

Lisa Hales

I was born on February 7, 1960 to Monte Frank and Hanne Andersen Hales. I lived in a red brick house the first five years of my life. We then moved to Holladay where I lived for the next 35 years.

I had a wonderful family. My dad was my hero. He told me stories of his youth. One that I remember is of the Christmas that he wanted a bicycle and ran down the stairs on Christmas morning. After all the presents were opened he still didn't find his bike. He was very disappointed. Then his dad asked him to go and get his coat. Dad moped into the bedroom and got his dad's coat which was covering his new bike and moped back to his dad never noticing his new bike.

Dad also used to like to go to the movies and he sneaked out of his bedroom window at night. He climbed down the tree near his window and after the movies he climbed up the tree and crawled back through the window. One night when he came home he found that the window had been



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nailed shut. When he quietly came in the front door his dad was waiting for him.

My dad used to jump on the freight-train and ride it as far as he could towards school and then jump off. One day he wasn't watching where he was running and ran into the track switch and knocked himself out.

Dad was a captain on the Salt Lake City Fire Department. However, he always worked two jobs to support our family – at first he worked as a carpenter on his days off and then later for the Emergency Medical Services.

I remember always being happy when dad came home – he smelled of the fires he fought. He was a great leader for his team; always going into the fire before his men to make the way safe.

The Emergency Medical Services was in a bad neighborhood. When walking to the Dairy Queen next door he was often approached by a transient and dad always gave them something – he probably remembered growing up by the railroad tracks when times were hard and the tramps always seemed to be looking for a handout. During the great depression the country was having hard times and his parents always gave them something to eat when they knocked at the door.

Once when dad was preparing the equipment for an emergency medical class, he was cleaning up a practice dummy on the embalming table that was used for this purpose. The classes used simulated blood to make them realistic. A United Postal Service (UPS) worker dropped off a package. He was freaked out by what he saw and told dad

he was never going to come here again.

Dad put his whole heart in his church service. For thirty-two years he was in the scouting program for The Boy Scouts of America and was awarded the Silver Beaver for his dedicated service. He never said “no” to a church calling.

My favorite Christmas Eve was when I was about eight or nine years old. I was being a real brat and when mom couldn't take it anymore she asked dad to help. He took me to the Hansen Planetarium to see a program on *The Star of David*. That was the best Christmas present I ever got.

Dad was the only person in the world that could remove my splinters, reduce my aches and growing pains, and make my ear aches feel better. He was always whistling, singing silly songs, and telling silly poems. His love of music rubbed off on me. He could make a popping sound with his tongue that only Kolby can duplicate, and it was fun to see him tie his shoes.

The last days of Dads life he was greeting the people who went before him. As he lay there in the intensive care unit (ICU) he told of how proud he was of his sons. I sat there listening to him talking about Kim following in his footsteps and being the best paramedic for the fire department. He talked of Frank being in the bishopric and his faith in the gospel. I still miss my dad and his strength – especially when I need a priesthood blessing, or to scare away the monsters from under my bed.

At twenty-one I had my tonsils removed. I began to hemorrhage from four different places in my throat. I threw up five large pans of blood. I

remember feeling my life force draining from my body and at one point I lost consciousness. Dad and Frank gave me a priesthood blessing. My throat clotted and they finally found a doctor to cauterized my throat. The hospital had to give me four units of blood. I remember hearing one of the doctors telling the nurse he was afraid he was going to lose me. I also remember feeling the healing power of the priesthood.

Growing up I also heard the stories of moms childhood and growing up in Denmark at a place called Aalborg during World War II.

She told of her experience of going to school during the German occupation of Denmark. She had one teacher who sympathized with the Germans and took great delight in hurting mom and the other children. She would grab the skin of the children under the chin and twist until it turned blue. She would also grab their pencils and stab them in the face with them. Mom mentioned that as her and her friends got older, they got back at their teacher by not doing what she told them to do. Then when the teacher would run for help they would get back in line doing what they were supposed to do.

One Christmas mom, grandma and aunt Kirsten were making paper ornaments and they heard German boots marching up the stairs – and then they heard pounding on the door. It was the Gestapo who had come to arrest my grandfather. They held mom and her family at machine-gun point, but they didn't arrest my grandfather – thank goodness!

Mom's family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and emigrated to America and traveled by bus to Salt Lake City.

Mom lost her first job because she wouldn't go into the back room with her boss – she was fired the next day. Her next job was at Deseret Book-binding Company. Her new boss was from Sweden and he told her, "I hate Danes. They come to Sweden and cut off all the Swedes heads." Mom replied, "That's okay, they never use them anyway." After that they were the best of friends. Everyone was afraid of him except mom.

Mom and dad met on a blind date. But that is their story.

My story isn't quite as exciting. I grew up in the house my dad designed and which my dad and brothers built. It was a beautiful house that was built with love. I lived in that house for thirty-five years. I think I lived there so long because Uncle Ken cursed me in his first book *Windows* by writing that "Lisa still lives at home."

I did leave home in 1985 to serve a mission for my church in the Christchurch, New Zealand mission. New Zealand is also known as "the land of the long white cloud." I think it is the most beautiful country in the world. The Maori people are the most Christ-like people I ever met. I wish I realized how precious some of the people I met were, and I wish I would have kept in touch with those great people. Wiki Nawaka, Jan Maria Scia, Jocleen Chase, and Karen Ziegler all touched my heart and helped my faith to grow.



Dad and Mom

While I was serving on my mission, my mission president's wife, Elizabeth Spackman, taught me to look for the good in people, and try to take their good qualities and make them a part of my life. I'm still working on that.

I came home in 1987. Dad and mom picked me up and we toured New Zealand. A movie from the classic trilogy by J. R. R. Tolkien, "The Lord of the Rings," was filmed in New Zealand and won many academy awards. The first time I saw it I only watched the scenery and never did see the story-line until later. Dad died ten short years after my mission in 1997.

Later mom and I moved to Riverton and live on Tithing Hill. We have been taking care of each other ever since. I hope that we will take care of each other for a long time. And, oh, I still live at home – darn it.