

Mother's (Cynthia D. Earl) talk delivered in Logan First Ward upon their return from South Seas B. Y. U. trip in 1965. Transcribed by Connie (1978)

My dear brothers and sisters, if I wasn't among friends I just couldn't do this, for I am scared to death. I humbly ask for your faith and prayers that I might convey to you some of my impressions of our wonderful trip. First I want to thank Leo for his frugality over the years and the Lord for his blessings that made this trip possible.

It has been a dream of his for over 50 years to go back to Australia where he spent 2½ years as a missionary and where we now have a grandson (Jay Earl Sorensen) following in his grandfather's footsteps. For 50 years I have been hearing about Kangaroos, Kowala bears, beautiful blankets and delicious butter, who needs the butter, but it was delicious.

When the bishop asked us to talk to you he informed us that the church frowns on travelogs; which reminded me of the question my daughter asked me some years ago, what in your opinion should a Sacrament meeting or testimony meeting be? I told her and she said that is what I think but ours lately have begun to sould like vacation travelogs. I hope in some way I can make a difference.

When we went for our medical examination it took advice and a lot of pills to get the doctor's signature and a lot of humble and sincere praying for me to receive the assurance that I would not be a handicapped or burden for a fast moving tour. As you know we went on a B. Y. U. University sponsored tour. In reading over the instructions one word struck me very forceably, IMAGE. We always here live up to the standards of the church, but this said we portrayed the Church IMAGE. We should dress modestly, no slacks of any type for the ladies; men wore coats to meals in the hotels. Just stop and think of the word IMAGE and how effective it can be. That thought was very impressive to me and as best I can I am going to pass on to you the IMAGE those countries and their people made on me. In one month we lived in two different worlds not only in the countries but in people and their cultures even in our own group.

We boarded the plane at 9:50. I went to sleep and when I awakened we were in Tahiti. I could take a lot of time telling you about that beautiful tropical island, but my impression was as the Garden of Eden must have looked when Adam and Eve were placed there; tropical fruits and nuts for the picking, fish for the taking. When I asked why they had such beautiful teeth, the answer came, "We eat lots of fish." Maybe we would laugh more like they do if our teeth were that beautiful. You always hear of the Song of the Islands. It is there you feel it as well as hear it. We would lie there in our little grass hut looking at the beautiful woven ceiling, listening to the strains of a seven piece string orchestra only about fifty or seventy-five feet away. You could truly feel the pulse of a carefree happy people, laughing and singing. Such beautiful music to lull one to sleep, when I awakened the next morning just as it was getting light everything was so still. I arose quietly and stepped out onto our little porch. The silence was almost frightening. I felt as though I was the only living thing on the island. There was a large Papaya fruit tree close by. Not as much as a leaf stirred. All at once there was a thud and a papaya the size of a grapefruit fell to the ground. In the stillness it startled me. In two or three seconds another one fell. I stood there in that dead stillness until the fifth one came down and I thought "manna from heaven" as it fell as food for the children of Israel as they wandered in the wilderness. As I was contemplating that thought a little brown barefooted boy came swing by me with a basket. He quickly gathered the fruit and hurried on to the next tree. It reminded me of when I was a child at harvest time when I would awaken early, rush to the apple orchard and gather the ripe yellow apples that had fallen to the ground in the night.

I will never forget the IMAGE those island and their people made on me.

As our plane set down in Auckland, New Zealand, we entered a completely different world. Something like our own yet with a different tempo. More of the old world charm we read about in English books. As you know New Zealand and Australia are under British rule.

We stayed in the older elegant charming hotels right in the heart of the big cities. One only need pass through their doors to feel the atmosphere. The hotels had high decorated ceilings, long windows, four-poster beds with netting canopies. Better to express it, I felt like the queen had just moved out. One of the humorous men in the group said "I just slowly opened one eye in the morning and peeked at that beautiful molded ceiling and thought I was in my coffin." There was one modern touch however, no dark wallpaper as you might expect, but beautiful molded high ceilings painted white or pastel, all with white tile bathrooms, heavy fixtures, elegant furniture. The dining rooms were gorgeous, very formal, beautifully carpeted, crystal chandeliers, sparkling sterling silver, seven piece place setting even for breakfast. The napkins were starched, shaped in a cone and set at the head of the plate. The boy waiters would give the napkin a flip and put it over your lap. One had the feeling that the Queen might be sitting at the next table.

Most of us there I imagine had our origins in the British Isles. My grandmother came from North Sutton, joined the church with her young husband, was dis-owned by her family, came to America and never heard from any of her family. Although she was brought up in wealth (her father owned a glove factory in London) she was not able to bring as much as a silver spoon with her. But she brought something much more valuable, her charm and dignity, her social graces, and the gospel. I never knew her only through my mother, but she could be measured by all of those graces and this added to the blessings of the gospel as it has been revealed to us.

When you go into the different missions and countries as we did and you see those young boys, our own grandson one of them, you plainly see the IMAGE the Church is trying through them to portray. We must ask ourselves what we are doing.

I could see the purpose of the Church in sending us there, for our church stands for those very things, dignity, charm, culture. Are we at home trying to live

up to the Church IMAGE? Some times Americans are prone to call the English men stuffed shirts. I dare say most of us in this room can trace our ancestry back to the British Isles. We have gained much in our America, but haven't we also lost something? Don't you think that is what the Church is trying to have us do? Hold on to the good and preserve our cultures?

Sharous

Cynthia Lavern Durfey was born March 30, 1892 at Beaver Dam, a daughter of Francillo and Lucy Finley Durfey. She spent her girlhood at Beaver Dam where she received her education. She was a graduate of the Kester College of Dressmaking at Logan and attended the Brigham Young College. She married Charles Leo Earl, September 29, 1915, in the Salt Lake Temple and established a home in Fielding where Grandfather owned and operated a farm.

Grandmother served on the Bear River Primary Stake Board and was president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. She was a charter member of the Social Development Club and a member of the Book Lore Club.

In 1948 Grandmother designed and built the home of her dreams at 185 West Center Street in Logan. She supported her husband as Bishop of the Fielding ward and as Patriarch of the Logan LDS Stake. She always maintained a spirit of peace and order in her home helping to have our Father in Heavens' spirit there for the many blessings that Grandfather gave.

Twelve years ago they celebrated their Golden wedding anniversary and on November 5, 1965 our grandparents left for the trip of their life to New Zealand and Australia. It had always been

their dream to return to the land of Australia where Grandfather had served as a missionary.

They are parents of two sons and three daughters, three of whom are living: Sherman Earl and Mrs. Verl H. (Madge) Anderson of Fielding, Mrs. Grant S. (Connie) Sorensen of Logan. A son, Charles Leo died as an infant and Mrs. Hal (Ora Mae) Rhead died in 1959. They have 19 grandchildren and 27 great-grandchildren.

We the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Cynthia Lavern Durfey Earl would like to share with each of you the special love that she gave so freely to each of us. Her family was the center of her life and she was always doing something for each of us. Our family had the wonderful tradition of always liking to be together especially at holiday times. At Easter we would meet in Fielding to go to the farm for a picnic. Big blankets were layed out and we could run and play to our hearts content. Memorial day was spent in our Grandparents' back yard and we would always go up to the cemetery, in Logan together to think about our special ancestors. Around the Fourth of July we would have a family reunion at Bear Lake. Sometimes we would spend several days and sometimes only a day boating, skiing and visiting with each other. We always attended the Durfey family reunion sometime during the summer. For several years Grandpa and Grandma took their grandchildren up Logan canyon for a day or two of camping together.

Thanksgiving was always the same. Grandmother would work for days getting the big (and we needed a big one) table set for Thanksgiving. After a special prayer by Grandfather we would have a special dinner together. In the afternoon we always went to a movie of our choice-(Grandmother and Grandfather always treated us to the ticket and snack food.) For many years we met at 185 West Center for Christmas eve. Santa always came and one of the grandchildren could give Santa a box of Blue Bird chocolates. This was a special party for the kids and the adults would meet on Christmas night for their time together.

Grandmother and Grandfather took as many of their grandchildren as possible down to conference for a weekend of spiritual uplifting. They would take us out for special dinners and give a weekend of memories that we would never forget.

To show you how much our Grandparents wanted us to be together I would like to quote from a letter written to us on Oct. 14, 1969 from Grandmother Earl: "That Grandpa of yours has had another of his brainstorms we just must have as many of our family as possible together before Chuck and Earl go into the service on the 29th of Oct. We have rented the Blue Bird for all 37 of us, plus the girl friends if they want them. Then we are to come down here for a picture. We are determined for a family group picture while he and I are not too senile to know what it is all about. I guess from now on as large as our family is, we are bound to be scattered, so we will have to be content with as many as possible. Don't blame us for preaching togetherness. Time is passing and the world is getting more mixed up every day. We are all well. We love you all. Grandpa and yours truly."

Grandmother made so many keepsakes for us. For each of her granddaughters she made a needlepoint picture to keep and pass down to our families. Her sewing machine was always busy and for many years she made us nightgowns or whatever we needed. Grandmother Earl was an expert in making her house a home. She made heaven for all of us whenever we were able to stay with her in her home. She was a true example for every person to follow. It is my humble prayer that we may continue to bless and love her by doing as she would have us do. May we continue to pray night and morning to keep close to our Father in Heaven so that we may want to be together for ever and ever. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Tribute to Cynthia Lavern Durfey Earl who died November 14, 1977, and was buried November 18, 1977 in Logan, Utah, by Sharon Lee Anderson Rytting.

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Leo

October 29, 1971

(This is a copy of the talk given by Mr. Leo Earl at the graveside services of his sister, Gertrude Adele Earl Hansen West, on October 11th, 1971 at Logan, Utah.)

My Brothers and Sisters, I am complimented and honored to occupy this spot. This is indeed a most humbling experience and I pray to be made equal to it.

This is not a sad occasion, but a sacred one. If there are tears, they are tears of rejoicing. No one, if they had the power, would call her back.

I am happy for her going away party. To meet with her family, to sit at the table and enjoy a good dinner only hours before the end was a God-given privilege. There were beautiful services in California-music for which was furnished by two Grandsons. Finally, she arrived safely to be buried in the sepulchre of her Fathers. I feel the commandment of God to Moses on Sinai applies here when He said, "Take off your shoes, for this is Holy Ground."

Helen Fay, daughter of Ernest Earl, Baby Taylor, son of Clara and Horace, our own lovely daughter, Ora Mae, Aunt Wanda, wife of J. S., sister Rattie and Walter, Father and Mother and her own beloved husband, Ariel, are all buried here.

She, like Nephi of old, was born of goodly parents, her children likewise, were born of goodly parents to the last generation. She has lived in the most glorious dispensation of all times. No other people have ever enjoyed the blessings that we take for granted.

Gravity has been defied, we travel faster than sound, we sit in our living rooms and see things that are happening all over the world. More things that are happening all over the world. More things have happened in her life to bless humanity than in all the recorded history of the world.

Why?

I think there is a reason. The scriptures record, "in the last days the Lord will pour out His spirit on all flesh, your old men will dream dreams, your young men will see visions."

Surely these are the visions of young men and they have all come to pass since the organization of the Church and the restoration of the Priesthood. I know of no one more tried and yet more richly rewarded than was my good sister.

She was gifted with a great musical talent, she has a beautiful family, she has two lovely daughters-in-law and four fine sons-in-law and many grandchildren. Her husband, Ariel, was an L. D. S. Missionary, a member of the Bishopric, and a state Legislator. He was an honorable man and was respected by all who knew him.

Our purpose in coming to this earth was two fold, first to get a body to clothe our immortal spirit and second to have experiences in that body. These are the only things we will take with us. Our bodies will be restored in the day of the morning of the resurrection and our experiences will govern our destinies through the eternities.

We know of no other person more tested and tried and yet more richly rewarded. She cast her bread upon the waters and after many days it returned many fold in the love and respect of her children.

During the nine years this good woman was widowed, which was in the midst of the worst depression this country has ever known, she milked cows, hung paper, was a practical nurse, took in boarders, raised gardens, sheep, cows and chickens, sewed beautiful clothes--just anything she had a chance to do to maintain a living for her brood; and she was successful.

Quoting Dolores, "We always had enough to eat. We didn't know we were poor, we thought everybody lived the way we did."

It was at this time that Alma West came into her life. He was an electrician, had a steady income and life became a little easier. He too, was an honorable man.

He died suddenly in 1946. Her last request was that his children should share in her estate.

When Gerty and Ariel were married they had the good judgment to go to the House of the Lord. They knelt at the altar and held each others hands. This is the nearest mortals ever get to Heaven. When somebody in the authority of the Holy Priesthood says, "I pronounce you man and wife, legally and lawfully married for time and all eternity." Thus her children are born under the Covenant. They will be her eternally. Nothing can prevent this. Only the actions of the children. "Through the great principle of repentance and repentance is like shaving, we have to do it every day.

In conclusion, I repeat my favorite passage of scripture, "In my Father's house there are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

I testify that the resurrection is a reality, that our Father in Heaven and His son, Jesus Christ, are in the Heavens and all is well with the world. I pray for the blessings of Heaven to be with you, particularly her family in their journeys to their homes. May they and their children follow the example of their noble Mother. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Gertie's History

The history of Gertrude Adele Earl Hansen West, compiled by her children, and told by her youngest daughter, Delores Barrett.

Gertrude Adele Earl was born on February 16, 1890 to Hattie Leonard and Charles Wilson Earl at Farmington, Davis County, Utah. Gertrude was the first of nine children, (six still living).

To really know Mother one would need to know a little about her parents and grandparents who were early Utah pioneers and whose lives and strength were a great influence on her.

Her grandfather Leonard was married to Ortentia White in Nauvoo. He helped to build the Temple for the Mormons there and had the unique privilege of being the first couple to be married in that Temple, Brigham Young being the second.

Great-grandmother Leonard was a stalwart wife and mother and had few bright spots in her life; still it never daunted her great faith. Ortentia White Leonard gave birth to eight children who did not survive, before she was able to raise three daughters. One of those daughters, Hattie, was the mother of Gertrude. Ortentia White came across the plains when they were driven out of Missouri and one of her babies died on the trip west and had to be buried along the way. The grave had to be left unmarked because of the Indian hostility. They arrived in October of 1850 and built a one room log cabin, very crude, no windows, or doors, just blankets hung up for that purpose. Many nights Ortentia being alone feared her babies might cry and the Indians would find her alone there.

Hattie Adele Leonard was married to Charles Wilson Earl and moved with him to the north end of the state of Utah known then as "Poverty Flat." He had a farm waiting for her in the Bear River Valley area. She became the mother of nine children, Gertrude being the first. She was given a lot of responsibility being the oldest child and she accepted it well. She longed for a sister after her first two brothers, and was given one, only to have her not live through the first day. This was followed by two more brothers and she being the only girl for many years, gained many favors from her Dad. He loved to take her with him on his trips to Logan for supplies and usually bought her beautiful material for a new dress and bonnet. She made her Dad happy by helping her Mother with homemaking chores and in addition she played the organ and accompanied him with his fiddle at an early age.

Mother's first seven years were spent on the farm in Fielding, Utah. The young homesick homesteaders being mostly from Farmington called it "Poverty Flat." Her first

recollection of Church was in the Fielding ward, built by the homesteaders.

In the fall of 1897 the family moved into the city of Fielding from the farm and she started at a one room school with Miss Sylvia Mason as teacher. Mother received eight grades of schooling there, and during her high school years had the opportunity of being taught by David O. McKay, who later became Prophet and President of the Church she loved.

When Mother was 12 years of age she became the organist for Mutual as there was no one else who could play the hymns. She served two years before her name could be placed on the roll because she wasn't supposed to be in Mutual until she was 14 years of age. She served as Sunday School organist for nine years, as a Sunday School teacher, counselor in the Primary, as well as on the Stake Primary Board. Later she was also a Relief Society President. She was President of a literary club and helped to get the first paved road in Fielding through the efforts of the club.

Mother had a part in untold numbers of musical entertainments in choirs, and for sixteen years in a ladies quartette. Whenever we were lucky enough to have a silent movie come to town she was elected to play the piano or organ to achieve the desired sound effects. I remember books of music ranging from spooks to fire engine music.

In February, 1912, she married Ariel W. Hansen in the Salt Lake Temple and they made their first home on the Hansen farm in a nice four room house. About eight years and four children later Mother and Dad bought Grandad's home in Fielding; it was large and roomy, and her family always liked to gather there for special days like Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Ariel was active in church and civic affairs. He served a mission in the Swiss-German area and another in California and Arizona. He was the town mayor, Count Farm Bureau president and served two terms in the Utah State Legislature. He was stricken

with appendicitis while returning from a business trip and only got as far as Los Angeles when he passed away, July, 1928. Mother was able to be with him before he passed away and brought his body back to Fielding for the funeral. When the funeral was over she came home and in her words, "Layed down on the bed to die". In just a few minutes Farrell came into the room and asked her to fix him something to eat. She told him to go ask his Grandmother, but he didn't want Grandma to fix it, he wanted his Mother to. Reluctantly she got up and fixed him something and then came back and layed down to die. Just as she got situated I entered and wanted her to find my shoe--Grandma had already looked and couldn't find it. Well, about that time as Mother put it "I decided I didn't have time to die."

During the years Mother was a widow she had many trials trying to keep all six of us fed and clothed. Grandpa and our uncles did what they could to help her, but she was independent and tried to do everything herself. She organized a small orchestra, played piano, and their little band travelled all over Utah playing in church recreation areas for their dances. She was gifted in music and helped many children in operettas at the church and school. She did some paper-hanging for people around town and often received \$2 to \$4 for her services. I've known her to paper ceilings and walls and trim it with a nice flowered border, an all day job, for just \$2.00. We must have been considered poor by today's standards, but we never knew we were. I thought everyone lived like our family. Mother made all our clothes and we were always as well dressed as everyone else. We had chickens in the coop, cows and pigs in the barn, plenty of potatoes, fruit and everything possible we could grow. Mother ran our little farm by herself and one year we even raised popcorn. She had two raspberry patches. We all helped pick berries, but she always did the most and sold many crates for \$1.00 per crate. I delivered butter to the store where it was sold, and buttermilk to a widow lady who loved it.

Mother struggled with rearing her family of six children, Alta, Earl, Adele, June, Farrell, and Dolores for nine years and then was married to a widower of four years, Alma H. West in June, 1937. He had two children and by that time four of her family were grown and away from home: Farrell was 14 and Dolores 12. We got along pretty

well for a mixed family.

Al died in November, 1946 of a heart attack and Mom moved to California the following spring where she lived in Hollywood and made a home for Farrell. She enjoyed being in California because the climate was good and most of her children lived close by. She enjoyed being close to June and her family, and June's children were in her home almost every day for the years when they were small. Mom loved their company as well as the company of her other grandchildren.

In 1948 she was operated on for cataracts. After the operation there was an accident, which the doctors said would blind her. She was given a blessing by a faithful Elder of the Church in which he told her, "Sister West, the Lord does not want you to be blind and you shall see as long as you live". Their faith was strong and their prayers were answered and she retained her sight, evidence to the testimony she had of her Church and the faith in God she held.

Farrell married Peggy Booth in January, 1952, and Mother lived alone in Hollywood enjoying her friends in the Hollywood Ward. She was especially active in the Relief Society and designed and made many beautiful quilts that are cherished by all who own one of them. She also participated faithfully in the Hollywood Ward choir where her beautiful alto voice was appreciated.

In August of 1967 she moved to Pomona to be close to Farrell and Earl, and they have been her happiness since that time. Mom appreciated the many services her daughters-in-law gave her. Alta was closer now and so Mother was never alone unless she wanted to be. Her home was small, but we were always welcome. Adele and her family live in Layton and we have lived in American Fork, Utah or Alaska for the last several years, however she visited as often as her health would allow.

She has kept records of birthdays of all her friends and relatives and I don't recall when she ever forgot anyone on their birthday; she loved to remember others.

She moved in with Farrell and Peggy on April 7, 1971. They have given her six months of tender, loving care, and she was able to enjoy her last months with her family surrounding her. She didn't want to be a burden to anyone and so constantly tried to help whenever she could. She was mentally alert until her last day. She planned and enjoyed a family party just the day before her passing.

Her Patriarchal blessing had promised her she would live until she was tired of living, and so it happened, just that way.

She passed from this world on October 7, 1971, without pain and with the love of her children in her heart. We know her spirit is happy, for she completed her course, honorably, and we will always be proud to be a part of her.