Hildebrand History

As told by Eathyl Bunting

Whatcom Lake, Bellingham, WA

Charles Wesley Hildebrand, born January 29, 1852 to Jacob and Melvina Hildebrand in York, Pennsylvania, married Martha Mary Hanna Harless, Sweetland, Iowa on Mar 23, 1873. Their family grew to eight children: William, Albert, Clarence, Lloyd Wesley, Leta, Charlie, Alma, and Irvin.

Moving to Whatcom County, WA, they homesteaded on beautiful, 10-mile-long Lake Whatcom, establishing a farm and small-scale logging.

They later moved into Bellingham for schooling and work opportunities. On Friday, August 2, 1910, the family all gathered at Hildebrand Landing, Lake Whatcom, for a reunion. After a jolly, sumptuous feast, four of them went for a canoe ride and, as young people do, they began to "horse around," got careless, and the canoe tipped over. Then tragedy struck – Uncle Irvin (13) apparently got cramps from the cold water and began to sink. Aunt Alma (21), a notably strong swimmer, dove to save her brother, but neither surfaced. Grandpa Charles circled the middle basin of the lake by boat all night. Family members pulled the siblings' bodies from the lake floor at 9:30 next morning. More here.

Grandpa sold his farm and bought a little place at Clear Lake, outside Mount Vernon. Grandma Martha Hildebrand died May 20, 1915. On Oct 4, 1917, Grandpa returned to Iowa to marry his widowed childhood sweetheart, Lucinda Harmon Wilcox,

and brought her back to Washington.

Our new grandma was a jolly little plump lady who loved us all and served luscious Dutch meals. All the vegetables and chicken and dumplings were always followed by pies and cakes of all descriptions. Grandma Lucinda died in an accident April 19, 1924; Grandpa lived on at Clear Lake until Mar 29, 1935. Both were buried in the Mountt Vernon Cemetery at Clear Lake.

Rev. W.R.Cox, who had come to Bellingham with his wife Clara Belle and six children in 1893, established a United Presbyterian Church on Broadway St, Bellingham. Their eldest was Ethel Beulah Cox, followed by Cecil Buel, Willabelle, Jean, Jay (John Walter Stewart Cox) and Alma Irene, just three years old.

Much interplay existed between the young folks. The Hildebrand family was of Dutch and German descent,

farmers and laborers by trade, hard workers, and a close, devoted family. The Cox family was college and seminary trained and objected to the romance that developed between Lloyd Hildebrand and Ethel Cox.

When Lloyd was courting Ethel, he would bring her big boxes of chocolates.

One Sunday, Ethel's youngest sister, Irene, and her brother Jay discovered the candy just before going to church and each took a piece, concealing it cleverly (?) in a small warm fist. At church, the two were always seated in the front row in their specially-built short pew, close to the large pot-bellied stove. Their older sisters and mother were in the choir and father Rev. Cox was in the pulpit. As the room warmed up, so did the fists tightly clutching the chocolate candy, and soon two little folks were very frightened and sticky! They were so messy that Mother Cox had to leave the choir and march the two culprits home to clean up. Since home was just next door, they were soon returned and the service continued as planned.

After establishing the church on Broadway in Bellingham, the Cox family moved back to the Midwest. Ethel was so lonely and lovesick that they finally agreed to the marriage with

the warning that “if you make your bed, you’ll have to lie in it” and not “come home to Mama." So Grandma Cox helped Ethel prepare her trousseau amid many tears and admonitions and then Ethel returned to Bellingham to marry Lloyd.

Lloyd Lewellyn Hildebrand and Ethel Cox were joined in matrimony on June 27, 1906. They settled at 2110 “D” street in Bellingham, Washington, filling it with good books, fine pictures, and beautiful dishes.

Both had worked as clerks at the Bellingham Bay Furniture Store and Lloyd had purchased two complete sets of beautiful Bavarian and Havilland china. He loved pretty things and had bought a lovely collection of pitchers in Dutch design.

On July 29, 1907, I (Eathyl Frances Hildebrand) was born in Bellingham, Washington. My sister, Dorothy Jean, was born on November 8, 1909. Then came Lloyd Wesley on February 19, 1911, and finally Alvin Theodore on November 28, 1913.

My first home was on “D” street in Bellingham across from Whatcom High School. I have very few memories – one was standing in our yard watching the students come and go.

One day, some of them took my hand and took me to the corner grocery store.

They bought me a bag of candy – “Oh, Boy!” – but when I showed my mother, she scolded me for leaving the yard and then she put the bag of candy IN THE STOVE!

Another time, Daddy brought home some crabs for dinner – ALIVE! Mother put a big iron kettle on the stove and brought the water to a boil to cook the crabs. But when she lifted the lid and popped a crab into the pot it promptly crawled out and across the stove and onto the floor.

This went on for two or three times until the crabs finally gave up. Imagine the squeals and giggles from two small girls (Dorothy and me).

When we were young, Saturdays were very special days. It was baking day, shampoo day, house cleaning day and bath day, all rolled into one! Our house was very small, had a living room, dining room, kitchen, and one bedroom.

When I was 10 or 11, our folks got a tent large enough for two single beds with small space between them. Dorothy and I slept on one side and the boys slept on the other. When it was cold, Mother heated bricks or rocks and wrapped them in towels to warm our feet.

When the wind blew hard or the snow came, the tent would sometimes come down on us, but we slept right through it. Later, my sister and I slept on a hide-a-bed in the living room, so our job was to keep that room clean. Our two brothers (Lloyd and Ted) were younger and slept on a trundle bed which slid under the folks' double bed. When my work was done in the living room, I helped clean and dust in the bedroom, my sister also doing her part. Later, the front hall was converted to a bedroom alcove for us girls.

Mother baked all of our bread, cakes, pies, and cookies. So, she was very busy in the kitchen. I had very long hair, and it took hours to wash and dry it. We had no hair dryers then, so I sat either in the sun or by the stove combing until I got all the damp snarls out of my hair. My sister Dorothy had beautiful brown curls and sometimes Mother took the time to put the curls up on "rags" (no curlers then)! Of course, there were always dishes to wash — even more on baking day. We didn't like to do the dishes, so we made up a game. If I washed faster than Dorothy dried, she was "poisoned." If she got ahead of me, I was "poisoned." That way the work went faster. (I hope they were always clean).

Our kitchen had a "Majestic Queen" wood range with a reservoir on the end for warm water. We had no electric water heater, so on Saturday evening after supper the big copper boiler was filled with water and heated for baths. These were taken in relays, the little boys first in the round galvanized tub on the floor.

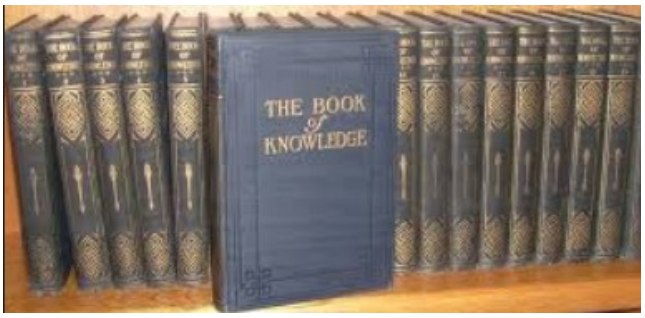
When they were clean and dry and put to bed, it was the turn for us girls. We got in the tub together as long as we

fit. After we got bigger, we had to take turns. After we went to bed, Daddy emptied the tub and made it ready for Mother, and he was last. I remember once seeing my daddy wrapped in a towel, looking like an Adonis standing in the kitchen doorway. He was of husky build but I had always seen him in work clothes or Sunday best, so it was quite a revelation to see him *au naturale*.

One night, after we were ready for bed, Daddy was holding Dorothy and me on his lap in the big rocking chair in front of the fireplace. Suddenly, the poker fell over into the fire. Before anyone could stop her, Dorothy jumped off Daddy's lap and ran to the fireplace, pulled the poker out and took hold of the handle. She burned her palm quite badly.

Mother bathed it with kerosene and after a few days, all was OK.

Daddy loved beautiful dishes and good books. I remember how thrilled I was when he bought us the "Book of Knowledge" set. I spent many evenings doing reports for school or just browsing in that set.



In 1913, when I was six, we left Bellingham and went to live on Grandpa Hildebrand's farm south of Mt. Vernon, Washington so Dad could help Grandpa on the farm. We had a new house and lots of fun places for us to play. I always enjoyed the farm animals and the quiet peaceful rural life. Grandpa raised dairy cows and had three horses. The big white mare, Maude, did the farm work – plowing, etc. Two dark brown pacers named Prince and Queenie were used for travel to and from church and shopping in Mt. Vernon.

I also remember riding on the broad back of old Maude, our gray work mare and riding to church in the buggy behind two beautiful, brown, high-stepping pacers.

The family traveled in a buggy similar to those used by the Amish. Since the Hildebrands came originally from Pennsylvania, it seemed natural to follow the customs of those frugal people.

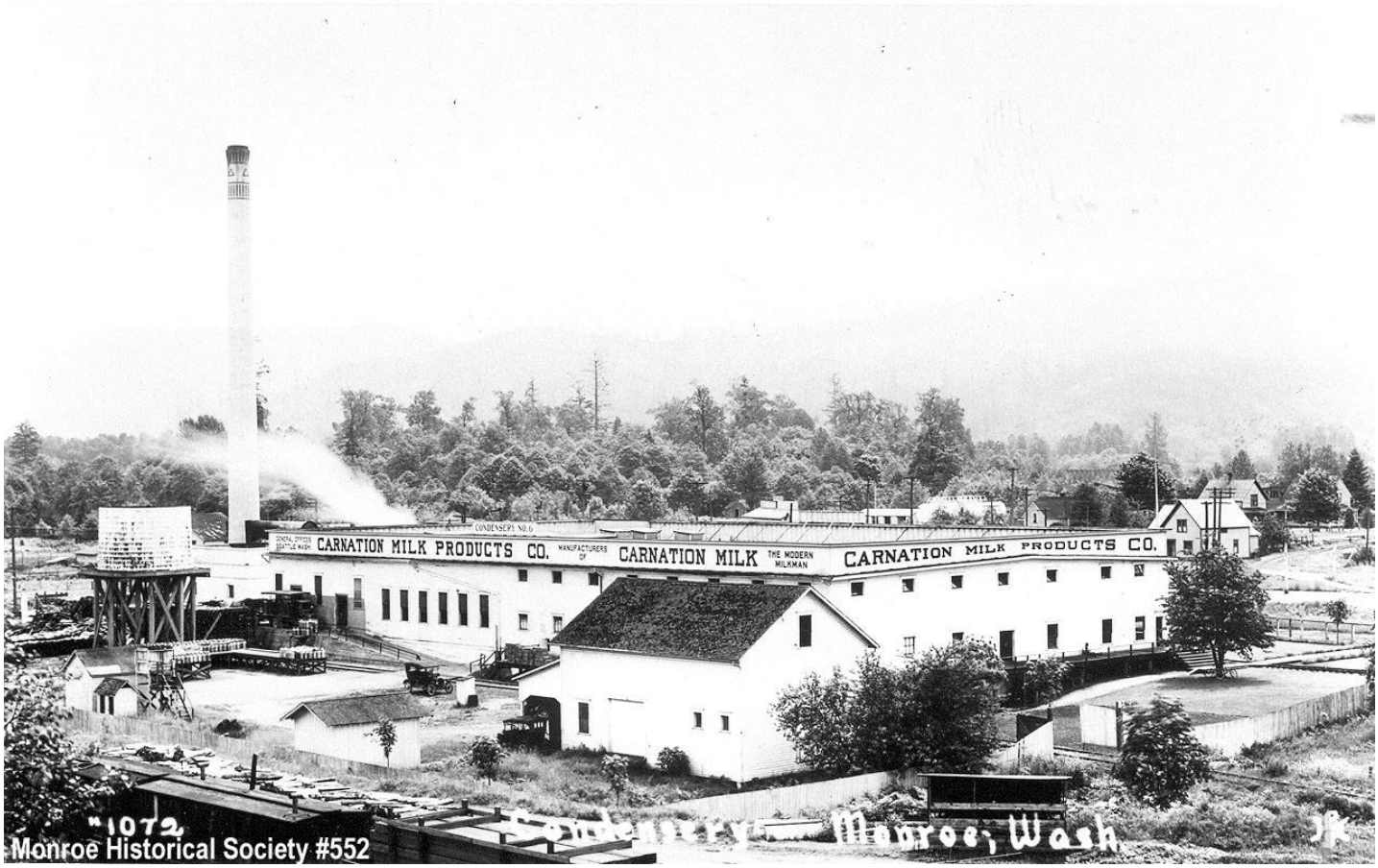
One Sunday when we were returning from church Dorothy and I were sitting behind the seat on a backless bench. Just south of town, the road made a sharp turn up and over the railroad. As Dad drove the team up the incline, a motorcycle came up the other side and spooked the team. They reared up so suddenly that Dorothy and I were whipped back to hang by our knees!

Fortunately, Dad got control of the team in a short time and we were only scared.

Things I remember from the farm were: eating fresh tomatoes from the garden, eating Bing cherries from the tree, starting school and walking a mile through the woods and across town to the Roosevelt school.

Dad always had a big garden. He had taken an Agricultural course at Pullman College, and we had lots of fruit and vegetables fresh from our own crops.

Dad also raised chickens and rabbits so we had beef or pork only on special occasions and fish very seldom.



Watch the fascinating story of the Carnation Company here.

Mother had always been a "city gal" and didn't like farm life, so when I was nine, we left the farm, moved into town. This was shortly after Grandma Martha had died from Diabetes.

Mother Dot had taken a musical course at Monmouth College in Illinois and taught piano, directed a youth choir and orchestra at church and sang in the adult choir. Dad and I also sang in the choir.

In town, Dad worked for the WPA (Works Progress Administration), an emergency relief act approved by Congress in 1935 to give jobs to unemployed millions of Americans.

Later he worked for a number of years for the Carnation Milk Company Condensary in Mt. Vernon.He also was called to go to Monroe to help with the lab work, testing butter fat levels etc. for the Carnation Dairy there (pictured above). Dad later became a partner in a dairy that sold milk, butter, cream, cheese, and buttermilk, and ice cream. He had long hours and we didn't see much of him.

During the Depression, Dad sold his share of the dairy and went to work for the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps). The crew worked mainly on building new roads and bridges for large logging companies in the foothills around Marblemount. For a time, Daddy worked for the Watkins Company delivering spices and flavorings door to door.

In the home at 505 Division Street, I finished grade school and went on to high school. Those were very happy times, although the world was in turmoil from World War I. The thing I remember most about those years was good fellowship in the First Baptist Church and lots of company in our home. My closest friend was Helen Lippert. We went through school together, attended the First Baptist Church where I received the Lord Jesus as my savior in 1920, and hoped to become a medical missionary. When I was in high school I had several Christian teachers and I took all the necessary courses for medical training.

The year that I graduated from high school (1925), we had a very dry warm spring. There were many forest fires and everything was tinder dry. One day in May, Mother went with some friends to Seattle to do some shopping. Our aunt was staying with us and prepared dinner at noon. As I left the school for lunch (it was only three blocks away), I heard the fire sirens and looking towards home saw smoke pouring up from our house.

I ran as fast as I could and found that other people also on lunch break had come quickly and were collecting things out of the house.

The fire was caused by a faulty chimney flue and dry shingles. There wasn't any loss of furnishings and only minor damage by water, but the roof was ruined, so we moved to a rental house until ours could be rebuilt. My graduation clothes were damaged by soot and water, but my dear friend took them to the cleaners for me. At that time we didn't wear

caps and gowns to graduate – just nice "dress up" clothes.

When I left home to go to college in 1925, my Dad didn't want me to become a nurse. He said it was too hard for a girl. So I changed my course and became a grade school teacher, getting my training at Western Washington University in Bellingham.

While at school in Bellingham, I lived in several places to earn my room and board and borrowed money for my tuition from the Mt. Vernon Women's Music Club, who always gave a scholarship to a graduate. Dad and Mother were both musical and belonged to the Women's Club and the Skagit County Men's Glee Club. In our home, we always had a lot of singing and each of us took our place in the church choir when we were old enough.

College was hard work, but I finally graduated in August of 1927. I then went to Seattle as a cadet teacher for two years. I had only been to Seattle once or twice with someone else, so it was with "fear and trembling" that I set forth on my own.

That was a year of many adjustments: a country girl in the big city, a very green teacher in a crowded school district, and a lost and lonely soul trying to fill an adult role. One of my former high school teachers had married and lived in a large house in the University district. Her family took in one or two roomers and I was fortunate to be accepted as a roomer and boarder. They treated me as one of the family and that eased my launch into independence. That and my mother's prayers helped see me through.

In 1927 I began at the Seward School on Eastlake Avenue, teaching third grade. The strain of my job and growing up was too much and I had a nervous breakdown in May. The doctor said I must quit and rest or I could develop TB. So I spent the summer recuperating at Lacey, Washington, where my Cox grandparents lived.

In 1928, I taught first grade at Ft. Lawton in a smaller school and gained more confidence in my profession, thanks to a very encouraging principal. I lived in an apartment in the University District and rode the streetcar clear across town, but I could relax and enjoy the quiet time on those commutes. In 1929, I was transferred to the Interbay School where I taught second grade for two years. I lived in an apartment on 5th Avenue West with my Aunt Irene. One thing I remember about that place was the flashing of the Alki Beach lighthouse beacon shining in our bedroom window from across Elliott Bay.

In 1930 I lived alone in the Rainier Avenue apartments and began to attend the Spring Street United Presbyterian Church. I enjoyed the fellowship there and sang in the choir. I was even allowed to practice on the organ when we had choir practice.

Lila Salisbury

Two of my new friends were Lila Pearl Salisbury and her daughter Alice Elizabeth. One evening they invited me to their home for dinner. I believe it was the birthday of Alice's brother, Albert. Right after dinner he left for a "heavy date," so the rest of us, including Alice's older brother, George, spent a quiet evening reading. When I said I had to go home to prepare for school the next day, Alice said, "George will take you home"?! So he did and asked me for a date on Saturday night! We went to Mt. Vernon to meet my family and we really fell in love.

In 1931, I moved to a newer apartment with Grace McClarin, another teacher friend. The following year, my sister Dorothy lived with me while she went to business college. July 29, 1931, George and I became engaged. He was building a 16' outboard cruising boat; I enjoyed helping him.

That summer, I returned to Bellingham to complete my credits for a life diploma. George finished the boat and bought some property on the beach south of Kingston.

Kingston

When school was out in June of 1932, we were married at his home on 7th Ave W on Queen Ann Hill. We built our own house at Kingston and George constructed our water system with a "ram" in a spring. Shopping required crossing the bay in a small commuter boat to Indianola, then driving five miles home.

In 1933 when our house was nearly completed our first baby girl arrived. We named her Mary Margaret. Another daughter, Elizabeth Ann, came along in February 1935.

In May of that year, **trouble struck again!** Our home burned but no one was injured, so we began all over again! We built a small summer cottage and remained there until Fall.

George worked for the I.F. Laucks Laboratories as a government inspector and assayer. Commuting by boat took a lot of time and his work hours were very irregular, so we moved back to Seattle, staying for a time with his mother and sister. Nana (George's mom, Lila) worked for an

import mercantile owned by her brother Clarence. Alice also worked there. They decided to take an apartment, so we rented her place.

At that time, Dad was operating a floral nursery in Sedro Wooley but felt lonely and separated from all the family. So George and I purchased a five acre place on Filbert Road in Alderwood Manor and moved Dad and his nursery stock there to live with us.

It was not a successful or happy arrangement, so George and I moved closer to the town on Poplar Way, and Dad eventually moved to Federal Way to a cousin's place, and that, too, was not successful. So Dad purchased a place on Highway 99 across from Echo Lake just north of Richmond Heights.

George had dealt with acute hypertension all his life. One fall day in 1942, in the midst of trying to "push-start" a stubborn auto, George suffered a cerebral hemhorrage. He was hospitalized for a month, then bedridden at home for six months. When our two daughters contracted the mumps, he got them also. It was a devastating illness, and his heart began to wear out. On May 2, 1943 he went to be with the Lord.

The following year was a lonely one for me – teaching school in Alderwood for two and a half years, trying to raise three children and keep up a home and yard. George's mother lived close by and was a big help to me. The next spring brought some sharp changes.

John F. Bunting, George's bosom buddy ever since school days, had married Mariam Swartz Oct 31, 1940 before George became so ill. Mariam died in childbirth Nov 23, 1941.

George and I had always kept in touch with them. Now, after losing his best friend too, John was a very lonely and unhappy man; he and I still kept in touch and soon started dating. June 6, 1944, we were married in Alderwood Manor.

In June 1946, we moved to Monroe to pioneer on a 60-acre wooded hillside on Woods Creek between Monroe and Sultan. Margaret enrolled in Monroe High School and Elizabeth in junior high. George Jr. began school in Central Grade School. At the time we moved, our little boy John William was a year old. He had been a premature baby but developed into a sturdy little guy.

We had a small cabin that John had transported in pieces from his folks' place near Bothell, Washington and patched together for our Woods Creek home. In many places, the rain poured in and we huddled around the wood range to keep warm. In 1949, we had another boy that we named Bruce Walter. His dad really enjoyed becoming a father again after losing one baby

and then having a preemie.

We had some most wonderful neighbors (the Ed Stucky family) who regularly shared their garden produce and dairy products with us. They also helped us spiritually through the little Mennonite country church nearby. We got fresh eggs from the Hepper Egg Farm at Woods Creek Falls a half mile away.

John had moved his formerly thriving machine shop up to this new, remote area and it took some time to establish his new business. He built a large cement block shop the second year and gradually established a reputation for excellent workmanship.

In 1952, I was hired as a teacher in the Monroe School District, so the next year we moved to town, buying a house at 231 South Madison Street from Carl Rabin. John's health was not good, and he was working long hours. We had discovered in 1947 that he had diabetes and that was why he felt so poorly. After becoming adjusted to the right regime of insulin, diet, and exercise, he felt better.

Margaret graduated from high school and went to Western Washington

University in Bellingham. In her senior year, she married Henry (Hank) Rogers. They lived and taught in Vancouver, Washington. Her education major was library science and his was middle school teaching. They then moved to Oregon, teaching in Eugene. Eventually Margaret was hired as Specialist in Education Information by the NW Regional Educational Laboratories. She did a lot of traveling for the Lab, serving Alaska, Guam, Hawaii, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, the Trust Territories of the Pacific, and American Samoa. The NW Regional Lab is located in Portland, so she eventually moved there. She and Henry divorced and he moved to southern Oregon.

Elizabeth Anne (we all called her

Betty) fell in love during her sophomore year, and she and Wilbert Kenneth Gering (Bud) were married June 22, 1951. They first lived in Redmond. Then while he was in the army, they lived first in San Luis Obispo, California and then Georgia. Bud (now Will) was an excellent salesman and worked for several firms. He and Betty owned a typewriter repair and stationery store, then Will became a high-performing district salesman for the Zep Company. They had one son, Jeffrey Alan who, while on a stellar rise in his sales career, became an early Covid victim.

George Robert Jr., after his junior year at Monroe High school, while attending a summer youth retreat, he met Lola Ratzloff. Lola's parents had come from Kansas to Washington to farm in the Columbia Basin; she was sent to the retreat from her church in Warden, WA. George mailed her a letter after the retreat that blossomed into a courtship of four years over a distance of 200 miles!

After graduating, George attended Moody Bible Institute in Chicago for a year, studying under the Missionary Radio and Communications division.

George and Lola married on June 23, 1961 – one week after Lola's graduation. Their honeymoon consisted of driving to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where George completed his I-W service and began studying electronic engineering at Indiana Institute of Technology.

On August 16, 1964, just as George was about to begin his second year at Indiana Tech news came that Clifford, Lola's only sibling, died when a passenger train hit his car as he was crossing an unmarked rail crossing returning home. Clifford was just 17, new driver's license, new territory, visiting a new church friend at Birch Bay. In light of that, George and Lola decided to move to Bellingham so they could attend Western Washington University and to be near Lola's folks, who had just moved to Custer, near Bellingham (home of Western).

Completing a school adminstration major in education and technology, George began as a classoom instructor in Anacortes, WA; then taught in Tacoma, WA in a Christian school; in Federal Way as founding principal of a Christian school; and finally in Kent, WA as founding headmaster of yet another Christian school. He was also a national consultant and coach, training staff for a number of schools west of the Mississippi for an international school system, .

A daughter, Sandra Lynnette completed that family on Oct 23, 1972. After high school she went through University of Washington. Subsequently she built a career editing and managing in the creative writing department of World Vision's Federal Way headquarters.

In 1979 George opened a small printing operation serving mainly churches and charities in Fife, near Tacoma. After 25 years of that, he spent six years as a facility management engineer for a west coast trucking company before retiring.

John William finished school in Monroe and after his alternative military service in Fort Wayne, Indiana, he took some special training in Tacoma

called "Personalized Training for Business and Industry." He worked for Boeing, Fluke Mfg., and Heil Machine. Later, he ran his own machine shop with clients in many areas. He married Emily Ruth Block and they have two boys, James Andrew (1977) and Mark Jon (1980).

Bruce Walter also finished school in Monroe and then did his two years of service in a hospital in Glendale, California where he met and married Ann McWilliams. Bruce worked for the Snohomish County PUD, fleet maintenance divisiion.

They later divorced and Bruce married Shari Axel. They have two boys, Jerimy Bruce (J.B.) (1977) and Ric William (1982).

Bruce and Shari divorced and Bruce remarried Ann McWilliams.

The Proverbial Golden Years

In 1977, my Aunt Irene Kohler, widowed two years before and living in Monroe, had an accident, breaking and severely spraining both ankles. When she was released from the hospital, the doctor said she could not live alone. John and I said she could live with us as long as she needed care. She was with us for five years, had two more accidents, and finally moved to Oregon near her step-son and daughter.

In 1980, John's health began to go downhill. His diabetes was hard to control. Tests revealed he also had Parkinson's disease. The trembling in his hands and legs became so severe that he couldn't work and finally could not take care of himself. I was glad to be able to care for him until the last few hours of his life. At that time, John needed a lot of care, so I could spend all my time with him. After John died, I discovered I had a very severe back sprain. My doctor ordered me off my feet for a week. John and Emily had been helping me in trying to keep up the place on Hand Road (we affectionately called it Bunbury Hill).

The children were all concerned about me living alone and each wanted me to spend time with them.

John and Emily furnished a very nice apartment in the daylight basement of the lovely home John built on Hand Road, across the road from "The Place" where John and I had lived and they moved me into their home. Emily was a perfect daughter-in-law, seeing that I ate well, stayed off my feet until my back troubles eased, even giving me special foot massages very professionally.

Gradually I began to feel like my old self except for missing my husband and my own home and garden. One day, I drove to Everett to visit a friend who was ill. I stayed overnight with her and I had the feeling of a

small voice speaking to me, saying, "Go see Katie." This was the name of a close friend who was at one time a near neighbor, but after her husband's death had moved into an apartment in Monroe. After leaving my friend to come back to Monroe, I went to see Katie. We had lunch together and visited awhile. Then she said, "There are new apartments opening up in the next block. Let's go look at them." For a long time, she had been asking me to consider moving to town. So, we looked at a couple of nice, one-bedroom apartments and she said, "Why don't you move in here?" I thought about how close to town it was, how nice and new it was, and how close it was to many friends. I asked the manager about the rent and if I could think about it and took an application for acceptance with me.

When I left Katie, I said, "I like it but I don't know what John and Emily will think, so if it is God's will and if they agree, I will plan on it." That night, we were having popcorn in my apartment in their home, so I asked, "What would you think if I got an apartment in town?" I proceeded to tell them what I had experienced, and they said, "Whatever you want to do is alright with us." The next day, Emily came and looked the place over and we decided it was a good idea, so I sent in the application and down payment and began packing. In the first week of February, 1981, I began living at #53 Friendship House II, 701 Elizabeth Street, Monroe.

There have been many events in my life that I could have mourned and sorrowed over, but the Lord has been my strength and shield. I believe these happenings are instruments of God's discipline to help us grow closer to Him and to help us relate to other people in their time of need. We have had four generations enjoying life together – comforting and encouraging one another through trials and mistakes, agonies and joys. We each have our separate individualities and a "family" doesn't come about by just producing more children. It takes hard work, much prayer, and yielding to the guidance of the Holy Spirit – also comfort and guidance from our spiritual brothers and sisters.

Our family is a circle of strength and love. With every birth and every union, the circle grows. Every joy shared adds more love. Every crisis faced together makes the circle stronger.

A family is never finished. We all keep growing and changing like a colorful mobile in the sun. There will always be some shadows, but the returning sun is all the more precious. None of us knows how many lives we have touched through friendship or teaching or business – some to impress favorably and some not. Only our heavenly Father knows the results of such encounters. By the grace of God, we can all go on to better things –

eventually to go to be with Him and join a great reunion with new bodies. The Lord God is our Father and He has given us His Word so we may know His will for our lives.

I am convinced that the Christian base is the only foundation for a true liberal arts experience in learning. "If anyone would seek wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him" James 1:5. Art, music, and crafts are all involved in the Christian concept. If one tunes the ear and eye to all of God's creation, the beauty of it all is an inspiration to live a life like Jesus showed while he was here on earth. Now that he is no longer here in the flesh but dwells within those who accept him as Lord, life is worth living and death is just a door into a greater, more beautiful experience with our risen Lord.

Additional Notes on Eathyl's Family

Mother and Dad were divorced in May,1928, and Mother moved to Seattle in 1931. She took in roomers and boarders and sometimes convalescent patients. At one time, she was house mother for a sorority in the University district.

Sister Dorothy attended business college and worked in various places, eventually for the Bell Telephone Company where she met Frank Koons. They were married and lived at 1303 N 78th in Seattle until their passing.

Brother Lloyd graduated from Mt. Vernon high school and pursued a musical career, studying for a time at Seattle University. He played bassoon with the Seattle Symphony before moving to California for health reasons. He played with various musical groups, mastered all the wind instruments, taught music lessons, served in the U.S. Air Force Band entertaining the troops in the service and was Music Minister in the Baptist Church in Burbank. He and his wife Beth had two children, Jean and Paul.

Lloyd spent many hours writing and transposing music for chamber groups. He retired in 1981 but was still active in various musical pursuits. In 1982, he had a severe heart attack but recovered to be quite active again.

Ted (Alvin Theodore), our younger brother, had a military career, serving in the communications division of the Air Force. He was in Alaska, the

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NOTE: Eathyl wrote this ca 1988, so families have changed a bit. John and Emily Bunting transcribed Eathyl's composition. George Salisbury added pictures and did the layout and typesetting.
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