

A Few Memories of My Dad (Paul Redd)

by Alma Grace Redd Mendenhall.

I remember one day I was sitting in the big chair in our living room, I was crying, he came in and asked what the matter was. I held out a book written by Kipling, I had to read it and I could not understand it. It was called "Kim." He sat down and went through the whole book with me and explained it very good and so I was able to fill my school assignment. Many times he helped me with my homework and when I practiced the piano, often I would cry because I could not understand what I should be doing, but he would help me.

Our sister Hazel had polio and was crippled in her feet and one leg. She had to wear special high boots to give strength to her ankles. I was jealous and wanted a pair really bad and had asked for some, the answer was no. I followed him to the basement one day as he was filling the furnace with coal, because he was going to Lethbridge, I said, "Dad I want a pair of boots like Hazel's and I am going to sit right here until I get them." He just looked at me and said, "You go right ahead and sit there." Needless to say I did not sit there very long and I never got the boots. It was a lesson to me that I still remember, one does not always get their wishes.

There are many memories, just like all those you have of your home life. Sufficient to say is that we were happy, not without challenges, but well taken care of, loved, taught in the gospel and in life situations. He was our high school principal and teacher and we were proud of him. The students thought very much of him too. He was our bishop and we were thrilled for his calling there too. He was always thoughtful and kind to our mother and to Aunt Em as well and gave the best he could to all of us. We really had a wonderful childhood.

I had learned to play the piano a little bit and would play for my dad as he performed, on the cornet, in church, at school functions and other programs. Dad also sang in a men's quartet consisting of Frank Taylor, Ira Mc Bride, Paul Redd and Bert Coombs. They sang very often at all different functions, occasionally I was permitted to play for them, this has been a great experience for me.

After I was married Dad helped us remodel our home and then built us new kitchen cupboards. He also made me two sets of bookcases, exactly to fit the space we had for them, in our little home. I have a candle holder, a rolling pin, a paper towel holder, two small tables and an organ bench he made when in grade nine for the Knight Academy organ. It has been made into an end table, he gave it to me. Max took cornet lessons from him and loved the experience. All the children remember him well.

All of us remember these wonderful times we had together as a family. We all appreciate and love Aunt Em and her family as well, we did have many great times together.