



*Grandma Hafen, Grandpa Hafen
& 1st Child Kay*



Hafen-Woods

Married.-In the St. George temple, Wednesday, September 11, 1912, Mr. Arthur Hafen and Miss Orilla M. Woods.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lamond Woods, of Barclay, Nevada, and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hafen of Santa Clara, a highly respected young man who is employed on the St. George Stake Academy staff as instructor in German.

A reception was given at the home of the groom's parents.





Kay and Carma



Ferrel, Carma and Kay

An Attitude of Gratitude

What they had in abundance was each other by Lyman Hafen



"Gratitude unlocks the fullness of life. It turns what we have into enough, and more."

— Melodie Beattie

From time to time I come across a crackling yellowed copy of *Look Magazine* issued in 1942. It is a precious piece of memorabilia that once in a while resurfaces from the bottom of a stack and instantly seduces me. I open it up and thumb through its pages and it draws me back to a place and time I know only from stories.

Inside the wartime tome is a feature article by the then nationally prominent St. George writer Maurine Whipple. The piece is illustrated with numerous black and white photographs by a famous photojournalist named Earl Theisen. It is a story about an industrious and peculiar people living in St. George.

Smack in the middle of the article is a photo of my Grandma and Grandpa Hafen and several of their children kneeling down at the chairs of the dinner table in family prayer. My father is a 10-year-old boy in the photo. Not all of the 12 living Hafen children are present. Some are married and starting families of their own. Some are off to war.

What all of America saw in that photo in that particular issue of *Look Magazine* more than 60 years ago was a family that

had just weathered the Great Depression, was now braced for a long war, and was giving thanks for their blessings before sitting down to eat.

The dining room where the photo was taken was also the front room of Grandma's house on Tabernacle Street. Many Thanksgiving feasts were partaken of in that room, although I don't recall eating Thanksgiving dinner there myself. By the time I was born, Grandma's posterity had expanded to a number only the cultural hall of a church could contain. When we got together with all the cousins on Thanksgiving Day it was a glorious, raucous and memorable occasion. The only thing that topped it was Christmas — for purely commercial reasons. As a kid, I figured Thanksgiving was the most fun a human being could have without presents.

David Stendl-Rast said, "Gratefulness is the key to a happy life that we hold in our hands, because if we are not grateful, then no matter how much we have we will not be happy — because we will always want to have something else or something more."

An attitude of gratitude has always been a hallmark of my father's family. It's something you see in most families that lived through the Depression years, followed by a war that required everyone to sacrifice in some way. My Grandfather Hafen was a professor at Dixie

College for more than 40 years. He made a modest living and supplemented it with a large garden alongside the house and a milk cow in the barn.

During some tenuous years for Dixie College in the 1930s, he received his pay in firewood, bottled fruit, flour, fresh meat or whatever other commodity students could come up with for tuition. During the war years in the early 1940s, they, like everyone else in town, made do with limited resources and got by on what was rationed. It was a time that molded their characters and those who did not become bitter became better as they gained a true appreciation for what they had.

What they had in abundance was each other.

That is what I see in the ancient magazine photo each time I look at it. Not a big, fancy house. Not a table brimming with every kind of food imaginable. Not a triple garage with an SUV, a pickup and a boat parked inside. Not a big-screen TV hooked to a satellite dish and 300 channels. What I see is a family, a mother, a father and children who are about to sit down and enjoy the fruits of their labors. It's a group of people who in the eyes of the world have little, but in the depths of their hearts possess everything that is important.

It is time for them to eat, but it would never cross their minds to do so before sincerely giving thanks. **SGM**



MORNING PRAYER BEFORE A MEAL and evening prayer were rigid Mormon practices in the old days. Now, they have been abandoned by all save a few

families such as that of Arthur K. Hafen (glasses), who keeps the old custom, teaching his children to take turns praying. An instructor of English and mod-

ern languages in Utah's Dixie College, Brother Hafen has led a characteristic Mormon life, raising 12 children, continuing his education, filling a Church job,

A copy of *Look Magazine* from 1947 shows the Hafen family praying.



"I remember the house of my childhood--
It was a magic house, for love built it,
Furnished it, and sustained it.

"There was no room for loneliness in our house,
Each room was filled with companionship
And ready laughter.

"And I remember that the magic in our happy house
Came from the heart and the hands and the lips
And the prayers of my wonderful parents."

Kelton Hafen



Howard McFarland, Eldon Hafen
Ken, Kelt, and Tony Hafen
1938



The house on Tabernacle Street

An island of memory in a sea of change by Lyman Hafen

Only one house remains on Tabernacle Street between First and Second East in St. George. Once it was just another home in a long row of beautiful residences along a tree-lined avenue. Now, surrounded on both sides of the street by modern office buildings, it stands resolute and somewhat lonesome in the middle of a bustling downtown, an island of memory amid a sea of progress. It is the house from which my grandfather walked to his classroom at Dixie College, just a couple of blocks away, every morning for 40 years. And it is the house where my grandmother patiently and competently raised the 12 of her 14 children who grew to adulthood. It is a house that for much of the 20th century brimmed with the kind of simple joy that could not be bought with money. And it was a house that, through it all, ached with the underlying pain of unbearable loss.

My grandmother's name was Orilla Woods Hafen. She was born in 1891 in a pine-board cottage at the foot of a hill next to a lush meadow in Clover Valley, Nev. Her Mormon pioneer grandfather had settled that green carpeted valley in 1869, and built the one-room school/church where she studied and worshiped as a bright and beautiful girl. When she was a teenager, a boy peddling fruit from Santa Clara chanced his way into the valley. He was handsome and charming and she was quite taken by the slender young man at the reins of a wagon bearing bushels of luscious peaches. In the fall of 1910, after she had ridden the train to Provo to attend college at BYU, the two crossed paths again. Grandma's long courtship with Arthur Knight Hafen began that year.

They were married in the fall of 1912. By 1915, they had moved into the handsome gabled house on Tabernacle Street and were the parents of a boy named Kay, a daughter named Carma, and another son named Ferrel. Grandpa had embarked upon what would become a distinguished career as a professor of the humanities at Dixie College, and Grandma was well on her way to becoming the mother of the century in St. George.

In the summer of 1917, my Aunt Ada joined the family. In less than four years Grandma had given birth to four children. Her childbearing years would continue through the Great War, the Roaring Twenties and into the Depression when my father, Kelton, was born in 1932 and the baby, Donald, finally arrived in 1933. Nine of those siblings are still living, most of them in St. George. If you chance to visit with any of them, they will tell you of a mother who loved them unconditionally, who cooked for them over a wood stove, the same stove next to which she bathed them in a number two tub. They will tell you how she washed a perennial stream of diapers, kept a large and bounteous garden, celebrated every birthday in high style, entertained a parade of guests from all walks of life at her dinner table, cleaned and shopped and tended the neighbors' kids. They will tell you how she did all this and much more, and still managed to read to them at bedtime, though she often dozed before finishing the first page. And they will tell you how they never heard a bitter word fall from her mouth.

I remember visiting Grandma and Grandpa in that house on Tabernacle Street. They were elderly by the time my memories began taking shape. On perfect summer evenings we would sit out on the porch and visit in the still, close air. On dark winter nights we would sit in the front room as a fire crackled in the cast-iron stove. I would sit quietly and listen to my grandmother's musical voice and swell with joy at the sound of her unique, clucking laughter. That laugh, which for me is the sound of pure compassion, still vibrates through my heart. I recall often looking up at a picture on the wall of the front room. It was a softly tinted portrait of a little boy standing in a pastel blue suit with short pants. The sandy-haired boy is profoundly handsome. He stands in an earnest pose, as if yielding to the wishes of his mother, an ever so slight grin on his face. It is Grandmother's first-born child, Kay. He is maybe 4 years old and I realize that this may well have been the last photo ever taken of him.

On Memorial Day each year I try to visit the St. George Cemetery. There I can walk to the grave of my Grandmother Hafen and read on her stone that she died in 1983, 12 years after my grandfather, who lies next to her. Nearby is a little white stone with a lamb sculpted upon it. The stone is weathered and chipped by the many decades that have passed since it was lovingly placed there.

It happened on a crisp October day in 1918. Little 5-year-old Kay and his friend were playing in front of the house on Tabernacle Street. A team of horses pulling two large freight wagons lumbered down the street. The boys caught the driver's attention and convinced him to give them a ride on that wonderful big rig. The driver stopped and allowed the little adventurers to climb aboard. The boys gleefully rode the wagon down Tabernacle Street until it turned abruptly at Fourth East, just north

Orilla Woods Hafen and Arthur Knight Hafen in front of their family home on Tabernacle Street in the 1960s. The home, which has been remodeled into professional offices, is the last residence still standing between Main Street and Second East



of where the Sun Bowl would later be built. They must have realized by then how far they had strayed from home and suddenly felt compelled to turn back. Kay's friend jumped first and easily cleared the wagon's giant rear wheel. When Kay jumped he did not clear the wheel and the huge arc of iron rolled over him. His precious life ended in an instant.

I cannot imagine the grief that engulfed the house on Tabernacle Street through the ensuing cold fall and winter. I only know that somehow, through a miracle of faith and sheer courage, my grandmother arose from her bed of anguish, put on her apron, and went back to her calling as mother. Graciously and gloriously she continued in that calling through all the long days of the next six decades.

There would be more days of loss and sorrow, but there would be even more days capped with the joy and satisfaction of raising a fine and solid family. As new parents ourselves, my wife and I often visited Grandma during her final days on earth. Each time we walked out of her presence filled with grace and good advice – and renewed hope that we would somehow be able to face whatever lay ahead.

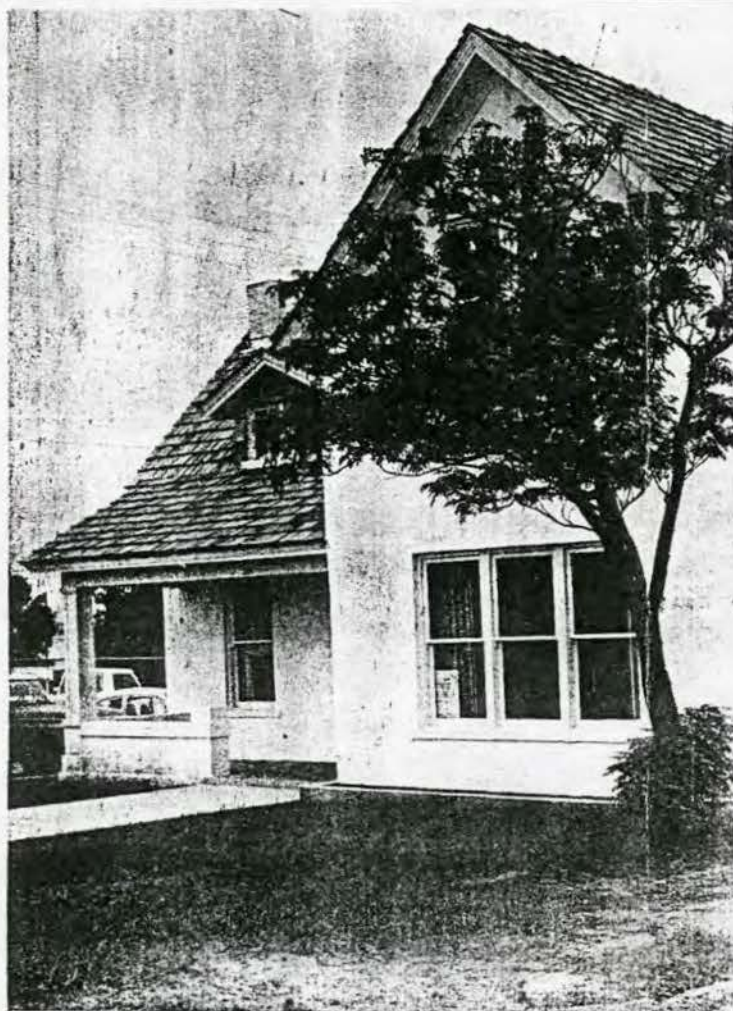
SGM



Season's
Greeting
From our Home
to Yours

Bicentennial restoration

House holds many memories



The old A.K. Hafens Home has been remodeled and is now for lease for commercial purposes. Dr. Larry Staples has spent the past eight months in working with contractors in the restoration of the century-old house.

ST. GEORGE -- The walls echo the laughter and tears of a large Dixie family growing up through years of sharing and sacrifices.

Fourteen children grew up in the old pioneer home in central St. George. Students at Dixie College lived there and made friends with the members of the family which occupied the home.

Arthur Knight Hafens and his wife, Orville, moved into the Mahonri M. Snow home at 148 E. Tabernacle in 1914. Before moving there, they had been spending the summer months in Santa Clara and the winter months in St. George. Mrs. Hafens told her husband, "I never want to move again until I have a home of my own where I can stay."

The Hafens had some property north of the city cemetery. The area was then largely unsettled and the Hafens had planned to build a home there.

The Snows decided to sell their home, and the Hafens chose to buy it. They traded property--the home for the land to the east of town.

The Hafens had two children when they made the move. The Snows stayed for the winter of 1914 in the house with their five children until they finished their new home.

While the Hafens were living in two rooms of the home, their third child was born. "We didn't lose any time getting our family," Mrs. Hafens said.

After the Hafens moved

into the house, they added a larger kitchen, a basement, a bedroom and the front porch.

Remodeling was done on the home over a number of years, Mrs. Hafens said. Her husband never went over his means in improving his home.

Hafens was an instructor at Dixie College. He had an acute interest in history and wrote some books on the history of Utah's Dixie--"Devoted Empire Builders (Pioneers of St. George)", "Beneath Vermillion Cliffs" and "Dixie Folklore and Pioneer Memoirs."

The income was small as it is with teachers, Mrs. Hafens. But the family had enough and got along very well.

"The children perhaps didn't have everything they wanted," she said, "but they had everything they needed."

All but five of the 14 Hafens children were born in the house. The first two were born before the family moved, and the last three were born in the hospital.

The screen porch and one room in the upper floor of the home was rented to college students. The tenants used the "outdoor convenience" and the number two wash tub for baths. Sometimes they would use the bath tub downstairs.

Mrs. Hafens said she has many wonderful friends from the people who lived in the old home so many years

ago. They still visit her and share their love with her.

A.K. Hafens died in November, 1971, in his home. Mrs. Hafens remained there until October, 1975, when she moved to a smaller, more modern home adjacent to her daughter in St. George. She said the old home needed repairs, and she wanted to do it until her decision to move.

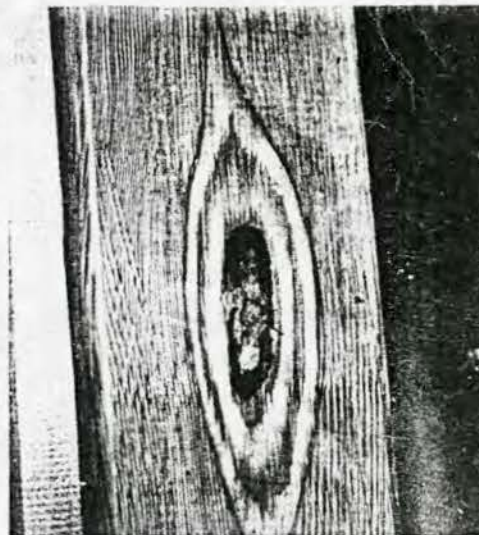
The decision to leave the house in which she had spent nearly 62 years of her life came hard for Mrs. Hafens. She gave it a lot of thought and prayed about it. The people she talked to about moving encouraged her to do it.

Mrs. Hafens is now happy she made the move. Her family is close to her where she lives now. "I tell you, I'm blessed," she said.

Mrs. Hafens said she still loves the old home, but it no longer belongs to her. After moving from it, she sold it to Dr. Larry Staples, a St. George dentist.

"When I sold the house," she said, "I asked Dr. Staples to promise to wait until I was dead before he tore it down." But Dr. Staples didn't want to tear it down; the structure was too good to destroy. Instead, he restored it.

The old A.K. Hafens Home has been redecorated. Mike Dobson, the man who painted the woodgrain in the Brigham Young Winter Home, painted the woodgrain in the Hafens Home. The woodwork has



It looks like a knot in the natural oak wood, but it is really paint. The grain in the woodwork of the house has been handpainted by Mike Dobson. Dobson did the same sort of work in the Brigham Young Winter Home.

been made to resemble oak, and the old wooden fireplace has been painted to look like marble.

Staples said the house is close to 100 years old as far as he can ascertain. Mahonri Snow moved into the home in 1894, and the house was already standing when he moved in.

Staples said he chose to remodel the house rather than raze it because "I

thought there was too much history and too much value in it to see it go."

Staples said when the Hafens bought the home it was valued at about \$1,000. Today it is valued at about \$100,000.

"This is a bicentennial restoration of a centennial house," Staples said.

Mrs. Hafens hasn't been back to the house since the restoration has begun.

HUSBAND Hafen, Arthur KnightBirth 14 Jan., 1888Place Santa Clara, UtahChr. 7 March, 1888Married 11 September, 1912Place St. George, UtahDeath 15 Nov., 1971Burial 18 Nov., 1971Father Hafen, JohnMother* Knight, LenoraOther Wives
(if any) _____**WIFE** Woods, Minerva OrillaBirth 13 Oct., 1891Place Clover Valley, Nevada, LincolnChr. 31 Oct., 1891Death 31 Dec., 1983Burial 4 Jan., 1984Father Woods, Lamond CressonMother* Terry, ElizabethOther Hus
(if any) _____

Where was information obtained? _____

*List complete maiden name for all females.

**1st Child** Hafen, Kay WoodsBirth 31 July, 1913Place Santa Clara, Utah

Married to _____

Married _____

Place _____

**2nd Child** Hafen, CarmaBirth 17 Sept., 1914Place St. George, UtahMarried to Staheli, Woodrow WilsonMarried 20 April, 1932Place St. George, Utah**3rd Child** Hafen, Ferrel ArthurBirth 26 December, 1915Place St. George, UtahMarried to Jolley, VildaMarried 11 June, 1937Place St. George, Utah**4th Child** Hafen, AdaBirth 7 June, 1917Place St. George, UtahMarried to Neilson, McKayMarried 16 Aug., 1940Place St. George, Utah**5th Child** Hafen, Herschel WoodsBirth 22 Jan., 1919Place St. George, UtahMarried to Sproul, RamonaMarried 26 March, 1948Place Washington, Utah**6th Child** Hafen, Harold JohnBirth 23 Aug., 1920Place St. George, UtahMarried to Atkin, Colleen MaeMarried 15 Aug., 1944Place Las Vegas, Nevada**7th Child** Hafen, RuthBirth 16 March, 1922Place St. George, UtahMarried to Squire, Phil ErviMarried 24 March, 1943Place St. George, Utah**8th Child** Hafen, LenoraBirth 16 Nov., 1923Place St. George, UtahMarried to Hobbs, Raymond LeeMarried 29 Nov., 1942Place St. George, Utah**9th Child** Hafen, Linford LamorBirth 6 Dec., 1925Place St. George, Utah

Married to _____

Married _____

Place _____

**10th Child** Hafen, Eldon EugeneBirth 27 Feb., 1927Place St. George, UtahMarried to Pymm, MaxineMarried 12 Sept., 1953Place St. George, Utah

HUSBAND Hafen, Arthur Knight

Birth 14 Jan., 1888
 Place Santa Clara, Utah
 Chr. 7 March, 1888
 Married 11 Sept., 1912
 Place St. George, Utah
 Death 15 Nov., 1971
 Burial 18 Nov., 1971
 Father Hafen, John
 Mother* Knight, Lenora
 Other Wives
 (if any) _____



WIFE Woods, Minerva Orilla

Birth 13 Oct., 1891
 Place Clover Valley, Nevada, Lincoln Co
 Chr 31 Oct., 1891
 Death 31 Dec., 1983
 Burial 4 Jan., 1984
 Father Woods, Lamond Cresson
 Mother* Terry, Elizabeth
 Other Hus
 (if any) _____
 Where was information obtained? _____
 *List complete maiden name for all females.



11th
~~XXX~~ Child Hafen, Erma
 Birth 5 Dec., 1928
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to Syphus, Leo Thomas
 Married 24 Nov., 1948
 Place St. George, Utah



6th Child Hafen, Harold John
 Birth 23 Aug., 1920
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to Brown, Lorena
 Married 17 March, 1952
 Place Salt Lake City, Utah



12th
~~XXX~~ Child Hafen, Kenneth Ernest
 Birth 10 Jan., 1931
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____



11th
~~XXX~~ Child Hafen, Erma
 Birth 5 Dec., 1928
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to Harris, Parley Emm
 Married 23 June, 1967
 Place Washington, Utah



13th
~~XXX~~ Child Hafen, Larence Kelton
 Birth 16 May, 1932
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to Nielson, Peggy Ruth
 Married 2 Nov., 1954
 Place St. George, Utah



14th Child Hafen, Donald Ross
 Birth 19 July, 1933
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to Ross, Sharon Spikes
 Married 18 Nov., 1987
 Place Kahuku, Oahu Hawaii



14th
~~XXX~~ Child Hafen, Donald Ross
 Birth 19 July, 1933
 Place St. George, Utah
 Married to Jones, Elva Asenath
 Married 18 July, 1952
 Place St. George, Utah

9th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

5th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

Place Picture
 of Child in
 Left Blank

Place Picture
 of Wife or
 Husband in
 Right Blank

Or Wedding Picture To Cover
 Both Blanks

10th Child _____
 Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____



1920



Herschel, Ada, Carma, Lenora
Ruth and Harold



Ferrel, Carma
Harold, Ruth, Ada, Lenora, Herschel
Eldon





Ken Kelt Don Kay Frank

John Hafen Family of Santa Clara Honor Soldier Grandsons With Gathering

A large group of relatives, including the families of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hafen, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hafen and Mr. and Mrs. Orval Hafen motored to Santa Clara Wednesday evening for an informal social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian J. Frei, honoring their son, Shelby Frei, one of the group of boys who left for the Army this (Thursday) morning. Also honored were Sgt. Earl Guy Hafen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hafen, and Hershel Hafen, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hafen, who are home on leave. Earl expects to be called any moment for the Army air corps, and Hershel will return this week end to Camp Williams, Ariz. This is his first visit home in ten months.

Interesting in the evening's program besides informal visiting, was group singing by the family, highlighted by a brief address by John Hafen, the nearly 80-year-old grandfather of the three soldiers, who outlined their duties and gave them counsel from his long experience and expressed his pride in having grandsons worthy to defend the principles of freedom and human liberty.

AUGUST 20, 1942



Kelton, Herschel, Ferrel, Kenneth
Eldon, A.K., Don, Harold



Harold, Ferrel, Kelton, Herschel
Kenneth, Don, Eldon, A.K.

Carma at the hospital
with Ralph
August '42



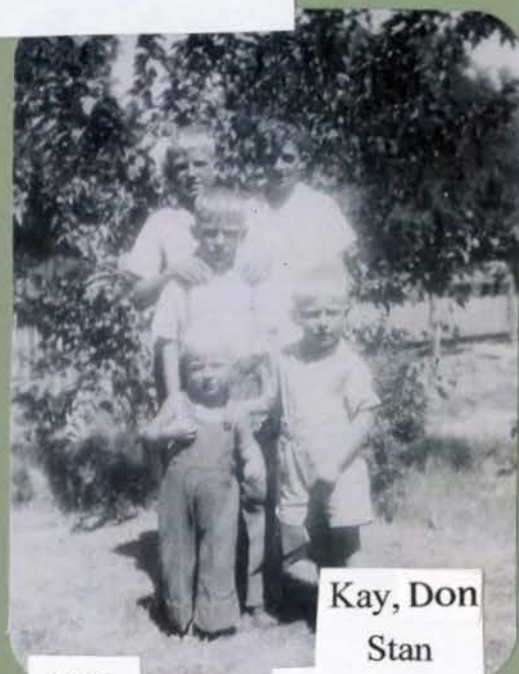
1942

Grandpa Hafen, Woodrow-George, Velda-Dennis, Herschel, Grandma
Kelt, Eldon, Kay, Ken, Erma
Frank, Don, Stan



1944

Grandpa holding Marilyn, Grandma holding Ralph
Kenneth holding George



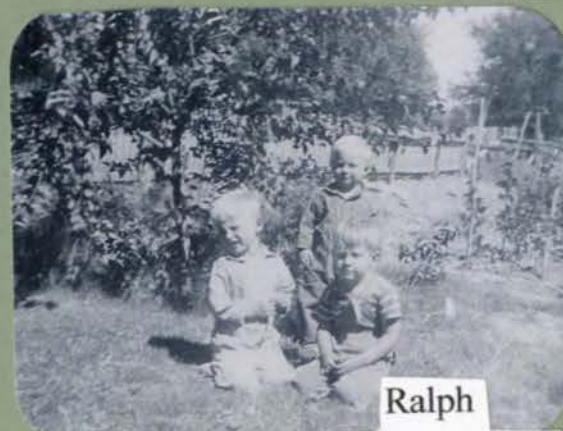
1945

Kay, Don
Stan
Ralph, George



1944

Ralph, George, Ken



Ralph

George, Dennis

1945



March 21, 1952



Rose Ann, John, A.K., Orilla, Lenora & Ray Hobbs



ARTHUR K. HAFEN, WIFE, AND CHILDREN

Seated: Lenora H. Hobbs, Ruth H. Squire, Orilla W. and A. K. Hafen, Carma H. Staheli, Erma H. Syphus, and Ada H. Neilson.

Standing: Eldon E., Donald R., Ferrel A., Herschel W., L. Kelton, Kenneth E., and Harold J.



ARTHUR K. HAFEN FAMILY (1952)

(Family name is Hafen where not given otherwise)

Bottom row: Janet Neilson, Ralph Staheli, Bonnie Squire, Carma Jean and Sandra Staheli, Dale, Lowell, Sharon, Marilyn Hobbs. Second row: Ada and son, Rickey Neilson, Ferrel, Arthur K., Phyllis Squire, Orilla W., Carma H. Staheli, Herschel, Harold, Lynwood, McKay Neilson. Third row: George Staheli, Lenora and Ray Hobbs, Vilda, Mary, Phil and Ruth Squire, Donald, Woodrow Staheli, Erma H. Syphus, Ramona S., Kent, Lorena B. Back row: Eldon, Stanley Staheli, Kelton, Frank Staheli, Kenneth, Kay Staheli, Leo Syphus, Dennis (Kay Staheli and Kenneth deceased).



**Carma, Ruth
Orilla, Lenora, Erma, Ada**

A Testimony Given By Orilla Hafen To Her Daughters

When I was asked to tell you girls what has kept me close to my Heavenly Father the first thing that came to my mind was prayer. Communication with my Heavenly Father. My dear mother taught me to pray. It seems I have always prayed about everything. Little children pray with such sincere faith-

One time mother let me take her pencil when my friends and I were playing school, and when she asked for me to return it, I couldn't find it. I searched every where. I knelt down and asked my Heavenly Father to help me and when I stood up there it was in the dirt right where I had been kneeling. I was so thankful-I went right down on my knees and thanked Him.

Another time mother went over to grandmother's on an errand and left my sisters and me to take care of our baby brother who was just walking good. We became so interested in our play that we forgot about the baby, finally when we did remember, we couldn't find him. We were so frightened, I said, "Let's pray." We knelt by the bed and prayed earnestly and when we got up there was the baby just a little way under the bed, sound asleep.

A few times it has been hard for me to believe my prayers had been heard, at least weren't answered the way I thought they should have been. My mother passed away when I was about 16, she had been very ill for about 3 weeks with typhoid fever and had developed pneumonia. I was very ill in another room with typhoid myself, but I could tell from what people were saying and doing that she was very serious. I prayed so hard for her to recover, and my faith was shattered when she passed away. For a long time I thought the Lord was very unkind. It was a real test for me, but when I humbled myself and prayed I would be made to understand, I always did even though it took a long time sometimes. I have had some very hard tests to my faith, but long ago I learned to say, "Thy will be done." and I am blessed in the good feelings I have.

There is a scripture from the Book of Mormon that I have put into my life, and ask all of you to live by, it is, Alma 37:37 "Counsel with the Lord in all your doings and he will direct you for good, Yea, when thou liest down at night lie down unto the Lord that He will watch over you in your sleep, and when thou risest in the morning let thy heart be full of thanks unto God, and if ye do these things ye shall be lifted up at the last day."

If I live by the wisdom of this verse I have the key to a successful life.

*Erma, Lenora, Ruth, Ada
Carma, Grandma Hafen*





1938



Kelton, Grandpa, Herschel

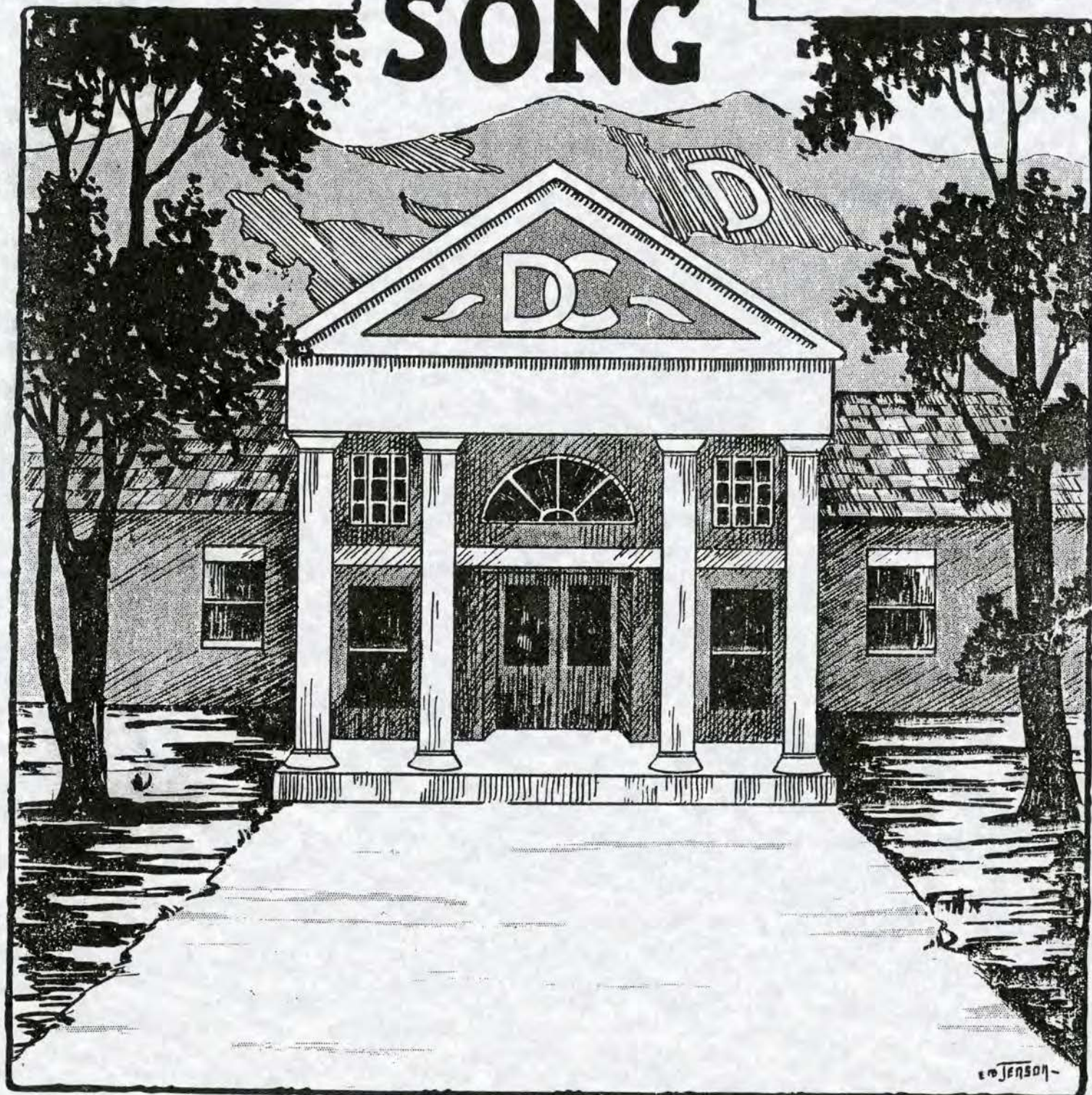


Three Little Boys



Kay, Frankie, Donnie, Kenny, Stanley

DIXIE COLLEGE SONG



Published by
The Student Body of the Dixie College ÷

Dixie Marching Song

We are cheering for you dear Dixie
We are wearing your colors today
We are loyal and true dear Dixie to you
And we're going to help you win out Dixie
We're for you through and through old Dixie
For the white and the blue of old Dixie
And we'll sing as you play for victory today
V-i-c-t-o-r-y for Dixie.

Then march, march, marching along
Cheer, cheer, singing this song
Here's to old Dixie who does things you know
Then nine Rah's for Dixie, for Dixie go
Cheer, cheer, cheer with your might
Wave, wave, blue and the white
And beneath those colors fair
Everywhere we do and dare
All for Dixie, Dixie go.

Dixie College Song

Words by
A.K. HAFEN

Piano arrangement
EVELYN THURSTON

INTRO. Allegro Vivace

Do not drag

We love you dear Dix - ie
Tho' far a - way we may

School,
be, With your col - ors of white and blue,
We'll re - men - ber our Dix - ie School,

For you ev - er stand for the right,
The spir - it of our pi - o - neers, For the
For they're

noble, the good, and the true. When - ev - er we're
men of the great gold-en rule; Our D on the

put to a test We'll re - mem - ber your spir - it
hill - side so bold Cher - ished em - blem of them

grand all *ff* In - structing, persuad - ing and guid -
all Re - men - ber and nev - er for - get

ing, Thro' - out our Dix - ie Land.
ting, We'll an - swer to the call.

*CHORUS

Hail, all hail to thee! Oh, Dix - ie Col - lege
Basso marcato *ritard* *ritard*

dear old school; We know your worth the best on

earth We'll cheer for you and stand by ev - ery rule

Oh may we nev - er do Aught that would

bring dishonor to thy name, But may we be

e'er true to thee Adding hon - or and glo - ry to thy fame.

There's a place in Southern Utah where flowers bloom the whole year 'round, where fruits from the temperate to the sub-tropical mellow in the sunshine, where outdoor sports can be entered into practically every day of the year and where cultural and social life is found at its best——

IT'S DIXIE

There's a school in Dixie where worthy purposes and ambitions of youth are inculcated; where dependability, self-control, resourcefulness, scholarship and ambition are major aims, and where reading, writing, fact gathering and rule learning are merely incidentals used as a means of assimilation; a school where students come to catch a vision of the world as it ought to be and prepare themselves to help make the vision real——

IT'S DIXIE COLLEGE



1919
Ferrel riding pig (age 4)



Front: Ken, Kelton, Don
Back: Ferrel, Herschel, A.K., Harold



Front: Erma
Back: Ada, LeNore, Ruth



1944

ADA, ?, MARILYN, RAY, LENORA, CARMA, VELDA
WAYNE HOLT, FERREL (HOLDING DENNIS)



Ada
Kelton
Don



Eldon, Ken, Kelt & Don
(Cottom home in background)



L-R: Eldon, Erma, Ken, Kelton, Don



Erma, Kelton, Ken



July 6, 1952



About 1 year old



Orilla



About 4 years old

Ada & Orilla



About 20 years old

Orilla



Orilla Woods Hafen





1944



1944



GOD BLESS YOU ON YOUR

Golden Anniversary



St. George Couple To Observe Golden Wedding

Patriarch and Mrs. A. K. Hafen will be honored at an open house commemorating their golden wedding anniversary on Saturday, Sept. 8 from 7 to 9:30 p. m. at the home of Senator and Mrs. Orval Hafen, 350 North Main, to which relatives and friends are invited. The couple kindly requests that there be no gifts.

Married Sept. 11, 1912 in the St. George Temple, they have made their home in St. George during the fifty years, where Mr. Hafen taught in the Dixie College until 1951. Since that time he has been engaged in business with his sons. He and Mrs. Hafen both have served in church capacities most of their lives. Mr. Hafen was bishop's counselor, then bishop of the St. George East Ward; later a high councilman, and currently is patriarch in the St. George Stake. Mrs. Hafen devoted many years in the Primary Association, both ward and stake. She is currently a member of the Relief Society Stake Board.

Mr. Hafen was born in Santa Clara, Jan. 14, 1888, son of John and Lenora Knight Hafen. He graduated from the BYU in 1912, receiving an AB degree, and from the same institution in 1926 when he was given an MA degree. Mrs. Hafen also attended the BYU. She was born in Clover, Valley, Nev., Oct. 13, 1891, daughter of Lamond C. and Elizabeth Terry Woods.

The couple has fourteen children, eleven living: Mrs. W. W. (Carma) Staheli, Washington; Ferrel, Eldon, Kelton, Mrs. Phil E. (Ruth) Squire, Mrs. Leo T. (Erma) Syphus, all of St. George; Herschel W., Henderson, Nev.; Harold J., Roy, Utah; Don, La Mirada, Calif.; McKay Neilson, Arcadia, Calif.; Mrs. Ray L. (Lenora) Hobbs, Garden Grove, Calif. They have also 48 grandchildren and five great grandchildren.



ORILLA W. HAFEN



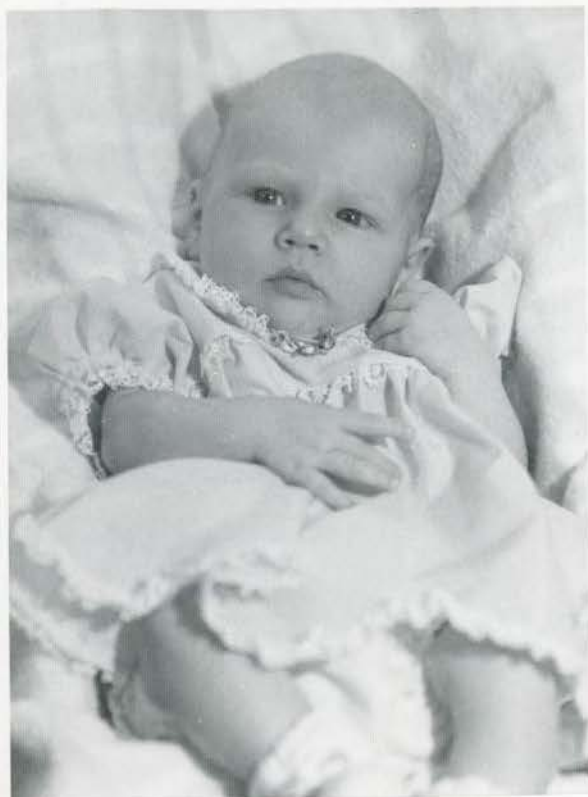
A. K. HAFEN

Dear Mother and Dad:

When you were married fifty years ago,
And your hearts and minds were with love aglow.
Did you think that the years would so swiftly go,
And you'd have a Golden Wedding and all this posterity to show?
You probably couldn't see into the future then and look ahead to this day.
But now its here you can look back and you can proudly say,
"The years have been good to us and we have tried to do
All that is required of parents and make our patriarchal blessings come true."
Yes, you were promised many blessings if you would do your share.
You have surely kept the faith, although many times twas hard to bear.
You were promised a large family and that has surely been fulfilled
Also positions of responsibility which you have done faithfully as God willed.
Those years of bringing us into the world and caring for our every need
Were years of sacrifice and service and many hardships indeed.
Now that you are older and celebrating your Golden Wedding Day-
We are trying to express our love and gratitude to you both today--
I speak for us all when I try to tell you we love you!
And are proud to have such parents - everyone else loves too.
We hear nothing but good of you wherever we go
And may we by our lives and actions in some way try to show
Appreciation for all you've done and all you mean to us-
But it's hard to find words and hard to make a fuss
But with your understanding nature we know you understand-
That we feel we are blessed with the most wonderful parents in all the land.
May all thats good and wonderful be yours from day to day
And please accept all the love and best wishes we have tried to convey.







**Picture taken for 50th Wedding Anniversary
Cynthia Staheli - 2nd Great-Granddaughter
July 16, 1962**



**Dad-Ralph, Great Grandfather-A.K. Hafen, Grandfather-Woodrow Staheli
Cynthia Blessing Day**



**Great-Grandpa and Grandma Hafen, Great-Grandpa and Grandma Staheli
Cynthia (Cindy) Staheli**





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And your hearts and minds were with love aglow.
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And you'd have a Golden Wedding and all this posterity to show?
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Appreciation for all you've done and all you mean to us-
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But with your understanding nature we know you understand-
That we feel we are blessed with the most wonderful parents in all the land.
May all thats good and wonderful be yours from day to day
And please accept all the love and best wishes we have tried to convey.





BOTTOM ROW: Left to right- Kory, Alston, Shyrl Ann, Brent, Linda, Kip, Lana Kaye, Sharlene, Kinney Sue, Andy, Lyman Sidney, Michael, Conrad. SECOND ROW: Shauna, Kristine, Eldon, Baby Scott, Ada, Lenora, Ferrel, Carma, Kole, Orilla, Arthur K., Herschel, Mickey, Kelton, Kennie, Ruth, Harold, Erma, Susan. THIRD ROW: Ralph, Cynthia, Katherine, Maxine, McKay, Ray, Vilda, Janet, Lowell, Bonnie, Ramona, Elva, Peggy, Phil, Amelia Ann, Lorena, Gayla Dawn, Stanley. FOURTH ROW: Karen, Carolyn, Michelle, Gary Don, Mary, Sandra, Marilyn, Carma Jean, Dennis, Kathy, Denice, Mary Esther, Ricky, Phyllis, Dale, Kent, Nancy, Vallorie, Lamond, Jan. NOT PRESENT: Frank, Woodrow, Leo, Sharon Dawn and Lynn.

(Between Herschel and Kelton is Don, holding David)

A. K. Hafen receives Dixie service award

At the annual Dixie College Founder's Day and Homecoming assembly held Oct. 24th in the St. George Tabernacle, Mr. A. K. Hafen was presented a Distinguished Service award by President Ferron C. Losee. Dr. Losee gave the following tribute.

Arthur Knight Hafen, the oldest child of John and Lenora Knight Hafen, was born in Santa Clara, Utah, January 14, 1888.

He spent his early years on his father's farm and on the cattle range. He attended elementary school in Santa Clara, then attended the Branch Normal School in Cedar City, later receiving an A. B. degree in 1912 and an M. A. degree in 1926, both from Brigham Young University. He also did graduate work at the University of California (Berkeley), University of Southern California (Los Angeles), and University of New Mexico (Albuquerque.)

He was elected Superintendent of Schools in Washington County in 1914, and served one year along with his teaching duties at the St. George Stake Academy. He visited all schools in the county, traveling in a black-top buggy pulled by two small bay mares. During his term, schools in Utah were consolidated, which meant he had to choose between the position of superintendent and teacher. He chose to teach, and subsequently taught forty years — thirty-nine years at Dixie College, a record yet to be matched by any Dixie College faculty member. He served as head of the English and Modern Language Department, and as Director of the Division of Humanities. He taught English, German and Spanish, working intimately as a teacher and in extra-curricular activities, forming lifelong friendships.

Mr. Hafen has served as a bishop, member of a bishopric, superintendent of religion classes, member of the St. George Stake High Council, and is presently serving as St. George Stake Patriarch. He has been a correspondent for the Deseret News, has written numerous articles for local and state publications as well as the life stories of his parents and his wife's parents, and has published three books: 'Beneath Vermillion Cliffs', 'Dixie Folklore and Devoted Empire Builders' (Pioneers of St. George) — Mr. Hafen married Orilla

They became parents of 14 children, 11 of whom are living. They also have 52 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren.

After this tribute a plaque was presented to Mr. Hafen which reads:

Arthur Knight Hafen stands above most men because of his deep loyalty to family, friends and associates and because of his significant contribution of time and talent to his church, his state and his country.

This recognition is specifically for his many years of dedicated service to his native "Dixieland" and to Dixie College.

The administration, the faculty, and the students are honored to present to Arthur Knight Hafen this acknowledgement with affection and deep appreciation.



A. K. HAFEN receives Distinguished Service Award from President Ferron C. Losee.

October 29, 1970



**Distinguished
Service Award
Present to
Arthur K. Hafen
1970**

Educator Honored At Dixie

ST. GEORGE — The man who holds the record for number of years teaching at Dixie



Mr. Hafen

College and who wrote the school's official song has been presented with a "distinguished service" award. Arthur Knight Hafen, 82, was honored at the annual Dixie College Founders' Day and Homecoming assembly in the St. George Stake Tabernacle.

Dixie College President Fer-
ron C. Losee presented Hafen
with a plaque which carries
the following tribute:

"Arthur Knight Hafen stands above most men because of his deep loyalty to family, friends and associates and because of his significant contribution of time and talent to his Church, his State and his Country."

Hafen was elected superintendent of schools in Washington County in 1914. Soon after he began his lengthy teaching career at Dixie during which time he served as head of the English and Modern Languages Department and was director of the Division of Humanities.

He has served as a bishop, superintendent of religion classes, member of the St. George Stake High Council, and is presently St. George Stake Patriarch, all for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He was also a correspondent for the Deseret News and has written numerous articles for local and state publications.



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD

presented to

ARTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN

Arthur Knight Hafen, the oldest child of John and Lenora Knight Hafen, was born in Santa Clara, Utah, January 14, 1888.

He spent his early years on his father's farm and on the cattle range. He attended elementary school in Santa Clara, then attended the Branch Normal School in Cedar City, later receiving an A. B. degree in 1912 and an M. A. degree in 1926, both from Brigham Young University. He also did graduate work at the University of California (Berkeley), University of Southern California (Los Angeles), and University of New Mexico (Albuquerque).

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Mr. Hafen has served as a bishop, member of a bishopric, superintendent of religion classes, member of the St. George Stake High Council, and is presently serving as St. George Stake Patriarch. He has been a correspondent for the Deseret News, has written numerous articles for local and state publications as well as the life stories of his parents and his wife's parents, and has published three books: 'Beneath Vermillion Cliffs,' 'Dixie Folklore and Devoted Empire Builders' (Pioneers of St. George.)

Mr. Hafen was the winner of a song-writing contest to choose an official Dixie College song. It was published in 1924 and remains the official song, bringing a lump to the throat of each graduate who returns to Dixie to hear its rousing introduction and nostalgic melody.

Mr. Hafen married his devoted companion, Orilla Woods, on September 11, 1912. They became the parents of 14 children, 11 of whom are living. They also have 52 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren.

The children wrote tributes in honoring their parents' Golden Wedding Anniversary. One daughter wrote: "Beauty is the word I would like to use to describe our home. In our home there was spiritual beauty. Kindness was there, also good-humored tolerance of each other. It was a home made up of encouraging words, loving deeds, sympathy expressed, songs to make us feel light-hearted, free and glad to be a member of a family where all these linked together made a golden chain of beauty around our door."

With his pleasant manner, and his ability to work quietly under stress, Mr. Hafen has made a valuable contribution to this area. He is an honest and principled person with a high sense of integrity, and has always given of himself in a thoughtful genuine kind of selflessness, which is a mark of greatness.

Arthur Knight Hafen stands above most men because of his deep loyalty to family, friends and associates and because of his significant contribution of time and talent to his Church, his State and his Country.

This recognition is specifically for his many years of dedicated service to his native "Dixieland" and to Dixie College.

The administration, the faculty, and the students are honored to present to Arthur Knight Hafen this acknowledgment with affection and deep appreciation.

Celebration planned

Mrs. Hafen to turn 85

Orilla Woods Hafen will observe her 85th birthday Wednesday and will celebrate it Saturday with her family and friends at the St. George East Stake Center from 7-9 p.m. The Hafen family invites all her friends to the open house.

Mrs. Hafen was born Oct. 13, 1891, in Clover Valley, Nev., the first child of Lamond Cresson and Elizabeth Terry Woods. She had six brothers and two sisters. Just before her 16th birthday, her mother died, and much of the responsibility of caring for her brothers and sisters was left to her.

Orilla attended school in the little one-room schoolhouse which still stands in the valley. There were only a few families living in Clover Valley, and the folks there were near and dear to each other. They had a good time together making their own entertainment, organizing parties and dances at the spur of the moment.

Friends came from surrounding towns and often stayed three or four days as the Woods family was very hospitable and made everyone feel welcome in the home. This trait carried over into

Orilla's life.

In October 1910 she went to school at Brigham Young University. There she met a man—Arthur Knight Hafen. She learned that he was her white knight and married him Sept. 11, 1912, in the St. George Temple. In 1915 they purchased the home at 148 E. Tabernacle from Mahonri M. Snow. They lived there and raised their family in that home the rest of their married life.

Mr. Hafen died in November 1971, and Mrs. Hafen lived in the house alone until 1975, when she was encouraged to move to a smaller home more convenient and closer to her children. It wasn't an easy decision for her to make as she had lived in the old home for 62 years.

Mrs. Hafen has been a devoted church worker all her life. She was secretary of the Primary at the age of 12 and has held many responsible positions in her ward and stake. She always was faithful in helping her husband fulfill his church, school and civic callings.

The Hafens had a rewarding life together. They took many trips to

Hawaii, Mexico, New York, among other places.

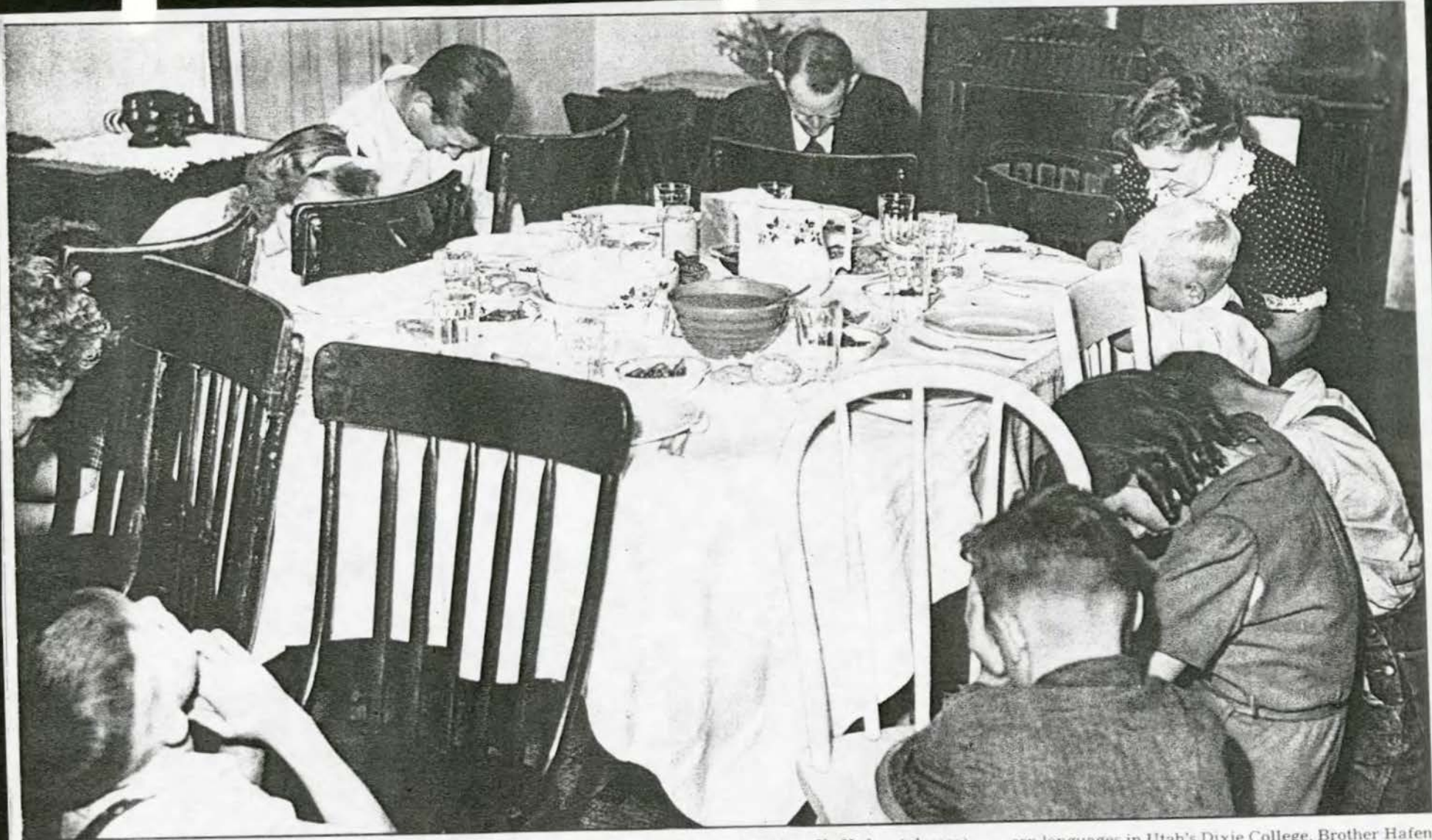
Mrs. Hafen is presently in good health. She attends her church meetings regularly, goes to the temple, attends weddings, baptisms, graduations, blessings of children and birthday parties of her 11 children, 53 grandchildren and 54 great-grandchildren.

Her home has always been open and made welcome to anyone visiting her. She is noted for her understanding, patience, devotion to her family and her church and for her great love of people.

The Hafens are the parents of 14 children nine boys and five girls: Kay W., deceased; Carma Staheli, Washington; Ferrell A., St. George; Ada Neilson, Archadia, Calif.; Herschel, Henderson, Nev.; Harold, Hooper; Ruth Squire, St. George; Lenore Hobbs, Fullerton, Calif.; Linford, L., deceased; Eldon E., St. George; Erma Harris, St. George; Kenneth E., deceased; L. Kelton, St. George; and Donald R., Roseburg, Ore.



Orilla Hafen



MORNING PRAYER BEFORE A MEAL and evening prayer were rigid Mormon practices in the old days. Now, they have been abandoned by all save a few

families such as that of Arthur K. Hafen (glasses), who keeps the old custom, teaching his children to take turns praying. An instructor of English and mod-

ern languages in Utah's Dixie College, Brother Hafen has led a characteristic Mormon life, raising 12 children, continuing his education, filling a Church job.

'I am beginning to get to know my grandfather.'

I hardly knew my Grandfather Hafen. I was only 16 when he died in 1971.

Sometimes teenagers and elderly grandfathers don't connect.

It is only now, nearly three decades later, that I am beginning to know my grandfather. What I've known all along about Arthur K. Hafen is that he taught at Dixie College for more than 40 years, that he wrote the school song, that he compiled and wrote some very important history, and that he was a refined man of letters who had been brought up in a pioneer home where the more natural career choice would have been cattle ranching or peddling peaches.

What I've begun to appreciate more in recent years is how successful he was at raising a large and wonderful family during the heart of the Great Depression in a town about as far from anywhere as you could get at the time.

My Grandpa Hafen's younger brother Orval once noted in his journal, "We hardly knew we had a depression in St. George in the thirties, because our economy has always been pretty much depressed."

Whatever they might have called those years, the effects of the times were pervasive and profound. They were times that defined the families who lived through them and survived them - even the lives of St. George families who were already so poor they hardly knew the difference.

Arthur and Orilla Hafen raised



**Lyman
Hafen**

Perspective

their family in a handsome, modest home that still stands on Tabernacle Street.

To one side of the home stretched a large garden where my grandfather, a professor of the humanities, raised corn and squash and onions and beets and carrots and peas and green beans and anything else that would grow there. He took the water that ran through the ditch from the spring that emerged from the red rocks north of town.

He also had peach and apricot trees, long rows of grape vines, fig and pomegranate trees.

At the back of the lot was a large barn where a couple of cows were kept for milking. There were chickens in the barnyard and firewood was stacked in its place.

Yes, there was a basketball hoop and backboard bolted to a tall post in the barnyard, but you did not play basketball until all the chores were done, which meant that on many days there was no basketball.

In 1942, Maurine Whipple published an article in *Look* magazine on the lifestyle of Mormons in Southern Utah. I have a crackling yellow copy of that magazine on my bookshelf. In it is a photo of my grandfather's family kneeling at their chairs turned back-

ward to the dinner table. My father is not much more than 10 years old in the photo. His fingers are clasped, prayer style, beneath his chin.

My Grandfather Hafen is kneeling at the head of the table, his tie cinched tight, his spectacles in place, his head bowed as he prays upon a table brimming with food. Next to Grandpa is Grandma, kneeling near the cast-iron stove at the corner of the table nearest the kitchen.

Eight of the family's 12 living children surround the table, each in a distinct, impatient praying position.

Whenever I look at the photo I consider how everyone in it played a part in getting that food from the garden, from the field, from the orchard, from the barnyard, to the table. The photograph shows them literally reaping what they have sown, enjoying the bounties of the earth that sustained them.

It also strikes me, as I consider my father in the picture, that he is probably not much concerned about what his father is praying but more likely caught up in thoughts of his ranch of bony horses out back in the grape arbors. Bony horses were as close to toys as my dad came in those post-Depression World War II days. They were the white-crusted bones of cattle, individual vertebrae, leg joints, hoof bones, which - with a little imagination added - could be magically transformed into miniature toy animals. One of the family's dead cows could resurrect into a small herd. Those simple bleached

Orilla Hafen Notes

90th Birthday



ORILLA HAFEN

Orilla Hafen will celebrate her 90th birthday Tuesday, October 13th.

Her family will honor her with an Open House from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. at the home of a daughter, Ruth Squire, at 561 So. 400 E.

We extend an invitation to friends and relatives to stop by and wish her a happy birthday. No gifts, please.



*Grandma Hafen's
85th
Birthday*



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY



GRANDMA



PROGRAM

Narrator

SANDRA TURNBEAUGH

Accompianist

LINDA HAFEN

Slides

MARY SNOW

CARMA-

"My Story"

LESLI, SHERI and ANNETTE STAHELI

FERREL-

"Still Rock 'n' Roll to Me"

STACY and STEPHANIE SNOW, MICCI McALLISTER
and JENA CHRISTENSEN

ADA-

McKAY and ADA'S FAMILY

HERSHEL-

"Try to Remember"

HERSHEL and RAMONA'S CHILDREN

HAROLD-

RUTH-

"Stirring Up Memories"

BONNIE, PHYLLIS and SHARLENE

LENORE-

"I Am Going to Grandma's
RAY and LENORE'S CHILDREN

ELDON-

"I Am a Child of God" - "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam"
AMBER & AMY HATCH, BREE STOUT & NATALE HAFEN

ERMA-

"Morning Train"
DIANE SYPHUS

KELTON-

"Where Love Is"
DEBBIE HAFEN

DON-

CHILDREN-

"That Wonderful Mother of Mine

GREAT GRANDCHILDREN-

"You're a V. I. P."

EVERYONE

"Love at Home"

FOUNDERS DAY PROGRAM
HONORING MR. A. K. HAFEN

OUR FOUNDERS

Edward H. Snow	David H. Cannon
Thomas P. Cottam	John T. Woodbury
George F. Whitehead	James G. Bleak
David H. Morris	Arthur F. Miles

Flowers provided by Edith's Floral

P R O G R A M

Preliminary Music.....Dixie College Band
Directed by Ron Garner

Master of Ceremonies.....Nick Esplin
Homecoming Chairman

Concert Choir.....directed by Jan Carter
"God Has Gone Up With The Shout" by Klein

Invocation.....Scott Baird

Welcome.....Garn Turner
Student body President

Presentation of Homecoming Queen
and Attendants.....Garn Turner

Dixie High School Madrigals
...directed by Walter Fullerton
"Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" by Irving Berlin

Speaker.....Dr. LeRoy Nisson

Distinguished Service Award to A. K. Hafen
...President Ferron C. Losee

Dixie College Madrigals & Congregation
...directed by Howard Putnam
"Dixie College Song" by A. K. Hafen

Benediction.....Brother Ward Despain

DIXIE COLLEGE SONG

by A. K. Hafen

We love you dear Dixie School,
With your colors so bright and gay,
For you ever stand for the right,
As we cheer for the red and the gray.
We'll remember your spirit grand,
Instructing, persuading, and guiding
Throughout our Dixie land.

CHORUS:

Hail, all hail to thee!
Oh, Dixie College, dear old school;
We know your worth, the best on earth
We'll cheer for you and stand for every rule.
Oh, may we never do
Aught that would bring dishonor to thy name,
But may we be e'er true to thee
Adding honor and glory to thy fame.

Tho' far away we may be
We'll remember our Dixie School.
The spirit of our pioneers
For they're men of the Great Golden Rule.
Our "D" on the hillside so bold,
Cherished emblem of them all
Remember and never forgetting,
We'll answer to thy call.

DIXIE COLLEGE

Homecoming and Founders Day Program



Theme

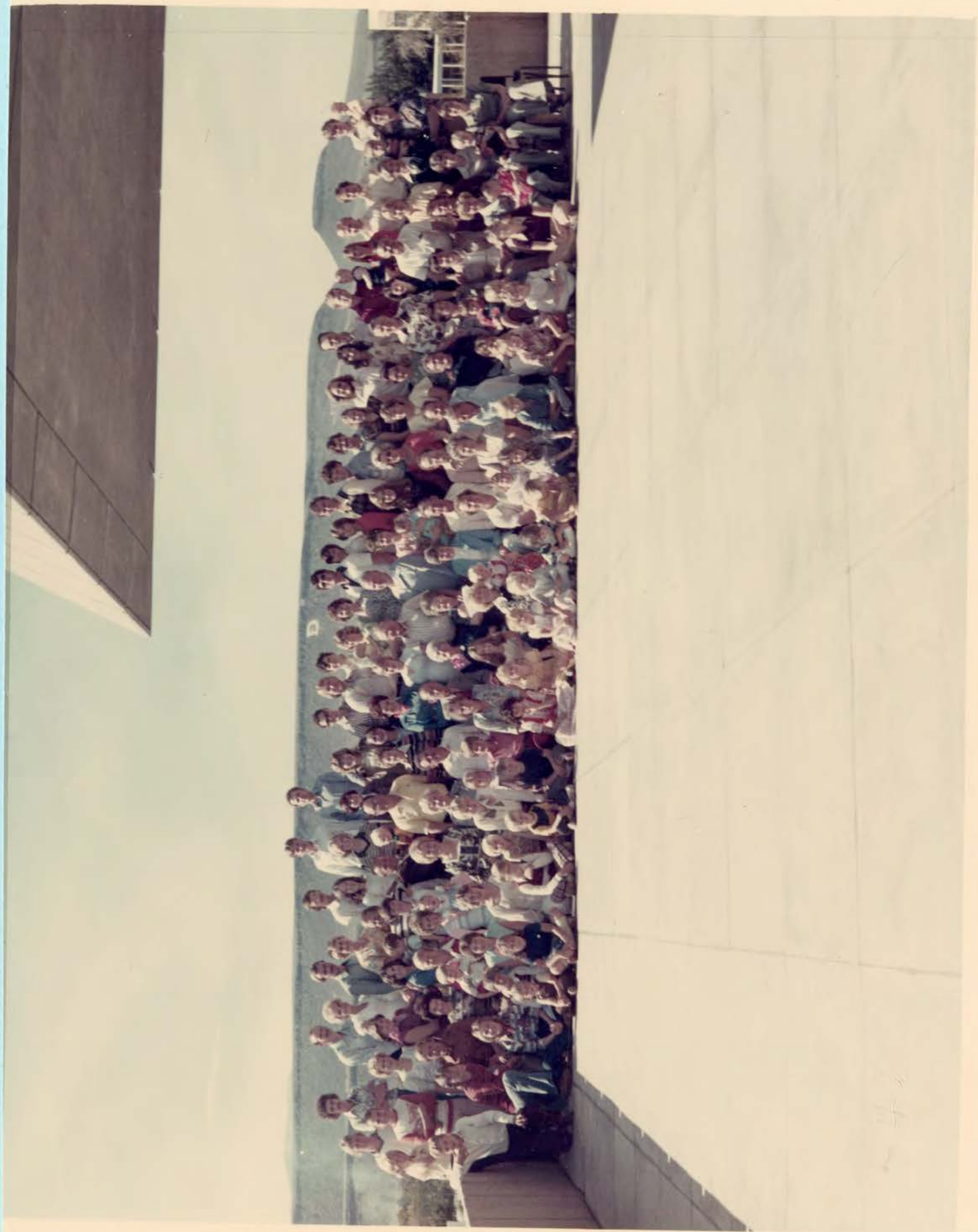
"Rays of Southern Sunshine"



St. George Tabernacle

October 24, 1970

Following Parade





Grandma Hafen's 85th Birthday

**Front- Don, Eldon, Ruth, Herschel, Ferrel, Orilla, Carma, Ada, Harold
Lenore, Erma, Kelton**

**Back- Elva, Maxine, Phil, Ramona, Velda, Woodrow, McKay, Lorena,
Ray, Bud, Peggy**



Carma, Lenore, Ruth
Grandma
Palm Springs



I opened the door of "Alpha Engineering" and stepped across the threshold into my son's office. As I did so, a flood of warm memories almost overwhelmed me--and as I sat waiting for him to complete a phone call in the next room, my mind rushed back over the years to the Fall of 1949 when I had first entered this room.

You see this house that was now the office of my son's engineering business was once the home of A.K. and Orilla Hafen, and I, a new Dixie College student from Arizona had been hired to iron and do light housekeeping there. In addition to Bro. and Sister Hafen, there were four sons who also lived there, Eldon, Kenny, Kelton and Donny. These four boys and their father provided me with around 30 to 35 shirts to iron each week! These were days when each shirt had to be dampened, rolled up, and starched in a bushel basket and allowed to "sit" for a few hours before they were ready to iron!

As I met Sister Hafen for the first time, I felt such a warm welcome, so very much at ease, for she was so kind and made me feel so welcome. I stood a little in awe of Brother Hafen--for after all--he was one of the College professors!

I came once a week to iron, and on Saturdays to dust and vacuum. I was rather ill at ease around the boys at first, but they were such a happy carefree, friendly bunch, that it wasn't long before I over came my first anxiety. There was such a feeling of love, peace, happiness and contentment in that home and truly Sister Hafen was the "Heart of the Home" there. I often thought to myself, "These boys have no idea how lucky they are to have a mother to come home to each day," for my mother had died when I was just a little girl. Each of them always sought her out as they came in the door after school!

On my birthday that first year, I heard Eldon call to me (I lived upstairs at the Cannon Dorm), "Geniel come down here and get this cake that mom sent over, I can't make my horse climb the stairs." She had made a birthday cake for me! Each of those boys adored his mother, and she "managed" the whole crew with kindness, love, and a delightful sense of humor. One very funny experience I remember so very well, I had asked Kelton to go to the "Sadie Hawkins" dance with me, we were having a good time at the dance, had even been "wed" by "Marryian Sam" complete with a bent horse shoe nail ring. Kelton said, "Let's go tell my folks we got married", so off we went. His house was just around the corner and down the street from the College rec. hall. Well, Bro. and Sister Hafen joined in the spirit of the occasion and made a great fuss over us, and then Grandpa Wood, who was living with them at the time, stood up, and with great dignity, formally welcomed me into the family!! He was dead serious! And thought this "Wedding" was for real!! Kelt and I were a bit embarrassed then, and said, we'd better get back to the dance! So we left Brother and Sister Hafen to explain the true meaning of a "Sadie Hawkins Day Wedding" to Grandpa Wood.

Another humorous experience occurred one Saturday when I was doing my dusting and light housekeeping chores there. Bro. Hafen came hopping in with one shoe on, one off calling "Orilla, I can't find my other sock. Have you seen it?" She called from the kitchen, "Are you sure you haven't put both socks on one foot?" This agitated him and he began to hop faster! "Of course I didn't do that" he said. She came and found the other sock, and peace was restored.

Their married children were in and out often, and were always made so very welcome in that lovely home. As I sat there, that day, waiting for my son, Brent, to complete his phone call, I thought, "The magic and peace of this home are here still." I can still feel the spirit of this most special home, and the Scripture came to mind, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." How very blessed I was to feel of the love and caring of this very special family.

Geniel (Ellsworth) Gardner





Arthur K. Hafen
Olive Snow Reeve
Vivian Frei
Gertrude McGregor McArthur
Cleone Bunker

Nina Bunker Blazzard
Frank Crosby
Claude Frei
Lee Hafen
Leland Gammon
LaBertha McGregor Sorenson

Annie Miles Fuller
Bill Pulsipher

Salt Air Beach 1923

In Farmington, Utah

LDS Primary

ST. GEORGE—Out of a concern by Aurelia Spencer Rogers, for the welfare and behavior of young boys in her town of Farmington, Utah, the first LDS primary organization was started 100 years ago.

"Could there not be an organization for little boys wherein they could be taught everything good, and how to behave?" She expressed this concern to Eliza R. Snow, presiding officer of the Relief Society and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Sister Snow agreed to discuss the matter with President John Taylor.

As a result the first Primary was held on August 25, 1878 in Farmington under the direction of Sister Rogers. One hundred fifteen boys, as well as one hundred ten girls were invited.

The purpose of the organization was to instruct the children in proper behavior both in Primary and out. Soon Primaries were organized all over the territory. Sister Snow visited many, showing them the watch that once belonged to the Prophet Joseph Smith and telling the children many thrilling stories of life in Nauvoo and Kirtland.

Many of the Primaries past held a

Primary Fair at the end of the year to exhibit the years' activities. This year most of the Primaries are celebrating the birthday by having fairs of their own.

PRIMARY IN ST. GEORGE

In 1879 Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young came to St. George and organized the Primary. At that time, there were four wards in St. George. At first, they all met together once a month on a Saturday afternoon in the basement of the tabernacle, each ward taking a turn conducting and teaching lessons. Later, when the group became too large to meet all together, the older boys and girls met in the evening.

Bringing us closer to our day, Sister Orilla W. Hafen was called to be the Stake President of Primary in 1943. When Sister Hafen was asked if she had time to work in Primary, she said: "Why not? I have more primary boys and girls than any other mother in the St. George Stake. It is my duty and my pleasure to work where they are." She started working in the Primary at age 12. She had 14 children. She taught every age group but her greatest joy was working with the boys.

In the 1950-51 Primary year the stake board made a total of 1,034 visits to the wards—under the direction of President Ila D. Lytle. Sister Lytle gave 22 yrs. of service to the Primary.

1953-54 Errol Pectol, son of Lewis Pectol, was honored for his perfect attendance from age 4 to the time of his graduation at age 12.

1955-56 St. George Stake Primary placed on Honor Roll of the Church for having a Correct Annual Report which was handed in on time to the General Secretary.

1959 Branch Primary organized at the Shivwit Indian Reservation—22 children living there then. Also, in 1959 the cub scouts were organized in the Stake. At this time, the Stake Board meetings and Stake Preparation meetings were held on "Monday" nights. On August 8, 1959 the first Guide Patrol Camporee was held.

1959-60 Stake enrollment 1,237 L.D.S. children. Average attendance 80%. Three Non-L.D.S. children on rolls.

1960-61 Changed from original board which included a representative in every age group to our present size board of seven members. President Velma T. Bayles was serving at that



Aurelia Rogers



Orilla Hafen

began 100 years ago

time. This is a quote from her: "If Primary is successful in reaching the boys and girls and in influencing them to graduate, the ones so reached are the ones who go on to M.I.A., priesthood activity and missions. They are the ones most likely to continue on as active adults. But, if Primary fails to interest a boy or girl, the priesthood leaders are seldom able to gather them in either."

Feb. 5, 1961—Stake divided. Sister Dolores Riggs, President of the new St. George East Stake Primary. All but one of the board members was retained on the St. George Stake Primary Board.

1962-63 Letter received from the General Secretary informing the leaders here that the check for the Penny Parade Drive in the amount of \$1,043.61 had not been received—probably got lost in the mail. They stopped payment on the original check and sent in another one.

1964 Della S. Blake now Stake President. A new wing needed to be added to the Primary hospital. The money was to be raised by the Primary workers. Each worker was to write a poem to tell how she earned the \$1.00 she donated. (Project mentioned in the April 1978 Ensign pg. 38 by Sister

Parmley). She read 10 poems in April conference and 8 of those were from St. George Stake. One poem that Sister Parmley especially enjoyed was written by Sister June Everett, daughter-in-law of Ellis and Irene Everett, who now resides in Manti.

I have two little hands
And I'm mother of two
My hands indeed have plenty to do
With work though the day
And bottles all night
They wouldn't feel natural
Folded snugly and tight
I was willing so willing
To hire out and toil
But I was just weary from
Cleaning our soil
So it pains me to say
But I must confess
I paid myself to sit down and rest.

Sister Blake also was instrumental in seeing that every ward had a flag pole—so the boys could hold their flag raising ceremonies.

1967-73 Sister Margaret Ann R. Barton was Stake President. She has fond memories of the boys' program. Also, she recalls an assignment she had to speak in Sister Parmley's presidents department in April conference.

Feb. 1973—March 1978 Sister D'On A. Snow was President of St. George Utah Stake Primary. Sister Snow started working in the Primary right after her own graduation at age 12. She is very talented musically so her first job was organist, later she became music director and also taught the six-year-olds. After marriage and a brief time spent away from St. George, her family returned and she returned to the Primary. Sister Snow has always maintained a high degree of excellence in everything she has undertaken. She says that her greatest personal growth has come from working in the Primary.

March 5, 1978 Stake divided. Sister Snow now President of the new West Stake Primary and Sister Judy Grisham President of the St. George Stake Primary. As the Primary celebrates its 100th birthday this year, we in the new West Stake also celebrate our birth—our beginning as a new Stake Primary organization. The only thing that is new though is the name. The purposes of Primary are still the same as they were 100 years ago when the concern of Sister Aurelia Spencer Rogers blossomed into a world-wide organization for teaching children the gospel.



Ila D. Lytle



Velma T. Bayles



When Bro. Tolman asked me to give this talk a asked him what subject I was to speak on, he said, "Just what you would like to talk about," So- I would like to express my grateful thanks to my Heavenly Father for the blessings and joys and happiness that is mine.

First being born of goodly parents, who taught me to pray and walk uprightly, parents who were kind but firm in discipline. Parents who put their trust in God, and in me. Parents who set the proper example for me to follow. Parents who gave me the desire to choose a good husband, to make a happy home and have a good family.

These desires have been granted me, and are paying my off in highest dividends. My wonderful sons and daughters along with their well chosen wives and husbands, their good children and grandchildren, who are all so kind to me. Oh, its so wonderful to love and be loved by so many.

Happiness is something you create in your own mind; not something that can be purchased with silver or gold, not something that force can capture and hold. Its just waking up and beginning each day by counting your blessings and kneeling to pray. It's giving up thoughts that breed discontent and accepting what comes as gifts heaven sent, and giving up wishing for things you have not and making the best of what you've got. And knowing that life is determined and planned and that God holds the world in the palm of his hand. And completing what God gives you to do, that you find contentment and happiness too.

The family is like a book, the children are the leaves and the parents are the cover, they are the protection. At first the pages of the book are blank, but time writes memories and paints pictures there. Love is the little golden clasp that binds with trust. Oh break not this clasp lest the leaves get scattered and lost.

Family Love--No love it seems is quite as great as family love and family dreams. A mothers smile of tenderness bestowed on those she loves the best. No love is quite the same as dads who seek no worldly fame, but just his place within each heart, a love to cherish all his own. No love, however real, can match a family love.

I believe little children as the most precious gifts sent to earth from heaven, they have immortal souls created in the image of God; coming from Him and to return to Him, I believe every child has infinite possibilities for good or for evil, and that the kind of influence with which he is surrounded in, in early childhood determines to a great extent what he will be when he is grown.

So I say-Home is the foundation on which organized society rests- The family is the greatest institution on earth. To have a united family, it

isn't necessary to be rich, nor poor. All it takes is love. What is a home without love, cooperation and peace? A successful family is a partnership, solving problems together through mutual exchange of ideas and the cooperation of each member who assumes his or her proper responsibility.

William Hamilton tells us that six things are requisite to create a happy home-

Integrity must be the architect, and Tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by Affection, lighted by Cheerfulness, and Industry must be the ventilation renewing the atmosphere and bring in fresh helpfulness day by day; While over all as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessings of God.

Gorden B. Hinkley says, "Where there is love and respect between parents, there will be peace and harmony in the home. It comes of recognition that each member is a child of God, individually different in our personalities but each with a divine nature that may be submerged by selfishness and sin and which on the refined and nurtured with the cultivation of godly qualities."

In closing I would like to read this little poem I found in the Ensign, By Bonnie Lee Wells.

"Once I thought, when our children are grown, educated, married and left our home, then I would feel old. I did not, I felt a sense of accomplishment; Once I thought when we are Grandparents and Greatparents watching our grandchildren growing up tall and learning of God, then I would feel old. I do not, I feel proud; As I have shared these treasured years with my dear faithful husband (who has passed on) do I feel old? I do not, I feel grateful."

Happiness is to live well, with faith in the future. May this be our privilege and blessing, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Dear people-

I am always happy to come to Santa Clara-

You are my friends. My very best friends, and after all, there is no sweetness left in life if friendships are taken away. It is said, "That robbing life of friendship is like robbing the world of the sun."

I am happy today to be asked to take a few minutes in this meeting, that I might tell you dear people that I love and appreciate you who have done so much for me.

Love is the heart and core of two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, might, and strength." The second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

One of the great qualities of love is appreciation of the kindness of our Heavenly Father.

Appreciation is closely linked to gratitude, one definition of gratitude is- A warm feeling of goodwill towards one another.

Gratitude is giving thanks, an expression of gratitude to those who bring happiness into our lives.

The Lord commanded in one of his great revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith that, "we should be thankful in all things." Surely it means we should have that warm feeling of goodwill towards those who help us.

The Lord commands that we have love and gratitude. He asks that we eliminate from ourselves all envy and jealousy. With love and gratitude we do have warm feeling of goodwill. With envy and jealousy there is neither goodwill nor warmth, for they give rise to hatred.

We should measure the gratitude we have in our heart, both for our fellow men and our Heavenly Father.

Do we appreciate them for what they do for us?

Do we realize how completely dependant we are on both of them?

Without our Heavenly Father we are nothing.

Without our fellowmen we are about the same. Think for a moment about all the things we have for which we are dependant upon for others-there is light and heat, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, our transportation, our mail system, our telephone, our T.V.s, our household appliances, and we could go on and on-

Truely we are dependent upon one another. But what about our dependence upon the Lord? We must remember that all blessings come from our Heavenly Father. Do we love Him? Are we appreciative of His goodness? Do we show Him gratitude? Do we have in our hearts that warm feeling of

goodwill towards Him?

If we do how deep is that gratitude? How sincere?

Jesus said, "If you love me, keep my commandments." He also said, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." Without obedience to Gods commandments there is neither love nor goodwill.

Let us resolve to show our gratitude and appreciation for one another and to our Father in Heaven and by our obedience and our daily good workd, prove to Him that we are sincere in our warm feelings of goodwill.

Dear Brothers and sisters,

It is wonderful to be with you and partake of the good spirit that exists here. It wasn't your bishops idea that I be one of the speakers in your sacrament service this afternoon-don't blame him-Blame my good husband. He has always wanted me to share all his fine experiences with him. Because of this my life with him is a happy one, even tho it is a worry to try to keep up with him and be what he expects me to be. Again I say I'm happy; so in wondering just what I might talk with you about today I decided I'd say something about happiness.

How difficult to achieve is happiness? It is what everyone desires, but few understand how to get. It is within the reach of all, yet many never find it. What so many fail to remember is that happiness is like sorrow, it comes from what we do. Our own acts are determined on pretty much how we feel, we are the builders of our own lives.

Just what is happiness? It is the joy of service for one thing. And it is the satisfaction of a job well done. It comes from doing a kindly deed, from being a friend to someone in need. A young man is happy in a clean life. A girl is happy in the honor of virtue. In connection with this we should mention the joy found in the possession of a good name.

Each of us inherits a name, and to some extent a reputation from our parents. We are known early in life at least as Guber, or Ence, or Hunt or a Winsor or a Hafen. The reputation already established by a family becomes a part of us, and lasts until we change it.

As we grow to maturity, we make our way in the world with our name, will it be good or will it be bad? Joy will follow goodness, in this and all things good names come from good deeds. With a life of good deeds there is a satisfaction which can be matched in no other way. Quoting from the teachings of Joseph Smith, "Happiness is the object and design of existence and will be the end thereof, if we pursue the path of virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness and keeping all the commandments of God." And I would like to add being true, loyal and honest with one another.

An honest man is the noblest work of God. The deepest joy which we can all know is found in Prayer-being able to communicate with God. When we can feel we are Gods children and he will bless us. True happiness is found in living the gospel. Not just on Sunday but everyday. Our membership in the Church of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints can broaden our lives and bring us true happiness. Latter Day Saint people are happy people. Pres. Davis O McKay tells of being on the Cardston Temple grounds

when a car drove up and some travelers got out and came towards him. A man introduced himself as a minister from Iowa. He said we have driven through Utah, the first building that impressed us was the Temple in St. George. We came on north and saw the Manti Temple, we continued on north and saw the Temple and Tabernacle in Salt Lake, everyone around these places seemed filled with joy and happiness. There is something about the people that I met from St. George to Canada which seemed to impress me- It is the happiness that you seem to radiate.

If we choose to be happy we can achieve it. We must plan for it and work for it, we must set a true course to follow. Jesus offered the abundant life to those who will follow him.

SOME OF GRANDMA'S CHOICE BITS

Perhaps parents would enjoy their children more if they stopped to realize that the film of childhood can never be run through for a second time.

Let us set the proper example, let us be true to ourselves, to our family and to our friends let us be honest in all our dealings. Remember a good name is worth more than all the gold in the world.

Let us all live in such a way that our character will stand the closest inspection and that we will have nothing to be ashamed of—so no one can point to our faults, for we will have no faults. I am always praying for me and all my family to be examples for good. Remember I love you all and I trust you.

There is an odd little voice always speaking within and it prompts you to duty and warns you from sin. What is most strange, it makes itself heard, though it gives not a sound and never says a word,
YOU FOLLOW IT!

No matter what life brings to you, you'll have the strength to bear it;
As long as you have love to give and someone who can share it.

Choose the life that is most useful, and habit will make it most agreeable.

There are those who want to get away from all their past; who if they could, would begin all over again...
But you must learn, you must let God teach you, that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it. God will waste nothing.

A man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another by his words.

We see things not as they are, but as we are.

Remember, a good name is better than a girdle of gold.

A marriage will be lasting above all trials and cares, when everything that's HIS or HERS is looked upon as THEIRS.

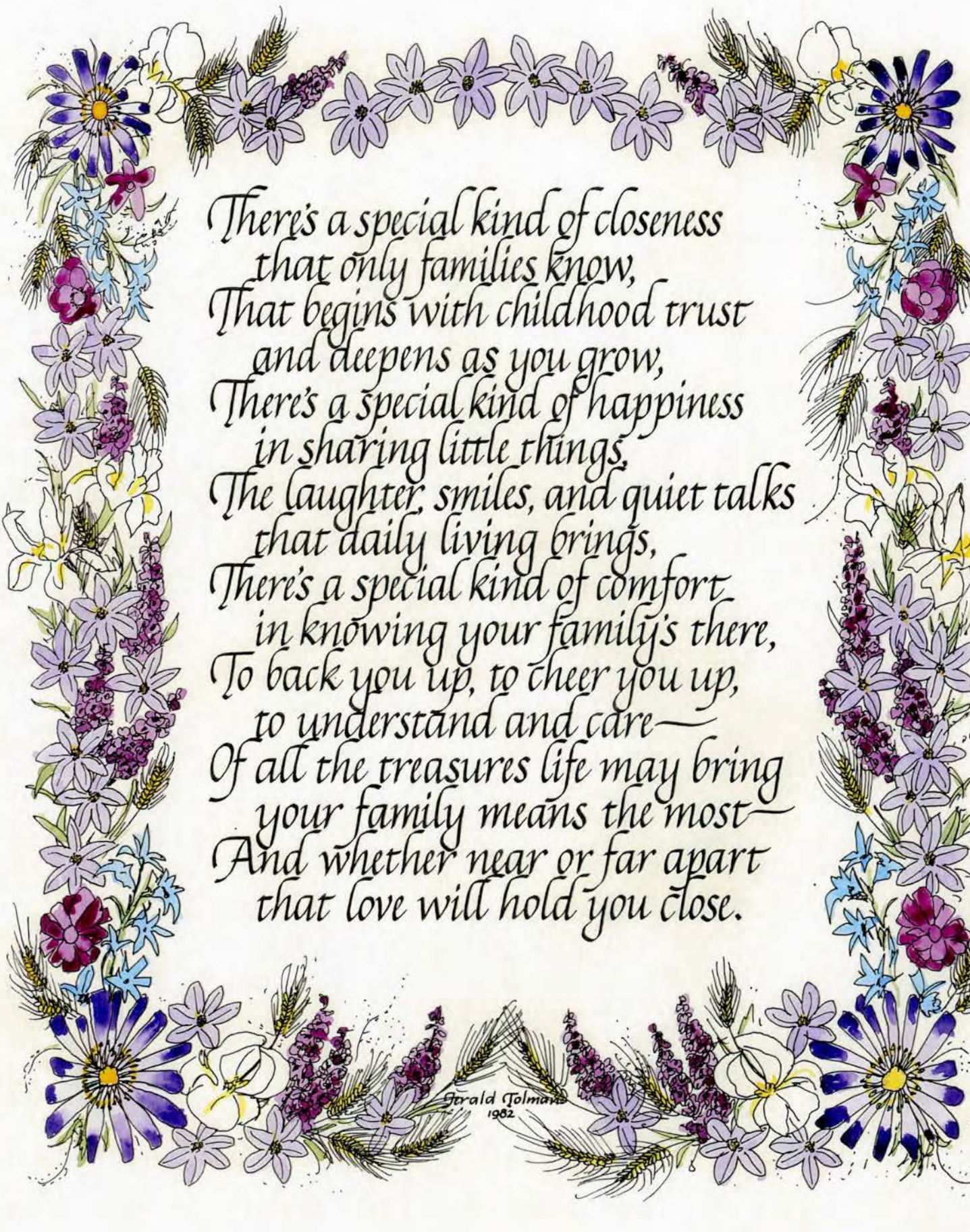
A GRANDMOTHERS REQUEST.

Dear Lord give me youth so I may understand the young, may listen to their thoughts and not their foreign tongue. Let wisdom bridge the years that lie between us at the start so that my mind can help the blundering efforts of my heart. Please help me accept the change each time their style of dress and music seems more strange. Make me more diplomatic, I would not offend. The voice of experience should have the ring of a friend.

THIS IS MY PRAYER

To look with pride on every year,
To dream and plan anew,
To treasure friendships I hold dear,
To think and hope and do.
To love the beauty life imparts,
To know the joy of giving,
To hold a song within my heart-
This is the joy of living.

(Robin St. John)



There's a special kind of closeness
that only families know,
That begins with childhood trust
and deepens as you grow,
There's a special kind of happiness
in sharing little things,
The laughter, smiles, and quiet talks
that daily living brings,
There's a special kind of comfort
in knowing your family's there,
To back you up, to cheer you up,
to understand and care—
Of all the treasures life may bring
your family means the most—
And whether near or far apart
that love will hold you close.

Gerald Tolman
1982



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Around Every Bend

Southern Utah has no monopoly on beautiful scenery

by Lyman Hafen



For more than a decade I've been driving from my home in Santa Clara to my office in Zion National Park. It is 60 minutes from doorstep to desk. One hour of the most glorious landscape on the planet.

I'm reminded of the fact from time to time as I find myself behind a car with Nevada or California license plates, most likely a rental out of Las Vegas or Los Angeles, driven by a wide-eyed European who is seeing this place for the first time and trying to soak it all in while doing his best to keep the car on the road. It is not an easy task. I learned that first-hand recently when the tables turned and I found myself driving a rental car through Switzerland.

There are certain spots along state Route 9 between the top of the Hurricane Rim and the entrance to Zion Canyon where the view gets the best of first-time visitors and they can't help but slow down, pull off the road (partially), swing the doors wide, and without taking their eyes off the scene, raise the camera and start to shoot. I've grown used to it, and have learned to respond patiently, especially at the most accustomed spots.

I'm generally dialed deeply into a radio program or lost in thought about some issue of the day. Once in a while I'll raise my eyes to the scene they are consuming and try to imagine what it would be like to be seeing it for the first time.

Sometimes I wonder what it is that draws them here. Maybe it's the Western movies they watched in their youth, some deep curiosity to see first-hand the cowboys and Indians and majestic backdrops that appeared so often on their television sets and movie screens. There must be something about the American West, and especially its National Parks, that draws Europeans here by the thousands. Maybe it is a primal longing that moves them deeply enough to spend

the money and take the time to come.

Unlike many Americans who travel to Europe in search of their roots, Europeans come to the American West to find something more difficult to define. From the looks on their faces and the inflections of their voices, it seems to me that many of them find it.

In early September I had the chance to consider such things. Debbie and I set off for Zurich to pick up our son Joe who had completed a two-year mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Switzerland and southern Germany. It was a trip we had both dreamed of all our lives, a chance to visit the homeland of our ancestors and an opportunity to travel back in time to the places of our origin. It was an occasion to experience first-hand the beautiful lay of the land that even now, five generations later, seems to be encoded in our DNA.

We spent eight days in a rental car covering the width and breadth of that picture-postcard of a country, from Lake Constance in the north to the Matterhorn in the south, from St. Gallen to Lucern to Bern. Debbie could only describe it as a perfect little Lego-land – the trains rolling through the green hills, winding around high ridges, disappearing into and reemerging out of mountain tunnels; fat shiny cows feasting on tall grass, their bells tinkling in the clear blue air; homes set firmly on mountainsides with flowers of every color spilling out the window boxes. Everything clean. Everything in its place. Everything beautiful.

We visited the village of Scherzingen on the shores of Lake Constance and found the house where my great-great grandfather was born. The current owner is the great grandson of the man who bought it from the Hafens in the 1850s when they left Switzerland to come to

Utah. The man spoke a thick and complicated Swiss-German dialect, the dialect my great-great-grandfather would have spoken when he arrived in Santa Clara in 1861, knowing not a word of English.

The current owners showed us into the house and pointed out those parts, including the low-slung ceiling of rough-hewn beams, that had changed little in the century and a half since the Hafens left. They told us the home is probably 500 years old and I wondered how many generations of my forebears had been born and lived and died there.

We drank water from the well that quenched our family's thirst for generations. We walked the pastoral countryside our forefathers had farmed by the sweat of their brows since the Middle Ages.

For Debbie and me, our trip to Europe was a kind of going home. It was also a stark revelation of what our ancestors left behind when they accepted a new faith and turned their backs on the wealth and resources of their beloved homeland and journeyed to a barren and dreary and dust-covered corner of Utah.

They say the grass is always greener on the other side. In their case, that saying could not have been further from the truth. Yet it wasn't long before those Swiss settlers turned Santa Clara into the garden spot of Southern Utah's red rock country. We don't speak the dialect anymore, although we are reminded often of how peculiar we sound. Yet five generations later there is still something coursing through our veins that connects our hearts to that achingly beautiful place.

It's a place where around every bend lies a new, heart-stopping view — the kind of view that slows the car to a stop and requires the local drivers to exercise patience with those wide-eyed tourists from America. **SGM**

Submitted by Lyman Hafen

| This photo shows the village of Scherzingen on Lake Constance in northern Switzerland, where the Hafen family originated.





1907



1910

Grandpa Hafen in his autobiography, "My first affliction was when I was two months old, an through infection from some cause, I lost the sight in my right eye." As you will notice in most of his photos he shows only the left side of his face. He wrote, "I didn't succeed well in athletics. In ball playing and skills depending on vision I found myself handicapped because of my eyesight. Had I started earlier to use my left hand I might have succeeded better."



cap and gown 1912.



"Dad"



"Mom"





John Hafen Home



At eighty-one years of age, Max recalled this event again as though it had just taken place, to his son, Gary. Max's mother passed away just nine days before his tenth birthday.

Max and Clyde Graff had just come home from grammar school on Friday afternoon, November 7, 1913. They were in the back yard near the chicken run playing marbles. His sister, Jessie, had come home from college and was washing dishes. His mother, Lenora Knight, had previously gone out to clean the chicken run.

Clyde pitched his marble toward the chicken run and then walked over and picked it up. He looked up and said, "Max, there's your Ma!" Max did not pitch his marble but ran over to his mother immediately. She was lying in the chicken run on her side with the broom on top of her. Max knew immediately that she was dead and had been for at least a half hour. He had seen enough dead cattle to be able to recognize that his mother's life was gone. He ran to the house and told Jessie. Jessie did not believe she was dead but thought she had only fainted.

There was only one phone in town. Neighbors gathered to help and a doctor was summoned. Cause of death was determined to be a blood clot on the brain. Arthur K. was teaching school and Guy was on a mission in Germany, leaving Max, Orval and Jessie at home at the time. Max's father was in Modena selling cattle. Word was sent to him and he returned home the next morning. The kids were taken to Aunt Eva Graff's (Clyde's mother and sister to Lenora) for the night pending arrival of their father.

Clyde Graff's oldest sister, Ivy (married Frank Hafen), kept house for them for a period of time following their mother's death.



Mother, myself, Guy, Jessie.

Santa Clara, November 9. Again our little town is grief-stricken by the sudden death of Mrs. Lenora Knight, wife of John Hafen, which occurred Friday, November 7, 1913. The cause of death was the bursting of a blood vessel in the head. Members of the family were scattered at the time death called; her husband being at Modena; one son in Germany fulfilling a mission; her daughter, Jessie, and two twin boys being at home. Another son, Arthur K., at Toquerville. Her husband, four sons and one daughter survive her; three children having preceded her to the great beyond.

Funeral services were held at the meeting house, Sunday, November 9, the house being beautifully decorated for the sad occasion. The largest congregation that was ever in our meeting house, numbering 265 souls, came to pay their last respects to the dear departed. Among these were Academy faculty, the Academy 4th year class, of which Miss Jessie Hafen is vice president, the Stake Relief Society officers, members of the 70's quorum, President D. H. Cannon and a great number of others from St. George, besides a number from Washington, Gunlock, Bunkerville and other places, which shows the esteem in which Sister Hafen was held.

The services were opened by Elder Joseph T. Atkin and closed by Elder George F. Whitehead. The speakers were Elders Jacob Frei, D. H. Cannon, George W. Worthen, H. M. Woodward, Thomas P. Cottam and Edward R. Frei. The Santa Clara choir furnished beautiful music, a quartet, "Nearer My God to Thee." 25 vehicles and a number of people afoot followed the remains to their resting place, and the grave was literally covered with bouquets of choice flowers.





John Hafen



Lenora Knight

The Twins

Orval, left

Max, right



Max's parents, John Hafen and Lenore Knight, with his older brothers, Arthur K. on the left and Guy in the center.

John Hafen and Lenora Knight were married February 10, 1887, in the St. George Temple. Their eight children were: Arthur Knight, born January 14, 1888; Guy, born November 3, 1889; Susette, born January 20, 1892, died February 5, 1892; Jessie Lenora, born August 3, 1893; Carrie, born May 20, 1896, died March 24, 1897; John Weston, born August 14, 1898, died August 10, 1899; Maxwell and Orval, born November 16, 1903. Their mother, Lenora, died November 7, 1913.



Jessie and Vivian Frei



John Hafen with the five children who survived childhood born to him and Lenore Knight. L/R Standing: John, Arthur Knight, Guy, Jessie Lenora. Kneeling: Orval, Max. Picture taken 1931.

Of the eight children born to John Hafen and Lenora Knight, three died in infancy. These children were Susette, Carrie, and John Weston. Those surviving childhood were Arthur Knight, Guy, Jessie Lenora, Maxwell (Max) and Orval.

John Hafen married Ida Florence Gubler October 11, 1917. Their two children were: Lucille, born October 14, 1919; and John Ballard, born December 10, 1921. Ida died September 12, 1922.

*John and Ida Florence Gubler Hafen Family
Children and Spouses*



Evan and Lucille Stevens



Ballard and Arvena Hafen

*John and Rose Ann Gubler Hafen Family
Children and Spouses*



*Myrla and Merrill Stephenson
Myrla's first husband,
Orien Ballard, died*



Geraldine and Carlyle Stirling

John Hafen married Ida's sister, Rose Ann Gubler, November 8, 1923. Their two children were:

Myrla, born October 29, 1924;
and Geraldine, born October 31, 1929.



*John and Rose Ann with children of both families
L/R Standing: Geraldine, Ballard, Myrla. Seated:
Lucille holding Steven, (Ballard's son);
John, holding Evan, (Myrla's son); Rose Ann. Inset: Ida.*

Tribute to John Hafen
November 23, 1946

"As the leaves falling one by one, so are our pioneers."
Another soul has left our midst, another one has fled
Unto that far-off distant shore--the land that we call dead;
But where they're very much alive to what is going on,
'Tis just the body that's asleep, the spirit hurries on.

Dear Uncle Johnnie's gone to rest---a rest so well deserved
Because he's been a friend to all, as you have no doubt heard.
Each daybreak found him up and dressed and whistling a tune
To start the day off happily from early morn 'til noon.

The neighbors loved to hear his voice, 'twas music to their ears,
A very pleasant man he was through eighty-four long years.
The children loved to see him come, 'cause he'd stop on his way
And speak a cheerful word to them as they were at their play.

He'd bring them apples, pears, and grapes, or cherries rosy red,
He liked to hear their happy shouts--'Tis good to hear, he said.
He plucked the flowers on his way and carried them along,
They matched his happy temperament and blended with his song.

Throughout his very busy life he held positions many,
From mayor to the bishopric---he never turned down any.
He knew contentment, joy and pain--both good and bad luck, too,
No matter if 'twere sun or rain he knew just what to do.

He was an honest, upright man, intelligent in thought,
Both old and young folks came to him and for his counsel sought.
He was an independent man and thrifty in his ways,
Dependable and kind to all throughout his many days.

He helped to pioneer this land--build ditches, roads and schools.
He farmed the land and rode the range and lived the golden rule.
He helped his neighbors when he could, was interested, too,
In folks about him day by day, as everybody knew.

He read the Bible every day and kept up on the news,
Was versed in scripture very well, could quote when'er he'd choose.
He loved the early pioneers and what they did for us.
He went to church and took his part and never made a fuss.

A loving father was this man, a loving husband, too,
Was not afraid to compliment--gave praise where it was due.
In fact, we all could emulate the traits of this good man.
Dear Uncle Johnnie, may you rest as only good men can.

---Nellie M. Gubler

(Written for John Hafen's funeral. He died at his home at Santa Clara,
Utah, on November 21, 1946 at 4:30 p.m. after eight months of illness)

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES AT THE PASSING OF MAX'S FATHER

Note: Family records indicate John Hafen's birth date as November 26, 1862 instead of the date given in the newspaper article.

Thursday, November 28, 1946

John Hafen, 84, Dixie Pioneer, Dies At Santa Clara, Nov. 21st

John Hafen, 84, died at his home in Santa Clara, Thursday, Nov. 21, after an illness of about nine months. The funeral services were held in the St. George tabernacle Saturday at 2 p.m. under the direction of Bp. E. R. Frei of Santa Clara.

The speakers were Jacob Frei, Harmon Wittwer, Wm. Tobler, F. J. Bowler and John H. Wittwer. All of the speakers mentioned their long acquaintance with the deceased, and told of his goodness, kindness, his stand for right at all times and his many kind and neighborly deeds. They also mentioned the fact that they had never heard him use profanity in any way. Mrs. Emil Gubler read a tribute which was written especially for the services.

The musical numbers consisted of a mixed quartet, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Reber, Henry Graff and Glenna Hafen singing "Till the Resurrection Day"; "I Need Thee Every Hour," was sung by Henry Graff, Ernest Reber and Clarence Moss; a duet, "Dear Old Dad," was sung by Vella Ruth Hafen and Wanda Frei; a male chorus composed of Ernest and Leo Reber, Clarence Moss, Henry Graff and V. J. Frei, sang "Going Home." Prayers were by Theodore Graff, Frederick Reber and the grave in the Santa Clara cemetery was dedicated by Christian Stucki.



John Hafen

The pallbearers were six of Mr. Hafen's grandsons.

John Hafen was born in Santa Clara, Utah, Nov. 27, 1862. His father and mother, John George and Susette Bosshard Hafen were called by Brigham Young with what was called the Swiss company to settle Santa Clara. There he grew up enduring the hardships of the early pioneers of that time.

He was prominent in both church and civic affairs, holding many positions, some of which were superintendency of the Sunday school, member of the bishopric of the Santa Clara ward, teacher in the organizations and a ward teacher.

He was one of the first to start the cattle industry in this area. He was also successful as a farmer.

He married Lenora Knight on Feb. 10, 1887, in the St. George temple. To them was born eight children, five of whom are living, Arthur K., Guy and Orval of St. George; Max of Mesquite, Nev., and Mrs. Vivian J. Frei of Santa Clara. Mrs. Hafen died Nov. 7, 1913 and five years later, Oct. 11, 1917, he married Ida Gubler in the Logan temple. To this union was born two children, Mrs. Evan Stephens of Holden and John Ballard of Santa Clara.

In September of 1922, he had the misfortune to lose his second wife and later he married a third time, Rose Ann Gubler. They had two children, Mrs. Orien L. Ballard of San Fernando, Calif., and Geraldine Hafen of Santa Clara. There are 36 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

He is also survived by the following brothers and sisters, Harmon and Adolph Hafen, Mrs. Emma Graff and Mrs. Lorenzo C. Leavitt of Santa Clara. Half brothers and sisters that survive him are Mrs. Mary Leavitt, St. George; Mrs. Edgar Leavitt and Mrs. Parley Leavitt of Mesquite; Mrs. Frank Leavitt of Idaho; Dr. LeRoy Hafen, Denver, Colo.; Frank Hafen, Washington; Walter Hafen, Ivins; Mrs. Edmund Gubler and Charles Hafen of Santa Clara and Mrs. Ella H. Perkins of Overton.



Death Takes Resident Of Santa Clara

ST. GEORGE—Funeral services were held today in the Santa Clara Ward Chapel for John Hafen, 83, one of Washington County's most prominent residents, who died Thursday after an illness of several months.

Mr. Hafen was born in Santa Clara Nov. 27, 1862, a son of John George and Susette Bosshard Hafen, converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from Switzerland. He became prominent in civic and Church activities, a successful livestock grower and farmer. He filled a mission in Switzerland from 1898 to 1900 and later was a member of the bishopric of Santa Clara Ward. He was town constable for several terms, a school trustee and a member of the board of directors of the St. George Bank.

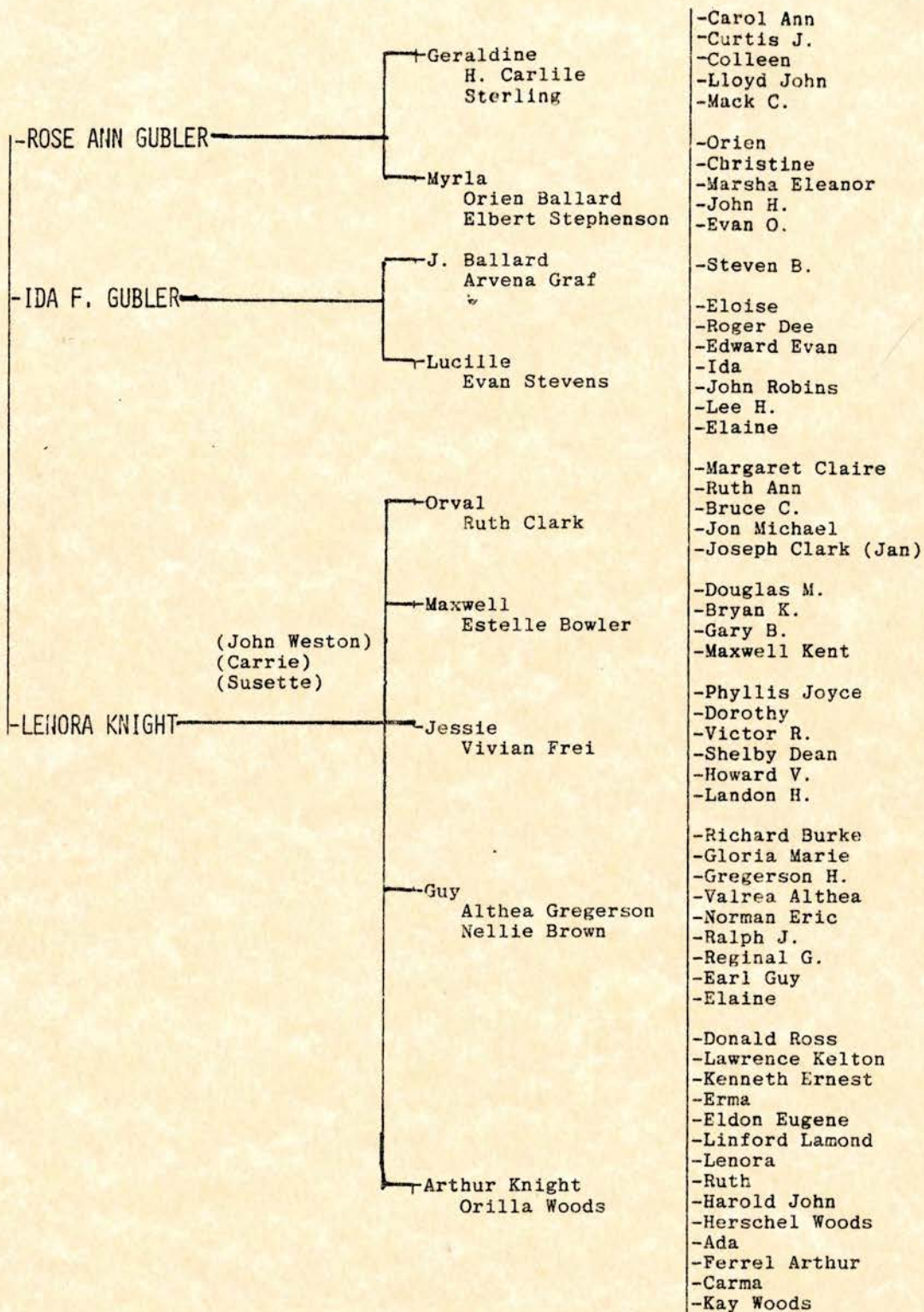
On Feb. 10, 1887, in the St. George Temple he married Leonora Knight. Eight sons and daughters were born to the couple, five of whom survive: Arthur K., Guy and Orval Hafen, St. George; Max Hafen, Mesquite, Nev., and Mrs. Vivian J. Frei, Santa Clara.

Following his first wife's death on Nov. 7, 1913, Mr. Hafen married Ida Gubler in the St. George Temple. Their two children survive: Mrs. Evan Stephens, Holden, Millard County, and John Ballard Hafen, Santa Clara.

Following the death of the second Mrs. Hafen, Mr. Hafen married Rose Ann Gubler on Nov. 8, 1923, in the St. George Temple. Their daughters, Mrs. Orien Ballard, San Fernando, Calif., and Geraldine Hafen, Santa Clara, survive.

Other survivors include two brothers, Herman and Adolph Hafen, Santa Clara; two sisters, Mrs. Emma Graff and Mrs. Lorenzo C. Leavitt, Santa Clara; five half-sisters, two half-brothers, 30 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

JOHN HAFEN



"Keep Your Covenants and Your Covenants will Keep You"

Bruce C. and Marie K. Hafen (both are descendants of Newell Knight)

Joseph & Polly Knight Family Reunion, St. George, UT June 8, 2012

BRUCE: We welcome the Knight Family Reunion to St. George and this historic Tabernacle. I attended Church here in my early years, along with Elder Jeffrey Holland. We were deacons together. As you look around tonight, you might enjoy Elder Holland's youthful memories: "During very lengthy sermons I would amuse myself by gazing about the building, admiring the prisoner craftsmanship. . . Did you know . . . that there are 184 clusters of grapes carved into the ceiling cornice of the building? (Some of those sermons were really long!) But most of all I enjoyed counting the window panes—2,244 of them—because I grew up on the story of Peter Neilson." [And that's a story worth knowing . . .] ¹

My own great-grandfather Samuel Knight, who spent his adult life here, is buried nearby in the Santa Clara cemetery. His step-mother, Lydia Knight, whose 200th birthday we celebrate this year, is buried in the St. George cemetery. Lydia spent the last seven years of her life working in the St. George Temple, a sketch of which adorns our reunion t-shirts this year. I wore that t-shirt recently in a local grocery store. The check-out clerk said, "So what college did you go to?" "College?" I wondered. He pointed at the t-shirt, then he looked closer and said, "Oh, no—it's not a university, it's the St. George Temple. I'm sorry!" "It's OK," I said. "It's for a family reunion. And the Temple is the greatest university anyway."

We begin with a brief Church historical perspective about the Knight family. Joseph and Polly Knight befriended Joseph Smith and his family in 1825, when 19-year old Joseph was still being tutored by Moroni before receiving the Book of Mormon plates. As Joseph Smith worked for the Knights, he formed lifelong friendships with Joseph and Polly's sons, who were close to his age. In 1826, Joseph told the Knight family about Moroni and "a gold book of ancient date" that he would soon receive. At first, some of the family didn't believe his story, but Joseph Knight believed him from the beginning.

By September 21, 1827, after four years of preparation, Joseph was ready to receive the plates from Moroni. Joseph Knight Sr. went to the Smith home that night. Joseph Smith and Emma left for Cumorah at midnight, borrowing Joseph Knight's horse and wagon to carry the plates. We love knowing that our Knight ancestors provided such concrete support for the work of the Restoration. The next morning, Joseph and Emma returned about breakfast time. In Richard Bushman's narrative, "After breakfast, Joseph called Joseph Knight into another room and, with the happy enthusiasm of a young man, told him that everything was "ten times better than I expected." He described the plates and the Urim and Thummim, saying "I can see anything; they are marvelous." And the plates "are written in characters, and I want them translated."² Notice the high level of trust between these two Josephs. Joseph Knight also supplied

some of the paper for translating the book, and he often visited Joseph to be sure he had enough to eat while translating. As one writer said, Joseph Knight "was always giving [to Joseph Smith] and expecting nothing in return."³ That attitude of generosity runs in the Knight family—but more about that later.

By 1830, Joseph Smith had found "little support [for his prophetic claims] from anyone outside his family. Only a handful of people valued his revelations at first: Martin Harris, Joseph Knight, Josiah Stowell, [and] Oliver Cowdery." As the first converts joined the Church, they came one or two from a family and three or four from a city. But, as one of Joseph's biographers wrote, "Belief in the Book of Mormon [also] spread along family lines. Not just brothers and sisters but cousins, in-laws, and uncles listened and believed. Five Whitmer children and three of their spouses were baptized in the first few months. Eleven Smiths, six Jollys, and five Rockwells joined in the same period. [But] *the most remarkable collection of kin was the offspring and relatives of Joseph Knight Sr. and his wife, Polly Peck Knight* [from] Colesville NY. Two of Polly Knight's brothers and a sister, their spouses, and a sister-in-law accepted the Book of Mormon and were baptized. Seven of the Knight children joined, four of them with spouses, plus Joseph Knight's sister Mary Knight Slade and five of her children. Twenty-one people came into the Church through the Knight-Peck connection in the first few months, forming the core of the Colesville branch. The Knights and the other four families accounted for sixty baptisms in the first nine months."⁴ Talk about "believing blood" ! What an extraordinary heritage, for all of us here tonight to stem from such a believing lineage.

Years later in Nauvoo, about two years before his death, Joseph Smith felt overwhelmed by persecution and harassment from the enemies of the Church. One day as he sought a better mood, he recorded in a special record the names of his most trusted friends—who had stood by him "in every hour of peril." The first name he mentioned was "my aged and beloved brother Joseph Knight, Sr., who was among the first to administer to my necessities" in the work of the Restoration. "He has [ever] been faithful and true . . . never deviating to the right hand nor to the left. Behold he is a righteous man. May God Almighty lengthen out the old man's days; . . . [He is] a faithful man in Israel; therefore his name shall never be forgotten. There is his son Newel Knight, [and his other son] Joseph Knight Jr., whose names I record in the Book of the Law of the Lord, with unspeakable delight, for they are my friends."

The deep bond of mutual trust between the Prophet and the Knight family suggests a theme for our remarks: *keep your covenants, and your covenants will keep you.*⁵ In the School of the Prophets in Kirtland, Joseph Smith introduced a covenant of affectionate brotherhood among the early Saints, embedded in the context of their covenants with God: "Art thou a brother? I salute you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in remembrance of the everlasting covenant, in which covenant I receive you to fellowship, in a determination that is fixed, immovable, and unchangeable, to be your

friend and brother *through the grace of God* in the bonds of love, to walk in all the commandments of God blameless in thanksgiving forever and ever." (D&C 88:133)

This language, so reminiscent of Joseph's feelings for the Knights, suggests that our covenants with each other and with the Lord are primary sources of the Lord's grace. As we keep those covenants we receive His grace, for, as Nephi said, "We are saved by grace, after all we can do." (2N25:23) Or, as the Lord said elsewhere, "I am bound when ye do what I say, but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." (D&C 82:10) In other words, grace isn't a free gift. We can access it only as we offer our own total consecration, to Him and to each other. As we keep our covenants to the utmost of our ability (think of the widow's mite), the Lord then responds with the blessings of grace—far beyond anything to which we might be "entitled" on some scale of equal weights. That is the reciprocity of grace: keep your covenants, and your covenants will keep you. That's what the Knight family did with and for Joseph Smith, and God's power always sustained them. Lydia Knight's life beautifully illustrates how these principles apply to each of us in our daily lives.

MARIE: Lydia began sustaining Joseph Smith's prophetic calling almost as soon as her foot touched the ground in Kirtland in 1835 as a 22 year-old, new convert desiring to gather with the Saints. Vincent Knight approached her, "Sister, the Prophet is in bondage, . . .and if you have any means to give, it will be a benefit to him." Vincent probably didn't know that Lydia had first heard the gospel from Joseph Smith personally a year earlier in Canada. Joseph taught her and another family for several days before baptizing them. He came to know Lydia's story, how she'd been married at 16, then abandoned by a deceitful husband, and her two small children had died. As he left her, Joseph had said he had been pacing and pondering her sorrow and loneliness. He said, "Sister Lydia, the Lord loves you and will overrule all your past sorrows and afflictions for good . . . Be comforted and let your heart rejoice, for the Lord has a great work for you to do. Be faithful and endure unto the end and all will be well." ⁶

Against this background, Lydia instinctively replied to Vincent, "Oh yes, sir. Here is all I have. I only wish it was more." She emptied "her purse, containing perhaps fifty dollars, [into] his hand as she spoke."⁷ Handing over *all* the money her parents had given her to travel and to begin her life respectably in Kirtland, left Lydia without means to buy even her own supper and night's lodging. Vincent used the money to free the prophet, then offered Lydia a place to stay with his family.

A few months later Lydia met Newel Knight—who had been called back from Missouri to help build the Kirtland temple—while they were both boarding with Hyrum and Jerusha Smith. Very soon attracted to each other—their friendship grew into love, and a civil marriage later that year. Lydia had first felt she couldn't marry Newel as long as her first husband Calvin Bailey was alive somewhere. After three days of fasting and prayer, Newel asked Joseph Smith to seek direction from the Lord for them. Joseph prayed, then he told them the Lord approved of the marriage—for Lydia, a crucial spiritual answer. Then Joseph married them—the first marriage he had

performed. Within a short time, Lydia learned that Calvin had died. From the day of their marriage forward, Lydia's and Newel's lives, together, demonstrated reciprocal covenant relationships between them, as husband and wife, and between each of them and the Lord.

In April 1836, after the temple's dedication, Newel prepared to take his new bride to rejoin the extended Knight clan in the turmoil of Missouri. "Are you not in rather straightened circumstances?" Joseph Smith asked while talking with them about the Knights' pending thousand-mile journey to Clay County. Newel, having received no pay for his work on the temple for more than a year, replied with understatement, "We are rather cramped."

"Sister Lydia," Joseph continued, "I have not forgotten how generously you helped me when I was in trouble." The prophet left and then returned, handing the couple almost twice as much money as Lydia had given him.⁸ Lydia's earlier gift to Joseph, then Joseph's increased gift to Lydia is a clear example of how Lydia's keeping her covenants made it possible for her covenants to keep her—added upon by the generous multiplier of the Lord's grace. Both Lydia's gift and Joseph's gift came not from a contract or a formal loan but as an act of true grace flowing from covenants of consecration, in both directions. That is how the blessings to and from the Lord and His servants always work.

After surviving the abysmal conditions and persecutions of Missouri, Lydia and Newel retreated with the Saints to Nauvoo, where again Newel was called to help build the temple. Once when Newel fell ill for two weeks, Lydia sent a message to their priesthood leaders, first to apologize for his absence and second to request "on behalf of my husband . . . whom I love and reverence, even as Sarah did Abraham" that they pray for him and that they consecrate a bottle of oil for him (which she sent with the letter).⁹ They did as she asked, and he was healed.

Also in Nauvoo, Lydia was sick with malaria when many other Saints were also stricken. She asked Newell to take a white handkerchief to Joseph Smith, knowing that if he could bless it and return it to her, she would be well. But she only grew worse. Fearing death, she asked Newell to go see Joseph again. Newell explained that he hadn't dared bother Joseph the first time because other Saints' needs overwhelmed him. This time he went to Joseph, who blessed the handkerchief and assured him Lydia would recover—which she did. In these two incidents, Newel and Lydia's faith and support for each other and their faithful covenant-keeping again gave them both access to the Lord's grace.

Three months after their marriage was eternally sealed in the partially dedicated Nauvoo temple, Lydia and Newel, with their seven children, fled Illinois. After they crossed Iowa to Council Bluffs, Brigham Young sent the Knights with two companies of Saints north up the Missouri River in search of an alternate route west. The Saints accepted the kind invitation of the Ponca Indians to camp with them for the winter,

hoping to continue west in the spring. One cold January night, Newel felt an acute pain in his side. No tried remedy brought relief. Through seven days and nights of excruciating anxiety, Lydia watched "the breath of the being she loved better than life itself slowly cease."¹⁰

"'Lydia,' the dying voice faintly whispered, 'it is necessary for me to go. Joseph wants me [on the other side]. . . . Don't grieve too much, for you will be protected.'¹¹ 'Oh, Newel, . . . don't give up; oh I could not bear it. Think of me, Newel, here . . . with seven little children. . . . I cannot let you go.'¹² In agony he tried to hang on, and Lydia writhed in pain with him. But, not able to bear his pain any longer, Lydia knelt by his bedside, praying for forgiveness if she had asked amiss that Newel might remain, and she released her husband to God's will. Within moments his pain ceased; and his spirit went in peace.¹³

A month later, after an organization meeting for the trek west, Lydia wondered how she could possibly prepare her fatherless family for the journey--especially since she was expecting another baby. "Oh, Newel," she cried out, "why have you left me?!" "As she spoke, he [came to] her, a lovely smile on his face, saying, 'Be calm, let not sorrow overcome you. I was needed behind the veil . . . You cannot fully comprehend it now; but the time will come when you shall know why I left you and our little ones. Therefore, dry up your tears. Be patient, I will go before you and protect you in your journeyings. . . . although the ravens of the valley should feed you and your little ones you shall not perish for the want of bread.'¹⁴ Ravens will feed you--a symbol of grace echoing back to the prophet Elijah.

Newel's visit was a direct fulfillment of Lydia's patriarchal blessing given to her by Joseph Smith, Sr. soon after she and Newel had married in Kirtland. That blessing affirmed to her that "the Lord has given thee a kind and loving companion for thy comfort . . . *your souls shall be knit together* and nothing shall be able to dissolve them: neither distresses nor death shall separate you . . ." The blessing continued, "Angels shall visit thee, and thy heart shall be comforted. . . ."¹⁵ Note here that Father Smith assured them that death would not dissolve their bonds of marriage, even before the ordinance of eternal marriage was available. Note also the echo of this year's Knight Family Reunion theme: your hearts shall be knit together. A week after their baby was born, Lydia, now a single mother, cried out to Newel again as rain poured through her cabin roof, soaking the bedclothes. He came to her once more, repeating his promise of protection. Even in the drenched linens, "a pleasant warmth crept over her . . ."¹⁶

The reciprocity that lifted Lydia's and Newel's afflictions grew out of a relationship between two covenant-keeping people and their God--covenants made within the power of holy ordinances, and kept by them and Him through the demands of every day. "Grace shall be as your day." Relationships that are based on covenants embedded in ordinances are relationships that lift, and comfort, and strengthen, and

sustain. The goodness of the reciprocity of this order grows until burdens become light, as in the kind of light that shines through the darkness and casts out all fear.

This kind of reciprocity exists among ALL of God's people, married or single, with or without children, who keep their covenants in honest faithfulness. In addition to the strength Newel brought Lydia from beyond the veil, Lydia was continually assisted through her years of single motherhood by both physical and spiritual service from priesthood brethren. Once the brethren erected a little house for her. Another time a gentlemen she didn't know told a miller to put up twenty pounds of flour for her. Later on, the brethren harvested her crop of wheat for her and her family. These are but samples of the human grace exchanged among the Lord's covenant-keeping people.

And once when Lydia's youngest son was snatched from a creek, she called for the elders to act upon their "commission" in the Lord's name. But it appeared to be too late: "there was no breath in him." She clutched little Hyrum to her chest and recalled the promise in her patriarchal blessing that her "heart [would] not be pained because of the loss of [her] children." The priesthood brethren felt the child was too far gone; a blessing would be useless. But, Lydia later wrote, "I could not be denied. They finally laid their hands on the lifeless child and prayed for him. Life returned and he began to breathe."¹⁷

Why did the Lord continually extend his grace to Lydia? Because, we believe, she worked continually to honor her covenants with Him. She sought constantly to give all she had to build His Kingdom--and His Kingdom is built to sustain her, and us. When she felt it was time in 1848 to begin her trek to Zion, she counseled with Brigham Young, who had returned to Winter Quarters for his family. He was . . . thoughtful about her circumstances and about the harsh conditions that awaited them in the valley. He reminded her, not only did she need enough provisions to get her family across the plains, she would need another year's worth of supplies in Utah to establish their crops. So he counseled her to remain in Winter Quarters "until she could find something to come to."

Then he gave her a faith-provoking suggestion: "If you feel so disposed, you can let your three yoke of oxen and two wagons go towards helping to fit out some one who can go and take care of themselves when there."¹⁸ His words reminded Lydia of a covenant Newel had made earlier in Nauvoo to give all they possessed to assist the Saints who went west, a covenant never to cease their exertions until they had helped all safely to get to Zion. Because she regarded Newell's covenant as her covenant, she unflinchingly responded as she had earlier when Joseph needed help: "Certainly, President Young, [my oxen and wagons] are at your disposal." As far as we know, Lydia was never compensated for her animals and wagons—but she hadn't offered them because she expected compensation. She knew the Lord would graciously provide for her family.

So Lydia lived near Winter Quarters for a year with her seven children in "a half-cave, half-hut on the bank of the creek"¹⁹ which "flooded when it rained," was cold in the winter and stiflingly hot in the summer, and "impossible to make or keep, clean."²⁰ Susa Young Gates said this was one of the most miserable habitations in which a human being could have lived.²¹ But as two students of Lydia's life wrote, "enough grief had already touched her life" that "she knew how to fit joy into the corners."²²

When her own time came in 1850 to leave Winter Quarters for Zion, Lydia had to borrow money to rent the oxen she needed to complete her "fit out" for the journey, a debt she later repaid in Utah. Soon after she and her little brood reached Zion, the cow they had brought across the plains gave them their first milking from which they could make butter with a churn. After Lydia and her children counseled together, they decided to give their first pound of butter to the bishop for tithing. They weren't sure how much more butter the cow would give them, but they had learned always to pay the first tenth rather than the last tenth of anything the Lord gave them. After that, they were never without butter.

Lydia became the plural wife of a Brother Dalton in Salt Lake valley for five years. She later married a widower named James McClellen, feeling a special concern for his two motherless daughters. She then came with him to live in Santa Clara, where her step-son Samuel had been laboring for some time with Jacob Hamblin as a missionary to the Indians. After twenty years of marriage, Brother McClellen passed away, and Lydia was a widow once more. When the St. George Temple was dedicated in 1877, Brigham Young called her to be a temple ordinance worker, which she did until her death seven years later. She would sometimes ride to the temple at 8 a.m. in a "temple carriage" that picked her up from her home in St. George. She found that temple work was "so constant and pleasant that she could not feel lonely."²³ She found that in the temple, "eternity seemed only a footstep away."²⁴ She did the ordinance work for over 700 of her deceased family and friends. In 1884, while being visited by her daughter Lydia Knight Young, Lydia had breakfast, worked a day in the temple, and came home not feeling well. She lay down to rest, and soon took her own footstep into eternity.

BRUCE: The life of Lydia's son, Jesse Knight, vividly illustrates the principle that if we keep our covenants, our covenants will keep us. The priesthood power of those covenants reverberates not just between those who are physically in one another's presence, but also across time and space to both our posterity *and* to our ancestors. Even though Jesse had come west with the wagon-train Saints as a child and had grown up with a mother of extraordinary faith, he was for years quite hostile toward the Church, sympathizing more with the Gentiles in Utah than with the Saints.

During Lydia's last visit to Jesse's home in Payson from her home in St. George, Jesse asked her, "Mother, how is it you are not preaching to me as you usually do?" She answered, "Jesse, I have prayed in the Temple for my children many times and on one occasion the Lord made known to me that I was not to worry about you any more,

that you would one day understand . . . and see the Gospel for yourself . . . I never intend to argue again with you about religion."²⁵ And Jesse did come to "understand" and "see" the gospel for himself, though it took three more years and his oldest daughter's death to awaken his senses. Her name was Minnie. She died from poisoned well-water exactly when she knew she would--thirty days after she had offered the Lord her life in exchange for His restoring the life of her youngest sister, Jennie, who was, in the family's words, "the idol of the whole family." Little Jennie had been in the clutches of death due to the same bad water but was miraculously called back through the faith of her mother, who, Lydia-like, called for the elders despite Jesse's protest—he had thought it hypocritical for him to ask for a blessing, since he didn't really sustain the priesthood.

At that time, the older sister, Minnie, offered the Lord her own life as a sacrifice that her two-year-old sister might live. Minnie's breath left her as she prayed, "Oh God, bless our household." The combination of his baby's life and Minnie's death softened Jesse's heart and drew him toward God. When Jesse allowed himself to reverberate with the promises of his parents' covenants, the blessings extended far beyond the life of his own family. His later wealth from mining let him help assist the Church in paying some large, burdensome debts and to donate much of the land on which the BYU campus sits today. The humanities building on that campus now carries his name.²⁶

The Jesse Knight part of Lydia's story illustrates an important doctrine about the power of sealing covenants made in the temple. If we keep the sealing covenants, how much will they keep not only us, but also our posterity? Apostle Orson F. Whitney once taught the "comforting doctrine" from Joseph Smith that "the eternal sealings of faithful parents would save not only themselves but their posterity. Though some of the sheep may wander, the eye of the Shepherd is upon them, and sooner or later they will feel the tentacles of Divine Providence reaching out after them and drawing them back to the fold."

Some anxious parents have interpreted this statement to mean that, either in this life or the next, the sealing power of Elijah will assure the eternal return of wayward children—regardless of how those children choose to exercise their agency. However, in a 2003 General Conference talk, President James E. Faust said that, "A principle in this statement [from Orson F. Whitney] that is often overlooked is that [these children] must fully repent and . . . pay their debt to justice," either in this life or beyond the veil. Mercy will not rob justice, and the sealing power of faithful parents will only claim wayward children upon the condition of their repentance and Christ's Atonement. . . Perhaps in this life we are not given to fully understand how enduring the sealing cords of righteous parents are to their children. It may very well be that there are more helpful sources at work than we know.¹⁴ I believe there is a strong familial pull as the influence of beloved ancestors continues with us from the other side of the veil."

Let us apply these teachings to Jesse's story. His parents, Newell and Lydia, had been sealed in the Nauvoo Temple. They were covenant keepers. Their entire lives attest that when we keep our covenants, our covenants keep us. For years, always filled with righteous desires for her posterity, Lydia had exhorted Jesse with what Lehi called "all the feeling of a tender parent." (1N8:37) Virtually every parent here can identify with both those feelings and those exhortations. But, when she saw that her efforts only pushed Jesse away, Lydia took her desires to the Lord in His Temple—I can imagine not just once, but probably every day. Likely nothing else weighed more heavily on her heart than those desires—for Jesse and for the rest of her posterity.

And how did the Lord answer this anxious and tender parent? As she told Jesse, "The Lord made known to me [in the temple] that I was not to worry about you any more, that you would one day understand for yourself." So "I never intend to argue again with you about religion." Does this mean that Lydia gave up on him or stopped loving him? Of course not. Like Alma the elder, she pled with the Lord for HIS intervention of grace in her gifted son's life, knowing she had done all she could do—by a lifetime of teaching him through her own example the blessings and the value of faithfully following Christ.

So the Lord came to Jesse—not only in answer to Lydia's prayers, but to those of Jesse's own wife and family. But even the Lord couldn't have forced Jesse to submit. It's not that He "won't" help faithful parents, but that he "can't" really override the agency of his own children—and not just because agency is a powerful law. God's children *cannot* grow spiritually unless they are willing to participate to some degree in the process. Parents know that from trying to help their children learn to read, to swim, to work, and to learn any number of other skills. That's why Elder Neal A. Maxwell once said that the only thing of real value we can give to the Lord is our own will; He already gave us everything else.

The very nature of the eternal plan is to help us grow and develop. When God asks us to participate and to sacrifice, He is inviting us to stretch our hearts to the point that we become more like Him. So we don't 'bargain' with the Lord in making covenants—we just give Him all we have, holding nothing back, and he keeps his promises to us in his own way and in his own time, ultimately showering his truly faithful Saints with whatever grace helps them most to grow. That's what happened with Lydia, and it's what happened with Jesse.

Jesse Knight got the Lord's message, and he took it fully to heart—after paying the high price of losing his child, then enduring his own self-chastening repentance. He came to feel so unhappy about his past life that he later calculated every dollar he should have paid as tithing during his years of inactivity—and he repaid it, with interest, to the Lord. No Church leader would have expected him to do that, but he wanted to do it. His hard-won commitment to keeping his own covenants motivated Jesse to guide every step of his business and personal affairs by seeking first the kingdom of heaven. He had consecrated his ample wealth to that Kingdom long before he ever

earned most of it. He would have been nowhere near as resourceful and devoted in the Lord's service if he had just been trying to please his mother or to get her to stop bugging him about the Church. His own heart had to be in it—by his own choice.

This does not mean that his parents' sealing power had no influence on Jesse's life. On the contrary. Surely Newell's promise to Lydia that he would watch over their children was still in effect. And Lydia's prayers in the Temple clearly reached the ears of Him who said he "delights to honor those who serve him in righteousness and truth unto the end." (D&C 76:5) Thus her prayers had the same effect as did Alma's prayers for his son. The angel who came to young Alma said the Lord had sent him in direct answer to his father's prayers. Then, like young Alma, Jesse found in his hour of need that the teachings of his father and mother returned sharply to his memory—teachings he hadn't accepted when he first heard them. Of course, as we learn from Lehi's family, even when an angel comes to wayward children, that doesn't ensure lasting conversion.

Yet Jesse, for the rest of his life, "believed that his parents, even though dead, had some influence in directing his destiny," and that "the thing of greatest concern to them was that he always be faithful to the church." He made those concerns his own, feeling deeply that the Lord expected him to use his wealth one day to save the credit of the Church—which he later did. Incidentally, as just one example, President Heber J. Grant once asked Jesse for \$5,000 for a purpose Jesse didn't fully understand. President Grant suggested that he go home and pray about it. Jesse did so and returned with a check for \$10,000, saying to President Grant, "Next time I'll just pay what you ask without praying about it."

He also felt that the Lord had let him experience adversity in his family and elsewhere in his life for two reasons—first, to teach him the consequences of his own past carelessness, and second, to aid his own spiritual growth and development.²⁷ That's a key point—because of his willing participation in the Lord's invitation, he learned and grew into a spiritually mature person. Neither God nor Lydia Knight could have ensured that outcome simply by insisting on it. Only when Jesse began to keep his covenants could the Lord's covenants with him and with his parents bless him. Even grace is reciprocal..

The blessings the Lord extended to Lydia Knight *do* flow by the power of her sealing and her covenants across time and space, to and through each of her ancestors, and to and through . . . her posterity-- *if* each one will choose for him or her self to live by the same faith and be sustained by the same grace-filled power. Somehow Lydia's faithful, covenant- keeping life draws her lineage that much closer to the purifying fire of the gospel where they can be sanctified by God's glory--*if* they will. And—*if* they will--they can "behold" that Christ "has engraven [us] upon the palms of His hands."²⁸

We are grateful for Lydia's example on many levels. She knew that her relationship with God was based not on an equal worth contract, but on a covenant that offered her total consecration in exchange for a gift of far greater worth—the Lord's

unlimited bounty and grace. And that is how her covenants kept her. She was like the widow in the Old Testament story of Elijah. After the Lord had saved both the widow's life and that of her child, the widow cried in gratitude, "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?" And Elijah answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, love him with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. O blessed are they who fear Him!"²⁹ The power of God's love surged into the widow's life because she loved God with all her soul. Her consecration for his grace.

MARIE: A poem by Vilate Raile describes the kind of energy Lydia Knight allowed the Lord to set in motion through her, and on through Jesse, and on through Minnie, and on, and on. It's entitled, simply, "Pioneers."

They cut desire into short lengths / And fed it to the hungry fires of courage.

Long after, when the flames died, / Molten gold gleamed in the ashes;/

They gathered it into bruised palms /And handed it to their children /And their children's children.

What is "it" they gathered? "Molten gold." Why molten gold? Isn't it a symbol of having the dross removed, of having been through covenant-keeping, backbreaking, mind-bending--and yet spirit-refining--fire? Yes. "Grace shall be as [our] day," and as one soul- stretched friend once put it, "grace is really hard work." As I understand the words of the poem, God's desires for them became their desires, and their courage. As the darkness of dross was removed from their desires, they had within them ever more gleaming light. As the Lord has said, "If your eye be single to my glory, your whole bodies shall be filled with light . . . and the days will come that you shall see him; for he will unveil his face unto you, . . ." ³⁰ And the gleam of this gold is the doctrine that if we keep our covenants, our covenants will keep us.

My father is a great-great grandson of Newel and Lydia Knight named Ray Kartchner. I say this not to claim undeserved fame from pioneer ancestors, but to testify that no matter when a lineage joins this Church the blessings of the priesthood flow to God's temples and through the covenants we make there to lift, and comfort, and strengthen, and sustain our children and our children's children. I know this because I am one of Lydia's children. I have also been sustained by my own husband, whom I "love and reverence" *and* sustain. He is a great-great grandson of Newell and his first wife Sally. My father was raised by a mother whose hands were bruised somewhat as Lydia's were. With those hands *she*, my grandmother, led her family after her husband died when my father was two years old. By her pioneer-like example she continued to teach the pattern of covenant keeping to her children, and her children's children. Her son learned that pattern well, and he handed it to me with a gentle reverence that has made it easy for me to envision God as both the source of law and the source of love.

BRUCE: We testify that the Lord's covenants with us and ours with Him feed the "hungry fires of courage," melting our desires into ashes *and* gold. We pray that our children, and their children, will stay close enough to that fire to see the gleaming in the dust. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

¹ Jeffrey R. Holland, "The Debt You Owe," *New Era*, July 2001.

² Richard Bushman, *Rough Stone Rolling* (2005), pp. 59-60.

³ Jeffrey Keith, *BYU Devotional*, October, 2001.

⁴ *Rough Stone Rolling*, p. 114.

⁵ Elder Neal A. Maxwell said, "If we will keep our covenants, the covenants will keep us spiritually safe" (in Conference Report, Apr. 1987, 87; or *Ensign*, May 1987, 71).

⁶ Susa Young Gates, *Lydia Knight History*, p. 23.

7. Susa Young Gates, *Lydia Knight History* [LKH], p. 25

8. P. 115, *JosKnight Family*, William Hartley

9. *JosKnight Fam*, Hartley 156

10. LKH 69

11. LKH 69

12. LKH 70

13. LKH 70

14. LKH 72

15. Patriarchal Blessing, April 3, 1836, Kirtland, Church Archives

16. LKH 74-75

17. Letters and Papers 28-29

18. LKH 76

19. LKH 77

20. LKH 79

²¹. LKH 77.

²² Jan Williams and LaRea Strebe, "Lydia Knight: 'God Rules' Was her Motto," Ensign, Aug. 1977

²³ LKH, p. 100.

²⁴ Williams and Strebe Ensign article

25. J. William Knight, The Jesse Knight Family (1940), p. 33

26. For a more complete story of Jesse's life, see Jeffrey Keith's excellent BYU Devotional talk from October 2001.

²⁷ J. William Knight, The Jesse Knight Family (1940), p. 37.

28. 1 Nephi 21: 16

²⁹. Felix Mendelssohn, Elijah Oratorio

30. Sec. 88:67-68

'Was it so long ago?'

Legacy of Mormon pioneers not far removed from today

By R. Scott Lloyd Church News staff writer

The Mormon pioneers of the 19th century are not so very far removed from the present day, and one need not be a direct descendant to appreciate their legacy, the newly called LDS Church Historian and Recorder said on Pioneer Day, July 24.

Elder Steven E. Snow of the Seventy was the featured speaker at the annual Days of '47 Sunrise Service in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, the event that traditionally begins the day's festivities in downtown Salt Lake City, where President Brigham Young and the vanguard group of pioneers arrived in 1847 and founded the city.

Current generations are inclined to regard the courageous acts of the pioneers as "legendary, almost mythical, as we think back over the many years which have transpired since they first arrived," Elder Snow observed. "Was it so long ago? Has it been too long and the lessons once taught are no longer relevant to today's generations?"

A descendant of pioneers Erastus Snow, James G. Bleak and Archibald Gardner, Elder Snow said he was strengthened while growing up by a "virtual storehouse of stories of strength and faith."

He told of being a very young boy sitting on a stool in a workshop as his 96-year-old great-grandfather, James Hamilton Gardner, made canes. "My mother told me one moment we would be best friends and the next moment we would be arguing like children," Elder Snow recalled. Sometime later, he realized his great-grandfather was the son of Archibald Gardner, who joined the Church in 1845, came west, built numerous mills and helped form settlements in West Jordan, Utah, and Star Valley, Wyo.

He spoke of recently having viewed old color film footage, shot in 1940, of survivors of the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition in southeastern Utah in 1879-80.

"I was born just a few years later, and it occurred to me my lifetime had overlapped some of those who had made that perilous journey so many years before," he mused. "Their accomplishments suddenly did not seem so much in the distant past as I had imagined."

He acknowledged that things do change, "but the



Elder Steven E. Snow speaks at the Days of '47 Sunrise Service about the timeless legacy of the Mormon Pioneers.

lessons of the past remain the same and are as applicable as they were to earlier generations. By failing to learn our past, we risk losing a legacy of sacrifice and devotion which will ultimately accrue to our own detriment."

Elder Snow said appreciation of pioneer heritage is not dependent on ancestral lineage.

"We who have grown up in these valleys of the West take justifiable pride in our ties to our pioneer ancestors," he said. "We often define ourselves by how many 'greats' appear before the words 'granddaughter' or 'grandson' when referring to our famous pioneer ancestors."

But he then quoted from a famous talk by President J. Reuben Clark given in the Tabernacle during the 1947 pioneer centennial in Salt Lake City.

President

Clark, then a member of the First Presidency, said, "In living our lives, let us never forget that the deeds of our fathers and mothers are theirs, not ours; that their works cannot be counted to our glory; that we can claim no excellence and no place because of what they did, that we must rise by our own labor, and labor failing, we shall fall."

Elder Snow spoke of an experience he had years ago when he attended a Sunday School class in Soweto, South Africa, in which the lesson was about the Mormon pioneers.

"I was confident no one in the room had retraced the Mormon Trail or had ancestors who lived in Nauvoo," he said. "I did know, however, they appreciated the familiar telling of the westward trek. They understood persecution and the desire to find peace in a new home. They took inspiration from the travails and suffering of the pioneers. With seeming no apparent point of reference or connection other than their membership in the same church, this story became their story."

Elder Snow said that Church history no longer is just being made in the towns and cities of the American West. "Today's pioneers are in Manila, Moscow and Monrovia and countless other cities and villages around the world."

He said many of their recorded experiences are very faith promoting.

Retelling local Church history experiences "teaches the same lessons we are taught from the lives and examples of our own early pioneers," Elder Snow remarked.

"We are grateful for the resources which have been made available to maintain a small team here at headquarters to help the local Church history advisers around the world as they go about collecting, preserving and sharing the unique history of these people in their own countries."

"The recording of such experiences will bless generations which follow. They will understand those who went before, those who did seemingly impossible things, were like them. The youth of today and those who follow know they can do hard things as well. It might not mean trekking across the plains or taking a five-day canoe trip to conference, but because of these strong righteous examples our youth will know they too can make difficult journeys. The figurative handcart they pull will be lighter because of those who have led the way and demonstrated that through faith and courage the impossible can become possible."

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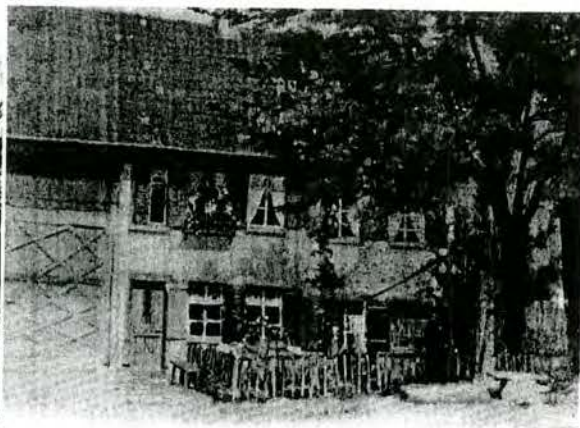


Utah Voices, Sterling Singers and the Days of '47 Brass perform during the Sunrise Service, presented by the Pioneer Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Photos by Kristin Murphy, Deseret News



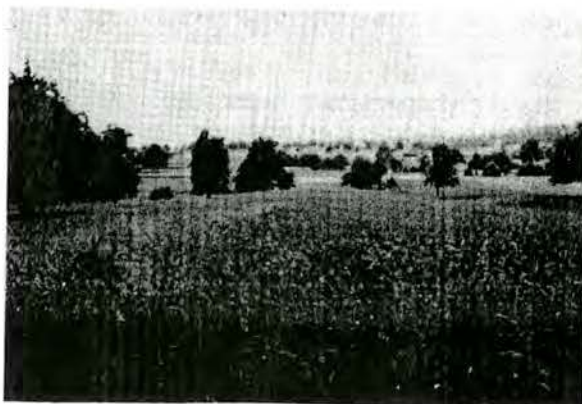
BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN GEORGE HAFEN
IN SCHERZINGEN



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HAFEN (Artist)
IN SCHERZINGEN (Drawn by John Hafen)



STREET SCENE AND CHURCH IN SCHERZINGEN (taken by Larry Allen in 1962)



THURGAU COUNTRYSIDE AND STREET IN SCHERZINGEN (taken by Darrel Hafen)



JOHN GEORGE HAFEN

Above: Age 45.

Left: Age 86, with Grandchildren Karl and Norma Hafen

Right: Age 21.

John George Hafen Jr.

In the quiet village of Scherzingen, Canton Thurgau, Switzerland, John George Hafen was born on October 17, 1838. He was the son of John George Hafen and Mary Magdalena Hafen and had but one sister, Barbara born in 1835. After the mother died in 1854, the father spent his remaining days with his two children. The village of Scherzingen, where the younger John George lived the first twenty-three years of his life, was a little town of about fifty families. Most of the villagers were farmers raising hay, grain, potatoes, and fruits. Farming methods were primitive, the grass was cut with the scythe and raked by hand. Oxen were the principal draft animals. The Hafen farm comprised twelve to fifteen acres cultivated intensively. It produced most of the food needs of the family and a little surplus for sale. The product of the vineyard, made into wine, was marketed locally.

John George attended school until he was about sixteen years old. Arithmetic was his favorite subject and the one in which he got his best marks. He grew up in a religious home. A blessing was asked at each meal and there was regular reading from the prayerbook around the hearthstone. He did not drink wine or other intoxicants nor use tobacco or profane language.

When missionaries of the Latter-Day Saints visited Scherzingen, Barbara Hafen became interested in the new gospel. Her father and brother were at first vigorously opposed and tried to prevent her attendance at meetings of the new sect. But through her enthusiasm and influence, her father and brother were converted and were baptized in April, 1860. John George Jr. was ordained a Priest and a few months later went with Elder Christian Moosman on a mission to Canton Bern. Then he went to Zurich where he met Susette Bosshard whom he later married. While on this mission he was once taken by a mob and ducked in a well trough as a mock baptism.

Gathering to Zion in America was being urged by the Mormon Church. Although the Hafens were doing well materially in Switzerland, the gospel meant more to them than all else, so they did not hesitate to leave their home and friends, sell their property, and set out for a new and strange land. An emigrating party was made up by Elder Jabez Woodward, mission president, and was to set out from Switzerland in April 1861. Obtaining a fair price for their property, the Hafens were able not only to pay their own passage but help out others less fortunate. In the Swiss emigrating party were a number of friends, the Bosshard, Naegli, Tober, Staheli, and Willi families, who were to continue as neighbors in Utah.

Saints from various parts of Europe assembled at Liverpool, England, where the large company of proselytes embarked on a sailing vessel for the ocean voyage. In that day of slow and difficult transportation, it usually took six or seven weeks for the voyage across the Atlantic. As the lower part of the ship was loaded with cattle, the passengers spent most of their time on deck. Despite seasickness and other difficulties, the Saints were carried safely and landed at New York City. After passing the immigration inspections, the company entrained for the railhead in the West. Upon arrival at Florence, near present Omaha, the Saints made final preparations for the overland trek.

While at Florence, John George and other young men and boys went for a swim in the Missouri. He almost drowned, but was rescued by companions. The money belt in which he carried gold peieces he had unbuckled from his waist and put on the bank while he swam, fortunately, it was not stolen.

Mormon pioneers had been trekking across the plains and mountains since 1847 and had even employed handcarts during the years 1856 to 1860. But the handcarts had been abandoned in the latter year, and now teams came from Utah making the trip to the Missouri River and back the same season. These teams picked up freight and some of the immigrants and hauled them to Salt Lake Valley. Emigrants who were able to purchase oxen and wagons were urged to do so, and thus help themselves and others. The Hafen family purchased four wagons and fourteen yoke of cattle; also two milch cows and two mules. John George's special duty was to ride a mule and drive extra stock of the company. Indians were especially fond of mules, and they managed to steal the two owned by the Hafens before the journey ended.

The Swiss group of Saints was a part of the Sextus E. Johnson company. It moved ten to fifteen miles per day, and at night circled the wagons for protection. The company, comprising parties from several nations, were grouped according to nationality, but all mingled, especially the young folks, in singing, dancing, and other amusements about the campfires at night. Always there was work to be done, herding and guarding the stock, baking bread and preparing other food for the next day's meals, and gather buffalo chips for fuel on the treeless plains. Sunday was a day of rest and of religious services.

Without serious mishap, the company reached Utah and drove down Emigration Canyon just as the Aspen leaves were turning yellow in September.

At the General Conference of the Church in October 1861, many families were called to go to southern Utah to settle. A Swiss company was included as many had had experience in grape culture, and the plan was for grapes and cotton to

be produced in the sunny clement of Utah's Dixie. The leader of the Swiss company was Daniel Bonelli, who could speak both German-Swiss and English. President Young advised those of marriageable age to marry before they left Salt Lake City. Accordingly, John George Hafen and Susette Bosshard were married in the Endowment House on October 18, 1861. Also, his sister Barbara was married to Ignaz Willi.

The route taken by the emigrant wagons was approximately Highway 91 today. In places the road was very difficult, especially that part descending from the rim of the Great Basin to Santa Clara Creek. An Indian mission had been established on the Santa Clara beginning in 1854, and a number of families were living at Fort Clara, a stone structure that had been erected "around the point" west of the present town site. For the larger settlement, it was decided to found the town at its present location on a broader bottom of land and one safer from flood encroachment. Most of the original settlers moved away during the next few years and the remainder of the townsfolk were of the Swiss company.

The new townsite was surveyed in December, 1861, and was dedicated on the 22nd. Town lots and vineyard plots were to be distributed to the settlers. In the meantime, an irrigation ditch was dug from the creek to the townsite and a dam was constructed across the stream to divert the water to the town ditch. The cost, as calculated in labor at \$2 per day, was \$1,030. Just as the work was completed, a rain came which continued for a week or so. On New Year's Day a terrific flood came down the creek. It swept away the stone Fort and other nearby buildings on the old townsite, and destroyed the new dam and much of the freshly-dug canal. Work must be done again, but by the middle of March the task was completed.

The town lots and vineyard tracks were numbered and the numbers placed in a hat for a drawing. Brother Bonelli drew the numbers and made the allotments to the various families. John George's lot was across the street south of the present school house. The adjoining lot each was given to his father and the next one east to his sister and her husband. Their three vineyard plots were also adjoining. On his lot, John George Jr. built a small log house in which he and his wife lived for a time. The trunks containing clothing brought from Switzerland served as table and stand. Rawhide-bottom chairs made by settlers were obtained in St. George. The father, John George Hafen Sr., first built a lumber shanty on his lot, later an adobe house which subsequently became the home of his grandson, John Hafen. Barbara Hafen's first husband, Ignaz Willi, died in 1863 and she married Jacob Tobler by whom she had two sons, Willi and Albert. Barbara died in 1873.

JohnGeorge Hafen endured the hardships of pioneering in a difficult environment. Land had to be cleared and cultivated with few and crude implements. Homes were built of adobe and lumber, a house for school and church erected. He helped in construction of the St. George Temple, hauling lumber from Pine Valley and Mount Trumbull, and lava rock from the black hills.

Responding to the advice and urgings of the Church leaders, John Jr. accepted the plural marriage system. In 1873, he took as a second wife a young widow, Mary Ann Stucki Reber. In 1884 he married Anna Mary Elizabeth Huber, a convert he met on his mission to Switzerland. She occupied several homes, but in her later years lived in Santa Clara with her husband. In 1885 he married a widow, Rosena Stucki Blickenstorfer, a sister of his second wife. She lived in Santa Clara until her death. As persecutions for polygamy were pressed vigorously in the 1880's, John decided to move his second family to Bunkerville, Nevada. He bought a small house and a farm and helped the young family establish itself in the new settlement.

The plural marriage system demanded much of those who lived it. There was sacrifice, hard work, subordination of self. John George Jr. took it as a part of his religion and earnestly tried to act fairly, serve devotedly, and rear his children uprightly. Natural jealousies among the wives and children were bound to express themselves, and to keep peace and contentment was an ideal difficult to achieve. In later years he confessed that many times he prayed and shed tears over his inability to meet the requests and expectations of his large and growing family.

On his farm in the Santa Clara "South Field" John George raised cotton for several years. He also developed an orchard, for fruit did very well in this region. As the sons of the first family grew up they worked with their father as partners, having all their property except their homes in common. This continued until after all the sons were married. Besides farming, they engaged in stockraising. The sons continued in the stock business and with their sons and grandsons have been outstanding promoters of the livestock business in southern Utah and Nevada.

After the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution (ZCMI) was founded in Salt Lake City, other cooperative stores were founded throughout Utah. One of these was started in Santa Clara in the 1860's. John George Hafen became the manager and the merchandise stock was first housed in one of the rooms of his residence. The business was well and honestly managed and the stockholders received dividends on their investments. Later the company was dissolved and the manager took over the business. He developed it gradually and built a brick room for housing it. His wife Susette took care of the store when her husband was away.

John retired from the store in 1917, selling the chief interests in it to his son Adolph and grandson Guy Hafen.

Markets for the fruit and other produce grown in Santa Clara had to be found elsewhere; John George became the principal handler of this produce. With his wagon and team of horses or mules he made the long trips to the mining camps of Silver Reef, Utah, and to Pioche and Delamar in Nevada, and to the Whitehills of Arizona. Loads were often taken to adjoining countries in Utah and sometimes to Salt Lake City. He traveled at all seasons, in the heat and dust of summer, the snow and sleet of winter. Fruit was hurried to market while fresh; it was dried and sacked and hauled to the brewery in Salt Lake City, or made into preserves and carried in barrels to northern markets. Molasses made from sorghum cane and preserves made from fruit cooked in molasses were commonly parts of his loads.

By handling the fruits, vegetables, and poultry products of the community he stimulated his mercantile business. While he was Bishop of the Santa Clara Ward he received produce as tithing and felt obligated to find a cash market for it. So well had he established himself that when the United Order was instituted in Santa Clara (it did not last long) he was called to do the peddling for the community.

Hauling in those days was not like trucking over paved roads today. Twelve hundred pounds was considered a load for a one-span team over the rough and difficult roads of that day. Fifteen to twenty-five miles would be covered in a day. The first stretch of the road, the twelve leading to Diamond Valley, was so heavy that a "doubling team" was needed to help through the deep sand and up the volcanic ridges. When the "top" was reached, the lead team was unhitched and the boy, brought along for purpose, rode one horse and led the other back home, generally arriving late at night. Prominent camp grounds on the road to the west were Chadburn's Ranch on the Santa Clara Creek; Cane Springs, a few miles beyond; and Holt's Ranch, on the edge of the desert. A trip to the Nevada markets required from eight to ten days. Competition was often keen among the peddlers, each striving to get to the market first and to dispose of the produce after arrival.

Ox teams were used at first in farming at Santa Clara and the oxen were turned out to graze on the public domain. Frequently the farmer had to walk several miles in the morning to find and recover his team. John George often walked to Three-Mile-Place, did a day's work on the farm, then walked home at night. In the spring or fall, when gathering cattle he sometimes walked to Magostsu or even the Mountain Meadows to get the cattle. He cut many acres of grain with a sickle or scythe and cradle and bound the grain by hand. A self-binder was not used in Santa Clara until 1891. Much hay also was cut with sickle or scythe.

John George lived a life of service to his church and his community. Besides his missionary work in Switzerland before he emigrated, he went on subsequent missions. In 1877 he filled a short mission to the German-speaking people of Minnesota. The trip had to be made by team as far as Salt Lake City. Upon his return, his son John drove a team to that city to bring him home. In 1882, when he had two families with small children, he responded to a call to go on an European mission. He spent two years preaching the gospel in Switzerland and Germany.

Soon after his return home, he was called to be the Bishop of the Santa Clara Ward. He was to serve in this office for 28 years, from 1884 to 1912. Thereafter he spent much time in the temple where he did the work for more than 1200 souls. He spent a considerable amount of the savings, acquired by industry and frugal living, in genealogical research, seeking out his ancestry.

Of his character traits, honesty was outstanding and fundamental. He was courageous in carrying out his convictions. Industry and frugality were inherited from his Swiss forebears. If not always diplomatic in dealing with others, he was sincere, dependable, and forthright. He was deeply religious. His faith was simple but genuine. He was prayerful and believed firmly in the efficacy of sincere and devout prayer. He practiced family prayers before the morning and evening meals, the entire family kneeling around the table. He prized the priesthood and accepted counsel from those in authority.

It was in obedience to celestial law that he accepted the plural marriage system. Though compliance caused him much heartache and struggle, it also brought his greatest joy, the blessing of a large posterity of honorable and devoted children and descendants. The record of those descendants would be his joy and are his monument.

Arthur K. Hafen, A Biographical Sketch of John G. Hafen (St. George, Ut privately printed, 1929.)



JOHN GEORGE HAFEN AND SUSETTE BOSSHARD HAFEN



JOHN GEORGE HAFEN'S FIRST FAMILY

Seated: Nellie A., John, Susette B., John George, Emma, Harmon

Standing: Adolph, Lenora K., Lorenzo Leavitt, Susette, Selena G., Ernest, Frances Helen W.

Susette Bosshard Hafen

(Written by Susette Hafen Leavitt)

Susette Bosshard Hafen was born in Thurbenthal, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, on June 7, 1842. Her mother had been a member of the church for some time before Susette was baptized in 1856. Later, all the members of her family joined the church.

In April 1861, a company of Swiss Saints left their native land of Switzerland on the long trip that was eventually to bring them to Zion and to Santa Clara, Utah, where they were to make their home. They traveled under the direction of Jabez Woodward, their mission president. In this company were Susetter Bosshard, her sister Pauline and a brother Harmon; also John G. Hafen, who later was to become Susette's husband. The journey from Switzerland to Salt Lake City required approximately five months, and they suffered all the hardships of a long, tedious ocean voyage and a hazardous trip by ox team across the great plains of the midwestern part of the United States.

On October 18 of this same year Susette Bosshard and John George Hafen were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They had met while John was serving as a missionary in the province where the Bosshards lived.

In this same year, the company of Swiss emigrants was called to settle the Dixie mission. This was one of the farthest missions to be settled from the Church headquarters, and the journey to "Dixieland" was full of hazards and hardships, but they never questioned authority and went unfalteringly and without questions the 330 miles farther south, which required several more weeks of wearisome travel. They were sent to settle on the Santa Clara River, a small stream in the southwestern part of the state almost bordering the Arizona line.

They soon set up housekeeping in a tiny log house on the lot where the present home of Ernest Tobler stands. The first furniture consisted of trunks that had been used to carry household good and clothing from Switzerland. Soon, however, wooden chairs were made with woven strips of rawhide for seats. They were quite a luxury and helped to make a very comfortable home. It wasn't long, however, until John bought a lot on the east of the site of the log cabin and built a large comfortable home of lumber and adobe.

In 1865 the rest of the Bosshard family emigrated to the territory of Utah and into the southland. This included the parents, two sons, John and Jacob, and their daughters Mina and Hermina. Soon after their arrival, the father of the family died and the family suffered real privations and hardships during the ensuing years. They were not farm people by training or experience and to obtain a living from the

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stubborn virgin soil was a most discouraging undertaking. The future looked anything but rosy to these middle class merchant foreigners. Soon the boys in the family were searching for a place that would offer them and their families more security in their pursuit for what they thought were more desirable things of life.

When Harmon made a trip into the California territory, he became greatly impressed with the beauty and richness of the land, and he foresaw its boundless possibilities and the rich opportunities it afforded.

Adding to the unrest of this family was the practice of polygamy, which was negative to their ideals. They also believed that Joseph Smith Jr. was the rightful heir to the presidency of the Church instead of Brigham Young. This caused a rift in the beliefs of the devout couple, Susette and John, and the rest of the family. In 1870 the mother and all the family except Susette, left the Church and went to California. Part of the members stayed with the Josephite Church and part reaffiliated themselves with their original church, the Episcopalian.

Susette had the responsibility of caring for her children while John filled two missions for the Church, one to his native land of Switzerland and another to the Central States.

Ten children were born to this couple. Of these, John, Emma, Harmon, Susette, Adolph, and Ernest grew to adulthood and all raised large families. John, Harmon, Ernest and Adolph all filled missions for the Church. Adolph had the privilege of filling a mission in Switzerland. While he was there he visited the former homes of his father and mother. Susette's two sons-in-law also filled missions.

Susette was a lovely, talented girl and gave freely of her time and talents as well as her material possessions. Along with some other members of the ward, she often sang the old familiar Swiss songs in their Thursday night fast services. Susette would accompany the singing on the organ. One of her favorite songs was "Ere You Left Your Room This Morning, Did You Think To Pray?" She loved to give readings, especially in the Swiss language, at social gatherings.

In her sympathetic, generous, big-hearted way, she was always ready to serve and help anyone in need. The Indians loved her because she was always kind to them and often gave them food and clothing. She was kind to animals and could not endure to have one suffer.

Her life was one of charity and unselfishness, she died July 4, 1914 in Santa Clara, Utah.

John Hafen

John Hafen, eldest son of John George and Susette Bosshard Hafen, was born November 26, 1862 in Santa Clara, Utah, a community predominantly Swiss. He learned thrift and frugality and hard work and honesty from those about him. He spent practically all of the 84 years of his life pioneering and developing the country.

He was short in stature, not as large as his brothers, but he was sturdy and strong and enjoyed seeing work well done. Struggling on a small farm might be drudgery to some, but he enjoyed it for his crops rewarded his efforts. He could share with his children and their families and with needy friends, the good things his labor produced. He would mend shoes rather than buy new ones; he didn't contribute much to the prosperity of barbers, nor did he buy anything he did not need. He avoided debt, but he helped many to get an education or a start in business.

Cheerful and optimistic, he would say on cloudy days figuratively, "The sun will shine tomorrow." He was slow to anger and would turn away whistling or smiling when someone used abusive language to him. Children passing his home received a kind word or a piece of fruit or candy or other favors. He never used profane language nor tobacco or strong drink. He went about his chores whistling and had the stem of a rose or a blossom in his mouth when they were in season. He could easily turn conversation to humor.

His religion was a practical one; he was honest and fair in his dealings and considerate of those in need. His tithing may not have been an exact tenth, but he gave liberally to aid worthy projects. He did not see the need of going to the temple to save the dead. He attended church service regularly and expected his children to do the same. He served a mission to Switzerland from 1889 to 1890. He also served at home as Superintendent of Sunday School, member of the ward Bishopric, and was active in other organizations. He served in important civic capacities also.

He was the chief man in establishing the cattle industry and succeeded very well, building up one of the largest herds in the territory. He knew all the marks and brands and negotiated for other buyers, for they had confidence in his judgment and honesty.

John married Lenora Knight on February 10, 1887 in the St. George Temple. She was the daughter of Samuel and Caroline Beck Knight, early Indian missionaries, and one of two families who remained and cast their lot with the Swiss colony. John and Lenora were parents of eight children: Arthur K., Guy,

2.

Susette, Jessie, Carrie, John Weston, and Max and Orval (twins). Three of these children, Susette, Carrie, and John Weston, died in infancy. Jessie died after rearing her family.

Lenora died November 7, 1913. Ida Gubler, daughter of Casper and Agnes Horsley Gubler, became his second wife October 11, 1917. Two children, Lucille and John Ballard, were born to them. Ida died September 12, 1922, and her sister, Rose Ann Gubler, became his third wife. She died January 13, 1962. Two daughters, Myrla and Geraldine, were born to them. Though their father was rather advanced in years when these children were born, they all speak of him with respect and kindness because of his influence upon them.



JOHN GEORGE HAFÉN'S FIRST FAMILY

Seated: Nellie A., John, Susette B., John George, Emma, Harmon

Standing: Adolph, Lenora K., Lorenzo Leavitt, Susette, Selena G., Ernest, Frances Helen W.

Today, April 30, 1977 at the Washington County DUP Convention

A few minutes have been set aside to bring to your attention,
The service of one of the daughters who has served both long and well.
This daughter is Orilla Woods Hafen and some of her life I'll now tell.
She was born Oct. 13th, 1891 in Clover Valley, Nevada- not far from here.

This peaceful, green valley she will hold dear.

She was the first child born to Lamond and Elizabeth Terry Woods,
People who spent their lives serving mankind, always found doing good.

There were just a few families here where Orilla was born and raised,
With brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, she spent such happy days.
She went to school in the one room school house which served for every meeting.

Mingling here with family and friends in ever loving greeting.

She roamed the hills and picked the wild flowers along the way,
but she also did the work and chores that children did in her day.

She rode horses, played house, played games and paper dolls.
And when real young accepted responsibility and answered church calls.

When only twelve years old she was secretary of their little primary,

From then until now her positions have been many and varied.

There was a wonderful relationship in this family with the grandparents near-by.
The aunts, uncles, and cousins worked and played together-knitting a close family tie.

Perhaps from the love and respect of these people that Orilla holds dear

Comes her interest and service as a daughter of the Utah Pioneers.

Orilla's mother died when she was not quite sixteen years old
And with eight younger brothers and sisters she had to really take hold
To help her father in every way she possibly could.

He was both father and mother to his family-always kind and good.

He wanted the best for his children-he believed in education too,

So in the year of 1910 Orilla went to the BYU.

Here she met Arthur K. Hafen and in 1912 she became his wife.

Their fifty-nine years of marriage was a happy and a productive life,

Oh they had their times of sorrows as well as their many joys.

She gave birth to fourteen children-but buried three of her boys.

With a large family and a busy husband she had many things to do
But she always showed patience, love and understanding to everyone she knew.

As her family grew a little older, her home duties didn't require quite so much

So she began working in the Primary, Relief Society, DUP and such.

For many years she and her husband were guides at the Temple Information Bureau

This, and every job she did, she did both well and thorough.

But today, as I have hereto fore mentioned

Orilla is being honored at this DUP convention.

In over forty years of service to this particular organization,
As custodian of the relics-she's met folks from all over the nation

And those from foreign countries she's made welcome as well.

She has showed them the pictures, the relics, and stories she'd tell

Of the pioneers who came to Utah, of the long and dreary trek

And the ones who came to Dixie as showed each artifact.

Yes she showed-and told gladly, had love and interest in her work

Was dependable and faithful-never did she shirk.

Even tho she's growing older-she would like to serve much more

Now her activities must be limited-but you can all be sure

That her heart, her love, her interest will ALWAYS always be
In this organization, this building and her friends of DUP.
Orilla Woods Hafen can look back on her accomplishments with satisfaction & pride
She has always been religious and the gospel is her guide.
She has eleven living children, fifty-three grandchildren and fifty-nine great
That's the statistics at the present-on this April 30th date.
To know her is to love her, she is everybody's friend.
On her word, her work, her confidence you can depend.
It is only right and fitting to give her honor here today,
And to pay tribute to one who has gone out of her way
To be dedicated and helpful in serving the local DUP
Her service was rendered gladly and ever willingly.
Orilla you have been a stalwart and your time and effort we appreciate
May those who follow in your footsteps ever strive to emulate
Your noble characteristics, your devotion to the DUP Organization
It's hard to put into words but please accept our sincere appreciation.

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 And when real young accepted responsibility and answered church calls.
 When only twelve years old she was secretary of their little primary,
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 He was both father and mother to his family-always kind and good.
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 So in the year of 1910 Orilla went to the BYU.
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 Their fifty-nine years of marriage was a happy and a productive life,
 Oh they had their times of sorrows as well as their many joys.
 She gave birth to fourteen children-but buried three of her boys.
 With a large family and a busy husband she had many things to do
 But she always showed patience, love and understanding to everyone she knew.
 As her family grew a little older, her home duties didn't require quite so much
 So she began working in the Primary, Relief Society, DUP and such.
 For many years she and her husband were guides at the Temple Information Bureau
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 Yes she showed-and told gladly, had love and interest in her work
 Was dependable and faithful-never did she shirk.
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Orilla you have been a stalwart and your time and effort we appreciate
May those who follow in your footsteps ever strive to emulate
Your noble characteristics, your devotion to the DUP Organization
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Traditions from the John Hafen Family

Grandpa John Hafen loved to gather his family together as often as possible. The family would get together for Thanksgiving, some years at Uncle Guy's, other years at Arthur's. At times Uncle Orval also had it at his home.

The day after Christmas, a reunion was held for the entire John Hafen family at the D.U.P. building. Each family would stand and the head of the family would give a report of what was going on in their families. Then there would be a talent show for those that had talent. We would sing "Happy Birthday" to Uncle Ferrel. We then had a great treat - Ice Cream Sandwiches. In the later years the "Hafen Party" was moved to the Santa Clara Chapel, as the family became so large. It was a great experience to know the cousins, aunts and uncles, and feel the spirit of family.

In keeping with tradition of the Hafen side of our family, the Staheli's also have a after Christmas party with the same format with one exception, the treat turned into a "soup-er supper", and a little basketball game.



Grandma Hafen with Kenny & Rod Staheli
at the party in the basement of the DUP museum.



Grandma Hafen and Mishaun



Thanksgiving at Uncle Guy's 1941



Aunt Ruth (Orval's) & Grandma setting up or cleaning up



John and Lenora Knight Hafen Family - Children and Spouses



Hafen Reunion at Mesquite
L/R: Ruth and Orval, Estella and Max,
Althea and Guy, Orilla and Arthur



1956





1960





Easter at Uncle Max's

Hafen Easter reunion at Mesquite, 1959

L/R: Sitting on grass: Gregory Tim Hafen, Sharlene Squire, Brent Hafen, Kelton Hafen with a girl, and a boy, a lady holding a baby, Margaret Hafen, Norman Hafen holding a boy, Jan Hafen Squire, a lady, a boy, a boy, a man holding a girl, Karen Syphus.

Seated on chairs: Vicki Hafen holding Nelson Hafen, Jean Irl King, Patricia Hafen, Elva Jones Hafen, Aunt Althea Hafen, Uncle Arthur K. Hafen holding a boy, Aunt Orilla Hafen.

Standing: Uncle Max Hafen with Jane Hafen, Bryan Hafen and Gregerson Hafen (behind Max), Dawn Hafen, Tim Hafen, Richard Hafen, Monta Hafen, Ferral Hafen, Eleanor Hafen, Vilda Hafen, Leo Syphus, Erma Syphus, Donald Hafen, Uncle Guy holding a girl, Uncle Vivian Frei, Uncle Orval Hafen, Maxine Hafen, Aunt Estelle Hafen, Ruth Squire, Bonnie Squire.

Rear three boys: Gary Don Hafen, Dale Hafen, unidentified boy.

Photo taken by Gary Hafen, 1959



*Max
and
Estella
1970's*

April 22, 1988

My gosh, brothers and sisters, we just barely had Easter. When I think of Easter, it comes to my mind all the good times of all the Hafen's down at Max's where he filled the deep freezer with pop cycles and fudge cycles and all here can testify that this was a good day for Max to have all the Hafen family there. I was close to Guy's family up there and I've seen them all coming home – all the girls and the boys coming home all for Easter to prepare to come down to Uncle Max's. Now Max and his good wife, Stella, loved this.

excerpt taken from speaker James Andrus at Uncle Max's funeral,









a W. Hafen Ruth Clark Hafen Ruth H. Squire





Ferrel Hafen

Maurice Briggs



"Burger Stop" May 1977

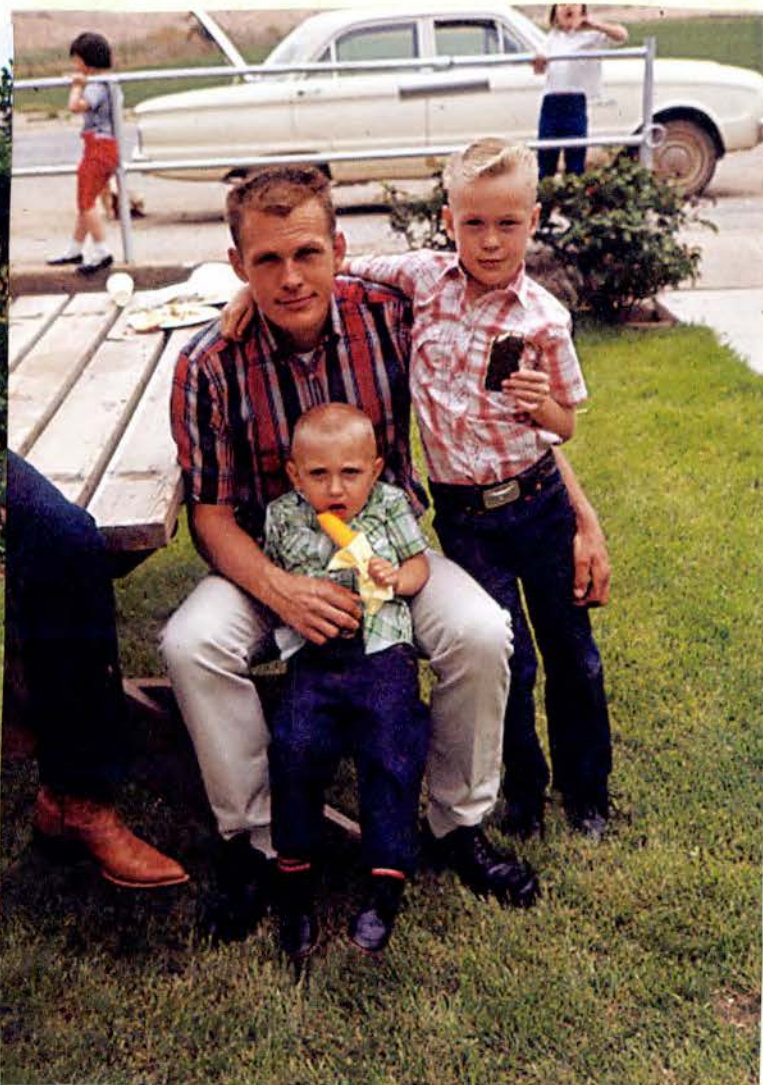
Cindy, Aunt Nancy, Uncle Russ, Aunt Katherine, Uncle Ralph







Grandpa Hafen with Marilyn & Jeanie at Easter in Mesquite





Easter 1962

Back left: Woodrow, Stan. Gayla Dawne (expecting Kole), Frank
Front: Jeanie, Kory, Nancy, Carma, Kip & Mary Esther

Hafen Memorial Fund Established

The A.K. Hafen Memorial Fund for Dixie Medical Center has been established in memory of Mr. Hafen by members of his immediate family. Mr. A.K. Hafen was born in Santa Clara and spent most of his lifetime in Washington County. He was considered a leading citizen in his community and was a professor of Languages and Literature at Dixie College. Mr. Hafen was author of three books about this area and continued his writing

until the time of his recent death in St. George.

Beverly Metcalf of St. George has been named chairman of the Dixie Medical Center Fund Raising Committee's first big project to keep residents current on the progression of the fund drive. A giant thermometer is to be placed on Main Street in St. George and all of Washington County is invited to be watching as the thermometer rises to its goal of \$500,000.



Dr. M. K. McGregor (left) receives check from Hafens (Mrs. A.K. Hafen, Shirley Hafen and Eldon Hafen.)



Don, Kelton, Erma, Eldon, Lenore, Ruth, Harold, Herschel, Ada
 Taken Oct. 23, 1999 after Arthur K. Hafen was inducted into the Dixie College
 Hall of Fame. (Note Ada wearing medallion)



Herschel, Don, Ada, Ruth, Lenore, Kelton, Eldon

2ND ANNUAL

Hall of Fame

INDUCTION CEREMONY

October 23, 1999



Hall of Fame

AT DIXIE COLLEGE

History

For many years, people have suggested starting a Hall of Fame at Dixie College. In 1998, the Udvar-Hazy School of Business took the initial step and notified Steven F. Udvar-Hazy that he would be the initial member of a soon to be announced Hall of Fame at Dixie College. On November 14, 1998, following a well researched and definitive process, a selection committee selected 18 individuals who met the criteria and they were inducted as charter members. This year 15 more have been selected to join this elite academy. Individuals are selected to be in one of seven different categories.

CRITERIA USED FOR SELECTION:

- Have been distinguished in their field of study or profession
- Be alumnus, faculty, staff or have been previously honored by Dixie College
- Life has had state, national or international impact
- Have made a significant gift to education at Dixie College (money or service)
- Proven themselves over time

Members of Hall of Fame Selection Committee:

Richard Whitehead, Chair
Murray Gubler
Ken Newby
Brent Snow

Jill Almquist
Brent Hanson
Donna Parkinson
Dan Watson

Bill Fowler
Evelyn Jay
Max Rose
Randy Wilkinson

PREVIOUS INDUCTEES INCLUDE:

EDUCATION: Arthur F. Bruhn, Dr. Jeffrey R. Holland • **BUSINESS:** Nolan D. Archibald, M. Anthony Burns, Steven F. Udvar-Hazy • **PUBLIC SERVICE:** Orval Hafen, Howard W. Cannon • **SOCIAL SCIENCE AND HUMANITIES:** Juanita L. Brooks, Otto F. Jones, Andrew Karl Larson • **FINE AND PERFORMING ARTS:** Dr. Marion J. Bentley, Earl J. Bleak, Roene Bigler DiFiore • **SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY:** Dr. Andrew H. Barnum, Joseph Crane Simmons • **ATHLETICS:** Leland "Coach Lee" Hafen, Lionel E. Hollins, John Ashworth "Cat" Thompson, Stanley H. Watts



1999 HALL OF FAME INDUCTEES

Business

Jerry C. Atkin (1948-) Chairman, President and Chief Executive Officer of Skywest, Inc. and its subsidiary companies, was born, reared and educated in St. George, Utah. He graduated from Dixie College in 1969, then obtained BS and MBA degrees from the University of Utah. He practiced as a Certified Public Accountant for two years prior to joining Skywest in 1974. He was first hired at Skywest as Director of Finance, then in 1975 was made President and Chief Executive Officer. In 1991, in addition to his other administrative positions, Jerry was elected Chairman of the Board. He has led Skywest from annual revenues of under \$1 million to over \$400 million. He is a member of the Board of Directors for Regence Blue Cross & Blue Shield of Utah, The Regence Group in Portland, Oregon, Zions Bancorporation, a bank holding company, and the Regional Airlines Association. In 1981, he was named the Outstanding Young Businessman of the Year by the St. George Chamber of Commerce and was the recipient of an Honorary Doctor of Humanities degree at Dixie College in 1995. In 1999, he was appointed a member of the State Board of Regents of the Utah System of Higher Education. He and his wife, the former Carolyn Jones, are the parents of three sons and one daughter.



Roxey Romney Davis Holbrook (1913-) was born in Bunkerville, Nevada, and later moved to St. George. Her father, Erastus Snow Romney, became the 2nd President of Dixie College. After graduating from Dixie College, she received a degree from Brigham Young University in elementary education, speech and drama. She taught two years in Mesquite, Nevada, before marrying Al Davis and moving to Los Angeles where she earned a graduate degree from the Woodbury Business College. After six years of marriage, Al died from pneumonia and Roxey knew she must pursue a career to support herself. ZCMI hired her as "Miss Margo Manners"—advertising and selecting clothes on a one-on-one basis. She also managed the Mail Order Department and took it from 3 to 100 employees. The following year she became the buyer for budget dresses and the maternity departments, then went on to buy lingerie and robes for the Bridal Salon. Her greatest challenge came when as buyer for the better dress department she learned that the fashion houses in New York City refused to sell to ZCMI claiming loyalty to two other major department stores in Salt Lake. It was very discouraging not being welcomed by any of the fashion houses, but through her persistence ZCMI was soon accepted everywhere in New York. In 1975, she entered into a partnership, taking over the Cameo Room Fur Department and created one of the finest fur departments in the Intermountain West. Working full time until 1996 and after 52 years with ZCMI, she retired at age 82. She was also married to Merrill R. Holbrook and later his brother Dr. Von Garn Holbrook and is the mother of one daughter, Roxanne Holbrook.



Dr. M. Kenneth Bowler (1942-) is a native of St. George, Utah. After graduating from Dixie College, he served as an LDS Missionary to Great Britain. He returned to earn a bachelor degree in Political Science from Stanford University and then obtained a Ph.D. in Political Science from the University of Wisconsin. He was an American Political Science Congressional Fellow, served on the Board of Editors of the *Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law*, and is currently a member of the Johns Hopkins Oncology Center Advisory Council. He was an assistant professor in the Political Science Department at the University of Maryland and published a book and several articles on federal health and welfare policies. He was the Staff Director of the Committee of Ways and Means in the U. S. House of Representatives from 1987-89 and Deputy Staff Director from 1985-87. He holds membership in the American Political Science Association and the Business-Government Relations Council; and has served on the Johns Hopkins Health Advisory Council and the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health. He is a member emeritus of the Dixie College National Advisory Council. He is currently a Corporate Officer and Vice President, Federal Government Relations for Pfizer Inc. He and his wife, the former Ann Taylor, are the parents of two daughters and two sons.



Education



Bruce Clark Hafen (1940 -) was born in St. George, Utah. He graduated from Dixie College in 1960. After serving an LDS Mission to Germany, he graduated from Brigham Young University, then from law school at the University of Utah. He practiced law in Salt Lake City from 1967 to 1971 and became an assistant to President Dallin Oaks at BYU. He was a charter member of the J. Reuben Clark Law School and, along with other assignments, spent the next 25 years as a law professor in the fields of family, education and constitutional law. From 1976-78, he was director of Research and Evaluation in the Correlation Department of the LDS Church. He was President of Ricks College from 1978-85 and Dean of the BYU Law School from 1985-89. From 1989-96, he served as Provost at BYU and was President of the American Association of Presidents of Independent Colleges and Universities from 1982-85. He is widely published in prestigious law journals, and has served on the Accrediting Commission of the Northwest Association of Schools and Colleges and since 1986 serves on the Editorial Board of *First Things: A Journal of Religion and Public Life in New York City*. In 1996, he was called to the LDS First Quorum of Seventy and currently serves as President of the Australia/New Zealand Area. Elder Hafen's Church writings have appeared frequently in the *Ensign* and other LDS periodicals. He has published three books - *The Believing Heart*, *The Broken Heart* and *The Belonging Heart*. Bruce married Marie Kartchner in 1964; they are the parents of seven children.



Glenn E. Snow (1900-1984) was born and reared in St. George, Utah. He graduated from Dixie College where he served as student body president. He received his BA and MA degrees in Education from the University of Utah, then continued his education at the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Chicago. He began his teaching career in Toquerville, Utah, and was a teacher and administrator throughout Southern Utah and Nevada until he became the sixth President of Dixie College in 1938 where he served the students and community for twelve years. He served as a Utah State Senator, President of the Washington County, Iron County, Southern Utah and Utah State Teachers Associations. In 1943, he was appointed to the Executive Committee of the National Education Association and in 1947 was named president, the first westerner to hold that position. As president, he represented American Teachers in Post War Education Assistance Conferences in France, England and Scotland. He worked with Senator Robert A. Taft and President Harry S. Truman on National Legislation for Public Education. After his term as president of the NEA, he remained in Washington D.C. as Executive Secretary until he retired in 1965. He received many national honors given from groups such as the American Legion, the Conference of National Organizations and the Magazine Editors Association. After retiring he returned to his beloved Dixie where he continued to serve on the Utah Citizens Advisory Council for Higher Education and as Regent for the University of Utah. He and his wife, the former Laura Gardner, are the parents of three sons and one daughter.

Social Science & Humanities



Arthur Knight Hafen (1888-1972) was born and reared in Santa Clara, Utah, and spent his early years on his father's farm. He attended the Branch Normal School in Cedar City and later received an A.B. degree (1912) and an M.A. degree (1926) from Brigham Young University. He also did graduate work at the University of California (Berkeley), University of Southern California (Los Angeles) and the University of New Mexico (Albuquerque). As Superintendent of Schools in Washington County in 1914, in addition to his teaching duties at the St. George Stake Academy, he visited every school in the county, traveling in a black-top buggy pulled by two bay mares. During his term, schools in Utah were consolidated, which meant he had to choose between the position of superintendent and teacher. He chose to teach and subsequently taught forty years - thirty-nine at Dixie College. He served as head of the English and Modern Languages Department, Director of the Division of Humanities and teacher of English, German and Spanish. His contest-winning school song, was published in 1924, and remains the official Dixie College song, bringing a lump to the throat of every alumnus who hears its rousing introduction and nostalgic melody. He married Orilla Woods in 1912; they are the parents of fourteen children.

Public Service

Jacalyn Smith Leavitt (1950-) was reared in Cache Valley, Utah. She graduated with high honors from Dixie College in 1970 where she was Homecoming Queen and a Song Leader. Jacalyn then attended Utah State University where she graduated magna cum laude with a degree in speech and elementary education. Mrs. Leavitt became the fourteenth First Lady on January 4, 1993. As a result of her leadership, programs to encourage strong families have increased and volunteer efforts benefitting the state's youth have grown. She co-chairs Governor's Initiative on Families Today, which hosts regular conferences to strengthen Utah's families and families. She and the Governor formed the Governor's Commission on Marriage—the first of its kind. She founded and serves as chair of the statewide *Every Child by Two* Immunization Task Force and received the individual leadership award from the national *Every Child by Two* campaign. She served as the spokesperson for *Baby Watch*, a program for early detection of developmental delay in children. In conjunction with Utah's Promise, she developed the *Read to Me* campaign that encourages parents to read to their children and authored *Read to Me*, a children's picture book that is sent to the parents of every newborn. Mrs. Leavitt is currently serving as chair of the National Governors' Association Spouses' Program, where she leads the spouses of the nation's governors. She and Governor Michael Leavitt are the parents of five children.



Karl F. Brooks (1935-) was born and reared in St. George. A graduate of Dixie College, he was Student Body President and played football and baseball. After earning BS and MS degrees from Brigham Young University and a Ph.D. from the University of Utah, he became an educator in California, Nevada and Utah. For 25 years he served Dixie College as teacher, Director of High School Relations, Vice President and Athletic Director. In addition, he was mayor of St. George for 12 years, during which the city grew from 7 to 60 square miles in size and from 10,000 to 50,000 in population. Because of his key roles at both the city and the college, he was instrumental in getting the Dixie Center (now Avenna Center) built. He has been president of the St. George Area Chamber of Commerce and the Utah League of Cities and Towns and served as Chairman of the Zion Natural History Association, the Dixie Center Control Board and the Municipal Finance Cooperative Agency. As mayor he stressed economic development, the arts, growth in infrastructure (water, power, sewer, roads) and personnel. At Dixie College he worked to increase major gifts, expand the campus, increase scholarship endowments and obtain funding for the athletic department. Karl is known statewide as "Mr. St. George" and has a great amount of "Dixie Spirit". He co-authored *A History of Washington County*. He is in constant demand as a public speaker and has received numerous education and civic awards. He is married to the former Carla Hoyt; they are the parents of one daughter and two sons.



Fine & Performing Arts

R. Kent Cottam (1935-) was born and reared in St. George, Utah. While at Dixie College, he performed in many theatrical and musical events including *Kiss Me Kate*. After graduation and an L.D.S. Mission to Brazil, he returned to star in *Carousel* and *Kismet*. He continued his education in New York City, studying voice, then studied acting and musical theatre with many well known performers at the Herbert Berghoff Studios. At the Bob Collier School, he studied television acting. Kent has performed on Broadway and Off Broadway, in Dinner Theatre and Children's Theatre, made TV commercials and industrials and appeared in many concerts and club acts. He has sung major roles in *La Boheme*, *La Traviata*, *Die Zauberfloete*, *Così Fan Tutti*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Les Contes D'Hoffman*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Zigeunerliebe* and many other operas, as well as singing in the Chorus at the New York City Opera and the Metropolitan Opera, performing over twenty operas each season in several different languages. His marvelous voice has led him to the stages of the Kennedy Center, the Academy of Music, Town Hall, Carnegie Hall and many others, and, with the Met, he has toured the United States, Canada, Japan, Spain and Germany. He feels most fortunate to have spent so many years singing the world's greatest music and associating with so many wonderful musicians.



Science & Technology



Jarvis "Jay" Edwin Seegmiller, M.D. (1920-) was born and reared in St. George, Utah. Valedictorian of the Dixie College Class of 1940, he then graduated with honors in chemistry from the University of Utah in 1942. His participation in a War Research Project shifted his interest to medical research and the National Institute of Health (NIH). After discharge from the army, he entered medical school and graduated with honors from the University of Chicago and interned at Johns Hopkins. He then returned to NIH and became Chief of Human Biochemical Genetics. In 1969, he became Professor for the Department of Medicine at the newly formed Medical School of the University of California, San Diego, and was appointed Founding Director of the Stein Institute for Research on Aging in 1983. Dr. Seegmiller received both a United States Public Health Distinguished Service Award and an International Geigy Rheumatism Prize in 1969. He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for research at the Swiss Institute for Experimental Cancer Research in 1982-83, was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1972 and the National Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1982. He has served on numerous Advisory Committees at the NIH and private organizations, is past President of the Western Association of Physicians (1979), and has authored over 350 scientific publications dealing with genetic defects that cause human disease. In 1950, he married Roberta Eads, who died of cancer in 1992. They have four children. In 1992, he married Barbara Ellertson.



Calvert Watson Whitehead, Ph.D. (1913-) was born and reared in St. George, Utah. Following his graduation from Dixie College, he received a BS degree in chemistry from Brigham Young University. While earning his bachelor degree, Calvert became very adept as a glass blower. Earnings from this talent paid tuition for his masters degree. In 1941, he was granted a teaching and research fellowship at the University of Nebraska. In 1944, Calvert was made a Junior Instructor of Chemistry. Finally, in 1955, he completed his Ph.D. in Organic Chemistry at the University of Nebraska. A position was waiting for him at Eli Lilly and Company in Indianapolis, Indiana. He had the privilege of helping to develop penicillin for use in WWII. He synthesized two new drugs for the treatment of cardiovascular disease. He discovered a new system for Pyrimidines. This system is now taught world wide as the Whitehead Synthesis. He has also contributed to many scientific publications and patents. In 1974, he retired from Eli Lilly as a Junior Executive and became a visiting fellow at Princeton University, and then enjoyed a professorship at the University of Utah from 1975-95. A new research laboratory at Snow Canyon Clinic will honor Dr. Whitehead and bear his name. Sixty-two years ago, Calvert married his sweetheart, Norma Law. They have three daughters and two sons.



Everard F. Cox, M.D. (1920-) was born in St. George and graduated from Dixie College in 1941. That same year he joined the Naval Aviation Cadet program and was commissioned a Naval Aviator in 1942. During a year of combat flying in the South Pacific and Indian Ocean, he was credited with destroying nine Japanese aircraft and a direct hit on a Japanese heavy cruiser. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and nine Battle Stars on the Asiatic Pacific ribbon. Following WWII, he returned home and was recognized as the Outstanding Science Student at Dixie College in 1948. After earning a BS from the University of Utah in 1951, he entered the University of Maryland Medical School. He was class president and president of the Rush Honor Society. He returned to the Navy for internship and received a second Navy commission in the Medical Corps. Upon completion of a surgical residency program at the University of Maryland (1960), he became a Senior Surgeon at the National Cancer Institute at the National Institutes of Health. During his professional career, he was Professor of Surgery at the University of Maryland, Southwestern Medical School in Dallas, Texas and the University of Miami in Florida as well as Director of Surgery at the Maryland Institute of Emergency Medicine. He has been awarded three U.S. Patents for a medical device he created. He married his childhood sweetheart, Lela Sullivan, in 1942 and they are the parents of two sons, both surgeons, and three daughters.

Science & Technology

Dr. Gregory A. Prince (1948-) was born and reared in Los Angeles, California. He attended Dixie College from 1965-67, graduating as valedictorian. He attended the UCLA School of Dentistry from 1969-73, again graduating as valedictorian. He received a Ph.D. in Pathology from UCLA in 1975, studying respiratory syncytial virus (RSV), the primary cause of infant pneumonia worldwide. Over a period of fifteen years at the National Institutes of Health and Johns Hopkins University, he and his co-workers developed the thesis that RSV disease could be prevented by administering antiviral antibodies to high-risk infants. He co-founded Virion Systems, Inc. to commercialize this thesis, and serves as its President and CEO. In 1989, Virion Systems and MedImmune, Inc. formed a joint venture to conduct clinical trials that ultimately resulted in the licensure by the Food and Drug Administration of RespiGam™ (1996), and Synagis™ (1998) for the prevention of RSV pneumonia in high-risk infants. Synagis™ is the first monoclonal antibody ever licensed for use against any infectious agent and its first-year sales made it one of the most successful biotech product launches in history. In addition to a career in science, Dr. Prince has developed an avocation as a historian. His first book, *Power From on High: The Development of Mormon Priesthood*, was published in 1995, and he is currently writing a biography of LDS Church President David O. McKay. He and his wife, JaLynn Rasmussen Prince, are the parents of three children.



Athletics

Bruce V. Hurst (1958-) was born in St. George, Utah and grew up on the "sandlots of Utah's Dixie". In June of 1976 at age 17, Bruce was the first round draft pick of the Boston Red Sox Organization. He moved step by step from Winter Haven to Bristol to Pawtucket until finally, on April 12, 1980, with the famed "Green Monster" fence behind him, he was the starting pitcher in Fenway Park. During the off season Bruce played on the Rebel basketball team and continued his education at Dixie College until he graduated. Bruce pitched 19 years of professional baseball, 13 in the major leagues. In 1981 he pitched five innings in the longest baseball game in history (8 hours and 25 minutes -33 innings). In the 1986 world series, he was the starting pitcher for Boston in three games (ERA 1.96), winning two and ahead in the third game when he was relieved. His 56 Fenway wins are second among left-handers. In 1988, he led the league with 10 complete games and was a member of the American League All-Star Team. In 1989, he was traded to the San Diego Padres where he pitched for four years. He was later traded to the Colorado Rockies in 1993 and the Texas Rangers in 1994 where he retired because of shoulder problems. He coached the Dixie College Rebel Baseball team during the 1995-96 season and was the initial manager for the Zion Pioneerzz professional baseball team. He and his wife, the former Holly Barton, are the parents of two sons and two daughters.



Sarkis "Coach Sark" Arslanian (1924-) was born in Fresno, California, to immigrant parents from Armenia. He graduated from Granite High School in 1941, then enlisted with the Naval Air Corps where he served as an officer in the South Pacific until the end of WWII. In 1949, he graduated from Dixie College where he played football, basketball and track and was class president. He received a BS degree from the University of Utah and a MS degree from Utah State University. He began coaching at Central Jr. High in Salt Lake City, then continued at Union High School in Roosevelt. In 1955, he became athletic director and head coach in football, track and baseball at Dixie College. His recruiting efforts nearly doubled the size of the student body and were a stabilizing factor for the college. He left behind a nationally ranked team at Dixie to take over as head football coach at Weber State University in 1965, where his teams were nationally ranked. From 1973-82, he was head coach at Colorado State University. He then became a professional scout for the CFL and USFL. He coached professional teams in Milan, Italy, and Tokyo, Japan, and introduced American football in Armenia. After his retirement, he coached high school football teams in Colorado, Idaho and at Pine View High School in St. George. Coach Sark is still noted as one of the most successful of NCAA coaches; only 13 others had better records. Honors include the Pop Warner National Hall of Fame, Weber State Hall of Fame, Utah Sports Hall of Fame, All American Football Foundation and Honorary Lifetime member of the Dixie Colonels Club which he helped organize. He and his wife, the former, Verlyn Metcalf are the parents of three sons and three daughters.





DIXIE COLLEGE HALL OF FAME

The Dixie College Hall of Fame is physically housed at the Avenna Center, in the M.K. Cox Auditorium on the Dixie College campus. Individual plaques displaying the members' pictures and biographies are on permanent display in the beautiful auditorium lobby. Each year, additional members will be inducted into this prestigious academy.



Our Founders

EDWARD H. SNOW

THOMAS P. COTTAM

GEORGE F. WHITEHEAD

DAVID H. MORRIS

DAVID H. CANNON

JOHN T. WOODBURY

JAMES G. BLEAK

ARTHUR F. MILES

Founders' Day

HALL OF FAME INDUCTION CEREMONY



"A TIME TO REMEMBER"

Homecoming • October 23, 1999

St. George Tabernacle • 11:00 a.m.

DIXIE COLLEGE SCHOOL SONG

We love you dear Dixie School,
With your colors so bright and gay,
For you ever stand for the right,
As we cheer for the red and the gray.
Whenever we're put to the test
We'll remember our spirit grand,
Instructing, persuading and guiding
Throughout our Dixie Land.

Hail! All hail to thee!
Oh, Dixie College dear old school.
We know your worth—the best on earth
We'll cheer for you and stand by every rule—
Rah! Rah!
Oh, may we never do
Aught that would bring dishonor to thy name
But may we be, ever true to thee
Adding honor and glory to thy fame. Fight!

Though far away we may be
We'll remember our Dixie School,
The spirit of our pioneers,
For they're men of the great golden rule.
Our "D" on the hillside so bold,
Cherished emblem of them all,
Rememb'ring and never forgetting,
We'll answer to they call.

PROGRAM

WELCOME MR. BILL FOWLER
Vice President Student Services

OPENING PRAYER MR. JESSE RONNOW
Studentbody President

GREETING & TRIBUTE TO FOUNDERS MR. BILL FOWLER

SCHOOL SONG DIXIE COLLEGE BAND
Directed by Mr. Gary Caldwell

INTRODUCTION OF HOMECOMING ROYALTY MS. DONNA STAFFORD
Director of Student Activities

"YEA, THOUGH I WANDER" DIXIE COLLEGE CHAMBER SINGERS
by G. Schumann Directed by Dr. Jong Kim

PRESENTATION "HALL OF FAME INDUCTEES" ... DR. RICHARD WHITEHEAD
Executive Director, Institutional Advancement

HALL OF FAME INDUCTEE AWARDS DR. ROBERT HUDDLESTON
College President

"SAME TRAIN" DIXIE COLLEGE CHAMBER SINGERS
arr. Robert Shaw Directed by Dr. Jong Kim

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD

presented to

ARTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN

Arthur Knight Hafen, the oldest child of John and Lenora Knight Hafen, was born in Santa Clara, Utah, January 14, 1888.

He spent his early years on his father's farm and on the cattle range. He attended elementary school in Santa Clara, then attended the Branch Normal School in Cedar City, later receiving an A. B. degree in 1912 and an M. A. degree in 1926, both from Brigham Young University. He also did graduate work at the University of California (Berkeley), University of Southern California (Los Angeles), and University of New Mexico (Albuquerque).

He was elected Superintendent of Schools in Washington County in 1914, and served one year along with his teaching duties at the St. George Stake Academy. He visited all schools in the county, traveling in a black-top buggy pulled by two small bay mares. During his term, schools in Utah were consolidated, which meant he had to choose between the position of superintendent and teacher. He chose to teach, and subsequently taught forty years -- thirty-nine years at Dixie College, a record yet to be matched by any Dixie College faculty member. He served as head of the English and Modern Languages Department, and was Director of the Division of Humanities. He taught English, German and Spanish, working intimately as a teacher and in extra-curricular activities, forming lifelong friendships.

Mr. Hafen has served as a bishop, member of a bishopric, superintendent of religion classes, member of the St. George Stake High Council, and is presently serving as St. George Stake Patriarch. He has been a correspondent for the Deseret News, has written numerous articles for local and state publications as well as the life stories of his parents and his wife's parents, and has published three books: 'Beneath Vermillion Cliffs,' 'Dixie Folklore and Devoted Empire Builders' (Pioneers of St. George.)

Mr. Hafen was the winner of a song-writing contest to choose an official Dixie College song. It was published in 1924 and remains the official song, bringing a lump to the throat of each graduate who returns to Dixie to hear its rousing introduction and nostalgic melody.

Mr. Hafen married his devoted companion, Orilla Woods, on September 11, 1912. They became the parents of 14 children, 11 of whom are living. They also have 52 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren.

The children wrote tributes in honoring their parents' Golden Wedding Anniversary. One daughter wrote: "Beauty is the word I would like to use to describe our home. In our home there was spiritual beauty. Kindness was there, also good-humored tolerance of each other. It was a home made up of encouraging words, loving deeds, sympathy expressed, songs to make us feel light-hearted, free and glad to be a member of a family where all these linked together made a golden chain of beauty around our door."

With his pleasant manner, and his ability to work quietly under stress, Mr. Hafen has made a valuable contribution to this area. He is an honest and principled person with a high sense of integrity, and has always given of himself in a thoughtful genuine kind of selflessness, which is a mark of greatness.

Arthur Knight Hafen stands above most men because of his deep loyalty to family, friends and associates and because of his significant contribution of time and talent to his Church, his State and his Country.

This recognition is specifically for his many years of dedicated service to his native "Dixieland" and to Dixie College.

The administration, the faculty, and the students are honored to present to Arthur Knight Hafen this acknowledgment with affection and deep appreciation.

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Handwritten Memories of Orilla W. Hafen

(Given at her funeral 01/04/84 by Carma H. Staheli)

"Oh, I Had Such a Pretty Dream Mama", mother taught us that song when we were very young and I always imagined that I was that girl having that pretty dream and when I saw there a beautiful angel with crown all be spangled with dew, I always pictured mother as that beautiful angel who touched me and spoke and when I awoke how happy I was to find there dear mama t'was you. What pretty dreams and sweet memories we all will have to sustain us as we look back on the years we had with mother. When we learned that song we were small children sleeping in many beds in our big screened porch upstairs. Daddy was away to summer school, as he was many summers, getting his degrees so he could better provide for us. Mother was left with children, chores, and many things to do. I'm sure she was glad when night came and she could go to bed with her little brood all around her. She told us stories and sang songs and we would all sing. Many times she dozed off and we would awaken her to hear the end of the story. We had our prayers before going to bed on those summer nights. In the winter we said our prayers around the stove before running upstairs to cold bedrooms. Thus, some of our earliest memories of mother are teaching us to sing and to pray.

Mother was always there! I don't ever remember coming home when she wasn't there, except when she was over to Sister Haridance's with a new baby or sometimes she was in the hospital from surgery or illness. What tender loving care she gave us when we had childhood diseases, earaches, colds or little accidents. How welcome all of our friends were at our house. They could stay for meals or just have bread and jam or bread with cream and sugar on. We could play upstairs, down in the barn or wherever. Mother

was so kind and gracious to all of them and to everyone who came. Many people ate at our big dining room table with its clean white table cloth and plenty for all. People came to mother who needed a listening ear. She was never too busy to listen. These people knew that what they confided to her would go no further for she never betrayed a confidence. She loved everyone and had a genuine interest in their welfare. While she listened patiently to others problems, she never talked of her own. She was grief stricken and tried many times in her life. Losing her mother at age 15, losing 3 beautiful sons, losing daddy, her two beautiful sisters, her handsome brothers, a grandchild. She had other trials and tribulations and worries, but she never burdened anyone with her heartaches. She has always made time for friendship and visits, all found her gracious, kind, and smiling. Never finding fault or saying an unkind thing.

How many nights our mother stayed up late making costumes, ironing, mending, mixing bread so we could have hot biscuits for breakfast, and doing many other tasks. No matter how late she stayed up she was always the first one up in the morning. Memories of wash day are vivid. We would come home to a pot of beans and ham, baked potatoes and bottled fruit. For mom it wasn't quite that pleasant, she was keeping the fire going under the black tub, scrubbing on the board, boiling the clothes, and rinsing and bluing. Then finally hanging lines and lines full of clean white clothes – all hung according to size and length. Then came the ironing – baskets full of starched and sprinkled, mostly shirts. It's amazing how mom did all this work and found time for everyone, but even more amazing is that she never complained, never thought her lot was hard. I can truthfully say that I never ever heard my father and mother have an argument, a quarrel or cross words. They supported each other 100% in all they did. In all the

years daddy was at Dixie College mother was interested and took part in all the activities (except maybe sports). She loved the concerts, the musicals, the plays, she never missed an alumni banquet and she was active in the faculty ladies organization and since daddy's passing she has continued her love and loyalty to the school.

Mother has had many serious illnesses and surgeries in her life and we have come close to losing her a few times. But with her attitude and strong will she has come back. How thankful we are that she had been with us these many years. That we could have her companionship, her example and her influence. We are so grateful that our children and our grandchildren could enjoy her and love her and feel her love for them. They knew they were in their grandma Hafen's thoughts and prayers. They knew she was proud when they graduated from school. When they left for missions, when they had babies blessed and anything they did she was there to express her pride and her love. May I insert a little quote right here, "Nobody worries more than a mother, yet mother's live longer than anybody, why? Because as children grow up and mother grows older, she switches from worrying to praying and then she becomes indispensable and God lets her live longer. For God well knows that if there is anyone more precious than a mother who worries, it's a grandmother who prays. All through her life mother has relied on prayer. The blessing on the food has been very important to her. Even these past 12 years when she has been alone so much else had never failed to bless every need. Mother has never seemed lonely or depressed she has occupied her time reading and enjoying her family and friends. She read scriptures every day. She read many books and the newspapers. She was very alert and aware of what was going on in the world. One could have a good conversation with her. She had a sense of humor. She was a

good sport. We all liked to take her places because she enjoyed going and was happy around people. She loved people and people loved her. What a lovely memory we have of her 92nd birthday when we flew with her to Palm Springs where we joined Ada and Lenore for a wonderful weekend.

In the beginning I said some of the things I remembered was mother teaching us to sing and pray. And strangely enough some of the last days we spent with her she was reciting prayer songs and saying prayers. Many times we could hardly tell what she was saying, but we could get enough to know she was thankful for her blessings and asking Heavenly Father to watch over her family and praying that they would lead worthy and righteous lives. During those 3 weeks in bed she never complained although the pain was terrific. She never failed to thank us for trying to make her comfortable. Always saying, "Oh, you are all so good to me" or "I do appreciate all of you". We were more than happy to be with her and do what we could. Our brothers in law and our sisters in law were all so kind and good to her and she loved each one as she did her own children. Mother was kind, considerate, gracious and dignified up to her last breath. What a privilege and honor and a blessing to be born of such goodly parents. But what a challenge is ours to so conduct our lives that the example, the influence, the inspiration, the genuine love we have received will not have been in vain.

Don't Forget To Remember Memorial Day, May 25

BY LYMAN HAFEN

As a youngster I vaguely remember getting out of the car at the edge of the St. George Cemetery and scampering across the grass and through the headstones. It might have been Memorial Day. It might have been any other day. I remember it only as the day I came to know three uncles I never met.

I remember my dad's solemn face, and my mom's sincere concern that I not walk on the graves, but around them or between them. I was too young to distinguish where a grave might or might not be, and there were so many of them I couldn't help but trample most of them.

My eyes fixed on a small chalky headstone, a beautiful little yellow-white stone that was old and worn. Carved into the stone was the image of a peaceful lamb lying comfortably on a shelf. The lamb's nose had been bumped or chipped off. It was now a pug-nosed lamb.

My dad had gone first to another stone a few feet away. It was the grave marker of my Uncle Ken. He had been just a year older than Dad. They had grown up together in the same house. Dad's eyes misted as he told me how Uncle Ken had died when his car rolled over as he returned home from a dance in Veyo on a hot July night in 1956. He was 25, single, handsome, in the prime of his life—and ready to return to the university for his last year before graduation.

Dad wandered off and looked at other monuments. I stayed close to the small white stone with its peaceful little lamb. Later, when Dad came back, I said, "What about this one?"

Dad stopped and studied the stone for a long while. There was writing on both sides of the stone. "They were my brothers, too," he said. "But I never knew them."

On the side of the stone opposite the lamb was the name Linford, with the dates December 6, 1925, and March 1, 1926. "He was just a baby," Dad said, "born seven years before I was. He was only three months old when he suddenly took sick. He was gone in only a few hours. They called it quick pneumonia. The doctor was out of town and there was not much they could do to help him. The nurse came and gave what help she could. He died on his mother's lap."

And then Dad told me the story that went with the name engraved on the other side of the white stone, the side with the peaceful lamb on it. The little boy's name was Kay. He was the first born child of Grandma and Grandpa, my dad's oldest brother.

er. He was born on July 31, 1913, a bright and beautiful white-haired boy. He was five years old on that October day in 1918, when the big ore wagons passed the house on Tabernacle Street. Kay and his playmate Mac Morris climbed on the slow-moving tandem wagons as they rolled heavily by. Mahonri Snow was driving the outfit, a man always friendly and patient with Grandma's children. The boys rode the wagon until it reached Fourth East, then Mac got off to go home. Kay tried to follow, but tripped and fell between the two wagons. His bright short life ended suddenly there on the street and he was laid to rest just a few blocks away in the cemetery where nearly 50 years later I learned of him.

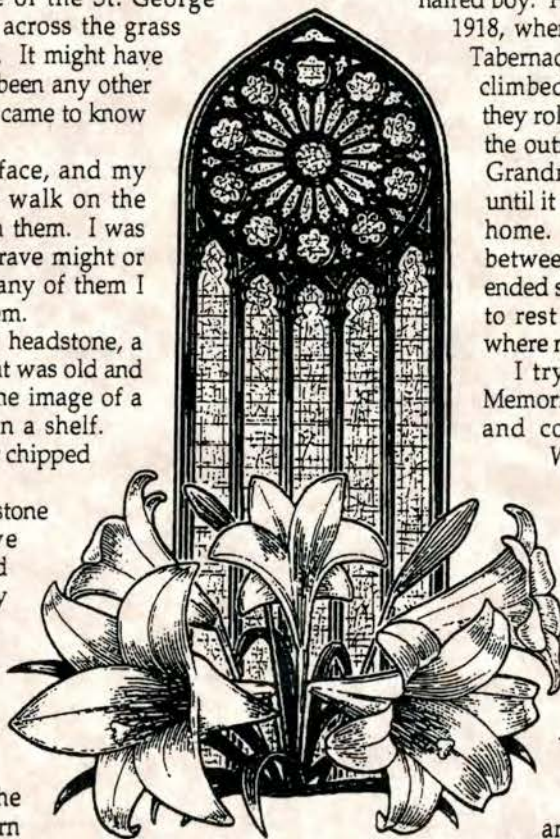
I try to return to that place every year on Memorial Day, as well as to graves of loved ones and cousins and ancestors in Santa Clara, Washington, and on some years, a remote little hillside cemetery in Clover Valley, Nevada.

Sometimes, when I can convince myself that I have an extra minute, I stop at a cemetery and get out and walk for a while. Our lives are fast-paced, and death in our time is a thing quite removed from every-day reality. Though it may seem morbid to some, I can't help but think that we would all benefit from more time wandering in cemeteries. Whether friends or relatives are buried there or not, a cemetery is a place

where you can retreat and touch mortality as you read the names and dates and come to grips with what a short time it is we are all here—date to date, and this life is over.

Each year Memorial Day, conveniently placed on Monday like most of our other national holidays, becomes less and less a day of remembering our dead, and more and more a day of celebrating life. There's certainly nothing wrong with celebrating life. The first free Monday of summer is always ideal for the lake or the park or the mountains. I would not discourage anyone from enjoying such a day to the fullest. But I would hope that where ever we go, or what ever we do on Memorial Day this year, we at least spend a moment remembering those who have gone before—ancestors and friends and those who fought in wars. They all, in one way or another, contributed to the quality of life we enjoy today. And if you can work it in—even if it's only for a few minutes—stop off at a cemetery and take a look around. You'll be surprised what you will learn there.

For there is much to learn in cemeteries. Much more than names and dates. As my father taught me that day many years ago when I was a youngster, beneath every stone lies a story. ♦



Don't Forget To Remember Memorial Day, May 25

BY LYMAN HAFEN

As a youngster I vaguely remember getting out of the car at the edge of the St. George Cemetery and scampering across the grass and through the headstones. It might have been Memorial Day. It might have been any other day. I remember it only as the day I came to know three uncles I never met.

I remember my dad's solemn face, and my mom's sincere concern that I not walk on the graves, but around them or between them. I was too young to distinguish where a grave might or might not be, and there were so many of them I couldn't help but trample most of them.

My eyes fixed on a small chalky headstone, a beautiful little yellow-white stone that was old and worn. Carved into the stone was the image of a peaceful lamb lying comfortably on a shelf. The lamb's nose had been bumped or chipped off. It was now a pug-nosed lamb.

My dad had gone first to another stone a few feet away. It was the grave marker of my Uncle Ken. He had been just a year older than Dad. They had grown up together in the same house. Dad's eyes misted as he told me how Uncle Ken had died when his car rolled over as he returned home from a dance in Veyo on a hot July night in 1956. He was 25, single, handsome, in the prime of his life—and ready to return to the university for his last year before graduation.

Dad wandered off and looked at other monuments. I stayed close to the small white stone with its peaceful little lamb. Later, when Dad came back, I said, "What about this one?"

Dad stopped and studied the stone for a long while. There was writing on both sides of the stone. "They were my brothers, too," he said. "But I never knew them."

On the side of the stone opposite the lamb was the name Linford, with the dates December 6, 1925, and March 1, 1926. "He was just a baby," Dad said, "born seven years before I was. He was only three months old when he suddenly took sick. He was gone in only a few hours. They called it quick pneumonia. The doctor was out of town and there was not much they could do to help him. The nurse came and gave what help she could. He died on his mother's lap."

And then Dad told me the story that went with the name engraved on the other side of the white stone, the side with the peaceful lamb on it. The little boy's name was Kay. He was the first born child of Grandma and Grandpa, my dad's oldest broth-

er. He was born on July 31, 1913, a bright and beautiful white-haired boy. He was five years old on that October day in 1918, when the big ore wagons passed the house on Tabernacle Street. Kay and his playmate Mac Morris climbed on the slow-moving tandem wagons as they rolled heavily by. Mahonri Snow was driving the outfit, a man always friendly and patient with Grandma's children. The boys rode the wagon until it reached Fourth East, then Mac got off to go home. Kay tried to follow, but tripped and fell between the two wagons. His bright short life ended suddenly there on the street and he was laid to rest just a few blocks away in the cemetery where nearly 50 years later I learned of him.

I try to return to that place every year on Memorial Day, as well as to graves of loved ones and cousins and ancestors in Santa Clara, Washington, and on some years, a remote little hillside cemetery in Clover Valley, Nevada.

Sometimes, when I can convince myself that I have an extra minute, I stop at a cemetery and get out and walk for a while. Our lives are fast-paced, and death in our time is a thing quite removed from every-day reality. Though it may seem morbid to some, I can't help but think that we would all benefit from more time wandering in cemeteries. Whether friends or relatives are buried there or not, a cemetery is a place

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35

Patriarch's Certificate of Ordination



To Whom it May Concern:---

We, the Undersigned, hereby Certify that

on the Nineteenth day of March 19 44

ARTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN

was duly Ordained a **PATRIARCH** by

Stephen L. Richards and sustained to officiate

in the Saint George Stake of Zion,

in conformity with the Rites, Regulations and Discipline of the Church
of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In Testimony Whereof we hereby subscribe our names

Heber J. Grant
Ruben C. Cook
David O. McKay

First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints

Arthur Knight Hafen

Jan. 14, 1888 - Nov. 15, 1971

Funeral services will be held Thursday, November 18, at 2 p.m. in the St. George Stake Tabernacle for Arthur Knight Hafen who died Monday, Nov. 15 in the Dixie Hospital of complications following a stroke.

He was born Jan. 14, 1888 in Santa Clara, Utah to John and Lenora Knight Hafen. He married Orilla Woods in the St. George Temple Sept. 11, 1912.

Mr. Hafen began teaching at Dixie College in Sept. 1912 and continued until June 1951. He graduated from Branch Normal School in Cedar City in 1907 and later received his AB and Masters degree from the BYU. He also attended school at Berkeley, Calif. and UCLA.

He has been a resident of St. George for 58 years. He was active in church and civic affairs. Was bishop of St. George East Stake for eight years and served on the High Council from 1941 to 1944 when he was ordained to the office of Stake Patriarch. An active member of Dixie Chapter of Sons of Utah Pioneers serving as President and for many years its historian. He has been a member of the Rotary Club and was the editor of "Roto-View." For several years he was secretary for the Washington Field and Price Bench Canal Companies. Also was a correspondent for the Deseret News.

Arthur K. Hafen wrote many biographies and histories and was instrumental in organizing families and doing genealogical work. He is the author of three books: "Dixie Folklore," "Beneath Vermillion Cliffs," and "Devoted Empire Builders."

While teaching at Dixie College he wrote the school song which is still sung with spirit and thrill that he gave it when he wrote it.



Survivors include his widow and eleven children: Mrs. W.W. Staheli (Carma), Washington; Ferrill, Mrs. Phil Squire (Ruth), Eldon, Mrs. Parley Harris (Erma), and Kelton, all of St. George; Mrs. McKay Neilson (Ada), Arcadia, Calif.; Herschel, Henderson, Nev.; Harold, Roy, Utah; Mrs. Ray Hobbs (Lenore), Fullerton, Calif.; Don, Huntington Beach, Calif.; three brothers, Guy, St. George; Max, Mesquite, Nev.; and Ballard, Santa Clara. Three sisters, Lucille Stevens and Merla Stephenson, Holden, Utah, and Geraldine Stirling, Leeds. Fifty-one grandchildren and 29 great grandchildren.

Viewing will be at the Spilsbury Funeral Home Wednesday evening from 7-9 p.m. and Thursday from 12 noon until time of services.

In lieu of flowers the family suggests that contributions be made (payable to Bishop Eldon Hafen) to the new Washington County Hospital fund.

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Orilla Tinerva Woods Hafen

Oct. 13, 1891 - Dec. 31, 1983

Orilla M. Woods Hafen, 92, died December 31, 1983 in the Dixie Medical Center of natural causes. She was born October 13, 1891 in Clover Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada to Lamond C. and Elizabeth Terry Woods. She married Arthur Knight Hafen on September 11, 1912 in the St. George LDS Temple. He died November 15, 1971.

Mrs. Hafen was reared in Clover Valley. Her mother died when Orilla was 15 years old, so she stayed in the valley until she attended the BYU in 1910. She married A.K. Hafen in 1912 and has resided in the St. George area ever since.

Mrs. Hafen was an active member of the LDS Church serving in many positions. She was a past Primary teacher, past Primary Ward and Stake President and received a pin for 45 years of service. She studied the Scriptures and attended her meetings regularly until the time of her passing. She was a past Orchid Lady of the St. George Literary Club. She loved the people of St. George and supported them often at weddings, funerals, educational functions, politics and church activities. She was a charter member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and served as a guide at the McQuarrie Museum up until a short time ago. She loved her husband, family and church and spent her life in their service.

Survivors: Six sons, five daughters: Mrs. W.W. Staheli (Carma), Herschel, both Washington City, Utah; Ferrell, Mrs. Phil Squire (Ruth), Eldon, Mrs. Parley Harris (Erma), and Kelton, all of St. George; Mrs. McKay Neilson (Ada), Arcadia, Calif.; Harold, Hooper, Utah; Mrs. Ray Hobbs (Lenore), Fullerton, Calif.; Donald, Pearl City, Hawaii. 52 grandchildren, 120 great grandchildren, 2 great, great-grandchildren; one brother, Richard L. Woods, Las Vegas, Nevada. Three children preceded her in death: Kay W., Linford, and Kenneth.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday, January 4, 1984 in the St. George East Stake Center. Interment was in the St. George City Cemetery, under the direction of the Spilsbury and Graff Mortuary. The family suggests contributions to the Dixie College Scholarship Fund.

*In Loving Memory
of
Arthur Knight Hafen*

Jan. 14, 1888

Nov. 15, 1971

SERVICES:

Thursday, November 18, 1971
At 2:00 P. M.

St. George Stake Tabernacle
Flowers: 8th Ward Flower Committee

PALLBEARERS: Grandsons

Franklin H. Staheli, Dennis A. Hafen
Richard M. Neilson, H. Lowell Hafen
L. Lamond Syphus, Gary Don Hafen

HONORARY PALLBEARERS:

George Staheli
Stanley Staheli, Ralph Staheli
Dale Hafen, Andrew Hafen
Sydney Hafen, Conrad Hafen
Jan Squire, Brent Hafen
Michael Syphus, Lyman Hafen
St. George 8th Ward High Priests
St. George Rotary Club

Burial: St. George Cemetery

Under Direction of
SPILSBURY & GRAFF MORTUARY

SERVICES

Family PrayerMax Hafen
Prelude & PostludeDoris Hutchings
ConductingBp. Johnson
Violin SoloIrene Everett
"Airoso" by Bach
Accompanist, Mary Jane Fawson
Opening PrayerRalph A. Brown
SpeakerGlenn E. Snow
Musical NumberDuet
"My Faith In Thee"
Norlene Stephens, Marie Jensen
Accompanist, Darlene Neilson
AppreciationGuy Hafen
Musical NumberTrio
"Melody Of Love"
Merle McArthur, Maxine Winmill
Marie Garrick
Accompanist, Birdie Cooper
"In Tribute"Bruce Hafen
Vocal SoloPearl McAllister
"Beyond The Sunset"
Accompanist, Ann Pace
BenedictionPatriarch W. J. Reichmann
DedicationArthur Cottam

Last Rites Planned For Arthur K. Hafen

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ARTHUR K. HAFEN

News.

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Points of Interest

By A. K. HAFEN
**THE TOWN CLOCK
IN THE TABERNACLE TOWER**

The name may seem obsolete, and well it might, for other means of determining accurate uniform time have been provided.

To many the name has connotative meaning for life's activities were governed by the clock. By it, public meetings began and ended; by it school was begun and closed; by it, people died and babies were born; lovers made their vows and were married by it; water turns in the gardens and on the farms were determined by it. Before its installation sun time was used, and no uniformity existed. Murmurs, bickerings, and ill will were generated. Now the morale of the people was raised as these unpleasanties were removed.

It was a close companion of the bell—one was not without the other. The bell gave the clock its striking power. An anvil controlled by the clock struck the bell and its tones could be heard throughout the valley. It struck the first time May 12, 1873 at 10 o'clock. It is not striking now, but the clock ticks away the time as it has done during the past ninety years. The clock was shipped from London to New York, then to Cape Wilmington, Calif. where it was loaded on a wagon and brought by team across the desert to St. George.

The clock works as the cuckoo clock does. The mechanism is interesting. It consists of a massive pendulum and huge weights on large cables suspended from two spools. When wound one weight almost touches the floor, and the other rests near the spool. It runs down (weights shift places) each week. Large wheels revolve to tick the time. The clock is housed in an oblong steel frame. The hands on the four faces of the clock are controlled by a mandrel gear mechanism attached. Four shafts in opposite directions go to the face of the clock. Besides the anvil to control the striking of the clock, there is another anvil on the other side used to ring the bell in case of fire.

As a memorial to her husband, Mrs. Seth Pymm contributed a sum to keep perpetual lights on the four faces of the clock.

When the cooling system was installed in the building the striking of the clock was affected, as it "ran down" much faster.

Professor, Churchman Dies At 83

ST. GEORGE — Arthur Knight Hafen, 83, Church worker and college profes-



Mr.
Hafen

sor, died Nov. 15, 1971 in a local hospital of complications following a stroke.

Mr. Hafen served as bishop of the St. George East Ward for eight years and a member of the Stake High Council from 1941 to 1944. In 1944 he was ordained stake patriarch.

He graduated from BYU in 1908 and then served as principal of the Santa Clara Schools. In 1912 he received his A.B. degree from BYU and started teaching at the St. George Stake Academy and continued to teach in the school later called Dixie College until 1951.

He was director of the Division of Humanities and head of the English and Modern Language Department. He taught English, German and Spanish. In 1926 he received his M.A. degree from BYU. He also attended school in Berkeley, Calif. and UCLA.

ROTO-VUE EDITOR

Mr. Hafen was a member of the Dixie chapter of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, a member of the St. George Rotary Club and was editor of the Dixie Roto-vue.

For several years he was secretary of the Washington Field Canal Company and Price Bench Canal Company. He was a correspondent to the Deseret News.

He served as city councilman, and director in the local Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Hafen wrote many biographies and histories and was instrumental in organizing families and doing genealogical work. He is the author of three books, "Dixie Folklore," "Beneath Vermillion Cliffs," and "Devoted Empire Builders." While teaching at Dixie College he wrote the school song.

COUNTY NATIVE

A native of Santa Clara, Washington County, he was born Jan. 14, 1888, a son of John and Lenora Knight Hafen. He married Orilla M. Woods on Sept. 11, 1912 in the St. George Temple.

Survivors include his widow; five daughters and six sons, Mrs. W. W. (Carma) Staheli, Washing-

ton, Washington County; Ferrel, Mrs. Phil (Ruth) Squire, Eldon, Mrs. Parley (Eram) Harris, Kelton, all of St. George; Mrs. McKay (Ada) Neilson, Arcadia, Calif.; Herschel, Henderson, Nev.; Mrs. Ray (Lenore) Hobbs, Fullerton, Calif.; Harold, Roy; Donald, Huntington Beach, Calif.; 51 grandchildren; 29 great-grandchildren; and three brothers and three sisters, Guy, St. George; Mrs. Mesquite, Nev.; Ballard, Santa Clara; Lucille Stevens, Merla Stephenson, both Holden, Millard County; Geraldine Stirling, Leeds, Washington County.

Funeral services will be held Thursday at 2 p.m. in the St. George Stake Tabernacle. Friends call Wednesday from 6 to 8 p.m. and Thursday two hours before services at Spilsbury and Graff Funeral Home in St. George.

The family suggests contributions to the new Washington County Hospital Fund, payable to Bishop Eldon Hafen.



Funeral Services for

ARTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN

November 18, 1971

ARTHUR KNIGHT HAFEN

Ralph A. Brown

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. We, Thy humble children, have assembled ourselves here together this afternoon in this historic building to pay our last earthly respects to our dear brother whom Thou hast seen fit to call home.

Father, at this time we pray that Thou wilt let Thy holy spirit rest down upon this family who have been bereaved of their father and husband. We ask Thee to bless them with Thy spirit. Comfort their hearts, Father in Heaven, that all of them might realize that this is part of the great plan of our exaltation.

We ask Thee that Thou wilt bless all those who will be called upon to take part in this service this afternoon, those who will speak and those who will sing. Wilt Thou bless them with the inspiration of Thy spirit, that we might all be drawn near unto Thee, that we might enjoy Thy spirit, that this might not be a cause of mourning this day, because we know that this, our brother, is ready to come to Thee.

We ask Thee to be with us while we further wait before Thee, and we do it all in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Glenn E. Snow

My dear brothers and sisters, I am grateful for this opportunity to speak at the service of Arthur Knight Hafen. It is an emotion charged experience for me; we have been close together for many years. In every major crisis in our family since I can remember he has been with us. The night of the explosion, when I came here, and we lost our mother, and our sister was injured nigh unto death, and he administered to her at that time. He has been our ward teacher; he has been our bishop; he's been our patriarch. He was a member of the faculty when I first started to school here, and later on when I came down to teach. These experiences are close. They are intimate, and they represent to me, as they do to many of you, the service this good man has rendered.

We are grateful for his life, for his good wife, and for her help to us, and for their sons and daughters.

Arthur Knight Hafen was born January 14, 1888, to John and Lenora Knight Hafen. In 1912 he made his great accession--he married Orilla Woods. He graduated that year from the BYU. From that union there

have come 14 children; 11 of them are here today that survive. They were a faithful and loving set of parents to this family, to the boys and girls, and they have been responsive in their love and in following the example that their parents have made. We do honor to them, as they are the children of this magnificent couple. They have 51 grandchildren and 29 greatgrandchildren. What a glorious thing to leave so many on this side and still have ties on the other side. We are grateful for that.

He graduated from the BYU in 1912 and took his Master's in 1926, and attended Berkeley and UCLA. He taught English and German and Spanish here. I have one of the things that I remember in his class. He tried to get us to memorize these things. It is difficult to do, and I can't memorize them even today. But it seems to me that this is significant of the pattern that he taught us a good many times. He was asking us to reach out and do things that were difficult to do--not easy. He tried to inspire us. I remember the books we read. He opened a whole new field of literature to some of us who read very little before that time. This is one that he tried to get us to learn then which seems particularly fitting now.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, but we build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, and we mount its summit round by round.
I count this thing to the grand be true, that a noble deed is a step toward God, lifting the soul from the common sod to purer air and a broader view.

We didn't get the significance of these things at that time. We are only now beginning to understand what they meant. And he had Thanatopsis.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Arthur seldom came to meetings in my memory when he did not bring something of this kind to inspire us, and we are grateful for that kind of thing.

He was active with the students a good many times. He was a teacher to them. It was my privilege to have taught with him, too, at a time in Dixie's history when things were difficult, toward the end of the Depression, when the teachers taught heavy loads for little compensation. He and a

number of other grand people were here to carry on the traditions of this school. And I speak of these faculty members and the members of the Board, Brother Bentley and Brother Hafen, Brother Matthew Bentley; these people raised the funds to conduct the school when times were rough, when every dollar meant a great deal, when everybody was called upon to make sacrifices, and when everybody seemed to accept it with a special enthusiasm. And I have never had an experience that I feel is richer in my life than the time we had when we were trying to keep the school going. And it was worthwhile! He wrote the words to the Dixie song, "We Love Thee, Our Dixie School." As teachers it seemed to me that we were particularly close. Our faculty was small; everybody was overloaded. The students who came from the surrounding areas brought their fees in kind. We had very little money to operate on then, but things came good. These things we were able to live with. And I felt to treasure our experiences in these few years. During that time we were able to qualify for some school support from the State. The first appropriations were small. There are few of us left. I see H. L. here in the audience, and there are others, but a number of them are gone. We were associated with him in this capacity.

He joined a number of the activities that we have had here. I went East, and when I came back it seemed there was no great break in our experience together. I was a member of the Rotary then, and he, too. And he was editor of the Roto-Vue, and we had a good many common and enjoyable experiences in that capacity. And then he was with the Sons of the Pioneers, and with the Historical Society. He was quite a man to keep busy all the time.

I remember that he was accurate in his histories. He and Karl Larson looked up the dates on this tabernacle, and they corrected the mistake that had been made in the dedication and in the building of the school itself. But he was careful.

I want to call your special attention to those who have done something with the records of this country. So many of us forget the kind of sacrifice and the kind of forebears we had, and fail to remember the obligation we owe to them, and our obligation, too, to our children to let them know what kind of service was given to them by their parents.

Each summer we came back to find him engaged in some new business. Particularly I am reminded that he was, when the boys became old enough to embark on some business venture of their own, willing to become their partner. This was a grand thing to do, and they made a success of it, and he stayed with them as long as he felt he could to help them carry that program on.

He could put his hands into the walks of life in many different sectors and contribute to the people with whom he associated, not only with his sons, but with all of us who were associated with him in these

fraternal organizations and particularly in the Church. He lived near the hospital for many, many years, and he came--I think he was the number one man to call when they needed somebody to come to administer to those who were sorely ill. And this whole community, and more, were obligated to him for the kind services he rendered in that respect.

He was with us in our deaths. I can remember as a younger man when they lost their boy Kay. He was a happy, active little fellow, and one day he came out and climbed on a hayrack in front of their place and had gone only a few yards when he fell off and was killed. This was a great loss to him and his good wife, but they were calm, so far as I could tell. Their faith was equal to this kind of a calamity. The children, most of them, were tiny, but they remember with reverence this little lad and with love for their father and mother, the way he was held in their family, and they themselves have contributed a number of things to help them.

It was my duty--and a painful duty it was--to help bring Harold to their home with a broken neck one day. He had been on football and we had a terrible accident. We didn't know quite how to protect him. But we took him home, and he lay straight out for a long time. The care and the love of his father and mother, and the consideration his brothers and sisters gave him, were enough to help him regain his health, and he was saved. It was my experience, too, while I was here, to be on hand when Kenneth was killed between here and Dameron Valley.

I think these experiences in the lives of Brother and Sister Hafen tied them to the eternities. I think as they have gone in sorrow to care for their children they have been able to welcome the opportunities when suffering is more severe than death itself.

We have watched Brother Hafen the last few days since his stroke. There was very little that could be done. But his family became reconciled to his passing because his life was burdensome to him. Those who follow such sorrowful paths come to feel at home in such a circumstance and to recognize that those who go on to the other side are with each other. I am reminded now that quite a number of this family, brothers and sisters, and others, are there to welcome him; and I am reminded, too, that hardly any comfort can be more satisfactory than to know that when our time comes we may go, too, and be welcomed. These go to the roots of our religious belief. We know that those who are left here will remember with loving remembrance and reverence the kind of satisfactions that they have had here, their quiet strength, and their faith, and their willingness to do whatever they could for each other, and for those with whom they lived.

I have seen A. K. come to the Post Office early in the morning. He carried his own assignments with him, and he carried them as if he were going to school. He picked up his mail and walked back home, then walked over here to the Tabernacle to do his studying. And he studied in the

little office just as you come into the Tabernacle. And I met with him there a number of times, particularly when he was working on some of the publications he had. I remember especially one which I was here to witness was his work in cataloging the names out to the cemetery. I'm surprised that nobody had ever done this kind of thing before. It is not a spectacular work, but it is the kind of thing that we as a community ought to have done years ago, to know who there are that are interred in our city of the dead, for we couldn't find them sometimes. Our proper remembrance was not with us to give proper recognition to those who had gone before and who built the foundations and the establishments in which we lived.

He wrote three publications, "Dixie Folklore," "Beneath Vermillion Cliffs," and "Devoted Empire Builders." He encouraged Albert E. Miller; he encouraged Karl Larson; he encouraged all the writers who have worked on the history here because he took an active part in it himself and he wanted our people to know what had been done here as a basis for the lives that we have now. I'm grateful that he has been able to do this kind of thing. He was grateful. He and his good wife have had spells of poor health from time to time. It has been an inspiration to go to their home to see each one of them tending to the other when his turn came. And I know that she and her children will never find difficulty in remembering him and welcoming the time when they have to go to see him when their time is up here and their earthly miseries and troubles are more than they can bear. We are then prepared, I am sure, to make such a step as this kind of experience teaches us to do.

I wanted to call your attention to some of the things that he always had done. He was active in the faculty, of course, and active here in the community. He had a special love for the people of Santa Clara. He wanted to see that they themselves got recognition where recognition was due, and he helped to see that they did get it, but not only they, but those with whom he worked. I know of his work, too, because he was closely associated with my aunt who was a teacher here, and we know something of the history that they had attended together, and she herself left the country partly because she didn't feel that she could be in harmony with some of the things that were going forward here. But when she came back he was with us to welcome her. She stayed with us for just a few months and she passed on, and again he was one of our comforters.

And I wanted to read something which seemed to me appropriate if I can put my hands on it. I think he taught us these things as if they were just common truths, which they should be for us, but which sometimes we overlook. I think he remembers this as the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the first and the great commandment. And the second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I don't remember within my lifetime of anybody who made these things seem to come to life in appropriate situations more forcefully than he did. And I am reading to you from the beattitudes.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

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

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

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

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

This was like a superior decalogue to him, and though he didn't parade all these things, we knew what they meant in his life and in our own.

And I should like to close with the Lord's prayer, and before I do I want to ask our Father in Heaven to bless you, and all of us who remember with love and thanksgiving the kind of people who have served us throughout our lives.

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our sins, for we also forgive everyone that is indebted to us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the power and the glory forever. Amen.

I ask God's blessings to be upon Brother Hafen's good wife, that she may take joy in the experiences that they have had together, that she may welcome the many attentions which her children and grandchildren are able to give her, that when her time comes she may leave us, and go to a happier ground, and that she may recognize this from this time on, and that all of us may be thankful for such blessings, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Norlene Stephens, Marie Jensen

My Faith In Thee

What though the sky be dark and drear,
Though this heart of mine is sad,
Have I not faith to trust in Thee,
Thy love to make me glad,
What though unrest be in my soul
I know that Thou art near;
Thou promised Thou would'st watch o'er me,
What then have I to fear?

My faith in Thee--My faith in Thee
Shall never change, No matter what betide,
'Tis like a star--In Heav'n above
To ease my pain, My steps to guide,
When heartaches come, When hope is dimmed,
When clouds appear and dreary is my day
I know with me, Thy love wilt be
My faith in Thee, Shall last away.

When comes temptation in my path,
When mistakes I find are mine,
On bended knee I'll come to Thee,
The pow'r to guide is Thine,
When sorrows bow my head I know,
A comfort Thou wilt lend,
My faith is all in all to me,
'Twill last until the end!

Guy Hafen

I want to thank Aunt Orilla and the family for giving me the opportunity of saying a few words by way of appreciation and thanks to my Father in Heaven for having had the brotherly love of one of God's noble men, and for the association over the past fourscore years of one of the grandest men that I have ever known, and then, too, of this continuing love with the family. I pray that I may be able to fill this assignment.

Arthur Knight Hafen was born, not in a hospital, on January 14, 1888, in Santa Clara to John and Lenora Knight Hafen, the eldest in a family of 8, of whom only Max and I remain of the first family. Our mother, Lenora Knight, was the daughter of Samuel Knight, one of the early pioneers in the Clarie Fort Mission, even before St. George and Santa Clara were settled. Samuel Knight's wife was Caroline Beck Knight. Samuel Knight was the son of Newell Knight, and Newell Knight was the son of Joseph Knight. Our records say that Newell Knight and his wife were married by the Prophet Joseph Smith and that was the first marriage ceremony that he performed. Our records also say that Joseph Smith borrowed the horse and buggy of Joseph Knight when he went to get the gold plates.

Our father, John Hafen, was the eldest son of John G. and Suzette Bossard Hafen. This couple was married in the Salt Lake Endowment House, 1861, and came down with the Swiss colony to make their home in Santa Clara. Grandpa also married three other wives by whom in each case families were raised. There's a great deal that might be said by way of genealogy, but I want to talk about my brother.

Our mother died in 1913. In 1917 father married Ida Gubler. To them were born two children, Lucille and Ballard. Ida died in 1922, and then her sister, RoseAnn, became father's third wife, and to them were born the two girls Merla and Geraldine.

Arthur married Minerva Orilla Woods, daughter of Lamond C. and Elizabeth Terry Woods of Clover Valley, or Barclay, whichever you want to call it, in Nevada. This was September 11, 1912. Nine sons and five daughters were born to this union. Eleven of these with their families are here today. I think providence must have had something to do with bringing together this wonderful couple. The psalmist asks, "What is man that thou were mindful of him? Thou hast created him a little lower than the angels." This might be true, but in my book Aunt Orilla is on par with the angels. I think she has never had an unkind thought.

If I dared take the liberty that J. Golden Kimball used to take I might take time out to swear a little before I collect my thoughts to continue, but I suppose I am probably not entitled to that liberty.

Uncle Arthur has written in the Hafen book. You know, being the eldest son of John and Lenora Knight Hafen, and the eldest grandson of John G. and Suzzette Bossard Hafen, Arthur felt like he exercised the right of primogeniture during his boyhood, as I am sure my brother Guy would attest. Well, I looked up the meaning of that word, and I say I concede to you, Arthur, that you are a little older, but I have never conceded that you could lick me. We tried out plenty of times as kids because we just never could determine who was the champion--we had to try and try again. I wonder how my mother ever put up with us. When I felt that Arthur was getting a little the best of the deal I would often call out to Ma. I never dared call out to Pa because I was afraid he would stop the contest a little too abruptly. But in more recent years I have told Arthur that if I had known then that he was going to be such a prominent character I might have been a little more lenient with him.

And now, as I look over the years, there have been periods of sorrow and disappointment and discouragement, but it was always a period of brotherly love. And where love is, there God is, also. Over these past 80 years I look back with pleasant memories, not on bickerings and contentions, but all through these years a period of brotherly love.

After Arthur and Orilla got married they made their home here in St. George. A few years later when Althea and I got married we also made our home here, not very far from Uncle Arthur and Aunt Orilla. And so our families have grown in love and appreciation of each other. Many times we've spent our Thanksgivings and our birthdays together.

One day our daughter Valrea came home from school a little late and her mother said to her, "Daughter, how is it that you're coming home from school so late?" "Well," she said, "I was coming home but my eyes

just went shut and" (I always cry when I refer to this. I don't know why. Doctors can give pills for almost anything nowadays; I don't know why they couldn't give a pill to a person so he could talk when he's supposed to.) Mother said to Valrea, "Why are you coming home so late?" "Well, I was coming, but my eyes just went shut and I went right over to Erma's." She knew that her mother couldn't fault her very much for going home to Uncle Arthur's and Aunt Orilla's.

After Christ was crucified many of His apostles went back to their fishing vocation. They were fishing on one occasion when Jesus appeared on the shore. It was the third time that He had appeared after His resurrection. The apostles recognized Him. And he visited with them. And then He said to Peter, "Peter, lovest thou me?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee." Then again He said, "Peter, lovest thou me?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee." A third time Jesus asked, "Peter, lovest thou me?" Peter was getting a little perturbed by this time. "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee." And Jesus said, "Feed my sheep."

It seems to me that Jesus was plainly saying at this time, "If you love me, prove it. I don't want just words. I want action. If you love me, go out and give service to your fellow men and lose yourself in the service of your fellow men."

My brother spent a life of service to his fellow men. He devoted his entire life. He raised a large family. He was a father, a teacher, poet, historian, author of three books on our local area. He, and his wife who was always by his side supporting him, set aside time for visiting friends, as well as calling upon the sick and the lame, and always showing a concern for other people.

Love is rather an abstract term. It is hard to define the word "Love," but when you see love in action you know what love is. About a week before Uncle Arthur was consigned to the hospital his wife had a birthday. The children all came home, and they went up to Pine Valley for an outing. An observer there remarked about the large family and the unity that there seemed to be amongst all of them. She said, "Why, they all speak to each other." As if that were something unusual.

After coming home from Pine Valley they met at home and this gave Uncle Arthur a chance to say something to his family that he had wanted to say. It reminds me of the patriarchs of old that called their families together and gave them a final blessing.

During the past three weeks while Uncle Arthur has been consigned to the hospital some member of the family has been there at his bedside every hour. The children and the in-laws, just as well, and the grandchildren, and his dear wife--you could hardly get her away from the hospital. When you see this sort of thing, you know what love is.

As we sat in the hospital listening to that continued labored breathing, the stillness was broken by the cry of the newborn babies just across the hall, and it reminded me of some of the things that Uncle Arthur had so often said. Death is a part of life. It is only one step in the eternal progression of life's plan. And he talked on many funeral occasions giving people encouragement and hope of the resurrection and the things that they might look forward to in the continuing life. He said, "death and the resurrection are no more a miracle than birth." So now I think I speak the sentiments of the entire family, for I think I know their attitude, in the sentiments of this prayer. Dear Lord, Thy will be done. We have no regrets; we have no fears; we have no bitterness, nor resentment in our hearts. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Merle McArthur, Maxine Winmill, Marie Garrick

Melody of Love

Why do I love you?

I love you, not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.

I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself, but what you are making of me.

I love you for the part of me that you bring out;

I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish, weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there, and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.

I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life not a tavern but a temple; out of the works of my every day not a reproach but a song.

I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me good, and more than any fate could have done to make me happy.

You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.

You have done it by being yourself. Perhaps, after all, that is what love means.

Hold me in your arms, dear, dream with me;
Cradled by your kisses tenderly;
While a choir of angels from above
Sings our melody of love.

Heart to heart forever, lips entwine;
I am yours and you are mine, all mine;
Heaven wrote the music up above,
For our melody of love.

Bruce C. Hafen

With all of you, my brothers and sisters, I am grateful to be here for these few moments of reflection about a man for whom each of us, whatever the source or the length of our contact with him, felt spontaneous love. I seek earnestly at this time for the inspiration of that Holy Spirit he came so well to know in order to capture a few impressions about his life that may bring to his family and to all of us something of the comfort and the conviction he so constantly brought to all who knew him.

The late Richard L. Evans, whose personal qualities were so much like those of Uncle Arthur, once said on the passing of a lifetime friend, "Some things become so constant that they are all the more missed--like a great tree whose sight and shade have been there longer than we can recall, or like a beloved song that we no longer hear sung. Missing from among us today is a voice whose constancy we have long counted on, and the strong and kindly face of a princely friend."

I too have sensed that kind of loss and have come to appreciate somewhat the words of the poet: "We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love."

But then, can we ever understand death? It is never really expected, never truly welcome, perhaps in part because it is never fully understood. All I really know about it is the feeling I have had, as twice I have stood close to death's door and touched that hand I knew and loved so well for the last time. Never will I forget the image of seeing my father resting in his temple clothes in our home just before they closed the casket for the last time. I felt then and will carry with me always a deep peace and sense of assurance that in all this there was purpose and meaning; and that surely I would see that kindly smile and feel that gentle touch once more.

Not long ago I had the experience of rushing to the hospital at the request of a close friend to assist in the blessing of his mother who was dying of cancer. As I searched for her room on an upper floor of the hospital, I found myself quickly passing through the maternity ward just before emerging into the room where that sorrowing little family waited and watched. The contrast between this picture and the proud father looking through the glass window at his newborn little one in the room I had just left, struck me deeply as I thought how natural death is, how quickly life is over. I thought of the phrase I once had heard, "death is but an incident." True, it is a time of sorrow, especially for a family so close, for as the Lord said, "Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die." Yet also, in this case, it is a time of gladness, for the Lord also said, "and it shall come to pass that those that die in me shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them."

As I drove home this morning after a brief visit at the family home, where the spirit of peace I have always felt there seemed somehow even stronger, I thought that as Sister McKay so quickly followed our beloved Prophet a few months ago, it cannot be a long separation for a couple so much in love, so dependent upon one another. As Arthur himself lovingly quoted to his sweetheart a few days ago on the occasion of her eightieth birthday, "Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly; we ought to be together, you and I."

And so it is as our friend Nellie Gubler wrote one November day upon the passing of Arthur's father, "As the leaves are falling one by one, so are our pioneers." Yet in that same tender imagery, it has been said, "Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection . . . in every leaf in springtime."

Not many months ago, my wife and I and our little flock (we sometimes think four are a crowd - then we think of their fourteen!) paid another visit to Uncle Arthur and Aunt Orilla. How much we loved to see them there, together in their front room by the stove, their rocking chairs so close they almost touched each other. Early in our married life on one such visit before our little flock had begun, I asked him why they always had their chairs so close together as they read. With that ever present twinkle in his eye he replied, as if I should have known, "So that we can hold hands." That picture and its meaning will always be in our minds, as the kind of love we too would hope to have when finally the home is still and the evenings seem a little longer. We would one day hope truthfully to say as they did after 50 years of married life:

We've been more than wedded people,
Living hapless year by year
Bound together in a union
Of convention or of fear;
We've been partners, pals, and sweethearts,
And we're more in love today
Than we were so long ago
When we started out this way.

On that same trip to our dear Dixie land a few months ago, I experienced a kind of breakthrough in understanding about the meaning of family ties. We learned that trip of some quiet, personal incidents of courage and selflessness in the lives of other members of my father's family. My mother told us also, with misty eyes, of the little acts of kindness and expressions of concern that had continued to come to her from the Hafen family members, even after enough years had passed since my father's death that such acts might normally have been expected to be forgotten. I do not worry about the comfort her family will bring to Aunt Orilla after the crowds have gone, the months have passed, and the house seems so profoundly empty. For this is a family that understands the principle of loved ones caring for loved ones, expressed so simply by the Savior: "When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith

he to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." (John 19:26-27) Soon after hearing these stories of kindness, I spent several contrasting hours before we returned home, looking into the facts of a case I had been retained to handle for a man who was being sued at the law by his brother. I learned again in those few hours of another kind of family feeling, the same kind I had also felt in seeing the woman who was frantically trying to have a will prepared to be signed by her dying sister before a different will could be presented by a spiteful brother; the same tragic feeling I had in listening to the children on the witness stand try to comprehend the questions of a divorce court judge who was asking which parent the children wanted to live with and the children were answering, "but I love both my mommy and my dad;" the feeling I had in hearing of the wealthy woman whose attitude was shown at the funeral for her poverty-stricken sister when she refused the request of a sincere Bishop for enough money to buy a headstone with the words, "not for her!"

The contrast of these experiences at about the same time led me to ponder deeply and gratefully about the blessing of growing up among family and kinfolk who loved and shared and helped. I thought, too, of the severe tests of a person's self-control that come in the intense privacy of family relationships; of the idea that anyone can be polite to a stranger but that most of us save our selfish side for those who share our dinner table, our possessions, and our name. From Uncle Arthur and Aunt Orilla, I learned that the sounds of love don't just happen; you have to make them happen. And I sensed with great admiration that only those who can live the gospel in the conflicts and intimacies of family life can truly live the gospel. How often we hear it preached, but how rarely we see it practiced. Oh, what an example of the Christian life. He was, as a local doctor said recently, "the nearest to being a Saint of any man I ever knew."

He was also, from his own autobiography, "a teacher most of my life," of which Brother Snow has spoken so well. He was, in addition, a scholar, a writer, a fine Bishop, a community leader, a businessman and a genealogist, who knew of no lines or fences between life in the Church, life in business, or life at home. There was a unique sense of wholeness about his broad and lofty view of all of life's spiritual and temporal purposes; and a sense of the true perfectability of man about his ability through personal conduct to exemplify his philosophy.

He was, in the language of a tribute from friends at Dixie College, one who by his own enthusiasm cultivated in the hearts of his students a genuine appreciation for the beautiful. He knew and taught well of the abundance of life and said without reservation not long ago that life had been good to him--he could want for nothing more. He had his values straight, his priorities clear, and the will to live accordingly. How deep must be the peace that comes from that kind of honest realization at the end of a full and vigorous life.

Above all else, however, he was to me a patriarch, in the grandest and finest sense that that title can express. Since 1944 he served officially as stake patriarch, administering over 500 blessings, in preparation for most of which he fasted and prayed, Sunday after Sunday. He was fully a patriarch also, and perhaps more significantly, to a large family which lived, as did Nephi's people, "after the manner of happiness." I have had occasion to browse through a precious collection of images and memories contained in the expressions of his and Orilla's children which accompany their autobiography. There is a common thread of happiness and respect that runs through all those written glimpses of the past. In Lenore's words:

Beauty is the word I would like to use to describe our home. Beauty is synonymous with truth, goodness, harmony, unity and tranquility. Cheerfulness also, is an expression of beauty. In our home there was spiritual beauty. Kindness was there, also good-humored tolerance of each other. It was a home made up of encouraging words, loving deeds, sympathy expressed, songs to make us feel light-hearted, free and glad to be a member of a family where all these linked together made a golden chain of beauty around our door.

These too are the qualities of priesthood leadership, in a man who always had the direction of the Spirit in his priesthood calling, simply because he lived the way one must, to be worthy of its presence: a life of "persuasion, long-suffering, gentleness and meekness and love unfeigned; by kindness and pure knowledge which shall greatly enlarge the soul, without hypocrisy and without guile." And it was consistent with this permeating Spirit that, a few days before the fateful stroke came, he called the entire family together after Orilla's birthday celebration (as has been mentioned) for the purpose of expressing his love and giving them a family blessing. It was with him as it was with Lehi of old, who said: "Behold, my sons and daughters, I cannot go down to my grave save I should leave a blessing upon you; for behold, I know that if ye are brought up in the way ye should go ye will not depart from it Wherefore, because of my blessing the Lord God will not suffer that ye shall perish; wherefore, he will be merciful unto you and unto your seed forever And it came to pass after my father, Lehi, had spoken unto all his household, according to the feelings of his heart and the Spirit of the Lord which was in him, he waxed old. And it came to pass that he died and was buried." (2 Nephi 4)

I have had the quiet privilege of hearing several members of the family describe to me the sacredness and the powerful meaning of that event, where the gentle Patriarch in his own kindly way talked of his love for his family, his desires and hopes for them, his love for their blessed Mother. Somehow even with such a large posterity of children and their partners, he made each of the 22, as always, feel that he or she was special.

And in concluding there a poignant tribute to Orilla he said that which makes his teachings and his life ring with integrity: "If what we've said and what we've done in all the days gone by don't rate your worth as do our words today, then these would be mockery." That, I suppose, is the greatest thought of all--that in fact what he said and what he did in the days gone by do rate her worth, eternally and forever. Oh, the inspiration of witnessing, as Brother Evans once said, "the breadth and bigness, the strength and gentleness, the courage and the constancy of his character. There is nothing so strong as gentleness, and nothing so gentle as real strength."

May I close now with a brief recollection of some thoughts I once tried awkwardly to express in appreciation to him: When I think of family unity, I will think of you, taking charge of the genealogy discussions at the December reunions; when I think of supporting our loved ones, I will think of your interest at Michele's baptism, at our weddings, our missionary farewells, our funerals, and at so many less auspicious occasions, on the phone, or on the street. When I think of Pioneers and their Sons, and of writing church history, I will think of you in that small peaceful room at the Tabernacle, taking research notes in pencil by the late afternoon windowlight. When I think of family members involved with each other in business relations, I will think of your altruism, your patience, and your trust in us. I hope there will be time and opportunity for us to reciprocate; but however much of that there may be, I think we must know better now how to live the gospel in our own family . . . I hope to see you soon, sitting there in your cozy front room in your two rocking chairs, with the blessings of true romance and faithfulness so pleasantly apparent."

May we somehow be endowed with the strength to live so that we may one day be as ready to meet our maker as was Arthur K. Hafen.

Bishop Ross Johnson

Before we have our closing number we wish to give special thanks on behalf of the family to those who have made it possible to have such beautiful and fitting services here today; to T. Wendell Bayles and the Eighth Ward High Priests Group a special thanks for making the arrangements for making this program possible. Sister Janice Ence, President of the Eighth Ward Relief Society, thanks are extended for the flower committee and the other services that have been rendered; to the St. George Rotary Club and to the speakers and for all those who have taken part in these lovely services, and also to all of you who have come to share this lovely hour with them.

Pearl McAllister

Beyond the Sunset

Beyond the sunset, O blissful morning,
When with our Saviour heav'n is begun.
Earth's toiling ended, O glorious dawning;
Beyond the sunset, when day is done.

Beyond the sunset, no clouds will gather,
No storms will threaten, no fears annoy;
O day of gladness, O day unended,
Beyond the sunset, eternal joy!

Beyond the Sunset, a hand will guide me
To God, the Father, whom I adore;
His glorious presence, His words of welcome,
Will be my portion on that fair shore.

Beyond the sunset, O glad reunion,
With our dear loved ones who've gone before;
In that fair homeland we'll know no parting,
Beyond the sunset forevermore!

Should you go first and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known.
In Spring I'll watch for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue,
In early Fall when brown leaves call
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
Though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first and I remain
To finish with the scroll,
No length'ning shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness,
We've had our cup of joy,
And memory is one gift of God
That death cannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do:
Walk slowly down that long, lone path,
For soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take
That I may walk the same,
For some day down that lonely road
You'll hear me call--your name.

W. J. Reichmann

Our Father who art in Heaven, at the close of these lovely services for brother Arthur Knight Hafen, we thank Thee for Thy spirit which has been here this day. We thank Thee for the words and encouragement that have been given us.

We thank Thee for knowing that mortal death is not the end of our existence. We thank Thee for the faith which we have, that those who have lived in accordance to Thy mind and will live for eternity and be exalted in Thy holy kingdom.

We now pray for those of us who remain, that we may live such lives that people will be able to say of us, even as spoken of brother Arthur Knight Hafen.

At the close of this service now, again we thank Thee, Father, and again we ask for Thy blessings that those who travel will be protected by Thee and they will be able to arrive at their destinations without accident or any type of disagreeable incident. And we also at this time thank Thee for the knowledge which we have and that the family has that we can live again for all eternity together if we live as we should.

We now dedicate again these services to Thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and Savior. Amen.

Orilla Minerva Woods Hafen

Oct. 13, 1891 - Dec. 31, 1983



Orilla M. Woods Hafen, 92, died December 31, 1983 in the Dixie Medical Center of natural causes. She was born October 13, 1891 in Clover Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada to Lamond C. and Elizabeth Terry Woods. She married Arthur Knight Hafen on September 11, 1912 in the St. George LDS Temple. He died November 15, 1971.

Mrs. Hafen was reared in Clover Valley. Her mother died when Orilla was 15 years old, so she stayed in the valley until she attended the BYU in 1910. She married A.K. Hafen in 1912 and has resided in the St. George area ever since.

Mrs. Hafen was an active member of the LDS Church serving in many positions. She was a past Primary teacher, past Primary Ward and Stake President and received a pin for 45 years of service. She studied the Scriptures and attended her meetings regularly until the time of her passing. She was a past Orchid Lady of the St. George Literary Club. She loved the people of St. George and supported them often at weddings, funerals, educational functions, politics and church activities. She was a charter member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and served as a guide at the McQuarrie Museum up until a short time ago. She loved her husband, family and church and spent her life in their service.

Survivors: Six sons, five daughters: Mrs. W.W. Staheli (Carma), Herschel, both Washington City, Utah;; Ferrell, Mrs. Phil Squire (Ruth), Eldon, Mrs. Parley Harris (Erma), and Kelton, all of St. George; Mrs. McKay Neilson (Ada), Arcadia, Calif.; Harold, Hooper, Utah; Mrs. Ray Hobbs (Lenore), Fullerton, Calif.; Donald, Pearl City, Hawaii. 52 grandchildren, 120 great grandchildren, 2 great, great-grandchildren; one brother, Richard L. Woods, Las Vegas, Nevada. Three children preceded her in death: Kay W., Linford, and Kenneth.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday, January 4, 1984 in the St. George East Stake Center. Interment was in the St. George City Cemetery, under the direction of the Spilsbury and Graff Mortuary. The family suggests contributions to the Dixie College Scholarship Fund.

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TRIBUTE TO HER

A bright and precious jewel
 From earth is called away
 To shine with greater splendor
 In realms of endless day.
 We love her cheerful spirit,
 We love her noble heart,
 We love her truthful nature and yet,
 With her must part.
 We wouldn't recall her,
 Our loss, to her is gain,
 She's now beyond the
 Province of mortal grief and paid.
 To her death had no terrors
 It's sting has been removed
 The God in whom she trusted
 In life — in death, she proved.
 In Heaven she laid up treasures
 Secure from moth and rust
 Where crowned of life and glory
 Await the pure and just.

ELIZA R. SNOW

In Memoriam



In Loving Memory of **ORILLA WOODS HAFEN**

October 13, 1891

December 31, 1983

SERVICES

St. George East Stake Center
 Wednesday, January 4, 1984
 1:00 P.M.

St. George, Utah

FLOWERS

Close Friends of the Family

COMPASSIONATE SERVICES

St. George 7th Ward Relief Society

PALLBEARERS

Ferrel Hafen
 Herschel Hafen
 Harold Hafen

Eldon Hafen
 Kelton Hafen
 Donald Hafen

Interment - St. George City Cemetery

Under Direction of
 SPILSBURY AND GRAFF MORTUARY
 St. George, Utah

SERVICES

Family Prayer	Lamond Syphus
Family Prayer	Eldon Hafen
Prelude Music	Lail Lovell
Presiding	Bishop Richard Mathis
Musical Number	Debbie Hafen
Violin Solo Medley	Accomp. Linda Hafen
Invocation	Lyman Hafen
Conducting & Remarks	Bishop Richard Mathis
Speaker	Elbert Edwards
Vocal Solo	Kinney Sue Stubbs
"I Had Such A Pretty Dream Momma"	Accomp. Jane Hafen
Memories	Carma Staheli
Musical Number	Grandchildren
Medley of Songs	Accomp. Jane Hafen
Speaker	Gary Hafen
Vocal Solo	Bird Terry
"Oh My Father"	Accomp. Ann Pace
Benediction	Harold Hafen
Postlude Music	Grandchildren
"God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again"	Accomp. Jane Hafen
Dedication of Grave	Phil Squire

