, he never preached full time, so far as we know, until he was called as a missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints not long after his baptism in 1837. Also so far as we know, he never owned or was assigned a formal church building of the type that we often envision being used by Protestant congregations. Instead, as a lay preacher, for the most part he taught in people’s homes.

If he was not a professional minister, how then did he earn a living? As earlier articles in this newsletter have pointed out, he was apprenticed as a “stamper and piercer” or what we might call a metalworker today. When he emigrated from England, he worked at that profession, advertising a long list of metal-related work that he could do.

The advertisement below, courtesy of Brigham Young University professor Alex Baugh, appeared in the Colonial Advocate of York (later Toronto), Ontario, Canada, under the date of December 6, 1827. The advertisement itself is dated April 19, 1827, and probably ran repeatedly in that paper. Notice that it describes Theodore as hailing from London, which suggests that he resided in that city after leaving Birmingham and before emigrating to Canada.

I would be pleased to work with any family members who would be willing to help me piece together Theodore’s life in London.

[We want to thank Richard Turley for sharing this interesting advertisement with the Turley family members.]

[By referring to the words in this column, you may better understand the words that are hard to read in the middle column.]

GUNSMITH, BELL-HANGER...

Kingstreet, near Yonge-street, York.

THEODORE TURLEY FROM LONDON.

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he is ready to receive orders in the following branches:

GUNS AND PISTOLS REPAIRED.

GUN WORMS OF ALL SORTS.

GUN CLEANING AND OTHER RODS.

SCREW DRIVERS.

LETTER AND FIGURE PUNCHES.

LETTERS CUT OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

FISHING SPEARS AND RODS.

SASH SHARPENED AND REPAIRED.

SADDLERS PUNCHES & CREESERS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

TINMEN AND BRAZIERS’ TOOLS.

FOOT AND SHOE MAKERS’ TOOLS.

JOINERS AND CHAIR-MAKERS’ BITTS.

LOCKS MADE AND REPAIRED.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED.

ALL KINDS OF METAL GOODS REPAIRED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

SMITH WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION MADE AND REPAIRED.

Old Locks, Keys, and Metal bought.

York, April 19th, 1827.
Saints in San Antonio Feel Blessed to Have a New Temple
by Dr. Keith Turley

"People were amazed at the beautiful stained glass..."

The thought of having a temple in San Antonio never entered the minds of the members here until President Gordon B. Hinckley announced the building of smaller temples around the world. He brought the sweet message to San Antonio in 2001 that one day a temple would open its doors in our hill country.

Saints have been gathering in San Antonio since the early 1920's. Henry Eyring Turley arrived in San Antonio from Colonia Juarez, Mexico in 1922 to study chiropractic. He found the Church and immediately became a part of the small group of members here. A picture of him in a group of saints with President Heber J. Grant at the conference in 1924 was taken before he returned to Colonia Juarez to marry Louise Robinson and practice chiropractic.

Dr. Turley returned to live in San Antonio in 1927 with his wife Louise and little son Herbert, while he taught at the Texas Chiropractic College. He continued his service in the Church as a patriarch for the stake as well as other callings. Herbert still lives in the San Antonio area with part of his family while his sisters Anne and Mar Lou have raised their families in California and Patricia and her family live in Utah.

In my lifetime I have seen the Church go from the Texas Louisiana Mission, to part of the Houston stake in 1953. The San Antonio stake was then formed in 1958 and thrived to what it is today. The Church in this area has grown from that first tiny branch to four San Antonio stakes.
Being able to attend the Dallas Temple was such a blessing starting in 1984, then the Houston Temple in 2000 and now we have the San Antonio Temple in 2005. The San Antonio Temple district includes over 50,000 members from Waco to Brownsville. The San Antonio temple is the 120th working temple of the Church.

We know the Lord’s blessings will continue to pour out over this area if we will do our duty to continue the Lord’s work for His people.

Open House for San Antonio Temple

The San Antonio Texas Temple Open House began with the tour for VIP’s on April 13th, 2005. Then on April 16th through May 7th the House of the Lord was opened to the general public. There were just under 70,000 visitors in these few short weeks. The open house was well organized and ran smoothly thanks to the thousands of willing members who volunteered their services.

President Gordon B. Hinckley spoke Saturday, May 21st, for an hour before the youth of the stakes performed the Grand Heart of Texas Youth Jubilee in the Alamo Dome, celebrating the opening of the temple. The youth and adults in charge did a phenomenal job of portraying Texas and its history both in and out of the Church. The dome floor was filled with participants dressed in costumes representing all the cultures that were ever present in Texas. It was 1½ hours of nonstop dancing, gymnastics, singing and other performances. The hosts of the show who told the story of Texas and introduced each act and culture and even rode horses, gave a real picture of the Texas way of life back then.

San Antonio Temple Dedicated

Sunday the 22nd of May there were four dedicatory sessions broadcast to all the stake centers in the temple district. President Hinckley gave the dedicatory prayer in all sessions and was very expressive in the two talks that I heard. He was lively and direct as a prophet of God should be. It was a great opportunity to have him at our temple dedication.

President Hinckley’s sense of humor certainly isn’t diminished. In the fourth session he said that he does not buy green bananas at his age because he does not know if he will still be there when they are ripe. I personally feel he has several more years to do the Lord’s work because his work and legacy is not finished. He has dedicated 88 temples of the 120 and has
been at the dedications of over 100 of them. We are blessed to have him as a prophet in these last days.

Many members had great experiences as they took friends, family, and neighbors through the temple open house. People were amazed at all the beautiful stained glass and other workmanship throughout the temple. The majority of comments from those in attendance included the special feeling that they felt in the temple. The whole temple experience was great as we worked as tour guides and ushers, just helping people feel and understand the love that their Heavenly Father has for them.

All of my children but one were able to visit the temple and my youngest had the opportunity to work at the open house. She shared with me the joy it brought to her heart to have an hour or so in the morning for two days in a row to explore and just absorb the house of the Lord and the spirit which was present there, since the early morning tours were smaller in number. My six children all grew up around this area since I moved back in 1983. We are all overjoyed to finally see a temple on our Texas skyline.

**Temple Opened May 23**

Monday the 23rd of May the temple opened for the Lord’s work to progress. Those from out of town had a chance to attend a session before they left, if they made a reservation. I have worked in the Dallas and Houston temples and am ready to continue in the Lord’s service starting May 26th in the San Antonio temple. I am excited, but also feel the urgency to do more family history work since we have to provide the names for our temple.

The most memorable experience I had during the open house was at the end of one of my shifts. A man with his two children and wife came up to me and he introduced himself as one of the youths in our ward during my time as bishop. He had just been through the tour and felt happy to be there. It gives me hope that one day he too will be able to go through the temple with his family and return to the ranks of activity. The temple is here for the purpose of uniting families for the eternities and bringing true happiness to God’s children who are willing to assist in his work and do His will.

"What if the day of His coming were tomorrow? If we knew that we would meet the Lord tomorrow—through our premature death or through His unexpected coming—what would we do today? ... if we would do those things then, why not now? Why not seek peace while peace can be obtained? If our lamps of preparation are drawn down, let us start immediately to replenish them." (Dallin H. Oaks, "Preparation for the Second Coming," Ensign, May 2004, 9)
Meeting of Church leaders about 1924. Note President Heber J. Grant fifth from left, back row of men. Henry E. Turley is second from left, back row.

1. to R. Elder L. V. Hatch, Bernice Thomas (local member), Dr. Henry E. Turley (local member), Mary Newton (local member), Elder C. J. Stringham (Mexican Missionary), President S. O. Bennion (Central States Mission), N. O. Huere (Conference President, West Texas), Clare McGuire (Mexican Missionary) President Heber J. Grant, Lillian Jensen (Mexican Missionary), Horaz Ralph (Mexican Missionary), Vern B. Millard (President, South Texas Conference), Elder James B. Dinsdale (Mexican Missionary), Elder Lowell P. Varley

Note: Brother Henry E. Turley became Patriarch of the San Antonio Stake in 1938.

Front view of San Antonio temple.
On March 21, 2005, 19 descendents of Lawrence Edward Turley (son of Edward Franklin) traveled to Colonia Juarez to explore their roots and learn more of the legacy of this unique colony in Mormon History. They spent five eventful days leaving their individual comfort zones from eight states in the US to learn more about their father and his early family experiences in Colonia Juarez.

The group consisted of six of Lawrence’s seven children plus grandchildren and spouses including: Louise Hess (Brigham City, UT) and her two daughters, Kathy Williams (Sandy, UT) and Louenda Downs (Layton, UT); David Turley, and his wife Alice (Salt Lake City, UT), and his son, David II and his wife Gigi (Lindon, UT); Mark Turley and his wife Carol (Vancouver, WA), and his daughter, Kerry Anderson, her husband, Tom and their 17 month old son, Fisher (Tetonia, ID); Marie Dugger (Mesa, AZ), Evelyn Hanks and her husband Stan (Oakdale, CA), and their two daughters-in-law, Mandy Hanks, (Powder Springs, GA) and Amy Hanks, Ann Arbor, MI); Joyce Richardson (Las Vegas, NV) and her daughter Shera Webb, (Mesa, AZ).
The journey to Colonia Juarez was made easy, pleasant and affordable by arrangements with John Hatch, a Colonia Juarez native and resident, now retired and conducting tours. John met us in Mesa with a 15-passenger van and because of the size of our group we provided another vehicle to get us to the border. We traveled to Deming, New Mexico and then headed south to the border crossing at Columbus, New Mexico. John had brought another van up to Columbus so we could leave our vehicle at the border and then travel across the border in Mexico licensed rigs.

I have learned there are many groups of Turleys, scattered across the U.S., many of whom are descended from Theodore Turley, who love their Turley heritage.

A common ancestor to those in this photo is their father, Lawrence Turley, and mother, Florence McBride from Pima, Arizona. Lawrence was descended from Edward Franklin Turley and Annie Sariah Martineau Walser Turley. Lawrence was instrumental in starting the Theodore Turley Family Organization.
We traveled south about 100 miles to Dublan near Nuevo Casas Grandes where John had recommended we stay in a local motel. John was raised in Colonia Juarez and his father was the well-known country doctor, E. Leroy Hatch. John had taught school at the Colonia Juarez Elementary School and the Juarez Academy. Although now retired from teaching he still maintains extensive fruit orchards and provides guide service similar to our tour. John did a great job for us, and can be reached at his website www.gavilantours.com.

We soon learned that of the many colonies that had been established in Mexico, only two remain: Colonia Dublan which is really a suburb of Nuevo Casas Grandes, and Colonia Juarez about 15 miles south-west of Casas Grandes. Because this was the week before Easter, John recommended that we travel up to the mountain colony locations on Tuesday because later in the week the mountain roads would be crowded.

The trip up into the mountains was a journey never to be forgotten. We had to travel in four-wheel drive trucks and the primitive roads were not up to OSHA standards. We left the valley floor at 5000 ft elevation and at nearly 7000 ft we could gaze back to see the location of the old Pearson train depot where the colonists had to board the cattle cars for the ride to El Paso in 1912 during the Mexican revolution. We were able to visit the sites of Colonia Garcia and Colonia Pacheco.

At Garcia we spent time at the old cemetery and found the grave of George Turley who died in a sawmill accident near Garcia in 1908. Also at the cemetery was a recent marker of Hyrum Albert Cluff. Joyce Richardson's husband Paul, a Cluff descendant, who was unable to make the trip, had assisted in bringing the marker to the cemetery a few years ago. Although none of the original colonist families reside in Garcia, the broad streets where now only adobe huts are found gave a strong hint of the early Mormon pioneer planning.

We then traveled on to Pacheco where a large colony once existed. The front concrete steps of the old brick large Pacheco Chapel are strong evidence of a once thriving community. John related that the chapel was used to store arms and munitions during the revolution and as the advancing hostile parties neared the colony the saints had no choice but to blow up the building, leaving nothing but the steps. Off about 200 yards was a new...
small building, which now is used as the Pacheco Branch. We stopped at a pavilion built by one of John’s cousins and enjoyed a nice burrito lunch along a stream of water that nourished an old apple orchard. The mountain colonies were located high enough so that the forest produced an ample supply of timber. We passed a few Mexican logging trucks on these primitive roads hauling 12 ft logs probably 18 inches in diameter.

On the way back we stopped to visit the Olla in Cave Valley. The Olla was a large urn used for food storage by Anazais. The Olla is a large urn used for food storage by Anazais.

The trip into the mountains took 10 hours with all of our stopping and looking. There are some Mexican families who now live in the mountains in and around the original colonies and somehow eek out a living with small corn patches and raise some cattle. There is no power but each little adobe house or shack has a solar panel and satellite dish along with a pickup truck. There are some LDS residents, evidenced by the small Pacheco Branch building. We were within about a mile of the Continental Divide and to the west had been other colonies in Sonora that no longer exist.

Our third day we were able to spend some time in Colonia Juarez. We were amazed that this little “village”, about 6 blocks wide and 12 blocks long has produced such a legacy for our family. It appears as the quintessential little Mormon town almost untouched by the rest of the world. A small grocery store, a burrito shop and a gift shop are the only retail commercial ventures in town. But prosperity is very evident by the miles of orchards that line the Piedras Verdes River Valley valley of the green rocks.

John related that due to warming climatic changes, apples were losing their value so now 80% of the orchards were in peaches. The peaches were just starting to bloom during our visit and as we traveled back and forth to Casas Grandes, we passed large fruit processing plants owned by the cooperative, which was started by the colonists and is the envy of many Mexican farmers. The fruit is shipped to Chihuahua, Hermosillo, Monterey, and other larger cities. The fruit industry has provided the means for many of the families to remain in Colonia Dublan and Colonia Juarez.

The fruit orchards started in 1890 when Isaac Turley traveled back to San Bernardino, and after a four-month trip returned with a wagonload of trees. The orchard industry then got another big boost when Clarence Turley, Lawrence’s half brother, decided to risk sinking a deep well to obtain a better water supply. His
success in 1933 spawned the resulting spread of the orchards up and down the valley and in the Tinaja Valley. On Wednesday we made a brief visit to Mata Ortiz, a pottery village located at the old Pearson train station where the colonists had to board the cattle cars for the trip to El Paso during the exodus. We also stopped briefly at the ancient ruins of Paquime.

We spent the following day in Colonia Juarez where John Hatch took us inside the 1904 Academy building and gave us a detailed account of the academy history and its programs. John’s brother, Paul Hatch, is the current administrator. The academy is Church operated as a part of CES. It provides grades 7-12 with a current enrollment of 450 students. Of that enrollment only about 15% are from original colony families, with the rest coming from the general population.

The annual tuition is about $600. for LDS students. The curriculum is totally bilingual and the graduates are willingly accepted at all higher education institutions in Mexico and the southwest states. About 90% of the graduates go on to college of some kind and the Mexican government is very impressed with the quality of the education. About 90% of the young men serve missions and marry in the temple. John pointed out that of the 12 temples in Mexico, 6 of the presidents come from the colonies.

After another delightful burrito lunch at Elmer’s Burrito Shop (John’s cousin) we had the grand tour of Colonia Juarez and located the home where Lawrence lived from 1908-1912 and for one year in 1927. In 1927 Clarence bought the home from his stepmother, Annie Sariah Martineau Turley. Clarence then lived there with his family for a long time. We visited other homes including the Martineau homes.

We then visited the CJ cemetery and found Edward Franklin Turley’s grave next to Ida Eyring Turley, his first wife.
We next visited the swinging bridge across the river, still functioning although now showing its age.

On Friday, as we departed to return back to Mesa and our comfort zones in the US, we reflected on the events that had led us to this point. In 1912 after the exodus to El Paso during the Mexican revolution, Lawrence’s mother, Annie Sariah, did not return to the colonies but took her 5 children and traveled to Logan, Utah.

Annies Sariah Martineau, daughter of James Henry Martineau and Susan Ellen Johnson had married Henry Samuel Walser in 1891 in the colonies. Henry Samuel was killed in a sawmill accident leaving Annie as a widow with 2 children. Edward Franklin Turley took Annie as his plural wife in 1901 and that marriage produced 5 children. Annie went back to her family and birthplace in Logan, Utah and divorced Edward Franklin Turley.

Lawrence was the fourth child and fourth son of Annie and Edward. In 1927 at age 19 Lawrence left Logan and spent a year in Colonia Juarez attending the Juarez Academy and getting reacquainted with his extended family. In the process he met Florence McBride from Pima, Arizona. They married in 1930, started their family in Logan, Utah, moved nearby to Brigham City in 1944 and to Mesa in 1953.

Thus, Lawrence’s children, all raised in Utah or Arizona, had little contact with the Turleys in the colonies. During the Mesa years from 1953 to 1978 Lawrence and Florence really embraced genealogy. Lawrence also was instrumental in starting the Theodore Turley Family Organization and began the groundwork for the red Turley book, published in 1977.

In 1978 Lawrence was tired of the tremendous growth in Mesa and ready to retire so he and Florence sold their Mesa home and moved to Kanab, Utah. In Kanab they had the unique opportunity to work in the summers at Deer Springs Ranch, a time-share ranch operation where they lived 38 miles from Kanab, with no power and no phone, just like they had been raised in their youth. Lawrence was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s and passed away in 1987. Florence then moved to Salt Lake City, then back to Mesa where she passed away in 2003.

Growing up in Utah far distant from the colonies and with very little contact from the “other” side of Edward Franklin’s family had left some of us a bit isolated. After our brief visit to Mexico we now have a better sense of, and an enormous pride in the legacy that Theodore, Isaac, and Edward have left us.
Several years ago I accompanied a friend on a family outing. Her family members decided that they would have a wonderful bonding experience and go rappelling together. Being the rugged outdoor sportsperson that I am, I thought this would be a great opportunity to sit in the shade of a tree, take a nap or read the latest book I had borrowed from the library, eat a little popcorn, and have a wonderful relaxing time. Little did I know what awaited me. While the brave members of this family took turns enjoying an endorphin high by going over the edge of a cliff — some even went head first instead of feet first — I was totally content to play with the babies and contemplate the wonders of nature from a sedentary position.

Suddenly, however, the situation completely changed. In a brief moment of madness (or perhaps cerebral hypoxia) I hiked to the top of the cliff to watch the rappellers prepare and then disappear over the edge of the cliff; hanging by a mere thread it seemed to me. At the top of the cliff was my friend. She wanted to participate with her family members in this exciting activity (how crazy, I thought, at our age!) but she was frightened (very wise I thought). The more she was encouraged to participate, the more frightened she became and the more frightened she became, the more she wanted so badly to conquer the fear and go over the edge of the cliff. Somehow, and again, I do not recall this well as our minds and bodies have a way of repressing terrorizing moments in our lives, I found myself saying, "OK, if it means so much to you to go over this cliff and if it will help, I will do it with you."

I soon found myself trussed up like a plump chicken going to market. If you are not familiar with the sport of rappelling, one must get bound into a little strip of harness that is wound around your waist and through your legs, outlining and emphasizing your bulges. From this seemingly flimsy bit of thread hang a couple of metal hooks which connect you to the rappelling rope and allow you (should you know enough about the procedure) to control the speed of your descent down the
perpendicular face of the cliff. All I can safely say is that I thought I looked like a pillow tied with string as I "done lopped" over the harness. I'll leave the rest of this to your imaginations.

Gloves on hands, my friend, equally trussed, and I stood with our backs to the edge of the cliff ready to go off into oblivion. We said encouraging words to each other as we walked in baby steps backwards over the edge of the cliff. Her nephew went along with us to "talk us" through the experience.

We said encouraging words to each other "this was the dumbest thing I could have done." My second thought was that those below, holding the ropes secure so that we could make our trip more safely, must have thought, as I hunkered down to go over the edge of the cliff, that they were experiencing a total eclipse of the sun.

While my life passed before my eyes, I felt the tremendous pull on my arms, my legs, the uncertainty about my strength in doing something so completely new, the burn of the ropes on my hands despite the gloves, and then at last, the tiny drop to terra firma. We had done it. We laughed. We cried. We hugged each other, and then we reflected on what we had learned.

We learned that you can do something you have never done before if you only have the courage to try. We learned that others can help you have the courage to try. We learned how important it is to keep your eyes upward -- toward heaven -- rather than looking down at the ground -- that only increased our fear -- just as dwelling on the negative only makes any journey more difficult. We learned about the rope of safety -- sort of a flexible iron rod, if you will. We learned about the importance of steady support from the person going through the challenge with us as well as those on the ground making sure our ropes were steady.

Aren't those great lessons? I am so glad I did it. Do I feel the need to do it again? No. Do I want to take it up as a hobby? No, I don't think so, but I learned a great deal about facing challenges from the experience.

Sometime after that I faced a similar circumstance. I had gone with another friend and her family to Arches. I had never been there before. We camped for several days and you can understand what I had planned to do when I say that I took along an extra bag with nothing in it but books to read. We did a few small hikes and saw some magnificent scenery. My friend and her husband and children decided to take the hike to Delicate Arch. I had read something about the hike. The park service described it as "a mile and a half moderate hike." I think it was more like climbing up the outside of the Empire State Building.

I made an important clinical assessment of myself. "Sandi," I said, "you are in no shape to take that hike" and I settled down for a good read. I had only made it through a few pages when an inner voice said to me, "Sandi, you must make the hike to Delicate Arch." I replied, "No, you must be talking to someone else. I am out of condition. Isn't it obvious that I am not capable or prepared to take this hike?" Again, I had an overpowering impression that I had to make the hike. And so off I went.

Now, it was true that I was not really physically prepared to hike to Delicate Arch. However, since I now knew I had to do it, I simply worked within my capacity. Hike ten feet, rest ten minutes. If you have ever made this hike you know that you just reach what you think must be the top, only to see the trail continue up another incline. I had to stop more often. I had to have a drink of water and was grateful I had taken three bottles with me.

Young children passed me on the trail as if I were standing still. Young couples with toddlers on their shoulders passed me as if I were standing still. I even think an older gentleman in a wheelchair passed me as if I were standing still. I began to worry that I would have to be life
flighted off the trail to Delicate Arch. I visualized newspaper headlines..."County
spends $50,000 to rescue fat woman off the trail to Delicate Arch." I began to feel
embarrassed thinking, "you should never have tried this." When I was about to the
last point of my own limited ability and effort, my friend and her husband saw me.
They had already been up to the arch and were on their way down. My friend said, "I'll
go back with you and help you."

And so she turned around and started back up the incline to the arch. She
had successfully completed the hike and now she coached and complimented and
couraged and advised me. I felt faint, light-headed, and at the end of my strength.
She told me to put my head between my knees. She encouraged me again, pausing
with me as I rested. And so, little by little, we finally made the last turn of the trail and
saw Delicate Arch. I was so happy that I had made it. What a beautiful miracle of
nature it is - and how amazing that I had made it.

But, I couldn't have made it without help. My friend couldn't put one foot in front
of the other for me, but her presence and her encouragement helped me be true to
the impression that I must hike to Delicate Arch.

My dear graduates, and friends, we will often face delicate arch hikes in our
lives. My new assignment as a Vice President is an example. But when we
know it is the right thing to do, we must remember that we also have a friend who
will not do our work for us, but who will bless us with his presence, his encourag­
ment, and his tremendous love and concern for us. Yes, we have a friend in Jesus, our
Savior and Redeemer. And with him - looking up to him as I learned in the
repelling experience and having him beside me as I learned in my hike - nothing is
impossible. I believe that with all my heart for it is the eternal truth that helped me
through nursing school, and through a mission, through graduate school, and
through every church and career assignment I have ever had. That truth
sustains me and I promise it will sustain you.

I promise you that if you will put your hand in His hand, you will make it up any
mountain and down any cliff. His is not a promise of no mountains, or no cliffs, but a
promise of being with us to help us with the ones we face.

May we all look to the Lord, lift our eyes to Him from whence cometh our help
as the Psalmist wrote, take His hand, do His work, and feel the peace of His
presence. My warmest and deepest wishes to the graduates for your success in every
way. I pray for the Lord's choicest blessings to be with you.

* * * * *

"In my quiet moments, I think of the future with all of its wonderful possibilities and with
all of its terrible temptations. I wonder what will happen to you in the next 10 years.
Where will you be? What will you be doing? That will depend on the choices you
make, some of which may seem unim­
portant at the time but which will have
tremendous consequences."
(President Gordon W. Hinckley, "Stay on the
High Road," Ensign, May 2004, 112-113)

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"The fear of rejection or the fear of hurting a
friendship are the more common restraints
to sharing the gospel. . . . Consider that
you are invited to a friend's house for
breakfast. On the table you see a large
pitcher of freshly squeezed orange juice
from which your host fills his glass. But he
offers you none. Finally, you ask, 'Could I
[please] have a glass of orange juice?'

"He replies, 'Oh, I am sorry. I was afraid you
might not like orange juice, and I didn't want
to offend you by offering you something you
didn't desire.'

"Now, that sounds absurd, but it is not too
different from the way we hesitate to offer
up something far sweeter than orange
juice."

(Robert C. Oaks, "Sharing the Gospel," Ensign,
Nov. 2000, 81)
BEING LED BY THE SPIRIT
By Elden Stewart

It was Monday morning and there just seemed to be something wrong. I pondered over the inspiration that I had often had, to no avail. There seemed to be no answer so I went on with my work but all day there was that constant something telling me that something was wrong.

I tried in vain to pull it out of my mind but to the spirit of discernment that I was blessed with in my patriarchal blessing, still persisted. I could hardly wait till I got home to retire into my private bedroom to inquire of the Lord. This too gave me no answer. I hurriedly changed my clothes and put on my Sunday best. My wife inquired of where I was going all dressed up. My only answer was that someone needed me.

I slid into my car thinking that maybe it would take me to where the problem existed. Down the street several blocks and then a short right turn I stopped in front of a candy store. It was the home of a widow that had left Tooele and gone to Arizona to work in the Temple. I questioned my being here in front of her home but the Spirit said “go in.” I knocked on the door but no one answered. I was ready to leave when the Spirit said “go back to the rear of the home.” This I did and there she was, my old friend that I had worked with teaching Sunday School to the Lamanites. She looked up and gazed at with tears in her eyes. “Where have you been? I have been praying for you all day,” was her reply. This was the answer to whatever had been bugging me all day. This dear sister had been stricken with cancer and had been operated on for such; the problem that she had been rehearsing in her mind was the fear that the doctors had not gotten all the cancer cells removed. She loved working in the Temple but could not decide if she should stay home in her little candy store or go back to the temple. She loved the Lord so much that she needed an answer. The Lord had chosen me through the Spirit to relieve her mind of this eminent pressure.

“Would you please give me a blessing?” she iterated. “I didn’t have anyone else to turn to and I knew you would find me.” Tears struck both of our eyes, I thinking that this lady had enough confidence that she would pray me here to give her a blessing. This I did, promising her peace of mind and to stay home. God loved her and that everything would be okay.

With that we parted. I assured her that this was the right choice. I promised to check on her some time later, my being in the bishopric. But that visit never came. My dear friend passed away several weeks later. My wife and I attended the funeral. As I gazed at the casket in front of the Church I received a very strong feeling that my dear friend was near. The impression came to me: “I am happy now, bless you my dear friend.”

I have been blessed many times after that experience, visiting the widows at the rest home and in their homes. Every week I have taken them a brick of cheese from the Deseret Milk Plant where I have worked for 12 years. The widows have been many, as I have promised to stay with them to the end. Likewise, each has comforted me at the end that they loved me and were happy.
Faust described the activities of his family when he was growing up:

"I confess that when I was a young boy, Sunday was not my favorite day. Grandfather shut down the action. We didn't have any transportation. We couldn't drive the car. He wouldn't even let us start the motor. We couldn't ride the horses or the steers or the sheep. It was the Sabbath, and by commandment the animals also needed rest. We walked to church and everywhere else we wanted to go. I can honestly say that we observed both the spirit and the letter of Sabbath worship." (James E. Faust, *Finding Light in a Dark World*, 109--116).

**Our Day.** Many changes have been made to the Sabbath in our day. What are some suggestions given for us in this generation? Spencer W. Kimball gave this advice:

"The Sabbath is a holy day in which to do worthy and holy things. Abstinence from work and recreation is important but insufficient. The Sabbath calls for constructive thoughts and acts, and if one merely lounges about doing nothing on the Sabbath, he is breaking it. To observe it, one will be on his knees in prayer, preparing lessons, studying the gospel, meditating, visiting the ill and distressed, sleeping, reading wholesome material, and attending all the meetings of that day to which he is expected."

(*Ensign*, Jan 1978, p. 4)

**The Consolidated Schedule.** One of the great changes to our Sunday activities was made when the consolidated Sunday meeting schedule went into effect on February 1, 1980. Before that time we would attend priesthood meeting early in the day, go home and pick up our families for Sunday school, then return home until that evening when we attended sacrament meeting. With the new schedule the three-hour block was born as we know it today. It is interesting to see what the First Presidency counseled about how to spend Sunday under the new schedule:

"A greater responsibility will be placed upon the individual members and families for properly observing the Sabbath day. More time will be available for personal study of the scriptures and family-centered gospel study.
"Other appropriate Sabbath activities, such as strengthening family ties, visiting the sick and homebound, giving service to others, writing personal and family histories, genealogical work, and missionary work, should be carefully planned and carried out.

"It is expected that this new schedule of meetings and activities will result in greater spiritual growth for members of the Church."

[Wally recently gave his wife Frances credit for helping him with his "Insights," which he mails out periodically [now]: "Thanks to Frances: Each week after I write my Insights, I turn the material over to Frances. She always is able to offer helpful suggestions that make the article better. Thanks!"]

A Few More Excerpts from Wally Gray

Insights 9: Seeking Gifts of the Spirit . . .

What struck me when studying the Gifts of the Spirit is that we are to seek after them.

The Lord tells us to "seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given; for verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments . . ." (Doctrine and Covenants 46:8-9.)

A list of some of the gifts is found in D&C 46, Moroni 10, and 1 Corinthians 12.

As I said, that we should seek after these gifts is an important concept for me. The question is how do we seek after them?

Moroni tells us how these gifts are given. He tells us to practice faith, hope and charity and to "come unto Christ, and lay hold upon every good gift, and touch not the evil gift, nor the unclean thing." (Moroni 10:8, 20, 30.) See also verse 32.

President George Q. Cannon said that we ought to pray for gifts of the Spirit that "will make us perfect." He added:

"Have I imperfections? I am full of them. What is my duty? To pray to God to give me the gifts that will correct these imperfections. If I am an angry man, it is my duty to pray for charity, which suffereth long and is kind. Am I an envious man? It is my duty to seek for charity, which enviieth not.

"So with all of the gifts of the Gospel. They are intended for this purpose. No man ought to say, 'Oh, I cannot help this; it is my nature.' He is not justified in it, for the reason that God has promised to give strength to correct these things, and to give gifts that will eradicate them." (Millennial Star, 23 Apr 1894, p. 260)

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Watch for these articles in October:
2. Cont'd Autobiography of Melvin T.

More Notes from our Readers:

Guy Turley, Mesa, AZ: Thank you for all your hard work. I hope you are feeling fine. Viola Haws: Thank you so much! We enjoy the Newsletter so much, and don't want to miss any.
Jay and Shirley Turley, from mission field, MI, The work is very fulfilling and great. The young missionaries go constantly. People in the branch are very humble and spiritual people. Very warm and friendly. All races are real huggers. With all sisters you get a hug as well as a warm handshake. A greeting of have a “Blessed Day” and a terrific smile. The Relief Society and Priesthood leaders really struggle to be trained and function properly. I will never complain about visiting teaching or home teaching again. [Watch next issue for longer report]
Frankie Hatch Karges, Middletown, MD. Thank you for your prompt reply to my e-mail and the query about the cost of a subscription. J. Bruce Turley, Mesa, AZ. Thank you so much for the effort you put into the Newsletter. We are expecting our second child in the middle of October. Hopefully it will be a boy and be born on my dad’s (Norman Turley) birthday, October 3. We really enjoy the Newsletter. [How about a report on the October surprise?] Korin Turley [son of George and Pearl] Blanding, UT, [We need a report about your mission to Korea] The Saints were nice to us. They took us on several tours around the country. I was asked several times if I knew an “Elder Turley.” We are both working in the Monticello Temple as Ordinance Workers. Lynette Crocket [Descended from Phoebe T. Peterson, Hyrum T], Stockton, MO: Thanks so much for the Turley Newsletter. I enjoy it very much. Thanks for getting the Newsletter out.
St. George Couple
Makes Special Trip to Ethiopia

Contributed by Robert Judd
Edited by Ella Mae Judd

[Most Grandparents remember with emotion the times when their children have come to them and said, "We have just learned that we are going to be parents again." Our oldest son, Robert and his wife, Mary Whiting Judd, have brought these glad tidings to us 10 times (the last time just 5 years ago), which have resulted in our gaining 10 beautiful grandchildren. In fact, their oldest son and his wife just a few months ago presented them with their first grandchild, and for us it was another great grandchild, little Gracee. Just when we were least expecting this family to announce any more grandchildren, they have surprised us with three more beautiful grandchildren! Please read on:]
would try to find some parents and a family for her - until after we had been to Ethiopia and back.

"I knew then as sure as I am writing this that he was right," said Robert. "I had had a witness, and I knew it. I was completely sure; there was no doubt. On our way home Mary and I began discussing the possibility of adoption, especially of a child from another culture."

The Rest of the Story

Almost immediately Robert, Mary and their family began the adoption process, for the fourth time. To explain, much to their sorrow Mary had been unable to have any children during the first five years of their marriage. For a couple of years during that time they had tried to adopt through L.D.S. Social Services but for one reason or another they had been unsuccessful. They also several years earlier had attempted to adopt a Mexican baby and had been disappointed at the very end of the process. Next, a few years prior, as Robert had been serving as Bishop of their ward, a young single woman asked him if he and Mary would please adopt her baby when it was born because she felt she couldn't take care of it. After careful consideration they agreed, but when the baby had been in their home just one day the mother called to request they give baby back because she felt she couldn't let it go.

This time, since the adoption process was international, they went to the internet and began filling out the paper-work and completing files for their dociia. After a few months they sent their application to the INS (Immigration and Naturalization Service), and waited six long weeks before they received a reply. Finally an answer came from the INS, a rejection of their application. Mary was heartbroken, but Robert was even more determined. Mary was soon on board again, however, because of the experience in Brother Arvig's home. After completing several more items and refining their application the papers were again submitted, resulting in another long wait. Finally, they received another letter from the INS - this time a letter of approval for their adoption of not one, but three Ethiopian children!

It was months later that Mary and Robert came to realize the first letter of rejection had been a great blessing for them. The plan from the beginning had been to send Mary and her sister to Ethiopia in October to get their child, or children. In retrospect they believe Heavenly Father helped them by making it possible for Robert (a school teacher) to accompany Mary. When the adoption was finally approved in February, Spring break for Robert was only two weeks away. He asked his principal if there was any negotiated time for family leave, and the answer was that he was entitled to ten paid days! Along with the week for Spring break, if they hurried they would have just enough time to get over to Ethiopia, adopt the children and return (after their approval, they never considered adopting just one child). However, their later experience proved the delay to be an even greater blessing. The little boy they finally chose to adopt and came to love dearly, little Beniem (Austin Benjamin), wasn't even born until November.

The day before Mary and Robert had planned to leave for Ethiopia, Robert's principal made a special effort to invite him to attend a meeting of all teachers in the District the next day. Robert actually had planned not to attend the District meeting but to leave St. George early and have an extra day in Rexburg, where he was going to help bless their first grandchild. Of course he complied with the request of the principal, and learned the next day he was being honored before 1500 of his colleagues as Washington County Teacher of the Year! This was very rewarding for him, but right at the time it was doubly so because of the $1000 he received along with the recognition. He cached the two checks he received before leaving for Ethiopia and slipped the money into the wallet in his pocket, just in case. Upon their return from Ethiopia, Robert and Mary had a total of $13.00 left in this bilfold. Heavenly Father had surely been watching out for them, they concluded.
There was one other unexpected contribution to Robert's pocketbook. A few days before they left a young couple came to their home and paid $300 cash for an older car they had sitting out in front, with a "For Sale" sign on it. Strangely, the woman in the car was the same one who previously had offered them her baby and then decided otherwise. Robert and Mary were overjoyed to see that she seemed to be established with a good husband and father for her child.

While in Ethiopia, the Judd duo had many special experiences. One of them came as they were leaving the orphanage the day before their departure back to America. It was late at night, and dark. Robert and Mary were getting into a taxi which was to take them back to their hotel, when Robert noticed Mary was crying and asked what was the matter. She handed him a letter from a young boy and his brother they had made friends with at the orphanage. At first Mary had thought the boy was sending a letter to his friend who had been adopted by a couple in American Fork, and so hadn't opened the letter. When they met that day the boy had said anxiously, "No, no, the letter is for you. Open it now!" This is what Robert read:

"Dear Robert and Mary, We love you. [My little brother and I] will be good boys in your family. We will study hard in school. We will do everything you want us to do. We have seen many persons come to the orphanage, but we want you to take us to be part of your family in America." One of the boys had told them earlier, "We only want to help other people when we get biggest." Robert and Mary surely would have taken them but they couldn't, for several reasons. They had only been approved for three and had already gone through the adoption process with their chosen three. Also, they were leaving the country the very next day. Several months after they returned home Mary read the letter again, and again there were many tears. It was a tender subject.

What a wonderful three they, again guided by the Spirit, had chosen while in Ethiopia. We have already learned how they chose Kristina (whose name in Ethiopia was Berhan, the little girl in their friend's picture). Well, Thursday morning when they went to the orphanage, one of the nuns already had asked Berhan to choose a friend she would like to go to America with her. Berhan right away went and got LemLem (her name was MaeLee after she was adopted) and brought her back to where Robert and Mary were standing, unaware of the nun's request. The nun quietly asked them to take a look at LemLem. Robert said, "I looked over at LemLem and the Spirit again came over me, making that selection a go for me. It was much the same for Mary. Later, as we were discussing the experience, I asked Mary if there was a child she would rather have chosen. She replied (again with tears in her eyes), 'Which child would you not choose? Who could you turn down?' Enough said."

Finding their little boy was another spiritual experience for them. They were looking for a baby boy in a nursery of about 30 babies, since they already had their two girls.

They found a couple of babies they were more inclined to choose, but the one they chose first had already been promised to a couple in Germany. So they began looking around in the nursery again. At this point one of the nurses handed a little boy about three or four months old to Mary for her
approval. They noticed all of the workers were watching them, and smiling. It was obvious they each had a special place in their heart for this sweet little boy. Mary looked over her shoulder and across the room to tell Robert, again with tears in her eyes and a frog in her voice, “Rob, I think this is the one.”

Robert hurried over, and once again felt the confirmation of the Spirit. After a couple of minutes Mary asked, “What do you think about this baby, Robert?” He immediately assured her, “He looks fine to me.” The strange thing is, they hadn't seen this little boy in the nursery the day before when they were there looking. When they inquired, one of the nurses explained that the baby had had Chicken Pox and they had needed to keep him separated from the rest of the children for a few days. He had just come back that day because his Chicken Pox had scabbed over. So, that is how they decided on little Beniem (Austin Benjamin in America). They learned from the nurses that he had been left near a police station right after his birth and the police had brought him directly to the orphanage just a few months before. His little legs were very weak from lying on his back most of the months he had spent in the orphanage.

Before they left, Robert summed up their experiences in his journal: “They were kids,” said Robert about the children, “sent to teach us adults how to live life. Thank God for kids. They keep us in perspective sometimes, until they become filled with adult nonsense.”

Many Special Experiences

While they were in Ethiopia, the Judds also visited a special hospital in Addis Ababa called Alert Hospital, built especially for lepers. The lepers were mostly cured of their leprosy, but were maimed nonetheless. These people did special jobs at the hospital to earn a small amount of money; mostly they were weaving and crocheting items for sale. They saw one woman who was threading a needle to work on a loom – a woman who had no hands. It was very sobering to them, and made them realize more than ever before that our Heavenly Father loves these people, too, not just the lucky ones who are born in America.

While visiting at the hospital they also went inside a dirt-floor tent where there were several ladies working on other handmade items to sell. One woman had been working on a tablecloth for forty-five days. It was a beautiful work of art, but how much would someone over there be willing or able to pay for such a piece? Not very much, they realized, but they felt it was priceless.

Two Franciscan nuns from Malta were running the orphanage they visited, one of several in Addis Ababa. On one occasion Robert asked one of the nuns, “Why do you do this?” The nun looked up to the heavens and said, with much feeling, “Oh, Robert, it’s all for Him!” “Oh my,” thought Robert, “I believe I have just met a couple of the people the prophet was speaking about when he said we would be surprised to see who is in the Celestial Kingdom. These nuns had dedicated their entire lives to serving Christ, and the eyes of this nun were so sincere with love for Him, it brought me to a new reality. There are so many who love Jesus and his flock, and they are each doing their small part to make things in the world better.”

Robert and Mary attended an L.D.S. branch on their first Sunday in Ethiopia. It was another amazing experience. There are two branches in Addis Ababa. Their taxi driver took them to the wrong branch first, and they decided they wanted to attend the other branch because they wanted to see the Branch President who had cared for their little girl. They were fifteen minutes late because they had to drive through the center of the city to get there, and as a result those in attendance had just finished partaking of the sacrament when they arrived. Robert said, “An Aaronic Priesthood holder came up to us on direction from the Branch President and asked if we would like to take the sacrament. We said yes a bit of sheepishly and they uncovered, blessed and passed the
sacrament to us. Again, we were humbled by the Ethiopian love and humility. We were also asked to speak in that very meeting. The Branch President quietly told the last speaker to wait until the next week for his talk so everyone could hear from the ‘new people.’ That was very humbling for us. It turned out to be another day full of the Spirit.

We were edified to say the least: The next Sunday the meeting began as usual, but, said Robert, “it took a turn when the Branch President asked for any new people to be introduced right in Sacrament meeting. One by one people began to stand and introduce themselves. Finally, a brother in the very back of the chapel stood and began speaking in their native Amharic language. Of course Mary and I couldn’t understand one word he said until the Branch President translated for us. But when that man began to testify the Spirit was so strong that tears came to all of our eyes, and the Spirit burned in our hearts as he witnessed. He held up a copy of the Book of Mormon and told the congregation the following story. He said his son brought this book home about three years ago and it had just been sitting there. He told how he came home one day, looked right at the book and felt something was prompting him to pick it up and read it.”

Robert said the man told everyone how the book had changed his life because of the things it taught, and he said he knew that it was true. “He apologized for being late, saying that he had been looking for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints’ meetinghouse,” said Robert, “and finally he had found it. He told how glad he was to be there with the saints that day. After the meeting you can be sure the missionaries hastened to his side. That is what you would call a golden contact!”

Just a month before, Robert reported, “Elder Russell M. Nelson of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles went over to Ethiopia and dedicated the land for the preaching of the gospel. There were 60 people in attendance at that sacrament meeting where just the week before there had been 38. Things are really happening over in Ethiopia, because a prophet of the Lord has blessed the land.”

While they were in Ethiopia they were invited stay three days with a missionary couple. The wife of Elder Giles, a Counselor in the Mission Presidency, called Robert and Mary one evening and offered to let them stay in their spare room before they received their children. The Judds were very grateful for such an act of kindness.

Miraculously, after they had adopted their three children they were invited to stay in the home of a family who worked at the American Embassy. A woman, Sister Jones, called Robert and Mary on a Saturday night, one week before they were to leave for St. George, and told them she and her family were going to South Africa for a week-long visit. She asked if the Judds would like to stay in their home while they were gone. So Robert and Mary were thankful to come to this home on Sunday and leave the next Friday. The owners didn’t get home until the Sunday after, when the Utah couple and their three new children were on their way back to America.

“How’s that for a really big blessing?” asked Robert. And it really was. There had
even been housemaids and other workers who catered to their needs, who came to do the work! Also, this kindness saved the Judds about $300.

Since Robert (and earlier Mary) were both school teachers, they also visited several of the local schools. There were 42 children in one first grade class at a private school in Addis Ababa. Can you imagine, 42 in one first grade class, they exclaimed. There were no books, three children to a desk, and all wore uniforms. According to Robert, they also appeared to be very satisfied and happy children. No frowns. No despair.

Since returning home, Robert, a District Program Director for the Boy Scouts of America, has helped organize five Eagle Scout Projects, where the boys have collected more than 4000 books which they are in the process of shipping back to the schools in the area where Robert and Mary visited. It is likely their hearts have been touched permanently.

Kindly Heaven Smiles Above

Those who knew this Judd family of 12 had no serious doubts about their adoption of three new children because in their normal family life they show unusual caring for one another. All of the children were extremely excited for the return of their parents, with their new baby brother and two new sisters. Melissa Judd, 9, was unusually happy to see her parents because she had suffered a broken arm while they were away and needed a bit of comfort only her mom could give. But she soon turned her attention to her new siblings.

Kami Kaye, who had said “no babies,” to her mom before she left (but who knew in her heart that that is just what her mother had in mind), was the first one to claim the right to cuddle little Austin, until she felt she needed to share him with the others. Kami also offered to get up during the first three nights when baby Austin needed care, so her mother could get some much needed rest. Five-year-old Danny soon became the self-appointed care-taker of the baby, especially when he was home alone with his mom. Actually, the baby often has difficulty finding time for his naps because someone is always wanting to hold him, or play with him.

One time when there had been a little misunderstanding with one of the new girls while the parents were away on their weekly “date,” and the girl had run down the street, saying she was leaving, 12-year old Matthew as well as 20-year-old Dixie College student Brent and all in between were crying and begging her to come back by the time the parents returned.

Marcilee, 21-year-old student at BYU-Idaho and beauty school graduate, who had come home for a week to get acquainted (and give everyone some of her special hair care) could hardly be enthused about immediately going back to Rexburg. Jenny, 18-year-old high-school graduate, was also getting ready to attend BYU-Idaho, and got teary-eyed just thinking about leaving. Fifteen-year old Verle and 13-year old Rebecca were also anxious to claim their “turns,” and big brother Ruffin, his wife Liz and baby Gracee arranged a visit from Rexburg to St. George to begin their bonding process.

The parents admit they are challenged by all the teaching and training their new children have missed and must now make up, including learning how to perform everyday chores and learning good habits, as well as their needing to learn a new language (fortunately both Kristina and MaeLee, as well as Melissa are in Robert’s class at school). But the lives of the parents are committed to making life as meaningful and full of love and learning as is possible for each of their children.

Fortunately, Kristina and MaeLee had taken most of the missionary lessons in their Ethiopian language before coming to America. They have since taken the lessons again, and have chosen to be baptized.

The family begins each morning together for scripture reading and family prayer, and ends their days together again with another family prayer. And you can be sure no one ever forgets, a fun Family Home Evening is the highlight of everyone’s week each Monday evening. There is always plenty of love to share - and to learn to share – in this special home.
Eileen Barker Rigby [Bazil O. Barker and Ella Bushman Barker, Charlotte Turley Bushman, Theodore Turley], Bountiful, UT Thank you very much for all you and the Turley Committee does for the Theodore Turley Family Organization. I enjoy and look forward to the Newsletter. Maxine Powell [Anna Priscilla Turley Van Wagener, Isaac and Clara Ann Tolton Turley, Theodore] Lehi, AZ I am the eldest daughter of Anna Priscilla Turley Van Wagener, who was the youngest of 24 children of Isaac and Clara Ann Tolton Turley. I am proud of my heritage and grateful for my membership in this large, wonderful, dedicated Turley family. During February, the city of Lehi declared February 6 – 13 “Family Week.” In connection, they desired to know who the 3 living couples were, that had been married for the longest number of years. They asked the “ward clerks” of the 59 Latter-day Saint Wards in Lehi, to send the names of the couples who have been married more than 50 years, to them. There were 43! They presented prizes to the three couples at a special evening to announce the winners. The No. 1 couple had been married 68 years. My husband Keith and I were No. 2, having been married 67 years [CONGRATULATIONS!] and No. 3 couple 67 years. My husband and I are parents of 8 beautiful children, 44 grandchildren, 60 great grandchildren – 4 more this summer. My husband and I really do appreciate our many blessings. Thank you for your dedication and hard work. Ray (Buster) Turley, Mesa, AZ I am sending some temple family name slips I have had for awhile. Don’t know for sure who to send them to. I could do some more if I knew who to get them from. [I called Jay Turley and he said they could just be put in the wastebasket. The temple has a record of them. Thanks for your willingness.] Elden Stewart [Nancy Charlotte Bushman, Jacob & Charlotte Bushman, Theodore Turley] Tooele, UT I have been sick most of the summer, being on oxygen, from a car wreck, as I was going to the Church, driving to work. I had been working there for 12 years when a car hit me doing about 70 miles per hour. It has left me a little numb in my fingers and I am in a wheelchair. I read the story about hiding Joseph Smith in the cellar. The same story was told to me by my Grandmother Stewart about her husband when he was a little boy in Nauvoo (Nathaniel Stewart). Verla Tanner Abbott, [Blanche Turley Tanner, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah] Farmington, NM I have really enjoyed reading the family Newsletter and getting to know some of the history of our family and also getting to know some of the names of our cousins I do not know but have so much in common with them. We went to Nauvoo some 30 years ago and really enjoyed it, but did not know about Theodore Turley’s house being there. [I do not think Theodore’s house has been reconstructed yet. Does anyone know for sure? EJ]. We really enjoyed Nauvoo and also the pageant at Palmyra. Keep up the good work. Erma B. Shelley [Jacob Denzil Bushman, Jacob Isaac Bushman, Charlotte Turley, Theodore] Mt. Pleasant, UT Thank you for the Newsletter. Clara Beth Tripp [Theresa Turley Wagner, Edward Franklin Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Salt Lake City, UT Annie Mae Turley Anderson [Henry Eyring Turley, Edward Franklin Turley, Isaac & Clara] La Crescenta, CA Thank you for all of your efforts in putting out the Newsletter. Evelyn Turley Hanks [Lawrence Edward Turley, Clarence Franklin Turley, Isaac and Clara Ann Tolton Turley, Theodore] Oakdale, CA Thank you for keeping the Theodore Turley Family Newsletter going. Ora Mae Turley Estes [Harvey Cluff Turley, Joseph Hartley Turley, Isaac and Sarah Greenwood Turley, Theodore] South Jordan, UT Thanks for the hard work and effort you put into the Turley Newsletter. I appreciate all the time you spend in gathering news, etc., for it. I am sure you are not appreciated as much as you should be. [I have lots of words of appreciation given to me, Ora Mae. Thanks. EJ] Janice Turley Johnson [Floyd Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] Snowflake, AZ I do wish to continue getting the Newsletter. I really enjoy reading it. You do a great job putting it out. Wanda Karges [Floyd Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore], Sedona, AZ: Thanks so much for the Newsletter. We enjoy them very much and have no ideas on how to improve them. Gerri Bingham [Melvin Isaac Turley, Isaac and Clara] Mesa, AZ We appreciate the Family Newsletter very much! Nina T. Adair [Joseph Hartley Turley, Isaac & Sarah] Eagar, AZ Enclosed is subscription for the year of 2006. We all enjoy the Newsletters very much. Thanks for all the hard work. Susan Moon [Velma Hatch Eldridge, Josephine Turley Hatch, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah] Henderson, NV: Here is my new address, in Henderson, NV. Stan & Ruth Bennion [Tenna Augusta Turley Huffaker, Ernest Turley, Isaac & Clara] Olathe, KS We have been receiving the Theodore Turley Newsletter for this past year again since we have returned from our two-year mission to Haiti. It is so interesting to read about his life and the others who are all related. . . It is wonderful to come from a heritage we can all be proud of and hope to have the Newsletter continue to come to our home. We thank you for all your efforts to keep our work going that we all might do our genealogy for our ancestors. We too are learning how to get into the computer to accomplish more in our own family lines. . .Thad and Anna Marie Turley [Ivan Turley, Hyrum, Isaac & Sarah] We live in Mesa now . . . Cleon B. Tanner [Blanche Turley Tanner, Hyrum Turley, Isaac & Sarah] Citrus Heights, CA Delisa Bushman Hargrove Lubbock, TX I would be happy to do whatever needs doing. What I would love is to see some of the different photos that people have of Theodore/Frances & family than what I’ve seen in the Bushman clan. . . I’m assuming others may have different ones. . . I’ve also wondered how many of us are working on genealogical lines that another branch of the
family has been working on, too, and wondered if there was a way to coordinate efforts. Dorie Haws

Virginia Mower [A. J. Anderson, Ida Bushman Anderson, Charlotte Turley Bushman, Theodore Turley] Fairview, UT I do appreciate the Newsletter. I was in Shandong, China teaching for several months. I appreciate the manner and style of the newsletter. Never having done one myself, I have no suggestions to offer.

Arthur Austin Turley, Sr. (Art) [Hyrum Turley, Isaac & Sarah] I don’t know what I could do to help but if anyone comes to Adam-Ondi-Ahman and needs a place to stay we have an extra bed and 3 couches and plenty of floor space. We live in Jameson, which is connected to Adam-Ondi-Ahman and we welcome anyone from the Turley family. [A GREAT OFFER. THANK YOU!]

Marian & Keith DeWitt [Martha Turley DeWitt, Alma R. Turley, Isaac and Sarah] Holbrook, AZ Thanks so much for all your hard work. We always enjoy the Newsletter and keeping in touch with the Turley clan.

Norman Tanner [Blanche Turley Tanner, Hyrum Turley, Isaac & Sarah] We enjoy the Newsletter... Keep up the good work! Lucile R. Farnsworth [was md to Alvin Romney, now md to Marion Farnsworth, Edward Franklin Turley, Clarence Franklin Turley, Isaac and Sarah] Mesilla Park, NM I was married to Alvin Romney but he passed away 7 years ago. I am now married to Marion Farnsworth. Thank you. It might be helpful to others to know how much to pay each year for the Newsletter. [Thanks, Lucile. $10 per year.]

EMJ] Karen Wagner Christensen [E. LeRoy Wagner, Jr., Theresa Turley, Edward Franklin Turley, Isaac & Sarah] Kaysville, UT Thank you for the publications. I enjoy reading them. I share them with a “cousin” in my ward. We discovered that we came from the same wife (Frances Amelia Kimberley Turley) a few years ago and when we see each other at church we greet each other by saying, “Hi, cousin!” [WHAT IS HER NAME?] Thank you for your time and effort. Roy McClellan [William Ray McClellan, Esther Turley McClellan, Isaac & Clara] Mesa, AZ I sent you an e-mail copy of that I sent to my offspring. Thanks for all you do! Georgia Pike [Lela M. Turley, Hyrum Turley, Isaac & Clara] Ontario, OK I really enjoy the Newsletter, but I am not talented in that kind of enterprise. I lost my youngest daughter Joline due to liver failure, caused other organs to fail also. She suffered a great deal before she left this life, on March 11. Thank you for what you do to keep us informed about the family. Travis & Laura Dunn Bodero [Shirley Van Wagoner Dunn, Anna Priscilla Turley Van Wagoner, Isaac and Clara] West Jordan, UT We received your yellow postcard... We appreciate receiving the Newsletter and all those who help contribute and make it happen. The only experience I have to offer is typing. Wanda T. Smith [Frederick

Andrew Turley, Theodore Wilford Turley], Mesa, AZ Just appreciate you so. Fantastic job! Jeri H. Maynard [Jay Hatch, Josephine Turley Hatch, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah] South Jordan, UT I wish I had experience that could help the family but I don’t now but I’m learning. I could fold and stamp the newsletters is about all. I can and do pray for all the family members to find our ancestors and record their information.

Gerald R. Fuller [Hortense McClellan Fuller, Esther Turley McClellan, Isaac & Clara], Mesa, AZ There was an obituary in the Mesa Tribune last week that said Susan Kay Turley, born 21 Feb 1962, Crescent City, OK, passed away 26 May 2005 due to heart failure. She is survived by her parents, Alice and Bob Harris, Sister Teri Frakel and two brothers, Michael and Casey Hall. Susan leaves behind two daughters, Kristie and Stephanie, 7 grandchildren. We were married 64 years ago today in the Arizona Temple. CONGRATULATIONS! We have 7 children, 29 grandchildren, 15 great grandchildren. Patricia L. Hamm I really enjoy the Turley Newsletter. I look forward to it all the time. Thank you so very much. Claudette Jones [Hazel McClellan Roy Mortensen, Esther Turley McClellan, Isaac and Clara], Mesa, AZ Thank you for the lovely write-up for my mom, Hazel Mortensen and for my son, David Jones in the last Newsletter. They passed away 11 days apart and it has been such a whirl trying to clean out two homes and take care of all that needed to be taken care of for my David. Thank you for the great job you do for all of us Turley descendants.

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Dear Contributors to “June 2005 Notes from our Readers” Thanks to each of you for your kind words of encouragement. I wish each of you would read what I have written after your name: the spelling of your name, and your direct ancestors in the T.Turley family (right after your name). If there is a mistake, please let me know. If something is missing, please tell me about it. Also, your FDC (Family Designation Code)(at the end of the “RENEW” line on your Newsletter address label, be sure it is correct.) I have appreciated VERY MUCH those of you who have answered the yellow cards, because I am trying to PERFECT our mailing list, which is quite a job! EMJ

*****

FDC=Family Designation Code: The Turley ancestor from which you are descended:

5. Hyrum Turley 6. George Albert Turley
7. John Andrew Turley 8. Edward Franklin Turley
70. From Theodore Turley’s wives, other than Frances
Amelia Kimberley
On Friday, May 8, 1840, following his release from jail, Theodore visited Lane End and Stoke, where he found Saints who, he wrote, "were Delighted to see me." Word of his release spread, and that night at John Rowley's home where he spent the night, several Saints came to see him. He "Laid hands on Sister Elderson she being sick," and it must have seemed wonderful to him once again to be free to enjoy the fellowship of the Saints.¹

Elder George A. Smith spent the night with him and all day Saturday. In Stoke, they ordained a man "to the office of Priest." Although the ordained man had been "very much afflicted" with rheumatism, Theodore wrote, "He jumped up and ran after us praising God."

Elders Smith and Turley walked together from Stoke to Burslem, where they "viseted a many of the saints" who "rejoiced much at my deliver[ance]." They then attended a small conference of Church members, and Theodore helped ordain men to offices in the Aaronic and Melchizedek priesthoods.²

On Sunday, he and Elder Smith went to Hanley, where Elder Smith preached that afternoon. "I met the Churches here," Theodore wrote, "and Broke bread with them." In the evening, "I Preached for a while," he recorded, as did Elder Smith. They confirmed one member and ordained another to be a deacon.³

On Monday, Theodore wrote to his brother John and walked to Stoke for a visit with Saints there. From Stoke, he walked to Lane End to visit the Saints. "I hope they all will be able to re[s]ist the Devil," he wrote. "I Preached to a Large congregation."⁴

On Tuesday, May 12, Theodore spent time with Saints in Lane End before walking to Stoke, where he "laid hands on Sister Handerson." While in Stoke, he and Elder Smith "Visited The Pot manufactory." Stoke was one of several towns that together made up the Potteries, an area famous for its manufacture of pots and other ceramic wares.⁵

Walking to nearby Hanley, Theodore baptized a woman and spent time talking with her family. He then walked to Burslem, where he spent the night at the home of a Brother Johnston.⁶
On Wednesday, May 13, Theodore traveled to Newcastle "to Preach and Teach to the Church there." He and George A. Smith preached in the streets and baptized one person. The next day, they "visited the Churches in Hanley & Burslem," preaching in Hanley. They baptized two more persons, worked until midnight, and ended up walking ten miles.

After being cooped up in jail for weeks, the success Theodore experienced during his first week of freedom must have been exhilarating to him. He had preached to many people, blessed and comforted the Saints, baptized and confirmed converts, and ordained growing leaders to the priesthood. What a vivid contrast to his period of confinement.

The success continued from Friday, May 15 to Monday, May 18, as Theodore traveled through Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke, and Leek, preaching, baptizing, and visiting the sick. On Tuesday, Theodore reached Burslem at noon and met George A. Smith. The following day, the two men "visited Several Families of the Baptist Order" and "Preached to them the Truths of the Gospel." They "also viseted the Bretheren."10

On Thursday in Hanley, Theodore ate dinner with a Mr. Taylor and "Spent the afternoon with him" and some "of the Baptists of this place." He "Preached hard against the errors of the Day." That evening, he met with Brigham Young and George A. Smith and spent the night with them. Theodore wrote that they "Thought it Best for Br Smith & I to Tary in this reg[i]on till conference."11

Theodore spent Friday morning with the two apostles, and Elder Smith asked him to preach at Lane End that evening. Theodore walked to Lane End via Burslem, visiting Saints along the way. Reaching Land End, he preached there as assigned that night and spent Saturday "visiting the Saints in this place."12

With their emphasis on obeying the Word of Wisdom, a revealed health code that discouraged the use of liquor and other harmful substances, the Latter-day Saint missionaries found an ally in the local temperance societies.13 "This morning," Theodore recorded on Sunday, May 24, "I Preached in a room obtained from the T. Totals Society." That afternoon, he met with the members of the church branch in Lane End.14

"This day Still in Lane end," he wrote on Monday. "I hope to See some fruit of my labours." That evening, he "Preached to a large congregation" with some success. "A number followed me to my lodgings too inquire after the truth," he wrote with apparent satisfaction.15

After spending the next morning "with the Saints in Lane end," Theodore traveled on to Stoke and Burslem, visiting and preaching. Wednesday, he went on to Hanley, where he "Taught from house the things of the Kingdom and at night Preached to a large congregation on temperance."16

He had enjoyed considerable success during his nearly two weeks of post-prison preaching in the Potteries. Yet the salvation of his own family members remained an abiding concern. On Thursday, May 28, he wrote, "I was this morning inclined to go to Birmingham to
See my parents..."17 He had tried and failed previously to interest them in the gospel that he preached. He now felt he needed to try again.

[Next issue: "Preaching Again to the Family"]

Notes


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Dues for the Newsletter are $10.00 per year, payable to the Theodore Turley Family Organization, 6615 West Lupine, Glendale, AZ 85304. 623-412-3955

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Alfred Heward, 81 [Hazel T. Heward, Alma R. Turley, Isaac & Sarah, Theodore] of Boise, ID, passed away peacefully at his home on 27 May, 2005. Services were held on 2 June.

Alfred was the seventh child born to John Edward and Hazel T. Heward, in Zeniff, Arizona. He was taught the principles of honesty, the value of hard work and the love of family in his home. In high school he excelled in both football and basketball, and attended Flagstaff College – Arizona State on a full athletic scholarship. He served honorably in the U.S. Navy in World War II.

He married his eternal companion, Betty Hayes, on 21 May 1946 in the Mesa temple. Three children were born to them: Lee (Adele) Heward, Shauna (John) Ferrando, and Roland Heward, who preceded his father in death. Alfred and Betty filled a mission in Alabama, and Alfred has served faithfully two days a week in the Boise temple for over 19 years. After Betty's death, Alfred married Erma Nielsen in November 1990, with whom he has since enjoyed serving in the temple.

Alfred is survived by Erma, Lee, Shauna; brothers Elmer and Dale, and sisters Margaret Stout, Marvere Duncan and Anna Seeley, sister in law Nina Callister; 11 grandchildren; five great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

Annamarie Turley Haws, 77 [Tillman W. Turley, Alma R. Turley, Isaac and Sarah, Theodore] of Eagar, Arizona spent most of her time being a wonderful companion, a wonderful mother and grandmother, a wonderful daughter, a wonderful sister, and a wonderful friend. She filled her callings in the Church with devotion; especially that of Relief Society President. She joyfully filled several missions for the Church with her beloved companion before he passed on.

Annamarie would always start her personal histories with “I was born of goodly parents,” and was truly proud of her heritage and her ancestors. When she was just a young girl she began writing “genealogy” letters, and encouraged her Grandmother Turley to write a life history for her. Concerning the Church, she said, “I have always enjoyed working in the Church and love it with all my heart.”

She and her husband Buzz were blessed with eight children, and had one Hopi Indian boy sealed to them in January 1976. She was preceded in death by both of her parents and her husband, as well as one baby daughter. She is survived by one sister, D’Rae Birdno, and four brothers, Tillman, Antone, Karl and Rubin, many grandchildren and great grandchildren.
Joseph Smith: Prophet of the Restoration

[Re: The new Church film. I am grateful to have received this account, about fourth-hand. I won't try to trace its path to me, but the first several paragraphs tell about its origin. Thanks to each one. EMJ]

"To my friends and family: I received this email from a fellow temple worker this morning. He received it from a good friend Kelly Ogden, faculty member in Religious Instruction at BYU. He first met Kelly when he was in Israel on Semester Abroad and at that time he was the associate director of the program, serving with David Gilbraith, the director. Both are very special men. He was happy that he forwarded this letter to his friends and hopes we feel the same about me forwarding this letter to others. C. Robert Sanders, Ogden"

"We thought you might also want to read a few of the details about the extraordinary experiences working on the new Joseph Smith film [that is being done by the Church in this bicentennial year]. D. Kelly Ogden"

"From Sara, date February 6, 2005: [Sara is the daughter of Kelly and Marcia. The name Kelly is also spelled Kelley at the end of this article. WFG]"

About filming this past week. The first two days were night-shooting (day is that cold; at one point I was ready to interrupt the shot and throw myself on the fire the actors were standing around... that would've been great a burnt production assistant in modern-day clothing running around an 1840's shot), and the last three days were shots in Liberty Jail. They built an exact replica of the jail, totally enclosed, except for it was slightly larger (4 feet) in ceiling height and width. I walked around in there during a break in filming, and I got claustrophobic from just five minutes of being in that tiny basement room, and I was all alone!

There were at least three to six men imprisoned in Liberty Jail at all times. I suddenly felt very bad for Joseph Smith and his brother and friends. Two weeks ago we were doing the great scenes when the Savior appeared to Joseph and Oliver in the Kirtland Temple, and I thought Joseph was so fortunate to have that connection with the heavens. Then this past week, with the Liberty Jail scenes, I realized that with great power comes great trials. I don't think I would have stayed alive during those 90+ days in a freezing cold, below-ground jail. They slept on straw, had terrible food to eat, with maybe a blanket sometimes. No wonder they were so sick.

For Wednesday and Thursday filming we had to keep the whole jail enclosed because an air conditioner was running constantly to keep the air at or below 27 degrees. The camera had to capture the men breathing in winter weather, with visible breath. It was literally a freezer in there, and the director, camera guys, and actors were inside for 1-2 hours at a time. I had to stand at the door, and open and close it for them quickly, so the coldest air would stay inside. Not that it was tropical outside the set either! It was cold Utah weather, but at least I stayed warm enough. Those poor guys came out blue, with chattering teeth and frozen fingers. The on-set medic, Mary, was so worried about frostbite. She checked everyone going out, and made sure they were okay. Nathan (the one who plays Joseph Smith) insisted on staying in there for the longest time possible, because he wanted to feel what Joseph really had to go through. We were all nervous that Nathan would end up going to the hospital to be treated for hypothermia, but he stayed healthy. Mary made him put some hand warmers in his shirt and shoes. Enough about this cold. Let's just say that I gained a huge respect for those early Church leaders, and some of the tough things they had to experience. I am such a visual person, and working on this film makes the Joseph Smith story come alive for me. I feel like I was there participating at the organization of the Church. I feel like I was part of the congregation singing "The Spirit of God," along with angels, in the Kirtland Temple. I feel like I watched as Mary Fielding brought her five-week-old son to Liberty Jail for her husband to hold, and the guard wouldn't let Hyrum up the ladder to see his baby. And after two weeks of filming, I know I have so much more to learn about the beginnings of this Church, and Joseph Smith. I just want to sit down for days and days and read everything I can. Now to the best part of this week.

On Thursday, Elder Scott came to speak to the cast and crew, and we held the meeting on Stage 2, in the replica of the inside of the Kirtland Temple. For one hour, we stopped filming, and we were fed spiritually by an Apostle of the Lord. Elder Scott told us that this film ("Joseph Smith: Prophet of the Restoration" is the official title) was the most important thing we would ever work on in our lifetime. He said that so many members and the non-members come to the Legacy Theater in Salt Lake, and a lot of them have been wanting to know more about our first prophet. Then Elder Scott began weeping, and he bore his personal testimony of the Prophet Joseph. The Spirit was so strong, it was hard to breathe. Everyone around me was crying too, and my tough boss, Eric, had a red face and tears through the whole thing.

Elder Scott also said that Satan would be trying his best to ruin this film, and we all had to be very careful, and be better than we have been. He said he knew he was talking to the finest film professionals, and good, Temple-going Latter-day Saints, but that we needed to do three more things to "accurately portray this important subject."

First, we need to know, in depth, about individuals and circumstances. He said, "whenever you can, study about Joseph Smith, and it will help this film be the best possible. No job is too small; no role is too unimportant or menial. All the people working on this will receive inspiration, and you should follow it, and contribute."

Second, we have to qualify for the inspiration of the Lord. Elder Scott was very specific about this point. He said that "through the Spirit you can access pure knowledge about Joseph Smith. Be responsive to promptings and act
accordingly." He also said that no matter how much we had studied before, the Lord will give us more information based on how in tune we are, to read between the lines.

And third, "exercise your faith to know." Then Elder Scott said he didn't know how to explain that, and he just hoped the Lord would place it in our hearts. I think he was talking about how we can have the faith that Heavenly Father would help us understand, and know, the importance of the Joseph Smith story. Elder Scott said everything about Joseph Smith leads the eye and heart up to the Savior.

The thing that made me very grateful was when Elder Scott told our small group that every week, on Thursday morning, at 10 am, the First Presidency and the Twelve gather in the Temple, and at the end of their meetings, they have a prayer circle. He said it is different from the regular one that we do in the Temples, and very powerful. All of the names there are ones that the Twelve or First Presidency put there. Elder Scott said that our names, the names of each member of the crew and cast working on this film, are all prayed over by President Hinkley, and that "it takes quite a while, but it is very needed and worthy of the time."

I suddenly realized that no matter how powerful Satan is, or how much he is trying to destroy what we are making, there is nothing that can stop it. The Lord is on our side, his prophet and Apostles are praying for this film, and He is listening. I'll write another update after Nauvoo, if I can find a computer. I just wanted to let all of you know how happy and humbled I am to be working on this project, and how much my testimony has grown already. I love Heavenly Father, and our Savior, and now I am becoming so fascinated with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his strength and spirituality.

Addendum from [Kelly's wife] Marcia: Yesterday evening Sara said, "Mom, I thought of several movies I have been wanting to watch but haven't been able to since starting this job. When I turned each one on I couldn't keep watching. They weren't terrible, but just enough crudity that I wanted to turn them off." She told me that ever since beginning work on the Joseph Smith film and then with Elder Scott's visit on Thursday to the film site, she has been on a spiritual high that she is reluctant to let go of or to smear with any profanity, suggestiveness or crudity. Sara said that Elder Scott told her group that this was probably the single most important project they would ever work on in their lives.

"Through the life of Joseph Smith millions of people would be brought to Jesus Christ. I thought it was pretty funny that Sara said when she arrived at work Thursday morning there was a conspicuous absence of beards, stubble, long hair, and earrings among many of the crew. She did a double take and then chuckled when they reminded her that Elder Scott was coming. It certainly is impressive that the Apostle stayed with them from 3 in the afternoon until 11 pm."

Information from the yellow cards shows that we have quite a few members who are missing - either because they have moved or because ???. Please help us try to find them:

Casey & Marilyn Abney
Chris & Danika Ballew
David Bradshaw
Gary Bradshaw
Jim & Brooke Cook
Donald & Manda Degler
Maureen T. Halverson
Lloyd L. Hatch
Jeffery Haws
Bob & Marva Jackson
Don & Lisa Lussier
Sandra McDonald
*Doris Memrott
Jeff & Jenna Moulton

If you know someone who... would like a sample, please send address to me.

Please address all correspondence and/or dues payments ($10) to:

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