

Dear Smellie,

I am thinking that it has to be about 70 years since you and I did our stunt.

You would lie down on the front room floor with your arms l-shape on the floor, hands above your head. I would step one foot into each of your hands, and you would slowly rise to standing position while I balanced precariously in standing position.

After you stood, you would straighten out your arms and I would be high above your head, as you moved about the room. Really heady stuff for a young girl. I wish we had a photo of that one.

I think you must have been a very strong young man to be able to do that. I probably weighed about 65 pounds by the time you and I danced that way for the last time.

This was before you left for your two-year mission to Eastern Canada. While you were away, I grew up. When you came home I was as tall and weighed as much as I do now. What a crack it was when you decided to try the old stunt. It just couldn't happen.

A more somber memory I have was one when you came home from the war.

Dad died while you were overseas. It was several months before you were mustered out of the army and returned from overseas. We had no formal photos of Dad, and really wanted to have a good likeness to remember him by.

A salesman came around door-to-door with an offer to take a snap shot photo, enlarge and color it and put on a curved mat with a domed glass and frame for \$15, a large sum then, when wages were \$80 to \$90. The sisters discussed it, and decided to put our funds together and order a photo. However, the photo chose, Dad was wearing a hat, and the brim shadowed his face. The man said that was no problem. They could take the shadow away.

Well, the photo came back. Taking away the shadow had changed Dad's looks a bit, but we had paid \$15 so we kept it.

When Smellie came home, we were excited to show it to him. I think we didn't realize how deeply Smellie was feeling over the loss of his father, and coming home to really know that he was gone.

He took one look at the photo, said, "That's not Dad." Tore it into pieces, opened the kitchen stove lid, and put it in the fire.

I was appalled. Fifteen dollars gone, just like that. But then I realized that Smellie was right. It truly was not a photo of our dad. It had his hat and shirt, and posture. But the features the artist had created from the shadowed image were not our dad's. We have enlarged that photo, just as it is, shadow and all, and it is the favorite photo for most of Dad's children.

My big brother, Smellie, was always a hero to me. Always full of fun. Entertained us at the dinner table until Mom would be at her wit's end, trying to have us start the dishes. But we would be laughing so hard that we could hardly hear what she was saying.

There was this sinister movie character, Mortimer Snerd. Do you remember him, Smellie? Smellie would set his face in the crooked scowl, droop one shoulder and shuffle along toward me, and I became terror stricken, no matter how many times he did it. We sort of loved the feeling, and would coax Smellie to "do Mortimer Snerd." Then we would scream as he approached.

Of course we never saw horror TV, and probably the one with Mortimer in was the only only movie we had seen that year, so it was etched in memory.

I recall the dance at the Opera House to honor the missionary going out. I felt like someone in a tragic drama. I was not going to see my brother for two years. Smellie and other young men sang "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" at the farewell sacrament meeting, and it was wonderful. At least I think that was the song. I can see him standing there. Young sisters are quite interested in older brothers.

Smellie was actually doing a lot of coming and going through my life, as he was 11 years older than I. I think of Smellie as an example of a faithful later day saint. Always serving, doing more than his duty, a gentle, gentleman. Ready, always to help before the call.

When my daughter, Barbara, lay in the hospital, her life slipping away, Smellie came into the room. Put an arm around me, and I felt reassured. Then, after our time together, as we walked toward the door Smellie squeezed my arm very, very hard and said, "Where's your faith?" I was startled. I thought, "Where is my faith?"

Feeling there was no hope for Barbara's life, I had been praying for strength to endure the loss. After Smellie's reminder, I prayed that if there were any way, in Heavenly Father's plan for her, that she could live, that He allow her to do so.

There were some long days and nights, priesthood blessings prayer circles and personal prayers, expert and inspired medical care; and Barbara is a grandmother many times over today. Completely recovered with none of the expected after effects of acute pancreatitis. Our faith was rewarded.

There is much more to tell, memories crowd into my mind.

Help at the oil station after John died, goodbyes when Smellie went overseas, searching in the bitter cold and snow for John, help building wardrobes in the bedrooms to finish the work John had started before he died, fun on the pond with the Model T, Waterton hikes and adventures. The Snowberries in the snow at the top of Logan Pass, riding the grain tank, catching the milk in our mouths when you were milching the cows, starrng at the basketball games. I remember some girl shouting, "get that Smellie Redd off the floor." She pronounced it like the odor. I was so incensed! My own brother being called names. You were a good player so of course she wanted you gone.

You and Dad scouting together. You and Laurel on so many missions, even the same one I served, at San Jose, California. Driving your little car up over the rocks to see Hole In The Rock. You love a challenge. And now, these past years so faithfully serving in the temples wherever you live. A real pioneer, and innovator in this modern world.

Men who served with Smellie in the Armured Car Scouting Division have told me what a strength you were. "That Smellie Redd could find, make or scrounge anything you needed to keep your outfit going." That long, dangerous campaign through the Netherlands.

I won't be there to share the 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, but I plan to come after Christmas, on the way home from Barb and Ted's. I will let you know the time when I know it.

I love you and wish you health, happiness, and all the righteous desires of your heart. I don't think you ever had any unrighteous ones.

Love, Barb