

on skates. There used to be a lot of water in the lake and it was quite a large place for skating. One of the worst things about it was when it rained and rained then it would fill up and the river would break through from the north on another farm and come down into the lake causing the land to overflow very bad. Many people came from towns around and fished in it in the summer. I never cared to fish or none of the children seldom fished. I have often wished the lake was not down through the middle of the farm. There used to be a lot of pecan trees on the east and south of it. It was great fun in the fall of the year to pick them up. We used to let people pick them up on the shores and get half of what they picked. I have sold a lot of pecans and they helped to buy many, many needed clothes and books for our four children to go to school. I never let anyone pick them up on Sundays as I did not pick them up myself then. I thought it would be just as bad to take half of what someone else picked up as it would be for me to gather them and sell. Some people used to get real mad at me because I would not let them go to the pecan grove on Sundays. People were very honest with me and would always come to the house and divide half. I recall one lady several years later, who sent me some money for some pecans she had gathered. She said she had gathered pecans at our place and she had kept back some of the large ones and did not divide them and her conscience bothered her so, she sent me the money for my share. Just today, I have recalled when Bennie and Ethyl moved from Hatler neighborhood. They had been living on the Powell farm and moved to a farm several miles north and some east of Altoona. Kenneth and Herschel were just little boys and I kept them one day, when we went to eat dinner I had not made any gravy and Herschel cried and did not want to eat anything, for he loved gravy. Oh, how we used to enjoy having them all come down on Sunday and spend the day with us. After they moved so far away, they would come to Altoona to church then come on over to our house for dinner. Sometimes Loren and I and Richard would not be home from our Sunday School, when they would get there. But, some way Ethyl and I would rush around and soon have dinner ready. All of Bennie and Ethyl's children and their wives have always been so good to Walter and I. Bennie was my youngest brother and he passed away yet young in life. I so admired the respect Ethyl and all the children and families show for him by attending the "Street Reunion" each fall. Another I admire for showing respect to their father is Arthur and Sara Streets and their son and family. It seems people have scattered and live in so many states and so far away that many do not get to attend. Cleone and Arlo and their married children and families are very loyal, too. Also, Wilman and Erle and their families. After Walter and I came to Idaho it was several years before I got to attend. May this generation now grown up, still keep the "Street Reunion" going is my wish. None of our children have ever attended it as much as I would have like for them to. Of course, Loren and Pauline and Mabelle and John moved to Idaho several years ago. And, Chester and Mary have not lived in Kansas hardly at all.

I recall about my father singing, "I Love to Tell the Story of Jesus and His Love" when he would be helping mother in the house. He helped her so much. Mother had poor health and was easily worried. Oh, how I used to hate to tear my clothes when they were new for she always scolded me and it about broke my heart. Father was no hand to scold us children, but we knew when he told us to do some work, we would scamper to do it. I think I must have been an odd looking child for my dresses were so long and I had a lot of long hair. I wore button shoes that reached one-third of the way to my knees. I had a picture taken when I was about 16 years old and my hair was hanging loose and reached below my waist. I never had it cut short for years after I was married. My mother had coal black hair and wore it parted in the middle and combed straight back on each side and wound in a knot quite low on the back of her head. She had black eyes and was a lot taller than Father. She would not sew on a sewing machine as she was nearsighted and never did read, only ver little. But, she did do a lot of knitting for all four of our children. She knitted hand knit stockings, when babies, for them. Every day ones were made of black yarn and they had a pair made of white yarn for Sunday. We seldom had cake and when we

did it was made with sorghum molasses and pies were seldom made. But, mother made such good home made light bread; however, the family supper was cornbread and fried potatoes with sorghum molasses for dessert. It was all very good. Father always returned thanks before we ate. As children we were raised quite pious and was taught "honesty" in everything even then we were really small. We have always taught our children to be the same way. Also, that friends are a wonderful blessing in this world. Many times I have said to them, "If ever you have to choose between money and friends" always choose friends. Oh, how I have appreciated my friends and how true the old saying is "To have friends you must be a freind." Zella and Fred lived close to us and were really friends when in need. I recall one time Walter and my brother Will were helping each other put up hay. They were working at Will's home. In those days the hay was all pitched by hand with a pitch fork. They were hurrying to get done as a storm was coming up. Will accidently ran his pitch fork in the back of Walter's hand. Walter went to the doctor and he dressed it and said if it began to be painful, to keep hot poulices on it. By bedtime Walter had a very high fever and his hand was swelling, badly. Zella and Fred came down to help me and we changed those hot poulices every little while all night long. That kept blood poisoning from setting in and the next morning his fever was going down. In olden times, neighbors helped one another in sickness as there was no hospitals close. Later years, Zola was taken to Kansas City for an operation. Epha was not very old and they had left Harry and Bessie at home, as Fred had gone with Zella. Epha was taken real sick one evening and I called Bessie and told her Walter and I would come up that night to take care of her. Zella has told me several times how they appreciated Walter and I taking care of their little girl. It seemed accidents happened quite often in those days. When Claude was about 5 years old, Walter and I had gone to Altoona after groceries. Chester was a baby a few months old, and I held him in my lap and Claude sat down on a little chair in front of the buggy. We had driven a young mare of Edgar's to our buggy and she had not been driven very many times and was rather skit-tish. We had no fence around the yard then and always drove to the south porch to take things out of the buggy. Walter had helped me out with Chester in my arms and he stopped back between the buggy wheels to reach for Claude and had got him out when the horse jumped and started to run. The buggy upset and threw Walter on the south side of it. Three of his ribs were cracked and he was quite badly bruised up; he was not able to do any work for about 2 weeks. The horse kept kicking until it freed itself from the buggy, which had the dash-board kicked clear off of it. At that, we felt real fortunate that Claude had been swung out of the way before the hores started to run.

On the farm wood and water were two great problems. Our cistern leaked, caused by roots growing in the walls, so all our water had to be carried or hauled from the big well, which was quite a ways from the house. It was where the high waters came so there was built up about 5 or 6 feet high and about 8 feet across. Then the pump was on top of this dirt fill in and it was a big step to get to the pump and there was 5 steps to get to the top of the fill in. To the house, the ground gradually was higher and made it up hill to get the water to the house. I have carried many, many buckets from that big well. The men tried to keep water hauled to do the washings in the winter time and sometimes it would freeze. The water was quite hard. I would heat the water for washing in a big iron kettle out by a small wash house. I would burn wood or corn cobs or most any kind of limbs to have a fire under the kettle. We burned wood in a heater in the dining room to heat the house and I cooked on a kerosene stove which smoked so bad at times. Grandpa Sherbenou leased the farm to some men from Neodesha and they got some gas wells and we had free gas to burn for a good many years and oh, how wonderful that was to have gas lights all over that big house. Then the wells gave out and we had to go back to burning wood and that was hard to do. There was lots of timber on the farm but it was a lot of work to cut it down and saw it up. Many times I went to the hog pen and picked up corn cobs to cook a meal with on a wood cook stove. Electricity was unheard of in those times. It seemed so

wonderful when we came to Idaho and had electricity to cook with and water piped right into our house. My mother used to have to burn coal in her cook stove and all the walls look so bad when, at times, the stove would smoke. All the pots and pans would be black on the bottom. People now days have so much to be thankful for. I have often said that my parents were very poor folks but I remember that we were a happy family. So to my dear grandchildren and great grandchildren, I wish to say that you can make a happy home without having a lot of money and may you all have faith and trust in God and live happy and useful lives, is grandmother's prayer.

Years ago Janice, one of my granddaughters, was about 2½ or 3 years old and she could not talk very plain. Loren was not married at the time and he, Walter and I visited at Mabelee and John's home in Altoona real often. Every time we went, as soon as we would get in the house, Janice would say, "Uncle Orn you dot any dum." (Which meant, Uncle Loren you got any gum). Of course, Uncle Loren always had gum in his pocket for her. Mabelle would say, "Why Janice"!

After our children were all married but Loren, he lived with us and farmed for us. Each summer for several years, I would have a bunch of my nieces and nephew girls come and visit us for a few days and nights. They all had rooms upstairs and had a lot of fun. One time I took them up on the east side of the lake for a picnic dinner. Then one year, Walter took time to take them and myself to Neodesha to Claude Jr. and Doris's skating rink for awhile. Sharon was one who enjoyed the skating the most. We got ice and came home and made ice cream for supper. One year when Treva Mae was with Darlene she slept later than the other girls, when she got up, breakfast was all over. Darlene and I were trying to fix what she said she wanted to eat. I fried the eggs for her and she ate a few bites then said, "Aunt Lola, I know one thing that you can't fix as good as my mamma." I said, "What is that?" Treva said, "eggs". Always before she had said Aunt Lola, you fix things better than my mamma. Darlene was real ashamed of Treva but she was only 7 or 8 years old at the time and I thought it was funny.

When Chester was a little fellow I used to take him to Zella's in the afternoon and visit awhile. She did not have any children and she kept him, sometimes, while I went to town and would give him something to eat. Well, when I would go to visit her, as soon as he would get in the house he would say: I'm hungry. So Zella would get him a piece of bread and butter.

I got so ashamed of him saying that everytime, so one day I took him around the house and gave him a good whipping and that cured him of saying he was hungry.

I just had one sister and her name was Irene. She was so very, very dear to me. She was so big hearted and a sincere Christian. She married Charles Smith and they had 3 little girls: Cleone, Wilma, and Kathryn. She used to sing at her work so much and when Kathryn was real small she would sing "It's just like Jesus to roll the clouds away!" She had learned it from hearing her mother sing it. Irene took appendicitis when the girls were small. Cleone was 10, Wilma was 7 and Kathryn 2½ years old. She was put in the hospital at Chanute, Kansas and was operated on there. She knew she could not live. There were several of her loved ones in her room and she asked them all to kneel down while she prayed. She asked God to take care of her 3 little girls...I was not in her room but Grace Heck told me it was the sweetest prayer she ever heard. And I am sure God heard and has answered her prayer, for all of the girls are now married and have raised nice families. They all three have been so good to me and have filled the place in my heart their mother had. Oh, how I do love them all. It has always been a mystery to me why Irene was taken so early in life. For she would have done so much good in this world, as she was so talented. But, I know our God knows best in Romans 8:28 my Bible says: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. To them who are called according to his purpose." Charles kept the home and the 3 little girls and farmed the first summer after Irene was taken. The two oldest went to school that fall and when he began to shuck corn, he would bring little Kathryn over to our house to stay a week or so. She was so attached to her Daddy and he would have to leave to go home without

her knowing it or she would cry for him. She would visit with me like a child several years older. Oh, how much Walter and I enjoyed her. After I came from a month's stay in the hospital from being in a car wreck, Wilma was grown then and she came to our home and helped Mabelle take care of me. I had to be in bed and the doctor said I would never be able to walk again. But, Mabelle would get on one side and Wilma on the other side of me and they held me up and I did learn to walk again.

Now I will tell of things that happened years ago when Richard's life was taken by a car accident in Wyoming. I was so broken-hearted. Walter and I lived in a little house a short ways from Loren and Pauline. I would sit and cry by the hour and I guess Pauline knew how I was grieving. So she would send Angela and David down to see about me. This certain day just Angela came and usually I was watching out my window and if I would seem them coming, I would quickly dry my tears for I did not want them to know I had been crying. Pauline had taught her children to always knock on my door before coming in. That day I had not been watching and when someone knocked I said, "Come in". It was Angela and I said, "Oh, I don't know what to do." In her sweet way she said, "I am too, Grandma." She was always such an understanding child at her age. I used to sit at my window and watch her and David play. They would dress up in old long dresses and have such good times. David was such a jolly natured person. When I used to be keeping them and he failed to mind me I would sit him on a chair and to keep him there sometimes I would have to sit on his lap, then he would start laughing and all our troubles would be over. One day I was keeping Carol and Rita and I think Carol was about 3 years old, they were playing under a tent they had made by putting an old blanket from the end of the divan to the chair. I could not see them very well so I stooped over and looked and Carol had just finished cutting off a bunch of her hair on top and was going to cut some of Rita's hair. Well, I was in time to stop that, but Carol had made her own hair look so bad that her mother gave up going to American Falls to a program Angela was to be in. I think it was Angela's first year of school and was the last day of school. Anyway, Carol looked real funny until her hair got grown out. I do not remember the ages of all four of the children but they were all small and Loren had bought a new small tractor. David loved to get to drive it just a few steps. Loren and Walter were fixing fence quite a ways from the house, up west of it. Pauline was washing and she missed all four of them so she began to look around. She could see no one and she came over to my house to see if they were there. I said no, they haven't been here for quite awhile. Then she went on top of their big cellar and could see them all up where Loren and Walter were making fences. David had driven that tractor up there with all four of the children on it. Pauline did not know that until in the afternoon she just supposed they had walked up. Well, I just supposed Loren had told her so. I spilled the beans by saying, "If Loren is as lenient with his grandchildren as he was with his own this morning he sure will make a good Grandpa." Pauline did not understand what I was trying to say, so I told her Walter had said what he did, when he looked up and saw David driving that tractor, he just thought to himself that Loren will give all four of those children a whipping but he did not. Oh, what a thrill that must have been to those 4 children to get to ride on that tractor with David driving it.

It has been a very hard test on me to adjust my life without Walter. How thankful older people should be to have their health and home together. Down through the declining years we had many ups and downs and also many blessings in raising our 4 children and a grandson. All four of our children had appendicitis operations. In 1948 we had a sale of all our livestock and rented the farm and came to Idaho to live near Loren and Pauline. Walter worked for Loren through the summer months and I helped Pauline with the little folks for a few years. It was a great blessing for us to get to be close to our grandchildren and enjoy them. I believe grandparents get more enjoyment from their grandchildren and enjoy them more than they do their own. Maybe it is because they do not have all the care of them. I recall many of the things they used to say. Of course, a ll being little they had to be waited on at

the table. My brother, Will, was our hero and visited and he was so good to help wait on them. After he had gone back to Kansas, one day Loren was helping a neighbor and was just Pauline and I and the children at the table. Pauline said I think we need a Daddy here to help wait on you children and Angela said, "We need an Uncle Will." She was a little tot and was a very sober child and she said that in so much earnest. I had wanted to see if I could pick up potatoes the first Fall we came to Idaho. So Loren said I could try it. At that time they were putting potatoes in sacks and I would fill a potato basket then pour them into the sack. It was hard work and one day Angela says, "Grandma, you are just too old to be picking up potatoes." I guess she was about 5 years old then. So I only picked up for a day or two. That was the first summer we lived in Idaho. I will never forget what good times Angela and David had playing together. Carol was about 20 months old and Rita about 4 or 5 months old. So, Pauline had a lot of washing and ironing to do. She did all her ironing but I helped her do the wash and would take care of the children while she went to town after the groceries. That winter was very bad as there was so much snow. The drifts in Loren's yard covered up the cars and truck until they could not be moved for about three weeks. The drifts between Loren's house and our little house were several feet high. They were so solid we walked on top of them. Our little back house got completely covered and it was not very nice to have to use our slop jar and then carry it out and empty it, but that is what we had to do. We burned coal in a box heater with two lids on the top and every day Loren would carry us coal in a sack to burn through the night and he would say, now Dad, you and Mom stay inside as the storm is too bad to get out in. I recall how long the days and nights seemed. No cars were on the roads as they were drifted full of snow. That winter Walter had gone back to Kansas with Roland and Margaret. Johnnie was a little fellow and Phillip was less than a year old. I did not go as I had said I am so homesick to see Richard and I want to go visit him. He was living in Douglas, Wyoming and working at the plumbing trade with his girl friend's brother-in-law. Rolands and Walter had left Kansas before Christmas and after Christmas was over, I planned to visit Richard. I had wanted to wait and see Loren and Pauline's little folks enjoy their Christmas tree. So, in January I got my suitcase all packed to go to visit and I had made plans for Richard to meet me as I was going on the train. When he received my letter, he called me over the phone and asked if I could wait a week to come as his boss had to have an appendicitis operation and he had to take over the shop work of the plumbing. I told him I would wait and the next week I packed my suitcase again to go. Loren called the train depot to get the times of departues and the agent told him all trains and busses were held up by drifted snow. So I waited another week and so by that time the storms had drown worse and still not any trains or busses were not running so I had to give up my trip completely. Roland's and Walter had some waiting to do on their trip home from Kansas as the roads were now snow filled and the snow plows had to clear large enough roads for cars to get through. Oh, how relieved we all were when they finally gothome as the snow storms grew worse the last of January and February. It was the later part of March when Loren got the message over the phone that Richard had been killed in a car accident between Cheyenne and Douglas. Loren came over to our little house in the night and woke us up and told us the terribly sad news. Those saw words will always be in my mind as I had tried so hard to get to go and visit him. Later, I almost let it all break my health down. It was only through prayers and the precious promieses in my Bible that I was able to keep up. In Deuteronomy, the 31st chapter and the 6th verse is a verse that gives me strength. Rev. and Mrs. Teavs came to Loren and Pauline's after Richard's death and he gave such a nice prayer and told me that in Deuteronomy 31:6 there was so much comfort. Walter went on the train to Douglas, Wyoming as soon as he could after we received the news. He accompanied the body to Neodesha, Kansas. The funeral was held in the Methodist Church in Altoona and the burial was at Hatler Cemetery near our old home in Kansas. Loren and Pauline and the four children and myself went to Kansas by car. The children were all small and I took most of the

care of Rita all the way back there. She was about 9 months old and I held her in my lap. I have always said that having the care of her helped save my life on that long ried. We were gone from Idaho 10 days.

The shock and grief at the time of David's death was another sad experience and one we will always have in our hearts. Walter's health was bad at the time and he grieved so much for David. He loved him untold, and would sit by our big window and cry when he would see so many of Loren and Pauline's friends drive in to see them. He would say, "I did not realize Loren and Pauline had so many friend." I would say, "Well, Dad, they both are so faithful to their church and always so willing to help in anything that needs to be done." David had so many friends both of old people and young, for he was a very happy natured boy and everybody loved him. Although he has been gone several years, I will always remember his happy smile when he used to open the door and come in to watch the T. V.

The first year Walter and I lived in American Falls, Hazel and Jim York came to Idaho for a visit. When they went to start home, Hazel said my folks will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary next fall. I said that is when we will have our 50th anniversary too, so we talked about how nice it would be if we could come back to Kansas and celebrate them together. So, the next fall, Hazel and I wrote to each other about the anniversaries and she made the plans to have it at the M. E. Church basement in Altoona. Potato digging was over the 17th of October and Walter and I left for Kansas the 18th in our car. I am sure now our children hated to see us drive back there alone, as we had not driven it alone since we came to Idaho. I said to Loren, do you think our old car will make the trip alright? I will never forget how he answered me and it has always been something to laugh about. He said, "Oh, the old car will make the trip alright." It came to me that he wondered if the two old people would make the trip alright. We took 5 days to go back there and we enjoyed it and I always said it was our first honeymoon. We stopped in Wichita and visited Maude and Walter, then stopped in Moline, Kansas where Earl and Wilma lived and stayed one night with them. Then we went on to Independence and shopped. Walter bought a new suit of clothes and then we drove on and got to Claude's and Mae's on Wednesday afternoon. The anniversary celebration was to be on Sunday. Claude and Mae had got worried about us being so long on the way back there but we did not realize that he would be so worried because we really was enjoying it all. Our only disagreement all the way was that I kept thinking Walter was driving too fast. We were not sure the speedometer was working just right. Walter laughed and told the people in Kansas that it is not possible to ride that far with a woman and not argue about something. He was a great person to joke. There was quite a large crowd of friends and relatives that came to the 50th anniversary. Claude and Mae were our only children who came as the rest of them all lived out in Idaho then. There was a nice program and Hazel and Mae had baked cake to serve. Mae and I had baked a three tier wedding cake and she had it decorated at a bakery in Neodesha. It was very pretty. Although I had written back before we left Idaho that we requested no gifts from relative and friends, as getting to be back there to be with old friend and loved ones was all we wanted. But, we did get lots of nice cards and gifts. Our four children and their companions got us a beautiful set of silverware service of everything for 12 people. Oh, how proud we were of it and got to use it a lot before Walter passed away. The first winter I was at Mabelle's I said to Janice, "Who shall I give the silverware to when I am through with it...my oldest granddaughter or my youngest granddaughter." She said to your youngest, wich was Rita. Janice is the oldest. Walter and I visited in Kansas 4 weeks then when we came home, Bob Frankenberg (my nephew) drove back for us. We had a nice trip coming back. We came through Denver and the big museum there. Bob stayed with us two weeks then he rod back to Kansas with Alberta and Marion and family. Just before we left Kansas, Walter's back began to hurt him and it bothered him off and on for over a year. I feel now that was when the cancer first began and if we had went to a specialist right off at first he might have been helped. But, he never believed in doctoring and we waited too

long. We had been married $57\frac{1}{2}$ years when he passed away.

In May of 1961, I had a severe head and chest cold so I went to Dr. Young in Moses Lake, Washington at that time. I was living with my daughter and family and I had been there since Thanksgiving Day. I was sewing and helping Janice get things ready for her wedding which was to be June 11th. I had also stayed at Mabelle's during the winter of 1960 and Janice and I had some wonderful visits together, so she had written and asked me to come out and help her get ready for her wedding. It was great enjoyment to me. She was teaching her second year of school in Moses Lake and staying in the home of her parents. Mabelle and I had such good times visiting through the day while Janice would be at school. Then, of course, as soon as she would come of an evening our whole thoughts were for her and getting things made. Then, when I went to Dr. Young and he x-rayed and said I must go to a T.B. hospital to be doctored, it made a gray sky for us all. Dr. Young insisted on me going to a hospital in Spokane at once. I kept saying NO, NO. I have just got to go back to Idaho and my home first. It was a very trying time to us all. I was so worried for fear I might have already given the T.B. germs to Mabelle, Janice, or John. I am sure I worried more about that than knowing I had it myself and when Dr. Young told me I had it, I could hardly believe it could be true. I felt I should go right back to Idaho but finally decided to stay in Washington until after the wedding was over and ride back to Idaho with Pauline, Angela, Carol and Rita. We left Mabelle's the 13th of June and drove to American Falls and got there about 10 o'clock that night. I went to Dr. Harms in a few days and he x-rayed me and made plans for me to enter this T.B. hospital at Gooding, Idaho. I was at home with my dear ones just one month before I came to this hospital. Oh, what a hard day it was on...Loren and Pauline and Chester and Mary and myself came. I did not ever expect to get well again and get to go back to my home. I was put in a room on the first floor for one week and given a complete body examination and x-ray and asked all kinds of questions. The next week I was moved upstairs to a room on the southeast side of the big building. I was in that room 2 months and only saw the ones who came in to take care of me. Mrs. Maxine Moll was the maid and she was so good to me and took extra care of my room. I will never forget her sweet turns and kind ways. After I had taken the shots for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ weeks, they made me so very dizzy and sick. I could not stand up to go to the toilet without holding to something and I just kept getting worse for about 4 weeks. The doctor and nurses kept saying I would get better but at first, I thought I had had a light stroke. My stomach was so upset, too and I had about quit eating. One evening an R.N. said, "Mrs. Sherbenou you have just got to eat." "You cannot take the pills and shots unless you eat your foods." I said, "I am so sick to my stomach and I do not want to get to vomiting." She said, "You eat your meals and we will bring you a medicing to settle your stomach." So I did, but yet I was so dizzy and weak. I had to lay down so much of the time. The doctor had said I could sit propped up in my bed. Those were quite discouraging days but I read my Bible a lot. The only time I was out of that room was when I would get weighted and then a nurse would help me to the scales then back to my bed. After being in that room for 2 months, one day Dr. Tyler said I was to be moved to a room on down toward the west. I was there 5 weeks then was moved to a room west of the building. I was there a few weeks then moved just 2 doors further west. The week after Christmas, when Dr. Tyler told me I could be up and around, it was sure a happy week for me as I had been in bed for $5\frac{1}{2}$ months. I could only be out of my bed long enough to eat my meals at a table in my room and go to the bathroom and wash myself. I always combed my hair sitting up in bed, but I had several good friends who would come to my room and visit me. Georgia and Monica were so faithful to come. They put up a Christmas tree for me and covered it with the decoration. Then after Christmas they all took the things off. I will never forget the helpful deeds and good visits. Jeanie, another good friend, entered the hospital in December and she was so good to me. Mrs. Winegardner and Mrs. Reed then became so good to me. When I got able to go to the cafeteria to eat, they would help me walk, then Mrs. Templeton got able to go the the cafeteria to eat dinner and supper. She had asthma and would always have to rest after climbing

the stairs and we all would stop in the little chapel and sit and visit awhile. All these visits are happy memories to me. On February 25, 1962, I was dismissed from the hospital and oh how happy I was to get to be at my home again. And, to have Dr. Tyler tell me I had been negative the last 4 months, was a great relief. I was so happy to know I did not have T.B. and that I would not endanger my loved ones at home. The old saying of "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." When Walter and I built this home it was built with the thoughts that which ever one of us was taken first, the one left would have a home close to Loren and Pauline and family to live in and Walter was so proud of this little house. After his death I could hardly stand to live in it. But, now I think I have over come that feeling.

On this November 4, 1964, I will add a few more lines to my life history. Pauline, Loren, Carol and Baby Michelle took me to Moses Lake to spend the winter at Mabelle's and John's home. It was so nice to be with them. Conrad, Shirley and Shirley's parents came for Christmas the year of 1964. Then on Decmeber 29, 1964, Janice came to await the birth of their first baby. Jolene Ruth arrived on February 10, 1965 and oh how wonderful ti was to be a great-grandmother again. Mabelle and John are so very proud of her as she is their first grandchild. Carol and Mike's girl is now 6 months old and she is such a sweet baby. How I do enjoy her. Now I have 4 great-granddaughters. Claudia Sherbeou is almost 19 years old and in college and her sister, Linda, is 14 years old. I feel God has been so good to me in letting me live to see 4 of my great-granddaughters. On February 18, 1965 I returned to American Falls to my little house close by Loren and Pauline. I took my first airplane ride at this time. I was 81½ years old.

Loren and Pauline and Rita take me to Sunday School and church and help me in and out of the church as I am quite crippled in my feet and limbs. Also, my hands are crippled with this neuritis. I still love to go to S. S. and church as it is a friendly place and I love all my friends so much.

I find all through life we have many blessings and many sorrows and my motto has been to "Trust and Pray". My Bible says God is always near us and will give us strength for all our needs. I know I have so much to be thankful for. May God Bless my dear children and their companions, my dear grandchildren and great grandchildren, my nieces, nephews and great nieces and nephews. They all are so dear to me and have done so much for me. Also, many, many friends that are dear to me. May their lives go on and on being helpful to others along life's pathway is my prayer.

Grandmother Sherbenou

This is a poem that I love so much. It was written after I was 81 years old.

Be Kind be loyal be True
In all the duties you must do
God will give you strength each day
If you always "Trust and Pray"

Although sorrow and grief overcome us
God is always near to comfor and to cheer
And will give us strength for each day
If we always "Trust and Pray"

So along life's pathway
Give God thanks and praise
For his many blessings each day
And always "Trust and Pray"

(11/17/67)