

Memories of my Grandparents by Sharon Lee Anderson Rytting

My first memory in my life occurred after Grandfather Anderson died. We were all in Bothwell at my Grandparents home. Grandpa Anderson was in his casket and Grandma Anderson lifted me up and said "Say good bye to Grandpa because you will not see him again for a long, long time." I remember being sad that Grandpa would not be there to rock me in his rocking chair. For years Grandma kept Grandpa's mug with a brush in it that Grandpa had used to shave himself in the bathroom on the main floor.

Grandma and I often talked about this experience we had with Grandpa Anderson and it was a comfort to know that Grandma had a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and that she believed in an afterlife. Grandma lived alone for many years after Grandpa died and always remained strong in the church.

Most of my memories of Grandma occurred in that same home or in our home in Fielding. We would often go and visit Grandma and her hands were always busy crocheting beautiful items for others and often in the same rocking chair. Her kitchen was large and I loved being there and talking with her, as meals were prepared. We often met there as a family of aunts, uncles, and cousins, and would visit with everyone. I remember being so happy when the older granddaughters would invite me to go on walks with them. They were always so kind to me and they were my first idols. I wanted to look like them, to walk like them, and to be like them. Carolyn, Dorothy Kaye, Sydna, and Judy did a lot to help my self-esteem and gave me roll models to follow all of my life.

Grandma spent a lot of time with Aunt Dot, Uncle Ken, and Dorothy Kaye in Montana. We would go to visit them at the ranch where Aunt Dot would work so hard feeding all of the men who worked on the ranch. Dorothy Kaye and I would always sleep together and she would draw on my back. We would sometimes go to the apartment that Grandma and Dorothy Kaye lived at in town while Dorothy Kaye went to school.

Grandma would come every winter to our home in Fielding to care for us while our parents went on a vacation. They spent many of those vacations with Aunt Vesta and Uncle Eph. I would always worry that my parents would not return from those vacations. One day there was a very heavy snowstorm and we had a few feet of snow. When it was time to go to school Grandma insisted that we had to go and that we could not miss school. My sister Janet who was three years younger and I began the long three Utah sized blocks to school. I thought we would never arrive at school and that we would surely die. When we approached school our schoolteacher Mrs. Garn yelled out her front door and said that there was no school today because of the snow. I remember being very afraid to go home and tell Grandma about school being closed. She always made sure we got our chores done and if we did not she would make sure that we did them. I now realize what a sacrifice she made to come and care for us.

She always made honey candy whenever she came to visit and if it were in the wintertime we would put the pan of candy out in the snow to cool before we would have a candy pull.

Grandmother Ella Anderson's Honey Kisses

Bring 1 pound light brown sugar and 1 cup honey slowly to a boil
Pour in 1 cup of good cream and
Add a little salt and a chunk of real butter
Boil until it chews (drop in cold water to check)
Pour onto butter pan and let cool
Stretch and pull until the mixture is light brown
Twist into long strips and cut (can be wrapped in wax paper)

Grandma always taught me how important education was. She had been a teacher for several years before marrying Grandpa and she inspired me to become an elementary school teacher and my sister Janet became a junior high school teacher. When I was in elementary school there were several copies of my favorite book "After the Sun Sets" in the school library. It was a book of fairy tales and had beautiful pictures. I wanted one of those books so much that I even considered taking one but did not because I had been taught not to steal. After I graduated from college I was visiting with Grandma in her home and went upstairs to look around. Grandma had many books and I began to look at them. Imagine my surprise when Grandma had a copy of "After the Sun Sets" in her book collection. I asked her if I could have it and she was happy to give it to me. It remains one of my favorite books.

Grandma taught us to work hard, love the church, and to do what is right. Many of her children and grandchildren have remained close to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She raised a large family and taught us that we can all be together again in the eternities.