

July 27, 1996

Memories of Keith and Erma Young
For their 50th Wedding Anniversary
by Erma's sister Louise Knapp

I was born in 1939. I think Erma is 16 years older than I. I remember Erma was in the kitchen with her boyfriend Stan. I had been asked to call the neighbors and tell Ken to come home. When I picked up the phone I heard Beverly Lewis and Trude Roundy talking on the party line. Bev said, "I sure hope Erma doesn't marry that Stan. I hope she waits for Keith." I walked into the kitchen and announced what I had heard. Stan turned red. Erma was very embarrassed and Pa laughed and laughed. That is the only memories I have of Erma before she married Keith.

I remember attending their wedding reception in the Marion church house. There was dancing and good refreshments. It is the first reception I remember of attending.

Keith and Erma lived in Provo near what is now BYU. They lived on 820 N. just east of 700 E. Ken and I went to visit them. We slept on sleeping bags on the floor. I remember Keith tickling Erma and myself hoping he wouldn't do it too long. He didn't.

The weather in Provo was hot and it didn't cool off much at night. I thought the mountains were very tall. I got homesick before our intended stay was up. I cried. Erma held me on her lap. She and Keith took me home to Marion the next day. I was glad. Ken was annoyed. He felt cheated. We had 2-3 flat tires going up Provo Canyon that day. I think that was the summer before I started first grade. (They didn't have kindergarten for us the year before due to gas rationing because of the war.)

Erma and Keith moved to Beverly Place in Orem. Ken and I stayed with them some there. We were bigger. Ken didn't stay there too much. He had to stay home and work on the farm. Erma let me ride a tricycle around the little block (past the store) and if Ken was with me we could ride around the big block. Sometimes Erma let us take a nickel or dime and spend it at the store. They took us fishing to Deer Creek Dam. We could catch 2-3 perch with one worm on a fish hook on fishing line tied to a willow stick. One time when we were going to go, Keith couldn't find the car keys. We all looked and looked. He found them in the trunk key hole. When we would ride along in the car Keith would sing to us. I love him to sing The Strawberry Roan.

Erma would take me to stores like Kress, J. C. Penny etc. I would pick out cute school clothes that I liked and she would go home and make them for me. Almost all of my school clothes were made by her and she made ones I loved. She also made me and Ken some cowboy shirts. I loved my shirt. When I was very young she made me a denim jacket for my birthday. I loved it too.

They moved to Hunter. I stayed with them some but not much. I graduated from BYU in 1961 and went to teach Home Ec. in Tabiona. Keith had just traded his place in Hunter for one in Sterling. The Tabiona principal, Lavon Chapple, talked Erma into going to Tabiona to teach combined first and second grades. Keith worked at the saw mill until Christmas and then he worked at an upholstery shop in Vernal. It was such a comfort to me to have them there so I could live with family instead of boarding with Minnie Hamilton. Minnie tended Anita and Lyle while Erma taught. Minnie was great.

Bernie, myself and our kids stayed often in Sterling with Keith and Erma. We have spent many enjoyable hours with them. Keith has upholstered several pieces of furniture for us. He always did a good job.

Erma was the one who helped me when my first child Lisa was born. I was so thankful. She taught me how to bathe her etc. Mom was with me for all of the other children. Years later Keith and Erma were in Idaho on a mission and helped Lisa when some of her children were born.

We moved to Idaho Falls in 1989 for a year. Keith and Erma were there on their mission. We got to see them quite often. It was a wonderful experience for us to have them there. They were very helpful to us. They spent Christmas with us which made it more warm and "homey" meaningful to me.

Keith and Erma are wonderful people. I love and appreciate them both very much. My life is so much richer and better because of having had them in it. God Bless them always.

Love

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Louise".

Louise