

# Nikki's Story

My earliest memories reach back to when I was being carried up to bed when we lived in the house on American Avenue. Monte was away on his mission and Elva married Glen so I don't remember much about them living at home. They told me that I was the only one that couldn't go to Elva's wedding because I was too mean.

I went to Jefferson Elementary school for kindergarten when we lived on American Avenue, but we moved when I was just six years old so I don't have too many memories of that school or home. Our house had a garage in the back and an upstairs. Right next door were the railroad tracks and Mom was always yelling at Que to stay away from them. I played with a little boy named Jimmy Clements. I don't remember very much about Grandma and Grandpa Hales, they were just there, but they died when I was very young.

I had my tonsils out when we lived on American Avenue. Julie and I both had them out at the same time in the doctor's office across the street from the old church office building on South Temple. Our doctor had his office on the third or fourth floor of the Medical



Nikki Mae Hales

Arts building. I felt no pain but was a little sick to the stomach following the operation. When we left mom carried Julie and Ken carried me from the office for our bus trip home. The lady said, "Slow the elevator down for the little Hales girls. " They were just opening up the elevator doors and I threw up down Ken's shoulder. Mom said, "I think we'd better take them down the stairs. " I wasn't feeling really great. Mom made Julie and I a little bed on the couch in the living room and we got to have ice cream.

When we first moved to Simondi Avenue the neighborhood was strange but it was a real nice house. There were lots of friends my age there. Tommy Greenberg lived just around the corner on Eleventh North right across the street from the church. The Greenberg's had a swing set with a glider in their back yard that we liked to use. Then there were the Sudweeks girls. Karen and I were real close and did just about everything together. In school she was a year ahead of me. We each had our own set of friends but during the summer we were together a lot. Julie was just a year and a half younger than me and we were close also.

I broke my leg twice when we lived on Simondi Avenue. The first time Tommy Greenberg was pulling me around the back yard on a clothes line pole. We were playing king and queen and princess. He was pulling me around and dropped the pole. I told mom that I thought my foot was broken and she said, "Oh no, it's not, you'll feel better in the morning." I sat around all day. Mom had me soak it and she wrapped it. The next day when I couldn't walk on it she took me to the doctor. Mom felt just terrible that my foot was broken and that it was broken all day before she took me to Doctor Smith. About the same time Julie broke her

arm. When Doctor Smith saw us coming he put his head down, shook it and said, "Oh no, not again. " The second time I broke my leg, I was still on crutches and was running on them and fell down and broke it " again. Julie had a broken arm, I had a broken leg and Que had a broken collar bone all at the same time.

We used to play in the basement. There was an old set of springs and a mattress down there that we used to jump on. Sarajane came from California and was doing flips on that old set of springs and mattress. Daddy was not too happy about that. I think he felt that she might get hurt if she hit the ceiling. Dad started to call me Sarajane when he got mad at me.

I used to stand guard for Que when he swam naked in the Jordan River. He and his friends always liked to take me with them. I would be just out of their sight over by the corner of the fair grounds, bored to death, but they knew I would stay there if Que told me to. They'd say, "You holler if somebody comes Nikki. " "Okay," I said. I couldn't see them, but I knew what they were doing. They were swimming in the Jordan River and that was not allowed. I would never tell on Que and he knew it. Que bribed me with, "We'll take you with us to the library in the car." He didn't drive, but one of his friends must have been able to drive to the library over at the school.

We always went to church. It was just something that we did. We never questioned it. We always went.

A lot of the ladies in the ward used to come over to our house and sit around and talk and do their needle work. I used to sit beside the chair where mom sat and where she couldn't see me. I used to like to hear the ladies talk. I must have learned something by setting there, but I don't remember how much. I used to sit there and crochet with a little piece of string until mom

found me there about nine or ten o'clock. Mom would look down and say, "Nikki, are you still up? Get to bed." I never knew how much I had learned about doing hand-work, but when I was older Elva put a hairpin lace needle in my hand and asked, "Do you know how to do this?" I said, "I don't know. Just a minute, let me see." I took that needle in my hand and I wound the string around it and said, "Yes, I know how to do this." I turned the needle and Elva said, "Where did you learn how to do that? I said, "I learned from watching mom." " I know I did. I learned a lot of things from watching her. Just little things, but I was really glad that I had sat there.

We used to go to Price a lot. That was our big treat in the summer and we really looked forward to it. It was walking distance to the park from grandpa's house and we could go swimming there all that we wanted. It wasn't very far to our cousin's house. Karen Ann and Wilma Curtis lived in Carbonville on a farm at first, but a little later Uncle Max moved to Woodside and Aunt Vesta moved into Grandpa Pettersson's house in Price. Karen Ann and Wilma were the same ages as Julie and I and we were very close. I used to stand on a fence and watch the animals at Aunt Vestals house when they lived on the farm. At Price we used to stay in the bedroom downstairs and Aunt Vesta had some harrowing experiences with my sleep-walking.

I was a real sleep walker. Once Aunt Vesta found me trying to open the refrigerator and asked me why I was trying to open it. I said that I was trying to get in there because it was so hot. She was glad that she had seen me before I had the door open. When I walked in my sleep all someone had to do was to tell me to go back to bed and I would. Sometimes mom found me out in the driveway watching the cars go by. Elva said

that I cut paper dolls out of bread in my sleep. It was just dumb things when I was asleep. Once, at a mutual scout camp when I was twelve, they found me at the bottom of a cliff during the night. There was a way to get down, but it was a small path down by the river. In the morning I woke up tied to my bed. Everyone was angry with me and I didn't know why. Apparently they spent many hours trying to find me. After that they put me in a smaller tent with a light sleeper.

Sometimes during the summer I got to go to White Avenue and stay with Elva for a week. We used to visit Aunt Emma a lot and Aunt Leola and Uncle Charles were right next door. Sometimes I went to stay with Uncle Roy because they had a daughter my age, Janeen. Uncle Roy had two boys that were a little slow and they would do awful things. They would bring in an apple with a bite taken out and half of a worm in the apple. I asked them where the other half was and they told me that, "I ate it." Uncle Roy always had old cars around and those boys always liked to work on the cars. They had a neat house with lots of junk cars that Roy and his boys worked on. It was a lot of fun for me to visit.

When Aunt Fern was sick daddy used to drive down to Provo to see her all of the time. After she got sick we had Kempton come and live with us. Kempton was raised by his mother and was quite mischievous. I was used to that because Que was mischievous too. Don was quite suave and sophisticated, always. He was quite a ladies man. He was gone a lot and he was extremely bright. His girl friend was Marilyn Burt. I used to walk past the Burt house to take my piano lessons. Marilyn Burt sent me Christmas gifts for a few years after Don died.

I was always a little jealous of Julie. She was Aunt Leola's favorite. I understood why Aunt Leola felt that way, she took care of Julie when mom had to go to the hospital when Julie was a baby, but it still made me feel bad some times. Daddy compensated for it. He rocked me until I was nine years old. Daddy would ask me to get him a glass of water and Julie would jump up. He would tell her "No, Nikki is the only one that can get it cold enough." I think I knew what he was doing, but I loved it. Julie was cute, and I would really like to see her now, but there was a little bit of sibling rivalry then.

Mom used to work at the temple at night in the cafeteria. Daddy used to cook dinner and I wasn't too fond of his cooking. I really looked forward to mom's cooking. She was a real good cook. We used to drive to the temple to pick her up. Julie and I would lay with our heads in the back of the car and look up until we could see the angel Moroni on the top of the temple. We would never look out the window for anything until we could see the angel. We thought that it was pretty neat that she worked there. Mom and Aunt Emma and Fern Drury worked there.

Julie and I were flower girls at Monte and Hanne's wedding. We stood in the line. The reception was at the church. I had a headache. Hanne's mother took me out of the line and had me lie down on the stage because she was so concerned about me. That is the first time that I can remember having a headache and it was a real bad one. I was always fond of Hanne's parents. Once her dad tried unsuccessfully to teach me to speak Danish.

When I was about six my hair was long and blonde and daddy said that I had enough hair for three people. I could sit on my hair. It was real long and blonde.

Julie's hair was kind of a strawberry blond and was down to about the middle of her back. He was so tired of seeing me in braids that he said, "All I ever see is her in braids. She looks like a boy."

Julie was first. Daddy got a little table that he had built for Julie and he set a little chair up on top of the table so it would be tall enough. Julie sat on the chair and he cut her hair straight around from her ears. I cried. I thought that she looked just like a little China-man. I hid in the closet. Mom and dad were supposed to go to something over at the church that night. Daddy was angry because he couldn't find me. As soon as they left I called Elva. I said through my tears, "Elva, daddy has cut Julie's hair and she looks just like a China-man." Elva said, "I'll be right over." Elva came and cut my hair off. The next day mom took me to have a trim and a permanent. I had a heat-wave. They were giving me some special treatment to mend the wounds. Even my teacher cried when I went to school the next day.

In 1954 we went on vacation down through southern Utah, over to California by way of Boulder Darn in Nevada, and up the coast to San Francisco. When we went to Boulder Dam we took a tour through it. There were deep tunnels way down deep inside. Mom got really mad because Daddy held Julie up so she could see down over the spillway. It made mom nervous. I just stood there real quiet so daddy would forget that I was there.

It seemed like we were putting water in the car all the way across the desert. It was so hot. Daddy drove most of the time when the car was hot, but Don drove some. We crossed the desert to California to San Diego so we could go to the big zoo. One of the chimpanzee's got a mouth full of water and spurted it out at daddy

soaking him. Daddy was not too happy and that shortened our stay at the zoo.

We stayed in a little cabin on the beach and had fun swimming in the ocean. Then daddy wanted us to dig for clams. It was fun enough digging for the clams, but then daddy cooked them. I thought that fried clams were just about the worst thing in the whole world. I couldn't eat clam chowder until I was twenty after that. Que got sick and I thought that they were terrible.

After our stay near San Diego we went north along the coast. We stayed in a hotel in San Francisco that was very elegant. There were two big beds but a couple of us had to sleep on the floor. Things like that were special treats to us. I was impressed with the guest soap. Mom bought Julie and I brand new blue sweaters in Chinatown. Then we left for home.

I don't remember much at all about our trip back. I was asleep in the back with Julie and dad when the accident happened. I don't remember waking up in the hospital, but I remember being there. At the hospital in Reno there were two nurses that stayed with me all the time. They sat right beside my bed on a chair. There was always somebody right there. I would wake up and ask, "Is Elva coming to see me today." The nurse would say, "I don't know whether Elva is coming today or not. Maybe she will." I replied, "If Elva doesn't come I know my mother will come." The nurses would get upset and leave. I noticed that something was wrong and I was starting to put it together before I was told. I had a sore tooth and they had to pull it. The nerve was exposed and it hurt. That was the only time I ever hurt. Other than that I didn't know why I was in there. But the nurses would get upset if I told them that I could walk to the bathroom.



While I was in the hospital Monte and Hanne, Elva and Glen, and Ken came to see me. I remember that Ken gave me a bathrobe with my name on it in Japanese. I thought that it was the neatest thing in the whole world. Nobody had one like that. There were a lot of other kids in there.

We traveled on the train from the hospital in Nevada to the LDS hospital in Salt Lake. The trip was terrible. I didn't feel very well and couldn't sleep because the train was so noisy. I was in the hospital there for about a day. Doctor Smith brought his two intern sons in to see me when we got there. I wasn't in there for very long when Elva and Monte came in. Elva said, Nikki, mom and daddy are dead. I couldn't think or feel anything and went into shock. After about a minute Monte put his hands on my shoulders and said, "Cry." And I cried. I cried for about four hours. During that minute it all came back. I can remember every thought to this day. I felt angry. I was worried. When Monte mentioned mom and dad I knew that Julie, Don and Que were gone too. I was angry that they had left me. I was worried about me. But as soon as a question would worry me, such as where am I going to go, or what's going to happen to me, Monte or Elva would both answer just as I was thinking. I didn't want to be there in the hospital, I wanted to go home. I told them I wanted to see Doctor Smith, but for some reason they said he couldn't be my doctor. There were already some kind of legal proceedings. I insisted that I wanted to see Doctor Smith and they brought him in because I was so upset. I told him, "I want to go home." He said, "Where is home, Nikki?" "I want to go home to Elva's house. I want to go home." I went to live with Elva, after staying in the LDS Hospital for only about a day. On Elva's birthday in August I went home

with her.

I received many gifts and well-wishes when I was in the hospital. Some of these that I remember well were a "Toni" doll from the Relief Society in Nevada. It came accompanied with a little suitcase full of hand made doll clothes. I got many little eight-inch "Madame Alexander" dolls, a Teddy Bear from Monte and a very special doll from Glen.

Glen spent nearly his whole paycheck on a "Madame Alexander" doll that must have been at least two-feet tall. She was beautiful! On their way across the desert to see me Elva recounted that they stopped at a casino where Glen "gambled a bit." When Glen would win a little bit, Elva would take a few dollars off the top of his stack of winnings. When Glen thought he had lost all he could afford to lose they started to leave. Elva asked Glen to hold her purse for a minute. He took it from her, but it was so heavy it almost hit the floor. They continued their trip across the desert to see me and counted their winnings along the way. To Glen's surprise he had not only not lost any money, but had more than he had started with, including what he had spent on my doll.

I was pretty nervous starting school in the fourth grade – at a new school – and without my front teeth! My teeth had been knocked out in the accident and it took a little time before I could have my false teeth made. And when I got them, boy did they hurt. The kids at school were really kind, they had probably been told about my accident. When I first got my teeth I could only wear them for a little while and they would hurt so bad I'd take them out and put them in a little glass of water. Once when I took them out at home I couldn't find them. Elva and I looked allover the house for them so I could wear them to school. I was getting



Kathy, Linda, Wendy and Nikki

too proud to go without them. One of Elva's kids had taken them out of the glass of water and put them in a little hinged box that a watch or something had come in. We practically had to pry the box open to get my teeth out. The wires were a little bent out of shape, but we managed to get them back into my mouth. I never did take them out of my mouth at night again.

Elva has real depth. She has real understanding. If you have a question about the church, she can answer it. She is very perceptive. Elva gets real upset about men who don't use their priesthood. She knows what a gift it is. She learned about the priesthood from dad. She is a real believer in the priesthood and wonders about people that don't use their gift. Elva said that when the elders were giving me my blessing in the hospital that they were pretty sure that I was going to

die. The words they used gave her that indication. But Elva put her hand on my foot while they were giving me my blessing and she could feel the spirit going through my body. When they walked out they were saying, "Poor Nikki." But Elva was thinking, "Too bad you guys, you've got it and you don't even know it." When they went in to give daddy his blessing he wanted to die and he told her to get out. She put her hand on his foot and he kicked it away. When they gave him his blessing she put her hand on his foot and she felt nothing. She told me that my blessing took and his didn't because he didn't want it to.

When I first lived with Elva on White Avenue I had nightmares. For about a week I dreamed that Que was coming to get me. I must have dreamed that dream every night for a whole week. Every time the doorbell would ring I would run to the door. When it wasn't Que at the door I would cry. Elva didn't know what was happening. When Elva finally found out what was happening she talked to me.

When I was still in the fourth grade, we had to go back to California and I had to have some tests that were required by the car company that was involved in the accident. They were not allowed to ask me anything about the accident or my parents. There was a lawyer in the room and he would stop them if they asked. The examinations were not much fun. I thought that they were trying to kill me telling me to hold my breath so long while they took my brain wave. Elva and I had a lot of fun. We rode on the cable cars and bought flowers at the corner flower stand. We stayed in a nice hotel there for four days.

The summer after the car accident I went to Monte's and stayed for a couple of weeks. It was real hard for me for a long time. Everybody told me all the

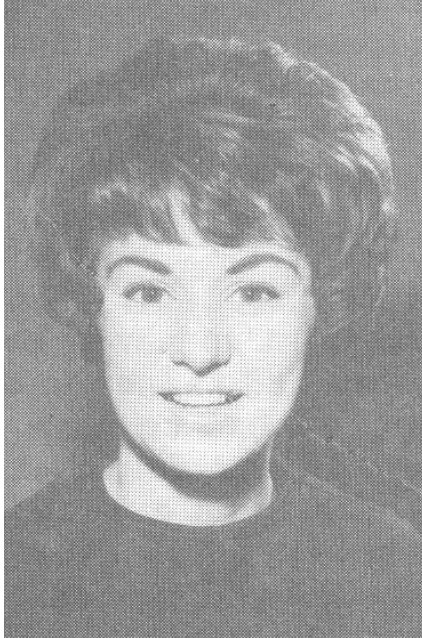
time that I was growing up that I was special and it was real hard being special. They told me that there was something that was real important that I had to do in this life. Later when I talked with Elva when I was an adult, she told me that maybe I was left to make it easier on Monte, Ken and her. Because, since all of the rest of the family was gone, they had me to worry about. So they couldn't completely fall apart over this, they had to worry about me.

For a long time I couldn't talk about the accident. Mother's Day was torture for me. But I had to talk about it to a lot of people so I finally got over it. Patriarch Drury didn't say so much about me during the funeral service, but he did say that I would be a testimony to my family. Its real hard for me to understand people who don't have a testimony, because mine was a gift, an outright gift. I never questioned it. It was a gift for me to use. So I had to get past that hurt part real fast. I always know when, and how, and who to tell about me. And I hope somehow that it helps them.

Some people gripe about little problems. With me, all of my problems are little. I've never had anything really bad happen. I've had things that I've had to change my life about. I had to change from being the next to youngest in our family to the oldest in Elva's family. That was a little difficult. Glen helped me a whole lot. He was real good with me. Elva answered anything that I needed to know. I thought that she was the most brilliant person in the whole world. If I asked about the family, where they were or why, Elva could always tell me. If I ever had anything that I needed to know I knew who to ask. And if she didn't know, she sure found out in a hurry.

Living through the accident was just part of my life.

It was something that happened. I really regret not having my mother, because I knew my dad so well. I knew where I fit in with dad, but with mom I felt cheated, because she was so talented and I didn't have the chance to learn from her.



Nikki Hales

I didn't know how sheltered my life was. My friends knew what had happened. My teachers at school knew. I didn't know until I got to junior high school how sheltered I was. From the time I was in fourth grade until then nobody ever mentioned a daddy-daughter date or anything about parents to me. When I was in the seventh grade at Olympus Junior High, a little girl that didn't know me came down the hall and asked, "Are you coming to the

mother-daughter date tonight?" I puzzled, "What?" I thought, "Don't you know that I don't have a mother?" I fell apart. Elva had to come and get me and I stayed home a few days getting myself together. Elva only answered questions when I asked them. We had quite a good talk then and I got to ask lots of questions.

I dated quite a lot when I was in Olympus High School my sophomore and junior years. I dated all the time. I would leave the basketball game with one boy and have a half an hour before I had to be ready to go to the movies with someone else. Elva was always afraid that they were going to pass each other coming

around the corner. I had a lot of fun. My junior year was a real disaster. That's when I got a little wild and decided that I didn't need to go to church. I had been a Sunday School teacher up until then. So I stopped going to church for a while and started to run around with a wilder crowd. I got sick of dating.

Then I met Duane and his friends. There were five of them – all boys. They were about two years younger than me except for one of them. He was the same age and that's how Jack came into the picture. They would walk from Olympus up to Skyline to walk me home during my senior year. I was so embarrassed to see them standing by my locker. Fifteen year old boys are really awkward and obnoxious but Elva really liked them. They were funny. Two of them were about six foot four. Elva had all girls and boys that age to her were a real novelty. Elva would come home and they would all be sitting in the middle of the living room. They would be doing their homework. They would call and ask if I wanted to go to a party or something else. I would go with all five of them. I never went with just one of them. I couldn't go with just one of them. If I wanted to go somewhere, they wouldn't take me unless all of them could go. I would ask, "Who will take me to see Peter, Paul and Mary?" and they would say, "All or nothing." We always went all or nothing.

One night we didn't have a car. None of them were old enough to drive. They were going to a party and needed a car so they called Jack Drake. Jack was two years older than I. He was quite disgusted at having a girl along. Jack and I didn't get along too well right from the start. He resented that I was there. That made him real fascinating to me. After a while he started to take me places and the rest of the guys just started to drift off. We dated for about a year before we

got married. His dad always said that he was glad. He was quite old, about seventy-eight. His dad always told Jack that he was glad that he picked a skinny one. I didn't know what to think of that. I think his dad liked me more than Jack did.

Jack never could settle down to being married so our marriage was pretty shaky right from the start. Jack didn't work and I think that was because I had received some money as a settlement in the car accident. He thought he didn't have to work. He was a real good student – always straight “A's,” but he didn't have much direction, or a goal. The one really fine thing that came out of our marriage was my three boys.

Barry Lane was born the eleventh of March in 1964. Jack and I had been arguing and he decided to go to Las Vegas with some friends. Elva took me to the hospital and stayed with me until Barry was born. I had her call Jack's mother and tell her that she was a grandmother.

When Barry was three months old I left him with Elva for a week while I took her daughter Wendy to Hawaii. Wendy was fourteen and I was nineteen. My friend Sue Sylvester and her little sister JoAnn went too. That was our first plane ride. Sue spent about three of the five hours over the ocean in the bathroom. She says she was sea sick. We had a fun time, but I was really glad to get home to my baby.

Michael John was born on Christmas Eve in 1965. I was really angry that I had to be in the hospital on Christmas. He was two weeks overdue and the doctor brought him in to me at six in the morning on Christmas day in a red flannel stocking saying, “Ho, ho, hol” Jack had been hurt in an accident and was on crutches, so my friend Sue took me to the hospital when I had Mike.



Christopher Alan was born on the sixth of November in 1967. Jack was going to school at the University of Utah. I was a little overdue and the doctor started my labor with castor oil. I couldn't wait for Jack so my neighbor Jerri drove me to the hospital. She was expecting too and was really nervous. The day after Chris was born I got a note to visit someone in another room at the hospital. When I went I was really surprised to see my neighbor Jerri. She said that she got so excited when she drove me to the hospital that she went into labor early.

Jack and I moved into a little house on Texas Street right after Chris was born. There was a retainer wall next to our neighbor's driveway, and one day when Mike was just two years old he came in to me with his face all scraped up. When I asked him what had happened to him he said, "Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall."

I worked for a doctor's answering service while the boys were young, but my work hours were three in the afternoon until eleven in the evening. When Barry started school I felt like I never got to see him, so I took a job as a medical receptionist with Doctor Conrad Knowles. I worked for him for about a year, but there were problems at home with the kids and my marriage so I quit my job. The kids turned out fine but the marriage ended in divorce.

My good friend, and he has always been that, Duane, was there to pick up the pieces of that rocky first marriage. Duane had been a friend of Jack's too, and he certainly wasn't out to steal me. He did his best to try to get Jack and I to resolve our differences, but I knew it was really over for me. Duane and I continued our friendship for several months, that we had for many years, and gradually that friendship grew into love.



Duane and Nikki

Duane and I were married on February 14, 1973. Elva and Duane have always liked each other. Elva says that I picked Jack, but she picked Duane.

Duane is a real prince. He has always been good to me and good for me. He made me feel right from the very first like I was a person of value. He didn't think getting a wife with three children was a burden, he felt it was a bargain. Duane's parents were divorced and he didn't have family at home, so when he would come over there would be not only Nikki, but a family of three kids. He treated things like that. He made me feel like I was a bargain too. He treats all of the boys just like they are his. It has always worked out well. Marrying

Duane was one of the best things that I have ever done.

I always had the same circle of friends while living with Elva in Holladay. We only lived on White Avenue for about six or nine months. When I moved to White Avenue I was expecting a baby and I needed room. I had a friend that was a realtor. I gave him some what-ifs. I said, "What if I had about this much money and I wanted to have about this large of a house payment, what do you have?" He said, "I have a real nice one in Holladay that would be about \$165, and I have a rental over on White Avenue. "I asked if I could just drive by it. I drove by and I said, "I think that's the one I want if the price is right. He said, "Don't you want to go in?" I said, "It will be fine, but we can go over and go in. "It was about three doors down from where Elva had lived.

The bishop lived in the house Elva used to live in and his wife was the first one that came to see me. I asked where she lived and when she told me I said, "Do you mind if I walk up to your house, I used to live there when I was a little girl. She laughed and said, "Sure, come on up, but we have changed it quite a bit." Some of the neighbors remembered us. Mary Larsen was a hundred and three years old. She remembered when Wendy fell in Beth Diamond's pond, in the back. Beth Diamond remembered Elva's kids. They remembered when Elva had to go to Nevada because of the accident. Some of the neighbors were still there.

Jesse Duane Card was born on April 22, 1974, exactly a week after I moved to White Avenue again. Duane and I bought our first home at 1727 White Avenue, three doors down from where Elva had lived at the time of the accident. On August thirteenth of that same year Duane officially adopted Barry, Michael and

Chris.

I tried to raise my boys right. Once I found this small note written by Chris.

“I was grounded two weeks. I think moms or dads go to meetings and a man says ground your kid for this. Spank him for that. Make your kid work for doing this. I really don't know, but I think that they do because my mom and dad grounds or spanks for the same things as other moms or dads do.”

I quit going to church when I was sixteen, but , everything I ever learned about it was way before then. I was a Sunday School teacher, teaching in the Junior Sunday School, when I was sixteen. Elva had stopped going to church herself, but she always made sure we went. I probably learned what I know about the priesthood from Elva. About the great and wonderful things it can do. Elva has a lot of church books and I know she has read everyone of them. From my early years to when I stopped going to church I had good teachers in dad and mom first and later with Elva.

Duane was raised in the church, but he was never active in it so neither of us were active now. When I had Jesse, my good friend, Darla Staley, who was the bishop's wife and lived in the house I used to live in on White Avenue, was in the Relief Society presidency. She got me going back to church a little bit at a time. She would come and ask, “Nikki, will you come to Relief Society?” I would say, “No, but tell me when it is work day, then I will come. “The next day she would come over early enough for me to get ready and say, “I know it's not work day, but I can't get all of this stuff up there. I really can't. will you help me?” She knew that

I would always help her. She would say, "You might as well get ready," and then give me a little about what the lesson would contain. "You'll really like it anyway," she would say. I would say, "All right, just this once." She knew I was ready to come back to church. I went to Relief Society "just this once" each week.

I started going back to church after I had Jesse. I was ready. It wasn't that it had ever left me, but Darla really kept after me to go. I took Jesse the first week. He must have been only a week or two old. I took Jesse and Duane stayed home. The next week I got ready and I said, "Duane, are you going to church?" He looked at me like I was crazy. He said, "No." So I said, "Well then, how about if I leave Jesse home with you? You can take care of him while I go." He said, "Okay." The next week I got ready and said to Duane, "Are you going to church?" He said, "No." I said, "Good, will you tend Jesse?" The next week Jesse was blessed and given his name by Duane's grandfather so Duane went. The following week I got up and said, "Are you going to church?" He said, "No, I'm not going to church." I left him with Jesse and went to church. The next week I said, "Are you going to church?" Duane said, "Yes, I am! I'm not going to stay here and tend Jesse."

From then on Duane started going to church to be where I was and not getting left home to tend kids. He followed along about a year. Then he started feeling like that's where he belonged. Shortly after that we were asked to speak at the Saturday evening leadership meeting prior to the March Stake Conference. The subject was reactivation of members of the church. The bishop came to the house and asked if we would speak and Duane said, "Sure, we'll do it." I asked, "Are you crazy? Do you know what you are saying?" He said, "We can do it. I was real nervous

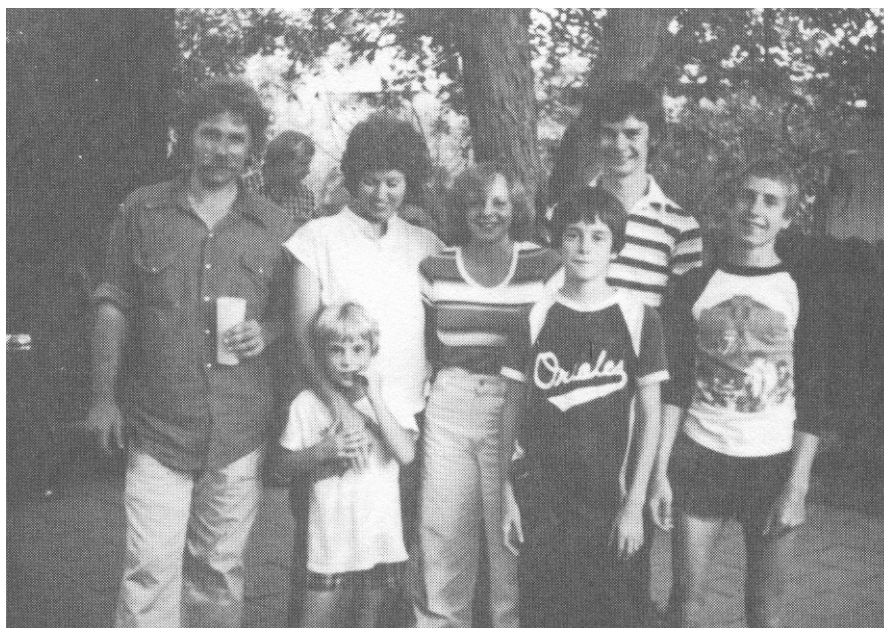
about that. We were asked to speak for about six or seven minutes each and to pick the rest of the speakers on the program. I was first and kept right to the minute. I told them that I always had a testimony of the gospel. I thought that I was born with a testimony. Even when I was not active I still had a testimony, but I was glad that I had the priesthood in our home. Duane was really good. He told them about how he gained a testimony and how important that was to him.

After the meeting the stake president said, "Duane, have you thought any more about going through the temple?" I didn't know anything about this and didn't know what he was going to say. Duane replied that he had. The stake president then said, "Have you thought about when you are going to go?" Duane said, "Yes, we are going in July. Nikki's brother will be here from Arizona then. We are going in July so Ken won't have to make a special trip to be with us." Duane was told then that he would be ordained an elder the next morning and he was panicky about that. He said, "No, it will take me a few more weeks." It took the bishop on one arm and the stake president on the other arm to convince him that it should be done.

Now Duane is better about church than I am. If I wake up and say, "I wish this wasn't Sunday," he will say, "Then this is just the day you need to go to church."

I've held some jobs in the church, mostly in the Primary as a teacher, den leader or secretary. Presently I am the Young Women's secretary.

For the past three years I have been working for Blue Cross and Blue Shield as an adjudicator. Right now I pay dental claims. I only work three days a week so I really enjoy working and being a mother. I think



The Card family

Back row: Duane, Nikki, Kayleen, Barry and Michael

Front row: Jesse and Chris

that I've accomplished quite a few small but not unimportant things in my life. The most important thing that I've done is to be a mother. Mothering to me is really rewarding. Kids all have their bad moments, but I think my kids are some of the greatest people I know. Next I guess I'd say that I can sew pretty well. I learned a lot from my mother. I sewed my fingers on her treadle sewing machine when I was five, but I learned the most from Elva. I like most home arts, but I really love sewing.

I went to beauty college, but I don't like doing hair. I'm glad that I learned to cut hair though. I've always cut my boy's hair, Duane's hair and usually my own.

I like to keep busy. Sometimes I try to do too many things at once, but I'm pretty ambitious.

Barry was the first to leave home and get married. He married Kayleen Gae Langford on the twenty-fourth of May in 1983. They live in Salt Lake.

By nature probably the nicest thing I can say about myself is that I'm an optimist. What I like the least about myself is that I have a hard time making a decision. What I regret the most, besides the obvious – not having my mom and dad – is that I don't play a musical instrument. Maybe there is still time for that.