



*The Best Journey is the One
Towards Home*

*Life History of
Delsa A Belnap Robison*

Journal entries plus memories from her children.

Compiled by Loanne, Jeanne, Alicia

2018

My Childhood

On September 20, 1925, I, Delsa, joined the family of Gus and Nettie Belnap in Salem, Idaho. I was the seventh child having 4 older brothers and two older sisters. The doctor told my mother to always lay me on my right side because I was a blue baby. Which meant something was wrong with my heart. I was an average size baby weighing about 6lbs, blonde hair and blue eyes. There usually was not a scale to weigh new babies, so they would guess at the weight. The average baby was around 6 lbs. I was born at home in what we always called the little blue house.



1926

My mother told me when I first walked at 9 months that it was a run instead. She said I stood up in the middle of the front room floor and ran to the back door in the kitchen and said, "Open door."



1927

My first memory of home was standing on my tiptoes and watching my mother roll out cookies. The house then did not have kitchen cupboards and so Mother used the kitchen table and I can remember holding on to the edge of that table watching her. I later learned she nearly always made raisin filled cookies. They soon became my favorite.

My first memory of my Father was when he would hold me on his lap and tell me stories about his Mother. Although she passed away before I was born I learned to love her from all the stories I was told. I hoped I could become like her. One of the best compliments I ever received later in life was when I was told if you want to know what Grandma Belnap was like, just look at Delsa. My Father never raised his voice when he was upset at us. He would simply ask, "Did you learn anything?"

I loved life and felt the world was such a wonderful playground made just for me. I can't remember a time at home when I didn't feel loved and spoiled by all.

My early activities revolved around family and church. The gospel was a very important part of our family life. When I was about 3 or 4 years old, Mother was Primary

President. Every Tuesday afternoon at 4 pm we would walk over to the church for Primary. Mother had a hold of my hand and Delma by the other hand.



My mother was very patient with my endless chatter and questions. One day my mother must have become tired of all this and in hopes to quiet me she made up a little verse.

*My name is little chatterbox.
They call me Delsa A
I have to talk so much you see,
Because I have so much to say.*



One morning Mother was out weeding in the garden and of course I was with her. This morning there seemed to be a lot of meadowlarks in the garden. They seemed extra happy and were singing a lot. Once again, my endless questions came up. I asked Mama what song they were singing. In order to quiet me again she told me they were saying, "Delsa is a pretty little girl." I was so excited I decided to run and tell them "thank you". Of course, this frightened them and they all flew away. But it gave Mama a few minutes without my constant questions.



In the summers for a few years, my father would go cut timber in the Kilgore area to earn extra money. The picture on the left is a painting done by Ilona Robison from a photo of the summer cabin where we stayed.

Growing up on a farm, we as a family worked and helped each other. This particular day we were picking potatoes. Mother was ahead of us. She called for us to come and see what she found. We all went running to see what it was. It turned out to be a nest of newborn mice. As we ran to see them we could hear them squeaking. Martell said, "Delsa, you are standing on one. It really made me shake all over to think I stepped on it and killed it. To this day, I can't stand to see or be near mice.

I'm sure when my Father and Mother were married they must have decided they would serve the Lord and raise their family to do the same. There was never a question about us going to church – we went. At this time, we had Sunday School at 10 am, and Sacrament meeting at 8 pm. When I turned eight and was ready to be baptized, they did the baptisms on a stake level. It wasn't held every month, so I wasn't baptized until December 2nd. I shall never forget the day. Mother took me to the Stake building where I changed into a white dress. The stake leaders thought it would be nice to have the priests of the stake do the baptizing. I didn't know any of them and really wished Father could have done it. My Father did confirm me the next day, which was Sunday.

Recorded in the *Greenland* Ward Record of Members
Book *B* Line *484* *W. W. Bingham* Ward Clerk

Greenland Ward *Blackfoot* Stake No. 59

Certificate of Baptism and Confirmation

Date *December 3, 1933*

This Certifies that *Delsa W. Belnap*
Son or Daughter *Augustus R. Belnap* and *Oleva M. Anderson*
Father's Name Mother's Maiden Name

Born *Sept. 20, 1925*, at *Salem* *Madison* *Idaho*
Date City or Town County State or Nation

was baptized *Dec. 2, 1933*, by *Harold Larsen*
Date Elder or Priest

and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, *Dec. 3, 1933*
Date

by Elder *Augustus R. Belnap*

Signed *Wintle W. Bingham* Signed *Jos. F. Jensen*
Clerk Bishop

Denis was my oldest brother and I thought he must be perfect. I remember one winter he put his skates on, got the sleigh, bundled me up and took me for a sleigh ride on the ice on the canal. Years later I found out this was also the year we didn't have enough money for both of us to have a coat, so he went without a coat, so I could have one. This was during some of the depression years.

Newel was the brother that always seemed to take time to hold and listen to me. He often called me his "little half-pint". He would often tell me he would give me a nickel or dime if I wouldn't say anything for five minutes. I never could make it to a minute, let alone five minutes.

Ivan was a brother I knew only by the memory that was kept alive in the family. I knew him only as a sweet baby that was called home at the age of 11 months.

Berneice, my oldest sister, was a second mother to me. She would sit me up on the table and comb my hair in ringlets. Because my hair was naturally curvy the ringlets would stay curled most of the time. After she fixed my hair, she would count the freckles on my face. One day I asked her where freckles came from. Her reply was, "They are fairy kisses." Of course, then I thought freckles were wonderful to have.

Martell was my hero. I thought he must be a knight in shining armor. One day at high school, I knew this to be true. I had Seminary the last period in school. As I ran across the street to Seminary I slipped and fell on the ice. When I got up, I fell again and then realized my ankle was badly hurt. I limped on over to Seminary and stayed till it was over. By the time I got back over to school all the busses were gone. I really didn't know what I could do. We didn't have a telephone and it was almost 5 miles to walk home. All I could do was burst into tears. Then to my surprise I looked up to see Martell standing there. He had come to the school to pick up his girlfriend. He saw me standing there crying so he came and picked me up, carried me to the car and took me home. What a hero he was to me.

I never knew a day or night without my sister, Delma. She was my best friend and constant playmate. She was always trying to keep me out of trouble and to teach me to do the correct thing. One day as we were herding the cows, it was time to take them home. Delma and I were both on the same horse. Delma in the front and I was behind her. The cows went under one of our apple trees, so the horse followed after them. All at once Delma said to lay down and the next thing we knew we were pushed off the horse by a branch on the tree. As we fell, I fainted.

Delma picked me up and carried me into the house. She was sure I had died. In a few minutes I came to and there stood Delma with blood on her arms and face and all I had done was faint. I'm so thankful and feel so blessed to have such wonderful parents and siblings. How could I not feel loved and spoiled with such a wonderful family!

The year 1930 was when Delma started school. I was very lonesome with no one to play with. This was the year Mama taught me to embroider. I embroidered nine blocks of different animals and then Mama helped me sew them together to make a quilt for my doll. Mama would also fill the dishpan with warm water and put it down on a chair for me to wash the dishes.

In 1931, I started school at Roberts, Idaho. I loved school—the only thing that seemed hard was when I sat down at my desk, my feet wouldn't reach the floor and the desk came up to my chin. As a result, I found it much better to stand up by my desk and do my school work. Miss Hansen, my teacher, was forever telling me to please sit down.

One of Christmases I remember most was when our family was quarantined because of an epidemic of spinal meningitis. As Christmas drew near Martell kept telling me there wasn't any Santa Claus and so we wouldn't have a Christmas that year. I never believed him, and I knew there was a Santa Claus. The day before Christmas, Mother bundled Martell, Delma, and me up and let us go out to play in the snow. It wasn't long until a car came down the road honking and honking. It stopped right by our mailbox and out jumped Santa Claus. He left us a large box. I started to jump up and down telling Martell I knew there was a Santa Claus. I have no idea what was in the box, but I knew there was a Santa Claus.

As a child growing up, Christmas was a fun time. The Primary always had a fun Christmas party. We would have a dance and then Santa would come with oranges, peanuts, and candy for everyone.

One other Christmas I'll write about is when I was about eleven years old. Berneice was in high school then and they had grapefruit in Home Economics class. She talked Mother and Dad into having grapefruit Christmas morning. As a result, we couldn't open presents until we ate and cleaned up. Everyone put sugar on their grapefruit, but I loved salt on mine.



In the spring of 1932 my father rented a 40-acre farm in Groveland, Idaho. We moved in March. Moving then was much different than now. All of the furniture was loaded in a wagon and Daddy drove the horses and wagon. Denis and Newel rode horses and drove the cows. Mother with Berneice, Martell, Delma and I went in the car. It was about 50 miles. It took Daddy and the boys two days. As near as I can remember, they just camped out the one night. Groveland became our home for many years and I loved and enjoyed it there.

Mrs. Bailey is one of the teachers I first remember. I think she taught 1st and 2nd grade. We were learning about different measurements and she had a pint bottle and a cup, so we would fill the cup with water then pour it into the pint bottle. It always took 2 cups. Then she would say, "2 cups equal a pint and a pint is a pound the world around."



I enjoyed my school in Groveland. We had a Glee Club (a girl's chorus) that I enjoyed singing in.



We also had a girls' basketball team, which I loved to play on. Girls' basketball was a little different then than now. We had 3 guards and 3 forwards on each team. If you were one of the guards on the team you could only play as far as the center line or if you were a forward on the same team you could only play to the center line. That made it so you only played half court. It was thought that if girls played full court it would be too strenuous for them.



In the above picture, I am on the front row, second from the right side and Delma is on the front row, second from the left side.

Daddy took me to a lot of the high school basketball games. He would tell me what to look for in the game. The one lesson he always taught me here—he would say “it’s important to be in the right place at the right time.”

Our school had 8 grades in it and then when we finished 8 grades, we graduated and went on to high school. I was asked to write and deliver a graduation talk.

Debra Schupp

History of Education For Girls

During the period of time before the Revolutionary War, the people thought that Education for girls was not necessary. They believed the girls' place was in the home. The girls were taught how to sew and cook while the boys attended school.

It wasn't until several years after the Revolutionary War that it was thought the girls should have an education. They were taught reading, writing, very little Geography, and arithmetic. If their fathers could afford it they were sent to a "Young Ladies Private School". If they learned Latin or Greek with their brothers they were called "Blue-Stockings," and everyone fled from their company.

Although girls were denied privileges of education, there were many brilliant and outstanding ones that did push for the education of girls. The first to do such in this line was Emma C. Willard. When she was sixteen years of age, she taught a village school and before she was twenty, she became principal of an Academy for girls in Middlebury, Vermont. A few years later, she opened a boarding school for girls in which she introduced more thorough methods of teaching. In 1821 she opened a seminary for girls at Waterford, New York, for which she received state aid.

The school which was successful from the first was moved from Troy to New York.

The famous teacher, after Emma C. Willard, was Mary Lyon. She began teaching when she was seventeen. She would teach for awhile, and then go to school until she knew all that was taught to the girls in her time. She then determined to found a school for the girls who were poor so they could go to school without stopping for a month or a year at a time to earn money to continue their education. Friends came to her assistance and in 1837, Mount Holyoke Seminary, the first institution for higher education for women, was opened. It was poor at first and for many years the girls did all the household work. The fame of the school increased and in 1898 it became Mount Holyoke College.

After this many schools opened their doors to girls. Girls, therefore, who had been held back from obtaining the same training and development as boys, were quick to grasp the opportunities. Many entered college along with the boys and the barriers which were in their path of obtaining an education were finally swept away.

Now girls have the same freedom, the same liberty, the same opportunities for advancement as do men, guaranteed them by the glorious Constitution of the United States, and this shall last as long as the American people keep their trust with those who handed them this glorious heritage.

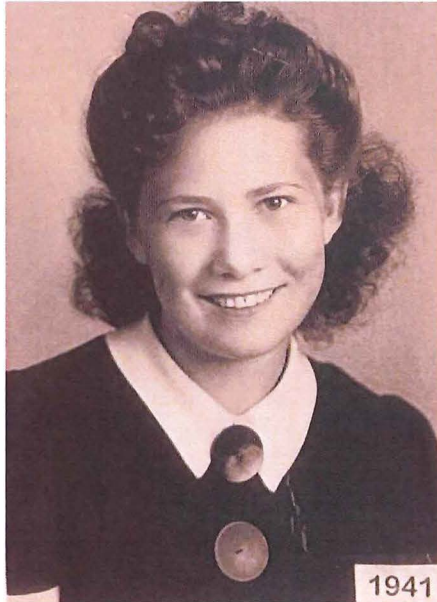


I graduated from Groveland Grammar school and then went on the Blackfoot High School. This was a change for me. Groveland School was a small rural school; Blackfoot High was in town and drew from several schools. It wasn't long though until I was involved with all the activities of a high school. We had basketball, football, Pep Club and many dances. Our English class put on a play "Midsummer Nights' Dream". I thought it was so special because I got to be the fairy. I took three years of Seminary and was able to graduate. Below is a picture at the Oregon Coast with Denis.



Moving to Oregon

In the spring of 1942, my parents sold our farm in Groveland and we moved to Corvallis, Oregon. This was to be my senior year in high school. I found it hard to move from a solid Mormon community to a place where there wasn't even a ward.



Our drive across the Oregon desert

I made a few friends at Corvallis High School but it was a difficult year for me. I graduated from Corvallis High School in June of 1943.

We attended a small branch of the church in Salem, 45 miles away. By fall a small branch was started in Corvallis.

The highlight of our moving to Corvallis was I got acquainted with Keith Robison. I had met Keith several years before. Denis had married Keith's only sister, Marie. When Denis and Marie's wedding was being planned, my mother went over to the Robison house. Rollie and Keith were in the bathroom floating their little boats in the bathtub. Mrs. Robison asked if I would like to join the boys. I remember standing in the doorway watching Rollie and Keith. My mother had taught me not to go in the bathroom with other people. When I first moved to Corvallis, Keith had gone to Roberts, Idaho to work on their farm there. He returned to Corvallis in August and prepared to attend Oregon State University.



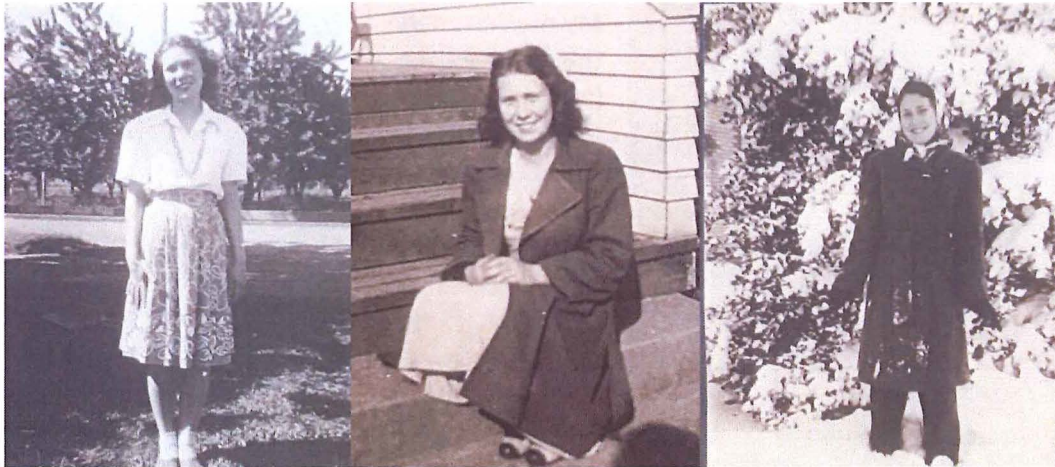
My mother made this dress for me (at right) for the Junior-Senior Prom. It is blue taffeta, and the ribbon trim is a maroon color that blended with the blue. The dress was made in Corvallis because my folks had already moved, and I stayed behind in Blackfoot to finish my junior year. I lived with my brother Newel and his wife, Vera for March, April, and May.



Since my mother didn't get a chance to see me in the dress, when I came over to Corvallis in June, she said, "Oh, Delsa, I never got a picture of you in the dress. So let's get a picture." So we got the camera and took a picture in front of Denis & Marie's house.

One day when I came home from school, Keith Robison was nearby and snapped a picture of me beside the milk barn. Our family lived in the hired hands' house behind the big family home. My mother and father had come to work in Corvallis just until the war was over. My father worked for Denis on the farm. Mom and Dad moved out in March, then when summer and fall work was done in September, they went to work for Camp Adair. My father was a meat cutter and my mother was a cook in the nurses' quarters. Their long-term plan was to return to Blackfoot. They had left all their household furnishings there and rented their home and farm. That was hard for my mom and dad, back then everybody thought the war (WWII) was going to be over soon. This was in 1942.





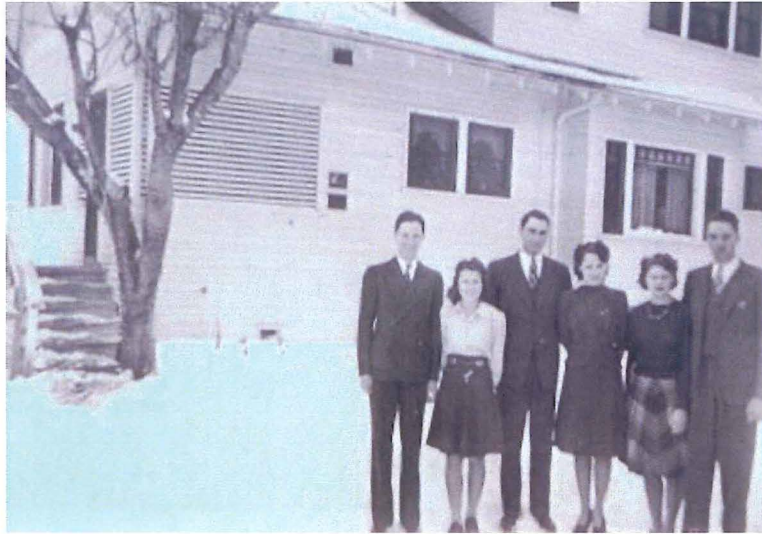
However, the highlight of the move to Corvallis was when I became acquainted with Keith Robison. He was a student at Oregon State University. Our first date was the Oregon State University's Homecoming football game. Unlike my real self, I restrained my true character, and kept from screaming and jumping up and down with enthusiasm. From that time on, we dated constantly (hot and heavy).

One date I remember distinctly. One evening I had dressed for a date with Keith and was wearing a straight skirt. I was upstairs with my Father and asked if he would give me a piggyback ride down the stairs. Which was a fun thing we did often. As we came down the last flight of stairs I was mortified! There stood Keith. My skirt was quite high showing most of my legs. I was so embarrassed. My father just laughed and went slower down the stairs and Keith did not even turn his head. He just stared. Even in my later years I was still so indignant and embarrassed over the event.



We announced our engagement on Bernice and Wilfred Robison's wedding day in March 1943 and planned a November wedding. This is our engagement photo taken at the Robison home.

To the right is a picture of when Wilfred and Bernice got back from their honeymoon and were ready to leave for Idaho. Rollie and Delma were engaged to be married in June. So Keith and his two older brothers were all married in the same year. From left to right: Keith, Delsa, Wilfred, Bernice, Delma, Rollie.



Since it was during the war, most of our dates were things that you could do at home or close by and didn't cost money. Gas for vehicles was rationed. A lot of our dates were with Bernice and Wilfred, and Rollie and Delma and other close friends.



Rollie, Delma Delsa, Keith
Jan 1943

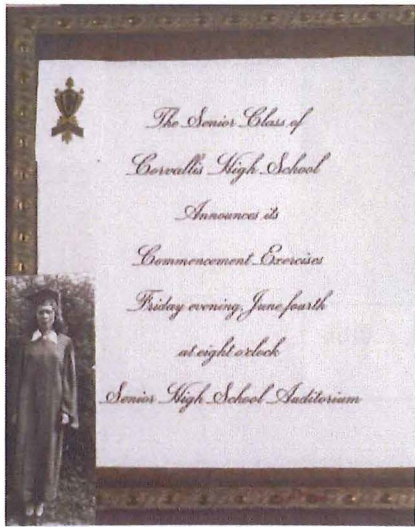
We had a snowstorm in January which was unusual for Corvallis, so we spent the day building snowmen, playing in the snow and enjoying each other. Other ways we spent time together was having waffle dinners and playing board games, like Monopoly.



1943 Delsa, Nettie, Delma, Gus at Corvallis Robison home



These are pictures of being a bridesmaid in two weddings that year. Delma's wedding and our friends, Glenna and AJ Stone's wedding.



We were married by Herman L. Thomas, branch president of the Corvallis branch, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After the wedding ceremony, a reception was held at the Robison family home. Following the reception, around 5:00pm, we left for our honeymoon which was on the Oregon coast.

We stayed at a cottage in Depoe Bay. Everything had to be a blackout. We could only have the car lights on dim and the cabin we stayed in had to have blackout paper on the windows. The Japanese submarines had been seen along the Oregon coast; the submarine had fired a shell shot into Tillamook Forest and started a fire. So we had to make sure no lights could be seen on the shore for any possible Japanese.



This is a picture of our car parked by the cottage we stayed for our honeymoon. The car was a Ford. That car gave us more problems because it was old. During the war you couldn't buy new cars or parts for the old ones. All steel manufacturing was used for the needs of the war machinery.



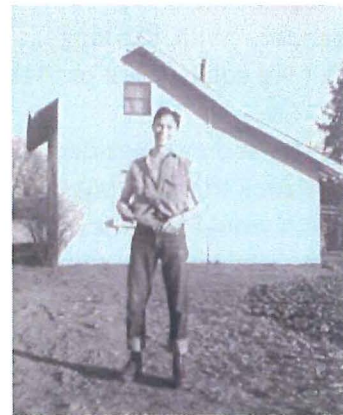
Upon arriving home, we were welcomed with a big chivalry party. The party was held at Marie and Denis; they had a mock wedding put on by our friends. AJ and Glenna were the bride and groom, with a wedding ceremony all written up. Denis was supposed to be the father of the bride; he came running in with the shotgun pretending to shoot the groom. Then they had a big concocted story on why the groom should marry the bride. When we got back to our apartment, they had really fixed it up for us. All the dishes were in the oven, everything was all in the wrong places. The whole group comes running around the house, beating on pans and making a big racket when we walk inside. Some of our friend's chivalry parties were much worse. The men would kidnap the bride and drive her off to a remote area and leave her there for the groom to find her. For Rollie and Delma's party, they made Rollie put Delma in a wheelbarrow and push her down the streets of Corvallis with horns honking and everyone looking on.

Because of the war we had rationing of food, clothing, gas and other everyday necessities. We were given a ration card with stamps, so many for food, so many for clothes. For each item you bought you had to pay one stamp, two stamps, or whatever, depending upon the scarcity of the item. If we bought shortening for instance, it would probably cost 3 stamps, whereas sugar was more, like 5 stamps because it was not as plentiful. Eventually we could get no sugar at all and had to use honey for sweetening in cakes, etc. Since we lived so close to the coast, we had to black out our windows on the house and barn when it was dark, so that no lights could be seen whatsoever. If we drove our cars at night, we had to have the lights on the vehicle dimmed.



Keith had joined the marine corp reserve when he first started college and was taking officer training. The program then was more like ROTC is now and he took classes every day in officer training. However, he was discharged from the reserve because they needed him to produce much needed food for the country and soldiers. All the young men that were in the program with Keith were shipped overseas shortly after we were married, and not one of them returned alive.

Our first home was the hired hands' house behind Denis and Marie's home. Keith is standing beside it dressed for a Sadie Hawkins' dance we attended.



This is an inside picture of our first home.



Our First Thanksgiving

We were married about two weeks before Thanksgiving. We lived in the little house behind Marie and Denis- the hired hands' house. It had a woodstove in the kitchen and you couldn't buy any nice appliances. About a week after we had been married and about a week before Thanksgiving, Keith went to town for something and he came home so excited, because he had found an electric broiler. He was so excited because it was an electric appliance and it could help me cook. In fact, it could help me cook Thanksgiving dinner—an electric broiler to cook the dinner. I said that would be fine.

Well, about two or three days before Thanksgiving, he was down in the field plowing and he always carried a gun on the tractor. There was a flock of wild ducks that flew over and he shot a duck and figured we would have a duck for Thanksgiving, instead of a turkey. A WILD duck! I said that he would have to clean it. I was not going to pluck it and clean it, he would have to do that. He picked it and cleaned it and got it ready for me to cook. So Keith told Marie that we wouldn't be up for Thanksgiving dinner, which we were going to have our very own special dinner. I got this wild duck all fixed up with stuffing inside and ready to put in the electric broiler to cook it. So I put the duck in the broiler for it to cook while I fixed the rest of the Thanksgiving dinner. The duck was so tough at the end of two hours, Keith said to just cook it a little longer to help it get tender. Well, the longer I cooked it, the tougher it got. I fixed the rest of the dinner, but we couldn't eat until the duck was done.

Pretty soon we decided that the duck was not going to get cooked in the electric broiler. We took the duck out and it was so crispy all the way through. We finally decided that Keith would give the duck to the dog and we would go over to Marie and Denis' and see if they had any food left. We took the duck out to the dog and the dog smelled it and wouldn't even eat it. So about 4 o'clock we got up enough courage to go over Marie and Denis' and all the family was there—Rollie and Delma and the rest--Burton and Alpha. So we walked in and they all started to laugh and said, "How was your duck?"

The first thing Dad said, "Well, the dog wouldn't even eat it". They all burst out laughing and said, "We wondered how soon you would be over!" So we were all embarrassed to tears, but decided what difference did it make. So they heated us up some turkey and let us eat. We were sitting around talking about cooking this duck and they said, "didn't you know it would just toast and toast"? No, we didn't know that, we didn't know what an electric broiler was or what broil meant. They said wild meat takes a lot of steaming. I didn't know that and Keith didn't know that. And that was our first Thanksgiving.

Our First Christmas

The first Christmas was a little hard for me because my family opened Christmas presents on Christmas morning and Keith's family opened presents on Christmas Eve. Of course, I needed to adjust and change, and it was a little harder to give up Christmas morning and open the gifts on Christmas Eve.

So my parents came out to the Robison on Christmas Eve so they could be with their children. Denis and Delma was there, but the rest of their children were in Idaho, except for Martell who was in the army. My mother and dad were very gracious about that. I think Mother worked, cooking out at Camp Adair until right before.

We had a big Christmas dinner on Christmas Day at the Robison's and my parents came out for that. As the years went by, and my parents bought the house on 5th street, Momma had all the grandchildren into her house on the afternoon of Christmas Eve for a little party.

It was easier to have things at Marie and Denis' home because Denny did not walk until she was eight. To help her get her legs stronger, they bought her a tricycle and tied her feet to the pedals.

Keith's Mouse Joke

One day Keith decided he would play a joke on me. He found a mouse in the barn and put it in a paper sack and put it on the counter. So I came in and said, "What is in the paper sack?" He said, "Why don't you look and see?" He didn't know how frightened I was of mice, and I took the paper sack, opened it, and there was a mouse. I screamed, I yelled, I started to cry and running through the house. All I could do was scream and yell, I mean, I lost it totally. I was just hysterical with it and it took him about half an hour to get me to calm down. He said, "It was just a mouse." I said, "I don't care." Then I would cry and cry and cry, and that is when he learned—DON'T EVER BRING A MOUSE NEAR HER!! It still just makes cold chills run up me (59 years later). We had only been married a month or a few weeks.

From that time on, he was very protective of me. I went to go out the patio doors once (a short time before he died) and he said, "Don't come out here". I said, "Why?" He said, "There is a mouse out here. Don't come out." There was a place where the pipes from the house drained outside and there was a mouse down there. He knew better than to let me come out the door. I think Keith didn't want me to go into hysterics again, once in a lifetime was enough.

Rationing and Allen's first year

The summer of 1944 I decided to go over to Aunt Marie's house for something. I was standing in the kitchen talking to her and then the next thing I knew I was on the couch with Denis, Keith and Marie all standing there asking me if I was okay. Of course, our secret was out, and we had to tell them I was pregnant.

When I found out that I was pregnant, I decided that I had better start buying some flannel for diapers. Back then we had never heard of disposable diapers, we made them out of flannel. Well, you just couldn't go to the store and buy flannel because it was the war years. At JCPenney you could leave your phone number and ask them to call you when they got some flannel in the store. Anyone that was pregnant could request that. They would say, "Well, on Thursday we should get a shipment in and you can buy 3 yards." So you would go in and wait in line to buy 3 yards of flannel. Every time they got a shipment in, you would go wait in line and buy your flannel. We would usually need 2-3 dozen diapers.

Rubber pants or plastic pants had not been invented yet. To try and keep you from getting soaked when you held the babies, we made what we called "soakers." We would knit or crochet them out of wool yarn and put them on the babies over the diaper. The wool helped absorb the wetness. Of course, they leaked through quite a bit, but you would hold a receiving blanket underneath the baby when you held it. We made receiving blankets out of flannel. You couldn't buy them in the store.

Before that they had started to ration food. Almost all food was rationed, like sugar. You couldn't even buy butter and that was when they first started making margarine. It was white and you would get a little packet of yellow food color. Then you would mix it all up, so it would look like butter. Each person would get a ration book and so many stamps would buy you a certain amount of food. Shortening, soap, sugar, gas, canned goods would take a certain number of stamps and that was all you could buy of that item.

It was also during the war years that the miracle drug we called penicillin was first known. It was the first drug we had to cure sore throats, pneumonia, bad infections, etc. After Allen was born, we could get a ration book for him.

Then we had ration books for clothing. Shoes were rationed, and we had stamps to buy one pair of shoes a year. Silk or nylon hosiery was not available at any price. The only stockings ladies wore at that time were silk stockings from Japan, and of course, we couldn't get those anymore. So we bought liquid stockings and you would paint your legs to look like you had nylons on. It was in a bottle and like make-up. Most people shaved their legs.

Our baby was born on February 22, 1945, Allen Keith. When I had Allen, it was different. When we went to the hospital, they put us in the labor room. There were two beds in there. The husband could stay with you in labor. When you were taken into the delivery, the husbands could not go. After your baby was born, the father could only see the baby through the glass in the nursery. We stayed in the hospital for 10 days, and you couldn't get up during the whole 10 days.

They would bring the babies to you to feed them and the fathers couldn't be in the room when they did. Then when I was ready to go home to the hospital, I didn't have enough strength to even walk from the car to the house, Dad had to carry me in the house. It was then when the dad really first got to see and hold the baby.

All babies wore dresses at the time Allen was born. When Allen was blessed, I had him in a little dress. It was a nice, little baby dress made out of batiste. We would make little sacques, with a jacket, and then the diaper. About the time I had Karon, they came out with rubber pants. After the war was over.

In the picture of Al when he was about a year old, he had rompers on, not a dress. Maybe at three months of age or when they moved around a lot, you put them in rompers instead of a dress.



During this time, Dad worked with Denis in the dairy. He helped milk and take care of 60-70 cows. Then would get up about 4:30 am and milk and get done with their chores about 6 am or so and come in to eat breakfast. Then they would go out and finish cleaning up the barn and then go down into the field and work. They raised sweet corn.

Then when the war was over, and things changed, Denis could get a hired man to help with the cows, so we rented part of the farm and just did our own farming and Denis took the dairy herd. Uncle Rollie had graduated from Oregon State University in pharmacy and he worked for Albright Drug Store in Corvallis. Rollie and Delma were married and lived with all of them, Marie and Denis, Grandma and Grandpa Robison, in the big house. Marie and Denis lived there with Grandma and Grandpa, so Marie could help her mother because she had such high blood pressure that it was hard for Grandma to do anything, so Marie took care of her. Denis rented the farm from Grandpa Robison. When Wilfred, Rollie and Keith got in school, Grandpa made a deal that the boys would have the dairy. They would take care of the cows and milk them and would use the money to pay for college. Wilfred went back to the farm in Idaho. Denis and Keith worked on the dairy farm while Rollie worked at the pharmacy.

The first year we moved out of the little house and moved down to the river bottom, I can't remember how many acres we rented, but we did have 15 acres of strawberries. The Willamette River ran through the bottom of the field. The land there was very fertile and would grow any crop. We had sweet corn and hay. Keith rented that part of the farm independently. There was an old house on the land we rented, so we moved into that house. That was a real adventure!

Back then they built the houses just flat on the ground, no concrete slab, no foundation. Rollie and Delma moved down in that house after Steve was born for a couple of months. Rollie got an opportunity to buy a drug store up in St. Helens, Washington, so they moved up there. So then Dad and I moved down in that house. I don't know if it had ever been painted, if it had, the paint was worn off. It had a nice kitchen for that day and age, big enough for a small table and some cabinets, a living room, and three bedrooms. One bedroom was really small, then one bedroom at the far end was a little bigger and it had a fireplace, so you could heat it. The rest of the house was heated with one of those pot belly stoves and a wood kitchen stove. Sounds nice doesn't it, and it was nice for then, I guess. In the kitchen it had a hand pump for water. Up until then, I had never had any water pumped into the house and any indoor plumbing. It was a pretty old shack house. Of course, we had an outhouse.

We got all moved in and soon found out we weren't the only ones living there. A family of skunks had made a den under the house to live in. Keith finally got rid of them, but all the time was trying to convince me it would be better to leave them because they ate mice and then I wouldn't have to worry about mice. Of course, he loved to tease me like that.

One morning I woke up and looked up at the ceiling and saw a string hanging down and asked dad, "What is that?" He said, "Look at it a little closer, it isn't a string" I said, "It's a mouse tail". He said, "Yes, there are some mice in the attic." And the ceiling boards were not put together really close, so there was a mouse tail hanging between the boards. He said, "See, we should have kept the skunks. It won't come down into the house." I was never real sure I felt comfortable in that house.

The kitchen cupboards had a bin you could pull out and this was to keep flour in. I thought that would be nice and so I put a 25 lb sack of flour in there. It worked great until one day I opened the bin to get some flour and there sitting on top of the sack was a mouse! No need to say I never used that bin again. We didn't have mice poison then and there wasn't much you could do, except try to trap them and have cats. The skunks were better than the cats, because they would eat more mice.

The Netter Place

Anyway, we had lived there the first spring and summer, and then the next spring came around. Dad came into the house one day and said there was a house about a quarter of a mile away and it had about 2 acres with it and it was up for sale. It was on Garden Road. A beautiful 2 story modern home—a large barn and a machine shed for the farm equipment to be kept in. He said, “Would you like us to buy it?” So we made arrangements to buy it. And that was what we called the Netter Place because we bought it from the Netters.

It was a mansion to behold. You know, it had a bathroom in it and running water with hot and cold water in the kitchen sink, an electric stove and a furnace in it. It had a beautiful yard and a garden spot. It was a really nice home. We really enjoyed living there. When you went into it, it had a mud-laundry room, then go about 3-4 steps and you went into a big, country kitchen. There was room for a table and it had really nice cupboards and a sink. Or you could turn left and go into the living room with a floor furnace and 2 big picture windows that overlooked the farmland. Then upstairs was two, big bedrooms. It seemed like a mansion moving into it.

The first winter was fine, then it came about January or February. We had a real warm spell and lots of rain. As a result, the snow in the mountains melted and the rivers all started to flood. We got a phone call saying there was a flood. Everyone that lived in the river bottom needed to evacuate. The rains had come, and the river was going to flood. I can't remember how long we had to get out—not very long, maybe about 4 hours to do so. Since our house was 2 stories, we decided to take everything upstairs as it was predicted the water would be high enough to flood our home. We had a large picture window in the front room, so the first thing Keith did was to put boards across the outside of it, so water and debris wouldn't break it. I cleaned out all the kitchen cupboards and took the items upstairs. Next, we moved all the furniture upstairs and then we took the electric floor furnace out and put it upstairs. With the house ready now, Keith was ready to start moving the farm machinery up to Denis and Marie's place. It was about ½ mile away and up on a bench.

We could see the water starting to come up over the road, so I got things ready and Al and I left in the car to go up to Denis and Marie's house. Keith would bring the truck and the tractor and get the cow and calves out. So, when I left, the water was already coming across the road. It came fast. By the time Keith got out it was up to the running boards of the truck. Denis came down and helped him get the tractor.

At least we all were up on safe ground. It was dark by then and so we would have to wait until morning to see how deep it was. When morning came we could see down to the house and tell the water was inside and quite deep. It was about one week before the water went down and we could go and survey the damage to our home. It was a real shock to walk in and actually see how deep the water had been in the house. It had

come up over the lower kitchen cabinets. Mud and debris were everywhere. We took all the cupboard drawers out and Keith got a hose and we just hosed down everything and scooped out the mud.

With the floor furnace back in and turned on high the house finally started to dry out. We moved back in three days later. The walls were still a little damp and you could see the watermark on it, but we were glad to be home and gradually got things back to somewhat normal. It took a whole year to dry out the walls.

Allen must have been a year or a year and a half when we moved there. I think we lived there 2 or 3 years. We lived there when Karon was born on March 9, 1948. She was a bundle of joy, with big blue eyes and what little hair she had was blond. Grandma Robison had always wanted a blond, blue-eyed girl. Karon fit that well.

The next four years were spent on a grain and seed farm between Monmouth and Corvallis. The government decided to sell the farmland they had used for soldiers to train on out at Camp Adair. Keith's father decided if the land was selling cheap enough he would buy some. Burton and Alpha Ferguson, Keith's cousin, had wanted to move from Idaho to Oregon, so they moved out to live on it and farm it. Oregon State College had also bought some of the government land and wanted to rent it to someone to farm. Grandpa and Keith obtained a lease on it.

Rollie and Delma had a drugstore in St. Helens. Rollie felt like it was too much for him to be on his lame leg. They sold the store and moved down to Corvallis. We moved to the Camp Adair property Grandpa had bought. Burton and Alpha lived in one of the barracks that the officers had lived in during the war, and we lived in one of the others. Rollie and Delma moved into the Netter place.

We lived in the barracks for 2 or 3 months while Keith made arrangements to lease the college place. The home on the college place was nice. It was a 2 story with 3 bedrooms upstairs, and one-bedroom downstairs, with a large formal dining room, a nice big living room and kitchen, plus a full basement.

Keith and Burton farmed the two places together. They were about 2 miles apart. The college place was about 9 miles north of Corvallis on the old Tampico road. Allen started school here and went to Mountain View elementary school. Karon went to kindergarten at Camp Adair where a teacher had started a private kindergarten.

There we worked with Rollie and Dad Robison (Orie) and enjoyed the closeness of the two families with little cousins the same age playing together almost constantly. Many cherished experiences will long be remembered by the children as they romped and played over the forest covered hills in that area.

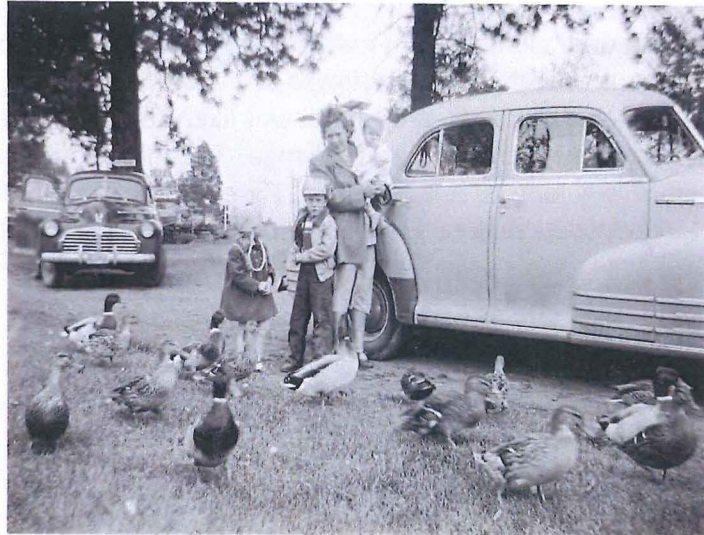
Our family was growing and on Jan. 31, 1951, Linda Loanne was born. When Keith brought me and the new baby home from the hospital, Karon and Al were outside playing and when I saw them, Karon was standing by the horses' watering tank eating a piece of ice from the tank!

Allen had been sick a lot over the past few years. About every 2 weeks he would end up in the hospital. They would give him vein feedings, keep him about 2 days and then we would bring him home. The doctor said the only thing they knew to do for him was to get him to a drier climate. The moist climate just didn't agree with him.

Keith started looking at drier climates. They were just starting to open up the Columbia Basin, located in the central part of Washington to irrigation. Keith and I, with Grandpa and Grandma Belnap took a trip up to see what it was like. Keith fell in love with it. The climate was dry and everything there was a challenge. This indeed gave the family many new experiences which will long be remembered. Here lay a land which for centuries had been a desert, ready to be made a garden from the waters from the Columbia River.

Quincy, Washington

We soon started making plans to move to Quincy, Washington. In the late summer of 1951 we were ready to move. I don't know if they had moving companies then and we just didn't know about them or what, but we moved in an old farm truck. We put side boards up on the truck and then filled it with our furniture. We must have looked like the "Beverly Hillbillies." Keith drove the truck with Allen and his dog in the front with him. The other kids and I followed in the car.



We bought a small 2-bedroom home in Quincy and rented 40 acres to farm. The land there had never had water on it. With the land we rented, Keith had to put ditches in and prepare it to be irrigated. We had about 10 acres he decided to put in potatoes. Keith made the rows and then started the water down them to get it soaked up and ready to plant. Before the water reached the end of the rows, they had filled full of sand. So Keith had to take the tractor and with the water running, ditch the rows out again. We really learned how sandy the soil was.

Our crops were okay that year but nothing extra. In order to have a little money, Keith found a job picking rocks off a farm there. He would pick them, throw them on a truck bed and then go empty it. He would work at that eight hours a day. By Thanksgiving it was so cold he decided to quit. Keith wasn't afraid to do any work to make more for his family.

Keith told me he had decided to be baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He said he had promised the Lord that if we moved and Allen was better, he would be baptized and spend time spreading the gospel. He knew it was true, but just hadn't been baptized yet. We went to Corvallis for Thanksgiving and on the day after, Keith was baptized, November 28, 1952. He had wanted my father to baptize him.



Quincy had only a branch there but by the spring of 1954, it was made a ward, part of the Grand Coulee Stake. One Saturday Keith received a telephone call asking if he could come to the church and meet with some of the brethren. That week Keith and the neighbor had spent time working together planting potatoes. The neighbor had a potato planter and since we didn't and it took 2 men to plant, the neighbor had said if Keith would help him then we could use the planter and he would help plant ours when his was complete.

They had just started to plant our field when the phone call came. Keith knew it would be hard to tell the neighbor he needed to leave and could he help on Monday instead. Keith got ready and went into the church. They interviewed Keith and then asked him if he would accept the position of 2nd counselor in the Bishopric. Keith explained to them that he was an elder, but he hadn't been through the temple yet. They wanted to know how soon he could go to the temple. A year from when he joined the church wouldn't be up until November. They said to go as soon as he could. It is of interest to note that the crop of potatoes that year was the best we ever had.

Allen was baptized on May 2, 1953. Jeanne was born on Aug. 30, 1953 on a beautiful sunny Sunday. Grandma Belnap came up and stayed to help us. There wasn't a hospital in Quincy yet. The closest hospital was in Soap Lake, about 20 miles from where we lived. Jeanne was a small baby—18 ½ inches long and 6 lbs.

The LDS Church didn't have a chapel there yet. The new Bishopric set about planning to build a chapel. It was finally completed and was great for the ward.



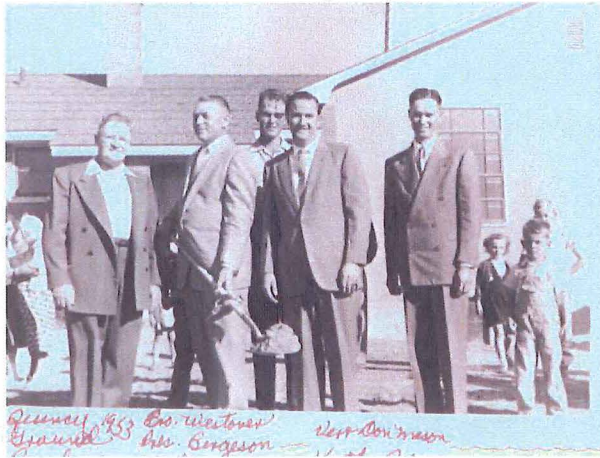
Picture to the left shows Karon, Allen, Loanne and Jeanne in the front.



The following November, 1954, one of the greatest joys that any family can experience culminated when the family went to the Idaho Falls Temple and were sealed together as a family for all time and eternity.



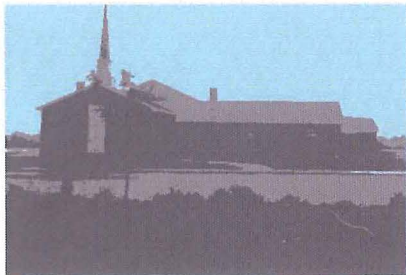
On Easter 1954, the Quincy Ward of the newly organized Grand Coulee Stake was formed, with Keith serving as second counselor to the Bishop and Delsa serving as Relief Society president. Many, many heart-warming experiences were gained by both of us in working with the wonderful people in the Quincy Ward. During this time we saw the ward grow from 225 to 475 members. These cherished memories ended in July 1957 with the appointment of a new bishop.

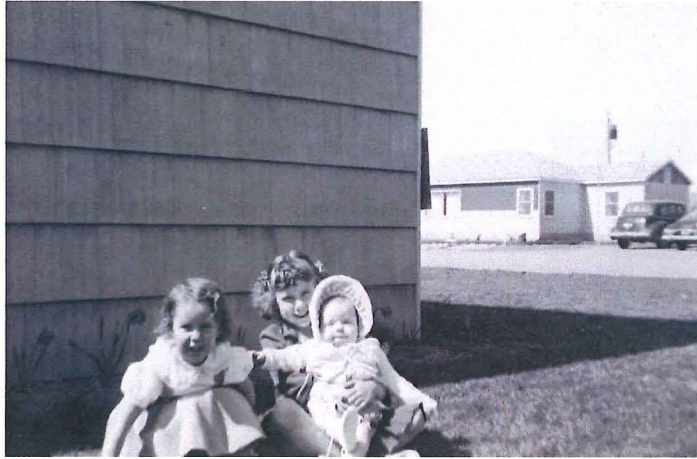


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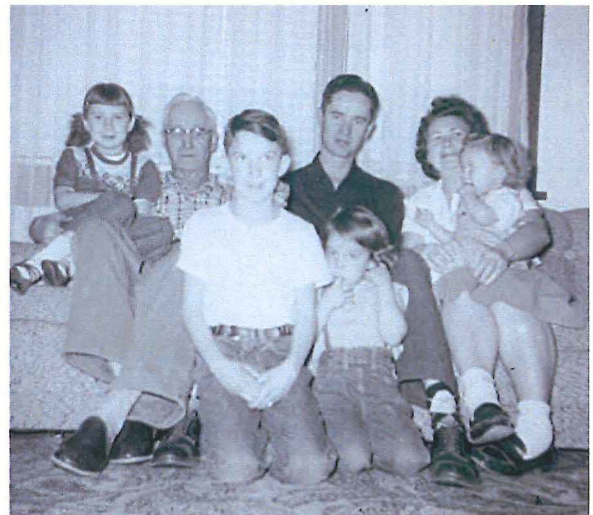


Quincy
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1955
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Keith Rolison



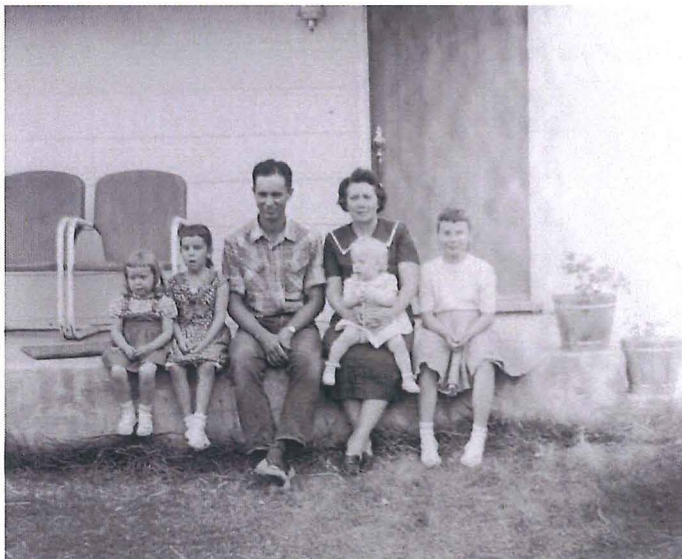


Easter in Quincy, Washington



We continued farming on the rented Mobuck place. We choose not to buy it and it was finally sold to someone else. After this we joined in a partnership with John Ford and Les Boyce. They rented more land and had a large operation of potatoes. They formed a company called Sun-Glo potatoes.

Our family continued to grow and love Quincy. This was a time for our family to continue our spiritual growth also. Alicia Marie was born on May 23, 1956. By this time, there was a small hospital built in Ephrata, Washington, only about 10 miles from Quincy. So this is where Alicia was born, another blond haired blue-eyed baby girl. Again Grandma Belnap came up to help.



The most cherished gift of all the blessings which we possess is the gift of life itself, which was made possible only through the love and devotion of our parents; these same gifts we hope to pass on to our children with that same love and devotion which we enjoy.

Moving Back to Oregon

If I hadn't already learned, I was soon to learn that Keith was one person you could depend on to help his family whenever and however he could. We received a call from Grandpa Robison (his father) to please come back and help Rollie on the ranch. Grandpa was unable to help and it was too much for Rollie to keep up with. The drier climate had helped Allen and he was doing much better. Plans were made and we soon left to move back to Corvallis. It was extremely hard to leave Quincy where we had loved friends and enjoyed the spiritual growth we had there.

Keith and Rollie made some decisions about what needed to be done with the ranch. They decided it would be best to plant it all to grain and grass seed. They then built a grain elevator and formed the Robison Seed Company. They processed and shipped the seed all over the United States.

When 1959 came, Grandpa Robison was very ill. He had been in the hospital several days when we went to the hospital to have our baby. Ronald Orie was born Oct. 23, 1959. Keith went to his father's room and told him our news. That seemed to be the last response from his father, who passed away the next day.

The kids were all busy in school—we were busy with the family, farm and church. Keith was called and served on the High Council, both for the Eugene Stake and later for the Corvallis Stake. Life seemed to settle in to a normal life. We had ups and downs as life is. We were trying to learn and do the things we needed to.



Diagnosis of Heart Condition

I hadn't been feeling very well. It seemed to me like something was wrong with my heart. I had been to the doctor, but he couldn't find anything wrong. One day it seemed extremely hard to keep going. Delma came over to see how I was doing. She took one look at me and said we are going to the doctor. I told her they couldn't find anything wrong with me. She was persistent that we go to the Corvallis Clinic to see Dr. Kliever. By then my legs were starting to have a shade of blue in them. Dr. Kliever found I had a hole in my heart and started to make arrangements for me to go to the medical school in Portland to see Dr. Starr. We went to Portland and I went through all the tests and etc.

They didn't have MRI's then or even CAT scans so the tests they did were x-rays and a catheterization of the heart. The x-rays were very simple and the other was very difficult. They ran a wire up through the vein and into the heart to see where the hole was. They started in my left arm but after several times with no success, they decided to go up my right leg instead. This was done without anesthetic or pain medicine. I could feel it going up my leg across my throat and down into my heart. I could feel it hit something, but they said we can't seem to get into the heart. After several tries they discovered they were in my heart and the wire had gone thru the hole and was hitting the other side. It was determined I would need surgery to correct it. Dr. Starr was the only doctor in the West that did this type of surgery. There was a long waiting list, but my name was added to it.

Because of the severity of my illness my name was put on top of the list. Arrangements were then made for me to go to the Portland Medical School Hospital (OHSU). We met with Dr. Starr, who would be doing the surgery. He explained to us the surgery was still experimental and my chances of living thru it were less than 20 % but without surgery there was no chance. Of course, we chose surgery.

Evil Spirits

One day in the early afternoon I began to feel really ill and all of a sudden, I could hear a voice calling my name. Soon I could hear this terrible laughter. The sound was shrill and so hideous. The room soon filled with many voices and hideous laughter. Before long I hear a voice say "She is almost ready to go. I'll take her." The thought came to me that I wouldn't go with them – they were evil, and I wasn't going to go. About that time Keith came into the room and sensed something was wrong. I told him what had happened and asked if he would administer to me. He did and commanded the evil spirits to leave. Almost immediately a calm, peaceful feeling filled the room. Keith said when he came into the room he felt as if he would be crushed from the evil spirits that were in the room.

Later that evening I continued to become worse and so the doctor had me admitted to the hospital. By the next day I had developed pneumonia. I didn't respond to the medicine the doctor had ordered. Later that afternoon the doctor told us I wouldn't live through the night. We were close friends of the Stake President, so Keith called and asked him if he would come to the hospital and administer to me and give me a blessing, which he did.

I can't remember anything I was told, except that my door would be guarded that night and that the angel of death would pass by. President Fagg then leaned down and whispered to me "You will be guarded this night."

Keith stayed for a while and then went home to care for our six children. I did fall asleep but soon awakened and gazed over at the door. It was opened ---- but in the doorway I could see Grandpa Robison (Orie) standing there. Grandpa had passed away in 1959 so I was surprised to see him. The thought "why are you here?" passed through my mind. Almost as soon as I had that thought – it was as if he could read my mind and then the thought came to me, 'I am here to guard your door this night'. It was as if we knew what the other was thinking. Several times during the night I would look at the door and always Grandpa Robison would be there smiling at me.

Delma came in to see me the next day and I told her of my experience. She told me the angel of death had been close to me that night. The patients in both of the rooms next to me and the one across from me had all passed away that night.

I certainly learned how real Satan is and how much he would like us to go and be with him. I also learned how much our Father in Heaven loves us and that he is always there to be with us if we will invite Him to come. I also learned how thin the veil between us and the spirit world is.

I'm grateful to my Father in Heaven for this knowledge and for His love for me.

Heart Surgery

The procedure to get you ready for surgery was rather interesting. Being a medical school hospital, you were used to help teach the medical students. The first three days in the hospital started off with instructions of what you were to do each day. The first thing in the morning I was to shower with special antibacterial soap, shampoo my hair with antibacterial shampoo, and then return to my room.

Then a team of young medical students came in your room. You were supposed to tell them your case history; trying to remember each detail and telling it exactly the same each day. Then it was their turn to ask questions and you answer them. After this, it was time for lab work and blood tests to be done. Of course, all the time they told you to be sure to stay in bed and rest.

Finally, the day before my surgery, in came the medical students and a doctor. The doctor asked me to pull my gown down to the waist. Then he asked one of the medical students to come and draw a line on my chest where the incision should be made for my surgery. So he did. They all just stood there and discussed if that was correct. They finally decided that was not right, because my heart was more on the right side instead of the left. So guess what? Another student got to draw another line on my chest and then they discussed it and decided that was better. All the time I'm lying there bare to the waist and thinking "I am going to die of embarrassment or a heart attack." Of course, neither happened.

Early in the morning the next day they came to take me to surgery. The first thing they did was give me a shot in the shoulder and one in the upper arm. I seem to always want to know why, so I asked them what the shots were for. They explained to me they would need to take my arm out of the socket and tie it behind my back. After this was done, they gave me more shots and when I asked them what they were for, they said it was so I wouldn't ask them anymore questions. I said, "Could I please see the heart lung machine?", but they didn't think that was a very good idea. That is the last I remember until I woke up in the recovery room.

My surgery had been successful and now the recovery began. Dr. Starr, who later was world renowned in his field, said the hole in my heart was the biggest he had every repaired. It was the size of a 50-cent piece. Every twenty minutes we had to cough. It sounds silly, but I had forgotten how to cough. I had to learn that again. The day after surgery they had a psychologist come in and ask if I knew where I was, what day it was and then had me count to 100 and then from 100 back to 1. Thank goodness I passed that test. The doctor said some of the patients lost their memory after their surgery.

I was doing better and was very lonesome for my family and anxious to go home. The doctor wouldn't release me to go home to a family of six children. So I went home to Grandpa and Grandma Belnap (my parents) in Corvallis. At least the kids could come in so I could see them. I stayed there 4-6 weeks. I truly don't know how Keith managed to do all he did. Not only did he have to take care of all the kids and the house but also he had to keep the work on the ranch up. The Lord certainly helped all of us through this time.

(Note: the following story I wrote years later regarding my heart condition.)

The Beat of the Drum

Now, I always knew I had a heart and was quite sure everyone did. I knew you needed a heart, so you could love people and things like that. I knew all my relatives had hearts because they always loved me so much.

It was a beautiful summer day in the year 1931. My cousins Margaret and Norma Fullmer came over to play with me and my sister Delma. We decided to go outside and play. Everything was going just great when all at once we could hear some bees humming. They seemed to be buzzing all around us – someone yelled they are going to sting us. That was the signal for us to run to the house as fast as we could.

I had been stung by a bee once before and could remember how bad it hurt. I started to run as fast as I possibly could. It wasn't long until I could not hear the bees buzz. But - I could hear a drum beating in my ears. My chest was also pounding like a drum. All at once I realized it was my heart pounding away. I ran in the house, all out of breath. When Mother asked me what the matter was, I told her my heart was beating. After everyone had quit laughing they explained to me all about why everyone's heart beats. So after that experience I knew it was okay for my heart to pound away like a drum.

Years later it was necessary for me to have heart surgery. When I recovered from the surgery the first thing I noticed was how extremely quiet it was. I mentioned to the doctor how quiet it was. He said the hospital doesn't seem quiet to him. But now the drum beating in my ears and chest was gone. I had thought everyone's heart sounded like a drum beating. How nice to no longer listen to that drum beat.



Back row: Delma, Nettie, Gus, Karon, Delsa
Front row: Jeanne, Alicia, Loanne

I enjoyed feeling much better and life seemed so good. I was thankful for the Lord's blessings and His caring for us. It was nice once again to be able to do things that seem so simple and yet had been so hard to do – such as sweep and mop the floor, dust and cook. Life again seemed to return to normal activities.

Keith was busy with ranch work. They had the grain elevator running 24 hours a day. Cleaning and shipping grass seed. Our family was getting older now and so were Rollie and Delma's. This required more money to keep things going. Keith and Rollie decided if they both got part time jobs it would ease the finances. Rollie was a pharmacist so he started to work part time at a drug store in Corvallis. Keith found a job at the plywood plant. At this time, they also kept the seed plant going 24 hours a day.

Shortly after Keith started to work at the plywood plant he was told he would need a complete physical to continue working there. During the physical the doctor found Keith had a double hernia which needed immediate surgery. After the surgery the doctor told him if he continued to do such heavy lifting and physical labor he would undo the surgery. We decided the best thing for us to do was for Keith to find a different way to make a living for our family. We no longer rented the college land and college house. We no longer had a place to live.

Grandpa Belnap (Augustus Ruben Belnap) had passed away with cancer. We moved into Corvallis with Grandma Belnap (Olena Nettie Belnap). Keith could then have his surgery and a place to recover. At this time, I got a job as a cook at one of the girls' sorority houses at OSU. There were about 40 girls to cook for. This was quite a change for our family to live in town. I had always been able to stay at home with the family, so this also was quite a change. Keith was able to stay at home there while he recovered. Ron could be there with him and the other kids were all in school.

One day after school Loanne, Jeanne and Alicia told Keith they were going outside to play. Instead they decided to go and see if they could find where I worked and maybe they could see me. They found the sorority house but didn't dare come in. They found a nice grassy spot across the street, so they just sat there and waited for me to get off of work.



Christmas 1963

Keith and Rollie decided it would be best if they sold the ranch. Keith obtained a job with the US Bank in Ontario, Oregon as an Agriculture representative for the bank. Keith was doing okay so he left to go to Ontario and start work the 1st of March. The kids and I stayed in Corvallis and were going to wait until school was out for the summer and then move to Ontario. I talked to the teachers at school and they said they thought it would be better if we moved before school was out, so the kids could get acquainted before summer. The teachers told me they would give me report cards passing them all on to the next grade if there was a problem in a new school. The decision was made for the kids and I to move to Ontario before school was over.

Ontario, Oregon

I rode the bus over to Ontario one weekend and we found a nice home to rent. It was a 4-bedroom home right across from the high school. This was a much easier move. The bank paid for a moving company to move us. All I had to do was pack everything in boxes ready for the movers.



Grandma Belnap decided she would move also and live with us. Allen had a good job in Corvallis, so he chose not to move with us. We didn't move our stove or refrigerator. Money was a little tight until Keith could get his first pay check. So, the first month we did all our cooking in an electric fry pan and heated some food in the popcorn popper (this was the days before microwaves). We managed fine except Keith and the kids missed cookies and desserts that were baked. The kids did well to adjust to a new town, school, etc.

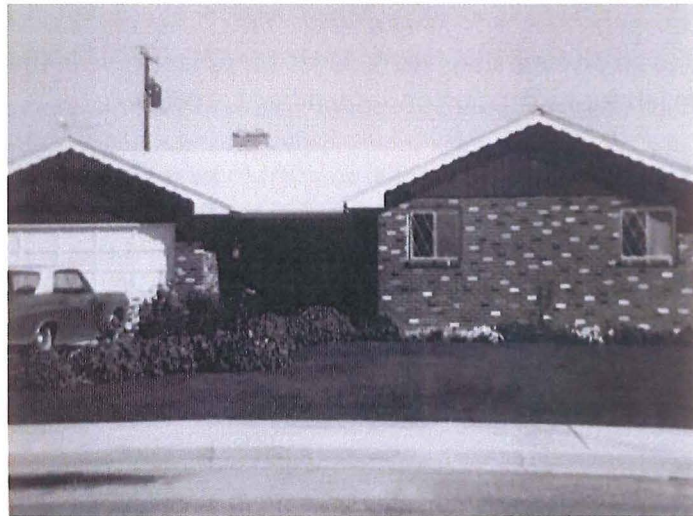


Back: Keith, Carl, Allen with Jeanne in
 Front of him, Delma holding Toni, Nettie,
 Evie, Loanne, Karon
 Front: Alicia, Ron, Lyn

Same as other but with Delsa replacing Keith

Keith enjoyed his job as an agriculture representative. He worked one day a week out of the Vale, Oregon branch. Many of the customers in eastern Oregon were ranchers and he enjoyed visiting them out on the ranches. One of the jokes between him and the ranchers was "to count the large number of cattle, you could just count all the legs you saw and then divide the number by four and that was the number of cattle they had".

While we lived in Ontario, Keith served as a counselor in the Stake Young Men's program. We were in the Nyssa Stake. I served as a counselor in the Stake Primary. Beside the ward Primaries, we had 2 branch Primaries to visit once a month. One was located about 20 miles up in the mountain north of Vale, the other one was about 20 miles from Ontario up by the Snake River (Huntington, Oregon). It was interesting to visit these homes and Primaries. The members in them were very dedicated to teaching the children the gospel. Even though some drove a long distance they were anxious and willing to do what it took to make the Primary successful. While serving in the Stake Primary, I had the privilege of going down to Salt Lake City to the Primary conference. I loved it and found it to be a very spiritual time.



We built a new home while we lived in Ontario. We found a lot available that was just across the street from the LDS Chapel. We loved being so close to the church. The house was a nice four-bedroom home. Grandma still lived with us here.



Karon was very popular in school here. She was President of the Girl's Club. She kept busy with this and also working after school at Sprouse Ritz store. We only had one car, so she had to walk to and from work. She was on her feet all the time; so many times, when she got home her feet and legs ache so bad we would soak them in hot water to

help. I felt so sorry for her and wished we had two cars, so I could take her to and from work.

Loanne also worked after school. She cleaned a dentist office. She was doing well in school and church. Jeanne loved school and her friends that she made in Ontario. Alicia enjoyed having two friends that lived in the neighborhood.

Ron attended a private kindergarten in Ontario. It was just down the block from our home. I walked to school with him the first week and then decided he should walk by himself. He finally could if I stood on the sidewalk where he could look back, see me, and tell me goodbye a dozen or more times.

Allen had decided to go on a mission. He received his call to serve in the Southern States mission. He left for his mission on September 1, 1965

In 1966 after her high school graduation Karon went to beauty school in Provo, Utah. Soon after, her boyfriend Rodger Kynaston decided to attend beauty school at the same location. For Christmas Eve Rodger gave Karon an engagement ring and wedding plans began. I was busy sewing wedding and bridesmaid dresses and veils. They were married March 14, 1967 in the Salt Lake Temple by Marion D. Hanks. The reception was held in the Ontario ward building. Karon and Rodger wanted a Hawaiian theme. They had live entertainment which included Hawaiian Hula dancers.

Boise, Idaho

That summer Keith was offered a job as a loan officer at First Security Bank in Boise. We then moved to Boise. We bought a nice home at 9635 Halstead Drive which was an acre lot. Grandma Belnap moved with us. She tried to be so much help. I finally got a chair for her and asked her to sit and direct the movers to which room everything went. Ron would tease her, and it would upset Grandma and she would try to reach out and catch him. He would always get away and of course this made even more confusion for the move. Al got home from his mission the weekend after we moved. He then left to go down to school at BYU.

We got all the kids in school - Loanne at Capital High School, Jeanne at Fairmont Junior High, and Alicia and Ron at Cole Elementary. Adjusting to moving was always hard for Alicia and this move seemed extra hard for her. To make it even worse the second year in Boise, Fairmont was overcrowded and so some students were transferred to South Junior High. Alicia was one of them, but none of her new friends were. Now, she had to try and make new friends. I don't know how she ever made it through that year. I tried to help by talking to her teacher and then to the principal but that made it even worse. I guess you have to learn to take the bitter with the sweet. Keith and I bought a horse for Alicia; she joined 4H and entered goat-roping contests. Her 8th and 9th grade years were spent at Fairmont and were much happier.



With a nice, new house I did something that I had never done before. After Keith went to work one day, I went to the Saunders Furniture Store. An in-store interior designer helped me pick out a Mediterranean blue green couch with bright green chairs and matching end tables, coffee table, wall painting and drapes. Keith knew nothing about this until it was delivered. It was a bit of a shock and a few sparks flew. Keith said, "Where did you get the money?" I replied, "I financed it." He had a hard time believing that I would do that. That was the furniture we had for the next 20 years.



Fall 1969

Delsa & Jeanne on the lawn in front of Keith's beautiful garden



Loanne graduated from Capital High in 1969 and went to BYU in the fall. I started working part-time at a fabric store while serving as Relief Society President of Boise 19th ward. Jeanne had fun picking out fabric to sew displays for the fabric store and keep them afterwards. Our first grandchild, Kimberly Kynaston, was born on January 16, 1970. Al married Ilona (Lonie) Adams on May 28, 1970 in the Logan Temple.



The summer of 1971 was very hectic. Jeanne graduated from Capital High, Al graduated from BYU and Keith accepted a job at the PCA in Yakima, Washington. We had to sell the house and move in July. Grandma Belnap did not move with us and went to live with Berneice and Leonard.

That fall Jeanne went to Ricks College and Loanne returned to BYU. I loved living in Yakima because we had enough money to make ends meet and I didn't have the responsibility of taking care of my mother. I made a few close friends and taught Seminary. Keith was called to be the bishop of a new ward. Unfortunately, it was not such a happy time for Alicia and Ron. Fitting in with the schools was hard. Ron was bullied, and Alicia's friends were not a good influence.

Loanne married Paul Bartholomew on April 6, 1972 in Provo, Utah. I went to Pocatello in January to meet Loanne and make the wedding dress during her semester break. In the spring of 1973, Keith was offered a position back in Boise at First Security Bank. We moved to Meridian and rented a house before buying some acreage in Eagle. Al and Lonie bought some land adjacent to ours. We hired Dean and Earl Talbot to build us a home in Eagle and Keith built a pond that was used for irrigation. He found a Mormon derrick that the kids loved to swing from.



The acreage was Keith's dream and he purchased cattle and stocked the pond with fish and planted a huge family garden. I loved the house but needed to go to work full-time to help with the finances. It was in the Mode in downtown Boise just straight across the street from where Keith worked.

Another busy summer, Alicia graduated from Meridian High school and Jeanne married John Purcell in the Idaho Falls Temple on June 14, 1974. The next summer we made a trip to visit Karon and Rodger in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. All of the kids came, including the married ones, and we went to the Stampede. Later that summer, Jeanne and Loanne graduated from BYU and we attended their graduation. Alicia married Steve Armstrong on August 27, 1975 in the Idaho Falls Temple.



Grandma Belnap needed to come live with us again, so a mobile home was purchased and placed near the house. She had lots of visitors from the other side of the veil while living there. Ron was having a lot of stomach problems and missed a lot of school. The high school did not give him a graduation diploma due to lack of attendance. Ron went off to Ricks College in the fall of 1977.

Back: Paul Bartholomew, Rodger Kynaston, Keith Robison, Al Robison, Steve Armstrong, John Purcell
Middle: Loanne Bartholomew, Karon Kynaston, Delsa Robison, Lonie Robison, Alicia Armstrong, Jeanne Purcell
Front: Annie Bartholomew, Rod Kynaston, Kim Kynaston, Lyn Robison, Ron Robison

The acreage plus Keith's job at First Security was too much stress, so we sold the Eagle house, purchased a home on McMullan Street in April 1978 and invested in Pit Stop with Al, a quick oil change business. We put a swimming pool in the backyard which the grandkids enjoyed as well as Keith. I made each of the 12 grandkids a terrycloth swim cover-up. In early 1979 Ron left for his mission to Florida. Due to his undiagnosed stomach problems, he received an honorable release within 6 months. In the meantime, Keith had a great opportunity in Portland at Oregon Bank and we put the McMullan house up for sale. We rented an apartment until buying a house on Heather Lane since Ron had returned home and we needed more room. While waiting for the house in Boise to sell, Alicia and Steve moved in. They followed us up to Portland in fall of 1979, so Al and Lonie moved in and lived there until it sold.

Portland Oregon



While living at Heather Lane, Alicia and Steve stayed with us a few months. Grandma Belnap also was moved back to live with us. Then Al and Lonie decided to move to Portland for work and stayed while finding a house. I guess it must have been too much over the previous few years because I was taken to the hospital three different times for a heart attack. It was decided that Grandma Belnap would go stay with Martell and Blanche.

One of our favorite programs to watch on TV was Love Boat on Saturday nights. In 1980 my niece, Toni, came to live with us because my sister, Delma passed away from a massive heart attack in Oct 1979.

Back to Corvallis, Oregon

Ron and LoAnn Winward were married February 6, 1981. That fall Keith transferred to Corvallis to start up a branch of the bank there. We bought a house on Sunview and Keith put in a hot tub and greenhouse. We decided it was time to start the Keith and Delsa reunion and set the date for summer of 1982. Keith set up tables, so the grandkids could eat in the garage. We went to Avery Park for games, picnic at the house, took a day trip to the coast and had a family portrait at Ball Studio.



40th Anniversary Trip to British Columbia

For our 40th wedding anniversary, Keith and I drove to Canada and enjoyed sightseeing by taking the ferry to Victoria. We visited Butchart Gardens, Anne Hathaway's cottage and downtown sights.





Family Reunion photo taken in 1984 in Oregon mountains

Keith purchased his first computer in 1983, an IBM PC with a HP plotter, for a total of \$10,000. He started a consulting business creating an agricultural spreadsheet-based RMA (Richard Morris Analysis).



Oregon State bank made false accusations in order to get rid of 15 employees near retirement age to avoid paying retirements. This was a real blow to Keith. When the consulting business didn't bring in enough money, he received an appointment to the USDA in Washington, D.C. under the administration of Ronald Reagan.

Washington, DC

August 7, 1985

We arrived at the national airport in Washington D.C. on August 7th at 11:00 am tired and overwhelmed at everything. We left Portland airport at 12:45 am. It was a clear beautiful night to travel. From the air, the lights of Portland and Seattle were just beautiful. I was able to take several naps as we traveled east but Keith was wide awake all the time. So, you can see why we were so tired. I don't think I have ever heard so many sounds as I did when we walked outside of the airport. I guess you would call them sounds of a large city – the roar and hum of cars and the sounds of the train plus hustle and bustle of the people and airplanes coming in and taking off.

We rented a car at the airport and since Keith's back was bothering him a lot we found a sky cab to help us with our luggage. We told him we needed it taken to the National Car rental place and so he told us where to go and we could meet him there. As we got near the place we realized all we had in change was \$20.00 since we did not want to tip him with a \$20.00 I went in search of a place to give me some change for the \$20. I finally found a little shop and went in and asked for change. Of course, she couldn't just give me change so I decided to buy a candy bar. Just then a man walked up and bought a bar of candy and said now the cash register is open and she can give you change. I must have acted really green at all this, which of course I was. We drove straight to the

apartment here. 10225 Kensington Parkway, Kensington, Maryland. They were busy cleaning the apartment and since our furniture wouldn't arrive until the next morning we decided to go get a motel and get some rest. We found a motel about 1 ½ miles from here – The Ambassador Inn at Wheaton. By this time, it was around 3:00 pm. I decided just to go to bed and get some rest which I did. Keith awakened me about 9:00 and asked me if I cared if he turned the TV on and watch it for a while. He was so overly tired and keyed up and the people in the next room were so noisy he couldn't sleep. I slept through it all and by the next morning had almost decided I'll live through this move after all. I hadn't told Keith, but my heart had ached until I wasn't sure I'd survive or not but felt like he had all the worries he would handle.

August 8th

Our furniture didn't arrive today – they called and are delayed in Kentucky someplace. We decided to just stay right in the motel.

August 9th

Our furniture arrived today. They are still working on cleaning the kitchen. We got our furniture moved in; some damage was done in the moving. Hope the insurance will cover it. I can't imagine anyone expecting others to move into such a dirty apartment. I took straight Pine-Sol and Clorox and started to scrub the bathroom – by the third time over I felt we could stand to go in there without rubber gloves on. Even though we still can't use the kitchen we decided to make up the bed and stay here tonight. It is warm and humid in the 90's – 74% humidity. The apartment does have air conditioning in each room and it keeps it nice and cool. They have a tree cricket here that sings all the time and is loud. With all the windows closed you can still hear it. It seemed like every hour a train went by on the track that is just in back of the apartments. You would have thought it had square steel wheels from the sound of it.

August 10th

Today we went grocery shopping and found a nice Safeway store not too far from us – maybe 3 ½ blocks. The refrigerator is in the dining room until the kitchen is fixed. At least it is new, plugged in and works. A black boy arrived late this afternoon to fix the kitchen floor. He dug at the old floor a little – took a skeleton of a crawfish out from under the dishwasher and by then you could tell he thought it too much to do so he packed up and left. I did manage to fix us some sandwiches and we ate here in the apartment. We spent the rest of the day cleaning and unpacking.

August 11th

We found out the Kensington Ward meets at 9:00 am so we went to church this morning. The church house is close to us, about ¾ mile. It felt so good to be around LDS people and know we had someone we could turn to if the need arose. The Relief Society President met us in the foyer and extended a welcome to us. Everyone seems quite friendly. We came home from church and found a black man here in the apartment just starting to fix the kitchen floor. He seemed so helpful and nice. He

wanted to know how we wanted the floor fixed. Of course, we told him we would like the gas stove moved out – dishwasher moved out and new floor under it, but we would have to check with the managers first. We went down and checked with the managers and of course he said we couldn't move the stove since it was gas. We came back up and told the repair man that the managers said we couldn't move the stove so do whatever the managers said. So once again he asked us how we wanted it and so I said "Well, if it was mine I'd do it right." The next thing we knew he was disconnecting the stove and asked Keith to help him move it and the dishwasher out. We spent the rest of the afternoon scraping dirt and grease off the stove and dishwasher. The sub floor was rotten too and had to be replaced.

Our stay in Washington D.C was short, but we had so many wonderful opportunities. We were able to visit many of the historical places. We loved the trip we took to Gettysburg. I loved to see the many historical sights there.

I started to work in an LDS bookstore there. It was only two blocks from our apartment. It was real thrill to be able to read and work with the church books. Many different time busloads of youth and adults came to do work at the temple and then would come over to the bookstore.

One special gentleman came in the bookstore one day. He told me he was from Nova Scotia. It had taken him four days to arrive at the temple. Part of the way he had to come by ferry. He had saved his money for three years, to be able to come. He had such a strong testimony of the gospel and was so grateful for the privilege of coming to the temple.

We could always tell when people from West Virginia came in. They still used old fashioned language such as Ma and Pa.

Renaë Mason, the manager of the store, and one of the other clerks and I decided to go see a Dinner Theater group perform. It was the first time I had been to anything like that. The play they did was the "Student Prince". We were served dinner before the play and then the play. At intermission the performers served as the waiters and mingled with the crowd. It turned out to be such fun and very educational for me.

While waiting for Keith's background security clearance to be finished, he found corruption in the appraisal process. He reported it, and no one wanted to know. Consequently, his final clearance never went through and he was afraid of being black-listed. So, we left Washington, D.C., stayed a couple of months with Loanne and Paul. Then left to drive back across the country to Portland. Along the way the way we did sightseeing, stopping at Kirtland, Ohio and Nauvoo, Illinois.

Upon arriving in Portland, Oregon, we rented an apartment near Al & Lonie. The ward members considered us as transients and I had a hard time finding friends. Berneice

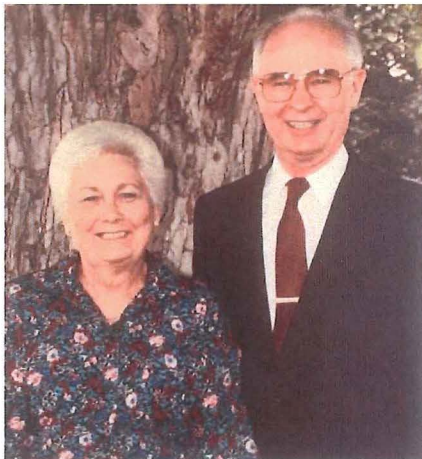
and Leonard came to stay with us for a while as Berneice was going blind. She attended the state of Oregon Blind Commission downtown to learn how to cope.

Keith was able to find a short-term assignment with the FDIC in San Jose, California which required a move to Fremont, California. Shortly thereafter I was diagnosed with renal cell carcinoma (kidney cancer) in the fall of 1987. That explained why I felt so ill while living in Washington, D.C and was concerned about a new lump that I had discovered in my abdominal region. The CT scan revealed a football sized tumor in my right kidney that had infiltrated the inferior vena cava. Given the size and extent of the tumor mass, the prognosis was only a 5% chance of living for five years. I was evaluated by Dr. Tanagho, one of the top urologists in the world for treating renal cell carcinoma. He was based at the University of California, San Francisco medical school. Following an extremely invasive surgery to remove the kidney and tumor mass, I spent several months recovering from this surgery. All the kids came down to help with each taking a turn. I was tired of dealing with my health problems and felt sure that I would not survive the surgery.

Later I learned that Keith and the kids also thought they were saying a final good-bye to me. Because it felt like this was the end, I did not want a Priesthood blessing. Maybe that was why the recovery was so hard. When I woke up from the surgery, it was confusing because it didn't seem like Heaven.

November 1988

Keith and I visited Ron and LoAnn in St. Louis. We went up in the St. Louis arch. I was a little scared and couldn't help but squeal every time the cart adjusted. Ron was off from work for a month and so we did family history on the Robison family while there. We went to Paul and Loanne's house for Thanksgiving with Ron and LoAnn and experienced our first tornado. It was the middle of the night. We were awakened with the storm, rain and lightning. Paul's nephew called to say that the roof had been blown off their house and the men went to help get them out of the house. Returned to St. Louis and stayed through Christmas.



Taken at the June 1989 Keith and Delsa Family Reunion held in Boise at Rodger and Karon's home.

The work assignment for Keith ended and we moved back to Corvallis in 1989 and lived in an apartment on Walnut Street. We bought a mobile home and lived at Meadow Park. During that time, Keith had prostate cancer surgery, as well as rotator cuff and carpal tunnel surgery. The highlight was being called as temple workers in the Portland Temple. We never had the opportunity to serve a mission, but had many wonderful experiences working there and made great friends.

My diabetic type II condition worsened, and I had to start taking insulin. My brother, Denis got sick and I was able to spend time with him until he passed through the veil with me sitting by his side.

Sisters' and mom trip to Vancouver

It was decided that we needed to have a sisters-mom trip, so in 1992 the girls and I planned a trip to Vancouver, British Columbia. We met in Corvallis, packed up our Toyota Corolla and took off. The miracle was getting all the luggage in the trunk. Not a spare inch was unused. We spent the first night in Seattle, then headed on up towards the US-Canada border. We had to catch the last ferry to the island and the lines at the border were long. Of course, we got in the slowest one. It was nip and tuck whether we were going to make the ferry. It was embarrassing to Alicia and Jeanne when Loanne leaned her head out the window and shouted, "Hurry up!" to the booth lady. Even when we got up there, she wanted to chat. But fortunately, we made it on the ferry.



A stroll along the harbor at sunset, walking through the lobby of the Fairmont Empress Hotel was fun. We went to Anne Hathaway's cottage, Butchart Gardens and visited an old, elegant mansion. I had made for the girls a tape recording of my memories of each of them and gave to them.

50th Wedding Anniversary

1993 was our 50th wedding anniversary. All the kids and grandkids came to the Oregon coast at Newport and we all stayed at the Shiloh Inn. This was during Thanksgiving. The younger generation had fun playing football on the beach. We did leg wrestling and I even leg wrestled which brought lots of laughs. We all went to the store and did a cousins' dollar gift exchange. Then we had a reception at the church in Corvallis and had family pictures taken by Milt. Lots of old friends and family came to celebrate with us.



When Steve and Alicia went through their divorce, Lindsey and Lance would spend time with us after school until Alicia got home from work.

1994 Visit to Philadelphia

Dad and I went to visit Ron and his family in Philadelphia. We took a short-day trip to Lancaster (Amish Country) and saw a sign that said "Robison House". We stopped and went up to the door to inquire. An elderly lady answered and gave us a short tour of the house. I enjoyed visiting the Amish area learning about their culture and ways.

Keith's Illness and Passing

Keith got sick in late January 1997. He had some dental work done and his mouth would not heal. So, he could hardly eat and felt like something was eating him on the inside. Loanne came out to help and multiple tests were done including a trip to the Oregon Health Science Center, but no conclusive results. His doctor in Corvallis was baffled. One night we had to take him to the Corvallis hospital and he nearly passed away. His breathing was so labored and during the night he had an experience.

He felt that he had left this life and was walking down a tunnel toward a light. There were beautiful colors all around him and as he neared the end, he was told that everything was not ready and that he needed to go back. The next day as he was relating the experience, Keith joked that Aunt Delma was probably running behind. He woke up the next morning full of energy and planning a trip for us.

Keith wanted to get the Robison book published right away so it was taken to a printer in Corvallis. Within a week it was finished, and copies were mailed to family members. The burst of energy was short-lived, and his condition got worse. Jeanne came out in March to help. While at a doctor's appointments, Keith had not been able to have a bowel movement for days, so he was given something to help. Al was assisting in the bathroom and there was loud noise (relief came quickly). Al was startled and turned around to ask if Keith was okay. Keith chuckled and said that it was worse than an M-80 exploding.

Jeanne went home after 10 days to her young family and Karen came to help and stayed until Keith passed away. Al was in Portland and made many trips back and forth to Corvallis any time that I called him, day and night. Ron arrived, and he and Al gave Keith a blessing that it was his time to pass on to the next life. Right after the blessing, Keith opened his eyes and asked Al and Ron why he was still alive and mentioned that he couldn't be in heaven because the two of us were there. The following day, April 7, 1997 Keith passed away with several family members standing around his bedside. After the funeral while Karon and Loanne were still there, one night as I lay awake missing him, I noticed someone in my doorway. I thought it was Karon and called out to her. As soon as I said her name, I realized it was Keith and then he was gone.

Peace and Comfort

After Keith's death I went to North Carolina with Loanne and stayed for about a month. When I returned home I was anxious to start working in the temple again. However, I wasn't sure how I could go and walk through the temple doors without Keith. We had always gone to the temple together and had served as ordinances workers for two and a half years.

It took all the courage I had to walk through the temple doors. Once I was in the temple I could feel the comfort and peace that it can bring to a person. My first assignment was to be the first follower in an endowment session. Once again, I felt my heart jump into my throat. This was something Keith and I had always done together. As I finished seating the sisters I could feel the tears filling my eyes. I knew I couldn't fill that assignment and cry all the time.

I kept silently praying for the strength to carry on. I kept thinking if I only knew what Keith was doing right then, it would give me added strength. I decided to look over at the wall in the room and see if I could stop the tears. As I looked at the wall through tear-filled eyes, I could see a choir, dressed all in white, they were all singing. There on the back row I could see Keith singing with them. As I saw this, the most comforting and peaceful feeling came over me and surrounded me. I received the knowledge that this was the Lord's plan – Keith was called home and I was to stay here on earth and all would be well.

I am so grateful for the knowledge I have of the gospel. I am grateful for the peace and comfort it brings to me and thankful for the many blessings I receive from day to day.

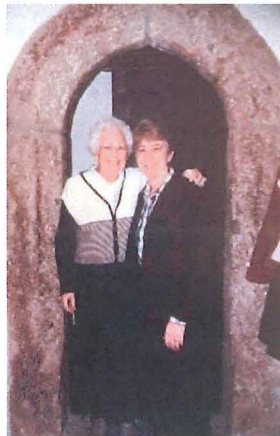
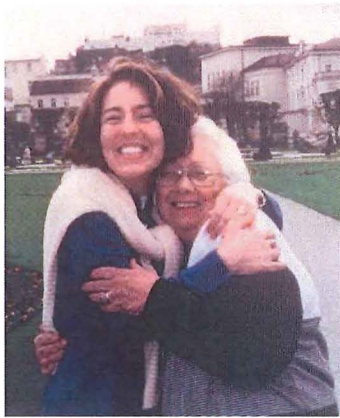
Trip to London, England - June 1997

I had the chance to go to England with Al and Lonie on a business trip. They invited Berniece, my sister, to join us. We traipsed all over London seeing the sights. Buckingham Palace and many landmarks that I had thought that I would never have a chance to see.



Trip to Vienna- 1998

While Annie and Les Hall were living in Vienna, Austria, Loanne invited me to go with her and Colette to visit them. We visited a castle and saw a rehearsal of the White Lipizzaner Horses. Also drove to a small border town named Sopron in Hungary about half an hour away. I bought a sweater at the local street market.



After Keith's death, I wanted to be independent so decided I would stay in my mobile home. Things got a little difficult because there were some strange phone calls that scared me. Then one day I was going to the store and pulled into a parking place. The next thing I knew I had hit the car in front of me which just happened to be the sheriff's car. Oops! I was very rattled, but the sheriff was kind. After that I decided it was time to quit driving. Alicia helped with my errands and doctor's appointment, but pretty soon I felt like it may be too much with her having to take off work.

Move to Boise

Jeanne's husband was diagnosed with glioblastoma multiform stage 4 brain cancer in May 1999. Even though Jeanne said they were fine, I knew that she needed help with the kids, so I flew over. After about a month, I felt that I needed to move to Boise. My mobile home was put up for sale and sold quickly. Jeanne fixed up a room for me in their home. Often when Jana and Mark came home from school, Jana would come into the room, sit on the couch and I would crochet while she did her homework.



Jeanne's husband, John, passed away on March 3rd, 2000, but I continued to stay with Jeanne.

Loanne and Paul had finished their home with a room for me to come live in. She kept asking when I was coming, but I finally told her that I couldn't train new doctors and just felt like Karon was going to need me soon.

On a trip to Oregon, Jeanne and I flew into Portland with Karon and Rodger. Karon was struggling with using her legs. We all talked about it with her and said she needed to see a doctor. They performed many tests and the final diagnosis was Lou Gehrig's disease, or ALS.

McCall trip and getting locked out of the bathroom

In February of 2002, Karon, Loanne, Jeanne and I went to McCall to find a place for the sibling reunion. We looked around at a few places and then spent the night at a motel. It was a comical night. Somehow the bathroom door got locked with no one in it. We called management, no one answered; we left a message. No Response. Jeanne and Loanne went around to the back of the motel room to see if they could crawl in the bathroom window. The snow drift was up to the window, but they couldn't get it open. Jeanne and Loanne made a quick trip to the grocery mart (Paul's Market) just as they were locking the doors. They were let in and found a few tools. Jeanne and Loanne hurried back to the motel and ended up removing the doorknob to the bathroom. Whew! Then we giggled the rest of the night about it.

Karon tried to continue work but was unable. Jeanne and I would go over on Friday nights and write letters and do anything else Karon would need since she soon lost control of her hands. Most days I spent with Karon.

One day while there, the sprinkler was left on too long and I went outside to turn it off. I bent down to turn off the faucet, lost my balance, fell and hit my head on a rock. My first thought was, "I am on blood thinners and need help now." I managed to get to the front door; Karon was at the kitchen sink and saw me with blood running down my head. Karon called out to Paul Richards, a ward member, who was at the house helping with the remodeling for Karon's disability. He took me to an urgent care center while she called Jeanne at work. The wound was quickly stapled shut and Jeanne took me home.



The kids came to Idaho in June 2002 and we went to Vicky Hobbs' cabin in the McCall area. We went boating on the lake and spent time together. We were trying to plan the next Keith and Delsa family reunion and knew it would be hard for people to come out both for it and Karon's funeral. Karon piped up and said, "If they had to make a choice, she'd rather that they would come to the reunion than her funeral". So, the reunion was planned for the 4th of July weekend. Karon passed away on June 29th, 2003 and everyone was there at the funeral after all.

Keith and Delsa Robison Family Reunion 2003

Following Keith's death, I always loved spending time with my family and would look for opportunities to be with my children and grandchildren. We held a family reunion in Boise, Idaho and I was always up for having a little fun with my children. One of the activities the family selected was floating down the Boise River on tubes and rafts. Although the water was cold (I always hated being cold), enjoying a fun time with family and creating memories was more important so I joined them on a float down the river. We had lots of fun splashing and talking to one another. After getting off the tube at the end of the float, I decided to splash Ron and some of the other boys. While standing in the shallow water current, I reached down to splash them and lost my balance and fell down on my seat into the river. Everyone came to my rescue and all I could do was laugh making it next to impossible to stand up. Maybe my adventurous side got the best of me this time.

Al and Lonie moved to Boise that summer and insisted that I come live with them. They were very generous and gave me the master bedroom on the first floor. I had pacemaker surgery during that time. Loanne flew out and helped with the recovery of the cataract surgery along with Jeanne.

While Loanne's daughter, Colette, was attending BYU-I in Rexburg, Loanne flew out to drive her home and invited me to come with her and see the country. We stopped in Nauvoo. Went to the Trail of Tears and read Gilbert Belnap's plaque. We went inside the Nauvoo temple. I stepped into the assembly room on the first floor by myself and saw Keith there. It startled me but was very touched by the experience.

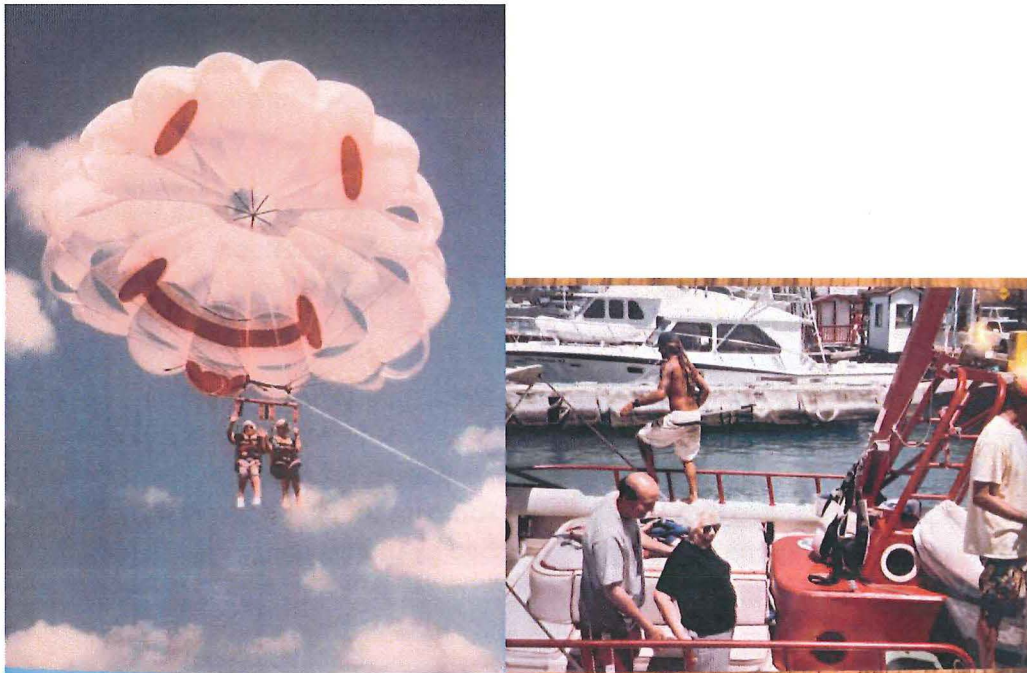
80th birthday, trip to Hawaii 2005

For my 80th birthday, the kids wanted to take me to Hawaii. Loanne and Paul came into Boise and flew with us (Al, Lonie, Jeanne, and I). Everyone except Ron and LoAnn stayed at the condominiums where Al and Lonie had a timeshare. They stayed at the Marriott on the beach. We went to the Dole Pineapple Plantation where I bought a pearl piece of jewelry for each of the girls. Then we took pictures at the Hawaiian temple, went to the Polynesian Cultural Center and stayed for the luau and evening performance.

We spent an afternoon at Hanumana Bay where Al rented a beach buggy for me, so I could be on the beach and watch the kids snorkel. Al, Lonie, and Jeanne stayed on the beach with me. The riptide was strong, and we noticed the lifeguards heading out to help someone. We laughed until Al realized it was my kids that were in trouble. Randy didn't have a life jacket on but clung to the rocks. Ron realized that he needed to help Alicia who was in the worst trouble. The lifeguards rescued Alicia, LoAnn, Ron and

Randy. Paul and Loanne were not out as far and were able to swim back before it was too late.

On Sunday we went and visited the Pearl Harbour Memorial. Everyone felt the sacredness and reverence of the grounds and the sacrifices that were made for our country. Another excursion was to go parasailing. We all laughed as Ron tried to get the driver to dump Alicia and Randy in the water. I really wanted to go but wasn't sure. Loanne said that she would go up with me, so we did. It was a little scary, but beautiful and I was glad that I did it. My kids thought it was great that their 80-year-old mother would go parasailing.



Visit to Lake Lanier in Georgia to see Ron and LoAnn 2006

I had the opportunity to go visit Ron and LoAnn and their family at their lake house in Georgia when Drew graduated from high school. Loanne drove down from Raleigh and joined us. Ron kept telling me that he was going to take me on a jet-ski ride on the lake, so I called his bluff. Access to the jet-ski was at their dock which was over 150 steps down to the lake. I navigated the steps down to the dock but knew because of my health condition that we would not be able to come back up those steps, so we had to identify a location where I could meet LoAnn in the car.

Getting on the jet-ski was no problem since it was on a jet-ski lift and could easily be boarded and then lower into the water. After hanging on tight to Ron's life jacket as he

zoomed through the water (I think he was trying to dump me off the back), it was time to meet LoAnn at the car and get off the jet-ski. The dock we had selected was a floating dock and after Ron pulled me up to the side of it, I attempted to get off. I got one leg up on the dock and then the jet-ski began to float away from the dock. LoAnn was holding on to me with one hand and Ron was holding on to the dock with his hand.

I stood there doing the splits for quite a long time while all three of us were trying to figure out what to. We all began to giggle which only made the situation worse. At one point, I was just sure that I was going to be swimming in the lake at any moment. We finally got the jet-ski pulled back up to the dock and I was able to get the other leg up on the dock. We all had a great laugh and that was my last jet-ski ride ever.

Caribbean Cruise 2007

I love the ocean and always wanted to go on a cruise with Keith. Ron, LoAnn, Randy and Alicia invited me to go with them on a Western Caribbean cruise. I looked forward to this cruise for months. Alicia came to Boise to help me prepare for the cruise and took me shopping. I even bought me a new swimsuit which hadn't occurred for decades. The plan included everyone meeting in Atlanta and then driving down to the port in Fort Lauderdale. When we arrived at the port, Alicia was given the responsibility to get me to my room. After Alicia pushed me in my wheelchair up the boarding ramp, we found the room and we began to unpack. Much to our surprise we found out that we were unpacking in someone else's room and our room was on the other side of the boat. This was just the start of our 6-day cruise adventure.

There were so many opportunities on the cruise. I loved going to every show, the dining experience and most of all, just sitting on my deck and looking at the ocean. So many times, I just wished Keith could have been there to share this wonderful experience with me. Each evening, the room stewards would fold the towels into various animals and I looked forward to seeing what was to come the next evening. I even decided to venture off the ship to the beach while the kids snorkeled and played. I was able to get a front row on the beach in my beach wheelchair which had large bouncy tires that enabled it to be pushed on the sand. I loved just sitting there watching the waves come into shore and seeing the kids enjoy the ocean and beach.

Although my health was deteriorating, I really looked forward to this trip and spending all my reserve energy to enjoy it the most that I could. This was my last big trip before my health began to fail and I had the opportunity to enjoy my love of the ocean in a way I had never had the opportunity to do before in my life.

April 17, 2008 letter to family

April 17, 2008

Dear Family,

Many of you know that Grandma has had a small rough time this month. I wasn't prepared to hear the medical report that I had lost vision in my left eye and that at sometime I would lose the vision in my right eye. It could be quick, or it might take a long time. We don't know when it will be.

As of right now I have lost some vision in my right eye. I don't see details and it is getting more difficult to read. I'm working closely with the doctors and have had an experimental shot in my left eye; we are trying to restore some vision in it. It has helped some and I will continue the shots every six weeks for however long the Doctor feels it will help.

I have to admit I was in shock. So, for a day I had a real big melt down and cried all day. Then I realized what a blessing it was for me. Now I would take time to review my life a little closer.

It took me back many years ago when I was finding answers to my many "why" questions. One day I decided to ask my mother all these questions. Why this? Why that? What do I do about this? What about life and what do I do with it? I remember about the only thing that she said that made any sense to me was she would like me to learn this poem, so simply I could do that. This is the poem I learned that day.

Live for something, have a purpose
And that purpose keep in view
Drifting like a helpless vessel
Thou cans't to life be true

Half the wrecks that stern life's ocean
If some star had been their guide
Would have now been sailing safely
But they drifted with the tide.

I was sure I knew what my purpose in life was, high adventure all about me. I could have what I wanted, I could do what I wanted, and people could accept me the way I was. It's my life, it's all about me. I soon learned there were a lot of people on the same high adventure in life, but not about me, it was about them.

My wonderful and wise parents helped me learn I couldn't have everything I wanted, I couldn't do everything I wanted, and people didn't have to accept me. I needed to think of others, love others and serve others. My parents helped me learn my own identity. I

was a child of God, a daughter of my Father. I had a Father in Heaven who knew me, loved me and who would guide and help me if I would listen and do all he asked of me.

Now I'm at a new crossroad in life. I'm starting into an unknown journey and adventure in my life. As I start this new adventure I have some fears, some adjustments, but I still have my identity and purpose in life. I count my blessings and the many miracles my Father in Heaven has given me.

One of the greatest blessings in my life is Grandpa. We had unconditional love for each other and we knew we could depend on each other. We, like everyone else had good time, hard times and difficult hard decisions to make. Although Grandpa isn't here physically, I feel his spirit and love still with me. Many of you have shared the same feelings with me. We still feel the love of John and Karon with us. What a precious gift.

Grandma knows there are some of you that are at crossroads in your life. It's rough and it's hard. You are trying to make difficult decisions. Please try to find your own identity and your purpose in life. Turn to your Father in Heaven, let him help and guide you. It never helps to sweep your trials and problems under the carpet where they can grow and destroy you. Face them, talk about them, solve them and grow from them. We have all made some mistakes so let's be careful in judging others. We don't have the wisdom or privilege to do that.

In closing I would like to quote from Grandpa's testimony;

"Our life has been devoted to our family and we pray that we have imparted to you the love we feel for each of you. Our goal in mortality has always been that we attain the highest degree in the celestial kingdom and to have all of you there with us for eternity. This is the heritage and legacy we would like to leave for each of you."

A special thanks to each one of you for bringing a wonderful blessing to our lives. You have helped to make our lives full and complete.
May you feel and know our deep love for each of you.

Love, Grandma

STATE OF IDAHO
CERTIFICATION OF VITAL RECORD

STATE OF IDAHO
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE
BUREAU OF VITAL RECORDS AND HEALTH STATISTICS
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

Date Filed MAY 08, 2008

State File No. 2008-03710

DECEDENT - LEGAL NAME DELSA A ROBISON			
SEX FEMALE	SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 541-48-7319	AGE 82 YEARS	DATE OF BIRTH SEPTEMBER 20, 1925
BIRTHPLACE SALEM, IDAHO		PLACE OF RESIDENCE BOISE, IDAHO	
MARRITAL STATUS AT TIME OF DEATH WIDOWED		NAME OF SURVIVING SPOUSE (if wife, maiden name)	WAS DECEDENT EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? NO
FATHER - NAME AUGUSTUS RUBEN BELNAP			BIRTHPLACE UTAH
MOTHER - MAIDEN NAME OLENA NETTIE ANDERSON			BIRTHPLACE IDAHO
METHOD OF DISPOSITION REMOVAL FROM STATE		FUNERAL SERVICE LICENSEE DORN RADEMACHER	
NAME AND ADDRESS OF FUNERAL FACILITY RELYEA FUNERAL CHAPEL, BOISE, IDAHO			
DATE OF DEATH APR. 26, 2008	TIME OF DEATH 7:55 A.M.	CITY, TOWN OR LOCATION OF DEATH BOISE, IDAHO	COUNTY OF DEATH ADA
CAUSE OF DEATH (underlying cause last) a. ADULT FAILURE TO THRIVE			Approximate Interval Between Onset and Death 6 MONTHS
DUE TO (or as a consequence of): b.			
DUE TO (or as a consequence of): c.			
DUE TO (or as a consequence of): d.			
OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH but not resulting in the underlying cause given above RENAL INSUFFICIENCY, CHF			WAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED? NO
MANNER OF DEATH NATURAL		NAME OF CERTIFIER ALAN MATTHEW MADERIOUS, M.D.	TITLE PHYSICIAN
CORONER SUBSEQUENT CERTIFICATION IF NECESSARY			
EXTERNAL CAUSES ONLY			
DATE OF INJURY	TIME OF INJURY	PLACE OF INJURY	INJURY AT WORK
LOCATION WHERE INJURY OCCURRED			
DESCRIPTION OF HOW INJURY OCCURRED			

This is a true and correct reproduction of the document officially registered and placed on file with the IDAHO BUREAU OF VITAL RECORDS AND HEALTH STATISTICS.

MAY 09, 2008

DATE ISSUED: _____

This copy is not valid unless prepared on engraved border displaying state seal and signature of the Registrar.

Jane S. Smith

JANE S. SMITH
STATE REGISTRAR



