

MY DAD, Paul Redd

by Theodora Stevenson

I must have been about 3 years old when I can remember some of the things about my dad. We lived in a little white house a little was south of Grandma Redd's. We had a swing in a big tree in our front yard, Dad built the swing for us and we spent many hours swinging. He built a radio. It was called a crystal set and it had a big cone-shaped speaker (megaphone-shaped) and we listened as often as we could.

All his life, now that I look back, Dad would build things to help our mother. He put a motor on our sewing machine, he fixed the ice cream freezer to hook up to the wringer of the washing machine so that we wouldn't have to turn it by hand. He could and would always fix or rebuild his farm equipment, machines and tools. He built several homes in Raymond but I remember our special one, we were so happy there and had so many good times in our youth.

Dad was a school teacher and later became the principal of Raymond High School. He was always helping someone with their school work, often students would come to our house and Dad would sit at our dining-room table and help them. He would never do our questions or our homework, but would always give us an example so that we could use that example and do them ourselves. He was an excellent teacher and a very strict disciplinarian. As a result of this, he was criticised and some parents were mad at him. He took a lot of abuse but he never backed down and he was respected for his work.

He played the trumpet and boy were we proud of him. He played "Taps" at all the Memorial Day Programs; and in the First of July Band down at the stampede grounds. He taught quite a few kids how to play. He sang in a quartet for many years and we were proud of him for that. He loved marching music and we all still love it.

Dad was in the Bishopric (Raymond first ward) with Heber Allen and Clarence Allred. It seemed forever and I am sure it wasn't. He worked in many different church jobs, Sunday School teacher, Stake Sunday School: all his life he was a very devoted church member.

Dad was a farmer as well as a teacher, so he kept very busy trying to earn enough money to keep us all, yet dad still had time for his family. He took us on many picnics and vacations at Waterton Park, and just a trip to Lethbridge was a special outing for our family. Dad was always sweet and kind to our mother and did all he could to help her. He taught us to do a good day's work, and to be honest and to get along with each other, to always do our share of work around the house to help Mama. He taught us gospel truths and to live according to the church standards. We had a very special happy home.

In 1936 our mother passed away. Naturally this was very hard on all of us and especially our dad. He was a young man left alone to raise six children, ages 18 to 6. It was a real challenge and struggle I'm sure for our dad, but he carried on. He married our mother's sister, Em Peterson, who had 9 children, so our family increased considerably. We had our trials, and our problems, but dad spent his entire life to make us all happy and taken care of. He treated Aunt Em with the same love and consideration as he did our mother.

Dad lived a full life doing carpentry work until the day he died. I am indeed blessed with a rich heritage, both from my father and mother, and hope and pray that I can be worthy of this heritage.