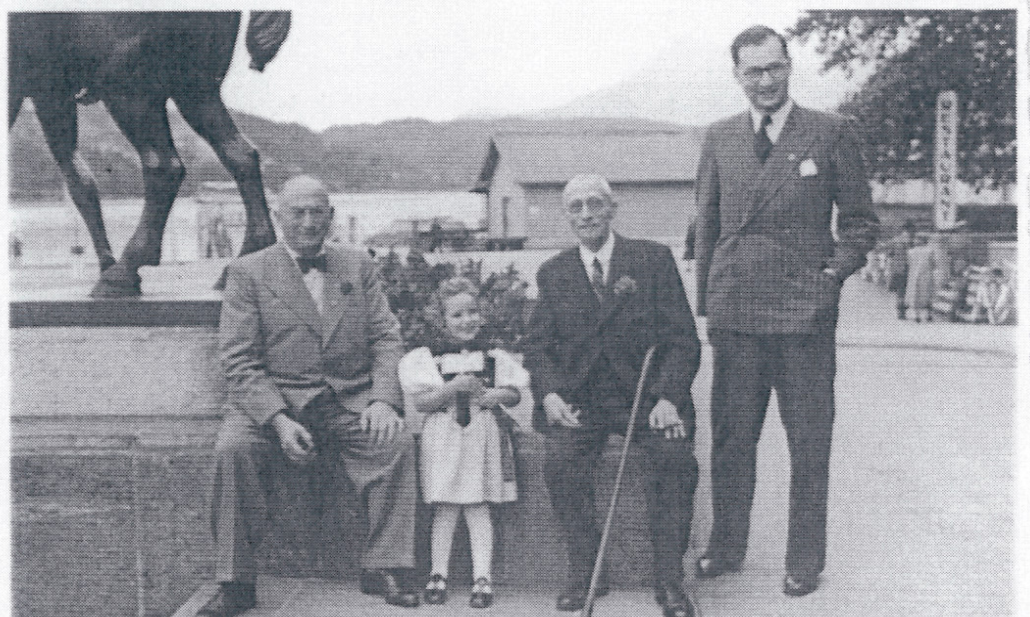


Loeb Department Store Celebration



Hedy Schindler



3 generations of Loeb
Department store



Marty Schindler in Bern, August 1941



Marty Schindler in Bern, August 1941



Hedy Schindler's place of employment
60 year celebration



a young girl in full traditional dress



Hedy & Marty Schindler & a group of friends



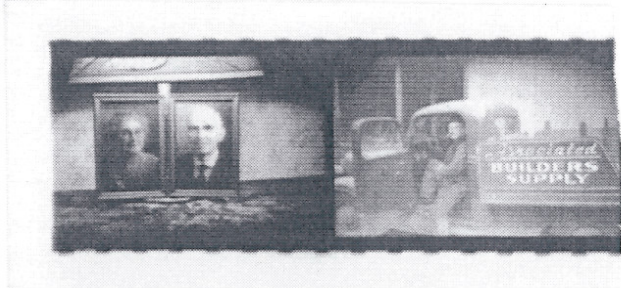
Hedy Schindler & Loeb workers



Heimwerken
1939
Dein Schwägerli
Marty

— P. & H. —

Marty Schindler, 1939



Anna & Hyrum Belnap



Marty Schindler



a friend & Hedy Schindler, June 1941



Hedy Schindler & friends, October 1938



*S. Salas
Nov.*

Hedy Schindler



Hedy Schindler & church group



Marty Schindler



*S. Salas
Nov.*

Hedy Schindler



Hans Streun



Hedy Schindler



Jewel & Glen Furniss



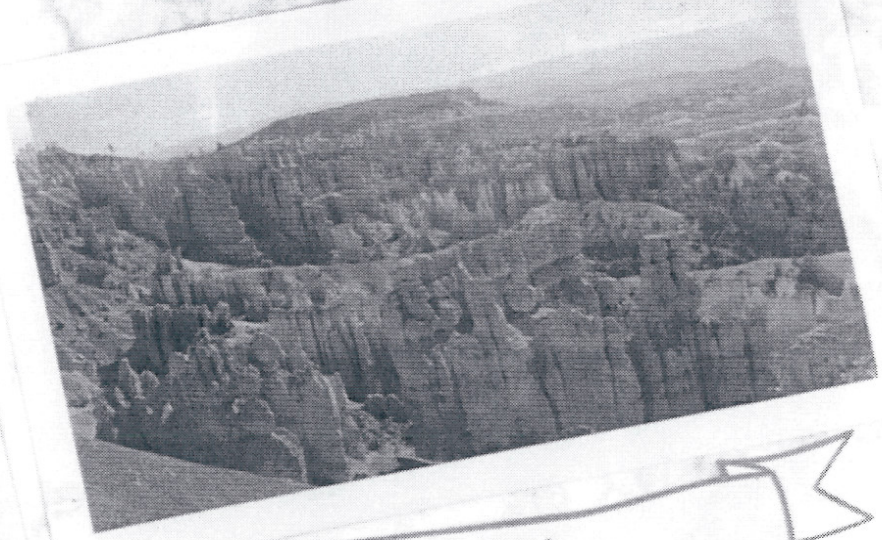
Hedy Schindler's wedding day
July 2, 1942



Della Belnap, July 2, 1942



Jewel Furniss & Byron & Hedy
November 1942



Southern Utah



Della & Hedy Belnap



Hedy Belnap



Hedy Belnap



Hedy Belnap



Hedy Belnap



Brent Belnap



Jewel Furniss



Brent & Von Belnap



Marty Schindler



Byron Belnap & friends in
Yosemite National Park



friends & Robert Belnap in
Coronado, CA, July 19, 1942



Jeannette & Johnny Streun

I was asked to say a few words about Christmas in Switzerland. As some of you know I grew up in Bern and it's a long time ago, that I celebrated Christmas over there. It is even possible that some of the traditions have changed. However I will try to relate to you the memories of my youth and young adult life.

Christmas in Switzerland is not celebrated in the morning, it's either on the 24. at night, what we call "Der heilige Abend" (the holy evening) or on Christmas in the evening. On those two nights and also on Christmas morning, all the Churchbells in the City are ringing, which gives such a festive, holy atmosphere. I missed that a lot on the first Christmas over here.

The tree is decorated only the day before and most of the children don't see it until the candles are lit on Christmas. The ornaments are about the same like yours, however in those days we still used candles for the lights.

Usually the families would get together for dinner, and after they would sit around the tree and sing Christmas carols. In many cases Santa just puts a sack with the gifts in front of the door and rings the bell and then disappears.

Before the gifts are opened, the children have to sing their songs or say the poems they have learned especially for this occasion.

Santa is not a jolly old man over there, he carries a switch made out of several thin sticks and he expects the children to be good. But he never really uses his switch. He also carries a sack over his shoulders, and the story used to go: The good children he brings gifts, and the ones who behave badly will get a sack of coal.

Santa wears a dark suit with snowflakes all over it. (the flakes are made from small cotton balls). He does not come from the Northpole, he comes from within a big forest and he does not have any Reindeer either. Also you do not see any Santas in the stores.

Parents with small children sometimes prefer "z'Christchindli" to bring the gifts. This is usually a young girl all dressed in white with a veil covering her head, looking like an angel. They are very friendly and do not scare the children. I can remember the year when I was that "Christchindli" in our branch.

We always had a program on Christmas afternoon in the church, with a stage play or some kind of a Musical. At that time we had a group of young people with good voices and some good musicians. There were usually quite a few nonmembers attending these festivities.

After the program Santa and also z'Christchindli" would come on the stage with the gifts, but before they were passed out, several small children were called to sing their songs and say their poems. Then Santa would have a list of the ones who gave the Sunday School teachers a hard time during the year and they would be called. Usually they were older boys, for them it was just lots of fun to talk to Santa, however he always made them promise to do better in the coming year.

Every child would get a paper sack with an orange, an apple, some nuts and a "Lebkuchen". (similar to a Gingerbreadman). Also each family with children received a package with some yardgoods.

We had always such a good time, Christmas in the Berner Branch was the highlight of the day.

Even in my youth it was a pleasure to work in the church. May the Lord bless us all.

Hedy S. Belnap

Hedy Belnap was born May 25, 1911 in Ostermundigen. A small village outside of Bern, Switzerland. In school she was in the top 10% of her class. I remember her telling me about learning how to knit in school when she was 6 or 7 years old, and how they knit socks for the soldiers in World War I. Because her father died when she was seven and she came from a big family she was apprenticed out to various families to do house work for 3 or 4 hours a day at the age of ten. After she finished school at 14 she lived and worked for a family in Geneva where she learned to speak French fluently.

She lived her late teens and early twenties with three of her siblings, Frieda, Mary, and Fred. She worked at Loebes the largest department store in Bern in the catalog department where she was in charge of shipping out the merchandise to mail order customers. In Europe there lunch hours are usually two hours long and Mom would talk about walking to the river Aire that went around the town and taking a swim at lunch and eating her lunch there before she went back to work.

Her Mom joined the church while Hedy was very young so Mom was baptized around 8 years of age. She always talked about feeding the missionaries, doing theatrical programs in church and how she taught herself how to play the piano because she was given the calling as a teenager. She would go during the week and learn the songs she was required to play on Sunday. She especially talked often of the Christmas day program and how much fun they were. She once wrote a talk on Christmas in Switzerland, which I still have and treasure.

She met Byron Belnap while he was on his mission and wrote to him after he returned home. Seven years later he proposed and in 1942 Mom worked her way through war torn Europe through Spain and to the ship in Portugal. She sailed from there to Florida and then New York. Occasionally she would talk about the black outs on the ship and how she took care of a child because the nanny was so seasick.

They were married on July 2, 1942. Mom spoke no English when she came to America and she learned it by listening to the radio. Of course Gary and I were born. We lived at 904 21st Street until I was 7 years old and then moved to Kingston Drive where my parents lived for over 40 years.

Mom served in many ways in the church and she loved to sing in the choir. But she is best remembered for almost 30 years of serving as the Sunday school secretary. At 65 years of age she was called on a 1 ½ year extraction mission which lasted for over 10 years until the program was closed down in Ogden.

Some of my fondest memories are:

Mom watching Perry Mason her favorite show on TV. Every night she would settle on the couch to watch it and tell us it must be a new show because she hadn't seen it. Gary and I would tease her because it was a rerun but as usual Mom never saw the ending because she always fell asleep before the end.

After the show I would start teasing Gary and before too long Mom and I would be chasing him down stairs and then we would all laugh and say good night.

She was always easy to talk too and I remember many days of sitting on the stool in the kitchen and telling

Mom about my day at school and everything that was going on in my life. She always gave me help with my schoolwork when I needed it. She was always a whiz at math.

However, Gary and I both knew that if Mom was mad at us and reverted to fussing at us in her slang, Swizerdeitch that we had better cut it out and behave because we were really headed for big trouble. For a little woman you really didn't want to make her mad.

Making zinkley at Christmas was one of our best traditions.

First we would make up the liquid portion and then make a big circle of flour on the kitchen table. Mom would pour the liquid in the center and start kneading and it was my job to sprinkle sifted flour on any parts that started to run away. Then we would roll the dough into little fingers and deep fat fry them. It was a great time to laugh and talk and work together. We used to fill a huge canning tin with zinkley and then deliver them to all our friends and neighbors. Many of the teen age relatives showed up at Christmas so they could get their fair share of the zinkley.

It was important to Mom to have a neat and clean home and so she had certain days that she always completed certain tasks, such as Monday was wash day and Tuesday was ironing and Friday was vacuuming and dusting.

She always made sure we went to Church and that we attended all of our meetings and activities as we grew up. The Gospel was very important to Mom but as Young adults she respected our right to choose. Because of her good example I always knew what was right and it helped me gain my own testimony of the Gospel.

She lived a long and good life serving her family and church wherever she could until 10 years ago when Alzheimer's started to take her memory and cognitive abilities; however for 2 years of that time she took care of Dad who we had to put in an assisted living center by visiting him every day and bathing and taking care of him until he died of a heart attack.

She loved the Lord, and her family and friends with all of her heart. She is survived by seven grandchildren. Four who have served mission and another, Brian who is serving a mission in Florida. Four have married in the temple and all that are old enough have graduated from college and all 7 are strong and active in the gospel.

I am grateful to her for all she did in raising my brother and I.

I say these things