

## JOHN AND INGER'S DNA - PART 3 – ALFRED'S CHILDREN

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

6 hrs · [Sandy](#)



Leila at her Provo home with Francis and Kay

Those of us who lived on farms in Lakeview worked together, played together and spent every Christmas morning walking up and down the neighborhood together. We stopped at every house for refreshments. Mary made the most divine banana slush. The only year there wasn't any liquor in Aunt Bee's eggnog was the year Dad was called to be bishop of Lakeview. After chores were done Christmas morning, Grandpa would come to outdoor yelling, "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" which evidently was an old Norwegian custom. I remember Thanksgiving dinners at Aunt Leila's, a family hike up to Timpanogos Cave, pot luck dinners, and playing on the swings and slippery slides at Canyon Glen while the adults visited. The first time I saw Barbara Excel, was when Kay brought her to a family party at Canyon Glen. She had white skin, black hair, big bosoms and a beautiful smile. She and Kay never

married but were life-long friends. Leila said the reason they didn't marry was because the Excel's had lots of money and they never thought Kay Johnson was good enough for her.

Ted wrote: Kay attended Vineyard school, Lincoln High School and BYU where he studied drafting and architecture. Kay was in the service at Fort Collins, Colorado for a year. Upon his return he worked as an Interior Decorator for Dixon Taylor Russell, a furniture store in Provo. He was one of the people who drew up the plans for the Reams store in Provo. They called it the Turtle. He left Provo to attend an architecture school in San Francisco and was hired by a drafting firm there. [Kay and Corinne were always close. He took her to several of his class reunions and brought chocolates to her when he came to town. Corinne visited Kay in San Francisco and they called each other regularly. He died just two months ago, at the age of 85 on February 18<sup>th</sup>, 2018.]

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

[Linda Jones Cook](#) I love this picture!

[Connie Jones Cameron](#) Lots of fun memories of Kay herding the cows home to be milked. He hated every minute of it!! 😄

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)



18 hrs · [Sandy](#)

December 16, 1931 - Dean married Jessie Farley

The morning broke with the temperature reading 20 degrees below zero. Chores were to be done, and there was hurrying on every hand and we were to be ready to leave by 6:00 A.M. Uncle August and Aunt

Ruth were going with us in our car along with Dad and Francis. The trip to Manti was somewhat hazardous because of road conditions and the extreme cold and snow. [Dad said the snow was as high to a tall Indian.] We arrived a few minutes before 8:00 A.M. and in time to go through the first session. The marriage and sealing ceremony was performed by President Anderson of the Manti Temple. As there was no provision in the ceremony for the placing of the wedding ring, we sought seclusion behind the door of the sealing room and I placed the ring on the finger of my new bride.

From here we bid farewell to the Farley family and went to the home of Francis's mother, where a wedding dinner was served and all the Madsen relatives were present to honor us. After a sumptuous meal and an afternoon of visiting, we returned to our newly furnished house in Lakeview. Aunt Nora Taylor had kept the home warm by burning coal in the old coal heater and had a pitcher of hot cocoa and fruit cake awaiting our return.

It was a bitter cold winter that year. The house was drafty and cold. The north bedroom was so cold the quilts would freeze to the bottom of the bed. By morning the hot water bottle was frozen to ice. . . I didn't get any employment until in the spring when I operated our few acres and worked around for the neighbors. I was glad to work for \$2.00 a day doing most any kind of work. Still it was a happy time in spite of these difficulties. . .

One summer afternoon our little home nearly went up in flames. I was hurrying to get cleaned up to meet Jess after she got through work. I came in from the fields and there was no hot water, due to the fact that all our water had to be heated on the old coal stove, I hurriedly lit the gas stove that we used on trips to the canyon. I hadn't taken time to take the necessary precautions, and the next thing I know the whole thing was in flames. I grabbed a throw rug off the kitchen floor, threw it over the stove, and heaved the whole thing out of the door just as it exploded. Two of the windows of on the south side of the house were blown out through the explosion, a hole was burned in the front of my underwear about the size of a dinner plate, and the curly black hair singed off my chest. George Scott, our neighbor to the south, came running through the fields followed by his two grandsons. He yelled out loudly, "My god, what are you trying to do, blow up the place?" Once more someone up there must have been looking after me.

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

#### [Comment](#)

[Laraine Johnson Kent](#) I remember as a little girl mom's wedding dress hanging in the closet...over time the color was no longer white.

[Corinne Johnson Young](#) Also Mom would let us dress up in it and we sure weren't very careful



#### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

10 hrs · Sandy

Dean: I was sustained as first Counselor in the Bishopric on January 29, 1933 at the age of 24. Everyone was having difficulties making ends meet. It was impossible to collect any Ward maintenance, so the bishopric took turns month by month, cleaning the church. All money received from the PBO was used to pay for coal, lights, etc. and the very necessities of the Ward.

Diane: It's useful to look at the Alfred Johnson family when my father was called into the bishopric. Everyone but the oldest brother was living in Lakeview then. Twenty-seven-year-old Harold Johnson was married, working as a miner and living in Park City. He and his twenty-one-year-old wife Lola Mae Winterton, were the parents of two-year-old Yvonne. Lola was expecting a second child, Arlen John Johnson, who arrived on April 5, 1933. Three more daughters would follow.

All the other siblings were living at home with Alfred and Francis. Leila had just turned 16; Nathan Holdaway had turned 18 on December 14, 1932, one month earlier. Little brother Ted was 8 years old. Kay won't be born for another year and a half.



1933 Lakeview Ward Bishopric; Ernil Williams, bishop; Dean Johnson, 1st Counselor; Thomas Reese, 2nd Counselor, and Leonard Johnson, Ward Clerk.

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

First Lakeview Ward Chapel - built in 1902 - where Alfred's family worshiped and Dean was called into the bishopric.



Originally Lakeview was part of the Provo Third Ward, but because of the distance and difficulty crossing the river auxiliary organizations were formed. In September 1877, Peter Madsen was ordained bishop of Lakeview, then known as Provo Fifth Ward. (Madsen was John Johnson's brother-in-law. He hired 17-year-old John to fish for him and married his older sister Lena who became his fifth and youngest plural wife.) In those days church services were held in the school house and in Madsen's large adobe home. Later they were moved to a much larger school house built in 1892.

When Lakeview Ward was organized in 1877 John Johnson was called to serve as Presiding Teacher. He left for a mission to Norway in October, 1889, where he labored in the Frederikshald, Ejdsvold and Christiana Branches. Later he presided over the Christiana conference. Receiving an honorable release, he returned home in November, 1891. In February 1892, he was ordained a High Priest and called as Bishop to preside over the Lakeview Ward. . ." Biographical Encyclopedia Vol. 1, pg. 495.

In 1892 the ward was divided and became known as South Lakeview and North Lakeview. Then Bishop Johnson conducted meetings at both places. In 1899 Vineyard Ward was organized with its own bishop, "1855 - 1977 Lakeview's History" pg. 3, compiled by Luana P. Bunnell. [John Johnson served as bishop of Lakeview for twenty-three years.]



**Diane Johnson Stokoe**



Just now · Sandy

Lakeview Ward Sugar Beet Harvest - 1940 or 1941 in a field south of the newly remodeled chapel, I can identify only three men: 2nd from left leaning on the truck is Alf Madsen; the 5<sup>th</sup> man looks like Grandpa

Alfred; the 9th is certainly Paul Taylor in a plaid shirt. This is what the chapel looked like when Uncle August served as bishop.

August Johnson married Ruth Taylor. They had four children: Marjorie born 1914; Phyllis born 1915, Herbert born 1919; Nanalee, born in 1924 who wrote this; and Ruby Alene, born May 18, 1926.

Our father was born Feb. 4, 1889 the youngest child of John Johnson and Inger Akesson Sward. Although his name was August Jeremiah, they used to call him "Jerry." He was born in an adobe house that still stands in Lakeview. Father served a mission to the Eastern States leaving Salt Lake City November 1908. At the time the mission took in many states. He spent much of his time in the hills and small cities of West Virginia. . . He spent nine months in New York City. . . My father was a tall thin man and had black hair at one time. He wore glasses for as long as I can remember him.

When I was sick with Scarlet Fever Father administered to me many times. . . He belonged to the Mendelssohn Male choir from the time it was organized in 1918 to 1965. He had a wonderful voice. . . Throughout his life he was called upon to sing for weddings, outings, funerals and on many other occasions. [His father, John Johnson also sang solos.] August served as a counselor to his brother-in-law Wendel Taylor of our small Lakeview Ward for many years; some years later he was called as bishop. He was responsible for the remodeling of the chapel there. It was dedicated by Heber J. Grant, President of the Church. My father wondered who the first funeral in the new building would be for. As it turned out it was for his own son, nineteen-year-old Herbert, who had just enrolled at BYU and was waiting for his mission call. He was taken with acute ruptured appendix and died on October 7, 1938.

"The last time I saw my son was at the first meeting after our new building was dedicated. He was at the sacrament table blessing the sacrament. The only way I could handle this loss was to remember that God had given his only Begotten Son to the world so it shouldn't be too much to ask me to do the same."

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

18 mins · [Sandy](#)

Front view of the newly remodeled church looking East. Note the add-ons. Photo taken in the front of the building across Geneva road.



### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

7 hrs · [Sandy](#)

February 1934. Money was scarce so our food supplies were rather meager. Jess was making about \$50 a month, working at the Provo Reservoir Co. as a stenographer. Of this \$40.00 was paid on bills and we tried to get along on the other \$10. If it had not been for the two meals a week at the Farley home, I think we might have starved. . .

In the Summer 1935 we were informed by the doctor there was very little likelihood of our having children. To cover our disappointment, we took nearly every cent we had and with Father and mother Johnson took a trip to California, and the World's fair at San Diego. On our return we decided to build a home in Lakeview. . . One day while Jess was working, a man by the name of Hyrum Heiselt asked her if we didn't want to borrow some money from him. We decided this might be the right time to start, for I could do a great deal of the work myself, when I was not on shift work at the pipe plant.



The basement was dug with dad's team and scraper and plenty of shoveling. . . the two dads had signed the note with us, and they were anxious to see us get a home of our own. Jess's dad kept insisting that the house was too big, and he was afraid we would never be able to pay for it. . . I hauled gravel from the gravel pit for the foundation. This was thrown into a truck by hand and shoveled off by hand at the home site. We had secured the help of George Ellis who had agreed to build our home for \$600.00. Rock was hauled from Rock Canyon and Thistle for the rock foundation and the wall in front of the house. We had a 1934 Chev. truck which I had used to haul sugar beet pulp from the factory in Spanish Fork to farmers in Lakeview. I and Lynn Goodridge worked all my spare time in making a little extra money this year. During the winter we were able to haul over 800 tons of beet pulp. This was no easy task, for we had to shovel it on and off by hand—anything was worthwhile if we could make a little more money to go on building our home. On November 1, 1936 it was complete enough so that we could move in. . .

#### Comments

[Laraine Johnson Kent](#) Lots of fond memories made in this home...

[Linda Jones Cook](#) Those Johnsons were hard workers- cannot even imagine the sacrifices he made to build this home! Again, Diane thank you so much for posting all these wonderful stories .

[Dave Stokoe](#) Another testament of the Johnson family work ethic, wish I could find some real estate at those prices these days. \$600 got a tenant a month's rent in my 1 bed/1 bath, 500 sq ft rental units 5 years ago.

Today I rent the same units for \$850. Maybe, I can have the tenants haul some rock for me and drop it back to \$600. Thanks for sharing mom, super interesting to hear these stories.

## **Diane Johnson Stokoe**

1 hr · Little Cottonwood Creek Valley, UT

**Bull Attack:** About the middle of April, 1937, as I was leaving dad's corral, I was attacked by his big Jersey bull. I was thrown through the air for about twenty-five feet. As I attempted to get on my hands and knees, the bull was on top of me again. It rooted me through eight to ten inches of manure for another seventy-five feet, finally coming to a stop at the drain hole of the gutter which empties from the barn. There the bull had me pinned up until I could not move. I struggled and tried to reach the ring in his nose but to no avail. Each time I would struggle, he would lunge a little harder. After several attempts I gave up and played dead. After lying motionless for several minutes during which time I was praying very earnestly for some method of escape, all the scenes of my life passed before my eyes. I feared this was the end of my life and it was time for me to go.

The bull slowly backed away thinking he had accomplished his task. I felt maybe I could make it to the fence and out of the corral. [Dad said when the bull saw him climbing the fence, he charged again and with a last lunge boosted him up over the fence.] "I managed to get to the house on my own power. I had continually called for help from the time the bull hit me but to no avail, there being a north wind blowing and no one was near enough to hear. I feel very fortunate even to this day that I was spared from death. Other than a badly sprained knee and a few broken ribs, I escaped from other injuries and was soon able to return to work. . .

On May 3, 1937 little Carl Dean was born at the Crane Maternity home in Provo. He was a strong baby, weighing about 7 pounds and we were indeed happy. I spent the first night planning his entire life. All these dreams were shattered as he died on May 7th, 4 days after birth, of a cerebral hemorrhage due to an injury at birth.

[Dad was likely protected by all that manure. I know because years later it was my job to "bed the shed." Every morning and evening while dad and Corinne were milking, I would grab a pitch fork and throw the cow pies out of the shed. Then I'd scatter fresh straw around. After milking, I hosed down the gutters that emptied into a shallow basin outside the barn, similar to where the bull had dad pinned. Since my father had no sons, it was up to Corinne, Laraine and I to do most of the chores. We worked along-side him on the farm until we graduated from high school.]

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

[Comment](#)

[Seen by 11](#)

## **Diane Johnson Stokoe**

3 hrs

April 6, 1938 - Leila married Archie Gilbert Jones. Arch was an athlete. He attended BYU where he ran on the track team. Leila had gone to beauty school with Mary Birk and had certified as a beautician. She had a shop in her basement where mom took us to get our hair cut and styled. Arch and Leila's home was on Provo's upper avenues. They had three daughters—Connie, Joyce and Linda. As a child, Joyce suffered from diabetes and had to be hospitalized about age five. I remember it well because I was about her age and jealous of all the attention she was getting. I started wishing I'd get sick.





Archie worked for Geneva Steel at the plant located three miles north of the Johnson farms on the Geneva Road. Arch was an artist who painted beautiful landscapes. Dad had one in the living room of his new home. He also moonlighted by painting houses. I remember Uncle Arch painting the holding pen just outside my dad's new milk barn. He even painted a few words on the board leading up to where the cows entered and moved into their stalls. Then they were hooked up to the electric milking machines. I can't remember what he wrote there. Maybe Corinne or Laraine can.

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)  
· [Reply](#) · 3h

[Laraine Johnson Kent](#) Thanks for posting all this interesting information about our Aunt & uncle! Sorry, I don't even remember words were written!

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

3 hrs

Joyce married Eddie Johnson when she was 18. My father officiated at their wedding. She had serious complications while trying to deliver her first and only child. Leila made a frantic call trying to reach Dean. She explained the situation to Mom who drove down to Little Lake looking for him. She found dad plowing. When she told him that Joyce was having trouble delivering her baby, dad got right down off his tractor, knelt down in the dirt and offered a very heart-felt prayer asking God for his divine intervention. Shortly there-after Leila called mom back to say Joyce had deliver. Both mother and child were fine. Over the years Joyce's diabetes got worse. She lost her eye sight and died at 39.

[Judy Tolley](#) Beautiful Bride



[Linda Jones Cook](#) Crying, Thanks for remembering our sweet and beautiful sister Joyce! She truly did suffer with diabetes and losing her eye sight was tragic and very hard for her. I remember taking turns with mom and spending many days with her. Although the days were long for her in the end she still had a great sense of humor and always made me laugh. Her main concern of course was leaving her beloved husband and son Jeff.

I love and miss her! I didn't know the story of your dad praying for our beloved sister. So very sweet and touching....

[Connie Jones Cameron](#) Diane... Words cannot express how moved I am as I read about my family. I just can't thank you enough for sharing all these wonderful stories. I too had not heard that story of mom going to your dad when Joyce needed the power of prayer and priesthood that your dad constantly gave to my mom. He was her spiritual constant. She loved him so much. Thank you again Diane.



Sisters Linda and Connie (left) at Joyce's wedding. I'm on her right.

Clyde E. Johnson wrote this poem for his wife's funeral,

I have felt the problems of living,  
The bitterness of hate and despair,  
The chill and cold of fear and sorrow,  
The feeling of quitting, of life no more.  
The path was hard and so very steep,  
The top so far away.  
At last the mountain is now behind me,  
I am on the other side.  
The Valleys of darkness are going away.  
The warmth for love and life returning.  
For I have witnessed the beauty and the  
Serenity of the rebirth of eternity.

#### Comment

Seen by 12

2 Judy Tolley and Laraine Johnson Kent

#### Comments

[Connie Jones Cameron](#) ❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

## [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

April 27, 2018



July 16, 1941 - Nathan married Mary Maxine Birk the daughter of Otto Frank Birk who served as chief criminal deputy in the County Sheriff's office from 1921 until 1928. Then was appointed to a two-year position as director on the State Bureau of Criminal Investigation. In 1934 Otto moved his family to Provo and became Chief of Police. Later he worked at Utah Power and Light and died while working there at age 52 leaving Mary, her brother Arthur, and his widow Myrtle Birk. Tiny little Grandma Birk lived to be 97 years old.

When Nathan and Mary first married they rented a house on dad's farm adjacent to his old barn and haystack. Murl Ann was born there on Valentine's day, 1943. She died in infancy on October 28, 1944. Aunt Mary said it was probably from the flu. Marilyn, their next child, was born in 1946. Son Nathan Jr. or "Nate" arrived in 1948. Uncle August had no sons so he sold his farm to Nathan. Then he and Mary built a house across the street from Alfred and Francis and he began his career as a dairy farmer. Sheila was born on February 26, 1953 after they moved to the new house. Today Nathan's farm has been designated a "Centennial Farm" because it's been owned and worked by the same family for five generations.

LeRoy Nelson's family moved into dad's old rental duplex after Corinne and I graduated from high school and left home. Dad hired their son Jerry to help Laraine with the milking. They were both about the same age and began to date. Laraine said it was awkward meeting Jerry early in the milk barn after going on a date with him the night before.

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

[Comment](#)

[Donna Johnson](#) Sheila was born February 26, 1953.

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) Thanks, I'll fix it. Let me know when I miss something.



[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) Here's a picture of Mary's father when he was Chief of Police



· 46m · Edited

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

5 hrs

In October 1961, Dean wrote: "Nathan and I finally got through with the corn a couple of weeks ago and since then I have been getting out the manure, fixing fences, working up at the sandhill and a dozen other things that all need doing at once. We didn't have much 4th crop hay this year; September was a very cold month. It didn't grow tall enough to cut so I am turning the cows into the field down by the barn and the one over on the Blake place."

I remember when Nathan lost his wallet down in the slough. There was a lot of money in it, Nathan was offering a reward so dad took us all down to little lake to search. We never found it. Maybe like the dark thoughts consuming Nathan, it just sank into the mud and disappeared.



In 1970 Nate married Donna Stilson who cheerfully accompanied her new husband to help with the milking. The next year Uncle Nathan took Mary, Corinne and I on a trip to Las Vegas and we talked about dad. Dean had been his little brother's "Anchor in the Storm." When he was diagnosed with cancer Nathan said, "I'll sell half my farm and give you the money if it would help you get well." My father died on January 12, 1971. Nathan never got over it.

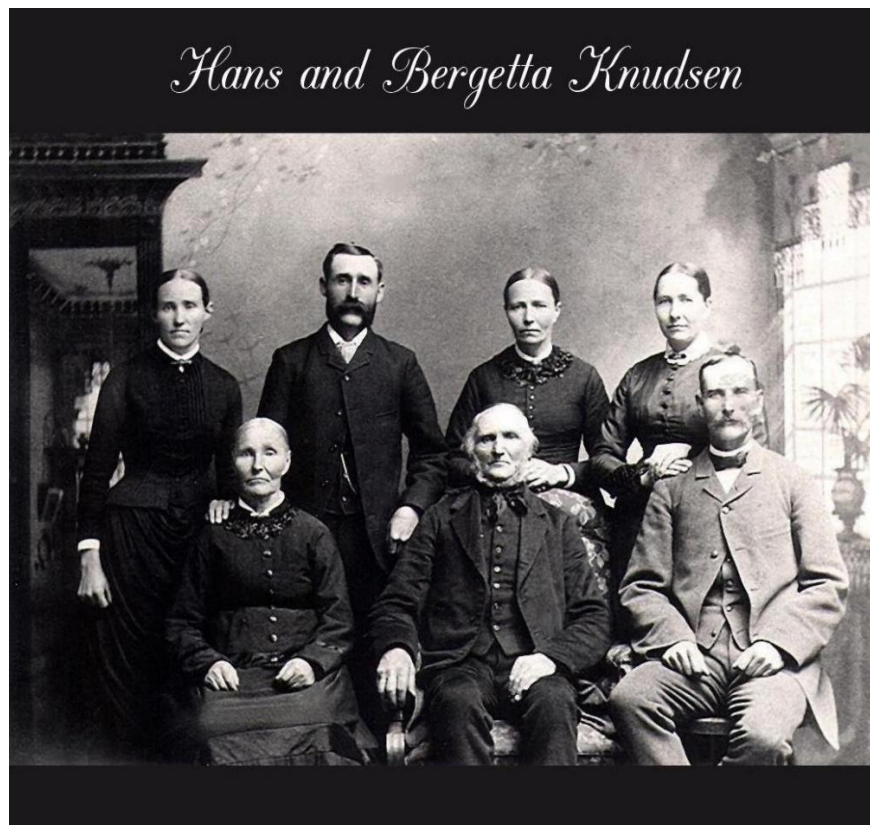
On the trip to Las Vegas he told us how proud he was of Nate and his new wife. Donna was pregnant then but continued to help with the milking. Nate was assuming more responsibility on the farm while Nathan was becoming more depressed. He began to think the world would be better off without him. On March 2, 1972 Nathan, with strychnine powder, used on the farm to poison gophers, he ended his life at age 57. Nate's daughter Tami was born a week and a half later. It was a hard time for Mary, Nate and Donna and such a shock to the rest of us. In particular to Aunt Mary who had contracted polio and was confined to a wheel chair.

#### Comments

[Corinne Johnson Young](#) While I was working at BYU Mom and Dad had season tickets to the basketball games. I also had tickets on the front row - 2 tickets - I would pick up Nathan on our way to the games and he sat beside me.

[Laraine Johnson Kent](#) Have loved our visits with Nate & [Donna Johnson](#) through the years. Nate commented our Uncle Ted, Hal Scott, & Erwin Bunnell mentored him in running the farm after his dad passed away. Lake View folks looked after one another...So grateful for my heritage. ❤️

#### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)



In Donna Stilson, Nate found his farmwife23@yahoo.com. She's a lot like John Johnson's mother. Here's a photo of the Knudsen family--standing, daughter Bertha, Herman, Christina and Andrew's wife Chasty Akersson. Seated, Brigetta, Hans and Andrew.

Brigetta Larsdatter (1816-1915) had descended from a long line of Norwegian farmers, tending animals was in her blood. Her parents were prosperous farmers in Hedmark, Norway yet she was not reared to a life of luxury. She was taught to cook, sew and herd cattle. Brigetta hardly knew fear and was often left alone with the cattle for months up in the mountains between Norway and Sweden.

As a girl she helped with the washing. In those days people only washed twice a year--in spring and fall. In a land of long cold winters with deep snow the clothes couldn't dry. Styles didn't change much and they had dozens of everything. She said it was a poor bride who didn't have at least three dozen sheets to set up housekeeping.

Brigetta loved the out-of-doors much better than housework. She married John Johnson, a well-to-do farmer, who provided her with a town house and a country house. Brigetta often said she did not know what it was to want anything until she came to Utah. But she wasn't one to complain as she knew she had chosen the right path and that her children would be blessed. . . Her husband (Alfred's grand-father) died of a kink in the bowel on January 31, 1848, leaving her with 2 daughters, Inger seven 7 and Lena 5. Son John was born five months after his father died.

In 1850 she married Hans Knudsen who had been educated to be a Lutheran Minister. A scholarly man, he was strict with his step-children and the children he had with Brigetta—Christine, Bertha, Andrew, Herman and Elene. Mormon Missionaries visited their home in 1862. Father Knudson was well read and many discussions followed. Meetings were held in their home, much to the opposition of the local priest and their relatives. They were baptized in a mill pond by Jens Peterson in January, 1863, ice had to be cut open so the ordinance could take place. Mormons were not considered Christians, so Elder Peterson was thrown into jail and lived on bread and water for thirteen days. Because of harassment from neighbors, the government and relatives, the Knudsens decided to sell their extensive holdings in Norway and emigrate to Utah.

They were led by Patriarch John Smith, who was assisted by J.P.R. Johnson. The family set sail on "Monarch of the Seas" April 28, 1864. Sea Measles broke out on the ship. So Brigetta and Hans fasted and prayed that their eight children might be spared. However, there was no way to isolate them from the sick; their two youngest, Berta and Elene contracted the disease and became seriously ill. Sixty-seven died and were buried at sea before the vessel docked on June 3rd. Bertha would recover. But little Elene was sick throughout the journey and died in Echo Canyon.

Brigetta had a rich sense of humor and enjoyed telling stories. One morning while crossing the plains she got up very early to gathered wood. When she had a nice warm fire going some government soldiers came around to light their pipes and enjoy the warmth. One young man did not notice his surroundings. After lighting his pipe, he stepped back and sat down on a prickly pear. Care had to be taken to extract the needles. Brigetta thought he got what was coming for smoking that smelly pipe.

On another occasion, John Oplen went for water and on the way back saw the prettiest cat he had ever laid eyes on. It had black and white stripes. The animal seemed friendly so he picked it up and brought it back to camp. Captain John Smith had to explain to the poor fellow about skunks while laughing so hard he fell off the wagon tongue. Both he and John Oplen had to bury their clothes in the dirt before they could continue the journey.

The Knudsen's purchased a milk cow in Missouri before beginning the trek west. When one of their oxen died, they yoked up "Bran Cross," to help pull the wagon. They could not kill that faithful cow so kept her until she died of old age. The family settled in the Provo and built what was known as the "Long House." It was a long building they partitioned off into four apartments. They also homesteaded a large farm near Utah Lake and built another house there.

Brigetta loved that farm. Since she preferred working outside, she hired girls to take care of her home in Provo and moved to the farm. She was a scientific farmer. She practiced soil conservation and crop rotation. In the evening when it was time to round up the animals from the river bottoms, she would walk along knitting and singing the songs of her homeland. When she came within calling distance of the cows she would call out in Norwegian, "Come Cow, Come Calf, Come Bull, Come all ye handsome critters." Then she greeted each by name and led them back to the corral. When widowed at the age 75 one of her sons wanted to send one of his children to the farm to sleep with her. "When I am old and feeble, it is time enough," she said.

Brigetta was always active on the farm. She milked the cows, hoed the corn and churned butter until age 93 when her sons insisted that she move to Provo. They said it wasn't dignified for a woman of her age to be out working. So Brigetta moved back to the city but often returned to the farm to visit the animals and reminisce. She died August 24, 1915, a few weeks short of her 99th birthday. As Murl took her children to Provo often to visits relatives, she knew her great-grandsons and they knew her. Harold was 8, Dean 6 and Nathan 2 when she died. (Biographical information from an old type script in my possession, written by Alfred's cousins and Brigetta's grand-daughters, Mona N. Cook and Naomi Smith Beardall.)

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) Here is an earlier photo of Brigetta and Hans with Andrew, Herman and daughter Bertha, who was born in 1860.



## Diane Johnson Stokoe

1 hr



About 1960, Corinne and her room-mate Rosemary, drove from Phoenix where they were living, toward Las Vegas where they expected to meet Mom and Dad, Mary and Nathan on Thanksgiving day. They never made it. Corinne rolled her Corvair thirty miles outside Kingman Arizona. She was thrown out and broke her back. Rosemary sustained cuts and bruises. Had they been wearing seat belts they would have been crushed for the top of her car was smashed into the body. A highway patrolman contacted my worried parents as they waited hours for the girls to arrive at the Stardust hotel.

Corinne lay extended on a striker bed in the hospital at Kingman, her spin crushed but not broken. Doctors were off for the holiday weekend so it was some time before she got professional help. She spent a couple of months in Arizona hospitals until she was air lifted to St. Marks in Salt Lake. Dad was bishop then. The ward and entire stake prayed for her recovery but she remained paralyzed from the waist down. When it was evident Corinne would never walk again, she was transferred to Utah Valley Hospital for physical therapy.

Dad said mom was never the same after Corinne's accident. Jess spent every day at her side and never shed a tear. When she came home at night she cried buckets and said, "Let's all just go jump in the lake!" Our mother developed stomach cancer and died March 12, 1966 at age 57. Dad sold the cows and dairy to Dexter Kent but continued to work the land. Ron arrived to attend BYU and help Dex with the farm. Laraine first saw him when he came to church with Dexter's two little kids. She thought, "too bad, the good ones are always taken." When Laraine learned otherwise, they started dating and married on April 16, 1965. Dad asked them to live at home and help with Corinne the year after mom died. Ron graduated from BYU and got a job with Mountain Bell. Later they moved to Denver with little Jeff Ronald Kent. (We called him Jeff Ron Teflon.)

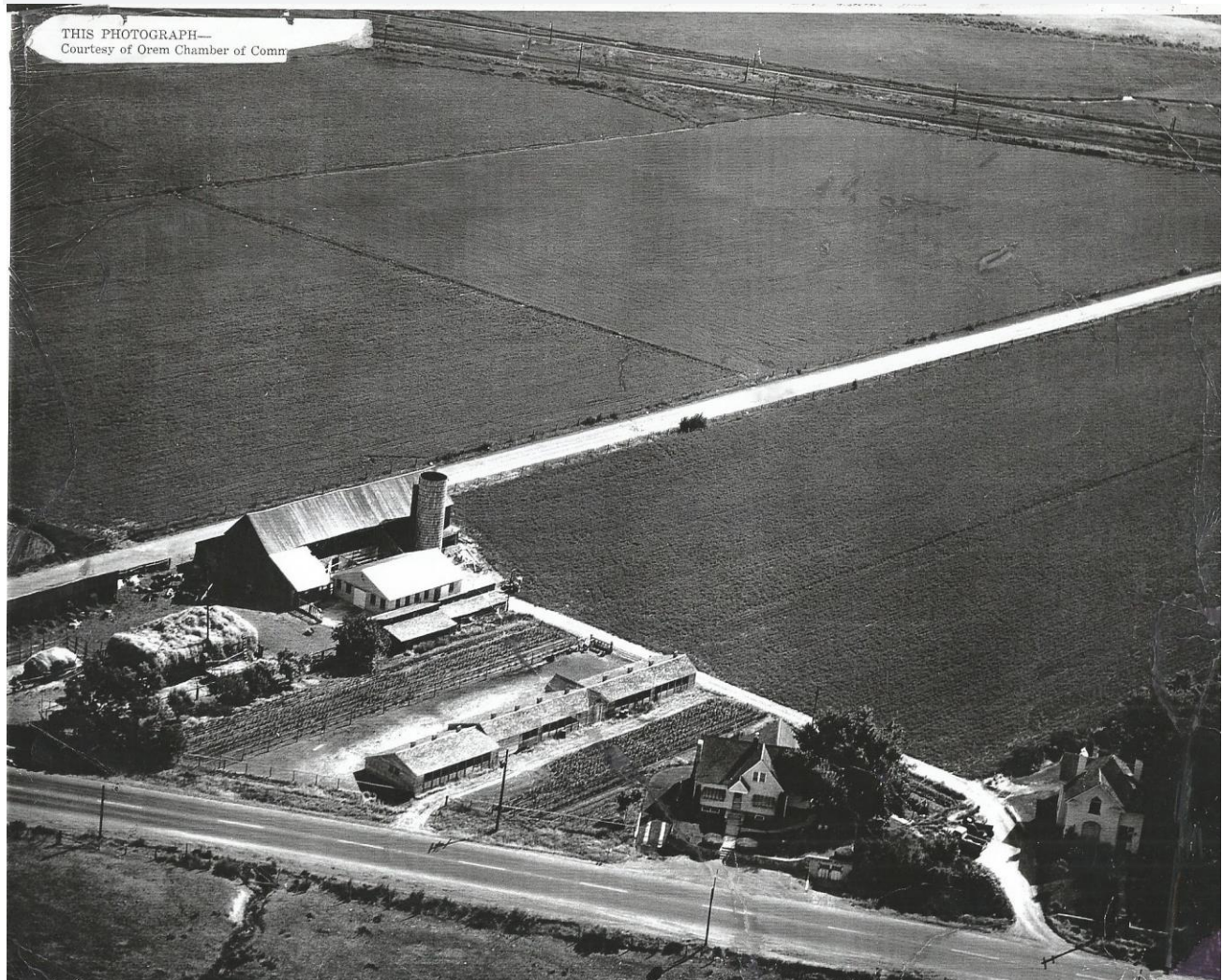


## Comments

[Jeff Kent](#) Jeff Ron Teflon? I don't think I've heard that before. Jeff, it had a nice ring! So Corinne & I used it.  
· Reply · 1h

[Laraine Johnson Kent](#) Ron actually started with Mountain Bell in Logan October 23rd, 1967. Todd Ryan Kent was born the next day in Utah Valley Hospital. As Ron was in Logan, my dad took me to the hospital & stayed while Todd was delivered. We were transferred to Denver two years later...with 4 year old Jeff & 2 year old Todd.

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) Thanks, events are pretty foggy for me at that time. I do remember hiding out in your S.L. apartment while you were in Provo delivering Todd. I'd walked out on Pete and had filed for divorce.



[Aerial View of Alfred's barn, Dean's house and his. Grandpa had sold my dad a building lot so he had to walk behind our house get to his barn. We walked on a path behind his house to get to our barn to milk.]

About 1942 I had an opportunity to buy the old Henry Williamson farm from Jens Horn. We felt this would be a good change and so purchased the farm for \$8,000. I terminated my work at the steel plant and began my career as a dairy farmer. We worked hard on the farm that year milking cows, hauling

hay, and harvesting our tomato crop which yielded 28 ton per acre. I borrowed Uncle August's tractor and equipment when father was using his, but I always worked two hours for every hour I used borrowed equipment. During 1944 I leased additional farm ground . . .

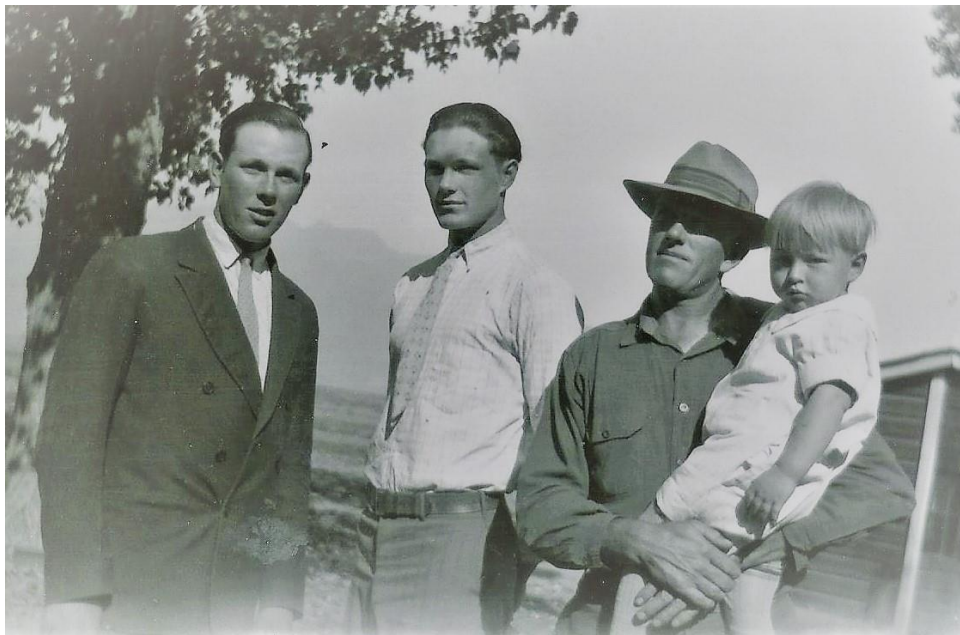
I must mention that along with acquiring more land, I had slowly been building up a larger cow herd, so we were now milking about 25 cows. Corrine had been helping with the chores since she was six years old, and by the time she was eight she was milking six or eight cows, night and morning. This was being done by hand until about 1947.

On Valentine's Day of 1945, I purchased my first tractor, and from this day forward farming became a much more pleasant occupation, due to mechanized machinery. Jess was very busy taking care of 3 daughters, cleaning 1200 eggs a day, (our 3 chicken coops run between grandpa's barn & our house) cooking meals, and keeping up the household. How we enjoyed dressing them in their best, curling their hair and taking them to church. . .

My family helped me a great deal during these times. Jess would work all day in the field, many times during haying times and also helping with the spring work on the land as well . . . the girls helped too with hoeing, hay hauling, gathering rocks off the field, and anything I asked them to do. They always helped with the milking and feeding, sometimes doing the chores all alone while I took care of the irrigation, haying etc. By their cooperation and hard work, I didn't have to hire much outside help.

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

**Harold and Dean before dad left for his mission. Alfred is holding Ted**



In May of 1943 my older brother Harold died after having been confined in the Sanitarium in Ogden with tuberculosis for the previous two years. During this time his five children were sent to live with relatives as Lola, his wife, was also confined to the hospital with TB. We had taken his daughter Marlene into our home to raise with our children. Arlen, his only son, lived with Nathan to help with the farm work. Francis took Carol; Leila took Barbara, and Yvonne went to live with her Winterton grandmother. Two years later Lola recovered, collected her children and moved home to Park City.

## Diane Johnson Stokoe

During the winter of 1948 and 1949 I felt impressed to try and acquire a larger farm. I began looking around the Lake Shore district. After some weeks of careful thought and consideration we found the Old Huff farm which included one hundred acres of farm land. After arriving at a fair price and agreeing on a time to close I went home to talk the whole thing over with my dad. Jess and I thought he would like to buy our farm as this would make a larger and better dairy farm for he and my brother, Ted, to operate. However, during the discussion Dad agreed to sell some of his land to me if I would sell him a building lot. He wished to build a new home. This would allow Ted and Wanda to move into his old home. This arrangement was agreeable with me. I have always loved my home ward and all the friends and relatives with whom I have associated throughout my life. I always feel bad whenever I have seriously considered moving anywhere else.



I love this 1950 Johnson Reunion photo – This is how everyone looked when I young. The three girls (wearing white) in the middle of the photo are Connie Jones (Leila's daughter) Marlene (Harold's daughter) and Corinne. Second row: Leila's Joyce (in white) Alfred and Francis next to four of grandpa's Johnson cousins. Third row: My parents Dean and Jessie next to Wanda, baby Dale and Ted who stands beside Leila. I'm the girl above baby Dale. August's four daughters, Nanalee, Marjorie, Phyllis and Alene with husbands line the back row. (The other half of this photo was posted earlier.)

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)



June 8, 1949 - Ted married Wanda Manwill - Ted attended Union Elementary and graduated from Lincoln High School. Then worked on the construction of Geneva Steel while helping run the farm. My father officiated when he married Wanda in her Provo home. I remember Ted bringing a diamond engagement ring over to show mom and me as we cleaned eggs in the chicken coop.

[Corinne Johnson Young](#) I loved these two. Ted and Wanda were my best friends and confidants.

[Judy Tolley](#) Mom thinks the world of you guys!



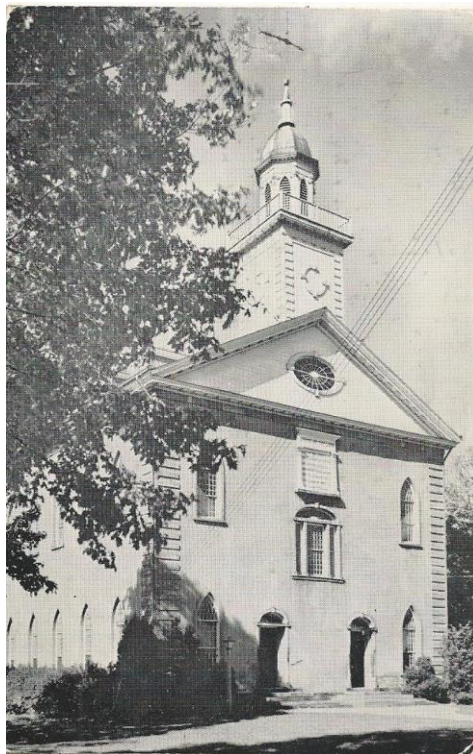
Ted's oldest, Alfred Dale was born in 1950. My dad called him "the White Lamanite," because as a little fair skinned blond 3-year-old boy, he ran around the neighborhood wearing only his under pants and an Indian headdress. Next came Judy Kaye. She was our little doll. Laraine and I enjoyed dressing her up. By the time Troy arrived in 1969 Laraine was married and I was living elsewhere.

**Diane Johnson Stokoe**



Uncle Ted (1925-2006) eventually gave up farming. He sold off part of his land and went to work at Brigham Young University's Physical plant in the Custodial Department. He reached the position of area supervisor which he held until he retired in 1993. Ted loved socializing with people, telling stories and being with his family. He remembered everyone he ever met—who were many. [My son Neil met Uncle Ted when he was a little guy and still remembers the stories he told. Alfred was a great story teller as well. Maybe it's in the genes.]

**The Kirtland Temple**



In the early 1950's the Korean war broke out and this gave us a few years of good times, with high prices for milk and meat products, so our earnings were good. . . We also received a cash settlement from

Geneva Steel for about \$6,500. This money was paid for damages caused by fluorine poison given off from the open-hearth furnaces and in time, settling on our crops. This in turn caused quite a bit of damage to our dairy cattle and milk production. Note that since this settlement was made the Steel Company has spent over a million dollars installing machinery and filters to eliminate fluorine poisoning, and clearance of the air.

With this money, the first I have ever received that I haven't worked hard to acquire, I took the family on a trip back east. . . I had greatly anticipated the day we arrived in Kirtland, Ohio. All my life, even from the time I was a small child in Primary and all through Sunday School and Seminary I had heard of the Kirtland Temple and of the wonderful manifestations that had occurred there, of the Vision of Christ, of Moses, Elias and Elijah, and the many revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith. . . While on my mission I vowed, "Someday, I shall visit the Kirtland Temple." Now that day had come. . . A guide from the Reorganized Church showed us through. . .

My interest was in the main hall – the Melchizedek Priesthood had officiated at one end and the Aaronic at the other. Here they sat at pulpits arranged according to the office they held. It was wonderful, and I was deeply touched. At the end where the Melchizedek Priesthood met there were three elevated pulpits, and in front of them was a small white rope, that forbade visitors from entering.

I asked the man if I might enter there, as it has been my great desire to just place my hands on the pulpit, or, lean on the place where Christ had once stood. But the guide answered, "No, we don't allow visitors beyond the rope; that part of the Temple is very sacred to us." . . . While coming down the stairs, I asked again to be admitted to the pulpits of the Melchizedek Priesthood. He answered, "I am sorry, I cannot let you in there. I would like to, but I cannot." After being shown everything and being taken everywhere in the Temple but the one place I most desired to go, I asked a third time. Again, he answered saying it was impossible. "That area is reserved for the Presidency of our Church and they are the only ones who are permitted there. Even they only go there on very special occasions."



Very reluctantly we left and as I was getting into the car, "Ask the man again!" came a whispering voice to my ear, "Ask the man again!" Why ask, I silently answered. I have already asked him three times." ASK THE MAN AGAIN! came the voice a third time, only this time it seemed to almost take control of my whole being, and almost against my will, I found myself getting out of the car and retracing my steps back toward the Temple. I went to the guide and said, "Sir, I am a High Priest in the Melchizedek

Priesthood of the Mormon Church from Utah. It has been a burning desire of my heart to someday be permitted to place my hands and bow my head over the pulpit where Christ appeared in this holy Temple. "Will you not please grant me that privilege?"

He answered, "I recognize the authority of the priesthood which you hold. Come with me." Unlocking the door and with me following, we proceeded quickly and silently back into the large and spacious room of the Temple. At the far end and near the approach to the elevated pulpits of the Melchizedek Priesthood he let down the rope and opened the little swinging door for my entrance. . . I placed my right hand on the pulpit, my left elbow also, and with my head bowed into my cup shaped left hand I offered up a very reverent prayer of thanksgiving to my Father in Heaven.

Never at any time in my life have I experienced the Spirit of the Lord to the extent that I did at this time. I was so overcome and over-powered that it seemed I was almost beyond all things of an earthly nature. I think I know somewhat of what the Prophet experienced when he would write or say, "being in the spirit."

I prayed for I know not how long but when I obtained my natural self once more I found that there were tears streaming from my eyes and dropping down to the pulpit. Tears had run down my left arms and my entire face was wet. As I looked into the face of my dear Brother, I found that he too was experiencing the same kind of heavenly Spirit. His head was bowed and tears were falling from his eyes in much the same way as they were falling from mine. . .

I slowly and very reverently descended the steps from the pulpits to the floor of the larger room. I thanked the good brother again for his kindness. He said, "Don't thank me; I had nothing to do with it. I was being led by a power that I could not resist, nor did I want to resist. This experience means as much to me as it did to you." I placed my arms around him and he did the same to me and we bade each other goodbye. I silently passed out of the Holy Temple and to the car where the rest of the family were anxiously waiting for me. [We visited New York City, Niagara Falls, Washington D.C. Palmyra and the Sacred Grove, along with other church history sites. In Nauvoo Dad found a brick that had been part of the original Nauvoo temple and brought it home as a souvenir.]

[Linda Jones Cook](#) Amazing and wonderful!

[Donna Johnson](#) So is that the brick that is in the Lakeview church?

[Mark Kent](#) Yes. I want to see this brick.

[Judy Tolley](#) That is so amazing. Thanks for sharing the story. Is this the brick I took a picture of a few months ago?



**Diane Johnson Stokoe** Post with another photo of the brick tomorrow. It's actually from the Nauvoo temple, destroyed by fire when the saints were driven out.



**Diane Johnson Stokoe**

5 hrs

June 25, 1955 - I was cultivating corn over on the piece of land I was renting from Uncle August. I looked up to see Jess running up through the fields excitedly calling, "The Church House is on Fire." We speedily made our way over to the church in our truck. As we arrived there were people from all directions coming. Some steel plant workers had first noticed the smoke coming out of the building as they were returning home from their 4:00 o'clock shift. The first alarm was quickly turned in and the steel plant traffic stopped. Men rushed into the building by the score and within a very few minutes every church pew and bench, the organ, the piano and everything that could be pulled loose, was removed from the building. A lot went into our chicken coops. The entire building was a total loss. There were many tears shed this day and sentiment ran deep. Even I shed a few tears. Uncle August said, "My Father helped build that chapel, and it was dedicated in 1902 while he was Bishop. Then 15 years later I helped remodel it. We put a lot of hard work into that building. It was the prettiest church in the Valley. . ."

**Comments**



**Laraine Johnson Kent** I remember this day...I was ten years old. Sacrament Meeting was held the next day, on the lawn of, I believe, Spencer Madsen's home.

**Diane Johnson Stokoe**



We were indeed blessed in having a bishop who was really on the ball. Within three days a building committee was appointed consisting of Elvin Bunnell, Chairman, myself and George Cropper as assistants. It was later decided to call in Uncle August to act as advisor to our Committee. Clarence Zobell was Building Supervisor. Events moved along very fast. The Bishopric met with Church authorities and the fire insurance amount was determined. The old walls and rubbish from the old church was hauled away and dumped near the lakeside. Part of it went into Elvin's pond. Within 30 days we were pouring footings for our new church and the whole ward united to help raise money. Many volunteered their labor. In less than two years we were meeting in our brand-new church. It was dedicated on June 1, 1958.



Bishop John Johnson's 1902 church, with extensions Bishop August Johnson added in 1933, provided the design for a unique new building unlike anything else in the church. Today it's no longer in use and has been condemned. When this historic church is demolished, I hope someone retrieves the brick from the Nauvoo temple. It's imbedded here.

#### Comments



**Laraine Johnson Kent** Well, along with the home I grew up in, this church will become a building of the past. Many of my life's important events took place here; fun activities during my teen years, I first met Ron here, our wedding reception, parents' funerals, reunions, etc. 😞

· Reply · 22h



**Corinne Johnson Young** I agree, many fun and also sad memories connected to this church. Time marches on and buildings like people pass away.



**Diane Johnson Stokoe**



Dean wore this plaster body cast for five months after breaking his back

It was the last Sunday in February 1958, the 23rd. It was our custom at this time to take Sundays off from milking, each of us taking a turn a week apart. It was my night off. Corinne, Diane and Laraine were all at the barn doing their chores. They had been a little late starting so I thought I would go down and help out so we could hurry and get through in plenty of time for Church. [Sacrament meetings were held on Sunday nights back then.]

Corinne and Laraine were in the barn while Diane was up in the silo throwing down silage. I climbed to the top of the hay stack and began throwing down the wet, soggy bales from the top of the stack. They had become badly damaged from the weather during the long winter. The second bale I got hold of by the strings. As I lifted it and was turning to throw it off the stack the strings broke. I lost my balance and I felt myself falling 22 feet. I landed feet-first, but with such force that my knees gave way bending upward. My head and shoulders came forward crashing into my up-coming knees with such force that it completely knocked my breath out of me.

I lay on my back on the wet half-frozen ground unable to call for help, just struggling and gasping for breath for some second before I could get enough breath to call for help. After a few seconds and a great deal of pain and struggling, I finally managed to call loud enough for Diane to hear me. I struggled desperately trying to get to my feet, but try as I would, I just couldn't do it. . . Twice I got on my hands and knees but I just couldn't stand on my feet. By this time Diane had hurriedly climbed down the silo

ladder. She came running up to me saying, "Daddy, Daddy, what happened?"

"Get some help quick," I answered, "I think my back is broken." Diane ran into the barn and told the other girls who quickly came to my assistance. Diane then ran over to Dad's barn to get Ted and Dad, and they came quickly in the Ford Pick-up to where I was laying. I was covered with mud and hay leaves from squirming around on the ground trying to get up.

Dad and Ted each kneeled on either side of me. I placed my arms around their shoulders, then the three of us raised up together and they got me into the truck and brought me to the house. Using this same method, they got me into bed. . . where I remained the rest of the night, enduring lots of pain. After church many friend and relatives came to see me, Uncle August being one of the first. Jess called Dr. Poppen who advised me to come to the hospital. I didn't go until the next morning thinking I would be better but still couldn't stand up.

Jess called an ambulance and I was taken to Utah Valley Hospital where X-Ray pictures were taken along my spine. . . Dr. Poppen came into my room and said, "Dean your back is broken;' you will have to remain here for a few days. We will suspend you out on your back, with your stomach highly elevated, and your feet down. This should open up vertebrae where they have been crushed. After being in this position for a few days your swelling should go down. Then we will put you in a full body cast for five months. This should fix it. If you are careful your back should be as good as before it was broken." The idea of being laid up and not be able to do anything for six months was just unbelievable.

Gas bothered me terribly. I was bloated up like a balloon and felt sure I was going to die. I kept wishing I could die. Anything to get out of all the terrible pain. After Jess talked to the doctor and Uncle August complained to the nurses, Dr. Poppen came in and put a tube up my nose and down my throat to release some gas. Karl Johnson and Dean Taylor administered to me and I began to feel a little better. On Friday they put me in a body cast extending from my chin down to my seat. I remained in this for five months and was unable to sit. . . They removed the cast for X-Rays after the second month to see if I was healing. When everything looked O.K. they replaced it with another body cast which was a little longer and tighter than the first. It seemed to choke my wind off and when I bowed my head it cut into the front of my legs when I walk. [I remember dad filing it down so it fit better.] No one will ever know how much I suffered and what a "hell of a shape" I was in during those months.

#### Comments



**Mikey Young** Thank you for posting these stories I have heard but the details really bring all the family history to life



**Sheila Ericksen** This is great to hear the details that I didn't remember! Didn't Uncle Dean fall off a ladder at the church farm and hurt his back again?

· 1d



**Corinne Johnson Young** Yes, he was picking cherries. His back was okay but he had trouble going to the bathroom for a while. In regards to his first back injury, they had a chiropractor come out to the house that night and manipulate his spine. It is a miracle that he wasn't paralyzed. Next morning he went to hospital.



**Corinne Johnson Young** When Dad did finally start going back to church he couldn't sit down. He either had to lay down or stand up with this cast. He use to stand/lean on the windowsill in the chapel.

## Diane Johnson Stokoe

Yesterday at 06:41

Dean continues,

I am very grateful that I was not killed or received any permanent injury. Now I have hours and hours of time, days and day, weeks and week, just to think and realize how grateful for all the good things that have come to me in my life. . . [While recuperating dad went over farm records, his mission diary and journals and began writing his life story. Mom was a good stenographer. While he dictated, she typed. Had dad not fallen from the haystack we wouldn't have all these wonderful stories.]

We were real fortunate to have Bert Quarnberg and his family as our neighbors. Bert had been laid off from the Steel Plant due to a strike. He worked for me all that spring and summer doing the heavy farm work, irrigating, and helping the girls. He was able to help out until I recovered five months later about end of August. My brothers who live nearby were also on hand to help. . . Dad, Francis, Ted, Uncle August and my in-laws Wanda and Mary, all helped out.



Ted, Diane and Kay with Grandpa's dog

Jess and I have been very close to Nathan and Mary. We went on a very exciting trip a few years ago to California and visited Mary's brother Arthur Birk. While there Nathan, Arthur and I went deep sea fishing down to Mexico. It was the most exciting fishing trip of my life. We stopped in Las Vegas and took a couple of evenings to gamble at the Casinos. Mary had polio and had to move about in her wheel chair. We took a trip with them into Colorado to Mesa Verde, Durango and down the Million Dollar Highway. Nathan and I enjoyed deer hunts and pheasant hunting down in the marsh.

In June of 1959, I bought the land from Joseph Blake, 10 acres for \$10,000. I have always wanted this

ground ever since I began leasing it back in 1944 but was never able to buy it. The payment of \$1,000 an acre seemed too high but only time will tell how it will all turn out.

At the same time, I bought about 18 acres of land from LeRoy Williamson, adjoining my property on the Sandhill. Roy was anxious to have me buy it as he needed money in a hurry in order to close the deal on 80 acres of property he was buying in Payson. I paid Roy about \$124,000 for his property, nearly \$800 per acre. I bought this land more as a business venture, as the new Freeway will be close and I am hoping to selling it for building lots at some point in the future. [This is where Utah Valley University now stands.]

With what little money we had on hand, I had to borrow about \$22,500 from the Federal Land Bank. I had to mortgage all our property everything except the house in order to obtain this much money. Last fall [1959] I spent a lot of hard work and \$600 getting 10 acres of Roy's land leveled. Jess and the girls helped pick up rocks. . . At present, the total price of the property I have acquired is \$45,000. . . I am now farming about 66 acres of irrigated land and hold the deed to about 75 acres. I also have a one-half interest in land by little lake that dad got from Grandfather. . .

[Sheila Ericksen](#) Thanks for sharing that information about the trips your parents took with my parents. I remember hearing about them but I'm glad it is written down. They loved being together and had great times !!

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)



1 hr

1962 Ward Bishopric. Merrill Olsen clerk, Francis Camara, clerk, LeRoy Nelson, clerk. Front row: Elvin Bunnell first Counselor, Dean A. Johnson Bishop, and Sheldon Madsen second counselor.

[My father spoke in Sacrament meeting on the last Sunday in December, 1962.] "Brothers and Sisters, I've almost prayed that this job would never come to me. I've never had any aspirations to be bishop. . . There have been stories going around. . . Some have said, "Dean you're going to be our next bishop." I passed this off as fantastic and replied, "Not while I'm in my right mind. . ." I told Stake President

Lunceford that if he offered me \$10,000 a year, a shot gun and plenty of ammunition to shoot any man, woman or child in the ward I'd take the job . . . [then he got serious]

I've always felt in my heart, and I still feel it, that there is not a more beautiful, splendid and fertile valley in all the world than there is right here. I don't believe that there's people in this state or in the church whose roots are more firmly planted or more deeply imbedded than those right here . . .

We believe that a man is called of God by prophecy and by revelation by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer to the ordinances thereof." It's true. This is very true. . . I have accepted this call because I know it came from God. To refuse would be breaking faith with my forefathers. I'd be breaking covenants I made with my Savior. I could not do it. I just couldn't. What if the first bishop or the second bishop said "no?" Each had their own unique circumstance and some had even greater challenges than we have. The spirit of the restored gospel and the spirit of Jesus Christ made our church what it is. . . Our covenants go back to the time of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The rich blessings we enjoy now, are a result of covenants and promises God made with our ancestors.

I have a quote I'd like to share with you: When Christ spoke to his apostles he said, "Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you and ordained you." In that short sentence we find the thing that sets us apart from every other Christian Church in the world. We do not choose. Christ chooses us. We are the only Christian church in the world where young priests officiating at the sacrament table put bishops, stake presidents and even the president of the church under covenant. Think about that, it's very significant. . .

[Dad ended with this original poem]

I saw our makers will displayed by faithful men who knelt and prayed  
Then rose to build or preach and lead, or write a book or sew a seed;  
Those faithful men, our fathers.  
I saw those men in prisons dark; tortured, beaten, torn apart,  
But never would their tongues reply: that God was dead, that man would die.  
How great the faith of our fathers.  
I saw their homes and lives destroyed and then with new-found faith employed  
I watched them build and work and do -- With friendship and unity too.  
What valiant men, our fathers.  
And then I thought of men today, their cold unyielding selfish way,  
They havent time to do their part! Who holds the mortgage on their heart?  
It's not the God of our fathers.  
But then a fired burned deep inside, I felt my hopelessness subside,  
What brilliant star has shown the way. What carries forth the church today?  
It's the faith of our fathers!



**Laraine Johnson Kent** As far as the Dean Johnson part of this family goes, the 1960's brought lots of changes to our family; Nov 22, 1962, Corinne was injured in her accident, Ron & I married 4/16/65, mom died of stomach cancer, 3/12/66, dad remarried Phyllis Farley (mom's 1st cousin) the following year, dad died of malignant brain tumors 1/12/1971.



**Corinne Johnson Young** Life is certainly interesting and things happen that we never dream would happen in our lives. I am so thankful to be part of this wonderful Johnson heritage. I wouldn't change that for anything. I wish that our children and grandchildren could have known our wonderful parents and that they

could have stayed with us longer. We miss them very much but know that we will see them again. I am so thankful for their faith and examples.

[Sheila Ericksen](#) It's unbelievable how much pain he endured with his back and the brain tumor and losing Aunt Jessie and your accident, Corrine. It's amazing he never lose faith!! It seems like when I was growing up we were always fasting for somebody or going to funerals!

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

6 hrs



Deer Hunt in Hobble Creek Canyon. Alfred sits on right of Dean who wears a dark vest over a white shirt. Ted's in a white shirt, upper left behind him, Nathan to right of Ted, behind Dean. This photo is from Uncle August's collection. He is second from right end holding gun with his son Herbert, far-right on end.

Grandpa's motto was "Work hard! Play hard and give life the best you've got!" When not milking or working on the farm, Alfred went fishing, hunting or was off socializing. He had hundreds of friends and enjoyed telling them stories. Many valued his advice. When Taylor Allen was called to testify before a Senate committee on agriculture, he arrived at the barn to talk to Alfred. "Taylor those men are just like you and me," he offered. "They put their pants on one leg at a time. You go back there and tell them what it's like for farmers out here in Utah."

Even after installing electric milk machines grandpa insisted on milking two cows by hand. Nate noticed that unlike everyone else in the dairy business, Alfred milked with his thumbs turned down on the cow's teat. At 4:00 p.m. every afternoon he would stop by our house for "coffee time" before going on to his barn to help Ted with the milking. He visited Nathan every day as well.

On June 23, 1968 Nathan and Nate were down at their barn milking when Francis came running down the lane yelling, "Nathan! Nathan Come Quick!"

Nathan left son Nate at the barn to finish up, while he ran up the lane with Francis. They crossed the road to where grandpa had collapsed on the front steps. At eighty-three Alfred had suffered a massive heart attack. When Nathan couldn't find any pulse, he knew his father was gone and looking up said, "At least he died with his boots on!"

### [Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

35 mins

Nate and a yellow fox he shot behind his house on the Lower Geneva Road.



During the Vietnam War, Dean, Nathan and Grandpa went to the draft board to ask for an exemption for Nate. They explained he was an only son, his mother was in a wheel chair and he was needed on the farm. Friends his age were being drafted, one died in Vietnam. Nate was embarrassed by their request but the exemption was granted. Today Nate's the only Alfred Johnson descendant still farming. He and son Chad run cattle and work the land that great grand-father John once homesteaded. Chad and wife Mandy are both employed elsewhere, but they continue to help Nate and Donna on the farm.

Nate's sister Marilyn married a farmer. In 2002 she and her husband Gene Carter were in a tragic automobile accident. Marilyn was thrown from the car as it began to fishtail while pulling a trailer. Marilyn sustained serious head injuries and lingered on in a coma at Health South for three months. As Laraine and I lived nearby, we visited her often. Once I took Alex Belov, my highly sensitive 14-year-old grand-daughter, with me on a visit. On the way home Alex said, "Your cousin appreciates your visits but she wants you to know that she isn't going to recover." As Alex also received information for Aunt Mary, I drove her to Provo to tell Mary what Marilyn wanted her mother to know. Marilyn died on October 7, 2002 at 55 without ever regaining consciousness. Gene was diagnosed with cancer and died the next year. They are buried near Alfred, Murl, Francis, and little Robert Earl's graves in the Provo Cemetery.

Nate's sister Sheila Erickson works as a nurse in Provo. Her daughter Noel Ericksen married Jacob Thomas, a school teacher. They are raising a musically talented family. Recently they played the VonTrap family in SCERA's "Sound of Music."



[Judy Tolley](#) Love waking up to family history every morning. What a way to start my day!!

[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#)

3 hrs



This is Glory, daughter of Noel Erickson Thomas. At fourteen she was crowned 2016's Jr. Miss Orem. You can tell she's one of those dark-eyed Holdaways. She resembles her great, great grandmother Murl Holdaway who was a beauty queen at seventeen. Glory has a wider smile but the shape of the face, ears, nose and chin are identical.

Several years ago, while working as an appraiser for Income Realty and Mortgage, I met a woman who owned a four-plex in Clearfield. I'd done an appraisal for her and while presenting it, she stopped me "Are you a Haws? You look like a Haws!" I replied, "My grand-mother was Murl Holdaway. Her grand-mother was Lucinda Haws. The woman became animated. She had just received an old type script by Captain G.W. Haws about Benjamin Haws, his grandfather, a Highland Chief. She gave me a copy.

Now that you understand the traits and tendencies passed down through John & Inger's DNA, you may want to consider having your own DNA tested. It helps us understand who we really are. Laraine's family have had DNA tests. Tom and Neil DNA tested for the Stokoes; Nate tested for the Johnsons; and my sons Dean and Brian tested for their Belov ancestors. Some members of my family declined to be tested.

Cost increased as the tests become more detailed and consequently, are more accurate. How do you convince someone to have a DNA test? One suggestion, you can show them how DNA Painter works. Tell them you will paint their DNA for them so they can know which of their ancestors' DNA they are carrying around. Tell them that you will be able to demonstrate, with DNA Painter, which ancestors they have in their genes. Visuals speak volumes. Remember that when you were conceived two chromosomes recombined, giving you only 50% of each of your parent's DNA. Dominant genes play an important role in the mix. Which explains how siblings in the same family can have very different DNA profiles.



[Diane Johnson Stokoe](#) is with [Laraine Johnson Kent](#) and [5 others](#).

2 hrs

Love and Blessings to those who have gone before, those who are here now and those who are yet to be. From Sheila, Corinne and Connie seated; Donna, Linda, Diane and Laraine standing. And from Nate, Judy, Dale and Troy. We hope you have enjoyed this Alfred Johnson family history.

May 10, 2018

[Like](#)Show More Reactions

[Comment](#)

[Seen by 13](#)

6Mark Kent, Laraine Johnson Kent and 4 others

**Comments**

[View 1 more comment](#)

[Donna Johnson](#) Thank you so much! We have all enjoyed and looked forward to each post. Have a nice trip!

[Manage](#)

[Like](#)Show More Reactions

· [Reply](#) · 1h