

Memories of Teri Jackman Richman

By Merle Jackman

Our Teri was a tiny golden angel sent to us from heaven. She came a bit earlier than we expected and spent a few additional weeks in the hospital after she was born gaining a little more weight, but because she was alert and healthy, the nurses made her their pet, and often carried her about with them (it was a very small hospital)

I have some really great memories of Teri's growing up years, some nostalgic, some funny, and, all dear to my heart. We lived on Curtis Street in Blackfoot when Teri was born.

Conveniently living next door were two lovely teenage sisters who were excellent babysitters. Their younger brother (Skip Yancey) used to take Teri and Donna for rides in a wagon up and down the sidewalk on our block.

When Teri was not quite a year old, and Donna was about 3, I wanted to take my babies to California to show them off to my family and friends. Don knew a guy who was taking his wife there and they agreed to take us along. We did just great until we hit California where the brand new interstate highway had just opened up. At that point Buzz (Don's "friend") thought he had died and gone to driver's heaven. I watched the speedometer climb to 90 mph as I clutched my babies tight and began to pray. Sure enough we were stopped, along with two other idiot drivers, by the highway patrol. As it turned out Buzz's driver's license had been expired for 3 years. The officer took a long look at me and my two babies in the back seat, then looked back at Buzz and told him he really didn't know what to do. If he gave him a ticket, we would all be stranded there in the middle of the desert until it was resolved. Finally, the officer decided he had to let us go on but with strict instructions to obey all traffic rules and get a driver's license by the next day.

When she was about 3 or 4 years old she and Donna were playing in their room. All of a sudden I heard a small muffled voice calling "help help". I found Teri standing next to a closed suitcase and sure enough Donna was inside begging

someone to let her out. Teri told me Donna said to close it. Apparently she failed to answer when Donna asked her to open it back up.

Teri made her first little pal before she was a year old, a neighbor's little girl about the same age. They were really cute, actually looked a little bit alike, and played together very well.

When Teri was about 3 she started swimming lessons in an old outdoor pool in Blackfoot. I learned how quickly a little one can get away and be in the water before you know it. We were standing next to the pool waiting for the class to begin. I had barely turned my back to look for something and heard someone yell. There Teri was floating face down in the water. I jumped in fully clothed to get her out. She didn't seem to be upset so I let her go on with the swimming lesson.

Teri was five years old when we moved to Groveland. It was a whole new world for her and during the next several years she and her sister learned about farm life. She wasn't sure she liked feeding newborn calves, rolling bales of hay in the field so they could be picked up and loaded on the truck, picking up potatoes in the field during spud harvest or helping irrigate the crops. But she surely loved climbing up on the roof of an abandoned boxcar, playing in the old buildings, on the dilapidated roof of a very old spud cellar, or in the attic of an unused barnyard building which held many wondrous things left by previous owners, games, old comic books, an old Ouija board etc., riding our ponies, swimming in the canal (I objected to that but her dad said it was okay), exploring a grove of apple and cedar trees, and many other curious places found around an old family farm.

Teri will remember our neighbors and very good friends, George and Nellie McCandless, and grandma Henderson. Our girls loved to play with their kids and grandma H was a willing baby sitter for us until they moved to Butte MT. When I decided to go back to work sometime after Teri's little brother was born we invited grandma H to come live with us and take care of David and she was on the very next bus to Blackfoot. No doubt Teri will have her own version of what it was like while she lived with us. Oh what fond memories, huh Teri.

She enjoyed our family trips to California for vacations and Christmas with gramma and grampa East, with our cousins the Holly's, and going to Disneyland in Anaheim soon after it first opened. Maybe she also remembers being held by Uncle Eldon in the ocean when she was about 3 or 4 years old while the breakers rolled in, and being suddenly surprised by a much larger one soaking both Eldon and her.

While attending grade school in Groveland, Teri sometimes had a little problem being on time to catch the bus home. I finally gave her a warning that the next time I had to come pick her up after school, she would walk home (about 1 1/2 miles). Sure enough another call from the school and Teri found herself walking home with me following in the car right behind her driving along the shoulder of the road. She was furious with me but very good at catching the bus from then on.

No doubt Teri will recall some of the ups and downs that come with having a foster sister living in our home. Valerie was a member of the Sioux Indian Nation and came to live with us as an Indian Placement student from Ft Yates, North Dakota. She was with us for three years while she attended the third, fourth and fifth grades. Our family loved Valerie and found it interesting and educational discovering some of the many cultural differences between us.

For a few years our family and two others, the Cook's and HILLAM's, shared a mutual project of raising chickens to add to our food storage. We all helped kill, pluck the feathers, clean, cut up and bag them for the freezer. We had the space and facilities to raise them, so our family had the "opportunity" to take care of them. Needless to say Teri was "overjoyed and thrilled" to help feed and water them and especially to clean out the chicken coops.

No doubt she will remember painting fences at Harding Livestock ----- earned money for her mission

Even though she has always been a peacemaker at heart, gentle in nature, kind and thoughtful of others, be careful not to mess with her brood because she is a fierce mother hen, loyal to her friends and family, quick to defend, protect and aid any in need.

I know she has some really good memories of high school activities, going to school dances, being a member of Broncadetts and cheering for the Broncos at the games. Teri holds dear the friends she's made throughout her life, all through grade school in Groveland and high school in Blackfoot. She is still in close contact with many of them.

Teri first took dance lessons when she was 3 and during her college years she danced with a folk dance group at Ricks College in Rexburg. Don and I so enjoyed going to watch their performances. I don't recall the name of the dance group but she will remember it.

It was really difficult for me to let Teri leave on her mission for our church. But I was truly impressed by the strength of her testimony and was caught up in her love for the gospel and dedication to the work she was doing. I have always been proud of Teri and this was a very special time for her and for our family.

Teri met Larry in Provo; romance developed, and surprise! a proposal of marriage. A mother always wishes her daughter might marry someone who will love her and care for her as much as she does and I knew Larry was the right one. Larry is the greatest son-in-law ever and together they have produced a beautiful family. (Not just saying that either)

I do appreciate this opportunity to reminisce, to recall and relate some of my most cherished memories.

Thank you Teri for being my daughter. You were, are, and always will be, a truly great joy and blessing to me. I love you.

Your Mom