

**Katheryn Joyce Seely Richman****In Remembrance**

(22 April 1928 – 13 Dec 1971)

(Written by Jim Seely – Dec 1996)

(Re-typed/Edited by Kent Seely – May 2014)

My niece, Joylynn Richman Jacobson, asked the family to tell her about her mother Joyce. Joy was only 12 when Joyce died after a ten year fight with kidney failure and its accompanying health problems. Until Joy made this request, it had never occurred to me that, because of her age, she had never had the chance to really get to know her mother. I therefore decided to write down some of my own remembrances in an effort to help bridge that gap.

Joyce was 14 years my senior and I was 29 when she died. Unfortunately, I should have embarked on this project 25 years ago when Joyce first left us, because as I attempted to write now, I found that many of the details have become dim and some of the stories came only in bits and pieces. I also caution that some of the things I write here may not actually be fully true, but it is the way I remember it as best I can recall. I also quickly found that I could not write about Joyce without writing about Lynn and the other members of Joyce's family, because the stories were so closely intertwined. This is also not an attempt at a literary masterpiece, but is intended simply as a remembrance and a gift to Joy.

When I try to describe my sister Joyce, there are a few things that come quickly to mind. First, we always called her Auntie Joyce, second, she liked to chew gum; to drink water; and to laugh; and third, she was always in charge. It doesn't seem possible that she has been gone for over 25 years and that she was 11 years younger than I am now when she died. It seems like yesterday, and I still miss her.

In looking back now with the perspective of my 54 years, I see things differently now than I did when Joyce first left us. Age is such a relative thing. Until you are about 10 or 12, I think you tend to view anyone in their teens as grown up and anyone older than twenty as adults. Thirty is kind of middle aged, and people over forty are old. But as you get older yourself, time seems somehow to compress. At twenty I found myself wondering, just when do you get to be a real adult? At thirty, twenty year old's looked pretty young, and adulthood still seemed somewhere out there in the future. At forty, things still hadn't changed much, only that the twenty year old's seemed a whole lot younger and skinnier than when I was twenty, which didn't seem like that long ago.

I was 43 when I got married, and I remember thinking, I must be an adult now, but I wasn't quite sure just when that had taken place, and somewhere deep inside, I'm not sure I really believed that it had. It wasn't until my first son Jimmy was born that it really sunk in. Adulthood had arrived. Then, in an eye blink, I found myself nearly 55 and thinking, I must be getting old, but 55 doesn't really seem so old after all, and old age seems to be still somewhere way out there in the future.

I was 29 years old when Auntie Joyce died. She was forty three. At the time, to me she was old. I grieved for her and her family, but there was little direct impact on my own life; and because of that, I don't think I truly comprehended the magnitude of what had happened. Only now do I realize how young she really was, and begin to understand somewhat the impact her passing must have had on Lynn and her children. When Lynn lost Joyce, he was about the same age that I was when I first got married. Jeff was just finishing his mission in Germany; Larry had just gotten his driver's license; Joylynn was just out of grade school, and Ricky was only ten years old. I know Joyce didn't want to leave them, but things don't always turn out the way we want them to.

Joyce was born in Malta, Idaho on 22 April 1928. She was the oldest of seven children and reportedly "in charge" almost from the beginning. However, being in charge wasn't so much something she demanded, as just the way it was. Joyce seldom really got angry and was never mean, but she had such a strong force of will, that you just automatically did what she wanted, and her dark flashing eyes always just seemed to let you know who was the boss. In fact, as I recall, "The Boss" was one of Lynn's favorite nicknames for her ("The Warden" being a close second.) She always seemed very assured of herself, and ruled her subjects (family and friends) with a firm but loving hand.

Joyce had a good mind, a quick wit, and liked to laugh. She was always a lot of fun to be around and seemed to be the catalyst that always got things going at family functions. Kent once stated during one of our discussions about Auntie Joyce, "If you got her together with Lee and Karen, you always knew it was going to be funny." Joyce loved getting together with Lee and Karen and the rest of the family, and we loved getting together with her.

Even when suffering greatly from her illness, Joyce never lost her sense of humor and would often joke about her problems. You always came away from a visit with her feeling like you were the one that had been cheered up. Kent once asked her how she could always be so cheerful, knowing full well what she was going through. Her reply was typical of her "I can't change my situation, so I can either laugh or I can cry. If I cry, nobody will want to be around me."

One of the earliest stories about Joyce was one that happened when she was just a little girl, but somehow I never heard about it until after I graduated from college. After graduation from Utah State, I moved to Ogden and became involved with the Singles Wards at Weber State College. While there, I met a girl whose mother (JoAnne Harper, later Mrs. Dale Gardner) had been Joyce's best friend in grade school. When Mrs. Gardner found out that I was Joyce's brother, I could do no wrong. Mrs. Gardner told me the following story about Joyce. As young girls, one day at school she and Joyce were sitting in the dirt playing jacks. Someone had failed to set the brakes on a car up the street and it rolled down and ran right over Joyce. They never saw it coming and it rolled right over Joyce's legs. It should have killed her, but miraculously, she was hardly hurt at all. Mrs. Gardner told me that she always thought there must have been someone watching after Joyce.

The reason I always knew Joyce as Auntie Joyce, is that I was only six years old when she married her high school sweetheart, Lynn Richman. I simply don't ever remember a time when they weren't

married. It was always Aunt Joyce and Uncle Lynn, and I have always considered Lynn as much of a brother as I ever did Joyce as a sister. Joyce was twenty years old when she and Lynn got married in Las Vegas on 22 Nov 1948. The Seely Family had been living at Seely's Motel for two years (we moved there on my fourth birthday), and Joyce and Lynn lived in one of the motel units (I believe it was unit #2) for a short time after their marriage.

The next thing I remember, they were living in Salt Lake City where Lynn managed a grocery store. I remember visiting them once when Lynn had what was termed a "Crazy Sale" at the store. Crazy was an understatement, everyone in the store dressed in weird costumes, and I seem to remember Lynn wearing a hula skirt, a wig, and some strategically placed coconuts. Except for his mustache, he made a great hula girl. Kent and I thought the sale was really fun and for years we kept hoping Lynn would have another one, but he never did.

While living in Salt Lake City, Joyce and Lynn's first baby (Jeff) was born. Joyce was a great mother and always dressed Jeff in the cutest clothes. As the first grandchild, Jeff was totally adored by the whole family, but especially by his Grandma Seely. I remember when Jeff was about a year old and just learning to walk, Grandma Seely wanted to enter him in some cute kid contest that was being run at the time by the local newspapers. However, shortly before they were going to take the pictures, Jeff fell over and scrapped the side of his face on a radiator. This rendered him un-photogenic and his beauty contest career was ended before it ever began. Grandma was crushed because she knew he would have won, but Joyce took it all in stride.

About this time, Kent and I stayed with Joyce and Lynn for a week while mom and dad were on a trip somewhere (I think to New York to pick Glen up from his mission to England). I was about 9 years old and Kent would have been seven. Karen would have been 10, but I don't remember her being with us, and I know she didn't go with our parents. Thinking back, I have no idea where she would have been, unless it was on a date (Kent notes: Karen didn't come with us because Joyce only had one bed and Karen was "too old" to sleep with the little boys). Anyway, Kent and I had a great time, with a couple of exceptions. Joyce made us line up after bath time for inspection to make sure we were properly scrubbed. Kent took great exception to this, feeling that he was too big to have to submit to such indignities.

I also remember Joyce feeding Jeff baby food. The memory still haunts me to this day. Kent and I had never been around a baby before, especially at meal time. The baby food itself, squashed vegetables of some kind or other, was gross looking. Joyce would stick a spoon full of the horrible looking stuff in Jeff's innocent little mouth. About half of it would go down the chute and the other half would squish back out. This is, of course, very typical of a baby's eating habits; but was at the time entirely foreign to us. Joyce would just wipe the squished food off Jeff's mouth with the spoon, and stick it right back in again. Again a typical baby feeding maneuver, but one we thought at the time was really gross. Messy diapers were also a new experience for us, and upon our return from a week at Auntie Joyce's house, I think both of us were questioning whether or not we ever wanted to have children.

Auntie Joyce also taught Kent and I a lesson about taking care of our things. We had brought our balls and some of our toys with us when we came to stay with her and Lynn. One day, we were playing ball with some of the boys in the neighborhood, when Joyce called us for lunch. We put the balls under a tree in front of Joyce's house while we went in to eat. When we came back out, the balls were gone. We were devastated. However, Joyce was not very sympathetic, and let us know that it was our responsibility to take care of our things and that leaving them outside in that neighborhood was a foolish thing to do. When Lynn came home and heard our sad tale, he left to have a discussion with some of the neighborhood kids, and came back later with our balls. We were greatly relieved, but the experience made a real impression on us, and we always remembered to put our things away after that. Looking back at that experience now, I can see how good Joyce was at making others accept responsibility for their own actions.

We always liked to go to Auntie Joyce's house because she always made it fun. She and Lynn seemed to be a step ahead of most of the rest of the family when it came to knowing what was modern and in style. I remember as a kid, I always hated to get cloths as presents, except when they came from Auntie Joyce. Then I couldn't wait to put them on because I knew they would be the latest thing. Joyce always seemed to have impeccable taste in clothes and enjoyed dressing up.

For birthdays and at Christmas, Auntie Joyce's presents were always the ones we wanted most. Because there were seven kids in our family, and because we never had much money (there may have been a connection here), we always drew names for Christmas presents. I always hoped that Joyce would draw my name. She always seemed to know just what little boys loved best.

Joyce's presents were also always beautifully wrapped, and she took great pride in making sure they looked just right. She often would add Christmas ornaments or little toys to the wrapping and ribbons. This was a real departure for us, since our mother always saved the wrapping paper from year to year, and Christmas ribbons were almost handed down from one generation to the next. "Save the ribbons," was mother's inevitable comment every time a present was opened. Adding ornaments or toys to a package was an extravagance that at the time, only Joyce employed. Joyce also usually delivered her presents early so that you could look at them under the tree, admire them, and wonder what they were. The anticipation was delicious.

Joyce was also very creative with wrapping presents so that you couldn't figure out what they were. Lynn was always pretty good at guessing what Joyce was going to give him for Christmas, and I remember one year she attached a broom handle to his Christmas package, just to throw him off the track (it did).

Uncle Lynn always bought neat cars and always seemed to have the latest technology on the market. (Kent notes: Just out of the Navy, I bought Lynn's car. I fell in love with Mary on our first date, but I think the reason she went out with me was because of Lynn's car!) I remember Joyce and Lynn bought a television set when there was only one channel in Utah (KSL); they only showed programs for about three hours a night (5:00 to 8:00 PM). They were the only people we knew that had a TV, and we

thought it was pretty neat. I remember going down to Salt Lake City to visit them and laying on the floor to watch "You Asked for It." The TV was only black and white, (Kent's note: Nope, mostly gray and lighter gray with lots of "snow") since that was the only kind you could get then (color TV's weren't invented until several years later), but we thought it was great.

When Joyce and Lynn moved back to Brigham City to manage the grocery store that dad had built next to our motel (Lynn's Drive-In Market), they sold the TV to us. It was a beautiful wood console with a phonograph built right in. There was also a "secret" door underneath the record player. It was intended for record storage, but we used it to hide toys and treasures. I also remember that Lynn would often bring the day's receipts from the grocery store over to our house and hide them in the storage compartment overnight, until he could make a deposit the next day.

When I was 16, we moved from the motel to a new home in Brigham City at 826 E. 1<sup>st</sup> North. The TV moved with us, even though it no longer worked. It was such a beautiful wood cabinet that dad didn't want to part with it. We were always going to put a new color TV inside the cabinet, but we never did. When Mom and Dad died, the TV was rightfully returned to Lynn and it went home to live in Boise.

I remember Lynn also bought a new 8mm movie camera with an automatic light meter built right in. It was supposed to be fool proof to operate, and Dad (who never seemed to be able to make cameras work quite right) loved it. Lynn sold it to Dad and then bought himself another one. Dad then immediately proceeded to prove that no camera was fool proof as far as he was concerned. We still have a number of double exposed family films as evidence. The double exposures actually proved to be more entertaining than most of Dad's other movies however, and have become almost family heirlooms.

Whenever we went anywhere significant, Dad always seemed to like to take pictures of us parading out of the front door of the house. He was also big on pictures of his beloved roses and other flowers, none of which was too thrilling to us kids. However, when you mixed all of these things together with vacation pictures, it got quite entertaining. One of the family favorites was actually a triple exposure (Dad really out did himself) of a family parade, a vacation to Disneyland, and a visit to the San Diego zoo. One scene has the family parading out the front door, and right through a large waterfall. Another, shows us getting out of the back seat of the family car followed by a lion. (Kent's Note: My favorite is looking in the front window of Lynn's market and seeing a bunch of cannibals stirring an explorer in a pot.) We were always glad Lynn sold Dad the camera, even if it wasn't foolproof.

When Joyce and Lynn first moved back to Brigham City to take over the grocery store, they lived in an apartment over the store. Jeff was just a toddler at this time and we enjoyed having them so close. Jeff was really a cute little guy and lots of fun to have around, especially for Grandma.

I remember helping Lynn stock shelves at his store. Kent and I used to go over after the store closed and worked for what seemed like hours (probably more like thirty minutes). Kent was only big enough to lift half a bushel of fruit, but we loved working in the store. The pay was always the same regardless of how

long you worked. You could either have a comic book or a soda pop, but not both. They each cost 10 cents, which may not seem like much now, but at the time, we thought we had struck a bonanza. You have to understand that Kent and I were also employed by our mother making beds and cleaning rooms at our motel. Mom paid us a penny a bed, so 10 cents was considered a big jump up the pay scale, and besides, working for Lynn wasn't something we had to do.

Auntie Joyce and Uncle Lynn then moved to a little house on 5<sup>th</sup> East that was right across the street from the old Box Elder High School. Somewhere along about this time Larry also joined the family. He was a cute little guy with big ears and an even bigger smile. They also had a dog, who's name I don't remember, but I think it was a cocker spaniel, or some sort of cocker mix. It was light brown in color and about as wide as it was long. I had never seen such a fat little doggy. Lynn kept telling Joyce to stop feeding it so much, and she kept reducing its meals, until she stopped feeding it altogether. But the dog just kept getting fatter. They finally figured out that it was going across the street to the school and mooching from the kids. The kids would sit on the lawn to eat their lunches and the dog would just make the rounds, waddling from group to group, begging (and getting) handouts everywhere it went. I think the dog was real depressed when the Richman's moved away from the school to live on 3<sup>rd</sup> South and 1<sup>st</sup> West. There was a grade school just up the block, but the grade school kids mostly ate school lunch indoors, so the pickings were rather slim.

Joyce was an immaculate housekeeper and hated dirt and clutter. Her home was always neat and she had a good sense of style and design which showed in the décor of her home. She was very proud of their home on 3<sup>rd</sup> South. It was the first new home she and Lynn had ever owned. It was modern and nice, and Lynn kept building on to it. He was really handy at just looking at something and then coming home and building it. It was also here where Lynn became active in the church. Lynn had always been a good man, and a good husband and father, but had never had the time or the inclination to do much with the church.

Lynn had also smoked cigarettes for years. It was a habit he had acquired in high school and despite repeated attempts, had never been able to break. I remember his boss in Salt Lake had once offered him 50 dollars to quit for a month. This was a lot of money then, and money which they really needed. Lynn went several weeks without smoking, but than a lady who smoked constantly moved in across the hall. The smell was too much for him and he started smoking again, even though it cost him a lot of money.

I was never quite sure certain just what finally got Lynn active in the church. I believe one of his neighbors had a lot to do with it, but I also know that Joyce had always wanted him to be active, and Grandma Seely constantly prayed that his heart would be touched by the spirit. Like the Apostle Paul, when Lynn finally did come around, as with everything he has ever done, he jumped in with both feet. Once he decided that was what he wanted to do, he stopped smoking and began reading every church book he could get his hands on. Then on 20 Nov 1958 (ten years after their first marriage) Joyce and Lynn were sealed in the Logan Temple. Lynn was also called as a counselor in the Bishopric of his ward and Joyce was immensely proud of him. They also made frequent trips to the temple.

Joyce was never a great scriptorian, but she had a good knowledge of the gospel and was always active in the auxiliary organizations, where her hard work, organizational skills, and winning personality were greatly appreciated. People always liked Joyce. She readily accepting responsibility and was recognized as a hard worker in everything she did.

A few months after Joyce and Lynn were sealed in the temple, a baby girl was born (8 April 1959). She was black eyed, cute as a button, and was the little girl Joyce had always wanted. She was also the apple of her daddy's eye. They named her Joylynn and Joyce explained why. Their first child, Jeff, was a "J" name for Joyce. Their second, Larry, was an "L" name for Lynn. They therefore decided the third name had to be a combo of both the parent's names. Joylynn was their princess, and Joyce always dressed her in the cutest dresses, usually with lots of frillies.

Joylynn was a charmer and we used to fight over who got to tend her. This was for two reasons. First, we liked to tend her because she was so cute, and second because Joyce and Lynn always paid for tending. Most of the other babysitting we did was for free, but Joyce and Lynn always insisted on paying, and they paid well. It beat the heck out of making a penny a bed working at the motel for mom.

About a year before Joylynn was born, the Seely Family had moved from our motel to a new home at 826 East 1<sup>st</sup> North. The home had radiant heating, which was a new concept at the time. To provide heat for the house, hot water was circulated through copper lines buried in the cement floor. The result was that the floors were always toasty warm. As a toddler, when Joylynn came to visit grandma during the cold winter, she would run immediately into the kitchen, left up her pretty dress and sit right down on the warm floor. It always warmed her little bottom and her Grandma's heart.

When Joylynn was about two years old, I remember Joyce telling us that one day at church, she had been a holy terror. Lynn was trying to keep her quiet, but was not having a whole lot of luck. Finally, she started acting up during the actual sacrament service, which Lynn refused to tolerate. He took her out in the foyer and gave her a smack on the bottom. It was the first time Lynn had ever spanked his princess. She was shocked and Lynn was heartbroken.

Ricky was born in 1961, a few months before I graduated from high school. He was really cute and his mother loved him dearly, but he was also a real live wire and into everything. I remember once as a toddler; Ricky ate a bunch of his mother's pills. Joyce was quite concerned and called the doctor. The doctor told her not to worry, that the pills wouldn't hurt him, but that it would really wind him up for a while.

"Just what he needs," she told me, "He's already wound up most of the time anyway!"

Ricky didn't go to sleep at all that night. He just played and ran around the house until the medication finally wore off, and then he slept for a whole day.

Grandma Seely loved kids and always kept one of the bottom drawers in her kitchen full of toys for her grandchildren. Whenever Joylynn and Ricky came to visit, they always made a beeline straight for Grandma's kitchen and bottom drawer.

Joyce also loved kids, especially her own, and she was an excellent mother. Her children were always well behaved and immaculately dressed. She also liked nice things and liked to have things nice. Her home was always neat and orderly and she had excellent taste in décor. She also liked to wear wigs because they made her look taller; but hated to have her picture taken.

Joyce also liked to chew gum. I remember once we were recording a record (it was before we had tape recorders). I think we were going to send it to Lee who was in the Navy. Anyway, we were passing the microphone around and each of us was supposed to say who we were and something about ourselves. When the microphone got to Joyce, she said, "My name is Joyce Richman, and I like to chew gum." But when we played the record back, there was a scratch on it right at the point where Joyce was talking and the needle would stick causing the phrase to be repeated over and over. Thus it said, "My name is Joyce Richman and I like to chew gum, chew gum, chew gum, chew gum, ... " Joyce went right on chewing gum until someone either smacked the record player or lifted the needle. It became another classic family heirloom.

Joyce always had a commanding air about her, but I never heard her use inappropriate language. She didn't need to. Our father, on the other hand, had grown up on a ranch, and although I never heard him use vulgar or profane language, on occasion he did utilize some of the standard four letter expletives that are often heard on a ranch.

"It's the only language dumb animals and machinery understand," he used to say.

But mother never approved of such language, regardless of who he was trying to communicate with.

Kent related a story to me about Joyce in which some of her heritage slipped out a bit. It also tells a lot about our mother, who had lived through the depression. The lessons that this privation taught are difficult for the rest of us to fathom, but they were deeply ingrained in mother and she never wasted anything. Also, the old was always totally used up before you used the new. Consequently, it seemed we were always eating old stuff while the new was going rotten.

In any event, Joyce, Lynn, and their family had come to dinner on some occasion and Joyce went into the kitchen and asked mother what she could do to help.

Mother went to the fridge and pulled out two old heads of lettuce that were way past their prime and handed them to Joyce.

"See if you can get enough for a salad out of these," she said.

Joyce took the disgusting orbs and began peeling off the leaves one by one. It was a nasty job because the lettuce was so bad, but she dutifully tore off the “good” parts from each lettuce leaf (or the least bad, depending on your point of view) and put them in a pile. The “bad” parts went in another pile. When she got through, the “bad” pile was most of the lettuce. With lettuce slime dripping like snot from her fingers, she turned to mother and said, “I don’t think there is enough here for a salad.”

Mother didn’t say a word, but went to the fridge and took two fresh new heads of lettuce and handed them to Joyce. It was at this point that some of the heritage Joyce got from our father began to bubble forth.

I also remember another story about Joyce and mother. A friend of Joyce and Lynn’s had been drinking and felt sick, so he went out into an alley behind the place where he was at, and two guys “rolled” him (took his wallet). Joyce was relating the incident to mother, who was not terribly experienced in dealing with drunks. You also have to understand that evil did not really exist in the world as far as mother was concerned, and she always looked for the good in everyone.

Anyway, Joyce told mother that the guy had been drinking, got sick, went out in an alley, and two guys “rolled” him.

“Oh,” said mother, “Does that help?”

“Not really,” responded Joyce and let the matter drop.

After Ricky’s birth, Joyce began having severe headaches. The diagnosis was that the headaches were caused by high blood pressure, which in turn was being caused by problems with her kidneys. The tests showed that one of her kidneys was not function at all and that the other one was only functioning about half the time. Mother told me that Joyce had scarlet fever as a child. She believed that was when her kidneys had been damaged, but neither Joyce nor anyone else in the family had any idea that this had occurred. The only clue was that Joyce had always liked to drink a lot of water, but no one had ever suspected the reason why.

About this same time the Richman Family was beset with another problem. Smith’s Food King had built a large supermarket half a block away from Lynn’s Drive-In-Market. Within a few months, the market was out of business and Lynn was without a job. Dee Glen Smith tried to hire Lynn to manage the new supermarket, but Lynn could not bring himself to do it. He and Dee Glen had been competitors for years and were in many ways very much alike. It would never have worked and Lynn knew it, but he also didn’t know what he was going to do to support his family.

Lynn sold off all the supplies in his store and was down to selling the racks, still not knowing what he was going to do next, when a salesman for S&H Green Stamps came in. Lynn had always given green stamps at his market, but the salesman was not aware that the store was being closed. He asked Lynn what he was going to do, and when he learned that Lynn didn’t know, he told him he might be able to

get a job selling green stamps. Lynn took the job, but it meant traveling a lot, with his route stretching up into Wyoming, and I think parts of Montana.

I remember Lynn telling me that in the winter it got so cold in Wyoming that his car would freeze up every night, and he would have to call a tow truck in the morning to get it going again. He started leaving the car running all night, because the gas was cheaper than the tow truck. Then one day he noticed that all the other cars had a little cable with a plug on it that came out from under the hood. He had a block heater installed and never had to call a tow truck again.

Within a year, Lynn was one of S&H's top salesmen and soon was promoted to regional manager. However, this meant moving to Salt Lake City, which they did in 1963. They lived in Granger, not far from Glen and Gwen. Glen had recently built a house for Gwen just a few blocks from his own. Norm Bangerter (later to become Governor of Utah) worked for Glen at the time and actually painted Gwen's house himself. I was on my mission in Germany at the time. Jeff was 13 years old, Larry 8, Joy 4, Ricky 2, and Joyce was 34.

Joyce wrote me a letter for Christmas that year; she said that everyone came to their house for Christmas. I quote, "... The fellows played pool; we sang songs (naturally), recorded on the tape recorder and just had a ball – 35 people with all the kids. Mom, Dad, Gwen's Family, Glen's Family, Rita's Family, Mrs. Richman, Lee & Muriel, Kent, Karen, and us. My recreation room was big enough for all of us. ... Good old S&H sent me a Sterling silver tray for Christmas and Lynn brought me a mink stoll! How about that. I'm really living it up."

I returned from my mission on Christmas Eve of 1965, and Joyce and Lynn picked me up at the airport. That's not the way it was supposed to happen, but that's the way it was. Mom and Dad had mixed up my arrival time and when the plane touched down at the Salt Lake airport – no one was there. I was very disappointed at the non-reception and felt like the Grinch had just stolen my Christmas. I called Auntie Joyce and she and Uncle Lynn soon come to my rescue and Christmas was restored.

The years in Granger were for the most part happy ones for the Richman's, but Joyce's health continued to get worse. The doctors kept trying new drugs, some of which seemed to help for a time, but drugs could not replace her kidneys.

Lynn was then offered a promotion with S&H that would have given him responsibility for all of the western states, but it would have meant moving to, I believe, St Louis. With Joyce's health getting worse, he opted instead to go to Boise, Idaho and take over that region. They moved in July of 1968. I was at Utah State trying to become an engineer, Jeff was 17, Larry 13, Joylynn 9, Ricky 7, and Joyce had just turned 40.

Joyce liked Boise, but her health continued to decline. She spent a lot of time going to doctors and trying different drugs, some of which caused her some wild hallucinations. There were a lot of people

experimenting with drugs during the 60's and many of the drugs that were being prescribed for her were the same ones the hippies were tripping out on.

I remember Joyce telling me once that she and Jeff had seen an anti-drug display at the Idaho state fair. Samples of the drugs that were being abused had been placed on a display board, so that parents could recognize them. It was a fairly large board with lots of pills on it, and when she looked it over, she had taken most of them. She didn't like the hallucinations she experienced and often said she had a hard time understanding why anyone would want to experience such things voluntarily.

Joyce described some of her drug experiences to me, and they were not pleasant. She said one time she was lying in bed looking up at the ceiling when she noticed a small crack. The crack gradually became larger and larger and then huge hideous bugs began coming out of it and dropping down on top of her. Another time, it was thousands of spiders. One of the worst however, was when she thought she was sliding down a long banister in a beautiful mansion, and then suddenly the banister somehow turned into a giant razor blade. She said these hallucinations were kind of like having a bad dream, only you weren't dreaming, you were awake, and it felt like you were actually experiencing it. It was horrible and it all seemed very real.

Joyce didn't like the drugs, but it was about all the medical profession had to offer her. Dialysis at this time was a very new process and there was only one place in the country where it was being done (Seattle). It was also prohibitively expensive. Transplants were also very new, very expensive and it was difficult to get a successful match. Joyce just continued to do the best she could and had her good days and her bad ones.

Lynn bought Joyce a little white poodle for company while the kids were in school and he was gone. She loved the little dog and they became great friends. I remember once when we were visiting; there was a cat next door that liked to stroll around the Richman's patio. The dog would race to the sliding glass door leading to the patio and bark furiously at the cat. The cat was about the same size as the dog and didn't seem at all concerned about the dog's barking. She just strutted around the patio seemingly for no other reason than to agitate the dog.

One day, while the cat was strutting her stuff and the dog was going nuts, someone walked in through the patio door, and left it open. I was in the kitchen and happened to be observing the dog at the time. The dog hesitated for just a moment (as if assessing the fact that the door had not only protected the cat from the dog, but also the dog from the cat), but then his primal instincts took over and he took off after the cat like a shot. The cat was ambling across the patio and seemed totally oblivious to the dog. However, as it crossed over from the patio to the grass, it turned to face the dog. The dog was still five or six feet away, but closing fast. The cat seemed to still have a kind of ho hum attitude about the whole affair, but as it turned, it raised one paw in the air and I could almost hear the sharp claws popping out as it prepared to meet the onrush of the dog.

When the dog saw the cat's paw come up, he immediately put all four of his own paws in reverse and tried to run the other way. However, he couldn't get any traction on the slick cement patio and his momentum kept him sliding straight for the waiting cat. The dog's legs were furiously running in one direction and he was going in the other. Then like a runner sliding into first base, the dog slid butt first right into the waiting cat, where he got tagged, not with a ball, but a paw full of claws. At almost the same instant as the blow from the cat, the dog slide onto the grass and suddenly found the traction he had so desperately been seeking. He let out a loud whelp, and shot back in the opposite direction at, if possible, an even higher velocity than that with which he came. He ran straight into the house without once looking back to see if the dreaded cat was coming after him. The cat, on the other hand, turned and walked slowly across the lawn and then slipped quietly through the fence, seeming without a care in the world.

Joyce never liked to have others worry about her, and often joked about her illness, but as her health continued to deteriorate, Lynn and the doctors tried desperately to find some way to help her. Every day, dialysis was becoming more readily available and transplants were also becoming more successful. The only strategy available seemed to be to try and keep her alive long enough for the technology to catch up with her condition.

Dialysis seemed to be the best hope, and it became a race between the development of the technology and Joyce's deteriorating health. The University of Utah was emerging as a leader in this field and we were all hopeful that the technology would win. It didn't. When things finally reached a point where they were ready to try dialysis with Joyce, her veins had deteriorated so badly that dialysis on a regular basis was impossible. To do the dialysis required connecting a shunt to a vein in her arm or leg. The doctors made several attempts to connect the required shunts, but they all failed. The veins were just too badly damaged from the high blood pressure and the other problems to hold a shunt.

A transplant was the last remaining hope, but it was still a high risk operation and the success rate was nowhere near what it is today. The biggest problem with a transplant was finding a suitable tissue match. At that time, tissue was matched on seven different points, and the better the match, the better the chance of success. The best chance of finding a match was from the immediate family, which because of mother and dad's poor health, meant brothers or sisters. I went to the University Hospital for tissue typing along with other members of the family, and gave tissue samples. Kent was in the Navy and stationed in San Diego at the time and sent a tissue sample to the University Hospital. None of us matched. The only remaining hope was to find a match with someone else, but the chances were not good that one would be found. (Kent's Note: Lynn told me, that because I was the youngest, I was their best hope. I was also the last to be tested. When Lynn told me that I did not match, he told me Joyce was going to die.)

When Jeff left for his mission, we all knew that there was a good chance that his mother would not be there when he returned. I remember driving with Jeff to the hospital to say his goodbyes before he left for the MTC. Joyce loved Jeff very deeply and had I been in her place, I'm not sure I would have been able to let my first born son leave at such a time. On the other hand, if I had been Jeff, I'm also not sure

I would have been able to go. But serving a mission was what Joyce wanted more than anything for Jeff to do. I was greatly impressed with the courage they both showed.

In 1970, I drove mom and dad to Boise to spend Christmas with Joyce and her family. We had a great time, except that I got a speeding ticket on the way home. We had left Boise on Christmas Day and there was very little traffic on the road. I was driving dad's big white Oldsmobile and the speedometer had broken the week before. It had been repaired just before we left for Boise, but what I didn't know was that they had set it too low by 20 mph. We were cruising down the freeway listening to Handel's Messiah on the radio, when I saw a policeman in front of me. I glanced down at my speedometer, which said 70 mph, and wondered why the policeman was going so slow. I looked over and smiled at the policeman as I sailed passed him. He smiled back and turned on his red light.

When he told me I was going 90, I was at first astonished, and then dismayed as he wrote out a speeding ticket. As I tried to explain about the faulty speedometer, I thought to myself, he's heard this story a million times before. In any event the ticket stuck.

I was real unhappy with the ticket, but mother was furious. She was still fuming when we got home, and she related the story to Lee, saying, "We were just driving down the freeway, listening to the Messiah, when this policeman stopped us and gave us a ticket for no good reason."

"Now let me get this straight, said Lee with a smile, "You were just driving along listening to the Messiah. Well, what did He have to say?"

I left with friends for Phoenix the day we got back from Boise and didn't return for a week. When I got back, I had a letter from an Idaho judge concerning my speeding ticket. Mother had taken it upon herself to write the judge and explain the circumstances. The judge knocked \$5.00 off the fine. I'm not sure whether or not she told him about the Messiah, but I decided that if you ever get a ticket, you should always have your mother write the judge.

I took the folks for another visit to Boise in October of 1971. It was the last time we were to see Joyce. Then on 21 November 1971, I called and talked to her for the last time. She was in the hospital again, but seemed to be doing OK. We all knew her condition was serious, but I didn't realize that it was becoming critical. I just couldn't believe that she was actually going to die. No one in my immediate family had died since my grandfather Thompson passed away of old age when I was about eight. It just didn't seem like it could happen.

As Christmas approached, my focus was on buying presents and the countless activities that accompany the season. Then the phone call came that Joyce had passed away at University Hospital on Lynn's birthday, 13 Dec 1971, at 5:30 AM.

I was shocked. I had no idea that things had reached this point. I was still thinking that a tissue match would somehow be found and things would turn out all right, but this was not to be.

Joyce's health had deteriorated continually during the fall and early winter, until it reached a point where she was flown to Salt Lake City and placed in the University Hospital, but Joyce never let us know she was there. True to form, she didn't want to worry us, and also didn't want any of the family to see her looking the way she was. Lynn came with her and refused to leave her side, having a bed for him placed next to her in her room.

Although Lynn never told me personally exactly what happened in the hospital immediately preceding Joyce's death, the following is what Mother told me was related to her. Early in the morning of the 13<sup>th</sup>, Lynn awoke and knew Joyce was dying. With his faith and priesthood blessings, Lynn had already prolonged Joyce's life far longer than the doctors had thought possible. Now it was time to say goodbye, but Lynn didn't want to let her go. He felt if he could just get to her, that he could keep her from leaving, but something physically restrained him from getting out of bed. It was only when a nurse entered the room and he asked her to check on his wife, that he was released from whatever was holding him. The doctors made a heroic effort to bring her back, but it was not to be, and Joyce went home to be with her Father in Heaven. She was 43 years old.

Several months after Joyce's death, I ran into an old high school friend named Joe Hillam. Joe had become a doctor and worked at University Hospital. He expressed his condolences about Joyce's death, and told me; that he had treated her just before she died. However, because he had only known her as Mrs. Richman from Boise, he had not known she was my sister until after her death and he saw the obituary. He told me that when he first examined her, he was amazed that she was still alive, because she basically had no circulation system at all in her legs. All of the veins had completely broken down. He said she should have died years before and he didn't know what had been keeping her alive.

When Joyce's condition was first diagnosed back in 1961, the doctors gave her less than two years to live. She lived another ten years and fought valiantly to stay with her family until the very end. I believe it was her faith and the love and prayers of her family that allowed her to keep going for so long.

After Joyce's death, a funeral was scheduled for Boise. Harold Felt, a Brigham City mortician and a friend of the family, drove Joyce's body to Boise. Lynn requested that I accompany them, which I did. Lynn was on the Boise Stake High Council and Vaughn J. Featherstone (later a General Authority of The Church) was the Stake President. Br. Featherstone was asked to speak at the funeral. Years later (1982), I was chairman of the first Young Special Interest (YSI) Conference ever held in Ogden and Br. Featherstone was the General Authority keynote speaker. I had the pleasure of introducing him, and when I told him I was Joyce's brother, he greeted me very warmly and expressed a keen interest in the welfare of the entire Richman family.

At the time of Joyce's death, Jeff was still on his mission in Germany. Lynn was in great need of his support, and it was arranged for Jeff to come home to attend the funeral and then return to the mission field. The funeral actually had to be delayed briefly until Jeff's plane arrived and he could get to the chapel from the airport. I will never forget the moment he entered the church where the funeral was

being held and Lynn rushed to embrace him. Everything in the room just seemed to stop, and there was little doubt in my mind that Joyce's embrace, though unseen, encompassed them both.

A second funeral was also held in Brigham City on 18 Dec 1971 in the old 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward chapel. Following this service, Joyce was buried in the Brigham City cemetery near a stream. Even in death, she was still in charge and had requested the spot, saying, "I want to be by the stream, so that I can get up during the night and have a drink of water."

It is 25 years since Joyce left us, and much has changed, but much has stayed the same. Joyce's children are grown and have children of their own. Lynn remarried and the Richman family grew, and grew. Lynn and Mary have been good parents to all the children and have been good to each other as well. I think Joyce would very much approve.

In closing, I would like to add a few thoughts that occurred to me while I was writing this remembrance. My wife Ellie's father passed away a few years before Joyce, but on the same date, 13 December. Ellie was only 19 when her father died and she quit school to care for him the last few months before his death. Also in 1993 a dear friend ours named Eloise Stever also passed away on the same date, 13 December. Eloise died after a long fight with cancer, and she too left behind a husband and four children, the youngest being only five years old. In many ways, Eloise reminded me a lot of Joyce, I think that may be why I liked her. Eloise left a beautiful thought with her children that I think applies to Joyce's children as well.

"Always remember, my love is only a prayer away."

Miss me, but let me go.

When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set for me,  
I want no rites in a gloom filled room, why cry for a soul set free.

Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take, and each must go alone.

It's all a part of the Master's plan, a step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart,

Go to the friends we know and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,

Miss me, but let me go.

In 1993, on 21 November (the day after Joyce's wedding day) my wife Ellie gave birth to a beautiful little girl with black sparkling eyes. We named her Katherine Grace after her Aunt Joyce and her Grandma Seely, and we call her Katie. In looking at pictures of Joyce as a young girl, there is a marked resemblance. Although Katie is only three years old, already she likes to chew gum and laugh, and has been "in charge" since day one.