

## HISTORY OF GLADYS SORENSON

I was born on a summer's night, July 28, 1896, Logan, Cache, Utah. My birthplace was a rock house located on 4th West between 1st and 2<sup>nd</sup> North in Logan, Utah. I was born on a Tuesday and mother used to tell me part of a nursery rhyme, Tuesday's child is full of grace. Mother had been working very hard, washing, ironing, baking, and doing all things making ready for my arrival into the world. At ten o'clock that night I came into the world.

People were more or less superstitious in those days. When I was three days old a dog came to our house and barked three times, that was the omen of a death in the family. Mother said she was very worried because she thought I was going to die.

I was blessed in the Third Ward Meeting House the August following my birth, by Elder Wm. Watterson. I was given the name Mary after my grandmother Sorenson and Gladys because my mother and dad both liked it very much.

I remember the day that I was baptized; it was in the Logan Temple when I was 8 years old. I was very frightened of the water and was afraid that I was going to drown. Elder W.A. Seamons baptized me and Elder M.D. Hammond confirmed me a member of the church.

One of the earliest recollections is when I was just four years old. The Ellis School presented a Christmas Program. Although I was not old enough to go to school, the teacher asked mother if I could sing on the program. She said I could. I remember I had a new red dress and bells tied on my wrists and I sang "Oh, I am the Little New Year".

One Christmas, dad made my sister and I a sled and in the evenings while mother was sewing, he would take us for rides over to Grandma Sorenson's. At this time we were living in part of Grandma Davis' house and it used to be so much fun to slide down the banisters and Grandma used to get after us.

When my brother James V. was born, we had a hired girl working for us named Emma Bergener. One day I told her that her bread wasn't as good as mother made and did mother get embarrassed, and scolded me. At the time I couldn't see what was wrong with me thinking my mother could make the best bread but of course now I can readily see how embarrassed mother was and why.

In those days, every year the Sunday School had a Christmas tree and a gift for each child. I remember the first one I attended, I was afraid to go up and get my gift so my sister had to go for me.

Christmas shopping wasn't thought of until the week of Christmas and some of it was done Christmas Eve. Christmas was always a happy time at our home. Mother always made fun out of work and we would help her get ready. At Christmas I always got a new dress and a hair ribbon and a doll. We used to get two new dresses a year, one for Christmas and a white one for the Fourth of July.

When I was still a small child we moved out to the Church Farm, (College Ward). Dad ran a farm for Lyman R. Martineau. I liked it out there. Mother used to take us out in the afternoons and gather wool off the wire fences that had caught off the sheep as they ran through the fences. She would use the wool for quilts. In the summer evenings

Dad would take me with him and go out fishing in Logan River as it ran past the farm land. He would always catch a mess of fish and we would have them for breakfast. I had a little lamb for my pet. There were no near neighbors so I had to entertain myself. I remember once when Inez and I were playing by an old cellar, she was sitting in the window and I pushed her and she fell and broke her arm. We just stayed on the farm for one year as Mr. Martineau did not pay dad for his work and he is forced to find work somewhere else.

I started school at the Ellis, at that time there was just two rooms and only one was used for a classroom and the other was used when it was too stormy for the children to go out for recess. School began at 9:00 a.m. and closed at 3:30 p.m. in those days. I always liked spelling, reading, geography, and music best of all. After completing the fourth grade at the Ellis, I went to the Benson School on the corner of 1st East and 4th North, then later to the Woodruff School where I graduated from the eighth grade. I sang in a girls' quartet at my graduation exercises with Rebecca Willmore, Marion Smith, Vendia Bertlesen. I also attended the Old Brigham Young College for one year.

When I was fifteen years old, I began teaching Primary when Sister Ritter was president. Since then I have nearly always worked in some organization of the Church. Under Bishop Wm. Evans in the Third Ward, I worked as a teacher in Primary, Mutual (several classes: Beehives, Junior and Gleaners, also teacher in the Junior Genealogical Class). I also was first and second counselor in Mutual and teacher in Sunday School. I worked under Bishop John A. Larsen of the Third Ward as teacher in various organizations and as President of the Mutual. Wm. Evans, Jr. was also Bishop of the Third Ward and I had the opportunity of working under his direction in the various

organizations. Also Bishop Daniel F. Woodland. They were all fine men and it was a pleasure to have them as leaders of the ward and to work with them.

It was while Bishop Evans Sr. was presiding that I received my call to go to the California Mission in 1929. That was the thrill of my life as I had always wanted to go on a mission. I was asked by the Bishop one Tuesday night at Mutual and I was so excited that I could hardly give the lesson. I talked it over with mother and dad; and of course, they were willing. I received my call April 10, 1929 and left for California June 21, 1929. I enjoyed my mission so much. It is recorded in another book. I labored in Anaheim, San Pedro, Torrance, and Colton all in Southern California. I was released June 22, 1931.

My friends were all so nice to me giving gifts, parties, and money to help me along on the mission. At the time I was employed at the Cache Knitting Works, they gave me a Bible and the mutual officers gave me my Triple Combination. On the morning of June 9, 1929, my brother Tony, mother, Inez, and a friend, Mable Larsen, who was going to the same mission, went to Salt Lake City. We had such a nice time on the way down. We stopped at Brigham City to see Uncle Will Sorenson, there we had strawberries and cream. We went on to Ogden and had dinner with Aunt Phene Roberts and her family. Then on to Salt Lake. The next morning we entered the mission home and that was the parting of ways for Mable and I. The missionaries were assigned to different rooms; the following girls were in my room, Sr. Andrus from St. Anthony, Idaho; Mary Erickson from Midvale, Utah; and Velma Taggard from Lewiston, Utah. We had a good time and I have never forgotten them.

In the winter of 1923, I was stricken with a severe pain over my right eye and in my head. Mother called the doctor and he said it was pus forming. He could not do anything that would relieve the pain. He said that if it was not better in the morning he would have to open it up and drain the pus, which would be a very painful operation. That evening my mother called in the Elders. Brother Nathan Thatcher (the father of one of my best girl friends) and his neighbor Brother Strong came and administered to me. I always had so much faith in Brother Thatcher. I hadn't been able to sleep for several nights as the pain was so extreme. While they were administering to me, I went to sleep and slept all night. The next morning I felt much better as the pain had left me entirely. The doctor said it was a greater power than his that had healed me. We ourselves knew that it was faith and the power of the Priesthood.

: Important Dates in My Life:

Received call to go on mission 10 April 1929

Received Endowments (Logan Temple) 7 June 1929

Entered Mission Home 10 June 1929

Set apart for mission by Rulon B. Wells 18 June 1929

Appointed to Long Beach District 19 June 1929

Left Salt Lake 20 June 1929

I Arrived Los Angeles, California 21 June 1929

Assigned to Anaheim, California 22 June 1929

Assigned to San Pedro, California 18 Nov. 1929

! Assigned to Torrance, California 16 Sept 1930

Assigned to San Bernardino 18 Mar. 1930

Released from Mission 22 June 1931

Arrived in Salt Lake; reported to

President Grant 30 June 1931

Arrived in Logan, Utah 2 July 1931

Received call to officiate in Logan, Temple 10 June 1932

Set apart by President Wm. A. Noble 22 June 1932

After I had been home from my mission a year, I was called to be an officiator in the Logan Temple at night. I was set apart June 22, 1932, by Brother Wm. Noble. I enjoyed this work very much and made many friends young and old. I was an officiator until May 1937, when my father passed away. I felt that I should be at home in the evening with mother, the reason was, Inez was an officiator at night and I held various positions in the ward and Inez did not. I decided that it was best that I leave the temple and let Inez stay so we could both be active and still take care of mother.

In June of 1933, I was stricken with acute appendicitis and had an operation performed by Dr. C. C. Randall at the Cache Valley Hospital. Before I was operated on I

had Brother Leander Jones and Brother Wilhelm Kowallis administer to me and they promised me that I would feel no after effects from the operation and have no pain and this was fulfilled to the letter. One night while I was in the hospital, after the temple session was over. Brother Harold Steed, whom I had known in the mission field and his nephew Rulon Steed from Logan, Utah, came to see me and they gave me such a wonderful blessing and again my testimony was strengthened very much.

Since coming home from my mission I worked at Cache Knit and Logan knit, then in 1942 I went to work at Sears Roebuck and Company in Logan, Utah. I worked as Division Manager of the Household Department for six months and then was asked to take over the drapery department which I did for one and a half years then managed the catalog department until 1945 when I was promoted to Credit Sales Manager and I held this position until I retired April 2, 1960. I enjoyed my work at Sears, but when revolving credit was installed, the job was getting to me—not the work, but the pressure. I just trained a girl, and she would quit. After 6 girls in 6 months, I felt like it was too much so I retired. I enjoyed my retirement very much. While I was credit manager, I had some very nice experiences. This was when I first experienced flying and I enjoyed in very much. Each year we had conventions at various places, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Phoenix. These conventions were really different for me as most of the people smoked and drank but it only made me proud that I had been raised differently from them. However, I must say that I have met many lovely people and brilliant men and women at these conventions and I enjoyed them so much.

Now as far as music goes, I have always loved it and have sung in the Third and Seventeenth Ward Choirs, however, a few years ago I decided that my voice was too harsh and quit the choir. When I was real young my cousin Prudence Roberts and I used to sing duets in the ward and then in my early teens my friend Ella Blanchard (Petersen), and I sang very much in funerals and programs in the ward. During 1917-1918 when the influenza was so bad, funerals could not be held inside and services were often held at the cemetery. During this epidemic a quartet composed of Albert Olofson, Jake Gessell (the choir leader) Ella Blanchard, and myself furnished the music. I still love music and thoroughly enjoy my stereo records.

New in 1965 I am teaching Theology in Relief Society and Number 1 examiner for the seven sheet Genealogy program and serving as a block teacher in Relief Society with Amy Ewer as my partner. I enjoy all of these jobs.

As for my retirement, I am enjoying it to the fullest extent. I have never been bored with time on my hands and I have found new things to do such as knitting and working on my Book of Remembrance.

### **After Thoughts**

Grandpa Sorenson had a ranch out in Alto, just north of Benson Ward. Each year at harvest time Grandma and Aunt Mary would go out to cook for the men. They would take two of the grandchildren out with them.

My cousin Evelyn Sorenson and I would go out at the same time. We got to ride in the header box with Uncle Aaron. Uncle Aaron always seemed so gentle and quiet but when the horses didn't go fast enough he would dig them with a pitchfork. I didn't like that. It was too mean. Then we watched them thresh. It was done by a steam engine. That was a new experience for me as the threshing I had seen was done with horse power.

Several teams of horses would go round and round. A man would sit in the middle of a machine to guide them. We slept in a tent pitched just east of the house. The house was one room just large enough to set a cable for all the men who worked there. Grandma and Aunt Mary were real good cooks. Evelyn and I had to sec cables, peel potatoes, and then help with the dishes. Just outside the house was a summer kitchen where the cooking was done.

Well, I had a good time and a nice vacation. I should mention when we went out to the farm we rode on a hay rack filled with hay.

Ironing in those days was quite a task. Coal stoves and a hot fire to heat the stove irons. Aprons, cotton dresses, petticoats, were all starched also the embroidery ruffles on our best pants. The every day pants were made out of flour sacks which were bleached and sometimes the writing didn't bleach out.

Mother taught us to iron when we were young. We first learned by ironing the dish towels, then sheets and pillow cases. Then we advanced to handkerchiefs and we had to get the corners just right. My Aunt Phene, who lived across the street from us, had three stove irons and mother had three, so they would borrow irons so they could have the girls help with the ironing. Bread was baked on ironing day so good use was made of the fire on a hot day. Our washer was one that was turned by hand. It had a large wheel. My sister, Inez, and I had to turn the washer; of course, we didn't like to do that

but we had to. We worked out a plan. We were each to turn it fifty times and I am sure I didn't always count correctly. After the clothes had been run through the washer, they were boiled, rinsed, and blued and believe me mother hung out a pretty white washing. She used her homemade soap. She saved the bacon grease and other animal fat, washed it and combined it with ammonia—lye—and boiled it. She made it in a copper boiler and made a fire outside to boil it. Then poured it in a tub to let it harden then cut it in bars.

Every spring mother made a spring tonic. Inez and I would gather may apple, dandelions, yarrow, stinging nettles. They would be boiled, strained, then sugar and yeast were added. Then she bottled it. When it was ready to drink we would take dandelion stems to use for straws to sip it. Our Saturday jobs were cleaning windows and they were little panes and we had to make them shine and be sure the corners were clean. We cleaned the lamp chimneys and filled the lamps with coal oil. Saturday night we blacked the shoes for Sunday. We had only one pair of shoes. Then the Saturday night bath in the galvanized tub. We had no bathroom so chairs were put around the tub and a sheet draped around the chairs to make it a little private for each of us.

When Blanche grew older, we like to sing together. We sent for a book of songs we knew and she and I would sing as we did our work and while we did hand work. Inez used to get mad at us and all at once our song book disappeared. We always blamed her for burning it but it didn't stop us from singing.

When I was young, we used to play outside games at night: Run Sheep Run, Hide and Seek, and Pomp. We also played baseball, prisoners base in the day time in the cow pasture next to our place. The Olsens, Larsens, Barretts, Hansens, and ourselves. We had such good times.

My sister, Inez, and I decided we would go to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras. Our nephew Jim Sorenson lived in Metairie La. It was just about 15 minutes from New Orleans. The Mardi Gras was so fantastic. A parade every day and every night for a week. The floats were beautiful. People on the floats would throw beads and coins out to the spectators. You would have to see this affair to believe it.

We visited the French Quarter and were delighted to see the wax works of the Louisiana Purchase. The figures were so real you could almost believe they were breathing. We stayed six weeks and enjoyed Jim, Mary, and their children, Susan, Mark, Paul, and Lee. The flowers were lovely, azaleas. Camilla's, gardenias. I enjoyed the beautiful cardinal birds.

We left New Orleans and went to visit our cousins John and Helen Davis who lived in Mascoutah, Illinois. They met us at the station in St. Louis. We did have a wonderful week with John, Helen, Danny, Barbara, Nancy, and Kathy. Helen took us shopping and around to see a cousin of mother's, Annie Randall Butts. John kept after me to make raisin pie and greasy cakes, so I did. They all enjoyed them so much. That's the last traveling I did. I remember when Inez and I were small a circus came to town. Our cousins were going to go-but we just didn't have the money and of course we felt very bad. Mother had the solution. She gave us some eggs to go to the store to buy some candy and that satisfied us.

Our amusements were surprise parties, ward dances, skating on the Bishop's ice pond, taking walks up the canyon, and neighbors getting together.

At threshing time mother would fill the ticks with new straw. These were our mattresses. When we did spring cleaning, straw was laid under the homemade carpet as a pad.

In April of 1970, my sister Inez had a hip operation and while she was in the hospital I decided to get the spring house cleaning done. I had had the flu but I guess I thought I could still do the cleaning; but I wasn't as well as I thought. It was Mother's Day, May 11, 1970. I had been over to J.V. and Ruby's for dinner and went to church in the evening. I came home and had a sandwich and watched TV and went to bed. In the night I awoke with a pain in my chest. I thought it was gas so I got up and fixed my some soda, but got no relief so I made myself some tea. By this time I was sick and shaking. Early the next morning I managed to get to the front door and unlock it then back to the telephone and called J.V. He and Ruby came over and called Dr. Hyde. I landed in the hospital. They diagnosed it as congestive heart failure and pneumonia. After a week in the hospital I was released. Some of the medications made me throw up and I couldn't eat. I got so weak. After being home for a few days I was to go to see Dr. Hyde. I passed out in the parking lot. The doctor carried me into Dr. Merrill Daines' office and had him examine me. He sent me to the hospital again and after that Dr. Daines was and still is my doctor.

While I was home my sister Blanche came over to take care of Inez and me. I don't know how she stood it—Inez recovering from hip surgery and me vomiting every few minutes. I can never repay her for what she did for me.

When I was in the hospital, I had blood clots in my lungs. No potassium adrenal deficiency, all I did was sleep and throw up.

On my birthday, July 28, something happened. I was out. I don't remember a thing about it. J.V., Tony, Afton, Dave, and Dr. Hyde were all there. They said I had been talking to Mother and Dad. Dr. Daines and a nurse from Intensive Care were there all afternoon working with me. Dave and Dr. Hyde administered to me. So with the prayer and the doctors' help, I recovered. I don't remember any of this. It is what my brothers told me. When they could do no more for me at the hospital, Dr. Daines and my brothers, J.V. and Tony, made the arrangements for me to go to the Sunshine Terrace Nursing Home.

I came on August 19, 1970. I was put on Wing 3. This was on a Tuesday. I was to be on Wing 3 until Sunday when I was moved to Wing 2, where Clara Willmore, a special friend of mine, was charge nurse. This made me very happy. I had excellent care from nurses and aides. I am sure I needed plenty of care as sick as I had been and still was. After I had been here for a while and Clara was acquainted with my condition, she decided I was allergic to the digitalis they were giving me for my heart. So she called Dr. Daines and he discontinued digitalis. It took a while but I finally showed improvement. I had a wonderful roommate. She was Cora Sorensen from Malad, Idaho; formerly of Mendon, Utah. We got along so well. The aides were so nice. They were Elsa Balls, Lois Moosman, Lois Chico, Linda Robberson, Helen Saunders, Virginia Christensen, Renee Olsen, Louise dark, Shirley Larsen and others. Cora had a stroke late in the fall and she was to be moved to Wing 1. She hadn't seen happy with anyone but me so Clara asked me if I would mind being moved with her. I didn't mind because I loved Cora very much. I was still very weak and spent most of my time in bed as I couldn't walk.

Birdie Liechty was night charge nurse and Sally Scholes was day charge nurse. They were so nice to me.

I went to the dining room to eat my meals. After a few weeks, Cora had another stroke and was moved to Wing 3. I missed her very much, but she was so sick it was best for her. Leah Cole was my next roommate. She had had a brain operation which effected her speech and I really didn't enjoy her because I couldn't understand what she was saying and she cried a lot. They moved her and I had Allie Bunderson in my room. She was quite a gal, 92 years old, witty and numerous. She had cancer of the bladder and was in constant pain; but she could always see something funny. She had to have her eggnog every day at 4 o'clock and if it didn't have whisky in it she refused to drink it. She really liked candy. I have never seen any one person have so much. She had boxes and cans filled with it. I liked her and she was a good soul.

Eunice Gittens and Louise dark were two of my aides and they were so patient and it was them who taught me to walk again. Theda Larsen and Afton Smith were nice to me and they were very special to me and still are. They are working nights now and I miss them. When Afton laughs, she makes living worthwhile. The day before Christmas, I went home to spend Christmas day with J.V. and his grandsons. Jim and Bob came to take me home. We had a lot of snow. I was still in my wheel chair so they had to lift me and the chair up the steps at home. Oh, it was so wonderful to be home again. Christmas day was beautiful,

The folks were all home at different times. Blanche, Cyril, and Ladene came from Brigham, J.V., Ruby, Dave's family, Renee's family. Tony and Afton all came. We had dinner and visiting until 4 o'clock then it was time to go back to the Terrace.

The day I went home I was told I would be moved back to Wing 2 as I had improved so much. When I came back, I was in room 39 with Alice Christensen as my roommate. We got along okay but she wasn't like Cora or Allie.

I kept bugging the doctor to let me go home as I had improved so much and I was sure I could manage just fine. Well, they said I could try for two weeks. The latter part of January I went home. It wasn't so easy with Inez recovering from her hip operation. After I had been home 10 days, I took ill and had a terrible pain in my back between

my shoulders and was shaking. I came back to the Terrace about 11 o'clock. They put me to bed and I went to sleep. When I woke up, I was in intensive care at the hospital. I had had a massive stroke and the doctor told my folks they wouldn't know for 24 hours how things would be. I may be like a vegetable. This was almost 4 p.m. and at 1:30 a.m. I awoke and was normal. I was in the hospital for five days and was happy to be able to return to the Terrace.

Well, I had another problem; I lost my appetite, couldn't eat a thing and was so nauseated all the time. Clara discovered that the hospital had made an error in the dosage of my potassium, the dose was doubled. Marilyn Beutler was my aide at this time and was suggesting different foods to see if she could get me to eat. What could you eat, she said. I told her that I thought I could eat some navy beans and ham hocks. Next morning she came to work with her electric bean pot filled with beans. Oh, they were so good and that started the juices of my stomach working again. I have always liked beans and still do!

On June 3, 1971, I was moved to room 38 with Florella Robinson as a roommate. That night my cousin Russ Sorenson came to see me. I walked down to the west door with him. On my way back to my room, I slipped on a piece of lettuce that had been dropped off the food cart and I fell. As a result, I had a fractured left hip and was back in the hospital for ten days. Dr. Joseph Nelson was my doctor. He was so kind and did a good job. He pinned my hip and put it in a cast. After ten days the doctor came and took the cast off. I recovered real fast and was soon able to walk again.

In September, Inez came to the Terrace. She had broken her arm while getting around in her walker. Blanche took her to her place from June until she could get in the Terrace. Inez was in room 37 next to mine.

It was nice to have her here as we had lived together all our lives. I want to mention some things about the Terrace. It has 127 residents, and two people in each room, each room has its own bathroom and thermostat which makes it nice. It is air conditioned in the summer and kept warm in the winter. It is kept so clean you can see yourself in the floors, they are so clean and shiny. Each floor is mopped twice a week and each room is thoroughly cleaned once a year. We have many activities: Bingo, organ recitals, dancing, movies, sing-a-longs, etc. We are an organized branch of Logan 3rd Ward (dependent branch). We have our own branch presidency, relief society president, and Sunday school. We have a licensed hair dresser to do our hair, Mary Lou Andrews. We have a large dining room where Wing 2 and a few Wing 1 residents eat. It is nice and clean. The girls who cook and serve the food are clean and very accommodating also. Sally Williams and Lola Maughan are in charge of the kitchen and are so nice to me. Sometimes if they know I don't care for the things on the menu, they have some other things fixed for me. The girls in the kitchen are real nice.

We have a large lounge where we can take our family and friends who come to visit. I have made so many friends both residents and employees also visitors who come and go. I met many of my friends who come to visit more than I would ever see at home. What would I do without friends? I have seen many workers come and go.

In July 1976, my sister Inez had eye surgery for the removal of a cataract. She had been back from the hospital a few days when she had a blood clot in her heart. Her legs went black and in two days she had passed away. July 9, 1976. The girls here were so good to her. Nan, Nyshie, Clara, Gladys, Elsa, and Marva did all they could to make her comfortable. I really do miss her. We had lived together for years. I felt like something had gone out of my life. Death is part of life and things go on as before. .

A few of the girls here are so special and have helped me and still help me over the rough spots. Clara, Gladys, Elsa, Marva, and Nan are so special to me not just because they bring me goodies but because I can cry on their shoulders when I need to. I have had some very good talks with all of them. We are all church members and have a lot in common. My sister, Blanche and her friend, Wanda, come over quite often. We go out to different places to eat and do a little shopping.

It's nice to get out once in a while. Blanche is so wonderful. I went to Brigham and spent a week with her. We had a good time. We crocheted and sang some songs out of the old gray Sunday School song book, went to her home evening and her sewing club. At Christmas time, Blanche makes fudge and cocoanut creams and brings them to me to treat the girls here. It's so good.

J.V. is so good to me. He handles all my business, insurance, bills and taxes, etc. He and Ruby have me down to dinner quite often on Sunday and it is very good. Ruby sure is a good cook. She always makes my favorite cake on my birthday, marble with caramel icing so I can treat the girls who are so good to me.

Tony and Afton come often to visit with me always bringing tuna sandwiches apples and candy. They take me out for a hamburger. On my birthday, they have a cookout on their patio for me. Tony comes and takes me shopping, too. I have two wonderful brothers and their wives and a wonderful sister.

I had a new experience last winter. Sister Teresea Reynolds, a resident passed away quite unexpectedly. She was a real friend. I was asked to speak at her funeral, pay a tribute to her so I did. I had sung in many funerals but never spoken so here at 80 years of age I did. I should have mentioned before our when our Relief Society was organized I was put in as second counselor with Rada Allred as President, Nena Kowallis as first counselor and Marguerite Smith as secretary. They are all lovely ladies to work with. My special assignments were to get prayer for our meetings and deliver a birthday card to each of the sisters on their birthdays from the Relief Society.

One day in the winter of 1976, fourteen of the residents had a bus ride over to Hardware Ranch to see the elk. We got to the ranch okay but before we saw the elk we got stuck in the snow. It took the driver and Maggie an hour and a half to get us out so we didn't see much of the elk.

This spring, 1977, we went on another bus ride over to Hyrum Dam and all over the south end of the valley. Helen Saunders was in charge that day.

After regaining my health here at the Terrace I began to do handiwork. I knit many sweaters for children, make pillows, doilies, and eventually went to making afghans. To date I have made 45 ripple pattern and two shell pattern afghans and still have more to make. I am so glad I can use my mind, eyes, and hands. I appreciate my mother's teachings in homemaking and hand work. She taught us girls to embroider and crochet when we were young so now I can do these things and enjoy doing them.