

June 18, 1978

My Memories of Grandpa and Grandma Justensen¹
(Erastus [Rasmus] Peter and Clara Meana)

By: Elenora C. Justensen
(As related to Grant Hermansen)

They lived out in Meadow near the sugar factory before I knew them.

I first met them when I was a youngster. Bill [**William Andrew Justesen KW6G-1TV**] was the first one I met. Arth (James Arthur) [**James Arthur Justensen KWC6-Y49**] wasn't home very much. He lived with aunt Bertha and Alvin Anderson out near the Wales Reservoir.

One summer Grandma J. took us to Freedom to pick apples. I really worked and earned 32 bushels of apples for me to take home to my family. My father appreciated this.

Clara Meana was always so friendly to young people. I loved to go to visit with her. She usually had a treat of some kind for us.

I went with Bill as his girlfriend for quite a while. I never did see much of Arth until he came home from the service. I was acquainted with him and I had written to him for some time before he did come home.

When he came home briefly for his Grandma Patterson's funeral, he called me where I was working in Fountain Green. I had no way to get home so we didn't get to see each other until he came home from the service. After he did get home to stay we got to see each other considerably at our parents' homes. There wasn't any work in Moroni for him, so he said he would go to Salt Lake to find a job. He asked me to go with him. I told him "No. I couldn't go up there with someone I wasn't married to." He then said that marriage was what he had in mind.

On the day that we were married we went to Grandma J's. She went to catch a chicken to fix a dinner for us, but my brother, Rudy, came by and told us that my mother wanted us to come out there because Emma was fixing for us. George Patterson and Bill went with us out to eat and visit. Bill insisted that I take a taste of home-brew. I didn't swallow very much but it made me so sick that I have never been tempted by it again.

¹ Transcribed by Paul Justensen from the original type-written document. Some corrections were made to correct for misspelled words in the original, but the grammar was, to a large extent, left as originally drafted. The bracketed names and identification numbers were inserted to cross reference names found in the document to those found in FamilySearch.org records.

We lived with my folks and used my little back bedroom for about a month before we moved to Salt Lake.

After about a year in the city I began to wonder if we were going to have any children. I actually got to weeping for fear I wasn't able to have babies. My fears were unfounded and when Ora came along we had moved back to Moroni. This was good because Grandma J helped me while I was confined. She also helped me when Helen was born.

She was a good nurse. She stayed night and day as long as I needed her. She was experienced because she went around the area with a doctor to help as his nurse. They had been to nearly every home in the area. She gave unselfishly of herself to help the sick.

Arth and I lived with his parents for a while.

His dad was hard to get acquainted with even though he was such a good man. He lived a good life and he detested the evil of drinking and immorality. He and his wife were both very hard workers. They never owned a car. Horse and wagon or sleigh was their means of getting around. Mary's place in Chester was about as far as they would get away from home. He worked hard in the fields every day. He loved his animals and took good care of them. His horses always got fed before he would even think of going to eat his own supper.

Grandma J attended the Methodist Church for a long time. Bill, Mary and Blanche went to school there.

Grandpa never went to any church as far as I know. He never had much schooling. Grandma had an average education. She was born in Salt Lake. He was born in Denmark. They had a few fruit trees around their little cottage. Grandma kept the garden which was near the house. She also took care of the cow, the chickens and the pigs. Grandpa was busy caring for his land out in Dry Bottoms. He co-operated with the other farmers by lending plows, rakes, wagons, etc., and helping one another when something required a crew of men. He fit right in with the threshing crew.

Once in a while Grandma J would get a chance to go to Lehi where her mother and sisters lived. When her mother got old she came to live with Clara Meana through her last years when she couldn't take care of herself. Grandpa J's mother also came to live with them until she died. Grandma J is to be remembered and praised for her compassionate service to her mother and her mother-in-law. She was the logical one that could perform this very worthwhile service because she stayed near home even though she worked around in the town and took in washings to help provide for her family. Her sisters were not available because of their work and travels. In the case of her mother-in-law, Little Grandma, there was just no one else to take care of her.

Grandma J. was capable of getting angry and telling you straight out what she thought. This didn't happen very often, however. She was a capable, compassionate person that was in

many homes in the area nursing the sick and comforting the bereaved. She always knew the right thing to say and the right thing to do that helped most.

They lived in the same house as long as I knew them until they moved to Salt Lake to live with us on Marnell Court. They had reached old age and were sickly. We loved them dearly and wanted to do what we could for them in their last years. When the final decision was made that it would be best for them to leave their long-loved home in Moroni, Grant and Ora made the trip to get them. Grandma J. was so sick that she had to remain in bed all of the time. Grant and Ora's car was sick too, so, as they prepared to go to Moroni, they stopped by our place and asked my brother, Lyman, who was waiting for a ride to Moroni to wait a few minutes. It was about 20 minutes to six. They came back before six o'clock with a new (used) car that would be sure to get them to Moroni and back. After they had delivered Lyman to his home they made a bed in the back seat for Grandma where she could ride in comfort.

Through her remaining years there were times when she felt fairly good, and there were times when she was sick in bed. Her loving companion, Grandpa J got so that his blood pressure made him so dizzy that he couldn't walk. He gradually got worse and worse.

They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary while they lived with us. Ora and Grant have pictures of them holding their beautiful cake.

Grandpa J got tired and died on the 24th of June in 1950. The funeral and burial were in Moroni. His viewing was held in their old home. He got to go back home once more before he was buried even though his body and spirit were separated. It was there that Grandma J kissed him goodbye for this life.

Grandma J came with us when we moved to Bountiful to take over the old home that Grant and Ora had just moved out of. She was there with me when my companion and lover, Arth, died. She had gotten home the day before from Logan where she had been staying with Blanche. She hadn't planned on staying in Logan so long, but she had a gall bladder attack and an operation for its removal at the age of 83. She was still recuperating when she came home so she was able to go to the viewing for Arth in Bountiful, but she wasn't able to go to Moroni for the funeral.

After Arth was dead and gone, she asked me what I wanted her to do. She indicated that she would like to remain with me if I would have her. This made me feel good because that's what I was hoping for. She was always such a comfort and good company and I loved her dearly.

She was good to help keep the place up and buy things to make it clean and beautiful. She furnished the linoleum and Grant with his carpenters laid it in the kitchen. She bought a beautiful red climbing rose that helped to beautify the yard. Also, she done what she could to help buy the food.

One evening after visiting Ora and Grant's, she went home feeling very distressed, weak and sick. I heard her get up a couple of times during the night. Mary was there with me, for which I am grateful. I hate events such as this. Mary woke me up in the early morning and said her mother was very sick. The doctor came, but he didn't offer much hope. She died a couple of hours later on the morning of May 8th, 1958. Her viewing was held in Bountiful, but another one was held in Moroni also. The one in Moroni was at the home of Ruby and Allen Christensen. The old home had been rented out so it couldn't be held there.

I really missed her in my home. After nine years together we had become very close and loved and appreciated each other. She helped me and I helped her. Anyone who knew her liked her. She was a hard and willing worker. She had helped her husband handle other things when he couldn't get any other help. When she was pregnant and still hauling hay, he would order her to sit down on top of the load so people couldn't see her.

She was a good and patient mother. She had many trials and hardships. Her living conditions were semi-primitive. There was no water piped into the cottage. Her toilet was an outside privy. Water was heated on the wood range. It had a reservoir on the side that many of you must remember. She done her washings on the porch. Her bread was most delicious. While working, loving and suffering under these conditions she bore nine children.

After her husband, Grandpa J, had died she asked Ora and Grant to help her get her belongings out of her home in Moroni. They took her with them and loaded Grant's trailer with her treasures that she wanted. Then she told them to help themselves if there was anything that they wanted from the old homestead. Grant took a grubbing hoe, an old square-mouth shovel with a long handle, a wooden smoothing plane, an old style pipe wrench, a pitch fork without a handle, a box of old nails and screws, an old bible written in German and a big book entitled "The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan." He still has most of these things at his home in Bountiful. They are antiques with much sentimental value for members of the family.

I'm sure there is much that some of you could add to the wonderful memories of this wonderful couple. I'm sure that all of us love them and appreciate what they did to help bring this family organization into being. May we all live in such a way that we will all be worthy of being in their presence in the world to come.

Elenora C. Justensen