

**Milton Richard
Sanders Vol 3: 2008
- 2022**



Table of Contents

44 A New Beginning	5
45 Retirement - Moving On	25
46 Church Activity and Senior Mission	45
47 Hawaii Cruise and Maui Vacation	71
48 Kathleen's Brother Ray and Aunt Mary's 100th Birthday	95
49 Milt's Lifelong Love of Airplanes	119
50 Milt's Poems	143
51 Other Vietnam Stories	177
52 Counsel and Testimony to My Kids	207
53 Milt Sanders Life Sketch (Pictures and Text)	235

44 A New Beginning



About 5-6 weeks after Kay's funeral, I started getting promptings through the Spirit to get myself in gear and start looking for another companion. This was a pretty unusual feeling for me since I hadn't dated that way for over 40 years. Kay and I had been married for 39 years and 10 months, and we had been engaged for a year while I was in Vietnam. That was a scary feeling. It was not one that would come out of my own mind. In preparation for following that prompting from heaven, one thing I did was to sit down and from my "wisdom" of 40 years of marriage, write down a list of what I thought was important to look for in a wife. Someone had also mentioned to me a dating site called LDSPlanet.com in which all the participants were of my religion: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since that was high on my list, why look anywhere else. I got on that site, set up my profile and pictures, and went surfing to see who was on there. I also felt that this was just a little too early to start dating again so recently after my

wife's passing, but the Spirit was relentless, so I continued on.

I found that there are thousands of single ladies up and down the Wasatch Front, all within an hour and a half drive from my residence, although I did get some email and phone calls from England, Norway, and Texas. The one from Texas, when emailing her and telling her that I didn't think such a long distance relationship would work out, got mad at me, and stopped writing; one down. Anyway, I dated about ten ladies finding only three that I dated more than once, and one of those was just because she had told me that no one could tell from a first date how things might turn out. Well she was wrong. A couple of ladies interested me, but I let one go because there were simply some red flags, and another one I liked, but found out that she wanted only to date and have fun, but was not interested in getting married. I talked to Bishop Barlow a couple of times, and he suggested some widows in the ward, but I didn't have any inclination or attraction which would invite me to get together with any of them. Perhaps part of that was I knew enough about them already, that I had no interest. Then Bishop Barlow mentioned a lady, Kathleen Jennings, who lived in our ward boundaries but was not a member. I wondered about this because we have always been counseled not to marry out of the church. My Dad married out of the church after my Mom died, and I saw what that could do to a family. The after effects

continue even now on my siblings and me over the last 63 years.

I had seen this lady who the Bishop mentioned at our Valentine's Day party earlier that year, so I knew what she looked like, but that was about it. The Bishop told me that she was a widow (her husband had died in February of 2007), and that he had visited with them before her husband passed away, and said those visits had been nice. He had also talked to her in the hall at church, since her neighbor was inviting her to church once in a while and also to church parties. She had expressed to the Bishop that she wasn't looking to date, that she had her job, her kitties, and her house and was simply happy with that life.

Well after dating ten other women without results, and they were of very different personalities but just no fireworks going off, I said what the heck, I will give this lady a try – the Bishop had mentioned that she was a very nice person. She knew who I was from seeing me at the Day After Valentine's party, and she had also seen me at a church party where I performed a song with my guitar. She had even met Kay once at Walmart. When Kathleen came to church one day, I was in the foyer with my camera taking pictures of the members to go up on the ward's web page. When she walked by, she said, "Hi Elvis." Referring to my impersonations at a few church parties. As she was coming out of church that day, she saw me waiting by the east door. She had an instinctive feeling that she should turn around and head

for another exit door, but she didn't. As she passed me, I said hi, and asked her out to dinner. She replied, "ah, er, um, ah OK." I wondered about that, but I had gotten a date, so I set a time and a day to pick her up.

I took her to Sizzler where we ate, and she pretty much just went for the salad bar. After we ate, I took her to Neilsen's Grove Park in our neighborhood where we walked around the long path and talked. We sat down on a bench and continued getting to know each other and our backgrounds better. She was an early riser, like 4:00, to do an exercise routine every day, so I tried to get her home fairly early. She invited me in for a few minutes. As we were talking in the living room, one of her cats walked in to check me out. This cat was named Abby and she was fairly social. A few minutes later, her other cat who was pretty leery of any visitors, walked in and jumped in my lap to check me out. This kind of shocked Kathleen because that was way out of character for Fluffers. I like animals, especially cats, and I believe that cats and dogs can tell a person's attitude and the goodness of an individual's personality. Some people they will come right up to, while others they will run from or growl (for dogs) and show some territorial protectiveness. Both cats seemed to like me which boded well for our initial meeting. I didn't stay long, but as I got up to leave and thank Kathleen for a nice evening, Kathleen gave me a very nice friendly hug, which I did not expect

at all. But I did enjoy it as it set a nice atmosphere for continued interaction.

A couple of days later I called her up and invited her to my house for dinner, and the first thing she asked is what could she bring? That was a very positive response which I appreciated. I started dating her exclusively, except for one other date which I had already made for our company summer party. That date was somewhat fun for awhile, but after a long day at Lagoon and an afternoon movie, I felt I needed to part ways. After I got home, I called Kathleen and made a date for a walk in the park that evening.

A couple of days later, we were at my house again, and I asked her if she would dance with me. She looked at me kind of shocked, and said, "Dance? I haven't danced for such a long time that I don't know if I remember how ." I put on some slow music, and she remembered very well how to dance. The following Sunday, I asked Bishop Barlow for a blessing of discernment, which he gave me. That same day Kathleen was again over at my house. As we were talking in the kitchen, I felt a very strong prompting by the Spirit, and I just blurted out, "Kathleen, I love you." She was shocked and said, "It's too soon!" She looked down for a few moments getting her thoughts together, then she said softly, "I knew last Wednesday." I then asked her if I could kiss her, and she smiled and nodded her

head. I leaned over and gave her a soft sweet kiss. That was the start of a wonderful romance, and I did feel the fireworks starting.

Some folks at church found out that I was dating, and they thought it was way too soon after Kay's passing. A few of them talked to Bishop Barlow asking him to talk to me about dating so soon. I can imagine that these were women who were very close friends of Kay. The Bishop mentioned this to me without names, but he seemed to feel the same Spirit I did that was prompting me to continue dating. Many of you will know that this was the influence of the Holy Ghost, which I have felt many times before, as I have mentioned in previous chapters, and I knew that this was what I needed to do – follow the Spirit.

One day I took Kathleen to up to the Heber Airport and we took a sailplane ride – individually since there were only two seats and the pilot needed one of them. I was amazed that Kathleen thought that would be great fun and she had no compunctions about getting into the small front cockpit and getting towed up into the wild blue yonder. After our two flights, Kathleen had put together a picnic lunch and we stopped at Timpanogos Park in Provo Canyon. We walked a ways into the park, which was nearly deserted, found a nice grass spot in the sun and ate the picnic lunch and talked. We managed to find one person in the park who would take our picture.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Sailplane Ride at Heber Airport in a very nice ASK 21 Sailplane

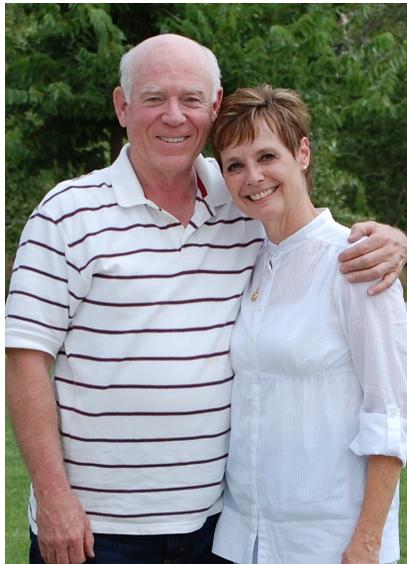


Plane that Towed Us up to Altitude

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 – 2022



Sailplane just starting on the Takeoff Roll



Milt and Kathleen in Timpanogos Park after Our sailplane Rides

We drew closer together every day, and could feel our love growing stronger. We made a trip up to the cabin which we enjoyed very much. The environment was very peaceful and let us see each other in different environments, and find out what each other enjoyed. We enjoyed many of the same things such as good family TV shows, putting picture puzzles together, walking in the mountains, ATV rides, and good food.

One day as we were together talking about our future, she said, "I think a marriage would be stronger if the husband and wife were of the same religion. I think I need to have the cute little missionaries come to visit." I hadn't pressured her at all about joining the church, and I was delighted to have her decide that for herself. I called our ward mission leader, who at the time was Earl Cropper, and he arranged to have the missionaries start visiting. After about six visits, Kathleen accepted a date for baptism, and she asked me to baptise her, which I did three weeks before our wedding. She then had a baptismal interview by the Missionary Zone leader who pronounced her ready for baptism.

Kathleen worked for Gunthers in American Fork (heating and air conditioning) for twenty years, and was currently a dispatcher for a group of technicians who did repairs on systems which Gunthers sold. Kathleen had taken me to work and introduced me to her coworkers and the bosses – Gunthers was a family

owned company, and they really liked Kathleen and were very happy with her work. One day while I visited, her boss asked me if I was going to take her away from them. I told him that would be her decision, and that I would not ask her to quit work. Everyone I met at Gunthers were nice people, and they all loved Kathleen. Her team of technicians liked working for her also, even though she drove them hard and didn't let them slip anything by her. Once in a while she would notice that a technician had not reported in that he had finished a job and that the job should have been completed already. She would call him up and find him eating breakfast or lunch some where, and get him back on the next job for the day. They never could fool her.

Right after we started dating, I would pick her up each Sunday and she would come to church with me. We sat on the back row of the chapel and held hands. We did get a lot of smiles. One day it was time for me to renew my temple recommend, and I happened to get our stake president, President Brent Roberts as the interviewer. He had attended a few of our Sacrament meetings and had seen me with Kathleen on the back row holding hands. He had asked Bishop Barlow about us, and knew that Kathleen was not a member. At the end of our interview, he looked right at me and said, "I hope that you are a good missionary.", referring to the fact that Kathleen was not a member. I just smiled at him.

Near the end of August 2008, we went up to the cabin again, and a little while after dinner in the cool of the evening and after dark, I invited her onto the deck of the cabin, put on some music, and asked her to dance. At the end of the first song, I dropped down on one knee and asked her to marry me. I totally caught her by surprise. She knew a proposal would come sometime, but was just not expecting it right then. She gasped, bringing her hand up to her mouth, then nodded her head yes. I pulled out the engagement ring and slipped it on her finger. We were both very happy that evening knowing that we had just committed ourselves for the rest of our lives to each other. We set a date for the 3rd of October, and started making all our wedding plans. That fall, Kathleen's stepfather, Al Harris, had stopped by to visit Kathleen, and I got to meet him. He loved to travel the highways and byways, taking routes off the Interstates, stopping in small towns and talking to the local people. He would head out from Salinas, California, travel across the northern tier of the United States, drop down to Alabama, his home state, and visit relatives. He would then travel back across the southern tier and finally back home. He mostly traveled by himself, and just seemed to enjoy traveling. He had been a division Top Master Sergeant in the Army, and had been around many generals and upper ranks. He had some great stories to tell. He had also been a member of a motorcycle group in California, and had some stories to tell about that as well. While he was visiting, I asked him for his

permission to marry his stepdaughter. He told me that Kathleen was plenty old enough to choose for herself, but he also told me that he appreciated me asking him. And that was that.

While we were planning for our wedding, Kathleen also helped me to choose carpet and vinyl flooring for the cabin, as well as counter tops. That summer a good friend of mine referred me to a window who was redecorating her kitchen. I was able to purchase all her nice cabinets and counters from her kitchen for a very decent price. I had picked everything up in two trips into Salt Lake, and hauled the various pieces up to the cabin. I didn't want her electric range top or oven, but took just about everything else. I fussed around the cabin kitchen trying various arrangements, and finally got my mind straight as to what I wanted to do. I had never mounted cabinets, but I got everything up the way I wanted it, and it looks good enough. She also included her microwave and refrigerator, which are still running up there 14 years later as of 2022. We did get new counter tops, but those in the picture are the originals.



Kathleen and the Cabinets in the Cabin Kitchen

Our wedding day was fast approaching and all the arrangements were done with catering, wedding announcements, and the church reserved. Both Kathleen and I were getting excited. We got decorations up in the cultural hall, and I hired Amy and a few of her friends to form an ensemble to play at the reception. I asked Bishop Barlow to marry us. In the church, a member has to be a member for a year prior to going to the temple for those ordinances, including sealing for both time and eternity. This was why we were getting married in our local church, then waiting for a year to have our marriage sealed for time and eternity in the temple. The attendance for our wedding and reception was beyond our expectations, as nearly everyone in our

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022

ward came, as well as all my kids with their wives and my grandkids, Kathleen's mother, and Kathleen's friends from work. Bishop Barlow did a marvelous job, and my son Mike was my best man, and Kathleen's boss from work, Blaine Gunther, walked her down the aisle. Her boss and others at work had been working for 20 years to subtly get Kathleen to join the church, and this was a big highlight in their lives now as well. When Bishop Barlow finally said "You may kiss the bride", our kiss was long enough to draw laughter from the attendees.



Bishop Barlow Performing our Wedding Ceremony

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Amy and Her Brass Ensemble



Cutting of the Wedding Cake



Groom Singing "Can't Help Falling Love" to the Bride



Ahh, the Kids and Grandkids Decorating the Car

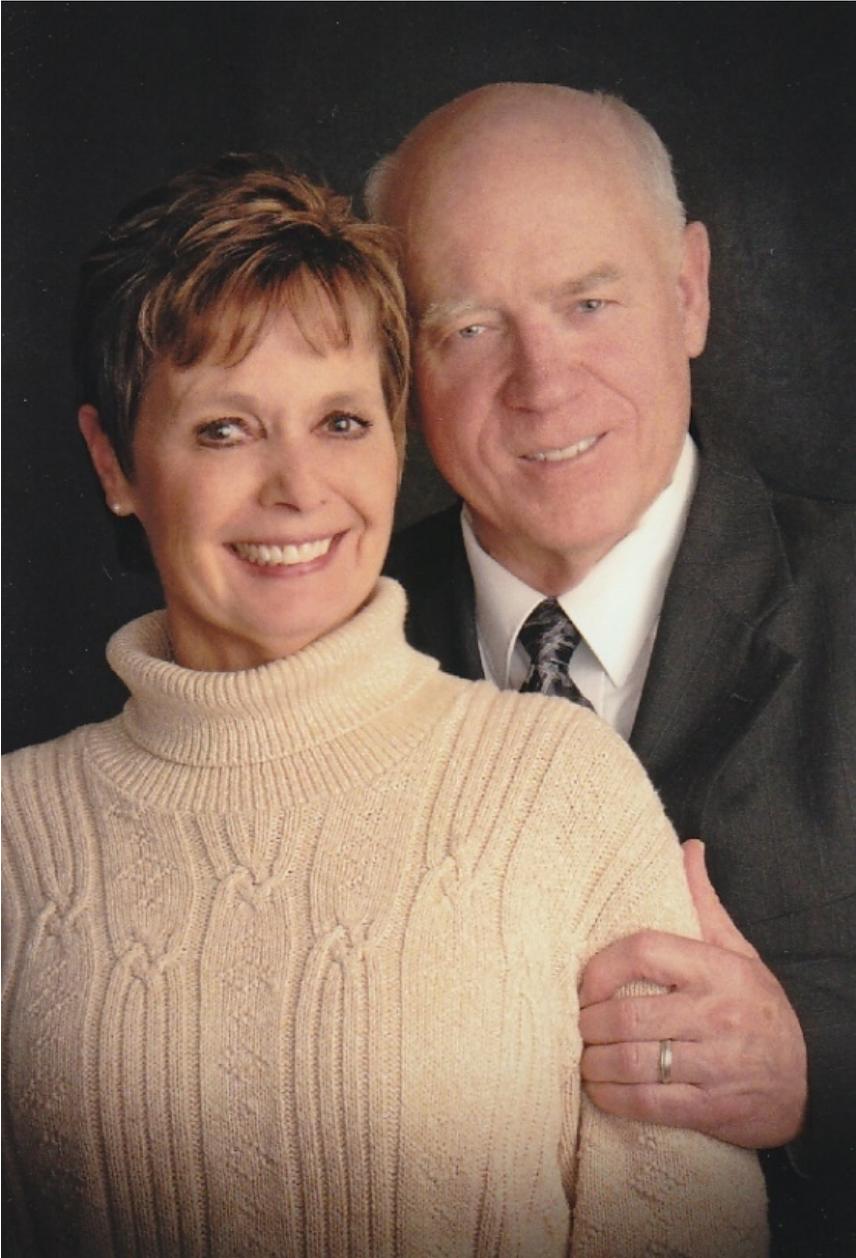
That was a very memorable night – one that I will never forget. We drove home, got into my other car, and drove to Salt Lake City to the Anniversary Inn. The next day we came home, packed up, and headed to the Cabin for the remainder of our honeymoon and to watch General Conference that weekend which was all very wonderful..

When we got back, I started moving my things into Kathleen's house, our new home together. Kathleen cleaned out half the closet, gave up a bureau for my clothes – all of which was a big sacrifice, and gave me a small bedroom for an office/computer room. I was thinking that this was the last time I would need to move. I had had enough moving to last me for the rest of my life. Mike and Juliet just invaded my other house and moved right in while we were on our honeymoon. There is still some stuff in that house that is mine, but that is water under the bridge. I left most of my furniture in the old house and moved in lock, stock and barrel. Kathleen went back to work, as did I. I had been offered early retirement, and was allowed to work until mid-November.

This had been a tough year for me, starting with devastating news, and ending up with some very happy things. I have read that the five most stressful things in life are: 1) death of a loved one; 2) moving; 3) Job Loss; 4) Marriage; and 5) Divorce. I went through four of those that year. I know that the only things that

got me through that year are my faith and testimony in God and Jesus Christ, the blessings and comfort of the Holy Ghost, my kids, and finding another angel in my life with her wonderful love. Friends, family, and God. I was broken, and Kathleen brought me back to life as she worked her magic and fixed me. I am a very blessed and happy man.

My kids were a little upset at first by my dating so soon after Kay's passing, but they have all accepted Kathleen and are happy for me, and for us. I love my family, those both far away as well as near. I am grateful for their support and love, and the gift of two great grandchildren so far. Only time will tell how many more will come. (Three as of June 2022)



December 2008 A New Beginning for Both of Us

45 Retirement - Moving On



While I was working at Dynix, a library automation company, our CEO negotiated merging with one of our main competitors, Sirsi. As that happened, the name was changed to SirsiDynix, and both companies kept their main library automation programs in the mix as the new company now offered two library systems. This kept the original Sirsi customers happy as well as our Dynix customers happy. I was in the installation group in Provo, Utah, and Sirsi had their own installation group in Alabama. Initially I didn't have to deal with the Sirsi software, but I was sent out to libraries that had their equipment delivered direct to them, unassembled. I would arrive on-site, open all the boxes, assemble the computers (memory cards, hard drives, etc.), install the operating system, connect the computer to the Internet, and make it possible for Sirsi folks in Alabama to log in over the Internet and load and configure their library software. This wasn't difficult, and I rather enjoyed it, although I had to

learn a little bit about the hardware that Sirsi used so I could do the assembly. Dynix was using a different sales model which would bring the hardware into our Provo office; we would stage the computer with all the software, and send it out to the customer. I thought this was more efficient than doing all the assembly and loading on the customer site. If I ran into a problem staging the system, I had lots of help in the home office to fix the problems.

Later on, we had to start doing the Sirsi software loading and configuration. This was a big problem because there were no instructions on how to do that. The company sent one of their installation guys to Provo to teach us the procedure, but that didn't work well, as what we were taught didn't always work, even if their guy was doing the loading and configuration using a projected screen while we watched. Often, he had to backtrack, check some other things, then try again, leading us into all sorts of confusing situations. Also you can expect to find redundant positions when two companies merge, and there were a few too many installers to efficiently support the library customers economically. Soon there were a few layoffs, and one of those was our immediate boss, leaving us under a higher supervisor. As I saw people leaving - some by layoff and some by finding a job at another company - I went in to my new boss and told him that if he needed to lay off someone, to put me at the top of the

list. I was approaching retirement age of 65; I was tired of the mess with the library systems, and some of my coworkers had families to support while all of our kids had left home and we were empty nesters.

Kay had passed away in April of 2008, and shortly after Kathleen and I got back from our honeymoon in October, my boss pulled me in, in the middle of October this same year and offered me an early retirement which would give me the same payout as if I had been laid off. He did mention that he needed to downsize his department and that I had volunteered to be on the top of his list. I had planned to work one more year and retire at 66, but if I didn't accept the early retirement, the layoff would come anyway, and I already knew from experience that being laid off had a psychological let down that retirement wouldn't have. That was a no brainer for me. I was living with Kathleen in her house, my car was paid off, I had my Air Force retirement coming in, and very soon I would be getting social security. My house was nearly paid off and my monthly payments were not bad at all since I was in the 22nd year of a 30 year mortgage. I accepted his offer, and he asked me when would be a good retirement date. I was able to negotiate the middle of November, which gave me two more pay periods, and left me with one month until I turned 65. I was feeling a very large load coming off my shoulders, and I started getting excited about retirement. I had retired from the

Air Force 22 years earlier in 1986, but then I had to get right back into the job market because my oldest kid was 16 and the youngest was nearly 3. Now this seemed to be a wonderful blessing because I could spend a lot more time at home solidifying our new marriage by taking care of a lot of home stuff while Kathleen was still working.

Well, my time at SirsiDynix came to an end and I was one of very few who actually retired from the company, and I felt good about it. My boss took our small group of eight out to lunch to celebrate my retirement, and I received a small granite pyramid about 3-4 inches high with a clock mounted in it. I left the company feeling good, but it was somewhat difficult to leave a whole lot of friends. Some of them kept in touch for a while, but we all slowly drifted apart. I really wanted to spend more time with my model airplanes and was excited about that too.

Kathleen didn't mind me being home, and I was doing a little side business urged on by my son Chad, which involved Internet advertising. This kept me busy sending out email offers to lists provided by the company. I had to rent servers, buy domain names, load software onto the rented server, and find ways to word the email offers to be more appealing. At one time I ran ten UNIX servers which kept me hopping. I ran that for about two years until my income dropped below what I was spending, and then I simply dropped out of that business. It did make me feel

useful for that time period.

I was taking care of mowing the lawn each week; I added a screen door to our patio door and put in a pet door for the cats; and I even mounted a couple of ceiling fans in bedrooms, and finally one on the living room ceiling which has an arched ceiling. I did have experience doing that with my cabin construction. Kathleen helped me pick out floor tile and carpet for the cabin, along with some new counters, and that livened up the look of the place, although there was still a lot to do.

I hadn't flown any airplanes since I started building the cabin four years earlier, but now that I was retired, I looked into my hobby again and bought a small, simple plane that I started flying down at our park and enjoying that. One day I drove out to the flying field which brought back a lot of fun memories, and my desire built back up to continue that hobby. Kathleen hadn't known about my airplane hobby until I started back up, and she felt good that I had something to keep me busy. Mike was living in my old house where I had left a whole lot of my stuff, so I built a small workbench in Kathleen's garage, collected a lot of my modeling stuff still housed in the old garage, and got cranked up again. All my radio equipment was obsolete by that time, so I jumped into the new tech, rejoined the model plane club – Utah Valley Aeromodelers, and got reacquainted with some former friends and made new ones. Little did I realize that my hobby

would nearly become an obsession as I got going in it again.

Church callings and activities never did slow down at that time, and I was called as a manager of Fast Offering funds in the transient office next to the Provo Deseret Industries building, or as everyone commonly called it, The DI. For those of you who may not have heard of it, the DI is a church sponsored industry. They take donations from people who have extra stuff and decide to donate it for resale at decent prices. They take nearly everything from baby dolls, to electronics, to silverware, old games, shoes, and a lot of clothing and furniture. I have purchased shoes for Halloween costumes as well as a few other things. Anyway, in the Transient Services Office, I was assigned with four other church members, all of us had served as bishops of wards, and most people called us transient bishops, because our purpose was to help out transient church members as they passed through our area. We had many rules and protocols to follow as each group of us served one day a week from 9:00 – 4:30. We had five different groups to cover the normal work week. The experiences there were pretty unusual, as each of us in turn would be assigned individuals or families as they came in to get help. We would listen to their problems and give them counsel, sometimes financial help, fill out bishop's orders to get food at the bishop's storehouse, always trying to get those who were able to donate some time working at the DI itself in

exchange for help.

Each time I was assigned someone, I would pray for help and guidance before the individual would come in. One individual I talked to was experiencing severe guilt. Three years prior, he was driving on an errand with his wife in the car and had an accident which killed his wife. Since then he had lost his job, stopped going to church, and he was a real mess. I really believe that he was funneled to me by the Spirit on purpose. I was able to tell him about the loss of my wife which I documented two chapters earlier, and told him my trial with that. I shed some tears while telling him that experience, and he said to me, "Gee bishop, I didn't mean to make you cry." I was able to counsel him to get a haircut, clean himself up a little bit, start going back to church, and do some positive things in his life so that he could move on. He seemed to take heart to my counsel and left with an upbeat attitude. All I did was listen, tell him my trial and how I was blessed to be able to move on, and show him a way upward with his life. I don't think any of the other managers in my group had any similar experience where they could demonstrate understanding and empathy with his situation as I was able. I was really happy that I could help him, and all it took was some time and help from the Spirit. Those 13 months were very valuable to me to help me understand the problems of others, as I tried to listen and counsel. So many people were having hard

times. We couldn't solve their problems, but we could help once in a while with food, gas, bus tokens – and we could help all of them if they were willing to listen to counsel.

After about a year in our new marriage, Kathleen saw me having some great times being retired, and she asked me if I minded if she retired also, as she had been at her company for 20 years already. I said that I didn't mind a bit, excited about having her home more. I had tried to get up early with her each morning about 4:30 to join her in exercising in the basement with the exercise equipment there, but I didn't last more than a month with that. She could outdo me at just about everything – well, not at racquetball, but she had never played. I gave her a racquet for her birthday and, we went to the Orem Rec Center a couple of times and hit the ball around, but that tapered off. Anyway, her company had a policy of giving anyone who retired a gift of a cruise. So when Kathleen retired sometime around March in 2010, she told them she would like a cruise to Alaska. At her retirement party, the company presented her with a check to cover a cruise to Alaska.

We were both excited about seeing Alaska and being aboard a cruise ship. My first cruise was on Princess Lines, and I really enjoyed the ship, the amenities, the entertainment, and the facilities, so we decided to schedule with Princess. We flew up to Seattle, got on a bus to the cruise docks, and went through the

normal hassle of checking in and boarding the ship. We had reserved a room with a small balcony and it was fun to go sit on our balcony and observe freely instead of having to look through a porthole. We ate dinner as the ship was departing Seattle, and we could see out the big windows as the ship left the dock and moved slowly out to the channel where they could pick up some speed, which for me as a jet pilot was still very slow. But I enjoyed it anyway. All the food we ate was excellent, and we had chosen open dining instead of a reserved table in one of the restaurants. We ate mostly at the buffet tables where we could pick and choose from many items that were put out for every meal. We just didn't want to be confined to a schedule. We found the elevators tended to be slow to arrive and were sometimes very packed, so we mostly took the stairs which was good for us as we tended to eat a lot of the good food. We saw some wonderful shows, especially musicals which were first class. We went to listen to a comedian, but eventually walked out since he was a little crude. We did go into one of the "bars" when they were having a karaoke contest, but I was too timid to sign up for it. The folks who did sign up and performed were actually pretty good and we enjoyed that.

There was a casino which we walked by, but didn't have any desire to go in. The place was both smoky and crowded. We purchased an all trip pass for soft drinks which I thought was a

good deal, and I believe we used that extensively during our meals and touring the ship. I spent some time walking around the exterior passages of the ship for exercise, but didn't really feel like using the exercise machines in the small gym. One part of the trip was going up an inland passageway to Glacier Bay National Park to look at glaciers and other ice formations. We didn't get as far into the bay as had been planned because of both fog and increasing ice formations. Seeing all that ice in the latter part of July, gave me a feeling that I would definitely not like the winters.

We had five ports that we visited, counting Seattle, and a couple of those were pretty exciting to get off the ship and wonder the streets. We enjoyed our first port at Skagway, where we saw totem poles and a huge railroad snow plow which was used to keep the tracks clear when the snow piled high. We also went through quite a few stores that were especially stocked for tourists.



Skagway Welcome Sign and Map of the Small Town



A Tourist Store in Skagway

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



You Can See That We are Having a Great Time – Sapphire Princess, our Ship in the Background



Kathleen with a Totem Pole



Milt Sitting in Front of The Train Track Snow Plow



Kathleen Working the Railroad Hand Car



Ice Flow in Glacier Bay – Remember 9/10 of the Iceberg is Underwater



Glacier Bay with Fog and Ice Flows



Milt with a Big totem Pole

When the ship docked at Ketchikan, we were looking out our balcony window and we saw a large eagle fly by the ship at our eye level. I wasn't quick enough to grab a picture. Also at Ketchikan, I went up on the top deck of the ship to watch the many float planes go by, both landing and taking off. Many of them were float planes tours for us tourists. I must have taken at least 50 pictures of the various planes flying by at our below my

altitude on the top deck of the ship. After I got my fill of watching the planes, I pulled out my book, lay in a lounge chair, took off my shoes but left my socks on, and read for a while. That evening when I took off my socks, the top of my feet had gotten a little bit of a sunburn right through the weave in my socks! I had never imagined that could happen.

When we got to Juneau, the weather was not very good with some light rain coming down. The docks were pretty far from Juneau itself, so we didn't even bother to get off, but we could still say that we had been to Juneau. Coming back down the inland waterway, our cabin was now on the west side of the ship so we could watch the beautiful sunsets on the ocean. I found that as the sun goes down, it gets dark pretty quickly.



Float Plane taking Off



Float Plane Flying by at My Eye level



Feet Sunburned Right Through the Weave in My Socks



Beautiful Sunset at Sea

We also found friendly birds that were brave enough to land on the railing of our balcony waiting for us to feed them. For some of them, we had to throw the food into the air, but others would take it right out of our hands. We found a great deal of birds approaching us as we sailed into the Victoria B.C. harbor.



Our Bird Escort into Victoria



Hungry Bird Eating Out Of Kathleen's Hand

Finally our time on the ship was over as we docked back in Seattle, but I need to say that getting off the ship was much more difficult than getting on. Getting on, people arrived spread out during the boarding window of perhaps five hours. Getting off, everybody was ready to go at the same time. Everyone had put their suitcases outside their cabins and they were picked up and taken off the boat and placed in areas corresponding to our cabin numbers. We had a long wait to get off as everyone was sequenced in alphabetic groups, then we had to find our baggage, and then locate our bus to the airport. And oh the airport! The check-in line wound down the hall and around the corner, and ended nearly all the way around the check-in area.

However, we were at the airport in plenty of time to get everyone checked in, and still have the time to leisurely walk to our assigned gate.

By the time we got home, we were tired puppies, but the cruise was our first big adventure together, and we enjoyed every minute of both the adventure and our time together. It took a “few” days to eliminate the excess pounds that I put on from all the good food, as there was someplace open nearly all the time, including fast food and dessert places on the recreation areas of the ship, and I came to enjoy soft ice cream in a glass with chocolate syrup and diet Coke!

Once home, I downloaded more than 200 pictures of our trip to my computer, and aren't you glad that I didn't put them all in here We enjoyed our trip so much, that we resolved to take another cruise, but that is for another chapter.

46 Church Activity and Senior Mission



While I was serving as a Transient Bishop, the time for our temple sealing came as Kathleen completed her first year of membership in the church, went to the temple for her necessary temple ordinance work, and we completed our first year of marriage – all requirements for this ordinance. We were able to invite 36 friends and family to the sealing room in the Holy Temple where we were sealed as husband and wife for both time and all eternity. That was a special time for both of us, and I remember it well. Three of my kids and their spouses were able to attend – Mike and Juliet from close by, Amy and John from California, and Chad and Hillary also from California. We were really glad to have them with us.



John and Amy, Juliet and Mike, Milt and Kathleen, and Hillary and Chad After our Sealing

This was a very happy occasion for us as you can tell by looking at our faces and the smiles of family around us. We knelt at the altar dressed in white while a temple sealer performed the ordinance, with John and Chad sitting as our two witnesses. It was a wonderful ceremony, and I had a deep feeling of gratitude towards God for blessing us with the opportunity to remain husband and wife in the next life. I had found it difficult to wait a year following our civil marriage ceremony on October 3rd 2008, but I rejoiced as this was taken care of on the 9th of October 2009. I was also honored to have family with me as this was done.



Kathleen and Milt in Front of the Mt Timpanogos Temple Following Our Sealing

Following my stint as a Transient Bishop down by the Deseret Industries store, Kathleen was talking to her friend Penny. Penny and her husband were working as service missionaries in the Family History Department of the Church. The project they were working on was digitizing family histories which the church department had acquired. We read in Malachi 4:6 “And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.” Compiling family histories and making them available for individuals and societies to search our ancestors is one way

to help carry out this scripture. The church has a digital processing center in Orem, the ODPC, where Penny and her husband Wayne were involved in this process. Both Kathleen and I are somewhat proficient in using our computers, and we both thought that this would be a good place to volunteer our services. We filled out our paperwork, turned it in, and were soon called to assist this process. We were to work one day a week for approximately eight hours to assist in this work.

Most of the acquired family histories were in printed form with a few being handwritten. These histories were being scanned into digital text by other groups and sent to the ODPC. There were five separate teams to cover each day of the week. Our team had about 12-14 workers, as people came and went, and we found this to be an enjoyable and satisfying work. We would work through each page of a digitized history making corrections to enhance the contrast and other properties of the copy, making sure that page numbers were correct as well as erasing artifacts picked up in the copying process. Once we got through a specific book, we would submit it to the supervisor, who in turn would send it to others in our group who would run each file through a compiler process to make it ready to be input to the on-line searching library. Previous to the digitizing, these family histories in paper format could only be searched by traveling to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, and physically

poring through the original documents. This project would put all this information on-line so anyone in the world with Internet access could do automated searches through documents for family names and places and other recorded history on specific individuals.

When we started, the project had already processed and put on-line about 150,000 family histories. As of the time when we finally left the project, there were well over 300,000 books digitized and on-line. A few times we had finished all the data that was available to us, and we were put to work indexing records that had been filmed – many on microfilm – and manually taking the names and other information from the images and putting it into digitizing form, making these available for online researchers. Once the 1940 census was released (census records are released only after 72 years following the census), we were put to work indexing the handwritten census sheets. Some of the handwriting was difficult to figure out, so this was sometimes arduous work, but again, it was satisfying work to make these available for on-line searching to family genealogists. The 1940 census was released on the 2nd of April 2012. It took something like 3 months or so until these records were complete, but there were many more people than we had at the ODPC working on them. Once there was a good headway on completion, we were put back on our

family history work.

I quickly found that running compilations on the reviewed books took the individual computers some time to complete. On many days, we had some free computers, and I was able to grab two of them side by side and run them both to just about double my output. I will mention that as service missionaries, we were expected to wear our Sunday dress as we reported for work. The men could take off their suit coats, and of course during the cold months of the year we hung up our overcoats. Since the building was thankfully air conditioned, sometimes the ladies brought sweaters to keep themselves warm in the summer. This volunteer work cut into our cabin time and also made us plan vacations really well. I served about 6-8 months doing this before I stopped, but Kathleen went a lot longer.

About a year or so after this, the church started a new missionary program which entailed calling senior missionaries (retired couples) to live at home and serve as full time missionaries in their home stakes (a stake being a geographic area of 7-12 congregations). In December of 2013, the Provo Mission had two senior couples serving in the large area of the mission. By the time we were called and serving, the Provo Mission was supporting over two hundred senior couples; we were all breaking new ground. We were set up just as the younger missionaries were – districts of about 4-6 couples, zones of

perhaps 10 districts, then all of us together in a group of all the mission's senior districts. The districts held a weekly meeting, the zones held a monthly meeting, and the mission held at least a quarterly meeting. There was also a semi-annual meeting of the entire mission which included the young missionaries with the senior missionaries. In each stake, there was a weekly missionary coordinating meeting which included a ward mission leader from each congregation, a high counselor, the senior missionary couple, and any young missionaries assigned to the stake. We had lots of meetings which were used to coordinate our activities, take turns giving a spiritual lesson on missionary work, reviewing any problems and suggested solutions, and encouraging one another in our work. There were also a few socials scattered around in our districts and with the entire senior missionaries. Kathleen and I signed up for a 12 month mission, while we could do either 12 or 18 months. Kathleen looked at this with trepidation, as she had been a church member for only a few years by the time this came along, but she upped her game and found that while difficult, she could teach with the best of us. The scariest parts for her were to give a talk in sacrament meeting, which she had never done in her life. I helped her with the first few, but she jumped right in and held her own. Even after having been a baptized member of the church for 70 years, I still get a little frightened to be asked to give a talk in church. You can imagine how Kathleen felt having

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022

been a member for only 4-5 years.

The senior missionaries' main responsibility was to reach out to the less active members in their stake as opposed to the young missionaries who worked with those individuals who were not members.



Photo of our Class During Our Training at the Missionary Training Center (MTC) in Provo



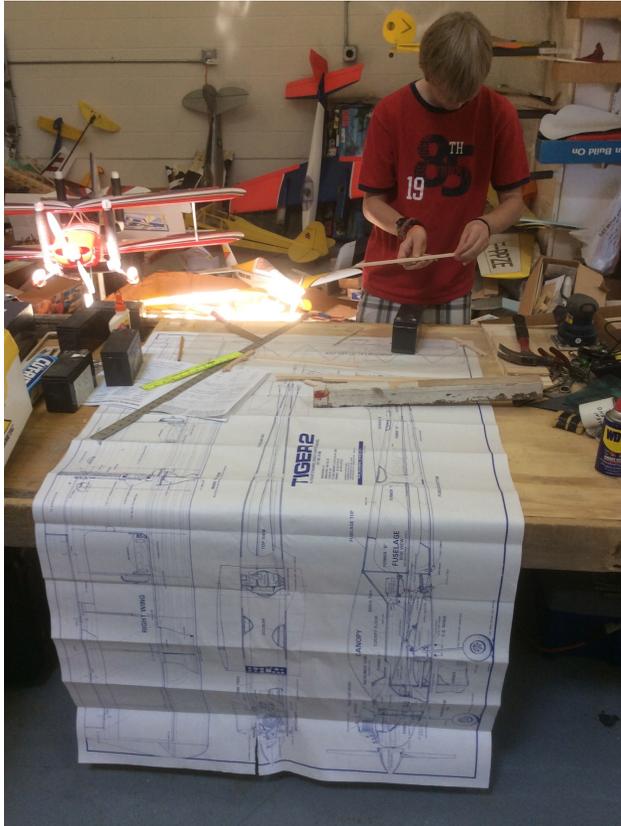
Our Missionary Zone Cutting up for a Crazy Picture



Kathleen Looming Hats With Two Young Girls in a Family We were Teaching

There were plenty of less active members in our stake of about 4,000 people to keep us busy. We zeroed in on some good people and gave them spiritual messages as well as tried to be friends with them. We visited one family with a mom and five kids, no father in the home. Sometimes the kids would be pretty rowdy, but one of them was a 15 year old son who I got interested in building and flying model planes. I would pick him up a couple times a week during the summer and take him to my hangar, where I taught him to build models. Then I taught him how to fly, and he picked that up pretty well. That tapered off when he went back to school, but I think that we did that family some

good. I was also able to encourage him to attend church and counsel him with other situations.



Isaac, a Member of a Family We Were Teaching, Building a Plane in my Shop

One family we visited was a little tougher to teach, but we persevered anyway. One evening we went over to that home with an appointment. We rang the doorbell, and the daughter answered. She yelled down the hall, “Mom, the missionaries are

here.” Her mom was painting a bathroom, and had the window open which was about four feet from the front door. Her voice came very plainly out the window, “Tell them I’m not here.” We had to smile at each other, but we ended up meeting with her that evening anyway.



During Our Mission We Went to the Mt Timpanogos Temple Every Thursday Morning

Another man we tried to visit just met us at his door. We had a plate of Christmas cookies Kathleen had baked and decorated,

and we told him that we had brought some cookies for him. He said, "I don't eat cookies, but I'll take them anyway." Again we smiled at one another as we handed him the cookies, but we never got inside his home to talk to him. Our experience as full time missionaries was definitely an eye opener as well as a very good growing experience.

As we were released after a year, we both breathed a sigh of relief because of the hard work, and shifted back into our own activities of life. That was to last only one more year, then we were called as Guest Services Missionaries (GSM) to provide an average of eight hours a week on Temple Square and in the huge conference center which would seat 21,000 people in the large area, and about 900 hundred in the theater section. We were to take over from another couple who were just finishing their service. The time period for this service was designated as two years. We had to think about this a little bit, but we decided that the Lord had blessed us very much and if He desired our service, we would accept.

We drove into Salt Lake City, which was to become an almost weekly trip, and attended two training sessions, got our missionary badges, an electronic key to get us into the assigned areas, our assignment to a group of 12 people, and our introduction to our duties. This turned out to be the most arduous assignment which I have ever done for the church. Some

Sundays we would be assigned with four groups to monitor and usher in the Tabernacle for Music and the Spoken Word. We had to be in a coordination meeting at 7:30, then over in the Tabernacle by 8:00 when the doors opened to start seating people, and the broadcast started at 9:30. The morning started for me at what the military called “O dark thirty” as my alarm clock went off. All our activities again were in Sunday dress, and my suit and ties got a very good workout. Attending the choir broadcast was very different than watching it on TV. The spirit was much stronger, the acoustics in the Tabernacle were fabulous, and we helped a great number of people enjoy the broadcast. We also could get into the underground tunnels which connect every church facility in that 2 1/2 block area around Temple Square. And yes, we got lost a couple of times in the tunnels, but we always were able to wonder around until we saw something familiar. For security reasons, there were not any maps of the tunnels available to us.

We also served in the Assembly Hall which is right next to the Tabernacle. That building is very old, and the upper floors in the balcony are slanted towards the front. Standing on those floors while ushering was not comfortable. We did some concerts there, graduations from LDS Business College, and other presentations. It definitely wasn't my favorite place to be.



Kathleen Serving as a GSM at a Tabernacle Choir and Orchestra Broadcast in the Tabernacle

I did like the tunnels which would protect us from any inclement weather year round. Another place we served was the Brigham Young Historic Park, just east of Temple Square. Many concerts were given there, scheduled each week through the summer. With about 500 Guest Services Missionaries, I worked in that park about 5-6 times, generally enjoying the music presentations while keeping kids away from the pond, the creek, and climbing on large rocks in various places in the park.

Our major portion of service was in the Conference Center. This center is a very large and beautiful building across the street to the north of Temple Square. It has at least five levels of underground parking with entrance to the tunnels under Temple Square. The large auditorium has three major seating areas, all furnished with theater type seats: the plaza or lower area, the Terrace or middle area, and the balcony. There are stairs, elevators, and escalators allowing movement to each area. There are no vertical supports to the Terrace and balcony, allowing unrestricted view of the stage and pulpit from every seat in the center. It is indeed, one of the largest of its kind in the world. When an event is held in the main auditorium, all of the Guest Services Missionaries are expected to attend to their duties, which include tending the outer doors and magnetron scanners and other scanning machines to ensure safety, checking patrons tickets at the inner doors, helping patrons to find the way to their seating sections on each level, and efficiently seating event attendees. Our most important duty was to prepare those coming to enjoy the event or religious services. Sometimes when I served in the balcony, I could hear patrons complain about being in the balcony and so far away from the stage. I would often mention to them that they had the celestial seats. They would smile and be at least somewhat mollified and ready to enjoy the performance or the service.

It would take us about an hour and thirty minutes to seat 21,000 people, yet we could pretty much clear the entire area in 20-30 minutes, which was very important for General Conference when the sessions were two hours apart. I was amazed that we could do that consistently, although we needed to graciously remind people to keep moving. As we attended the escalators, we ensured that people maintained their distance, and didn't stop right when they got off at the top. Two sets of escalators had a platform in the middle requiring people to get off the lower escalator and quickly continue to the next one. We were ready to hit a stop button in case people had a problem – there was just no other place to go except up or down. I liked to choose this area to monitor to keep people moving as that was my only purpose to being in that position.

We experienced three very busy times of the year: April and October General Conference, and December and early January performances. For General Conference, all 500 of us were needed to serve at five sessions – three on Saturday and two on Sunday with the Sunday morning session including Music and the Spoken Word just before the morning session. On Saturday morning the first session started at 10:00 with the doors opening at 8:00 to begin seating, so we had to assemble at 7:30. Our drive in was about an hour, so I had to get up at 5:00, and leave the house by 6:15 to allow for any traffic situations. During the

morning session, half of us got a 30 minute break at 10:30 to eat lunch switching to the other half taking their lunch time at 11:00 so we were all back in place before the session ended at noon, and we could clear the building and then seat people with tickets for the 2:00 session. During the afternoon session we got the same breaks to eat an early dinner. The church has a nice cafeteria in the Church Office Building just across the street, and we got fed some pretty nice meals. Following the afternoon session, we again cleared the building, and then seated the individuals for either the priesthood session or the women's session, depending upon which one was scheduled. For the Sunday session, we needed to be there in place at 7:00 AM with doors opening at 7:30 to seat everyone for Music and the Spoken Word which started at 9:30 for their worldwide broadcast, followed immediately by the morning session at 10:00. This was tough timing for me, because we didn't usually arrive home on Saturday night until nearly 11:00 PM, just to grab a little sleep, getting up at 4:30. At least we got fed once on Sunday, and usually got home around 6:00 PM. Sometimes I wonder how I ever did that because it was pretty exhausting, especially with standing a lot of the time.



Conference Center Showing the Roof Top Gardens

In December we served at the First Presidency Christmas Devotional, several performances of the Tabernacle Choir’s Christmas concerts, along with many presentations of “Savior of the World”, a musical play put on in the theater. Indeed we were filled with the Christmas spirit nearly every time we turned around. We had alternating assignments – sometimes we were out in the halls helping people head toward their ticket assigned areas, other times we monitored the escalators and the elevators, sometimes we checked tickets at the inner doors directing people which way to go to their assigned section (except for the theater

which had assigned seats, while in the auditorium only sections were assigned), and other times we were assigned inside the auditorium to actually usher people into their seating area, making sure that they moved across and filled entire rows. It was fun greeting people all the time with smiles. Other times we had to watch out for people trying to get in the wrong areas. Tickets were specific for Plaza, Terrace, and Balcony. As tickets were handed out usually in home wards and stakes, a family or group of friends would only be able to get tickets which split them up to some in the Plaza and other in the Terrace or Balcony. Some people tended to get sneaky and show us tickets in a group with the Plaza ticket on top and Terrace or Balcony tickets hidden underneath. We had to catch that and split up the groups which they didn't like. After each event in the auditorium, some families and friends wanted to get their picture taken with the front of the auditorium in the background. I would smile and offer to take their pictures, which they appreciated and gave them a good feeling about being there, and then I would remind them to continue to exit the building.



Conference Center Auditorium from the Back of the Plaza Level

I did miss one general conference when I had my back operation. I was starting to feel better and had decided to go work at that conference, but my group leader specifically told me to stay home. I was kind of torn being not able to go versus being coddled by staying at home to continue recovery, but I was happy enough staying away from the arduous situation. I did have rotator cuff surgery a year after that, but I was still able to serve with my arm in a sling, and I usually got easier assignments such as handing out programs in our theater assignments and sitting in front of exit doors that were not to be used outside of an emergency. It was a rewarding assignment for two years, but I

did happily accept my release. We put 9000 miles on Kathleen's Toyota Prius in that assignment, but at least we were getting 40 plus miles per gallon which really helped. One thing I did miss, was that even though we were able to attend all the General Conference meetings, we absorbed very little of the speakers talks and counsel because we were either busy, or too tired to listen with many interruptions required by our responsibilities. We were told that our prime responsibility was to get people comfortably seated and in a mood to be taught by our general authorities. We took that seriously.

While I was directing people, I would look for different nationalities and decide to welcome them with a greeting from their own country. I was often wrong and got ignored, but occasionally would get an appropriate reply in Chinese, Japanese, or Korean from a patron who heard me and responded in their language. One gentleman I gave a Japanese greeting to, turned around after he passed me, and said that he was Korean, and instructed me how to say hello in Korean, which I already knew, but I simply smiled and accommodated him. During the middle of one meeting when I was in the balcony, I encountered a pregnant woman who had to find the ladies room. I told her where it was, and then greeted her several more times on her trips during that two hour meeting. She seemed to appreciate my empathy each time she passed me.

If any of you get a chance to visit the Conference Center any time you may be in Salt Lake City, they do have service missionaries who give tours every fifteen minutes, starting at door 20. Kathleen and I were always too tired to stay after an event, to go take a scheduled tour, although we did go to quite a few places in the building while we were serving. The center is beautiful with high ceilings, chandeliers, sweeping staircases, very nice art decorating the walls, statues and busts, and the Room of the Prophets has pictures of all the prophets and counselors through the years, including many who served in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. It is a wonderful place and walking into the auditorium will take your breath away. I highly recommend it.



One of the Hallways Inside the Doors on the Plaza Level



Aerial View of Temple Square with Tabernacle lower left, Temple right, Conference Center Top

After this assignment we were able to catch our breath for a while. A few months later we heard an announcement in church that they were looking for some ladies to volunteer to help with our Cub Scout Den. Kathleen thought that would be fun as well as helpful to the Cub Scout leaders at church. There were three other ladies who volunteered to help as well. The three other ladies all had sons or grandsons in the Cub Scout den. Kathleen liked this for quite a while, at least until the other ladies dropped out as their sons and grandsons graduated into Boy Scouts. Kathleen was left pretty much alone and one Sunday she was sustained as the Den Leader without warning. About that time

two pretty obnoxious boys came of Cub Scout age and joined the den. Kathleen prepared and taught some really good lessons, but the boys just didn't want to listen. One of them was the ring leader, and they would sneak out of den meeting at the church and run up and down the halls. When they didn't do that, they were always rough housing, and one of them liked to stuff his neckerchief in his mouth. I started to go to the den meetings to help her out, but that didn't faze those boys a bit. Even when I would sit between the two of them, they just ignored me. At least I gave Kathleen some moral support. She asked me one time to bring one of my RC planes to a den meeting and give a demonstration. I brought my large F-100 Super Saber jet with me and talked about flying the real one. I also had my jet helmet with me and let them all try it on. The two boys did settle down a bit since they seemed interested. I showed them how the landing gear would retract and extend, how the control surfaces moved, and I pointed the exhaust at them and revved up the electric motor inside and blew some air at them. At least they were impressed. I got to do that twice over the three years that Kathleen was den leader.

When Pinewood Derby time came around, Kathleen arranged with a man in our stake who worked with wood as a profession. He invited the den down to his shop one evening and helped them design their cars, draw the design out on paper, then cut

out the rough design. I went with them and was fascinated with all the woodworking power tools that he had in his large shop. I found myself drooling over his entire setup, just wondering how it would be to have a shop like that to build model airplanes with. The cubs had a good time and the obnoxious ones behaved themselves and worked on their derby cars. With the Pinewood Derby coming up, I decided that Kathleen, as their leader, needed a car for herself, so I went to work building one for her. Using my tools, powered sanding equipment, my spray gun and paints, and any experience I had that was relevant, I produced a good looking and fast derby car for her. It wasn't perfect, but it did the job. She appreciated that. On the night of the derby, when all the boys had finished their races, she offered to race against any boy who wanted to try and beat her car. Quite a few of them wanted to do that, but none of them beat her. A couple of them came close, but she just smiled at all of them. Mission accomplished! She still has that car to this day and is proud of it.



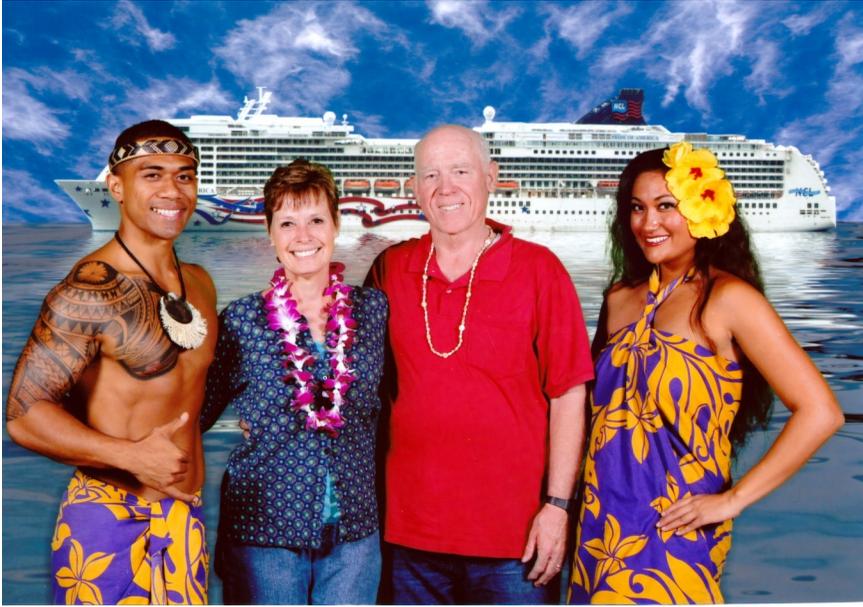
Kathleen's Pinewood Derby Car

This was the last of our big service callings. We came out of all of these wiser, better developed in understanding the operations of the church, better informed in policies, procedures, and doctrine, and with increased knowledge and practice with dealing with individuals in all circumstances of life. We have been greatly blessed through our service, and hope that we have made a difference, if only a little bit, in the lives of others looking for peace in their lives and seeking knowledge of God and His son Jesus Christ.

47 Hawaii Cruise and Maui Vacation



As retired folks we thought that we should do a little traveling, and as we enjoyed our first cruise, we decided to take a second one around the Hawaiian Islands. We thought it would be fun to just cruise around the islands and get a taste of each one, sleeping on the boat each night. We flew to Oahu on Delta, caught a ride to the cruise docks, and embarked on 14 July 2013. We traveled on Norwegian Cruise Lines, which we thought was very nice. We got a stateroom with a balcony, and I had gotten a satellite Internet modem for my hangar which I brought along. Each time we were near to an island, we got our own Internet connection which we used mainly for an Amazon Alexa for music. That worked nicely. As we checked in with the cruise line, they of course took our picture for memory's sake. The ship in the background is a backdrop photo.



Kathleen and Milt Prior to Boarding the Ship for a Hawaiian Cruise July 2013

We really enjoyed this cruise as the weather was very nice all week except for one excursion on Kauai where we had scheduled a helicopter ride. We got settled into our very nice room, got unpacked and grabbed some dinner as the ship left the docks and headed for Maui. As we docked at Maui, we got off the ship and walked around the dock area for a while. We found a beach where it was fun to take our shoes off and walk through the sand. Kathleen had been on a drive previously some years back over the road to Hana. It hadn't been a fun drive, so we opted not to try it. A few people rented cars to drive to the north shore and

Kahului, but that didn't interest us either. We didn't have a lot of time on Maui, but we did take a bus tour that drove around Lahaina and stopped at all the tourism stores to let us go shop, including a chocolate factory. That was a little interesting, but at least it was something to do. Kathleen was beginning to find out that I was not really a very active tourist.



Kathleen on a beach with our cruise ship showing behind us



Milt Relaxing at Welcome to Maui Sign Outside the Cruise Ship

We finally got back on the ship and made ourselves more familiar with the different shops and facilities. I liked to take walks all around the outside of the decks to see how long it was and to get some exercise to ward off all the delicious food which they served. I did find a soft ice cream machine which I used to fill my glass, put in some chocolate syrup and then fill the rest with Coke Zero for a nice chocolate Coke float. I was in heaven when I figured that out! Kathleen also liked to walk, but she also found some exercise areas and the gym which gave her better workouts that I was getting. From Maui, we headed to the big island and the port of Hilo.

Our first stop the next day after cruising all night in the smooth waters was Hilo. We had booked a tour to Volcanoes National

Park. We spent some time on a nice tour bus getting off at various stops. Up near the top of the park, we could see the two big volcanoes Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. I was able to point out to Kathleen Mauna Loa, which is where I flew my A-7 many years earlier down into the very large caldera with my wingman several hundred feet off to my left. We could also see Mauna Kea in the other direction from Mauna Loa, which has an observatory built at the top. That one is very dormant, but Mauna Loa is the second most active volcano in Hawaii. We got out of the bus at several stops and looked at the volcanic rock which is very sharp and looks like one would never want to tangle with it. However when it is broken up, it makes a pretty long lasting road base.



Kathleen Watching Volcanic Steam Coming Out of the Ground



Kathleen and Milt in a Very Rugged Lava Rock Field

Other parts of the tour showed us some very thick foliage, which comes naturally to the large rainfall in Hawaii – I just wouldn't like to get lost in it. We also stopped at a lava tunnel which was more than big enough to walk in. Part of the tube had been flattened as a walk way for tourists. It is amazing that lava can stream through a tube, then leave it open for miles as the lava flows down toward the ocean.



Large Lava Tube that Goes on for Miles



Example of Thick Hawaiian Foliage

We got back on the boat after our 4 1/2 hour tour of Volcanoes National Park, and the ship headed for Kona, and the Kona Coast. We had heard of a submarine that took tourists on a dive into the ocean bottom, and we thought that it would be both educational and fun to take a dive. Kathleen is a little claustrophobic, but since the submarine had a rather large open area it would be OK, and it was. One thing that we learned is that photos taken at depth don't show any bright colors. The pictures that are published in books taken at depths, are done with cameras using special lenses that enhance the colors and filter out the drabness. Here is a sample of a picture taken with my camera without any filters, and we know the fish have bright colors all over them.



Photo of some fish at 100 foot depth



Submarine full of Tourists - Anyone Feeling Claustrophobic



Topside view of the Submarine

We even managed to see a shark swimming around a sunken ship that hadn't been worth salvaging, but did make a good wreck to look at from the submarine. After our submarine dive we still had some time before having to board our ship, so we walked around a huge market area and saw all sorts of very bright Hawaiian clothing.

The docks in Kona were not large or deep enough to service cruise ships. We used the small boats that cruise ships use for both emergencies and ship-to-shore transportation called tenders to get to shore. That was nearly a fun ride in itself, other than you had to wait for transportation. In addition you had to make sure you got back to the docks soon enough so that you could get a ride back before they stopped the transportation.



Bright Clothing in the Kona International Market

At least we had to use our cruise ship issued ID cards with a magnetic strip to sign out and sign back in so they could track all their passengers to make sure they accounted for everyone.

So we got back aboard and sailed for Kauai. On Kauai we signed up to go snorkeling. It was about a 45 minute bus ride to the far side of the island where the snorkeling site was, so it took a while. We did get a tour of a lot of the different island aspects and different plantations from the tour guide on the bus. The snorkeling was OK, but it wasn't as good as we thought it was going to be. They had some ecology rules to preserve the coral underneath us making it a little more difficult to get out from the shore, and then back in. There were a lot of fish to see, but most all of them were pretty small. I finally got tired and came back in. We had also scheduled a helicopter ride for the afternoon. We bused out to the helicopter pads, but the weather was marginal. We sat there for over an hour, until they finally cancelled the rides. We were disappointed but at least we got our money refunded. That evening we headed back to Oahu, passing some very interesting volcanic mountain formations which I am glad that I didn't have to climb. One interesting item was that they were all covered with vegetation hiding the black volcanic rock underneath.



I think this is the South West side of Kauai

You can easily see why parts of Hawaii are excellent locations to shoot movies like Jurassic Park, because they can look very primitive, steamy at times, and also have a great deal of foliage and ferns that are very photographic for certain requirements of the film makers.

When we pulled into Oahu, we had quite a bit of time, 5 or 6 hours at least before we had to catch our plane home. We didn't just want to go sit at the airport for that long a time, but we just couldn't just go off wondering around the downtown because we had departed the ship and had all our luggage. We found a tour that went around via bus, and the bus would store all our luggage and conveniently drop us off at the airport. Part of the tour

dropped us off at Pearl Harbor which turned out to be very interesting. We took a launch out to the Arizona Memorial which was built to honor the crewmen who went down with the ship as it was sunk by the Japanese on the 7th of December 1941. One of the Japanese planes dropped a bomb that penetrated the forward ammunition stores which then detonated sinking the ship very rapidly. Just last week, November 2021, we watched a special on TV which detailed that specific part of Pearl Harbor, and all the efforts of planning and raising money to build the memorial. It was billed as an Elvis Presley special as he put on a benefit concert which really helped those in charge get donations rolling again.



Kathleen In the Arizona Memorial - Arizona Exhaust Stack

There are many displays of different naval equipment at Pearl Harbor. We took a tour of Ford Island, the Naval Pacific War Fighting Center where the battleship Missouri is at port and open to tourists. A battleship is a pretty big ship with lots of big guns. This battleship was the one in Tokyo Bay where the Japanese signed the formal surrender at the end of World War II on the 2nd of September 1945. There is a metal plaque affixed in the deck over the specific spot where the surrender was signed. We were able to walk over much of the ship along a marked off route which took us below decks as well to view a crewmen's mess, some quarters, and get a good feel of the sometimes cramped areas where the crew had to work. It was an education for both of us. We also fooled around a little bit for pictures



Big 16 inch Guns on the Battleship Missouri at Pearl Harbor



Kathleen Fooling Around at a Naval Statue

We finally finished up our excellent Hawaiian Cruise, hopped on the plane, tried to sleep on the way home to little avail, and arrived home cruised out, but happy and more the wiser about a lot of US history.

At Christmas of 2016, my kids got together and planned a trip to Hawaii for us. John and Amy had an extra week at the Marriott Resort hotel on Maui, Mike and Juliet provided first class Delta Tickets to Maui, and the rest of them chipped in for spending

money. We desired to go in May of 2017, but found that the hotel was booked up twelve months in advance. As the calendar rolled by, we made sure to make a booking for the first week of May in 2018. We ended up with reservations for a 7 day stay from May 4th through the 11th. We also booked our flights to Maui going through Seattle both ways. When we arrived in Maui, it took me a little time to find the Hertz rental agency – they were not as well situated as in a normal airport. After waiting in line for an hour, I finally was served and ended up with a Cadillac Escalade which is not what we wanted for driving around the island with only two of us to transport, but that was all they had left. Fortunately it had a GPS with map installed and we headed off to the Marriott Oceanside Resort. I finally thought that we had things going smoothly. However when we got near the hotel, we just couldn't find it. Can you imagine that? All the resort hotels were stuffed in side by side. I called Amy, as she and John went there nearly every year, and she gave me some pointers. The GPS had missed a turn, and we finally found the hotel, and then tried to find a place to park. I found a couple of small openings, but the car was just too big to maneuver! I finally gave up and drove up to the entrance and paid for a week of valet parking which turned out really well. That was a big relief for me. We checked into the Marriott, dropped our bags in the room, which was very nice, and walked around to check out the place. It was a very nice hotel and our room was pretty large with a separate bedroom, and

large closets.

On our way to the hotel, we had stopped at both Walmart and Costco in Kahului to purchase some food, snacks and soft drinks to supply us over the week, including some frozen dinners that we could heat in the microwave. We knew the room didn't have a range or an oven, but it did have a refrigerator, a dish washer, plates, utensils, and a microwave. The hotel provided a kitchen area on the main floor with multiple ranges and ovens to let guests prepare food that needed those facilities. A couple of mornings we went down to that facility and cooked breakfast, which was nice. The swimming area and sunbathing areas were exceptional with multiple connected pools, a small water slide, and a special play area for the younger set. I used the pool areas a lot to get my water aerobics exercise while Kathleen would lay out in the sun. I had been having trouble with my back which also hindered my walking, and I haven't been able to keep up with Kathleen since a few years after our marriage. She would walk along the beach path which connected all the hotels and get her exercise that way. The hotel did have an exercise room, but Kathleen decided not to use it. She preferred to be outside enjoying the beautiful weather and the sunshine.

We quickly scheduled a snorkeling trip after browsing through the brochures, and then also scheduled a helicopter excursion which flew around Maui as well as the next island to the west,

Molokai. We had missed a helicopter tour on our cruise around Hawaii, and I wasn't going to miss it this trip. We drove down to the pier where the snorkeling mini-cruise boat was docked, and off we went. We discovered that we couldn't use spray-on sun block, so we had to invest in a tube of rub-on sun screen. The day turned out to be a little windier and cooler than usual, so the crew offered to rent out wet suit tops to help keep us warm both in and out of the water, and we availed ourselves of that offer. The boat stopped in a nice snorkeling spot, and everyone grabbed some fins and masks with an attached snorkel tube, and walked down the stairs into the water. The water was a little chilly, and I was glad to have the partial wet suit. Ever since my back had been giving me trouble, I had been losing leg strength, so I merely floated on the top of the water with my face looking down. I paddled around for a while looking at all the fish and the interesting bottom formations, making sure that I didn't get very far away from the boat. The sky had started clouding up, blocking off some of the sunshine, so I eventually got cold and went back to the boat, climbed up and dried myself off. After everyone got back onto the boat, they told us of a sport called Snuba, which combined snorkeling with scuba diving. The difference was that the individual would still use a snorkel mask, but the snorkel tube was connected to an air supply on top of the water. That way people could go deeper, even to the bottom of the 15 foot depth of the water and get a better view of everything

around them and not have to hold their breath. Kathleen wanted to do that, but I didn't want to get wet again. I was finished with the water for the day. I paid the extra fee, and down she went with about half the tourists on the boat. She had a great experience doing that, and I was glad that she was happy.



Kathleen After Her Snuba Experience

The boat headed back to the dock slowly cruising to let us sight see the shore and other boats out on the water. They also fired up their grills and provided everyone a lunch which was part of the excursion fare. I was definitely ready for something to eat, as I am usually hungry after swimming. We walked back to the car and headed for a small town called Lahaina, which was between the docks and our hotel. We managed to find a nice parking lot near the downtown, and parked near the back of it where there was more room for me to maneuver the Escalade. We walked through the town looking for some souvenirs that we could take home with us, and I bought some Hawaiian shirts to take home for both me and my kids. Kathleen picked up a few things as well.

After touring Lahaina, we headed back to the hotel to clean up a little, and I got a text from the helicopter folks telling me that the next day's helicopter flights had been cancelled for weather. They said that they could accommodate us the following day if we wanted to do that. I certainly did, so we scheduled for the following day. Instead of the helicopter, we headed back to Lahaina. Amy had told us about a small eating place that she thought made the best hamburgers in the world. We tried finding it, but were having trouble. I finally took out my iPhone, went into the maps app, and pulled up the name and address of the eatery and asked for walking directions to get to it. As we got close, I finally saw a very small sign that indicated to head back

into a shopping area, and up some stairs. Voila! There it was, so we ordered our food, which we enjoyed in a lanai type of eating area which was one floor above the ground and open to the outside. We could hear and see birds flying around, and some of them were hopping around the floor looking for scraps. I fed some of them, and they weren't afraid of us, but still maintained their distance. It was fun interacting with the wildlife. We have been doing the same thing with three wild ducks who have been coming to our front yard every spring, and we have been feeding them. The momma duck finds a nice protected nesting place, lays her eggs, the after the ducklings are hatched and have aged somewhat, she leads them all to the park about a block away. She usually produces 12-15 ducklings, and if we see her when she takes off toward the park, we and the neighbors go out to the street and block cars to let the ducklings safely cross 1800 South, which can get pretty busy.



Momma Duck with all Her Ducklings Crossing the Street

Anyway, the hamburger and fries were good, but I don't totally agree that they are the best in the world. On our way back to the car, we saw a store that rented snorkeling by the day or the week, and Kathleen later mentioned to me that we should have rented snorkeling gear for the week and used it in the ocean behind the hotel, which borders the beach. If I had known earlier, I would have done that for her, but once a trip is enough for me. Salt water leaves a sticky feeling on my body, and every so often is OK, but I preferred the fresh water in the hotel pools.

The next day was our helicopter ride. We drove to Kahului and out to the airport on the helicopter side. We got our briefing with four other people, and ended up in the back seat. I put Kathleen at the window and I sat next to her – four of us in the back and two plus the pilot in the front. We all still had a great view. We toured the part of the island on the north east side, then headed off across the water to Molokai, went around that island and its plantations and into some of the mountain valleys with nice waterfalls. Coming back we flew past the hotels where we were staying, around the rest of the island, through some more valleys, and back to the airport. One of the passengers got sick, but each of us had a “barf” bag, and he was pretty quiet about it, so it didn’t bother the rest of us. It was a nice flight and showed us some nice views of the two islands, letting us know how rugged they were and how narrow and twisty the back roads were. I wouldn’t have minded the flight being a little shorter – once you have seen a couple valleys, they pretty much all look the same. All in all, I have to say it was a nice adventure.



Milt and Kathleen in the Helicopter – Maui 2018

We finished up our trip, took a later night plane, 11:00 PM, had a several hour layover in SEATAC, around 3-5 in the morning, then caught our plane back to Salt Lake getting home and looking for a nap to catch up on some sleep.

48 Kathleen's Brother Ray and Aunt Mary's 100th Birthday



A year and a half after Kathleen was born, her mother Marjorie and her husband Ray Jackson had a son whom they named Ray. A few years later, Ray and Marjorie divorced, and Ray left both kids with Marjorie. When Kathleen was around six years old, Ray arranged to pick up his son Ray for the summer. When the time came for returning his son, neither one were to be found anywhere. Marjorie did not have the resources to try and find them and had to just let her son go. Now we skip 60 years later to December 2015. Kathleen had been doing some family genealogy research and had left her name and email on one of her research sites. She got an email from a Ray Jackson who was starting to work on his family tree. He figured out pretty quickly that this was his sister which he hadn't been in contact with for the previous 60 years! Lo and behold, Kathleen and her brother Ray

were in contact again! There was major rejoicing on both sides! Ray lived in Flagstaff, Arizona. He invited us down to meet his wife Barbara, and we drove down to Flagstaff in January of 2016 where we met Ray, his wife Barbara, and their two very heavy cats Squeak and Chica (17-20+ pounds). Those reminded me of the phrase "Fat Cats"! Barbara was suffering from dementia and had trouble remembering us each time we went over during that trip. Ray gave us a tour of Flagstaff, and we had a great time with Kathleen and Ray reuniting and me meeting him.

Kathleen invited him to the house anytime he happened to be anywhere close. It wasn't long until he showed up on his Harley about six months later in the summer of 2016 during a trip he was taking, and stayed with us for a few days before heading out to complete his trip. Ray and Kathleen spent a lot of time catching up with each other while they shared memories of the things they had done as kids. Ray's dad was living in Aurora, Colorado and was having some age related medical issues. Not long after that, Ray's dad passed away. Kathleen's mom had passed away in her sleep on the 5th of May 2010. Ray was sad that he hadn't been able to go see her once again while she was alive.

Kathleen traveled to Flagstaff quite a few times with the drive being only a little over eight hours. The first time she drove down by herself was for Barbara's funeral, which they

considered a celebration of life. Ray has also come to Orem several times for visits. I stayed home when Kathleen went, sometimes for 2-3 weeks, to take care of our cats. Kathleen has made some good friends with some of Ray's family and some of his close acquaintances, and loves to go spend time with him.

Ray's very good friends Marsha and Rich, invited Ray to go on a cruise with them to the Caribbean in 2018. Ray accepted, and since the ticket was the same price for one or two passengers, Ray invited Kathleen to go on that cruise with him, and she accepted. They had a wonderful time while I again got to keep the home fires burning and the cats fed. I was having back problems and wouldn't have enjoyed that travel much at all, so I stayed home. Kathleen did bring me back a ball cap from their travels. That was nice because she knows that I like ball caps, and I wear one nearly every time I go outside to keep my nearly bald head from getting sun burned. It also helps keep the sun out of my eyes when I fly my model airplanes.

In April of 2019, Matt, Kathleen's oldest of two sons, was having some medical problems and was in the hospital in San Diego. Kathleen knew these were serious problems because they were caused by some kind of cancer. She planned to spend as much time as possible with him, so left near the end of April and spent all summer visiting him every day in the hospital, talking, playing card games, and reading to him. She was planning to

help take care of him when he came home. She came home for a week in the middle of July, and then drove back down to San Diego. She was staying with Matt's girlfriend of 20 years, and they had been talking about getting married once he came home from the hospital and recovered. The doctors were planning to do a stem cell therapy treatment, and performed that in May once they had a 100% compatible donor. Matt's body was in cycles – seeming to get better for a while, then regressing in the disease developing GVHD (Graft vs Host disease – a rejection of the stem cell therapy). In mid-August Matt's condition took a dive for the worse. Kathleen was there by his side when he passed away on the 25th of August, and she was totally devastated. Matt's brother Chris, had come down for a visit when he found out about Matt's decline, but he had to catch a plane home that Sunday morning, and he had already left for home in Salt Lake City when Matt passed away.



Kathleen with Her Younger son Chris

I flew to San Diego the following Wednesday when Kathleen had gotten all the arrangements taken care of, and we stayed at my daughter Amy's home that night in Murrieta, and drove back to Orem the next morning. Kathleen was having a terrible time dealing with Matt's passing, and it wasn't long before she took off to visit Ray to get into a different environment. Ray was always happy to have Kathleen visit since she was always good company. Kathleen returned in January - missing Christmas at home and New Year's. The kitties and I had a pretty quiet eight months in our home, but both the kitties and I loved Kathleen, and wanted to do what we could to help her cope, and this was

how we did that. Kathleen was trying to understand why God didn't answer her prayers and her sacrifices in Matt's behalf. The thing was, that he did answer her prayers, just not the way she had wanted them answered. God exhibits perfect wisdom in all things, and His decision was to free Matt from earthly cares and trials and bring peace to his soul in the Spirit World. When a mom has given a great deal of herself – both physically and mentally – in giving birth and raising a child, the result of one of them passing away much too early in our expectations is totally devastating. She is dealing better with it over two years later, but there is still a large hole in her heart over the situation. Only time and the healing power of Christ will slowly fill that hole, but never completely in mortality.

Ray has visited us several times and has even gone up to the cabin with us. We really enjoy having him, and it is a hoot when he and Kathleen put a picture puzzle together. He teases Kathleen, and she is not just one who takes it, but gives it back to him in spades. Ray was in construction and has been a building inspector for quite a while. Although he is retired, he still does a little work when needed. He has done some great work when Kathleen invites him up. He has put laminate flooring in three bathrooms, put up our Christmas lights when he came up for Thanksgiving in 2020, and Kathleen will ask him to do that again this year (2021) since I don't get up on the ladder anymore. He is

fun to have around. When he visits in the warmer months, he and Kathleen have gone golfing together, and they both like to take walks. As he gets a little older, he is having trouble finding things to keep him busy. I have been trying to interest him in model trains because he can do that in his garage in the winter, and he has a pretty good shop in the garage where he could do a very nice layout. Perhaps when he sees our new train around the Christmas tree this year, he might just get interested.

Unfortunately, both Squeak and Chica suffered some age and weight related sicknesses, and Ray had to have Squeak put to sleep last year, and Chica started suffering from arthritis and was not looking good at 22 years of age. Just this past week (November 2021) Kathleen flew down to Flagstaff to be a support for Ray as he took Chica to the vet to be put asleep. I think Ray, Kathleen, and I have some very soft spots in our hearts for animals. However, the vet looked at Chica and thought her face looked very alert and her eyes were clear. The vet finally offered to “adopt” Chica as a workplace cat and join another cat they kept at the office. Chica would get great care and have company around to keep her happy. That was a “no brainer” solution, and Chica still has some lease on life. Kathleen and I have had to put three pets to sleep in the last 7 years ourselves. Many of you have had the same sad experiences.



Ray at Work Putting down Laminate Flooring



Kathleen Very Pleased with Ray's Progress

Mary Louise Hepler Way 15 February 1920 — 11 June 2022

My Aunt Mary is my mom's sister, and during my growing up years, our family spent a lot of time, especially summer vacations, in DuBois where both my Mom and Aunt Mary were born, and where Mary has lived nearly all of her life. When my Mom died, we kids lived with Aunt Mary and Uncle Bill in Dubois for about eight months, finishing out my 8th grade school year. We developed an even closer bond at that time, especially with our cousins Joy and Steve. Mary and Bill became like a second mother and father to us, and Joy and Steve felt a lot like brother and sister, although we never fought like siblings. Bill passed away on the 2nd of April 2011, and Kathleen and I went to DuBois, Pennsylvania for his funeral.

The year Mary turned 95 she was having trouble driving, and didn't drive at night anymore. She turned her keys over to her children. Steve and Wendy lived in DuBois and have been taking exceptional care of her. Joy and Ron live in Vermont, and travel to DuBois perhaps every other month and holidays as well. Not long after giving up her keys, May went to a rest home. The first one wasn't doing a good job so Steve found a better one where she has been staying for a long time. We have managed to go visit about every two years because of our love for all of them. They have all accepted Kathleen very well, and Kathleen likes them also. Mary was born on 15th of February 1920, and she was turning 100 years old this year. She doesn't know why she is still

around. I tell her that Lord either hasn't finished polishing her in mortality or that she is still needed to polish us through her efforts and developing in all of us greater love for others. There was an old joke in the family, that Mary was sometimes called Queen Mary. Bill had been in the Navy and enjoyed all kinds of ships, and the Queen Mary was one of them. It was either that, or being named after royalty in Great Britain where her ancestors came from. Joy planned the party and finally chose the end of February, two weeks after her actual birthday, so that none of us had conflicts in attending.



Mary on the Right (29) circa 1950 in DuBois with Cousin Dave, Me, Joy, and Grandpa Hepler

Joy reserved a large room at the nursing home, Christ the King Manor in DuBois, and did a lot of the planning with the help of Steve and Wendy. We all showed up – all of her family, kids, grandkids, and great grandkids, plus us nephews and nieces. We had a grand time with cake and ice cream, some singing performances and other presentations. I found some large buttons about four inches in diameter, and printed on them was: “The Queen is 100”. I was able to present one to Mary, and we all got a kick out of it. Mary has always been somewhat feisty in a semi-hidden part of her personality, and when she wanted something during that weekend, she just referenced “The Queen needs some ice cream!” or something similar. We loved it. There were scrapbooks with hundreds of pictures of her life with all of us some place in the photographs as well. My brother Alan had his guitar with him and performed some nice songs. One of the granddaughter-in-laws is a performing singer, and she entertained royally.



Mary at 100th Birthday Party Feb 2020 – Back Left, Wendy (Steve's Wife), Joy (daughter), Steve (son)

Mary is Wearing her blue "The Queen is 100" Button on her Sweater

I had arranged to do an interview of Mary before the party started, and I was able to ask questions about her life and record her answers. My intention is to edit those and put them on CD, but that was nearly two years ago, and I haven't done it yet. I

need to get moving before I lose any of that. I did that with my dad, and it is a treasure to us kids. I have to say that we tired Mary out, but she was a real trooper and hung in there as long as she could. Her party finished up, we broke up but didn't leave town yet. Most of us stayed for a couple of days, some for longer than that, but Mary had a great 100th birthday, knew she was loved, and even got a letter from the governor of Pennsylvania congratulating her on her 100th year in Pennsylvania. She will be celebrating her 102nd birthday in three months from now in 2022. Her condition has deteriorated to where she can no longer get herself out of bed or up from a chair, and needs help from the nursing home staff to really do anything. She receives phone calls, but can't talk well or long and has hearing problems too. But she knows that all of us have a great love for her, as we all know of her great love for all of us.



Kathleen with Mary Just Before My Interview With Her

We were lucky that we got to celebrate her birthday when we did, as Covid-19 shutdowns became active about three weeks after we flew home. The nursing home restricted visitors from coming most of the time, although there have been a few time periods where visitors were allowed, and the nursing home also built a Plexiglas enclosure just outside the entrance doors which could be scheduled for visitors to come and visit with their relatives who lived in the nursing home. That was active for a while but I think it has been closed down. I write Mary and her family a weekly email letter, and her son Steve has been printing them out and reading them to her; however Mary's nurse assistant is

the only one who can read them now, as Steve isn't allowed in. Mary has been an outstanding example to us all of our lives and we honor and love her as much as we are able.

Honoring Mary Louise Hepler Way – My Aunt Mary

One day several years ago, I started pondering about the life of my wonderful Aunt Mary, my mother's sister. She has always been of significance in my life. As I did that, I recalled the story in the New Testament, Acts 3:1-10. Peter and John were going to the temple in Jerusalem. As they approached the gate into the temple, the gate called Beautiful, a man who was lame from birth, caught Peter's eye. Now it was the custom of the Jews to give alms to those who could not support themselves. It was also a custom to bar anyone from the temple who was blemished, such as the lame, the blind, and others. The lame man, who was 40 years old, had been asking alms while he sat at the temple entrance, having been carried there for the day. He asked alms of Peter. Peter told the lame man to look upon him and John. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Peter then took the man's hand, lifting him up immediately giving the man strength in his feet and ankle bones. The man, leaping up, ..." stood and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God."

Peter and John carried no money with them because the followers of Christ put all their monies into a central treasury and only took from that what they needed. Peter, knowing what would benefit the man the most, gave him of what he had. This was the first time in his life of 40 years that the lame man was able to go into the temple, which was the very center of Jewish life.

As Peter did, I have known Mary to give of what she had during her whole life. She didn't have silver and gold either, just as Peter didn't. She gave of her love, her character, her integrity, her empathy, her music, her artistic talent, and her nurturing heart. She taught me how to be polite and was an important example to me every time I was around her. She taught her children to be like her, and they have carried her example with them and shared their lives with others. She gave of what she had, and what she had was an abundance of love. She was always prim and proper as well and always reminded her husband Bill to use good language and stay away from immodest jokes. I have a great love for her in many things. If we could all follow her example of helping and serving others we would all be better people. When we see someone who is down, we could follow her example of providing a listening ear, a pat on the back, a cheerful story, or even providing a pie or warm home baked bread. We would all be better for it. I consider her my second

mother, following the passing of my mother when I was 13 years old. She and Bill took us in for about eight months, treating us as they treated their own children, while Dad got things settled, found a job back east – we had been living in Manhattan Beach, California, when Mom died. My sister Susie and brother Alan, as well as I bonded strongly with Mary, Bill, Joy and Steve our cousins who accepted us as brothers and sister. I have wonderful and very fond memories of those times spent together. She is now unable to care for herself, but her warm and loving family gives back to her much of what she gave to us, and we feel more the blessed to be able to do so. Mary has not much time left in this life (now 2021 and coming up on her 102nd birthday in three months), but we all want her to know how much we love her. She has been a highly favorable force in all of our lives. Mary, we love you.

Post Script: Our very loving Aunt Mary departed this world peacefully at 5:45 PM on Saturday, the 11th of June 2022. She is no longer with us, but we know that she is enjoying a great reunion with her loved ones who have passed on before her. These include her husband Bill, her brother Homer, her sister Virginia (my Mom), her parents, and many others. We are grateful that she has now been freed from the cares of this world and the infirmities of her mortal body, and can now kick up her

heels and begin to enjoy this next adventure in her life. We look forward to being in her loving presence once again when it is our turn to leave this earth. We still benefit from her influence in our lives and for her wonderful example. We all love you Mary, very much. Until we meet again, fair skies and gentle winds.



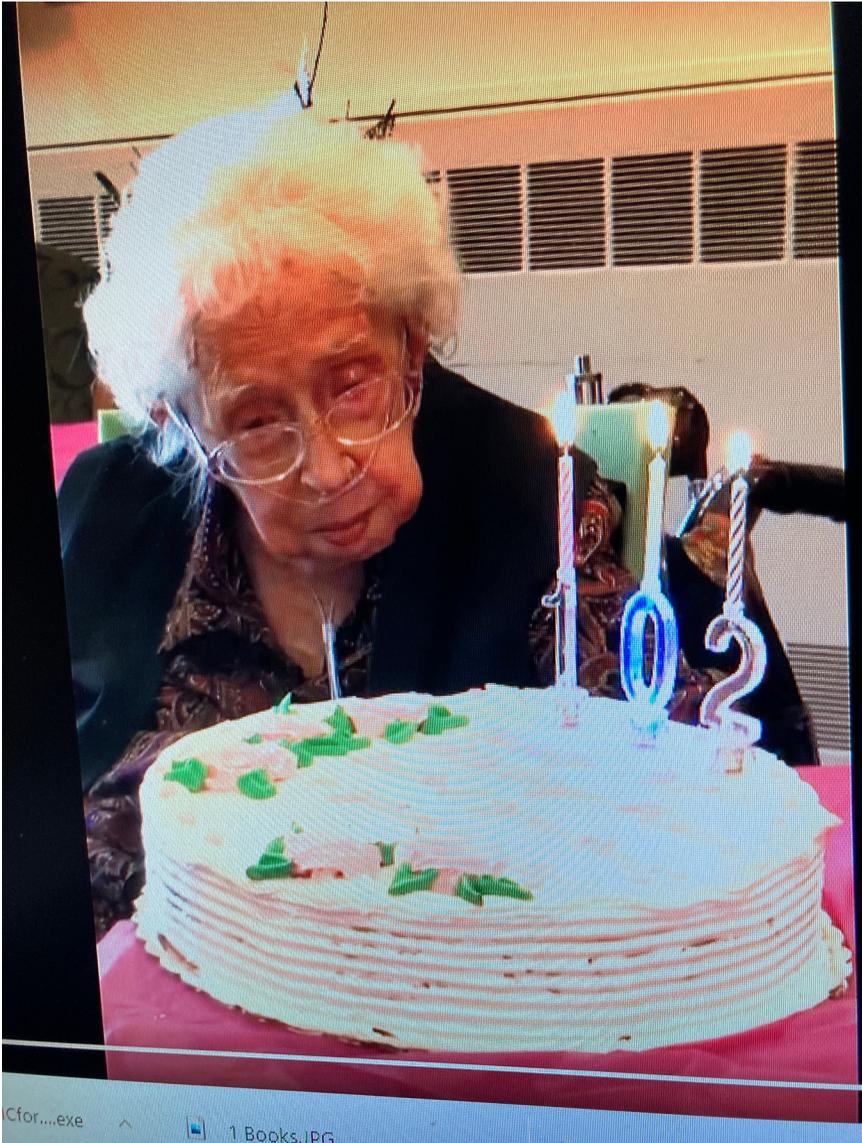
Mary, Virginia, and Homer circa 1920



Mary as a Young Woman



Mary circa 1978



15 February 2022 - On Her 102nd Birthday

49 Milt's Lifelong Love of Airplanes



As I look back on my entire life, I feel that I have always loved airplanes. My Dad was a pilot before I was born. He flew P-47 Thunderbolts in Europe during World War 2, and I remember him flying lots of different airplanes during my life. The first story that comes to my mind is one of where Dad would hang plastic model airplanes over my crib when I was an infant. So you see, airplanes were drilled into me from the very first. I didn't have a chance not to like airplanes. After WW 2, we moved to various places where we were close to Air Force Bases (well Army Air Corps bases until 1947), and I could see the different planes as they flew by. As soon as I could be trusted with sandpaper and a tube of model airplane glue, I received models that were just blocks of balsa wood semi shaped in a fuselage and wings. I sanded those, rounding the corners and the leading and trailing edges of the wings, fuselages and tail feathers and then gluing them together. A little later I was allowed some model airplane

paint which was called “dope”, which nomenclature is still used today even for full size private airplanes which are fabric covered. The dope, be it butyrate or nitrate based, is used to seal the fabric coverings to both keep it impervious to air flow and weather conditions which could cause rotting.

My first ride in a plane from my memory was when Dad rented a Stinson Voyager and flew the four of us – Mom, Dad, Susie, and me from Salt Lake City to Pennsylvania for summer vacation. I was disappointed that I had to sit in a back seat, but Mom’s place was next to Dad in the front, and I understood that, just didn’t like it. It was a long trip but I bet I enjoyed every minute of it.

My second trip, if I remember only sitting in the airplane, was in my Uncle Bill Lane’s J3 Piper Cub. He and my Aunt Flossie lived in a trailer out at the DuBois airport, and he had an old wooden hanger right next to the trailer. We would go visit, and I always wanted to see his plane. It only had one seat in the front for the pilot, and the controls were a long stick, similar to my fighter planes later in life. There were two seats side by side in the back, and I think Bill took Joy and me up once when I spent the summer in DuBois.

From the early solid balsa models, I graduated into the realm of “stick” models which had some bulkheads to define the shape of the fuselage, and many thin sticks of balsa (longerons) got glued

to the bulkheads. Then Japanese tissue paper was laid over the longerons and fastened in place with the butyrate dope, just where the paper touches the balsa. I would then spray the tissue paper with a water spray bottle, and the tissue would shrink all the wrinkles out when it dried. Then I would paint over all the tissue paper and it would stay tight when it dried. That still works today, although in most instances other methods are easier, stronger, and don't smell up the house or garage. These stick models were powered with a rubber band turning a plastic prop on the front. Most of the time these models would not fly well because I built fighter type airplanes, and they were not stable enough to go straight, but I still loved doing it.

The summer when I was nine years old, I was in DuBois again for the summer, and I started working in Uncle Bill's stationary store, Way's Office Supply, as he had a small section dedicated to trains and model airplanes including ones that used small engines running on model airplane fuel – a mixture of methanol, castor oil, and nitro methane. At the time we just called them gas airplanes, although that doesn't work today as we have model engines that run on gasoline as well as the nitro models. Anyway, Uncle Bill had a good friend who was a modeler, and who built Bill's HO train layouts for the store window at Christmas time. I got interested enough to buy a small \$1.95 model plane and a nitro engine (OK Cub .049). I started to build

my plane, but it was missing some parts, like the wing leading edge. I took it back to Uncle Bill, and he talked Bill Divins into finishing it up. It was such a simple plane, that it only took a day or two for Bill Divins to complete it. Uncle Bill gave it back to me a couple of days later and I was flabbergasted that it was totally built. I then acquired some fuel, a prop, and a battery to make the glow plug glow so the engine would start. Once the engine was started, we could remove the battery, and the engine would continue to run as the heat of the combustion would keep the glow plug hot enough to sustain combustion. My cousin Dave Hepler and I took quite a while figuring out how to start the engine, but once we figured it out, it was a piece of cake. We had to learn for ourselves because no one around us knew anything about models except Bill Divins, and he traveled a lot.

Dave and I both learned to fly by trial and error. My first flight went around 1 1/2 laps and I inadvertently let the plane skip off the ground breaking the prop. After that we went gangbusters on the playground at the elementary school half a block down the street from Aunt Mary's house. We spent hours down there just flying my plane around and around. One day we kept flying until dark, and all we could see was the glow of the exhaust from the cylinder head of the engine. It was enough to let us keep from crashing. That was my start into control line model flying.

While we lived in Salt Lake, Dad would take us occasionally to visit his sister, Winnifred Bowers. Aunt Winnifred had a large storage area in her attic and Susie and I would go searching through that attic looking for treasures. I found my treasure one day when I spied the fuselage of an old and pretty big free flight model. I badgered my Dad about it until he finally asked Winnifred if I could have it. It had belonged to one of her sons who had passed away before I ever met him. Aunt Winnifred said that I could have it, and I was in 7th heaven. When we got it home, I would tie a string on the fuselage, and whirl it around me like I was flying a big control line plane. It didn't have a wing, so essentially it was acting like a rock on a string. I didn't care. I don't remember what happened to it, but it was still cool.

Dad was in the process of building a stick model plane which would be a free flight. He kept it in the basement, and I would go look at it a lot. He had the structure complete, but it still needed covering. He had a McCoy .29 red head model engine that he was going to put in it. One day, one of the neighborhood kids only four years old, was down in the basement and saw Dad's plane. He was so intrigued with it, that he put his arms around it and gave it a big hug. The model simply crunched into many small pieces, and that was the end of that model. Both Dad and I were sad. I kept the engine in my collection until the mid-90's when I sold it off on eBay, 45 years later.

We moved to Boulder City, Nevada. Dad joined the local Civil Air Patrol unit so he could keep flying planes, in this case small light planes. One day he got me up early in the morning and took me in their L4 Grasshopper out over Lake Mead. A fisherman had been caught out on the lake when a storm came through, and he was missing. The CAP was called out to help in the search. Dad found the boat and he took me out and showed me where it was. The lake was very calm and I could see the entire boat. Only the bow was sticking out of the water, and the motor was holding the rest of the boat underwater. Another time Dad flew a Howard biplane, open cockpit into the Boulder City airport for someone. He took me up for a nice ride. A few days later, he took both Susie and I up for a ride. I loved having the wind blow through my hair. More ammo for loving flying.

We then moved to California (Manhattan Beach), and there my hobby really took off (pun intended). There were 10-20 guys who were flying .35 sized planes on the athletic fields at Mira Costa High School just down the street from where we lived. I would go watch them, then made some friends who taught me how to hand launch their planes, and I helped them out a lot. One day, one of the guys had a crash, and he gave me the airplane parts. I took everything home, and painstakingly glued them back together, with the little knowledge and skill that I had. I put Dad's McCoy in it, and I had also salvaged some flying lines

which had broken, and I tied the .018 metal lines together (really an impossible task to get anything reliable that way). When I was ready, I asked one the fliers to do a test flight for me. He looked things over, found a few things he didn't like, but we started up the McCoy and launched it into the air. It flew OK for a couple of laps then the engine quit, and he landed it. That got my heart pumping even more to get a good .35 size plane and engine. I finally saved up enough of my allowance as well as from my efforts in collecting soda pop bottles along Gould Lane to turn them in at the nearby grocery store, and I bought a Fox .35 for \$15.95, a Firecat plane for \$3.95 (a lot of guys were flying Firecats, so it was a no brainer decision), and a new set of lines. I built that plane, mounted the engine, and off I went to the high school on a Saturday. One of the fliers came out to the center of the circle with me, put his hand over mine on the control handle to help out, and we started the plane and launched it. It flew very well, and once it was in the air, I already had the reflexes to fly it from flying my smaller planes. I just needed to practice taking off from a hand launch a couple of times. I was then up and running with the big boys.

AS time progressed, I made good friends with the hobby shop owner, Jack O'Bleness, and when they would fly on other fields, he would pick me up in his small Nash Rambler, let me snuggle in with all the planes, and we would go flying. I was able to pick

up an old flying wing called the Half Fast for about \$4 and soon I was boring holes in the sky with a flying wing. Sometimes 4 or 5 of the fliers would go up in the same circle, and would fly their planes by walking around each other. I got brave enough to go out a couple times with a bunch of them, but being shorter than the adults, I would have to walk (or run) around the outside of the gaggle. The tall guys could pass someone by just holding their arm up high enough to go over the head of the guy they were passing. I couldn't do that. Yet, this was good practice for flying some combat a little while later. I didn't do well in combat because I wasn't very aggressive. I knew how long it took me to build a plane, and had only limited resources, so I flew conservatively.

One summer, the hobby shop owner put on a combat contest for us kids where we flew our smaller models. Jack had a son whom he taught to fly, and he built a rather speedy plane for him for the contest. I found a 1/2 A (that is what we called the smaller planes running the .049 engines) flying wing in a 1955 Model Airplane News magazine that I decided to build. The magazine had the full size plans, so it was not too difficult for me to construct it. I took it out on a fairly windy day because I needed to do a test flight before the contest that was coming up in just a few days. I got a good hand launch and decided that I would do figure 8's to stay on the downwind side of the circle. I started out

with my first figure 8 and ended up a little bit higher than where I started. The plane was flying really fast and I was pretty nervous because it was very maneuverable. Each figure 8 (that is a horizontal 8) was getting higher, and finally after the third one I just had to go completely around the circle. As I got upwind, the wind blew the plane toward me putting slack in the lines so I had no control, and the plane flew onto the grass, stopping the engine. It was still a successful flight.



1/2 A Streak – Flying Wing

On the contest day, we boys were paired off for the contest, pitting us against each other two at a time. We started the

contest, and the other kids were no more aggressive than I was. We were flying around the circle pulling crepe paper streamers. I was flying against little Jack, and before I knew it, he crashed his plane and was out of the contest. I flew against several other boys and they all managed to crash and break their planes. After a little bit, I was the only one with a flyable plane, so I came out the winner without cutting anyone's streamer. I don't think that I ever cut any crepe paper in any of the combat meets I had. It wasn't easy to cut a streamer! I still enjoyed it though.

Another day, Dad had the opportunity to take several adults up over Los Angeles in an Air Force C-45 twin engine plane. It was fascinating to see all the LA lights. This was another nail in the concept of loving flying and airplanes for my entire life. The main question in my mind was how could he tell where the airport lights were with all the millions of other lights? He did though. I didn't get into the cockpit because the adults had the priorities. One story of my life.

We finally moved out of California when my Mom died of spinal meningitis in October of 1957, and headed to DuBois for the next eight months. Bill Divins and I had become great friends, and his wife was jokingly talking about adopting me. That would have been fun. By this time Bill was getting into radio control which was in its infancy. The radios were expensive, used expensive dry batteries, and were not very reliable. One day my cousin Dave

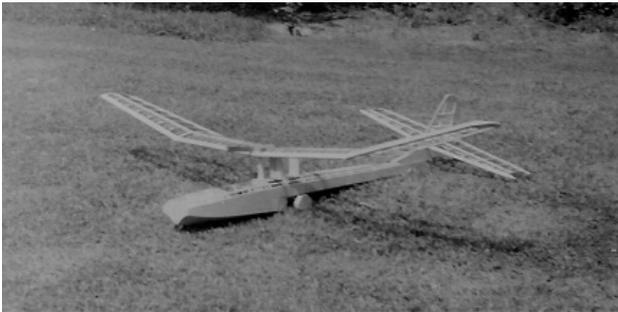
and I went out to Bill's house to help him find a plane that wouldn't take his control inputs shortly after launch. We walked around the woods where he had been flying it, looking mostly up into the many trees. We finally walked up to the group who were resting, and one of them pointed to the base of a power line pole. I looked and there was Bill's plane sitting on the ground with the wing separated from the fuselage. I felt kinda stupid in looking up high all the time when there it was lying on the ground! Still, I got interested then in radio control.

For the school science fair that spring, I built a radio controlled car using a receiver and transmitter that Bill loaned me. The car was about eight inches wide and perhaps 18 inches long. It won the junior high science fair and was displayed in a store window for a couple of weeks. The school sent me to the Penn State science fair which was staged at the university. Three days before the fair, the radio in the car was not working, and Bill was out of town on a trip. My Uncle Bill donated a newer radio system for me to use, but I couldn't read schematics on how to wire up the power. Bill took me to an electronics repair shop, and had the technician look at the schematics and hook everything up. Unfortunately, he didn't do it correctly, which left one battery on all the time. By the time we got to the science fair, the battery was dead, and there was nothing we could do about it. It was a nice science fair with all sorts of neat stuff, but I was simply

disappointed. I vowed to learn how to read schematics after that, which I did.

When Dad remarried that April, right after the school semester finished, we moved up to New Hartford, New York, and I started 9th grade. I built a couple of airplanes – one from model airplane plans, and the other from a kit – a Live Wire Kitten. Uncle Bill couldn't take back a used radio and sell it, so he just let me keep it. The radio worked with a simple signal on/off button. It controlled only the rudder, so the airplane had to be balanced and trimmed to fly along steadily by itself. I had never gotten to that stage with free flight models, so I didn't have it trimmed well. I never got it to fly well under my control. The other plane I built was just a start the engine, and launch, letting it fly where it wanted to go, and I simply had to chase it. It did fly several times, but it wasn't much fun just chasing it. The engine ran until it used up all the fuel. I did enter my RC car in the 9th grade science fair in New Hartford, and I had it working. One of the judges asked me if it was tuned by capacitance or resistance. I was a little taken back, and just said I didn't know. When I thought about it later, it was really a no brainer question because I knew I tuned it by adjusting a variable inductor. Going from 8th grade to 9th grade made a big difference in what I was expected to know. The judge wasn't impressed.

We then moved to Virginia and I took my model stuff with me. I wasn't near as active in my modelling in Virginia, but I did some building and a little flying. I couldn't find a group of guys who liked to do that. I built a Sea Cat flying boat with a 68 inch wingspan. It was a tough build because I had to curve the balsa on the hull to look like a boat hull. I got it all framed out, but never got it covered or a radio installed. I had to leave it at home when I headed out to the Air Force Academy, and by the time I got back, the family had moved and a lot of my stuff didn't make the move. I did have a very good friend in high school who I talked into building a small model and learning to fly it. We went out flying several times with our smaller models. I still had some of my larger control line models and I flew those a little bit, but at that age and the business of high school and being in concert band and marching band, plus the chess club, there wasn't a lot of time for model airplanes. The hobby was put on hold, but not out to pasture.



Sea Cat RC Model

I finally got my Live Wire Kitten RC plane out to the academy probably in my senior year. The model club was given a few receivers for us to check out and use and I put one of those in my Kitten. It still wasn't trimmed. I took it out to the athletic fields one Saturday, wound up the rubber band escapement that controlled the rudder, fired up the engine, and tossed it into the sky. It wanted to go any way it pleased. I was trying to control it, but just exacerbated its wild flying. While I was playing with the controls, the plane managed to fly under a set of goal posts. The engine finally ran out of fuel, and I was able to recover it and put it up on the shelf.

In my years at the academy, I built a Sterling profile P-51 mustang, along with a Flite Streak that I used for flying combat at some half times at home football games. We did have an active group there and we mostly flew control line, while having a great time doing it. We were after all, Air Force Academy cadets headed toward jet flying assignments eventually. One of my classmates, Ivan Munninghoff, brought a multi-channel airplane and radio from home one summer. He could perform a lot of maneuvers with additional controls available to him. He let me fly it one day after he got it up pretty high. I was flying it around and decided that I wanted to do a Split-S maneuver, which involves rolling inverted and pulling through to level flight as in the last half of a loop. I supposed I should have told him what I was going to do. I

rolled upside down and started to pull through when he panicked and grabbed the transmitter from me. He then brought it in for a landing. I never got to fly that plane again

While we were flying combat at home football games during the half time, we got pretty wild in some of our maneuvers. On one flight, I was above the other plane and I dove for his streamer. I didn't get his streamer, but hit his plane instead breaking his fuselage just behind the wing. His plane came down rather quickly. When I landed I found all the covering panels on both wings had popped. I just don't know how it flew that way. I didn't even know the panels were shredded. Usually when we flew, the cadets would get boisterous chanting something like, "Hit 'em again harder, harder!" They wanted to see some crashes, although we would rather preserve our planes.



My Flite Streak from 1967 – Just like the ones I flew during Half Time

After the Academy, I was in pilot training. We did find some time to fly models, and that is when I built the one in the picture above. I still have it today and I have flown it several times. I have had to recover the wings which are covered with nylon fabric and model airplane dope. Flite Streaks fly very well. In pilot training I also scratch built a small Fokker D-7 control line biplane and painted it red in German colors. It flew OK but didn't like to stunt.

When I went to Vietnam, I mentioned in a previous chapter that I found a flying model in a closet. I put it back into flying shape and flew it once outside our quarters. The elevator stuck and would not go up. It was not very high, and I couldn't give it some down then try to free it to go up. Flying that once was enough and it went back into the closet.

My next assignment was as a T-38 instructor. One of the instructors in G Flight flew radio control models. I built a trainer airplane, and also built my radio equipment from a Heath Kit. He taught me how to fly radio control, although it didn't take him very long, as I had been flying models for quite some time, and I knew the aerodynamics of planes. I built quite a few planes during my four years as an instructor, spent some time as the local model club president, and followed through on getting us permission to fly on the parking apron of the outside runway on Saturday mornings before the field opened. During field open times, we went about a half hour north to an open field that the Air Force either leased or owned for training purposes. In Oklahoma, the wind almost always blew, so we got some great practice flying in winds. It was never that much fun to fly in the wind, but we just were not going to let that stop us.

In Ohio, I joined a model club who was having airplane races. I built a few planes to race with them and had a good time. This was when I was going to AFIT grad school, and Charlie Bair and I

were developing an RPRV model for our thesis project as well as our own project for an acrobatic canard, the Zonker 40.



Milt with the Zonker 46 MK 2 and the Zonker 40 MK1

When we moved to Louisiana, I didn't stop working with models. A good friend of mine and fellow A-7 pilot helped me design a 1/2 A pylon racer we called the Undertaker. It flew really well. I wrote up a magazine article for it and got the design published in Radio Control Modeler magazine. I spent a tour in Korea where several of us assigned to Camp Red Cloud flew radio control models. I was recruited by the Army to fly some large flying wings used for shooting practice at an Army range on the coast of South Korea.

It was kind of fun to fly as smoothly as we could presenting as smooth a target as we could for the ground guys. These planes were pretty difficult to hit, but they did shoot down a couple of the flying wings. In fact one bullet took off the head of the K&B .61 engine that was pulling my small aircraft around. I was able to glide it back to the shore. The radios were pretty cheap expendable ones, and sometimes the planes would just lose the radio link, then it would pretty much just crash out in the water. I brought one back with several holes in the foam wings that I didn't know about until I landed it. Once any salt water got into the radio receiver, even if we rinsed it off in fresh water right away, it would no longer work. That was an exciting three days.

We finally got to my last assignment at Fort Stewart, Georgia. I didn't have much time to spend with models, but without a garage, I had no place to work on them either. I did get connected with the Army Sergeant who was in charge of the target drone shop, managing the same models that I flew as targets in Korea. The Army also had a new target model which was a large foam model designed as a MIG 27. They weren't actively using them yet, but I did fly some of the older targets a couple of times on the Army range at Ft, Stewart.

Then came our move to Utah where my modeling sprouted even more. I did find that modeling filled in for my assignments where I was not flying the real jets, and I could still get nearly

the same thrill without the danger or deep digging into the aircraft manuals. When I crashed a model, it didn't physically hurt me, just the ego and the pocketbook. Since I was now out of the Air Force, I needed to expand to satisfy my flying desires. I joined the local club, which had a new paved field. I built some pylon racers and joined the racing group. I ran a lot of the fun flies that were fun to compete in with only a little skill or a lot of skill, but usually more luck than anything else. I became the newsletter editor one year, which turned out to be a lot of work, since few club members provided articles or other input, and I had to track down the club president each month for his article on the front page. The club held some flying off Utah Lake with pontoons on the planes, and I ended up purchasing a used 72 inch Piper Cub with floats that flew off the water really well. At least on the lake, you always have a nice big runway to take off and land on.

I was tempted into learning to fly model helicopters, which I found required a much different and unique skill than flying the fixed wing planes that I had flown since age 9. I did learn to fly them, even enough to do an occasional loop. When our helicopter guru stopped flying with us, I lost some interest and sold my helicopters. I did drop out of modeling for about 8 years when we started building our cabin, but I didn't throw anything away. When Kay got sick and passed away of cancer in 2008, I totally

lost interest in my models and told the kids they could take anything they wanted of my modeling stuff. A couple of my kids took a few planes but left most of them. About a year after I married Kathleen and retired, I got a little interest coming back to me. I guess retirement can do that when not a lot of things that you used to have to do, are no longer there. I bought a small simple park flyer called a Slow Stick, an electric model, and started flying it a couple times a week in the our nearby park. I had to purchase new up to date radio equipment because the technology changed a lot in those eight years. One afternoon, I made a definite mistake: I drove out to the flying field in Lehi, and walked around the nice flying field that we had there. All the memories, the smell of nitro engine fuel, the excitement of racing and just boring holes in the sky – all came back to me and I was hooked again. I started adding to my model fleet; I joined the local club again; got any airplanes still hanging in the old garage; and got back into the swing of things. Gasoline engines were something new, and my brother Alan was heavy into them. He got me interested enough to start flying some gassers. Batteries had come a very long way as well as radios, and the new lithium polymer batteries with nice high density storage were powering electric models to an extent that we had never imagined. So I jumped into both electric and gasoline without discarding the older nitro engines. I also got into 4-stroke engines which were new to me, and I have been having a ball for

the last 13 years. I have served as assistant treasurer for the club, and have had that for the last four years as well as keeping a club membership roster that we never had before. This coming year, 2022, I will run for Treasurer, since our current treasurer has had that position for at least 34 years, has no computer or Internet link, and our bank is totally using Internet banking. He is also in his 90's and hasn't flown at all this last year, nor have I seen him at our club meetings. Essentially I am already doing his job. We recently found out that his sons have moved him into an assisted living facility, and that he is no longer able to fly. I have also been scheduling many of our flying events including our lake flying off water, and found a new location for us that has an excellent beach. (Post Script: I am now the club treasurer)

I got dragged into electric pylon racing with a group of 20-25 racers, but they started dropping out, and suddenly we didn't have sufficient members to conduct races. I started a new racing event that was just coming out called Electric Formula One or EF1. I ran those races for several years, until someone else wanted to take over, but that made things easier for me as Kathleen and I were called on a full time mission. The guy who took over EF1 from me, dropped the ball, and there are no more EF1 races in the area. My son Chad found a nice "garage" type rental of 1500 square feet where I now keep and work on all my models. Our garage at home is just not big enough even if both

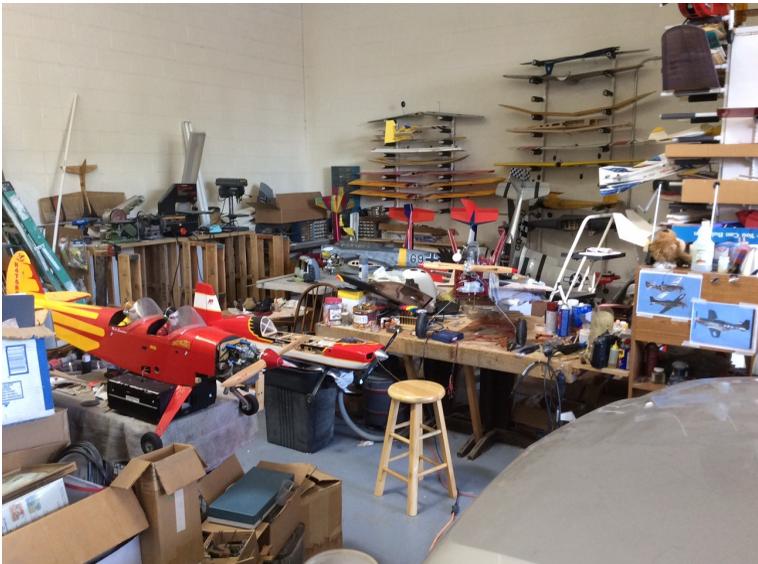
cars stayed outside. I have more models than I know what do with, and I have recently sold two models, and have another one up for sale, with more soon to be added. The question is no longer do I have something to fly; it is what do I want to go fly today. I'm loving it, but I have started spending fewer hours a day at the "hangar", although I now feed a colony of stray and feral cats and have to go to the hangar every day anyway. I was up to 14 cats until a few months ago the guys in the other five garages were told to clean up the parking lot that was filled with cars to repair. When they did that, a lot of my cats moved out. I now average about 6-7 a day, but occasionally I feed 9. I have a momma Siamese and one of her kittens and one other gray cat who will come into the hangar office where I feed them wet food. Every other cat is too skittish to do that, but I do have two outside who don't want to come in, but will come up to me to get some pets.

Life is good; flying is good; the club members are nice; I have a place for my numerous planes of which some of them are really nice. However, I am getting older; I have to sit on a stool and fly because of my balance; and I don't feel quite as competent to fly like I used to. That will or has happened to all of us. Enjoy life while you can.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Picture of Part of My Hanger



More of my Hangar

50 Milt's Poems



From a high school English class assignment to write a poem, I started to get interested in expressing some ideas through poetry. Although I didn't get a wonderful grade on my first poem in English class, I would occasionally write something that would rhyme as an experience moved me. I found that most of my poems were generated from an emotional response to something. I have tried writing a poem just to write one, and that process never worked. In my high school chapters and my Air Force Academy chapters I included a few poems, so I will try to leave those out of this chapter and sort of concentrate on the rest.

Also in this book, the publisher gives me very limited formatting options, and I find myself somewhat limited in the presentations, but so be it. If you don't like amateur poetry, then you can skip this chapter without loss of my life's experiences, but if you choose to read these, use the word pictures to reflect

back on your own life and relive some of your own experiences that my words may engender. You will notice that some of my poems have decent rhyme, but others are more word pictures, so just take them for what they appear to be.

As I read through and reflect and ponder on my poems once again, many of the wonderful emotions return to me which were the impetus of my writing, and I am again indebted to my wonderful kids (all adults now) who provided me with the impetus to write my personal history of my walk in mortality. I have two more chapters to finish, and I am already well over 1000 pages in detailing parts of my life. I hope that this may be a beacon to all of them, as well as other family members and others who may take the time to read of my experiences. I appreciate and love all of you, and I hope that you will find some things that may impress your lives to help you to be a little better, a little more mindful of those around you, and harbor all of God's blessings in your hearts. So read on and enjoy my emotions and feelings from my point of view of my world over the last 78 years. I am not done yet, but have some "miles to go before I sleep."

The first poem here relates to awakening of forgotten feelings as I attended my high school class's 35th reunion, in 1997 (the first and only reunion I went to). It reflects some of my own feelings as a youth, and some of the feelings of others whom I have not

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022

seen for a long time. It also mentions some of my feelings that came back very forcefully from those years, only to be shunted again into the fleeting mists of time, forgotten again as life once more intervened.

The Mists of My Mind

by Milt Sanders Class of 62

*The mists swirl,
A vision comes,
Fading in and out --
A reaching hand --
A smiling face
In the mists of my mind.*

*The tumbling haze
Reveals a scene
Filled with love,
Warmth and music.
A soft touch
In the mists of my mind.*

*So many years,
So many faces,
So many tears,
So many traces
Of my love
In the mists of my mind.*

*A short message,
A sweet hello,
A "Good to see you
Again."
A soft hug
In the mists of my mind.*

*A photograph,
A jukebox playing,
Dancing around
In my arms again,
Softly touching
In the mists of my mind.*

*Gentle words,
Memories shared,
Guilt cast off.
Mirror of my soul
Hello again,
In the mists of my mind.*

*Tears of joy,
A friend found.
Embers glow,
A heart touched;
A lingering kiss
In the mists of my mind.*

*Soft winds blow,
The vision fades.
Memory pales
In summer light.
Days that are no more
In the mists of my mind.*

Dedicated to the Hammond High School Class of 62 following the 35th Reunion

This next poem just came to me one day as I was sitting in the waiting room of Discount Tire in Orem, Utah as I was getting new tires. It was fall and I could see the mountains with leaves starting to turn as winter was approaching. I was pondering upon life and all of its many events when I just started writing on a pad that I had with me. I ended up dedicating this to my mother-in-law Shirley Giles Gerber, and displayed this at her funeral several years later.

A Touch of Autumn

Milt Sanders

*Lovely autumn colors
Sparkle red, yellow, orange
In the noonday brightness
Of October sunlight.
Leaves resplendent in their
Brilliant suits of Fall Glory.*

*Lone souls revel
In their quiet walks
Thru woods in bright dress
Announcing maturity and love,
As they give their all
In quiet moments
Reaching to eternity.*

*Reflections of Springtime,
Of radiant shoots of green
And energetic bursts of growth,
Of new love and life
And radiant young hopes,
Linger as fading memories.*

*Full, vibrant growth,
Taking Nature's nurturing elements
And feeding the trunk,
Enlarging circles of growth
And replenishing chips of bark
And branch damaged in life's process.*

*Strength meets challenge,
Twists and turns of branch
To thrust the leaves of life
Towards life giving rays
Of sun, and thirst quenching drops
Of Nature's life blood.*

*And having given their best,
In one last flash of glory,
Announcing to All
Their gifts of life and love,
Maturity shines bright,
Then passes on to fade from sight.*

*Yet even in their dying
They nourish the new
Life coming forth in Spring,
And pass on the heritage
Their mighty struggle brought forth;
As love flourishes in life, in death.*



One thing you may note is that the second verse has seven lines while all the rest have only six. This was done on purpose to indicate that eternity lasts longer than mortality. The entire poem is but a metaphor of our own lives. Also in verse six, the word "All" is capitalized as a subtle reflection to God, who is our Creator.

In this next poem, I was visiting a high school friend while I was on a business trip installing a computer in a library not far from her home. Her granddaughter was visiting, and was a very cute 14 month old. She was fascinated with some of the knickknacks that her grandma had. She then needed to go down for a nap, which she didn't want to do. After that, she was outside in her stocking feet, and was watching her grandpa painting up on a ladder. She looked up so high, that she fell down on her bottom. In the picture of her she had both hands on my knees studying who this stranger was visiting in her grandma's home. She moved my emotions causing me to write this narrative poem. Grandma's dog was named Nestle.

BRIDGET

Pit, pat, pit, pat,
Slow but firm
Footsteps down the hall.
Peek-a-boo!
Around the corner
Big brown eyes gaze.

Who's there?
Grandma, Grandpa,
Furry dog Nestlee,
Some stranger
With white hair
But yummy smile.

They're all OK,
So I come in.
Explore the room –
No, Nestlee,
You're bigger than me.
Lie down, good doggie.

Ah, cupboard doors
Just pull open,
But such small shelves;
Grandma must have
Some very small
Pots and pans.

Look at Grandpa
Paint the eaves.
Up, up the tall ladder
I look up high,
Oooooooh! Too high,
I fall on my behind and more.

Grandpa asks Bridget,
"Want to Sleep?"
I know what that means,
Shake my brown curls no!
"Want some crackers good to eat?"
Grandpa Dave knows what I like,
I smile and bob my chin.

No! Don't put me
In the crib, Grandma.
Pick me up
And let me watch.
My eyelids droopy down,
Last I see is Grandma's smile.

Now, up again
A world to explore,
Walk with Grandpa and
Get leaves on socks,
Nestlee jumps for food to eat,
Wave goodbye to the red car.

I like to come to Grandma's,
Good smells in the kitchen,
Warmth and love all round
Make me feel good.
Grandpa holds me on his knee,
But tiny pans still mystery.

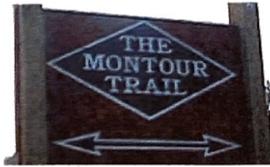


Bridget Menown 14 months
13 October 1997

During a visit to Pittsburgh, I found out about a series of trails called Rail Trails. These used to be narrow gage trains that carried coal from many coal mines to a more central collection

area which was adjacent to the standard rail freight lines that would transport the coal to major distribution points. When the mines closed, the rails were removed, and later communities and other organizations made the abandoned right of ways into walking, jogging, and bike trails. The plan is to connect them from Pennsylvania to the Washington D.C. area. I did some jogging exercise, which I always tried to do during my business trips, and found the trails to wind through very beautiful country sides. I decided that I just needed to write a poem about them.

Rail Trailing



*The gorgeous leaves break out their dress,
October's crisp rolls in.
Engine chugs drift thru the years
With coal that once had been.*

*The narrow tracks which once had sat
Between the trees so tall,
Have been removed and melted down
No whistle more to call.*

*The gentle grade, the gravel gray,
Each creek by bridge is spanned,
The crossing ways, the fences aged,
The cars and trucks are banned.*

*Footsteps pound the right of way
And wheels rolling round,
Much traffic sees the light of day
As people cross that ground.*



*With cart or bike and sneaker too,
The travelers pass the trail,
Beauteous nature smuggles through
As joggers pause to hail.*

*Friendly "Hi's" and courteous waves,
The wonders there to share,
The young, the old, and those who brave,
Let Nature burdens bear.*

*The trail quiet soon is bent
From Dawn's first gleaming ray
To setting sun's most golden glow
that ends the sounds of day.*



*The people pour without a thought
To feel the pull and thrill
Of Nature's famous calling cards,
O'er path and creek and rill.*

*Though peaceful Park and glorious still,
Path stretches near and far;
Takes work and pain and thoughtfulness
For Nature not to mar.*

*Enjoy the trail of many works
That others do provide;
Reign your thoughts and consciousness,
And in your joy reside.*

Milt Sanders 13 Oct 1997

While I was on a business trip to Del Rio, Texas, I went out jogging again and was impressed by the scenes that I jogged past. The countryside looks pretty barren and dry, but there were

some signs that some hardy vegetation was surviving as well as hardy people living there. It was another emotional impression that I felt I needed to capture. You will also note that this is a word picture poem and not a rhyming one.

A Jog In The Del Rio Desert
Milt Sanders

*The sun lags in the west,
Work is far gone for the day;
The jogging togs get pulled on
And the feet head east from town.*

*As Ramada fades in the distance,
The sneakers pick up a steady pace
Down the dirt road past ranches,
And breathing settles into rhythm.*



*Fresh desert smells tickle my nose;
Yellow flowers poke up from parched soil,
With the bushes unusually green
From last week's uncommon desert rain.*

*Hoof prints stuck in baked mud
Tell another story in this land
Of hard dirt and worn rock as my ears
Hear spits of gravel crunch underfoot.*

*I Weave down the road to skirt
The larger rocks and erosion pits,
Two breaths in, two out,
Alternating mouth and nose.*

*Heavier breathing ascending small
Inclines, steadies going down
As scattered birds perch
Or take to wing.*

*A discarded snake skin
Urges me towards road center.
Neither hare nor turtle,
The steady pounding feels good.*

*Desert atmosphere soaks in pores.
Not sterile but full of life;
Neither Eden, yet old windmill
Speaks of hardy souls.*

*The air is still and crisp,
80 at noon, 60 at night;
It glides across glistening skin as
Town reappears in sight.*

*Pulse halfway is good at 150,
But at finish pumps only 138.
Seems this body anticipating
Is sluffing on the way back.*

*Another adventure closes too soon;
Hot jacuzzi bubbles soothe the leg
And back muscles while iced
Soda tickles the tummy.*



My folks lived in a corner, top floor apartment at 4500 Connecticut Avenue NW in Washington, D.C. for a number of years. It was comfortable and well known to me from many visits. One day the owners decided to sell that apartment and my folks had to move out. I was feeling a little sad that they had to move and leave that home they had enjoyed for many years. I envisioned what they were going through and threaded that with the memories of my own visits there, and wrote another poem about their leaving. They found another apartment a little further up Connecticut Avenue, but it was never the same.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022

Good Bye Old Friends

Milton R. Sanders

The boxes piled high,
Papers strewn across the floor;
Knick-knacks, models, scattered
On the table near the door.

Large and open trash cans
Anticipate the stuffing,
While tender hands sort through
In hopes of leaving nothing.

The half-packed rumpled linens
See naked pillows tossed
To cushion fragile models,
Ensure that nothing's lost.

His books are piled askew
With old important papers,
To keep the memories new
Of recorded ancient capers.

The walls with faded squares,
Where airplane pictures hung,
Depicting former battles
And their heroes once unsung.

The carpets have been rolled,
The furniture pushed aside;
The movers' heavy tread
Leaves dust nowhere to hide.

The old and friendly rooms,
Fond haunts which were well-known;
The sad-faced doorways bare,
Where laughter once had flown.

Apartments seem to know
When longtime friends depart;
There is no coming back,
There is no change of heart.

With all the boxes gone,
The furniture removed,
In single, silent emptiness
Gone sounds that once were loved.

No more the Battle of Britain
Rumbles through the hall,
No more the Croix de Guerre,
Hanging on the wall.

No more cards from Norway,
Or letters bent from France;
No more stamps from England
Or sounds of La mieuux chance.

Yet the warmth, the love;
The tender care and caring,
Has left its mark upon the spot
Through echoes lonely ringing.

Though occupants no longer speak,
Their laughter never heard,
The ambiance will never clear
Of love that oft has stirred.



4500 Connecticut Ave, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

All of us have very good close friends from years ago with whom we have lost track, and only have some buried memories of exciting and sometimes enchanted adventures which we shared

with them. Then a chance encounter, or an email or letter or phone call will reestablish the relationship nearly out of nothing! The memories will come back; the closeness is there just as if it had never faded away. This poem relates to those friendships and feelings and is also a word picture.

EMBERS

Milton R. Sanders

The fire burns brightly as
Flames lick the night sky,
Drowning the misty starlight,
Dancing sprightly in turmoil.

Twigs and dry branches crackle like
Crinkled paper as they burst into
Light and spread greedy flames
To larger logs waiting their turn.

Sparks fly high on heated drafts;
Up, up into the darkness
Proclaiming their brilliant glory,
Yet dying quickly to ash.



The Watcher stares into the flames,
Mesmerized by the energies of elements
Combining and acting their roles
In the great circle of life.

The play slowly dies in the darkness,
Energy spent, atoms scattered to the winds;
White ashes, cooling but keeping the
Lower layers insulated against change.



The dead fire lays in silence;
Showing only gray flake
As inheritance to light and heat,
Awaiting its discard to nature.

Yet, even with the passing of time,
Carefully protected embers glow,
Waiting for a time of need or just chance
To provide conditions of creation again.

Steady, dependable, waiting;
With power to kindle afresh,
Warmth and light and love to
Old friendships that never die.

The flames burn deep and nourish
The embers of friendship and love
That wait to serve and light the life
Of a friend in need; a friend in deed.

And each of us in turn can find
The embers within we hold and hoard,
The ones we cherish and sometime
Waff and feed to nourish mankind.

The next poem exemplifies that we as mortals without perfect physical and spiritual eyesight, can often misinterpret our reading of others. Sight, like ripples on a lake, does not always give us clear images, especially if we are not talented with skills such as body language expertise and knowledge of a person's character. "Ripples in the Water" tells of an experience which involves misunderstandings, yet these same ripples in the end let us press onward with a better understanding of the reality of a situation. A friend of mine at Dynix where I worked, put this to music, but he had to change some of the lines and use the last stanza as a chorus, but it never had the same feelings and connotations as the poem itself, although I appreciated his efforts.

Ripples In The Water

Milton R. Sanders

*When I glance at lakes so smooth and clear,
Reflections from the sky dance in my eyes
And light the sense of my understanding.
Yet ripples in the water break it free.*

*Glassy waters draw us quickly to their shore
To skip a rock, or dip a toe, or more.
We feel the pull of tender life's feelings,
And ripples in the water let it be.*

*The glance from one so fair across the room
Reflect desire to be known as well.
Perceptions, fleeting moments in the clear,
But ripples in the water help me see.*

*Friendship, love of life and others;
Without the ripples stagnate often
When what we see is not the truth,
While ripples in the water talk to me.*

*Adversity and challenge cause ripples
Which cloud the scene of life and love,
But often when the weather clears,
The ripples in the water sing to me.*

*Tis hard to see the light before the dawn,
Tis hard to feel the love that's not returned.
Tis hard to see so clearly in another's eyes,
Yet ripples in the water let us be.*



Canandaigua Lake, New York

On Easter morning after arising early, my heart was struck with an outpouring of love for my life's companion. Looking away from every-day chores and the grind of life, I could see beyond

the mortal covering of my wife and look into her soul at her goodness, her love, her caring, and her service to others – which I had observed for over 30 years.

I realized that the humdrum of daily life hides many of the pure things we feel and want to do. I wondered where the time goes in our busy lives, time needed to share inner feelings and develop a closer relationship, one which helps each other through our trials and points us towards true priorities and an eternal perspective. I felt that if I were an angel, removed from many of the vicissitudes of life, I could see more clearly, love more clearly, and share more clearly the purity of my wife's perspective and motivations. As I looked at her with an eternal viewpoint, I realized that we probably knew each other before we were born on this Earth and probably shared thoughts and plans which were hidden by the veil of forgetfulness when we were born. We know that our goal is to return to heavenly Father as a Celestial family and share that relationship forever. I wanted to share my feelings with my wife, especially on Easter morning when we look with awe and wonder at the sacrifice, atonement, and opening of the doors to Eternal Life by our Savior.

Would That I Were An Angel

Milton R. Sanders

*Would that I were an angel
With wings to fly so sweet
To sprinkle petals of the rose
Upon your angel feet.*

*Would that I were an angel
To see within your tender heart
To feel the grace and warmth of feelings,
To share your healer's art.*

*Would that I were an angel
To see through eyes so holy,
The tender acts, the wounded souls,
Compassion spread round freely.*

*Would that I were an angel
To feel within your Spirit's call,
Your welcome hands and open heart
The pure thoughts there for all.*

*Would that I were an angel
When your busy day is through,
That I could fly away and soar the sky,
And share my dreams with you.*

*Would that I were an angel
With heart as big as yours,
We'd reach to all the troubled souls
And spend our loving hours.*

*Yet we were angels once, together,
We came to Earth to meet,
We'll soar once more in heav'nly skies,
To share Celestial seat.*

To my sweet wife on Easter Morning, April 1999

I wrote this next poem for a good friend whose husband had a terminal cancer. They were just going to spend as much time together as they could, enjoying that time as much as possible. I

felt really bad for them and wanted a way to express my feelings to them while conveying the thoughts that they could be together again when conditions permitted.

I got an email from my friend which reads in part: "I haven't been on the computer because Dave was in the hospital with internal bleeding – he had been getting very weak and we had been ignoring the progression of it. He is home again and feeling somewhat better because of the blood transfusions and fluids he got, but the CT scan shows tumor growth in his stomach. It has been a hard week. We can't deny the seriousness of his illness anymore as we had been all summer. It's our time now for watching the lake together." 4 December 1999

Remember Me There

Milton R. Sanders

*We fell in love with the house on the lake,
We made it a cottage so fair,
We settled right in, the duster did shake,
But soon you'll be going up there.*

*We floated the boat at the end of the dock,
Bought furniture, put out a chair,
We felt the winds blow and watched the ducks flock,
But soon you'll be going up there.*

*The fig tree came with us, we planted it well,
And Nestle went scouting for lair;
We watched our red sunset, too gorgeous to tell,
But soon you'll be going up there.*

*The carpenters entered and took out the nook,
Raised sawdust and hammered with flair;
And now we are sitting enjoying a book,
But soon you'll be going up there.*

*The sunset, the trees; the wind and the rain,
The snow and the heat, and spring air;
The joys and the sorrows, the pleasure and pain,
But soon you'll be going up there.*

*Remember me now, the moments we share,
The glimpses of life, my brown hair,
The love that we have, the burdens we bear,
But always, remember me there.*

For Nancy and Dave, their joys and their trials — Our lives are better for having known them.

As I was sort of dreaming one evening, I let my mind wander, and I wrote this poem while in a romantic mood, perhaps wanting to have a closer relationship. Let it speak for itself.

Come Dream With Me

Milton R. Sanders

*I lay on my back to gaze at the clouds,
See walrus, giraffe, bumblebee.
Shifting cotton puffs linger in thought,
But up there, Come dream with me.*

*Sitting on rocks, waves crashing about,
White foam swirls round the knee;
Endless waves sparkle the light;
But out there, Come dream with me.*

*Boots crunch on trails winding through rocks,
Faint footsteps to follow through trees.
Squirrels jump from limb to limb;
When hiking, Come dream with me.*

*The large yellow eye peeks o'er the mount,
The splotches mark mountains and sea;
Walk the moon, jump the stars;
And out there, Come dream with me.*

*The wonders, the beauty, the nature of All;
A world with glory to see.
Take time to explore the depth of your heart,
But always, Come dream with me.*

Sometimes, most of us have a dark day or even longer period in our lives. This reflects one of my dark emotional periods. I seldom have these, but I just needed to express my feelings. I found that by doing so, I started my path upward into better feelings.

So Alone

Milton R. Sanders

*The winds blow softly,
The sun shines on my shoulders.
Smiles and laughter trickle through
The air by day and by night.
Yet I feel so alone.*

*There was a day when
The feelings were warm,
The hugs were real and soft,
And love caressed the soul.
Yet I feel so alone.*

*Time seems to wither
The youthful passions of
Tenderness and holding hands.
Why can't love grow with age?
I feel so alone.*

*The thrill of remembered kisses,
Wet upon my mouth,
Lingers like soft caresses,
As wispy fragrance drifts by.
Yet I feel so alone.*

*The dreams of yesterday
Pale in the harsh light of dawn,
As birds cry the coming of day,
With only immediate needs in mind.
I feel so alone.*

*The dreams of tomorrow?
Crushed in the trample of life.
So sad, so poor, the hopes of yesterday
Gone to some forgotten heap.
I feel so alone.*

This poem was written just before Christmas 2001. I was working on a present for my folks, and I found a music box in the Orem Mall. It was a snow globe with a young man and woman courting under a street light in the snow. The music box played a medley of "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You" followed by "Going Out of My Head". I felt inspired by the words of the song:

Just too good to be true,

Can't take my eyes off of you,

You're like heaven to touch,

I want to hold you so much,

At long last love has arrived,

And I thank God I'm alive.

You're just too good to be true,

Can't take my eyes off of you.

Going out of my head over you,

Out of my head over you,

Out of my head, day and night

Wrong or right, night and day and night

Wrong or right, day or night.

Being an oldies music fan, those words just rang in my mind, and I could picture my dad saying those words to Jean while he was courting her. I put my “romantic” self as if I were speaking for my dad, and I tried to imagine what he was saying and thinking, and now that they had been married for a long time, what kind of memories they had from when they met and courted. And this poem just flowed onto the paper. I sent them the music box and the poem for Christmas that year. This poem is dedicated to them.



Through the Years

Milton Richard Sanders

Through the years of life,
The future we can't see,
Mid the tears, the trials and strife,
At times we glimpse who we may be.

Though future dim, betimes uncertain,
The past shines through
The haze of memory's curtain
Showing glimpse of what is true.

The shim'ring night when we first met
Was filled with stars and shining light,
The crowd around, the stage was set,
You were all 'twas in my sight.

I loved you then, I love you now.
Those images are fresh within,
The many years of high and low
Find strength in love and what has been.

The little boy inside me burns
With love afresh and in the air,
My heart beats strongly, and it yearns
For my red-lipped sweetheart fair.

Though sight may dim and hearing wane,
I smell sweet fragrance of the flowers,
Though I sometimes walk with cane,
We'll share our sweetest loving hours.

I wrote this next poem to give to new missionaries leaving on their missions, perhaps leaving home for the first time. It is meant to give them encouragement while they face trials and

some difficult times, yet the work is sweet and has invaluable rewards.

You'll Do the Right Thing

Milton R. Sanders

*Over the mountain,
Through the deep snow;
Mid rain and storm,
We know you will go.*

*Carry the gospel with
Backpack for books,
The Spirit will guide you,
Though strange be the looks.*

*The Gospel is true!
To many you'll bring
The strength to change heart;
You'll do the right thing!*

*Through pathways uncertain,
Some doors will slam,
Some hearts will soften
While teaching the Lamb.*

*Your knees may get sore,
Your throat parched and dry,
But you will keep going
With strength from on High.*

*Taught by the Spirit,
Knowledge will spring,
Bear a strong faith,
You'll do the right thing.*

*Gone for two years,
Forsaking the worldly,
Carry the Message
Teaching it boldly.*

*You'll see the proud
Rejecting all scripture;
Rejoice with the humble,
Accepting the Savior.*

*To many you'll soar
Like angel on wing,
To teach them the Gospel,
You'll do the right thing.*

My son Ryan and I were assigned as home teachers to a family we knew very little about. He happened to be the Dean of Humanities at BYU, which we soon found out. The first time we

visited, their eight year old, Lizzy, was so full of energy she just couldn't sit still. I had an inspiration to have Lizzy and her sister Marie bring two foot stools over and sit right in front of me. I taught them a lesson on their level, sitting about two feet in front of me as I looked into their eyes, and lo and behold they listened, since they were the sole receivers of my attention. Sometimes Lizzy would jump into my lap, or tumble around on the floor, but I got to love that family. Lizzy was the same in church, couldn't sit still. I would prepare scripture chases and crossword puzzles I made up about prophets, Bible stories, and book of Mormon stories. When I got to church they would run over to me to see what I had for them. It kind of settled them down a little bit in Sacrament meeting, but they loved it, and their parents appreciated that too. Alas, they moved out of the ward, but Kathleen and I visited them while we on our senior mission and taught a home evening lesson to them. Lizzy had grown into a very beautiful young woman and stayed active in the church. It was very good to see them again. I just had to write a poem about Wiggly Lizzy.

Wiggly, Jiggly

Milton R. Sanders

*I have a wiggly spirit,
You can see it in my face.
My waving arms jump to and fro
For I cannot stay in place.*

*I try to sit with folded arms,
Stretching smile twist my cheeks,
I try to still my jiggly spots,
But there's something always leaks.*

*I'm bouncing up with somersault,
Then I'm standing on my head,
My giggling laughter rends the air,
I never, ever stay in bed.*

*I pull my ears and splay my toes,
Bending backwards to the floor,
I Squeeze the dog no matter where,
Then I bound right out the door.*

*With shrieking, laughing, temper too,
But consider, and I'm awed,
With full sized spirit in my form,
I'm an awesome child of God.*



One day I was thinking of my wife and how difficult it is to raise children and also perform church callings. I also observed all the great work that other sisters do in their callings as they serve, using the special talents that God has given to women and that men do not have. I felt an inspiration to try and capture some of that in a poem to honor all of them.

Woman at the Well
Milton R. Sanders

*The woman at the well drew strength
As bucket climbed the rope,
The living water filled her soul
And gave her bosom hope.*

*Through many hours of toil and strife
Through haughty piles of hard packed sand,
The living scriptures gave her life
To fill the needs of hardy band.*

*In early mornings 'fore the dawn,
The crying of her babies heard,
The soothing sounds of mother there,
Familiar voice gave calming word.*

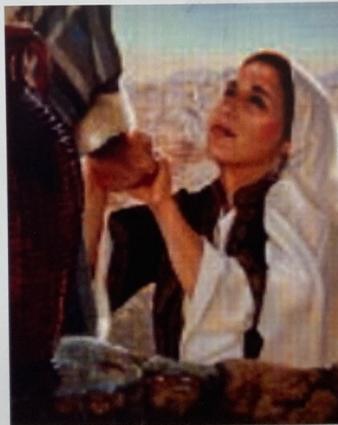
*For adolescent aches and pains
Came counsel from the woman wise;
She steered the growing, seeking minds
Where others often might chastise.*

*With schooling, friends, advancements, jobs;
A handful were the youthful crew;
But love and prayer and heaven'ly heart
Did strengthen minds; their spirits grew.*

*The Lord above required much
Of one whom much was given.
The sacrifice that filled her life
Expressed the love of heaven.*

*The many souls she healed firm,
Impressed with duty's call;
Her hands were there, her heart was warm,
She truly gave her all.*

*The woman at the well drew water,
Not as mortal women mete,
She drew her fill down from the heavens,
And with it washed our mortal feet.*



In the early 2000's, I was becoming more mature in the gospel, and sometimes I would feel uplifted by stories and experiences in the scriptures. These next poems express some of the more sacred feelings of my heart.

O Savior, Think of Me

Milton R. Sanders

Oh Glorious Savior, think of me,
 Though my thoughts in darkness hide;
Stretch thy hands to me from thee;
 Let me in thy love abide.

Through the blazing sun of day,
 While I trek the desert wide,
Thou art Life, the only way;
 Let me now in thee abide

Living water from thy hand;
 I would stay right by thy side,
Though I stray with thoughts of man,
 In thy laws I would abide.

Thy Spirit press through Universe,
 E'en though upon the cross thou died;
To rise from death, thou wast the first,
 Let me in thy house abide.

Thou art the Son of God most Holy!
 Thy footsteps follow as my guide.
To thee I give my heart most lowly;
 Let thy Grace in me abide.

Sacred Ground

Milton R. Sanders

He took our sins, his shoulders bent,
Paid them one by one,
Through Temple of Gethsemane,
Till ordinance was done.

He trod the path to give us hope,
As down he pressed the wine;
He helped us with our lives to cope
Our Savior's love divine

His blood established sacred ground,
His body bruised and torn,
His very will strove duty bound,
His soul completely worn

That very process conquered death
Though mortals watched Him die,
They bound the body lacking breath,
Placed in the tomb to lie

On resurrection morn He rose,
God's Glory bathed His face,
Twas Mary first to see, He chose,
Where sacred was the place

"Touch me not," He gently said,
Attend the Father first
My Brethren see the empty bed,
Their feelings unrehearsed.

"Though I leave, I come again;
Let them break the bread.
Preach my word, go, now begin,
I've risen from the dead."

Now drink the water, pure and clear,
Wash away your sin.
The living water's always near;
To lead us back to Him.

The praise to God in Heaven give,
For He will judge mankind.
His children now have sight to live,
Their will to bring to mine.

Walk With Me

Milton R. Sanders

*Enoch, taught in righteous ways
At his father's hand,
Sought the righteous, pure in heart;
Journeyed in the land.*

*The Savior then to him appeared;
Gave charge for those astray,
The multitudes which fill the land
Walk not in heav'nly way.*

*Hearts waxed hard, their ears are dull,
Eyes that cannot see,
Seek their counsels in the dark,
And think not then, of me.*

*They bring upon them death of soul,
Abominations seek,
Haughty, proud, and dark of heart,
Never are they meek.*

*Lord, why have I found favor?
For I am but a lad,
People hate me, slow of speech,
They'll think of me as mad.*

*My son, now do as I command,
No man, thee shall pierce.
Open mouth, it shall be filled,
With my anger fierce.*

*All flesh is in my hands, my son,
I do as seemeth good,
My Spirit dwell in thee this day,
My word shall be thy food.*

*If thou do as I command,
The mountains flee before,
The rivers turn out of their course,
The lions voice shall roar*

*No man will esteem thee naught,
The faithful hear thy voice,
My Spirit will sustain thee now,
As each man makes his choice.*

*The mortals who choose righteousness,
Repent and bow the head,
Who spend their lives declaring me,
Celestial home be led.*

*For Zion is the pure in heart,
All goodly deeds be done.
As they bend their will to mine,
Then we will all be one.*

*The lions' roar puts fear in them,
The Spirit's voice is still,
The testimony strong be born,
That leads to Zion's hill.*

Moses: 6: 26-34

Such As I Have

Milton R. Sanders

**Apostles walked in afternoon
Into the Temple whence to pray,
Outside the gate a lame man sat
To gather alms from where he lay.**

**He uttered forth to ask for alms
From Peter, John, as they passed by,
Expecting grace from such as they,
They turned and fastened him with eye.**

**Silver, gold, which we have none
We share with brethren in our God,
But such as we have we give thee:
Rise up and walk, cured they the flawed.**

**We serve all in humble manner,
Our Lord and Savior, God by birth,
Is Jesus Christ of Nazareth
The Lord of all the sovereign earth.**

**Peter took him by the right hand,
Lifted him with strengthened feet,
Leaping up he entered temple
Praising God and judgment seat.**

**Many people filled with wonder,
For the lame man was familiar,
As they saw him every day
At gate to temple as the beggar.**

**Apostles preached the gospel word
To all who gathered round them there,
Then five thousand were converted,
Gave the Lord their sins to bear.**

**Each of us will have a moment
When we meet with one in need.
We can tender such as we have,
Which will bless their lives in deed.**

Acts 3-4

And of course, for my two angel wives (one deceased and the other at my side) both of whom I am sealed to for eternity, comes this last poem to honor them.

Shining Star

Milton R. Sanders



*You are my shining star,
What more can I say?
You shower me with love
Upon this Easter day.*

*Your eyes are shining bright,
When I look at them
Radiate Heaven's light
Like a diadem.*

*Your heart is warm and strong,
Universe to fill;
Your words are filled with love,
Strengthening your will.*

*Your friends see you each day,
The way you really are.
They cherish friendship dear,
The way you really care.*

*The heavens send their gifts:
Flowers for your hair,
Great love that's in your heart
Help friends their burdens bear.*

*Your husband loves you dearly,
Looks forward to each day,
Puts you on your pedestal,
And serves you in his way.*

*You are my shining star,
What more can I say?
Your radiance lights the night,
And brightens all my day!*

51 Other Vietnam Stories



I will include the rest of my Vietnam stories in this chapter. I used the most memorable ones for my earlier Vietnam chapters, but the rest of these my kids already have in a separate book. I will continue to share with others who are reading this. As all of life is a university, these stories continue many things which I learned from experience.

No Line on the Ground

Although war has many unwritten rules, each theater of combat also has many written rules, called Rules of Engagement (ROE). These are written and disseminated to every combat person in the region of conflict to make the policies very clear, and provide firm guidelines when situations arise in heated situations where there is little time to think. These ROE help in many areas to guide decisions when on-the-spot commanders are not available. They increase safety, decrease time to receive decisions, and also support the command policies for conducting

the battle strategies. They keep people from charging in the wrong direction with catastrophic results.

One of our rules was to “Stay Out of Cambodia”. This rule had some sound political reasoning: we were not at war with Cambodia, and didn’t want to drop any weapons in a neutral country. Simple enough on the surface, but the Khmer Rouge were Cambodian rebels who harbored Viet Cong forces. These VC forces would cross the border, attack, then go back into their haven in Cambodia where they knew we could not touch them. It just didn’t seem fair.

One day as Blade 6, flying off alert, we received a mission near the Cambodian border. It was not a “hot” mission with troops in contact, so there was not as much pressure as a full scramble mission, but it did mean that we had not had time to study the target area and become familiar with the maps and landmarks.

We got our target briefing from the FAC and proceeded to drop our bombs. The FAC had outlined some landmarks and warned us that the Cambodian border was just off to one side of the target. The landmarks were not very distinguishing, and in the heat of one pass, trying to focus on the target and pull off in random directions, I turned the wrong way and crossed the Cambodian border. I was in Cambodia only about 45 seconds, but it was a scary thought to be somewhere I was not supposed to be,

and in violation of directives. I felt a little like Cinderella's coach just before it was to turn back into a pumpkin. But that didn't happen; we finished our mission and returned to base uneventfully.

We reported the incursion in our intelligence briefing, but heard nothing more about it. I resolved to be a little more careful with my ground landmarks after that, but sometimes you just don't have enough processing power in the brain to absorb, remember, and execute all the procedures that are necessary. That is one thing that makes us human – the ability to make mistakes, and try to do better the next time.

Utensils and Crazy Helicopter Pilots

Occasionally we thought we hung over the edge a little too far as fighter pilots, with some boisterousness and daring. But one day, I discovered that we were as tame as sheep when compared with some Army chopper pilots.

We were on a mission being controlled by both an Air Force FAC and supported by an Army chopper. The chopper was a small two-place craft with a full bubble nose. The FAC called it a LOACH, which stood for something like a low altitude observation chopper. As on most of our missions, all we could see was jungle cover, so the FAC marked the target with a white phosphorous rocket. The "Willy Pete" smoke would rise out of

the jungle foliage where we could see it, while the FAC would give us direction and a distance from the mark toward the target; for example, "The target is 50 meters north west of the smoke." We could determine which way the wind was blowing and how hard it was blowing so we could make bomb release corrections. Then he would give us corrections from the last bomb blast. Normally we only had to watch out for the FAC during our bomb and strafe runs, and he could fairly easily see both of us against the sky while he was coordinating the attack. This time we also had to keep track of the chopper. Those chopper pilots liked to get real close to see what was happening.

We set up our orbit around the target and managed to keep clear of both the FAC and the chopper, although we had to rely on the FAC to keep the chopper clear, it was so low that we couldn't track it against the jungle coverage. After dropping our bombs, the FAC started to give us some standard bomb damage assessment (BDA) to the tune of "25 meters of trench destroyed" etc., when the LOACH called in and wanted to take a closer look. As he got closer to the target area, he called out that he was getting fire from small arms, so the FAC had us make a couple of strafe passes over the area the fire was coming from. Following that, the LOACH wanted to go in again. "Very Dumb!" I thought. We had no idea how many VC were there, or even if we took them out. But the LOACH (crazy Army Heli pilot) went back in and

must have been hovering about 10 feet over the target area. Our BDA increased to “one VC encampment area destroyed with various pots and pans scattered and damaged.”

We flew home with a little less respect for our bravado, but at least thankful that we didn't really want or have to get within 10 feet of our target. We also wondered about the IQ of Army Heli pilots, but were glad that we were Air Force!

Caught by the Pictures

Not all our time in Vietnam was fraught with danger and tragedy. Jim Thames, my roommate, and I both purchased photography equipment: Jim had a Nikon Photomic N, and I picked up a Minolta 35 MM SLR and a Super 8 movie camera. We rarely flew together, but when we did, we arranged to take some pictures of each other. We also took pictures at other times with other flight leads. Jim lost his Nikon the day he ejected, but bought a new one (and a better model — F1) after the Air Force reimbursed him for his “combat loss”.

We seldom took a movie camera, due to the fact that we didn't have much room, one had to visually focus through the camera for a longer period of time than we cared to for safety while flying the airplane, and the squadron commander frowned on too much ”extracurricular” mission activity. We recorded some of our adventures all the same, as well as had some fun with

photographic creativity.

Some of the pilots liked to perform aerobatics coming home from the mission (not a good idea if the plane had any hidden battle damage), and others just liked to sight see by flying low over the jungle and also looking at the very beautiful tropical beaches and the clear waters. Lt. Col. Dickens was the ops officer, and he made his point at several pilot meetings that low level flying without proper training and specific combat purposes was both dangerous and unnecessary. But show me a fighter pilot who doesn't like to fly low and fast, and I will show you someone who should be flying either a Piper Cub, or an airliner (submarine duty would do nicely too).

On one mission with another flight lead whom I knew liked to do various "things" coming back from missions, I had my movie camera with me. I also knew that survival was limited by taking pictures while flying low and fast (below 500 feet). You WW II pilots who flew down city streets below building tops, will probably scoff at my 500 feet, but you did that every day for survival. Call me a wimp if you will, but I am still here to write about it. Anyway, we got down around 100 feet, and my flight lead went lower than that, doing 400 knots, and we were having a ball. I picked up my camera, held it up to the window, and turned it on without looking through the lens. I ran about 3 min worth of film through it and then put it down for the rest of the

flight.

The kicker came a few weeks later after I had it developed. I was watching the movie on my room wall, with the door open (we lived in a one-story hootch [barracks], with a center hallway, 5 rooms on each side, a central gathering area, and 10 more rooms on the other side – we left our doors open a lot to be social) watching the low level movies. It was one of those days when it is so easy to get into trouble – you’ve had them I’m sure – Col Dickens was walking down the hall and happened to glance inside. I was trapped by the evidence!!! I can’t remember exactly what he said as he accused me of flaunting his policies, but I do remember that all I could say was, “Sir, I was in telephoto.” He must have remembered his younger days, because it was really a lame comment, but I didn’t hear anything else about it.

An Unlucky Day

Many times events happen over which we have little control, except that we could have avoided the entire incident had we developed good habit patterns and more careful practices. This is just such a story of a good pilot with the same habit that many fighter pilots, and other pilots too, tend to develop. I have been afflicted with it at times, but that is another story for later. This habit is dropping ordinance using lower altitude and sight settings than necessary. The macho fighter pilot wants to put his

bombs not just close to the target, but right through the front door, so to speak.

I can't remember this pilot's name, but this was his second tour in Vietnam flying fighters. He was very experienced, and that sometimes leads to complacency, as well as knowing how to put bombs on the target. On one mission, he pressed the target release altitudes ("pressing" means getting closer than is necessary or safe) as was his normal practice. Many, many bombing missions in Vietnam did not require pinpoint bombing, as we could not see the target, and were placing bombs as directed by a FAC, after his firing of a Willy Pete (white phosphorous rocket) to mark a target below the jungle canopy. Most of the time the FAC couldn't see much either, although he was slower and lower than we got.

The captain came off the target not knowing that he had taken a few of his own bomb fragments, and neither his aircraft performance nor the damage check each aircraft does on the other after rejoining showed any problems. They flew back to the base at about 15,000 feet of altitude to stay out of the way of aircraft at lower altitudes and to conserve fuel. As they got within descent range of the base, they lowered their speed brakes to descend more rapidly. This changed the airflow around the captain's aircraft which in turn caused fuel leaking internally to catch fire. He knew he was on fire very soon after that due to

both warning lights and his wingman seeing smoke trailing. He turned the nose toward the sea and ejected. It was a clean ejection, but when his chute opened, he was directly under the ejection seat. He slowed down and the seat didn't. It hit him on his helmet and broke his neck. The captain died instantly, very similar to Tom Cruise's back seater, Goose, in Top Gun.

This was the third death in our squadron while I was there. The hootch was quiet for a couple of days while we all contemplated his loss, the mistakes made, and the bizarreness of the accident. The ejection seat was designed to clear the pilot, but didn't in this case. It could have happened to any one of us in spite of doing everything exactly right. We were able to ponder many mistakes that year, and grew in experience as well as maturity.

He Waited Too Long

Many times in life we have decisions to make, in fact every hour of every day. Many of those decisions are inconsequential, but occasionally they have significant impact in our lives. Fighter pilots live with greater consequences of poor decisions due to the nature of the job. When your car malfunctions, you can usually pull over to the side of the road: not so with a jet. Events happen quickly and most of them are critical to one's safety. The fighter pilot also has a reputation of bringing home his plane if it at all seems to be flyable. When the situation is marginal, decisions

have to be made accurately and rapidly, and a lack of good judgment, whether it is caused by fatigue, inaccurate information, or lack of knowledge can ruin your day.

One day, a Captain in our sister squadron, the 512th Tactical Fighter Squadron, was flying a combat mission when he received some battle damage to his hydraulic systems. The F-100 has three independent hydraulic systems which provide some backup in case of failure of one of the systems. However, the flight controls have only one actuator each, but that actuator can be controlled independently by each of two hydraulic systems. The captain had hydraulic system damage but was still able to fly the aircraft. The condition was deteriorating, but his alternate airfield, Bien Hoa AB, was not far away. He decided to put the jet down at Bien Hoa. His wingman stayed with him to advise of any external problems that the captain could not see on the outside of his aircraft. Unknown to either pilot was the fact that the actuator was damaged, allowing both hydraulic systems to leak fluid. When the fluid reservoir depleted, hydraulic pressure on both systems would drop to zero causing loss of control. One characteristic of the F-100 stabilator was that with zero pressure, it would fail in the pitch down position.

The Captain was on his final approach, about a mile and half out at 400 feet when the last hydraulic system failed and the nose pitched down with the loss of control. He pulled his ejection

handles, but was too low for the chute to fully open. His body hit the ground at 175 knots just as the chute opened. The failure occurred at the point where there were no more options. Another 30 seconds of operation would have put him safely on the runway; or a failure 30-60 seconds earlier would have given him enough altitude for his chute to open. A matter of seconds was the difference between a hero and a dead man. It could have happened to any of us.

Good bye Remi

Remi Grief was my instructor pilot in T-38 aircraft in undergraduate pilot training. He was also the LDS Branch President of the Enid, Oklahoma Branch in the Oklahoma Stake. We were friends. He really put me through the paces in T-38's, especially in formation, but those are subjects of other stories. He was a good pilot, and a terrific human being. His wife was oriental and one of his three kids was named Talon, after the T-38 Talon aircraft.

After I graduated and went to F-100 training at Cannon AFB, NM, Remi received an assignment to South East Asia in the F-100. On his way to Luke AFB in AZ, his orders were changed to the OV-10A Bronco, a Forward Air Controller aircraft. He was a little disappointed, but the action and excitement were still there, as was the danger. We were all a little crazy in wanting to

get into action, and also young enough not to realize that we were mere mortals. The feelings were very well expressed by Gen. Carl Spaatz:

“We felt that we were a different breed of cat. We flew through the air while other men walked on the ground.”

I was already in Vietnam when Remi arrived. We corresponded regularly, and knew where each other was stationed. He even ordered some audio tapes – 7 inch reel-to-reel back then, and I got three cases from him. I worked with him several times during my missions, and he was an excellent FAC.

During one mission with one of the Sidewinder FACs in his squadron, I asked the FAC to say “Hi” to Remi for me. There was a few seconds of silence before he told me that Remi had been killed two days before. I guess I didn’t say anything back on the radio because my flight lead asked me if I was OK. I was OK, just thinking of the loss of my friend.

The Air Force investigates crashes and accidents and provides reports on them. These reports are for official use only, and are limited to Air Force people with a need to know. I was able to talk to our safety officer after the report came out, so I knew what had happened. Remi had a lapse of judgment caused by who knows what: battle fatigue, reaction to killing (for Remi was a very religious man), fatigue from the heat and humidity – I don’t know. But on one day when he was not scheduled to fly, he

had jumped into his aircraft and taken off with much too high of an attitude, stalled the airplane, ejected too close to the ground, and hit before his chute opened. I can't really imagine having to die that way, but it was quick.

After I returned from Vietnam, Remi's wife found my phone number and called me. She wanted to get some information, as the Air Force had given her very little. They had just told her that he had died in an aircraft accident. He was delivered to her in a sealed casket which she could not look into, as his body was mangled nearly beyond recognition. My Dad told me from his experiences that when a body hits the ground that hard, the body turns black. She could not even determine that it was her husband in the casket. She needed to know what had happened and why. The information was not releasable, and I could not tell her what I knew, except that I had heard of his death and I could confirm that. It was a sad time for both of us, but more sad for her. The answer was unsatisfying to her, and both she and her children had to accept and wonder why. There is more that I know about this incident, but repeating it will not help anyone, and will violate the security of the accident reporting system, as written comments have the tendency to spread to who knows where. A very alert commander may have been able to sense Remi's troubled character and may have been able to do something to prevent it, but there was neither luxury of time nor

resources to deal with it. That is a sad commentary, but true, and even more likely in wartime. It was another set of lessons learned in Vietnam where more of my innocence of youth evaporated under the realities of life.

Death on the Runway

Phan Rang Airbase, RVN, had two parallel runways, one ten thousand foot concrete main runway, and one eight thousand foot pierced steel planking, or PSP runway which was mainly used by C-123 aircraft stationed on the east side of the base. The summer heat affected our takeoff rolls rather drastically and limited the ordinance we carried depending on temperature. We based our weight on using 75% of the available runway, leaving the rest for emergency aborts. With the age of our jets in 1969 (old... .), aborts due to malfunctions were always a distinct possibility. We used exhaust pressure ratios (EPR) to check the operation of the engine before releasing brakes, and also had computed two minimum acceleration check speeds as a cross check for proper acceleration during the takeoff roll. These speeds were checked at 1000 and 2000 feet down the runway, and were sufficient to allow us to abort the takeoff roll if the aircraft speed was below that computed for those check points. Once the F-100 would accelerate past 130 knots, it was difficult to stop on the remaining runway and posed higher risks. Nose rotation speed was 155 knots to five degrees nose high, and the

actual takeoff speed depended upon the aircraft weight, but was usually in the 170-175 knot range.

Normal ordinance included 50 caliber machine gun ammo, two Triple Ejector bomb racks (TER) with three 500 pound bombs each, two 235 gallon drop tanks, and one 500 pound bomb on each outer pylon. Occasionally we carried 750 pound bombs – two on each TER rack and one on each outer pylon, and sometimes four napalm canisters, one on each of the four available pylons. Once in a great while, we would carry rocket pods on the outer pylons. On a few missions we also carried CBU pods (cluster bomb units) on the two inner pylons – there being three pylons on each wing, with the drop tanks carried on the number 2 pylon. One red “hot” button would jettison everything on the wings in case of emergency; we could also selectively jettison each pylon pair, and had a manual cable with a handle on it that we could pull and manually unlock the stores on the pylons. One did not want to have to land with ordinance on board that could easily detonate if a gear collapsed, or the plane had a problem that would take it off the runway into rough terrain.

One day returning to base after a mission, we were instructed to land on the PSP runway, which was not a problem, but was unusual to use for jets. We were told that the barrier was out on the main runway causing us to use the alternate. This was a little suspicious, as the alternate did not have a barrier at all. As we

pitched out over the west side of the runway, I noticed a black burn spot off the north end of the main runway. The spot looked like a burned patch of dirt and grass in the shape of an F-100. We landed without problem on the PSP, although it was rough and bumpy.

We soon thereafter learned that one of the pilots from a sister squadron, probably the 352nd, a young 1st Lt. Mark Chenis had been making a takeoff with his F-100 and had aborted at high speed. He made no radio call, did not punch off his ordinance, but lowered the tail hook for the barrier. After engaging the barrier at high speed and high gross weight, the barrier links separated allowing his plane to run off the end of the runway into the rough field beyond. The gear collapsed, the fuel tanks burst open, and he and the plane with its ordinance burned savagely. At that time, an F-100 pilot had to have 100 feet of altitude and at least a slight positive rate of climb in order to have a successful ejection. Mark was between a rock and a hard place with nowhere to go.

The squadron was quiet for several days, but soon discussions about the accident were held as we all reviewed our personal options for survival in different emergency conditions. Accidents did not happen often in our environment, even though we were at war. And those that did were drilled into us, trying to increase our awareness of the complexity of our jobs as fighter pilots, and

the importance of being prepared. This was the first death in the squadron while I was there, but was not to be the last.

Spatial Disorientation

When flying in high performance jet aircraft in conditions of restricted visibility (like in the clouds), accelerations, forces, and visual cues can very readily cause spatial disorientation: loss of awareness of one's real position and motion through the air. At the high speeds we fly, a short period of spatial disorientation can be fatal. One must constantly cross check aircraft attitude display instruments and other performance instruments to maintain awareness of the situation as well as ensure that the instruments are providing a consistent set of information. Dependence upon a single instrument can be disastrous if that instrument fails, and the pilot is using those indications as his sole means of aircraft control. "Seat of the pants" flying can give a pilot false cues when the visibility is limited.

An additional factor in Vietnam was the use of pilots who had not been actively flying for years. Their reflexes had slowed; their capabilities had gravitated to management positions; and their flight experience was not up to date. They were what we called "desk jockeys". Not that they weren't good men or good pilots, they just were not very current in procedures, experience, or airmanship. Additionally, many of them were not enthused

about being in Vietnam, as were we younger fighter pilots off on the first big adventure of our lives and feeling none of the mortality that comes with age, maturing, and wisdom.

Our assistant operations officer fell into the “desk jockey” category. He was an OK guy and a decent pilot, but any pilot will tell you (at least any pilot who is truly honest with himself) that sometimes, in certain conditions, the situation is beyond the capabilities of that pilot to handle. All of us pilots will acknowledge that somewhere deep inside.

The night was very dark, the weather was not very cooperative with cloud layers at various altitudes – making the situation next to impossible to tell with normal body senses which way was up and which was down. With the ability of an airplane to pull “g” forces, a person could be upside down and still feel like he was sitting in his seat feeling acceleration pulling his feet to the floor. The ops officer Major was flying the wing position with an experienced captain handling flight lead duties. The weather was bad over the designated target area and the mission was aborted about 45 minutes into the flight. Radar Control vectored Bobcat 41 flight out over the water to jettison the ordinance to minimize landing risk with live munitions. Prior to getting to the jettison area over the ocean, Bobcat 41 noticed that 42 was getting a little rough in the formation position. He was just about to make a radio call to 42 to check, when 42 called on the radio,

“Bobcat 42, I’m losing it, I’m on my back! Lighting the afterburner!” Bobcat 41 saw 42 then roll over on his back, light his afterburner and disappear into the cloud deck below him. Bobcat 41 immediately called over the radio for 42 to get on his instruments, but received no reply. The wingman had gotten spatial disorientation, thought he was upside down when he was not and then applied control to roll over to perceived “right-side-up”. This put him inverted, pulling positive “g”, in a “split S” from an altitude that would put him into the water before he could complete the maneuver.

We never saw or heard from Bobcat 42 again. For days, we would fly low over the water coming back from missions looking for pieces of debris, hoping that we would spot a bobbing yellow raft, or even a piece of airplane floating in the water. Bobcat 42 was the second pilot we lost while I was in Vietnam.

A Lousy Day for a Ride

Sometimes the daily occurrences in a theater of war become so commonplace that one forgets the danger involved in the things that we do. When a person lets his guard down, many unexpected things can happen.

After each flight we would go to an intelligence debriefing where we would discuss any activities that we had seen during our mission. The most important part concerned our target area and

the FAC BDA (bomb damage assessment) that we were given coming off the target. Other things included any observations of enemy activity, ground fire, movements, and possible intrusions over the radio by enemy communicators trying to divert missions. Occasionally we would also pick up emergency locator beacons which are automatically turned on when a pilot ejects from his plane. These are occasionally activated by accident in the squadron parachute shops where the parachutes were stored. The ELTs as they are called, produced a very irritating chirp designed to catch our attention, and transmitted on the “Guard” frequency which everyone monitors in addition to the specific mission frequency. Guard frequency (243.0 MHz for UHF) sometimes gets so cluttered in a combat area that we have the temptation to turn it off. It is designed to provide a “party line” for anyone in trouble yelling for help to any aircraft within range of the radio.

One day, the intelligence officer for the National Guard Squadron from Denver (we had four F-100 squadrons – the 615th TFS, the 512th TFS, the 352nd TFS, and the Guard Squadron) decided that he wanted to see part of Vietnam from the air. He had been taking his squadron’s debriefings for nearly nine months, but had never been up in a plane. His curiosity was getting the better of him. In “real life” he was an attorney in Denver, but had been called up with the Guard Squadron where he had been a member.

Most of the Guard pilots were airline pilots, and they had to leave their regular jobs when their unit was activated to go to Vietnam. All in all, every officer in that squadron received a large cut in pay when they came on active duty.

The Intel officer talked to one of the FAC units close by where they were flying OV-10 Bronco aircraft – two seat, twin engine turboprops. These were very nice aircraft and fairly high performance for a forward air controller aircraft. The unit was doing some FAC training as well as functional check flights (FCF) on their aircraft and found an empty seat for the Captain to go on a ride to see the local area.

As they were flying around the local vicinity of Phan Rang Airbase at low altitude, the OV-10 experienced flameouts in both engines, crashed, and killed both the pilot and the Intel officer. That was a shock to all of us since this was just a training mission within 20 miles of the base. We all knew and liked the Captain and mourned his death, especially from such an unexpected occurrence. This gave me pause to think that there are no times to get casual in a war zone, nor to get careless anytime in life – not with a car, a bicycle, a boat, a gun, a fire, a heavy blunt instrument like an axe, or anything else. All life has its hazards.

Baked Potatoes

With an ominous title like this, I must first say that this is not a gruesome tale. However, this details one of the most used lessons I have learned in my life, as I was in the middle of a situation, could see an inopportunity coming, but could really do nothing about it. The most perplexing type of situation one can be in: you have the big picture, but no control over what is happening. With that introduction, we proceed to a big squadron party in Vietnam, in the fall of 1968.

In combat, the military leaders know that recreation and relaxation are necessary to maintain top combat shape and morale of the troops. A fighter squadron is no different, except that these parties happen more often to let off the tension, as fighter missions are bundled into intense packages within short periods of time. We planned a squadron party complete with a full-course dinner and entertainment, except that we didn't have a hall to have it in. Most of it was scattered around and about our hootch, which is what we called our living quarters – a rectangular building with a hall running down the middle, having rooms on both sides of the hall and a community area and communal latrine facilities (yes, we did have flush toilets and hot showers) in the center

My flight commander had arranged for the Officer's Club to bake the potatoes for our party. He assigned Clint, a Captain, to make those arrangements and get the food started cooking. But when

it was time to get ready to eat, he selected me to go get the baked potatoes from the O' Club. I got nervous right away, since the club was big, I didn't know whom to find, and had not been in any way connected to that food assignment. I sensed pending disaster, yet could do nothing about it. Clint (original gopher) was nowhere to be found. I had an important assignment with minimal information to complete it.

I went to the club, resigned to the fact that I knew nothing except the potatoes were there. Going into the kitchen, I asked for the manager, and discussed the matter of the cooked potatoes with him. Of course he knew nothing about that assignment, but at least offered to look around the kitchen for me. We finally located a large metal tray of potatoes, but they were uncooked – just sitting there waiting for the oven. I felt a little queasy at that moment, knowing that someone had failed in their task, and I was going to get the blame from the Major. So I called him on the phone, and he said, "Get'em cooked". "Yes, sir." Whereupon the manager put the tray into the oven, telling me they would be ready in about an hour. I went back to the party and semi-enjoyed the steak (without potatoes) and the rest of the meal. About an hour later I got a call from the club manager who said, "Your potatoes are ready."

By this time everyone was full, and could care less about baked potatoes. I went and got them anyway. But this time, the

manager told me that he had located the original potatoes (which had been baked on time), and gave me both the original tray and the tray he had cooked while we ate. I showed up back at the squadron with two trays of potatoes, one tray cold by now, to a bunch of guys who didn't give a hoot because they were both full and slightly inebriated, but would soon be fully drunk. We had cold baked potatoes for a couple of days, until I could find an opportunity to pitch them in the trash before they kept reminding my supervisor of "my" mistake.

I vowed from that day, to always remember as a manager, to give complete instructions, never change "horses in the middle of the stream", and to keep everyone informed of collateral tasks which supported a mission. Seems to have worked well for me, but I still find people who have not learned this lesson.

War is No Respector of Persons

The organization of our fighter wing included four fighter squadrons and a wing staff. Specific people have full time jobs in the wing, and part time assistants are drawn from the different squadrons. I was pulled into a part-time job as an assistant to the Awards and Decorations Office. We had one pilot from each squadron on a part-time basis. Our job was to write up recommendations for awards for pilots who made significant achievements during a mission. The squadrons would send up

some narratives when they learned of a special achievement, and we would fill out the paperwork (using the formats specified in the regulations, of course) as well as write the individual citations, and track the approval process, right to the point where the award was made to the pilot. This was often tedious work, but somewhat rewarding when we saw the fruits of our labors get pinned on a pilot's chest as recognition for his hard work, professionalism, risk taking, and dedication.

Our immediate supervisor was a well-liked Major who flew B-57 Canberra jets. There were two squadrons on base who flew mainly at night: a US B-57 squadron who did dive bombing against enemy supply convoys, and an Aussie squadron who did level bombing against the same targets. The Aussies also flew the B-57, but used their own model of aircraft. The Major was very easy to get along with, and we liked his method of management and encouragement for our work. Once in a while I ran across leaders like this and appreciated and learned from their leadership style.

One day while I was at the wing offices, I noticed that I hadn't seen our supervisor for a few days, which was not unusual since we were part-time, and all of us flew combat missions. I happened to ask if he had been around. I was met by a pregnant silence for a couple of seconds, and was then told that he hadn't come back from a night bombing mission near Cambodia a few

nights before. We never did learn exactly what had happened, just that he was missing in action. We mourned his loss.

There are times in our lives when we feel alone, as these Canberra pilots did when they ventured off on single ship missions in the dark. But most of the time we can seek assurance and help from those around us who care about us, love us, and would do anything they could for us. We need to ask, or sometimes just show up in their presence where we bask in the warmth of their graciousness and feel the radiance of their love and caring. We are alone only when we choose to be.

Defoliation Support

Jungle operations are much different than desert fighting because the jungle provides many places of concealment for the enemy. One method the US used for taking cover away from the enemy was to spray defoliants on the jungle canopy, causing the foliage to die and drop off the trees and bushes. C-123 Provider and C-130 Hercules aircraft were specially fitted with chemical tanks and spray bars for Agent Orange. These were like very large crop dusters.

Depending upon the area to be sprayed, more than one C-123 would fly in echelon formation to cover a large area. The C-123's were fairly slow, and the spraying task took them low over the ground, below a thousand feet. AK-47 small arms fire was

effective up to 2500 feet, and the 123's had no armament to protect themselves. We were tasked to protect them against enemy activity as fighter CAP (combat air patrol). Instead of a normal high altitude CAP, we had to modify our formations to put one of us in a weapons delivery position at all times.

Our formation consisted of four F-100's flying in an oval around the C-123's. We were spaced equally around the oval, and one of us rolled in as if on a bombing or strafing attack on the right side of the C-123 formation while another was pulling off his simulated run, and the other two were setting up for their runs. We were flying this race track pattern at 400 knots with our weapons armed. If the C-123's reported any ground fire, one of us could be shooting at the spot within 5-10 seconds or less. This was pretty grueling work for us, as going that fast, we had to pull 4-5 g's in every turn. We also burned up gas quickly at low altitude and high speed.

I only pulled duty for one of these missions, but it was an experience I was glad to have, to be able to see the tactics and experience the efforts required to fly and coordinate the tactics. If one of us was out of position, then the risk was much greater to the C-123 crews. They were flying low, slow, and in a straight line – very easy to hit and shoot down. As fighters, we were flying fast, changing altitude, and turning constantly – making us very difficult to hit, but also having a capability to hit back,

and very hard. We flew these missions with oxygen set at 100% as a safety precaution to avoid breathing any Agent Orange from the ambient air.

The tough part of the mission was reconciling the destruction of thousands of acres of beautiful jungle vegetation – turning it into a sight much like that of Yellowstone after the fires in the mid-1990's. The alternative was losing more lives of Americans when they had to fight the enemy in those jungle conditions. We did our job, enjoyed the flying as much as possible, but did not enjoy wreaking havoc and destruction on that beautiful country. It was not until years later that the Army connected soldiers' disabilities with the Agent Orange that was used on these defoliation missions. Everything has a cost associated with task accomplishment – most especially war! Not long ago – 2019, one of my classmates from pilot training at Vance AFB, Jimmy Wickiser who had flown defoliation missions in Vietnam in C-130's, finally succumbed to his exposure to Agent Orange and was laid to rest many, many years after that experience.

Vietnam (and war in general) has had long lasting effects on both participants and survivors. This has been the history of war since Adam was placed on this earth. In spite of many depictions of the “glory of war” in many books, news stories, and speeches, war is vicious, debilitating, and takes the lives of many of this world's courageous and promising young men and women as

well as wastes the wealth and resources of this world that could be used for the benefit of all.

52 Counsel and Testimony to My Kids



Dearest adult children, you are very precious to me. Many of your examples have been very uplifting, and I have rejoiced over your successes and mourned your trials. But know this – trials which we go through with faith in good outcomes strengthen every one of us for the even more difficult times ahead. Your first trials were learning to lift your heads as infants, then rolling over, then learning to walk. All of you have been joys in our lives as well as trials for your mother and me at times. We have learned much from all of you. As parents we had to learn as we went, experience both good and poor methods of raising kids. In some areas I was a poor father, but in others I did pretty well – just know that I did the best I could. As you are all finding out, raising children is a learning experience.

Mike, you were our first born, and you had some very stubborn streaks, like sitting down and hitting your head against the floor

when you didn't get what you wanted. But you have grown up to become successful through your trials using both poor and good decisions. You were the goalie on the varsity soccer team at Mt. View HS, at least until you joined the debate team and did well with that also. I remember when you were at BYU after your mission, fell in love and got five "F's" and dismissed from BYU. But after you got married, you put yourself through business school and Mom and I went to your graduation. You finally found a job that you liked and prospered so you could support your family and dig yourself out of a hole and start climbing a corporate ladder. You are successful at what you do and that is pleasing to both of us. Yes, Mom can look at you from her current place of abode, as can I. You have your agency to choose for yourself, and you have done well through some difficult times. You still have a long way to go before leaving mortality – keep on learning and developing. The gospel is all important. Keep serving as you have been.

Jeremy, you were our second born. As you came out of the delivery room, the first thing you did was stick out your tongue at me. You have been a good son most of the time, but I still cringe when I remember how you and Mike used your closet doors as targets for throwing Chinese stars. You were always very smart and somewhat frisky as well. One time the phone rang beside my head at 3:00 AM and the police asked me if you

were at home. When I checked your bedroom, your bed was empty, I knew you immediately had snuck out for a little bit of adventure. We got past that. You were always coming home from high school with no books and your homework pretty much done. You were a royal pain to Amy as she lugged books and homework home, and spent hours working on her assignments. She always wondered how you did that. But you grew and learned, went on your mission, come home, finished your education at BYU, including Law School, while starting to raise a family as well. I remember that you would often come into the garage where I was working on airplanes, and would hear you say that you were spending quality time with me. Then you started pylon racing and could easily beat me and everyone else out there. You have had some trials with jobs and layoffs, but you always came through and supported your family. You are a good dad, better than I was, and a wonderful example to others. You have developed many skills and have taught some of them to your kids, spending excellent quality time with them as well.

Amy, you were our third born and a delight to finally have a girl in our home which your mother was very pleased with. You had to work really hard in school, but you learned to work hard and always put your whole effort in anything you set forth to do. You ran cross country in high school and really supported your team. You were anxious to understand math, and I was able to help you

with that. It took you a while to start understanding jokes – one time after hearing a joke at dinner, about two hours later we heard you laughing in your bedroom. You said that you finally got it! And since then you have been a real jokester and punster (if that is even a word). You petitioned for and got girls' soccer at Mountain View High School going. You worked hard at your music, both piano and trumpet, which you still handle really well as you teach many students. You completed five years at BYU for your music degree, and played in various groups – BYU Jazz Band Synthesis where you traveled to Scandinavia, then to China where you walked the Great Wall and visited Japan in the same trip. You played in the Jazz legacy Dixieland Band, as well as played, marched and then became head drum major for the BYU marching band, not to mention marching and playing with the American Fork High School band even though you attended a different high school. You filled in for part of a semester when Mountain View did not have a music director, and you were very successful there, and you and Ryan played Concerto for Two Trumpets at the last concert of Ryan's senior year – after you were married and lived in California. You have been successful at everything you set your mind to, even receiving the moniker of Super Sister Sanders given to you on your mission by the mission president, which also included beating a high school soccer star on your mission. You have done very well in your church callings, especially with the young women as you followed your

Mom as a stake young women president. You and John have done well with ward musical programs, even getting me to be Elvis at one of your off Broadway productions. Your Christmas and Halloween decorations and costumes have been excellent, and I have never seen a tall Christmas tree such as yours with model trains running around the tree at three different levels. You go girl!

Chad, you were our fourth born. You were always too smart for your britches. You hacked the school's computer when you were in 8th grade so you could send emails to incompetent (in your mind) teachers, where the emails didn't display who the sender was. Then you created a 50 MB hidden directory where you loaded up computer games that only you and your friends could access during school. Following that, you would get up late at night and use our second phone line to go online and participate in many bulletin boards, and even got me to tell you how to cool an overheated hard drive by putting it in the refrigerator, only you put it in the freezer to cool it down faster. A few minutes later you would boot it up again and get back online. Yes, you were one we had to watch out for, although we were having less energy by that time as we got older. You came home with a bullet bike one day without insurance. I got after you and promised to chain up your bike if you rode it without insurance. You took one semester at UVU and finished up your computer class semester

project by completing it in just two weeks. You have been a superb entrepreneur, completed your mission in Mexico, married one fine woman, and are a great Dad as you support your family in so many ways. Your Mom and I were pretty worried about you for a long time, but you have come along well and are successful. Parents never do stop worrying though, including the time you hit a hidden sand bar with your boat down at Lake Powell ripping out a good portion of the bottom, or seeing you get all four wheels of your first jeep off the ground at the same time, or hearing about your second jeep stuck up to the axles at 2:00 AM in the morning down by Utah Lake. I guess some things will never change or be forgotten. One of our highlights with you was the cruise to Mexico where you took us out to your former mission area and introduced us to some of the good church members there, but nearly missing the boat in Mazatlán as it was ready to leave port. The gangplanks were already up, and only one small door at dock level was waiting for us as we ran to the ship.

Ryan, you were our fifth and last born. I have heard it said that the youngest in a family gets the brunt of abuse by his older brothers and sisters. You had some of that, but Chad seemed to be your best friend, protecting you against all of the others except him. You were our star speller, even getting your name up on the tall outdoor sign at Vineyard Elementary for winning the

spelling bee. You also picked up the trumpet with both Chad and Amy, and played with Chad in the Mountain View jazz band along with Robbie Bastion and Jim Gordon's son. You got invited to some Utah Jazz games by Robbie and even got to hold the game ball at halftime for one game. You learned to spell by playing computer games and continually asking us how to spell something like "throttle" or "Push Red Button". You played soccer for quite a few seasons and did well. You played a duet with Amy accompanied by the Mt. View HS band, Concerto for Two Trumpets, and didn't make a mistake, although Amy did, but the band just played on. You went home teaching with me and gave some of the lessons when you were eleven. You started playing with a neighborhood band called Side Dish, and had quite a following during local concerts. Somewhere you picked up playing the guitar while I wasn't watching, and became really good at it, and still are — sometimes playing with "Broke City" and another group or two. You went to UVU for a semester or two, joined the Utah Valley Youth Symphony Orchestra sponsored by UVU, and traveled to Austria, Switzerland, and Germany with your Mom and I in tow. The band director needed French horn players and he shifted you from trumpet to the French horn, which you despised. You stayed only long enough to get to Europe. You also got to England for a band competition with Broke City, which was a great trip for you. You had a few part time jobs making web sites for one individual, but the work

wasn't consistent, so Chad finally hired you, and you have done well with Chad's company. You married the former Jessie Hawkins and adopted her daughter. You and Jessie built a really nice new house with a mother-in-law apartment where Jessie's Mom lives. Your web site talent has also gotten you into doing some advertising videos for some well-known bands, and you are doing just fine. You have done well for yourself and are successful in your own right. I am pleased for that.

All of you enjoy the cabin, which I am very happy for. Jeremy you have made some very fine additions along with help from your brothers, and Amy – you and John provided some very good help as the cabin itself was going up. The cabin is My, Mom's and Kathleen's contribution to you all as a place of remembrance of many family activities as well as Grandma and Grandpa Gerber's contributions which started the entire amalgamation of what stands there today. Continue to keep it in good shape and it will stand for a long time as our family's gathering place in the peace and solitude of the mountains.

We all have been through a lot in these past years, which is part of our being here on this earth experiencing mortality. Each one of us is different, and so have been given different challenges to help us grow and develop. We will all continue to experience situations which will require us to grow and become stronger as we work through them. The Lord has given us the Plan of

Salvation, which in its overall view gives us the opportunity to come to this earth, be tried through the events which happen in this mortal environment, and try to fight through successfully which comes mainly as loving God with all our heart, might, mind, and strength; and the second great commandment which is to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. That being said, I believe that we each have our own Plan of Salvation with differences in our syllabus of different temptations, trials, obstacles, and other experiences that are tailored to our different personalities and talents – and many of our talents were developed in our premortal life as spirits. You can see different people – some excel at math, some excel in music composition, some in performance, some in technology and computers, some in sports, some as excellent artists in many genres, some with excellent reflexes allowing them to perform in the trapeze arena, some to race horses, some to fly high performance jets, some who can fly through web site programming and associated tasks, some who are excellent with fixing machines, especially vehicles. There are many more I could choose from – but the point here is that we grew and developed those talents even before we were born, and they came with us into the mortal environment. Our trials in this life are based upon weaknesses which we exhibit. Some people become alcoholics with a very first drink, while others have no desire at all to touch alcohol. The same happens with drugs, tobacco, and other addicting practices – we are not

all tempted by the same things. As we look back over our lives, we can easily see some of the things which tempt us the most and others which we have no problem with. We can also see some things in which we were weak, but by working on them and developing strength to overcome them with good habits, are able to put them in the “that doesn’t bother me anymore” category.

The more weaknesses that we can turn into strengths, the better we become, for we will be judged at final judgment for whom we have become, not just all the things we did in this life. Our scriptures tell us in Doctrine and Covenants 130: 18-21

“18 Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection.

“19 And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come.

“20 There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—

2”¹ And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.”

As we become more obedient to that which God has commanded us to do, we become a better person, receiving more and more

blessings and greater knowledge. The one thing that we experience is receiving line upon line, precept upon precept. As we receive knowledge in this manner, we are expected and required to live each principle and precept, or it will be to our detriment, as we will be responsible for what we know versus what we do.

This knowledge is given to us in D&C 82:3

“3 For of him unto whom much is given, much is required, and he who sins against the greater light shall receive the greater condemnation.”

We all will slip and fail in many things; however, God knows that this will happen. We know that we will fail in some things. As we watch babies learn to roll over, to crawl, to finally walk, to speak words then full sentences, we observe that they fail many times, yet they try over and over until they finally succeed in their tasks. We do the same things as sometimes our tempers rear unchecked, and we can hurt feelings, destroy relationships, and even destroy objects such as dishes or a golf club or tennis racket. When we come to our senses, we can ask for forgiveness, and work on that not happening again, although many times certain things will. One document I read said that a smoker who really wants to quit will have to try an average of seven times before they can quit that habit. Our Savior, through His atonement, has provided us with the Law of Repentance. Some of

our failings get to be pretty big, and we need to go to our bishop to start a resolution to a big problem. However many of our failings are small, and we just need to make a small adjustment in our path. Small adjustments like saying our prayers in both the morning and the evening instead of just once. Or an adjustment to spend a few minutes each day reading and pondering the scriptures. When we miss a day, then we repent, which means making a small change and doing better. We need to change some of our ways if we have a neighbor whom we may not like. We can change our attitude slightly and go out of our way to say "Hi" to them once in a while, or bring in their newspaper for them, or do some other small things as we make gentle and small changes in our efforts to be better neighbors. This applies to all our doings at work, at play, or performing service for others.

I was racing model airplanes one Saturday, and one of my competitors tore a panel of wing covering. I heard him say, "Well, I guess I am out of racing for the day." I walked over and handed him a roll of clear packing tape and suggested that he could repair the rip and keep flying. He looked at me strangely and said, "Why would you do this for me?" As in I am your competitor and you want to help me in this competition against you? I just said, "I would rather you beat me in a race, than me winning by default." He just kind of shook his head, unbelieving,

but he repaired his wing with the tape and kept flying. I can't remember if he beat me or not, but the fun for me was in the doing, not just being on top by any way that worked. I hoped he learned something that day, and I did too. I wasn't aware of some of the very competitive flyers who would do a lot of things just to be able to say that they won. We can all be just a little bit better when we try to help others.

Our goals are, of should be if they are not, to achieve the highest level of the Celestial Kingdom. How do we get there? By working on the individual characteristics that are needed to reach that Kingdom. You may have not thought about it, but Jesus gave them to us in Matthew 5:3-12 – the Beatitudes

“3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

All of these aspects are the qualities and the characteristics which we need to strive for to be like God. Humility, mourn for and with others in empathy, meek – which doesn't mean wishy washy, but it means sticking with your ideals in a gentle way without argument and listening to others for understanding; seeking for the ways to be better in God's sight and doing that by serving those around you; show mercy to those who are having troubles, forgiving those who hurt you; be a peacemaker when others are arguing, and keep your tempers in check with mildness and kind words; hold to your standards when others berate you and tempt you to join them in activities you know are harmful to your own stature and oftentimes your physical body; hold your temper in check when you feel persecuted, or others try to tear down your beliefs; and keep moving on the right paths

which you have determined through inspiration, the scriptures, and being taught by spiritual men and women. If you haven't previously thought about the beatitudes in this way, it can be an eye opener.

Often, members of other religious sects may say that members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are not Christian, saying that we worship Moroni or the Book of Mormon, and that we don't have a creed because we don't accept or use the Nicene Creed. There are several things that you may bring out. First is the name of our church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, patterned after the church which Christ organized when He was on the earth in the meridian of time, with living prophets and apostles, baptism by immersion, giving the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and requiring faith in Jesus Christ along with repentance. We were given the name "Mormons" by those of other churches since we use the Book of Mormon, a second witness of Jesus Christ. Another thing is we have a creed – The Articles of Faith, written out in the Wentworth letter by Joseph Smith to a newspaper editor, John Wentworth who in 1824 asked Joseph what we believed. These articles very much describe our beliefs, and they are as follows:

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

1 We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2 We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3 We believe that through the Atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4 We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: first, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance, third Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5 We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6 We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, and so forth.

7 We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, and so forth.

8 We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9 We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10 We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion (the New Jerusalem) will be built upon the American continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and, that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.

11 We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

12 We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

13 We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul—We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

Joseph Smith.

You can then bear your own testimony of Jesus Christ, His atonement, and his personal relationship with His Father as both

a Spirit and a Celestial Being with a resurrected body of flesh and bone, as is the Father. They may believe or not because we allow all men the privilege of worshipping in their own way – Article 11 above. We believe that all churches have good in them, and that dedicated people in their own churches continue to bring good to the world. We also may invite them to learn what we believe, but we do not argue – contention drives the spirit away. We will gently discuss our positions and listen to others beliefs. They have their own moral agency to accept or dismiss.

Members of other churches may not fully understand the atonement, as even many of our own church members may not have a deep understanding of the atonement of Jesus Christ. A full study of the atonement may take many years, even a lifetime. Christ came to the earth with the mission of fulfilling the atonement. Yes, he preached the gospel – but so did ancient prophets. He performed many miracles – but so did the ancient prophets. He walked among His people but was disregarded by most of them, yet so did the ancient prophets. He was the only one who could perform the terrible mathematics of the atonement, die, and then be resurrected to break the chains of death because of His sinless life and His perfection, both in the premortal world and well as in this mortal world. His atonement provided 1) overcoming the transgression of Adam and Eve and removing any responsibility of that event for all the rest of us; 2) suffer for all of the sins of mankind, 100%, past present and

future; and 3) break the chains of death through His resurrection. He gave us the Law of Repentance, the path to lead us back to God. As we develop and show our faith in Him, and faith is an active, not a passive, word, He has the power to forgive our misdeeds as we forsake those actions and make restitution as much as possible through either payment or service to Him by service to others. Without the resurrection, mankind would be trapped without our physical bodies, servants of the Devil, to rise no more. One more thing the resurrection provides is the salvation of little children. In our Doctrine and covenants 68:27

“27 And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of the hands.”

The Lord has set the age of accountability for children at the age of eight. Any child passing away before age eight is saved in the Celestial Kingdom through the atonement of Jesus Christ. At this point the parents have had the responsibility to teach them the doctrines of repentance, faith in Christ, reason for and meaning of baptism, and the gift of the Holy ghost. A child at age eight is able to reason right and wrong, and can understand what repentance, baptism, and receiving the Holy Ghost is, and how he or she may exert faith in Jesus Christ.

A major purpose of the resurrection is to reunite the spirit and the physical body. We read in Doctrine and Covenants 93:33-34

“33 For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy;

34 And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy.”

Our soul consists of our spirit and our physical body (elements). Our spirit joined our body as our body developed in our mother’s womb. Our spirit leaves our body at death. Our spirit cannot be destroyed, and it carries our Intelligence, the part of us who knows who we are, what we have done, and it essentially is “us”. There are things that our spirit cannot do alone. Mankind needs to have a spirit and body united together for us to be able to experience a fullness of joy. When we die in this mortal world and our physical body and spirit are separated, we feel like we are in bondage, not able to do or feel the way we did while we had a body. Without the resurrection which will join our physical and spirit body, our body and spirit would be separated for eternity and prevented from having a fullness of joy.

I would say a few things about Adam and Eve and their fall from the Garden of Eden. Many Christians on the earth believe that Adam and Eve’s fall was because of sexual sin. This is not so, and we can easily see through the scriptures that Adam and Eve were husband and wife and were the only two souls upon the earth.

Genesis 2:21-25

“21 And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

22 And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

23 And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

24 Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

25 And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.”

These verses declare that Adam and Eve were husband and wife. In addition in verse 18: “18 And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.” We have “help meet” separated as two words. In this way, “help meet” means that Eve was an equal and similarly intelligent as was Adam, such that she could contribute and be complementary to Adam’s character, filling in with a woman’s special gifts and intuition. In the Garden in their physical state, they could not have children. Thus, they could not fulfill the

second commandment given to them by God: (Genesis 1:28 ... Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish [fill] the earth ...). The Lord taught Adam and Eve the gospel and their part in it as the first man and woman on the earth. Eve stepped out and chose to partake of the forbidden fruit and Adam followed. We could reliably say that Adam and Eve fell forward from the Garden of Eden, a beginning to keeping the second commandment of God. They started the process of bringing mankind to the earth. They should be regarded with awe and gratitude for their decision, especially when the atonement paid for their transgression. I say transgression and not sin, because sin is generally regarded as rebelling against a commandment of God. Adam and Eve had been given conflicting commandments, and they chose to obey the more important commandment, resulting in their expulsion from the Garden. If they hadn't, they would still be in the Garden and all of us would still be sitting in pre-mortality just waiting for the opportunity which Adam and Eve have given us.

Baptism by immersion is one other event that I would like to say a few words about. Immersion is very symbolic. It symbolizes being buried in the ground (our baptismal founts are generally constructed below ground level). The symbol is having died and interred in the ground, leaving the old sinful body buried. Coming forth from the water is symbolic of a new birth, a new man or woman as our sins have been washed away, symbolically

buried and gone. We have a new start and a fresh life having developed faith in Jesus Christ, repented from our sins, and now follow Him as disciples, along a covenant path, a path that leads us back to heavenly Father. This is not the only time immersion has been introduced in our existence. As we read of the creation of the earth, the land was initially covered with water. Then the Lord said “let the dry land appear.” (Genesis 1:9). We can also address the time of Noah when there was such wickedness on the earth, that the Lord immersed (baptized) the earth to get rid of sin, saving only Noah and his family along with animals. The sin was washed away, and Noah and his family went on to replenish the earth again.

In another example, when a physical body is growing within the womb, it is immersed in the amniotic fluid. When the baby is nearing the birth process, the amnion membrane breaks, and the fluid flows out, followed shortly by the new baby. Symbolically, the new baby, immersed in the water-like fluid, breaks free and is a new clean life. We now have three examples of the symbolism of being buried, then rising from the fluid as a new “birth” – birth of our world, birth of a baby, and birth of the “new man” coming from the immersion of baptism. The Lord works in mysterious, as well as repetitive, ways to teach us many things about our existence.

One other example is the time of resurrection. Our very imperfect physical body has been interred in the earth, buried. This example does not include water, but the same symbology exists. At the time of resurrection, our body will rise from the earth and be reunited with our spirit as a perfect body, leaving all the corruptible and formerly mortal elements behind. We become a new man or woman with a body and spirit inseparably connected which cannot be destroyed – for all of eternity.

In writing this history of my personnel life, I have highly recognized the hand of the Lord in guiding my life in the paths He would have me take to get training, experience, develop faith through trials, serve in many church positions and experience helping others, sacrificing time and effort, studying procedures, policies, and watching others in their struggles as well as successes. I have also felt my heart develop love, empathy, care, and concern for others, praying for their faith and strength to get through their trials, becoming stronger by doing so. I have been blessed with strong, fine, intelligent children whom I have prayed for all my parenting life, and still do every day. I have been blessed with two wondrous angel wives who have helped me learn, grow, develop patience after much trial, but also develop unconditional love for each of them. The trial of being separated from my first wife Kay by fatal cancer, and then by being led to Kathleen by the Spirit has taught me much. We each

have our Gethsemane, and sometimes more than one, but as we persevere through them, we come out stronger and more blessed from the experience of maintaining our faith and trust in God and His Son Jesus Christ. I have been blessed much in my life, yet still have miles to go as the Lord continues His polishing of me, because I still have many sharp corners to smooth off.

I thank my five kids (they will always be my kids to me, even though they are all grown up married, and have offspring, including three great grandchildren at this time in 2022) for giving me this subscription to Story Worth providing the impetus to write my life over the past 78 years, as I recently celebrated my 78th birthday. Perhaps there will be quite a few more years to come, I don't know, but I love them all and their families, and I know that they are sealed to their Mom and me for eternity as we may remain as a family through the eternities. And when it is my time to follow Kay through the veil of mortality, I charge my kids to get together and write the last chapter, pass it out, and tape it inside the last of these books.

I know that Heavenly Father, His son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost live, are three separate heavenly beings; that Heavenly Father is the Supreme Being in our universe, and that He and His Son, along with the Holy Ghost are very loving, warm and all-knowing Beings. They know each one of us by name, and not only that, they know who we are, how we think, what we think, what the deep intentions of our hearts are; they know the divine

potential of each of us and smile upon us as we follow the covenant path, and weep for us as we sometimes turn aside. I have had my life saved many times by warnings through the spirit, and I have had many experiences with the spirit having no doubt whatsoever where those warnings and help came from. I have had many good life coaches, most of them helping just by their wonderful examples. The gospel is true; Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of our world and all the other worlds which He created under the direction of the Father. I know that He came to earth, leaving His throne on high, passed through the veil of forgetfulness as we all do during our birth into this world, struggled through His mortal experience, learned through His diligence and pursuit of truth the mission he had here upon the earth, and through His pure, perfect, and infinite love for all of us, suffered greatly through the atonement and the crucifixion which was also part of the atonement, giving His last particle of strength and fulfilling the will of His Father, died, was buried in a borrowed tomb, and was raised on the third day as the first fruits, the first individual to be resurrected through the power given Him by His Father, bringing to pass the resurrection and salvation of all mankind. Neal a. Maxwell, an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints said, "Sometimes we wonder where we stand with Christ. But we don't stand, we kneel in His presence."

I also have a firm testimony of the prophet Joseph Smith, prophet of the restoration of the gospel to earth following the great apostasy after the apostles of Jesus Christ were killed and the priesthood authority was taken from the earth. I know that Joseph Smith translated records written by ancient prophets who dwelt in the Americas, that Joseph did this with divine assistance, naming the resulting book, the Book of Mormon, after the name of one of the major prophets in that book. I know that this book is a second of witness of Christ given to the world and is a partner to the Holy Bible in providing a witness of our Savior. The Lord indicates that out of the mouth of two witnesses shall all things be established, thus we have the Holy Bible and the Book of Mormon as two witnesses of Jesus Christ.

I testify of these truths and also testify that we are in the last dispensation of this world, and that the second coming of Christ is getting nearer. We should be determined to stand in holy places and be not moved, preparing ourselves and our spiritual strengths to withstand the devolving world situations, the mighty tempests and chaos that are prophesied as signs of the times that reveal the closeness of the second coming.

Of all of you who read this, some of you may not believe, but that is all right. Each of us has been given our moral agency, protected diligently by God, to make our own choices, our own decisions, and accept accountability for our actions, our lives,

and our choices. I just want you all to know that I sincerely believe and testify to you, that what I have written will eventually be delivered to each one of you who do not believe as of yet. I stand now as a witness that God will provide an opportunity for all mankind to completely hear His gospel, either in this life or the next, and have the opportunity to accept or reject it. You will all have the opportunity to received gospel ordinances required for entry into the Celestial Kingdom. Much of this will be done by proxy, by family members or others living on the earth, for you, leaving you the opportunity to accept or reject those ordinances. I humbly pray that you will consider carefully – eternity is a long, long time. Farewell for now. I look for a happier place when my time on earth is at an end.

53 Milt Sanders Life Sketch (Pictures and Text)



Baby Milt and Grandma Hepler 1944



Mom, Milt, Cousin Joy Way, Dad in Dubois in Front of Grandma Hepler's Home, DuBois, Pennsylvania 1945



Milt as Toddler in DuBois



Milt in Driver's Seat of Tractor – DuBois



Milt, Alan, Susie in DuBois 1957



Milt Constructing His Soap Box Derby Racer in California 1956



Milt with Dad's Jet Helmet



Grandma and Grandpa Hepler with Their Grandchildren: Front L-R Milt, Cousin Joy and Steve, and Susie; Back - Grandma Hepler, Cousin Dave Hepler, Grandpa Hepler



Family in New Hartford, New York 1958: Dad, Jean, Susie, Me; Front Stephen, Alan



Milt and Susie at King St, Alexandria, Virginia, Christmas 1961



Milt's Senior Class High School Yearbook Picture 1962



Air Force Academy Junior Year 1964



Air Force Academy Graduation Picture 1966

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Pilot Training Oklahoma 1967



Milt with F-100 Cannon AFB 1967



Jungle Survival Philippines 1968



Milt with F-100 in Vietnam – Fighter Pilot 1968

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Dad with P-47 in Europe WWII – Fighter Pilot 1944



Milt Vietnam, Motorcycle and Mustache 1968



Vietnam Last Flight June 1969



Milt and Kay Wedding Salt Lake City June 1969



T-38 Instructor Pilot Vance AFB, OK 1969



Family Picture Fall of 1974 with Three Okie Kids, Vance AFB, Oklahoma: Milt, Kay, Jeremy, Amy, Mike



Ohio AFIT Grad School – Thesis Project 1975: Milt with Charlie Bair

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Korea Assignment - Camp Red Cloud 1984



A-7 Pilot England AFB Louisiana 1980



Fort Stewart Georgia – Just Got Back from Egypt 1985



Air Force Retirement June 1986



Military Awards 1986

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Family Photo 1997: Back - Amy and John Morris, Layna with Kayla and Jeremy, Milt and Kay, Mike and Juliet with Elizabeth; Front - Ryan, Christopher, Cody and Chad



Disney World: Kay, Milt Amy, Chad, and Ryan

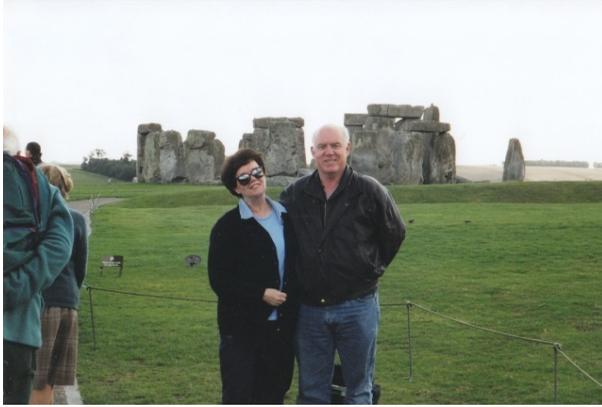
Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Switzerland 2000



Building the Cabin 2006



Stonehenge



Mexico with Friends

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Kay's Funeral April 2008: Amy, Chad, Jeremy, Ryan, Mike, and Milt in Front



Pall Bearers: Jeremy, Scott Jarvis, Chad, Mike, Brad Jarvis, Ryan



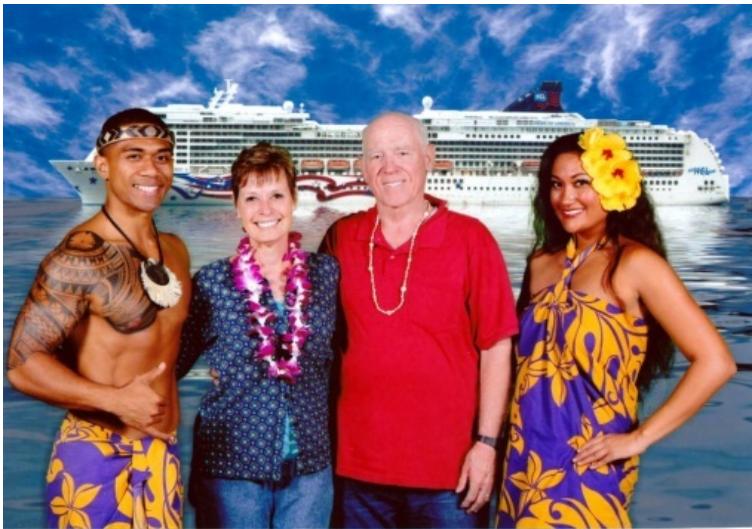
Milt and Kathleen Wedding 3 October 2008

Dave Barlow is performing the wedding ceremony. A wonderful day for all of us.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Alaska Cruise 2010



Hawaiian Island Cruise 2013



Volcanos National Park Hawaii



Pearl Harbor



Milt on the Big Island Hawaii



Trip to Maui 2018 Snorkeling Adventure

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Helicopter Flight Over Maui and Molokai 2018



Kathleen on Snuba Adventure 2018



Milt with his 80" 15 Lb. P-51



Milt with 38cc Ultra Stick 2020

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



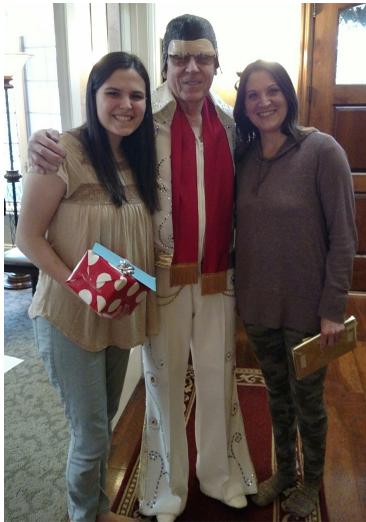
Milt and Brother Alan with PT-17 and BF-109



Kathleen and Milt at Grandson Finn Sanders Baptism



The Family at Granddaughter Elizabeth’s Reception: Mike, Jeremy, Milt, Kathleen, Amy, Chad, and Ryan



Milt as “Elvis” Playing Santa with Neighbors McKenna and Laura Black December 2019

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 – 2022



The “Finished” Cabin 2012 (a cabin is never really finished)



The Fire Pit Addition



Milt Warming Up for His Next Elvis Impersonation Gig

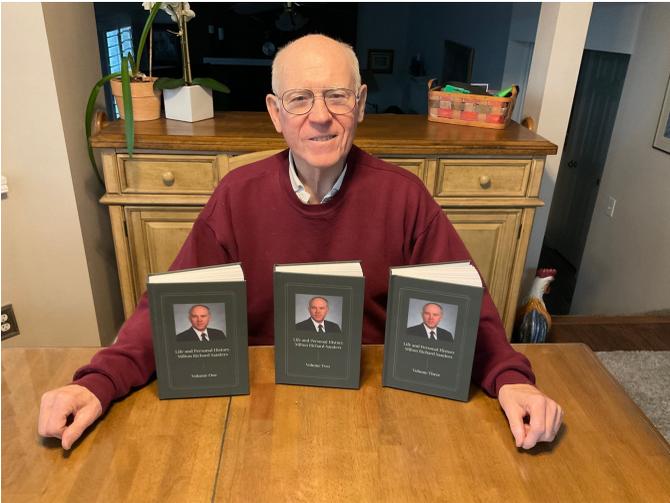


Four Generation Picture: Mike - Son, Milt - Great Grandpa, Cody - Grandson, Sylvie - Great Granddaughter

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 3: 2008 - 2022



Milt Enjoying the Cabin October 2021



With Gratitude to my Kids for getting me started, and for the Spirit to Keep me Going

Life History Sketch

Born 15 December 1943, Tallahassee, Leon, Florida, at Dale Mabry Field Hospital

Parents: Milton Wesley Sanders and Virginia Ida Hepler Sanders

Shortly after my birth, Dad went off to WW2 in Europe flying P-47 Thunderbolt fighters

Mom and I moved home to DuBois, Pennsylvania and lived with her sister Mary Way and her daughter Joy, who was just six weeks older than me. Mary's husband Bill had also been sent off to Europe as a naval officer.

Following the war, we moved to Phoenix for a short while and then moved to Vallejo , California where Dad served at Hamilton AFB for another short while, then moved to Aurora, Colorado. Dad was a reserve officer in the Air Force, stationed at Lowery AFB.

I started kindergarten in Aurora, and then we moved to Salt Lake City, where I completed schooling up through 2nd grade.

We moved to Boulder City, Nevada, where I completed 3rd, 4th, and 5th grade.

We moved to Manhattan Beach, California until Mom passed away of Spinal Meningitis on 12 October 1957, and Dad moved us

three kids to live with Aunt Mary and Uncle Bill for the remainder of my 8th grade school year.

Dad remarried in 1958, Jean Lee MacRae, and we moved to New Hartford, New York. In March of 1959, we moved again to Alexandria, Virginia, but Susie and I stayed for a month with Aunt Mary while Dad found a house for us. I enrolled in Francis C. Hammond High School near the end of the 9th grade. I completed the remainder of high school there. I received a nomination to the Air Force Academy, and headed off to college in Colorado in June of 1962.

I graduated from the Academy in 1966 with the class of '66, received a regular commission in the Air Force as a 2nd Lt, on the 6th of June 1966, and went on to pilot training at Vance AFB, Enid, Oklahoma. I completed pilot training in 1967, and headed off to an assignment as a combat pilot in South East Asia, but first to Cannon AFB, Clovis New Mexico for F-100 combat crew training.

During my stay in Clovis, New Mexico, I met Dahl Kay Johnson Gerber (Kay), whom I asked to marry me just before leaving for Vietnam on the 10th of June 1968.

I spent one year in Vietnam in the 615th Tactical Fighter Squadron out of Phan Rang AB, flying the F-100 Super Sabre for 251 combat missions, returning to Salt Lake City on the 6th of

June 1969. I married Kay in the Salt Lake City Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 16th of June 1969. We then left for my next assignment as a T-38 instructor pilot at Vance AFB, Oklahoma, where our first three children were born: Michael Troy – 24 August 1970, Jeremy Paul – 9 January 1972, and Amy Kay – 20 June 1973. While there, I was ordained a High Priest and served in the Enid Ward Bishopric as first counselor and also on the high council of the Oklahoma City Stake.

In the late summer of 1973, we moved to Fairborn, Ohio where I attended graduate school at the Air Force Institute of Technology (AFIT) receiving a master's degree in Aeronautical Engineering. Following graduate school I was assigned to the Flight Dynamics Laboratory, Control Criteria Branch at Wright-Patterson, where I worked for the following three years.

I was then sent to England AFB, Alexandria, Louisiana to fly the Vaught A-7 Corsair II ground attack jet. While there I was fortunate to make two ocean crossing flights between Hawaii and Louisiana, performing in-flight refueling five times during the flight. Chad was born in Alexandria on 17 January 1981.

Following my A-7 assignment, I was sent on a remote tour to Korea, after I was able to relocate my family in Layton, Utah where we purchased a home, hoping to get assigned to Hill AFB.

That didn't happen, and when I finished my year in Korea, I was assigned back to Wright-Patterson AFB to the Logistics Command Headquarters to a ground job for three years. Ryan was born at the Wright-Patterson AFB hospital on 24 August 1983.

From that assignment we were assigned to Hinesville, GA, adjacent to Ft. Stewart, home of the 2nd Infantry Division of the US Army. My duties were as Division Air Liaison Officer in the G3 Operations section of division headquarters. After serving one year of my two-year tour there, including a trip to Egypt for Bright Star 85 for three weeks, I retired from the Air Force with 20 years of service at the rank of Major.

We moved to Orem, Utah, purchased a home, and I went to work for WICAT –World Institute for Computer Assisted Training. I was laid off after 2 ½ years, and found another job at Evans & Sutherland in Salt Lake City as a program manager. I put 500 miles a week on my car commuting to work and back. After a couple of years I was laid off again, and finally found a job at Dynix, Inc, in Provo, Utah as a computer systems and network engineer where I worked until 2008 (14 years), when I was offered early retirement in October of 2008. My wife Kay of nearly 40 years had passed away from cancer that April, and I remarried a widow, Kathleen Elaine Jackson, on October 3rd of 2008, whom I had the privilege of baptizing into the Church of

Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints three weeks earlier. At that point, I moved 2 1/2 half blocks to her house, and my son Michael moved into my former house, later purchasing it from me. Kathleen and I were sealed in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple on October 9th, 2009. I have lived in Orem since 1986 and enjoy it immensely.

We built a cabin on the property in the High Uinta's that Kay's step-father, Harold Gerber, deeded to us when he could no longer go up there. It is at 8550 feet 95 miles to the north of Orem. All my kids as well as Kathleen and I enjoy the quiet and peacefulness we find up there. We started it in 2004, with final inspection in 2012.

My oldest and youngest kids live within a couple miles of me (Michael and Ryan), Jeremy lives up near Seattle, Amy lives in Murrieta, California, and Chad lives in San Clemente, California. All of them are married, doing well, and are happy.

I am enjoying retirement, while struggling a little bit with the aspects of more mature age, all a part of our mortal experience, as I recently turned 78 in December of 2021.

Milt

26 January 2022

Family: (as of January 2022)

Children, grandchildren, great grandchildren

Michael (Juliet Gappmayer)

Cody (Danica Christensen)

Sylvie and Huxton (great grandchildren)

Elizabeth (Hyrum Booth)

Jacob

Hadley

Jeremy (Layna Crofts)

Christopher

Kayla (Shane Kaluna)

Miah (Travis Paul)

Lily

Ava

Amy (John Morris)

Chad (Hillary Peterson)

Elle

Wil

Finn

Ryan (Jessie Hawkins)

Jaylinne

For any questions or correspondence please contact:

Milt Sanders

1776 S 320 W

Orem, UT 84058



