

Interview with
JOY MELDRUM

July 10, 2019

**FUNDAMENTALIST MORMON
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT**
**UTAH TECH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
ST. GEORGE, UTAH**

#2019-013

Utah Tech University provides access to its collections as an unaltered, authentic historical record to aid in the research and understanding of history, while acknowledging their impact on various peoples and groups. Some collection materials are reflective of past cultures and prejudices, including images or words that are inherently offensive, insensitive and harmful. The University does not support, condone or endorse these harmful ideas, behaviors or attitudes, and they do not reflect the official opinion of the University. Rather, the University embraces a culture that prioritizes diversity and inclusion, as demonstrated in the University's Mission, Core Themes and Values.

Final editing was completed in 2020.
For permission to use any part of this transcript contact:

Special Collections and Archives
Utah Tech University Library
Holland Centennial Commons 330
Utah Tech University
St. George, UT 84770
(435) 634-2087
specialcollections@utahtech.edu

This is a joint project with the College of Humanities and Social Sciences at Dixie State University.

INDEX

Alta Academy, Hildale, UT	35
Blessing [son was refused].....	51, 53
Civil rights	17, 18
Convert [into polygamous culture]	25, 26
Cult [she compared this religion and its rules to]	45
First phone [very important thing].....	12, 13
Hildale Clinic, UT [main medical care for many years].....	14, 31, 40
Hildale, UT	9, 10, 31, 48
Jeffs, Warren [president over UO, changed all FLDS rules to very strict].....	28, 35, 36, 39
Jessop, Lydia [bishops wife and main medical care for many years].....	7, 13, 14
Jessop, Lyle [bishop]	36, 39, 43, 45, 49, 50, 51, 54, 55, 56
Johnson, Leroy S. [Uncle Roy; beloved bishop]	5, 7, 21, 34
Judgment [they felt judged, not helped]	45
One-man-rule [the father was the "god" of the family]	35
Placement marriage [assigned who they would marry].....	18
Polygamous [marriage of one man to more than one woman]	6, 23, 24
Pony Springs, NV [church farm they worked at]	41, 42, 49, 51
Priesthood [controlled everything]	17, 19, 26, 38, 39, 40, 42, 46, 51, 54, 55
Short Crick, UT [name changed to Hildale, UT AKA Short Creek].....	4, 7, 8, 13, 35, 51
Short Crick Raid [government raided and took all minor children]	4
Split the split between Timpsons, Hammons & Barlows to be different religions]	5, 21, 25, 33, 35
Storehouse [communal store for all items in or out of family homes]	44, 45, 54, 55
UO [United Order, communal living religion]	48, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55

JOY MELDRUM

Content Warning: Contains words that are inherently offensive, insensitive and harmful.

Joy Meldrum was interviewed by Stephanie Griswold on July 10, 2019 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. She discusses her childhood, marriage, and raising of her children in Hildale, Utah as part of the Fundamental Latter-day Saints. Tom Meldrum, her son, was present and Kathleen Broeder assisted.

SG: Today is July 10, 2019. My name is Stephanie Griswold and I'm interviewing Joy Meldrum. Joy, could you please spell your name?

JM: My name is spelled J-O-Y M-E-L-D-R-U-M.

SG: Could you please tell us your age and place of birth?

JM: That's asking a lot. You don't ever ask a woman how old she is, but I will acknowledge I have grey hair and I am sixty-five-years-old. I was born in Murray, Utah. The situation surrounding my birth was quite unique in the fact that my parents – I was born in 1953 shortly after the Short Crick Raid [Short Creek] when the state of Arizona raided the city. My mother was very, very young. She was fifteen-years-old, she was pregnant with me. The state of the Arizona took her to Phoenix and shipped her back to Salt Lake to her parents' house, so she was living in total seclusion at her father's home when I was born. I was born in my grandparents' home in Murray, Utah.

SG: Awesome. Could you tell us a little bit about your mother and father and both the paternal and maternal grandparents?

JM: My father's name was Dan Barlow, and he got married very young, and my mother's name was Lorna Lucille Allred. She was the daughter of Owen Allred who was the leader of the United Apostolic Brethren [name is actually Apostolic United Brethren]. When she was just a young girl, she came to Short Crick and met my father. She came down to visit with her grandfather, Benjamin Cooke. Everybody just called him Uncle Bill, but he was her grandfather. And so she came down to spend a summer with him and fell in love with my dad. You know, just as a young teenager does – my dad was good lookin' back then. When she went back to Salt Lake she started writing to him and they struck up an acquaintance. My dad was already married previously and after seeking counsel, as they would say, then he was directed to go and investigate and see if my mom was really earnest. He drove to Salt Lake and met with my mom and met with her dad. Her dad had a fit and said, "Absolutely no way! You're not marrying my daughter. She's only thirteen-years-old. This just isn't going to work." He came back home, wasn't home for very long, and she begged him to come back, so he went back up and they talked and talked and finally they decided, talked grandpa into letting 'em get married if he would

allow mom to stay in Salt Lake and finish seventh-grade. He left her there, came home, and was home for about a month and decided he wanted his family all-together and went up and got her and brought her home. She was living with his first wife in a little two room house that has since been destroyed, but it was right on Township Avenue right there – a little teeny. Anyway, that’s my mom and dad. My dad, his parents are John Y. and Maddie Yates Barlow. Like I mentioned before, my grandparents on my mother’s side is Owen Allred and Vera Joy Cooke Allred.

SG: Who was presiding over the work at that time of their courtship?

JM: At that time, Uncle Roy was. Grandpa Barlow had passed away previously. I think he passed away in like 1949 or something like that. Anyway, so he had passed away previously and so my dad – my grandmother on my dad’s side – she had died very young. My dad was only like twelve, fourteen-years-old when his mother had passed away from cancer, so he went to live with Uncle Roy. Uncle Roy helped raise him because he needed somebody that could just be there for him. Grandma Maddie had a large family and after she passed away, the children, most of ‘em went to live with Uncle Roy, so I grew up thinking of Uncle Roy as my grandfather. When my mom started writing to my dad he went to Uncle Roy and he says, “What am I supposed to do with these letters from this thirteen-year-old kid that’s writin’ me all these gooey, mushy love letters?” That’s when he says, “Well, go check it out and see needs to be.” Finally, in the very end when he went and got her it was because Uncle Roy said, “If you don’t go get her – “ even though they were already married and she was still up there he says, “If you don’t go get her, you’re going to lose her,” because it was right at the time that the Mussers and the Allreds were splitting off from everybody else involved in the work. You understand what I’m talking about?

SG: Um-hmm.

JM: They were splitting off and starting their own group of the United Apostolic Brethren [name is actually Apostolic United Brethren]. The Mussers were going a different way and we were kind of going a different way, so there was a lot of conflict. Joseph Musser at that time was still strongly associated with the Allreds and he is actually the one that married my mom and dad.

SG: That’s very interesting. Let’s fast forward. Now you’ve been born –

JM: [Laughing] Let me tell you little bit.

SG: Sure.

JM: Because I was born in my grandparents’ home and there was so much stress in the whole society because of the ’53 raid: Everybody was living undercover. No one was being blunt and upfront. My grandparents tried to talk my mom into letting them adopt me. I was one year younger than my youngest aunt. He begged her and begged her to let them adopt me and raise me and for her to just go and be a teenager. Here she was this fifteen-

year-old and she was just a young girl. She didn't want to. She really loved my dad and so she didn't want to.

When I was about a year-old then my dad went up there and helped her sneak out the bedroom window to get away from her parents. He took her and hid her and they lived in Salt Lake up there. She went into hiding with me so that nobody would know where I was because they were afraid that her parents were going to try to force her to give me up for adoption. It was very stressful for them – the whole situation and everything involved. We were living in the downstairs. I don't remember this, but I've heard this story many times. Mom told me that she was living in the downstairs apartment of a house where Uncle Louis Barlow and Aunt Mildred, who was one of his plural wives, lived. Aunt Mildred was a nurse, so she was working at one of the hospitals up there. Mom lived in the downstairs.

When I was one-month short of two-years-old then, Mom went out take to the garbage. I had a little tizzy fit cause I wanted to go with her and I couldn't, so I pushed the chair over by the window to look out – it was by the stove. I hit a pan of hot water with my arm and it flipped it up. I have scars down this whole side of my body. I've got massive scars on my arms, on my back, on my legs. Because this is 1957, they didn't have the medical technology at that point. Mom was seventeen-years-old and they thought at that time that when someone gets hurt like then you rub butter on burns. That's what they did. There was no ambulance. Nothing like that. She says they unzipped my pajamas – I had the big one-piece pajamas on – they took 'jamas off, and all the skin and everything came with. They smeared me with butter, wrapped me in a sheet, and called a taxi to take me to the hospital, but because my mom was still in hiding and she didn't want her dad or mom or anybody to know, then I went into the hospital under a phony name. Mom had taken on a new identity as Lucille Martin, so that she was not associated with the Barlow's because they were trying to protect my dad basically. I went into the hospital and years later down the road we tried to figure out where my medical records were and stuff – we never could find them or anything. Mom says that she doesn't remember if I went in as baby girl Barlow or I went in as baby girl Allred or if I went in as Joy Martin. She couldn't remember for sure what kind of a name I was under at that time. I did end up at the hospital from the end of October until the end of December in the burn unit up in Salt Lake. I'm not positive if it was at Primary Children's or LDS Hospital. Mom thinks it's LDS, but she says, "I just don't remember for sure exactly where."

At this same time in the process of everything that's going on in the community and with the people in that, it was at the same time they had taken Leonard Black and Vera Black to court and taken their children away from them and made them wards of the state and gave them to someone else. Here is mom, this seventeen-year-old girl, all by herself in Salt Lake and here she's got this two-year-old child. There was a man – I don't know his first name. We just always called him Mr. McGee and he was a Private I [Investigator]. He was harassing my mom because apparently they had got word out that here's this young polygamous girl that's got this tiny baby – you know, Social Services. I don't

know all the details about that, but I do know that he came and started to really, really harass my mom. He would come in and spend time with me trying to get me to say, “daddy” to pictures because he was trying to find out who my dad was at that time. The nurses would tell mom, “your daughter’s friend was here and he was visiting with her.” Mom said he brought toys and balloons and all kinds of stuff into my hospital room. Mom was just frantic. She didn’t know quite what to do. She didn’t know how to make this all work together. Finally, he contacted my mom, in fact, he went to her house, knocked on the door, and demanded to be let in. When she wouldn’t he kicked the door in and told her, “come with me. We’re going to the hospital to see your baby.” She says, “I didn’t know what to do, I was so scared, I didn’t know which end was up.” She said, “so, I went.” He drove over to the hospital and on the way there he told her, “I have enough information to put Louis Barlow in jail as the father of your child.” She says, “I just shut up and didn’t say anything.” He says, “I’m on my way to Short Crick right now to pick him up and arrest him. If you try to do anything to change it –” He showed her the papers. He said, “These are the papers that will make your daughter a ward of the state. If you do anything to try to let him know or stop this, then your daughter will automatically become the ward of the state and you’ll never see her again.” Mom says she went with him and she says, “I just sit and cried and cried. I didn’t know what to do.”

He left from the hospital to head to down to Short Crick. Now back at that time they didn’t have phones in Short Crick, so the only way to make a phone call was to come to Hurricane and make a phone call or something like that. Mom says after he left she got on a pay phone and she called Uncle Roy, because that’s the only phone number she had and told him what was happening. He got ahold of Uncle Truman, who was my dad’s brother, and one of the other men – I don’t remember who. They made arrangements with the doctor to take me out of the hospital before he got back. They came in and wrapped me up in the sheet that I was in and the nurses were calling security and everybody was having a fit because they just walked in and was going to haul off with me. She kept saying, “We’ve got doctor’s permission. We’ve got doctor’s permission.” They finally got ahold of the doctor and the doctor says, “Yes, I told them they could go and stuff.” Anyway, we disappeared.

At that time he told my mom that she could take me out of the hospital if she put me under Lydia Jessop’s care for at least another two months. We came down to Short Crick for a short while and then we moved to Mesa after that. That’s when I was two.

[Laughing] I don’t have memories of that. I have been told the story many, many times and I do know my medical records are nowhere to be found. I have made requests. I’ve paid the money to have it all researched and I did LDS, Primary Children’s, I did the University, I did all the hospitals that I could, and it’s nowhere to be found. My dad when I was telling him about it he says, “I don’t know if you want to open that can of worms.” He says, “I would guess that your medical records are probably in the bottom of some case file box in the bottom of some courthouse somewhere.” Due to the situation at the time and everything that was going on, because when McGee got to Short Crick to pick up Uncle Louis, the informants in Short Crick told him, “You crazy idiot. She’s not

married to Louis, she's married to Dan." He jumped in his car and went back to Hurricane to let the attorney general that had signed the warrants and everything for him, let him know what was going on. Got there and they went in to serve the warrant to make me a ward of the state and I was gone, so the guy went on a seven-day drunk binge and nothing else ever came of it really. Anyway, interesting! Weird! [Laughing] I'm just grateful I'm alive.

SG: So are we [Laughing]. After this guy went on his bender, what did your parents do with you and how did the family develop from there?

JM: For the rest of the time that I was growing up, up until the time that I was six-years-old, I do remember living in multiple, multiple places. We lived in Orem for a while, I remember living in Salt Lake, we lived right on State Street and 21st South in an apartment building there, I remember living in Mesa, we lived in Albuquerque. We just moved around a lot and my dad had his family doing that because he is one of the guys [that] had gone to jail in 1953, so everything was really tense. When we finally moved back to Short Creek it was just barely before I started into first grade. That was in 1960.

We moved into a tiny, little trailer that was a one bedroom trailer and the one bedroom had a full-size bed in it and then it had a tiny little kitchen living room area. There was no electricity. There was no indoor plumbing. We did have running cold water. We lived there most of the year that I was in first and second-grade. It was up by Uncle Louis' house. It was up by the tanks. I started school as Joy Martin. All of my school records through Washington County I did my first four years of school as Joy Martin through Washington County and I went to the Hildale School. The Hildale School was in an old building that they used to call the "coops." It was right up by Uncle Fred's house. I remember when they changed it from being a chicken coop into classrooms. I was just a young girl at that time, but it when they were just putting it together and that's where I went to school. It was just down the hill from where we lived. It was really interesting. I remember just being so thrilled learning to read, but I remember having that fear, that anxiety, if anybody asked me who I was I couldn't tell them what my real name was. I couldn't ever say it. I remember being so afraid that somebody was going to find out that my real last name was Barlow and that they were going to hurt my dad. Because we didn't see dad a whole lot during that period of time. That's when he was working out on the Glen Canyon Dam. He would come home on weekends and because he had four ladies at that time, and we were all living separately at different places basically in hiding, I had one of my mothers at that time was living in Mesquite, another was living in St. George here, and then there was two of us living out there. He spread his time, but I remember seeing him every weekend, but he didn't always stay over. I do have some really neat memories of it too.

I remember when I was in first-grade trying to figure out to how to count to a hundred because I couldn't figure out why you count to ten, eleven, twelve – why you didn't count to twenty-ten, twenty-eleven, twenty-thirteen, twenty-fourteen. It just didn't make sense to me, so I remember one morning going in and Dad and Mom are laying in bed in

this tiny little trailer and Dad says, “Come on and snuggle up here in the bed with us.” I was laying on the bed between my mom and dad on this little, teeny bed and him explaining how to count to a hundred to me. I don’t know why it made such an impression, but it really did. He had the ability, and he still does, of making everybody feel like they were totally loved. I always felt like I was his favorite daughter, and I’m sure his other daughters always felt the same way, but it was just really neat to be able to listen and to have him explain something that simple and it made a big impression on me as a child.

Now, you’ve got to realize that we were living in this trailer with no electricity. We had a coal-oil lamp that we used at night and it was my job, because I was the oldest and because I was going to school so I was the big girl, to keep the chimney cleaned. I remember every night we had a stove that had a propane tank hooked to it, so we would heat the water and we had little dish pans that we would wash the dishes in. Every night before we started to wash dishes I had to be sure that chimney was washed clean and sparkling because that’s the only thing we had for light. You know it was one of the real weird ones that was almost like a decorative lamp. Our trailer was such that it had a hide-a-bed in the one end and it folded out to a full-size bed and then it had two little areas about this wide on each side of the hide-a-bed. One section on the side was mine. The other section on the other side was for my sister that’s just younger than me. Then I had a couple of Mother Marie’s boys, because she was living here in St. George and working to help support the family. Mom was tending her boys, so she had four boys sleeping on the bed and they were sleeping sideways. That’s where the children all slept because there was nowhere else. Mom had the bedroom and she had the baby, one of my younger sisters, in the bedroom with her. Where the bathroom part was supposed to be was just a little storage area. The house, like I said, had no plumbing except cold water running in. The drain to the sink was just a pot, a hose running out into the field. That wasn’t the best.

We had an old cranny [outhouse] and I remember being so scared to walk clear down there in the middle of the night. You had to have a flashlight. As a child, I remember being afraid I was going to fall in and all these crazy things. I think every child that was raised like that probably had those feelings at times, but it’s okay because I look back on it now and I think, “Wow! That’s a neat experience.” We didn’t have a refrigerator. We had a box, like a wood box with a burlap sack over it and we’d hook the hose up by it and just let it run over it. We became very acclimatized to eating rancid butter. That’s was just how butter always tasted. I walked across town every other day and got a half-gallon of milk from Mother Elnora. They had a cow, the other part of the family. I would walk from up to Hildale, clear across town, to the middle of town where she lived and get a half-gallon of milk and bring it back. That was just part of my job to do that because I was the biggest girl, you know.

In the winter time, it was really amazing because we didn’t have electricity, like I said, but the neighbors away down the road did. They had extension cords strung from there

all the way up to our place. We had a wringer-washer that sat on a wooden pallet in the backyard. In the winter time, we'd go out brush all the snow off and we'd heat water in a half of a fifty-five gallon drum, build a fire under it, and get it hot and bubbly and everything, and we have to carry buckets. I would carry the buckets of water and dump them into the washer, I was probably seven – maybe eight-years-old at this time, and unthaw the washer because it would be froze solid, the motor would be froze. Once I would let it set long enough then it could run, so we could plug it in and get it to work and everything. I would do the laundry for mom because mom had all the children and she would help where she could and whatever, but I look back on it now and I just think, "Oh my goodness! That was so neat!" I was the big girl. This is what I was supposed to do. This is what I did. It just wasn't an issue. I didn't feel like I was being hard-done by it all, but now I look at and I think, "Holy cow! I would never dare let my children do that." [Laughter] It's kind of interesting. I look back at those kind of experiences with lots of fond memories.

I look back at the community with lots of fond memories. I remember we used to have – they weren't really fairs – they'd call them Community Dinners. Down where the Hildale School was, all the ladies in the county would get together and help cook food for everybody in the town and we'd all go down and eat dinner together in the great big meeting room. They have would have activities and games and dances. The whole entire community was invited. It was so fun! There was such a feeling of camaraderie and friendship and everybody knew everybody. You had like fifteen dads. It didn't matter where you went somebody was watching ya and ya knew that no matter what, it was okay because it was fun. I just remember there being a lot of love, a lot of excitement in that kind of things, yet we were still so careful about any outsiders.

When I was in first grade, my school teacher was Ria Coons. She's a relative, she's actually Grandfather Owen Allred's sister. She taught first grade – my first grade. Second and third was taught by a lady named Mrs. Ellison. She was from Fredonia. She drove over here and taught school. I remember being very afraid of her because she was from Fredonia and I had a lot of stranger anxiety, yet she was a very, very good teacher. My fourth grade teacher was Ann Larsen. She has since then passed away with a brain tumor. She had a cancer in her brain. I remember going to school there and just loving it. I was always a bookworm. I always have been. That is up until fourth grade. The summer between my fourth and fifth grade, then my dad made the decision to move his whole [family] together into one house. Starting – I don't remember if it was the early part of summer – then they dug a basement and did the frame walls to the old Dan Barlow house. I don't know if you know where that is now. It's down on Garden Avenue, Barlow Street.

SG: Right.

JM: We moved in in September of that year. When we moved into the house all together two moms lived downstairs and two moms lived upstairs. There was two kitchens and everything. We moved in and there was wood on the outside of the house with tar paper on it and chicken wire. That's the outside. There was one window in the whole house and

that was in the living room. There was one window that was a window. Everywhere else the windows were supposed to be, had plastic stapled over so the light could come in, but it was to help protect it. We had one bathroom in the house. It was upstairs and it was plumbed and the upstairs kitchen was plumbed to a septic tank. The downstairs kitchen was not plumbed. The downstairs bathroom didn't have a toilet – all it had was a tub and running cold water, but it was plumbed to the septic tank too. We would heat the water in the kitchen and take it in and dump it in the tub to have a bath. The water in the kitchen – we used dish pans a lot because it was not plumbed to anything and the water ran into a five gallon bucket under the sink and we had to haul it out all the time.

I remember as a young girl growing up it was so exciting because all of a sudden we were together as a family and I have two sisters that are within three months of the same age I am. Oh my goodness! We were like *The Three Musketeers*. It was just like holy terror. Needless to say, I had probably the biggest mouth of all three of them. My dad used to always say, “You do realize that you're the one causing me to have all my grey hairs?” You know, I probably was. [Laughing] We had a really good time. There was so much fun. Just our vivid imaginations and we created our own worlds.

We didn't have walls between our bedrooms. We had sheets and blankets hung up to separate bedrooms and nobody had a bedroom of their own. There was always four or five or six children to a room. Nobody even had a bed to their self. Everybody just piled in. In a lot of ways it just like a big family reunion type of thing, but it was really, really neat. Growing up, I don't ever remember of there being big conflicts between my moms. Every once and awhile as a child I would hear something that I'd think, “Oh well, she didn't sound like she was very happy” Or something like that. I don't ever remember – I remember my mom and dad – one time in all [my] years growing up, where there was a little bit of a conflict between Mom and Dad. Mom was crying and when I said, “What's the matter?” She says, “Oh, it's just big people stuff.” I don't remember there ever being it. I remember that there was a lot of uniqueness in the fact that we were just this great big family and it was so fun.

One of the funnest things about this whole thing, is that when started fifth grade I started in Arizona – I moved from Washington County to Mojave County – I got to go by my real name. I remember sitting there and practicing writing the name Barlow over and over and over because I was now a Barlow. I got to be a Barlow and I was in fifth grade. It was so exciting to me as a child to be able to use my dad's name.

SG: You were talking about the new house being partly plumbed and stuff like that. Was that common in the whole community? Were other homes may be more advanced or a little bit behind the curve on electricity and plumbing?

JM: For the most part, by that time, a lot of the homes had indoor plumbing. Everybody worked. They had septic tanks. There was no central system or anything like that. Most homes had electricity, but I do remember when we were living up in the trailer prior to that, that most homes did not have electricity. Using coal-oil lamps was a standard.

Everybody did. Most of the homes, if they did have indoor plumbing most of them had cold water only. There were not a lot of water heaters or anything like that. Everybody heated their water to do dishes. You heated your water to take a bath. You heated your water for anything because that's how it was. When we were living in the trailer back before, I remember mom using the big, old number three tub and filling it up on Saturday nights and always first thing she did was bathe the baby. [Cell phone rings] First thing she would do was bathe the baby because the babies were always first. That was something we were taught from a very young age is baby comes first. If there's not very much milk in the house, babies got it first and then if there's any left you got some on your cereal or something like that. Babies always came first. I liked that idea. I tried to instill it in my own children. Mom would bathe the babies and then she would do it according to age. We strung up a sheet so that they could have some privacy in the kitchen because that's where everybody bathed was in the kitchen. It was kind of an interesting situation, but it was normal to us. I remember later on when the plumbing became more prevalent and stuff, I remember the first time I ever bathed in a real bathtub that could pull the plug [laughter] and the water went down. This is amazing! Or even to use indoor plumbing. I remember when I was very young coming to town with mom and dad for some reason – I don't even remember what it was. I remember going in and using an honest-to-goodness indoor toilet and it freaked me out so bad because the water was going around and was it going to come out and was I going to get wet? Just this anxiety because I had never seen it before and it was new, but it's okay because things changed. By the time we had moved down to the big house, most homes had plumbing of some kind. A lot of 'em didn't have real adequate plumbing. Most homes had electricity, we did have electricity at that time. Most of the homes had electricity at that time.

SG: What about telephones?

JM: That was quite a while later coming in. I remember down at Hildale there was just few homes in town that had it. I remember them ringing the thing go ring, ring, ring, - ring, ring, ring. They'd say, "That's Uncle Virgil's. We don't need to answer it." It was a party-line. I remember that. I remember the first time we ever had a phone in our home and it wasn't until after we had lived in the big house together for quite a while.

SG: About how old were you?

JM: Let me think. I was probably twelve or thirteen with the first phone. I remember that it was very much it was off limits and that we were not allowed to touch it. That for mothers and father only and the children were not to use the phone. Reality is we didn't know any different because it's not somethin' we'd ever had. We had things like bikes, but they were where the boys would gather up old pieces and put 'em all together and figure out how to make this work. We walked a lot. We did a lot of just basic – we'd go out and build mud communities. After it rained we would build these great huge villages out of the sand and the mud and everything. It was all these gorgeous things and we were always the princesses and whatever. Clear up until the time I was eleven and twelve we'd get with my sisters and we'd build huts. We'd go out in the middle of the sagebrush and

scrape everything away and build these little huts and we'd play house and played moms and dads and play whatever. That was our life, but we did learn to work too. It was amazing.

I look back on it now and when it was my turn to help with supper, I remember sitting down with five-gallon bucket full of potatoes and I'd peel that whole bucket full of potatoes because that's how many potatoes it took to feed just the downstairs. I lived in the downstairs most of my life. I remember peeling all the potatoes and we didn't waste the peelings. The peelings went out to feed the chickens and that's the only way we got to have eggs. We had our own chickens and our own cow and we had a huge garden. We always had to work in the garden. That was a no-brainer. Everybody got up in the morning and went out and weeded in the garden – clear down to the little, teeny children did. That's part of living. That's part of making a family work. Because I was one of the older children in the family – I was the fifth to the oldest in the whole family. Needless to say, I was probably the mouthiest and everything else too [Laughing]. I have really good memories of that. I look back on it and I think, "Wow! You know, that really was kind of hard." When the children when I'd raised my family and they'd say, "Let's go camping! let's go camping!" I'd think, "I've already done that. Let's not go do that again." [Laughing] I have enjoyed that part of my life. Let's not go back there [Laughing].

SG: In your earlier conversation about your injury in Salt Lake, you talked about Lydia Jessop. Can you elaborate on her and her role in health care in Short Creek?

JM: Aunt Lydia was married to Uncle Fred and Uncle Fred, technically, he was the bishop, but we never thought of it that way. He was just like a grandfather to the whole community. His wife Lydia was very, very skilled in – well, she taught herself how to take care of injuries. Uncle Fred was a Boy Scout and when it first started out he was a Scout and he learned Scouting first-aid and he taught Aunt Lydia how to do first-aid when things first came to the community. Over a period of time, she would take classes and she would work. She worked with a doctor – Oh, dear. I don't remember his name, but he was from Kanab for years and years and he helped her. Years later, when he couldn't help her anymore then she started working with Doctor Broadbent in Cedar City. They educated her and helped her. She would call them and that's part of the reason the phone was there in Uncle Fred's house is because Aunt Lydia, if somebody came in with this injury then she would call in and say, "Okay, now what do I need to do?" The Doctor Graff? Was it Graff? I don't know. Give me a minute. My long-term memory will kick in.

SG: I know. I know what it is and I can't think of it either.

JM: He taught her how to sew up cuts and wounds. He taught her how to heal things and how to take care of things. She learned it basically from scratch and how to deliver babies and everything else. She did take some classes and became a licensed midwife. She delivered most of my babies. She was very good. She almost has a revered spot in the community. Everybody – they really do. I had an experience one time later on after I had lost the baby

and had hemorrhaged real bad and she had helped me. I was up there recuperating because I was the only person in the clinic at the time she let me go in and lay on her bed and she was in there sewing. We went through pictures and I sewed on buttons for her and we'd just sit and gabbed for two days while I was recuperating after having lost this baby. It was really a neat time to get to know her. She helped raise many, many of the children in the community. She was almost like a foster mother. If anybody had a situation they didn't know how to cope with, they could go to talk to Uncle Fred and Aunt Lydia and they would help them. They would bend over backwards to do whatever needed to be done. They were never able to have children of their own. Uncle Fred had other ladies in the family too and each one of them played a very unique part in building the community, but Aunt Lydia was kind of the head mother in charge almost type of a thing. She was the grandmother to everybody. She was like everybody's best friend. She dealt with children so uniquely. She knew how to be firm and strict when it needed to be, yet she was so loving and kind.

SG: During your growing up time in the Church was there any significance given to miscarrying a child or not being able to have children?

JM: Not at that point. When I was growing up I remember my mom losing a couple babies and I remember there being a lot of people would go way out of their way to not if a mother threatened to miscarry – she went flat to bed and they did whatever they could do and Aunt Lydia was right there to help. They used a lot of herbs and whatever. You think about it. You don't want to lose it if there's any way you cannot. As I grew up, I remember feeling bad that mom had lost the babies that she did because I knew about it. I know that one of my sister's mom's water broke when she was about six months along. She went to Hildale and she stayed flat on her back in bed at Hildale for two months. They just fed her trying to get the baby big enough. At that point of time they didn't understand about people going septic because of the amniotic fluid had broken or anything like this. They didn't understand any of that. When my baby sister was born she was what they called a Blue Baby. They called her that. I seriously think after all the years that I've been alive and in the medical profession, I think she had some heart defects and I think that's part of the reason. I don't know, but I'm seriously wonder[ing]. They didn't expect her [to] live overnight. They gave her a blessing and they didn't have oxygen. They didn't have any of that kind of stuff in those days, so people just made due with whatever they could. Reality is, it's a miracle any of us really survived. Not really because common sense. You use common sense ninety-nine percent of the time that's the best thing you can do. I do remember there being a lot of sorrow. People that had lost babies. I remember it being very sad. I remember that there was occasionally there were babies that were born dead and stuff like that. I think that the rate, even though I wasn't real closely involved with it, I think that there was a probably a little more back then, there was later on as I grew up and to be a teenager.

You've got to realize that all these years I was growing up to be a teenager we didn't move together till I was in fifth grade, which would have probably had been – what

twelve? Thirteen? Twelve-years-old, eleven, twelve. Something like this. I went to high school. I went to public school till eighth grade. I graduated from eighth grade and I went to the Academy, Colorado City Academy. I went to school there for three years. In the middle of my junior year, March of my junior year, my dad decided that I needed to get married because I was having way too much fun [laughing] at school. I'm not going to tell you this part. I don't think it was bad. Actually, I don't care if I'm going to tell you. They had what they called senior dinners or school dinners and the school put them on. When they did the school dinners, then the juniors and seniors served. I said, "I'm not serving! I'm going to sit on [the] table with all boys and I'm going to have a blast!" Here I am sitting at this table that got completely surrounded with boys and I was having a blast, 'til my dad walked in [laughing]. Needless to say, about two weeks later I got married. I understand from his perspective. He felt like he was preserving me because I was a goof off. I just loved to enjoy life. When I was with my sisters and we would go to the dairy to get milk, she had a driver's license [and] I didn't, so she'd drive and we would go and drive past my boyfriend's house about six times and take the long road home like any normal teenage person would. Reality, when I look at it that's exactly what it was, and yet I felt like at that time I had to sneak and do it because if my mom found out, mom got after me really bad. My mom and I we didn't always see eye to eye. I think part of it was because we were so close to the same age. She just frustrated me because she did not understand where I was coming from. I was way closer to my dad. I could talk to my dad about my boyfriends. I could talk to my dad about my school. I could talk to him about anything and we clicked. He did. The basic facts of life, my dad explained to me. My mom would not – mom couldn't do it. There wasn't that bond there. I loved her dearly, but there wasn't really a bond. My dad had the ability of getting the point across really good.

In all the years I grew up, I only remember of him hitting me twice. Once, because I really, really deserved – Well, both times I really deserved it – but once was when I was just a little girl and I had gone across the creek to get milk and I was told to go get the milk and come straight home. I spent half the day. I decided I wanted to play with my sister and I was just going to go do whatever I wanted. I didn't know that dad was going to be at our house that night. When I got home dad was there and he kind of took me to task and said, "Isn't this what your mother told you to do?" "Yeah." "Well, why didn't you?" "Because I didn't want to!" He says, "It sounds to me like if that's the choice you made then you have to follow through with the consequences, which means you're going to have to have a spankin', so go outside and find something for me to give you a spankin' with." I walked around that yard and walked around and find a big stick – "No, I don't want to be spanked with that." I'd find a little teeny thing – "Oh, I can't do this." I ran across the frog. A poor, little toad and I was so angry that I picked that up and threw it on the rocks. I picked it up and threw it on the rocks! I picked up and threw it on the rocks! About four or five times venting my frustrations. I didn't know my dad was watching me. Later, when I went in the house he says, "You know what? It would have been punish enough trying to find something to spank you with. [It] would have been enough punishment for you, but why did you hurt this innocent creature? You had no

right to hurt that innocent creature.” I remember I got five swats from my dad for hurting that frog. The impression never left me. You just don’t hurt innocent creatures just cause you’re mad. You control your feelin’s and your emotions.

The other time I was about fifteen [when] my dad hit me. Oh my goodness, but I deserved that too. My mom was getting on my case and I told her to go to hell and my dad was standing right behind me. He had this little fiberglass stick about this long. He just went “Wop!” right on my back side. I’d come to attention immediately. He said, “If that is how you’re going to treat your mother then she can no longer be your mother for a while until you can learn to love and appreciate her. You gather up all your clothes and you move upstairs and you cannot come downstairs and talk to your mom until I give you permission to.” At first, I thought, “Oh, big deal. This is going to be fun.” It was nothing, but after about a month I was pretty anxious to go and visit with my mom and to talk to her and I apologized and I talked to dad. I felt so bad because I knew that my mom depended on me. I was her oldest daughter and I had responsibilities. I was supposed to help fix the meals and tend the kids and do everything, and yet I couldn’t because I couldn’t go down and talk to them. I just remember crying and thinking, “How could I treat my mom like that? That was just so wrong for me to treat my mother that way.” Finally, my dad says you may go downstairs and interact, but he took upstairs and had one of the other mothers. He says, “From now on if there’s anything you need she’s your mom. You may not talk to your mother till you can prove to me that you have some love and respect for her.” [Laughing] Looking back at it, I think what a neat experience. What a unique way to teach a young person because he could have lectured me. He could have swat me. All it would have done is just reinforce this teenage rebellion or whatever you want to call it that was going on inside my brain. To do it that way, so that I’m the one that [had] to go and say, “I am sorry. I did not treat you right and I am sorry for this.”

After that experience I had a lot better relationship with my mom and I think sometimes that the ability to communicate with our children and the ability to get the point across in such a unique way, if you will, and such a loving kind way that doesn’t really cause harm, but it causes you to introspect and think things through a lot, is very neat. I’m so grateful that my dad had it because family was the number one to him. He just didn’t put up with that stuff. Our mothers were to be loved and appreciated and they were and we knew that dad loved and appreciated them. He’d come home from work and all the moms come and give him a big old hug and a kiss and all the kids would run and hug him and give him a big old hug. Every morning and every night everybody got a big old hug and kiss. It was just part of it. We’d gather for family prayer and everybody would get a hug goodnight before they went to bed. You hugged all the moms and you’d hug dad and everything. There was just absolutely no doubt where you fit in to that. There was a lot of love involved.

SG: Your high school years and then into the early years of your marriage was kind of a tumultuous time in American history.

JM: [Laughing]

SG: I was wondering if –

JM: You mean with the Civil Rights?

SG: With Civil Rights and the Vietnam War and everything like that.

JM: Oh, yes!

SG: Did that have any impact on you and the community and in what way?

JM: Yes, it did. I remember very well. I remember when I was growing up – this is a little bit of a retro, but I remember listening to the radio when John F. Kennedy became president and listening to the results coming back when he became president. I was in school when he was assassinated, but I can tell you exactly where I was and what I was doing. I was probably in third grade or third or fourth grade. Third grade I think. As time goes on, just barely shortly before I was married is when Martin Luther King came in and started doing a lot – it's when he gave his *I Have a Dream* speech and there was the march on Washington and the Selma march and everything like this. We didn't have TV, we didn't really have radio, but I was very much aware of it. My parents were aware of it.

I remember my father and his brothers would have reels-to-reels and they would watch them like news reels. A lot them, like when he gave the *I Have a Dream* speech, they were doing it in our living room with this news reel that they were watching. The children were not supposed to watch it, so me and my older sister we stood in the doorway and watched it because we were big kids and we could understand it and dad knew we were there. I remember thinking that and I just kept in mind because I had never seen a black person. I had only heard the church's concept of how there was this great war in heaven. The black people were the ones that sat on the fence that did not choose Jesus and the bad ones were the ones who went to hell with the devil and the fence-sitters were all the black people and that it says right in the scriptures that they're supposed to be the servants of servants and that they are ostracized from the church to the point that if you have any kind of relations, if you are even connected with a black person, you have no right to priesthood, you have no right to any of this. Basically, it's a condemnation. This is what was drilled into us. I remember as a young girl watching this, I was just a young teenager watching Martin Luther King and thinking, "Why does he feel like he has a right to do that? Why does he feel like that it's okay for him to do this? Doesn't he know he's supposed to be a slave? Doesn't he know he's supposed to be the servant of servants?" That was my perception of it. As time went on, I remember thinking a lot different when I started to get even involved in school more as a teenager in school. I remember thinking, "These are human beings." You kind of have to look at it from a totally different perspective.

It took many, many years for me to get over that prejudicial feeling towards blacks, because I didn't know any different. I remember the first time I saw one I was so afraid that it was going to rub off on me that I was just almost in a panic for fear if they touched me it was condemnation on me. It really frustrates me now because I see those same

tenses in the young people coming from the society and I know where it's coming from, but there's not a lot you can do about it until they're willing to see what is really happening. I remember hearing about the conflicts. I remember when Martin Luther King was killed. Oh my goodness. All these things. The civil rights, the riots, the KKK, all that stuff and I just kept thinkin', "They really are human beings. They need to be treated decent, but just because they're different doesn't mean it has to be so horrible." I didn't feel that it was just to the fight to treat them that way, but I didn't really know. I didn't understand at all. And that's part of what was kept from us, but I think in a way that it's part of my parents were taught to, so they really know any different. They didn't totally understand it as fact as most [of] the people in the country at that point were very much. That's why civil rights is such an issue.

As far as the Vietnam conflict, I had many cousins that were just a few years older than me that were drafted. I wrote letters to 'em all the time when they were in the service while they were in 'Nam. I used to be so scared that something was going to happen to 'em. I had four cousins from my Uncle Joel's family that all went into the service at the same time and they were all boys and we were all friends, but we would do a lot of things with our cousins and stuff. I remember writing to 'em and encouraging them and everything and "please stay safe, please stay safe." I didn't understand the politics of it or anything like that. I didn't understand what was going on even as far as the Nation and that.

I remember Kent State and the conflicts and the flower children and the conflicts in San Francisco and all the flag burning. I remember when there was this big thing about burning their bras and the Women's Lib. I remember a lot of that kind of stuff, but it was right when I was turning from a young child into a young adult. Some of it was even after I was married because I got married in March. I was seventeen.

At the time that I got married, I had known my husband – knew his name for one week before we got married because it was a placement marriage. This is what I was supposed to do and his decision was that I was not to go back to school. I had a real hard time with that because school meant so much to me. I loved it. After about six, eight months I talked him into letting me enroll in American School of Correspondence and I finished my eleventh and twelfth grade that way, so I did get my high school education.

The whole situation as far as Vietnam and stuff – it's almost like it didn't affect us, except for the people that were gone. There was a lot of people drafted from the community. We used to think and a lot of people would say, "Well, they're pickin' on us. They're taking so many of our young men because they're tryin' to weed us out." Because we had this persecution complex. I can look at that now and think that, but I didn't think that at the time. I truly believed that the government was pinpointing us because we were living this higher law and because of that we were being pinpointed as being bad. As a young girl, I just remember thinking, "Why can't they just leave us alone? The government's so bad." If government people came to the community and police officers and stuff, we hid. We literally hid in the closets. That was what we were

taught. I think that, yes, a lot of that comes from the background of what our parents went through, and I think it's good for the young people to know what their parents went through, but I still think that we need to be open-minded and come to realize that the world is not out to get us just because our parents felt like it was out to get them.

SG: How did all the boys being drafted play into the patriotic history of the community? I know that's always been a big point.

JM: For years we were very patriotic, especially when Uncle Fred was there. Uncle Fred was extremely patriotic. He had absolutely nothing to say but good about the country itself. We honored the flag, we celebrated the Fourth of July, we honored the founding fathers, in fact we were taught that the founding fathers were preordained to be here to create this country so that the work, and the priesthood, and everything could grow and flourish here. That was preordained to be that way. There was a lot of respect for the founding fathers, for the flag, for a lot of this. We always did a lot of flag raising and ceremonies and fireworks. There were small in comparison to what you see now, but to us it was fantastic as far for celebrating.

When the young men started to be drafted into service and that – whenever they would do, then we always had a whole bunch of the soldiers – I have two of my uncles were in the Navy in World War One – I mean Two. Both of them were out on ships in the ... Pacific Ocean – C'mon, the one over there! [Laughing] There were a lot of them that fought in Korea. There was a lot of the young people that fought in Vietnam.

For me, I remember thinking, "We are patriotic. We do this." I felt like we were patriotic. We'd sing the Star-Spangled-Banner and we always said the Pledge of Allegiance. We started our days in school with prayer. It was always "bless the country" and "bless the flag." That's how it was when I was going to school as a young girl.

Another thing is, when I was going to school there wasn't a lot of segregation between the boys and the girls. Yeah, you had girl bathrooms and boy bathrooms, but we did things together. We'd have football games and girls and boys would both play. We'd do tag football, we'd have races, we would have all different kinds of games – baseball and it would be all mixed. Girls and boys and everybody. Everybody got out and interacted and did together. There wasn't a lot of differentiation to where it became socially inappropriate. Anything like that. We were just together, and that's kind of how the community felt. When we would have activity days like on the Fourth of July and stuff like that. We were always together. They didn't make a big differentiation between the girls can do this and the boys can do this. I was really glad. Yes, there was the undercurrent. Yes, even as a child I knew that were certain things that girls just did not do. Girls' place was in the home and that, and the guys went to work and the girls had children. Growing up, that was my only dream was to grow up and be a mother and have a large family and help with the children and all this kind of stuff because I didn't have any other prospects. I didn't even think about it. It just wasn't even an option, but it may

have been if I had wanted it that way – I don't know. That's the way we were raised is to think family first.

SG: One more question of your pre-marriage time: What was the attire like growing up in the 50s and 60s?

JM: Pretty much whatever we wanted [Laughing]. Well, we were not allowed to wear pants. Girls were never allowed to wear pants unless they wore a dress that was quite long or a top that was quite long to cover their big behind. That was basically how it was phrased. We were encouraged to wear skirts and blouses. I remember as a teenager in high school there being a big old problem at the high school because they felt like the girls' skirts were getting too short, so all the girls had to walk across the front of the stage, in front of the school board, and anybody whose knees showed got expelled. All our skirts had [to be] below our knee. I remember most of us were just a [inaudible] [Laughing]. Then, I remember one day the school board come in and said, "We are not going to allow any more bangs at this point." Everybody had to go in and smear back their bangs and pin them back and everything like this. No more hair hanging free. It all had to be tied up in a bun or in a braid or something like this. These were just different parts of growing up where things are starting to get a little bit tighter – the controls were getting a little tighter, but there was nothing as far as the style of dress or anything like that. Nothing like that was forbidden. We could wear jewelry, we could wear skirts and blouses, we could wear fringe, we could wear whatever as far as colors. Everything. It wasn't an issue at that point growing up. It wasn't until years later that came into play.

We could basically read anything we wanted to. I remember a time when we had the newspaper come to our house and we read the newspaper every day. We always got Reader's Digest and we always read Reader's Digest.

We didn't generally listen to radio very much, but part of that was because my dad felt like the music was so wicked. I remember the first time I heard a Beatles' song, I absolutely loved it, and my dad just had a fit! The first time I heard Elvis and all I could think about was "Elvis, Elvis move your pelvis." I kept thinking that is so stupid. That's such a neat singing – look at this voice! I'm just this naïve, young, little girl and I just had no clue. Now, I listen to the Beatles and I think, "And we thought that was great?" [Laughing] I just have to laugh. We had records, a lot of phonograph records because we liked music. We would play phonograph records – Henry Mancini and these theme songs from movies and stuff like that. There was a series called Shangri-La that was from the South Seas music and stuff like this. We'd listen to 'em over and over and over and over. At that time, I kind of fell in love with the Everly Brothers and a few of them like that. Those were the ones I kind of had to listen to when dad wasn't home, so when I was home tending we listened to what I wanted to listen to. You can see why my dad's goin' grey – [Laughing] why he went grey.

I do not think that I was really a bad girl. I think I just had a brain of my own. I liked the individuality and the ability to express myself. Even when I was going to high school –

when I went and picked my own clothes and what I wanted to wear, I wore vibrant, bright colors. That's what drew my attention. I liked big prints, vibrant, alive. I didn't like pastels. I didn't like things that were washed out. That was my nature was to do that. I loved to go party. I would go over to my girlfriend's house and we would hang around and play games and do things like this. We did that and we were allowed to. The community held dances and like every other week they'd have a community dance. We'd spend half the afternoon getting all dolled up and decked out. Oh my goodness! Then we'd go to the dance and I remember as a young girl we'd say, "Oh! We don't have anything to wear to the dance! What should we do? Should we light our hair on fire and go nude?" [Laughing] That was the standing thing was "light your hair on fire and go naked and nobody'll know the difference." [Laughing]

The weekends that they didn't have dances, then they generally had movies. They'd bring in a movie or something. We used to watch old, old – the old movies. The Doris Day ones. I think about it now and there's lots of old fashioned ones. Some of the early Disney: *Pollyanna* and all those kind that were just plain, old, down to earth, fun, family. Uncle Fred was very instrumental in that. He's the one that helped put all that together because I remember him telling us in meetings – I remember him saying, "If we don't provide entertainment and some sort of recreation for our children, they will go somewhere else to find it." At the time I didn't think anything of it, but as an adult I kept thinking of that a lot especially when things started to clamp down and things got tighter and tighter. I remembered that a lot because I could see in my own children that was what was happening. As a young child growing up, he always looked out for those kind of things and how to make things work. It was quite fun. As you can see, I had a really good childhood. [Laughing] I was as crazy as the next teenager [laughing].

SG: You're a junior in high school and you get married. Then what?

JM: Holy cow. [Laughing]

SG: Let's talk about all that.

JM: [Long hesitation] It was a very interesting time in my life. Let me just say that prior to getting married there was one particular young boy in the community that I really, really liked. He really liked me and we had even talked about getting married if it worked out some way. He had talked to his dad and asked his dad and his dad had said, "Let's wait until the end of the school year and see." That was right at this period of time that there was a big split coming down between the Hammons, and Timpsons, and the Barlow's, and everybody so there was conflict going on in the community wise at that point.

It didn't happen, so all of a sudden, I get told, "I know where you belong. You belong with this man that already has a family. He has a wife and children." I had no clue who it was and my dad didn't tell me who it was. He said, "Uncle Roy has told me where you belong and it's a man that already has a family." When he said that, his face came to my mind. I didn't know what his name was at that time. I thought, "Oh, doll. It couldn't possibly be. It just couldn't possibly be." I went home and I said, "Well, tell me! Tell

me!” My dad says, “No, I want you to go home and pray about it and ask the Lord to let you know who it is.” And I thought, “What a crook of crap!” [Laughing] I went home and I prayed so hard because I wanted to be sure I was doing the right thing. This had been drilled into me that you go by where you’re placed in because that is so right. You’ll be given to the person you make covenants with and all this kind of stuff. It really wasn’t an option to not. There was no way I could not. I prayed about it and prayed about it and every time I’d pray about it I’d see his face, so I started asking around what his name was. A week later, my dad says, “Come and talk to me.” I walked in and he said, “Do you know who you’re going to marry?” I says, “I have an idea” He says, “Well, tell me who?” I says, “No, you tell me and I’ll tell you if I was right cause if it’s not right, I’m not going to say anything.” [Laughing] He says, “No, no. You tell me.” So I did and he says, “You’re absolutely right.” I know you’re [going to] think this is crazy, but in a way I feel like that I had that experience like that where I knew that that’s where it was going to be just to give me the courage to go through everything else that was coming that I didn’t know was coming at that time.

I never really ever had a real, what you would call a relationship with my husband. He had been married fourteen years and he’s still alive and he’s still with his first wife. I don’t want to say anything that would compromise him or create a problem, but I truly feel that he did not know how to handle the situation. I feel like he really seriously didn’t and the other wife, she didn’t want me there. I know she didn’t. Right at first, I feel like they were doing it because they felt like they were told to. There were many times through my married life where I was told flat out by him and her, “Boy, if there’s any way to get out of this I would. I would not have married you, except that’s what I was commanded to do.” I understood because that’s the only reason I was there too. Yes, there was the rule that said procreate and have children, but there was never any real relationship. I was told I am never to ask for his attention. This was right on my wedding night – I got married in their house, it was nine o’clock at night, I went to bed, he stayed upstairs with the first wife until four o’clock in the morning, convincing her that everything was okay, whatever, and then he came downstairs and talked to me for two hours and then he left. In that time, he told me, “You are never to ask me for any kind of relationship. Never ask me to come spend time with you. Never ask me to go places and do things like that. If I choose to do it, I will be the one that makes all those choices and decisions. Your responsibility is to be here and to be a help-maid and to try to create your own place in this family. Don’t feel like that you need to take over someone else’s place.” It was kind of laid out in black and white and it was like, “Okay. This is where we’re going.” That was kind of how it was from that day on.

Yes, there was times when he would come and spend time because I did have ten children. Well, let’s rephrase that. I gave birth to ten children, I had sixteen pregnancies. The six children I lost, I would get to be almost five months along and the babies would die. We didn’t never know why. We had medical doctors and everybody trying to figure out what’s going on, but it was over a period of time. Eventually, we come to realize that it’s because of autoimmune problems. I have a bleeding factor problem and that’s what

was causing the fetal demise. That's down the road a ways. Needless to say, my responsibility at that time was to be at home and to take care of the children. The first wife had a job in Salt Lake. Do you want to turn this off for just a second, please?

SG: Absolutely.

[Recording turned off.]

JM: My job was to tend the children and be the mom. I didn't really know how to cook. I knew how to clean. I knew how to cook the way that I had been taught to cook as a young girl, but people's eating habits are different and they like different things and you have to accommodate and adjust, so I learned but I had to learn really quickly. The oldest child in the family was four years younger than me? Four or five years younger than me. I think she was five years younger than me. I had six children that I started out with being the mother to right off the bat. Within two months I had another one – the other youngest one came. In a lot of ways it was almost like playing "house" to me in a way and I loved the children. I loved my brothers and sisters so much and I had been raised in a home where there was a lot of love and where the dad was the boss totally. He made the decisions and the rules and everybody went by that and it wasn't an issue. In my married family, it was not that way. He said, "Let's think about this," but if the other lady didn't agree a hundred percent, things didn't happen that way. It was what made her happy made the decisions, but that's okay. That's neither here nor there at this point. It's taking me many, many, years but I feel like that I have been able to forgive her and to go on. There was a lot of anxiety, stress through those years. Sometimes it got so intense that it was almost unreal. I had to focus on what was most important to me. At that point in my life, because I feel like everything else had knocked out from underneath me: my school, my family – there was so much conflict with her feeling like that. Her thing was that I'm part of this family now I should give up my other family. There was a lot of people that felt that way: Once a girl was married she should never have any more interaction with her previous family. I was commanded that [I] could not go down to my dad's. I couldn't see him, I couldn't visit with him, I couldn't have anything to do with my dad's family. Here I am trying to cope and function in this society, in this circumstance. Everything was really, really different. It was really hard. Yes, I spent a lot of time in tears. I had to make a choice of what I felt like was my priority and that time the only thing I really had tied to was the children because they were what my priority was. Over the space of forty years, that is what kept me from going crazy. Literally, totally. The children were my focus totally. Like I said, I ended up giving birth to ten, the other lady had sixteen. One of her children died of crib death at six weeks, so I raised all twenty-five of them. To this day, they all call me mom, they love me, their kids are my grandkids, we are just family. It's okay that that's how it is.

There was a lot of jealousy involved. I can't say that I never ever had jealousy. I mean, I'm human, but I remember thinking as a young girl even going into this situation that these guys have had fourteen years together, they've built a relationship, they love each other. That's okay. I don't want their relationship, I want to build one of my own. I want

to build my place in this family. Reality is that I think that some people are simply not cut out to be polygamous, and I think that he didn't know how because he felt like that he was trying to keep her happy and because of her jealous issues and whatever was going on. There were times when she would drive home from Salt Lake in the middle of the night to make sure he was in his bed not in my bed. If he had been gone to work and she'd just show up just to make sure he was there, or she would call on the phone. If he ever came to my room even for fifteen minutes, which is about what it normally was, he'd just come in for fifteen minutes and be gone. He'd go and sleep in his bed because he had his phone right there so that if the phone rang he could answer that quick and there would never be a conflict, so it wouldn't be a conflict for her. I think that he was doing the best he could – I really do. I know there [were] times that he was just as frustrated as I was because he would say, "Please don't tell her I said you could do this and such or go somewhere or do this, that, the other because it only makes her angry and I can't work with her when she's angry, but if you'll accept the blame then she'll be mad at you, and you'd not be mad at me, and I can work with her." There was two or three times that we went through experiences like that and it was hard. It was very, very hard.

There were times when I actually prayed that I would die. I just begged to die because I'd get so depressed and just not know where to turn or what to do. Then, I'd have to slap myself and say, "If you died what would happen to the children? What would happen to these children if you did?" Because prior to me going into the family, the children were being farmed out around the community to different families to be taken care of while mom worked. When I talk to the children now they say, "Don't you realize you saved our life? You made it so we could stay home and be with dad and be part of our family." There's a lot of love and the children absolutely love their dad. I don't want to speak bad of him. I feel like that he did the very best he knew how. He hadn't been raised in that kind of an environment at all and I don't think that he really understood it. He didn't understand the concept of the man standing up and being the head. My dad, on the other hand, was raised in a big polygamous family and it was almost second nature to him so he could.

I don't think that it's putting a woman down to say, "I understand you have jealousy, I understand you have these problems. Let's deal with it, let's work with it, let's do whatever we need to if this is what's going on." If you're going to choose to live that kind of society or that kind of an arrangement, but to totally obliterate it, that's a different thing. There was times I would get all upset and say, "I'm never going to allow my daughters to go into this kind of relationship." I got told really forcefully to mind my own business and shut my mouth [laughing]. There was still a lot of that even clear back then before things got really, really weird. There was still a lot of this – the women belong to the man. We were taught from the time we were little that we will be given to a good man and you will become a queen in his kingdom and you will help to procreate through all eternity and you will become a goddess and you will be able to do this, and you are his property – you belong to him. Just a minute here [laughing]. Needless to say, I don't tend to feel that same way anymore. Thank you [laughing]. Going through the experiences

that I have, I would, as crazy as it sounds, I would go back and go through the experiences again if that's what it took to get my children that I have now, all twenty-five of em, because I love them dearly and they are still so much a part of my life. Right now at this point, there's eight of em that are still with the FLDS church. They won't talk to me, they won't have anything to do with me. I miss em so bad I can hardly stand it. I haven't seen em in six, seven years. But the others are around and the grandkids are around. It's awesomely awesome.

SG: [Long hesitation.] That was a lot [laughing]. Just kind of gauging from a couple things you mentioned, your former husband and former sister-wife are – well, he was a convert, correct? Did I glean that correctly?

JM: Yes, his mother was a Pratt. She is the great-granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt. She was converted and joined the church and she later on left it and joined with the LeBaron group in Mexico, but he and his sisters stayed in the community. They were both young teenagers at the time. At the time that we got married, there was eighteen years difference in his age and mine, but he was like seventeen at the time. He actually moved into the community the year I was born.

SG: And his father was?

JM: Originally, his biological father was from Salt Lake and then his parents were divorced. His step-father was from California. He just went with his mother, but he made that choice to stay there as a teenager.

SG: Your former sister-wife was she a convert or was she from the community?

JM: No, she was from the community. She was born and raised in Salt Lake, but she was Charles F. Zitting's daughter.

SG: With her having a father from the council and you being John Y. Barlow's granddaughter, did those kinds of hierarchies and family lines play a role in–

JM: Not really, but a little bit. You've got to realize that it was a period of time, especially at the time that the Zittings and the Timpsons were making that split, where there was a lot of negative feelings toward the Barlows. The Barlows are running the show, the Barlows are going to do this. I'm sorry to say that some of the Barlows were jerks. They were. A lot of the men had what we called 'Big Man Barlow Syndrome' and needed to get down off their high horse and come back down to earth and realize that Barlows can make mistakes too. Because of that she always felt like – and I didn't know this till years and years and years later when she told me – that she always felt like that I felt like I was better than her because I was a Barlow. I hadn't felt that way, but she felt like I felt like that. There was a little bit of that. If I ever said anything like, "Well, my dad said" or something like that, it created big problems.

Even in my relationship with my husband because my dad read to us all the time and I had read through the bible and he read us bible stories and Book of Mormon stories and

he read us histories, he read us the history of Jacob Hamblin. Every morning and every night he would read to us and we'd have family prayer. We went through a lot. We had a good history. We understood the life of the prophet Joseph and all of that. When things would come up in our life, being the daughter of a historian and understanding this, I would start to quote scripture because I'd say, "Well, doesn't the scripture say that we are here for happiness? It's the design of our existence. Isn't that what the scriptures say?" I got myself into some real hot water, and didn't ever quote scripture to her, but even when [I] quote scripture to my husband he'd get really angry and say, "Stop quoting scripture at me just cause you think you're so smart!" I would back off, and yet I didn't feel like – Maybe I was and maybe it was coming across that way and I didn't realize it, but I had lived that first seventeen years of my life basically around the history and the scripture and the family and the love and all of a sudden this whole different environment that was totally different. The only thing I could do was to bring that same love to my children. I truly feel like that's what I tried to do.

When I talk to them they will tell me, even the ones I didn't borne that are my children, they would come and crawl in my bed in the middle of the night cause they didn't dare go crawl in their mom's bed if they had a bad dream. When their mom would come home from work, they would come and hide in my closet because she was kind of the drill sergeant kind of a person and they didn't want to have to face it. When there was conflicts, and stuff like this, I tried very hard because it's my nature and because it's what I've always believed is that you love and you respect your father.

Even to this day, I'm not going to say negative things about their dad. There's no way! They should love him and respect him. He helped give them life, he taught them the very best he can. We have no right to judge him at this point. It may not have been what I would have wanted. It may not have been what I anticipated, but reality is that people, for the most part, try to do the very best that they can. It's taken me years and years to get to that perspective where I can honestly say that. I remember as a young mother, one of my boys just getting so angry because she was having a problem with their dad and he was very angry about it. I took him aside and I said, "You have no right to condemn your father or to criticize. If he can put up with it you can, so just back off and let him handle what he needs to do. You do what you need to do." I do believe that the father figure is good. That was my perspective when I was raising my children is that it is right that there has to be, especially in that type of a situation, there has to be a head. There has to be a stabilizing influence let's put it that way.

SG: My next question is being that your priesthood head was technically a convert, was his family treated once he started with his wife and–

JM: You mean our children?

SG: Yes, you, your sister-wife, and your children.

JM: We were not treated different. We tended to be a little bit more outgoing than a lot of others. I have to admit in our family growing up with our children, education was a big

thing. We pushed our children to get a good education. My oldest daughter is an RN, in fact to be honest with you: I have four daughters that are RNs, I have two daughters that are dental technicians, I have a daughter that's a school teacher, I have two sons that are paramedics, I have a son that's an IT tech, I have a son that works in the management position at Honeywell – he's an electrical engineer. We pushed education, and these are the older children because we pushed education a lot with the older ones, because that's what we felt, we understood, we wanted. The children had a lot more opportunities. We would do things that a lot of other people didn't, like we'd gather all the children up and go down to California to see his mom and take 'em to Sea World. The kids got exposures that they had never had before. To be honest with me, that's the first time I ever saw a black person and actually interacted with a black person was after I was married and we took the children to Sea World in San Diego.

SG: About how old were you?

JM: It was after Billy was born so I was twenty. Because when my daughter Billy was born, she was born in October – the end of October, when I turned twenty in November I had ten children that I was being the parent for. I was being the mom to ten children. We gathered up, he rented a truck with a trailer thing on the back – a camper trailer and all the children were plopped in there and we drove to California and we did. We went to Sea World, we went to Disneyland, we'd take the children up to the Zoo – up to Hogle Zoo [in Salt Lake City], and we did. We tried to give them different exposures and to understand and do different things. Even later on, we actually got a TV in our home and we watched TV. The kids watched Sesame Street until it got to a point where it was just absolutely no more. We started to incorporate different things that a lot of other people hadn't. We branched out and it was really interesting because some of the girls they'd say, "Well, we started that trend. We started that trend." Wearing bobby socks with lace around the top of em when you're in high school – well, we started that trend. Wearing dresses that have the crisscrosses in the front – we started that trend. One day, one of the ladies there says, "So Meldrums are so great and mighty and they started all these trends. Did they invent sex too?" My daughter says, "Yes, I believe we did." [Laughing].

We weren't afraid to have parties with our children. We did! We'd have birthday parties for our kids. We had absolute hilariously fun birthday parties and everybody always begged to come to the birthday parties. We had my daughter for her birthday, we passed out invitations and told everybody to come dressed as a specific character and come and find out who your other half is. We did Anne of Green Gables and the guy that she – you know who I'm talking about. We had Mark Antony and Cleopatra, we had Raggedy Ann and Andy, we had all these different groups. People would come dressed and find out who was their partner for all the games and the funs and the stuff we did. We did a birthday party like that one year. Another time, one of the girls was turnin' thirty and she was having a real hard time with it, so we had over-the-hill birthday party. We rented a casket and used it as the buffet table. It was down here at Joker-Joker, so it was really supposed to be that. We had these big tombstones with 'Rest in Peace' and all these

sayings all over the house and black and white balloons. It turned out really fun! Finally, for the funeral procession we put her in a wheelchair and had her carrying dead flowers and we pushed her down the street eleven o'clock at night and the cops stopped us [laughing] and they said, "Ah, it's just Meldrums." [Laughing] So yes, we were a little more adventurous.

There were certain people that felt like Meldrums were going to hell. There were some particular Barlows that felt like Meldrums were going to hell and we'd hear, but it was kind of like, "Big wow. We're gonna do what we're gonna do." It wasn't really an issue as far as that because our name was different. In some ways it was unique. We just did it! [Laughing]

SG: Are your former husband and sister-wife still in the religion?

JM: Yes. Well, they were both sent away to repent, so they're both trying to repent and get back in. They still believe and they believe in Warren Jeffs. [Sigh]

SG: The children that are still in the religion, are they –

JM: Do they associate with them?

SG: Uh huh.

JM: Yes. They will associate with them, but they won't associate with me because I'm this terribly bad person. I have cut my hair, I have pierced my ears, and oh my goodness I have painted my nails!

SG: They look acrylic to me. [Laughing] That's more than painting your nails.

KB: [Inaudible]

JM: I have found that the bottom line is the love that is there. Because even the ones that haven't associated with me and stuff, every so often they send a message and say, "Let mom know how much I love her." The feeling is mutual and when I get a chance to send a message that's what I say: "Just remember how much you're loved." I feel like when it's all said and done it's going to be the bottom line. I have had some really interesting experiences and some really heart-wrenching ones and few things like that, but when it all boils down it's the love that's involved that's the most important.

SG: Should we take a break?

KB: We're at an hour-forty-two, so it's up to you.

JM: I'm okay. Whatever you want to do.

SG: Let's keep going. Let's talk about your career in health care. How did that happen?

JM: When I was the mom at home, our family took care a lot of elderly people. The girls, as they got older, they would spend a weekend and take care of an old couple. Periodically, I would get asked to do it too. I had a real hard time because I had all these little children.

The decision was made that the other wife would be there and take care of the children if I went to work. Three or four times she took off and went to town to do whatever and was with her sisters and stuff. Reports started coming to me that my daughter and some of the guys would come home from their work – they were nurses, RNs working for Home Health –they would come home at midnight and all the kids would be asleep on the floor in front of the TV with their dirty diapers and dirty faces and whatever. Nobody was put to bed and things just weren't right, so the comment was made: "Mom, you need to be there. Somethin's falling through the cracks." I went to talk to my husband about it and told him this was what was happening. He says, "Okay." A couple days later, all hell broke loose, because he went and said something to her and it blew up like you would not believe. I went to him and I said, "I'm going to be held accountable for these children no matter legally, spiritually, whatever. I will not leave em. I'm not going to work anymore. I'm just not going to do it. I am accountable to you, I am not accountable to her anymore. I'm not going to play the game." He says, "Well, you've been accountable to me all along. What do you mean?" I says, "If you ask me to do something I will do it, but I have apologized and apologized and apologized for forty years for things, that were supposedly done or I had innocently done to her, and just comes back and bites me and bites me and bites me. I'm not doing it anymore. I will be accountable to you." This was when Tom was – how old were you, Tom?

TM: I don't know. I don't remember

JM: You were about four.

TM: Nope.

JM: Three.

TM: Maybe. A little younger.

JM: Yeah, it was right around that time. Oh my goodness. Stress. You can't even believe it. Around that same time I stayed home and I would not go back to work. All hell broke loose. She was so angry at me that she wouldn't even talk to me for five years. She wouldn't even talk to me on the phone except to say, "Let me talk to dad. Let me talk [to] father." If I answered the phone. She bought a trailer and moved in the backyard. She wouldn't even come in the house. It was really bad. I was not allowed to tell her children what to do, I could not correct them, I couldn't tell them what to do because she was not going to let her children end up do all the work and take care of my kids, my little boys. It was to the point that so I could not ask her for help with the children or anything. If I wanted to go to the store I had to take all my children with [me]. I was not allowed to leave them at home. If I went to church, I had to take all my children with me, all my little teeny ones and everything. It was really, really a stressful time for about five years. Then, he got sick and he had a heart attack. At that point, they went in, they did stents, they did whatever they needed, and then he came home – well, they did bypasses – and then he was coming home and recuperating. He asked me – at this time, this was when Tom was about four or five – he says, "I need you to go to work if you will. If the other

children are in school can you find something to do during the day to help financially and I will take care of Tom cause the other kids are all in school. I will take care of the children.” He says, “Because I’m home I can’t go work right now.”

I started working for Sandy Home Health, a home health agency. I started doing their computer input and everything like that. I was home, I would leave, go to work in the morning at nine o’clock, and I’d be home by five every day.

SG: How old or what year was this?

JM: If Tom was four – you were born in ninety-three [1993]? This was like what?

SG: Like ninety-sevenish [1997].

JM: Yeah, somewhere around there. While I was there, they asked me if I was interested in becoming a DME [durable medical equipment} technician because they needed one in the area. I said, “Okay, I’ll do that.” I came down here to St. George and I told them, “This is my schedule. I can do it when somebody’s with my kids. They’re first.” They understood that. I came down and I did a bunch of training to become a DME technician and I worked for a company called Beacon Home Med Care. It’s since gone out of business and everything like that. The reason I was working with them and with Sandy Home Health was because they had the Arizona contract for Arizona Medicaid. Because of that, it was covering everybody in the community that was on Arizona Access. I did that and when that company went out of business the company that bought out the contract hired me to continue, so for fourteen years I was the DME technician in the community. At this same time, they ask if I would get my EMT [Emergency Medical Technician] certification because if I did it would put me in a position where as a DME technician, I would be legally licensed to do pulse oximetries [measurement of the blood’s oxygen saturation] and stuff like this where I could actually show to people how to do the pulse oximetry and put it on their finger. If I was not certified to do that I could not. I could simply show them how and let them do it their self. Because I would be an EMT and have that license behind me I could legally put it on their finger. I could legally put the cannula [typically plastic plugs for the nose to administer oxygen] on them, the oxygen cannula. They paid for me to go get my EMT certification. So I did this.

All this time, Tom is with his dad. His dad was home and his dad was helping take care of a little old gentleman and so Tom would go with him and spend a lot time one-on-one with his dad at that time. The other children were in school and I had it organized and set up so it would worked out really good.

That’s when I first got into it. Once I became an EMT, then I started running ambulance. We would run ambulance for a week at a time where if they had a female patient we would go on the call with them just as a comfort, support, privacy, whatever they needed so that there was a female person on the ambulance with the medics and whatever. Where we would cover for a whole week, because there was four female EMTs at that time. If there was a call that was a male patient we could request to not go on the call and they

would let us not. It worked out. It was a good experience and I really enjoyed it. As time went on, he got into school and I was still being a DME technician and doing the ambulance, I would be on call whenever – and they got more people in, so I would only be on call like once a week or once a month. It wasn't a lot.

I started teaching school as a substitute teacher at a private home school, and it was the same school my children were going to. I co-taught eighth-grade, I co-taught seventh-grade, I co-taught fifth-grade with another teacher. That was a blast. I loved it! My children were going to school there, so they always went to school with me, they came home with me, we were just right there together.

That's where I was working at that time when I got a call from Hildale Clinic and they said, "Uncle Fred wants to know why you're not up here helping us at the birthing center." I said, "Uh, because I haven't been invited to." They said, "He says you need to be part of this group." I had that responsibility, so I began working at the birthing center. I did a bunch of training to become a labor coach, so I was helping as a labor coach. I was helping taking care of the newborns and the mothers and all that kind of stuff for two to three days after birth. At the same time, I got my certification to become a MA, medical assistant, so I started working at the doctor's office. I quit teaching school and started working in the medical field. I was working with my brother, who was a doctor at one time. For some reason I just wasn't a holy enough person to be around him because I had too many wayward thoughts, besides the fact I was his big sister and he was trying to put me in my place cause I was a woman. I didn't have a medical education and if I did not call him Doctor Barlow, I was not improving his standing among the patients. [Inaudible] We did not see eye-to-eye, so I began to work with the other doctor exclusively. I had a lot of good experiences and he taught me an awful lot. I ended up working there for sixteen years and I loved every minute of it. I would work the birth center in the mornings and work in the clinic in the afternoons a lot of the time, or I would work the birth center on the weekends for two to three hours in the morning or be on call for a delivery or whatever I needed to do.

My children were growing up and they were becoming more independent and it wasn't as critical to be somebody right there every second of the time. It just worked, so I got into the medical profession. That's when everybody started to call me Grandma Joy. It actually started with the fire department because I was the oldest person on the department. It's our responsibility as a department, to keep our surroundings clean, so every month – well, we would have fire class on Tuesday night – we would clean the buildings and make sure everything is clean. The equipment is clean, make sure everything is stocked, make sure everything is up to par. Periodically, I'd come in and I'd say, "I can't stand it! These windows have got to be washed." And they'd say, "They're clear up there! Nobody's going to see it." I said, "I don't care! They've got to be washed. You get the ladders. Let's get these windows washed." It kind of got to where I became the grandma that said, "Okay, the ceiling fans have got to be done, the light fixtures have got to be done, the windows have got to be done." [Laughing] So everybody started

calling me Grandma Joy. Later on, after a while, it got to a point to where it was really hard for me to do the all night twenty-four hour shifts all night long, especially when we'd have call after call after call after call. I started backing out a little bit, but they put me in as their CPR [Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation] first-aid instructor and I helped teach EMT. I became a certified EMT instructor. I would do a lot of that kind of stuff. I would help do that rather than be on the ambulance itself.

SG: When you were on the ambulances how did it work uniform wise?

JM: Actually, uniforms were not – well, we had to wear a dress. It had to be blue. It was the same color as the shirt and pants that the guys wore, but we had to wear a dress. It had the logo and the embroidery on it and everything like that. It was just fine. Right at first when I first started, we didn't have to. We simply wore a vest that said 'EMT' on it. That wasn't a problem, but as time went on then it got to be where we had to be in uniform. I think it's a good thing to have it in uniform. I think it would have been way more user-friendly if we had been wearing pants because it was quite awkward when you're in the back of an ambulance trying to do this all stuff and you've got this big old skirt on and you're trying to step over the top of somebody to do something, and yet still want to be prim and proper. It's hard, and yet you kind of learn how to do some of that just because the circumstances warranted it, so we did. The uniform was never really an issue. I hated to wear the dress just because I always felt like it made me look like a blimp because of the style, but that's okay. That's just my own personal preference.

SG: Being in the dress-styled uniform when you dealt with people, patients that were not from the community, did that ever–

JM: I don't think it ever really did. I never had any negative responses myself. A lot of my role was as a comfort to the patient, to the mother, to the child. I went on some really horrendous accidents and things like that – seat belts and things like that. I've been on many fatalities and things like that. There's a certain amount of you understand where the emotional support has to come from. A lot of times I would let the medics that were there take of the medical end of it. I would do the simply, little reassuring things – the simple, little caring things. I do know that there was many times that I had people come to me afterwards and say, "Thank you so much for just being there to listen to what I had to say. To be my advocate. To know that I had somebody that was looking out for my best interest."

One young girl, I was on the call, she had a head injury. She was in and out of consciousness and she was just panicky because they had to disrobe her. She was under a sheet, so I got under the sheet with and I took the scissors and I took off her clothes. She was almost combative because it was a head injury, but I kept her completely, totally covered. When she came conscious after they had taken her to the hospital and they relieved the pressure and did everything, the first comment she made was, "Who took off my clothes?" Because she was concerned that it had been one of the medics. They said,

“Well, Grandma Joy did.” She came and found me afterwards and said, “Thank you so much for being there.” So I know.

I had another experience that when I was even training to be an EMT I was wearing a uniform, and it was down at the old hospital here at Dixie. They had a psych [psychiatric] patient come in and they said, “We’ve got to have somebody sit with this lady until we can move her up to the psych ward.” I sat there by the side of this lady and talked to her for almost six hours – we had to run a twenty-four hour shift. I sat there and just talked to her and we talked about her children, we talked about what she was going through: She was going through a divorce and her husband was trying to take her kids and she was having a real hard time. She was having all kinds of ups and downs. We just sit and talked. Finally, they took her up to the psych ward and kept saying, “Please don’t let them take me! Please don’t!” I got right in her face and said, “It’s going to help you. They’re just going to watch ya. They’re just going to help you.” Then I didn’t really think about her again. I went on about my life. About ten years later, I’m in Walmart and this lady walks up to me and says, “Are you Joy?” I says, “Yes, I am.” This is before I left the Crick. She says, “Well, I’m so and so.” She says, “Do you remember sitting with me in the emergency room?” I says, “I sure do!” She hugged me and she hugged me and she told me what a difference it had made in her life. She says, “Don’t ever think that by showing love and kindness that it doesn’t make an impact on people.” She says, “I couldn’t believe it when I turned around and there you were. I swore I’d never forget your face,” because of the impact it had on her. I felt kind of silly, but not really. I was glad in that position where I could.

I don’t think that because I was FLDS, that it made a difference. I think it’s more how you emulate. And yes, I was different than a lot of the FLDS because even the people that I worked with in my DME they’d say, “Are you sure you’re FLDS? Most of them walk around with their head down and they won’t look up, and you talk to people. You talk to people in the grocery line at Walmart. You act like—” I says, “Well, I don’t see any reason I need to bury myself. It’s not like as if I’m having a big problem with who I am. This is my choice. This is me.” I had a lot of people and maybe that’s why it wasn’t as much. I know that there were other people – that even the medics, the ladies that were on, even some the medics said, “Do not ever put her on with me again. I can’t get a word out of her edgewise. She sits in a corner and buries her face.” Understanding where they come from I can understand that. When they get this “women should be seen and not heard” type of thing. Needless to say, because my background and because of who I am and because I was a Meldrum that just kind of told everybody else whatever you choose is what you’re going to get. I’m just going to be me. I don’t feel like it really made a difference that I was FLDS, because like I said: The love, the caring, the understanding was what really made the difference.

SG: We’ll back up a little bit. After you got married and you kind of figured out—

JM: Where I was going?

SG: Yeah, where you were supposed to set yourself. What, if anything, did you find that changed in the community that impacted your marriage and your family and your children?

JM: The first big impact in the community was when the Timpson's and the Hammons' [went] off. We were very good friends. My sister was married to a Dockstader across the fence and our neighbors were Dockstader's and I had good friends everywhere and it was really hard for me. They were very much involved in our family life. The neighbor kids would always come over. I spend a lot of my time fixing sandwiches for teenage boys late at night when they'd all come in starving hungry and I'd open a bottle of peaches and make sandwiches for 'em because they'd come with our boys and they were hungry and "What's for dinner, Aunt Joy? Is there something we can eat? We're starving!" I did a lot of that and I started to see some of that change – a lot of it. The children still held it together a lot – a lot more. They couldn't see where the rift was and where it was coming from and everything. Personally myself at that point, I was so bogged down, if that's the right word, in trying to just make my life work that I wasn't really a lot involved in a lot of other stuff. Yeah, I would participate if there was like a fair or something like that, but not a lot because I had a whole bunch of little children. I felt like I was just in overwhelm. There would be days that I would never even walk out the door of my house. Looking back on it now, I can tell ya I was clinically depressed. I'm sure I was – how could I not be? I was to the point where I didn't even want to comb my hair in the morning, I didn't want to get out of bed, but I had this responsibility. You get up and you do what you have to do. As far as the community itself, I don't really think – except for the split going – that made a difference. And then gradually, things started to change over a period of time.

After Uncle Roy died, that hit us all up side of the head because really seriously we didn't think he ever would. There was that dream in the back of our mind that he would usher us in the millennium and he'd live forever. When Rulon Jeffs took over, it was really different because his whole concept of things was a little bit different. Yes, the principles were supposed to be the same, but he did not believe in dances, he did not believe in movies, he did not believe that you should have TV in your home, he did not believe in a lot of social – he believed any socialization you did should be done with the family in the home – so a lot of things started gettin weeded out. Like I said, we were a little bit more assertive, our family in particular, and we still did some of that. We still had our TV, it was very monitored at that point, it was in my bedroom basically and we watched videos. We were not connected to an antenna of any kind, unless it was Super Bowl, then we did have an antenna that the guys would get up and fix so they could watch the Super Bowl [laughing].

SG: [Inaudible]

JM: It was on the back side of the house, so that the neighbors couldn't see it because you know you'd get ridiculed.

SG: Hold on. What team were they rooting for?

JM: I don't have a clue! [Laughing] Back then, I didn't watch it. I played football in school and I loved it, but I was so far out of all that kind of stuff when I was so busy being a mom. I just really wasn't even involved in it.

SG: Mother has better things to do. More important.

JM: Pretty soon it got to where we didn't even do that as much. Rulon started bringin in some definite changes. All of a sudden, you couldn't wear red. It became this big thing that you couldn't wear red. Everybody was supposed to wear long underwear. Prior to that, it hadn't been an issue. People were only supposed to wear dresses that had collars up to cover your collar bones right here, to your wrists, and leggings to your ankles. You were never supposed to show any more skin than this. This was what Rulon was portraying. They were kind of like the standards that had been put together by Warren for their Alta Academy. They were kind of pushing it into the whole community. All of a sudden, all the dances stopped, all the movies stopped, all this kind of stuff. There wasn't a lot of socialization, so the kids started looking for ways to socialize a lot more. There was a lot more kids ridin four-wheelers, there was a lot more kids ridin dirt bikes – they weren't outlawed 'til quite a while later. There was a lot of that kind of stuff going on and that started to have an impact on the young people, a lot. Me, I was just busy in my little world trying to live during all of this because I was going through so much at that point in time when all this was coming together. I'm trying to think of anything else really – well, we quit having community fairs – that was more because of the Timpson/Hammon split.

They also started talking a lot more about one-man-rule, one-man-rule. Where one man is the head and the others are just there to help. It's one man has the power and authority. One man and he is a direct appointment from God and that one man only has the right to make these decisions and these choices and everything like this. These other men that had been help-mates, a lot of them had died off because there was originally there was a council of seven – most of them died off. Hammon and Timpson had split, so now it was just Rulon. He was there, and so he was one man. At that point, he also made the decision that mothers were all to be called Mother: Mother so-and-so, Mother Joy, Mother whatever. Fathers were always Father because they stand in the position of God to their family, so they should be called Father as God to that family. Some of this started to come in too. It was interesting because when you talk to the people that originally lived in Salt Lake they'd say, "Well, we're being taught a lot higher law in Salt Lake, a more refined law than they're being taught in Short Creek." The people up there were living a higher degree of Celestialization because they were more refined and more comely. They weren't as "hickish," if you know what I mean. They weren't down to earth, playing [in] the dirt kind of people. Everything was refined and it became a standard. When the people from Salt Lake moved down – that was part of the big thing was to try to incorporate more of that into the community, so people from Salt Lake were put in different homes and were told to help to refine the people from Short Creek, to make them a higher quality people. They actually tried to teach specific classes on language

because the people from the Crick actually do have an accent. We sound like we're from Alabama practically.

TM: We say "Crick."

JM: We say "Crick." There were things that they were teaching to try to elevate our standard of talk, to elevate our vocabularies, to elevate our enunciation. I remember just thinking, "Oh my word. Ok, whatever." Because you kind of get to that point, but I had no clue at that point that it was going to from bad to worse. Looking back at this point, I can see where all this was starting. The reality is that a lot of this that was starting, even though it was Rulon that was supposedly doing it, it was all under Warren's thumb, because he was the principal of the school and his dad had a stroke. He was being the mouth piece and he'd say, "I'm here just doing the will of my father." This is what he says. Just a whole bunch of it that was... garbage and yet I can see, I agree that it is right to get educated, it is right to improve your standards, it is right to keep your home clean, it is right to correct your enunciation if you need to, but I don't think it needs to be crammed down people's throat. I think it's a personal choice.

SG: You mentioned that under Rulon's administration, that is when the long underwear came in.

JM: Yeah, a lot of people wore long underwear prior to that. It started clear back with the people that were originally from the church and they had their temple garments. Even though they had been excommunicated from the church they still wore their temple garments. A lot of people felt like that by wearing long underwear it was preparing their bodies to be able to wear temple garments and that was part of the reason to do it was in preparation. It didn't have the markings, it didn't have anything like that. It was just a preparation, besides it was supposed to keep your body so covered that there would be no temptation for any kind of immorality or sin. I don't know exactly if that worked, but I'm just saying that was part of the process. Certain individual ladies were given the responsibility to make long underwear for everybody in the community. Certain people built the patterns and made the underwear and you paid em for em and everything like that. That's when I started wearing long underwear. Actually, it was a little bit before that but about that time.

SG: So like late-eighties, early-nineties?

JM: Yeah.

SG: Is this the closest or the most common time that there was anything garment related in the church?

JM: As far as I know. Prior to that, there wasn't. I know my mom always did. I remember from clear back when I was a child, mom always did. I don't know if it's because it's what dad told her to. I don't know why she did, but I know that I never did growing up as a child and I've been married for a lot of years before I ever started wearing it. At the time that it was decreed is when all the children were supposed to wear it and everything.

I had made a choice to wear it because I kept feeling like, I felt like I wanted to, so I asked my husband about it. First of all, he said, “No, You can’t.” About six months later I ask him again and he says, “I don’t think you should until you’ve been appointed to.” “Ok.” I [felt] really bad [I] did because in my mind I felt like, that the people that wore the long underwear were the elite. They were the up-and-coming generation, they were doing what was right, they were on the right path to eternal life, and they were gonna be saved no matter what. That was kind of in my subconscious, and when this came out then it was, “Okay, I’m already in that. I’m already trying to do what I’m exactly supposed to be proper and holy and all this kind of stuff.” So I did and I didn’t mind it. I hated to wear the socks. Oh my heavens! You try wearing three pairs of nylons every day to keep your underwear covered because nobody was supposed to see it, and it literally drives you bonkers. Then they started wearing leggings and I couldn’t stand to wear leggings. They were too dang tight, so I would wear socks and pretty soon I just got “I really don’t care. I will wear one pair of heavy socks, tights. That’s it. I’m not wearing three pair of underwear” – I mean three pair of socks, I am flat not doin it. If my underwear showed that was just tough beans because I just couldn’t stand it. It was basically just a symbol.

SG: Before we get to the early two-thousands, anything else come to mind besides being in mom zone?

JM: I was so far into mom zone during that time. There were times through this period when I’d feel like I needed a break, I needed to do something, so my husband would let me take night classes from community college periodically. Over the course of time, I actually did enough credits to have my Associate’s, but I didn’t get my Associate’s. I transferred all my credits up to Utah State – not Utah State – Cedar, the college in Cedar.

SG: Southern Utah.

JM: That’s the one. I actually went to school up there for about four quarters over a period of long, standing periods of time when things worked out. I was two quarters away from having my Bachelor’s in elementary education. I had this craving, this desire to learn. Even like when my daughters were going through nursing training: my oldest daughter and then I had two girls that were real close to the same age doing it and then our youngest daughter, but the two girls that were the same age, they’d bring their nursing books home and I would read their books and help them study for their tests because I just had this craving to know and to understand and figure out how things worked. It was like it was what I was doing to keep my brain from atrophying. I could be the mom all day, but I could sit down and read, and I loved to read! Reading’s always been my number one favorite hobby in the whole world. I would read and study and all this kind of stuff. I loved it. I loved to be able to do that kind of stuff.

It kind of all fell to pieces the last quarter I was in Cedar. I still had two quarters to go; one was my student teaching and then I had one more quarter. It was right at the end of the quarter before that, so I had two quarters left. There was a young man up there I was going to school with and he kept begging me to leave. He begged me to leave. Told me I

was his princess and he loved me and all this kind of crap. He was this young kid from Philadelphia and he was younger than me, but he was just a really, really nice kid and he told me if I gather up all my children, he'd take care of me and he'd do this and that and the other and stuff. I really liked him, I thought he was a real nice kid, but I couldn't make that kind of a choice. It wasn't, sad to say, it wasn't because of my relationship with my husband and everything like that. It's because I knew that it would break my dad's heart and that was the only reason that I couldn't. I just remember thinking about it and thinking about it and thinking about it.

Somebody that was going to school at the same time became aware of the situation and told Howard, so he called and told me I needed to quit and come home and he told Mabel about it and she got – I'm not supposed to say names. She got so angry she just literally could not handle it because she felt like that I hated her and that I hated the family, so she was gonna pack up and move away and she was not going to have anything to do with the family and hell was going to break loose. It just became a crisis! He calls me and says, "Please go and apologize to her. Tell her it's not her fault and that you were out of line." All this that. I had to go and apologize to her for having this romance or whatever it was, which it really wasn't, it was just a friendship and that it was okay, she didn't have to leave, and "please don't go" and all this kind of stuff. It was at that point that my college education ended [laughing]. It was really hard and he called me quite a few times after that on my phone. Pretty soon I just quit answering because I just couldn't deal with it because I'll be real honest with you, it felt so good to feel like there was somebody that loved me for being me. That just loved me. That's not at all what was in our relationship. I never really had a relationship of any kind. Anything that was said had to weighed pros and cons because you knew anything you said was going to get used as ammunition one way or another, you had to make sure it was proper, and he was so concerned about so many of those kind of things that even when I lost one of my babies and I had to go to the hospital and have a D and C [dilation and curettage – a surgical procedure for post-miscarriage], he wouldn't let me go in. I was married to him, I had to be married to his fictitious brother and if we went somewhere in the car I had to hide down on the seat so nobody'd know I was there because he didn't know how to deal with it all. That's why I'm saying, "I can't judge him for it because he really didn't how to deal with it." There was a lots of ups and downs. Yeah, this guy was just a nice kid, but that was part of my life. So what were we back to?

SG: You want to jump into the twenty-first century?

JM: [Laughing]. Twenty-first century. When Tom was twelve, he's my youngest, it was on his birthday no less. I got a phone call from my brother, the one I had always been like this with that was the doctor, he said that he needed to talk to me. I said, "Okay." He came and picked me up. We got in the car and we went driving down the road and he picked up his phone and he made a phone call and he says, "I have her here in the car with me. Do you want to talk to her?" Should I say names?

SG: It's up to you.

JM: Well, Lyle [Jeffs] was on the other the end and he said, "I am telling you that your husband has lost priesthood. If you want to have priesthood in your life you are to leave him right now and go and move in with all your unmarried children and move in with your brother because you no longer belong to him because he has lost priesthood." I sit there and I said, "Could you please repeat that?" And so he said it again. I said, "Well, from everything I've ever been taught priesthood is paramount. That is what's necessary, so I will do whatever I need to do."

We drove back to the house, he said, "Throw whatever you need to together to last the week. Gather up your children and I'll be back in an hour to pick you up." I walk in the house and there's Howard and he had the most ashen look on his face. It was just unreal. He looked at me and he says, "Do you know?" And I says, "Yes, I do." He says, "So what have you been told to do?" I said, "I have been told to go move in with my brother, Lehi." He said, "Okay." I said, "Do you want to tell the children or should I?" He said, "I've just called everybody together in the family room." So we all went in and he told them. He says he was being sent away and his other wife was being sent away and their only unmarried daughter was supposed to go with them. She did not want to go so bad she could hardly stand it, so she started writing letters like crazy and beggin to stay, so she was told she could stay as long as she stayed with me. We moved in with my brother, me and my five youngest boys.

That was the start of a very, very interesting experience because we lived in a different house for how long? A week? They moved out of the original house that we had built, the Meldrum house, and then we moved all back in to that house with my brother. To move back into the same home under total different circumstances, total different everything, it was unreal. To be honest, it was really, really hard. It was very, very hard on the children. I felt like, looking back, that I was basically in shock but I kind of knew that it was going to come down to that, but I just felt numb from my head down. I didn't know till later, when talking with the children, that the other wife told them, "Well, the reason this is happened is because she's gone and complained about us. I hope she's happy. I hope she got exactly what she wanted." All that did was just hurt to hear that kind of stuff, but I did not and I told them that ain't what happened.

We lived there and we were supposed to be going through some in-depth training by Warren at this point. My brother was very close with Lyle, he was in the in-crowd, and so he would come home with these new teachings every night and every morning. We were not to leave the house without asking his permission. We could go into the backyard, but we were not to leave the yard. When I got ready to go to work I had to call him wherever he was and ask permission to go to work. If I had a patient that needed oxygen and I had to go deliver oxygen to a patient, I had to call him and get permission. If he didn't answer his phone because he was in with a patient at the clinic or something like that, then I was supposed to wait until he returned my call. I kind of blew up a few times at him and said, "If I get a call in the middle of the night that says 'We're having a delivery. We need you here. Come now.' I'm not going to call you in the middle of the night!" And he says,

“Well, don’t you want priesthood blessings? You call me anytime if you have to leave the house in the night. You call me. If you have to go deliver oxygen, you call me so that you can have priesthood blessings.”

Everything became focused on priesthood blessings and we started putting pictures of Warren up. Every room had at least two pictures of Warren in it. We were told, “You are not to tell the children, ‘Do this because I ask you to.’” Or something like that. It was “Do it because God wants you to. God wants you to do this and God wants you to do this.” That’s when they got to the point where we were supposed to pray every hour on the hour. We had to set our watch alarms so that every hour on the hour we gathered and had prayer with all the children. The whole family had to gather and have prayer. That’s when they started putting some restrictions on the foods stuffs and that, but not near as much. My boys had a real hard time. Dennis and Tom were the youngest and they kind of incorporated into it.

It was right at this time that my dad had been sent away and my mom had been remarried and then he had been sent away, so she got remarried again. Actually, before she got remarried again, she vanished. Later, we come to find out that she had gone to Texas and was living down on the ranch down there, but we didn’t know. For four years I had no clue where my mom was. I didn’t know if she was dead, I didn’t know if she was alive, anything, but she would write to my brother. That’s when I realized where she was, but I didn’t know that she had remarried while she was down there – she had been married to somebody else. All of a sudden, he comes in one day, my brother, and he says, “You are no longer a Meldrum. You are now a Jessop. You write Jessop on everything. As far as priesthood is concerned, you are a Jessop.” And I said, “You’ve got to be kiddin me!” The children in their school, because they were all doing private school then - the mothers were teaching em and everything – they were supposed to write their name as Tom Jessop instead of Tom Meldrum. It was kind of weird and I still didn’t know for sure who she was married to, but I knew had my suppositions at that point. I was just so frustrated because I had a hard time when somebody has their thumb screws on ya and you cannot go outside. We couldn’t go down to the grocery store without asking permission. I just kept thinking, “This is stupid! We’ve got brains. If we weren’t supposed to use our brains, why do we have it?”

One of the first things that happened when we moved over to the Meldrum house with my brother, is they put up this big, huge wall all the way around. I felt like that I was living in a cage almost, yet I was trying so hard to just be proper and to do exactly and support to the priesthood, to turn over my means. Because I was working as an ME at the clinic, I was working in the birthing center, I working doing a DME technician – I was pulling in some pretty good – not real good money – but I was pulling in fairly good money. I was supposed to consecrate and donate every bit of it to the store house and to my priesthood head and everything like that. For the most part, I did. Yes, I told them I said, “I’m going to keep part of it so that I can take care of my car – my car payment.”

And he said, "Ok, that's fine." I was so frustrated and the boys were having such a hard time.

My oldest son he just finally said he couldn't do it – the oldest of my five youngest is what I'm talking about. He was working for a contractor that was laying brick and my brother got all on his case and said, "It doesn't matter where you're working or what you're supposed to, you're supposed to be here for morning class at six o'clock. You're supposed to be here for evening class at six o'clock. Wherever you are, if you're in Kanab, you make sure you're home at six o'clock to do this." And he says, "How am I supposed to do that when I'm riding with a crew, we leave at five in the morning, and we drive to Kanab to do this job. We don't quit till nine o'clock at night." He got all upset in his feelings, my brother did, and went and reported to the bishop that he was not making it to his classes. That he was trying to find excuses to not have to make it to the class. He basically got told that he couldn't live in the house anymore, so they moved him into separate little apartment all by his self and told him, "This is for you to think about repenting and you've got to make it to classes to show that you want to repent." That lasted for about three, four days and he just says, "I'm sick of this." He packed up and left. I was not allowed to show any kind of emotion. He was so angry at me and I didn't know this till long later. He says, "All I could think is that you were glad I was leaving because you weren't crying, you weren't begging me to say, you weren't doing anything." And I says, "I didn't know what to do. All I felt like doing was crying, but I had to have this prim and proper face because everybody was watching me to see how I was going to react and I was going to be judged by that and I knew I was."

I didn't talk to him again for a year. He called me on my birthday a year later because one of his other brothers had said, "You call your mom!" I sobbed and sobbed and he cried and we both cried and we talked for two hours on the phone, but I wasn't at home – I was out to the farm, out ta Pony Springs at the farm. My daughter and her husband had a farm out in Pony Springs, Nevada. It was owned by the church kind of, but that's where they were. As the boys got older, they went and worked out there through the summers and stuff like that. Periodically, when I felt like I'd had all I could stand of my brother and his family, I would beg to go out there and spend a weekend with the boys and stuff. I'd drive out there and that's where I was on my birthday when he called. I stood outside and talked [to] him for almost two hours. Since then we've talked a lot because I was to the point that I realized how bad my kids needed me. I had to be careful, I had to be dang careful because I knew I was gonna get judged no matter what I did.

On through the year 2000, things they got worse and they got worse and they got worse. So many changes, so many ups and downs. It was kind of like you didn't know where to turn, didn't know exactly what to do. We were all supposed to be writin these letters of confession and we were all supposed to be writin letters if we needed anything. I wrote letters. I wrote a letter of confession once and then I just decided this is stupid. Not gonna keep writin. I wrote a few letters saying, "I need some help with my boys because my brother's driving them away." My sixteen-year-old son was readin Tolkien and it was not

church approved, so he got ripped up one side and down the other and low and behold he disappeared. All I knew was that he came and said, "Goodbye mom." And I said, "Where are you going?" And he says, "I can't say." So I went to my brother and I said, "Where's he going?" And he said, "That's not your business. You have [no] right to know. He's going on a special mission for the church and for the Lord." He was sixteen-years-old and I was just a basket case. I didn't know where he was, I didn't see him again for six months. Come to find out, they sent him to North Dakota to work on a concrete crew, but I didn't know it – just a basket case.

My son, Preston, he was working out in Pony Springs and he would call and say, "Well, I'm going to be comin home." They would drive home, but they'd stop in Beryl because Harker's had the big farm out there and he was working with Harker's. They'd do projects and go bail hay or whatever Uncle Steve needed, and he wouldn't get home till two in the morning. My brother would say, "How was the movie?" And he'd say, "What are you talking about?" And he says, "Well, you called and said you were heading home at eight o'clock last night and it's two o'clock in the morning. I just assumed you stopped off at the movie house." And he says, "We stopped in Beryl and helped Uncle Steve" and we did this and this and this, but it frustrated him so bad because that's kind of how he was is he almost assumed the worst about anything and that's the way he came across. But I didn't realize till later that he felt like that he had been given this special mission because our family had not been taught and trained properly to be subservient, so it was his mission to teach and train my boys and me how to be subservient to priesthood. Whenever things would fall out of line, even like with Preston, he'd call the bishop and report and call the bishop and report.

My daughter had a magazine in her bedroom, she was our youngest daughter – she's very big-breasted. She had a magazine in there that she ordered her bras out of because she couldn't find em big enough just off the rack anywhere, so these were great, big for full-bodied women, and one of his children walked into her bedroom and saw that magazine and went and told their dad that she has horrible, wicked magazines in her room. So all of sudden in the middle of the week, my son, Brian, had asked if she could tend the children. He was going to get the new firetruck or something and his children – All of a sudden, I get this call that says, "Uh, mom can you tend the kids. We're halfway to Florida and we just got word that she can't tend the kids. The kids are at your house. She's supposed to be tending em, but we just got word that she can't and we're halfway to Florida. Could you tend the kids?" And I says, "Absolutely I'll do it." And he says, "Well, you better check with him." I called him and I said, "What is going on?" And he just says, "We just cannot expose children to pornography and she's got pornographic magazines in her room." And I says, "Have you talked to her about this?" And he says, "No, I didn't think it would be appropriate." And I said, "For Hell sakes!" Just like that. [Laughing] And that's part of the reason we didn't get along too good because I was a little bit too level-headed I think sometimes. I said, "Well, is it okay if I tend them then? They are halfway to Florida right now and you can't dump them out on the street." "Yes, that'd be appropriate if you go ahead and tend the children." So I did. She came home

and she says, “I thought I was tending.” And I says, “Oh my heck.” Cause I thought surely thought he would have said somethin to her. He hadn’t said a word to her. She comes in and I says, “Oh my heavens.” I took her into the other room and explained what had happened and she just sit and sobbed. She says, “Why can’t he just come talk to me?” She says, “I ask him specifically if I could get that catalog because I had to have some decent underwear, a decent bra. And he told me as long as you don’t make it public for children can see it.” And she says, “That girl, his daughter, had no business even going in my room, I didn’t invite her in. She went in there on her own when I wasn’t even there.” Needless to say, there was woo – fireworks.

It was stressful and all this got reported to the bishop, so I began to say, in myself, I began to think, “Holy cow! This is way too much. Where do we put it? How do we make this work?” The bishop knew, Lyle knew, that I was having a hard time with him, and I think it’s because I was getting tattled on all the time. One day, I’m mixing bread – this is ridiculous – I am mixing bread and I’m just mixing it for all I’m worth by hand. I was so angry at my brother I just couldn’t hardly control myself because I needed to go to Fredonia to take oxygen to a patient and he had said, “No, you can’t go right now. Why don’t you wait and do it in the morning and we’ll get somebody to go with ya?” And I said, “I’ve already called them and made the appointment to deliver their oxygen. They will be out of oxygen by morning!” And he says, “I think they’ll be fine. You can wait and do it in the morning.” I’m just so dang frustrated. He comes in and I’m mixing this bread and I am just mixing the heck out of it, just beating the tar out of it. It was a good case of displaced aggression [laughing] cause I didn’t know what else to do at that – So I’m just mixin and he stands there a minute and watches me and he says, “Boy, I’m sure glad I’m not that bread.” And I said, “Well, I wish you were.” And he said, “Oh, are you upset at me?” So I told him. I says, “How can you expect me to do what the company is asking me to do and put these kind of things?” I says, “We’ve been taught that we’re supposed to use inspiration, we’re supposed to be inspired of what we’re supposed to do that’s best, and how in the world can we be inspired when we have to ask permission for every dang thing. Do we need to ask if we can even go to the bathroom?” “Now calm down. Now calm down. You just don’t understand that there’s a certain principle. There’s a process that all this is supposed to go through. And women should be sweet and kind and lovin about being directable.” And all this kind of stuff. I’m just boiling mad inside.

A few days later, we get a phone call that says, “The bishop has made a decision that Grandmother Joy and all of her children are going to go and move in with Uncle Brian and they’re going to move out of our house.” [Laughing] I guess I pushed things just too far. I moved in with my son and things got way, way, way, way better, but there was still, as far as the community goes, there was still a lot of conflict and everybody was trying to – there was so much judgement that you didn’t know where to turn, you didn’t know what to do because everything you did got judged by everybody. That’s part of what they were being taught. If someone does something that’s not right and you know it’s not right, you need to report it. And if you don’t report it you’re as guilty as if you’d done it yourself if you see it. Children, if you see your parents doing something that’s not

appropriate, you need to report it. Wives, if you see your husband doing something that's not right, you need to report it. It's as guilty as if you'd done it yourself. Through all this, it got to the point where I was just "Oh." I dreaded going to church. I literally dreaded it. And I would sit and I would take my three-in-one [book combination of scriptures] and I would read and I would think, "Calm down, calm down. You know that if you want to be peaceful and have the spirit of peace, it's got to be internal. You have to create that spirit of peace, so just calm down." I'd read my scriptures just hoping it would help me to calm down because my insides would be going like this – just because I could feel that something was not right and the anxiety and the stress was so high. There was so many people that we loved and people that we were with: my parents and my husband and everything was just falling apart! There was no structure and you didn't know from one minute to the next if your name was going to be on the list. It was just unreal.

At this time, all these other things started coming in like: You shouldn't eat – no corn. You should only eat wheat in time of famine, but if you do eat wheat it has to be a hundred percent whole wheat that you grind yourself, no store-bought. You should only use from the storehouse. Everything that you get, if you get WIC [Women, Infants, and Children-federal grant to supplement food needs], you spend your WIC vouchers and take everything and give it to the storehouse and then you go back through the front of the building and take only what you need, so everything you got is donated to the backdoor of the storehouse and then you go in. If you got four gallons of milk, you only need one at a time because you should clean out your pantries, clean out everything. You should never have more than what you need for one week in your house at one time. Nothing! If you have a big can of baking powder, you donate it to the storehouse and it's broken up into little containers of baking powder because you don't need more than that in a week. If you can fruit because fruit is in season, every bit of that gets donated to the storehouse and then it gets put out on the shelves. As you need it through the winter, you can come and get one bottle at a time or two bottles, so you have to plan your menus and have it figured out for the whole week. This is part of what was happening at this time.

There was also the big thing about cleaning. Oh my goodness. Where you had to clean every surface in your home. Everything had to be cleaned at least once a month. Everything! The inside and outside of your car, the engine of your car, your whole entire home, you had to wash your carpets every month, everything, the walls, the windows, the blinds, the furniture, everything, every bit of clothes, everything had to be washed, and you did it one room at a time – or two rooms at a time depending, and you had to do it in a specific way where you had two containers of water. One container is your clean water, one container is your dirty water, so you have your cloth that's the dirty water and you use only your left hand and you take it out of the dirty water and you wash it, then you put it back, and then use only your clean hand, which is your right hand, in the container that's the clean water, and then you rinse it. Everything was done very ritualistic with your right hand and your left hand and you could only do this.

At the same time, all these different changes like: When you sit down to eat a meal there should be absolutely no socialization. Nothing! You sit down, you eat, you do not talk to the people at the table. That is socializing and socializing is wrong because you're wasting your time if you're socializing. You should be working rather than socializing. Anything that's socialization is wrong, so you set at the table, you eat your food, you get up, and you leave. Everything was supposed to be done according to – like class was at five o'clock in the morning, breakfast was supposed to be ready by the time class was over, so everybody ate breakfast at six o'clock, mother was to take care of the dishes and whatever needed to be done, the children were supposed to be in school by seven o'clock, and the mothers were supposed to teach the children school from seven until noon. They were supposed to have a light lunch at noon and then they were supposed to have supper at five o'clock every night and nothing that was very big or gourmet or anything like that because it's not appropriate for young children.

At the same time all this is going on and we're trying to fit these guidelines, we're being told how to dress, that we were not allowed to go to the stores and buy things, everything was supposed to come through the storehouse, birthdays were nonexistent – you should not receive even a gift. If you receive a gift from anyone, it's to be taken and given to the storehouse because everything you receive should come through the Lord through the storehouse, so you shouldn't receive anything. If you have clothes that your child has outgrown, you cannot pass them down to the child younger. It has to be given to the storehouse and then you get it from the storehouse to give for your child.

Does this make sense? No. Only if you're talking a cult mentality. At that point, there was a lot of us that were kind going "Okay, okay. Put this together. This isn't working. This is crazy," but we were still trying to do what we need to do. This was going on 'til about – besides the fact – like I was saying, a lot of changes were taking place. There was a lot of restrictions being made. Some of the older – in fact most of the older people in the community were being basically sent away, so a lot of it was the young people and they were growing up with this concept of not really knowing where they were going. They had no foundation basically because so much had been ripped out from underneath them. Myself, I had a foundation, a good loving foundation, and I feel like that's why I was able to make some adjustments that I did, but the young people didn't really have that kind of structure or anything behind em to help cover some of this. As things began to change, the criticism, and they didn't call it criticism and they didn't call it judging, but that's what it was. There was a lot of talking about people – judgmental. Everybody was trying to be so perfect because they didn't want to be judged. You never knew from one minute to the next what was going to happen.

KB: We're almost out of battery. Do you mind if I pause?

JM: Like I was saying, a lot of the older people had been ostracized from the community and sent away. The judgment factor was very, very intense, but we still tried to live just as normal as we possibly we could. Things started changing even in relationships where we were told we were no longer supposed to hug anybody – I mean touching in any way. It

started out with – there were certain ladies that would do percussor [distributes waves of impulses deep into tissues] treatments or back adjustments and stuff. All that was all of a sudden taboo. Nobody was supposed to touch anybody else's body under any circumstances. The only touch you could possibly do was a handshake or if one sister-wife was helping another sister-wife with a headache she could massage her temples and that was basically it. That was the only hands-on that you could possibly, as far as human contact. Even mothers with their children were not supposed to hug them. They were supposed to teach them that they were never to let anyone touch their bodies.

SG: So before – Oh, I'm sorry, but before this, normal common affection from mothers was a total–

JM: Oh, yeah! When I was growing up. We got hugs every night and every morning from our dad and our moms and everything. It wasn't a problem, and even with my children growing up. I gave 'em hugs and kisses when they went out the door to go to school every morning. I gave 'em a hug when they come home in the evenings. I hugged my kids when I put 'em to bed and that's the way we raised our children. It was normal. As far as a husband and a wife, giving each other a hug and a kiss good morning or something like that, but see all that stopped. That was completely vetoed because technically nobody was married anymore. There should be no more relationship between husband and wife – no more than a handshake. If there was more than that, then it was immoral and from the devil. The children didn't see it. There was just nothing, it was just not there.

SG: And about what year are we talking?

JM: Let me see, let me see. I would guess that that came into play about the year, probably 2010. Right close around there, because I was living with my son at that time and we had moved into a great, big house when I moved in with him. The house was quite abandoned and derelict and it needed repairing. Well, we're not the kind of people that just sit on our thumbs, and so we started workin really hard. We replaced almost all the carpet in the whole house, we repainted the whole thing, we redid the tile in the kitchen, they fixed one of the bedrooms upstairs – totally remodeled it and made it like a nice, big master bedroom type of thing with big, double bathroom and everything. It was really nice. We got the whole house was almost completely finished, all except for a little strip of carpet down the hall in the downstairs that wasn't finished. We get a phone call at about ten o'clock at night and says, "You're moving."

You've got to realize at this time that what was being preached was nothing belongs to you; everything belongs to the priesthood, so whatever they choose to do with it is fine. Because they felt like that the people that had control of the UEP [United Effort Plan] were trying to take over houses and change locks and whatever to persecute basically that everything had to be done after dark where nobody could know where anybody lived, so that they couldn't trace anybody anywhere. Everything was secret. Big, deep, dark secret and nobody could say anything.

We get a call at ten o'clock at night that says, "The moving crew will be there in ten minutes to move you." We were in our pajamas, the kids were in bed, it was night! My son comes in and says, "Mom, the moving crew is gonna be here in ten minutes." And I said, "So where are we moving?" He says, "I don't have a clue." And we didn't. They came, they had a group of girls and boys that moved you, they packed up everything. They could pack up a whole complete house in half an hour and have you completely moved. They moved it all out into one of those great, big box trailers that has the flap, and to this day when I see those things driving around it gives me anxiety so dang bad I can hardly stand it, because you don't know whose life has been destroyed or whose life is getting mixed up or whatever.

We had fixed this house up really nice, and they took us up and they said, "This is the home that's been picked for you." Oh my goodness. You can't even imagine. It was an older home that had been built by a gentleman and his family with no plan basically. It was totally unreal. We open the door and the first thing that hit you is the smell. There's mold growing, black mold growing halfway up the walls, all over in the downstairs, roaches are running across the floor. It was unreal. I walked in and I just gagged. The upstairs smelt like urine so bad – just a horrible urine smell! They said, "They came and scrubbed the carpets in the upstairs, but it hasn't helped the smell." Oh my heavens! My son and his wife had an eighth-month old baby, so she had taken the children to one of her friends and said, "Keep the kids. I guess we're movin'." She went to feed the baby and just stayed there. She says she'd just sit and cried all night, because she took one look at this house and thought, "Oh my criminy. What are we supposed to do with this?" No air conditioning. It had one little tiny air conditioner in the downstairs bedroom. No air conditioning in the rest of the house. First thing we do when we get there – my son was sick, he had pneumonia real bad, so he went to the fire station – he worked for the fire department – he went and plopped on his couch for the rest of that night at the fire station and slept cause he was on antibiotics and he was sick. I was there trying to figure out how to make this all fit together, what to do, and oh my goodness. He kind of said what he wanted, but even the people that moved us there said, "We are so sorry. We had no clue it was this bad. We don't know why they picked you to live in this thing." It was right by the mountain, by Hildale Mountain, so that every time it rained the water ran off the mountain ran right down into the window wells and filled up the downstairs. Oh, it was horrid. It was so bad.

We'd been there for about a week – first thing we did was ripped out all the carpet in the downstairs and ripped out the sheet rock on the walls that was all moldy. What else can you do, if you're going to live there? We tried to figure out where the smell was coming from in the upstairs and figured out that it was coming from one of the bedrooms, so we ripped all the carpet out. Apparently, the people that had lived there before us, the boys when they'd get mad at their mom didn't want to go into the bathroom, so they'd pee in the closet. The boards and everything, the wood, everything was just – oh, it was horrid. We ended up finding out with this house, believe it or not, when winter time came and we were trying to build a fire we couldn't figure out why the fire didn't go up the

chimney, something was wrong. So we got somebody to come and check the chimney out to see and it was actually made out of PVC pipe. The chimney was made out of PVC pipe that they had put some of those concrete pieces that they use for sewer drain down at the bottom and then PVC pipe at the top. Well, needless to say, it didn't pass fire code. [Laughing] This is how this house was built and oh it was unreal!

About a week after we moved in there, my bedroom is in the downstairs below the kitchen and all of a sudden my bed is getting leaked on. Something is just dripping on my bed and I thought, "What in the world?" I shove the bed out of the way and put the garbage can there and it's just dripping, so I call Brian and said, "The ceiling is leaking in my bedroom. Come see what's going on." He tells one of the other boys to come in, so Dennis, my son, he gets a stool and goes up there and starts poking around like this at whole section this big out in the middle of the ceiling, plops onto the floor in my bedroom, and there's dead mice and dead roaches and water and oh my heavens, and he jumps down – it was all over him and he jumps down off the ladder and he starts yelling, "Give me a match! I'm burning the whole damn thing down!" [Laughing] I just stood there and cried. I was laughing and crying and I didn't know what to [do] and I just didn't know what to do! We decided well first, we got to figure out why it's leaking. We go upstairs and look under the sink and there's board under the kitchen sink, but we come to realize it's just a piece of fiberglass that looks like wood, so we lift it up and underneath where the floor is and the cabinet the footrests, and stuff it's full of black goo.[Laughing] It stunk so bad and we trying not to gag and we were trying to figure out what to do, and so we ended up getting a pancake turner and a big spoon and dipping it all out and scrubbed the heck out of it with Clorox to get it to quit running into the bedroom downstairs. I told them, "I am not getting in my bed if there's a hole above me like that. Not with all the bugs and everything." And he says, "Well, we can't put plastic or anything like over it because it's got to dry out, the wood is saturated." And I says, "I don't care. I am not getting on my bed." So we found a piece of fabric and we stapled it all around the hole, so I had a fabric ceiling for about six months till we could figure out how to get it fixed [laughing]. But needless to say, that was really an interesting experience the whole thing. Oh my goodness. It was unreal. Where we put so much into that other house and then to be moved into this and have it be so horrid. You can't even imagine it. It's what I would call squalor. The people that had lived there previously they'd been born and raised there and they had never known anything different and to them it was okay. It wasn't an issue, but I'm sorry. It was an issue to me.

We started redoing and my son, he was a good guy, he just kind of helped us, "We can do this! We can do this!" At the same time, we were going through all these different things with the church and it was right at this time that people were starting to get invited to be a part of the UO [United Order], and everybody was going to get rebaptized and everybody was going to get all this stuff. So there was a lot this background tension in it, and you just didn't never know for sure if you were coming or going or what was happenin'. My son was very much – he got rebaptized and got put in the UO and everything like that because he put together the sound system for the whole meeting house and the whole

audio/visual system that they had through the whole community, so some of the main houses had audio/visual things. He put that whole system together, the whole Hildale city system and everything. He put it all together. He was kind of one of the uppity-ups for a little while because he was in on that kind of stuff and he knew what was going on behind the scenes. He didn't say anything to us. He was very careful not to. Afterwards, he's said a lot of things. He says, "It used to just surprise me so much." He says, "We'd have these big, old fast days." Every Sunday was a fast day. Every Sunday. You had to fast because that's what our prophet – you were fasting for our prophet for him to be released from jail. For him to be safe from the guys that were coming, trying to find him when he was on the run and he was in hiding and everything like this. That's where we were living when they finally found him. Oh my goodness. It was just unreal. He says, "I would go up to the meeting house before meeting to do the audio/visual and stuff like that." He says, "And they'd have this big, old spread in the back by Lyle's office. And they'd say, 'Come on in and eat! Help yourself to whatever you'd like. We've got to keep our strength up so that we can do what we need to do.'" And everything like that. He says, "It used to just blow my mind." And he says, "And they didn't have things like bologna and stuff like that." He says, "They had honest goodness lunchmeats and really nice stuff and real good food." He says, "It just blew me out of the water." I just kept thinking, "This is so weird." Well, I guess at some point in there then he fell out of favor because all of sudden he got chopped off and told he couldn't be part the UO anymore.

Everybody else is still striving and yearning and everything, but his son at this time broke out with eczema really bad from living in this house. It was so bad that this poor little boy had weeping, oozy sores all over his whole body. He would wake up in the morning and his pajamas would be stuck to his body because of the blood and the stuff on it, and he would cry and cry. He was like eight, seven – eight years old. Oh, that poor kid. He was so miserable, and so we tried everything. They totally redid that room. They repainted, they pulled out the walls, they pulled out the studs, changed the carpet, everything, and there's something in that room that just didn't work. That mold, he just couldn't live with it. Brian went and started saying, "Hey, we've gotta have some place else to live." He took pictures of his son and took it to Lyle and said, "Look at this." And he'd say, "Wow, that's pretty bad. Have you been to the doctor?" And he says, "We done everything we can do. This is from the house that we're living in." He'd say, "Oh, I don't think so. I don't think so." And he says, "It is." We lived with that for about six months and that poor kid. He just went through it. Finally, Brian just kind of got – and that was about the time they got kicked out of the UO was cause he kind of got up on his high horse and he just said, "I have got to have somewhere else to live! This is just not funny." He got really upset about it.

They moved us into another place and we went right in and started fixin up, which is what we do, but we had that other house all re-carpeted and not done completely done but most of it repainted and re-carpeted just cause that's the kind of people we were – to redo and stuff. We lived in another house – I was still living with my son and his family. At this time, my oldest son of the five youngest ones, he had left, he's the one that left

before when I was with [Inaudible]. The next boy was living down in Texas working on the construction crew doing concrete, so I very seldom ever saw him. My next son was living out in Pony Springs working on the big farm, so I very seldom saw him, but he would come home once and awhile now that Brian was there and it wasn't my brother. Dennis was there and he was having a real hard time putting up with all the crap and the nonsense and everything. He had gone in and got baptized twice, and he was just sick and tired of the whole nonsense. One day, he came to me and he just says, "Mom, I can't do this anymore. I'm gonna leave. I'm leavin'." It was really, really hard on me emotionally because I kept thinking, "Oh my word. Oh my word." He just says, "I know I'll never be part of the UO. I know I'll never be worthy of anything." He packed up and left.

And it was the very next week, January 14, 2012, that my youngest son, Tom, had started working for BZI. They were putting up metal buildings and he was in North Dakota, and that's when he fell off the roof in North Dakota. He fell off, it was twenty-two feet, he fell onto a concrete bollard – hit him in the back, so he bent backwards over the top of that. He had a bi-lateral subdural hematomas, bi-lateral arachnoid bleeds, bi-lateral basal skull fractures, bi-lateral ligament tears in his neck, his right scapula was broke in four places, he had three broken ribs, and seven broken vertebrae. Needless to say, it was not a very nice day for me. I was just "ohhh." I didn't know how bad he was hurt. I didn't know exactly what was going on. I knew that he had been hurt and that it was very significant. They were trying to get ahold of Brian, and Brian's the one that called me and I was home tending all the children and I was just frantic. I just didn't know quite where to turn, what to do. So Brian came home, and at this point he had been kicked out of the UO but Lisa was part of the UO, his wife, and his two oldest children and I was part of the UO. He went to try to talk to Lyle and say, "This is what has happened. What do we need to do?" They wouldn't let him in the meeting house because he wasn't part of the UO. He says, "So I just kind of stood there for a while." He says, "And I figured you know what? This is ridiculous. This is really ridiculous." He says, "Somebody opened the door and came out," And he slipped in. He says, "I walked right into Lyle's office and I said, 'I need to talk to you!'" And he told him what had happened and Lyle said, "Is he part of the UO?" And he says, "No, he's not, but he's a good boy." He was eighteen-years-old. He says, "But my mom is, so what do we need to be doing?" And he says, "Well, is anybody up there with him?" And he said, "No, we're trying to figure out how to get mom up there." And he says, "Absolutely. Your mom needs to go up and stay with him and be with him while he's in the hospital." But because of the extent of his injuries Williston Hospital wouldn't touch it, Minot Hospital wouldn't touch it, and they Life-Flighted him on fixed wing to Hennepin County Medical Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota, which is a level-one trauma center. They had already flew him from Williston to Minot on a chopper and then from Minot to there, so we were trying to keep in touch with what was going on and everything like that.

In the meantime, Tom – well, I didn't know this 'til a long time later. He didn't tell me this 'til later, but he says that he remembers falling off the roof. He remembers the feeling. He says, "I knew I was falling. I was wearing slick ski-wear. It had been snowing

just barely a skiff snow.” And that’s part of why he fell. And he says, “I put my foot on that and it slid.” And he said, “I kept trying to catch my balance, but it was a metal building.” And he said, “So I pulled off one of my gloves and every time I’d move I’d slide a little more.” He says, “It took me about fifteen minutes to fall off the roof.” And he says, “I kept trying to slam my hand down on one the screws or something to get something to stop.” And the people that were there could see him, so one of them jumped down and got the man-lift to bring it around and see if it they could help him. Somebody else tried to throw him an extension cord to grab hold of. Everybody was trying to do what they could, and they just were watching it happen, but it was a great, big building. By the time they got down, got the man-lift, got it clear around to even be there to help him or whatever. They kept saying, “Put your toes in the rain gutter when you get to the edge. Put your toes in the rain gutter. Let your toes hit to see if that’ll stop ya.” And he says, “I knew I was sliding and I kept thinking, ‘Oh crap. I’m going to break my leg. Oh crap. I’m gonna break my leg.’” And he says, “I don’t remember falling off. I don’t remember the fall itself.” He says, “I remember comin’ to and I was laying on my side leaned up against this bollard.” And he says, “And the first thought that come to my mind was if I could get a blessing I’d be okay. I’d paid my tithing, I know I’m worthy of a blessing. If I can get a priesthood blessing, I’ll be okay.” He says, “I heard the sirens and I hurt so bad.” And he says, “But I turned to my boss that was right there and I said, ‘Can you give me a priesthood blessing? I know I’ll be okay if you give me a priesthood blessing.’” And he says, “I’ll see what I can do.” So he went and called the bishop and he says, “Am I allowed to give him a blessing? Can I give him a priesthood blessing?” And he said, “Is he part of the UO?” And he says, “No, he’s not.” And he said, “Then he’s not worthy of it.” He come back and he said, “I’m sorry I can’t give you a priesthood blessing, but I can pray for you if I want to, is what the bishop said.” And Tom says, “At that point, I felt like, if the Lord does[n’t] love me anymore than this and I am not worthy of a blessing, what the hell good am I? Why am I even alive?” It just wiped him out. He says, “As far as a testimony of anything, it was just gone.” He says, “When I needed it the most, it was not there.”

Back to Short Crick, so Brian went up and he says, “Yeah, figure out what she needs to do.” And he says, “I don’t want her to go alone,” Brian said. And he says, “No, she shouldn’t go alone.” He says, “Well, I can drive her.” And he says, “No, no. You probably have responsibilities here. You don’t need to.” He says, “Isn’t there any of the other boys?” And he says, “There’s Alvin and Alvin is part of the UO and we thought about getting him to.” And he says, “No, he’s busy on [a] project. No, don’t take Alvin.” And he says, “And his brother Dennis that lived with us just left this week and packed up and moved to Salt Lake. The other son is Preston and he was living out in Pony Springs.” And he says, “Yeah, get Preston to drive her out.” So Brian calls Preston and he’s in Long Beach, California working on a hay press – this is Sunday morning. He says, “Lyle wants to know if you’ll drive mom –” cause he knew about the accident - “If you’ll drive mom to Minnesota.” And he says, “Well yeah, I can.” He says, “I was planning on heading back to Pony Springs today, so I’ll see what I can do.” He says, “Let me get ahold of my boss and figure out what I need to do.” So he drove from Long Beach,

California, drove to Pony Springs, gathered up clothes and stuff that he needed, and drove out to the Crick and got there by about three o'clock in the morning – Monday morning. I was getting all my paperwork together and everything done for the business that I owned. I called my boss, I had his home phone number, and I called him and told him what had happened and that my daughter was going to take over my DME business and carry it on while I was gone and everything. I was trying to get everything situated and all the paperwork done and everything together, but I didn't know where in the world I was gonna come up with finances. Brian said, "I've got a hundred dollars. That's it." And I had like twenty dollars in my bank because we were given everything. We just didn't have the money. I'm sittin here trying not to stress over this on Sunday afternoon – and Rosily Blackmore, who was Brian's wife's mother, she had been ostracized, she had made her decision to stay with her husband, Art. They were not allowed in our homes. They were these terribly bad apostate people type of a thing. They had been judged. Whatever. She drives up and calls her daughter and says, "Come out and talk to me for a minute." She goes out there and she says, "I know I can't come in your house, but I heard what happened to Grandma Joy's son." She says, "Here is a hundred and fifty dollars that we were able to pull together to see if we could help. Would you give it to Grandma Joy so that she can use it to help?" That was one of the biggest eye-openers because it just, it hit me. I thought, "Holy cow. Here's this person that I have been judging – everybody judges as a bad person, and yet when you need them they're there for you." Then we headed out to drive.

We were going to drive straight through. He was going into surgery Tuesday morning at nine and we wanted to be there before they took him into surgery, so we headed out at six o'clock that morning and drove straight through to Minnesota. On our way over there, a bunch of his brothers that were the children that had left the work, and I hadn't talked to 'em for years because they were apostate children and we were supposed to leave apostates alone severely – we weren't even supposed to acknowledge them or see them or anything. All of sudden, they all start calling and they say, "What can we do to help? What can we do to help?" So my son Preston stops at a Wells Fargo and sets up an account in my name, his name and my name, and gives the account number to all of Tom's brothers and sisters that had already left. They started putting money into the account and they kept money in that Wells Fargo account until we got back home, so that I always had finances and whatever I needed. It just about wiped me out. Even talking about it makes me feel emotional because this is where the real love is, when people are willing to do for instead of judge you for whatever.

So we get there, we take care of Tom's problem, they put us on a Life Flight, and fly us to the University of Utah and we were there for three and half months, in-patient at the University of Utah. This whole time his family, the ones I hadn't seen, they'd come to the hospital and they just wrap their arms around me and just hug me and cry. "We get to see our mom! We get to see our mom and hug." I was still living by these real strict guidelines like no going out to eat, no doing this. At first, I didn't know where to put it. I didn't know what to do, and finally I just thought, "This is ridiculous! This is stupid! This

is my family.” I was still trying to be careful because I felt like I still had to adhere to guidelines. I didn’t know any different. But I have a son that lived in Herriman and a nephew that lived in West Valley, and one of ‘em would drive up every morning to the University of Utah and pick me up from my apartment that I was staying in and drive me over to the hospital to spend the day with Tom. That night, the other one would drive from Herriman or West Valley, pick me up, and take me three and a half blocks to my apartment so that I wouldn’t have to ride a shuttle or get a taxi or anything like that, cause they didn’t want me out on the streets; they wanted me to be sure and feel safe and they wanted me to know that they were there for me. Holy Cow! [Laughing] And they were there for Tom. They would come in and talk to him and build him up and encourage him and they were the security behind it all.

It was while we were up there that he told me about asking for that blessing and then not doin’ it. I said, “You know what’s so weird, Tom?” I said, “When I called one of co-workers that I worked [with] through in the DME company and he was going to have to help my daughter cover the area he said, ‘I am a member of a men’s nondenominational Christian group. Would it be okay if we put your son’s name in our prayer circle and our prayer chain that goes clear across the United States? We would love to pray for your son.’” And I said, “Absolutely. Absolutely.” My daughter is married and she lives in Arkansas and her sister-wife over there teaches school in Donovan, Missouri, and that’s right in the middle of the Bible-belt, the Baptist Bible-belt. Her sister-wife was telling some of her co-workers about her brother-in-law that had been so severely hurt and they said, “Can we put his name in our Baptist prayer circles?” So his name was through all the south through the big Baptist prayer circles. When we were in Missouri, this lady we met on the elevator and I got visiting with her and talking with her and she says – she was a Presbyterian up there and her husband was in the hospital, and so we visited and talked some of that. She says, “Would it be okay if we pray for him in prayer circles in our church? I’ll put his name on the prayer roster if that’s okay.” “Absolutely.” I’m sittin here thinking, “Okay, draw me a picture. WOW! Where you have this judgmental, no you can’t have a prayer, you can’t have this, you can’t have the Lord’s help, you can’t do anything – to this exact opposite of ‘What can we do to make it better for you?’” That was kind of where I started to say, “Okay, I’ve known somethin’ was wrong.” I could feel that something wasn’t right, but it was at that point that I started to realize how much love, how much decency, how much good people there are in the world, and you know what? If I feel like somebody’s out to get me, it’s my own problem. People aren’t – ninety-nine-point-nine percent of people are good, honest people trying to live good, honest lives. For me to judge them, I’m in the wrong. I don’t have a right to do that and I don’t have a right to feel like that.

From that point, we came back, I was still living with my brother and all these guidelines and oh my goodness, and it was to the point, my poor son was going through it because his wife and his children were part of the UO, and they couldn’t say anything that was being said in church they could not tell their dad because he was not supposed to know anything that was going on with the UO. I remember the little boys just crying and say,

“But I just want to talk to dad! Just want to talk to father.” And their mother saying, “Don’t you say one word to him. You are not allowed to talk to him. If you do, you will lose your chance to be part of the UO and your salvation.” And yet, they were living in the same house and it was right at that time that they were trying to say, “Boys have to eat in one kitchen and girls have to eat in another, they cannot eat in the same room” or “If you’re going to feed your family, you feed the boys first and then you feed all the girls. Always men first. Always, always.” There were many homes that that’s what they did. They would fix the meal and they would feed the men, the men would leave, then the women would come in and eat. But that’s how it was done. That was just when that was starting, and so the children were just having such a hard time putting it together and figuring out, because the absolutely adored their dad. All of a sudden, they couldn’t figure out why in the world they couldn’t hardly even talk to him. It was to the point that even when they – well, we would have family class every morning and night, and because he was the father then technically he would say, “It’s your turn for prayer.” Because she was part of the UO she was at a higher standing than he was because he had lost priesthood and everything, so she was supposed to be in charge. Oh, yeah. Talk about weird. Everything was kind of, but it was part of the process.

At this point, they were making all the decrees where you had to sew so many hours every day, you had to do so much work for the storehouse every day, every bit of monies that you earned had to be consecrated to the storehouse, you never could have more than one week worth of groceries in your home ever, because that was surplus and it’s being selfish. Someone else would go without it if you had more than one week’s worth of food in your home at any time. Because I was dealing with Tom and I was taking him to therapy three times a week, I was coming to St. George three times a week. Needless to say, Walmart and I became friends. [Laughing] I was working still, I was trying to do everything I could do, I was still paying my tithings, but shortly after I got back I was only part of the UO for – well, it was the three and a half months I was up there and about a month after that, and that’s all I got to be part of the UO because they said, “Anyone that has had a miscarriage or has seen a male doctor for OB-GYN reasons is automatically a non-member, cannot be part of the UO because a male person has touched or seen your –” Whatever. From that point on, I wasn’t a member and I was not allowed to go to church anymore or anything like that. I still paid my tithing, I still paid consecration, and did that, but I started buying the food that we needed and taking care of Tom, taking care of the things that he needed. I started putting things aside. I didn’t go to the storehouse. I picked up meat and vegetables and fruit and whatever I needed to take care of Tom.

After my son was sent away, then they came and told us we had to move again, and they wanted to put me in a house where I would live with just a bunch of old ladies, a bunch of single ladies, and put Tom in a home that was just a bunch of single men. I said, “No, that won’t work. I need to be where Tom is. I’ve got to be where I can help Tom. He needs my help!” He was only five months out from his injury and I says, “I’ve got to be there.” And he says, “Well, you can be with him all day. You just can’t sleep in the same

house.” And I said, “Big wow! I have to get up in the middle of the night and go help him. That’s not gonna work.” Lyle was there and he came and just walked in our house and said, “I’m here to help you figure out what you’re doing.” He says, “We’ll figure out what we need to do.” He sent one of the young men that was supposed to be in charge of who lives where, and they came and showed me three different places. “Would this work for Tom? Would this work for Tom?” The thing that stuck in my mind is when Lyle’s standing there talkin’ he said, “You know, Tom? Isn’t it nice to have a mother or a wife or somebody that’ll help you out because I broke my back before and you know what? I remember what it’s like to not be able to wipe your own butt.” And Tom says, “Yeah, it’s really nice to have a mom to help you out when you need it.” Then he turns around and he says, “And can’t you just hear what the media would say if we kicked you out at this point? The media would have a hay-day because we kicked out a crippled person.” And I just thought, “Why are you even thinking that? What is the problem?” I just let it go, but in my brain I’m thinking, “What? He has gotta be mental.”

They moved me into this little house, and Tom and I lived there together for two years. I came and went and did whatever I needed to do and I didn’t have anybody that was my boss. I didn’t know what I was supposed to check in with. I didn’t have anybody – they didn’t assign anybody to be my priesthood head or whatever. Because I was not part of the UO then I was just kind of floating in this, but I kept being afraid I was going to get a phone call that was going to knock me off my socks. I didn’t know what was gonna happen. The first part of December 2014, this is two years after Tom’s accident, so we had been living in that little house for about a year and a half, because we had been over to the house and then we moved there. I get a phone call. “The bishop wants to talk to you.” I was right in the middle of teaching CPR first-aid class. I said, “I am in the middle of a CPR first-aid class. I cannot walk away right now.” And they said, “Call us the minute you’re done.” “Okay” As soon as I’m done, I go home, told Tom, “I guess I’ve got to go talk to bishop.” I call him and said, “Okay.” And they said, “Come right over.” I get over there and Lyle says, “So how are ya doing?” And I says, “I’m doing okay.” “Well, what are you doing?” And I told him. I says – No, he says, “Are you associating with gentiles and apostates?” And I said, “Well, yeah.” I said, “I take my son to therapy three times a week and in my business I take care of everybody from Fredonia, Arizona all the way to Scenic, Arizona. It’s my territory that I do the DME for, so I see a lot of gentiles. I see a lot of people.” I says, “But I do it in a very professional way. It’s a business. I do it.” He says, “Quit your job.” And I said, “Uh, how am I supposed to?” He says, “Can’t you live off the storehouse?” And I says, “Well, I guess I probably could.” I was kind of settin’ there for a minute and he said, “I saw your picture on Facebook with your boys lopping on you.” I looked at him and I said, “You saw what? I’m not on Facebook. I don’t get on the internet.” Because that was one of the big, big no-no’s. And he says, “Well, there’s a picture of you on Facebook with your boys lopping on ya. And I says, “Well, I have no clue what you’re talking about.” Then I’d sit there and said, “Maybe I do.” I says, “You know what? You have no clue what Tom has been through.” I says, “And the only thing that has kept him going was the support and love of his brothers and sisters.” And I says, “When he needed him, the church was not there for

him. When he needed help there was nobody there for him, but his family. In November, I took him to Thanksgiving with his brothers and sisters because he needed it. He needed the encouragement.” And I says, “And yes, I hugged my sons.” He sat there and he says, “Well, I just feel like that Tom’s not worthy to be here. I think you should take him and put him in a nursing home and have nothing more to do with him at all.” And I said, “You have got to be kidding me!” I says, “You have no clue what Tom is like. He is a good boy. When I forget to have family class or prayers or something, he’s the one that always says, ‘C’mon, mom. Let’s follow through.’ He’s very responsive, he’s very respectful to me, he has worked dang hard, and you have no clue how hard we’ve worked to get him where he is right now! If I took him and put him in a nursing home, he would be dead in six months. He’d have a decubitus [bedsore] ulcer, he’d have a UTI [urinary tract infection], or else he would kill himself from depression. And you know what? If I did that, the Lord would hold me accountable, because in my book he has given me this privilege and opportunity to be his mother and if I did that, it would be on my head. In my books, that’s shedding innocent blood.” And he said, “Oh, but it wouldn’t be innocent if that’s the choice he made.” That was the wrong thing to say to this mother grizzly bear, because I turned to him and I said, “He didn’t make that choice, you did.” I did that to Lyle and he just kind of looked at me. I said, “You’re the one that’s condemning him.” I said, “He is a good boy.” He sat there for a bit and kind of – “Well, if that’s how you’re gonna be I guess maybe you better just pack up your things and take him and go get him settled and figure out what you want to do with him and whatever you need to do.” I just sat there. Oh, I was just fuming inside. I says, “So what happens if I want to come back?” “Oh, you’re always welcome. You’re always welcome. Once you get Tom settled somewhere and get everything figured out, you’re always welcome to come back and become part of the work and to join back in, but know this: If you take off and leave with him right now with no intentions of coming back, I’ll probably never talk to you again in your life. But if you choose to do what I’ve asked ya, and put him in a nursing home and come back and be part of this work, I’ll see what I can do to help counsel you in your life.” I sit there and thought, “What the hell kind of a promise is that?” Throw your kids to hell, destroy your children, and I’ll see what I can do to counsel ya in your life. I was so fuming, angry inside. I sat there a minute and I says, “Well, I’m going to go home and pray about it.” And I stood up and walked out the door and I went home.

I went into Tom’s room, he was laying on his bed, and I laid down – I sat in the chair. He says, “What’s happenin’, mom?” And I said, “We’re moving.” And he says, “Tell me what happened.” So I told him what had been said. He says, “Come over here, mom.” I went and sat by him, put his arm around me. [Emotional] Here’s this big, old twenty-year-old kid and he starts crying and he says, “Thank you for not giving up on me, mom. Thank you for being there for me. I’m sorry you have to go through this, but thank you for being there for me.” I told him. I said, “It is not a burden. It is my privilege to be your mother and I am so grateful every single day that I am. Don’t you worry about it. We’ll go through this together.” And so we did. That was the first part of January – I mean December. They kept calling me. Every few days they would call, “Are you moving out yet? Are you moving out?” After about the first week, week and a half I quit answering

the phone, but I was looking for a place. Tom says, “Mom, let’s just jump in the car, let’s just take what we need, and get in the car and just leave. We’ll live in the car.” And I said, “No way. I am not leaving until I have a place that I can take care of you in the manner in which you need. We are not gonna live in squalor and filth. We’re gonna have things as nice as we possibly can, and nobody is gonna get us out of this house unless they burn it down around us because, by darn, I been pushed as far I can be pushed.” When I quit answering the phone they still called and left messages: “Please contact the bishop’s office and let ‘em know when you’re going [to] vacate the home.” When the time came that we were getting ready – when we came and moved, all my children, the ones that are still out there, they came and helped me box up and pack up everything because as far they were concerned I was going on a mission of repentance. That’s what I told them. We had decided that’s what we were gonna do because if you’re on a mission of repentance then the family can still interact with you somewhat. If we make the choice to be somewhere else – if we make a choice to leave before that, then automatically we’re ostracized because we become wicked. One of the funniest things about it is that when I found out that we were moving and we were gonna go, I was talking to some of my family – I called some of the boys that were already gone and told them, and every one of them: “Yay! We’re getting our mom back! Yay! We get to talk to mom!”

You’ve heard the story of my life. There’s lots and lots of other little details here and there, but that’s the gist of my life. We have been here for five years on January 1st – actually, January 3rd was the day we moved into this house – it will be five years. Six years? Six years? We’re on our fifth year, we’ll be six years. It was so amazing because we looked and looked and looked and looked and we could not find a home that was wheelchair accessible with no steps, no anything. Oh my goodness! We looked at probably twenty different places, and when this place opened up it came up on – it was just an ad somebody had put on Facebook, so the Craigslist. My daughter who lived down here, in fact it was Donia, she says, “Mom, there’s this house that might work.” And I says, “Go check it out.” She came and looked and she says, “Mom, it’s exactly what you want. I know it is.” And I said, “Make an appointment. We’ll come down tomorrow.” This was on a Saturday and it was right before New Year’s. We made an appointment to come down and talk to the homeowner on Sunday and told her the situation: We needed a place and whatever. She says, “Well, I have no way to check your credit references, I have no way to check your history for what kind of a renter you are, or anything.” I says, “Well, you’re sure welcome to come look at my house. I really don’t care. You’re welcome to see what kind of – how I keep house and whatever.” She says, “We’ll make this work.” She says, “Let me talk to my husband.” She left that night – I mean, we went back home. Monday morning, we’re on our way to St. George to therapy for Tom, we get a phone call from her, and she says, “My husband and I have talked about it. If you still want the house, it’s yours. We’re going to Salt Lake for New Year’s Eve and we will be back on Thursday. If you can sign the papers on Friday and you can move in on Saturday. So Saturday, all my sons from Alamo, Nevada, Salt Lake, everywhere gathered together at my little house out to the Crick, these are all my sons that had been sent away, and helped me load up and pack up and move. My girls that

were out there that haven't talked to me since, they helped me pack up and they came and put the cupboards together and did the whole thing, so by that night I was totally moved in. It's been exactly what we wanted. We wish the rent wasn't so high, but other than that.

KB: I think that's everyone in St. George. [Laughing]

JM: You know, it's like I told Tom: After we got the house things worked out. I just says, "Well, if we're such horribly bad, wicked people how come we've been so blessed, so very blessed?" A lot of our perceptions of things have changed dramatically. I have found out that these last five years have probably been some of the happiest of my life. Yeah, it hurts, but I have felt happier in the last five years of my life then I did for forty-five before that. It's amazing to be able to just think, but I've had a lot – we've all had a lot of growing to do and a lot of therapy and that. We ended up, Tom and I, together we do counseling twice a month. We go to a counselor and it's the only way we've been able to get through the brain-washing if you will. All the stigmatism and the judgmental and the whatever. To be able to pull it together and say, "You know what? It's okay. These things happened, but I can choose at this point to not let 'em affect me to the point that I can't function."

SG: Thank you so much.

JM: I hope that it was [what] you wanted. The story of my life practically [laughing].

SG: No, it was everything. Thank you.

JM: Yeah, I hope I did what you wanted, and I do. I truly, truly believe that the experiences that we go through are our history and our children – it's our children's heritage, and I think it's good for 'em to know, good for 'em to experience, and to be able to have the opportunity to learn about things from the past and things that happened. With the way society is going and things are moving so fast nowadays, everything is changing so dramatically, that it's really neat to have some of this kind of stuff. To just sit down and record it and know what has happened in the past. Now, if you were to talk to my dad, there might be a lot of things that were different than the way I perceived them because I was doing it from the eyes of child and he's an adult. There's stuff like that – that's okay. People's perceptions, there's as many right opinions as there are people.

SG: Well, thank you again

JM: [Inaudible]

SG: And thank you for hosting us in your home.

JM: You are very welcome. If there's anything I can do, any questions, just let me know.

KB: Okay, great. Sounds good.

JM: Ah, I've got company.

[END OF RECORDING. END OF INTERVIEW.]