

RAY WELDON WOODFIELD PERSONAL HISTORY
The following is a brief digest of a History Written by Ray

Ray Weldon Woodfield first child of John A. Woodfield and Margaret May Chadwick Woodfield was born in North Ogden, Weber, Utah, November 8, 1901, in a two room brick house on Orton's Lane, now 2100 North, North Ogden, Weber, Utah. The house and five acres of land had recently been purchased from Albert and Charlotte Woodfield Ward. I was blessed June 5, 1902 by James Ward and baptized 5th June 1910 by Thomas E. Orton, in Cold Water Creek, on Thomas Brown property. Horace Barker, Maurine Storey, Lettie Chadwick, and Hazel Berrett were baptized at the same time. I was confirmed 5th June 1910, by F. W. Ellis, in the North Ogden meeting house, North Ogden, Weber County, Utah. At 12 years of age I was ordained a Deacon by David E. Randall on 11th January 1914. In 1915, I acted as secretary in the 2nd Deacons quorum. In 1916, I acted as president in the same quorum of the North Ogden Ward. I was ordained to the office of Teacher on 14th Jan 1917, by David E. Randall. I graduated from the eighth grade at the North Ogden school on May 16, 1916. John Q. Blaylock was the principal and teacher in the eighth grade. I started high school at Weber Academy as a freshman, riding the electric street car to and from school. The cost was 20 cents for the day.

Many things of interest happened during the ensuing years. The First World War started in 1914 and ended in 1918. We had a flu epidemic in 1918 and 1919 with many people dying. I had the flu in 1919 and was very sick for 2 weeks, but with the help of the Lord I got better.

I was set apart as president of the Teachers quorum on the 9th of March and held that office for one year. I acted as a ward teacher, with Clyde Campbell and M. H. Berrett being my first companions. The home of John M Bailey was the first home we went to. I was ordained a Priest on the 15th of February 1920 by J. William Gibson, and the same year I graduated from high school with a general high school course. The next school year, 1920, I started school at Weber Academy, attending one year. During this school year I took Vera to a show in the Orpheum Theater. One incident of interest happened while there. All the seats seemed to be full and the usher gave us a seat in one of the box seats, a highlight in my life.

On May 1, 1921, I was ordained an Elder by George E. Brown. Shortly afterward I received a call to go on a mission to Great Britain. The date of departure was 26 of May 1921, and sailing from Montreal on the S. S. Minnidosa, 3rd June 1921, arriving in Liverpool, England on the 12th of June, 1921. I was assigned to London Conference. I labored in the north, east, west, and south districts of London. While working in South London, I acted as Branch President. The last part of my mission I was assigned to Birmingham, where I was able to visit some of Grandfather Woodfield's relatives. I stayed in the home where John Woodfield was born. The address was Yew Tree Cottage, in Maxstoke, Warwick, England. George Woodfield, a nephew of Grandfather, was living in the home with his family, a very nice family.

While I was in England Vera and I corresponded. When I arrived home she was working for Dr. McKell. I went down to see her and she seemed glad to see me so we continued to date. Dad had bought a Dodge car during the war years. He let me use it now and again, and I took Vera out on dates. We became engaged March 4, 1924. She seemed to be happy. Bro. David E. Randall was asked to do other Church work so Mark Ballif and I were released from Mutual work along with Bro Randall. I taught Sunday School for a while, and was asked by Gilbert Randall to be second counselor in the North Ogden Sunday School with Arlee Campbell as first counselor and Gilbert Randall as superintendent. The Sunday School took in all the area of North Ogden.

I worked for Dad and his brother Will, on the farm for 30 cents an hour. This wasn't really enough to keep a family, but Vera and I decided to take a chance. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Joseph Fielding Smith, March 27, 1923. Vera's mother, Mary White Campbell, went to Salt Lake City to see us married. We stayed in the Hotel Newhouse that night and caught the train the next day and went to San Francisco, California, on our honeymoon for one week.

We started married life in a two room brick house on Orton's Lane owned by Vera's Father and Mother. The house wasn't modern, but with work we fixed it up so it was very nice. We even had flowers in the windows and a garden outside.

With some money we had saved we bought us a 1923 model roadster, a table and chairs, a bed and dresser, a used cupboard and washstand, a round heating stove for the bed room, and a bright and shiny kitchen stove to heat the kitchen and cook on. The kitchen stove had a lot of chrome on it. It was Vera's pride and joy. Dad and mother gave us a rocking chair as a wedding present. Vera also had her cedar chest.

Norman, our first baby was born April 5, 1926, about a year after we were married. Dr. Henry Stranquist was our doctor. He even came out to the house and carried Vera in the house, after she and Norman had been in the hospital for 10 days. We had Madeline Chatlane help Vera for 2 weeks after she got home. Madeline liked to sing the Prisoner's Song from morning til night. Norman was rather cross at first, but he did much better after Vera gave him some extra milk to drink from a bottle. She also gave him some mixed with Karo syrup.

Vera's father died September 6, 1926, which left a void in Vera's life. After the death of Vera's father, Doral and Don, Vera's brothers, said they would take care of their mothers place. There was an orchard near the homestead consisting of 10 acres which were called the Ward place on Orton's Lane, now 2100 North Street. There were also 20 acres they called the Brig's place on Garner's Lane, now 1700 North Street. Vera and I lived in the 2 room home on the Ward place. This home had an outdoor toilet, and no modern facilities in the house. When we had lived in the house (about two and half years) Doral decided to get married and needed a place to live. We had to move from our two room home which we had learned to love. Dad said he would give us an acre of land near to his home. He signed a note with us for \$1800 and we got George Wade and sons to build a four room home with bath and toilet for \$1800. I was to dig the basement and haul the sand and gravel and do all outside digging for water, etc. Dad got Horace Dudman to haul the gravel with a team and dump boards and I hauled the sand from the Utah Hot Springs, and dug the basement with a team and

scraper. The basement was dug in wet clay. I made a hole two feet deep and it filled up with water. I had to dig a drain to the ditch and put drain tile all around the outside of the foundation. Some of the people that went by said we would never have a basement. We moved into our new home in July 1928, Doral married Della Bingham from North Ogden, Utah the 29th of December 1928.

The things we purchased for the two homes were a table and buffet, four chairs, a second hand washstand, a round stove for the front room, and kitchen stove for the kitchen, a bed and dresser, and a small bed for the baby Norman.

Vera and I worked nights with the wheelbarrow and red wagon from across the road, hauling dirt from the ditch bank to level the rough spots for the lawn. We piped water from Dad's well for the house, outside watering, and chicken coop. We built up a nice lawn that stayed green in color.

We moved into our new home in July and the next January 27th, our son Keith was born. It was a cold winter's night. Vera came home from the hospital a day after we had a three day wind. She stayed in the hospital for nine days.

Vera's Grandmother, Eliza White Brown, died the same day Keith was born. When she heard that Keith had arrived, she said that she could die in peace. Vera's mother seemed to be lonesome and she came down and stayed with Vera for two weeks. We all moved around the heating stove to keep warm. Later we gave the round stove to our neighbor, Mrs. Wilson, who had seven children in a small house, and bought us a heaterola which was a more up-to-date heater. Still later, we had a furnace put in the basement, controlled by a chain in the kitchen (the chain was used to open and close the damper). Later, we had a stoker put in and connected with the furnace. Somewhat later natural gas was piped up the lane. We had Floyd Hunter and his brother take the first equipment out and put a gas furnace in the house basement.

While Vera's mother stayed with us, she helped us and we helped her. Vera's mother was a good mother and friend. She and her husband had 14 children. One of their children, Cyrus, died when he was a baby. All the other 13 children lived to adulthood. Delbert was their first boy among six girls, and Vera was the only girl among six boys, all good children.

The following is my Priesthood Line of Authority:

Ordained a Seventy by J. Golden Kimball March 11, 1928.

J. Golden Kimball was ordained a Seventy by William M. Allred, July 21, 1886. William M Allred was ordained a Seventy by Levi W Hancock, May 20, 1845. Levi W. Hancock was ordained a Seventy by Joseph Smith and counselor, February 28, 1835. Joseph Smith was ordained an Apostle by Peter, James and John, 1829 in June.

I would like to mention some of the finer things of life. Vera liked to read and listen to the radio, sing in the choir, and mixed part singing. She understood music and was good at leading, singing in Mutual, Sunday School and the Ward organizations. Vera was a good choir leader. Ruth Manning told me just a while ago that she like to sing in the choir when Vera led the music. Vera liked to keep a clean house. She was a good housekeeper. Another thing Vera liked to do was quilt and

make things for small children. When Norman was small she made 14 pair of rompers for him. There was one thing she didn't like and that was to wait for people, especially at mealtime. I almost lost my happy home and my wife when I was working with Dad and Uncle Will (Dad's brother) on the farm. We were late getting home for dinner and Vera had been waiting about an hour for the meal. When I was away and she didn't know where I was it worried her. Before we were married Vera went up to Preston and helped her sister Etta, who had a new baby, Dale. Etta had developed kidney poisoning. Bob, Etta's husband just worked two blocks away from home and was always on time. Vera realized when she was up to Etta's the advantage of a good job and not having to wait for meals. Vera was a good cook, especially making hot rolls and rice pudding. I will now mention some of the finer things of life I like. I enjoyed going down to my Grandfather's and Grandmothers place on their birthdays and Christmas. I like music, especially singing and good band music. I played a cornet in the North Ogden band and the Weber Academy band. I could have done better if I had had more encouragement at home. Dad said the cornet made too much noise when I practiced. I perhaps did not have enough talent. I sang in a number of groups such as the Ogden Male Chorus. I was with a group of four, James Garner, Spencer Brown, Douglas Ellis and myself and sang in a number of places. Our group went to Salt Lake City and won second place in the Mutual Quartet contest of the Church in about 1924. Arthur G. Berrett was the leader.

Doral and Della lived in the two room home we first lived in. Mrs. Campbell, his mother, borrowed \$1,000 to help Doral get started on the place. He enjoyed his work until the money ran out. He dug two wells one up to the barn for the stock, and a nice one near the house. He piped the water in the house and made it more modern. He tore the stable down at his mother's and moved it down to the Ward place. Also, he moved the cows and stock. Doral also built a chicken coop and bought baby chicks, that he might produce some laying hens. Mr. Campbell and the boys had planted an orchard at the top of the field. It had a nice crop of peaches. With the crop up to the home place and the one at the Ward place, Doral had a nice crop. But it's like Vera said in her history, the boys weren't quite as good at farming as their Father. Doral gradually quit farming and got a job in Ogden and lived near his work. Later he moved to Idaho.

Donald, Vera's youngest brother, born 24 May 1909, married Florence Ballif, 29 April 1932, in the Salt Lake temple. Donald and Florence lived in part of their Mother's home and later moved to the Ward place where Don farmed. They added two rooms on the house and constructed a barn and joined it onto the cowshed Doral had built. One year when Doral was farming he raised the best crop of peas I have ever seen.

Mrs. Campbell still continued to pay on the money she had borrowed. In the meantime Mrs. Campbell had supported Donald on a L.D.S. mission to the southern states. Vera said that most of the money Mrs. Campbell sent to Don on his mission came from his mother making quilts and selling them. Don also acquired the love and skill for carpentry work. He built houses and it developed into a skill and a vocation for him.

I remember when Don and Florence left for Oregon. Don had a job working in the sugar factory they were building in Nessa, Oregon. Don had all of his assets on a hay rack supported on four auto wheels and tires mounted on an auto frame. Don, Florence, Clejo and Julia were part of the load in the car. This took place in the 1940's.

I will add that later Vera wanted to improve the home we originally constructed. Her brother Don suggested that we build a new one so in 1961, Don built us a new home on some of the land we had at 567 E 2100 North (Orton's Lane), North Ogden, Utah. Donald purchased our old home and lot where we were living and allowed us \$10,000 for his work. We have a nice home and I wish Vera was here to enjoy it with me. I hope she is happy. She had problems before she passed away. On the night she passed away she prayed to go and within two hours she was resting peacefully as though she was asleep. Vera was a good wife and mother and we all loved her.

I enjoyed working with the genealogical groups. It would take up too much time to mention all the things I did. However, I will say I took classes, helped with classes in the ward and stake, and made trips to the Ogden, Logan and Salt Lake temples, and for several years I helped with the sealing work in the Ben Lomond and the North Ogden Utah Stakes. My record states - released as member of the Genealogical Committee, October 18, 1958, North Ogden 4th Ward, Ben Lomond Stake. When I worked with the High Priests Group I was in the North Ogden Second Ward. My record further states, sustained as member of the North Ogden 4th Ward, October 18, 1958. Marvin Barker was the Group Leader, and I was to work with Boyd Lake. Set apart by Bishop Lewis Hagen. Released from the Ward Committee Senior Aaronic in November 1959. Called and set apart by President Reuben Rhees, July 26, 1959 as a member of the Stake Senior Aaronic Committee, Ben Lomond Stake. I worked with Grant Alder as Stake Leader. On November 1959, I was called to be Head of the Old Folks Committee to take Al Hawks place who was released. I was released from the Ward Senior Aaronic the same time. When I was called to the Old Folks Committee I guess Bishop Hagen didn't know I was working on the Stake Senior Aaronic Committee. We did a lot of work on the Stake Committee. We constructed fences, developed water systems, painted buildings, attended meeting and classes, gave dinners, and encouraged the new Elders to go to the Temple. One special class we held must have had 100 people present.

I was released from the Old Folk's Committee, October 12, 1962. January 14, 1963 I was released from the Stake Senior Aaronic Committee. Thus I worked for about 4 years on the Stake committee. I enjoyed working with President Grant Alder and the group. President Alder's young son Keith used to go with us and it seemed he grew up on the trips to Ogden Valley. (At that time the Stake was building a camping area for the young members of the Stake). A young man the ward had teaching in Sunday School started teaching some of his own ideas and we asked him to discontinue. At the present time the same person has a group, in the Northwood Subdivision of Ogden. About 20 years after we held the Senior Aaronic class in 1959-63 this same person was contacted by the press, Arvin Shreeve. he claims to receive revelations concerning his beliefs. The Ogden Standard Examiner reported on his beliefs on Tuesday July 3, 1984.

The following is a tribute given to Vera when she was honored with a special Relief Society tribute. Vera was the chorister of the Relief Society at the time we were in the Fourth Ward. "Our Chorister of the month was the 11th child of 14 beautiful children.. She herself became the mother of five children and each of her four living children have five children. They are all active in the Church. She wrote the ward newspaper in her ward for years. She has always had an immaculate home, and a happy home, and she is a good cook. One of her greatest tributes is her thoughtfulness of others. Truly she exemplifies our Relief Society motto "Charity Never Faileth". She is a very

ambitious person, having made 12 quilts for last Christmas to be given as presents. When her family was raised she worked out of the home. Her latest job was a receptionist for Dr. Mackley. I think one of the nicest tributes came from a sister-in-law. "she is the nicest person I know" Vera Jane Campbell Woodfield.

In March of 1969 the 17th day of the month Vera and I decided to go to California and see Keith, Juanita and family, and Norman, Clem and their family. We went by way of Arizona. In Flagstaff we went through one of the worst blizzards I have ever seen. In Phoenix we went in a fruit stand. They had some nice red apples, I asked where they came from and they said Provo, Utah. We stayed over night and went through the temple in Mesa and then drove to Keith's and Juanita's the next day. Keith was busy. He taught school in the day and at night I went with him to a night class he was teaching. He looked good but he seemed tired. He said he had a headache. One the way home we stopped at an English Fish and Chips place and got some fish and chips, a drink and went home. Keith seemed his old self. He laughed and joked and the next morning he picked a rose from his garden and gave it to Vera. Every time we have been to El Cajon when the roses are in bloom he has given Vera a rose. The same day we went up to Clem and Normans's in Woodland Hills. We stayed that day and night and the next morning Clem came in about 6:00 and said Keith was in the hospital with a cerebral hemorrhage. We rushed to El Cajon and on the way Clem drove our car and made the comment, "see your car can go fast". Keith was in pain and distress and didn't know us. We stayed with him that day. We went over to Juanita's and that night Juanita came home and said Keith had passed away (Mar 21, 1969). All the family came down from Utah. We had a nice service in the El Cajon 1st Ward and Keith was interred in the San Diego Cemetery. Dale and Fern Gibson gave Juanita a burial plot in the L.D.S. part of the cemetery, next to a plot where their baby was buried. I thank all the members of the family for the help and love and support they gave. Keith was a good son, father and husband and we all loved him. He was a friend of those in distress and the black people even before they were recognized and given some of their rights. (Editorial side note - Ray and Vera did not make decisions without thinking about it for some time. It was learned after the death of Keith that they took the trip on an impulse because they felt something was going to happen to them and the trip was to say goodbye to their family. In all of their trips to California they always went by way of Los Vegas to Los Angeles and then to the San Diego area. On this trip they stopped in Springville to visit a short time with Leon and his family and then to El Cajon to visit with Keith and then to Norman's. If they had taken their normal route Keith would have died before they could have arrived. There is also one more interesting item to note and that was that after they had packed for their trip and were in their car, Vera went back in her home and came out with a black outfit which was the one she wore at the funeral services for Keith.)

The following was written during November, 1987. The other day Leon ask me to comment on a few things concerning my testimony. I was baptized by Tom Orton, in Cold Water Creek, near the home of Mark Roylance. The water still flows as it has for the last thousand years, and was just as cold in June as it was in ancient times. I hadn't been told why I was being baptized, just that it was a principle of the Church. I went to the place with Mother, Horace Barker, Ettie Chadwick, Maurine Storey and Hazel Berrett. None of the fathers were there and Hazel Berrett walked across the road from the Berrett home by herself. There was less interest in the ordinance at that time than at the present.

That afternoon Mother and I walked to Sacrament meeting and I was confirmed. Returning home, near where Howard Orton currently lives, Mother said all of a sudden, "now you are my little Mormon." I thought about it and said I was. That was the beginning of my testimony. I have learned about baptism, and the purpose of life ever since.

One time I told Dad I did not want to go to Sunday School. Dad said I had to go even though he did not. Mother and I rode to church with Etta and Cyrus Ward in the surrey, other times we walked up the lane. I always tried to do what Dad said to do.

February 2, 1906, Dad and Mother had a baby girl they named Inez Mary. Inez was a beautiful little girl and we had a lot of fun playing together. February 24, 1909, they had another daughter they named Ellen May. When Ellen was a month old she became sick with pneumonia and died on March 28, 1909. Uncle Tom, Dad's brother, born May 31, 1879, died May 3, 1909. Inez and I contacted diphtheria and Inez died within 24 hours on April 16, 1910. When you are 7 or 8 years old and you see death in the same room, it is hard to understand even if you have been told the gospel is true.

When I was 12 years old I was ordained a Deacon. At 15 a Teacher and at 18 a Priest and then at 19 an Elder. Those were busy years, passing the Sacrament as a deacon and teacher, administration of the Sacrament as a priest, and all the extra work in the Aaronic Priesthood. I was assigned to do home teaching, went to school and graduated from the 8th grade and high school and helped with all the work at home and on the farm.

In 1908 they started to build extra rooms onto our Church. It was completed in 1910. December 10, 1910, President Joseph F. Smith came to North Ogden and dedicated the building. I was proud of Dad and Mother. They paid money on the building that Dad had earned cutting grain and Dad also helped dig the basement with a team and scraper. From about 1908 Dad took an active part in the Church. He was on the finance committee, and the amusement committee. Sometimes I rode to Church with Dad and David Randall in the bobs (bob-sleigh), when they took care of the dances. They also had some good stage shows in the ward.

I went to Weber College, one year, and I took part in two stage plays that were presented in the Orpheum Theatre. I was not too proud of my school work. I know I could have done better. Elman contracted smallpox and so I stayed down at Grandpa and Grandmother Woodfield's. It wasn't like being at home and then before school was out I was called on a mission to Great Britain. With the preparation and such, I left for my mission before school was out and besides I didn't feel as well as I should have since I had the flu for 2 weeks and I was home in bed for 2 weeks and because Elman had smallpox I was vaccinated and it was just like I had the disease itself.

The trip across the ocean was interesting. It took 10 days from Liverpool to Montreal, down the St Lawrence river and a day by train from Liverpool to London. I was assigned to London. London had about 10 million people in our conference. It takes a lot of faith, prayer, work and money to do missionary work. Then sometimes a person wonders about what is accomplished. The Saints were very good and they all bore strong testimonies.

I was asked to take charge of the South London Branch. When I was leaving the mission President David O McKay told me I had done a good job of taking care of the South London Branch. We also went over to St Albans and helped with their Sunday School and Sacrament meeting each Sunday and to Hitchin twice a month.

I went to England about two and a part years after the first world war. At that time the English people were prejudiced against the Mormons. They preached against us, placed articles in the newspapers, and wrote books about the Mormons taking girls to Salt Lake City. They had stage plays and motion picture shows and even wrote songs about us. Before my mission, I had a prayer in my heart that I could go to England and even London. My prayers were answered. All of my ancestors came from England.

Sometimes finding a girlfriend and getting married in the temple causes one to wonder. Vera was popular with the boys and girls. We wrote to each other sometimes. I know she gave one fellow up when I came home. She told me she had. Any way I asked her to marry me and gave her a ring. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, March 25, 1925, by Joseph Fielding Smith. I think one thing that helped me win my bride was the her parents liked me better than some of the other fellows. When I was a boy I used to go to Mrs. Campbell's and get flowers for decoration. That was the first time I remember seeing Vera. Mrs. Campbell had some snowballs for me and she said she would give me some bleeding hearts that were near the front of the house. Mrs. Campbell picked some bleeding hearts and just then Vera came out of the front door. She was sure pretty , in a pretty pink and lavender dress with her dark hair and brown eyes.

There are a number of things that help with a testimony. As you get older, especially after you are married, it helps if a man and woman are of the same faith especially after they start to have a family. The parents should study and learn about the gospel especially if they talk to each other and teach their own children and some others in Sunday School. It is nice when we hear someone elses testimony, that we have assurance that we can have the same by belonging to the true church. By working, study, and through the priesthood we can be baptized, receive the Holy Ghost and gain a testimony that the Church is true. I don't know who will read this message but I will bear record that Joseph Smith was a true prophet. I have been to his birth place in Vermont, and all the places of Church history. I have been to all the places in England where my ancestors were born and lived and I have wondered how they left their homes in such a beautiful country and came to a dry country like Western America.

I know that Jesus is the Christ, I have studied his life and the Spirit bears record that this is so.

I have always liked to get things accomplished on the farm and where I have worked. I have always liked to travel and read and be places where I could learn. I have loved my Father and Mother and all my family. I always have loved Vera's Father and Mother's immediate family and Vera, my wife, for all the love and help she gave in giving birth to our children, Norman, Keith, Arlo, Leon, and Mary Lou. You all have been the best. It won't be long until we will all meet Arlo and Keith.

To all my Grand Children and Great Grandchildren. I love you all. I hope the Lord will bless you and through work and prayer you can know that the Church is true.

There is an item in the Church section of the Standard Examiner - News Release. "Temples in the last days" by Roden G Derrick. Temple work is a matter of life and death, yours and your ancestors. Here you will learn about symbolism, ceremonies, blessings, and spirituality. Here you will learn and find essential reading for every Latter Day Saints.

I have spoken some of the life and death of some of our loved ones. There is one thing that I need more knowledge and reading about and that is the atonement and the resurrection. The scriptures tell us that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Luke writes that after the last supper with the twelve the Saviour instituted the sacrament, and then went to Gethsemane, where he suffered for our sins and being in agony he prayed more earnestly. In further payment for our sins the Lord was placed on the cross and crucified where he said at the end, "it is finished" and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. Then in completion of his great assignment, Jesus broke the bands of death for us all. When some of his disciples went to his tomb, they found not his body. It came to pass that they were much perplexed, thereabout two men stood by them in white garments, and as they were afraid they bowed their faces to the earth and said unto them. "Why seek the living among the dead? His is not here but is risen. Remember how he spake unto you in Galilee, saying, the Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful man and by crucified and the third day rise again," Luke 24:3-7. As an witness to the apostles of the nature and the reality of the resurrection, the Lord appeared unto them and said, "behold my hands and my feet, it is myself, handle me and see for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have," and when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet and while they yet believed not for joy and wondered he said unto them, "have ye here any meat" and they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and of a honeycomb and he took it and did eat before them.

I believe that Jesus Christ is the literal Son of God, the only begotten of the Father in the flesh, that he was born of a mortal mother, Mary, that he gave man the plan of salvation, that he was crucified. I believe that he had power over death and he was literally resurrected, so that man might be resurrected from the dead and enjoy eternal life. Therefore, I declare that through the atonement of Jesus Christ all man kind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

The Prophet Joseph Smith said, "We believe all that God has revealed, all that God does now reveal and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." As a final word, I am glad to be alive. I am grateful for my parents and family. I am grateful for Vera, our family, Norman, Keith, Arlo, Leon, and Mary Lou, for all my grandchildren, Scott Norman, Jerry Allen, Janis, Susan, Brian Fred, Vicki, John Del, Vohn Keith, Steven Lee, Cary Ray, Janalee, Heidi, Melia, Craig Leon, Chris Weldon, Bart Ray, Troy Charles, Tracie, Kent Larry, and Holly. For Florence Clemintina Croom, Juanita Wall, Janet Cragun, Larry Gibson Baker. We could not have the grandchildren, without Clem, Juanita, Janet and Larry. Thanks!

Postscript - Vera Jane Campbell Woodfield died September 16, 1983. Ray Weldon Woodfield continued to live in his home until January 1991. At that time he fell down the basement stairs and was hospitalized for one month. Thereafter, he stayed in the home of Janet and Leon Woodfield for a month. At that time he moved to the Garden Retirement Center in Ogden, Utah. The Garden Retirement Center provides an apartment for each tenant. They provide meals, clean the apartments weekly and have organized activities available. Ray is 93 years of age on the date of this postscript. He is a kind, considerate, gentle man who is feeling the effects of his passing years. He comments often that old age is hard and recommends that we not grow old. When asked what the alternative is he states he does not know. He will then sing a little ditty about growing old. The people he associates with at the Garden Retirement Center speak highly of Ray. In March, 1995 Ray's health deteriorated further. He was admitted into the hospital. After a period of time he started his stay at Manor Care an extended care unit located in South Ogden. He is receiving physical therapy along with other medical care. His short term memory is more limited than in the past and he has to be helped in meeting his daily needs. He is a gentle, kind, helpful person. His family love him dearly.