

Morris's Account of His & Grant's Trip, March 2005

To my brother Grant and Family, 3 April 2005

Our ancestry is Scotch not Irish so when I pay tribute to you it cannot be construed as coming from someone who kissed the Blarney Stone.

Despite your unwillingness to accept praise I want you to know that we use a different measuring stick and consider you a remarkable brother.

Thanks for a great trip south and your never-ending concern for our welfare.

I will put my summary of the adventure on the back of this sheet and though it is brief, I have probably left items out. It will at least give some information for those who are interested.

After listening to the conference talks, I got the impression that mankind can expect more disasters in the next while and we were encouraged to stay on track.

President Hinckley gave fitting tribute to the deceased Pope of Rome but the size relationship of the Church to that of the Pope's domain would be like comparing a flea to an elephant. So, when the day comes that President Hinckley leaves this mortal scene officialdom of Rome is not apt to similarly respond.

The crash of Communism took the world by surprise and the collapse of Rome sometime will also be unexpected to anyone who is unfamiliar

with the Book of Mormon. The sum of all error will eventually be recognized by all people whether they accept the facts or not.

Barbara called and mentioned that the coast is wet, wet, wet. The overcast skies of yesterday (Sunday) were no doubt empties going back for another load.

Spring has not yet come to southern Alberta, but my neighbor Lloyd Olsen was just here to enquire about using the north end of the garden again this year. He is a great gardener, and I am happy to have them use the space. Michel Snyder will likely use a strip at the west side too. The south section will easily hold all that I expect to plant.

Some time when you are coming this way. I could do with the mailing address for Joe Bates, Kelley Archibald Fankhoulder and Gaila Archibald ... if you have them. Thank you notes have been done for several of the families we visited and I will hopefully get to all of them in due time. They are for both of us.

Note well, the purpose of this note was not to tout my wacky notions but rather to pay tribute to you for all you have accomplished and for putting up with the rest of us by making this world a better place for us because you were here as part of our family.

Thanks again Grant for the recent journey — may all be well with you.

THE TRIP SOUTH IN MARCH 2005

The plan to leave Cardston early Thursday morning got shafted by the forecast of a storm moving in from the north so we left Wednesday afternoon, We stopped for the nite at a motel in Dillon, Montana where it snowed about 5 inches overnite.

Departing at 6 AM we were in Pocatello by mid-morning and stopped to visit briefly with Gaila Archibals, her forestry husband and their nurse daughter.

The next stop was at Linda and Cliff Brannan's home in North Ogden, Utah. From there we went to the hospital where Doris was supposedly working only to find that she was at home.

The next day we looked up our cousin Luana Newman Hughes and also visited with the wife of Joe Bates formerly of Diamond City. Joe was due home from tending their property in St George, Utah.

On the way to Las Vegas, we stopped at Meadow Utah to look up Robert Court that we hadn't seen since the 1930s. His wife had died a few months before. Bob and his wife both worked for the National Civil Aviation department until retirement.

Our last stop of the day was at the home of Tom and Jo Anne Shields in Las Vegas. Jo Anne's mother Anne Pittman now lives with them. Her husband Joe died last November the nite after returning from an extended trip by train to visit relatives in Texas and Pennsylvania. Jo Anne had quit teaching school to make the trip with them. With Jo Anne's help Anne has made a stack of quilts to keep busy. She has the beginnings of Alzheimer's.

With Tom and Jo Anne's daughter driving Jo Anne's car we headed for Death Valley Sunday afternoon to see that desert in bloom with poppies. At a ghost town called Junction we found the road to Bad Water in Death Valley closed so returned to Las Vegas.

Monday morning, we left for a look at the poppy desert around Lancaster, California. To say the least it was a sight to behold. This year has seen the most moisture fall in that part of California since the record year of 1883.

We were expecting to go to Russel and Dottie's place in Calabassas that evening but missed a turn and ended up at Elden and Jeannette's place out of Fallbrook for the nite.

It was only after some phone calls and a bit of searching on their part that they lead us to their country home.

The next day we went on to see Russell and Dottie. Then it was back to Las Vegas where we were able to stay again with Tom. Jo Anne and her mother had gone to Utah.

During our stay in Las Vegas, we were able to visit with 4 of Wallace and Esmae's families; Ken and Mary, Kay, Deborah and Crystal, Guy and son, Terri and son also 3 of Tom and Jo Anne' s families; Kearby and family, Tiffany, Phoenix, Trenton and daughter.

Tom is working for a privately owned dairy and is approaching retirement. He is putting together a raft that he hopes to float down the Missouri and Mississippi rivers on after he retires. He shoe-horned the massive outfit out of his driveway and took it to the marine store to get it measured for additional parts. I was there when he took it out but not present when he put it back in that limited space.

Now it was time to head back to Salt Lake for a further stay with Doris and Dave. While there, Kirk, Ashley and family who live in a suburb of Dallas, Texas came to visit along with Jaynan with her 2 little ones.

Grant and I went to see Joe Bates. His wife was not feeling well that day and Joe was headed back to St George the next day.

Sunday we had breakfast with Kelly Archibald and her husband of less than 2 months, Mark Fankhoulder. That afternoon we went to Jaynan's place along with Dave's mother Ruth and his brother Ken for dinner. It was nice for me to be with family on that day --- our 65 anniversary

Next day we were back in Cardston before dark.