

Sorry for the type - Rey

Memories of John Yancey by his Grandchildren.

The only entries that are dated are 29 August 1995. All the entries were written during the same time period and were in response to a request by Arlene Yancey to write something that could be included in a history.

Dear Grandma,

I think Grandpa would want me to know that he loves me very much and that he watches over me. That he is doing the Lord's work in heaven and preparing for the days when each of his loved ones is reunited with him. He would want me to know that he is proud of the decisions I have made to change my life to be worthy to become an Elder in the Church and to be married in the Temple. He would also want me to know that enduring to the end isn't as hard as it seems and that he wishes he would have had more time on earth to help me and the others that loved him so much.

I have so many special memories of Grandpa that I could probably write a book! A few of those memories include the many fishing trips we shared together. I remember when once we were hiking back from Buena Lake, I was carrying the gunny sack full of fish and Grandpa said, "Mike, if the game warden comes you drop that sack and run off into the woods, and we'll yell, 'THERE HE GOES! THERE GOES THE GUY WITH THE FISH!!'" Everybody laughed and I knew he was kidding but I couldn't help thinking the rest of the hike down, "What happens when the game warden really does come?"

I have a lot of memories about the times spent working with Grandpa. Some of the closest times we had were working together. I don't think I learned more at any time than when working for Grandpa. I remember building the potato cellar at Rose and at Tyhee. Once while working near the top of the roof, about 30 feet up, I took off a part of my thumb with a hammer. At first, all I could see was the white flesh inside, then blood started spurting out quite forcefully. Holding my thumb with one hand, I climbed down with my injured thumb hand. I found Grandpa and he took me to the truck, bandaged me up and said, "OK, there you go!" I asked, "Well, aren't you going to take me home?" He said, "Home? Get back up there and go to work!" I learned that day that the human body could withstand much greater pain than you thought it could. I guess that's why I still endure more pain than others know. And why I expect others to endure more than they think they can instead of using pain as an excuse to not get things accomplished.

I remember when my Dad went out with us sometimes. We had almost finished potato cellar in Rose. Grandpa and my brother Randy were working on a rolling scaffold about 4 or 5 stages high. (This is an illegal practice in most places today.) Dad and I were framing some interior walls at the other end of the building. All of a sudden, we both heard some faint yells. We ran to investigate. We heard Grandpa yelling, "RON! MIKE! RON! MIKE!" We ran faster to find Grandpa and Randy holding on for dear life to the header and trying to keep the scaffold, which had somehow lost a wheel, from tipping over and taking them with it. The funny

part was that Grandpa, in between yelling for us, was yelling, "Hold on, Randy!, just hold on!" Like he wasn't holding on for dear life anyway!

Along with his serious take-charge attitude was the humorous side of Grandpa. He always had a joke to tell or a trick to play. Everybody remembers the "hat show" that Grandpa put on every Christmas. I remember while doing our home teaching Grandpa told a couple, who were having trouble paying their tithing, that if they paid 10% they would soon learn how to live off 90% of their income. Then they could sacrifice 20% and learn to live off 80%. And if they kept going that way, pretty soon they could learn to live off nothing. What a great concept. We all laughed but it seemed to make paying 10% like it was really nothing.

Grandpa is so special to me in so many ways. To me he was one of the greatest men who ever lived. Along with the character, strength, industriousness, sternness, and intelligence, came righteousness, love, commitment, and compassion. I can't think of one bad habit or attribute that wasn't completely overcome by the good ones.

I also remember lots of special times with you, Grandma. I remember all the great meals you fixed. I seemed it didn't have to be a special occasion for you to fix varied and plentiful meals. So many times I didn't feel up to the challenge, but with your loving encouragement, I not only succeeded but excelled at those undertakings. Helping you to can foods, although we seemed to dread it, was always a great joy. We learn how to do things we probably wouldn't have learned anywhere else. Not to mention how great it was to go to the shelf and retrieve something so delicious that we had helped to prepare.

I always had fun traveling with you. I really enjoy hearing the things about places that I wouldn't probably find out anywhere else.

I want you to know how much I love you and Grandpa. I also want you to know how much I appreciate all the things you have done for me. I may not have seemed grateful at certain times, but I cannot thank you enough. The times I spent in Idaho and Hawaii will stay with me forever.

Love,

Mike

Dear Grandma,

ROSE

I'll never forget the time Grandpa and I were working on the spud cellar in rows, and we were on top of the scaffolding when I looked down and it appeared that the scaffolding was starting to tip and fall. I yelled at Grandpa that I was afraid that it was falling. He turned to me and said it was my imagination. We were about 50 feet up, and he thought I was just afraid of heights. When the scaffolding tipped enough for the wheels to fall out of their pegs, I yelled again at Grandpa and said, "Grandpa, I think the scaffolding is falling!" At this point, Grandpa turned to me and said, "Randy, the scaffolding is falling!" We hung on for our dear lives to the beams with our arms while we held on to the scaffolding with our ankles and yelled for help. Mike and Ron came running over, put the wheels back in place, and straightened up the scaffolding. We both climbed down very fast! And I kissed the ground! After that it took some time to go back onto a scaffolding, but we both laughed about it later!!

I also remember my fun summers going to visit Grandpa and the special times we had on our fishing trips. We used to camp near our car and hike to Lake Buena which was a seven-mile hike back out. And Grandpa never complained about it. He love it and did it all the time.

One memorable moment was when Grandpa offered to buy me a car if I cut my hair because apparently he wasn't too fond of rather long hair! Unfortunately, he put a trick clause in the contract. After I cut my hair he said he would only make payments on the car if I kept my hair short! Needless to say he kept up his part of the bargain but I had trouble. I remember Grandpa as a very hard worker who loved his family. He was always very happy. His name was always well respected in the community. I'll never forget going to the tire store and getting a patch put on our inner tube. And because we were John Yancey's grandchildren, there would never be any charge. That made me very proud. Grandpa used to snore really, really, really loud! He used to be so tired from all his hard work, that if he sat still for five minutes he would be asleep and snoring!

I can remember Grandma and Grandpa were always dedicated to the church. They always attended their meetings and the temple regularly. They were a great example for me. I will always remember Grandma's wonderful cooking and the big Christmas dinners she prepared.

I remember the time that Grandma taught the 4-H Club that Mike, Shane and I joined. That made it really fun! I'll never forget that we'd ask Grandma to tell us the story of the Hobby Hoz. I think she made up the story because she never used a book. We never got tired of hearing that story and made her tell it over and over again. It was peculiar because no one else knew of it.

Grandma was always busy making needlework gifts for people. And she always kept a diary. She could tell you what the weather was like any day of her life, it seemed. Grandma and Grandpa used to stay up so late to watch the 10 o'clock news and then get up before daybreak! They would just go and go and go all day!

I could go on and on about all my wonderful memories of my grandparents. Thank you for all the love you've shown to me and the priceless memories!

Love, Randy

10/15/20 10:00 AM

Dear Mr. [Name],

I am writing to you regarding the [Project Name] that we discussed in our meeting on [Date]. I am pleased to hear that you are interested in the [Project Name] and would like to know more about it. I am sure that you will find the [Project Name] to be a very interesting and valuable project.

The [Project Name] is a [Project Description] that will [Project Goals]. It is a [Project Type] project that will [Project Benefits]. I am sure that you will find the [Project Name] to be a very interesting and valuable project.

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My Grandpa Yancey was a distinguished man. He was known for his precision craftsmanship and for his disciplined working habits. Tall and upright, he had a formal air. His somber countenance was not to be taken lightly and when he spoke, he'd look you in the eye and ask, "Savvy?", to see that each word was getting through. Grandpa was someone you could count on to keep his word. He was always on time (or often early) for appointments and if we were going someplace as a group, he'd be the first one in the car waiting for the rest of us. He was always up early and went to work at the crack of dawn. He'd break for lunch at noon and quite often work until sunset.

One of my favorite memories of Grandpa was at a family talent day in the living room of Grandma and Grandpa's house during the summer of 1994 (I think). Some of us took turns playing the piano and singing and when it came time for Grandpa to take his turn displaying talent, he picked up a woven crepe paper vase from the table, put it on his head and modeled it around the room. Then he took the vase off, turned it inside-out and modeled it again. It was fun to see Grandpa's playful side and we all laughed and laughed.

We went to Grandma and Grandpa's house about once a year and I always looked forward to it with anticipated excitement. I loved being there and playing with my cousins who lived very near. In the summer we played in the irrigation ditches and in the winter we played in the snow; two things we didn't have at my house in California. Grandma and Grandpa's house was always clean and full of wonderful smells, like fresh cut lumber and wood stain, books, clean laundry and freshly baked bread. I loved their house and was fascinated that Grandpa had built it himself. They had two fireplaces, one in the family room and one in the living room, and when I asked Grandpa why they had two, he said that he and Grandma couldn't decide whether to have a marble fireplace or a stone one so they built one of each. Often my cousins would bring their sleeping bags over and sleep with me on the living room floor or out on the back patio and Grandma would tell us stories. My favorite was "The Hobby Haws," and no one can tell it like Grandma.

Grandma and Grandpa had a garden most years and sometimes when we came to visit we would get to help harvest. We'd pick green beans and corn and sometimes peas. I think I ate my first raw pea fresh-picked from Grandpa's garden. After harvesting, we'd sit on the back patio and break the beans and shuck the corn. Grandma would tell us stories of Grandpa when they were courting. She claims he married her because she was well skilled at ironing. Grandpa would tell us stories about the time he worked loading sacks of potatoes onto trucks or about his work at the shipyards in Richmond, CA during the Second World War. I remember how the gold shined on his front tooth when he smiled and his tanned skin from working outside, his strong forearms and his split black fingernail from the time he hit it with a hammer. Grandpa always wore one style of clothes to work: a blue work shirt and white coveralls with a nail pouch on the front, but on Sundays, he'd look his best in a suit and tie. Grandpa worked so hard during the week that on Sunday, (the day of rest) he had a tough time staying awake. He went to church faithfully every Sunday and just as faithfully, his chin would hit his chest and he'd be asleep during the services. We didn't pay too much attention until he started to snore. Then Grandma

would elbow him and he'd lift his head and smile at us.

Sometimes Grandma and Grandpa would visit us in California. When they came we'd have a small reunion with some of Grandpa's brothers and sisters. At every reunion the men would sit around the kitchen table and play cards, the women would sit in the living room getting "caught up" and working on crafts, while the rest of us ran in and out of the house sticking our noses into the different conversations or checking the score. After the men were through playing, Grandpa would play cards with me and he taught me how to play Nertz which to this day is my favorite game.

Grandpa built some beautiful furniture for us and when I was about thirteen, I asked him if he would build me a desk with wall shelves. I drew him an isometric drawing of what I wanted it to look like and he said he'd build it, but with a few changes. He built a desk and a separate dresser unit with a cabinet and shelves. They have been my most prized possessions these seventeen years since.

Though I don't remember too many times spent with just the two of us, Grandpa's example, the things he built, his hard work and his loyalty to his religious beliefs have made an everlasting impression on me. It was his influence that led me to the pursuit of Architecture and I often think of him when I am working. Grandpa passed away when I was eighteen. I started my architectural career the following year. So often, as an adult, I've wished I could ask him questions about work and about life. Many times, however, when I've been in need, I've felt his presence and occasionally he's spoken to me in my dreams. I'm proud to be his granddaughter and I hope someday we can be together again in Heaven.

My Grandpa by Shane Larsen

What a guy! There are so many things that he did, it is tough to know where to start. What sticks out most in my mind is charity. There was nothing Grandpa wouldn't do for anyone. I remember one time when we were home teaching. A new family had moved into Great Grandma Yancey's house. We were talking to them, and in the conversation it came up that their dryer was broken. Without a second thought Grandpa offered to get them a replacement. I was amazed.

He was generous at ward budget auctions. At the time, I thought he was crazy to pay \$200 for a doll! But now I understand he had a kind heart and was a very generous man. Grandpa worked very hard for the Lord. Missions, building churches, callings, anything and everything that was needed, he did and then he always went the extra mile.

He was super ticklish. Especially on his feet. He always had change in his pocket to give to us kids. He was a hard worker. The only things that kept him from his work were Sundays and the Temple. What a trait to have. You just don't see that any more. Some of his favorite things in life were corn on the cob and ice cream. And I was usually there to help him eat them.

When Grandpa went fishing, he really went fishing. He would come home with not a few fish, but a whole gunny sack full of fish. It was awesome to see him dump them on the lawn. Dawn, the kids, and I really appreciated his help in building our first home. It was tough to sell our home knowing it was the last home he built. It had a lot of sentimental value to us.

I have cleaned many garages for Grandpa. I believe he taught me the meaning of hard work. One summer when I worked for him, I used to come to work about 10 minutes late. He taught me that this was unacceptable. He said that I should be at work 5 or 10 minutes early. To this day, I am usually to work. He also taught me to take pride in my work, to do your best, and don't stop until it is done right. These are just a few of the great traits Grandpa had and passed on.

Boy, could he grow a great garden! I loved to get fresh munchies from the garden.

One thing that Grandpa feared was lizards! He would be up on the couch in Hawaii yelling "Get this thing out of here!" He was great at cracking coconuts. I don't know if Grandpa worked too hard or if the speakers in sacrament meeting were boring, but he always took a nap during that meeting. No matter where you look, your own neighborhood, Blackfoot, Idaho, The United States, South America, and many more places, there is a piece of John Yancey just anywhere you go. What a great man.

One of the hardest things to watch Grandpa go through was when he had cancer. He couldn't remember how to do things that came normally to him. You could see the frustration in his eyes. It just was not Grandpa to sit around doing nothing.

That was my Grandpa, a hard worker and a very caring person to everyone. Even to people he did not know. I can't think of any other person I would want to grow up to be like.

Grandpa Yancey by Shaunna Larsen Weatherston

I can remember that no matter what room of the house that Grandpa was in, when I walked in the back door, he would yell out, "Shaunna, don't walk pigeon-toed." He couldn't even see my feet but he would tell me anyway. I can remember that Grandpa always had a pocket full of change. But instead of just giving us a quarter or so, he would give us the whole handful. That was fun.

I can remember that Grandpa was a hard worker. I can remember Grandpa at work on his houses at the crack of dawn. I can still hear the sound of his hammer so early in the morning, and me still in bed trying to sleep. I can remember that Grandpa always had a nap after lunch, but a short time later he was back at work. I can remember that Grandpa was allergic to many foods and to this day I still wonder how he could ever eat so much cabbage. And he liked cold bottled tomatoes and sugar, and half a cantaloupe filled with vanilla ice cream. But most of all I think he liked candy. There was always candy at Grandma and Grandpa's house. I have a picture of Grandpa eating a piece of Grandma's homemade candy on Christmas Day. He has a big smile on his face.

We would ride our bikes to the A & W with an empty gallon jug, and ride home with a full jug of Root Beer. Sometimes we would take it to Grandpa at whatever house he was working on. I can remember Grandpa sitting down on a sawhorse and just guzzle it away. We would wait with high hopes that there would be some left. Even the summer we spent in Hawaii we would walk to the A & W there with our empty jug.

Grandpa always wanted me to cut my hair. He would offer me \$100.00, but I never did. Now I pay to have my hair cut, and always wish it was shorter and shorter. I can remember one time after Grandma had made some homemade bread, Grandpa came in and cut the whole top of it and covered it with homemade jam. He told us that when he was a kid, they would cut the top, bottom, and sides off the warm bread and eat the big pieces. I wonder how Great Grandma Yancey ever kept enough bread in the house with so many kids eating a loaf of bread so fast.

I can remember Grandpa planting the garden every spring. I helped plant the peas and corn. But the thing I remember and miss the most about Grandpa was listening to him tell his stories. He always had an experience to relate whether it was about one of his building missions, work on one of his houses, something about church or temple work, or someone he knew. He was just the best when it came to telling what had happened to him. I can still remember his laugh. I can remember that brown paper vase and Grandpa had a story to go with it. By the end of the story, he had turned it into a hat on his head and was doing a dance. We would laugh so hard. He was so funny. I surely wish we would have recorded his stories and had his dance on video.

Grandpa did not like pets. Absolutely no animals in the house. A big rule was: Don't sit on the counter tops. Grandpa's favorite color was green. Grandpa liked to travel, but if you weren't up and gone by 4 A.M., it was just too late. So be in that car at 4 A.M. or be left behind. Grandpa liked to fish. I can remember him going fishing and bringing his catch home for Grandma to cook. I'm so grateful for all the things that Grandma and Grandpa have done for me. I'm so grateful for the pieces of furniture that I have to remember Grandpa by.

Sharla Larsen

Grandpa Yancey was a very special person to me. He had the strength and ability to make things happen. He did a great many things to help a great many people. I still marvel at the fact that he built an entire street of houses. What an accomplishment. However, I still remember many early summer mornings hearing the sound of the hammer hitting a nail. Just like an alarm clock going off about 4 hours too early. Besides just building houses, he built many other things also. When Grandma and Grandpa were in Hawaii building the Polynesian Cultural Center, I was able to visit Hawaii on two separate occasions. This was an experience in itself. I met many new people, learned about a new culture, and spent many days at the beach. We would go for walks at night to enjoy the fresh night air. One time we went for a walk after it had rained. As we were coming to the church house we noticed that the sidewalk was all GREEN. Grandpa was teasing me about what it was and as we continued to walk closer, we found that the whole sidewalk was covered with green frogs. What a sight that was. It was amazing seeing all of those frogs. Also, while we were in Hawaii and Shaunna was off on her trip to Fiji, it was only Grandma, Grandpa and me. We went to the movie theater and watched a movie about a plane crash. I'll bet that was the only time Grandpa ever took enough time off to go to a movie theater and watch a movie. Towards the end of our stay in Hawaii, Grandpa took us to see the Polynesian Cultural Center that he had been working on. I can remember thinking WOW my Grandpa built all this, and of course in mind he built it all by himself. We walked all around and he showed us everything and then we went into the eating area and we all sat there and had dinner while Don Ho sang to us. But I remember the best part was when Grandpa bought me a watermelon ice cream cone.

While Grandpa was building Uncle Wally's house in California I was able to go with them. We were there for approximately 3 months. This was a very interesting experience. I got to see how another school district worked and it was a lot different than in Blackfoot, Idaho. I met a very nice girl that lived next door. I walked to school each day, where you could see all of the other classes at the same time and they didn't even serve hot lunch. But every Wednesday you could buy an ice cream bar. On the way back from California we went to Arizona to visit relatives and I think I just about drove Grandpa crazy because I talked and talked all the way home. I'll bet he was glad to pull into his driveway when we finally got home.

One day, a truck pulled into our driveway and there were 2 beds. We thought, Wow, who are those for? They were for Shaunna and me: 2 twin beds. Boy, were we excited that we didn't have to sleep in the same bed anymore. Also, Grandpa had built us our own chest of drawers and night stands. We didn't have to share any space any more. One day I missed the school bus and my mom had asked Grandpa to drive me. It was during the winter and the roads were kind of icy, but let me tell you, that this did not slow Grandpa down at all. I felt I was holding on for dear life & he was just a-motoring down that icy road. I had never been so glad to pull into a school parking lot as I was that day. Grandpa Yancey was a man who did many things and taught many a person many things. My wish would be that my children could have met him and loved him the way we did. He was great to me.

Janae Johnson

One of my first memories of doing something for Grandpa was letting him know when lunch and dinner were ready. I went to the house that he was building to tell him that Grandma was ready for him to come home and eat. He would tell me if he could come or if he had to finish something first. One memory when I was younger was dressing Jace up in a wig and some girl clothes. Grandpa thought he was one of my girl friends. He had no clue that it was really Jace until someone told him. He just could not get over that he could not tell it was him. When he and Grandma would talk about it, he would just look at her and shake his head.

We spent the summer in Hawaii with Grandma and Grandpa the year that I turned seven. I remember going to where he worked and watching him. In the house, I remember his chasing lizards with the broom because he didn't like them very well. He would also make us laugh when he got bananas and coconuts out of the back yard. Grandpa had built a swing on the back porch and he would sit and swing with us. We liked that.

Grandpa would pay us to pick up nails, scrap lumber, and rocks. I didn't like the work so much, but I liked the idea of having a little money. Grandpa also took us to the A & W for Root Beer once in a while. When I was young, I liked to play with the doll and dish cupboards that he made for me. I hope Hailey (my daughter) loves it as much as I did. On a Christmas he made about 13 dish cupboards to give to little girls that lived close by. He was always thinking of what he could do for others. All the little girls were so happy. When I got older, he made me a desk and dresser. They are special to me and I use them every day.

I was in the 9th grade when Grandpa got sick. He would get very frustrated when he could not work like he used to. When he got worse I would go stay with him if Grandma had to go somewhere. I would stay with him for hours making sure he was comfortable and had what he needed. Toward the end he wasn't talking, but the day before he died, he was awake and talking to me. The morning Grandma called looking for my parents because she thought Grandpa was dying, my mom was taking my dad to his ride to the BYU football game. I went and stood at the corner so I could tell her to stop at Grandma's and then I went home. A little while later she called and said he was gone. I remember crying, not knowing what I was going to do without Grandpa. I miss him a lot and wish more than anything my kids could have known him. I know they would have loved him just as much as I do. Hailey talks a lot about Grandpa Yancey and looks at his picture. It's almost as if she already knows him.

Grandpa Yancey by Jace N. Johnson

Remembering Grandpa Yancey is usually pretty easy for me since each day when I go out in the world I meet so many men who are the exact opposite of the Grandpa I knew. The men I meet in the world each day seem to lack the things I loved in my Grandpa Yancey, things like chivalry, respect, obedience, hard work and reverence. Although I know these characteristics did not suddenly vanish the year my Grandpa died, I find it harder and harder to find people to look up to the way I did my Grandpa Yancey.

Because I was so young during the time that Grandpa Yancey was living I was not fortunate enough to have spent a lot of time with him. His ambitions, work, and duties were never activities which were conducive to having young children around. That's not to say that there weren't plenty of times I had the opportunity of seeing him in action. One thing about my Grandpa was that he liked to have fun just about as much as he liked to work and therefore there was always an occasional moment I was able to be with him.

I would have to say my earliest memories of Grandpa don't really start until I am about 6 or 8 years old. I can remember sitting outside on the porch in Hawaii during the summer and everyone was busy tearing off pieces of masking tape and putting them on bottles and covering them with shoe polish. This was a fun activity which became even funnier when Grandpa would join us on the porch carrying a cocoanut. Not having had any experience with cocoanuts before, Grandpa made sure I got to feel the outside and take a nice long look at it, then he would show everyone how to break the cocoanut open and he made sure I was able to taste the juice. It was always the simple pleasures in life that made Grandpa the happiest and I think I learned that life didn't have to be all that complicated to enjoy from viewing him. Of course, eating the cocoanut wasn't really that good but it was definitely fun. Also in Hawaii, I enjoyed being around Grandpa at the Polynesian Cultural Center because he knew everyone and everyone else knew him. He was always nice to everyone he met and would usually wear some kind of Hawaiian shirt in the evenings. The eating was always good when you went out with him and I would always make sure I got plenty of pineapple because I remember him telling me how much he liked it.

I guess I could say that Grandpa was a person who felt that life was a big series of experiences and each one of the experiences must be enjoyed to its fullest. I believe he never really looked at life as a contest of a countdown to death, just as a series of experiences and the more fun he could help others have made his own even better. That explains why he always took plenty of time for family reunions, block parties, trips, fishing, and shows. Pierre's Playhouse is a classic Grandpa Yancey experience. Every year I used to wait in anticipation for the evening when we could all go to Pierre's Playhouse. The food was always the BEST and the entertainment was always good, clean fun. Grandpa always made sure I got my Sarsaparilla and popcorn and I always loved him for that. I guess he could see it in my face every time we went there because he always got me some or maybe he liked the stuff as much as I did.

As long as I've mentioned the food I enjoyed with Grandpa Yancey, I might as well give you a short list of some of the favorite foods he introduced me to which quickly became my favorites.

Such things as chocolate licorice, Eskimo pies, ice cream sandwiches, chocolate covered peanuts, soda, chocolate-covered orange sticks. Root beer, ice cream in a cantaloupe (he never convinced me to like the cantaloupe, but he sure got me hooked on ice cream (he said it would curl my hair) and lima beans. The reason I mention lima beans is because every time I was at Grandma's house right before Grandpa came home for lunch, Grandma would take me down to the food storage room and ask me what we should make for lunch and each time I would say "Lima beans." I think the first time I had lima beans was at Grandma's and I think it was because they were on the shelf at my eye level so I naturally yelled out the first thing I saw. Anyway, I think I was the only one that liked lima beans because Grandma would always grab one can of lima beans and another can of some other kind of vegetable from the shelf and she would make both. As Grandma, Grandpa and I all sat at the table for lunch on those days, Grandpa would always look at the lima beans and ask Grandma why she made them She would usually look at me and he would know right away what had happened, then out of some kind of a kind hearted gesture, he would always take a few lima beans from the bowl and eat them. This was his way of showing me that I had made a great decision by having lima beans (even though I knew he would have preferred anything else.) Those lunches were always fun and the highlight was the "light nap" Grandpa always took at lunchtime. Even at a young age I knew Grandpa got up early and worked hard each day and he needed those naps about as badly as I needed my 9 hours of sleep each night, so I would always watch him grab 2 pillows and lay down on the floor and within one minute he would be snoring away and I could not believe how fast he fell asleep. It was amazing! Then just as fast as he had fallen asleep, he would jump to his feet and be out the door headed for the second half of his day's work. To this day, I cannot imagine how he ever got anything out of those short lunch naps, but he did. Truman Madsen once observed that Joseph Smith used to often sit down beside a tree at lunch time and fall asleep for half an hour and wake right back up on his own and be as alert and sharp as before. Truman felt he was able to do this because he was a man with a clear conscience and was void of offense before God. I would have to concur and add that just as Joseph Smith was such a man in that regard, so was my Grandpa.

One of the "buried treasures" of my Grandpa Yancey's manner was his sense of humor. At first meeting my Grandpa was a strict no-nonsense individual who got right to the point and was not one for mincing words. But actually, after a hard day's work and in the right setting, he was a regular comedian. Impromptu skits involving cowbells from Switzerland or a brown stretchy vase were trademark performances offered by my Grandpa in small group settings. His humor was usually straight faced and skillful, but always hilarious.

One of the often-noticed sides of my Grandpa Yancey was his teaching. Every day there was somebody out there in the world who would be a pupil at the hands of my Grandpa. Day in and day out you would see him standing next to someone as he explained to them how to do this or that. Especially on the construction site where he was a masterful builder. I think Grandpa taught me the most one day when we were planting corn in the garden. He was ahead of me with the shovel making holes and I was following behind him with a bag full of corn filling the holes. He would teach me how shoddy workmanship was never to be tolerated and how hard work always had its rewards. The rewards part would come after the planting when he would reach into his pocket and pay me handsomely. The most amazing lesson he taught me came when he backed his truck up in our driveway and asked me to unload all the bricks in the back of the truck

and carry them downstairs. This looked like an impossible feat, but the payoff was immense. First, he told me he knew I could do it if I would just carry a few at a time and if I went really fast. Then he told me I would make \$1 a brick, so I asked him how many bricks were in the back of the truck and he said "One hundred." I said, "ONE HUNDRED???! That's a hundred dollars!" He said yes and gave me a few more instructions followed by the word, "Savvy?" I had absolutely no idea what that word meant but I said yes and was off to work. Now I don't know if there were really 100 bricks in the back of that truck but by the time I was finished I was convinced there were 500 because I was so tired. But just like he promised, he took out a \$100 bill and handed it to me and I was just beaming. I had never seen so much money in all my life! From that day on, I knew that no matter how hard things may be, it was always worth it in the end to work hard. And not just work hard but to always be fair in the work you do, because it is better to err on the side of being too generous than to err on the side of being too stingy.

Now here is where I tell my most favorite story of all about Grandpa Yancey. When I was young I had a paper route, but I was most definitely not the best paper boy in the world. I liked the job but I was just not one of those paper boys who could strap that big bag to my back, jump on a bike and ride for miles hurling papers. No, I was a much more advanced paper boy. I was a paper boy who had his mom drive him around in the car while I jumped out at each house and ran the paper up to the door. This was always a great deal for me, but was a terrible deal for my parents since gas prices were high enough in those days to make it just about a losing proposition to think I could make enough money to pay off the price of the gas. So they never charged me for the gas. But one rainy day I got home from school late and my mother was in a tight spot because she had to take my sister somewhere and I could not be expected to go out and deliver the papers in the rain on my bike, so naturally Grandpa somehow got swindled into being the one to take me on my paper route. Little did I know I would have nearly seven brushes with death during that eventful car ride. I began to get suspicious that my Grandpa was not happy with this arrangement when after the first delivery of the day we needed to turn around to go down a different street and instead of signaling and turning in an intersection where there was plenty of room, my Grandpa opted to crank the wheel and floor it, knowing the wet road would whip the car around in no time and he would only have to catch it before it spun out of control. Well, he came close to catching it before it went out of control, but not quite. So we ended up in a small ditch on the side of the road where I began to sense that maybe he wasn't having such a good time on this paper route. After pushing ourselves out of the ditch and drying off from the rain, we proceeded to finish the route by driving 20 mph down the road and throwing the papers out the window, hoping they would land somewhere in a dry area. Actually, by the end of the paper route, I began to get rather good at throwing those papers although I had to because there was no way he was going to slow down for me to take aim. That day we were home from the paper route in no time and I was able to have a long evening to dry off and relax. However, my tips that month were noticeably smaller for some reason.

Well, whether it was fishing, taking trips to California, or just driving up to the Winchell farm in the brown GMC truck, there was always good times had when Grandpa and I were together. We would always drink plenty of soda and sometimes we would learn something new. How I wish I had thought to talk to him about his history back then, because I am sure there is plenty there I have no idea about, but now I'll have to wait a few years until I see him again to

talk about those days. And believe me, I will see him again, because there isn't a special event that passes by that I don't feel his presence and his strength. I might have been too small to take advantage of his wisdom the first time we met but I certainly won't be too small the second time we meet and I vowed years ago that when that day comes I will take the time to get to know the man that shaped part of my life without even knowing it. Generosity, respect, reverence, chivalry, dedication, and exemplar are all words I associate with my Grandpa Yancey and I'm sure if I am found to possess any part of these wonderful attributes it is partly because he showed me what it is like to have them.

As a small aside in closing, I could not truthfully finish this thoughtful reflection without pointing out that I could say the same things about his wonderful wife and my wonderful Grandma Yancey, who stood by him and stands by me each day of my life. If I were to write another one of these about my Grandma, the stories would be different but the meaning the same when I say that she has taught me attributes of righteous, worthwhile living that I could not have found anywhere else in this world. Grandma may have been softer, gentler, and prettier, but they were both just as full of love as any two grandparents could be and for this I am eternally grateful. Thank you.