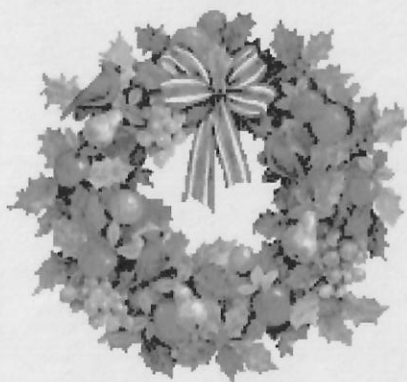


Grandma Answers

KNIGHT FAMILY CALENDAR
2004





Happy Holidays

Our theme for the 2004 Knight Family Calendar is "Grandma Answers", which has given me the opportunity to meander through a lot of topics, all suggested by you. You've probably read most of these questions and answers on the family website throughout the last year. I've had a lot of fun plumbing the depths of my memory, and I'm thankful for the occasion to get some of my experiences on the record.

My love and best wishes to you all for a wonderful Christmas and happy 2004.

Mom, Grandma, Gigi, Friend

A brief note: Our "Grandma Answers" program has been a great success, and we will continue to feature it on our website, www.knightlines.com. As you happen to think of questions for Mom, please pose them to her right away, and the answers will be posted to the website. We'll likely save the next round of questions and answers for the 2006 calendar, and do something different for 2005, just to keep the variety going.

Love, Denny

New Shoes

Dear Grandma,

I thought up a question for you. When I was little I remember going to a wedding (Sylvia and Dave's) and the most exciting thing about that to me was getting my new shoes in the mail from Montgomery Wards. They were some black shiny things. Another new pair I remember was a pair of white go-go boots I got for my birthday, and then finally I got a pair in Cheyenne when we went to Payless Shoe Store. Do you remember getting a new pair of shoes you thought were special? I know we both love shoes so I thought maybe I could get a memory of this out of you!! Love You, Barb P.S. I wonder why if I loved shoes so much- Grandpa Knight was always getting mad at me for not wearing any in the summers in Laramie?!

Love, Barbara

Dear Barbara,

Your question threw me for a loop, but after a bit of probing around into the depth of my brain I began to remember some of the shoes of my very young years, my high school and my college years.

The first shoes I could really remember were ones I had when I was 8,9 or 10. They were a nice shade of brown, two toned brown, as I remember them, and they laced up above the ankles, because they were winter shoes, and there was definitely snow on the ground! Strap style shoes such as Mary Janes were reserved for summer wear. High tops kept our feet warm, dry and cozy during the cold winter months, but we did need the extra protection of overshoes. It was then our family was introduced to the brand new type of overshoes. The 'zipper' was invented and introduced to the world. Its very first practical use was to replace the old fashioned buckle closing of the overshoe.

Mrs. Pierce, my favorite teacher, rented a room in our house in Kit Carson, because her husband, a Union Pacific section foreman in Kit Carson, had been transferred to Gilcrest, Colorado. They were required to move out of the section house in Kit Carson and the section house in Gilcrest would be their new home. Gilcrest is a small town near Greeley.

Thus it was she and her older daughter would live in our upstairs bedroom so they both could conclude the school year in Kit Carson. They would stay with us during the week and go to Denver for the week-end. She of course had a pass, so the train trips to Denver allowed them to travel free.

Mrs. Pierce was an avid shopper and she was always alert to discover new products which were available in the large city. And so it was she surprised our family with a pair of 'zippers' for each of us. I'm quite sure our family and hers were the only ones to be equipped with the new-fangled foot gear in Kit Carson.

With all my love to all of you from the grand old matriarch of the Knight family.

Grandma and Gigi

More Shoes

Grandma,

I love the story, but would you mind finishing telling me about your high school shoes and the college shoes you mentioned in the first part of your answer to my shoe question?

Love, Barb

Dear Barbara,

Well! Well! We're back to shoes! That seems to me as if we are starting from the ground up! Or maybe it's just jumping from the fourth grade to college. This will be a story about my two most loved pairs of shoes.

These were in high style both seventy five years ago as well as at the present time. I'm sure many of you people have noted the high heels that fashionably dressed women are wearing now. Surprise! Surprise! We also were wearing 3 inch stiletto heels in the early 1930's.

Back to my shoes. One pair was a beautiful shade of lipstick red. The vamp was low cut, unadorned and had a neat rounded toe. These shoes were given to me by the mother of the little girl who I baby sat for and often took her to the swimming pool. She was 4 years old and quickly learned to swim like a fish and was totally fearless of the water. Her favorite trick was to put her life saver around her mid section, climb to the top of the steps of the highest slide and of course when she hit the water she went right through the life saver and into water, which was far over her head. She could swim pretty well, but nevertheless, I was always at the bottom of the slide to see that she was all right. There were a few other children who went to the pool quite regularly but none as small or as young as she was. The people who owned the pool were next door neighbors of ours and they not only provided me with a free pass to the pool, when they saw I took good care of the little kids they gave me my very first job. I was officially (so they said) the life guard for the under six crowd.

I got sort of waylaid on the story of shoes, I'll see if I can work myself back.

The red shoes I wore first for the Junior Class Banquet. There was not a prom at Springfield where I was a junior. My folks took me to Lamar to buy the pretty red dress I wore with my lovely red shoes. The dress was made of georgette with a cut out area at the top of the shoulders.

My other favorite shoes were of the same style although they were beige, plain leather trimmed with beige color snake skin. These I acquired in 1931, which was my senior year at Limon. These shoes accompanied a very lovely beige taffeta dress similar to the red dress but it had ruffles from the waistline to the floor which were alternate of ivory and apricot. My folks had taken me to Denver to buy this outfit. I wore this to the Senior banquet and felt almost but not quite like a 'princess.'

Of course I was not allowed to attend the dance which followed the banquet. It was not so much my parents objecting to my going but their church congregation who frowned upon my taking part in such a social activity. It was all right for their kids to attend the event but certainly not for the preacher's daughter.

However, I was allowed to attend a party following the banquet, which was attended by friends who for different reasons could not attend the dance. The party included a movie and refreshments at their home. The boy who hosted the party was the 'prince' who took the almost "princess" home just before midnight. This friendly relationship lasted for many years and I can't really remember that it ever ended. I rather think it met a fatal end when the "prince" died.

Both outfits went to college with me and I always felt well dressed when I wore them.

My only regret came a few years later when I had an idea of making the two pairs of shoes into two sets of bookends. I had figured out a way to make them heavy and put them on a base to make them practical. It was only then I found my mother had disposed of them a year or so before. I thought I had such a clever idea. She had kept them for such a long time and I was the one who had tarried too long. Darn!. I still think they would have made 2 pairs of pretty cute bookends! I have to admit that my best idea came a year too late!

Love, Grandma

Counting Nails

Dear Gigi,

Do you remember who and what you were playing with when you were around my age, five?

I Love You, Samantha

Dear Samantha,

I am so amazed at what these questions do to start my brain to thinking. One thought leads to another and I am gradually led to an answer.

When I first read your question I immediately thought about a little girl who was my playmate. At that time my family lived in Mound Valley, Kansas. I played with a little girl, five years old. Her name was Margie Call. Her father owned a lumber yard and a hardware store. We were often asked to take on a job such as counting a boxful of nails.

Now, being somewhat smarter than I was then, I realize these jobs were not meant so much to entertain but to keep us out of his hair and out of his way. Can you imagine how long it took for five year olds to count a box filled with seven or eight hundred nails? Frankly, I hate to admit how dumb I was but I never did find out, so I guess his intentions were fulfilled.

Love, Gigi

Aunt Suzy

Dear Mom,

I've been thinking about Aunt Suzy lately and remembering how fond I was of her. I remember especially her smile, laugh and gentle hugs. Realizing we all have our favorite relatives, could you share a story or two about one of yours?

Love, Kathi

Dear Kathi,

Your nice question is one I am finding brings back many happy memories to me. My Aunt Suzy was not only my favorite aunt but she was also my mother's favorite sister, and your memory of what a sweet and loving person she was is, no doubt, the reason she brings out such happy memories for all of us. Her sweet personality was not only a reflection of her own character but it was also complimentary to the Knight family. She was very impressed by the good manners, the excellent behavior and the respect you had for each other and for your parents, your grandparents and all those who cared for you.

Aunt Suzy and her husband, Rob Johnson lived on a farm in Kansas and occasionally we visited them and they visited us in return. They had three sons, Andrew, Robby and Sammy and two daughters, Grace Hughes and Amelia Bechtold.

When I was six, I moved to Denver with my parents and brother Harry. My Dad was on a sabbatical leave from the ministry and Harry was a potential college student which somehow never quite finished. However, he did attend Denver University. A friend of Harry's who lived with us in Mound Valley, Kansas also moved to Denver with us. His last name was Nagy and that is what we called him and I no longer remember his first name. His parents lived in Fruita, Colorado and owned some fruit orchards. From this supply they shipped apricots, peaches and pears to their son who sold the fruit in Denver. It was considered a real treat by his customers. I think he lived with us until my Dad was asked to take charge in Kit Carson, Co. and we moved there where he joined the Colorado Conference of the Methodist Church and remained in that conference until retiring in 1942.

Many of my memories were of trips to the Rocky Mountains, and Aunt Suzy often made the trip with us. She and my mother both loved the mountains. One trip which we made several times was to Buena Vista. My Dad loved the fishing there in the 3 Cottonwood Creeks, and we would stay in a cabin court owned by an older woman and her daughter, who was a teacher in another town, and had the summer months off to help her mother run the cabin court. The daughter and my Dad (and sometimes me) were fishing partners, while my Mom and Aunt Suzy enjoyed their time together, quilting or crocheting. They made jams and jellies with what fruits were available at that time of year around the beautiful little town of Buena Vista.

Aunt Suzy often expressed her love and admiration of you, the Knight children. That admiration was equally shared with her

daughter, Amelia, who lived in Brighton. It was not uncommon to hear them heaping their praises on all of you and used as examples of good parenting and a happy home life. I'm sure that sweetness and love were traits of Aunt Suzy that were well earned and I'm so happy Aunt Suzy is among your pleasant memories. She is surely the one who was always dearest to me.

In her later years, Aunt Suzy lived with her daughter Amelia in Brighton. My parents then were living in northern Colorado so it was easy for them to visit frequently with her and her daughter and son in law, Amelia and Billy Bechtold. They were always happy to join in happy events with my parents and our family as well. Our dear Aunt Suzy died in her late nineties while living in Brighton. Although she was approaching the century mark, she retained most of her mental faculties as well as her wonderful personality.

The days before she died Amelia and I made a visit to the Brighton hospital where I paid my last visit with her. Amelia asked her if she knew who I was and she replied. "Of course I know. She is my Geraldine". I rather think that I and my family held a special place in her heart until the very end. In return, I will remember my Aunt Suzy as a very special person until my very end. Because she was such a happy person here on earth she will eternally rest in peace with a smile on her face and perhaps, I will be lucky enough to be greeted by her cheerful voice, "Welcome, my Geraldine, I've been waiting for you."

Thank you, Kathi, for renewing many happy memories of my dear Aunt Suzy.

Love, Mom

The Earlier Generation

Dear Mom,

I enjoyed your answer to Kathi's question about your favorite relative. I know we were all very fond of Aunt Suzy and I remember, very clearly, her last visit with us in Laramie. My question is about your Grandpa and Grandma Payton and your Grandpa and Grandma Nash. I know they died before you were born (or soon after), but did you ever hear stories about them from your parents, or Aunt Susie, or others? I've often wondered what they were like.

Love, Jerry

Dear Jerry,

Your questions concerning my grandparents' and parents' youth leaves me realizing my almost total ignorance about those years. There are few anecdotes I remember my parents talking about. I know my Aunt Suzy and my mother used to talk about mischievous pranks my mother used to get into along with her brother, Sammy, and perhaps with another brother, Johnny.

Even though I don't recall the specific incidents, I remember asking my mother how did it come about that I never did the naughty things she did when she was a child. Her answer was "because you didn't have any brothers or sisters to get into trouble with." As true as that statement was, it was the one thing

I had always felt deprived of. It was the reason that probably made me determined not to deprive my children of siblings. Don't you think I did a pretty good job of supplying you kids with the joy of brothers and sisters?

My Uncle John, my dad's brother, told a tale of an incident which occurred during his childhood. It happened during a time when the parents were required to leave their children alone, with the older ones caring for their younger siblings, which of course meant providing the meals for the whole group.

On one occasion they made pancakes which were made by using a starter for the leavening agent. (Maybe I should explain about the 'starter'. It was a batter made with yeast and a little bit of batter was always saved from the previous mixture, which could then be used for making bread or biscuits or pancakes or many other bread like recipes.) Probably lacking experience in judging the amount of pancakes the family could eat, there was way too much batter left over when the meal was finished, and to keep the parents from knowing how much was wasted, they had to think of an innovative way to hide the leftover batter. The problem seemed to be solved when the older children buried the excess batter in the garden.

Upon the coming of spring the parents were to find a huge mushroom growing in the garden. The warm spring weather was just the necessary environment for the growth of the mushroom, which on closer inspection turned out to be the leftover pancake batter, which finally grew to the size of a small washtub, and its origin was made evident by the strong yeasty odor of the over produced pancake batter. I'm quite sure the young cooks were chastised for their wastefulness.

I love answering all the questions I've been asked about. I am sorry I don't know or remember many episodes of my parents' youth. If any of you can remember any tales you have heard about, I think it would be very appreciated if you took time to jot them down and pass them on to the family to be enjoyed in future years.

Love, Mom

Grandpa's Prayer

Dear Grandma,

I would like to have you quote a prayer your father would have prayed...I love you, Charlie

Thank you Charlie for such a warm and beautiful question, I love you also...Grandma

"Dear Father in Heaven,

We thank You for this day, for it's sunshine and showers, for it's breezes and it's serenity. Our hopes go out to You for our continued well-being, but most of all, for the love You have given us so freely and so generously. May this love be just as free and as generously shared with our family, our neighbors, our friends and even our enemies so in the not too distant future we may all know a peaceful world. Amen "

First Waltz

Dear Grandma,

How and when did you meet Grandpa Knight? Also, how long where you engaged before you married him?

Love, Nick

Dear Nick,

Thank you for asking the question I was anticipating! Your Grandpa and I met at Alamosa, Colorado on March 17th, 1936 and were married November 14th, 1936. If truth is to be known, Micky ask me to be his wife on our very first date and I said "yes", so you see that very first date would be the beginning of our engagement!

Micky was living with his elderly parents and working at the Mount Blanca drug store in charge of the soda fountain (in other words, a soda jerk). He was 29, quite handsome, and considered one of Alamosa's most eligible bachelors.

I had recently moved to Alamosa to work as a teacher in a nursery school. The main objective of this school, established during the Great Depression, was to provide nourishment to the children of the very poor. The school hours were from 9 to 4, and we would provide the children with appetizing food and lots of caloric intake to maintain them for 24 hours. I had a partner teacher whose name was Elaine Shakespeare. Together we took very good care of these children and loved them all dearly.

My main social contacts were Elaine and her fiancé, Tom Buttle. Through them I had been dating a man named Carl Cooke. He was part owner and auditor of a gold mine high in the mountains above Alamosa.

As March approached, the four of us were anticipating the St. Patrick's day dance at the Elks Club. This was the most important social event of the year. For my 22nd birthday March 14th my parents had sent me a very beautiful pale blue gown with a matching jacket made of maribou feathers, and a pair of pale blue high heeled slippers.

The dress had to be returned for altering, but even though the big dance was just days away the shop keeper assured me that they would have it altered and returned to me by U.S. mail in time for the big St. Patrick's Day event.

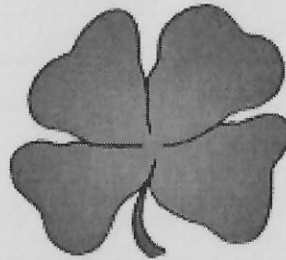
Lo and behold, March 17th arrived and not only had my new gown not arrived, Carl had been suddenly summoned to his mine. He insisted he could make the 120 mile round trip and be back to take me to the dance, but I insisted he not even try and made him assure me that he would stay the night at the mine and not worry about me or our date.

Feeling very let down, and my St. Patrick's day turning into a disappointment, I returned to my apartment. As I sat feeling sorry for myself the phone rang, and it was Tom Buttle. He expressed his disappointment that Carl would not be taking me to the dance but ask me to consider going with a friend of his, Micky Knight, who he described as a secret admirer of mine.

I told him I didn't feel like going on a blind date, and also that my gown had not arrived. Soon after speaking with Tom, Elaine called me and again began trying to convince me to go to the dance with Micky Knight. As we were speaking, the door bell rang and there was the mail carrier with my package. With this surprise, I decided, why not go wear my gown and have a good time!

This was the beginning of the waltz Micky and I shared for over fifty years.

Love, Grandma



Carl's Reaction

Dear Grandma,

The story about how you met was great! But how did Carl take the news that he had been replaced?

Love, Barbara

Dear Barbara,

As I have said before Carl was a good friend of Tom Buttle. On his return from the mine early the next week, it seems Tom wasted little time in telling Carl that not only had Micky Knight taken me to the dinner dance but had fallen in love and proposed, and I had unhesitantly accepted.

On the following Saturday I met with Carl and learned that he was already aware of my new found romance. The nice guy that he was, he congratulated Micky and I. He said that he didn't know a finer person to win me away from him but he sincerely felt that he should never have been persuaded to stay at the mine the night of the St. Patrick's Day dinner dance. Nevertheless, he remained our friend until we left Alamosa almost two years later.

Thank you, Barb, for your fun question.

Love, Grandma

Becoming Catholic

Dear Mom,

We have enjoyed your story of your first date with Dad on St. Patrick's Day, and his proposal that same night. I think it would be wonderful to hear your story of your conversion to the Catholic Church before your marriage the following November. Please tell us as much as you want about your thoughts and emotions as you went through the process, your parents' reaction, and other associated memories. This is a question I've pondered asking for awhile, and you assured me this evening when I called for your birthday that you would enjoy telling us all the story.

Love, Denny

Dear Denny,

Even though, in the beginning, the decision I made in becoming a Catholic must have been a shock to my parents and possibly a heart break to them at the time, I'm often reminded that it was a very good decision. Sometime after the fact of revealing this decision to them, my father, recalled that as a pre-teen and during my teen years, I would very often bring books home from the library which would present the rosary as an appealing factor in the practice of the Catholic religion.

This religion was quite different than the religion (Methodist) which I had been born into and raised in. I have never been able to recall when, or why this practice became an important religious feature to me. I was very receptive to the opportunity to learn more about and soon to accept the fact that I really did have a great desire to become a Catholic. Thus it was that my first date with Mickey Knight on March 17th, 1936 was also the date of his marriage proposal to me. Because the piece of the puzzle all seemed to fall in place and I could feel the immediate bonding between us prompted my positive answer of assent without question of an alternative answer.

On November 14th 1936, we were married by Father McCarthy, pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Alamosa, Colorado. In 1986 we joyously celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. This joyous affair held at St. Laurence O'Toole Church in Laramie was made complete with the presence of our seven children, their spouses and our grand children, other relatives and many friends.

It was on this day that I said a prayer, looked heavenward, and saw my parents looking down at me, nodding their heads and saying "Fifty years ago our daughter dear, you certainly made the right decision!"

Love to you, Dennis, Mom

Buddy Lee

Dear Gigi,

I have been noticing and admiring in a picture I have of you, that you have in your doll collection a Buddy Lee doll. Do you remember when you got this doll, how old you were, was it a Christmas or birthday present, was it the only boy doll that you had? Anything that you can tell me about it would be nice to hear.

I love you, Nicholas

Dear Nicholas,

It was indeed surprising that you recognized my Buddy Lee doll in my collection. I was eleven years old in 1925 when I received Buddy Lee. He was a Christmas present following the annual fall bazaar of the Ladies Aid group of the Methodist Church In Kit Carson, Colorado, where my father was the pastor.

My father had an idea that a booth be sat up promoting the merchandise of quite a number of merchandisers in many areas of the U.S. It was then he put his trusty typewriter to work to invite manufacturers to take part in an advertising program for their items at the very small cost to them of a donation of their products which would be displayed and sold at the bazaar for the benefit of the church.



The plan was a huge success and the 'Buddy Lee' doll was the gift of the Lee dungaree company, manufacturer of mens work clothes. The plan was not only success but it also provided a new and interesting booth which drew a lot of attention and excitement which added significantly to the number of men attending the bazaar. Men who were not about to show an interest in embroidery and other handiwork of the woman, came to look over the booths of tools and mens 'stuff'. My father purchased the doll from the booth as a Christmas gift for me. Now you know the story of why I have my only boy doll 'Buddy Lee'.

Thank you for asking! I was not only pleased to tell the story to you but I was excited when my brain followed a path down 'memory lane' to remind me of the 'what, why, and when' I became the owner of 'Buddy Lee' nearly 80 years ago. I wouldn't have ever given it a thought if you hadn't asked. Thank you again for reminding me that my brain occasionally serves me well and for this I can forgive it when it disturbs me with my short term memory loss. You'll never know how much I have enjoyed telling you this story!

I love you, too, Nicholas. Gigi

Toora Loora Loora

Dear Grandma,

I'd like to know, what is your first memory of music? As far back as I remember, my dad sang "Waltzing Matilda" to me. Also, what is your all-time favorite song?

Love, Thomas

Dear Thomas,

There are so many types of music in this era, but, because of your provocative question, I find myself compelled to think about and listing some of the different types of songs.

The long list is not just a list of types of songs written to please the composers need, but rather to fill the needs of the large variety people around the world. The phenomenon of song is not based on any individual era, but has evolved over a period of time starting with earth's earliest human inhabitants.

I don't know when mankind first began to sing, but I rather think the ability was discovered soon after he learned to converse (grunt) with his fellows using his vocal chords. It's likely he soon learned he could use the same his voice to produce sounds that were more pleasing to others. Voila!

Do you agree this was somewhat the origin of the first era of vocal music? From that early point, I imagine singing probably evolved into more formal types of music and so developed the many types of songs which now fulfill everyone's craving.

My quick list of various songs is not in chronological order, but instead just as I thought of one after another. Some of the kinds of songs I have thought of are lullabies, game songs, folk songs, rock and roll, hip-hop, and classical, hymns, Christmas carols, patriotic songs and, of course, Irish songs.

Probably, because of my religious upbringing the first song I can remember singing was "Jesus Loves Me". My favorite song of all time is 'Sentimental Journey'.

I'm sure your dad and his brothers and sisters remember their dad singing to them, especially Irish songs such as "I'll take you home again, Kathleen" and "Toora Loora Loora". He often enjoyed singing the Australian tune your dad carried on to sing to you, "Waltzing Matilda". Another of the family favorites Mickey sang was a ditty, "Did you ever go to and Irishman's shanty where money is scarce but whisky is plenty...".

Singing is a culture which has been adopted in every part of the world, and each country has generously shared a it's talents with their neighbors. With music, there is no part of the world which is out of touch with other cultures, and I'm sure there will never be any likelihood of a shortage of songs to be sung.

Another style of vocal music is yodeling, developed in the Alps and, because of the reverberation of sound between the hillsides and valleys, definitely a form of communication which became an art because the pleasure of making vocal sounds, wordless but nevertheless useful as well as gratifying.

Thank you for this question, Thomas.

Love, Grandma

Story Books

Hi Grandma,

Last night, as I was reading to the kids, I started wondering about the books you read to your children when they were young. Two favorites in our house are "Goodnight Moon" and "Pat the Bunny." Those were both written in the 1940s. I realized that there was a good chance you were reading the same books to your babies that I've been reading to mine.

Long before I had kids, I loved Children's Books. And in fact, some of my fondest memories are the ones of my Mom reading to us before bed. We'd take turns, one night she'd read to us in Vince's bed, the next it would be in mine. Additionally, we almost always got a "before bed snack" that consisted of half a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Yum, yum.

Any other special bedtime memories or rituals you'd like to share? I know your kids would all love to hear about them (not to mention the grandkids and greatgrandkids)!

Take Care, Grandma. We love you!, Jill Mac

Dear Jill,

Your question has started me turning the pages in my brain and I began remembering reading to my children, old fashioned stories, and each page I turned, revealed another story.

The stories which I particularly remember are, Cinderella, Goldilocks, Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs, The Three Little Pigs, Hansel and Gretel. I remember, of course, the all time favorite nursery rhymes, such as, Mary had a Little Lamb, Little Boy Blue, the Cat and the Fiddle, etc.

When Maureen was born, Jerry was 18 months old and was being taken care of at my parents home in Lyons, Colorado. When my father came to Longmont to bring me and my new baby home from the hospital he was anxious to share with me, the news that Jerry could read his 2 nursery rhyme books. I didn't offer my disbelief of this story, because I really didn't want to bust a grandpa's pride in his first born grandchild. Of course admiration of the new baby was the most exciting part of our coming home but nonetheless I couldn't help but notice my little Jerry sitting in a big armchair reading one nursery rhyme after another, never missing a word and he went all through his 2 books. Wow! I had to be impressed!

What excitement as everyone who came to welcome the new baby girl listened to her 18 month old brother reading. However, in just a short period of time I, the proud mama discovered the book was upside down. It was then that we realized that our Jerry had memorized every nursery rhyme in the 2 books and our admiration had taken a different approach. We didn't know which talent deserved the most admiration—the ability to read or the ability to memorize thirty rhymes. Frankly, I still don't know.

I think every family probably has a tradition of bed time snacks, I think I remember ours as being cereal.

Love, Grandma

Car and Driver

Mom,

What was the first car you ever drove? Who taught you to drive and when and where did you get your first driver's license? Do you remember the first trip of any distance when you were the driver?

Love, Maureen

Dear Maureen,

I really can't remember the first car I drove. I do recall it was one with an automatic transmission, and I am quite sure it was one which belonged to one of my boy friends.

There were two of my friends who had cars and were determined to teach me how to drive. I seemed to be a rather quick learner and it wasn't too long before one of them told my dad I was a very good driver. This came as a happy surprise to my father as he had no knowledge of the instructions which I had been given. After a few trial runs, my dad agreed with the boys I could actually drive! He was elated and I was relieved.

My mother never learned the art of handling a vehicle with four wheels, although occasionally she was required to attend a meeting in the country which was too far for her to walk. My being able to take over the chore of providing her with transportation was a big help to my father, and he appeared to be quite confident in my ability. At that time he owned a brand new Chevrolet with automatic transmission.

I think I refer rather loosely about 'boy friends'. They were friends who happened to be boys. No romance attached! I was 14, close to 15 at the time.

I got my first driver's license when I was 17 years old at Greeley, Colorado in 1931, the first time licenses were required in Colorado. Because I was not 18 by then, my dad had to take me to the Weld County court House to get the license.

The first time I was asked or allowed to take over as a relief driver for my dad, was when we were going on a vacation trip to Del Norte, Colorado. My dad was suffering horribly with hay fever and was very tired from the long trip. I was most happy to be asked to take over the task.

It was only when I reached San Luis, Colorado I realized I had taken the wrong road out of Fort Garland. I had to confess my error to my dad. He was too miserable to even be cross with me, although I deserved a sound scolding. We reversed our missed cue and I continued driving and we finally reached our destination point. I received my first real lesson on the importance of map reading very early in my driving career. Although I was not reprimanded, I was certainly embarrassed, and I learned from that experience to become a very good navigator.

Love, Mom

Driving in Reverse

Dear Grandma,

I recently turned 16 and started driving. Despite what my parents and brother may say, I know I'm good. My first experience with driving came when I was 11 and was asked by my Uncle Bob on the farm to drive a pick-up with fence posts in it. Until then I thought if you didn't push the gas the car would stop, and I almost (emphasis on the "almost") hit another truck.

I was wondering if you had any similar experiences when you started driving. Please write back when you have the chance.

Love, Robert

Dear Robert,

Yes, I too, have a very embarrassing beginner's driving story. In being taught the different skills to being a good driver, one skill had been completely overlooked. That was the skill of driving in reverse.

I was to take my mother to a meeting which was being held at a home several miles in the country. At the proper time, we were happily on our way to the shortest trip I ever made. All the way down the drive way (probably 250 feet), to the big wooden gate which opened to the left side. When the gate was closed it was fastened to a post on the right side. I'm explaining this very poorly but I need to give you a mental picture of what a narrow space was left when the gate was standing open, and for me, a rookie of the worst kind, to drive through in reverse.

With the gate in ruin and several deep scratches to my Dad's new car, I believed my driving days had come to a fast halt. However, after apologizing to my Dad, he did not scold me but asked for volunteers to donate their time, and the project of fixing the gate developed into a complete fix up of the much-needed parsonage yard.

After the beautification had been done, very few people knew what had originally brought the project about. It was great to hear from you, Robert. I can only hope it might happen again.

Love from Grandma



1929 Chevrolet

Forty Something

Well, Grandma, my birthday is in 2 days and I will be 42!! Yikes, it doesn't seem possible 2 years have already gone by since I turned 40. Could you tell me some of the things you were doing and maybe thinking about when you turned 40 or anytime during your forties? What do you remember the most about that time? Being in my forties doesn't really bother me too much I guess, but I'm heading towards 50 so fast it is really starting to freak me out! I need some wisdom on getting old when you don't really feel old. Of course 42 is not old to a 89 year old but you know what I mean don't you?

Barbara

Dear Barbara,

This question is a real gem! In fact, I consider that question as one of the jewels in my box of questions, and its answer is one which I have a very strong opinion on. At the time of birth there is only one thing everyone must face. At a point of time we are, everyone of us, going to die. The timing of that event should be left to God, and only in leaving such a final occurrence in His power can we be assured of His mercy.

I was relieved your early forties doesn't really bother you. If I didn't hear from you, telling me how you hated having your 40th birthday, I could only conclude you didn't make it all the way through your thirties. In other words if you didn't grow older you would have died younger, and who really wants that? I sincerely hope you will enjoy each of your future birthdays and give thanks to Him who provided that privilege.

My most fervent prayer and hope is I won't outlive any of my surviving children and their offspring. A youthful mind doesn't always accompany a youthful body, nor does the reverse always make a blend of perfection.

These are a few of my theories that have helped me through the small trials of my long lifeline, such as...

As long as I can do some of the things I want to do the things I have to do won't seem so bad.

Old age begins when youth begins to fade, and youth begins with YOU.

I don't mind growing old, it's having old ideas I dislike.

Old age is a collection of years. The number in the collection is not as important as what you do with the collection.

Life begins at forty, so they say, and true love never ends.

What I flatly refuse to listen to is "It's ---- to get old!"

My great desire is you and all of my present and future family members live long, happy and rewarding lives.

With all my love to everyone,

Grandma

Trees

Grandma

What was the first piece of literature to have a significant impact on your view of the world? – I Love You, Vince
Dear Vince,

At very first glance of your question, the poem "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer popped immediately into my head. I remember first reading this poem in an English class at a quite young age. Reading it seemed to give me the humbling sense of my value to the world and to humanity, and pointed the way to a greater force than any human could ever attain.

As recently as last week, when your Mother and I journeyed the Pacific Coast, this poem entered my thoughts daily. I was fascinated by vineyards, orange groves, farm crops and huge trees. The redwoods in California were indeed spectacular. The Oregon forests included many varieties of evergreen and broad leaf variations which were so beautifully displaying their fall colors. The trees in these forests were so thick and magnificent, it seemed impossible for them to have room to grow.

After leaving the beautiful Oregon Coast and winding inland through mountain roads and passages I was often reminded of Colorado and the trees I remember since my childhood.

"Trees will always remain with me, a continuous reminder of God's power and boundless love. Joyce Kilmer was born in North Carolina and was a war hero of World War I in which he died. Thank you, Vince, for helping to inspire me in my ancient years by showing me you are interested in listening to what ever answer I might come up with.

Usually, at first glance, these questions seem overwhelming, but, within minutes, my brain seems to kick in, and I find myself recalling things still residing in deep corners of my head. It is very enjoyable to have these memories stirred up.

Love, Grandma

Thanks Grandma. I wish I had access to your brain on an hourly basis. The Knightlines website will have to do for now, I guess, until the folks at NASA come up with a marketable Psychic Channeler so the rest of the world can benefit from your wisdom. Anyhow, here's "Trees" for the rest of us – Vince

Trees

(For Mrs. Henry Mills Alden) by Joyce Kilmer
I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Troop Trains

Dear Grandma,

Right now in North Platte there has been a lot of talk about all the people that used to meet the troop trains at the depot. Women would save their vouchers and then would stock pile up on flour and other staples, they would meet every train that came full of soldiers and they would feed them, this went on for years, did you and your parents ever go and meet troop trains in Kansas to bring food to the soldiers?

Love, Barbara

Dear Barbara,

I have one vivid memory which took place during the Great War (World War I) which began in 1914 (the year I was born) and ended in 1918. Here is the story I remember. Whether this took place more than once I am not sure.

The place was Garfield, Kansas. My parents were working together baking hundreds of biscuits, buttering them and spreading them with honey. It's a task that took planning and fast work. In order to have such a huge number of biscuits ready for the troops coming through Garfield on the train.

When the biscuits were ready, my father said I could go down to the railroad station with him and deliver the goodies to the hungry soldiers. I can well remember the soldiers hanging out the train windows, shouting their thanks and appreciation for the welcome gifts of beautiful biscuits.

Also, even though I was 27 when America went to war in World War II, I don't recall a single incident when I, my friends or neighbors were called upon to serve meals to the soldiers. I don't believe anything like that took place in Laramie. If so maybe I was too busy hiding under my bed or my favorite place which was my cluttered kitchen.

Thanks for helping recall this memory, Barbara.

Love, Grandma

Lessons in Living

Hi Grandma,

I have been wondering what, when looking back on your 89 years of living, you would change if you were able to do so? Also, if not too overwhelming, would you share one of your more valuable lessons in living? Please don't let the serious sound of these two questions overwhelm you Grandma, I'm really looking for a light hearted response from you, as it is quite apparent you have been living a quite blessed life.

Lots of love, Danny

Dear Danny,

Your questions have not overwhelmed me. It's the answers that have come to my mind that are far more overwhelming to me. I'm trying to answer your questions honestly and, in doing so, I am actively putting down in black and white my life story.

Over my long life I have been granted privileges which I have not earned and in turn not deserved. I am so sorry I failed to give my most wonderful parents the credit which they so quietly earned. I wish now I could so much repay them for the sacrifices

they made for me. I am on the other hand proud of the large family I have been able to raise to carry on their traditions of honesty, truth, and love, which make the world a better place. This is a moment of pride which I can only give credit to you, my children and grandchildren. Thank you one and all

One of the more valuable lessons I have learned in my eighty nine years is this...As long as I can do some of the things I want to do, the things I have to do don't seem so bad!

Thank you, Danny, for recognizing how blessed my long long life has been. Every night in my evening prayers I recall the many blessings I have received and the merciful hand in which they have come. Isn't it great all of us get to do some of the things we want to do so the things we have to do don't seem as bad?

Love, Grandma

Sticky Dates

Dear Gigi, Do you remember your first job? And what can you tell me about it?

Love, Johnny

Dear Johnny,

Yes, I do remember my first job as a young teenager in Limon. A family who was close friends to my family were also the grocers in that small town. I began working for them as their baby sitter, but that position eventually progressed to me helping them out in the store on Saturdays.

The Friday newspaper would carry the advertisement for the Saturday special. On one particular weekend the price of dates, 3 lbs for a dollar was the highlight of the weekend sale. The fruit came in a wooden box containing 15 pounds of very sticky dates which had to be pried out of the box with a wooden paddle, weighed and packaged. The consequence was a clerk (myself) with very sticky hands needing constant hand washing.

After a long day of dealing with these sticky dates, shortly before the store was to close, one of the town's social matrons came in for the second time that day. My patience was becoming strained as she ordered another three pounds of dates. While I was attending to this chore, she began pinching the tomatoes and complaining how bad they looked. I turned to her and said, "Yes, they do look bad and the reason why is because people are always pinching them, just as you are doing right now!"

These words were highly insulting to her and she immediately started yelling at the store owner and telling him how rude I had been to her. He apologized to her and therefore, I had to apologize to him. He told me to go home.

It just so happened my parents had already invited him and his wife to Sunday dinner the next day. I knew if I didn't tell my father of my rudeness, this man surely would.

The next day when they came to dinner, he confessed to me and my dad that he himself would have liked to said those exact words to her, but of course this would not be in the best interest of his business. He told me he wanted me to come back to work the next week.

Love, Gigi

Summertime Memories

Hi Grandma,

Surprise it's from Christi, the granddaughter who is allergic to computers. I love this part of the Knighlines website!! It is now summertime, and boy am I melting!!! My question for you is what is some of your favorite summertime memories as both a child and an adult?

Love and kisses, Christi

Dear Christi,

As you have probably figured out, I joined my family, parents and my brother Harry as a newborn baby. For some reason I can't recall a darned thing about that event but it was one which was quite exerting to my family, I have been told. It had been 13½ years since my brother had been born. My Dad was attending a Methodist Conference in Wichita, Kansas, where he received the telegram that I was on the way to my new home, expecting a welcoming greeting from my father.

The happy news was somewhat disturbing since the daily home bound train had already departed, leaving him apparently without the transportation needed for him to join his family in Hazelton, Kansas. This dilemma was solved when a friend graciously offered to lend the worried papa his motorcycle. This is a part of the story which my memory has failed to provide for me, so I can only assume that my dad had enough experience with motorcycles to enable him to head home safely to greet his new baby daughter. For some reason I can't remember the words of welcome I must have heard, but I am sure that they were words from his heart filled with love and thanksgiving. What a happy day for the Payton family.

My favorite memories both as a young child and a teenager were of the times when we usually took a wonderful vacation in the Colorado Rockies during the hottest month of the year, which in Eastern Colorado was August.

The more pleasurable and memorable of these trips were extended into my college years and were spent in Buena Vista, Colorado at a cabin camp owned by a teacher and her mother with whom we became very good friends, and when there we made other friends. One couple was from Texas, and during the year we corresponded with them and arranged our trips to be in Buena Vista at the same time.

Aunt Suzie usually went with us and she and my mom were good company for each other and usually were working on some project such as hand sewing quilt blocks or such. We often had cookouts with other families in the camp ground. The men often got together for fishing trips on the 3 Cottonwood Creek which joined forces with the Arkansas in BV. The Arkansas also provided good fishing for the men who were usually also accompanied by Ruth, the daughter of the owner. Since she was a native of that area and a single woman in her forties, she was also a source of valuable information on what, where, and when the best fishing was to be found. She taught during the regular

school year in Gunnison and in the summer months she helped run the cabin camp.

The land they owned had previously been owned by the railroad and the depot was now their office. A block south of the depot was the section foreman's house which became the home for Ruth, her mother and her younger brother, who was my age. We were good friends and attended CSU at least one year together.

As for my middle age years, my favorite summertime, winter time and in between times were the times spent with my family, children, grand children and my great grandchildren. I look forward to storing up even more memories in the future with my offspring. The future of each of my progeny has been and will be the source of pride and fulfillment of my heart and soul. I have such gratitude to God for blessing me with such a wonderful family, since the very beginning March 14th, 1914, up till this day nearly 90 years later.

Love, your Grandmother

Ladybugs

Dear Gigi,

I love finding and naming lady bugs. This is one of my favorite things to do. What was your favorite bug as a kid?

Love, Cameron

Dear Cameron,

Wow, your question has brought back memories that otherwise I would never remembered. So thank you a bushel, a peck and a hug around your neck.

When I was eight years old together with the neighbor boy, James Mitchell, I set out to save the world from the plague of crickets which were eating the farmers crops and the town people's gardens in the little town of Kit Carson. Behind my house, we found that the crickets were living in tunnels they had dug. Together we discovered that with a water can with a small spout that we could pour water into the narrow openings of the tunnels and force the pesky pests out. Within moments we would have another dead cricket to add to our collection.

Cameron, I must admit that my story is not a pretty one like yours but at the time we were convinced that we were doing the country a necessary service, in the form of a great game.

Now I want to get back to your favorite pastime. I, too, am an admirer of lady bugs and I think your game of finding and naming them is a very worthwhile enterprise. I am anxious to know a little more about it. Do you choose pretty names, cute names, funny names, or even famous names? How long can you keep a lady bug as a pet? Which one is your favorite? After you find one what do you do with it?

I have several other questions I'd like to ask about lady bugs but this is enough for now. Bye for now, and happy lady bug hunting to you with love from Gigi.

Picnics

Dear Grandma,

Do you remember the first-ever family picnic in Loveland? If you do, what can you tell me about it? I hope you don't mind, I will be loading you up with questions because I have a bunch of them

Love you, Barbara

Dear Barbara,

Looking back, I do believe that 1942 was probably the first year that we had our family picnic at the Lake Loveland. This was the time that my parents moved to Loveland after my Dad retired.

The picnic was the way we celebrated my Dad's birthday (July 10th) along with your Grandpa's birthday (July 5th). In the beginning, the family only consisted of my parents, Mickey and myself, and Jerry and Maureen. Generally, I remember the picnic would consist of fried chicken, potato salad, ice cream and birthday cake.

As you can see, through the years, not only did the family multiply to large numbers, but so did the piles of food at our picnics.

One of my favorite memories is when, after one particularly laden picnic, Mickey instructed me that, from now on, each family would bring an assigned dish. This would eliminate the huge amount of left overs. The following year, as instructed, each family brought their designated dish, but of course each was accompanied by many more entrees and desserts. It may have been the biggest banquet yet.

Love, Grandma

Sweet Sixteen

Dear Gigi

Tomorrow I turn 16. Do you remember your 16th Birthday?

Love, Evan

Dear Evan,

Yes, I do remember my 16th birthday. My mother had prepared a delicious turkey dinner for me and about ten of my friends.

After the wonderful meal we all went to the skating rink to show off our skills and ineptitudes. It didn't really matter if we possessed or lacked these skills we had lots of fun. It was a great and wonderful day!

Love, Gigi

Glenn Morris, Olympic Champion

Dear Mom,

Please tell us what you know about Glenn Morris the 1936 Decathlon Gold Medal Winner. You and I have talked some on this subject but the family would be very interested about this. This Olympic's was held in Berlin and Jesse Owens got all of the publicity, but Glenn Morris should have been considered the greatest athlete of his time.

Thanks, Mom, we love you, Jim and Jill

Dear Jim and Jill,

Thanks for rekindling this old memory. As you have stated, Glenn Morris was the decathlon gold-medal winner in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. He is said to have been one of the top decathletes ever and has been compared to Bruce Jenner. He later starred in a movie, "Tarzan's Revenge." Not exactly an academy award winner, but he was nonetheless a movie star.

Glenn and I were fellow classmates in the CSU class of 1935. He was by far the best looking and the most personable young man in school. He and his brother were stars of the football team and he was of course a track star. Also he became president of our senior class.

The reason I was able to become acquainted with him and he had gone out of his way to find me was because my Dad had been given charge of Matheson/Simla Methodist church at the end of his sabbatical year, and was acquainted and friends with Glenn's parents who lived in Simla. We became quite good friends at college, but never romantically involved.

One incident I remember very clearly. The early morning sunshine didn't provide a clue of what was coming later. By noon a curtain of clouds concealed the mountains and in another hour later a white carpet covered the lawns. As the temperature dropped, I began to shiver, and confidence in my own judgment quickly took a nose dive. It was absolutely necessary to rearrange the big stack of books I was carrying and trying to protect from the elements. I heard a voice say, "It looks like Geraldine needs some help."

Somewhat shy, I graciously accepted the help of this campus super hero and every girl's dreamboat. Although I was happy, little did I know my embarrassment and problems had just begun. We divided my pile of books to wait for the next streetcar to take me the eight blocks to my room. As we stood chatting, the snow was getting heavier, and the coating of ice beneath it was getting slicker. The street car seemed behind schedule. I was growing a little impatient with it, yet at the same time I wished it would never come.

I was trying to see if the streetcar was coming and, oops!, my feet slipped out from under me! My books flew six directions with me on the bottom of the pile. Glenn desperately tried to retrieve my books and, most of all, a notebook which contained

about 20 sheets of hand written material which I had prepared for the next day's assignment.

Glenn did a fabulous job of helping me! I was completely tongue-tied at my awkwardness. The books were all picked up while the street car came and went, and we waited for the next one. I was so full of apologies I must have sounded like a magpie.

End of story? Nope!

The wait was again taking quite a while, so we continued to chat, and as Glenn stepped off the curb to see if another street car was coming, he slipped and dropped some of my books, but he didn't fall. Finally when the street car came, he got on with me and we rode it back and forth a few times so he could kill a little more time. He said he didn't want to go to football practice in that kind of weather.

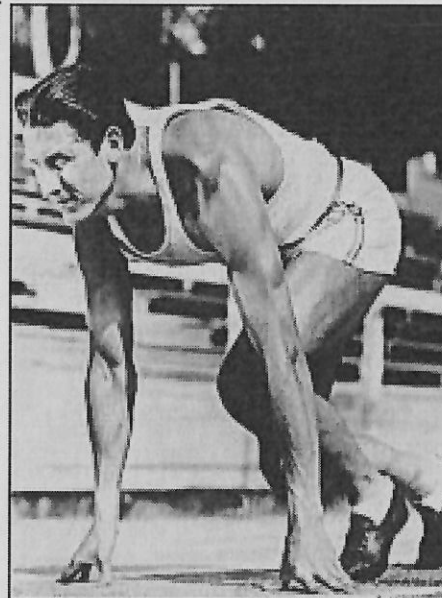
Towards the end of our senior year, Glenn asked if I would take charge of the annual Senior breakfast that was held yearly at a nice restaurant. I was to choose the restaurant and take charge of the menu, the decorations and the tickets. This was too big a job for one person, so I was expected to name the committees. The most important thing I had to do was to pick the right restaurant to assure this would be a memorable affair.

I selected a restaurant in the Poudre Canyon area, where the staff was more than congenial with me in carrying out my plans. Judging from the compliments we received, it was indeed a memorable affair and Glenn was delighted with what he saw and heard about its remarkable outcome.

I have to confess I can't remember the details of each of the events in the 1936 decathlon, but I do remember how proud I was to have known Glenn and to be able to call him my friend.

I have recently become aware of and purchased and read a book of his accomplishments, "The Gold and the Glory". If you or any one would like to read it, you're more than welcome to borrow it. Also, I have a VCR copy of "Tarzan's Revenge" which of course you are more than welcome to borrow.

Love, Mom



Glenn Morris

College Days

Dear Gigi-

In two weeks I am going to be heading off to the University to go to school, do you remember what it was like the day you went to college and what did you think when you got there?

Thanks Gigi, Love, Brett

Dear Brett,

Yes, I do remember my first days at college at Fort Collins. I remember registration day as being somewhat easy for me. I was able to have preregistered in my home town of Limon. The ordeal I remember as being most perplexing was getting oriented to rooms and buildings. I soon was able to keep track of where I needed to go and when I needed to get there. This was aided greatly by my new Gruen wrist watch, which my parents had given to me as a H.S. graduation gift.

I think the most embarrassing moment of my college years came at the beginning of my sophomore year, when I found myself in a class filled with young men and I the only female in sight. My emotions were immediately on a roller coaster of surprise, chagrin and despair. My watch said the time was right, so I must be in the wrong place but what to do? After a quick survey of the situation I backed into the hall way where the observant professor quickly recognized my dilemma. He assured me that I was in the right place at the right time and that he was happy when he found my name on the list of his calculus students. Actually I did quite well in the class with my fellow students being all young men.

I'm sure your college career will be rewarding as well as pleasant. I am one of the many, many people who will be happy to hear of your many experiences. Your intelligence will be recognized and your wonderful personality will bond you to those who care about you and especially to those who care enough to guide you on the right path to happiness and success.

I love you and I will be anxiously waiting for news of your new college career. I know it will be a time filled with fun and with events which will far exceed the success which you ever imagined. Time and energy, consuming homework and a never ending outpouring of cash will make you wonder which will go broke first, you or the bank. This may be one of the earliest clues you will get of what life is all about.

I know you are going to find yourself extremely busy, and for this reason I am quite willing to excuse you if you don't have time to write a few lines to me on occasion. On the other hand I would be delighted to hear from you when you can squeeze a small letter in between two of your less taxing subjects.

With all my love, Gigi

Many Schools

Hi Mom,

Looking back on the fact that you lived in so many different localities growing up, it comes to mind that you must have had quite a variety of schools to attend. Do you recall the smallest and largest school that you attended. What kind of obstacles did you encounter during these many moves? Did you enjoy having the changes or would you have rather been able to stay in one place. What would you say was your favorite school and why?

Love, Maureen

Dear Maureen,

I started at the first grade level at South Haven, Kansas. My teacher was Mrs Whistler, an old lady who was a pioneer in teaching reading by phonics. This should have been very exciting to me except for the fact that my parents were somewhat ahead of the times and had taught me to read using the phonics method.

Consequently, I spent that time listening to the other kids learning to read while I already knew how. Of course this situation led me to boredom which got me into trouble. Feeling sorry for a boy sitting nearby me, I whispered the word to him which was causing him a problem. Of course, Mrs Whistler heard me trying to be helpful to him and she quickly issued my punishment. I would have to spend the lunch break in the classroom with no lunch. But she hadn't accounted for my worried parents. When I didn't come home for lunch they immediately started a search for me.

Of course the school was the place to gather information and where they found their tearful child being harshly guarded by an elderly teacher. A few choice words were exchanged between parents and teacher and the relationship between the student (me), the parents (my mother and father) and the teacher deteriorated from somewhat cool to quite chilly. Mrs. Whistler was the only teacher that I disliked and I became so upset with her that I refused to go back to the first grade and my parents began home schooling me.

My memory of this was reminded when I looked at my baby book and discovered that I only did not return to first grade, but I was never passed on to second according to my first grade report card which only had marks for the first quarter and was never signed by the teacher.

However, I began second grade right on time, September 5th, 1921 at South Haven, and continued there through May 19th of 1922. This concluded my schooling in Kansas, as at the beginning of my 3rd grade year we had moved to Denver.

Returning to your question of my favorite school and why? I'm sure that the school at Kit Carson was my favorite for several reasons. It was a newly built school, a two story, red brick building. Many of the students from the round about rural neighborhoods were brought in by school buses. The school was very modern for those days. It contained all grades from 1 to 12.

The class rooms were very up to date with a very classy

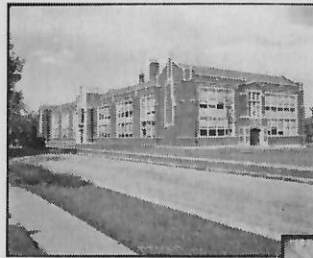
kitchen for teaching Home Making, Clothing Construction and Food Preparation. A good basketball court, a tennis court, and an auditorium with a stage for performances. Walter Willer, whose family became my family's best friends as long as they lived, was the principal of the school, and Mrs. Pierce was my finest teacher ever. I'm sure this Kit Carson School was my favorite one, because of the new building, the staff, and the friends I made there.

I can't recall the number of students in the various schools, but I do remember that some schools had wide ranges of ages of students which were matched according to the classes they had advanced to. Kit Carson and Eads had elementary classes, junior high classes and the older high school grades. I rather think that these grades were juggled around to accommodate the number of students in each group. I do know that my senior graduating class in Limon was extremely small, a total of 19. I know that when we moved to Limon from Springfield I had enough credits to graduate at mid term but my parents didn't want me to graduate when there would not be a graduation ceremony.

In trying to recall my feelings at moving so frequently, I just remember thinking of each new school, new home and the new group of friends as a welcome part of life. What I might have missed out on but didn't realize was the chance to grow up and mature with some of the same friends. My parents were very helpful in maintaining communication through the mail with several different friends.

Of course the biggest schools I attended were in Denver—Edison and Wolcott— which were during my 3rd and 4th years.

Love, Mom



Edison School, Denver



Wolcott School, Denver

Many Towns

Dear Mom,

I know that your parents' ministry brought your family to many communities, and your early adult years also involved some relocating. My question is, did you ever settle on any one place you have lived as being your home town? Is it where you were born, or where you lived the longest? Perhaps where you graduated from high school?

Or maybe you claim several or even all of the places you lived as your 'home towns', because you have grown and left your own legacy in each of these places.

Love, Denny

Dear Denny,

Your question has been the source of a great deal of contemplation.

I think the answer will not necessarily be long but it brought to mind the long list of places I have lived. Some of them have been rather brief residences and only one has held my attention long enough to call it my home town.

That of course has been Laramie. It is the birthplace of five of my seven children and the Knight family has lived there continuously more than 60 years (some of us, more or less.) I really don't know the criteria which entitles a person to name a town or city as her home town, but I want to claim Laramie as my home town and I will challenge anyone who says otherwise.

The list of towns where I have lived astonished me and when I counted them the total number was twenty-one! Even though it may appear we didn't pay our rent, I swear our payments were always made on time.

I will give you a list of the towns where I have lived in the order as I do remember them: (1) Hazelton, Kansas, where I was born; (2) Burden, Kansas; (3) South Haven, Kansas, where I started school; (4) Garfield, Kansas; (5) Scott City, Kansas; (6) Mound Valley, Kansas; (7) Denver, Colorado; (8) Kit Carson, Colorado; (9) Eads, Colorado; (10) Springfield, Colorado; (11) Limon, Colorado, where I graduated high school; (12) Keenesburg, Colorado — my parents lived here when I started college; (13) Fort Collins, Colorado, my college years; (14) Pierce, Colorado; (15) Platteville, Colorado — my parents lived here when I graduated C.S.U.; (16) Alamosa, Colorado, where your Dad and I were wed in 1936; (17) Lyons, Colorado; (18) Boulder, Colorado; (19) Longmont, Colorado; (20) Laramie, Wyoming; and (21) Las Vegas, Nevada.

Love, Mom

Wanderlust

Hi Mom,

It was wonderful to talk to you the other night. I did think of a question – in fact three questions – but I will just ask one now. What would be your favorite place to go to and vacation in the world?

Jill K.

Dear Jill,

I think if you had asked me the same question a year or so ago, my answer would have been somewhat different. Now I have to be more realistic and acknowledge the facts of my life, my age, my health and my mobility.

Two or three years ago I would have probably answered your question with one word ROME. For many years I have had a desire to go to Rome and, of course, accomplishing that dream would have enabled me to visit many other interesting spots in Europe.

Bringing the question to the present time and conditions, for many years I have had a desire to revisit the Oregon Coast. Mickey and I made the trip quite a while ago and I was fascinated by the beauty as well as the uniqueness of the area.

Maureen, knowing of my long desire to once again fulfill my dream has generously offered to take me on the somewhat long trip based on my abilities. I'm really excited about making the journey again and will do my best to make it rewarding.

Love, Mom

Sunday Chicken

Dear Gigi,

What was your favorite Sunday night dinner? Mine is fried chicken. We love you!

Jonah

Dear Jonah,

I love your question. No matter how I try I can't seem to come up with an answer that will be different but better than your own!

For Sunday night dinner (oh yum, yum) I love fried chicken better than anything else! However, I don't think that fried chicken would be a complete Sunday night dinner without lots of snowy white creamy mashed potatoes covered with lots of snowy creamy chicken gravy. Then, of course we would need a vegetable loaded with vitamins and butter. Do you like peas or whole kernel corn? I like both of them and each adds bright colors to Sunday night dinner.

Then my mother usually had some sort of salad. I think cole slaw was my favorite. Wow! I'm getting very full but I mustn't forget the nice light fluffy biscuits that my dad always made better than anyone else!

My gosh! I'm not sure I have room for more but I can't turn down the dessert. My mother loved to make cinnamon pudding and I loved her for making it. I think the recipe for it is on the calendar.

By now I am so very stuffed that I think I'll need to take a nap. Do you want to join me?

I'm very pleased to know you love me. Don't you ever forget that Gigi loves you too! Ya hear?

Love, Gigi

Bassinet

Hi Grandma!

I just put Baby Kyle down for a nap in the bassinet. I know my brothers and I slept in it, and I know some of our cousins used it, but I was wondering if you could tell me where the bassinet came from and who all has slept in it.

Also, what has it looked like in its past lives? Currently, the base and the basket are painted white (we had to strip the paint and refinish it when Dylan was born). The bassinet is much smaller than modern versions, and we had to look far and wide for a mattress. Actually, we padded the bottom with foam and someone at a local baby goods store found a small "mattress" of unclear purpose, and they kindly gave it to us. Aunt Mary Ann made a white quilted liner with eyelet trim, and also made quite a few "sheets" for the mattress out of a cute flannel print. It's made a cozy bed for my sons and will be passed on to Kevin's baby in a few months. We just thought it would be fun to know its history!

Love, Becky

Dear Becky,

Your question about the bassinet which you and your brothers used in your new born ages, has renewed some memories which are very dear to me. For the several years, as our family was approaching its final anticipated numbers, my seven pregnancies were events that both pleased us and made us feel we were chosen by God to be loving and efficient parents. At no time did we ever feel that we couldn't afford another child. By afford I mean economically and emotionally.

The arrival of each new baby was approached with excitement and joy, a gift of love to be given and to receive, a gift of siblings which I was not privileged to experience. My brother, of course loved and cherished me but treated me with the affection of another adult, rather than an equal. Looking back on my childhood I now realize that I would have enjoyed having siblings no matter what age they were.

I'm again wandering around in the field, which has nothing to do with your question.

Back to basics—the bassinet you are using for your babies is the one I bought from Walt Jensen who owned Laramie Furniture Store and from whom, over several years, we bought much of the furniture which was a necessity for our ever growing family. He was a very friendly man and neighbor. He quite often told us that our kids were the best behaved of many kids he knew. Of course, we recognized this as a good sales pitch but nevertheless, we let him believe that it was a good way to make friends and

influence people as well as sell furniture. He also managed to make us feel like we were getting a good deal on what we bought from him, even if it was a purchase as insignificant as a bassinet for soon to be born third child, Dennis. Then it welcomed Jimmy and then Kathleen and Mickey Don and last of all the Knight siblings, Timmy, found it waiting for him.

I am convinced that each babe who enjoyed the comfort of that little baby bed, snuggled down and left a portion of his or her personality to be absorbed by the following one. Over the years I'm sure the bassinet needed many new coats of paint as well as new liners.

I am so happy to know that not only has the bassinet nestled Jerry's three babies but now has nestled your two beautiful son's and will soon be doing the same for Kevin's. So I end this little answer with a - good night and good nap to baby Kyle and to all of the other little babies who will enjoy the bassinet in the years to come.

Also with my love to you Becky,

Grandma

Movies

Dear Grandma,

First let me say that we've been having a great time reading all of your answers. I've been feeling a bit homesick lately, but this sure helps ease the transition to life away from family.

The question I have is about movies. As you may know, Brian and I were once quite the moviegoers. Having two small children and living in Japan has temporarily put an end to that, but we still have such pleasant memories of our weekly movie dates. So I was wondering, what was the first movie you remember seeing in the theater? Who went with you? Where was the theater? And lastly, do you have a favorite movie (or television show) of all time?

Love, Jill Mac

Dear Jill,

The first movie I ever saw was Charlie Chaplin as "The Little Tramp" in the movie "The Kid" in 1921. I was six years old and the theater was in Mound Valley, Kansas. I went with a childhood friend. I can't remember her first name but her last name was Call. She was about the same age as me and I think her parents took us both to the movie which was probably one of the very newest, at least in that town. I don't actually remember any of the story in the movie but I do remember that every one was howling with laughter.

I think my favorite movie of all time was "Gone With The Wind", which your Grandpa Knight and I saw in Boulder, Colorado. I think we saw this soon after your mother was born. We were living in Lyons, Colorado and we borrowed my Dad's car to go to Boulder to the movie.

Love, Grandma

Thanksgiving

Dear Mom,

Would you please share with us memories you might have of Thanksgivings which took place during your childhood? What were some of your favorite dishes, who might have been feasting with your family, what chores do you remember being assigned to help prepare for the feast and, also, where do you suppose the turkey came from? Also, do you remember a particular Thanksgiving day throughout the years that you could consider your favorite, whether it be during childhood or as an adult? Finally, what would you say is the best thing about Thanksgiving?

Thank you, Mom. Love, Maureen

Dear Maureen,

Looking back over many, many decades of Thanksgiving days, I think that most have been very traditional with family, relatives and friends gathering around the table, enjoying the usual turkey dinner. The one common fixture of these huge meals was the groaning of overstuffed tummies. Occasionally, we ventured out of town to join other friends or relatives on this festive day. Although Thanksgiving Day was always a special occasion, one was so extra special that I will never forget it.

Because a severe blizzard had stranded people to the small town of Kit Carson, Colorado, my father, the Methodist minister, went to the small local hotel to check on travelers who might be finding shelter there. He generously invited them to Thanksgiving Dinner the following day. I can't remember at this time what sort of a panic attack my mother went through when she realized there would be 21 people for Thanksgiving dinner. However, that was the number and I recall that there was an abundance of food.

Bill Brown, a Negro man who was the husband of Blanche (our self appointed cook) and their daughter, Lucille, my friend, were three of the guests. Bill raised chickens, ducks, rabbits, turkeys and geese at the edge of town. I'm sure he supplied plenty of fowl for the dinner and Blanche was a great help in preparing the mountains of food. Everyone had a great time and offered their thanks for such a wonderful day and the hospitality of our family.

The guests included three musicians (young men), a newlywed couple, and an older couple. I don't remember the other six, but I believe they were all men and probably salesmen.

Upon returning to their home in New York, the three musicians sent me a packet of sheet music which contained the words and music to the current songs of the day. One of the songs from this packet that I remember was "Always", a song that has stayed one of my favorites. The newlywed couple returned to Denver but remained friends of my parents the rest of their lives.

I remember that Thanksgiving as the best, ever!

Maureen, I think that the best thing about Thanksgiving is the reminder that we all have so much to be thankful for and although it comes but once a year we are many times over, reminded to praise God for all of his blessings. May you and yours have a wonderful day together and I will be thankful, once again, for all of your love.

Thank you from Mom, Grandma, Gigi

The First Thanksgiving

Dear Grandma,

As Thanksgiving nears I would like you to tell us anything that you might relating to our ancestor Francis Cooke whom I believe came to this land on the Mayflower and would have been present for the first Thanksgiving celebration.

Thank you Grandma and I love you, Charlie Mac

Dear Charlie,

I think your question has been the most challenging of any I have received up to this time. I am sure I will have to do some research before I can give you an answer, which may prove to you that your Grandma knows very little about history and probably even less about Francis Cooke. But I do think yours is a very intelligent question, and I will really try to appear to have a somewhat intelligent answer, with help from the family history book, as well as the Internet.

I have taken the privilege of copying two pages from the family history book which I had, rather crudely, I admit, concocted some of the facts about our ancestors or forefathers. Some of the more interesting facts were the story of their part in the journey of the Mayflower and their contribution to the formation of a government and abiding by its laws. The document referred to as 'The Mayflower Compact' is considered by many prestigious historians as the beginning of democracy in America. Francis Cooke was not only one of our ancestors but the seventeenth signer of the 'Mayflower Compact'.

Love, Grandma

First Vote

Dear Grandma,

How old were you when you cast your first vote for President? Who did you vote for and why?

Love, Jill Mac

Dear Jill,

Thank you for a question I had probably given little thought to for many years. It has managed to get my brain in gear.

My first presidential election came a year and nine months after my eligibility in 1935. I had read with some interest about FDR and his courage in fighting the battle with polio, which had

left him confined to a wheel chair. I would never have conceived him as being crippled and after hearing him and watching him as he gave one of his famous campaign speeches, I was so impressed with his platform and all that it meant to me, a college graduate (at 21 years of age) in 1935, with little or no prospect of a job.

His obvious care and concern for the common citizen gave me hope and courage. It seemed that re-electing this man, Franklin Delano Roosevelt (ironically a very wealthy man) was the answer to recovery from the crippling disease of economic disaster and social disorder.

It was with this projected hope and courage I was able to proudly cast my first vote not for Al Landon the Republican nominee but for FDR the Democratic nominee to begin his second term of office....

Love, Grandma

Nightowls

Dear Grandma,

This one may seem kind of inane after the others you have received, but anyway... It is currently 12:30 a.m. on a week night, and I have no desire nor inclination to go to bed; in fact, my productivity seems to peak about this time (although I have always carried around an unshakable guilt associated with staying up late). I am pretty certain that you are also a night owl, yes? Has this always been so or was it the only way you could gain some peace and quiet?

I love you, Vince

Dear Vince,

Your question seemed no way inane to me. On the other hand, I have finally found a kindred spirit. This soul mate I have found in my very own family! What a joy! What a blessing! Thank you so very much for being that kindred soul!

I have for many years considered myself a pretty good seamstress and, in my more mature years I have thought of myself as a rather good designer. Designing clothing for myself, my daughters and occasionally for other people has been an activity which often has taken place at night. Because the nighttime was usually quieter, more peaceful and less demanding of my attention-the telephone was not ringing, meals were not to be prepared, no one was knocking at the door, children were not to be dressed and fed for school-I could probably add to this endless litany of everyday jobs which were always needing to be done during the day.

These are the reasons that I have been able to accomplish many things at night. I have always been able to do my best thinking at night and because I too, am a nightowl, I have been happy spending the night time accomplishing chores which other wise might never have been done.

Love always, Grandma

Honeymoon

Hi Grandma,

I was wondering if you could give me the unabridged version of your Honeymoon. I know you came through Mesa Verde and such, but I was hoping you might elaborate. I think you might have told me you also visited Aztec and Salmon Ruins, yes? By my calculation, an archaeologist by the name of Earl Morris would have been excavating the main features at Aztec that year, and I was wondering if you had any memories of that. I also want to know about any non-archaeology recollections you have of your trip.

Alright, I love you Grandma and I can't wait for your reply, Vincent

Dear Vince,

I have contemplated every question I thought might be thrown my way, but of course you threw one at me which I never would have anticipated. Before I even started to answer it I had to make sure that I knew what unabridged meant. When I asked Mr. Webster to give me a brief but correct answer he did just that, and since I now know unabridged means uncondensed, I'm afraid you will just have to tolerate my long answer to you.



Sacred Heart Church, Alamosa, Colorado

Our honeymoon started after our wedding breakfast which took place at the Coughlin home immediately following our marriage at the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Alamosa. We left in the Coughlin's new Ford V-8 which they so graciously loaned to us.

Micky had not yet at that time been rich enough to own a car, and actually, the first car we owned was after moving to Laramie in June of 1940. Mickey was an adequate driver, but from lack of experience his confidence was quite low, so our trip began rather slowly, but speed didn't seem to be our goal.

We made our first brief stop in San Luis, the oldest town in Colorado. Our next stop was at Taos, which, by the way, we had visited with friends just a few weeks before, and because of our actions then, I was a little leery of showing our faces once more in that town.

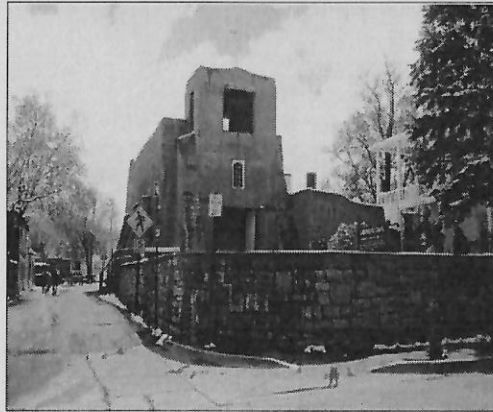
I'm going to side track here and tell you about that escapade. When the four of us got to the hotel and dining room which were open we sat ourselves at a booth and waited for quite a long while without anyone taking our order. Finally, Mickey went to

the kitchen I guess there was no one back there, but there was a big baked ham still hot on the meat block. Mickey came back to our table with the ham on a very large meat fork. He plunked it down on the table where we were sitting and made another trip to the kitchen and emerged again with a tray of buns.

We made some very good sandwiches and ate our fill. Then we started to leave but found the two doors to the dining room were locked. By then we were all getting sort of scared. I really thought we were going to end up in jail but we then found the door to the hotel and the door from the hotel outdoors was unlocked.. Mickey placed some money on the counter and off we went, the ham, minus a few slices, and the buns were all left neatly in the kitchen. When we left, a man was standing there ready to lock the door. He just grinned and waved good bye.

This hotel was where we returned for our first honeymoon lunch, and we were quite relieved that we were not recognized. After our lunch we drove on to Santa Fe where we spent the first night of our honey-moon in a very nice hotel which I can't right now recall the name of.

When the people at the hotel discovered we were just married, they gave us the honeymoon suite for the night as guests of the hotel. Our cash resources were very limited we were indeed grateful for the nice accommodations and even more for the price. Lacking a 'thank you card' we wrote our thank you and expression of gratitude on a sheet of hotel stationery.



Chapel of San Miguel, Santa Fe
Said to be the oldest church in America

Sunday we attended mass in Santa Fe at a mission which was said to be the oldest in America and then we went to Albuquerque. After spending much of the day there we proceeded on our way to Farmington. I believe before reaching Farmington we came to the Aztec ruins. I do remember them as 'being under exploration' by a man who I can well imagine was 'Earl Morris'. I am truly sorry I didn't take notes which now, 67 years later, I would find extremely interesting to share with you.

I don't believe we visited the Salmon ruins. We spent the next two days in Farmington revisiting some of the childhood friends and places of Mickey's including the Catholic School which he had attended.

The next day we went on to Durango stayed in the hotel and visited with Mick's niece and her husband, Chuck and Evelyn Hildebrandt. We went to a night club for dinner and dancing and on the way out, Micky took the last coin in his pocket, dropped it in the slot machine, and hit the jackpot. He didn't win much, but we came out with more than we had when we went in and almost as much as we had when we started our honeymoon. That was a pleasant surprise!

The next morning we went to his brother Charlie's and wife Eva's for breakfast. On Friday we returned to Alamosa to put all my things away. Mickey had moved my things from my rented room to his house, the little white house at 912 West 4th Street. Thank you once again Vince for jogging my memory.

Love, Grandma

Wedding Anniversary

Hi Mom,

I know I already had a question but I would like to ask about your's and Dad's most memorable Anniversary. What did you do and who celebrated with you?. Hope you have many happy memories of your Anniversaries.

Love, Jill K.

Dear Jill and Jim,

I'm sure that our 50th wedding anniversary was the most memorable of all. And because we'll never have another one it has to be the best.

It seems the celebration began several days early, as several relatives came quite a long distance to take part in the festivities. The event should have been celebrated on November 14, 1986. As you all know we were living in Laramie, where late fall and winter weather can be extremely unpredictable. Consequently, we took the privilege of changing the date to one in September that, hopefully, would be a more cooperative one. Such a choice proved to be very wise as the weather was perfect for all the days of festivities.

Guests started arriving on Thursday when Bill Coughlin, Mickey's nephew, and Bill's sister, Catherine Coughlin Kemp, came from California. Mickey's nieces, Alice Sullivan from Kansas, and Helen Downey, also from California, also came that day. Bill was present at our wedding, and he was also my Godfather.

Mickey and I were very happy to be honored by the presence of our children and their families who joined us from far and near. The presence of all seven of them made the family complete for such a happy day.

Love, Mom

The Roaring Twenties

Dear Grandma,

I know you were a young girl at the time (and also that your Dad was a Methodist minister and you lived in small towns), but were you at all exposed to the "Roaring Twenties?" I'm curious as to the general mood of the time and the activities among the youth and the adults. I'd appreciate any comments you have on the topic. Thanks.

Love, Brian

Dear Brian,

Of course, due to my heritage, I led a rather sheltered life. I was only briefly introduced to the perils of bootleg liquor. Once, when my Dad was intentionally run down by an oil worker who was on a Saturday night spree. Early Sunday morning he tried and nearly succeeded in running over my Dad. Dad was severely injured and was cared for by the only town physician. It was several weeks until he was finally well enough to carry on his duties as the church pastor.

Another time, the meat cutter at the local grocery store bought some bad liquor from a bootlegger and almost died. My parents, who very often gave care and comfort to ill and injured people, nursed him back to health.

One other time, I remember my parents becoming caretakers at our next door neighbors' house (the McCormishes). Mr. McCormish became ill with diphtheria and my parents stepped into taking care of him. In spite of all the care, he only lived a couple of weeks.

Because of the diphtheria, my parents, were quarantined with the McCormish family and not allowed to leave their house. My cousin, Lillian and her husband, Jim Stevens came into town from their farm and took care of me. These things all took place at Kit Carson, Colorado when I was around 10 years old.

After we moved to Eads, Colorado I became aware that some of the young people got to participate in some of the entertainment which I was not give the privilege of enjoying. However. I was often given the special treats of journeys to the Rocky Mountains which none of my friends had ever seen. Lula Lee Herron, my best friend in Eads, was always invited to join us on these wonderful trips. She was from a large family who was not financially able to make trips to the mountains or to the cities of Denver, Pueblo or Colorado Springs. Lula Lee was always a welcome guest at our home and on our many trips. We were considered privileged girls in our circle of friends and the source of quite a bit of envy as well. My parents, from Kansas and now living in cool Colorado, were often happy hosts to many friends and relatives from hot, hot, Kansas.

I truly am not an authority on the mood of the times. I was happy, my parents were happy and it seemed to be a happy time. What did I know?

It was the era of 'bobbed hair' cut very short and short skirts. For teen age girls and young ladies the skirts were many times above the knee. Because my parents agreed I always would be dressed fashionably, I returned from our fall shopping trip to Pueblo ready for school wearing my new and fashionable dresses, definitely above my knees. This caused indignation to another preacher's wife who expressed her disapproval by thoroughly chastising my mother.

My mom replied in her familiar sweet manner, "Well the Indians painted themselves and went naked, I guess Geraldine can too!" I think this was the end of the conversation, quite likely once and for all.

The women's magazines such as "Ladies Home Journal" carried many ads promoting cosmetics. These ads included coupons which offered free samples of all the new beauty secrets. I never let a coupon go by and once I started I soon had quite a collection of beauty products. One that I particularly remember was "Tangee", a pretty changeable pink lipstick. I was allowed to use these products, with of course, discretion.

There was quite a campaign against the use of alcoholic beverages. One of the prominent organizations supporting this campaign was the WCTU (Women Christian Temperance Union.) My mother was, of course, an active member of this organization. I don't remember the results of their activities, but we all know that their attempts failed to stop the sale and use of alcoholic beverages.

Public dances were the popular feature of entertainment, but I was not allowed to participate. The pleasures and styles of dancing were only hearsay as far as I was concerned. The Charleston was the rage during 1928. I only was allowed to go to dances when I went away to college. Being such a late starter has always been a handicap to me.

I'll always remember Black Thursday, October 24th, 1929, when the stock market crashed, bringing the Roaring Twenties to an end and the beginning of the Great Depression. Lets all hope and pray that such a dire calamity does not happen again.

Gee, Brian, I'm sorry it took me so long to say almost nothing. Your questions brought memories to mind, nothing of the least importance but never the less it did stir up my brain and give it a self start after such a long time of lying around doing nothing. Thank you for your help!

Love, Grandma Gerri

Hopes and Expectations

Hi Grandma,

I've enjoyed reading the questions you've received on the message board - and especially your answers. I was wondering if there has been anything that you have expected to happen in your life time that has not happened, or vice versa, anything you'd thought you'd never see that has happened. For example, I do not expect to see a woman elected President of the United States in my lifetime. But I also did not expect to see the Iron Curtain fall, which happened when I was relatively young. What were your expectations of the world, and how have they been met?

Love you lots, Becky

Dear Becky,

Thank you for your interesting questions. I'm finding myself in quite a dilemma as to the answers. As I think about these questions many thoughts become intertwined and I realize that my answers would be confusing to say the least. So this is an attempt to simplify my answers and, though short, I hope you will see that they have many dimensions.

I am taking the privilege of changing the word "expect" to "hope" in the answer to your last question. I have never stopped hoping and praying for world peace. I hope at some point in time that our world leaders will think very seriously about world peace and perhaps agree to disagree in a civilized way to make the interludes of peace much longer and shortening the times of war. Perhaps in time the people will realize that it is possible for everyone to live, prosper and benefit in a happy, war free environment.

I think the most amazing thing I have seen take place in my life is the enormous advancement in the field of medicine. The breakthroughs in pharmaceuticals, technology, skills, and medical facilities have improved the life of young and old far beyond anything I could have imagined. I'm also aware that things are continuing to advance each and every day. My life has certainly been made more comfortable and most likely longer because of this.

I am very proud of your affiliation in this endeavor for improving the quality of life, Becky.

As I stated at the beginning, Becky, many things that could be answers to your questions have come to mind but I think I have made a good choice as to these two things being at the top of my list.

Love, Grandma

Busy Days

Dear Mom,

I've been reflecting on the many projects you have done in your life besides being very busy raising seven children. You were always doing so much extra whether it was sewing, carpentry, crafts, or rushing off to a meeting, etc., etc. It seems that there wasn't anything that you couldn't do and always with an awesome end result. Out of all your many accomplishments, which one(s) did you enjoy doing the most or gave you the greatest satisfaction?

Love, Kathi

Dear Kathi,

I can think of two separate occasions of which I was placed in a leadership position of an organization and felt satisfied that I had been instrumental to a successful year. The year that I was program chairman of the Home and School Association at St. Laurence, I laid out a plan for the upcoming year which would have the monthly meetings focus on speakers who would cover the topic of their individual professions including both religious, professional, and blue collar vocations.

The result of this curriculum attracted more and more participants to the meetings and by the end of the year the membership of the association increased from just a mere 35 members to well over 100. Father McDevitt was quite pleased with this increase in membership.

In 1961 Father McDevitt prevailed in persuading me to be the president of the Altar and Rosary Society. I was quite nervous about this and not sure of myself in being successful but upon confessing to this feeling of inadequacy to the members, resulted in a very surprising desire of ladies wanting to help with their fields of expertise. So what was my big success this year was my unknown ability to bring together the members in a remarkable show of teamship. Again, I had pleased Father McDevitt until the time of his death which was about half way mid term of my office. This in itself was quite a challenge to tend to the many responsibilities pertaining to his funeral and death. At the end of the year I realized that I had given a great deal of time and effort but felt that the year had been a great success.

Of course my most satisfactory accomplishment, my true success, was some how juggling all the things of raising 7 children and realizing through the success of my many offspring that I was quite successful at motherhood.

Love, Mom

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