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# CHARIS

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*Our Collected Memories*

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Edited by Mary Afton Greenwood

and

R.F.Greenwood



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# MEMORIES OF MY DAUGHTER, CHARIS

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*By her mother, Mary Afton Greenwood*

How does one write the story of a beautiful and talented daughter who valued life so much and fought so hard to hold on, and whose loved ones--all of us--fought so hard to keep her safe but finally had to let go? How can one summarize a life, even though cut off in its prime at age twenty-nine, that was so full of love and joy and accomplishment and, yes, struggle? How can one reduce her life and our loss and the world's loss to a few short pages?



Charis was born to my husband, Donald Greenwood, and me in Logan, Utah, February 18, 1941. Don was teaching while working toward a degree at Utah State University. Charis was in such a hurry to be born that, had we not lived across the street from Budge Memorial Hospital, we would never have made it there in time. It was such a happy moment. We were enamored by our beautiful daughter and wanted the best name possible. While hunting in the library, Don found Charis in a poem by Ben Jonson. We were a couple

of inexperienced, inept parents, but she was the delight of our lives, and we wanted to give her the best life we could.

From birth, Charis had difficulty digesting her food. The pediatrician diagnosed food allergies, and, after advising me to discontinue nursing, he tried various formulas without success. Finally he recommended boiled canned milk with predigestive drops added. It wasn't very successful, but it seemed to be the best he could come up with. Charis had frequent temperatures, which he treated again and again with sulfa, the first of the miracle antibiotics. We suspected rheumatic fever, but it was never clinically diagnosed. She remained frail and slender but developed into a lovely, delightful child.

Our insistence that she was precocious proved to be more than mere parental pride. At eighteen months, while sitting in her high chair, she drew two circles connected. In the upper one she placed eyes, nose and mouth, topped it with hair, and handed it to me saying, "Baby." It was a child's first sketch of the human form--but at age eighteen months? On her second birthday, I started a list of her vocabulary and finally stopped writing when I reached one hundred. In spite of her fragile health, talents began showing up while she was still very young.

The university offered a class for toddlers, providing they were potty trained, so we enrolled her at age two.



She loved it but was so often kept home because of a temperature that we withdrew her after a few months. About that time we purchased a two-bedroom house near the university. In the backyard Don built a swing, sandbox, and playhouse where Charis spent much time. There were no other children near her age in our immediate neighborhood, but she seemed happy inventing her own amusements.



Photos taken at Logan home.

Our house was heated by a coal furnace, which required regular removal of ashes. One day Charis found a box of hot ashes in the side yard. Thinking it was sand, she thrust her hand into it and was badly burned. Her worst illness, however, while we lived in our Logan home, was a temperature of 104, resulting in a convulsion and her first hospitalization.

As the Second World War threatened our first son, Donald Eugene, was born. My husband expected to be inducted, but being a twenty-eight year-old father he was saved from the draft. Instead, he

was instructed to take a job related to the war effort. He accepted a position at the Geneva Steel plant in Orem, so we sold our home in Logan and bought another in American Fork, not too far from his work. It had a fenced-in backyard where Charis and Donald could play safely with neighborhood children. Charis was good-natured and friendly.

The move was the second of twelve we made during Charis' first fifteen years, moves that repeatedly transplanted our children from familiar grounds to strange ones. Being active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whenever we moved we met welcoming members, which helped immensely in making the transitions. But it was always difficult for the children to leave their friends and change schools, especially as they grew older.

Charis had six siblings: Donald Eugene (born June 9, 1943) Julia Ann (January 1, 1946), Robert Foster (April 21, 1949), Patricia (December 15, 1952), Walter Lamont (December 29, 1958), and David Clark (August 8, 1960). Charis started at a very young age to show a strong maternal nature, assuming the role of big sister. Her siblings loved her and she loved them.

She was four when the war ended. Geneva Steel closed. Don was without employment, but he was hired as Utah State Supervisor of Industrial Education. Again we sold our home and rented a house in Salt Lake City, but shortly afterward, Geneva Steel was sold to United States Steel Corporation and opened again. Don was rehired. Julia Ann was born. Our family was growing, and we were feeling a strong need to prevent these constant moves. Don decided to commute to work in Orem and settle our family in Midvale, a suburb of Salt Lake City where

he had grown up and where we had inherited some property on which to build a home. My father with Don's help began construction, but due to the war there was a scarcity of materials. We decided to build the double garage and move our family into that while the rest of the house was being completed.

Those were good years for our family. Both, Don's parents and mine, plus the families of two aunts and an uncle, lived on our street (Greenwood Ave.). Our children were surrounded by cousins, and the family settled into a happy stable life. Our second son, Robert Foster, was born. Charis' health improved. Even when very young, she became interested in drawing and creating figures with modeling clay. As she grew older, she became a leader in those arts as well as outdoor play, not only with her siblings but also other children in the neighborhood.

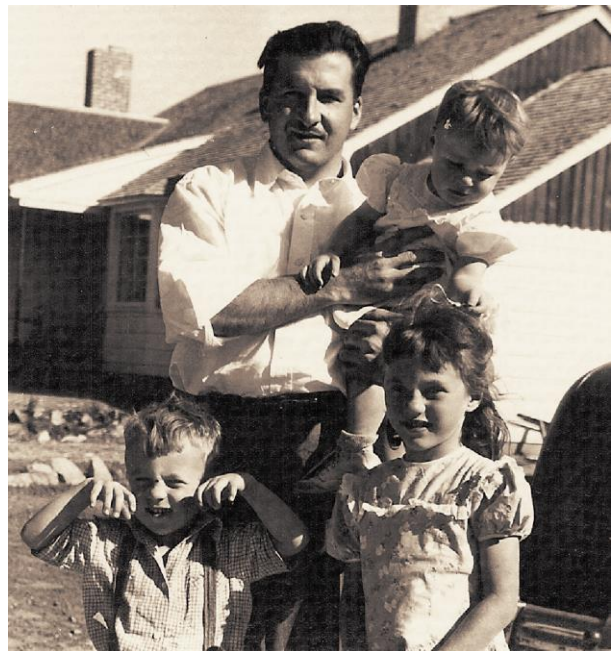


Photo of Don with Charis, Donald and Julie  
at our Midvale home

She and her brother, Donald, began school at Union Elementary near our home. Charis was always at the head of her class and spent many after-school hours sketching and writing poems. She took piano and ballet lessons and participated enthusiastically in school and church activities.

Our garage home had a fully equipped kitchen, a finished full basement, small bathroom, and a large room upstairs that was the children's dormitory. Don installed a ballet bar in the basement, and I taught ballet and tap dancing to Charis and Julie. To make it more interesting for them, I invited their cousins to participate free of charge.

I had had some dancing experience, having organized a small ballet and tap school for beginners in my youth when college costs were more than my father could afford. However, I felt inadequate and wanted more professional training for my daughters. A dancer and acquaintance of mine owned a prestigious ballet school in Salt Lake City, so I enrolled Charis and Julie. They enjoyed the lessons and performed in a large recital at the old Playhouse Theatre on State Street. Charis danced in a beautiful butterfly costume with wings of silk. That costume remained in our collection for many years and was worn in turn by each of my daughters.



Charis was an in-between who loved to play with the younger children, usually as their leader, but who spent many hours with her



older cousins—Foster’s daughters, (Anne, Karen, Elaine, and Mary), Aunt Eunice’s (Marilyn and Afton), and Aunt Grace’s (Emma and Lavon). Charis was invited to participate in Marilyn’s wedding and felt quite grown up in this yellow taffeta dress with a long tiered skirt. She paraded around the house, movie star fashion, making me realize that my little girl was already headed for her preteen years, a rather startling revelation.

The neighborhood children, under the leadership of Charis, claimed ownership of a large spreading tree at the upper corner of our property. They named it the Sitting and Singing Tree (SST) and, true to its name the children would gather in its heights to sing and listen to Charis make up stories. It was their clubhouse, and the call to SST would bring neighborhood children running to its branches.

We lived across the street from her Uncle Foster’s apple orchard. Due to his tolerant nature, it became a recreational paradise for the children between harvesting seasons. Years later, Charis immortalized it in a poem, one of my favorites:

## THE ORCHARD1

*There were two orchards.  
The last was rampant with hay and yellow  
mustard.*

*There, I lay hidden in the grass  
Remembering an orchard in the past.*

*Then, there had been apple trees and pears  
that held their branches up,  
And endless sheltered acres, too wide for one  
child day,*

*But small enough to know  
Which trees received with step-like hands  
And which refused to play,  
And in which corner willows grew beside the  
stream*

*And made a place to stay.*

*One late Easter we took our eggs  
And sat in patches of the sun  
We smelled the damp bloom overhead,  
Our baskets on the flowered floor.  
The insects' singing had begun  
A butterfly was out of doors...  
It was so sweet... but we were young.*

*In June we stole the salt and crept into the  
deepest woods.  
With young green apples, small and sour  
We hid an hour where not a soul could see  
And gorged ourselves like hungry birds  
Enjoying our conspiracy.*

*Asparagus sprouted on the bounds.  
We'd spend a day gathering stalks,  
Counting pheasants as they burst up,  
When old Freckles ran around  
Capering like a tipsy pup,  
The dear old hound.*

*In winter it was filled with snow  
And opened up to show, how row on row,  
Every tree had its space.  
In summer you would never know,  
For leaved, it was a close and covered place.*

*In that latter place I lay, an orchard many  
miles away,  
With other fruit and other weeds.*

*Almost adult by then, I knew that I could  
never go again  
To the orchard that I owned, the way a child  
owns his world.*

*I never visit back.  
There are houses now in both.  
A younger tree was saved just here and  
there to suit a lot.*

*They say some of the pears still bear,  
But the orchard isn't there.*

Catastrophe struck in July, 1948. My mother, who lived next door, suffered a cerebral hemorrhage making it necessary for me to divide my time between two homes. This put a strain on the family, especially Charis, who, while only seven, was unusually conscientious about responsibilities of the oldest daughter. Don's job became more demanding and often required out-of-town travel, so he was not always at home. My father eventually realized I needed help and hired my Aunt Ethyl for part time assistance. Mother gradually regained limited strength and our family life resettled back into a more stable routine. Midvale was still the family's happy home.

In 1952, United States Steel offered Don an advancement with a transfer to San Francisco making it necessary for me to leave my invalid mother. This was traumatic for me. I had always been very close to my mother, who was still recovering, and since I was an only daughter, she depended on me solely. To give me freedom to go, my kind father decided to retire and take over her care. Even as that problem lessened, I was apprehensive about uprooting our children, and, selfishly, I was heart-broken to have to sell our beautiful new home, which had been completed only a year before.

In Palo Alto, California, we temporarily rented an Eichler home, a modern-style house with a flat roof and thin plywood walls of Philippine mahogany. Having grown up on a farm, I felt as if I were living in a barn, but the Eichler's were low-cost housing and very popular at the time. Our three oldest children registered in a Palo Alto elementary school that was within walking distance, and on Dec. 15th our fourth child, Patricia, was born. We had already started looking for

a home to buy. After school closed, we moved into a new ranch house on Seena Avenue in the neighboring town of Los Altos.

Again the children had to adapt to different schools, but, being resilient, they adjusted well. At Covington Junior High Charis had a large circle of girlfriends whose main topic of giggling conversation was cute boys. In her diary, most entries start "Today we had fun." But again her stability was shattered. In 1954 (less than two years after leaving Midvale) her father was transferred to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



Don had to begin his new job the first of January, 1954. I felt I could not move so far east without visiting my mother to make sure she was being adequately cared for. We hired a realtor to sell our home and Don drove us to Midvale where the children finished their year of school and enjoyed a few more months with their cousins. Charis even had her first adolescent crush on one of her Cousin Karen's friends, a boy named Dale. I was able to improve Mother's care. A dear Relief Society sister agreed to give her semi-weekly baths and I contacted a county health organization that offered limited nursing service. When school closed, we all climbed into our old Nash and headed for Pittsburgh.

As always, when we traveled, Charis was a godsend, entertaining the other children with games, puzzles, singing, making up limericks, and calming disagreements. In the meantime Don had rented a remarkable old but neglected house in Mt. Lebanon, PA, and had spent

hours cleaning and wallpapering, getting it ready for us to move into. It was an out-of-date three-story house in what had once been an upscale neighborhood. It had a porch across the front, a smoky basement, a cook's pantry, gas fireplaces in every room, a stained-glass window, and even a large finished attic room with a step up on one end. It almost seemed as if it had originally been built with a theatre stage. The house was a real classic that belonged to a former era. We were all delighted. Moving in was like entering a storybook fairy tale.

As usual we became part of the Mormon Branch and made many friends. Charis' main problem was in deciding which young missionary she was in love with, or whether she preferred the cute deacons who passed the sacrament in church or the slightly older boys who didn't even give her a smile and a wink. On Sunday afternoons we visited local places of interest such as the Carnegie Museum, the zoo, the arboretum, or the famous nationality rooms at the Cathedral of Learning. In the summer we took short vacation trips—camping on the shore of Lake Erie, visiting Gettysburg and the Pennsylvania Dutch Country. The children's world was being stretched and they were fitting in socially.



Our Mt. Lebanon Home

But in Mt. Lebanon, our family didn't thrive health wise. In fact, Bobby was having severe asthma with vomiting and temperature when we arrived. Our first act was to locate a doctor—Dr. Stechsulte—

whose office was about a block from our home. His house calls were as frequent as our visits to his office. One day he mentioned that he wondered whether or not the old house had anything to do with the frequent illnesses of our children, since the family that had lived there before us had had a similar experience. Julie and Bob were having recurring sore throats, resulting in tonsillectomies. During surgery Julie had a severe hemorrhage. Under Dr. Mansman, a pioneer in developing a serum for allergies, Bob was hospitalized for analysis and found to be sensitive to every food tested. He was started on allergy shots.

But our most serious concern was Charis. She began suffering joint pain with low-grade temperature. Dr. Stechsulte sent her to St. Francis Hospital for tests, and the diagnosis was an early-age onset of rheumatoid Arthritis. Gold therapy was recommended. However, when we went to Dr. Stechsulte's office for the first shot, he expressed reluctance and instead started her on a new drug that was a combination of aspirin and cortisone.

Charis, Julie, and Donald had started dancing lessons in the town of Carnegie under a teacher who had recently organized a ballet company. He taught on the stage of a small theater. After a few lessons the teacher invited Charis to join his training company, which would have required rehearsal every afternoon after school. Because of her symptoms, she had to decline. This was a big disappointment. She loved to dance, but her doctors were recommending bed rest, which would not only cut her off from dancing but also from school and church activities, including friends.

On New Year's Eve we were entertaining a church family when Charis started with a painful earache. As the evening wore on, the pain became worse and worse and finally unendurable. Apparently the new medicine had been obscuring a severe ear infection. We took her to St. Claire Hospital Emergency where she was given penicillin and retained for more testing. Blood tests showed kidney damage. Nephritis was added to her list of diagnoses. The possibility of Lupus was suggested to my husband. At home her temperature continued. Dr. Stechschulte stopped the aspirin/cortisone and prescribed continued bed rest.

The school provided her with a home teacher. I asked for a reading list and received one itemizing the usual teen-age novels. When I secured an armload of these from the library, Charis said, "Oh Mother, you must be joking. Get me a history of Egypt," which I did. Also, I introduced her to the novels of Jane Austen and the Victorians-- Bronte sisters, Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, and Thomas Hardy-- and she introduced herself to the British and American poets.

Winter weather had been almost solid rain or snow, and Dr. Stechschulte suggested that the climate and trauma of the move-- leaving her friends at a sensitive age--might have been, if not the cause, a contributing factor in her illness. He recommended a change of climate, probably Arizona.

In March 1956, Don drove our family to Thatcher, Arizona, rented a cottage for the children and myself, and then returned to Pittsburgh to apply for a transfer back to the West Coast. In Thatcher our family was well accepted, almost put on a pedestal. Under Charis' leadership, the children announced the coming publication of "The Country Caller".

They scattered about the town, selling advertisements and collecting local news. On a cookie sheet, Charis prepared a homemade hectograph, and a two-page newspaper in two colors was printed and sold for a few pennies each throughout Thatcher.

Charis' health improved. She entered high school, made friends, including the devoted attention of a high-school senior named Terry. She seemed happier than she had been since leaving California. She even wore his class ring and announced that they were going steady, whatever "going steady" meant in the social vernacular of the nineteen fifties.

Her new doctor, whose diagnosis was rheumatic fever, warned us that patients coming to Arizona for health often experienced a sudden improvement that did not last. He was right. Charis' temperature recurred and again she was confined to bed, a terrible disappointment. The school year was ending and Terry was graduating.

On May 8th my Mother died. Charis' doctor advised that a hurried journey to Salt Lake and return would put a strain on Charis and recommended that she remain bedfast. Judge Green and his wife had befriended us. Mrs. Green offered to stay with Charis while we were gone. I now believe it would have been better to take her with us. She apparently felt quite deserted, although Terry and other friends visited her frequently while we were away.

I drove the family to Tucson where I met Don at the airfield, and he then drove us to Midvale for the funeral. United States Steel had denied him a transfer, so he quit his job as Manager of training and returned to Pittsburgh to prepare for our move to wherever he could

find a position. I drove the family from Thatcher to Midvale, and again Charis was reunited with her cousins and happily had visits from Dale. We consulted our old family physician, Dr. Alley, who verified the diagnosis of rheumatic fever and recommended daily aspirin.

When U. S. Steel management realized that Don had meant it when he resigned, they reinstated him in his job and agreed to transfer him back to San Francisco. Don and I drove two cars to Los Altos, each with part of our family. I was a nervous driver and Donner's Pass was a narrow road high on a mountain, sided by a drop into depths below. As we approached it, I stopped my car and insisted that all the children ride with Don, but Charis refused. "I'll stay with you Mother" she insisted. We made it through.



Our new home in Los Altos, California

We had purchased this newly-constructed four-bedroom home on Deodara Drive in Vista Los Altos. An extra-large family room with a fireplace became a wonderful party room for our teenagers and their friends, often with ballroom dancing.

Our former Los Altos doctor (Dr. Brown) continued the aspirin therapy and prescribed bed rest. Charis continued her high-school studies under a home teacher provided by the school district, but she attended church and made friends.

In her diary entries, she seems unusually romantic and writes much of Dale, whose infrequent letter writing was sporadic at best. Although only fifteen, her diary suggests that she seems wrought with fear of the future, fear of having to face it alone. She wrote:

“Somewhere, just beyond tomorrow, lies a field of serene and tranquil happiness. Somewhere, just over the horizon, it lies welcoming all who have made the journey, but narrow is the path and steep, and few there are that find it. Oh, please God, let me find it, and let me climb the path.

“How I hope I won’t have to climb it alone. Having something to share is not half as important as having someone to share it with.”

Her health was declining. In February 1957 she developed a high fever, fluid in her lungs, and a worsening of the nephritis. I telephoned her doctor, who promised a house visit but didn’t come. I phoned and he promised again. This time he stopped at the door into her room but didn’t go near her bed. He was obviously incapable of handling her case.

By Saturday the 17th, she was much worse. In desperation, my husband appealed to his company's medical director, a Dr. Green, who drove forty-five miles from San Francisco to our home in Los Altos, examined Charis, diagnosed lupus, and recommended immediate hospitalization with cortisone therapy, a treatment that was fairly new

at the time. That evening, I telephoned and pled with him to take over her care. He refused to intervene in another doctor's case. He told me Charis' condition was terminal, that she might live two weeks. If she rallied temporarily, the most we could hope for was two years.

Sunday our bishop and a group of elders came to our home to give her a blessing. Fortunately, a counselor's wife was with them. She, who was a nurse, gave us the name of Dr. George Snell, a noted internist practicing at Stanford Hospital but who was important enough to be on President Eisenhower's medical staff. Again I dialed Dr. Brown's office. It was a weekend and he was not in, but I talked to his assistant, requesting that Dr. Snell be called on the case. I was rebuked for attempting to go over our doctor's head.

"Charis is entering Stanford Hospital today," I threatened, "and Dr. Snell had better be on the case."

The next morning, Dr. Snell was at her bedside. He told me later that Dr. Brown had said to him, "You know she's going to die." Dr. Snell had answered, "No, I'll save her." And he did.

They drew a quart and a half of fluid from her chest and she was put on very high doses of cortisone. I recall asking about a small wooden peg wrapped in gauze on her bed stand. She said, "That's for me to bite on if I have a seizure."

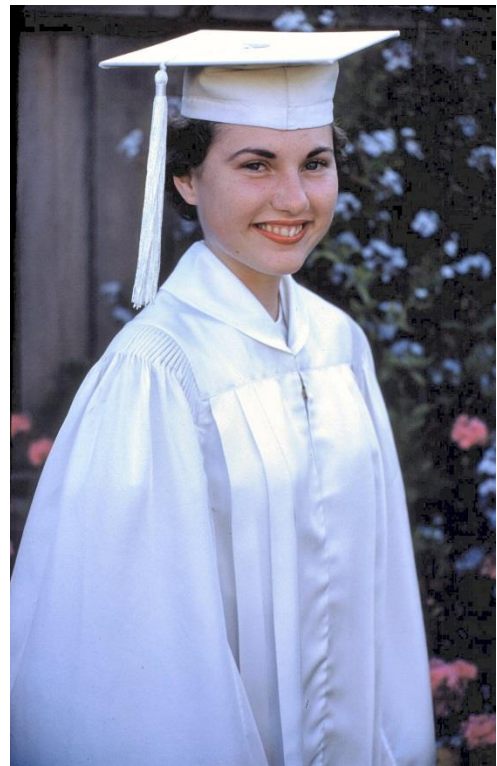
The second morning, Dr. Snell asked Charis what she would like for breakfast. She requested beefsteak and received it. Her recovery was slow but remarkable. Under his expert and benevolent care, her nephritis was brought under control, and she returned home in a

month. Lupus was the final diagnosis although the bone marrow test did not verify it.

She was on prednisone as well as a low-sodium diet and was given orders to gain weight by eating high-calorie foods, including butter. The steroids caused retention of fluid that resulted in a round face, but with Dr. Snell's expert care, it gradually receded and she returned to her usual beauty. We had understood the dangers of cortisone. Actually, when an earlier doctor had recommended it, Don and I had refused. Dr. Snell tried and continued to try to get her off of it. He prescribed Plaquenil even though its possible side effect was blindness. She started having eye problems. He changed back to prednisone, lowering the dose to 15 mg.

While still treating her, Dr. Snell suddenly passed away. It was such a shock for Charis. We were both in tears at his funeral. We were so grateful to him, had so hoped he would somehow be able to cure her. The next day I phoned Dr. Snell's colleague, Dr. Lee, and asked him to take over Charis' case. He agreed.

While confined in bed, she had worked on a correspondence course on art along with her school assignments. She gradually gained strength and, in September 1957, was able to enter Fremont High School. She excelled in her studies and, even though the first two



years had been primarily taught at home, she graduated with honors, won an award for being the most outstanding student in the field of fine arts, was a commencement speaker and awarded a scholarship to San Jose State College.

She entered the humanities program, which was open only to top students, and began working toward a degree in the visual arts. She made friends easily. Being attractive and quite animated, with (as Bill put it) “a certain sparkle”, she had no trouble fitting into college socially, but her main activities were still church sponsored, especially dances.

Charis had no shortages of boyfriends, but whenever one of them got serious, she would explain her illness and he would soon fade away.

Later, while at the BYU, she wrote Seabird, her first award-winning poem.

### SEABIRD

*How many silent birds have winged away  
At the scraping of my footfall on brown rocks  
Below the world in the sea, where grey  
White birds sleep? I do not know.*

*I know that once one stayed  
And turning wise indifferent eyes,  
Watched me stumble down the cliff  
And wince at the salty spray,  
Waiting till I reached his side  
Before he flew away.*

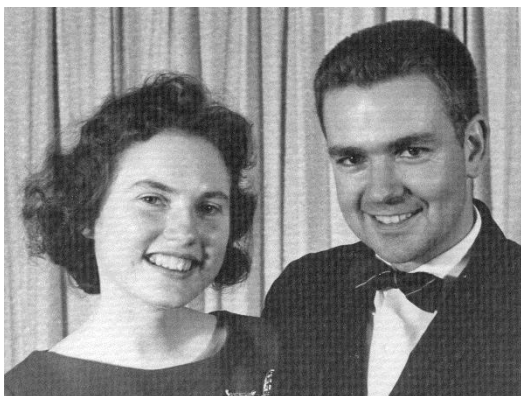


We lived near Moffett Field Naval Air Force Base. Our Sunnyvale missionaries organized group meetings there for Mormon servicemen stationed at the base. Charis and her friend, Colleen Smith, began going to church dances with some of the boys from Moffett Field. Charis' favorite was Jay Wixom and they started dating quite regularly. It was an off and on romance. One evening he would declare his love and then she wouldn't hear from him for weeks. Soon he would be at her door again fervently devoted. Charis was romantically ecstatic one week and despondent the next. But Jay, like Dale before him, faded out of the scene, and suddenly Casey Clark became important. She met him at church, but he wasn't a member. He was a Stanford graduate engineering student with a luxury car. He took her to church dances as well as exciting college events, restaurants in San Francisco, picnics on the beach. He was opening a new world to her. She told me they had much in common, lots of laughing, even conversing in metaphor, which appealed to her poetic nature. Apparently he wanted their friendship to be more serious, but he wasn't a church member and refused to become one. That settled it for Charis.



The first time I heard the name of Charis' future husband was in her response to my casual remark, "Jay is a good-looking young man." "If you think he is good-looking," she answered, "You should see Elder Bill Southwell. Bill was one of the two missionaries, who had organized the meetings at Moffett Field. Charis admired him, but being a missionary, he was not allowed to even show an interest in a girl. However, after his release and return home to Lyman, Nebraska, Charis received a much-cherished letter from him. A correspondence developed. When Bill registered at the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, she pled with us to allow her to attend BYU during the summer session of 1960. She argued that the summer would be favorable weather-wise, and she must have a chance to get better acquainted with Bill. Because of her health, we were reluctant, but we finally agreed, and during that summer session at BYU, they declared their love.

That fall, she consulted Doctor Lee about returning to BYU for the coming year. He said her health was much improved and saw no reason why she shouldn't do so. After that year at BYU, they both returned to Los Altos and requested our permission to marry.



We talked openly with Bill about Charis' health and suggested that we would continue to assume her medical expenses. He declined our offer, saying that he loved her and wanted to take care of her. Her health was not an obstacle in his choice.

We held an open house in the Sunnyvale Church and then traveled to Salt Lake City where they were married in the LDS temple September 21, 1961, followed by a reception in the East Midvale Church. The newlyweds began their married life in an apartment for married students on the BYU campus.

Changing her focus from art to Literature and Writing, Charis intensified her interest in poetry. Each of the first three years she was at BYU, she entered the Hart-Larson

poetry contest and received first place, the first year for “Seabird”, the second year for “Dust”, and the third year for “Reformation”. On her senior year she didn’t enter the contest because of ill health, and the judges announced there



would be no award since no poem entered had reached the standard of former years.

They spent the summer school break of 1962 in Los Altos. Bill had graduated with a BS in Physics and secured a summer job at Moffett Field. Charis consulted her California doctors, who hospitalized her to try a new treatment, Nitrogen Mustard. It didn’t go well, and at the end of summer, they suggested Bill and Charis stay in California for a year of treatments. She had developed complications due to the prednisone—high blood pressure, steroid diabetes, and anemia.

Our son, Donald, was scheduled to leave for a mission to Scotland, and in another year Julie would be heading for college. While in

California, Bill took the following picture of our family while we were still together.



Expressing her love for her family, Charis wrote the following poem:

### *Our Family*

*The sweet dreams of the warm evening  
Brush aside the wisps of years  
And bring us close again  
In arms of thought  
And a touch of tears,  
Remembering the bright, noisy love that filled our  
house.  
The never quiet, unrelenting clang and song.  
We were all so young and never thought  
That days would pass and we would part.  
Now through those dreaming years  
I watch my sweet and laughing child  
Holding to my finger as if it were all the world.*

*We'll make great fun days, you and I—  
Till parting comes. And with a sigh  
I watch you go to this sweet happiness  
I now know—  
Another singing world, full of summer leaves  
And comfortable love.*

*The two of them held all of us, for all those years  
In that bright and seldom silent circle  
Circus like and dream-like now  
But real enough to bring long letters,  
And after all this time,  
The words that say the love we built.*



In 1964, U. S. Steel closed their San Francisco offices and Don had no choice but to accept another transfer to Pittsburgh. We had a lovely home built in Allison Park, a northern suburb. Charis and Bill helped with our move by driving our second car, a small Fiat, to Pittsburgh. They left July 23 and, after a grueling week of car trouble in the Chicago area, they arrived in Allison Park August 3rd. The drive had been hard on Charis but she returned to school, pursued her studies, and graduated cum laude in May, 1965.



After receiving a Ph.D. in physics, Bill accepted a position as professor at the School of Mines in Rapid City, South Dakota. The couple moved there and bought a small ranch house. She found a good physician, one who would consult with her almost as if she were

another doctor, since he realized she had read everything she could find about her disease and understood her symptoms and treatment.

She wanted to adopt a child, since doctors had warned them that pregnancy would put her at serious risk. She applied but was turned down by the South Dakota adoption agency because of her health. They were considering moving to Salt Lake City, where they would have a chance of getting a child through the LDS Relief Society, when a good friend who knew of her predicament called me about an available private adoption. In October of 1967, Bill and Charis traveled to Sunnyvale, California, and returned to Rapid City with Paula, a beautiful, healthy infant daughter. Charis was so happy.



I visited them to help with Paula. I sewed for the baby as well as teaching Charis a few things about caring for a young infant, although she was already adept, being the oldest of seven. She was not as unprepared as I had been when she was born. I had not been fortunate enough to have younger siblings. She wrote the following tribute to her new beloved daughter:

*To Paula*

*Sariah, Hanna, Elizabeth and I  
Sent prayer after prayer  
To circumvent the sky  
And God, because he understands,  
Listened to our plea.  
So came Isaac, Samuel, John  
And Paula came to me.*

Charis loved motherhood and was fully involved in doing everything possible to insure a good life for her beloved child. She continued to write, but her declining health was a dark cloud hanging over her and her family. She dealt with her fear of impending death through her poems, which, after many rewrites, she was collecting in a folder for eventual publication.

I occasionally flew to Rapid City to visit and help. We had a small ritual. We would always go to the fabric store, and I would let her choose a collection of cloth. She loved to sew and, like most seamstresses, she enjoyed watching her stash grow. In fact, as a teenager when she was well enough, she had made most of her school clothes. In August, my daughters and I would go San Francisco and shop at a fabric outlet of mill ends. Skirts and sweaters were popular. We could buy lovely fabrics, especially woolens for skirts and soft pieces for dresses at reduced prices.

I had a standard sewing machine but, since I was shopping for a more up-to-date model, I was able to arrange for a salesman to loan me one on trial. We set up both machines and, using the large table for cutting, Charis, Julia, and I made their school wardrobes. So now as a mother she was using her sewing skills for her own little daughter. She

was also creative in crafts and every Christmas would send homemade gifts for everyone. [See “My Memories of Charis by her little brother, Robert Foster ‘Bobby’ Greenwood.]

During the summer of 1968 Don and I with our three youngest children took a long trip to visit our scattered family. We visited Julie and Jack in Orem, Utah, Greenwood relatives in Midvale, my brother Jay in Ogden, Utah, my brother Lyle’s family in Cokeville, Wyoming, and Charis and Bill in Rapid City. Last we drove on to Santa Clara, California, to visit our son Donald and family.

While there I received a phone call from Bill. He was in tears. Charis was in the hospital and her doctor feared she might not survive. We climbed in the car and headed for home. Don dropped me off at an airport-- don’t remember where—and I flew to Rapid City. Don and the children continued their drive home.

Because I was coming, the doctor released Charis from the hospital and she was home when I arrived. I remember her telling me that whenever she had had relapses before, the doctor always insisted on increasing her prednisone to very high doses. Each time she knew it would make her worse, but the doctors would never listen. This time her doctor had listened, and she was slightly better.

I stayed as long as I felt I could. Charis was still in bed when I left, and, in retrospect I feel I should have put other considerations aside and stayed longer. This was before Don retired. Our daughter, Patricia, was in the Pittsburgh Ballet Theater and lived in the Point Park College Dorm. Bob was on a mission. I was nervous about having my two younger sons, Walter and David, at home alone. Before I left, Bill hired

a girl to help out. Charis said that maybe I should take Paula with me. I was willing but felt strongly that it was not the time to separate her from her child.

Her doctor recommended dialysis, but they didn't yet have the technology in Rapid City. Bill wondered whether it would be better to take her back to her doctors in San Francisco or to Pittsburgh where I was able to help with Paula. In the fall of 1969, Bill resigned his teaching position and drove his family to Pittsburgh. They moved in with us, and Bill secured a job as research physicist with Owen-Illinois Glass Company. He made an offer on a house for sale in our neighborhood and planned to have it equipped with a dialysis machine, which he would learn to operate himself. Through the U. S. Steel medical staff, Don put them in touch with a top specialist in rheumatic diseases. The doctor accepted her case and then turned it over to a younger member of his staff.

Thirteen years of prednisone had taken its toll. Besides being in kidney failure, Charis had developed dangerously high blood pressure again as well as a depletion of platelets that caused her to have unstoppable nosebleeds. A few days before Christmas, she and Bill attended a performance of Nutcracker in which my daughter, Patricia, was dancing. During their drive home, Charis started hemorrhaging and ended up in an Allison Park hospital. The staff doctor there suspected internal bleeding and declined to discharge her for Christmas. She pled with him, expressing a fear that it might be her last Christmas and she wanted to spend it with her child. He agreed to let her go if she would enter a Pittsburgh's Presbyterian Hospital Christmas

afternoon under the care of her regular physician. She complied, but tests showed there had been no internal hemorrhage, so in a few days, she was allowed to return home.

In February she was hospitalized again, this time to start dialysis, but her vessels were so deteriorated the doctor was unable to insert the shunt. She was taken to intensive care and administered abdominal dialysis, which was a terrible ordeal. In a few days, the doctor told me he would have to repeat the process. I pled with him to try the shunt again. He did and this time succeeded in inserting one near her ankle.

But dialysis didn't go well. It was a new technique not yet fully perfected. The heat control on her machine was unreliable, and she was moved from intensive care to a room shared with a pneumonia patient. In just a few days she developed pneumonia and died March 6, 1970 while receiving dialysis. We took her back to Rapid City for burial near the home she and Bill had lived in and loved.

## ***EPILOGUE***

While sorting through her personal effects, Bill found poems everywhere--on grocery lists, envelopes, any scrap of paper she could grab when inspiration struck. Many of them were just fragments, unfinished, not polished as they would have been had she lived, but still remarkably well constructed and sensitive, revealing her unique gift for capturing a fresh metaphor and applying it to her loves and losses. Bill chose those of her poems he felt to be the best and had them published under the title, "Collected Poems of Charis Southwell." He later presented me with a binder including a hundred and thirty-two unpublished poems. Some she had written as early as Third Grade.

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# MEMORIES OF CHARIS

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*By Bill Southwell*

The first time I saw Charis was at Moffett Naval Base in Mountain View, CA. She was leading the music at a mid-week servicemen religious meeting where, as a Mormon missionary, I was invited to teach a series of lessons on Mormon doctrines. She was the girlfriend of Jay Wixom, the leader of the servicemen's group, and attended these meetings along with some of her girlfriends. After one meeting back at our apartment, my companion, Elder Chipman, made a comment about the girl who led the music. He said, "Doesn't she sparkle?" I said, "Elder we are not to notice the girls!" It turns out that she was the most attentive person attending the series of lessons, which were taken from the book, Articles of Faith by James E. Talmage.



Colleen Smith with Charis at an Air Show at the base

That fall in September when my two year mission was coming to an end, I was invited to speak in several local Wards of the Church, one of which was the home ward for Charis. After the meeting, she came up to me to thank me for the lessons on the base. I could discern that there were tears in her eyes.

Later that month I returned to BYU and began my second year as a speech and dramatic arts major. And I also resumed dating. Another girl who attended those base meetings at BYU that fall saw me on campus one day and told me that one of the non-member servicemen who had attended those meetings was interested in joining the church and could I get her in touch with Jay Wixom with this information. I said I did not know his address or whereabouts, but that I would try to find out for her.

That is the reason for that first letter to Charis. Well, that is not exactly true. I had learned from one of her friends, Colleen Smith, that she was no longer going with Jay Wixom. But I wrote her a letter anyway. To my delight about a week later I got a letter from her. That started a series of letters between us.

She was a freshman in a humanities honors program at San Jose State University. I was somewhat biased pro-BYU as the greatest seat of learning in the world, and she was somewhat biased against BYU because of its representation for students finding marriage partners known as B-Y-woo, and not being very intellectually challenging. Nevertheless, in November 1959 she did arrange to come to Provo with her dad, who had a business trip as a manager for US Steel, for a short visit to her friend Colleen Smith.

They invited me to come to Colleen's Heritage Halls apartment. I did and there I met Charis' father Don Greenwood. He was self-assured and dashing with a small Errol Flynn mustache. For the first time I did get to see Charis other than through the eyes of a missionary. Sure enough, she was vibrant, she did sparkle.

I doubt that that short visit changed her opinion of BYU, but we continued to write. I described to her some of the classes I had taken, including a creative writing class from Dr. Clinton F. Larson and a Freshman English class from Dr. Edward Hart, both great men who had influenced me. Our initial letters were not love letters (necessarily) but they were regular and eagerly anticipated.

I knew she was no-doubt dating and I also dated. In my Physics 101 class (before I switched to being a Physics major) I met Beverly Watkins who was a talented singer. I took her to see the movie Ben Hur in Salt Lake City. I picked her up at her home in Salt Lake City but before leaving she beautifully sang, "I walked today where Jesus walked," accompanied by her mother on the piano. Beverly was in Opera Workshop at BYU.

Once going out of the main doors of the Eyring Science Center at BYU with Charis, Beverly was coming in through the doors. I introduced them and they smiled at each other. (Probably fall 1960) I was never good at breaking off relationships so when Charis came to Provo I just never got around to seeing Beverly. I don't know how she felt. I just wanted to say to her, "Charis is a once in a lifetime...There is a compelling force. I couldn't help it..." But I never did explain. Charis was stately about it and never asked me about her.

From her diary I learned she had been occasionally dating a German boy named Willi and at the time was just beginning to date a Stanford engineering graduate student named Casey Clark. She was a little disappointed in the BYU—it was cold, but it had a good Art Department. We continued to write that winter and spring. She was in a Humanities program at San Jose State. Then in the spring 1960, on March 31, I suggested in a letter that she attend Summer Session at BYU.



Helaman Halls at BYU Summer 1960

She did and so began the most glorious romantic summer ever. She stayed in a room in Helaman Halls. I remember calling on her in the air-conditioned big lobby area. It had cushy seats and played instrumental music like Sound of Music. I was staying in a basement apartment off-campus. At that time there were some roses in the back yard which I could pick. I had a friend, a slow speaking man of wisdom, who showed me how to de-thorn the roses to give to Charis.

I remember coming across the grass area, down a little slope, on a warm summer evening. When she saw me, she started running towards me and I ran to her. This is a slow motion memory. She was wearing a green skirt which she had just made. I don't know where she got use of a sewing machine; she was multi-talented. The high Wasatch

Mountains to the east, BYU was an inspirational place for a young writer and scientist and for love to bloom. On one day she packed a picnic basket with fried chicken, I don't know where she cooked it, and we went on a picnic, probably in a Provo park.

*SPRING*

*Ah, we must agree about moist grass  
And sun against my face,  
Cool on one side, on the other warm,  
And on yours the same.  
To pull some grass together in my hand  
And sprinkle it over your closed eyes  
Seems like a lovely thing to do,  
And if you'd smile, I think I would.  
Or, if you'd move a little, I'd mention a butterfly I see.  
Tomorrow the sun may be still warmer,  
And we'll discuss the impending days of warm grass  
In our hair and down our backs.  
Then I'll brush your eyes with a soft stem  
And they'll open.*

We did things a lot with at least two other couples. I don't remember their names, perhaps they were her roommates or classmates. Campus dances were a hit with Charis. She loved to dance and she was good at it. I was not. But fortunately there plenty of boys who wanted to dance the fast dances with her. She was energetic.



Provo Canyon Picnic

About 2 weeks after she arrived in Provo we went on a canyon party on a Saturday afternoon-evening. It was in a Provo canyon with some other couples. There were some blankets to sit on. We were talking. She asked what my goals in life were. What did I expect to do? What great work did I need to perform? Here was a person who felt a sense of destiny and maybe, although nothing was ever said about this, that maybe her destiny needed to be sooner rather than later. She was someone who thought about these things more than I did, yet I did have such feelings. I do not remember how I answered her. I was lying down enjoying the clouds and the sky. Suddenly she came close and we kissed for the first time. Thinking back on this, I felt she was like Eve,

knowing that I was still in a Missionary arms-length mode since I had met her on a mission. And knowing that things needed to move along, she encouraged things a little. But it didn't take much encouragement. That was June 25, 1960.

On the fourth of July with a group of friends we watched the annual fireworks from the BYU stadium from blankets on a lawn near the Helaman Halls. We were also able to hear the patriotic speeches. It was truly a glorious summer. We were happy. She was taking a writing class and I was taking two calculus classes in order to catch up and enable me to enroll in physics classes in the fall. I had changed my major from Speech and Dramatic Arts to Physics. My education now had more purpose. Not destined to make great discoveries necessarily, but to provide a means to support myself and a family.

Although encouraged by Katheryn Pardoe, a Dramatic Arts teacher who said to me after hearing me recite Robert Browning's *My Last Duchess*, "you have talent," I knew that another gift, mathematics, would provide a more dependable livelihood. I had friends in my freshman year before my mission who in the middle of the year left BYU and headed to Broadway in New York to write and act and obtain fame and fortune. None of them achieved either. When we were snowed in on the farm in Wyoming in my youth, my father taught me algebra and trigonometry. He also instilled in me the belief that I was good at it, a concept that was re-enforced at school when I was far ahead of anyone else. I was first in a state wide math exam which won for me a scholarship in Math at the University of Wyoming. But after graduation from high school I did not go to college. Instead I went to

Denver to work. My counselors never understood that it wasn't just that I did not want to go to the University of Wyoming, I wanted to go to BYU. But I couldn't afford it. I had never seen the BYU campus, but still I felt a drive to go there. That was my sense of destiny. I worked for a year in Denver, then started BYU in September 1956. Like the man in the movie *Close Encounters* being drawn to Devil's Tower, I was drawn to BYU and I did not know why for sure.

So there I was in the summer of 1960 studying hard but spending every possible minute with Charis. We studied together at the air-conditioned library. We walked across campus together. We went to campus movies together. One Saturday night after a dance we were strolling across campus. She felt that I was sad. She asked what was wrong. Finally I said that I was afraid that this would all end up as just a summer romance. She said that she never thought of it that way. Then a while later she said, "I'm kind of sad now, thinking about what you said." I took her in my arms and said to her, "I hope it lasts forever." She replied, "Oh Bill, I love you so much." This was the first time I had ever expressed love for a girl. It was a glorious moment in time, in eternity, under the stars on a warm summer evening.

The 1960 BYU summer session ended and Charis returned to Los Altos California and I to the farm in Wyoming. My brother Rollin was about through with his mission in Washington State. My dad wanted to meet him and bring him home and he wanted me to drive. But first he wanted to visit his brother Glen in Delano, California. So I drove my mom and dad to California from their Wyoming farm. When we got to Los Vegas on a Sunday, we went to a Church Conference at a big

convention center and heard Marion G. Romney speak. Then instead of going the usual route to California, Dad decided we should cut across Death Valley to Bishop, California. We did, but there were no cars on the road and it was hot. Everything was closed for the summer. We were lucky we made it.

We continued our journey and visited my Uncle Glen and Aunt Georgie in Delano, CA. This was no doubt in early August. One more memory comes to mind. Charis was aware of my trip and visit to my Uncle and Aunt, so she wrote to me at their address in Delano. But the letter didn't arrive until after we left. They forwarded it to me later with the note, "Sorry we opened this by mistake. We didn't read it, ha ha."

My mother had to return to Wyoming to start her first grade teaching duties. The decision was made to have her ride the train back home from Sacramento while Dad and I would go on to Washington. From the map I noticed that from Delano to Sacramento was a straight path. But we could deviate a little and go through Los Altos, CA and I could visit Charis. So we drove that way. When we got to Sunnyvale, I stopped at a phone booth to call her. But I could not get through. The number was YO-something and I think I punched a zero for the letter O. I gave up and since time was short, I drove to Deodara Dr. and went up to the door. A blond lady came to the door who must have been 9 months pregnant. I explained who I was and asked if Charis was there. She said that she was in San Jose and that she was sure going to be disappointed that I missed her.

That was my first memory of Afton, Charis' mother. We continued our trip to Sacramento and on to get Rollin. On our way home, just

three miles from the farm we hit and killed a deer. The car wouldn't drive, so Rollin walked home and came back in the pickup. Dad butchered the deer.

Charis' mother gave birth to David Clark Greenwood on August 8, 1960. Charis was there for a month at which time she had medical tests. The concern was: Should she return to BYU for the school year? From her diary, "According to examination and Lab work I am in the best physical condition I have been in years. Dr. Lee is thrilled and practically sent me back..." She was accepted in the honors system at BYU and was anxious to start school, but she also felt a reluctance to leave her family. She took a train to return to Provo. It arrived before light. When it came in there was steam and darkness on the dock. Then I saw her standing by her bags. I ran to her and we clinched. Oh the ecstasy. She was light, I was young and strong, and she was off her feet as we hugged. This is another slow motion deeply etched memory.

She had a room in Social Hall, which was an on-campus dorm, eliminating the long walk down the hill to Helaman Halls where she had been in the summer. To visit her or to take her out I had to go to a hallway and phone her room and then wait for her to come down. This was also where I would say goodnight to her. I was living in a basement apartment with four other boys on 800 North. I had one roommate who was especially good at cutting expenses. We chipped in \$5 a week each for food and we rotated the cooking of dinner. To eliminate the cost of toilet paper, he told us to use the bathroom on campus. I remember on one occasion when it was my turn to cook, Charis came

in and cooked a wonderful dinner (meatloaf, I think). They were all impressed and Charis had no problem cooking for six of us.

Being in the honors program she had classes with the best teachers. My schedule was such that I could attend her religion class with her. It was a Book of Mormon class taught by Hugh Nibley. These classes were entertaining and electrifying. They inspired us both to higher intellectualism and scholarship. Once he asked the class to pick a number from one to 500. No one immediately responded, so I said 473. He then turned to page 473 of the Book of Mormon and was able to find something on that page that was in agreement with other ancient documents that was not known at the time Joseph Smith published the book. This class was held on Tuesdays just before the weekly devotional assembly held in the Smith Field House. I remember one day he said, "We must now all go to the devotional. Today's speaker is Gordon B. Hinckley who always uses correct English." I always remembered that comment. He always did use correct English and had a command of language even until his death at 97.

Another honors class she took was Theology 132 taught by Truman Madsen. This class required a research report. She chose the topic of plural marriage. She studied biographies and pioneer diaries she found at the BYU library. She also went to Salt Lake City to the Church Archives to read what she could find. She submitted a 42 page report, *The Principle of Plural Marriage Described by those who lived it*. This earned an "A" and the comment, "An excellent study" from Dr. Madsen. This research no doubt formed the basis for the poetical play,

Emma, which she later wrote. Truman Madsen was also the Bishop of the Student Ward that I attended.

In May of 1961, Charis and I went to Manti with a group temple excursion. She did baptisms for the dead in the basement font room while I did an endowment session upstairs in the temple. Having been on a mission at age 20, I had already been through the temple. Charis declared that she wanted the temple experience. Single sisters at aged 19 at that time were not encouraged to go the temple (except for baptisms for the dead) until they married or went on a mission. Spiritually she was ready and prepared. She got the permission letter from her parents, the interviews from her Bishop and Stake President, and received her temple recommend.

We went to Manti on 6-May-1961. Neither of us was keeping a journal at the time, but a week later we jointly made these entries on thin paper. Charis wrote, "On May 6, 1961, finally after securing recommends we were on our way to Manti to the temple." We left early at 6:30 after taking my brother Rollin to the National Guard Armory. He was kind enough to loan us his car for the day. It was a beautiful clear morning. We noticed that the upper part of the Y had been filled in with white wash the night before. Before leaving Provo we put gas in the car, then stopped in front of a cemetery and had a word of prayer.

Charis was so sleepy from all of the excitement, she had not rested the night before, so she slept most of the way down. We stopped for breakfast along the way in a small café in Fairview. We had

potatoes and toast. We knew the temple session would be long and felt that nourishment would be good before going through.

This was a long awaited event and we were both excited. Charis was scared. But before we went into the temple we bore our testimonies to each other and entered the temple feeling very thrilled and happy. We had spent the night before studying about the temple from an article that President Hales gave Charis. We also read from the scriptures. Neither of us had done much school work the week before. It had been difficult for Charis to catch her Bishop to get a recommend, after getting letters from home. Then she had to see the Stake President. Even after she had her recommend she needed her baptism date, which we didn't get until late Friday afternoon between classes.

(Then Charis writes.) "The Manti temple workers were nice and much help. We found out this session was designed for those getting their own endowments which was especially nice since Bill had never had the benefit of such a session." After going through, we found a group that went upstairs and we saw a large Priesthood room and the spiral staircase. After sitting quietly in the Celestial room we went down, changed into our street cloths. Charis forgot to turn in her locker key and had to go back. We walked out of the temple and looked out over the valley. It was afternoon, warm. We drove downtown where we stopped at a Dairy Queen and had hamburgers. We noticed the old brick and stone buildings across the street. The stone was old and similar to that which the temple was made. We couldn't see whether the mortar had fallen out or even if there was any in one old building. Behind us an older man and a boy were nailing up a mail box on the

porch of an old home. We decided to drive around and look at the old homes. We started driving home. It was beautiful. We were inspired by the scenery and the lonely country side. And we wished how we could have a home or a farm out in the country someday.”

Charis worked on her poetry. She carefully crafted the poem Seabird. Describing, perhaps, walking on the beach at Santa Cruz, California. I don't remember whether she was working on this on her own or submitting entries in a creative writing class. Nevertheless, there was a snag. The poem at that point read as follows,

*How many silent birds have winged away  
At the scraping of my footfall on brown rocks  
Below the world in the sea, where grey  
White birds sleep? I know not.  
I know that once one stayed  
And, turning wise indifferent eyes,  
Watched me stumble down the cliff  
And wince at the salty spray,  
Waiting till I reached his side  
Before he flew away.*

She was told that the phrase “I know not” should be changed to “I do not know.” Charis struggled with this. Was it a matter of integrity? I don't know. I think it was that changing words in a poem is like changing notes in a symphony, something great artists just don't do. I do not know her attitude when she agreed to the change. I do know that later she did say to me that they were right. She submitted it for

consideration for the BYU Hart-Larson poetry contest. The author of the winning poem was considered the best poet at BYU.

We attended the awards banquet for the Literature Department. The winner was announced. To her great joy, she was the winner. She went up to accept the statuette, “Winner Hart-Larson Poetry Award, 1961, Seabird, by Charis Greenwood” The poem was then read by Clinton F. Larson. (She was a three-time winner of this award, in 1963 and 1964.)

This was a year of achievement for both of us. I was catching up on my physics and math requirements so that I could graduate with a BS degree the next year. We were together all we could be. We took in the concerts and plays. For me I was absorbing the arts while grinding through math and physics. We were together because we wanted to be. We were not love-struck zombies. Both of us studied hard and performed well in our classes. We sustained and supported each other. Her sense of purpose and love was always inspirational to me. We had to make plans for the summer. She would return to her family at home in Los Altos California and I would go out there to find work for the summer.

### **Summer 1961**

I was fortunate enough to be able to stay with a family I met on my mission, Bill and Wilma Bower and their son in Mountain View, California. I had some previous experience picking cherries and working in the canneries in San Jose. But somehow that did not seem available. I went to the State Employment Center for part time or temporary work. I was sent out to S & W Enterprises. There I found a room full of girls

making telephone calls, informing people of a good price on a certificate for an 8 by 10 picture at a photography studio. If they accepted, a driver would come to deliver the certificate along with a chance to win a valuable prize including one of the following: a color TV, a car, a trip to a South Seas resort, or a simulated pearl necklace. What they won was indicated under a seal which they pulled off when they got the certificate. They received the prize itself when they went in for the photo. There were two men in a side office explaining this to me.

My job was to receive a list of addresses from their office and drive to their homes to collect the money and deliver the certificates. I would be paid 50 cents for each certificate delivered and 60 cents if delivered more than 20 per day. I was driving my brother's car, a 1949 Hudson, which was a little beat up but ran ok. Since I knew the territory from Palo Alto to San Jose, having been there on my mission, I thought I would do ok. Each day I would receive the addresses for the deliveries. I would look them up on the map and decide my route. I worked quickly and for long hours so as to make more. One older lady invited me in. When she saw on the list of prizes a pearl necklace she had to show me something. I recorded that in the journal I was keeping. (Which I now insert)

July 30, 1961

*This summer again I came out to California to work. Hopes of working for Lockheed kept me from trying too hard at the canneries and other places. I did go to electronic and research industries throughout this region to look for summer work. There was none.*

*Lockheed phoned and said there was a freeze on hiring new people. Things became desperate. I went to the farm labor office—*

*answered ads in the papers and I went to the Dept. of Employment. Finally a tall kind lady in Palo Alto employment office sent me to S & W Enterprises, 192 Murphy Ave., Sunnyvale to work as a delivery boy. They do telephone soliciting—selling photograph coupons and a free gift. I deliver them and collect \$2.95 and earn 50 cents for each one—unless I collect over 50% then I get 60 cents each.*

*I worked two weeks now. I figured I had to earn \$12.50 a day profit in order to make my summer profitable for tuition etc. for school. I've done it (make an average of \$12.50 a day) for these first two weeks—now there are six weeks more.*

*Charis has been baby-sitting and teaching art lessons in her home. Last week Wally kicked her and tore open her leg. She had to have it stitched shut and must wear a bandage for a while.*

*Even here it is difficult to find ourselves alone. Society hasn't made enough provisions for this. And maybe they shouldn't they figure they know youth better than youth does. I guess they are right—according to the figures.*

Aug. 10, 1961 (San Jose, California)

*I'm still working making deliveries of Portrait Certificates. Yesterday was a good day. By 5 o'clock I had sold 22 out of 28 for 79% which pays 75 cents each instead of 60 cents. Therefore I told them I wanted no more this evening. I went to see Charis. We watched TV till 10 then went out to the car to have prayer. It was a week ago that I told her of my "frustrated" plans of getting married before going back to school. She entertained the idea and even made mention of it in her prayer then—asking for wisdom in making the decision. The idea of getting married Christmas began to prevail since then. She even mentioned this to her mother—telling her to "prepare" for news. Well, last night we talked about her continuing school. She told of the possibility of having to stay in California if she had to take a large dose of drugs. We had a little misunderstanding until we talked. I told her that I wanted to avoid the unpleasantness of last year caused by not being married. Then the idea occurred to me of still getting married before school starts. It made me feel good to think about it. When I got home I prayed about it. Then last night I had a vivid dream. I was walking down a street when a man came up*

*to me and said, "Don't you think it's about time?" I didn't understand what he meant until he took me into a store and started to show me wedding rings. He showed me a couple I didn't like. I told him what I wanted. He brought out one that was just fine. It also had a spring adjustment so it would fit snug. I asked him if it had a matching pair. He said yes. Also he said it would cost \$2.95.*

Aug. 16, 1961 (Proposal of Marriage)

*Well, things have been happening. Sunday night I mentioned to Charis the plan of getting married before school. Her folks have gone on a 2 day vacation leaving her in charge. We took Wally and David to Church and I helped bathe them and get them to bed. Then we went into the family room and talked. We were thrilled. I told her how guilty I have felt for not marrying her and being responsible for her and how that the reason I haven't is that I have lacked faith— always trying to be perfectly secure (financially) first. This will be a plunge but this is the way I want to start. (142.5 lbs.)*



Next Entry

*The last 3 days have had good things and bad things. More, I believe, than any other time in my life.*

*This afternoon I received a bad payroll check back from the bank. --too busy to write.*

GENTLEMEN: (Letter to Labor Commission)

For 4 weeks and 2 days I have worked for S & W Enterprises, an advertising agency with offices at 192 S. Murphy Ave, Sunnyvale, Calif. This morning I received from the bank my check for my second week for \$76.21 marked insufficient funds. Also I was informed that the third week's check for \$66.31 also is no good. Also S & W Enterprises owes me for the 4th week work

which should be \$67.80 plus my work on Monday of \$9.00. This makes a total of \$219.32 not counting withholding tax of approximately \$40.00 and \$7.00 old-age benefits.

Yesterday they did not come to work and there is a sign on their door saying “Temporarily Closed.”

Since they left Monday, I still have Monday’s money to turn into them which amounts to \$8.85 in checks and \$44.25 in cash. Yesterday, Arthur Wilson phoned me and said he would come to my home at 11:30 pm to collect Monday’s money. He did not show up.

They have an office in Union City at 33515 6th St., Union City, Calif. The 2 owners are Arther B. Wilson and W. Royle Hunter.

What can I do to get my \$219?

They told me to pay them—not withhold any money that was due them. The Labor Commission would look into getting my money back.

After the absolute high of my life when Charis said yes to marrying me came the absolute low of finding myself without money.

My faith was being tested. We had things all worked out. I had just enough money to get us started at the cheapest married student’s housing. I would apply for a teaching assistantship, which they often grant to seniors in the Physics Department. But now I did not even have enough to drive back to Provo.

But there were immediate blessings after the trial of my faith. Somehow I got a job, probably from the employment office in Palo Alto, as a warehouse worker for Varian Associated in Palo Alto. They are a big electronics and optics instrument company. It was excellent pay (compared to what I was getting) and regular hours. I worked there for a few weeks earning enough for fall tuition and for getting us back to Provo. I also wrote to the BYU Physics Department and secured a job as a teaching assistant, which would pay enough for our rent at Wymount

Village (\$39/month married students housing), and also arranged for our housing. That was essentially on campus and was where the BYU Law School building now sits, close enough so we could both walk to our classes.

It was truly remarkable how these plans fell into place after my disastrous experience earlier that summer and my decision to still get married in six weeks made at the depth of my despair.

I remember working with another summer student, John Phillips. He was bright and we had some discussions about the Mormons. I remember once while moving some heavy steel room dividers to a truck, some were leaning against a wall but came falling down on me. One end was a two by two inch steel channel that extended to the ceiling to hold the temporary walls in place hit me and tore my shirt. Because of their weight it could have ripped me open, but I was unharmed.

Because of my job at Varian, I had evenings free to be with Charis. We had to make quick plans for a rushed wedding. We decided to be married in the Salt Lake City Temple on the Friday before classes began at the BYU. This way I could work as long as I could to earn enough. Afton wanted a reception in California. Receptions are always held after the weddings, but coming back after the wedding was not realistic. Looking back I realize I was a source of consternation in all this. There was just not enough time to plan a wedding. The Los Angeles temple was too far away and would have added considerable travel and bother. A suggestion was made that we be married by the Bishop, have the reception, and then go to the Salt Lake Temple to be sealed. I didn't

know about these things so my mind was mulling this idea. But Charis immediately burst out with, “No! I will never be married in any place other than the temple.” They say couples should go together long enough to reach an anger flash point just to see what they are in for. We had been going together for over a year and this was the closest to a flash point I had ever witnessed in Charis.

It was my insistence that we be married before starting school that was the source of this problem. It was decided that we would have an unconventional reception called a “pre-wedding open house” in California before leaving for Utah. Afton was a great support although I don’t know quite how she felt about all this. She got Charis a really beautiful wedding dress, although she did not wear it at the open house in the Sunnyvale Ward cultural hall. Still invitations were sent, gifts were received, and we had a receiving line. It was wonderful. It was an event to celebrate, especially to those friends of Don and Afton who knew Charis and of her illness in her High School years. To me? A milestone to say the least. A very poor farm boy from Wyoming, getting the most precious of all young women in the entire world.

Plans were made for the marriage in the Salt Lake Temple.

On September 11, 1961 a bridal shower was given to Charis by Colleen Smith and Carol Wilson. The “Open House” was (probably) held on September 16, 1961.



1949 Hudson loaned to us by my brother, Rollin

After this open house, we prepared to leave for Provo. I was driving my brother's 1949 Hudson that summer. It was a big car with a "step down" design. We loaded the back seat and trunk with the presents. Still there was luggage, which I tied on top of the car. I was tying it down when Don, Charis' dad, came to help. Being a Boy Scout leader he knew knots. But I could sense he was shaking his head. Especially when he saw that the driver's side door did not close and that I was tying it shut with some clothesline rope. How could he let his precious daughter go off with this poor kid in this old jalopy? But somehow he had faith that I would make it.

We drove through Sacramento, Donner Pass, Reno, and across Nevada on the US 80. Then crossing the Salt Flats region we had a tire blow out. The car swerved but I was able to bring it to the side of the road. Thankful that we were able to bring it to a stop, I then began finding the spare tire and jack. I had to unload a lot of stuff. The road had only a narrow shoulder and we couldn't pull all the way off the road. While I was working on the tire, the right rear as I remember, a big semi-truck came barrowing down and was headed right towards us at high speed. Then he noticed our car and turned left a little to avoid hitting us. He blew his horn at us. This was a scary moment. Charis was sitting in the car. What a blessing to be on our way again.

We came into Salt Lake City and went to Elaine and Wig's home. (Elaine was Charis' cousin who lived with Don and Afton when Charis was little.) Charis stayed there until the wedding and I went on to Provo to get set up in our new apartment in Wymount Village. I think I had one or two days before the wedding. I drove up to Midvale to get some

furniture from Charis' grandfather, Gene Wagstaff. At the time he was living in the downstairs apartment of his home. But he had lots of furniture for us to use. I remember seeing the cooking pot he used on the stove. I know that he could not see very well. He was kind and generous to us. After I had loaded up some stuff he pulled out his wallet and gave me a \$100 bill saying this is my wedding present for Charis. He told me how much he loved Charis. He said he went to his doctor, Dr. Alley, and asked him what is this lupus erythematosus? He replied that it was just a fancy way of saying they don't know what it is. I remember the drive back to Provo. I also remember pushing and pulling the mattress up the stairs to our apartment, along with the other bits of furniture. I did it alone. It was hard, but I was establishing a home, our first home. The building was an old army barracks that had been divided into separate apartments on two floors. We had a one room unit including the kitchen. There were steam radiators which kept us warm. That was the site of our honeymoon. Charis saw it for the first time the night of our wedding. I carried her over the threshold of our first home.

The neighbors held an event in our Apartment the night of our wedding. Somehow they got in and decorated. They short sheeted the bed. They put honey on the toilet seat. We were amused. The reception was the next day at a Midvale Ward. There also was a dinner at Harmon's Kentucky Fried Chicken. Here we had another reception line, this time Charis wore her wedding dress.

The wedding was on September 22, 1961 in the Salt Lake Temple. A reception was later held in Midvale Utah.

Summer of 1961 ended with the marriage. So now is a new chapter.



### ***Married students housing Wymount Village***

We did keep a journal for some of that school year. Charis and I used the same Journal.

*Dec. 31, 1961 (Bill)*

*We have resolved to keep a journal.*

*Sunday Evening at home, reading Charis' high school papers. We are going to bed at 10:30 New Year's Eve. It will be a good thing to begin a journal with a history of our married life thus far. We are very happy and I love Charis very much.*

*New Years Day Jan. 1, 1962 (Bill)*

*We slept until 8:00 am this will be a study day for me.*

*Jan. 1, 1962 (Charis)*

*We have spent this first day of 1962 studying (Bill) and pattering around (me). It is a beautiful day—clear and nearly warm.*

*Bill has a great deal to do. He hasn't accomplished what he wanted to by any means and he is discouraged about it.*

*Bill and Wilma Bower came over for a while this afternoon and invited us to dinner tomorrow.*



Some occupants of our first apartment home, Wymount Village  
The door on the right is where Ellis and Bev Miner lived and the door on the left were stairs leading up to our apartment.



Charis at the farm with my parents

While we were in Wyoming at Bill's Folk's place during Christmas vacation, I copied all of the genealogy that they have. We hope to get going on collecting more names. Bill Bower gave us some good ideas on how to continue. Now I must get my own family records.

Jan. 1, 1962 (Bill)

*Beverley and Ellis Miner, who live in the downstairs apartment came home tonight and brought up some more Christmas presents that came after we left. Joe Goodell sent us a lamp with three lights on it. It's nice. We got a package from Charis's brothers and sisters.*

Jan. 2, 1962 (Bill)

*I spent most of this morning packing Rollin's stuff and shipping it to him. Phil, his old roommate helped.*

*Tonight we played scrabble with the Bill Bowers in Orem after a rabbit dinner. They took us out there.*

*School starts tomorrow and I didn't get all my studying done. I had figured at the first that by studying a lot this Christmas vacation, I could have a chance to get good grades. Now I don't know.*

Jan. 3, 1962 (Charis)

*I must do my share to keeping up our journal. Bill is so faithful I leave it to him. I am still studying Church History in order to write my play "Emma." I hope to finish it this year. We are trying to decide whether I should go to school next semester. I really want to finish. When it comes down to it, though, I enjoy having spare time and being the master of it. This may be my best chance, though, and I'm sure it would be worth it.*

*It is past our 10:30 bed time, and so I'll run and brush my teeth.*

January 3, 1962 (Bill)

*Work again is piled upon me. I've a history test Friday, an Electricity and Magnetism assignment and a Solid State assignment also due on Friday. I've felt tired and somewhat discouraged today, however, I am beginning to formulate my plans for the last 3 full weeks left in this semester. This is a Big Challenge. Charis exhibits*

*faith by not letting us consider the offers (others are receiving as much as \$7000 a year) of industry to hire us from grad school.*

*I guess I'm discouraged because I did not study this vacation as I had planned. At school, some have really studied up, others haven't.*

*Somehow, I feel good about learning and studying. It's colder, more in the dead of winter. I think better.*

Jan. 5, 1962 (Charis)

*This morning as I opened a drawer I knocked Bill's brief case against my leg and cut it open. I had to have him called out of class just before his History test—so he missed it (his test). We went to a Dr. Wallace that Donna Richards recommended. He sewed my leg up—4 or 5 stitches and I'm fine. This is the third accident of this type I've had, the first in June 1960, the second last June or July, and now. The last one is just finally all healed up. Oh Well! I feel awfully angry when this happens—but have no pain or discomfort to speak of.*

*Bill was just informed that his wife had been injured and it scared him to death. He ran all the way home.*

*I guess now I'll have lots of time to spend on my Thank you notes—as I will spend most of the week end with my foot up.*

Jan. 5, 1962 (Bill)

*I took the History test this afternoon and got 31 out of 32 on it, so I wasn't hurt there.*

Jan. 6, 1962 (Charis)

*Bill woke me at 8:30 with breakfast in bed. The sweet thing. He has taken over meals and dishes to keep me off my leg. After breakfast I went back to sleep and had a funny dream. Bill said I should write it down.*

*We were staying with Bill's folks. They lived in a large elegant modern home. Everyone was rushing around worried about something—but no one had time to tell me what was going on. Suddenly glamorous people began arriving –mink stoles, evening cloths—I was dressed in dirty old clothes and had my hair in a terrible pony tail. I finally discovered that everyone was worried about a big party. I ran to my room and tried to find something to wear.*

*Everything needed ironing and the ironing board was beyond the room of guests. People began to wander in to the room (women) commenting on things—asking me what I was doing. I finally changed into something and brushed my hair out straight and put my little hair band on.*

*A glamorous woman in a dark green evening dress came in. She sat down and began to talk. “Really I used to be tiny like you\_\_” (she was well padded now.) “I’ve got piles of clothes that I can’t wear. Why don’t you come over to my house sometime and see if there’s anything you can use?”*

*The next thing I knew we were in her house. She led me to a glamorous bed room lined with walk-in closets and full length mirrors. She handed me one high fashion thing after another—mostly strapless or sleeveless so I couldn’t wear them. Finally she brought out a deep purple velveteen dress with fur all around the skirt. Actually it was really funny but I was impressed. It was just a little large and would have to be taken in. I don’t know where I’d ever have worn it, but I liked it. I was modeling before the mirror and suddenly Bill came in—“More junk!” he said. And I woke up. – We have so much stuff now we have no idea how we are going to be able to move.*

Jan. 8, 1962 (Bill)

*Monday morning. After a wonderful Family day and evening, we went to bed early and had a bad night. It seemed stuffy and I guess humid from the rain. We seemed very hot. We have been deciding whether to work in Feb. or school or if Charis should go to school. We getting low on \$, or will be in June.*

*We quick-like decided and went to a Campus Movie, “The Moon and Sixpence.” We enjoyed it.*

Jan. 10, 1962 (Charis)

*I have a busy day facing me tomorrow. Glenna Walker is ill and so I’m doing the ward paper this week. It is quite a job. Tonight was Relief Society and I really enjoyed it. After the lesson a sister Loveless gave a darling demonstration on gift ideas.*

*Big clowns, pixies, pen cushions, mouse dolls, humpty dumpty, a Cute worm, all kinds of pillows and planters etc. It gave me a lot of good ideas if I can just remember them all.*

*I think I'll check my list.*

*I'm feeling fine, except for a little rheumatism.*

January 10, 1962 (Bill)

*I've been working on an application for a National Defense Education Act Fellowships. BYU has been allotted 3 of them and they pay over \$2000 for 3 years (more each year). I get excited when I read it and I answer it. I have Jim Dudley's typewriter and (I put a new ribbon in it) am carefully figuring what I shall say. I ordered a transcript for it today.*

*I studied downstairs with Ellis tonight while Charis went to Relief Society.*

Jan. 12, 1962 (Charis)

*I have had a busy few days. The ward paper was really a job. I finished it about noon after working steadily all morning and all day yesterday.*

*This afternoon we went to the laundry & Grocery store with the Miners. I went over the budget again.*

*We came home, had supper and have spent the evening profitably. I straightened the cupboards in the kitchen and read several chapters of the B. of M. I'm nearly through Alma.*

Jan. 12, 1962 (Bill)

*I handed in a transcript for the National Defense Scholarship today and she gave me the results of my Graduate Record Exam. As usual I am low on Verbal 47% but high on Quantitative 97%. Where percent is defined as the percent of those who took the test who scored lower. Again the vocabulary words hurt me. I took this test Nov. 11, 1961 or thereabouts.*

*I accomplished a lot tonight. I've much to do for finals.*

*Also I found out I rank 6th out of 29 in the senior class in physics. 6/29 top 21%*

Jan. 14, 1962 (Charis)

*We had the Bowers over for dinner today and after dinner they took us over to their place to see BYU on "College Bowl" on TV. BYU won again. This is the 3rd time.*

*I have had rheumatism tonight and have had for several days. I hope it clears up soon. Bill is very sweet and does a lot to help me when I have trouble. I surely appreciate him. Right now he is doing the dishes while I lie down.*

*It snowed yesterday & the night before and tonight it is bitter cold. I had kind of thought winter was over but I guess not.*

*I've been asked to give the flannel board story in Church in 2 weeks. I'll have to get busy and prepare.*

*I got a notice that 2 of my poems have been accepted by Wye Magazine.*

*Tomorrow I go to get my stitches out.*

Jan. 16, 1962 (Charis)

*I have relaxed after the tension of last week. Today, instead of yesterday, I went to get my stitches out. It all took except for an area at the top of the wound about this big O.*

*I baked English Muffins today. It was a lot of fun and they turned out about like "Foster's."*

*This evening I read more in "Nauvoo The Beautiful" and about 1/3 of "Family Kingdom."*

*I have more of a rash than usual on my face tonight and feel discouraged. My rheumatism has been much better. I intend to write to Dr. Lee and find out what to do next. I am anxious to get off my pills.*

*Bill and I figured our financial assets over several times tonight and finally decided that I can go to school. We will end up with \$35 in June, but somehow something will turn up. We have been very blessed.*

Jan. 17, 1962 (Bill)

*Last night Charis was upset. I feel quite helpless when she cries in the night. But today she feels much better and is in better spirits. We went to the campus movie and saw *The Great Cruso*.*

*I finally went in to see Dr. Van Fleet and asked him to send a letter to support my National Defense Education Scholarship.*

Jan. 18, 1962 (Charis)

*I am more cheerful.*

Jan. 19, 1962 (Charis)

*I got caught by “lights out” last night. It is really snowy and slick out.*

*I’ve been house cleaning and am nearly finished. We find that we will be able to live here next year.*

*I went through several days of discouragement this week. I get thinking too much about my health and taking drugs all the time, but I feel much better now. I know that having faith and keeping my spirits up is a big part of keeping well. —Back to work.*

Jan. 21, 1962 (Charis)

*It has really been snowing!*

*The Longwells came to dinner. They have left now to go to conference. Bill just left for Stake Priesthood Meeting. The dishes are still on the table and I see quite a job before me to get them done.*

*We don’t have a TV and we wish we could see College Bowl this afternoon. We saw it last week and really enjoyed it.*

*Outside the ground is really covered with snow—including the side walls. The sun is shining brightly but it is bitter cold. We have a lot of fun growing pet icicles. A big one is growing out our front windows.*

*I’ve been pretty good, but I’m bushed now. I spent most of yesterday getting ready for today—making rolls and a pie.*

*I’m going to get started on the dishes before Bill gets home.*

Jan. 25, 1962 (Charis)

*I pre-register this afternoon.*

*This morning I am not feeling too peachy and will sit in bed awhile and do things before I get up and face breakfast dishes.*

*Bill is swamped. His goal is straight A's and he's really working.*

*We've had sub-zero weather.*

*10 P.M.—I am studying English and French like crazy. I have to take the Jr. English Proficiency Exam this semester and I'm skipping a whole semester of French so I will have to study hard.*

*I pre-registered this afternoon. I will take: Writing, English Lit. 375, American Renaissance, French 301, Genealogy, and Essentials of Nutrition. It only comes to 14 hours, since writing will not be for credit, but it is going to be a rough load.*

*Bill and Ellis Miner are doing a lab report and having lots of fun for some reason or other. It's going to be hard for me to get used to studying. My eyes are really tired after a few hours of reading.*

*I hope I'm going to be able to keep up.*

Feb. 11, 1962 (Bill)

*Interview with Ames Research Center at Moffett Field has been postponed until next Thursday. Things don't look as bright there now as I've learned that they are only taking prospective summer employees together at 4:00 o'clock. A summer job is still a problem.*

*Charis' doctor bill was only \$14 for her cut leg. But we figured that by June 1, we'll be \$12 short. But we decided for Charis to go to school anyway. Extra things have been coming up. \$6 Charis' health insurance, and other stuff.*

*This morning in Priesthood they discussed free agency. I asked, "Can we conceive of the state without free agency?" Craig Rutlege thought yes, children. I don't know.*

Feb. 11, 1962 (Charis)

*Bill and I have really neglected our Journal and now we must make up for it.*

*In spite of much worry and trouble we accomplished quite a bit between semesters. We got the car fixed (bought a new battery) and cleaned out our closet. We got all our college notes sorted and classified.*

*We added up our accounts again. Before, we had forgotten some necessary items such as laundry. As it came out we couldn't make it if I go to school. But I registered anyway. I'm taking 17 hours and have a lot of difficult classes, but I like my teachers and so it won't be too bad.*

*I have substituted in Primary for 2 weeks but last time I had to tell them I couldn't do it anymore. Thursday, Primary Day, is the day for Newspaper & S. S. Enlistment. Also most of my classes are on Tues & Thurs. It really made me feel terrible to tell them because I love Primary so—but I did. Today they came and asked me to teach permanently instead of my other jobs. I'll be released from them. I was so thrilled that after Brother Gilchrist left—I just burst into tears.*

*Bill may be able to do research this semester. I'm also thrilled about that. We went to the temple yesterday with Vern Bean and his wife. We left at 6 AM and arrived in time for the early morning session. It was really wonderful. I learned a lot. We got home about 12:30.*

*I took a sea-sick pill before we left, since I get car sick, but it didn't take effect until after the session started. I was so sleepy I could hardly keep awake and so weak I felt as if I had no strength. The drug has a very relaxing effect.*

*We have had a nice Sunday. I gave a flannel board story in Sacrament Meeting tonight. It was the story of Jesus coming to the Nephites.*

*My Father has been in the hospital suffering a great deal of pain from what seems to be a whip lash. He has been in traction. We've really been concerned about him.*

*I have a class with Nolyn Mitchell. It is good to see her again. She hasn't changed since last year.*

*Also I had an interesting session with Carol Lynn Wright. She is in Dr. Larson's writing class. I wanted to see him after class about*

*credit for the course and he ushered us both into his office. After taking care of my business he proceeded to criticize one of her poems, using me, as it were, to shake her over-confidence. He certainly succeeded. He introduced me very impressingly and proceeded to consult me in a very authoritative way. She was quite upset by the time he finished, but I think perhaps it has paved the way for a friendship between Carol Lynn and me, rather than a rivalry.*

*It is nearly time for fireside. I will end my account.*

March 1, 1962 (Bill)

*I wish I had time to record now all the events of today. Small things—and many feelings. Wayne Decker came in and said there were a couple of notes for me at our cubical. I went to get them.*

March 10, 1962 (Bill)

*They said to see Dean Lloyd or Shirley at the graduate scholarship office. I came home to put on my suit and made an appointment to see him. He said that I was nominated to receive a National Defense Education Scholarship. Nothing certain, but usually just one more routine step. It pays well.*

*Charis was also thrilled. We went to a show. Alex Guinness The Lady Killers. Since then I received a letter confirming my interview and saying I will be notified March 20 if successful. We are afraid to tell anyone. Charis really wants to tell her folks—so do I.*

*Wye Magazine is out. Charis has a couple of poems in it.*

*But right now she is in the Health Center. Flu. She got sick this afternoon after eating some fresh-soggy brownies (also fresh rhubarb for breakfast).*

*Last week she had an examination by Dr. Nimer and a week later we listened to the results. Good. So she started reducing her medicine. Dr. Phillips tonight said her flu wasn't a direct cause of reducing the medicine. This is our first night apart since our marriage. I miss her. I love her very much. I called Craig Rutledge and we administered to her before calling the Doctor.*

March 18, 1962 (Charis)

*Tonight I was given a setting apart blessing for teaching in Primary. Bishop Roulen Craven gave it to me. He admonished me to study my lesson and to be creative in my visual aids etc. He asked the Lord to bless me with creativity. He also admonished me to be humble in my calling. He blessed me that as long as I would carry out my callings in the church the Lord would bless me. He asked the Lord to bless me with health and strength of body and of mind. He blessed me with the love and patience of my husband. He told me to remember that I would be an example to the children in everything I did. He blessed me with all other blessings I might have need of. It was a lovely blessing and I'm very thankful for it.*

*I was in the health center from Saturday night to Thursday afternoon with a case of stomach flu or virus. I'm better but still quite weak. Bill received final word on his scholarship and has accepted it. We are very thrilled.*

March 19, 1962 (Bill)

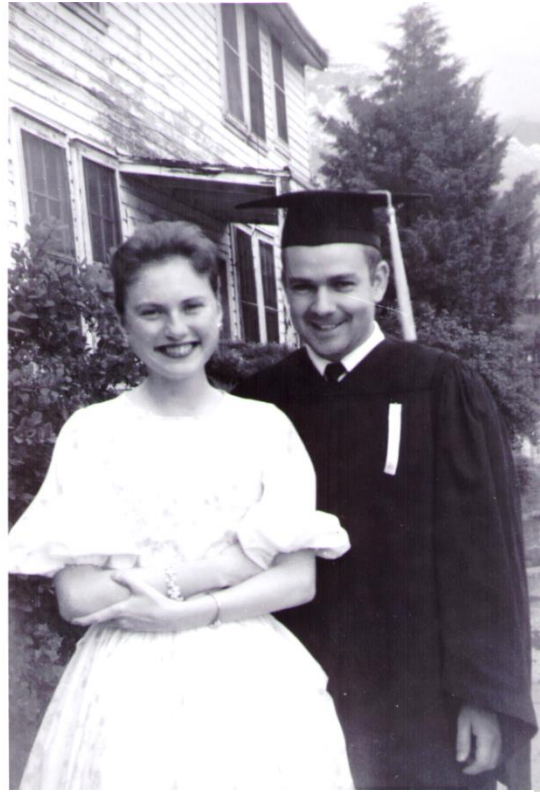
*Charis came home on Thursday and is still weak but slowing gaining strength. But last Friday morning, I didn't feel like studying and was in bed or just reading all morning. Then I went to get the mail. And there was an air mail letter from the Dept. of Education saying that I was offered a 3 year Fellowship for study in Physics at BYU. We will get \$2400 next year. I don't know if it has really hit us yet.*

*I have always dreaded or disliked working while going to school. This will mean I can get my PhD without working—in fact I can't except for one of the 3 years. We each wrote to our parents tonight. I know they will be happy.*

*We certainly are. I haven't been doing much studying lately. Charis still isn't back on full school load yet. She may drop some of her classes.*

END OF JOURNAL WHS-CS DEC1961-MAR1962

Living in Wymount Village was a wonderful experience. It was a Zion-society experience. The Bishop was Rulon Craven, who later became a General Authority. One of his counselors (I think) was Rex C. Reeve. He and his wife Barbara were later in Rapid City as Mission President of the Northern Indian Mission. Another member of the Ward was Eldon Forte, BYU's quarterback of a previous season. I took some home movies of an alumni-BYU football game in May as I remember there was snow. He drove a Volkswagen beetle. Once when Charis was crossing the street Eldon Forte came to a stop just as the front bumper hit Charis' legs. She was not knocked down. As I remember she was bruised. He was apologetic.



I graduated in May 1962 with a BS in Physics

In May 1962 I graduated with a BS in Physics. I had a summer job lined up in California near Charis' parents and was set up to start graduate school in the fall. With a full Fellowship, life was looking great.

### ***Summer 1962***

My summer job was at Ames Research Center (NASA) at Moffett Field near Mountain View California. This was great. It was near Charis' family and paid well. It also was my first job as a physicist. I remember

driving on US80 across Nevada. I remember staying the night somewhere near Reno.

We rented an apartment in Mountain View on Camille Court, but I don't remember it. We spent a lot of time at Don and Afton's on Deodara Dr. in Los Altos. I worked in the Optics Branch. I did some work on developing a spectrometer that would measure the molecular spectra of planetary atmospheres using a pinhole camera and a diffraction gating concept. I believe my boss was named Jake. Everyone liked him. Two others were interested in planetary atmospheres. They were looking at optical instruments that would be launched from a rocket to above the earth's atmosphere. Another very smart man played bridge with others in the room where my desk was (along with four other desks), not cubicles. Watching them every day at lunch time, I learned how to play bridge. This smart man would never clean the dust from his glasses. When asked he said it only reduces the signal slightly and cleaning would scratch them. He was a very smart bridge player. There were two LDS men who worked there. One was a single man. Rather odd. He would go outside and look at the sky just so that UV would enter his eyes for health reasons. He would take his paychecks and let them pile up in his desk. He didn't need the money. Then there was Rick Roberts, who was an infrared specialist. He was all around good guy. He and his wife had 8 children, the youngest born blind. He was very conservative. He would buy a case of toilet paper to get a good price. One day Rick and this single LDS guy arm wrestled from a sitting position on the corner of my large desk. Both are lean and muscular. Then I heard a loud pop. The single man broke his arm,

with a spiral fracture. He had to have surgery. He wore a large cast for many weeks after that. Although he took supplements, I don't know how strong his bones were.

In the summer of 1962 while in California and while Charis was under the care of the Stanford Medical Center, Dr. Lee and Dr. Holman suggested that Charis be given a new drug treatment, Nitrogen Mustard. It was a strong drug and had to be administered intravenously over a period of several days in the hospital.

Aug. 4, 1962 (Bill)

*On July 4, 1962, Charis called Dr. Lee since he had examined her previously and had some lab tests done. He recommended that they give her a treatment of Nitrogen Mustard, a drug used for leukemia. They wanted her to go into the hospital to watch her and to take more tests. He said, "Can you come in a couple of days?" (Charis had called him from her folk's home and I listened in on an extension.) He said that he would try to make arrangements to get her in. We then discussed it. At that point we did not have enough to get her out of the hospital since we understood from her mother that it could be about \$40/day. (Actually it was \$26/day.) I didn't know what to do. I suggested waiting a week until I get my next check, but Charis wanted to get it started (the treatment). Since they would have to watch it all summer. She would rather accept the offer of a loan from her folks.*

*In fact, her dad even wanted to pay for it. But when we called Dr. Lee again, he had made arrangements for 10 days later, which worked out just perfectly for me. She would enter the hospital on Sunday July 15 and be there for 2 to 4 days. I would be paid \$200 on Wednesday July 18. I feel the Lord's hand in watching out for us. We feel he has helped us get this Summer job here—possibly so we could*

*receive this treatment—which should result in taking Charis off her pills.*

*The week and a half wait were quite hard on Charis, however. We were told very little. We didn't know how this stuff was given or its effects. I had Charis call Dr. Lee again to determine just what risk was involved if any. Also, so did Afton, her mother. She called Dr. Lee and Dr. Holman and they both told Charis and her mother that there shouldn't be much to worry about. "However, there is always some risk involved in taking anything."*

*Charis also asked Dr. Lee to make things efficient to save time and thereby money. Her mother made them to understand that we were paying for it and that we had no insurance. Later, she said to me, "I hope you don't object to what I did. Charis is my daughter and I am concerned about her." I didn't mind.*

*The hospital was not a good experience. She was assigned in a "teaching" basis, which gives young Stanford Medical Doctors 24 hours free run on examinations, questions, and such. We didn't know this. None of these young guys knew much about Charis' type of condition. A young Dr. Durfin was in charge of Charis. He had black curly hair and a sleepily-eyed "bored with it all—I can't wait to get out and make money" look. Actually he was able to take blood and to insert the needle very skillfully. A Dr. Moore seemed sharp, nice, interested in Utah, faith in god. Dr. Sharp, large, was on rounds with Dr. Holman along with a long-haired "punk" kid (doctor) with his hands in his hip pockets.*

*Well, they lost her orders. She got a headache but they would not give her an aspirin. They failed to start a test which caused another day's delay, and a dying old woman was in the bed next to her (Mrs. O'Conner). Charis got mad, cried, then told them off. Her eyes swelled up. The treatment was delayed another day because*

*they fouled up. I called Dr. Lee. He reassured me that he alone was "in charge." I said no one else knew what was going on. Dr. Lee is always optimistic, speaks always with superlatives, "excellent," "quite good," "very fine". . . They gave Charis two treatments with salt water in the vein. When she was released she had a touchy stomach for 10 days. Total cost was \$222 for 4 days. Many tests were taken.*

*September 1962 to September 1963*

*(Hard bound journal p.3) (Charis)*

*In September when we were getting ready to go back to BYU, Dr. Holman recommended that we stay (in California) for a year of medical treatment (for me) if possible. It was. (With Dr. Phillip Lee's assistance. He told us he has friends in Washington.) We wrote to the Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare and also to BYU and got Bill's fellowship postponed for a year. We also moved from Camille Ct. in Mt. View to 451 E. McKinley in Sunnyvale. Here we live in a small cottage in back of some houses. Our little house is really tiny but it is quiet and nice here and we really like it.*

*In the fall I began taking huge doses, 60 mg per day, of prednisone. I began to retain fluid—my ankles and legs swelled horribly and I was terribly uncomfortable. Nevertheless, my kidneys began to improve. Then in December I developed steroid diabetes and also a leg infection so they cut me off the very high doses. Something caused a severe anemia at this time and I went to the hospital just before Christmas. Here I began to lose fluid until I was down to about 85 lbs. (from about 112).*



Charis by our Cottage in Sunnyvale

*I had a fever and they tried to find a source of infection, but by the time they gave up and decided to treat me I was better on my own, or rather with the Lord's blessings.*

*By now my diabetes has disappeared. My kidneys have improved a little, I have gained back the muscular strength that I lost while taking high doses. And I am feeling better in general. Dr. Lee feels that it is possible I am going into remission. This week Dr. Lee is going to Washington D. C. to work for the State Department in the foreign aid medical program. I will be seeing Dr. John Young. I'm sorry to see Dr. Lee go. We really got to like him.*

*All of the time that I was sick, Bill was just wonderful. I got awfully weak and crippled from all the fluid. He really took care of me—fixing all my meals, etc. Furthermore, he always kept optimistic, even when I was determined that I was going to die. I'm sure that it was through his faith and the faith of the rest of my family that I was made so much better.*

*It is like spring now. The weather is sunny and beautiful. Bill filled a tub full of dirt for me and I have planted pansies and sweet peas.*

*Donald is on his mission in Scotland and he seems to be doing just fine. He really loves his area and his work.*

*Bob is in the hospital with multiple lung infections and pneumonia. The poor boy has been sick most of the winter. It looks like they are really working on the right thing now, however, and he is improving.*

*The rest of the family is in good health as far as I know.*

*We have had some fine experiences in genealogy this winter. Last September we called on Mr. Frank Haskins Ricker in Berkley, a cousin of Bill's grandmother Miriam Grimes Southwell. He had made a hobby of genealogy and was able to give us information on the Haskins line clear back to the 1500's. Since then we have formed a fine friendship with him and his wife Lora. They are about 90 years old. He has really helped us. Also a Mrs. Lela Kerr up in Napa is Bill's grandmother's half-sister and she was able to help us also. It has really gotten Bill interested in the work and we really enjoy it.*

*We have also made a hobby of photography. Dad and Mom gave us a camera for Christmas and we have had a lot of fun.*

*Bill is still working for the Government—National Aeronautics and Space Administration out at Ames Research at Moffett Field. He likes his work. Also we have been able to get a wonderful health insurance that has faithfully paid a great share of my medical expenses. I don't know what we would have done without it.*

*This has been a catch-up entry. We have been very blessed these past months, and are very happy.*

My summer job was coming to an end. I asked them if I could continue for another year. It was approved. Even better I changed to a full-time employee with an increase in rank (level, GS-07 from 05 maybe). This also meant that I got full benefits including medical for me and my family.

We moved from the apartment to a small cottage behind some houses at 425 E. McKinley in Sunnyvale. It was furnished, old, and small. You could sit on the small couch and turn on the TV across the room without getting up. There was a small kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom with a high bed. There was an older lady neighbor who only spoke Spanish who helped Charis with her flower pot gardening.

In the fall of 1962 she began taking huge doses of prednisone, 60 mg per day. This caused fluid retention. Her face, ankles and legs swelled horribly. It was so bad that one day when I was at work she fell or for some reason was on the floor and could not get up. She crawled to the bed but could not get up into it. She developed steroid diabetes and also a leg infection. She also developed severe anemia. She was hospitalized just before Christmas 1963.

I remember the Stanford Hospital in Palo Alto, where she was earlier for the Nitrogen-Mustard treatment. They told me the regular diuretics were not working and they needed to get the fluid out quickly. They used, as I remember, a mercury treatment. Of course, that is a poison, but it worked. She quickly went from about 112 lbs to 84 lbs. But there were other complications. She got a fever and they could not find the source of infection. As I remember this was also a teaching hospital situation. Many doctors came to question her and to examine

her. Her fever finally went away. As she was being released they put her in a wheel chair. As they did so she got a cut on her leg from the folded-foot rest. This was serious because such wounds do not heal well. She had to have stitches. I was upset at this. They had mistreated her. They did not understand her delicate condition. I know it was just orderlies, but I felt the hospital was responsible. I mentioned this to them. They deducted the costs associated with the stitches and treatment. Although it did not matter financially since we had good insurance by then. This was an unpleasant hospital stay for Charis.

Over the next month or two her strength came back somewhat, her diabetes disappeared and her kidneys improved a little. In his typical optimistic fashion, Dr. Lee said he feels that her Lupus is going into remission. I asked him once what Sed Rate and BUN tests were. His reply was, "They are just tests we take so that when they come down we know things are getting better." He was good for Charis' spirits. In March 1963 Dr. Lee left Stanford Hospital to take a position in for the State Department in the Foreign Aid Medical Program. Charis' medical care was turned over to Dr. John Young, who is a kidney specialist. Dr. Young was sterner, more down to business. Every time we visited him he would examine urine under a microscope.

Charis developed a new interest, genealogy and family history. She felt impressed to collect as much information as possible on my ancestry. All I knew were my own grandparents. I do not remember how we got this information, but there was a cousin of my grandmother Miriam Southwell who lived in Berkeley, California. In September 1962, we visited them, Frank Haskins Ricker and his wife

Lora. I remember driving up to Berkeley to find their address. It was in a nice part of town. They were elderly and very happy to meet us. He was dressed in a jacket and tie. As we questioned him on common ancestry, he said, "Wait a minute." He went upstairs and came down with a large, taped-together sheet showing a pedigree that went back to the 1500's. It turns out he had made a hobby of genealogy and had collected significant amounts of information. What a blessing. We became good friends and made other visits to their home. Every time he was always dressed up. His wife was such a sweet and loyal support to him. Once they took us to lunch at a very nice place and she drove. They were long retired after a successful career in a plumbing company. As I remember, he had invented a type of valve which enabled a successful company and a comfortable living. We also met his younger brother, Charles Ricker, who was still active in commercial real estate and quite successful himself. I think at first he was aloof to us, thinking perhaps we were after some inheritance from Frank. But after becoming acquainted he became a good friend and supporter. It was Charles who informed us of Frank's death and two weeks later of Lora's death. I remember thinking at the time that because of her loyalty to her husband she could not continue long without him. We received a great many names and pictures from Frank Haskins Ricker which has formed the basis of my genealogy.

From this information Charis began a letter-writing campaign to locate all of the descendants of Frank's grandfather, Caleb Almon Haskins. She also wrote for birth, marriage, and death certificates. When we received those we would share them with the requests for

further information from other relatives. We became acquainted with many unknown relatives of mine. In the summer of 1964 the information collected was typed up as (a 38 page document) which was mimeographed and sent to all interested parties. Later when we drove through Iowa, we found the grave of Caleb Almon Haskins. It had writing on it but was worn down and difficult to read. We took a picture of it and sent it to Charles Ricker. He then had a new big headstone made and installed for Caleb Almon Haskins.

During this year I took up the interest of photography and was tutored by Don Greenwood, Charis' dad. We set up a dark room in the bathroom of the guest bedroom and developed black and white negatives and printed them. There were lots of genealogy pictures that I printed. Don and Afton gave us a Ricoh half frame camera. I enjoyed taking candid pictures--scenes and people who were unaware of their pictures being taken. I experimented with PlusX and TriX and other black and white film to see how well I could get a picture in low light environments without flash. I also liked to see how well the resolution was on enlargements.

Don and Afton were very good to us. It was a blessing to be near them for this year. Two events stand out. They took us once to San Francisco to see Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops. They played some Beatles songs, like "I want to hold your hand." This had to be when they were still very new to America. Another event was going to Palo Alto to see the movie, "The Music Man." How we enjoyed that.

I have some pictures taken while Charis and I were in the ticket line to see Ante Mame, also at Palo Alto.

I remember an event put on by Charis and Afton called Special Husbands and Father's Day. I think it was a way to include me in a Father's day celebration, but it was nice.

Before leaving to return to BYU, I came down with shingles. It was indeed a painful nerve disease. I received a shot of ACTH and pain pills that made me see double and hear double. We were taken in by Charis' parents and I was nursed and cared for at their house. There were scars on my neck when I registered for BYU that fall. The Doctor at the Smith Field House registration asked me about it. I told him what it was and how I was treated. He said that was the right thing to do, but thought it strange that I should get it at such a young age. I have never been bothered with it since.

### ***Fall 1963***

With Charis' health sufficiently good, we drove back to Utah. We rented half of a duplex at 376 E 1010 S in Orem, Utah. The other half was occupied by Bill and Wilma Bower. They are mentioned earlier when we lived in Wymount Village. When we left for California for the summer of 1962, we had paid our rent over the summer so that we might return there. During that summer my parents lived there and took some classes on campus. Dad took some math classes and Mom took Braille so she might better communicate with



Charis at our Duplex in Orem, Utah

her granddaughter DD. Living there was no longer an option for us when we returned in the fall of 1963 because it was torn down to make room for the new BYU Law School building. Actually where our building was is now the Wilkinson Student Center parking lot. We were put on a waiting list for the new Wymount Terrace for June 1964. Actually, I met the Bowers in 1959 while “tracting” on my mission. They lived in a remote area near Mountain View. It had started to rain and my companion said “let’s go”. But I said, just one more house. (This is a classic story, I know, but it is true.) There we met Wilma Bower, gave her the initial message and left her with a Book of Mormon. When we returned to meet her husband he had already started reading it and had some questions for us. One of them was Lehi’s dream where is said he thought he saw God. Wouldn’t he know if he saw God? They were later baptized and when he got out of the Navy they went to BYU.

Charis’ doctor in Provo was Dr. Richard Nimer. We met him at the BYU Health Center, but he also had a private practice. Charis took one class that fall.

We drove to the farm for Christmas 1963 with the Buick. That was when we tied the hood to the top of the car to avoid overheating from a cracked block and made it to the farm.

January 3, 1964 (Bill)

*We visited my folks for Christmas and drove back to Orem on December 31, 1963. We cleaned house on January 1, 1964 after sleeping in the New Year. When we arrived we found a lot of good mail. Also, that night the Sunday School Superintendent and a member of the Bishopric came with new assignments for each of us.*

*Charis will teach 12 year olds “The Life of Christ.” They want me to teach the investigator class, The Articles of Faith.*

*I didn’t get to study this vacation as I had hoped. I have proficiency exams to take in February and I am unprepared. Until then I must make the most efficient use of my time. I will make my study more effective and faster. I have many books to cover before then.*

*Last night, a member of the Elder’s Quorum Presidency came by with my home teaching assignment. I wanted to not accept the call, but Charis thought I should accept. So I did.*

*January 17, 1964 (Charis)*

*We are spending an evening at home. Bill, as usual, is studying. We have just finished listening to George Romney speak on the radio. I hope his speech accurately reflects his personal integrity. It is reassuring to think that someone in politics is willing to stick up for right principles. His speech was direct and to the point. I think what he said made real sense.*

*My family is preparing to move to Pittsburgh, PA this summer. Dad is already back there and he plans to shuttle back and forth until the family goes. They made the decision to go reluctantly, but it was a matter of going or leaving U.S. Steel. I think they felt that they have to at least give it a try.*

*We are living in a lovely apartment, 376 E. 1010 So., Orem. It is larger than any we have had so far. In the two years of our marriage we have lived in four apartments and we are planning on moving into married students housing—Wymount Terrace—in June.*

*I have taken one class this semester and so far I plan on taking at least one next semester. Bill is kept very busy with his graduate work and he has proficiency tests coming up next month.*

*We share a duplex with the Bill Bower's. They have proved to be wonderful neighbors and Wilma and I have become real friends. They have two little boys—the youngest was born in November.*

*My health seems to have ups and downs, but nothing serious. I haven't had any tests for quite a while so it is hard to compare. I am seeing Dr. Richard Nimer here in Provo and I think he is a good doctor.*

*We are busy in the ward here. Bill teaches the investigator class and I teach the Life of Christ to the 11 & 12 year old class. They are a wild bunch and this is a real challenge. So far it has been a real battle. I hope the next couple of weeks will show much improvement.*

*We are having a cold winter with plenty of snow. It was way below zero last week and today was the first day for 2 weeks that the Salt Lake Temp. rose above 32 degrees.*

*We went home to Bill's folks for Christmas and had a wonderful time. The weather wasn't bad and we took a couple of long walks around the farm. It was bigger than I thought. We also enjoyed the lovely fireplace. Jane's girls were there after Christmas as Jane was in the hospital for surgery. We got a letter yesterday and she is just now feeling better.*

*We had an exciting time on our way to Wyoming. Our radiator boiled outside of Lyman, Wyoming and we had to start filling it up. At one point we ran out of water out in the middle of nowhere and we had to get some at a house at a construction camp. We made it to Rawlins about 4:30 and the service station man said it looked like a cracked head. It was too late to see a mechanic that night so we stayed there in a motel and went to see him in the morning. He said that it looked like that all right, but that if we loaded up with water we could probably make it. So, because we hated thoughts of parting with the Buick, we bought a 5 gal. can, filled it up and set out. We*

*had to stop and cool off every 5 miles. – Then Bill got the idea of taking off the hood and tying it on top. So we did and we made it the rest of the way fine—with an air cooled engine. We got the car fixed while we were there—compliments of Bill’s Dad. It was fine on the way home.*

February 5, 1964 (Bill)

*This was the first day of second semester. Today at 12:30 Dr. Richard Hales died. He was my Dynamics teacher last semester. Dr. Van Fleet was affected—as was everyone. There was a feeling of sadness in Physics circles today. They said last Sunday they learned he had leukemia. He was an inspiration to me in physics. He could reproduce the theory and develop things from “first principles”. He would do this rather than memorize even simple formulas.*

*I was restless all day—unable to study.*

*When Charis and I came back to school, he met us at the “fish bowl” in the Science Center and gave me advice on how I should arrange my classes. It was good counsel. I followed it and changed my previous plans. (This enabled me to complete my Ph.D. in three years.) I was highest on tests in his class and a close second in homework. Before the final last week I went in to pick up my last assignment. He noted how well I was doing and stated again “Glad to have you back.” I have at least half of the entire class on tape—maybe his family would like them. He has small children. (I gave the best tapes to his father Wayne B. Hales, the Department Chairman.)*

*Charis is taking a full load including Physics 100, an honors program class. We saw a movie tonight, “All the way Home.” A sad one on death.*

March 12, 1964 (Charis)

*I dreamed last night that the Southwell family got together and searched an old farm. And we found all kinds of information and*

*possessions about Wm F. & Benjamin Southwell. There were a couple of papers that had life history jotted down. There were post cards from England labeled, the place of my birth.*

*And there was a note—Benjamin Southwell married (Ann or Margaret can't remember which) Page.*

*When we lived in our little house in Sunnyvale I dreamed Archibald Bennett came to me with some huge books and a pair of big black boots, some old photographs, and some newspaper clippings. They were about Mormon pioneer women named Southwell.*

*In the Gen. lib. Last week we found the records of Ann Southwell who crossed the plains and Rebecca Southwell married in the early church records.*

*I'm busy with school, but enjoying it very much.*

April 25, 1964 (Bill)

*Last night in my dreams I seemed to be struggling with a problem concerning death. I was apparently trying to determine what a person enjoys as he dies to determine what the death process is. Then the notion of velocity came to me. When I awoke and sat up to get up, this was what occurred to me. Death is a limiting process as some life variable  $x$  approaches zero in some function  $f(x)$ . This function is determined by the person during his life. It is like a velocity function or it may contain a velocity part. In the limit as  $x$  (life) goes to zero this velocity approaches the speed of light. Thus the spirit is translated into another realm in space-time. His first feelings are of being accelerated.*

August 28, 1964 Review (Bill)

*On June 5, 1964 we moved to 5B-268 Wymount Terrace, Provo, Utah from 376 E. 1010 So., Orem, Utah. My brother Rollin and Ellis*

*Miner helped us move. When that mess was in reasonable order I started studying.*

*Charis' parents came on their way to Pittsburgh, PA. We went to Ogden and met with Charis' Aunts and Uncles on her mother's side. We also went to a dinner with all her Aunts and Uncles on her father's side.*

*On June 27, 1964, Charis and I went to a movie with Ellis and Beverley . We saw "What a Way to Go," with Shirley McLane.*

*After I learned that I passed the Pre-Lim's Charis and I celebrated by going to see a movie, "The Unsinkable Molly Brown." Then we returned to our apartment and had a package of Dad's T-bone steaks. We were up late that Wednesday night, but we had good cause to celebrate. I am perhaps the first to ever pass the Pre-Lim's or comprehensives after only one year of graduate school. I am glad for the counsel of Dr. Hales to try it.*

*On Tuesday, July 23, 1964 in the evening at 7 pm we started for Pittsburgh. We got in Charis' Dad's Fiat and took off. The next day was a holiday in Utah and we encountered heavy traffic heading for the mountains and lakes. They all seemed to be racing and were impatient to pass. Someone yelled at us, "get that thing off the road," as they passed us. We stopped at a motel at Lyman, Wyoming. U. S. Steel is to pay for getting the Fiat to Pittsburgh. We could drive it back and return on the train.*

*We have gathered lots of genealogy along the way. As we drove into Illinois the Fiat developed a dragging noise and some squeaking in the right rear wheel. We stopped and the service man put in oil in the differential. More noise. The next station man suggested a bearing going out but it was about 6 pm and he said to drive on to Princeton, Ill. to a Standard Station where they had a mechanic. Slowly we went on. The kid at that Standard Station didn't*

*know a thing. All the motels in town were full. Another station man suggested another one at a Gulf station. He had us pull it in. He felt each hub and one was hot. He said the right rear wheel bearing was going out. But he could not fix it. He told us where to find a Hotel. We stayed at that Hotel which was pretty bad.*

*The next morning I went to a tire shop and he said no one in town would have a bearing and we would have to wait a week for one. He suggested we drive on to Chicago. "Go slowly and stop often for coffee."*

*We drove that day about 20 mph stopping frequently to douse it with water. It got so hot it sizzled when I threw water on it. We finally found the Fiat place in Chicago even though I could not understand the telephone operator.*

*We arrived at 1838 Menold Ct., Allison Park, PA about 11 pm on August 3, 1964.*

*We planned to make a movie. Wrote it. Rehearsed it. Had all the costumes ready. Wally was the leading man. Julie the "rich" young lady. Patty the maid. Bob the landlord. But as I loaded the camera the spring broke or something and we didn't get to make the movie.*

August 27, 1964 (Bill)

*We went up to Grandpa Wagstaff and went through Grandma Wagstaff's dishes and stuff. Charis repacked them and we brought 5 or 6 boxes of stuff to Provo. Some of it we got for Julie. Grandpa gave us his vacuum cleaner and a card table. He has been very good to us and a great help after we were married by loaning us furniture. He also gave us a \$100 bill for our wedding.*

October 11, 1964 (Charis)

*Something said in Church tonight reminded me of an incident that happened his summer that I have always meant to write.*

*While the family was visiting with us this summer, Wally and David spotted the little China Temple that we had on our wedding cake.*

*“Hey! Look at that castle.”*

*So I explained that it was the temple and the place where Bill and I were married.*

*‘We went up to Ogden that day and on the way home we passed the temple so we pointed it out to the boys. David (3 and one half yrs. old) leaned forward and said to me, “You know, Wally and I builded that temple.”*

*“You did?”*

*“Yes we did a long time ago.” He went on to say how he took big pieces of rock, “We went up and got these big pieces of rock and builded the walls. And then they made some rooms on the inside and builded up and up and lots of towers and so he went on.”*

*Amused I said, “My wasn’t that a lot of work?”*

*“Yes it was.” He said. “But you all helped-ed us. Just—and he named us all—helped us and we builded that temple.”*

*It hit me with a feeling—not quite weird—but it made me stop and wonder.*

*I believe I did write this somewhere before perhaps in a letter to Don—but I can’t remember. It’s a shame if I didn’t because now I just can’t remember all he said.*

*Rollin and Julie came for Sunday dinner today—we had veal scaloppini—the last of the veal we brought from Bill’s folks at Christmas. Julie is enjoying school here. She is living at Helaman Halls and has a very nice roommate Penny Clauder.*

*I am taking 13 hours again—my best load. I have History 120 from Allen, Novel from Defoe, Dickens Gassman, Art History and App-Mathews, Book of Mormon from Hugh Nibley and Semantics from*

*David Evans. It's a good schedule. Bill is attending brother Nibley's class with me and we consider it a real privilege to be able to hear him.*

*We are busy. I am on the Stake Relief Society Board (The Literature Leader) and in the Ward (Stake wide) Primary (the Firelight teacher). We have a wonderful new Literature program in R. S. this year. I feel this is a marvelous step forward.*

*As a result of a hint from Vera S. Reichel on our trip this summer we have finally found the birthplace of Benjamin Southwell. It was Tattershall or Tottershall Thorpe, Lincolnshire, Eng. He and Mary Ann Stephenson were married in Jamestown, Grant Co., Wisc. She was born at West Point, Lee Co., Iowa (right across the River from Nauvoo.) We also think we have found his family in the 1851 Census and his father's will.*

### ***Spring 1964***

Charis took a full load this semester. So we were both busy with school. We also had positions in our Orem Ward.

I remember one scene. It was snowing and I was driving up South State Street to Orem from Provo. The road was slippery.

Charis won the Hart-Larson Poetry Award for her poem Dust. At the awards dinner as she was presented the award, Dr. Clinton Larson said, "And she is here tonight with her Robert Browning husband." Later Charis said that that comment was a tribute to me rather than her because Elizabeth Barrett Browning was not considered the same caliber as Robert Browning. I reminded her that she was receiving the award, not me.

In June 1964 we moved to 5B-268 Wymount Terrace, Provo, Utah. I remember moving in. To unload the car I drove on the very wide sidewalk to the building quad to unload. An officer came up and was to write me a citation. This was a married student's facility and there were young children around playing. I argued that I had been extremely cautious. I told him I even looked under the car before I moved it to be sure there were no kids around. He let me go. We were on the second floor of the east building of a set of four that formed an inner quad, which was a lawn and a playground for the children. There were laundry machines in the opposite building. These four buildings constituted the BYU 44th ward. Again we were in a Zion society and we loved it. There was a unity and closeness not seen in regular wards in the church. The Bishop was Walter D. Bowen, a young vibrant religion teacher. There was a social in the basement of one of the buildings where we first met the Bishop. But we met for church on campus in a classroom. The ward was filled with talent and leadership. The buildings were new. Our apartment was at least one bedroom. It may have been two. This would be our home for the rest of our time at BYU, till August 1966. Most who lived there were poor. But there was plenty of help in taking care of kids while parents worked or went to school. Primary was held during the week at the apartments.

I was assigned some families to home teach. One family was Jim and Mary Eckhart. Another was Terry Seamons and his wife. Neither of these had children. Charis and I would make slide shows for my home teaching visits. They emphasized the teaching we were getting from our Bishop, which were based on the four pillars of Priesthood Correlation:

Home Teaching, Genealogy, Missionary work, and Welfare. The slide shows had accompanying sound which was played with a small tape player. We would put a ding on the sound tape to indicate when to change the slide. One of them was on Family Home Evenings. We showed a family holding one. There was an opening song, "There is Beauty All Around". When it came to the phrase, "roses bloom beneath our feet, all the world's a garden sweet," Charis had drawn a slide of some feet walking on some roses, which also had thorns in them.

I was called to be a counselor to the Elder's quorum president, Terry Seamons. This entitled me to sit in on the Priesthood Executive Committee meetings and exposure to Bishop Bowen. He was a dynamic leader. Although only the Elder's Quorum President would ordinarily be in that meeting (held weekly) he wanted all in the presidency to attend. He believed he was training future priesthood leaders for the wards of the church. As it was a married student housing ward, many couples were having babies. Others wanted to start families. When this did not happen right away, they would come to Bishop Bowen for a blessing. Soon after such blessings many of the sisters became pregnant.

Charis became active in Relief Society. First through her skills at making things. She was over the Relief Society Bazaar, which was a money raising event. Things were made and sold at a display meeting. Charis sewed things and made things for these Bazaars. She was especially effective as a teacher, showing people that they can be creative.

In our ward lived Michael Graves, an artist, with his wife and two kids. As I recall he also was a counselor to Terry Seamans the Elders

Quorum President. (Terry's wife Gloria was in the Relief Society as well, as I recall). Once Michael Graves came to our apartment and sat on the couch next to a large pile of clean laundry. He smiled and said "This is comfortable," or something like that. I don't remember why he was there. Once he painted a picture for the Bazaar. It was a sketch of a simple but classy lady with some water color shading. Charis and I bought it at the Bazaar. We were wealthy. I did not work. Charis did not work. Both of us were in school. All because of my fellowship and our frugality. When he saw that we bought it, he later gave us another sketch to go with it. It was titled The Englishman, a sketch of a bearded man looking a little like Edward G. Robinson.

On one occasion, Michael Graves borrowed money from us for tuition. Later for payment he gave us a large canvas painting called The Subway. This painting had been awarded Best of Show in an exhibit at the Wilkinson Center. It does not look like a subway, but you get a feeling of fear that a subway might give you. There are broad black strokes some of which have paint drips. Such are also seen in the cover of the BYU year book for that year, the Banyan, which also featured his art work. We treasured that picture, not because we liked it, but because we liked the painter. It hung on our living room wall in our home in Rapid City. {It was put in the garage while Danna and I were on our mission where it deteriorated somewhat. It now hangs in my office in Thousand Oaks. I would like to donate it to a museum. Springville has paintings by him.} {Note added. We did contact him, he is now Clane Graves, and he came to take the painting. He also took the other two works to copy and return. We have not seen them yet.}

While on the subject, we also loaned tuition money to Bill Bower which he also paid back.

In the summer of 1964 we drove Don and Afton's Fiat, a small foreign car to Pittsburgh. It was a rich experience gathering pictures and genealogy information. There are journal entries of most of this. It was also hot and grueling as we had car trouble in Chicago. After getting to Pittsburgh we drove to eastern PA to meet more of my relatives. We returned to Provo on a train.

Sometimes when traveling Charis would not feel like eating. It was difficult for her to find something she could eat. Once at a MacDonald's she asked for a grilled cheese sandwich. They couldn't do that, so we would go where they would give us just simple requests. Sometimes a glass of milk. Sometimes she would be exhausted but I never remember her being grumpy and she was never out of sorts with me.

## **1965**

Charis became good friends with Mary Eckhart and Dixie Partridge, who were both English Literature majors. (There is a journal entry on this.)

We planted a garden which grew, a ward project.

Charis finished her course work and graduated with honors on May 28, 1965. On the following Sunday we had the Eckharts and the Partridges over for some of Dad's steaks.



Charis Graduated with Honors.

July 18, 1965 (Bill)

*The dinner we had with the Eckharts and the Partridges was really fun. Jerry Partridge and I had been home teachers to the Eckharts. The three of us had the fact in common that our wives were taking the English Proficiency test in April. I suggested we have a contest on whose wife would come out the highest. All of them are real smart. Dixie Partridge has a 3.85 grade point average. And Charis of course is real smart, but Mary Eckhart got the only A on the test. Charis and Dixie got A-'s. So I offered to supply the steak dinner. We discussed relativity and other topics at the table. Then we discussed many things—movie making, Goldwater, politics, ghosts, scripture, and then we looked at Partridge's slides. For three shy families the conversation got so loud and fast I had to monitor it—requiring all to wait their turn or raise their hand to be recognized. We all had fun and it seemed to be perhaps a release from finals and graduation and all. Jerry Partridge received his PhD in Chemistry. Jim Eckhart*

*graduated BS in Accounting. And our three wives each graduated in English Literature.*

*We have since enjoyed the friendship of the Eckharts. He has a Petri single lens reflex 35 mm. And now has extension tubes and last Friday bought a \$19 slide projector. We share all slides—usually on Ellis Miner's projector.*

*Charis and I both were pleased with our grades this last semester. Van Fleet gave me an A- in 2 hours of research and Spiedel failed me in German 96, but all my 3 classes, Group theory Quantum Mechanics, and Solid State and Seminar—were all A's. Van Fleet gave me an A+ for the Physics Dept. record.*

*Charis didn't fail her history as she feared. In fact her grade average came up.*

*This past school year was quite rushed for us. Charis took a heavy load in order to graduate this spring. I took a special nuclear physics 711-C from Dixon, but I've decided to change my major from nuclear physics to solid state physics along with quantum mechanics. I got my first B in Graduate school—in Mark Nelson's quantum mechanics. And I failed the French test once and the German once. Next week I take the German test again. If I pass it, I'll be right on schedule again.*

*Today we have been filling out third generation family group sheets. In a week and a half I take the German test. So I still don't feel relaxed enough to write a complete account of things.*

*Charis' family came and stayed with us in June. They were out here for Don's marriage. Wally and David stayed with us while the rest of the family went to California for the wedding reception.*

*Then, somehow, we got to keep Walter. He is staying with us now and we are enjoying him. We are trying to teach him—family home evenings, math, reading, and physics. (End of Entry)*

*Charis was recommended for an editorial position with the Church Magazine, (The Improvement ERA) I think it was called then. She considered it but decided the commute to SLC was too much. But she was pleased that her professors had recommended her.*

*Walter Greenwood was with us for a while in the summer of 1965. We had people for dinner. I remember Don Greenwood, her brother; Julie, her sister coming over. We still went to campus and downtown movies. I bought a movie camera*

## **1966**

I completed all my requirements and graduated with a PhD in Physics in Aug 1966.

January 9, 1966 (Bill)

*Today I was ordained an high priest and set apart as second counselor in the bishopric to Bishop Walter D. Bowen. (End of entry) The other counselor was Gale Brimhall.*

*In January 1966 I received my Patriarchal Blessing with Charis witnessing.*

*We lived in Wymount Terrace from June 1964 to August 1966. This was a period of great happiness for us. There was, however, a loneliness in Charis' heart. She longed to be a mother. We applied for adoption through the church social services. They required each of us to write a life story. Previously, for a class, Charis wrote an autobiography. She expanded on this with some additional events. I have versions of this. She then shortened and edited it for submission to the Relief Society. Then, before we left for Rapid City, she received a blessing from Bishop Bowen for a baby.*

July 3, 1966 (Charis)

*Tonight the Bishop gave Bill a blessing and I realized that I had failed to record a wonderful blessing the Bishop gave me not long*

*ago. Along in late February and March I developed gall-bladder trouble and it looked like I was going to have to have it out. Bill gave me a blessing and promised me that whatever happened would be for my best good.*

*Then the Bishop suggested he give me a blessing. One Sunday Bill and I went down to the office and they gave me a blessing, the Bishop being mouth.*

*First he prayed for a blessing and then began to say rather usual things. Then suddenly a change came over him and he began to bless me with confidence and power. As he spoke he answered almost in order the most pressing questions in my heart and helped my problems.*

*For months I had been depressed because I'd been sick so much just the first months of this year. And also because we were starting proceedings to adopt a baby and all this was very much on my mind. I'd actually wondered if I would live long, if maybe my time wasn't drawing near.*

*The next thing the Bishop said and repeated was that there was yet purpose in my life. He told me I would have more strength and feel better than I ever had before. He also said that Bill and I would have children to raise and this would come about in a natural manner.*

*This was a wonderful blessing for me and it lifted those dreadful burdens from my heart. Now I know that I should work to build a future rather than struggle to face death.*

*I know the Bishop was inspired. How could he have known what was on my mind otherwise?*

*Tonight he gave Bill a blessing and promised him that he would finish his dissertation and that it would finalize quickly. He said we would find the right place to go and that we would know immediately*

*if it was right. (We fly to South Dakota Thursday for an interview.) He told him that he would have ability in his work grow as his ability in the correlation in the gospel grew—all the days of his life.*

*He told him to always support and serve those who presided over him in the manner he is now humble and dedicated and that those over whom he presides will support him in a like manner. He referred to having seen a vision of our future sometime in the past.*

*He told Bill (and repeated) that the Lord loved him and would uphold him.*

*He blessed him with increased love for his wife and so on. It was a wonderful blessing.*

*These words aren't exact; it's hard to remember even an hour. All I could do was try to capture the feelings.*

In the spring of 1966 I started looking at ads for teaching positions. They were plentiful. The nation was in short supply of physics teachers. The country was in a space race to reach the moon. I received several offers. One was from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh who sent me an offer without an interview trip. There was an opening at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology at Rapid City, South Dakota. They invited me to come with my wife for an interview and to give a colloquium. This was my first plane ride. It was the most frightening experience. There was strong turbulence. July 1966. When it landed in Casper, Wyoming, I was never so happy to be back on the ground. It was so bad one of the stewardesses was throwing up in the paper bag. Charis had flown a lot and was not so affected. I don't know how she did it. When we landed in Rapid City she said my face was green. I gave a talk on the results of my dissertation the next day.

One day while living in Wymount Terrace during Primary one of the children fell on sidewalk and hit her head. She was taken to the hospital where she died. There were other children in the family, but this was a great shock. I remember the Stake Presidency coming to visit the home that evening. The funeral was conducted by the Bishop. I remember sitting on the stand next to Bishop Bowen. The family's home teacher, Lyle Rowbury, a humble man, rose to the occasion. He was with the family from the start. He arranged housing for those coming to the funeral. He helped the family with the funeral details. I remember saying this to Bishop Bowen and saying that he had certainly learned the principles of Priesthood Correlation.

Another funeral related to the Ward (probably before I was in the Bishopric) was for a young man. I remember Bishop Bowen saying to his young grieving widow that this life is the "hell" mentioned in the scriptures. This is the time to meet and face adversities.

Another experience was to assist administering to a Ward member, Bro. Romney, who suffered from severe headaches. He thrashed around. We could not give him a blessing because he could not hold still or stop groaning. I remember helping carrying him out on a blanket to get him to the hospital.

Another memory was visiting Terry Seamons in the hospital after an appendectomy. He was strong and athletic but he had a glass eye. I remember in the hospital the sun was shining on his face on that eye and he didn't move. It seemed he was home playing basketball the next day.

Our Bishopric meetings were spiritual and focused. We met in the Bishop's office on campus. We would pray on our knees in a circle with our hands on our shoulders. We would read quotes from the General Authorities, especially those on the Correlation Committee: Spencer W. Kimball, Harold B. Lee, and Marian G. Romney. We were continually being taught the importance of exercising the Priesthood in caring for the poor and needy. The Bishop would confide in us sometimes some of the problems he encountered in interviews. He held us to strict confidence. I am sure he was careful in what he divulged, but he was trying to train Gale and me for future church leadership positions. There was a constant mantra from him on sustaining and following the living prophets.

There was a ward member who had been excommunicated while serving a mission in France. It was related to a group of missionaries who fell into apostasy when following one who believed in polygamy. This ward member was in the process of coming back into the Church. I remember seeing and talking to him later in the Denver Airport. Charis was in a wheel chair. He was in a military uniform. I believe we were on our way to Stanford Medical Center from Rapid City.

### ***Rapid City South Dakota***

I recall riding in the realtor's car, a Lincoln, I believe. It had a phone which he used to call ahead before we would visit houses. He was a highly successful agent. Under scrutiny for his tactics but we found him fair and helpful. Memory is interesting. I can almost remember his name. We drove past a cemetery to see the house on the

highest street. It was yellow and had a full walk out basement. We bought it. Charis now had a place for a garden. I remember signing the mortgage papers and I asked for a copy of what I was signing. That was unheard of then. I also questioned why I was paying an additional one quarter percent interest for insurance. It was FHA policy. But the insurance was not protecting me. It protected the bank in case I failed to make payments. The price of the house was \$16,900 and we paid \$700 down. Our payments were \$48/month. We had enough to make the down payment, but we needed a washer and dryer.

We went to Sears and found what we wanted. I asked if I could pay in a month when I received my first check. To do that, I would have to have credit. There was some hesitation about that. I had not established any credit. I had never borrowed money except for the house, which we just bought. They were not going to deliver them until I could pay for them. Then he asked, where do I work? I am teaching at the School of Mines and Technology here in town as an Assistant Professor of Physics. Oh, in that case your credit is good with us. We will deliver the washer and dryer tomorrow.

Our life status suddenly changed from poor students to a highly respected member of the community.

The President of the School was a retired military person. Fraser was his name. I was reluctant to sign the patent agreement the school had. He was helpful in getting me funds to support a graduate student, who did some work in the Mossbauer Effect. I remember teaching sophomore physics, optics, math Physics, and Quantum Mechanics. James Patterson was a theorist who did work in magnetism theory. He

got me involved in what he was doing. I was also mostly a theorist and he enjoyed having someone to bounce ideas with. We published some joint papers. I delivered a paper at the American Institute of Physics meeting in Seattle, Washington. I remember the big jet flying through fog to land. I was not able to see the ground until just before touch down on the runway. I think this was my second time flying since the interview trip across Wyoming in a prop plane.

Charis was involved with the activities of the Faculty Wives. There was another LDS teacher, Brian Davis, who taught atmospheric or environmental stuff, I don't remember. But it was not in the Physics Dept. His wife, Dixie Davis, became friends with Charis. Brian was in the District Presidency at church. I was not at all friendly with him. Our paths never crossed. Except once. We borrowed a 33 rpm record of some classical music, I think for the play, *Pride and Prejudice*. Somehow it got scratched. He was upset but we bought him a new one. Also our homeowners insurance covered it.

Charis had a garden. She grew herbs and roses, miniature roses, and other flowers. I remember her working in her big brimmed hat.

Her health was good. We needed a doctor for her however. We went to see a Dr. Bareis to ask for a recommendation. He listened to us as Charis explained her condition. He then explained that there was no one in Western South Dakota who would understand her disease, but that he would be willing to take her case. There wasn't much to do except order blood work and take blood pressure, and change dosage of cortisone. He was an Internist. I remember him saying once to Charis that she followed doctor's orders better than any patient he had ever

seen. Later when she was going into kidney failure her skin would itch. He prescribed a compound lotion which the pharmacist would mix. It has lanolin and other soothing stuff. It worked well. When Charis told him, he was pleased with himself. He called it shepherds lotion. Once he called me at work. He said that her condition had reached a point that we needed to see specialists. So that summer, 1968, we went to California to see Dr. Young at Stanford with a big sealed envelope containing her medical records. But this was after Paula was born.

In our first year in Rapid City we were quite alone in our big house. We learned that our adoption process we started with the Church Social Services had to terminate because they were not licensed to operate in South Dakota. We therefore went to the state agency. There we were required to have a medical approval. Unfortunately Dr. Bareis did not consider her well enough to care for a baby. Or, perhaps her longevity was insufficient. I do not know what he reported. So we were rejected for a state adoption. We were kind of left in the cold. Charis felt strongly about having a baby, even though she was involved with church, her writing, her home and garden.

I became the Executive Secretary in the branch. It was a big branch, much like a ward. We had a chapel and the full program of the church. Charis was involved with the Young Women. She wrote the play, *Pride and Prejudice*, I have a copy dated February 26, 1967. I have a young women's roster dated 1966. Putting on this play was a big undertaking. It was to promote the talents and confidence in the youth. All the time Charis was in the background doing the sets, the costumes, and casting. I was the director. The kids and adults who had parts

learned their parts and came to rehearsals. There was a stage with curtains in the cultural hall at the church. My point is. At no time did she do all this to promote herself. Her message was that everyone had creativity that they knew not of. It turned out to be successful. It must have been performed in late April 1967. There was a rehearsal and I was upset at their noise. I actually yelled "Quiet Backstage!" only to come to realize there were planning on presenting me with a birthday cake. She got every youth in that branch, active or not, to participate in that play, one way or another.

We became good friends with Rex and Barbara Reeve. He was with the church institute program working with the Indians in North and South Dakota and Montana. They would come over when he was back in town and we would play Rook. Even when Charis was not well, she looked forward to these experiences. What fun we had. Barbara and Charis would play against Rex and me. I recall once it got out that people crunching ice bothered me. So to distract me in the game Barbara would crunch ice deliberately. It was funny. How important friends are. I don't want to be didactic but this point can be made without having to say that.

### ***Summer of 1967***

My memory on what transpired in this period. Journal entries are sparse. I don't think I was teaching because it was summer. Don and Afton and the family came to visit. We went to Mount Rushmore and the dinosaurs in Rapid City (there are pictures). I think we had Jane's girls that summer. We drove east of Rapid City to see the Bad Lands. I

gave them blessings when they returned to Scottsbluff for school. We drove down with them to the farm. Jane was driving ahead of us and she had her turn light on for many miles. We drove through Chadron Nebraska, where Jane had gotten some credits at Chadron State.

Charis and I were invited to Jim Patterson's abandoned gold mine in the Black Hills for a barbeque steak. It was the best store steak I had ever had, I think. It melted in my mouth.

When I was called to be branch president of the Indian branch, Charis and I both attended those meetings instead of the Rapid City Branch. Charis worked with the Relief Society and the youth. In this connection we associated with Rex C. Reeve, Jr., and Barbara his wife. Harvey Dahl was the President of the Northern Indian Mission. One of my counselors was Herman Red Elk, the painter. Margaret Trammel was the daughter of Lone Bull, who was the son of Sitting Bull. Once Sister Trammel and some other Indian women walked to our home saying they had no food. Charis gave them some from our food supply, including some beans from Dad's farm. We got to witness some Pow Wow's, which are ceremonial dances. We grew to love the Indian People. They were Sioux.

### *Paula*

In October 1967 we got a call from Afton telling us of a girl in California who was having a baby and wanted to give it to Charis. The arrangements would be through her doctor. We called him and he told us any day it would be born. The mother and father were going to be married but she still wanted to give Charis the baby. Finally, the call

came. The doctor said we were the parents of a fine red headed baby girl. We immediately flew to San Francisco. We went to Avis to rent a car. All they had was a red T-Bird convertible. We drove to the hospital and picked up the baby. We did not see or talk to the mother. As I recall there were two things we were given with the baby. One was pajamas for the baby and the other was a note from her mother. It was brief but said this is for the baby. It was signed Nancy Durham. We were not supposed to know who she was, but she signed her name. I don't really remember the contents of the note, but I kept it in my wallet for many years. It was lost when my billfold was lost or stolen. Maybe I could find it, but not likely.

We gave our information to the hospital so that we would be listed as the natural parents. Charis gave her the name Paula after a wonderful aunt. We put her in a flat carrier and put it between the front seats in the car



Paula and Charis in Our Home in Rapid City

and drove back to San Francisco to fly back to Rapid City. Afton came to help with the baby. We have pictures of Charis and Paula at 5 days old. One might have said Charis was spared the pain of childbirth, but in saying so they discount the pain of childlessness of 6 years.

This was a direct blessing from heaven. Private adoption was our only hope and even that did not appear to be at all promising due to Charis' condition. But the blessing came in a wonderful way.

*TO PAULA*

*Sariah, Hannah, Elizabeth and I  
Sent prayer after prayer  
To circumvent the sky  
And God, because he understands,  
Listened to our plea.  
So came Isaac, Samuel, John  
And Paula came to me.*

Then Charis had a sickness and maybe a hospitalization. I definitely remember Dr. Bareis coming to our home to see Charis. There he saw Paula. I told him we were adopting a baby. Cool response. Certainly not, "Wonderful, how beautiful she is". Instead I am sure he was thinking, "What are you thinking?" Later I remember Charis saying to someone, if I could only be with her for 5 years... the formative years.

Paula was a healthy and lively child. She soon learned to stand up on her crib and then she would



Charis' mother Afton came to help when Paula was born.

bounce it to move it around the bedroom room. We had hard oak floors. She also had a mind of her own. She would scream and kick when we would try to strap her in the car seat. There were lots of straps and things in those days. She did not want to be strapped in. She was bottle fed, so I could help with her feeding. One of my most precious memories is Charis rocking her and singing to her the words of “There is a green hill far away”.

We still had to go through adoption. But we could not do that until the baby was 6 months old. So there was another hurdle to get over. We secured the services of a lawyer. He was a gruff old man who wheezed when he breathed and talked. There was to be a hearing where the Judge would consider all the factors. The social services people came to our home to inspect.

I am sure we were to obtain a medical statement. These were all scary things. We could lose Paula after having her 6 months. But our lawyer said for us not to worry, he will handle the judge. “Nobody can say how long anyone is going to live.” He gave himself as an example. (Looking back I don’t think he was a very good example. I don’t know how long he lived.) But his point was that the baby was ours from birth and to take her from us based on not



Paula at 6 months with Charis  
at the Salt Lake Temple

knowing how long one parent will live is not right. The judge ruled in our favor, the social services people were on the other side. We again had reason to rejoice.

Soon after that ruling we drove to Salt Lake City to the temple where Paula was sealed to us. June 6, 1968. (Sealings cannot occur until adoptions are final.)

There was another occasion when we drove across Wyoming to Utah. It was when her grandfather Gene Wagstaff died. September 16, 1968. I recall eating at a reserved room. Don and Afton, Afton's brothers, Charis and me. Stories were being told and there was much laughter. The memory stayed with me, probably because I was not accustomed to many funerals and especially with joyfulness at such times.

March 20, 1968 (Charis)

*I got a letter from Mother with the news that Aunt Paula Wilson died—I guess on Friday. I am moved. I really loved her. I'm more glad than ever that we've named our Paula after her. She was one of the finest people I ever know or ever hope to know.*

### **Summer 1968**

Charis was not in good health. We went back to California with her medical records.

We stayed with Charis' brother Don and his wife Karen. Paula and her cousin Heather were together. We made trips to Stanford Medical Center to see Dr. Young. I am sure they took their own tests. But at the end he sent us back. We had the impression that she was ok for the time being. There was no call for us to stay there, to go on kidney

dialysis. But perhaps there is more to the story that we did not hear. There are waiting lists for dialysis and there are candidates for it and those who are not candidates. I don't know what Dr. Bareis said in the sealed medical reports. I don't remember that Dr. Young sent anything back for Dr. Bareis.

When was the hospitalization in Rapid City? Were there two? Yes, Oct., 1969 and an earlier one I am sure. I was at home, alone. Charis was in the hospital and I don't remember where Paula was. I got a call from a hospital doctor. I was in the dining room area, the phone on the yellow table. I forgot all that he told me. But it was that she was going to die. Hearing that was like a shrill loud sound. He rebuked our doctors for not being straight with us. I dropped to my knees. I plead with the Lord.

### ***Summer 1969***

Memory not good on these periods.

A trip to a rock shop with Don with Charis and me. The shop owner asked about Charis, recognizing she was not well. Charis was white, weak, somewhat puffy. We decided we needed to move to be near a kidney machine.

### *Fall 1969*

Looking for a job in California and Pittsburgh, Gulf Oil. Letters by Charis document this. She begins to have trouble writing. It was wiggly. Perhaps small strokes. But she later recovered her ability to write.

In November 1969 we flew her to Pittsburgh. Don had arranged for a Dr. to see her. He was an expert in rheumatoid arthritis. I called Don Hopkins, the head of the physics department at the South Dakota School of Mines to say I would be late from coming back from Thanksgiving. That was because Charis went into the hospital. She was hospitalized. She got a new doctor. I flew back to Rapid City, continued teaching. Then when I flew back for Christmas, she was in the car when Don met me at the airport, a surprise. (How glad I was to see her. Like when she returned to Provo on the train in the fall of 1960.) She was weak. We talked about buying a house, a single story, to install a kidney machine. I had no new job.

On December 24, 1969, Charis' youngest sister Patty was dancing in The Nutcracker Ballet in Oakland, PA. I drove Patty and Charis. When coming home it started to snow. Charis developed a nose bleed. It would not stop. The roads were slippery, but I was hurrying to get her to North Passivant Hospital near the Greenwood home. There was anxiety in the car. Afton had a fur coat. There was an issue about getting blood on it. Oh, don't bother about that. (That might have been another occasion.) We got her to the emergency room where they tried to control the bleeding. They were not successful, so they started transfusions. Then they used cauterization, hot irons to burn off the

blood vessels. Finally, that worked and they stuffed her nose with dressings.

By then it was late in the evening. Charis said she wanted to go home. The doctor said no way that she needed to be admitted. I talked to him outside. I made these arguments: we were only a mile or two from the hospital. I would watch her very closely. These arguments were not changing his mind. He said in her condition there was no way he would release her. Then I made a calculated statement. I said this may be her last Christmas with her child. (The Doctor said “that’s for sure”) She wants more than anything in the world to be with her two year old for Christmas. With this he started to relent. Finally he said, I will release her on one condition, that tomorrow afternoon you admit her to the Presbyterian Memorial Hospital. I said that I would.

We brought her home. I carried her in. I laid her down on the couch in the front room where the Christmas tree was. Paula was upstairs in bed. Charis was on sheets and under blankets and her head propped up. I lay down on the carpet next to her and spend the night watching her sleep by the light of the Christmas tree lights. In the morning Paula came down to open her presents. She saw her mommy but I don’t know how she felt seeing her Mommy with her nose all bandaged up. Still she received her Christmas presents. Charis had made a toy family from wooden spools and blocks for Paula. They were painted delicately. There was a Mom and a Dad, a baby, and a dog. Of course, Paula got other gifts from grandparents and others. That afternoon, as promised, I took her to the Presbyterian Memorial Hospital where she was admitted.

Then a miracle happened. In a few days her platelet count rose. It came back to an acceptable level, taking her out of the danger of bleeding. She was released from the hospital. Yet it was clear we had to affect a move to Pittsburgh. They did have a dialysis unit at the hospital. We met the director of the dialysis unit. He was a southerner who told us about it. There was some mention of the list and even less mention of the qualifications to be a candidate. (One thing we had in our favor I think was that I had good medical insurance for Charis.) Still in his ramblings he did say he did not play God, referring to who gets on the list.

Charis was well enough for her and me to drive back to Rapid City. There we put our house on the market. I resigned from the South Dakota School of Mines.

We drove down to the farm. Charis was weak but happy to be at the farm. It was winter. The last picture taken of her was at the farm. She was holding Paula. On the drive back to Rapid City, it was dusk. There was a big bright red sky. Her head was back on the seat. She started to cry. I said, "What's the matter?" She said, "I will never see that again." I looked at the sunset again, this time with greater appreciation for its beauty and for the glory of God than ever before in my life. After a few miles of silence, she said, "Promise me this Bill, that you will not bury me in Pittsburgh." I said, "I promise". But death was not on my mind. We had come this far. She was improving. We just needed to get her on dialysis.

Don Hopkins, the head of the Physics Department, had set up an open house for us at his home. It was for my students and faculty and

faculty wives at the school. We went shopping for Charis for something for her to wear. She found a pants suit. And she had her hair done. It made her look good. But above all it boosted her spirits. It was a good event. I was leaving my classes in the middle of the term. Several of my students came, as did the faculty. I got to say a few words. I thanked the administration for their support, my fellow physics professors, but most of all, I said, I will miss the students and teaching. Later Don Hopkins said I said just the right things.

We drove back to Pittsburgh. Don expressed how happy to see we made it. Then I began looking for a job. I had written from Rapid City to some 10 or so companies in Pittsburgh including Pittsburgh Plate and Glass PPG and Owens Illinois. I went to an employment agency. I was desperate. The job market had changed from when I graduated from school. I got all registered at an agency. I would not have to pay any fee. In my job area those are paid for by the companies. Then I asked the guy at the agency, "Do you really think you can get me a job?" He replied, "Hey, is the Pope a Catholic?" I hadn't heard that expression before; I guess that is why I remember it.

Later the agency sent me to a company way on the other side of town. It was for a computer programming job at a small company. It was cold and raining hard the windshield wipers were thumping. I felt the despair described in the few novels I had read: A Farewell to Arms, Sister Carrie, Of Human Bondage. My wife was ill, I was without work. I was a beggar. Here I was on that dark narrow road in Pittsburgh. My fortune had fallen. But like before we were married and I was out of work, I had the full faith and love of Charis.

We were staying with her parents in their comfortable home. They were looking after her while I looked for work. I had some hope with PPG, but that did not materialize. Then I went to Fecker Systems Division of Owens Illinois which made large telescopes and military optics. They were located not far from the Presbyterian Hospital. They needed someone who could program an IBM 1130 computer. That was exactly the computer they had at the School of Mines. I knew how to do that. Furthermore, they needed someone to design optics, another love I developed from Don. Furthermore, I had taught Optics as an upper division physics course at the School of Mines. I was hired.

My boss was Dick Walters. Another lens designer working there was Tony Phillips. The pay was more than I was getting as a professor and they had excellent medical benefits for me and Charis. Another blessing. I learned lens design and ray tracing from Dick Walters. I was able to contribute to the diffraction analysis of lens systems which they needed.

Charis was now under supervision of another doctor. Dr. Malik. A quiet man, an internist. But with him it was more of the same. Do the blood tests and measure the blood pressure and adjust levels of medications. He was trying different blood pressure drugs. Each had its own effectiveness and side effects. He had us buy a cuff so I could take her blood pressure. He showed me how to take the reading. He indicated to me, "Don't get shocked at what you see." I took her blood pressure. It was 280. Her kidney function tests were becoming alarmingly bad. She was again admitted to the Presbyterian Hospital.

She was not accepted for the dialysis unit. Yet x-rays showed her kidneys had shriveled to almost nothing. They said she was without kidney function. Instead of putting her on dialysis, they put her in an intensive care room where they flushed her abdominal cavity with two short pipes. This is called peritoneal dialysis. One tube brought water in and one pumped it out again. This took more than a day. She did not like it. It must have been extremely uncomfortable. Others in this large intensive care room included a young man on a respirator machine that did his breathing for him. He died that night while she was there and was taken out. An older man right next to her bed was recovering from surgery and had not regained complete consciousness. He was lying on his back and had a catheter to drain urine which was often not covered. He groaned a lot. A doctor came in and shouted at him to get through to him. The doctor was telling him that his surgery did not go well.

I had learned to ignore rules. I went in to be by Charis. Her hair was disheveled and her skin was wrinkled. I saw an old woman, yet she just turned 29 years old. When the procedure was over, she was brought back to her hospital room. After she relaxed a little she resolutely told me she would rather die than go through that experience again.

I am sure she expressed herself to the doctors and staff because they then started preparing her for hemodialysis. In her room Dr. Malik explained to me what they are going to do. They are going to insert a shunt in her leg. This is a short tube that connects an artery to a vein. This is where the blood is taken from the body to the dialysis machine and then back again into her body. He drew a picture of that on the

back of an IBM computer card. But the surgery to do this failed. They could not find an adequate vein. So they tried again with an expert surgeon, one that only does delicate surgeries. He wore glasses with small tubes like microscopes to give him a close up view. He probed different veins in her legs, trying to find one that was strong enough to allow the shunt. He failed. This left her leg all slashed. And the bleeding wouldn't stop. Her leg was elevated and wrapped in bandages and towels. She had a wire frame to hold the bed covers off her leg. Previously, over the years, she had trouble with circulation in her legs as evidenced by bruises. Even small scratches took months to heal. So what were they going to do? Dr. Malik calmly explained to me that they could, if necessary, use the large veins in the groin area to execute dialysis. What they did was try the veins in an arm. This worked! What a blessing. At this point I remember the Dialysis chief, the southern doctor coming in to explain his unit.

On March 6, 1970 Charis asked the nurse to call home. It was very early in the morning. She told Afton she wanted me to come in. She came to my room and told me. I asked her if she said why. She said no, she just wanted me there. When I arrived, she was not in her room. She had been taken up to the dialysis unit. I went up there.

She was hooked up to it and resting comfortably. I sat by her bed right next to her.

I might have dozed for a while. When I looked at her, I saw she was not moving. Strangely, a peace came over me, but I rushed out to tell the nurse, who was working on another patient. I said Charis in not

breathing. She said she would be right there. When she came she called for the doctor and the crash cart and I was ushered out.

I called her parents. They came. It seemed they worked on her a long time. A good sign I felt—but finally the doctor came out and said they could not save her.

Thinking I was in shock, the doctor asked if I wanted a pill. NO! But I did want to see her. He warned me that death had taken a toll on her. I went in escorted by a couple of nurses. She did look wrinkled and old and beaten, yet she was only 29 years old. I was angry and stunned. Why had they waited so long to begin dialysis?

The doctor came back and asked me if they could perform an autopsy. I said that for most of her life she has been poked and jabbed in teaching hospitals by lots of interns and doctors. I said no. Now it is over—let her rest in peace.

I remember the presence of the nurses when I went into the room. One of them took my arm. Somehow this gesture allowed me to keep my composure. I remember strong feelings.

I gathered her things and drove home. She had a green winter coat that I placed on the passenger seat. While driving, I reached over to touch her coat. Then it hit me. She was gone. How was I going to live?

When I got to her parents' home, I had the job of telling Paula that her mommy was gone. I was fortunate, perhaps, that she did not really fully understand. Later she would ask, where's mommy?

The next evening at the funeral home I had an opportunity to be alone with Charis. I talked to her. I told her I would go on; that I would

take care of Paula. And I asked her if she would be with us. Just at that moment a large semi-truck rumbled by on Route 19. Her lifeless body, dressed in the white robes of the temple, responded to my question and she nodded with an emphatic yes!

I kept my promise. She was flown back to Rapid City, South Dakota to have a funeral while Paula and I rode with Don and Afton driving back on March 7, 1970, the day after she died. As we drove the day turned gray and dark. It was a solar eclipse as if the earth was mourning the loss of one of its fairest daughters.

The funeral was attended by our ward and by members of the Indian Branch who all loved her. Many relatives came from Utah. And Jim Eckhart flew in from California. She was buried in the beautiful Mountain View Cemetery, just 3 blocks from our home.

After the funeral Paula and I went to the farm for a few days with my parents. Then Dad took us to the Scottsbluff, Nebraska airport for our flight back to Pittsburgh through Denver. But due to weather that flight did not arrive in Scottsbluff. A local pilot said he would fly us to Denver. So we took off in his Piper Cub. I sat next to the pilot holding Paula sitting right behind the single propeller. Not long into the flight the storm came upon us. The pilot said his airplane could not make it through that storm. So he turned around and went back to Scottsbluff. He then got us on a two engine private plane, which he said could make it through the storm.

Surprisingly, taking off in these airplanes and flying into a storm did not worry me. I had just been through a courageous battle side by side with Charis and this storm seemed mild in comparison.

I went back to work while Paula stayed with Afton. Paula and I rented an apartment and I took her to baby sitters or to her grandmother Afton while I went to work. Except for times with her, my life was empty, aimless.

June 2, 1970

*Charis died on March 6, 1970. This is the second night in our new apartment for Paula and me. We are surrounded by boxes from the movers. Unpacking has been sad—this is all Charis' things, hopes.*

*Tonight I was unpacking a box with slides, movie film, and some pictures. They came from a drawer in a bookcase from Rapid City. And I found this little letter. It was as a message from Charis. I am going to tape it on the next page. (It was written on a narrow strip of paper.)*

*Dear Bill,*

*As I spoke to you on the telephone tonight, I realized that you really, really missed me. And how I miss you too.*

*It was a wonderful feeling to know that I'm that important to you. I could hear it in your voice and it was a thrill to me.*

*I tell you all the time that I love you. I wonder if you really know how very, very*

*much I do. How can  
you begin to realize  
the way I feel. I can't  
begin to express it.  
I can't tell you any more  
eloquently than to repeat  
the same words over  
and over. – And yet words  
are totally inadequate.*

*I thank you for your  
love, for your everlasting  
patience and goodness to  
me, for tending me when  
I'm sick and tolerating  
me when I'm sad.*

*Thank you for all the  
kind, quiet moments  
when you've held me close  
and kept me warm.*

*I love you my  
darling, darling, darling.  
Please be mine forever.*

*Love,*

*Charis*

A year later, Paula and I went to South Dakota to visit Charis' grave. We drove right to the site and found it. When I first saw it, I began to sob, uncontrollably. I could not help it nor could I stop it. Paula asked, "Daddy, what's the matter?" I assured her it's all ok, that I missed her mommy.

June 21, 1970

*Last night I was embarrassed in a dream. This is the second or third time I have dreamed Charis and I were together talking about her recovery. Last night in the dream I told her I read her journals—the ones she asked me not to read until after she died. (I did not read them until after she died.) But last night I told her about reading them. I guess when she was real sick and she later recovered. It was embarrassing.*

March 6, 1971

*It was a year ago today that Charis died. Many many nights those first few months I re-lived the events of that day. Yet there have been many experiences this past year that indicates to me her presence. And that is a warm pleasant thought. Some of the things I've done at work have not been my own doing. I feel her encouragement.*

*Tonight Bob Greenwood and I played a game of pool and went to a movie while Paula stayed at Grandma's. On the way home she asked me "Why can't mommy come home?"*

*I explained again that she died and couldn't come back. She said, "Yes, she's in Jesus' heaven"*

*Then she said that we can go there. I said not till we die and that won't be for a long time. I have been direct and honest in talking about Charis and I have always been amazed at how perfectly she seems to understand. I asked her if she remembers mommy. She said yes and I said we will always remember and love her. She said "Yes and her is Charis."*

June 2, 1971

*Paula and I visited Charis' grave today. This was the first time we have been back to see it since she was buried over a year ago. We drove right near it, got out and walked right over to it. I didn't cry at*

*her funeral, even though I was one of the speakers and gave the dedicatory prayer. I've cried since then, in fact, I became quite emotionally unstable. But now it's been well over a year since she died. I've started dating and have dated quite a few girls. But when I saw part of her name, CHARIS SOUTHWELL, on that flat plate for the first time today as Paula and I approached it, I cried. Paula was puzzled. She said, "Why are you crying daddy?"*

*I said, "Because I miss Charis."*

*She said, "Don't cry, daddy."*

*I said, "OK Paula"*

*But I couldn't stop. I tried to control it. But I couldn't. All those childhood years of never expressing emotion that way had been deeply entrenched such that in our married life I was never able to cry. Charis often said she felt sorry that I could never release my feelings but had to keep them locked up. Now suddenly it would not stop.*

*It happened once before, soon after she died, when we were unpacking her things and I found a note she had written to me. That time Paula saw me cry she cried too and became quite hysterical. She was only two and there was nothing I could do except hold her.*

*I didn't want that to happen again. To divert her I showed her the raised letters on the Bronze plate. We felt them with our fingers and I said, "Do you know what that says?"*

*"What?" she said.*

*"It says, Charis Southwell, February 18, 1941 – March 6, 1970." There was no other writing or patterns or scrollwork on the marker—exactly as I had ordered it at the time of her funeral.*

*We admired each of the four groups of flowers people had brought on Memorial Day two days ago. We smelled the lilacs. I*

*wondered who had brought them. They must have known how much Charis loved lilacs.*

*We sat at the head of Charis' grave for quite some time that morning until they came cutting by on the lawn mowers.*

Note Added

It just occurred to me today that I was not aware of when Charis was working on her writing. When we were together, we were together. I never remember reviewing her work. She was self-assured and worked on something until it met her standards.

After she died I found a folder that said "Finished," and another "Unfinished," and many other unmarked folders. I was amazed at what she had accomplished. The finished folder contained those few that she "pre-published" by running a few copies. Those and a few others I selected were included in the book, *Collected Poem of Charis Southwell*.

But I have found in boxes that she had written much more. In addition to the 65 poems published in the published volume, I have found 124 other poems, some of which are real treasures. For example, one long poem *Eve in the Garden* was written for a class assignment. It is written in the same style as Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Charis has re-written Milton's work but with an entirely different interpretation of original sin. I did not know she had written this, yet it must have taken considerable effort.

We often had discussions on literature and on what she was reading at the time. But she would not tell me what her poems meant or how to interpret them. The implication being that they had to stand on their own. On one occasion this occurred: The discussion subject

was her poem The Orchard. It starts out with “There were two orchards” as the first line and ends with “But the orchard isn’t there.” In between there are seven verses describing children playing in an orchard. I do not remember but I might have asked, “What are the two orchards?” I wanted her to explain it to me. But she would not explain it to me. (I guess that is why I remember that discussion.) Today, I do understand. I see the symbolism.

*Bill Southwell, 16-February-2014*

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# MEMORIES AND THOUGHTS OF MY SISTER CHARIS

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*By Donald E. Greenwood*

Among my earliest and most treasured memories of Charis is lying on the double bed in the upstairs combination bedroom and playroom in the home Dad and Grandpa Wagstaff were building for our family - Julie on one side of Charis, and I on the other, while she read stories to



Photo: Our upstairs bedroom, then playroom, in the gabled second floor of the home that Dad and Grandpa built in Midvale.

Against the wall on the opposite side of the bed was grandpa's oak "Highboy" which I, perhaps all of us, used as a dresser for clothes. At the foot of the bed

us at bedtime. This was a nightly ritual. Sometime she read stories from children's books, but often she made up stories for us. Most nights, this is how I fell asleep, listening to Charis.



Bob has written about Charis' devotion to the newspapers and "funnies".

was a wooden toy box built by Dad or Grandpa, and painted light green, I believe.

At night, Charis was always in her long flannel nightgown, long sleeved, and likely Julie was as well. They both had long curly brown hair. We move to California the first time in 1952, so these memories are likely from 1949 - 50, or whenever we moved into the partially completed home on 7500 South in Midvale.

The cabinet is now in my home (thanks to Julie's preservation)



An appropriate photo about that time (1949) - a cabinet somewhat similar to the old highboy, but not exactly the same. Ours was bought by Grandpa from the Sears Catalogue.

and I have the mirror frame waiting for refinishing. Dad and a few of us refinished the highboy upon my return from my mission in 1964. Dad hand carved one of the floral moldings on the cabinet to replace a broken piece.

In our family photo collection are two photos of Charis on occasions I remember well. One is the photo (probably several) of Charis in her cowgirl cloths, with gun belt and cap gun. She was captivated by the cowgirl mystic – probably from watching Roy Rogers and Dale Evans on TV. She loved to wear cowboy boots and you can find them on her in photos where she is not otherwise in costume.

There is also a photo of her, Julie, and me in front of the Christmas tree. I remember that Christmas well. We each received one special gift from Santa, the one we had asked for. I remember Charis was fascinated by magicians at the time and asked for a magic set. I asked for a printing press (no telling why I asked for that!).



Note in the Christmas photo to the right Charis in cowboy boots.  
I remember asking for a saxophone and getting one

We spent the next several days huddled over the book of instructions in the magic set while Charis practiced her tricks.

I will share something else. Even when I was six or seven, lying beside Charis as she read to me, I thought of her as delicate (I almost wrote “frail”). I remember thinking she was thin and vulnerable, and always worried that she could easily hurt herself. However, I do not remember her being any more prone to illness than the rest of us. She was just “delicate”.



The Magic Set

### *The Fire*

And, there was of course a heroic Christmas moment. Charis was playing the piano next to the Christmas tree, when the dried out tree burst into flame. Dad grabbed a lovely quilt off the couch, wrapped it around the burning tree, and charged out the front door throwing it in the yard. The quilt was badly burned. Charis was not hurt and the house was saved from what could have been a terrible fire. Mom well remembers this event and also regretted that such a precious quilt met its demise.



### *Playing Clay*

From an early age, through probably 1957, we played a game we invented called “clay.” Bob and Julie have mentioned this. This was not a casual event; I believe over a few years we spend hundreds of hours at the clay table.

Charis, Julie, and I, and Bob as he grew older, would sit around a table with non-drying modeling clay, roll out long strings or worms of clay, then lay out roads, lakes, parks and the interiors of each of our homes, complete with furniture. Small stick figures, really just a post and head, were our people. Females also had a flat swath of clay on their heads for hair. This game was fun, relaxing, and creative. It

projected us into our own small community and world where our “people” would work around their homes, get in their cars, drive to each other’s homes and go to church. I will figure out how to illustrate this for future generations; maybe the best way is to teach my grandchildren how to play “clay.”

We, indeed, have played clay this summer (2013) at Bob’s home, where photos and video document the game.

### *The SST*

I have a little trouble putting this memory in the proper time frame; I believe it occurred before we moved from Utah to our first life in California; I would have been seven or eight years old. However, it could have been on one of our visits back to Utah after the move. On the edge of Grandpa Wagstaff’s property was a huge tree near the sidewalk. We often climbed up and played among the branches. In a crook of the main trunk and first few branches, was a space where several of us could gather at a time, probably eight feet above the ground.

Charis established a sort of club of kids near our age - cousins and neighbors. We would group ourselves around her, up in the tree, and she would tell us stories or lead us in singing our favorite school and church songs. She named the tree “the Sitting and Singing Tree”. We quickly gave it the nickname of the SST, a name that stuck for years. If I told Paul and Brian (Jensen), our next door neighbors, “meet me at the SST”, they knew exactly where to meet.

We would also often walk Grandpa Greenwood's orchard and climb his trees and eat his fruit (which he did not like at all). We especially loved the green apples and would sneak a salt shaker out of the house to sprinkle salt on the green apples as we ate them. Charis loved to climb trees. She especially loved to walk in the orchard when the trees were in blossom.

### ***Memories of Pittsburgh***

I can add a few memorable moments, mostly unhappy, about our life in Pittsburgh. I remember Mom and Dad many times speaking together about Charis' progressively grim diagnosis and health. She was visited by doctors or off to doctor's offices often. There were times when she was very weak and would lay on the couch rubbing her hands. At some point (not sure if this was in Pittsburgh or California) Charis would dip her painful hands in warmed paraffin wax for prolonged heat treatments.

I remember several times being summoned to watch the younger children as Dad and Mom would take Charis to the hospital. Once, late in the afternoon after school, Mom asked me to watch the kids when she went to the hospital to visit Charis. The kids were playing and not being a problem. I went out front and started talking to a few of my friends and was soon down the road playing with them, completely forgetting my responsibility. Mom, when she returned, drove around the neighborhood and found me. Of course, she was furious and I was ashamed of myself.

We had a lot of fun also in Pittsburgh, putting on plays in the attic, playing with good friends in the schoolyard across the street, and actively joining in many church functions. But to a degree, Charis' healthcare needs and her discomfort dominated much of our life there. I cannot remember her being morose or overly negative. If she were in pain or weak she would simply state it, but always try to remain encouraging and cheerful. She also really wanted to be busy; so while bedridden, she would draw, read, paint, craft, and write.

### *California*

I remember several occasions where I would go to Charis' ballet classes; for a while she danced for a small startup company in Palo Alto at an old theater that resembles a Quonset hut. They called themselves something like the International Boyard Ballet (pretty highfalutin). Years later, the building was used by a local rep company and was called the Manhattan Playhouse. It was on a street close to the freeway and I remember passing by the building every time we drove to the airport or San Francisco. Inside that building during lessons, I would sit toward the back in the darkened hall and watch Charis' taking lessons on the stage. She would often dance for our church roadshows and other MIA events. Dad has of course memorialized this in photos of Charis "on toes". Charis and Julie often danced around the house.

### *Jesus Jess Barba*

When I was a police officer, there was a member of our department named Jesus Barba, or “Jess”. I was not on any squad with him for my first several years, but what I knew about him was that he was well liked and considered an exceptional person. Eventually, I was assigned a midnight patrol assignment and Jess was our Watch Commander, having just been promoted to Captain. Jess eventually became Chief and was the Chief of the department when I resigned in 1981. We had become very close due to his knowing Charis.

One night, I was getting ready for my shift in front of my locker in the officer’s locker room. Jess joined me there and introduced himself. He asked if, by any chance, I had a sister named Charis. This occurred several years after Charis had passed away. He told me that he was in her class in high school. He said “in a way” he was always in love with her and that she was the best, most kind and genuine person he had ever met. He spoke of her long absences from school and remembered her speaking before school congregations. He spoke of her artwork in school and told me that he often talked with her in class and on the campus.

I had joined the City of Sunnyvale in 1970, and was in the Police Academy when I received word of Charis’ passing and her funeral in Rapid City. I went to the Commander thinking it unlikely the department would allow me to leave the Academy and go to South Dakota; I had no accrued vacation, and we had no family leave policy at that time. However, Commander Reimer told me that of course, I needed to join the family. He gave me a few days of advance paid

leave, reassigned me to the fire division, and inserted me into the next Police Academy. So, I flew to Rapid City.

### ***Charis' and Bill's Generosity***

I think it important to remind the family that I left on my mission in October of 1962 from California and returned in October of 1964, to Pittsburgh. Karen flew out to Pittsburgh to join our family for Christmas that year, and in February 1965, I moved to Utah to join Karen (and eventually, Julie, Charis, and Bill) at BYU. I was a single student for spring term and Karen and I married in June. I was very seldom living near Charis from the fall of 1962 until her death in 1970, so I missed being with her through much of her later life.

However, I would like to mention Charis' and Bill's generosity at BYU. Karen and I were sometimes poor (I worked as an early morning janitor in the student union at .95 cents an hour. It took Karen a long time to find a job) and, until our marriage, neither of us had a car at BYU. About once a week, we would get a call from Charis inviting us to borrow their car so we could go on dates. We often dined with them, and after our marriage they frequently visited us at our Wymount Terrace apartment. Charis loved to hold and cuddle our infant daughter, Heather. Charis and Bill frequently slipped us a few dollars or brought us a bag of groceries. Bill had some income with his fellowships and was generous with us. Often after they visited, the next day we would find a "twenty" in the bathroom medicine cabinet or in one of my school books.

Occasionally, while visiting, Charis would try out a few of her recent poems on us - read them to us and ask for comment. I remember at the time thinking of her as an accomplished poet, marveling at her poem's pace and cadence, and her use of language. I truly believe she is one of America's great poets and would have gained national prominence if she had lived longer.

### *Memories of Thatcher*



Main Street, Thatcher, Arizona, as it was when we lived there in 1956

I was invited several times to accompany Charis and her boyfriend in Thatcher, who I remember as Terry, on their desert walks in the evening. Once Terry's sister walked with us and I developed an instant crush. Charis wore the red squaw dress pictured below. We walked in a dry creek bed watching a stunning sunset, which meant that we came

home well after dark to a very worried mother. Charis loved the desert. She would walk head down, looking for horned toads, arrow heads, and desert flowers.

In many ways we all loved living in Thatcher (except probably Mom); the school was simple and fun, the kids were unsophisticated, mostly from farming families, and from whom we learned a lot of new skills including playing in irrigation ditches, a little horseback riding, and shooting rattlesnakes with .22 rifles.

Charis at this time was very interested in insects, especially butterflies, and would help us identify the various creatures around our cottage, some of which were scary, especially the four inch long centipedes.

I remember walking to church each Sunday, and I have a memory which I hope is correct, that Charis sang in the ward choir, or perhaps a young women's choir.



On the main street was a genuinely old fashioned pharmacy with a long soda fountain counter where we would sometimes sit on the high stools slurping milk shakes. This was the hangout for the teenagers in town. Dad and I would also get haircuts at the combination barber shop and gun store. While sitting in the barber's chair, I would study the long gun rack on the opposite wall with several

dozen shotguns and rifles on display. Many local men came to this shop just to visit and would huddle on chairs in the back corner for hours. As Bob mentioned, times were different then and Thatcher was a safe community; we children would walk a mile to a friend's house, walk the downtown or out into the countryside, uninhibited. Mom never seemed to worry when we were out and about.

### ***Publishing the Country Caller***

Bob has mentioned the Country Caller. Eventually, Mom actually bought us a hectograph kit, a tray of the special gelatin with a shallow blue metal lid. Julie remembers this as a gift given to Charis. These were widely used in schools to copy teaching materials, and we as students would be assigned a certain number of copies to make – one at a time.

We sold advertising as well as copies. Charis designed the paper to carry two sizes of ads and she and I visited with most of the stores in town to sell ads. The ads cost one dollar for the large size and fifty cents for the small. I remember we made sales to the grocery store and the drug store as well as others; our first day out selling, I remember exactly that we made \$4.50.

Rest well in Heaven, our beloved.



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## MEMORIES OF CHARIS

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*By Julia Ann Locke*

It's difficult for me to write about my sister Charis. When I wrote the seven-part song cycle *Charisma* in 1978 in her honor, I thought her death was a well-healed wound, but over the years, I realize how much that hurt was buried and left unexpressed. Going to France for the first performance of *Unfinished Fragments* (the tribute by Patty and Michael, musically based on my song cycle) was a chance to revisit her life and the influence she had on our family. I am so grateful to Patty and Michael for the gift they have given us.

In Charis' final days while she was living in Pittsburgh, Jack and I were married students at BYU living in Orem, Utah. Mom had written to us about Charis' failing kidneys and the dire state of her health, and I remember writing, in my naïve youth, a sort of desperate letter urging an effort to get her a kidney transplant. Within days, maybe even before the letter arrived, I got a call in the afternoon from our bishop who was, coincidentally, an old missionary companion of Dad's and also worked for US Steel (can't think of his name). He began the conversation with something like, "I'm so sorry to hear the news. Is there anything we can do?" I hadn't heard the news yet. Those words told me that Charis had died. He had heard the news through the company grapevine. Mother and Dad were in such a state of shock, they couldn't yet face the task of informing the family. It was, of

course, a terrible shock to me, and I have sorely missed her throughout my adult life and to this day.

As young children in Utah, Charis, Don and I slept in a double bed upstairs in a large 'attic' bedroom because Dad and Grandpa were finishing the building of the downstairs rooms of the house. Charis, the eldest, would tell us stories as we fell asleep; even then at the age of 8 or 10, she was the leader of our pack.

Charis and I shared a bedroom from my earliest childhood until she left for BYU. As our family moved to California and then from one house to another, growing in numbers, Charis and I always shared a room. I remember lying in bed at night in the dark, quietly talking with her about this and that as we settled into sleep. As she grew older, our conversations turned to boys, and she would talk about the boys she was dating or gently advise me through one of my crushes or heartbreaks. Ever beautiful and popular, she had numerous boys who wanted to date her. I would have loved to borrow her clothes as we got older, but they were always too slim for me though I was 5 years younger. What came across to boys as her movie star slimness was really ill health, and when they came to understand that and withdrew their attention, she was left time after time with a broken heart. We shared some tears during those difficult moments for her, but she shielded me from her pain most of the time, suffering in silence. I do remember times when she was crying quietly to herself, thinking I was asleep.

Charis loved dancing, and I loved going to ballet lessons at her side. Teachers always said together we would make a perfect dancer...

with her feet and my arms. We enjoyed practicing at home at the barre Dad had installed, and spent many hours together dancing in the living room to one classical record or another, improvising our own ballets, scenarios, and costumes, and later we were joined by Patty and sometimes even the boys.

So many hours were spent sitting around the kitchen table with siblings 'playing clay,' a play activity Charis led, probably giving Mom a break to get the washing or grocery shopping done. Long before Fisher Price figures, we made small pedestals with a rolled ball on top...a male... or a flared pedestal being a female, with a flat flap of clay on the head for long hair, all inspired by Charis' creativity. Then we rolled thin lines of clay to form floor plans. We shaped everything from furniture to cars to food, and spent hours in our world of clay. Of course, we considered ourselves to be experts on the best material to use, and every time we moved to a new place, the search was on for Kleen Klay, our brand of choice.

Charis also instigated many other play activities. She made me paper dolls then taught me to make them myself...drawing the figures and cutting them out, then using the figure to create the elegant fashions in the head of a child. We were doing this as early as our house on Greenwood Avenue so I was as young as 3 to 5 at the time. In California, Charis also wrote skits for us to do on Family Nights, and while in Arizona, she had a brief stint as a newspaper publisher under the pen name of Cherry O'Stone. Together we kids put together copy that she printed on a gel mimeograph in a pan using a kit she had received as a gift. She always had a knack for finding us fun and

creative activities, and with her example we learned the joy of creative play with our siblings. She was most interested in writing, drawing, and dance, subjects our parents loved, artistic endeavors that inspired the rest of us throughout our lives.

While a young teen, I once visited Charis at BYU. I don't recall the circumstances, and I can't remember whether she and Bill were married at the time or just engaged. Maybe Mom can recall the details. Mother and Dad had given us matching outfits for Christmas, lavender pencil skirt-and-sweater sets. The tops weren't actually sweaters but were made of an early mod-acrylic knit fabric, cardigans that buttoned in front. Charis hatched a plan for us to go to a student dance. She borrowed a student ID for me from a friend, and we dressed alike, like twins. Accompanied by Bill, we went to the dance, me pretending to be a college student. I was very nervous, but they made sure some of their friends asked me to dance. What I remember is Charis' smile. She was so delighted by her ruse, so happy to give me that experience. She knew how thrilled I felt, a young girl among college students, pretending to be a college kid. I didn't fool anyone, but it is a cherished memory, a small example of her generous and loving spirit.

I've tried to recall the last time I saw her. Jack and I did go to Rapid City to visit them after Paula was born so that might have been just before they moved to Pittsburgh. I recall how frail she was but how joyously she watched her beautiful little daughter and how she radiated the love she felt for her.

I didn't go home for Christmas in 1969, three months before Charis died—something I've always regretted. Jack and I had Christmas

in our little apartment. On Christmas day we opened our gift from Charis and Bill, a puzzle... actually, two puzzles that she had combined in one box. On the tag she wrote something like, "I think you'll find this puzzling." I still have the tag somewhere.

Charis was always such a gentle, generous and loving big sister. In the house on Deodara Drive we shared our private bathroom, for a time with Shalimar, her pet skunk, a gift from a neighbor. Friends and neighbors were always bringing her gifts. She was loved by all who knew her. I cannot remember a single moment of unkind or mean words or behavior from her. For her siblings, she was our beacon, our inspiration, and our leader in so many ways. I miss her still.

In 1974, I wrote a two-part poem called Snow Portraits...the second part is about her death in March 1970.

*II. March snow*

*with dismal blizzard bleakness  
crushes crocuses and  
spreads with crystal ice's glaze  
the sprouting leaves  
and tender blades of grass—  
March snow, the coldest snow of all.*

In 1972, I wrote a simple poem about her...a ditty, really, but it expresses how I feel about her.

*My sister is alive and well  
She walks beside my thought  
Her gaze is on me every hour  
She talks to me a lot*

*We used to live so far apart  
We greeted and goodbye  
I meant to write a note to her  
The day before she died.*

I still have her kitchen curtain, one she made of fabric she loved, hanging over my kitchen window as a daily reminder of her.

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# MY MEMORIES OF CHARIS

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*By her little brother, Robert Foster "Bobby" Greenwood*

## ***Introduction***

Charis, eight years my senior, was the first of Donald B. and Afton Greenwood's seven children. She was born on February 18, 1941. Dad was then teaching at Utah State in Logan. She was followed two years later by their first son, Donald Eugene, also born in Logan, and in 1946 by a second daughter, Julia Ann, born in Murray. Born in Salt Lake City, I came along in 1949, a year or so after the family built a new home on Greenwood Avenue in Midvale. A daughter and two sons joined our family after we moved away from Utah: Patty in 1952, Walter Lamont in 1958, and David Clark in 1960. They were all born in Palo Alto, California.

We lost Charis on March 6, 1970. She died at the Presbyterian Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, of kidney failure and other complications related to her long battle with systemic lupus erythematosus.

Most of my early memories of Charis are vivid. While I have relied mainly on my own recollection, in the interest of accuracy I have verified some dates, places and details, through my Missionary Journal, as well as written accounts by, and conversation with other surviving family members. To those who knew Charis better or longer than I,

please correct me if I have misstated or mischaracterized the facts in any way.

May the reader also bear in mind that this account of Charis is no wise intended as biographical, but rather as my collected impressions — at first from my viewpoint as a small boy and later as an adolescent. For the most part I have limited my narrative to incidents I witnessed firsthand, or in which I was personally involved, and so this is as much about me as Charis. After all, I am who I am due in large measure to who she was.

### *Midvale, Utah*

#### *Earliest Memories*

We moved away from Midvale before my fourth birthday, yet I can distinctly recall a number of scenes from our home there. At the time I was born, Grandpa Wagstaff and Dad had only completed the eastern-most wing of the house. This mainly consisting of a garage built



over a basement, and topped by a large attic room with Cape Cod gabled windows. The garage door was temporarily walled in with cinderblock. Before the rest of the house was finished all of us four children shared the attic room. Dad and Grandpa had installed shelves on the walls for toys, and built child-sized furnishing. The view of that

room most prominent in my memory is through the wooden bars of my crib standing next to the south-facing window. From that vantage point

I could see my siblings' beds and the narrow staircase to the first floor. Out through the window I could see the silhouette of Grandpa's brick incinerator in his backyard next door, and I enjoyed a wide view of the wheat field beyond.

### *The Sunday Comics*



Sunday morning was a busy time around our house. We enjoyed a hearty breakfast of Zoom rolled-wheat mush, or eggs and toast, pancakes, or more rarely cold cereal — on which occasions there would likely be some minor contention over who got to read the cereal box. Before getting dressed for Sunday School there was the full color comic section of the Deseret News to deal with. I couldn't read them myself, but I loved looking over Charis' shoulder at the cartoons while she read every word of every strip. Sometimes she would read them to herself from her choice spot on the floor near the heater register.

I'm not sure if I remember actually doing this, or if I just remember being told about it, but one such Sunday morning I apparently came up behind Charis and dumped a full glass of milk over her head, drenching not only her hair and nightgown, but the comics as well.

Charis loved to read. I also remember her writing, drawing, making paper dolls, sewing, working on one craft project or another, and practicing at the ballet bar that Dad had installed in our



basement. Charis helped out around the house, and was often tasked with caring for Donnie, Julie, and me. In some ways life on Greenwood Avenue was idyllic for us children. We all enjoyed the frequent company of local cousins and friends, and with free reign of the neighborhood and surrounding countryside were seldom in want for companionship and outdoor adventure.

### ***Palo Alto and Los Altos, California***

Charis was just approaching her adolescence late in the summer of 1952 when we moved into our first Californian home at 215 Park Boulevard in Palo Alto. Even so, she seemed very much an adult to me. Our house was a small Eichler rental with the Southern Pacific

commuter line running just behind our backyard fence. Patty was born when we lived there, and Charis loved caring for her. I may have been a little jealous of that.

We did not live in Palo Alto very long before we moved into our own newly-constructed home on Seena Avenue in Los Altos, where Charis entered her teenage years



and was soon enjoying the frequent companionship of school and church chums. She never allowed her active social life to supplant time with her family. When it came to celebrating birthdays and holidays, she enthusiastically took the lead in planning and decorating.

### *Playing Clay*

Charis loved playing games with the family — cards, board games, Mr. Potato Head and the like, and we often “played clay” together. This peculiar practice probably began back in Utah, but my earliest memory of playing clay was on our yellow-topped Formica table in the kitchen of our Seena Avenue home. The only acceptable medium was “Klean Klay”, a specific brand of reusable sulfur-based plasticine. It came in four colors: red, yellow, blue, and white. We mixed blue and red for purple, yellow and blue for green, and white with a little red and yellow to produce flesh tone. Brown was made of an off-balanced mixture of all three primaries with an emphasis on yellow. Otherwise the brown

would become a purplish muddy color, not very suitable for anything but monsters and bombs. (More on clay bombs, later.)

It has been suggested that Dad originated the game, and that wouldn't surprise me, since he had studied architecture and was a skilled draftsman. The idea of the game was to create homes, and indeed entire neighborhoods, by rolling the clay into long thin snakes and arranging them on the table to form city plats and building floor plans. We used kitchen knives, Mother's nut pick, Popsicle sticks, and lots of toothpicks. With all four of us sitting around the table it was not long before each had a furnished home, trees and gardens, cars, pets, and little families, all fashioned out of the clay. Then the fun would start as we commenced role play. We would visit each other's homes; join in group dinners around tiny dining room tables, even molding miniscule dishes, cups, saucers, and even food. We would go to church, school, and take vacations, sometimes in open-air cars or busses, or in droopy-winged airplanes.

When it was time to clear the table for dinner, Charis and Julie were very particular about properly separating the colors of clay, rolling each into its own ball. Over time, however, a ball of purplish muddy colored clay grew and grew until it almost completely swallowed up the other colors. Then it was time to buy a new package or two of Klean Klay.

Regarding bombs, they were my most exciting contribution to the game. The older siblings were rather stingy with the remaining supply of cleanly colored clay, and usually tried to limit my stock to the composite purplish muddy colored material. That's because I was a bit

careless about mixing colors. As the clay neighborhood anathema, I would become bored with the serenity of life in “Claytown”, and begin secretly arming myself with bombs, and usually a nice big bomber or missile to facilitate delivery. Sometimes I would very quickly roll up my entire household into a giant atomic bomb, and without warning attack the rest of the neighborhood. For some reason, Charis and Julie were never amused. And Don, who was perhaps the most meticulous clay crafter of us all, would be furious. By the time I resorted to aerial warfare I was usually ready for banishment anyway, so from my point of view it was all well worthwhile.

### ***Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania***

#### *Leaving the West*

Sometime early in the spring of 1955 our Dad was promoted to a corporate position within US Steel and accepted a transfer to the company headquarters in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. To this end we packed up and set out for our old home town, Midvale, where the three older kids finished the school year.

By the time school was out for the summer, Dad had rented a great and rather old house in Mount Lebanon, a southern suburb of Pittsburgh. We again boarded the family car for another long drive east.

Now, automobile travel was much different for families in those days. For one thing, older cars seemed inundated with exhaust fumes, and there was much more sway in the suspension than in modern sedans. Hilly or mountainous terrain brought on motion sickness. It was so bad that Mom often distributed halved Dramamine tablets to the

children before we climbed into the old Nash. Just looking at those little yellow pills seemed to make me sick to my stomach. We never drove any distance without a coffee can or two in the car lest there wasn't time to pull over when somebody might suddenly be taken by acute nausea. Charis was particularly susceptible, and usually sat in the front with Mom and Dad. On long trips a canvas water bag was always slung over the front bumper. The wind would cool it, and for some reason a drink of water from that bag seemed particularly refreshing. Unfortunately, it was often used to wash up after car sickness mishaps. So the inside of our Nash smelled of a curious blend of vomit and burnt petroleum.

Despite the discomfort and cramped conditions inside the car, and the inevitable car trouble or flat tire along the way, we were all happy to hit the road. Charis would lead us mile after mile in singing songs like "The Devil Went Down", "The Horses Run Around", rounds of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat", and many of Dad's favorite Boy Scout camp songs. We also played alphabet and word games, told stories and posed riddles to each other.

### *The Great House*

Our home on 43 Ralston Place in Mount Lebanon was an old and mysterious house, with high ceilings, at least one stained glass window, a dark, dank, and rather musty basement, and a finished attic. While the house seemed enormous to me, it was in drastic contrast to our former home in California — a modern and spacious ranch house. Julie attended Lincoln Elementary School right across the street. That was

where I eventually entered kindergarten and began first grade the following year.

*Dr. Stechschulte*

Unfortunately something in the Pittsburgh environment disagreed with Charis and me. I recall that she frequently complained of headaches. I began to sense her frailty and vulnerability. I know I was a pesky little brother, but it frightened me when she was not feeling well. Of course, I was rather young and not aware of all that was going on, but I do remember that Charis was often kept home from school. As for me, I was asthmatic and allergic to a host of foods and inhalants, and was subject to frequent lower respiratory infection. Just about any day one would find either Charis or me on the living room couch with pillow and blanket. The steaming vaporizer laced with Kaz inhalant was almost a permanent fixture next to the sofa, inundating our home with the pungent aroma of menthol. When Charis' condition worsened she spent more time upstairs in her room. In those days the doctors made house calls. I must admit that when Dr. Stechschulte visited I was relieved when he came to see Charis. When I was the patient it most certainly meant a shot of penicillin, epinephrine, or adrenalin – and always in the buttocks. Dr. Stechschulte's syringe was a sinister metal and glass contraption with an enormous needle adorned with a square of alcohol-soaked gauze.

As a side note, one of my schoolmates, a boy living across the street from us and a best friend, came down with a relatively light case of polio. This was before the Salk vaccine, and of course everyone was terrified of contracting the dread disease. Mother was understandably

alarmed because of Charis' particular vulnerabilities, and because I had been exposed to the disease at school. The boy eventually recovered with only slight impairment, but in the meantime all of the children in the neighborhood were sent home from school, and parents were instructed to take them to the doctor's office for gamma globulin injections. Mom took Julie and me to Dr. Stechschulte's office for ours. The syringe he used for this shot was even larger than the one he routinely used on me at home. He injected what seemed like an endless volume of clear liquid into our little rear ends, working the plunger with tortuous slowness. It took two adults and the Doctor's free arm to hold me down. I don't recall if Charis was subjected to the gamma globulin treatment, but I do remember how worried Mom and Dad were over her uncertain health.

### *"Primary" at the Old Swiss School*

When Charis was feeling well she was happily her old social self. She seemed to have lots of friends, and was quite active in our church. In those days all of the Mormons in Pittsburgh met in what we called the "The Old Swiss School"<sup>1</sup>. On Primary day, a spacious large room – sort of a recreational hall I think – was divided by a matrix of curtains suspended from the ceiling into perhaps half a dozen or more little compartments. The curtains were withdrawn during the opening exercises, and then drawn closed for the various age group classes. During the assembly I was proud to see my big sister leading the

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<sup>1</sup>. I have searched the Internet for any reference to "The Old Swiss School" in Pittsburgh without result. According to Mother it was on Wallingford Street, but she understands it to have been torn down. I believe she is right. Using Google Maps street view, I virtually "cruised" up and down the Wallingford, a street lined with turn-of-the-century mansions. These looked familiar to me, but I was unable to identify any building as the "Old Swiss School". I'm sure I would recognize it if it were still there.

children in song. She had cut out a frowning face from construction paper. When it was turned up-side-down, the downturned wrinkle in frowning face's forehead became a smile. Along with this prop was a cute little song that every Mormon child learned. Charis was also the first in my memory to lead me in "Itsy Bitsy Spider".

The drive to the Old Swiss School was not so pleasant as the Primary experience itself. The building was east of the big city, so to get to church we had to cross the Monongahela River, and to get to the river we usually drove through the Liberty Tunnel or "Tubes" as it was called. I loved the ride through the Tubes, but for some reason Dad sometimes took a different route over Mount Washington. Perhaps the Tubes were closed for maintenance. Anyway, the mountain road was narrow and windy, and often resulted in somebody chucking up their breakfast on the way. As a result, for most of my life I've associated church with motion sickness.

### *The Theatre*

Among Charis' many talents was drama – really more accurately play acting. The attic in our Ralston Place home was finished with light blue plaster walls and a split-level floor. The higher part of the floor served well as a stage for plays in which Charis, Julie, Don, and sometimes their friends, took parts. I don't recall details of the plays themselves, or if they were all performed adlib. I do, however, clearly remember an old steamer trunk full of costumes, many of which were worn by our mother during her days as a dancer. My favorite article was a gold-fringed velvet shawl with variegated concentric circles of rich colors against a black background. There was a red Harpo Marx wig

and a black theatrical beard along with several pairs of high heeled shoes, sequenced slippers, some old boots, frocks, skirts, and silk blouses. Charis and Julie got a kick out of dressing me up as a gypsy with earrings and bangles, and sometimes as a girl complete with makeup. I remember one time borrowing Mother's crystal powder bowl. With little imagination it could be taken for a crystal ball, especially when placed in the middle of the velvet shawl draped over a card table. Charis fashioned a turbine from an old scarf out of the steamer chest, and mounted it atop my head, securing it in the front with a large bejeweled pin. Draped in this exotic garb and wearing the black beard, and with the crystal ball before me, the girls coached me in the dramatic art of fortune telling.

Near the top of the attic stairs was a little storage room where lots of dusty old clothes were hung, and on the floor boxes of old post cards, appliances, an old typewriter, and a wooden "chest" full of costume jewelry. We could keep ourselves amused for hours on end in that attic.

### *The Pillow Storybook*

Our bedrooms were on the second floor of the house. Mom and Dad's room was the largest, and the second largest was shared by Charis and Julie wherein they also shared an old double bed. Don and I shared the smallest bedroom, but at one point Mom and Dad decided to move Patty's crib into our room with me, and move Don into a tiny room that Mother formerly had used for sewing. There was barely enough space there for a twin bed, a dresser and a desk. His room had a terrific front-facing window that looked out over Ralston Place and

Lincoln School. Don was delighted with the new arrangement. For one thing, he was the only member of the family with a room of his own, and for another, he no longer had to put up with me.

From time to time Charis and Julie would invite the rest of us to crowd in with them under their sheets for a bedtime story. On at least one occasion I remember securing the spot right next to Charis so I could get a better look at the pictures in her great story book. Sitting up in bed she reached around and pulled the book out from behind her back where it was hidden. Soft bound with a white fabric cover, it looked strangely like a pillow until she folded it in half on her lap. Then the magic began. When everyone was still, she ceremoniously opened it — its ancient binding creaking like the door of a haunted house. Then, scanning left to right and licking her index finger, she slowly turned through the pages searching for the particular story she had in mind for that night. We watched her with anxious anticipation until she at last found it and began reading to us. The stories were always beautifully illustrated, and indeed by Charis, herself.

### *Games*

With limitations strictly imposed by Dad on our TV time, games were far more often the focus of our evenings at home. The old Sears Silvertone set received only one channel, anyway. We played “Finance and Fortune”, a board game very similar to Monopoly. We also played Parcheesi, Rummy, Fish, and Old Maid. Charis was a competitive gamer, and insisted on everyone’s compliance with the rules.

### *Boy Crazy*

When we *were* permitted to watch TV, we did so together as a family. Regular programming included “The Ed Sullivan Show” and “I Love Lucy”, and I remember one night watching “Hit Parade”. On this occasion the show was hosted by Johnnie Ray. Charis swooned when he sang. I thought it was all rather disgusting, and would much rather have been permitted to watch “Disneyland” at my friend’s house, where they had a rooftop antenna and got channel seven. Whether it was a crooner on TV or radio, some new missionary at church, or a boy from “Mutual”, Charis, to my recollection, always had a crush on somebody.<sup>2</sup>

### *Marionettes, Rosettes, and Paper Mache*

In preparation for church dances, parties, and other such events, Charis often volunteered to fashion the decorations. On more than one occasion she showed us how to cut streamers from rolls of colorful crepe paper, making flowers and other ornaments. We would sit around the kitchen table for hours following her example. My flowers usually fell apart, but Charis, Julie, and Mom were real pros, and before long had made boxes full.

With Dad’s help, Charis made several marionettes. Dad cut out the leg, arm, and body, and head pieces from pine. Armed with pliers we joined them together with screw eyes. She painted their faces, and with Mother's help the girls made clothes and fashioned hair from yarn.

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<sup>2</sup> According to Mother, Charis had a "hopeless crush" on Orin Hatch, now serving as a US Senator from Utah, not to mention the heavy torch she carried for Dale Davis throughout her entire adolescence. Charis admitted in her diary that she was an avid fan of Elvis Presley and Jerry Lewis.

I don't remember exactly the circumstances. Perhaps one of the other siblings can shed some light on that project.

Charis was also a great hand with papier-mâché. Again, the girls made masks, dolls, puppets, hats, etc. Whatever they were making, I usually helped out by tearing strips of newspaper and smearing them with slimy wheat paste. Charis finished her puppets and papier-mâché figures with her characteristic panache - eyes painted with a sideways glance, highlighted lips, lots of rouge on the cheeks, and a flourish of loose hair over the forehead. As long as I can remember, she never quite developed the knack of portraying masculinity in her figures. Her rare male subjects tended to look to me like girls merely dressed up as boys.

### ***Thatcher, Arizona***

Charis' health deteriorated, and at one point she had to be hospitalized for what seemed to me an awfully long stay. Dr. Stechschulte sternly warned our parents that a warmer and drier climate was necessary if Charis were to recover, and for the sake of my respiratory health. So in 1956 Dad arranged to move the family to the little town of Thatcher, Arizona. Again, the move occurred during the school year, certainly after Christmas -- perhaps early spring. Dad drove us to our new southwestern home in our green and white 1952 Buick Dynaflow sedan. During the night we ran into a terrible snowstorm on Route 66 while crossing the Texas panhandle. For many frightening miles we sat wide-eyed and high on the edge of our seats as Dad threaded the car through a blinding vortex of snow.

### *The Cottage*

Dad had rented a tiny white cinder block or stucco cottage near the edge of town.<sup>3</sup> There was no bathtub, and the shower stall was



made of sheet metal painted a sort of brick color — badly faded with lime deposits. I remember that upon its first usage a scorpion or centipede was discovered abiding near the drain. This caused a general household panic. The adjustment from our great house in Pennsylvania to this dingy little shack must have been difficult for Mother.<sup>4</sup>

Our landlady, “Aunt Lottie”<sup>5</sup>, owned our cottage along with a few others on her property. She

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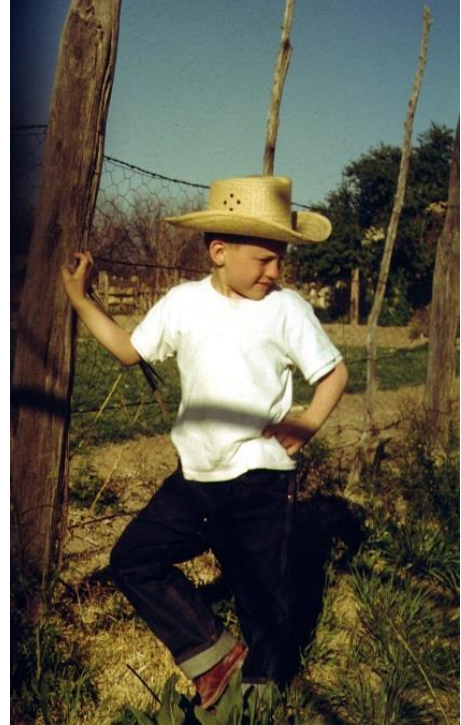
<sup>3</sup> Charis' diary has proved a great resource for details. For years I looked high and low for our Thatcher street address. Our mailing address was "General Delivery", so the street address appears on no correspondences. According to Charis' diary, however, Aunt Lottie's compound was located at 624 2nd St. Mary Jo and I visited there about 20 years ago, and by pure instinct I found the cottage, and we visited with its then current resident. He had known and clearly remembered Aunt Lottie. Using the address from Charis' diary, I again tried to find the place using Google Maps, but was unable to find any recognizable property at that address. I called the Thatcher town hall, and was told that the streets had all undergone renumbering, and the 624 2nd St. address had been changed to 3724 W. 2nd St. Aunt Lottie's house and the rentals were torn down in 1994, so the only photo is in our 8mm family home movies taken back in 1956.

<sup>4</sup> The problem, according to Don, was that United States Steel initially turned Dad down on his request for a transfer back to San Francisco. Determined to see the family in a more healthful environment even at the expense of his career, he gave his employer notice. The stark little cottage was apparently a necessary measure of economy in those uncertain times.

<sup>5</sup> Charlotte Elizabeth Smith Moody (b. 1881, d. 1963)

lived in the big house nearer the street. She seemed a bit gruff at first, especially when it came to small children teasing her ill-tempered geese or running through her gardens, but we eventually found her to be tender hearted and genuinely concerned for our safety and wellbeing.

Likewise we soon came to love our Arizona cottage, and more particularly, the quaint little town of Thatcher. We walked everywhere – to school, to church, shopping – and we felt safe wandering almost anywhere about town. For the sake of our health, however, Thatcher Arizona was a disappointment. Charis was still on a medical roller coaster, and with a cotton field next door my allergies actually worsened.



### *"The Country Caller"*

Again, I was very young, and all of this happened a long time ago, so I will do my best to relate the story of the "Country Caller".<sup>6</sup>

Charis was always cooking up some new scheme by which to express her creative talent. One day she decided we were all going into the publishing business. This required a cookie sheet, some Knox gelatin, perhaps from the local grocer's or drugstore, and from the stationer's a box of mimeograph ditto masters – all the components of

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<sup>6</sup> I had remembered it as a newspaper name the "Thatcher Gazette", but stand corrected after reading Charis' diary.

a homemade hectograph. As I recall, we had both red and blue masters, so our magazine was printed in two colors.

Charis, as editor in chief and head layout designer, invited each of us to contribute. I have some recollection of drawing a small picture in the way of a comic strip. Most of the work, however, was Charis'. If I remember correctly the first edition<sup>7</sup> consisted of just a few pages. We had to set out the printed sheets all about the kitchen to dry, after which we assembled and stapled them into finished magazines. Each of us was assigned an area of Thatcher to canvas, and each given an allotment to sell door-to-door. I don't recall the price, but it was probably a few cents to a nickel per copy.

My assignment was the southwest quadrant of town. I sold some if not all of my papers. On the way home was a small corner grocery store. With a handful of coins in my pocket I could not resist the temptation to stop there and reward myself with a "Missile Pop" – a large red white and blue Popsicle in the shape of a bomb. It was more expensive than a regular Popsicle – perhaps as much as a dime – and for me a rare treat. I think while I was at it I also bought a nickel pack of corn nuts. Anyway, I returned home proud of my business acumen but not prepared for the scolding I received from the chief for having spent the profits.



We hadn't lived long in Thatcher when we received news that our Grandmother Wagstaff had passed away with a stroke. This was early May of 1956. With little time to prepare, Mom drove us north to

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<sup>7</sup> I remember only one edition, and this was confirmed for me in Charis' diary.

Midvale for her mother's funeral.<sup>8</sup> On the way, a state trooper pulled us over for speeding. I remember hearing him complementing Mom on her good looks and red hair. That made me very uncomfortable. Not surprising, though, he let us go with a warning.

Charis sat in the front with Mother, and Patty sat between them in a flimsy little car seat with metal bars bent over the seatback. There were no seatbelts, and little thought was ever given to what happens inside an automobile in the event of an accident. Donnie and Julie had the backseat to themselves, and my spot was the shelf just beneath the rear windshield, where there was just enough room for me to lie fully reclined. I remember as we drove through the night overhearing a conversation between the Mom and the older siblings about someone or another being diagnosed with cancer. That was my first exposure to the "C" word, and I was quietly terrified. Somehow I got the idea that the tip my sternum was actually a tumor — a fear that persisted for years afterward.

After Grandmother's funeral we brought Grandpa back to Arizona with us. I don't remember how long he stayed, but I doubt it was very long.

By the time school let out for the summer we were all little Arizonans. I remember the Fourth of July parade in Safford<sup>9</sup>, the neighboring town, followed by a grand rodeo. Despite the scorpions,

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<sup>8</sup> According to Mother, she actually drove the family only as far as the Phoenix airport, where we met Father, who drove us the rest of the way to Midvale. Dad also drove us, along with Grandpa Wagstaff, back to Arizona. On the doctor's advice, Charis stayed home.

<sup>9</sup> According to Charis' diary, the parade and rodeo took place on March 23, 1956, and not in celebration of Independence Day, as I had remembered. I have not been able to find any special significance in Safford or in the State of Arizona regarding March 23rd. The town's on-line city calendar has nothing special scheduled in March.

centipedes, venomous snakes, and the dread Gila monster over which Charis was particularly concerned, we often explored the surrounding desert, getting up close to the wonderful rock formations, the cactus, and strange little creatures. I for one would have been perfectly happy to spend the rest of my life there. Charis made plenty of friends in Thatcher and would probably have been content remaining there, as well.

### *California*

#### *Deodara Drive in Los Altos*

All this time Dad was still working in Pittsburgh, visiting us whenever he had the chance.<sup>10</sup> We children looked forward to his visits, but Charis was particularly happy to see her “Daddy”.

Before Fall, we packed up again and drove back to California, moving into a newly constructed home in the Vista Los Altos subdivision. We were its first residents. Our house is still there at 2168 Deodara Drive. This must have been in August or September of 1956.

#### *Stanford Hospital*

My memory of this period is a bit sketchy on the details, but I think Charis was having a pretty rough time. Deferring the medical facts to my mother and older siblings, I will restrict my comments respecting her health to my impressions as a young boy. Shortly after our move, Charis was admitted to Stanford Hospital in Palo Alto. Prior to entering her room for a visit, we were cautioned that Charis was in “reverse

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<sup>10</sup> Again, Don recalled that during these trips he was interviewing for jobs in the area. Realizing that Dad was not bluffing when he gave notice, the management at US Steel reconsidered and, at the last minute, offered him a managerial job with his former Columbia Geneva Division in San Francisco.

isolation”, meaning that she was extremely susceptible to infection, and that every care had to be taken to protect her from exposure. Her room was dark and quiet. To me she looked so tiny lying in that hospital bed – like a little child. This shocked me at the time, and I fought back tears and resisted thoughts that we might lose her. She was elated to see us, and despite her profound weakness she sat up in bed for our brief visit.

One day when I came home from school I saw her at the kitchen table soaking her hands in warm melted paraffin to sooth her arthritis pain. I also remember her sitting in the living room on our



three-piece sectional — her face round and puffy with fluid retention. Suddenly a tiny stream of water began to squirt out from one of her shins. She had retained so much fluid that her skin literally sprung leaks. She explained to me that it was caused by her medicine — no doubt a side effect of the cortisone therapy she was undertaking. I once asked her why she didn’t just quit all her pills. I had the notion that if she just stopped taking the medication she would naturally get better. Of course, I didn’t know what I was talking about, but that was my impression at the time.

### *Party Girl*

When she could, Charis attended classes at Fremont High School in Sunnyvale. She was an excellent student. As usual she made friends at both school and church. They visited her at home when she was ill, and came out to the parties she hosted in better times.<sup>11</sup> We had a large family room in our new home perfect for entertaining. I



remember on one occasion a taco party, where the girls gathered to make tacos the old fashioned way, frying the folded tortillas with the filling already inside. On another occasion she and her friends held a taffy pull in our kitchen. They all wore butter up to their elbows. It was, I'm sure, a lot of fun, but rather difficult work for Charis.

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<sup>11</sup> Charis mentioned in her diary that one of her parties was attended by 27 of her friends.

### *Suitors*

Despite all of this, Charis had suitors. I think one young man tried to get to her through me. He came over to visit and saw me at the kitchen table assembling a model airplane. He told me he used to love putting together model airplanes and asked me if I'd like to have a few of his. On his next visit he brought me a large cardboard box of beautifully painted military aircraft models –a dozen or more – all in 1:48 scale. Before long I had suspended many of them by fish line from the ceiling of my room in a great dogfight. He certainly had my vote.

Another one of her boyfriends gave her a book, a novel by Frank B. Gilbreth entitled Of Whales and Women. I'm not sure if she wasn't crazy about the book, or about the young man, but she gave the book to me. It was one of my favorites.

### *Shalimar*

Dad and mother took every opportunity to encourage Charis, and to fuel her interests whatever they might have been. To that end they were willing to make great sacrifices. I don't recall the circumstances, but a pet skunk somehow showed up on Charis' wish list. Mother's enthusiasm about pets in the house was transparent at best, and my father must have considered keeping a skunk indoors – even one surgically deodorized – sheer insanity. Nevertheless, a little skunk was brought home one day to Charis. She named him "Shalimar", ironically after her favorite perfume.

When he wasn't being caressed in Charis' arms, Shalimar spent most of his daytime hours in Charis and Julie's room, caged and asleep. I don't know if Charis deliberately let him out of his cage at night, or if

he figured out how to unlatch the cage door on his own, but he often wandered about the house when the rest of us were asleep. One night I was aroused from my slumber by the clicking of Shalimar's claws on the linoleum floor of my bedroom. I looked toward the sound and saw two little eyes aglow in the dark. The following morning I walked gingerly down the hall with carefully downcast eyes. Our house took on a faint but persistent odor – not so much of skunk scent, but more like that of rodent.

It soon became apparent that there was something wrong with Shalimar. He developed a limp, due perhaps to an immunization shot gone wrong, but I don't think he lasted too long.

### *The Ten Commandments*

One evening around this time our entire family donned Sunday best and drove to a local theatre to see Cecil B. DeMille's 1956 production of "The Ten Commandments". It was a grand affair. Each member of the audience was greeted in the lobby and offered the purchase a beautifully printed full-color booklet about the making of the film. Dad bought one despite the added expense. It was full of high-quality prints of scenes illustrated by Arnold Friberg. These paintings were done in the same heroic style in which he illustrated the Book of Mormon. Friberg was partially credited for costume and set design. The film was rich – rich in action, drama, music, scenery, and possibly for the first time exposed the modern world to the true grandeur and elegance of ancient Egypt in striking Technicolor. The effect was not lost on any of us. Charis, a long-time and devoted Egyptophile, was particularly inspired by the spectacle and, for years thereafter, was

almost obsessed with the beguiling mystery, history, religion, and art of that long lost culture.

Dad rode daily to and from San Francisco on the Southern Pacific Commuter. He usually walked from the station on Third Street to his office on Market. On the lookout for books old and new that he thought might help energize Charis through her extended periods of convalescence, he often stopped on his way back to browse in a used book store on Third Street. Thus a collection of works on Ancient Egypt graced our bookshelf, including several colorful coffee table editions from Time/Life, National Geographic, and the like.

### *Gifts*

One Christmas Charis gave me a dark green metal recipe box, designed for 3" x 5" index cards. On the outside she wrote with red nail polish, "Bob's Box". Inside were some coins, stamps, and a few marbles. I cherish it to this day. That



same Christmas she gave me her entire coin collection, consisting of a folder of mounted pennies dating back to the early 1900s, a folder of nickels, and another of dimes. In those days I had a terrible time saving money and must shamefully admit that I eventually spent most of the coins. I kept some of the more valuable specimens, especially those minted in San Francisco, as well as the steel pennies from the WWII era. Years later when Charis learned of this she was sadly disappointed in me. She should have known.

### *The Pink Rambler*

The next year Dad purchased a brand new car for the first time in his life, a pink 1958 Nash Rambler “Cross Country” station wagon.

While the “Desert Rose” color scheme matched Mom’s favorite dinnerware in both name and hue, it

was Charis' choice – she apparently went car shopping with Dad and he let her pick the color. Speaking for my older brother, Don, we boys thought it revolting, and were



mortified to be seen in it. What was worse, the car turned out to be a lemon. The transmission and rear-end differential failed within the first year. The choice of a Nash was a bit surprising to Don and me given Dads frustration with his first one, a two-tone sky blue automotive catastrophe purchased from his brother-in-law around the time we first moved away from Utah.

Provisionally, Mother had insisted that seatbelts be installed at the time of purchase, and what’s more, she stipulated that all passengers buckle up. Charis was by that time attending classes at San Jose State when in 1960 the pink Rambler met its demise at her hand. She was sometimes permitted to drive it to school. On her way she was to drop Don, Julie, and me off at our respective schools. We lived on a street corner, and the garage and driveway were located at the side of the house. I remember one such morning her backing the loaded car out onto Wistaria Lane, and then turning down toward Deodara Drive onto which she made a hard right. The only problem was that she had

become distracted in a conversation with Julie and forgot to straighten out the wheel after making the turn. The car headed up the embankment and over the concrete steps in front of our house. She didn't take out the mailbox standard which Dad had set securely in a footing of concrete, but it scraped up and indented the entire passenger side of the car from the front fender to the tail fin.

That was it for the pink atrocity. I went with Dad when he drove the beast for the last time to Spivey Ford in Mountain View and traded it in on a 1960 Ford Country Squire equipped with a "Police Interceptor" 352 V-8 engine. Oh yeah! This was more like it. Unfortunately for Spivey, he neglected to carefully examine the Rambler, which Dad had parked close alongside the Spivey's showroom wall. Shortly after arriving home with our new Ford, Dad received a phone call from Mr. Spivey. He was livid about the body damage, but Dad told him a deal is a deal, and that was that.

### ***Rapid City, South Dakota***

Around this time Charis met her future husband, Bill Southwell, an LDS missionary serving in the bay area. I entered High School in 1963. The following year US Steel consolidated many of its divisions, and Dad accepted a corporate position back in Pittsburgh. Meanwhile, Bill and Charis married, and moved to Provo, Utah, attending classes at BYU. By the time I graduated from High School in 1967, Bill had earned his doctorate and accepted an academic position at a college in Rapid City, South Dakota.

### *Charis' Personal Assistant*

Late in the following summer when I wasn't being particularly productive, Charis invited me out to their home in Rapid City for an extended stay. By that time they had adopted Paula, but Charis' wasn't well, and she and Bill thought I might be of some help around the house and with the baby. I accepted and headed west on a Continental Trailways bus. This visit turned out, in many ways, more to my benefit than theirs.

Charis assigned me a number of tasks around the house. I helped with the housekeeping, kitchen chores, prepared some of the meals, and I helped take care of Paula. Charis had me working in her garden, as well, and even got me to dig a tree out of her front yard.

Charis and Bill provided me with a small cash allowance while I was in Rapid City, and Mom and Dad had advanced me a nice little wad of spending money for the trip. I was able to buy a little German-made Framus guitar at the local music shop, as well as a Hohner soprano recorder. I taught myself to play both. Paula got a big kick when I played and sang to her. She would jump up and down singing out as loud as she could until I stopped strumming. She'd stand quietly waiting for me to start up again, and then instantly would rejoin the cacophony.

Bill had been appointed branch president by the LDS "Lamanite" mission in South Dakota, where he then lead a congregation of Sioux and other Native Americans of various tribes in the area. Charis was in love with the Indian people and was dearly loved by them in return. I became likewise enamored. She introduced me to a number of her friends, including Margaret One Bull Tremmel, an adoptive

granddaughter of Sitting Bull. I watched members of her family perform Indian dancing and music at a Powwow.

### *The Movies*

Charis introduced me to a girl of the Crow Nation named Nikki Little Creek and arranged a double date at the movies for the four of us. Charis let me pick the show. I can't imagine why, except there probably was not much choice in Rapid City in those days, but I selected "Barbarella" starring Jane Fonda. I had been intrigued by previews featuring a scene wherein swarms of vicious little dolls with piranha-like teeth were eating people to the bone. When I made the suggestion Charis told me in no certain terms that she hated Jane Fonda. Nevertheless, Bill took us to see "Barbarella", but we had no idea what we were getting into. During the opening credits, Jane Fonda stripped 360° to the skin while tumbling weightlessly in a spacecraft. Charis was mortified. I must have apologized a dozen times. The embarrassment for Charis and Bill had to have been agonizing, especially considering their leadership status in the church.

One of Charis' favorite movies at the time was "Zorba the Greek". She and Bill used to do the Greek Dance thing in circles around their living room in Rapid City to a recording of the soundtrack music. At some point, either on TV or at the theatre, we saw "A Thousand Clowns" starring Jason Robards and Barbara Harris, a film Charis passionately loved and one of my favorites that I revisit regularly in her honor.

### *The University of Bill and Charis*

Charis and I worked together developing an idea to produce an animated cartoon featuring Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky". We often discussed religion, art, philosophy, and current events. We watched the CBS evening news on television, and Charis was incensed by the political bias evident in Dan Rather's reporting. Her favorite General Authority, she told me, was N. Eldon Tanner. He was "such a sweet and humble man", she said. Charis also admired Hugh Nibley, possibly because he was also an ardent Egyptophile. I think she introduced me to one of his works on the Book of Mormon. She also lent me a copy of Durant's History of the Catholic Faith.

Bill bought me a college text book on physics, and I purchased a copy of a Schaum's outline of algebra. With Bill's coaching I spent much of my spare time in Rapid City studying out of these books. This proved a great advantage to me a few years later when I took my entrance exams at Duquesne University. I just about aced the math section.

That Fall Bill and Charis decided to drive me back to Pittsburgh. The weather was terrible with early ice and snowstorms and we were forced to spend a night in a motel somewhere in Iowa.

### *Last Farewell*

I think it was my contact with the Indian people in Rapid City that spawned in me a desire to return to South Dakota as an LDS missionary. Shortly after returning home I was called in for an interview with the Stake President about that very possibility. In time I received a mission call, but to my disappointment it was to the "white" Arizona Mission.

Sending missionaries with chronic health problems to Arizona may have been a matter of automatic Church policy, for headquarters disregarded my request to serve among the Indians.

In September of 1969 I departed for training at the Mission Home in Salt Lake via Rapid City. I don't remember if I flew that leg, or motored in with my folks. In any event, I am sure that my mother was staying there at the time helping Bill and Charis with the baby. I spent a few days with them, said my good-byes, and boarded a plane bound for Casper Wyoming and points west. Charis was too ill to accompany us to the airport, so in my last glimpse of her she was standing behind the screen door of her Rapid City home, tearfully waving farewell.

The boundaries of the Arizona Mission extended west, north, and east of the state boundaries and included Las Vegas, Nevada, my first territory. The following January I was transferred to the Mesa district in Arizona. My companion and I were billeted in a pink and white 28-foot trailer home known affectionately among the Elders as the "Honeymoon House". It was located not far from the ASU campus. My first companion in Mesa and I got along sensationally, but he was replaced about a month later by a fellow to whom I found it quite impossible to relate. For one thing, he insisted on playing tape recordings of the Ray Conniff Singers from dawn to bedtime. He had an active social life for a missionary and regularly visited with his favorite families in the ward, doing just enough missionary work during the day so that we'd have something to put down in our weekly reports.

It was late one such afternoon, March 7th 1970, to be exact, that I decided to bicycle back to the Honeymoon House by myself despite the

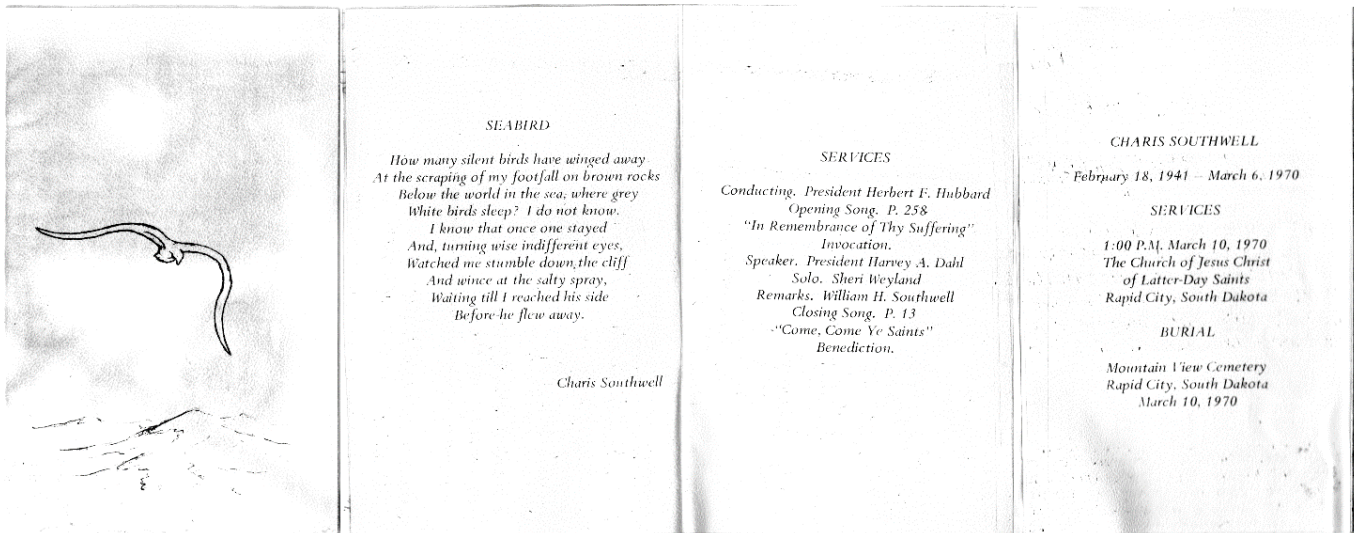
general mission rule barring separation from one's appointed companion. When I arrived home I noticed a note wrapped with a rubber band around the screen door handle of our trailer. I sensed immediately what it was all about even before I opened it. My father had been trying to contact me through the mission office, and I was to call him collect as soon as possible. Dad told me the sad news that Charis had passed away in a Pittsburgh hospital the day before. He told me that her funeral was to be held in Rapid City, and that he had already warned the mission president that I would probably insist on attending with or without official permission.

The note also instructed me to contact the mission home. The Mission President called me in for an interview. He explained that the mission rules forbade leaving the field even for the death of an immediate family member. Before I could protest that the rule meant nothing to me, he said that he had decided to make an exception in my case. He asked me for my solemn promise to return. He also asked me about Charis. In the course of our conversation I told him of her love for the Sioux people and explained that it had originally been my desire to serve my mission among the Indians. His response was a welcome surprise. Apparently the Southwest Indian Mission was short-handed and had sent requests out to other domestic missions asking for volunteers willing to transfer. He said he'd see what he could do on my behalf.<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> The opportunity to transfer to the Southwest Indian Mission did come to me about six weeks after returning to the field. I worked among the Jicarilla Apache, Navajo, Hopi, and Havasupai people of the southwest.

Once in Rapid City, Bill asked me to design a program for the funeral services. He had it printed that day.



I spent a sleepless night before Charis' funeral in a motel, sharing a room with Bill and little Paula. That night I wrote the following poem in my Missionary Journal:

Snow had fallen all-night long  
 To the breath of my sister's sleeping child,  
 Who turned and sighed  
 As I stood gazing outside at the dawn  
 Through the frosted pane of a motel window.

Long morning shadows yawned of trees  
 Across the cold, still, laying of snow.  
 And I saw the shadows of mourners flow  
 Over my sister, cold and still,  
 Dressed in a gown of linin and lace,  
 White in a casket molded of snow.

Though only twenty-nine years,  
And the world barely knew,  
Let it forever be known,  
That in March the snow came  
To my sister's funeral,  
And the trees mourned in dawn.

Our entire immediate family was there, as were many of the local Indian church members.

I cannot find the words to convey my personal grief over her loss. I still weep. The love she gave and received during her brief twenty-nine years still thrives in the memories of all who knew her. When I think on her now, and I often do, I wish she could have known and smiled upon my Mary Jo, our children and our grandchildren, and that they could have enjoyed the privilege of knowing this special sister of ours.

### ***Charis' Last Letter to Me***

Bill Southwell recently shared a hand-written letter with me. It was written by Charis while I was serving in the LDS Arizona Mission. She completed in two sessions but never mailed it.

*Oct. 16, 1969*

*Dear Bob,*

*We enjoyed your letter. We're all wondering how much longer the Las Vegas mission area will last. I hope you really aren't giving everyone such a bad time.*

*I had quite a little stay in the hospital. My blood pressure has gone from 230 to 110 – quite a drop and a bit hard on me.*

*It's at 170 now – fairly good. I'm very weak however, and I still have dizziness. I hope you won't forget to pray for me. Oh! How I need spiritual support. I'm trying hard to get better but it isn't easy.*

*Mother left for home this morning. She's been a great help to us. She just about got Paula trained while she was here. She is a remarkable worker and was a great help. I surely hate to see her go.*

*We are thinking very seriously about moving to Pittsburgh. Bill has applied with Gulf Oil. It would help us to be near the folks, and I need to be someplace large enough in case I need the use of a kidney machine. Of course all this depends on employment and we just have to wait & see.*

*We had a lovely snow & Bill & Paula built a snowman. Paula made the head. She is so full of life and happy. She's really starting to talk a lot now.*

*Oct. 22, 1969*

*Sorry I didn't get this in the mail. But it's just as well as I am feeling quite a bit better. My pressure is still up & down, but down now more than ever.*

*If Bill gets an offer from Gulf Oil, we will pretty definitely [move] to Pittsburgh. I'm not crazy about Pittsburgh, but I need to get near a good Dr. & a kidney machine. We'll probably move right away.*

*We certainly appreciate your writing. I know you really don't have time. I hope you had your baptism & that things are going well.*

*All Our Love,*

*Bill, Charis & Paula*



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## DANCING THE NUTCRACKER FOR CHARIS

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*By Patricia Karagozian*

It was a Saturday afternoon in December of 1969. I was secretly very pleased to be dancing in the Snowflake Ballet for this matinee performance of Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre's Nutcracker. Being one of the smaller dancers of the company, I was often cast in animal roles, like the "King Mouse", but the snow scene was special to me. The music was in my opinion, the most beautiful part of the Nutcracker Ballet, and scurrying about in a white tutu, I felt that at seventeen years old, I had really become a dancer.

Charis and Bill were coming to this performance. She had fallen quite ill again. I had always known Charis somewhere between being bedridden and hopefully getting better. And yet, she was so bright and shining, even when her wrists were so thin, or her face swollen with her medication. She always had that generous, sincere smile, laughing eyes, and laughter like bells... in spite of so many hardships, so young.

The company performed at the Pittsburgh Playhouse and after the performance Bill and Charis took me home. It was about a 45 minute drive under normal circumstances, but it was snowing quite hard, the roads were icy, and traffic was heavy with Saturday afternoon Christmas shoppers.

Charis commented on the performance. She didn't approve of the lead ballerina, Jane Hillyer, who had danced the role of the Sugar Plum

Fairy. Jane Hillyer was a very high-strung woman, who's dancing was rather staccato, lacking in lyricism. She danced as if she were frustrated, showing off her fouette turns with a rather cold and hard technique. Charis was annoyed with her lack of musicality in the Sugar Plum Pas de Deux. Her phrasing was musically false, dancing in a way that totally ignored the crescendos of Tchaikovsky's music. Charis' fine musical sensitivity was too strong to accept such a lack of artistic quality.

Snow flurries were pounding on the windshield, and as Bill wrestled with the icy roads and heavy traffic, Charis' nose started to bleed. From the back seat, I could see Bill, very worried, dividing his attention between the slippery, hilly roads and watching over Charis while she tried to convince us that she was all right. But her nosebleed wouldn't stop and Bill drove directly to the hospital instead of to the Greenwood home in the North Hills.

For me, this day marked the beginning of the end. I do remember that Charis had insisted upon coming home from the hospital for Christmas Eve to sleep that night on the living room couch. I think that she knew that this would be her last Christmas and she wanted to be with family.

The following February, Dad drove me down to see her in the hospital so that I could give her the birthday card I had made for her. Leaving the hospital room I said "See you later". She serenely smiled and softly repeated my words, "Yeah, see you later". I'm convinced that she knew at that very moment that this was a farewell.

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# CHARIS MEMORIES

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*By Walter Lamont Greenwood*

I envy Bob and Don for their plentiful and clear memories of their early years. I find it hard to recall details as well as they do. I may be confusing some events with things that happened at other times, but these are my memories as best I can recall them. I am sending this also to Bill in case he can clarify or correct anything.

I do recall several things about the summer in Provo. Charis and Bill lived in a "Quad", an arrangement of 4 dormitory buildings enclosing a large square open yard. I am not sure (Bill can verify this), but I think the apartment was on the second floor. I was five years old, and my memory of the visit seems as if it spanned the whole summer, although I suspect that it was shorter.

There was a garden that we tended and from which we harvested various vegetables. I specifically remember picking peas and eating them raw right out of the pods. They were sweet and delicious. I seem to remember sweet corn and tomatoes as well.

Of course I remember riding in the old green Buick, but can't offer any particular details about it.

We went star gazing and I learned to find and identify several constellations. In particular, I remember Bill showing me Orion and his belt. Now that I live under the clearest sky in the whole country, and can see the constellations and the Milky Way better than ever before, I often think back to those evenings in Utah.

We went together to see the Beatles movie "Help". I became a Beatles fan instantly and, with Charis' help, made a guitar from a cigar box and rubber bands. We later bought the soundtrack record and I spent many hours listening to it over and over. The original record included the prelude to the third act of Lohengrin, an opera by Richard Wagner. I knew nothing of opera at that point, and remember thinking for a very long time that it was a Beatles song.

I laugh at myself now when I remember being very disappointed to learn that my new heroes, the Beatles, were not Mormons.

We also went to see a movie that scared the living daylights out of me. I think it was "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane". I have an image in my mind of Bette Davis falling down a staircase.

Charis and Bill had a record by Al Hirt, and I played the song "Java" over and over while running back and forth across the living room in time with the music. I must have driven everyone crazy playing one song over and over and over for days on end. I still listen to music that way, and enjoy learning pieces of music inside-out by repeated hearing.

While I was in Provo, Uncle Walter came for a visit, and I remember him sitting on a sofa talking with Charis and Bill. For some reason, I thought it would be very funny to stomp as hard as I could on his toes. Nobody else thought it was funny. Perhaps I was feeling neglected while the adults had their conversation, and was seeking attention. Mom, if you remember this happening in Portland instead, please let me know. This might be one of those confused memories. Bill, do you recall this incident?

I remember Charis making mosaic pictures out of colored glass. She put empty pop bottles in a pot of water and brought it all to a boil. Then she plunged the hot bottles into a bucket of ice water, which shattered the glass. She glued the little pieces to boards to make various pictures. I seem to remember one of a rooster.

I have a memory of growing "sensitive plants" (*Mimosa pudica*) from seeds. I think this was a project that Charis and I did together. She showed me their curious habit of folding up when you touch their leaves. I had forgotten about this for many years, but coming to Hawaii stirred the memory because these same plants grow as weeds here.

I started a rock collection during that summer, and Bill taught me to mark each specimen with a unique number that would then refer back to a descriptive entry in the collection's log book. We marked each rock by first putting a small dot on it with white enamel, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, then writing a number on the dot with black India ink. I kept several specimens from that collection for many years after that, and still have a few of them, including one or two pieces of obsidian and a green, chalky stone.

Bill took time to tell me many things that amazed me and drew me into thinking about the world from a scientist's point of view. I remember him teaching me Newton's laws of motion. I can still hear him saying "A body at rest tends to remain at rest, and a body in motion tends to remain in motion. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction."

I found a young friend in the quad and we played together from time to time. He lived in the adjoining building. Bill brought me a piece

of machinery about the size of a loaf of bread, with buttons and levers, somewhat like the guts of a manual typewriter. My friend, whose name I cannot recall, and I had lots of fun pretending it was something very powerful and important. I also have a memory of him wearing a hat and hitting something on the ground with a hammer.

I had forgotten about making audio tapes to send as "letters" to the family back home, but was reminded of that when I heard one of those recordings again a few years ago.

Later on, we went as a family to Charis and Bill's house in Rapid City. I can't remember much about that trip, but I vividly recall the Badlands, Mount Rushmore, and seeing live bison.

After Charis came to Pittsburgh, I greatly enjoyed being a doting uncle to sweet little Paula, and remember having an adolescent notion, perhaps even a fervent hope, that we would get married someday. I remember Charis being very ill during those days, and spending lots of time lying down on the couch. I remember her frequent nose-bleeds and the concern we all shared over getting them under control.

My last memory of Charis while she was still alive saddens me greatly, because it was a rather unpleasant conversation. Paula asked me for some ice cream, and I refused, thinking that her mother would not have approved. When Charis heard this, she reprimanded me for being stingy. I had thought I was doing the right thing, but all these years later, I still wish I had done that little insignificant thing differently.

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# MISTS

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*By David Clark Greenwood*

I'm sad to say that I have very little memory of Charis. During my childhood she was away in college or married, living in Provo or Rapid City. My most vivid memory is when Mom and Dad walked into the room where I was watching TV and told me that she had died. Most of my understanding of her came to me through her poetry. I read through her book many times when Bill published it, and I listened to tapes of its reading on a radio show. I know her as a poet with a gentle nature that is both defiant and accepting at the same time. I know her through family photographs and movies. I feel a great loss that I never knew her, or if I did, it's lost in the mists of childhood.



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# CHARIS

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*From a letter by Paula Southwell Kinzie*

Grandma,

I am not sure about this memory and it could have been a story you told me when I was younger. I was standing in the car next to you with my left arm around your neck—no seatbelt laws back then. You were taking me to see Charis and my dad was already there at the hospital. I was very excited and you were reminding me that I can't jump on her bed. I need to be careful.

I have a few stories Don told me when I lived in San Jose with them for a summer. I also have movies that my dad has taken. I have those memorized. I have had a few of her poems explained to me. I was able to use her poetry in a class at school. I know, Grandma, you have told me stories. Other than that I don't know too much about Charis. I love to hear about her. It is fun to get to know her through you all.

Much love...

*Paula*



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## ABOUT CHARIS

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*By Dixie Lee Powell Davis*

Thank you for asking me to write about Charis. She was my friend when she lived in Rapid City, South Dakota, and I consider it a blessing that our paths crossed at that time.

I first met her when her husband, Bill Southwell, took a position at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology Physics Department. My first impression of Charis was that she was very pretty, delicate, friendly and smart. Our friends, Jack and Sherrie Weyland had arrived a year or two before the Southwells. Jack also worked in the Physics Department at SDSM&T. All of us were LDS and had attended BYU. Charis, Sherrie and I belonged to the SDSM&T Faculty Wives Club. It was a very active, well organized group that met once a month on Saturdays during the school year. We enjoyed educational lectures, raising money for student scholarships, and even had a singing group. We were thrilled to have Charis as part of that group. I know she was active then, but I can't remember a specific activity. Old age and time have taken their toll, I guess.

Charis had been raised south of San Francisco somewhere in the San Jose area while I had been raised in San Bruno which is 15 miles south of San Francisco, so we had many memories of the SF Bay Area in common. She told me about getting Lupus when she was in her very early teens and wasn't expected to live very long, how she did most of her studies at home to graduate from high school, and became well

enough to have an English major at BYU where she won the top poetry award and that was where she met Bill. I was very impressed by her resolve and wonderful spirit. She was a friend that I truly loved. She taught me much about living life.

I remember her play production of "Pride and Prejudice". She spent a lot of time writing the script by herself from the book, so we wouldn't have to worry about copyright infringements. We didn't have a lot of members in the area at the time, but I swear she had every single teenage member involved - both the active and inactive. I remember her talking me into lending her my best "ballroom" formal gown, which I did reluctantly. Who could say no to Charis? It was truly a wonderful experience watching the play. She did a terrific job as director.

My husband and I attended a scientific conference in Prague, Czechoslovakia and Vienna, Austria in the late 60's. When I came back she wasn't feeling well. I went to her home to tell her all about the trip. Her father had been on an LDS Mission in Czechoslovakian and she wanted to know as much as she could about the country. I remember telling her that she should go there and see it for herself. As serious as I ever saw her, she let me know that because of her health she didn't expect to do that.

Later, she contacted what we thought was the flu, but it was something much more serious. Because I had four young children who could pass on any number of infections, and because Charis was so sick, I didn't visit her very much. I knew she was lonely but I just didn't want to make her sicker. I do remember taking her to Canyon Lake Park with

Briant Jr. to feed the ducks and to just enjoy the scenery. It was a little chilly. I think we took a blanket, but she insisted that she was fine, and she didn't want to leave. She said it was one of the nicest days she had had in a long time.

I also remember when she and Bill adopted Paula. They were so thrilled: a new baby and something they had wanted for a long time. But taking care of Paula seemed to be a strain on her and her health seemed to go downhill. She said she wouldn't have changed a thing about the adoption.

People tried to help during those trying times, but because of the nature of her sickness, Bill had the major share of her and Paula's care. I will always admire his gentle, caring ways. It must have been a very difficult time for him to live through.

There was another time we drove through the cemetery that was very close to both our homes. She told me that this was where she wanted to be buried. I knew I didn't want to be buried there. It is a lovely small town cemetery, but much too far from family. She liked it because it wasn't too far from Bill's hometown in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, her Rapid City home was nearby, and she loved the lovely trees and shrubbery. The lilac bushes were her favorites.

I promised that I would put live flowers on her grave every Memorial Day because she didn't like artificial flowers. After she died I put lilacs on her grave every year until I moved away from Rapid City in September 2000. I asked a church friend to please keep doing it. The friend moved to California a few years ago and I don't know if she asked someone to continue placing flowers on Charis' grave. Today the

cemetery is still beautiful, it is where she wanted to be and I am happy knowing she is at peace there.

I really miss my friend.

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## CHARIS—A SINGULAR SOUL

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*By Nolyn Starbuck*

Although Charis and I were college chums at BYU for only a brief time, my memories of that time have remained vivid all my life. We shared a love of poetry and good literature. I admired her writing gifts, and was grateful for the encouragement she gave me to develop my own talents.

We may not have been sisters in mortality, but I have always felt that she is my spiritual sister. I can close my eyes and see her face as clearly as if she were standing in front of me. I sometimes see her in my dreams, and whenever I think of her or dream of her, the feeling that washes over me is one of gentleness, calm and reassurance. It never fails to lift my spirits and affirm my belief in the essential goodness of life.

I have a daughter named Sharisa, and she often reminds me of Charis. They both have that same quality of being just a little closer to the realms of the spirit than the rest of us. She, too, writes poetry- as well as music. She suffers from a disease called Friedrich's Ataxia, which is similar to muscular dystrophy. She is in a wheelchair now, and is no longer able to paint and to play the piano or do many of the things she loved to do. Yet she remains one of the lovely, gentle souls who enrich our lives just by the power of their presence. That is how I think of Charis — as a singular soul who graced my life for a short time and blessed me with her kindness and goodness and insight.



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# MEMORIES OF A SPECIAL FRIEND, CHARIS

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*From a letter by Colleen Loughmiller*

Dear Greenwood family,

I'm honored to share my feelings and memories of a special friend, Charis. Not being a poet or writer, my response will be spontaneous.

Charis made me smile. She had a gentle manner, always lady like, while retaining a maturity about the moment that always eluded me. I would be trying to figure out a fashion magazine such as SEVENTEEN and be baffled by its place in my small teen world and she would enjoy it, even pointing that possibly I (in my unhinged sense of self and ugly duckling image) looked like one of those confident models. She blessed my life that day and helped ease me into the next phase of growing up.

She had a sweet countenance. I never saw her squint her eyes in anger or sarcasm. She didn't bother to compete or compare. She merged easily into Mutual and other church activities, always a lady but never afraid or attention seeking. She kept her health struggles to herself. I look back now and wonder at her ability to shoulder such serious concerns and pain at such a young age. She was always well groomed and poised even when having to wear long sleeves and a protective hat to guard against the harmful rays of the sun's interacting with her health challenges/medicines. I remember a fun double date on a hot summer day, attending a Navy air show at Moffett Field. (Bill

has copies of those pictures.) She wore a hat and long sleeves. What a good sport she always was!

One time she proudly showed me several pairs of high heels that all fit; she and Afton had successfully gone shopping for shoes that would work with her high instep. I remember how pleased she was.

Charis was respectful of her parents at an age where most youth would be struggling for independence. Charis had such maturity and wisdom that she seemed to sidestep these typical tug-of-war battles. I noticed her unfeigned love and respect towards her father and mother and towards her sibs! She was a good role model for me as I was not so wise.

I never heard her say anything that would be considered gossip! She expressed herself in a straight forward manner and yet was meek and mild at the same time. Her language was concise. She was easy to listen to and to visit with. She was my friend! I could trust her with my thoughts and feelings. When Afton gave me a present of her book of poetry, I felt as if I could peek into her sweet soul a little deeper. I loved Seabird, Paula, and the poems about the Indian people.

This last year my husband Bill and I lived on the Standing Rock (Sioux) Reservation where we owned a cattle ranch. The Lamanite branch of the church was 80 miles away on the other side of the reservation. I grew to further appreciate her love for the Native Americans as mine grew for these dear friends. We have since sold that ranch and now have a ranch in Lima, Montana, but we still have business and church projects tying us to the Lakota Sioux. The LDS church is partnering with the tribe and other business people. This

partnership is still in its formative stages. Charis would approve. I feel echoes of her poetry in these friendships and projects.

Paula and her family are very dear to me as she knows. For many years I carried a sense of sadness about Charis' death. Being blessed to visit her the night before she passed away has always meant a great deal to me. It was a small way of telling her that I loved her - and I still do. My faith propels me to believe that there was a higher purpose to her short life than meets the eye; look how her sweet memory stirs us all even now. She had a strong faith in God and a great love for all her family. How much better can any person live?



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## MY MEMORIES OF CHARIS

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*By Barbara Reeve*

My memories of Charis are very warm and fuzzy. She was very much a mild-mannered classy, cultured lady. She tied her hair back and always appeared lovely and neat. The thing I have the memory of was her hands. She had beautiful hands with long tapered fingers and beautifully well-shaped, manicured nails. When we played Rook she would lightly tap her cards with them. She had a valiant testimony of the gospel and lived it. I also remember her freckled face was very sweet and refreshing.



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## CHARIS LIVES

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*By Mary Eckhart*

Charis has always shone with a bright luminance in my life. Something about her was beyond the rest of us. We were all bright and eager and quick but she was a poet. I felt all the world around her was measured and redefined through her poetic genius, her way of seeing the interiors of her and others' lives more directly than we, then reconstructing that insight in images and language sure and subtle and breathtakingly beautiful.

She was slight of figure; even in a thick winter coat she was almost a waif. But always, her spirit of tremendous courage, her will to live deeply and strongly, was impressive and remarkable. She was gentle, humorous, brave, enduring, devoted to her family, spiritually alive.

Bill was her beloved; when she was with him, spoke of him, wrote of him, she glowed tenderly; she was magnificently strong with Bill beside her.

I think of her very often, imagining where she is, knowing she is experiencing endless poetic possibilities, meeting others like herself, recreating the world around her in language so beautiful that, in the words of her poem, "I can't dream to name." In memory and in her living poetry, Charis lives.



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## HOW LUCKY WE WERE...

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*By Jack and Sherry Weyland*

We had been acquainted with Charis and Bill while finishing graduate school at BYU. Bill finished a year earlier than Jack and then they moved to Rapid City, South Dakota. Bill suggested to Jack that he apply for an opening at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology for the following year. He did so and was hired. Charis was the first person to be a hostess to us in Rapid City. She put us up in their guest room and fed us until we found a house to rent. How lucky we were to have enjoyed her hospitality and great company.

On a sadder note, I would never have written my first novel "Charly" without having seen Bill and Charis go through their great challenges before Charis died. Based on letters from those who have read it, many who have faced similar challenges have been helped by the book.

*Jack and Sherry Weyland*



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## TRIBUTES IN ART

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*Introduced by Mary Afton Greenwood*

When Charis was born, Don and I were so enamored with our beautiful daughter that we simply couldn't decide on a name that was good enough. Not willing to settle for the familiar, my husband did a little research and, in the poetry of Ben Jonson, he found CHARIS, a name embraced in the word, CHARISMA.

In Greek Mythology, CHARIS was one of the three Graces or Charities: Goddesses of Kindness, Beauty, and Creativity. Religiously the word CHARISMA connotes spiritually gifted. In naming our daughter, we didn't realize that she would grow to exemplify those very virtues and to be able to express her sensitivity and understanding with such grace in exquisite poetry. The following three tributes in art are based on Charis' gift of charisma as expressed in her poetry.



## Embroidered Quilt

*Charis' poems stitched in cursive writing by Danna Southwell*

Danna, who never knew Charis in person, loves her through her poetry. As her remembrance, she embroidered seven of Charis' poems on this magnificent quilt and presented it to Afton, Charis' mother. She writes, "I wanted to send you the memories I have through her poetry. I love every word."





## ***Charisma***

### *Chorale featuring Charis' poems, composed by Julia Locke*

I have always loved choral music and singing in a choir. Though I haven't done it for many years, it is still something I love and would love to do again. I sang in high school choir one year and in two choirs at BYU while a student there. In addition, I studied conducting, sight singing and music theory while in college. In the 1970's, when we lived in Michigan, when my children were young (born in '71, '74, and '76), I was directing the choir at church, and when the Michigan Mormon Concert Choir was formed, I began also singing with them. It was an 80 voice group under the direction of Ed Yager with Alan Young as the accompanist, and once again, I loved having the kind of choir experience I had enjoyed during my school years.

With my three little boys growing up so fast, I had little time to spend on hobbies beyond working in the church. Besides choir and congregational conducting, I worked at various times with the children and teen programs, and at some time during this period, I also taught a monthly class for the church women in appreciation of the arts. However, whenever I had a spare moment, I sat at my piano improvising, writing down musical phrases that appealed to me. I often wrote arrangements of hymns or Christmas music to use with my church choir, and I was thinking of writing something appropriate for the larger concert choir.

With Charis' death in 1970, she was always much on my mind during this time. My music helped to express my mournful feelings much better than words. I don't believe that my sons understood what

I was going through during their early years. I really have never analyzed that aspect of that time, but it no doubt had its effect upon them. With my poor piano skills, I'm certain my family got tired of hearing my stumbling at the keyboard, but they seldom complained. Sometimes, however, they had to holler to draw me out of my musical trance back into the world of young motherhood.

Still, I wanted to write something of worth. I don't remember when I got the idea to compose something in my sister's memory, something to honor her and add to her legacy, not something mournful but something that would represent her love of life and her convictions and also express my love for her. Since choral music was my artistic outlet, I decided to compose music to one of her poems. I read through them looking for possible candidates. There were many that I would have loved to include, but their length was a problem. I studied the shorter ones that would lend themselves to a choral piece. I also was looking for rhythm that suggested musicality. I wanted to use poems that demonstrated her faith and love of life, but finally, I chose a sad one, Butterfly. I was so happy with the way the piece turned out, I did a second one. Before I knew it, I had written seven songs—enough for a 20 minute song cycle which I titled Charisma.

It was just in handwritten manuscript, but it was fairly neat and readable. So one early Saturday morning in 1978 or 1979, I mustered my courage and took it to Ed Yager and Alan Young before rehearsal. Alan was especially impressed. He was a master of improvisation, and as he played the score, he embellished, improving my meager accompaniment as he went. Ed agreed to give it a try. I temporarily

left my precious score with him to make copies, and the next week, he presented me with an octavo of Charisma that he had had copied from my score...enough copies for the whole choir. We were going to prepare it for performance by the choir. You can imagine how happy and excited I was! One thing about choral work is that the choir is the instrument of the composer and of the conductor. We literally 'play' the choir, and you can never really hear the music until you have a choir to sing it. Of course, nowadays, computers have changed that, but I didn't have that back then. Because of the choir, I was able to hear my composition truly for the first time outside of my own imagination.

I believe the premier public performance of the piece was at a concert at the Bloomfield Hills Stake Center sometime during the spring or summer of 1979. Ed conducted the choir. However, on September 27, 1979, we were to perform a benefit concert for the renovation of Detroit Orchestra Hall. We had performed an earlier benefit concert there sometime prior to that, and it was a project we enjoyed supporting. Sometime early in the rehearsal time, Ed asked me if I'd like to conduct the piece in the September concert, and of course, I jumped at it. What a thrill it was for me to have 80 voices at my command throughout the rehearsal period leading up to the concert. I felt so honored to be given that experience, and it is a memory I cherish.

Mom, Dad, and Sister Genevieve traveled from Pennsylvania to attend the concert. I believe we left our little boys with a sitter. We shared the program that evening with a well-known Mormon pianist

whose name escapes me. He performed the first half of the program, and we followed. When it came time for us to perform Charisma, I strode confidently to the podium. Because I am short, they had put a platform there for me to stand on. As I stepped up onto the platform, the heel of my high heeled shoe caught in my dress hem. Fortunately, I was calm enough to reach down and disentangle my hem, avoiding what might have been an embarrassing and probably injurious accident.

Dad taped the song cycle from his seat in the audience with his portable tape player. Many years later, in the late nineties, I transferred that taped recording to a CD. I also had found a cassette recording of some of our rehearsals, both with Ed and myself conducting. It was such a sweet discovery to revisit that creative process and our time of learning a piece that had never been performed before. The rehearsal recording is as precious to me as that of the performance, maybe even more so because it includes my own voice leading the choir through some of the rough spots in the score, stopping them to do a passage over and over until we got it right.

The creation and performance of this work was a labor of love that took many hours over the course of a year and a half. After our concert at Orchestra Hall, the choir also traveled to Salt Lake City in July 1980 to perform in the Tabernacle on Temple Square in celebration of the church's Bicentennial Celebration. Ed begged me to make the trip to conduct the song cycle, but I felt that I could not. Jack was traveling so much for his job at Ford Motor Company that I didn't feel I could leave during that time. I've always regretted not making that trip. Ed

conducted my song cycle in the Tabernacle in my place. Unless one of the ensemble members snatched a copy and has performed it elsewhere unknown to me, that was the final performance of the work.

However, it was not the end of the piece's life. It was given new life through Michael's use of Butterfly and other elements of my work in his composition of the music for Patty's jazz ballet Unfinished Fragments, done so with my full permission. I'm glad, by the way, that aside from Butterfly, Patty used different poems for her piece. It allowed for artistic interpretation of more of Charis' poems. My Charisma music has taken quite a journey. Perhaps someday, I will have the happy fortune to perform it again.

I know this is the work of an amateur composer, but it is also strictly 'amateur', i.e. the work of someone who did it for the love of it. Charisma is my homage to my dear sister Charis. Mom and Dad didn't realize when they named her as an infant that she would grow into such a charismatic woman, someone who was loved by all who knew her, a sensitive and artistic soul with a remarkable insight into life even as a young girl. Her wisdom, her genuine goodness, her regard for truth and integrity—her personification of so many admirable qualities still guide those of us who loved her. Still today, forty four years after her death at the age of 29, I still miss her and somehow feel her with me even now. Charisma was and still is for her.

Julia Ann 'Julie' Greenwood Locke  
(Sister to Charis)



# CHARISMA - Seven Poems of Charis G. Southwell

## 1. Butterfly

SET to Music

Sop. Solo + SATB CHOR

Charis G. Southwell

Julia Greenwood Locke

*p* *lento*

Handwritten musical score for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music is marked *p* and *lento*. The score includes various chords and melodic lines.

*sop. solo*

Re-mem-ber me, I cry, I cry, re-

*accelerate slowly to steady moderate pace*  $\text{♩} = 120$

Handwritten musical score for the soprano solo and piano accompaniment. The soprano part is marked *sop. solo* and includes the lyrics "Re-mem-ber me, I cry, I cry, re-". The piano accompaniment is marked *accelerate slowly to steady moderate pace* with a metronome marking of  $\text{♩} = 120$ . The score includes various chords and melodic lines.

mem-ber me, I can't say why, ex-cept I longed, ex-cept I loved, and

*slight ritard* *a tempo*

Handwritten musical score for the soprano solo and piano accompaniment. The soprano part includes the lyrics "mem-ber me, I can't say why, ex-cept I longed, ex-cept I loved, and". The piano accompaniment is marked *slight ritard* and *a tempo*. The score includes various chords and melodic lines.

now be-fore I lived I die

*loco* *molto ritard* *a tempo*

Handwritten musical score for the soprano solo and piano accompaniment. The soprano part includes the lyrics "now be-fore I lived I die". The piano accompaniment is marked *loco*, *molto ritard*, and *a tempo*. The score includes various chords and melodic lines.

Note: metronome markings are approximate guides not strict instructions.

Sop. (utti)

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly , Re-mem-ber me , I cry, I cry . But-ter-fly ,

Alt.


But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly , Re-mem-ber me, I cry, I cry, But-ter-fly

Ten.

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly , Re-mem-ber me, I cry, I cry, But-ter-fly

Bass

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly , Hum ————— I cry, But-ter-fly



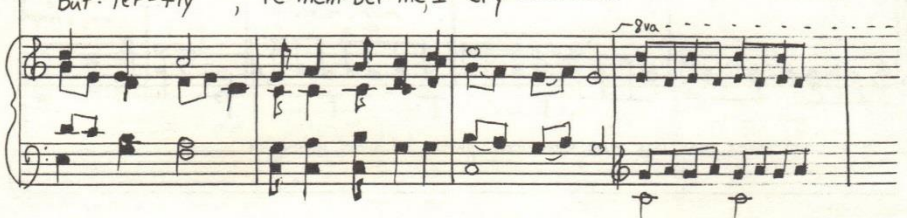
But-ter-fly , re-mem-ber me, I cry ——— .

But-ter, Butterfly, re-mem-ber me, I can't say why.

But-ter-fly , re-mem-ber me, I can't say why.

But-ter-fly , re-mem-ber me, I cry ——— .

*~sva-*



3va --- cont.

ritard

3va --- cont

a tempo

-- loco

Solo

Re-mem-ber me, I cry, I cry, re-mem-ber me, I cant say why , ex-cept I longed ex-

Sop

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly remem-ber me I cry, I cry , But-ter-fly

Alto

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly, re-mem-ber me I cry, I cry , But-ter, But-ter-fly

Ten

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly, Hum , Hum , Hum , Hum , But-ter-fly ,

Bass

But-ter-fly , But-ter-fly, Hum , Hum , Hum , Hum , But-ter-fly

The image shows a handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score is written in a single system with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The vocal line is marked with a 'solo' instruction at the beginning. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piano part consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a melodic line and the left hand providing harmonic support. The score concludes with several empty staves at the bottom.

solo  
- cept I loved, and now be-fore I lived I Die —  
But-ter-fly re-mem-ber me, I cry can't say why —  
But-ter-fly, re-mem-ber me I can't say why —  
But-ter-fly, now be-fore I lived I Die —  
But-ter-fly, Now Be-fore I Die — p p  
Re-mem-ber me, I cry, I cry, re-mem-ber me, I can't say why,  
pva. --- cont.

Handwritten musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "ex-cept I longed, ex-cept I loved and now be-fore I lived I die -". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The first staff of the piano part is marked "cava cont." and the second staff is marked "ritard".

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "loco coda". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The first staff of the piano part is marked "molto ritard".

Handwritten musical score for the third system, featuring piano accompaniment in grand staff. The music consists of chords and melodic lines in the right and left hands.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The title is "2. That there Should Be Bright Stars" and it is for "SATB choir". The system includes vocal lines for soprano (sop) and alto (alto) and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The tempo is marked "♩ = 100". The lyrics are: "that there should be bright stars, bright stars is such a". The piano part is marked "p".

won-der .

won-der and I have wondered at the sea wondered at the

*pp* won-der, ooh have wondered at the sea

*pp* won-der, ooh wondered at the

the final

sea, the empa-thetic roar of waves — the final

sea, the empa-the-tic roar of waves — the final

*mp* moving

6.

Handwritten musical score for a song. The score is written on a page with a blue border. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four staves: two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics for the first system are: "com-ing of the tide, the sand , the multi - colors of the", "com-ing of the tide, the sand , the multi - colors of the", "com-ing of the tide, the sand , sand , the multi - colors of the", and "com-ing of the tide, the sand , the multi - colors of the". The second system also has four staves: two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics for the second system are: "land, the desert splendid Red and yel-low, red and yel-low", "land, the desert splendid Red and yel-low, red and yel-low", "land, splendid", and "land splendid". The piano accompaniment includes markings such as *ritard* and *p*. The page number 7 is written in the bottom right corner.

*p* Blooming cactus silver willow the san-i-ty of op-en plain, the  
*p* Blooming cactus silver willow the san-i-ty of op-en plain, the  
*mp* Blooming Cactus silver willow, ooh ——— op-en plain, the  
*p* Blooming Cactus Silver willow, ooh ——— op-en plain, the

strong smooth ever prairie wind, that there should  
strong smooth ever prairie wind, that there should  
strong smooth ever prairie wind  
strong, smooth ever prairie, ever prairie wind

8

Handwritten musical score for a choral piece. It features five staves: four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and one piano accompaniment staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "be bright stars, bright stars, bright stars." The piano part consists of simple chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *p* (piano).

3. Exercise in Believing

Handwritten musical score for a piano piece titled "3. Exercise in Believing". It is for SATB choir and piano. The tempo is marked "very quickly" with a metronome marking of  $\text{♩} = 116$ . The key signature has three flats. The lyrics are: "Flower fused with earth and growing, river rush, wind cloud blowing, not quite knowing, But the un-guard-ed of child-like de-light, soul soar-ing, Be-fore its but-ton caught with clean cuff showing. and form-ful for-gotten, world go-ing." The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns and chordal textures. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a *ritempo* marking.

### 4. In A Sparrow's Song

soprano solo + SATB choir

*sop. solo*  $\text{♩} = 112$

Stay cloudy phantom

in your flight, withdraw your silken strands to night

*sop. tutti*

Be satisfied to take this tear, and give my soul — an

Be satisfied to take this tear, and give my soul — an

Be satisfied to take this tear, and give my soul, my soul, an

Be satisfied to take this tear, And give my soul — an

hour, an hour here

hour, an hour here

hour, an hour, an hour here.

hour, an hour here

This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hour, an hour here". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines.

Solo: Sing to them a-cross the

Sing to them Sing to them, hum—

Sing to them Sing to them, hum—

Sing to them Sing to them, hum—

Sing to them Sing to them, hum—

This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Sing to them Sing to them, hum—". A "Solo" instruction is written above the first vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

moon-light

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with lyrics: ", hum, a-cross the moon-light that I long , that I". The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The word "ritard" is written at the end of the system.

long , but my heart is held in a sparrow's song , my heart is

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with lyrics: "long , but my heart is held in a sparrow's song , my heart is". The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. Performance markings include "rally" and "ff" (fortissimo).

held in a sparrow's song, a sparrow's song, a sparrow's song, a  
held in a sparrow's song, sparrow's song, a sparrow's song, a sparrow's song, a  
held in a sparrow's song, sparrow's song,  
held in a sparrow's song

*f* *f* *f* *f*

*diminuendo + ritard*

Sop. + Alto  
sparrow's song, a sparrow's song

*pp* *a tempo*  
*diminuendo and ritard*

Sop. Solo  
let me stay til win-ters breath With glass, with glass en- chants the sea

Sop. tutti

Then I'll leave this song be-hind , and come back home , back

Then I'll leave this song be-hind , and come back home , back

Then I'll leave this song be-hind , and come back home , back home, back

Then I'll leave this song be-hind , And come back home , back

home , back home to Thee

home , back home to Thee

home , back home, back home to Thee

home , back home to Thee

14

Detailed description: This is a handwritten musical score on aged paper, mounted on a blue background. The score is for a song titled "Our Collected Memories" from the "CHARIS" collection. It features four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Then I'll leave this song be-hind , and come back home , back home, back home, back home to Thee". The music is written in a simple, accessible style with clear lyrics under each staff. The piano part uses chords and simple melodic lines to support the vocalists. The page number "14" is written in the bottom right corner.

5. Waking

Sop. Solo.  
SATB CHOR

$\text{♩} = 96$

Sop. solo: Seeds move up from the  
Seeds move up from the tomb — . ooh —  
Seeds move up from the tomb — . ooh —  
Seeds move up from the tomb — . ooh —

pp

tomb — (Sop. Solo) to taste the sky , And I be-cause one man who  
-ooh — to taste the sky , And I be-cause one man who  
-ooh — to taste the sky , be-cause one man who  
-ooh — to taste the sky , be-cause one man who  
-ooh —

15

died re-turned, re-joice, re-joice —

died re-turned, re-joice, re-joice —

died re-turned, re-joice, re-joice —

died re-turned, re-joice, re-joice Re-joice, re-joice, re

trants *f* lightly,  $\text{♩} = 150$

Re-joice re-joice re-

Re-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice, re-joice re-joice re-

joice, re-joice, re-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice, re-joice, re-joice

with tension

Re-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice

-joice re-joice, re-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice, re-

-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice re-joice, re-

re-joice, re-joice re-joice re-joice, re-

*slower f*  
*delicate*

*ritard*  $d=96$

*Sop.*  
*solo:* Come to where scarred souls look high

-joice with me and come, ooh

-joice with me and come, ooh

-joice with me and come, ooh

*d*

sop. tutti      solo:      \*solo: the light

where souls look high , Re-mem-ber-ing the light , the

where souls look high , Re-mem-ber-ing the light , the

where souls look high , Re-mem-ber-ing the light , the

where souls look high , Re-mem-ber-ing the light , the

ppp      mf

light of home

light of home

light of home

light of home

light of home

light of home

p      mf

\* solo takes top note from here to end; other sopranos take lower note.

6. Strange Seasons

*tenor solo + SATB choir*

*All: Be-sides*

*d = 66*

S: A  
T: B  
win-ter sum-mer spring and fall, the Bible names them all names them all, a  
all  
all

time to dance, a time to weep, a time to wake, a time to sleep. the  
A  
time, a time to dance, a time to weep, a time to wake, a time to sleep. The  
T  
time to dance, a time to weep, a time to wake, a time to sleep, the  
A  
time, a time to dance, a time to weep a time to wake, a time to sleep. The

19

world is cruel, but God is Kind. what of Him here-in we find is  
world is cruel, but God is Kind. what of Him here-in we find, we find, is  
world is cruel, but God is Kind. what of Him here-in we find, we find, is  
world is cruel, but God is Kind. what of Him here-in we find, we find, is

worth the oth-er, all the pain that comes to each and ev-ery man .  
worth the oth-er, all the pain that comes to each and ev-ery man .  
worth the oth-er, all the pain that comes to each and ev-ery man .  
worth the oth-er, all the pain that comes to each and ev-ery man .

*forte*

*temp. solo*

Ev-'ry life has bitter-ness, sometimes a silent, hidden thing.

*d=24 RH*

Ev-'ry mind has its wild-erness, wilderness, but faith can help the wounded sing *(unison, choir.)* And

*molto ritard. ff. d=66*

love can light an empty sky, though all must mourn, must mourn, yes

love can light an empty sky, though all must mourn, must, all must mourn, yes

love can light an empty sky, though all must mourn, must, all must mourn, yes

*ff*

love can light an empty sky, though all must mourn, must mourn, yes

*ff* *ritard.*

love can fill an empty sky though all must mourn and  
love can fill an empty sky though all must mourn and  
love can fill an empty sky though all must mourn and  
love can fill an empty sky though all must mourn (and)

all men die  
all must mourn and all men die, yes all men die  
all must mourn and all men die  
all men die, yes all men die

page 22

7. The Power of God

*♩ = 72* SATB choir

*pp* the power, the power of  
*pp* the power, ooh — the power of  
*pp* the power, ooh — the power of  
*pp* the power, ooh — the power of

*with strength*  
*mp*

*p*

God, ooh the power of God, ooh  
God, ooh the power of God  
God, the power of God, ooh  
God, ooh the power of God

23

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "Our Collected Memories". The score is written on a yellowed page with a blue border. It features two systems of music, each with vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The first system includes the lyrics: "touch-es the reaches of space, touches the reaches of space" and "The pow'r". The second system includes the lyrics: "Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us," and "of God, The pow'r of God,". Musical notations include treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and various note values. Performance markings such as "ritard" and "a tempo J. = 96" are present. The page number "24" is written in the bottom right corner of the page.

touch-es the reaches of space, touches the reaches of space  
touches the reaches of space, touches the reaches of space  
touch-es the reaches of space, touches the reaches of space  
touches the reaches of space, touches the reaches of space; The pow'r

*ritard*  
a tempo J. = 96

Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us,  
mf Bless-ing us thru a lace of stars  
Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us, Blessing us  
of God, The pow'r of God,

24

lace of star lace of star lace of star lace of star

Alto I from beyond myopic palomars  
Alto II lace of star lace of star lace of star lace of star

the pow'r of God

He tracks the earth in her trace.

*f* The pow'r

*mp* the power the power

*f* The pow'r

*molto accelerando*

*♩ = 132*

Detailed description: This is a handwritten musical score on aged paper, framed by a blue border. The score is written in black ink and includes vocal parts for Alto I and Alto II, a tenor part, and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'lace of star', 'the pow'r of God', and 'He tracks the earth in her trace.'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some rhythmic patterns. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *mp* (mezzo-piano), and performance instructions like *molto accelerando* and a tempo marking of *♩ = 132*. The handwriting is clear and legible.

of God, The Power of God, crosses the reaches of  
the power the power the power the power the power the power the power the power  
the power the power the power the power the power the power the power the power  
of God, The power of God cross - es  
time crosses the reaches of time His love  
the power the power the power the power the power the power His love  
the power the power the power the power the power the power His love  
time, cross - es time His love

*ritard tenuto*  
*molto ritard*  $\text{♩} = 104$

26

fun-nels down from the sky, His love fun-nels down, fun-  
love funnels down, funnels down, funnels down, funnels down, funnels down

love funnels down from the sky, fun-nels down from the sky, His love fun-nels, love funnels down, funnels

fun-nels down from the, love funnels down, funnels down from the sky funnels down, down

fun-nels down from the sky, His love funnels down, down

- nels down from the sky, His love funnels down from the sky, lifting His weak child

down fun-nels down from the sky, His love funnels down, lifting His weak child

from the sky, His love funnels down, lifting His weak child

from the sky, His love funnels down, lifting His weak child

*ritard*  $p > pp$   $p$  *rit*  $pp$  *slight rally*

$\text{♩} = 66$



## ***Unfinished Fragments***

*Jazz Ballet Choreographed and Produced by Patricia Karagozian  
and her son, Michael Karagozian*

In 2011 I was offered a magnificent opportunity to create a jazz ballet in collaboration with the French “Centre National de la Danse” (National Dance Center).

My first decision was to have my son, Michael Karagozian, compose the music as well as direct a jazz band on stage. Long before I had dreamed of choreographing to Julie’s score of Charisma to honor Charis’ poetry. So I decided to have Michael use Julie’s choral piece as a basis for a jazz score to create a suite of dances, each treating a particular poem. Michael and I worked together, simultaneously composing the musical score and the dances. The relation between the three sources-- music, dance, and Charis’ poetry—was intricately woven together from the beginning.

Here in France, American poetry is not well known. No one I knew had ever heard of Charis Southwell, but it was rewarding to see now deeply people were touched by her poems well before the performance. I had the chosen poems translated into French by a university professor, Guillaume Destot, who was a certified English/French translator. I was more than pleased with the result. He managed to translate each poem to French while keeping the essence, the magic, the sensitivity so alive in Charis’ work.

In *Unfinished Fragments*, several of Charis’ poems became dances: *Seabird*, *Dream*, *Our Family*, *Butterfly*, *Acknowledged*, and *Dawn*. These poems all symbolize the fragility and beauty of life, the

imminence of death, the constant presence of nature. On opening night, a certain spirituality filled the air from the very beginning of the performance, almost as if somehow, Charis was there,

All of the artists, musicians and dancers, were immersed in a profound emotional experience. At every performance, this powerful and sensitive content deeply affected the audience. I remember a young dancer telling me after the show, “During the piece we go through so many different emotions, wanting to cry, to laugh, to love...”

Thank you, Charis.

Patricia Greenwood Karagozian  
(Sister to Charis)



## Tributes in Art

Chorégraphie : Patricia GREENWOOD KARAGOZIAN et la compagnie PGK

Création et direction musicale : Mike KARAGOZIAN (d'après *Charisma - Seven Songs* de Julia LOCKE)  
Interprètes : Emmanuelle DUC, Serenella PALLINI, Leela PETRONIO, Georgey SOUCHETTE, Magali VERIN  
Musiciens : Damien ARGENTIERI (piano), Mike KARAGOZIAN (piano), Fred TRONCHE (contrebasse), Stéphane MINANA (batterie), Cédric RICARD (saxophones et clarinette basse)  
Création lumières : Jean Michel DRIX

Durée : 56 min.

Production : Compagnie FaCéCie

Coproduction : Centre national de la danse (création en résidence)

**Prologue** : Emmanuelle Duc, Serenella Pallini, Leela Petronio, Georgey Souchette, Magali Verin.

**Seabird** : Emmanuelle Duc, Serenella Pallini.

**Dream** : Serenella Pallini, Leela Petronio.

**Our Family** : Emmanuelle Duc, Serenella Pallini, Leela Petronio, Georgey Souchette, Magali Verin.

**Butterfly** : Magali Verin.

**Butterfly bis** : Emmanuelle Duc, Leela Petronio, Georgey Souchette.

**Acknowledged** : Georgey Souchette.

**Dawn** : Emmanuelle Duc, Serenella Pallini, Leela Petronio, Georgey Souchette, Magali Verin.

Le CND remercie les artistes et leurs équipes.

**EN MARS... AU CND**

**INSTALLATION VIDÉO**  
HERVÉ ROBBE / TRAVELLING & CO  
Mercredi 8 février au vendredi 23 mars, Atrium

**SPECTACLE**  
ANNE JUREN / CIE WIENER TANZ-UND KUNSTBEWEGUNG  
*Tableaux vivants*

Mercredi 21 et jeudi 22 mars à 20h30, Grand studio  
CONSERVATOIRE NATIONAL SUPÉRIEUR DE MUSIQUE ET DE DANSE DE PARIS <sup>museo</sup>  
*Flanes* (Trisha Brown), *In no sense* (Nicolas Paul), *Quatre ciels de novembre* (Thomas Lebrun)  
Mercredi 28 au vendredi 30 mars à 20h30, Grand studio

**EN AVRIL... AU CND**

**GRANDE LEÇON DE DANSE**  
THIERRY DE MEY  
*Contemporain*  
Mardi 3 avril à 19h, Grand studio

**CONFÉRENCE**  
DANIEL DOBBELS  
*Danse et arts plastiques*  
Cunningham et Duchamp  
Mardi 3 avril à 19h, Studio 8

**INSTALLATION VIDÉO**  
RÉGINE CHOPINOT  
Mercredi 4 avril au jeudi 31 mai, Atrium et 1<sup>er</sup> étage

**SPECTACLE**  
DANIEL LARRIEU / ARNO BERTINA  
JEAN-BAPTISTE ANDRÉ / FABRICE MELQUIOT  
*Festival Concordance*  
Jeudi 5 et vendredi 6 avril à 19h, Studio 3

CCN - BALLET DE LORRAINE  
Maguy Marin / William Forsythe  
Mercredi 11 au samedi 14 avril à 20h30, Grand studio

**PATRICIA GREENWOOD KARAGOZIAN / CIE PGK**

*Unfinished Fragments*

*coproduction / création en résidence*

**Jeudi 15 et vendredi 16 mars 2012 à 20h30**

**Grand studio**

La fragilité d'un instant fragmenté, le temps volé, le temps qui s'envole.

Tourmentée par le désir d'attraper l'instant, la poétesse américaine, Charis Southwell, grave ses impressions sur des morceaux de papier.

Quelques brins de ses poèmes font naître l'expressivité d'une danse vibrante, sculptant l'espace, les corps propulsés par les dissonances et les brisures d'une musique jazz sensible et enveloppante.

Constituée de huit tableaux, *Unfinished Fragments* commence par une danse introductrice, *Prologue*, avant de traverser une sélection de six poèmes. Sans aller vers l'illustration, ni le récit, les paroles et métaphores de la poétesse inspirent la matière de danse, qui passera par l'introspection, le geste sensible, mais aussi par la jubilation du rythme et la relation à l'autre.

**PATRICIA GREENWOOD KARAGOZIAN**

D'origine américaine, Patricia Greenwood Karagozian commence sa carrière au sein du Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre avec le *Light Opera* et le *Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre*. Elle joue dans dix-huit opéras musicaux, dont *West Side Story*, *Miss Saigon*, *My Fair Lady*, *Spanglish*, *Angels in America*. Diplômée du Certificat d'Apprentissage en danse jazz depuis 1994, elle s'inscrit pour le diplôme d'État dans plusieurs centres privés et Cefedems et pour le Certificat d'Apprentissage CND et au CNSMD de Lyon. En 2003, elle obtient la Licence Professionnelle en Analyse Fonctionnelle du Corps dans le Mouvement Danse. Elle est auteure du cahier pédagogique *Travailler la Danse Jazz*, édité par le CND en 2007.

Elle chorégraphie le ballet jazz ou *Opus 45*, solo écrit pour Fredo Pasewels en 2000, *West Side Story* (2000) et *Evils* (2002) joués au Théâtre du Châtelet.

Pendant une attention particulière à l'innovation et à la relation musique-danse, elle improvise au concert dans divers festivals de musique jazz avec Philippe Carrère, Benoît Soufiss, Olivier Ferré...

Depuis 2006, Patricia Greenwood Karagozian est présidente de l'Association Coda jazz, dont la mission est de promouvoir et défendre la qualité et la reconnaissance de la scène jazz en France.

En 2011, elle crée la compagnie PGK afin de promouvoir à l'échelle chorégraphique dans un champ d'expression jazz.

**MIKE KARAGOZIAN (au piano le jeudi 15 mars)**

Après avoir passé un an d'échange académique à Boston aux États-Unis en 2001, il prend des cours de piano jazz avec Joel Le Sueur, à avec Le Mulgrew Miller, Mike Karagozian rentre en France. En 2003, il étudie la musique au *Université Paris 8* et le piano à la Bill Evans Piano Academy, au côté de Philippe Le Barillet.

En 2006, il obtient un DLM (Diplôme d'Études Musicales) en Harmonie jazz et un C. M. en Piano jazz à l'École Nationale de Musique de Vesoul.

Il est aujourd'hui un artiste professionnel et accompagnateur d'élèves artistes, dont Grand Corps Malade, avec lequel il est en tournée actuellement, et participe à divers projets musicaux ou styles variés (jazz, funk, soul, variété, pop rock). Il compose la musique pour les variations imposées de l'examen d'Adaptation Technique en danse jazz en 2002 et pour les conservatoires en 2010.

**CHARIS SOUTHWELL**

Récompensée à trois reprises par le Hart-Larsen Award, la poétesse américaine Charis Southwell est décédée à l'âge de 29 ans, alors que son écriture arrivait à peine à sa pleine maturité. Ses poèmes, révélant son regard observateur et sensible sur la vie ou lui échappent, ont été publiés après son décès en 1970.

**DAMIEN ARGENTIERI (au piano le vendredi 16 mars)**

Après avoir étudié au Conservatoire de Lyon puis au Centre Didier Lockwood, Damien Argenterii se produit aux côtés de Sylvain Bellet, Romane, Stéphane Belmondo. Un étroit contact avec le milieu de la danse, l'est corroboré par de nombreux et fait partie de la compagnie jazz L&CIE qui réunit quatre danseuses et quatre musiciens de jazz.

**EMMANUELLE DUC**

Emmanuelle Duc rencontre Patricia Greenwood Karagozian lors de sa formation scénique au C.E.S.D.J de Poitiers. Elle est interprète pour diverses compagnies et est à l'initiative de la compagnie Helme o. Elle porte un intérêt particulier à l'art de la rue et aux performances consociées et introduites en milieu scolaire.

**STÉPHANE MINANA (batterie)**

Stéphane Minana est un musicien aux multiples influences s'ouvrant à la plus vaste des cultures et les sensibilités propres comme le jazz, le electro-jazz, le gospel et les charbons écologiques. Il accompagne des créations chorégraphiques de la compagnie Trafic de Styles.

**SERENELLA PALLINI**

Née en Italie, à Gênes, Serenella Pallini commence la danse classique grâce à sa découverte du jazz. À dix-sept ans, elle intègre la compagnie Kaleido Danse. Elle entre à l'Académie Bebelio D'Osana grâce à une bourse d'études et intègre ensuite la compagnie Opus Ballet dirigée par Danco Trnacci. Arrivée à Paris, elle travaille avec la compagnie de Dominique Desdées.

**LEELA PETRONIO**

Franco-italienne, Leela Petronio est une référence internationale dans le monde *Tapdance* et des percussions corporelles. Elle se produit aux États-Unis avec Sarah Petronio, Jimmy Slyde, Gregory Hines, Honi Coles, Savion Glover. Membre de la troupe STOMP depuis 2007, elle dirige le collectif pluridisciplinaire *Up Ta Project*.

**CÉDRIC RICARD (saxophones et clarinette basse)**

Diplômé de l'ENM de Villardbenne et du CNR de Lyon, Cédric Ricard multiplie ses expériences avec divers artistes, comme Zao, Zuber Orchestre ou Baptiste Trilignon. Il aborde différents styles : charson français, musique du monde, jazz, blues, electro, soul, reggae et afro-caine.

**GEORGEY SOUCHETTE**

Originaire de Saint-Martin, Georgey Souchette étudie la danse à l'Institut de Formation Professionnelle Rick Odums. Il danse pour les chorégraphes Rick Odums, Cécilia Arnsberg, James Carles, Cathy Grauer, Co Laoko, Magali Verin, Nathan Ticoe, Abdel R. Salas et Wayne Barzote. Il a ainsi pu interpréter un vaste répertoire allant d'Assada Da'ora à Romo d K. Brown en passant par Anna Sokolow.

**FRED TRONCHE**

Fred Tronche construit son parcours professionnel en tant que jazz et pop en passant par le rock, le funk, le gospel, la chanson française, la musique ethnique ou même l'électro. Il accompagne les créateurs de la compagnie Traffic de Styles avec le Quartet PPP, son œuvre s'illustre par l'écriture à la composition.

**MAGALI VERIN**

Après des études à l'école d'Art à Jersey, Magali Verin danse avec Anne Marie Porraz, Cécilia Arnsberg, Rick Odums, Patricia Alzetta et Georgey Souchette. Elle fait partie de la compagnie musicale *The Lion King* au Lyceum Theatre de Londres. Elle enseigne la technique de Lester Horton à l'Institut de Formation Professionnelle Rick Odums.

**Patricia Greenwood Karagozian,**  
***Unfinished Fragments***  
**From Collected Poems of Charis Southwell (1941-1970)**

**Traduction des poèmes de Charis Southwell qui inspirent les six tableaux du spectacle.**  
**Traduction : Guillaume Destot**

**Seabird**

How many silent birds have winged away  
 At the scraping of my footfall on brown rocks  
 Below the world in the sea, where grey  
 White birds sleep? I do not know.  
 I know that once one stayed  
 And, turning wise indifferent eyes,  
 Watched me stumble down the cliff  
 And wince at the salty spray,  
 Waiting till I reached his side  
 Before he flew away.

Combien d'oiseaux silencieux ont pris l'envol  
 Au bruit de mon pied sur la roche brune  
 Vers la mer, sous le monde, là où  
 Les oiseaux gris et blancs dorment ? Je ne sais pas.  
 Je sais qu'une fois, l'un d'eux est resté  
 Son regard balayant, sage et indifférent,  
 Me regarda descendre la falaise en trébuchant,  
 Grimaçant à l'embrun salé  
 Il attend que je sois à ses côtés  
 Avant de s'envoler

**Dream**

Silence keeps a space where thoughts resound  
 And clatter on some polished place.  
 No matter, but I dreamed of death and saw  
 A sweet white face that smiled and meant to speak.  
 Till some response of fear within myself  
 Shattered the transparent film, before I felt,  
 And left a noisy night.

Le silence préserve un espace où les pensées résonnent  
 En éclats sur une surface polie  
 Peu importe, mais j'ai rêvé de la mort et j'ai vu  
 Un visage blanc et doux, qui souriait et voulait parler  
 Jusqu'à ce qu'en moi surgisse une peur  
 Fracassant la pellicule transparente, avant même que je ne l'éprouve,  
 Laissant derrière elle une nuit de vacarme.

**Our Family**

The sweet dreams of the warm evening  
 Brush aside the whisps of years, ...

... Remembering the bright, noisy love that filled our house.  
 The never quiet, unrelenting clang of call and song. ...

... In that bright and seldom silent circle  
 Circus-like and dream-like now  
 But real enough to bring long letters,  
 And after all this time,  
 The words that say the love we built.

Les douces rêveries du soir tiède  
Balayent les mèches des années ...

... A nous souvenir de cet amour radieux et bruyant, qui emplissait notre maison  
Le fracas infatigable des chants et des appels au jeu.

... Dans ce cercle lumineux et rarement calme  
Tel un cirque, et aujourd'hui tel un songe  
Mais assez tangible pour m'inspirer de longues lettres,  
Et après tout ce temps,  
Les mots pour dire l'amour que nous avons construit.

**Butterfly**

Remember me I cry I cry  
Remember me I can't say why  
Except I longed, except I loved  
And now before I lived, I die.

Ne m'oublie pas, je crie je crie  
Ne m'oublie pas, je ne sais pourquoi  
Mais j'ai tant désiré, j'ai tant aimé  
Mais avant de vivre, je meurs déjà.

**Acknowledged**

Death, you have often sparred with me  
And I have won. But now I know  
You win your battles by degree,  
Not one swift blow.  
But coin by coin you take our loves  
And have your toll.

La Mort, tu m'as souvent affrontée  
Et je t'ai vaincue. Mais je sais maintenant  
Que tu gagnes tes combats par étapes  
Non pas par un coup de grâce.  
Mais pièce après pièce tu emportes nos amours,  
Et tu récoltes ton dû.

**Dawn**

The season that I love the best is dawn.  
It comes from living on the west of hills  
And watching the gold stream  
Seep between each peak  
Feeling the line of day move up the valley slope  
Until at last  
From waiting long  
The sun is mine.

La saison que j'aime le plus est l'aube.  
C'est d'avoir vécu à l'ouest des collines  
Et regardé le ruisseau d'or  
S'écouler entre chaque sommet,  
Ressenti la frontière du jour remontant la pente de la vallée  
Jusqu'à ce que,  
D'avoir tant attendu,  
Le soleil m'appartienne.

