

THOUGHTS ABOUT DAD

by John and Sherrill Redd

The older I get the more I realize how much I learned from Dad. He was always very good to me and believe it or not, very patient. Never in my life even as an advanced teen could I ever out-work him. But not the least of what he taught me was how to work. We worked together a lot, on the farm, with the cattle, sheep and hogs, on houses and in the shop. I remember going to the school shop many evenings and building things, learning to use the tools and even the power tools while I was still very young. And I know that partly by his encouragement I spent many hours in my own basement shop building things. I don't regret that most of the time we spent together was working, but we did occasionally play together. I really enjoyed playing golf with him, he really enjoyed golf and I felt bad that he couldn't play more often. The first golf bag he had he made himself but he not only made his own golf bag, later he made his own motorized golf cart.

He made his own tools and farm implements, to name a few, land levellers, ditchers, a cultivating implement like the Noble Blade. He made his own truck beet boxes, a manure spreader for the truck and probably the most complicated piece, was a sugar beet loader. They were just coming into vogue during the war and so implement companies were not building them. The sugar company shop built several and he, seeing them said, "I can build one as good or better." And so he did, in fact he built one and sold it, then he built another for himself. We spent many hours at Hervey's Black Smith shop, we got our steel from old combines and threshers. We did all the manual work at the shop and when we needed welding, Jack Hervey would come to our rescue. And dad really did improve on the sugar company's design. It worked great.

Dad was a great teacher. He even taught me English and Physical Education in High School, neither was his specialty but he still taught me much. He taught many, many classes in Priesthood, Sunday School and M.I.A. He was always considered to be the best. He never taught me math in school, but I learned much math from him, as he helped me with my own studies and the things I learned were not the conventional things, but were practical and often short-cut methods to solve problems. While I was in college and on a mission, he started building houses and putting hot water radiant heat in the ceiling. He made a trip or two to Calgary to consult with Fred Deeves, a heating engineer, but he did most of the planning and work on his own. His heating systems were very efficient and provided very comfortable heat. Even after I was married he enjoyed having me help him on building and remodelling jobs. About the only part of the building he did not do was the plastering. He did his own cement work, plumbing, wiring and finishing.

Our older children have very fond memories of Grandpa Redd and loved him very much. One time he really surprised us, one evening in Pocatello as we were eating supper, there was a knock on the door and there was Dad. He stayed several days and then went on down to Salt Lake to visit Hazel, Boyd and their family. I don't know anyone who enjoyed a good joke more than Dad. In fact he seemed to have a good joke to tell on almost every occasion. Dad loved music and played the cornet very well. I always enjoyed listening to him play, and I remember

well his coaching Alma as she practiced her piano. He sang in a male quartet for many years singing second tenor. Their quartet was very popular and in great demand for all types of programs. We have a tape of one and we still enjoy listening to it.

I also emember the family singing many fun songs especially as we travelled in the car. I remember one very special trip that he took us on, to Edmonton where he "marked" government high school exams. We had just purchased a new 1936 Ford two-door sedan and we loaded three adults and six children and all the luggage into that little car and made the four-hundred mile trip. We stayed for a month and had a great time.

He was always thoughtful, loving and caring of my mother and Aunt Em. His life was not easy, raising fifteen kids from two families of very different backgrounds, but as I look back now, he did a great job and deserves a lot of credit.

My fond memories of Dad still make me "weepy" — he was a great man, teacher and especially "father."

Sherrill writes, I remember being somewhat apprehensive, as one might imagine, when John and I went to Canada to be married, and I had never met my in-laws until four days before our marriage. I had just talked to Dad and Aunt Em twice by phone. I however, was immediately made to feel at home by Dad and Aunt Em. They were very kind to me, although Dad liked to tease me a lot.

I was always a little in awe of Dad, partly because of his great knowledge. It seemed there was never a subject he couldn't converse on, he was so well read. That brings up another thing, his ability to down a box of chocolates in one evening while reading a book.

I remember the lovely wood candle holder he made for us, turned on his wood lathe. It is beautiful and we have a Christmas candle we place on it and put out every Christmas.

I also remember the big rolling pin he made for us, which is much used. He was so capable at so many things. I don't think there was anything he couldn't make or do.

I loved to hear "Grandpa Redd" sing in Church. He sang the hymns like they ought to be sung, with feeling and fervor.

I love Dad Redd very much and miss him very much. I look forward to meeting him again. Our children, do too. The older ones love him very much. Phillip and Andrew love to hear about him, and feel cheated not to have known him. We've tried to keep him alive to our grandchildren, as well.