

## MY FATHER, Paul Redd

by Norma Redd Fairbanks

My father was a wonderful man. I remember him reading the scriptures to me, especially the Book of Mormon. He explained the predictions of our day, and the one concerning Christopher Columbus. When I was feeling sorry for myself he would put his arms around me and tell me how much he loved me and assured me that I could overcome anything that happened to me in my life. He told me of his courtship with our mother and how much he loved her. When Grandpa Brandley (that is where he boarded while teaching school in Stirling) realized that Grace and Paul loved each other, dad had to move and he went to live with the Coffin family. He told me of when the horse shied into a mud hole and dad had to help mama out. He also told me that Harold's grandmother Stevenson and his mother were very good friends, and served in the Relief Society together.

He came to visit us before he died and he also came to Edmonton when Harold was made a bishop and to be with them when John Graham was born. I remember the singing in the car and working on the farm and all the fun trips to Waterton that we had.