

# Memories of David Thomas Richman

By Mary E. Richman

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David Thomas Richman was born 10 June 1977 at St. Luke Hospital in Boise, Idaho. His parents, Lynn T. and Mary E. Richman, took him home to 5111 Mountain View Drive, Boise, Idaho. He was the tenth child in our family and a welcomed little boy after having three girls before him. He was a good little baby and received a lot of attention from his sisters. When he was about a year old, I put him down for a nap. I would send Julie or Jennifer to go check to see if he was awake. One afternoon when they were checking on him, Julie came down the hall carrying David saying, "Here, Mom, Here's your little fella. He's awake." I about had a heart attack as he was as heavy as she was. I couldn't imagine how she got him out of the crib. I let it go as I was busy and she thought she was helping me.

One morning, I could hear Julie, Jennifer, and Becky up in David's room. The toys were in that room and they wanted to play. David woke up and wanted out of his crib. They took pillows off their beds and put them on the floor by the crib. Julie was in the crib lifting David over the edge and Jennifer was the catcher. They had figured out how to drop him over the side onto the pillows without hurting him.

One Tuesday morning, I was getting Julie, Jennifer, Becky, and David ready to go over to Relief Society. I had put David's coat on, set him in the high chair to put his shoes on. I bent over to help the girls and he tipped out, hitting his forehead on the table and instantly had a goose egg. As upsetting as that was, we still went to Relief Society. He had that lump and bruise for a week. Sometimes I wonder if it was really worth what I went through trying to gather us up and go anywhere safely.

I went to the grocery store one afternoon and took David. He was about three years old at the time. While I did my shopping, he picked out a big bag of chips. I let him carry them out of the store and hang on to them in the car. He sat in the front seat holding his chips. I was driving along Mountain View Drive and he said, "I am going to share my chips with my sisters when I get home." He then reached over, opened the car door, and went sliding out. I was going very slow and saw what was happening quick enough to stop. Luckily, he only had abrasions. We didn't have seat belts at that time. That scared me so bad that I went home and just held him until we both calmed down. I don't think I told anyone about that incident.

We continued to raise our family, going to church every Sunday and participating in all the activities. The kids learned to give talks in Primary and sing in the programs. We went on the ward picnics and campouts at Bogus Basin, and we also went camping up to Silver Creek Swimming Pool above Crouch, Idaho. I signed all the kids up for every free fun run where they

could get a t-shirt and win a medal just by completing the race. Every year through grade school, the kids had a birthday party and invited their friends. When the older kids started school, David and Elizabeth were still at home. They learned to play together, sometimes with trucks and sometimes with dolls. When all the kids were in school, they participated in a musical performing group called "Star Studio." It was a way I could choose what they were doing, who they were with, and they could have a new experience and have fun at the same time.

Every summer and spring break, we went on family vacations. Some of the places we visited were Carlsbad Caverns, Disneyland, the Oregon coast, the Redwood Forest in California, and Yellowstone Park. I think it was the trip to San Francisco that we went over to Alcatraz Island on a ferry and took a tour through the prison. On the way back, we decided to go to the Fisherman's Wharf and visit the shops. It was summer time and very busy. We went into a magic store to check it out. I thought David was with Lynn and he thought David was with me. We left the store and were walking a couple of blocks away when we realized that David was not with us. I sprinted back up the boardwalk to find him still in the magic store playing with the games completely unaware we were gone. A special trip we took was back to Spearfish, South Dakota, to the Passion Play, visiting the Black Hills, Flintstone Land, some caves, Devils Tower, and then crossing over Montana to visit Custer's Last Stand.

At Christmas time, Jeff, Larry, Tonya, Rick and families would come home for Christmas. They would put together skits with the kids and video the production. That would be the highlight of the season. Jeff was the cameraman, Larry was the announcer, Rick was production, and Tonya, Teri, and Wendy were make-up. It was a wonderful experience for all the children to participate.

In June of 1988, our family of five kids packed up and flew to Oahu, Hawaii. Marjorie joined us later. David was ten years old at that time. We lived in a beach house, which we called The Hut, on the north side in the town of Hauula for four weeks. Every morning we would get up early, walk the beach to find glass floats or anything that washed up. We found about fifteen of the glass balls, some plastic balls, and a long turtle hook. On one of the walks, David stepped on a Portuguese Man of War which had a stinger. Fortunately, the fire department was close by to take care of the sting. We took the kids to every site on the island including Pearl Harbor, Diamond Head, and Waikiki Beach. We ate several meals at the BYU campus cafeteria and attended the Hauula ward every Sunday and were invited to all the activities. We went to the ward campout at the park. Their campout consisted of the Hawaiian members hauling their household furniture and appliances to the park to live for a week while their homes were being fumigated. There was a luau every night with singing, games, and Hawaiian music. Our beach house was about a mile from the Polynesian Cultural Center. Some of the performers were in the ward, so we had great entertainment. When we flew over, we had seven suitcases. When we flew back, we had eighteen suitcases, a large glass float, and a turtle hook.

The summer of 1989, our family flew to Washington, D C. We stayed the first week at the downtown Hilton Hotel, which Jeff had booked for two rooms. From there, we were able to walk or take the subway all over the city to visit the monuments and museums. On July 4<sup>th</sup>, Jeff and Don took our family, which consisted of Lynn, Mary, Margie, Julie, Jennifer, Becky, David and Elizabeth, to a Chesapeake Bay for a crab feast. They cooked the crab, dump them on the table, gave out bids, and we feasted. It was a fun experience for the kids. When we got back to the hotel that night, the kids went to McDonalds for ice cream sundaes. That night, every one of the kids had nightmares. Margie said she woke up and David was trying to get out of the window of the hotel. The next two weeks, we went to Sterling, Virginia, to stay with my sister Patty. She drove us into the city and we were able to visit Mt. Vernon, the Washington Temple, and the Pentagon.

When David was five years old, he started kindergarten at Valley View School and attended through the sixth grade. When I would go to teacher's conference, the teachers would tell me they wished they had a whole school of my kids, as they were good kids. Next was Fairmont Jr. High where he tried out for the football team. He went to all the practices and played a couple of games. I was there at the second game and he came up to me and said "I don't much like getting hit" so that was the end of the football. David had expressed an interest in the drums as Rick played the drums through school. I started him with a teacher who was patient to get him started and he did very well. I then had him take from Rick's teacher Hank Houst, who was very strict. In high school, David was in marching band and with a good group of friends. He earned a band scholarship to Boise State University.

David became involved in Scouting at the ward. His father helped with the pinewood derbies and the hard projects. I was impressed with how they carved a race car or boat out of a block of wood. I was very anxious for him to pass off as many awards as soon as he could so I didn't have to hear his dad constantly ask him if he was working on Scouting. I knew Larry had received his Eagle award at age thirteen, and I was determined David was also going to. When he came home from school, we would have a snack and then work on a qualification for a merit badge for twenty minutes. By the time he turn thirteen, he was ready for his Eagle project. His father helped to organize that project, which was cleaning Eagle Island Park. I found out later that Lynn had promised to buy David a motorcycle when he got his Eagle. Two motorcycles showed up and, of course, they had to be ridden. One day, David went up to his dad's bedroom to ask if he could ride the motorcycle. His dad said, "Yes, but be careful." In his excitement, he ran out of the bedroom, proceeded to jump six stairs and hit his head on the header above the stairs. I was in the kitchen, turned around and saw blood streaming down his face. I said "Oh no! I can't do this." Jennifer said, "I've got this mom." She called St. Luke Hospital Emergency downtown and we took him in for stitches. When we got down there it was so busy we drove up to St. Alphonsus Hospital. By the time we got in to see the Dr. the blood had dried. He still has a scar to show for that leap of excitement.

In 1994, David was a sophomore at Capital High School. Jennifer had returned from Ricks College for a date with Nathan Ogden to the prom. David and Dan Rice came up with the idea to dress up in suits and dark glasses to look like secret service agents. They asked to use my white Cadillac Deville to escort Nathan and Jennifer to their dinner and to the dance. While Nathan and Jennifer were at their dinner and dance, David and Dan stood beside the car with serious looks waiting for them to come out. It was the talk of the school, "Who were those two secret service agents and who were they with?"

David had a friend from church named Dan Rice. There were fifteen kids in that family and they were home schooled. David and Dan learned a lot from Dan's brother Fred. He would show them how to fix cars. One evening in his senior year, David was in the kitchen trying to finish writing a paper that was due the next morning. He felt pressure to get it done and I felt pressure whether he was going to do it. I couldn't help him as I couldn't read his writing so I went to bed. I constantly worried if he would graduate, as everything was funny to him. Something woke me up and I went down to the kitchen to see how he was doing and he was gone. His papers were strewn about on the table he and his truck gone. I got very worried and waited in the kitchen thinking maybe he went up to Lucky Peak and drove over the edge. He soon came back, walking up the front sidewalk, acting fine. When he opened the door, I asked him where he had been. He said, "Over to Dan's." I said, "I have been so worried. I thought you were going to hurt yourself. He just laughed at me, but he did get the paper done.

I had a day off from work and was trying to get caught up with errands. I went to the store and back. Everyone was gone to school (or so I thought). I went in the house and could hear some noise and laughter downstairs. I recognized the voices to be David and his band buddy. They were really having a good time playing pool. I asked, "did you have a band activity today? giving them the benefit of explaining why they were not at school. One of them said, "Oh, they let school out early today." I had just driven by Capital High and the parking lot was full. I then asked, "Where is your truck?" David said they wanted to save gas so they walked home. I said, "OK" and went upstairs. I then proceeded to call Capital High and was referred to the vice-principal. I asked if the band members had the afternoon off, as I had a couple of boys' home playing pool. He said it was a full day of school and he would take care of it. I heard the front door slam and saw David and Clinton take off running down the street. When they got back to school, the vice-principal was waiting. David got home after 4:00 p.m. He pulled up in his truck and sat in the driveway for a while. I have no idea what happened when they got back to school. I told my kids, "If you get in trouble at school, you get in trouble at home. I will support the teachers and if you get a ticket you will pay or defend yourself in court." I don't think I was a mean parent. They needed to follow the rules and not make up their own. Since I was working full-time, I needed to know the kids were where they were supposed to be.

David and Dan would take a car or computer apart and put it back together. One time, they rebuilt an old Mazda. It was running just fine, so David drove it down to Boise State University for band practice. That evening he called me to come and get him. I ask him, "I thought you

drove that Mazda to practice?" He said he started it, put in gear, and it went off its axels, they forgot to put the bolts on and he had driven it down to the college. He just laughed about those events. Eventually he and Dan fixed the car and sold it. Another time, when David was in high school, he had a blue truck he and Dan repaired and it was very cool. One night, we had three cars vandalized. The windows were broken and the marble knob on the stick shift of David's truck was gone. We called the police and made a report but that really didn't help get the items back that were taken. David felt violated as he was very proud of that truck. I remember him standing at the window looking out at his truck for the longest time. Sometimes, parents wish they could fix the situation, but some situations are lessons in life.

One Sunday, after David had graduated from high school, he and Dan decided to go up to the mountains motorcycling instead of church. The rest of the family went to church and there was an activity in the afternoon. Later that evening, here comes Dan, with David on crutches hobbling up the front walk. I went to the door and said, "What happened?" He said, "Why didn't you answer your phone?" I said, "We were at Church." As Dan and David were motorcycling in the mountains, they had gone over a cliff, ending up in a gully and David broke his foot. Dan had to haul the motorcycle up the mountain and get David up the mountain and to the hospital. With that incident, we had to withdraw David from Boise State University marching band and his office job at Motel Six. What was really fun was to watch our apricot poodle named Sadie follow David around with her back leg up. I do believe that was the turning point for those two boys to make a decision to prepare for a mission. In a few months, Dan left for the Washington D. C. Mission.

After high school, David was employed at Hewlett Packard in their customer service department making a great wage. His job was tech support for computers and customer service. At that time, Jennifer, Tonya, Spencer, and Spencer's sister Carla were working there. HP was a very hospitable place as they has an unlimited soda fountain, doughnut wagon, and cafeteria. During this time, we were all waiting for David to tell us if and when he was going on a mission. I think we ask Spencer every time he came over to see Jennifer if David had decided yet. We would have supported and accepted his decision no matter what it was.

David was preparing for his mission. I would go downstairs in the evening after work and find him sitting on the sofa reading the scriptures and some other church books that Bishop Dildine had recommended. I could see his priorities were changing by how he was spending his time, but also Dan was gone. In 1996, David received his mission call to the Philippines. When the day came for his farewell, we had a lot of family and friends come into town. I was stressed with taking care of the cooking, finding beds, planning the program, and trying to prepare a talk. Sunday morning came and we went to church. I could feel a very strong spirit when we walked in the chapel. Our families were there, my mother and sisters came, and our neighbors. The meeting started and Elizabeth gave the first talk. In her talk, she confessed that it was she and David who put spray paint on their uncle's boat and they were sorry. Julie was next, and then my turn. I stood up and started my talk but nothing I had prepared came out of my mouth.

I bore my testimony and told David we supported his decision. Larry, Spencer, and Trenton Wintersteen sang a song, "In the Hollow of His Hand," and from where I was sitting on the stand, I could see everyone in the congregation was weeping. Lynn talked about the time he was able to spend with David. Then David gave a wonderful talk about the "natural man" and expressed his desire to serve a mission. We had a family and friends gathering after the meeting. Becky had ordered a beautiful cake with a picture of the Phillipines.

We took David to a session at the Salt Lake City Temple. He was completely enthralled in every picture, room, and item in the temple. I don't think he missed anything. It was a wonderful sight to watch him. We spent the night at Larry's house where he packed his luggage, then on to the Mission Home in Provo where he would study for a few weeks. We had many family members there to see him walk thru the doors with the new elders, knowing he would be gone for two years. We drove to Salt Lake City to see David fly off with his group. Rick and Wendy were with us. When it was time to board the plane, he said, "I have to go." He turned and waved good-bye and the door shut. I took a deep breath. When that plane lifted off the ground, I was determined I was not going to cry or give him any excuse not to go serve.

About two months after David was on his mission, Marjorie had a dog that was injured and passed away. She was very distraught over the loss. She wrote a letter to David in the Phillipines explaining the circumstances of the accident and wanted to know if there was a place in heaven for her dog. David wrote back the most comforting letter explaining what it states in the scripture about animals going to heaven. It was a beautiful letter and I was very proud that he took the time to write. I know it gave her comfort. David was very faithful about writing letters. I compiled them in a notebook intending to type them up later but didn't get that task done.

When David returned home from his mission, I had suggested he leave his extra clothes with the people in the Phillipines. He wrote in his letters of how happy the Phillipine people were with so little material goods. He gained an appreciation of how blessed we are with plenty to eat, a place to sleep, and a job. I had to make him go shopping to buy clothes, as he didn't want any. He said, "I have a shirt. I don't need any more clothes." He had been home about three weeks, needed to prepare to leave for college; we then went shopping for clothes.

We had a welcome home gathering for David. Several of us were at the airport to welcome him home. When he walked off the plane, he put his duffle bag down and stood trying to figure us out. He said we all looked alike. We invited all the relatives from Utah and Idaho and also friends and family who lived close. I remember it was August, very hot, and David was wearing a long sleeved Henley shirt. I think he had not acclimatized to our temperature. The truth is he didn't have any clothes in his drawers. It was also a very special day to share as Spencer and Jennifer announced they were expecting a baby.

During the time David returned from his mission and before he left for college, my side of the family had a reunion at the park. Everyone was involved in visiting, eating, and socializing. David and Becky had gone over to the tennis court to hit a few balls. After a few minutes of playing, Becky was wearing flip-flops, had rolled her ankle, was in a great deal of pain and could not walk. We looked over to see David attempting to carry her over to us. We ran over to look and her ankle was already swollen. Someone got some ice to apply, but it was obvious she needed to see a doctor. My sisters later commented what a good brother David was to be so concerned about his sister.

David served for two years and upon returning, enrolled in Utah Valley State College for two years then transferred to Brigham Young University. He enrolled in the accounting program obtaining his Masters Degree followed by his CPA. During this time, David met Angela Mortensen from Payson, Utah. David traveled to Swan Valley, Idaho, to attend his niece's wedding reception. It was there that he told me he was interested in someone special. I must say I was not ready for this, as he had already been gone for two years and home for three weeks before leaving for college.

We were invited down to Provo to meet Angie. They fixed a shrimp and noodle dish which was delicious. David insisted Angie wash the black line out of each little shrimp. I was having trouble accepting David wanting to get married especially during the holidays. I thought if I told him I wouldn't be able to get the time away he would change his mind as I worked retail. When I ask for time off my manager said, "Yes, no problem, family is important".

On Dec. 23, 2000, they were married in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple. Both Angie's mother and I had pneumonia, but she managed to pull off the wedding and reception in Payson, Utah. In January, we had a reception in Boise, Idaho during their holiday break. I have to say that David made an excellent choice in a partner, they have since blessed us with four perfect grandchildren: Jacob, Kelsey, Aiden, and Mason.

In November of 2002, David's sister Becky had gone to Salt Lake City with Marjorie and Merrill to a medical conference. Becky wanted to show off her baby Brandon to the family in Utah. A very sad event happened as Brandon at seven weeks old, passed away at the Jordan River Hospital. David was taking his finals at BYU. When he was told what happened, he immediately came to the hotel to be with Becky. The next few days, arrangements were made for Brandon's service in Boise. Becky wanted David to give a talk at the funeral. This was a very difficult time for everyone. David gave a beautiful talk about how Brandon had taught him to love and the importance of family and that Becky would be with Brandon again.

In March of 2014, David and Marjorie planned a trip to take me along with the grandkids to the national parks in southern Utah. It was a beautiful trip hiking down Zions and Bryce Canyon and trying to get back up. It was fun to hide around the bend with Mason and Aiden to jump out and scare the parents. I admire how the cousins are so close and have a friendship that

continues where they leave off from every time they get together. Hopefully, there will be more opportunities to spend time with David and his family.

David has made us very proud of his accomplishments and with his great sense of humor; he is a joy to be around. He has a very kind, sensitive heart and loves his family. I feel blessed to have been his mother. He has made my heart happy. I have appreciated all of times he dropped what he was doing to come to Boise to help his parents paint the home, remove the carpet, help move Becky, help Marjorie with her projects or just spend time. Lynn has commented many times about much time he was able to spend with David and not the older boys as he was gone earning a living. He has learned many skills along the way when we thought he was not paying attention. His ability to fix computers, cars, do plumbing, wiring, and construction is impressive. I do believe God puts families together for a reason; I am glad he came to ours. I have learned from him. He has been my 1-800 numbers when I need help. He said he could best be described by Honda, Costco, Apple, Pepsi, and redheads. I would describe him as a special son and I am proud to be his mother.

Love,

Mom