



1





Frederick Loertscher

&

Hilka Smit

**A Tribute from
Their Thirty Grandchildren**

Compiled by

David V. Loertscher

**Hi Willow Research & Publishing
2008**

© 2008 Hi Willow Research & Publishing

This publication may be copied freely for all the descendants of Frederick and Hilke.
Other copying for sale must be approved by the publisher

Publisher's address:
312 South 1000 East
Salt Lake City UT 84102
reader.david@gmail.com

ISBN: 978-1-933170-41-1

Dedication

To our beloved grandparents who we all loved so much as children, as adults, and forever.



Contents

Frederick and Hilka Loertscher Album.....	1
Hilka Smit Loertscher:A Biographical Sketch by Joseph Loertscher.....	12
Frederick Loertscher:A Biographical Sketch by Joseph Loertscher.....	14
Family of Jennie Loertscher McElprang.....	18
Jennie McElprang Howard.....	20
Grace McElprang Paulsen.....	22
Maudie McElprang Breen.....	24
Helen McElprang Fox.....	26
LaRue McElprang Jensen.....	28
Family of Frederick Henry Loertscher.....	30
Gerald Loertscher.....	32
Bonnie Loertscher Lambourne.....	34
Eugene Fred Loertscher.....	36
Dennis LaMar Loertscher.....	38
Stephen Ray Loertscher.....	40
Family of David Wilford Loertscher.....	42
Dwain Vickers Loertscher.....	44
Karla Loertscher Cannon.....	46
David Vickers Loertscher.....	48
Thomas Frederick Loertscher.....	50
Family of Roy Loertscher.....	52
Paul Rush Loertscher.....	54
Barbara Lee Loertscher Bonner.....	56
Max Loertscher.....	58
Melinda Loertscher Deffendol.....	60
L. Rush Loertscher.....	62
Jennie Loertscher Clawson.....	64
Brian Loertscher.....	66
Scott Rush Loertscher.....	68
Brooke Loertscher Pedersen.....	70
Kim Loertscher.....	72
Melody Loertscher Hill.....	74
Rilla Loertscher Tischner.....	76
Family of Joseph Loertscher.....	78
Terry William Loertscher.....	82
Danny Loertscher.....	84
Roseann Loertscher Thomas.....	86
Freddy Lamont Loertscher.....	88

Wimmis Switzerland in Pictures.....	90
2006 Family Reunion, Salt Lake City Utah.....	94



The Gottlieb Loertscher Family of Wimmis Switzerland

Rosa Loertscher, Frederick, Gottlieb Sr. Gottlieb Jr., Anna, Robert
Anna Gerber Loertscher, the wife of Gottlieb
had passed away when this picture was taken.
Photo 1900 or 1901

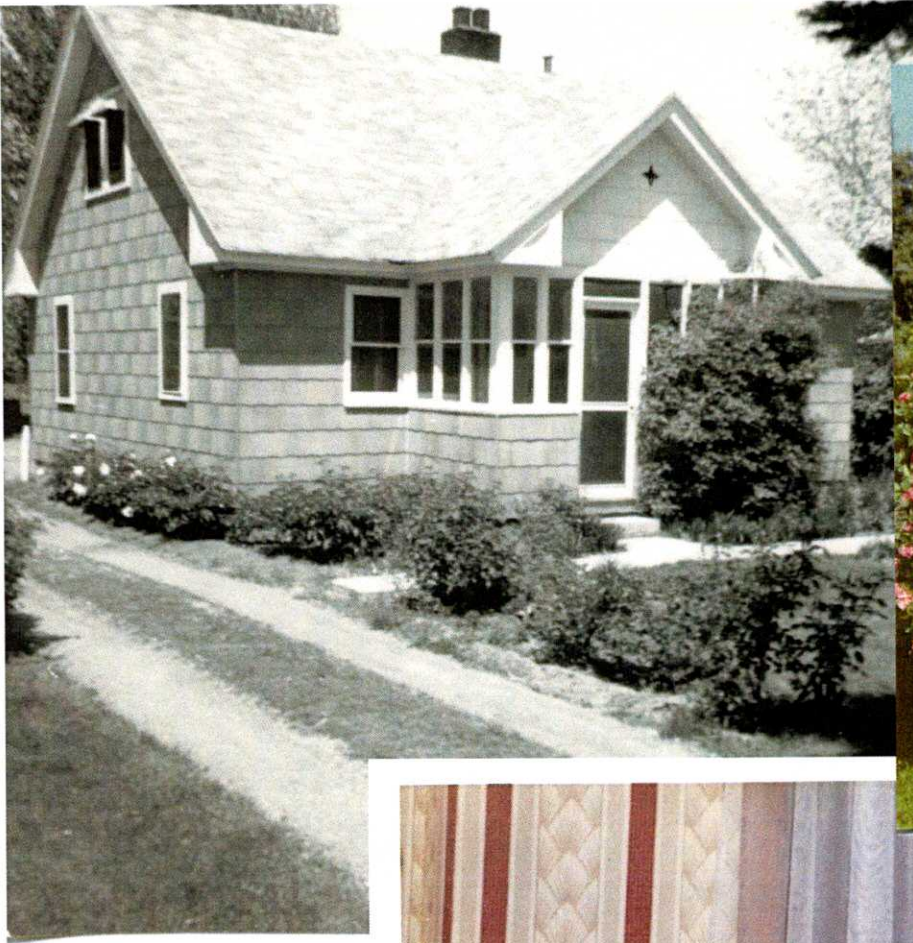


Frederick Loertscher





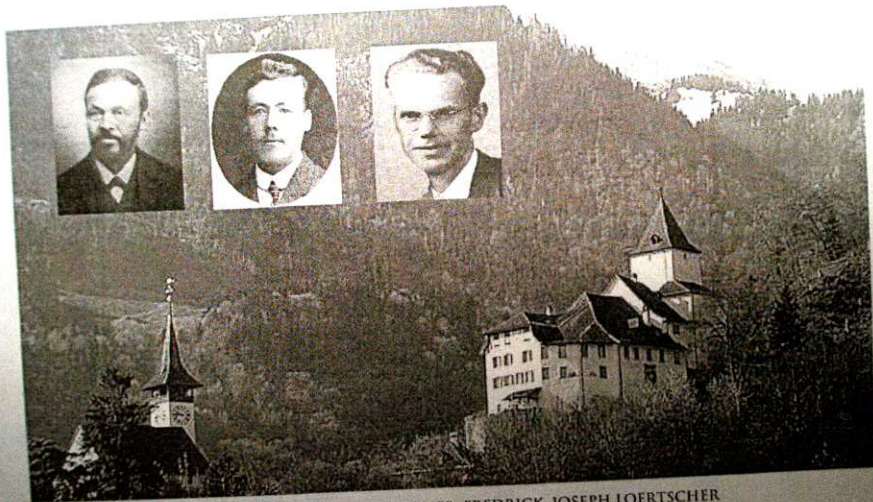
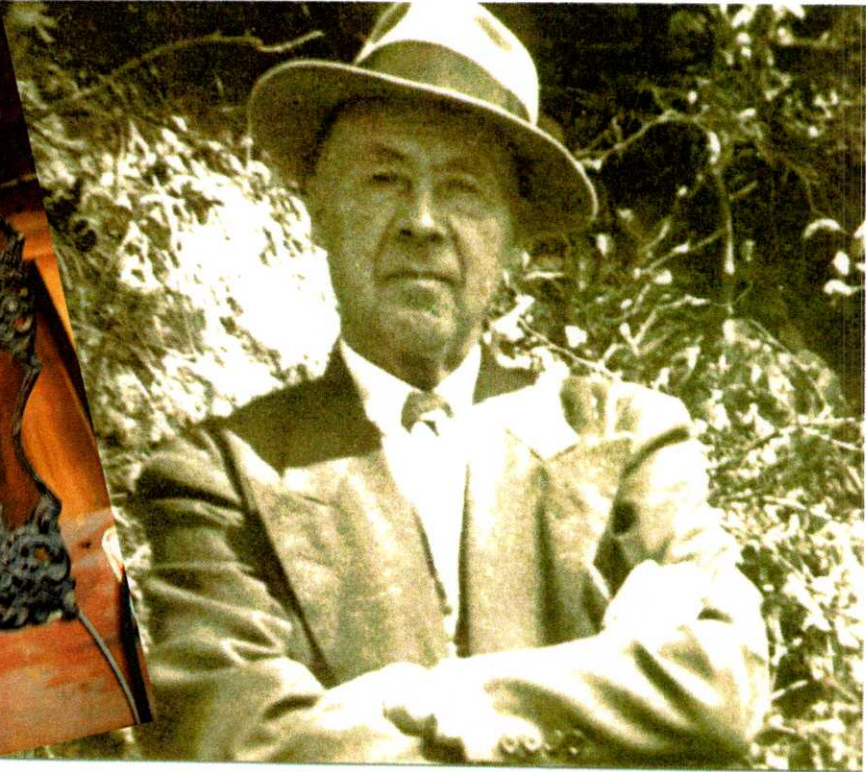






2 year mission to the
Swiss Austrian Mission
from January 1950 to
February 1952

F
L



THREE GENERATIONS / GOTTLIEB, FREDRICK, JOSEPH LOERTSCHER

CHURCH & CASTLE - WIMMIS, BERN, SWITZERLAND





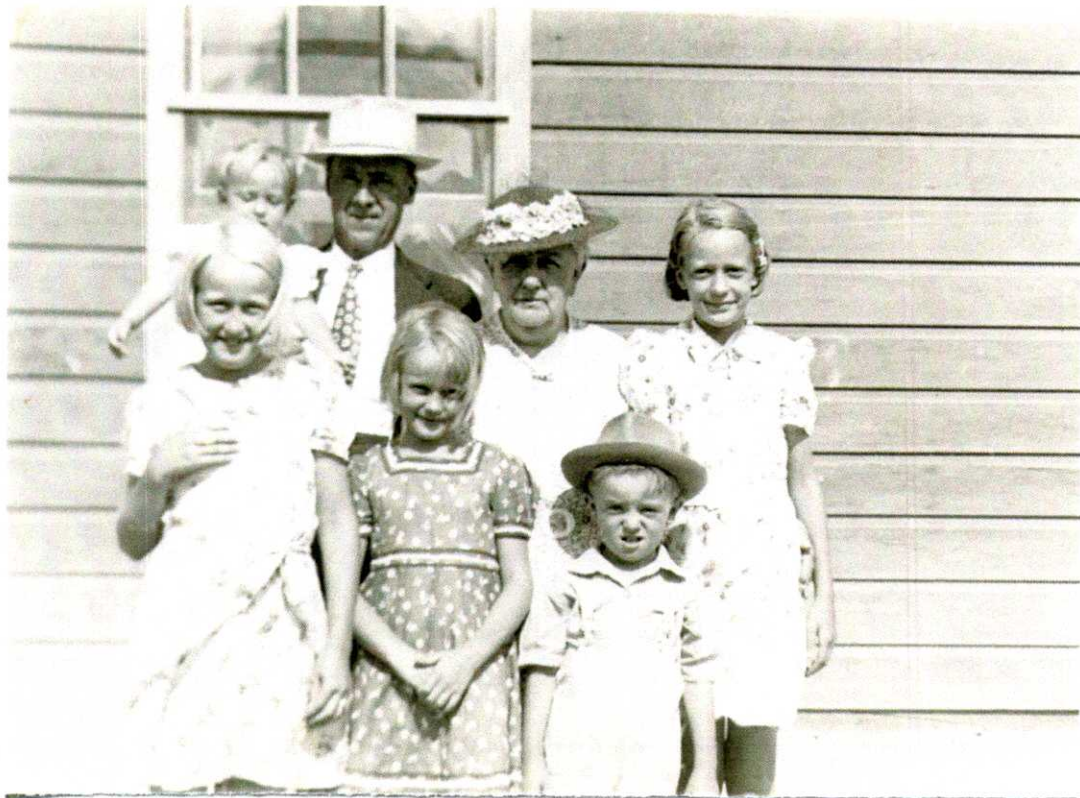


GRANDPA & GRANDMA LOERTSCHER





FAMILY HOME ON 33RD SO. '1970'





MAR 59





FR

FREDERICK LOERTSCHER

short term mission to
California Mission from
June 1942 to



Grandmother Hilke Smit Loertscher

Mother often told us of her experiences in her life, but none brought her more happiness than to be able to tell us about being able to wear wooden shoes and to finally wear satin slippers in the Holy Temple.

Mother was born Feb. 28, 1879 in Blyham Holland to Wilke Smit and Jantie Opheikins.

One of her first memories was keeping their house so clean, even the cow stalls, which were below in the home they lived in. They cleaned three to four times a day and before bedtime. The place was kept as clean as their kitchen table.

She was a Milk Maid at the age of 8. She would use a two-bucket yoke across the shoulders to carry milk and cream to the creamery and for water from the nearby canal. She loved to skate on the canals in her wooden shoes. Sometimes she would go out of the way to school to skate just for the fun. Her schooling was limited many times to stay home to help with the finances of the family.

Her testimony of the gospel grew fast as the missionaries taught the family. She and her sister Maggie were baptized in the canal. It was in moonlight, and the ice had to be chopped away to be baptized by immersion. She was promised in her confirmation that she would go to Zion where she would receive many blessings.

Mother and her sister Maggie came to America first and worked and saved to bring the rest of the family two years later.

She worked as a Nanny in the home of President H.J. Grant. At a Christmas party she met my father. It must have been love at first sight for they were married two months later on the 22nd of Feb. 1905.

To fulfill all her duties as a housewife she sewed, mended, and made do over and over again for clothes for her growing family.

Soon after I was born we moved to Huntington, Utah. Mother made countless visits with her companion in a horse and buggy doing Visiting Teaching. I always went along and got to drive the horse back home, but that was mostly because she knew that the horse knew the way back to the shed.

Keeping house was a chore when we lived in a two-room home with a dirt floor. I thought I must have been her favorite when she would let me play with a drawer from her paddle sewing machine along the ditch banks.

Mother saved eggs by which she always had some money to give to us kids, five or ten cents, to go to the silent movies in the ward chapel. Dad made Mother a gunny sack refrigerator, which was kept outside under a tree. Mother was always a clean housewife. She always had something good for us to eat. In hard times we only had bread and milk. Each year at



harvest time she and Jennie prepared a large dinner for three days to feed twenty grown men when it was our turn to thresh the grain.

When we moved back to Salt Lake it was still in a two-room home. She continued her faithful Visiting Teaching for 45 years with a faithful companion. She was always on foot until she was unable to walk.

She always looked forward to the Dutch Reunions at Logan where she could meet with her family and friends. We always rode the Bambege there.

It was always amazing to me to see her exercise while putting her hands flat on the floor. It was something else to see her juggle 3 oranges or apples at one time. She always wore an apron while at home. Mother was first to be up every morning to build a fire and make breakfast. She always reminded me to chop the chips to begin the fire in the stove.

When Dad remodeled the house, Fred was on his mission in Holland. She spent one whole summer cooking outside when the kitchen and our first bath was made new. She never complained and it was fun for me.

When I had the measles and whooping cough at the same time for five or six weeks, she and Dad slept on the floor so I could have the only bed in the house. Jennie lived with a friend uptown by the telephone office. David was on a ranch in Park City. Fred for one year slept in the garage. Roy and I stayed in the garage for three years.

Mother always kept a clean house. Later she couldn't get down to dust the mopboards. She always had a dusting rag for me to do so—not only the front room, but also the whole house.

After us kids were all married, she stayed alone while she sent her husband on two missions: one to California for six months and the other to Switzerland for two years. Her devotion to the gospel was great and she felt well rewarded to support her husband on these missions.

She was always making sure we were wearing clean clothes. She was restoring hand-me-downs all the time. When I graduated from High School, she had secretly saved enough money to buy me my first new Sunday suit. That was something special.

I was with her the day she passed away. She knew of her ailments without complaint. Unknown to everyone she passed away from an infection and injury of a broken hip, not of dementia or a cast-down spirit. Mother loved the gospel with all her heart and was often caught singing some favorite hymn.

I love you Mother and always will.

Love to You and then some—

Joseph

Grandfather Fredrick Loertscher

Of all the memories of my Father, the best is his desire to be a part of the marvelous work and a wonder not only for himself, but for his family and friends, to help in some way to grow in testimony to fulfill our goals for Eternal Progress.

My Father was born the 13th of December 1880 in Wimmis, Switzerland to Gottlib Loertscher and Anna Gerber. It was a small town nestled in the high Swiss mountains between two rivers, River Sime and River Kander.

Dad never did say he went swimming, and fishing never did enter his mind. He went to school with two other boys from another Loertscher family who lived close by.

The name Loertscher was first spelled Lötchen then to Löthentaler, then back to Lörtscher. When coming to America the ö was changed—the two dots above the o were taken away and the e was added. The name came into being from the kind of work the family was assigned to do—some way or occupation. The process called “the Lurch” consisted of making small pieces of wood for the use in making matches.

With the influence of the missionaries, the family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They set their goals to come to Zion in America.

Dad told me that when he was a boy he liked to explore the neighborhood. He went through orchards and always ended up on the mountain Burgerflu. His parents had to build a fence to keep him home. Dad would always laugh at us kids when we tried to say “Burger-flu” in German.

While Dad was working away from home on a water dam high in the mountains, he received word from his father that he had enough money to send him to America, having sold their home. The missionaries arranged for the boat trip. When Dad came home his father had used the money to take his Mother to France for special treatments. This was a great disappointment for sure. But with encouragement the trip was not postponed. Two young girls working in Wimmis told Dad that their parents would lend him the money for the trip. The next day Dad borrowed a bicycle and rode twenty miles to ask for their help. This the parents agreed to.

Dad left as scheduled, leaving Wimmis on the 12th of November, 1901. He arrived in Boston the 25th of November and reached Montpelier, Idaho on the 30th.

Dad said that when he went through customs he set his overcoat on his suitcase while going through his papers. When this was completed his overcoat was gone. He had a cold shivering trip all the way to Utah.

His first Sunday in Montpelier he attended a stake conference. While the meeting was going on he could hear someone chopping wood. This made him wonder if he made a mistake by coming here.



The first few years after coming here to America Dad had many different jobs. One reason was because of language and communication. He and his brother Robert took a job working on the railroad north of Montpellier building tracks. After three months they both were transferred to Utah working just south of the Great Salt Lake near Grantsville.

After his marriage Dad worked for a lumber company delivering coal and lumber. Here he learned how to drive a wagon and take care of a team of horses. He wore a straw hat most of the time.

Soon after I was born Dad moved us to Huntington, Utah. It did not take him long to find out he was not a farmer. He turned the farm over to Fred, David and Roy. He secured a job working on the railroad as a mechanic. This was in Highwatha and Morland. He came home every weekend by walking or catching a ride. This he did for more than four years. Dad finally bought his first car, a used Model T. He and my brothers were always repairing or working on it.

After leaving the railroad he tried his hand selling dry goods around Huntington, Price and Sunnyside, east of Price. I was four and five when he took me along in the summer time. If we went to Price or Sunnyside we would always spend a night or two. We would sleep on the ground under the car. On my sixth birthday he taught me how to drive the Model T. He always taught me on the flat ground, never in the hills.

Dad sold razor blades and pots and pans more than anything else. Twice each year Dad would go after wood and coal. Most often it would be cedar wood, which was hard to chop but burned a lot better and longer. I was 7 to 9 years old at the time.

On one of our trips for coal from Moreland we used a team and a wagon with high sideboards. After starting home we came to a steep hill. Dad told me to get off and walk down. The load was so heavy and the hill so steep, the team and brakes could not hold for long. It turned out to be a wild ride. I was glad I was not on. When Dad reached the bottom he discovered his watch was missing. We both walked up and down the road twice. On our second time down we found the watch laying in the dusty wagon tracks. The watch was run over by the wheels but not injured.

When I was eleven years old Dad sold the farm and we moved back to Salt Lake. Dad found a job at an implement company delivering and setting up all kinds of farm machinery. It was fun going with him once in a while. At one time we went as far as Lehi to set up a combine grain harvest machine. One part was missing for the seat. Dad found at a junk yard close by a piece of iron he remade to hold the seat in place. He was sure glad we didn't need to go back to Salt Lake for that part.

When we moved back to Salt Lake Dad bought us a two-bedroom home on 3rd East near 33rd South. It was on one half-acre lot with a broken down garage and a flowing well. Dad sold the Model T and bought a large touring car. It had wooden spoke wheels and side curtains. It was a Nash I believe.

Dad found a permanent job with the Granite School District. It was on the corner of 33rd South and 5th East, and he worked there until he retired. Whenever Dad was asked how his work was coming along, he would answer, "Business is picking up." David, Roy and I each spent three years there. The L building was his responsibility. There was 6 classrooms and it had a large gym with a race track up high. There was a large swimming pool underneath the gym. Dad always rode his bicycle to work in summer and winter. Roy and I would help Dad on Saturdays and after work we played in the gym and went swimming.

I remember climbing Mt Timpanoges three times with some of our neighbors. We also hiked Ensign Peak three times together. Dad was very good at encouraging family reunions. I remember the first one was in Big Cottonwood canyon at Storm Mountain.

When things went wrong, which was quite often, us boys frequently felt the razor strap. None for Jennie as I recall. These were lesson-teaching times, that was for sure.

One time, before we were old enough to shave, Roy and I forgot to rinse off the shaving brush very good, which proved the sad end of our doing.

In 1931 Fred was called on a mission to Holland. Shortly after he left there was a big fire at the Salt Lake Lumber company in town. The burnt lumber was for sale for fifty cents per truck load. Dad took this opportunity and borrowed a big truck. With Roy and I we made three trips for lumber. With all that lumber Dad decided we needed more elbow room in our two-room house, so we started to remodel.

We scraped and cleaned every piece. Some were real long, which we used for floor support. As work continued Dad made a jig to make on foot-long piece out of the scrap pieces. This we made into bundles tied with bailing wire. Dad sold these bundles for twenty-five cents apiece in Salt Lake for starting fires in wood stoves. About this time is when the depression was in full swing.

The school board called Dad in and said they would have to lay him off or cut his wages in half. Dad decided to stay.

In spite of the reduction in wages, Mother and Dad decided not to cut their tithing. They gave the same tithing all the time. I don't know how they managed it, but we never went hungry as I remembered. We were able to still keep Fred on his mission too. It was a strong testimony at the time.

We finished the house just before Fred came home from his mission. After we finished the house Dad used the rest of the lumber to add onto the garage. Roy and I moved from the garage to the attic and Fred had the new bedroom downstairs.

After Dad retired and Mother passed away, things did not seem the same. He continued to complete several unfinished projects. After having three (watched over) mishaps while driving he said, "It's about time I went back to walking."



Dad had many friends and even kept in touch by mail with those in the old country. He was very faithful in writing in his little diary books. Someone needs to go through them sometime. He recorded all his visits to his children and his enjoyment of his grandchildren. At one party at the church for him, he helped put away the chairs and he fell to the floor. Upon being helped to his feet, he was asked, "Are you hurt Grandpa?" "No," was the reply. "If it had been a younger person he would have broken his leg."

Some of his expressions of wisdom were:

I don't know how deep that North Salt Lake is but I am sure there is water all the way to the bottom.

From my experience, there is just as many men who get married as there is women. (This may not be true today.)

If you need to swallow a toad, I'd suggest that you eat the biggest one first.

If you don't feel like praying then pray until you feel like it.

In 1970 Dad went to live with David and Maurine on the Bone ranch in Idaho Falls, Idaho until his death on the 5th of January, 1976. David and Maurine took good care of him, taking him wherever they went. When his eyesight began to fail and his handwriting shaky, his memory still stayed strong of the past but forgetful of things that became lost or what happened five minutes ago.

The last time I saw my Father he was very alert in the hospital in Idaho Falls. At that visit he had David help him make out his tithing. This was the last thing I saw my Father do. He passed away the next day.

My Father was an outstanding man. He took great delight in giving me a wheelbarrow ride at the age of 92. He still continued to invent things, especially his own secret locks, useful gadgets, and constantly updating his roll-a-round calendar box.

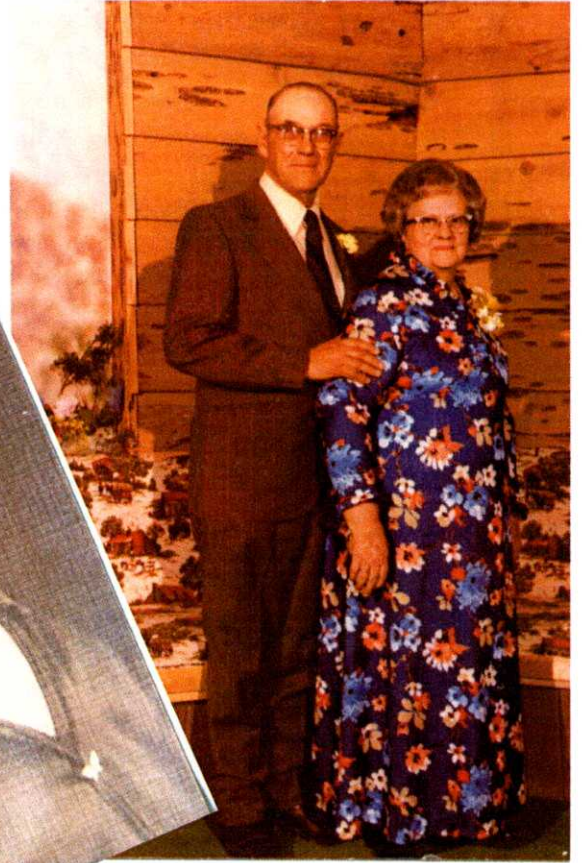
What can I say more? He made do without complaint. He was very stern but practical in his teachings. He had love for his family and friends and devotion to his sweetheart and the Gospel he knew to be true.

The youngest son with love,

Joseph

Jennie Loertscher

Jennie Loertscher McElprang





Jennie Loertscher Family

Jennie Jenece McElprang Howard

Jennie Loertscher McElprang and William Milton McElprang are my parents. Mother grew up in Salt Lake City except for a short time when she lived in Huntington, Utah and became acquainted with her future husband. I was born Dec. 8 1929, the first grand child on both sides of the family. Growing up in Huntington was simple, but we did not get to go to Salt Lake and visit grandma and grandpa Loertscher very often.

I was married in 1948 to Samuel Kent Howard. I was 18 years old and graduated as Mrs. Howard that spring. We have three children: Neil Kent, Gerri Lynn, and Barry Jay.



Most of our lives have been spent in Nevada in the ranching business. We lived 100 north of Elko (which was the nearest town). We were real pioneers without indoor plumbing, electricity, or close neighbors. We did have a crank telephone. Our country was beautiful and leaving there in 1992, was hard. We had permit to run 1400 head of cattle. It was a good life. Going to town was a full day's job and we did not go very often. Things did get better when we had modern conveniences. We usually had three to six employees which I cooked for along with our family. Uncle Joe and Aunt Myrtle came to visit us and enjoyed our country. Aunt Myrtle enjoyed fishing in the Bruneau river. Uncle Dave liked our country and even considered buying property there. But mom was the one who enjoyed being there the most.

Our lives were full except for living the gospel. Church was so far away and we lived to regret that we did not sacrifice to take our children to church. Barry was ten years younger than Gerri Lynn and so he spent much of his short life being on the ranch with just Kent and I. About eight months after we became active in church, he was killed in a tractor accident on the ranch. You who have lost children know what we have gone through since then. Barry was just about 11 years old.

Neil is an airline pilot and lives in Seattle. Gerri Lynn works full time here in Elko. Neil has blessed us with two grand daughters and Gerri Lynn has blessed us with three grand sons and three great grand sons and one great grand daughter. We just had our 60th wedding anniversary. I feel very blessed to still have Kent by my side as an accident in 1997 came close to taking him from me. Being the oldest of my cousins and leaving Utah in 1953, I feel very lost in not knowing most of you better than I do. The one thing I am sure about, is that we came from goodly grandparents who set the best example for living the gospel that anyone could have.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I look back and remember grandpa and grandma as being quite serious most of the time although they did enjoy life. Grandpa could laugh until the tears ran down his face. Grandma would entertain us by juggling oranges.

Their home at 3194 South 3rd East was always well cared for. Grandpa did most of the work on the outside of the home. Their home was not fancy but very comfortable and you could always feel joy in being there. Grandpa kept his tool shed immaculate and everything was in place. His Swiss upbringing could be seen in the many things he made from wood. There are many of us that have footstools with his name printed with alphabet stamps on the bottom. He also made some clever boxes that could only be opened if you knew which way to tilt it for the latch to come loose. Oh yes, the outhouse was blessed with a box full of papers perfectly cut and fitted in it for use. Grandpa was always busy when they came to visit us in Huntington. There might a lock for the door or new steps down the back porch that helped Mom. I am sure he felt very useful while grandma visited with Mom and the "girls."

Grandpa sure enjoyed his bicycle. He also enjoyed working at Granite High School as a janitor. He never could stand to see waste, so there were lots of pencils and paper brought to be shared with all of us. Speaking of the school, he took us there one time to see the swimming pool. He discovered that he did not have the key for that area. We were very disappointed and said, Oh Heck! That is one time I will never forget! We got a lecture on cuss words that still resounds in my mind.

Grandma kept a very clean home and could bake the best bread of anyone I ever knew. I can still see her hands kneading a loaf. She had one small pan for raising the dough and a lid that had formed knob from the aluminum. Grandma liked to sing. She never learned to write in English very well. Grandpa did nearly all of the writing letters. His handwriting was so good. Mom's hand writing was so much like his. Grandma had a morning ritual of hot water and lemon juice. Another picture I have in my mind of her combing her hair. Those long strands of whitish yellow were so thick, but they looked so nice when they were braided and fit into a bun. I still have some of her hairpins in a small glass Barbamol jar.

Grandpa and grandma lived the gospel to its fullness. We were privileged to kneel around their chairs for evening prayer. Once they were converted, they never fell off the chosen path. They are a great example to their posterity. Grandpa never preached to us after we were married, but in small ways, we were aware of his concern. We started receiving little booklets entitled: *Sunday Evening from Temple Square* with Sterling W. Sills. *I hope he knows that it did have a great impact on our lives.*

I am so grateful for my memories and hope what I have written will be enjoyed. Grace, Maudie and I were the oldest and saw them when they were in their younger years. Yes, we will all see them again in their younger years. To all our cousins with love: Jennie Jenece Howard



Mary Grace McElprang Paulsen

I was born on March, 25, 1931 in Huntington, Utah to Milton McElprang and Jennie Loertscher. I went to school until age 17 years, and then married Paul J. Paulsen. We lived in Huntington, Price, and Hawaii. Paul had served in the Second World War, and was called back in the Korean conflict. We had our daughters Judith Ann and Pauline Grace before we went to Hawaii. Joyce Marie was born after we returned home to Utah when Paul was discharged from the Navy.

We settled in Dragerton, Utah where Glen was born. We then moved to west Jordan and have lived here ever since. Alma was born here and seven years later, our last child, Janean was born. We moved to 2114 W. 7800 S. in 1961 and this is still what is called home after 47 years! At age 37, I went to the community college and studied for a year to become a licensed practical nurse. I worked on the medical floor for 22 years at Cottonwood hospital and that was a busy time for me.

I believe I made a difference to many sick people and made special new friends that I still meet on occasion. As for the Church, that has been for me a way of life. I have served in all the auxiliaries, and my testimony has grown with each calling. Paul and I served two church service missions, both at the Sandy Employment Center. We enjoyed our time there and it helped both of us a great deal. As for our family, all our children live in the valley except three grandchildren and that has been a great blessing to us.



One grand daughter lives in Salina, Utah, one in Sacramento, CA, and one in Phoenix, AZ. We have 12 grand children, 16 great grand children with number 17, coming in September. That makes 11 boys and five girls at this time. Sadly, we lost our daughter, Joyce Marie, in 1994. She died in Las Vegas, NV. As hard as that was losing my companion, Paul, on 29 Nov 2005, has been the hardest adjustment for me. I try to keep busy and stay happy. I love my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is the thing that keeps me feeling secure, knowing I will be with my loved ones again and look forward to that great day!!!

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

This gentle lady, Hilka Smit from Holland and this valiant man, Frederick Loertscher from Switzerland were in tune with the spirit. They were in tune with the spirit when they heard the message of the restoration of the true church from missionaries, that they gave their whole lives to that way of life. Coming to the shores of a foreign land of strange cultures and a hard new language to learn, they left their beautiful home land and embraced the gospel in its fullness.

I am grateful to claim them as my grandparents. They were always an example to me. When they came to our home to visit, which was always a wonderful time for me, they always led the way in kneeling in evening prayers. That was special to me.

I have so many memories that there is not room to place on one page. Once they came at Easter time and brought us three girls a large hollow chocolate Easter egg. Smelling good chocolate now evokes memories of those eggs.

On one trip in the summer, grandpa used the stick he made to see how much gas he had left, having no gas gauge in the car. He came in the house laughing, the stick was dry! He loved a good laugh even on himself.

He loved to make things that involved puzzles. He made lots of those items. Paul asked him to make a gun cabinet for him. It had a top drawer that could only be opened when the door was unlocked and the door opened. Of course, it was his own design, coming from his active mind.

Grandma was more quiet. But she set such a good example of faithfulness. Her house was always clean and tidy and she was so frugal. After she died, money was found hidden in so many places around the house. She wasn't the letter writer that grandpa was. This language was hard for her.

Grandpa was a studious man and he knew the gospel. I don't think he wavered when he was called to serve a mission to Southern California and then to his beloved homeland, Switzerland, for two years. They were both in the seventies, but they heeded the call. It must have been so hard to leave his sweet companion for such a long time, but that is what he and she did, faithful to the end!



Maudie McElprang Breen

I Maudie Breen, having been born of goodly parents - was born in Huntington, Utah Dec. 28, 1933 I lived in Huyntington until I graduated from high school and then moved to Salt Lake where I worked for te telephone company. I enjoyed that work until I was married to Frank on Sept. 26, 1953. We moved to Washington state to follow Frank's construction work and spent the next seven years in the state of Washington, California, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah. In 1960, we bought our home in Cottonwood Heights in the Salt Lake Valley, and I am still living there. We had three daughters. Debra Kay was married to Jay Neil Peterson and they have three children: James (Jim), Cash, and Cerry Ann. Debie died Oct. 25, 1999 of cancer. Jim and his wife Molly have one son, Cory. Cash has two boys: Kyle and Ozzy. Cerry Ann has a daughter, Ashley. They live in Phoenix, Arizona.



Our daughter, Lori is married to Kurt Reimann and they have five children. Heather is married to Paris Baird and they have one daughter, Gabriella. Brandon is married to Christy Hansen and they have one son, Kehl. Daughter Aubrey is going to school and working and son, Jadin is in his last year at Brighton High School. Lori's son, Kory was too perfect for this world, and died after blessing our lives for four short beautiful hours in October, 1997. Lori and Kurt live in Cottonwood Heights.

Our daughter, Julie, is married to Matt Jackson and they have a daughter, Brittanni and a son, Patrick who are both in school. Julie and Matt live in Sandy, Utah. My eternal companion, Frank, passed away on Dec. 12, 1995 of cancer. I miss him more than I can say and look forward to the time I can join him again.

I keep busy with yardwork, making quilts, and serving in the Jordan River Temple. As of June, 2008, I have been blessed to serve there for 20 years. The Lord continues to bless me in so many ways that I could never repay his great kindnesses to me and my family. I am eternally gratefull to my McElprang and Loertscher ancesrors for their love of the gospel and their sacrifices for their beliefs and the example they have set for me and my family.

I am also grateful for four beautiful sisters who continue to bless my life and have been my support group, especially since Frank died. We miss our dear parents, Milton and Jennie Loertscher McElprang and pray that we will be a credit to their names and to our heritage.

Maudie McElprang Breen.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

Once upon a time, there lived an elderly couple with a rich posterity. They had a humble home at 3194 South 300 East in Salt Lake City, Utah. This humble home was an anchor for them and their family. The elderly man had been a hard worker all this life and spent many years as the janitor for Granite High school. He was very handy with all tools and could fix anything. He was known for the nice step stools that he made for each of his grand children when they were married. he kept his yard in great shape all the time and had a beautiful rose garden and white peonies all along the driveway.

The elderly lady was a wonderful homemaker and mother. She was always ready with homemade pea soup and homemade bread when family came to visit. Her house wa alwys neat and clean. She had long hair which was always in braids and pinned up around her head. She would delight in juggling oranges to entertain her grandchildren. She had a favorite rocking chair and spent a great deal of time in that rocker as she got older.

The man was born in Switzerland and the lady was born in Holland. As teenagers, they were converted to the gospel and left their home land to come to America where the saints were encouraged to gather to build up zion. This must have been very hard for both of them. They met in Salt Lake City and were married for time and all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. They were blessed with one lovely daughter and four handsome sons. Their children always tried to live so as to be a credit to their parents. As family member of the Frederick and Hilka Smit Loertscher family, we owe them a deep debt of gratitude for coming to a foreign land with not much more than the clothes on

**It All Began
100
Years Ago**

in 1905 with
Fred & Hilke Loertscher



Milton & Jennie McElprang



Frederick & Theresa Loertscher



David & Maurine Loertscher



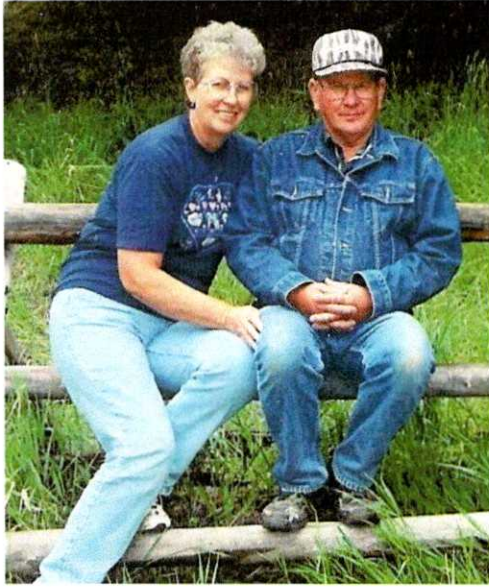
Roy & Dorothy Loertscher



Joseph & Annie Myrtle Loertscher



Helen McElprang Fox



Dave and I were married in 1957. We just celebrated our 50th anniversary. We have six children; Gary, Mark, Claudia Johnson, Suzanne Kirk, Darren, and Jennifer Sessions. They, together with their spouses, have given us 25 wonderful grandchildren. We now have seven great-grandchildren.

We started our married life in Salt Lake, moved to Huntington in 1972, to Green River, Wyoming in 1983, then back to Huntington when Dave retired in 1998. We are glad to be back close to our mountains and the desert, where the pace of life is not so frantic. Our door is always open to family who want to come our direction! If you can stay over-

night, we will let you slumber in the Loertscher bedroom!



This little house was made and given to me nearly 50 years ago (approximately 1912) by my grandfather, Gottlieb Loertscher. He was born August 22, 1841, in Wimmis, Switzerland. He came to this country at the age of 65, 1906. This was seven years after he was baptized a member of the church. He made several little houses, most of which were models of Swiss chalets. This was his hobby, his trade was that of shoemaking.
Jennie L. McElprang

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I truly enjoyed listening to stories about Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher at the family reunion in 2007. I hope we can remember what each said so that that wonderful time can be recreated in print.

In 1997 when I wrote a history of Grandma Loertscher, I talked to many people seeking input so that I could make it as accurate as possible. Whether that goal was met, is a matter for each reader to determine.

Aunt Dorothy told me that my sisters and I were in a unique position when we came to visit Grandma and Grandpa due to the distance we lived from them. Everyone else generally came for a few hours, then returned to their homes. Living in Huntington as we did, visits involved an overnight stay. Thus, we were able to see them in more of their everyday activities. Family prayer before bedtime, with everyone kneeling in the living room was not to be missed. Grandpa was always voice for this devotion. His prayers were humble, full of thanksgiving, and asking God's blessing on his family and friends. I don't remember where we slept. Probably in make-shift beds on the floor.

Breakfast the next morning was always cooked cereal. Grandma cooked quick oats to the texture of true mush. We would get bowls down out of the glass fronted cabinet. Do you remember the glass spoon container? It was always on the table along with the sugar bowl.

Speaking of the table, do you remember the small hidden drawer? You had to release the secret latch before it would swing open. Such treasures it contained! I was fascinated by the myriad objects in it. Secret latches were a specialty of Grandpa's. He put them on several things. When our children were small, we lived in Sandy. One day I found a picture of a toy box in Better Homes and Gardens magazine. I asked Grandpa if he could make one like it for me. Of course he could! And, he did. He carved the letter F on the front to personalize it. He devised a way to hold the lid up using a rope and also built a small box to rest on side supports so that it had a separate storage space. I still have it and it is a special treasure to me.

Grandpa and Grandma came to visit us frequently, and we took our children to their home often too. I am grateful they got to know one another.

Grandpa and Grandma truly lived their religion and were wonderful examples to all their posterity.



Jennie Loertscher McElprang

LaRue McElprang Jensen



Keith and LaRue, 1961



*Keith Jensen first Family
Reunion at Moon Lake in 2003*

I, LaRue am the fifth daughter of Milton and Jennie Loertscher McElprang. Keith and I were married July 28, 1961 in the Manti Temple. We are the parents of eight children. Todd and Drinda Jensen, Tyler and Lorri Jensen, Ruth Ann and Mike Taylor, Melissa and Lance Houser, Rebecca and Jonathan Williams, Maria and AJ Ferguson, David and Heather Jensen and Leonardo "Leo" Jensen.

We started our married life together in Salt Lake City, living the first 10 months on Ford Avenue, and attending Grandpa and Grandma Loertschers beloved Eldredge Ward. It has been a fond memory as we think of those days.

We later moved to Hampton Avenue and attended the Liberty Park Ward. In 1966 when our second son was three months old, we moved to Roosevelt, Utah to the "Farm" where we felt like we could raise our sons and future children a little easier than in the city. We were both farm kids at heart. We have lived in five homes in the Uintah Basin, and currently live on our farm in Ioka. (Farming area just west of Roosevelt)

The rest is history, so to speak. Our remaining children were born and raised in the Uintah Basin. Leo joined our family by adoption in 1989, his birth country being Colombia, South America. We are happy to say that we are the grandparents of 27 wonderful grandchildren. (Hoping for a few more and great-grand's also.)

Keith was instrumental in starting the first glass and paint store in Roosevelt, which he sold to Jones Paint and Glass so that he could devote his time to farming. Keith's first and last love has been farming, which he is currently engaged in, operating 400 + acres, raising and selling hay commercially. I have been a Mom first and foremost, but have worked in management at our local hospital, Uintah Basin Medical Center for 21 years. I oversee the operation of Dietary, Housekeeping and Linen Departments and thirty eight employees.

We have been blessed with good health, a great family, a stalwart heritage and a wonderful place to call home. Our activity in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-saints has been our peace and joy. We will continue on, and stay true to the faith, looking forward for greater things to come. 3rd granddaughter, Nakisha Ceilo Mart on 4 Dec 2002 at the age of 20 years. They now live on the island of Moui in Hawaii.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa



I suppose my earliest memory of Grandpa and Grandma Loertscher is going to their house on 3194 South 3rd East and spending the night. The trip from Huntington to Salt Lake City was always a test for me as I always got car-sick traveling up Price Canyon, but my desire to be at their home overrode the inevitable “up-chuck” routine.

Some of the things that stick in my mind the most are going to the garage with Grandpa and getting into the “big” trunk to get out the dark hand stitched quilts. They would make up our bed on the floor in the living room, next to the china closet. I don’t remember having a pillow very often, but we didn’t seem to mind. Morning

always brought Oatmeal Mush, with sugar from that special sugar bowl and sugar spoon and home made bread and butter. I was always happy when Grandma gave us Vanilla Wafers or better yet, made us that yummy Vanilla Wafer Banana Pudding dessert topped with whipped cream. It was the best and we enjoy making and eating it to this day.

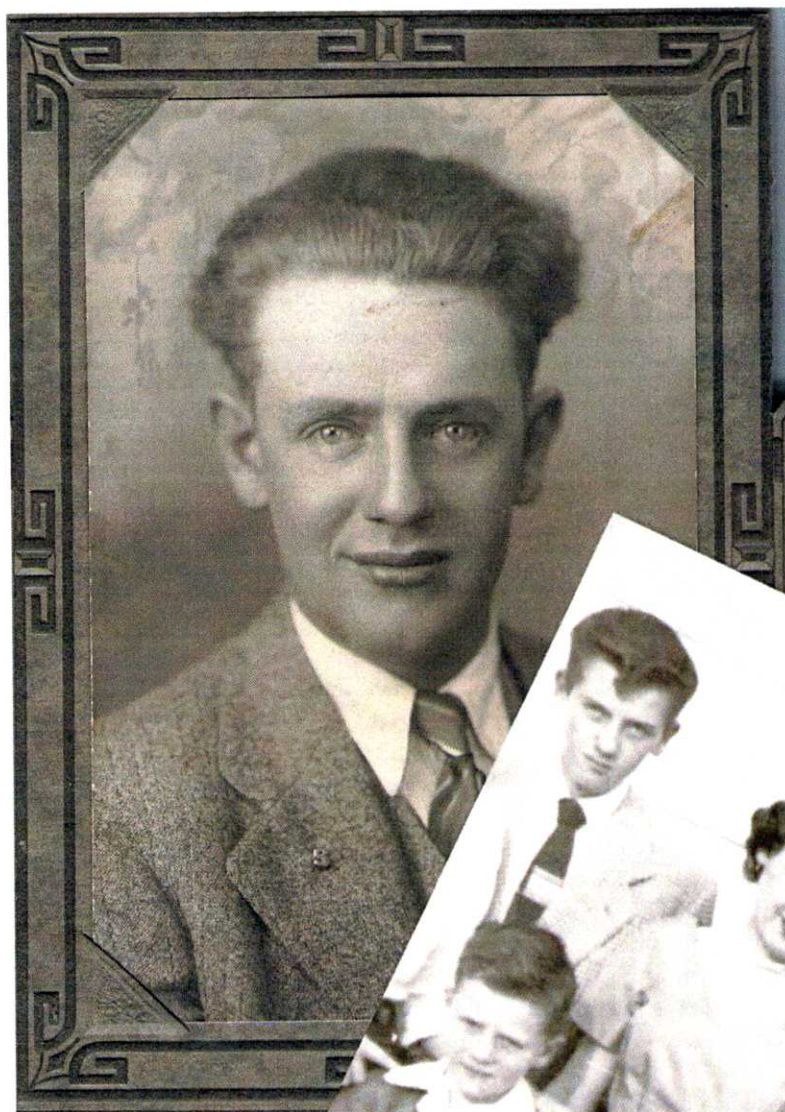
Grandpa always took us to the back yard to see the fruit trees and his “Easter Lilies” at the side of his house. It seemed to me that Grandma was always busy cooking and cleaning. She would amaze me as she juggled three oranges! I couldn’t imagine in my childish delight how she could ever do that without dropping one. I loved her long white braids, and most of all, as I got older I was thrilled when she would let me do her hair in the morning. Combing, braiding and carefully winding a few hairs around the end of the braid before lopping the braids over the top of her head, securing them with hairpins and then folding them back again to the other side made me feel like a real hairdresser.

After Grandma died, I will always remember going to see Grandpa Loertscher and see him sitting at the card table doing some record keeping or writing letters. It made my day when I went to the mail box out on that country road in Roosevelt and received a letter penned by Grandpa. He did love to write letters, and he did it well.

I suppose that the most memorable thing I remember about Grandma was her faithfulness in keeping the home fires burning while Grandpa went on Missions. She truly did her part in spreading the Gospel. Grandpa will never be forgotten for his way of shaking your hand, giving you a big hug and an “I love you”, and the quiet voice saying, “This is just between you and me”. Occasionally there would be a green back of some denomination in left your hand. It always came at a time of great need. I hope that we can all emulate the good qualities they had and reverence the great heritage they gave to us. We are so blessed for their courage to join the Church, settle in Utah and give us good parents of our own.

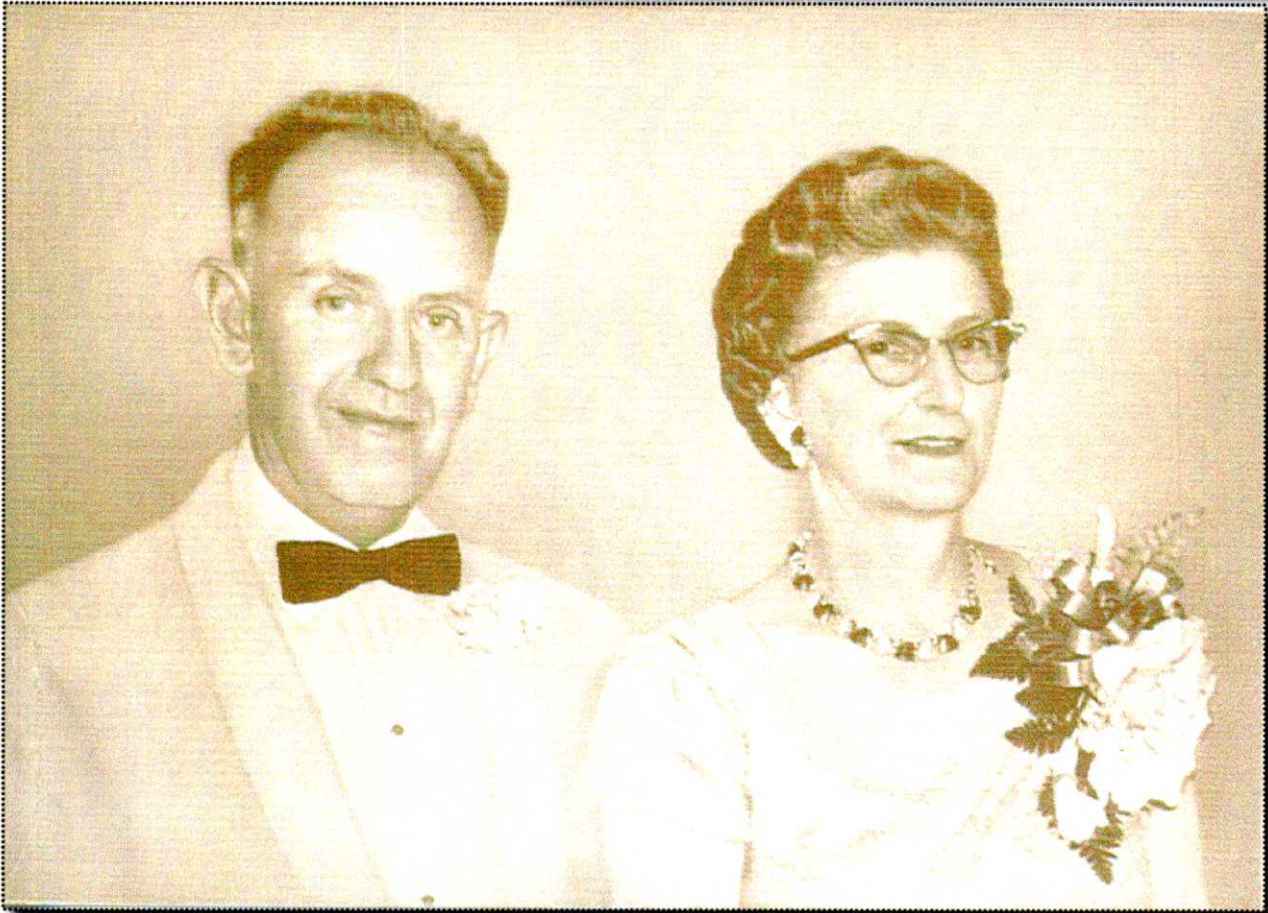


Frederick Henry Loertscher





FREDERICK H. LOERTSCHER FAMILY - CHRISTMAS 1948



Frederick Henry Loertscher Family

Gerald Loertscher

Summary of the last 54 years:

The year following high school graduation. I set off seeing the world abroad, serving a two and a half-year LDS mission in the Netherlands. Before my return home to my family, I spent six weeks traveling the countryside of Europe. I visited Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France and Belgium. All which was memorable, the most unforgettable was the chance being in Brussels during the 1858 Worlds Fair and a visit to a church in Switzerland that contained my family crest in a stain glass window. Upon my return to the United States I was met in New York by my parents and brothers and sister who had traveled from Utah to meet me. Our drive home as a united family was spent following the Mormon History and pioneer trail back to Utah.

In April of 1958 I passed the Civil Service test and started working at Hill Air Force Base that July. Working for the base 36 1/2 years gave me opportunities to continue seeing other places. My work made it possible to live in other states for short periods of time. I lived in Montana, North Dakota, Illinois, California and Wyoming on several occasions. My wife and children always at my side.

I met the love of my life, LaReeta Patrick, shortly after returning home from my mission. After dating for two years we sealed our love to one another on the 9th of September in 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple. Our first twinkle of our eye arrived into our lives just over a year later and those twinkles kept coming for 19 years. We are proud of our six living children 3 boys and 3 girls and cherish the 4th boy for crossing into our life for the 17 months we had him before he passed away. I am a proud and active figure in my family life. I enjoy the many plays, musicals and games I often attended, but my strongest involvement came as I coached Little League Baseball for fifteen years without a losing season. One year of which we won the Davis County Little League Championship. I am proud to say all my children shine on in their own lives.

In 2002 with the help of our children and sixteen grandchildren, my world travels were able to come full circle for me. Lareeta and I were able to spend our 42nd wedding anniversary in the Netherlands together attending the dedication of the LSD temple and visiting the area where my travels started for me.

Now for the past three years I have been volunteering at Sand Springs Elementary School here in Layton. I am helping students improve their reading skills and also helping the librarian.

Gerald Loertscher

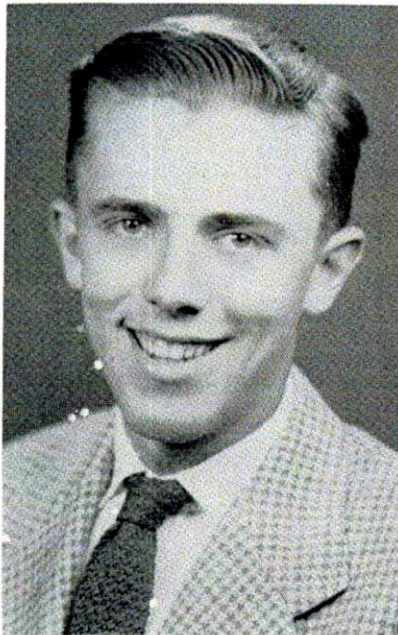


Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

These are some of the memories that I have of Grandpa and Grandma Loertscher.

When Grandma would give us orange juice she would juggle the oranges against the kitchen cupboard doors to soften them.

At Christmas time they would come over in the morning to watch our reactions while we were opening our presents. Sometimes it was late morning before they would show up.



ELDER
GERALD RUSSELL LOERTSCHER

*Son of Fred & Theresa
Loertscher*

GR L

Once in a while we would stay overnight. We would pull the chairs away from the dining room table and kneel at them for family prayer. Grandpa worked at Granite High while I was attending school there at the time. A time or two he repaired my locker for me.

Grandpa was missing some of his phone calls while he was outside so he hooked up a school bell to his phone. He called me one day and said that we could have some fruit from his trees if we came down and picked them. While we were in the tree he didn't like the way we were picking the fruit and told us to get out of the tree and he climbed the tree and picked the fruit for us. He was in his late 80s then.

Gerald



Frederick Henry Loertscher Family

Bonnie Loertscher Lambourne

After Bonnie lived and grew up in Salt Lake City, she met and married Keith Lambourne. They moved to California where Keith worked for an insurance company and Bonnie had a wedding business.

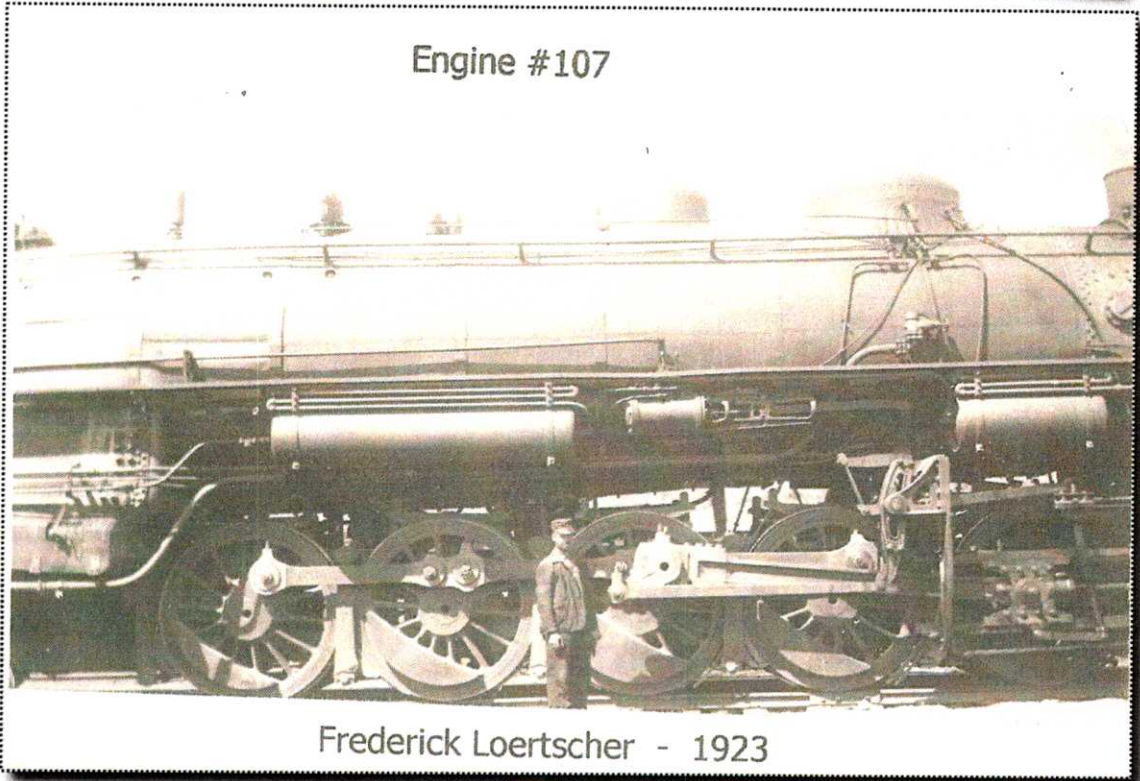
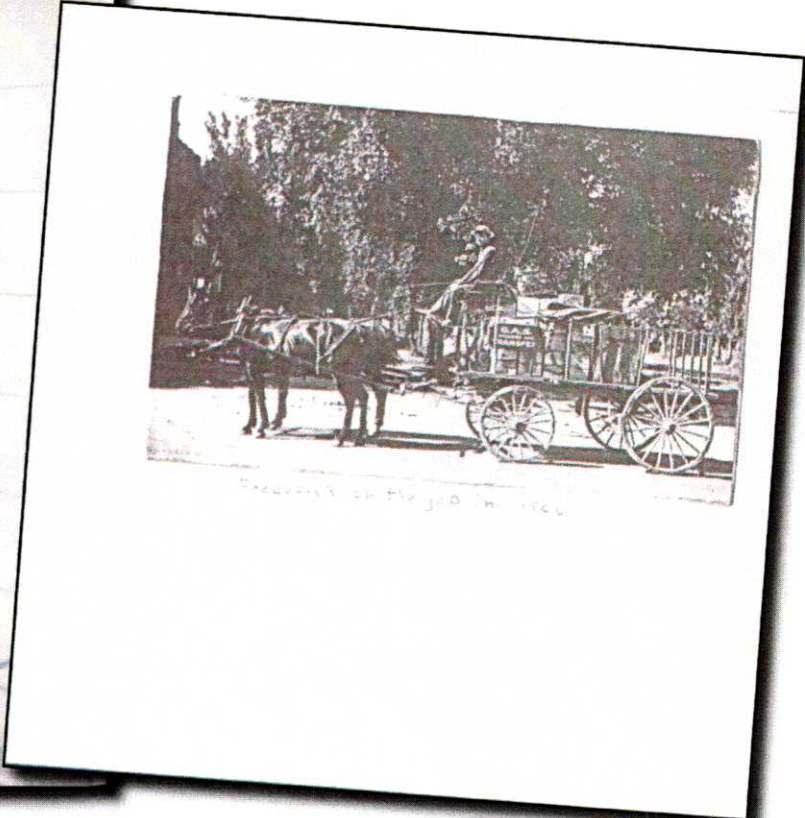
They had three children: Kenneth, Richard, and Monica.

In retirement, they moved to Salem, Utah, where Bonnie now resides.

Below is an early picture of my father's brothers and sister: Jenny, Fred, David and Roy:



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa



Eugene Fred Loertscher



ELDER FRED LOERTSCHER

Hawaiian Mission
P. O. Box 3463
(3019 Nimitz Avenue)
Honolulu 1, Hawaii

*Son of Fred & Theresa
Loertscher*

Hands down we all agree are Dad was a hard worker. Dad worked from sun up to sun down, rain or shine, hours upon hours he landscaped to earn money for our family. We all remember spending the day working with dad and coming home very tired.

My dad was a jovial, energetic person. He like people and enjoyed socializing. His birthday was on July 24th and that day was always a play day. Ever year we would watch the parade from the back of his truck (Big Red) that was parked on the parade route. Kathy remembers his very big heart and that he was kind and a compassionate person. She recollects times he left cards and flowers on her bed.

He loved practical jokes. One time Cindy sewed the bottom of one of his pajama legs shut. That night she sat around waiting for him to come up to do something but he never came. The

next morning after sporting a bruised eye via the use of makeup he came upstairs to go about a normal day. Everyone began asking him about his big bruise. He mentioned it was just a little accident that happened last night when he was getting ready for bed. His daughter was devastated and began apologizing, who had the last laugh, Dad. Our Dads sense of humor lasted even on his death bed.

He loved water fights and we had many in and outside of our house. He was always a good sport. Darla remembers one of the major water fights he was engaged in. He slipped and landed flat on his back but just laughed and laughed enjoying the whole sport.

We remember our tiny little Dad's love of food. This man could eat and eat, but his body always remained trim. He loved butter and could eat a whole cube at a meal. He also loved ice cream and popcorn. Dad also loved the scriptures. Many nights we saw him sitting in the front room reading his scriptures. Anything he set his mind to he did with gusto.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

Due to age or lack of being born our memories of Great Grandpa Loertscher are few. Darrin remembers Grandpa having all kinds of cheeses which Grandpa would let Darrin eat. He called Great Grandpa "A big Cheese Head".

Cindy's memories are detailed for as young as she was. She remembers going to Great Grandpa's house as a young child and there being a humongous pine tree growing on the right side of the driveway. This large tree is always thought about when she thinks about Grandpa. (What a great symbol of Grandpa, a tree representing Grandpa keeping an eye on all of us.) Cindy also remembers there being a swing in his yard somewhere that she liked to swing on. She said Grandpa was very old but very kind, had no hair, and gentle eyes. She felt comfortable around him because he was so kind. She remembers sitting in the front room with mom & dad talking to him. She remembers snacks and that he always spent time talking to the children.

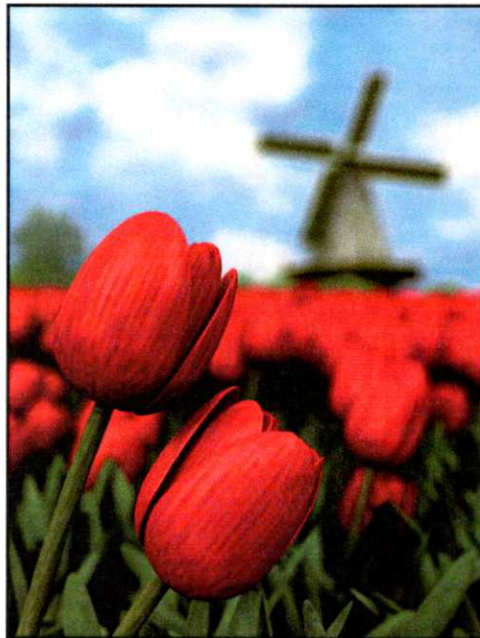
Annette has one memory which is amazing because she was two or three when he passed away. She remembers sitting on his lap, looking at all his wrinkles, and feeling comfortable because this person loved her. She remembers his wonderful smile and was happy to stay on his lap. This was very impressive to her. She can remember some time on that trip being taken to see a big waterfall. Probably Idaho Falls and being told that Grandpa Loertscher was very old and would be returning to live with Heavenly Father soon. She remembers thinking he was as kind as Heavenly Father.



Dennis LaMar Loertscher



FREDERICK H. LOERTSCHER FAMILY - CHRISTMAS 1948



ELDER DENNIS LAMAR LOERTSCHER

Gulf States Mission
2010 Fairfield
Shreveport, Louisiana



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I



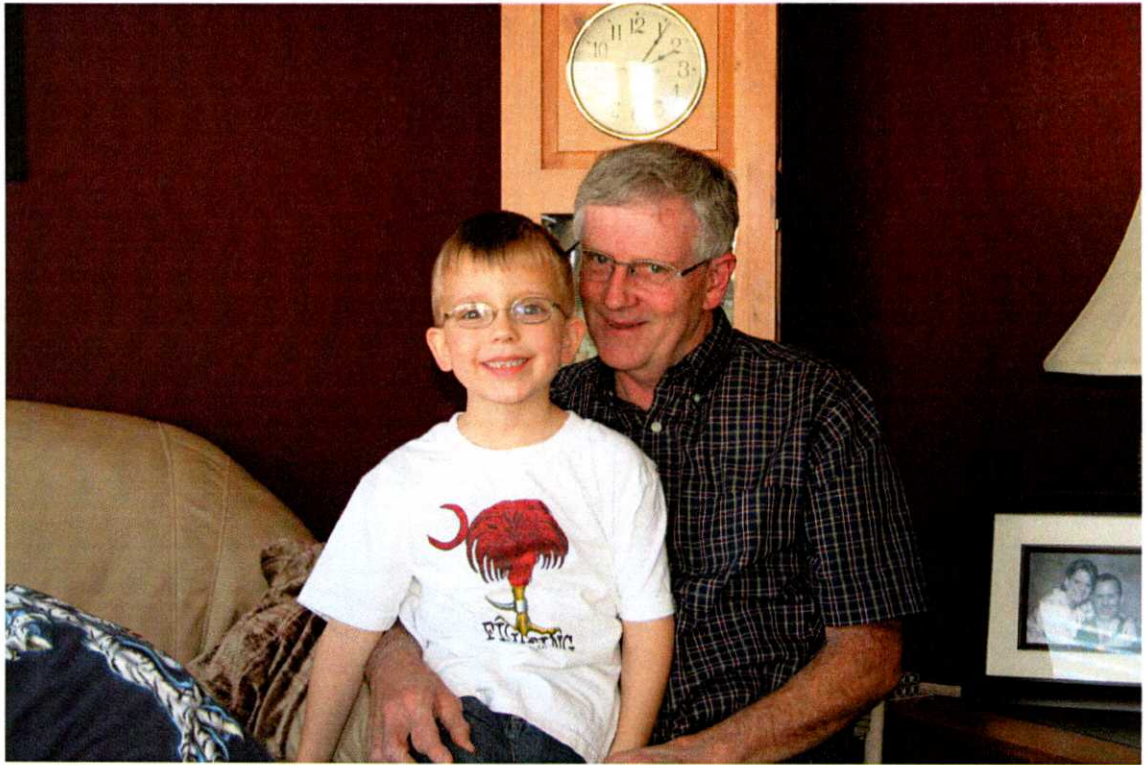
Hilke Smit

Lena Smit

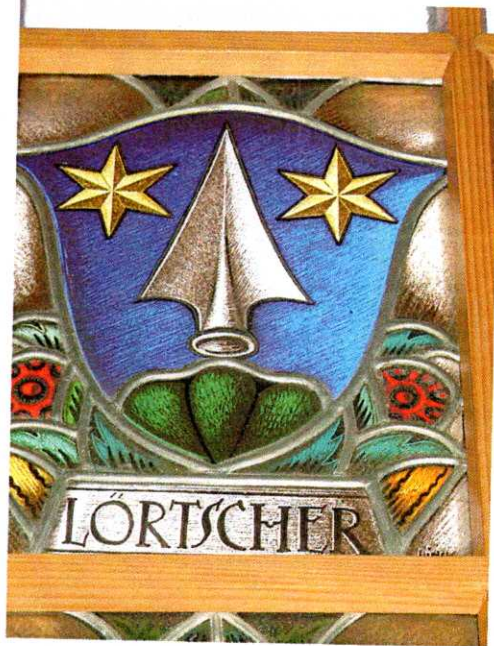
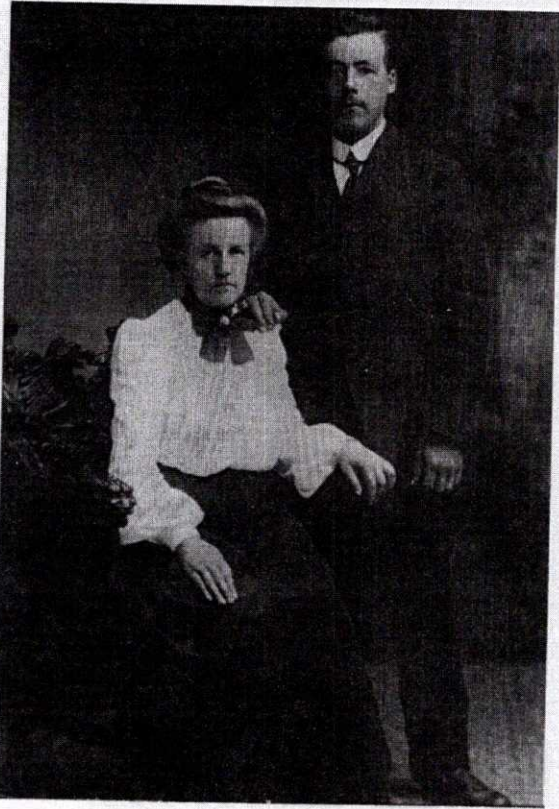


Frederick Henry Loertscher Family**Stephen Ray Loertscher**

After high school in Salt Lake City, Stephen went on a mission to Virginia. He has worked for the U.S. Postal Service for many years. He has four children: Robin, Christy, Michael and Brett.



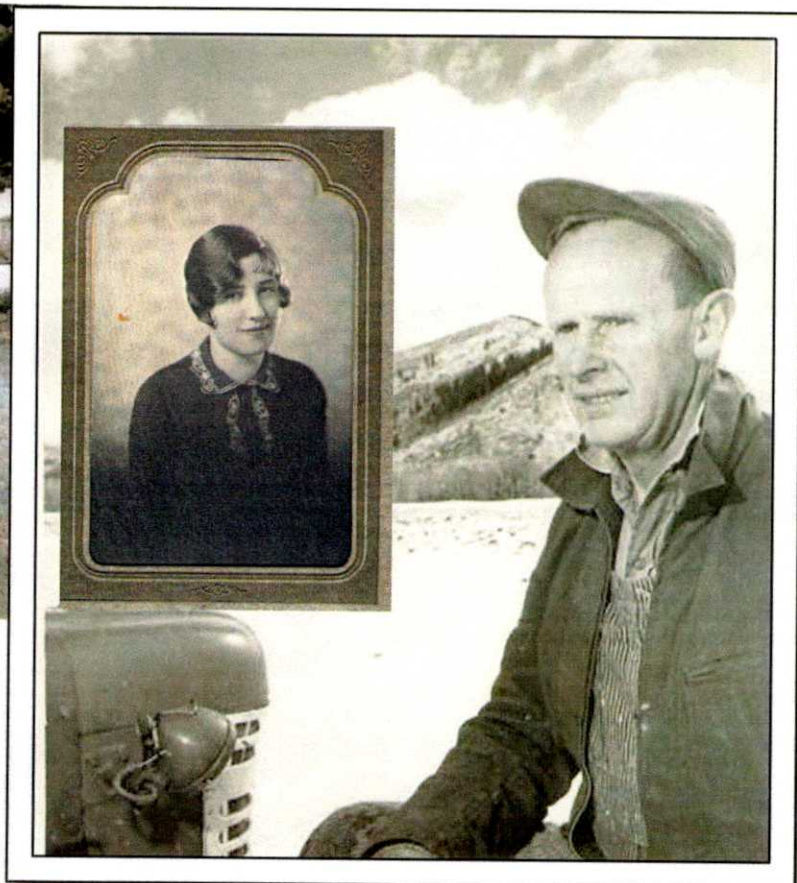
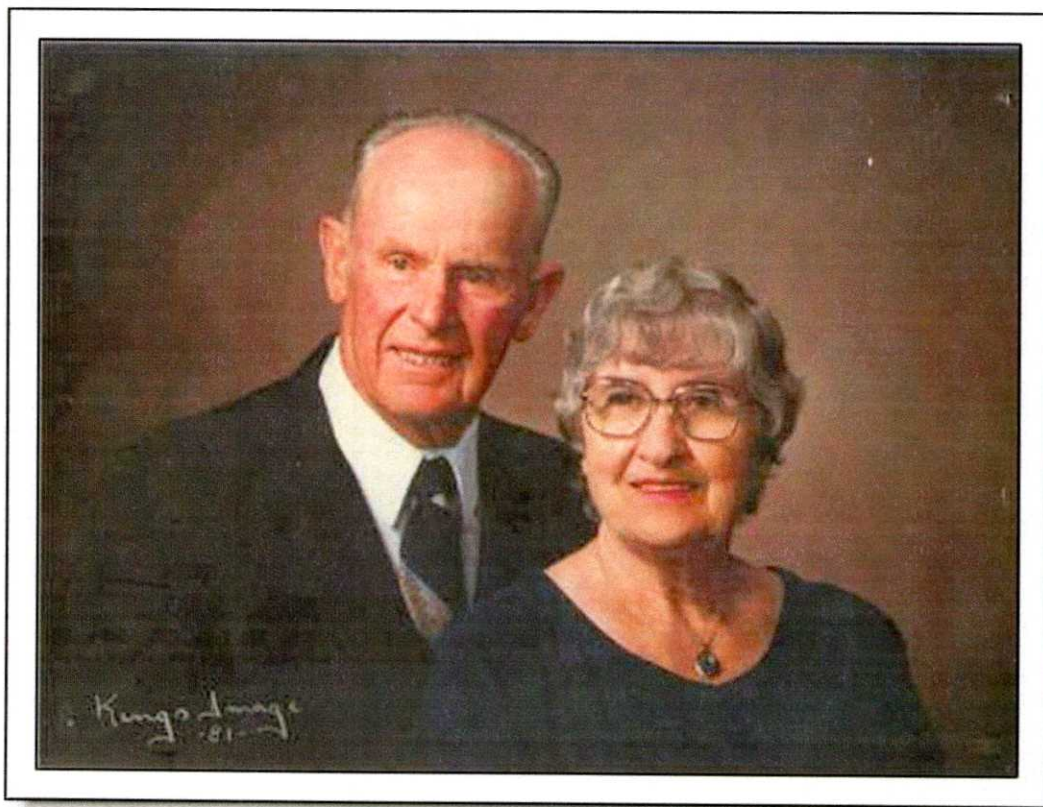
Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

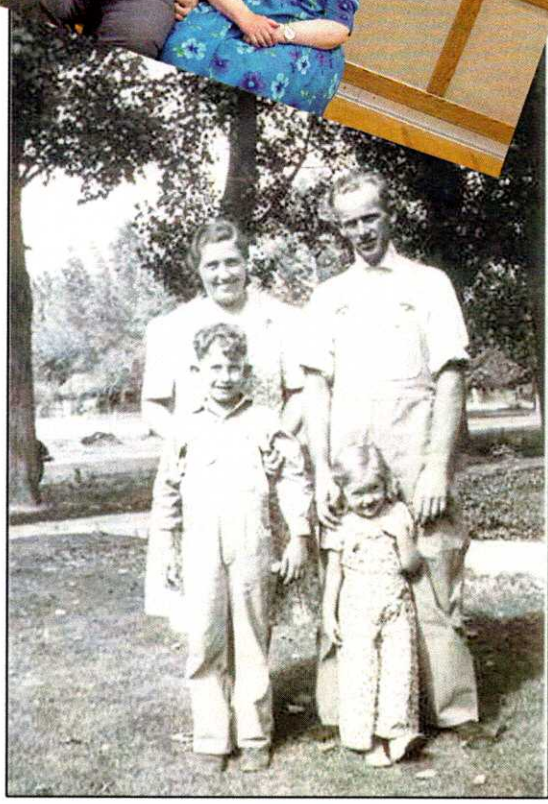
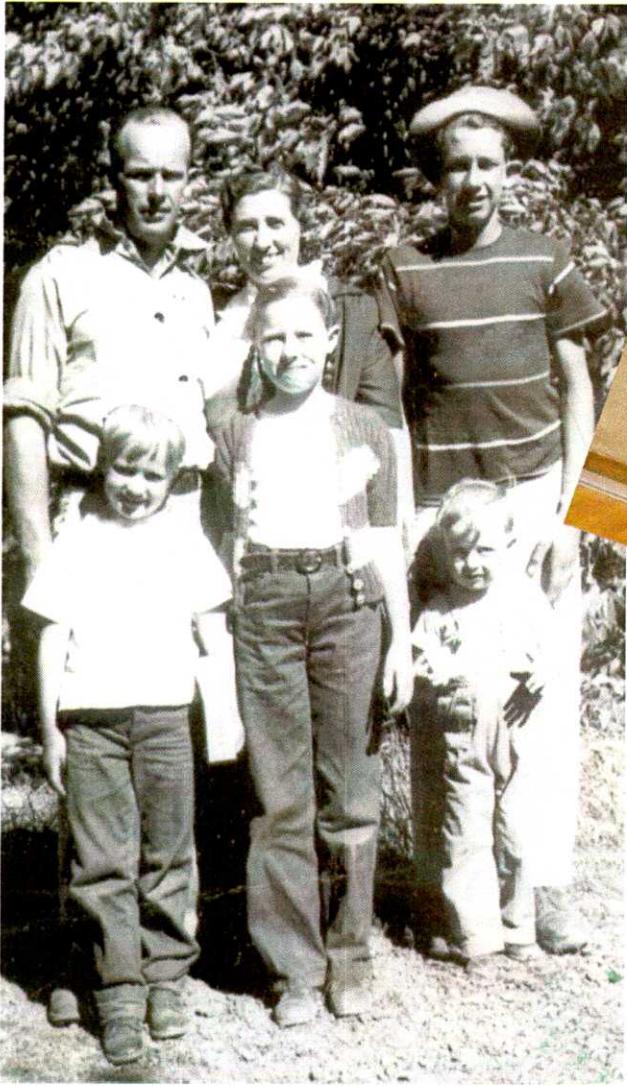


Hilke



David Wilford Loertscher





David Loertscher Family

Dwain Vickers Loertscher

Born, January 3, 1932, in Park City Utah to David and Maurine Loertscher, he lived in Park City most of his life with a two-year change of address to Payson Utah. Dwain was hard working, helping his dad on the farm milking cows and driving machinery.

At the age of eleven, he had rheumatic fever which caused heart damage. During his life, he had a return of this disease about every five years.

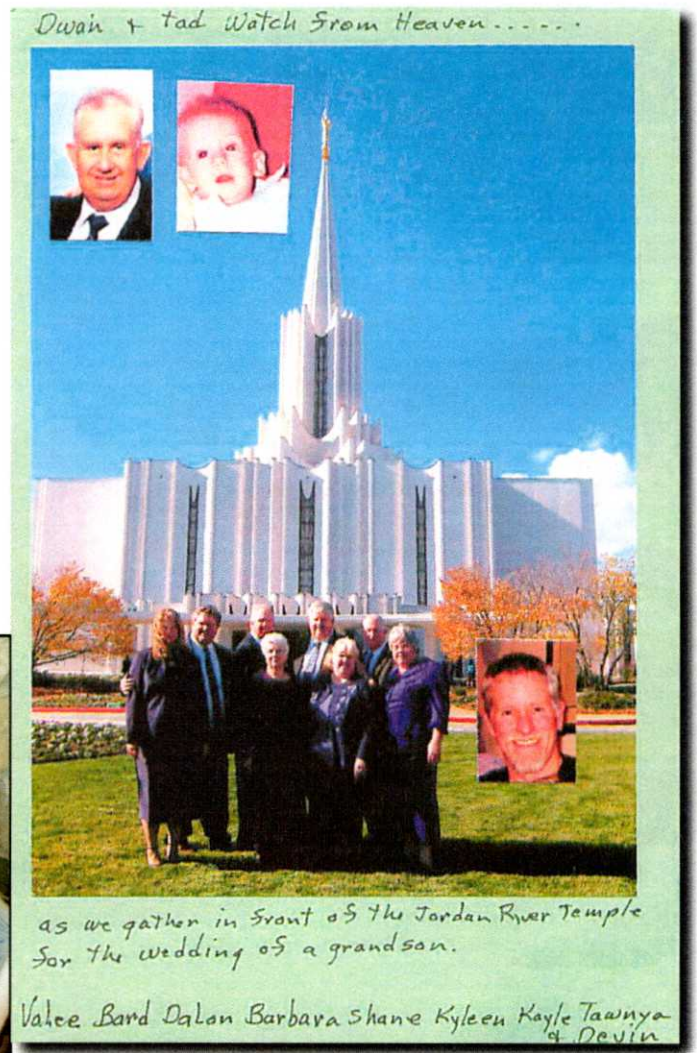
He graduated from Park City High School in 1950 where he was class president during his senior year. He attended the University of Utah for two years, and then went on a mission to the Texas Louisiana Mission. After his mission, he married Barbara Densley. He finished his education at BYU and graduated in 1958.

He taught school at Park City High School, Layton, Nephi, Elko Nevada, Ammon and Iona Idaho elementary schools.

He fathered nine children: six sons and three daughters: Tawnya, Shane, Tad, Kyleen, Devin, VaLee, DaLon, Kale, and Bard. His son Tad died at the age of six months. The rest are married and have families of their own. The number of the family is now 34 grandchildren, five great grandchildren, with two more great grandchildren on the way.

Dwain was an avid scouter; he was scoutmaster many times and served on the district level in various positions. He earned the Eagle award and after many years of service as a volunteer, he was awarded the Silver Beaver award. After 25 years of teaching, he retired and entered the scouting profession as a scout executive in the Great Salt Lake Council, BSA.

He passed away, Aug 30, 2000 and was laid to rest in the Riverton, Utah cemetery.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa Written by Barbara Densley Loertscher

Dwain lived with Grandma Loertscher while his mother Maurine went to school and worked in California. He was about two years old. One of the stories I remember that Grandma told me was: One day when Grandma went outside to hang clothes on the clothesline, Dwain locked the doors and Grandma could not get back in the house!

She tried and tried to yell inside to give him instructions but he was just too young. She finally had to climb in a window.

During this time, Grandpa was driving the car. Dwain was sitting on Grandma's lap when they ran into a telephone pole. Dwain's head hit windshield with a bang. He had a nasty scar on his forehead for the rest of his life.

Dwain also moved in with Grandma while Grandpa served a mission in Switzerland. He was attending the University of Utah and it was a great opportunity for him to have a place to live. He would go home to Snyderville every weekend and would bring back meat, milk, and other food stuffs to help pay his board. I am sure it was good for Grandma to have him there.

My memories started the day Dwain and I became engaged. We drove out to Grandma and Grandpa's house so I could meet them. Grandpa was braiding Grandma's long white hair. I immediately knew that they were easy to love and I learned to truly love them both.

After one of the visits that Grandpa made to Idaho Falls to visit Maurine and Dave, our family drove him back home. There was Dwain, me, our eight children in our Volkswagen bus. Dwain knew and taught us many scouting and other fun songs and we sang all the way to Salt Lake. When we arrived at Grandpa's home, he said, "That was the fastest he had ever traveled from Idaho Falls to Salt Lake." It was a memorable fun activity we all laughed and sang.

After Grandma died, Grandpa moved to Idaho Falls and lived with Maurine and Dave. I had many opportunities to be with him and to appreciate his wonderful sense of humor and his sweet loving disposition.



Grandma & Grandpa Loertscher
with Tawnya & Shane 1959



David Loertscher Family

Karla Loertscher Cannon

I was born Aug. 3, 1936 in Park City, Utah to David Wilford Loertscher and Maurine Vickers. I attended schools in Park City, Utah and graduated from Park City High School in 1954.

When I was little, I fell out a barn and developed epilepsy. Since that time, I have had to take very strong medications. One day, my father let me drive the gray tractor home alone from the field. I got out of the gate and stated up the lane. I put on the gas and started going very fast. A voice came to me telling me to slow down. I must have followed the voice because I blacked out and when I came to, I knew my Heavenly Father had saved me from a bad accident.

For many years, I lived at home with my parents, but at a singles ward activity, I met Earl Glen Cannon. We became friends and were married Dec. 27, 1977. Earl worked for the Union Pacific Railroad for many years until he became disabled. I taught him to read, so we have enjoyed reading the scriptures together all our married life. We live in Duboise Idaho and have served two service missions in Idaho Falls and Rexburg at the Deseret Industries.

We have never had any children, but always have a cat to love and tend. Our current one, Rosetta, loves to read her scriptures with us. The people in the ward care for us and we love them very much.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I don't remember much about visiting grandpa and grandma. I often spent my visit at the neighbors - the Greenwals while my parents visited with grandpa and grandma. I remember grandma's wooden shoes and she would feed us bread and her famous pea soup. She had wonderful peonies by the side of the house and a huge pine tree in the front yard. One time David and I were able to get up into the attic of the house where my father and his brothers used to sleep. And, I remember when grandpa was on his mission to Switzerland but after a while had to come home because he had a bad accident on his bicycle.

I do remember that they were very kind to their grandchildren. They often came to Snyderville to see us and whenever we visited them, we always took meat and other foods from the farm.

After grandmother died, grandpa came to live with my dad in Bone Idaho. Whenever we came down to the ranch, we would see him.



MAR

59

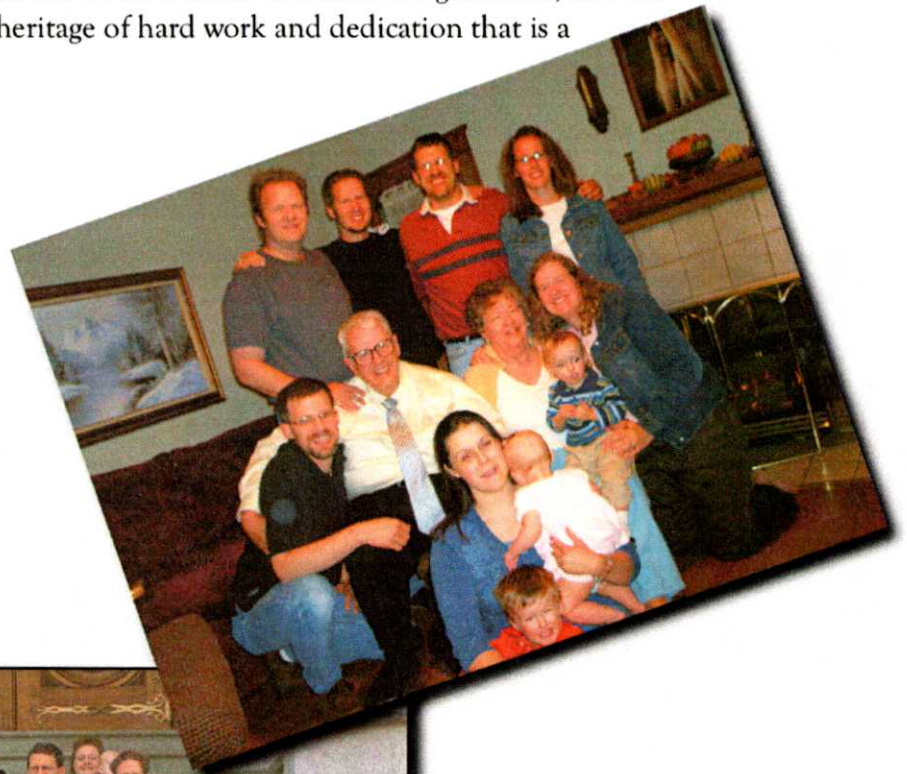


David Wilford Loertscher Family**David Vickers Loertscher**

Early life in Snyderville was filled with school and farm work. My mother instilled a love of music, literature, and the fine arts and dad was most interested in the principle of hard work.

I served a mission in the Northwestern state and then attended colleges all over the country, finally landing a Ph.D. at Indiana University. I married my childhood sweetheart from the 4th grade and we have had nine children and currently have 21 grand children.

Library and information science including the specific area of school libraries has been the total focus of my career and with that has come many opportunities to speak around the world and across the United States. It has been a great ride, but as I reflect, much comes from that heritage of hard work and dedication that is a Loertscher heritage.



Remembrances of Grandpa Frederick Loertscher

Seeing Grandpa and Grandma was a very exciting event in our lives as a family as I grew up. They both came to Snyderville and we went to their home on 3rd East and 33rd South on a regular basis. Grandpa always struggled to make a living but he made life a very rich experience by his devotion to family and church. He took time for his children and grandchildren from the winding of the cuckoo clock to the workbench.

He served two missions and I remember the need to provide for his family when he was gone. My dad and I were sure that others saw to it that grandma survived. From our perspective today, her needs were meager and she could pinch every penny five times before it left her fingers. Yet, the treasures of their home, yard, garden, and garage seemed to us to be rich and bountiful. And it was certain that their priorities were in the right place.

Grandma's wonderful braids. And, as I grew, she kept getting shorter and shorter. Her pea soup was divine. My dad would always bring the hog's head to her after a slaughter and she would make head cheese - something I never touched because I knew from whence it came.

Everything in Grandma's house was neat and clean. This was a product of her upbringing in Holland where the family lived upstairs and the milk cows below. We were taught to respect her home, particularly the living room.

I remember their 50th wedding anniversary open house. My mom made a cake in the shape of a big 50 all decorated with her icing roses. I proudly carried it into the house and still remember so many people who came to wish them well.

As grandmother began to fail, it worried her that she could not remember things. Memory was very important to her. She could tell you what happened and exactly how long after it had happened. It was tragic to see how the dimming of her memory bothered her. I remember how patient Grandpa was with her when he would have to answer the same question many times an hour. That example of care is one that we can all, as cousins, remember.

My dad took Grandpa to Idaho to live on the ranch when he could no longer take care of himself and I remember the long visits with him there as he told stories of his mission and life in Switzerland.

Could anyone have had more kind and thoughtful grandparents? Their gifts of testimony, provident living, and love of family are the gems we have all inherited. It is priceless.



David Wilford Loertscher Family

Thomas Frederick Loertscher



Tom and Linda Loertscher with children, Marlana, Bruce, Benjamin, Wayne, Brad, Brent, Steven, and Reed.

Tom and Linda have raised their family in Bone, Idaho near Idaho Falls.

Brent is an electrical engineer testing computer chips. He and his wife Tonya and four children live in Gilbert, Arizona.

Wayne is a veterinarian and owns and operates his own practice in Boise, Idaho. He and his wife Erin have five children.

Steven is JAG attorney in the Air Force currently attending George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Rebecca is his wife and they have six children. They will be transferred to San Antonio, Texas in July 2008.

Reed is a registered nurse and is attending Nurse anesthesia school in Canton, Ohio. He and Cathy have two children.

Ben is a seminary teacher in Fillmore, Utah and he Mary have three children.

Marlena and her husband Layne Dustin live in Rexburg, Idaho with their son Troy. Layne is a plumber at BYU Idaho and they manage a housing complex as well. Brad and Angela are living in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Angela works for the owner of the Teton Mall and Brad will be attending BYU in the fall going for his PHD in Chemistry.

Bruce and Dynell have been married for about a year and are living on the ranch and both are attending BYU Idaho. Tom operates the ranch and is a State Representative in the Idaho House. Linda is humanitarian director and takes care of the cattle during the winter while Tom serves in Boise. All eight have served missions and are all married in the Temple.

Tom and Linda have raised their family in Bone, Idaho near Idaho Falls.

Brent is an electrical engineer testing computer chips. He and his wife Tonya and four children live in Gilbert, Arizona.

Wayne is a veterinarian and owns and operates his own practice in Boise, Idaho. He and his wife Erin have five children. Steven is JAG attorney in the Air Force currently attending George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Rebecca is his wife and they have six children. They will be transferred to San Antonio, Texas in July 2008.

Reed is a registered nurse and is attending Nurse anesthesia school in Canton, Ohio. He and Cathy have two children.

Ben is a seminary teacher in Fillmore, Utah and he Mary have three children. Marlana and her husband Layne Dustin live in Rexburg, Idaho with their son Troy. Layne is a plumber at BYU Idaho and they manage a housing complex as well. Brad and Angela are living in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Angela works for the owner of the Teton Mall and Brad will be attending BYU in the fall going for his PHD in Chemistry.

Bruce and Dynell have been married for about a year and are living on the ranch and both are attending BYU Idaho. Tom operates the ranch and is a State Representative in the Idaho House. Linda is humanitarian director and takes care of the cattle during the winter while Tom serves in Boise. All eight of the children have served missions and are all married in the Temple.

Remembrances of Grandpa Frederick Loertscher

We used to visit Grandma and Grandpa frequently at their home on Third East in Salt Lake. On one occasion David, Karla and I were traveling to Nephi with them. It seemed to me that Grandpa was driving rather fast and I asked him if he was breaking the speed limit. His reply was that he had never broken the speed limit, but he had bent it a time or two.

As Grandma's memory left her, Grandpa had to assume all of the duties of the household. He baked the bread and did all the cleaning and fixed all of the meals. My parents spoke often of the time that Grandma locked Grandpa out of the house and would not let him back in. He learned that he had to always take a key with him after that.

They were on city water but they had a well on the property and Grandpa would always draw us a cold drink from the well when we were there. My favorite thing to do was when Grandpa would take me out in the back yard and show me around and better yet he would take me into his workshop to show me his latest inventions. He was always making something out of the materials he had at hand. He saved everything and I still have a collection of screws and old hinges that he had removed from some project or other.

After he retired from his janitorial duties the school district would bring him a bucket full of combination locks. He would open them and return them after he had figured out the combinations.

He always wanted to be in business for himself, tried several things (including farming) but did not succeed. He told me once that he could not do what he wanted to do so he had to learn to like what he had to do.

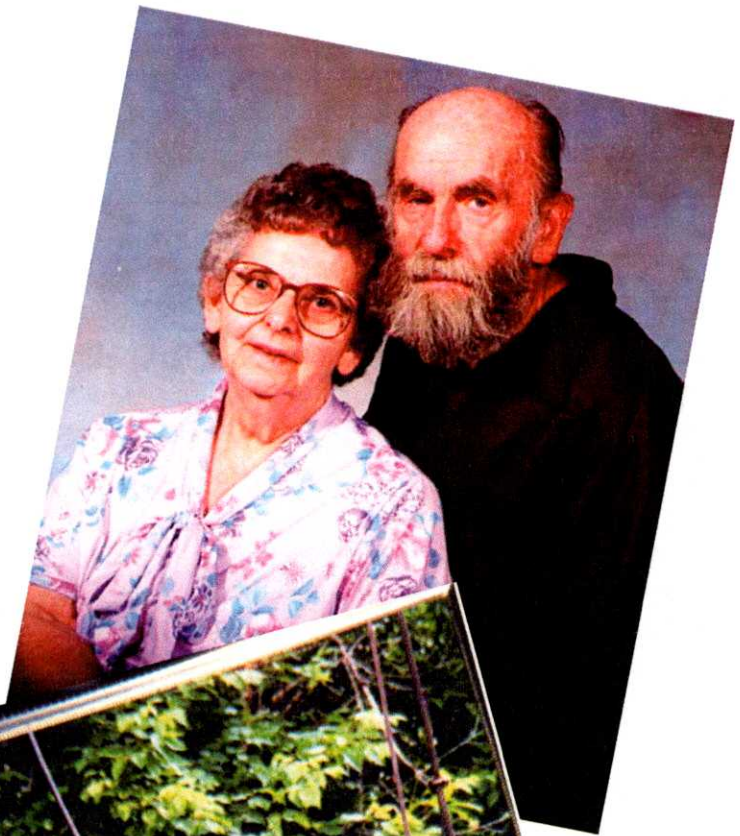
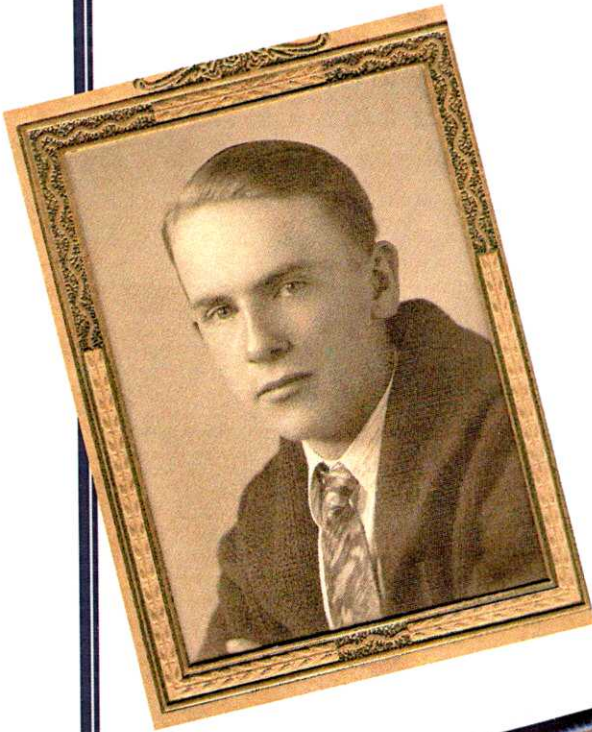
He loved to pull a little practical joke from time to time. When he would get junk mail he would put a stick and some toilet paper in their prepaid postage envelope and return it to them.

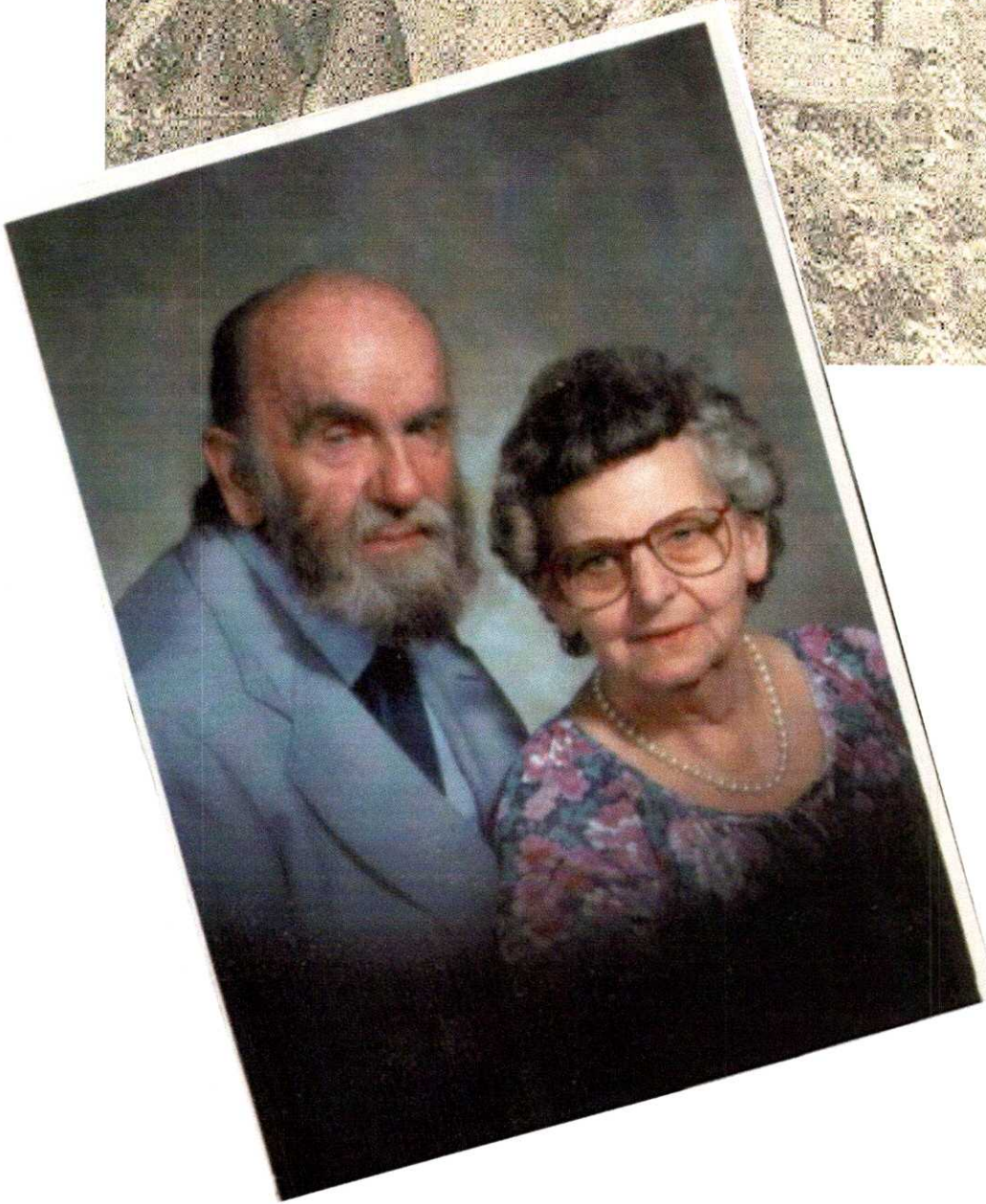
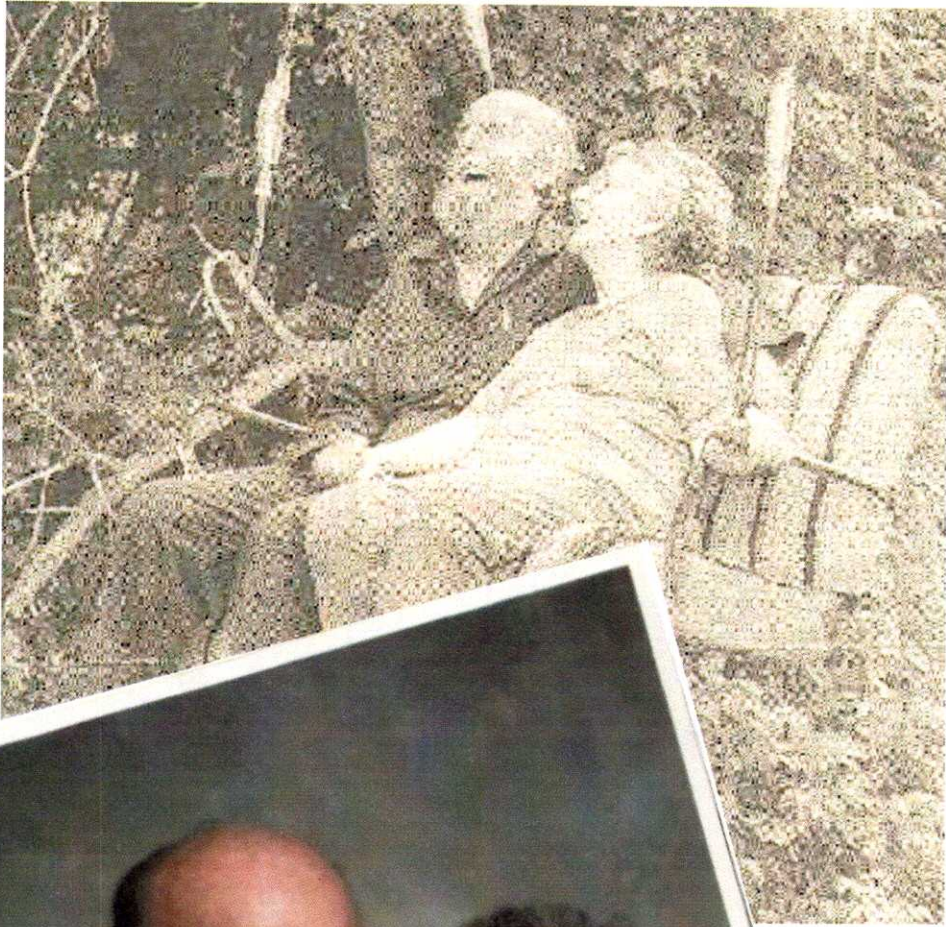
He was a strict disciplinarian with his own children. He told me that he regretted how he treated his children and advised me not to do the same but to love them. When he no longer could live on his own he moved to Idaho to live with my parents. Some of our older children got to know him quite well and they have fond memories of him. He and our son Steven became the best of friends.

He fell once and did some damage to his back. They fitted him with a back brace at the hospital. After returning to my folks home from the hospital, about the third day he came from his room carrying the brace and asked my mother if she had any use for the thing.



Roy Loertscher





Paul Rush Loertscher

13 March 2008

Back Row: Craig, Thad, Dee

Middle Row: Paul, Terri, Katrina, Chreslie

Front Row: Patricia, Pamela, Dorothy, Pauline, Violet, Cynthia

(Picture taken February 2000)

Violet and I were married 11 Mar 1960 in the Salt Lake Temple. I started working for Remington Rand Univac 15 Mar 1960; we were sent to Boulder, Colorado for a month and then we were sent to Utica, New York to attend a company school to learn how to repair the Univac Model 1 File Computer. We were in Utica until August of 1960. While we were in Utica we went to Palmyra, New York where we visited the Church History sites in the area. We also went to Ithaca, New York to visit a couple that we knew that were attending Cornell University. When we left Utica we stopped in Palmyra to attend the Hill Cumorah Pageant; it was a tremendous experience.

Our children are; Terri L Marsh: 20 Dec 1960, Patricia L. Ransom: 21 Aug 1962, Pauline L. Preston: 10 Sep 1963, Dorothy L. Ashton: 3 Mar 1965, Katrina L. Mills: 3 May 1966, Dee Olpin Loertscher: 31 Aug 1967, Pamela L. Muir: 12 Jan 1969, Craig Olpin Loertscher: 13 Mar 1970, Cynthia L. McCorkindale: 28 Jan 1972, Thad Olpin Loertscher: 8 Jun 1973, Chreslie L. Thorup 17 July 1974.

Our children have provided us 48 grand children and one great grand child.

Currently we are serving as ordinance workers in the Jordan River Utah Temple two mornings a week, Tuesday and Friday; Violet is an assistant coordinator Friday mornings.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

One thing I remember about Grandpa Loertscher was that he always carried a little notebook that he carried and wrote things that happened each day.

It seems like every time we visited Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher they would always send us home with bottled fruit that he would get out of the pump house.

For years as we would visit Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher when we had to go to the bath room we had to go outside to the out house. So when they finally had indoor plumbing we were excited, but our excitement was short lived because Grandma would not let any of the grandkids use the inside facilities - we still had to go outside.

I remember going up into the attic in their house. What an adventure. It seems that the attic contained every thing in the world. I don't know where it all came from but in my little child's mind if you needed any thing you could find it in grandma and grandpa's attic.

Another of my favorite places at grandpas was his shop. He was so handy that I don't think there was anything that he couldn't fix or build. He had so many things in his shop that fascinated me. One of those things were the puzzles that he would make out of wood. I don't think I was ever able to solve any of them, but I remember his eyes lighting up as he would show me how to solve each puzzle.

After Grandma died we started to pick Grandpa up on Monday evenings and bring him to our house to have dinner and Family Home Evening. That was a special treat that all of our children especially enjoyed.





Barbara Lee Loertscher Bonner

Barbara is the second child and oldest daughter of Roy and Dorothy Loertscher. She was born in Park City, Utah on May 7, 1937, in the old Miner's Hospital. She became the "second mother" in the family at an early age, as she assumed many of the child care responsibilities as the other children came along. Mama Dorothy depended upon her a lot!

Barbara graduated from Wasatch High School in Heber City, Utah, in 1955. She had several different jobs after high school. She worked as a clerk in Ivers Mercantile in Midway for awhile. She

would also milk cows for two or three different dairy farmers in Midway whenever they had to be gone from home. (Barbara really wanted to marry a farmer, because she loved farm life.) Another job that Barbara enjoyed was that of dental assistant for a Dr. Montgomery, in Heber City. She was really a kind-of Jack-of-all-Trades, (like her dad).

Barbara married Bertell Murdock Bonner on August 11, 1959. (Later divorced.) They had eight children, two boys and six girls. The children's names are: Chris (Ellen); Rae Davis (Scot); Nancy; Lee (Marc Barcomb); Jo Probst (Brad); Jim; Gretchen Wilde (Troy); Ann. Barbara has 14 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa



Grandma and Grandpa, to me, were ageless. They never got older, they never got younger as I was growing up. It was a very rare occasion when we needed to go somewhere that we did not stop at Grandma and Grandpa's house. With rare exceptions, that is always something we did. We didn't stay very long, but we always went. And it was great! Grandpa would take us out in the garage/shop and show us the project he was working on and tell us about it, and he would take us out in the garden, in the back yard, unless it was covered with snow, and give us something to eat out of the garden. He was very proud of his gardens. Rightfully so. And the projects he worked on were great! I think I still have a stool that he gave me.

Grandma would give us bread to eat or fruit cake at Christmas time, and they would show us family pictures and tell us where people were and what they were doing. Grandma was often making bread. Later, when Grandma could not make the bread or the cake, Grandpa started doing it. And it was good. As good as Grandma's!

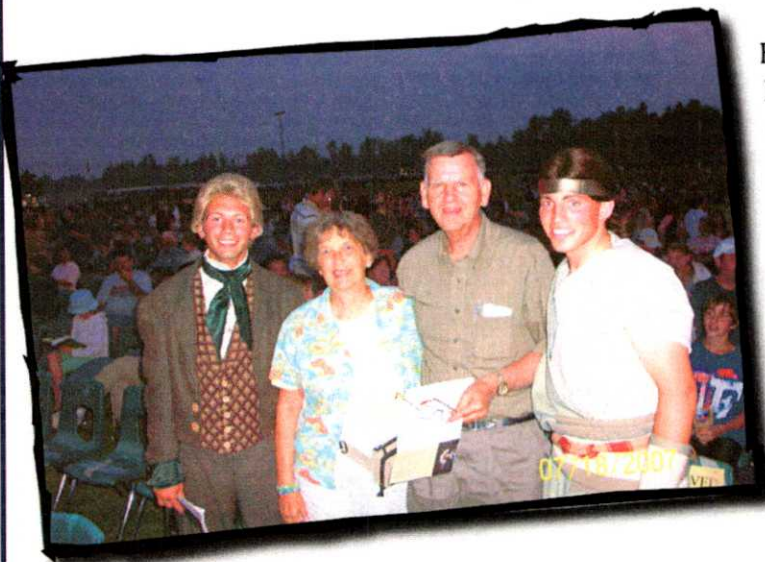
They liked us to have our pictures taken, somewhere in Grandpa's yard, either out by the pine trees, or by Grandpa's car, or by the fence, in the front, with the road (3rd East) behind us. Grandpa liked pictures, so did Grandma.

I loved to watch Grandma do her hair. I was always amazed. She did it all by herself. I couldn't do mine by myself. One time, Grandma let me brush her hair. It was so thin. "One time, I don't remember what the occasion was, but I got to stay at Grandma & Grandpa Loertscher's all by myself. I don't know where other people were. I can't remember. I was somewhere between three and five years old, and Grandma was listening to music, and I danced and danced. I loved to dance. Grandma was so surprised. She'd never seen me do that before. And she always told me about it, after. She said, 'I didn't know you could do that. That was so nice.' And almost every time we went after that, I had to dance for her. Dancing was fun. They would take us to visit their neighbors. I think they wanted us to enjoy their neighbors as much as they did. They had good neighbors.

I know they got older as time went by, but when I think about them, I still think about them as timeless; always the same. They were fun to love. A great grandma and grandpa! If I had needed to, I would have been able to find my way to Grandma and Grandpa's house. We always went to their house on our way home. We would do what we needed to do, and then stop at Grandma and Grandpa's house.



Max Rush Loertscher



Born 1940 as the third child of twelve to Roy & Dorothy Loertscher. Grew up most of my growing years in Midway Utah. Graduated from Wasatch High School in 1959. Spent one year at the University of Utah majoring in Engineering. Served a mission in the New Zealand South Mission from 1960 to 1962. Then attended BYU from 1963 to 1966 and graduated with a B.S. in Accounting. Met Ardean Toler in the spring of 1963 and we were married in July of 1964.

Accepted a job with Ernst & Ernst, a "Big Eight" C.P.A. firm in Los Angeles California and commuted from Glendale. After two years, we decided we did not want to raise our kids in California so we moved back to Salt Lake City where I worked as the Controller for Bio-Logics Research Lab until 1972. That company was sold and I got a job with LDS Hospital as the Assistant Controller and eventually became the Controller and then the Chief Financial Officer. After twenty-five years with the Hospital, IHC decided my job was no longer necessary and I took early retirement in 1997. I ran my own accounting business until 2006 when I went back to work full time for Western Electricity Coordinating Council, one of my clients. Callings in the Church that I can remember are, Sunday School teacher, Ward Clerk, Stake Clerk, 1st Councilor in the Bishopric, Blazer B Leader, Athletic Director, Assistant High Priest Group Leader, Stake High Council, Scout Committee, Executive Secretary to the Bishop, Stake Historical & Statistical Clerk where I currently serve.

Ardean Toler Loertscher

Born in Pocatello, Idaho in 1943 to Maurice and Helen Toler, Ardean has one younger brother. She was raised in Robin, Idaho on a 990 acre farm that produced milk, eggs, beef, alfalfa and wheat among other things. She graduated from Marsh Valley High School in 1961 where she was the editor of the school newspaper. She entered BYU the fall of 1961 majoring in Journalism with an English minor. She became the Feature and Society Editor for the Daily Universe. Ardean married Max Loertscher July 1964 and graduated with a B.A. in Journalism Education in 1965. She did her student teaching at Wasatch High School but never taught school after that. She gave birth to nine children from 1965 to 1985. She has traveled with Max from Wemmis, Switzerland to Christchurch, New Zealand and numerous places in between. Currently, Ardean is an independent Avon representative and consistently makes President's Club. She also serves as a local representative for Nacel Open Door Cultural Exchange coordinating and tracking the visits of foreign exchange students. We have ourselves hosted four students coming from France and Spain. We also had Sam Chasing His Horse, a Soix Indian, live with us for a year while he attended seventh grade at Olympus Jr High. Ardean has served as Primary teacher, Counselor in Relief Society Presidency, Counselor in Primary Presidency, Cultural Refinement teacher, Ward Newspaper Editor (twice), Relief Society Secretary, Sunday School teacher, librarian, and is currently Visiting Teacher Supervisor.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa



Grandpa was always working on a project in his shop which was full of all sorts of gadgets and gizmos. One item he built that I remember was the step stools that he made for a wedding present when anyone got married. That was a very useful present.

Grandma always wore her hair in a long braid wrapped around and around her head. I remember seeing the braid before it was wrapped up and it was pretty long.

We had Grandpa come to our house for Family home evening for two or three years just before he went to live with Uncle Dave in Idaho. He would eat dinner with us and then we would do the lesson etc. He always had comments on the lesson and would let us know how he felt about the Gospel. He always seemed to have something in his pocket for the kids -money or candy.

Grandma was a no nonsense person and you better make sure you followed her rules. I remember that she made bread a lot and it sure was good especially right out of the oven with melted butter. Grandpa took over the making of bread after Grandma was gone and he told me one time that that was how he got his fingernail clean. He was just kidding wasn't he?

I remember the clocks, the big one with the chains and the weights, the cuckoo clock, and the wall clock with the fancy wood work. Grandpa was the only one who could change the weights on the big clock. He would turn the hands of the cuckoo to make the bird come out. I was fortunate to end up with the wall clock and it still keeps accurate time.

I have vivid memories of their home on third east. The driveway had two paths for the car tires and I remember over the years the pine tree kept moving closer and closer to the driveway. I can see the back yard with the big Cottonwood tree right in the middle and you could park on either side of it. I can see the garage on the south side, other sheds on the north side, and the garden stretching away to the west. Right at the start of the garden were Rhubarb plants and one time when I went to bring Grandpa to our Family Home Evening, he gave me some starts from his Rhubarb and we still have it growing in our yard. It sure makes good pies.



Roy Loertscher Family

Melinda Loertscher Deffendol

Melinda Loertscher and Scotty F Deffendol met while attending Utah State University in Logan, Utah. They were married during their senior year, on 17 October 1964. Melinda's major was Elementary Education, and Scotty's field was Range Ecology. Following their graduation in June of 1965, they joined the Peace Corps as a married couple. After intensive cultural, language and project activities training at Montana State University in Bozeman, they served in Ecuador, South America until August of 1967. Upon returning to Utah, Melinda taught 1st Grade at Whittier Elementary in Hunter (now part of West Valley), while Scotty worked with the Bureau of Land Management in the Fillmore, Utah office. In late summer of 1968, Scotty was contacted by an organization headquartered in New York City who carried out overseas development projects through contracts with the United States Agency for International Development. That began the first of twenty-one years' experiences living and working in countries in west, central, and southern Africa, the first eleven years of which were spent working in French, so language training was the first step. Then from January 1969 to August 1990, the Scotty & Melinda Deffendol family made many trips back and forth from Utah to whichever African country was home at the time. All of the projects Scotty worked on were livestock development projects, which included identifying, weighing, and mapping grazing resources; developing grazing/pasture rotation schemes; organizing livestock owners cooperatives to better market their cattle and purchase veterinary supplies; and developing supplemental feeding programs using stored crop residues. Melinda was a stay at home mom until the youngest of the children reached kindergarten age, although she conducted Home Schooling classes for her own and other children; then it was back to teaching school fulltime in whatever International or American school needed her talents. The entire family came back together in Utah for good in the summer of 1990. From 1991 to 1994, Scotty spent a few weeks here and there back in various African countries, on Temporary assignments. Otherwise, Melinda and Scotty were both forced to retire from their professions (no one would hire them...too old, too high a salary!) and take up a second career in the Hotel industry, working now in the ski resort town of Park City, Utah. Melinda works fulltime in Accounts Receivable; Scotty is retired, but works winters in hotel room maintenance.

Scotty and Melinda have four children, two sons and two daughters, all born in the United States, but all taken to Africa at a very young age. The oldest boy, Jean Kip, born in January 1969, went to Africa for the first time at the age of 2 ½ months. Next came daughter Megan, born in April 1972, whose first trip was at age 6 or 7 weeks. Third was daughter Tibby, born in October 1974, who went at age 1 month. Last was son Tracy Andre, born in August 1979, a scant 2 weeks old the first time he went to Africa. As you can see, by the time Tracy came along, Melinda was an old hand at taking a new baby into the perils of African life, and had learned how to handle it all much better than the first time around!! Kip returned to Utah for his high school years; Megan came back to Utah for her sophomore year of high school, living with Grandpa Roy & Grandma Dorothy, but completed her International Baccalaureate in Africa; we came back to Utah at the beginning of Tibby's junior year of high school, which turned into her senior year because of the accelerated curriculum in the international school she left behind in Africa; and Tracy did his first five years of schooling in international schools there, completing grade school and high school in Wasatch County.

Kip and his wife Tina and their son Sebastien Drake, now 7 years old, live in Leesville, Louisiana, only since late September 2007. He works with the U.S. Army, as a civilian, in the billing, collections (his specialty!) and personnel departments of the medical facility in Fort Polk. They spent eight years living in Germany before coming back to the U.S. Kip was in the Army when they first went to Germany, but he was injured and received a medical disability discharge, however was able to continue working there in a civilian capacity. Tina has worked for most of their married life; she is a sharp gal and has worked her way up to management positions wherever she has been employed. Kip has a 15 year old daughter, Tauni Judea, by a first marriage, but he has not seen her since they went to Germany. Tina also has five other children who all live with their fathers or other members of her family.

Megan and her husband Todd Neal met in the U.S. Coast Guard, which they left in late 1999. They now live in Tennessee. They were north of Nashville for several years, but moved to Memphis in late February of this year. They have three daughters, Olivia Rose, age 5; Karina Paige, age 3 ½; and Susanna Clair, age 10 months. Todd is Branch Manager for Siemens, Inc. Their branch designs and installs computer operated heating and air conditioning systems for commercial, professional, industrial, and community buildings. Megan gets to be a stay at home mom! Todd has a teenage daughter by a previous marriage; she lives with her mother.

Tibby and her husband Jon Doud are currently living in Layton, Utah, but bounced back and forth across the country a time or two before landing there. They have five children, Emily Jordan, age 11 ½; Rhys Jeremy, age 10; Rebecca Taylor, age 8; Hannah Kym, age 6; and Jane Elizabeth, age almost 3. Jon is an expert in testing newly developed software programs, getting bugs out before public release. He works for a company called Software Technology Group. Tibby worked full time for the first few years of their marriage to let Jon complete his schooling, but since his graduation and subsequent employment has been able to be a stay at home mom!

Tracy and his wife Heather live in Salt Lake City. They also have moved a few times, but always within the same general area of Holladay. They have four children, Nathan Alexandre, age 8; Mychael Benjamin, age 6; Isabelle Kaitlyn, age 3; and Timothy Cameron, age 2. Tracy is the Accounts Disputes Manager for Pacific Webworks, a company that develops, markets and supports e-commerce software packages including website and credit card processing. Except for working a little while off and on, here and there, Heather has also had the fun of being a stay at home mom!

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I remember always being excited whenever we knew we were going to go visit Grandpa and Grandma in the big city of Salt Lake! We didn't get to do that as often as we wanted, usually Daddy and Mama went by themselves. When we did go, we always had to be on our very best behavior. It was kind of like going to church...no running around and playing, just sit there very quietly and listen to the grown-ups talk, unless Grandpa was showing us something.

Grandpa always seemed to have a project going in his woodshop, and he would take us out and explain what he was doing. It always smelled so good out there! And talk about good smells...who could forget Grandpa's fresh, homemade bread!! I was sure he always knew just when we were coming, because it seemed like he was always just taking a fresh batch of bread out of the oven just as or just after we arrived! And frequently he had a pot of yummy homemade split pea soup with ham to go with that fresh, warm bread.

The other really neat thing I remember getting to do was explore up in the attic, but we could only do that if Grandpa was with us. There was such nifty stuff up there! I remember standing there, close to the sloping roof, and just gazing around at all the treasures! My favorite was a wicker doll buggy that was just enchanting. How I wished I could take it home with me! I almost always asked Grandpa if we could just take it downstairs and play with it for a little while, but he always replied that, no, it had to stay just where it was. My only consolation was that it would be there the next time, if only I could get Grandpa to let us up in the attic again. In my grown up years, I have often wondered what happened to that little wicker buggy????

And of course, like all the other grandchildren, I remember the fun of having Grandpa wind up the cuckoo clock and making it chime the hours, half hours, and fifteen minute marks.

My favorite memory of Grandma Loertscher is when she played the little birdies game with her fingers, and tried to teach us to do it. She would sit in her spot on the couch, then cross and stack all the fingers on each hand up on top of each other. She would say, "See, all the little birdies are sitting on the line. Then whoosh...they all fly away!" and she would flip her fingers all undone and flutter them apart and up in the air. What really impressed me was that she could do both hands at the same time, seemingly with very little effort, and certainly very quickly. We tried and tried to do it, too, and she would do it over and over again, showing us how, but no one could do it like Grandma!

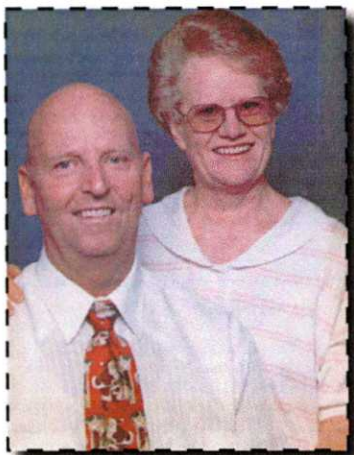
I remember being entranced with all the curios in Grandma's glass fronted cabinet in the living room. She and Grandpa would tell us the history or story behind each item sitting on the shelves. My favorite was the little blue and white Dutch girl balancing the milk pails hanging on their red ropes from the yoke over her shoulders. I wasn't sure I believed Grandma when she said that was really the way they took the milk home! It's another item that I have wondered where it went???

My other memory of Grandma is watching her braid her hair as she sat on the couch, and she didn't even use an elastic to bind the end of the braid! Then quick as a wink! she would flip the braids up and across her head, stick a few hairpins in, and say with her little quirky smile, "There, now I'm ready." She never said ready for what, just that she was ready!



Roy Loertscher Family

L. Rush Loertscher



I was born number 5 in a family of 12, and Shana Lee was born number 5 in a family of 6. She was one of 4 daughters who had 2 brothers and I was 1 of 6 sons who had 6 sisters. Shana Lee grew up on a dairy farm in Bluebell, Utah and our family ran a dairy farm in Midway, Utah for a family from Salt Lake City for 6 of my first 8 years. Shana Lee graduated from Altamont High School 50 years ago next month and I graduated from Wasatch High School 45 years ago also next month. Shana Lee went on a mission to the Southwest Indian Mission and worked with the Navajo, Isleta, and Laguna Tribes in New Mexico from 1962 to 1964. I went on my mission to the Eastern States Mission to New York City, Long Island, and the Northern 2/3 of New Jersey from 1964 to 1966 while the New York Worlds Fair was going on and we had the Mormon Pavilion there. I was a guide for 3 months. We met at Snow College in Ephraim, Utah in the fall of 1966. I was drafted into the Army after one quarter of schooling. Shana Lee wrote to me for 2 years while I went through my training and then spent a year in Vietnam. My last 6 months in the Army was spent at Ft. Monroe, Virginia. I spent 3 months in the infantry on an armored personnel carrier for the 11th Armored Cavalry on the front lines in Vietnam but spent the last 9 months as a bandsman playing the tuba for the 9th Infantry Division. At Ft. Monroe I was in the 50th Army Band. To get

in the band was a blessing. I have no doubt that it saved my life in Vietnam!

The track I was a machine gunner on ran over a land mine about a month after I was transferred to the 9th Division and the guy that took over my machine gun was one of 2 killed by the mine. Six months after finishing with the Army, Shana Lee and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on 23 June 1969. On Fathers Day and Flag Day, 14 June 1970, our only Son, Kurt Winkler Loertscher was born in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. Kurt graduated from Altamont High School in 1988 and went on his mission to the Chile, Orsono Mission from 1989 to 1991. He met Jacqueline Christine Doherty, the only convert from her family from Long Island, NY who came to Utah to work as a school teacher in the Duchesne County School District. They were married in the Manti Temple on 3 Jun 1992. They had to wait for 7 years for their first child, a miracle baby, Sara Isabella born 29 Jun 1999, our first grand daughter. Their bonus baby, Emily Kathryn, our second grand daughter was born 14 Mar 2001. After living in Payson, Utah and Salt Lake City for their first 2 years of marriage, they moved to Bluebell, and now they both work for Duchesne School District as teachers. Kurt is a special education teacher at the Roosevelt Jr. High, and Jackie is a kindergarten teacher at Altamont Elementary. They live next door to us here in Bluebell. The first 2 years of our marriage we were dorm parents at Snow College while I graduated in 1971. We took an apartment managers position for the next 2 years in Orem, Utah while I worked as a night shift tire man for a road construction company working on I-80 out past Grantsville, Utah. Then later worked as a carpet salesman, truck driver and substitute bus driver.

In June 1973 we moved to Bluebell, Utah to help Shana Lee's brother, Udell Winkler, with his enterprise of crude oil hauling. Udell said I should help because I had more experience driving a semi truck than him. It was true.... I had 2 weeks experience and he had none! We both got our experience together. That job lasted for 4 years. I then worked for Chevron also hauling crude oil for 2 more years. That was followed with 3 months work for a power line construction company as an in field bookkeeper where my 2 brothers, Brian and Kim were also working. When that job ended, I took a job working for a construction company at the oil refinery in Roosevelt as a foreman for the insulation crew. That job ended when the construction was done in 6 months. That was just as the year 1980 was starting. That's when I took a job as a wax cutter in the oil field all around the Uintah Basin. A wax cutter runs a tool down the oil well where the oil comes out of the ground in the tubing to keep the well from plugging up from a paraffin wax build up. 5 of the next 20 years wax cutting I had my own truck and own business. I sold out to my former employer when they got a contract from a new oil company that took over the wells I was servicing. I worked for Duchesne as custodian for the Senior Center and Library in Roosevelt for the next almost 2 years. Then I went to work for a power pole inspection and treatment company out of Buffalo, NY who were doing work in the Uintah Basin. They actually were doing work all over the state of Utah and the Southern part of Idaho. That work took me out of town a week at a time. I stayed with them for 2 years until they moved on to Oregon. After that I found a job for another oil field service company, J West Oil Field Service in Vernal, Utah. I hired on to be a welder, but when they found out I had a CDL they asked if I would like to be a truck driver instead. I said sure, and that led me into my first over-the-road truck driving experience. I had a dedicated run from Vernal, Utah to Texas and back once a week. I hauled gilsonite in 50 lb. bags on pallets to Lorado, TX and went back to Houston, TX for a load of pipe and return to Vernal. After about 10 months of that a fellow in Bluebell asked me if I would like to be home every night instead of gone all week and I said sure. The only catch was that it would be hauling crude oil again but this time it would be pulling a pup behind the semi. The part about being home every night won over above the crude hauling so I have been doing that work for 3 years. It is a trip to Salt Lake and back every day except Sundays. Since being in Bluebell we have raised 4 wild indians from the Ute Indian Tribe and had an exchange student for a year from Japan. We had 3 foster sons and a foster daughter. Samantha Ann Mart was with us the longest, being only gone from our family for 3 years while she attended Sherman Indian High School in Riverside, California. She gave birth to our 3rd granddaughter, Nakisha Ceilo Mart on 4 Dec 2002 at the age of 20 years. They now live on the island of Maui in Hawaii.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I always loved it when Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher would show up to visit our family in Midway. We could always tell how much they loved us by the kisses and hugs we got both when they arrived and when they left after their visit. It wasn't very often they came so that made their visits even more special. I remember our family going to their home on 3rd East in S.L.C. more often. I remember how much they liked our family singing Love at Home to them, .

There were other times when just part of our family would stop in for a visit, but no matter how many of us there were we always liked it. I loved to listen to their Dutch and German accents as they spoke. The only rooms in their house I remember being allowed in was the kitchen, living room and bathroom. When I was quite young I remember being totally impressed with their television set. I was even more impressed and even awed when they got a color T V. In Midway it took a long time for our reception to be very good.

It was such a treat to see their shows without any snow mixed in on the screen. I remember how much I enjoyed listening to and watching their co co clock in action. We could get Grandpa to even move the hands sometimes just to see it work on each quarter hour and then again on the next hour. Besides watching the dancers and the co co birds and listening to the music and co co sounds, I was most intrigued with how the pine cone weights would go down as the clock ran and sounded off and how it sounded as they were hoisted back up with their chains. I loved all of that. Another thing I enjoyed and never got tired of was attempting to solve those wood puzzles. I could get them apart okay, but seldom got them back together without any help.

I always felt welcome there and loved to visit. Lots of times as we arrived we could experience the wonderful smell of fresh baked homemade bread. It didn't ever end with just the smell..... we always got to have some! I remember the time when Grandpa went on his mission back to Switzerland and how our family prayed for him, especially when he had his bicycle wreck while there. I also liked to go out to Grandpa's work shop to see the latest gadget or project he was working on.



Roy Loertscher Family

Jennie Loertscher Clawson

I was born 6 Nov 1946 in Hunter, Salt Lake County, Utah. I was born at home, the 6th child and 3rd daughter of Roy and Dorothy Loertscher. My mom told me that of the 12 children, I was the only one that was born the day they were due. I shared my birthday with my mother's mother, Dora Cunningham Rush. I remember thinking for years that I was really special, because every year on my birthday Mom and Dad would take me to visit Grandma Rush. I was the only one who went. I don't know how old I was when I realized that it was also Grandma Rush's birthday, and that is why I got to go with Mom and Dad.



I was named "Jennie" for my dad's only sister, Jennie. I have always felt that that was very special, because I know how much my dad loved his sister. They were very close. To this day, it still annoys me if anyone calls me "Jeannie", or if they spell my name "Jenny". That is not how my Aunt Jennie spelled or said her name, so that is not how I want my name said or spelled, either. To me, if I let people do so without correcting them, it is as if I was dishonoring my Aunt Jennie, and in no way do I want to do that.

When I was 11 months old, our family moved to Midway, Wasatch County, Utah. That is where our family lived for the rest of Mom and Dad's lives. That means that half of the 12 children in our family were born while we lived in Midway. Midway was a wonderful place to grow up, and I am happy to be able to live there, now, with my own family.

I served a mission in France from March 1968 to March 1970. It was called the French East Mission



and headquarters were in Geneva, Switzerland.

I married David Richard Clawson on 22 Sep 1984 in the Provo Temple. I had been working in the Provo Temple as an ordinance worker for two years when I met David. David's mother worked with me in the temple,

and she was the one who introduced us.

David was born and raised in Sacramento, California. We have two daughters: Melanie, born 31 Jul 1985, and Heidi, born 14 Oct 1987. Heidi married Robert Reece Llewellyn on 18 Aug 2007. (It is too early to have any grandchildren, yet, but we have hopes!)



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

Most of my memories of Grandma and Grandpa center around visits we made at their home, or the times they came to visit us in Midway. I remember that it was exciting whenever they would come visit us. One visit, in particular, that I remember is when they came for Barbara's graduation from high school. Maybe that is because we had a picture that was taken of Mom, Barbara and Grandma standing together in our old living room.

Whenever we would visit Grandpa and Grandma at their home, I remember spending time outside, because if we were inside, all we could do was sit quietly in the front room. Sometimes Grandpa would make the cuckoo clock go for us.

I liked that. I can still see, in my mind's eye, what it looked like in the kitchen, and the front room. I also remember that Dad would always drive the car down the driveway to the back of the house, and sometimes, he would back into the corner of the house when it was time to leave. He didn't do it on purpose, but I seem to remember it happening more than once. I think that is why Grandpa put up the post by that corner of the house.



I remember that sometimes when we were at Grandma and Grandpa's, there would be a slice of fresh, warm bread that we got to eat. That was a treat! And I remember Grandpa sometimes getting water for us from his Artesian well. I also remember being told that their regular tap water came from Deer Creek Reservoir! I didn't want to drink that water, because we lived by Deer Creek Reservoir, and I thought that water was dirty! I preferred the water from the Artesian well.



Above are pictures of my dad and mom with seven of us and a picture of all twelve of us.



Roy Loertscher Family

Brian Rush and Carla Rae Loertscher

- Dec-48 - Carla is born in Rigby Idaho.
- Feb-49 - Brian is born in Salt Lake City, UT. Family lives in Midway UT.
- 1952 - Carla's family moves to southern California. Her dad is a fireman.
- 1955 - Carla goes to Astoria grade school in San Fernando Ca.
- Brian goes to Midway Elementary school in Midway UT.
- 1961 - Carla goes to Olivista Jr High in San Fernando CA.
- Brian goes to Wasatch Jr High School in Heber UT.
- 1964 - Carla starts at Sylmar High School in San Fernando Ca.
- Brian starts at Wasatch High School in Heber UT.
- 1965 - Carla's family moves to Midway UT where Brian & Carla meet.
- Jan-67 - Brian asks Carla to marry him. She said YES! WOO HOO!!
- Jun-67 - Brian & Carla graduate from Wasatch High School, Heber UT
- Sep-67 - Married in the Salt Lake Temple.
- Sep-67 - Brian starts school at Snow College Ephriam UT on a music scholarship.
- Dec-67 - Brian, Drafted into US Army sent to Fort Lewis Washington for training.
- Spring 68 - Carla starts Hollywood Beauty College in Provo UT. She lives with her parents in Midway UT
- May-68 - Brian sent to fort Benning Georgia for more training.
- Jul-68 - Carla Joins Brian in Georgia for 1 month in the hottest weather ever.
- Aug-68 - Carla Gets hit by a crazy driver and totals our only car.
- Sep-68 - Brian Sent to Sunny Southern Southeast Asia. (AKA, Vietnam) I was scared.
- Nov-68 - Brian wounded by an exploding 750 lb land mine.
- Feb-69 - Brian and Carla meet in Hawaii for R&R 6 days. Carla is 6mos pregnant.
- Mar-69 - Brian wounded again during a night time fire fight.
- May-69 - Carla graduates from Hollywood beauty college.



- May-69 – Carla gives birth to identical twin boys, Jon & David 7lbs and 7lbs 5 oz.
- Sep-69 – Brian gets home from Vietnam alive; kisses the ground at Oakland air Base.
- Sep-69 – We live in a little house in Midway.
- Fall-70 – Brian starts school at Utah Tech College at Provo UT.
- Aug-71 – Daughter Valerie is born in Provo. Brian is the Midway town Marshall.
- Mar-72 – Brian starts work for Payson City UT as a Lineman.
- Sept. 72 – We move to Heber UT for the winter.
- Mar-73 – Daughter Cristi is born in Provo UT.
- Apr-73 – We move to Southern California, Brian plasters swimming pools.
- Aug-74 – Son Kevin is born in Santa Ana California.
- Sep-74 – We move to Montana for a month. Cristi eats rat poison.
- Oct-74 – We move to Roosevelt UT where Brian starts work on an oil rig.
- Jan-77 – Daughter Shriee is born in Roosevelt UT.
- Jun-77 – Brian starts work for Lang Electric as a lineman.
- Jan 79 – We move to Midway UT. Brian is working for Lang Electric as a lineman.
- May-79 – Son Eric is born in Heber UT.
- Jul-81 – We move to Tonopah Nevada. We own and operate a gold mine for 3 months.
- Sep-81 – We move to Elk Ridge UT
- May-82 – Brian takes lessons and becomes a private airplane pilot.
- Feb-83 – Son Ben, our caboose, is born in Payson UT.
- Feb-86 – We move to Phoenix AZ. Brian Works for A.P.S. as a lineman.
- Feb-87 – We move to Litchfield AZ closer to Brian's work.
- Sep-89 – Carla goes to work for the Littlefield School District driving a school bus.
- Nov-90 – Brian gets laid off. 2000 other linemen get laid off at the same time.
- Mar-91 – We move to Salt Lake City. Brian is an industrial electrician until 2005.
- Spring-92 - Carla starts work for Morris Air.
- Jan-94 – Southwest Airlines buys Morris Air. Carla starts work with Southwest Airlines.
- Apr-2004 – Carla transfers to Phoenix with Southwest Airlines.
- Dec-2004 – Brian quits job as Electrical supervisor at Cargill Salt and moves to Phoenix.
- Dec-2004 – Brian starts temporary job for a handy man company.
- 2006 – Brian starts business doing 3D cartography. Contracts to a real estate research Co.
- We Have 8 children and 29 grandchildren. 4 of our children live in Mesa Arizona, 3 in Salt Lake City UT and 1 in Jacksonville Florida.
- To be continued.....for a while longer we hope

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

My memories of Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher are not many and are not very vivid but I do have a couple. I remember how much I loved Grandma's bread. I thought it was heaven on earth. As for Grandpa I have one great and fond memory. At his 90th birthday party, he tripped over one of the coat racks in the cultural hall and fell to the floor. My wife and I were right there when it happened so we rushed to help him up. While we were helping him get up he said " It's a good thing that happened to me" meaning him and not someone else. We asked him why and he said, " Because if that would have happened to an older person they might have hurt themselves".



Roy Loertscher Family**Scott Rush Loertscher**

I am the eighth child and fifth son of Roy and Dorothy Loertscher. I was born May 25, 1952 in the hospital in Heber City, Utah. I graduated from Wasatch High School, in Heber City, Utah, in 1970. I served a mission in the California North Mission from May 1971 to May 1973.

I married Anne McDermaid on September 5, 1975 in the Manti Temple. We have been married 33 years. We have five children and four in-laws: Harmony & Dairus Jensen (children: Dallon and Ellianna); Tyrel & Michelle Loertscher (son: Vaughn); Kira & Kristian Geer; Cindel & Jon Hiort; and Logan Loertscher. Logan is on a mission in the Australia Adelaide Mission. He's been out one year. He will be home next July.

I work at Staker/Parsons Company and have worked there, under different names, such as Monroc, for 30 years.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I remember them coming up to Midway to visit ~ in their black 1952 Chevrolet and visiting with them.

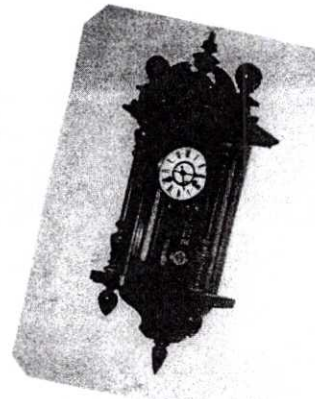
I remember going to visit them at their house when they lived on Third East and 33rd South. One time when we went down with the family I remember playing on their front lawn.

Once, when I was 7 or 8 years old, Dad dropped me off at Grandpa's house and Paul was supposed to pick me up so I could stay at his house for a week or so. It got quite late. We had bread and milk for supper and they made me a bed on the couch. I sat out on the porch with Grandma while she told me the same stories over and over again how her husband had left her and gone on a mission, while Grandpa was sitting at their table writing in a book. The house got really really quiet~ except their clocks were ticking really loud. I was afraid I was going to have to stay there forever. I was so happy when Paul finally came to get me at 9:00 PM



Notes

AFTER THE
REUNION
IT
WAS A
WONDERFUL
TIME



WITH A GOOD ATTENDANCE
GOOD WEATHER
GOOD FOOD
GOOD TIME
GOOD COMPANY

THE LOERTSCHER REUNION WAS

ENJOYED VERY MUCH ***

We enjoyed GAMES, LUNCH, ESPECIALLY DESSERT "un-huh"
A fun packed PROGRAM, with GROUT MEETINGS
and GAMES, with COUSINS, UNCLAS and ~~UNCLAS~~
AUNT'S, GRANDMAS, GRANDPAS, and SIBLINGS
GALORE the BEST of ALL*****

TERRY WAS THE GAMER-MAN
DANNY AND FREDDY WERE MASTER OF CEREMONIES
WITH ROSEANN, JENNETTE, MAUDIE, AND JOSEPH TO HELP

EVERYONE RECEIVED SPECIAL HAND-OUTS, PICTURES, A
HISTORY OF GRAND-PAS CLOCK ** IT WAS A TREAT
TO HEAR IT "CHIME" (THANK YOU MAX AND ARDEAN)

BRIAN WAS CHIEF ENGINEER FOR THE LITTLE TRAIN

RUSH AND BRIAN ENTERTAINED US WITH A SONG

ROSEANN PRESENTED TO US A SPECIAL FAMILY CALENDER
WITH FAMILY GROUP PICTURES WITH HISTORY, BIRTH
AND ANNIVERSARY ENTERIES FOR EACH MONTH

THE JOSEPH LOERTSCHER GROUP WERE THE HOSTS AND
WISH TO THANK EVERYONE FOR COMING AND PARTICPATING
WICH MADE FOR AN ENJOYABLE REUNION

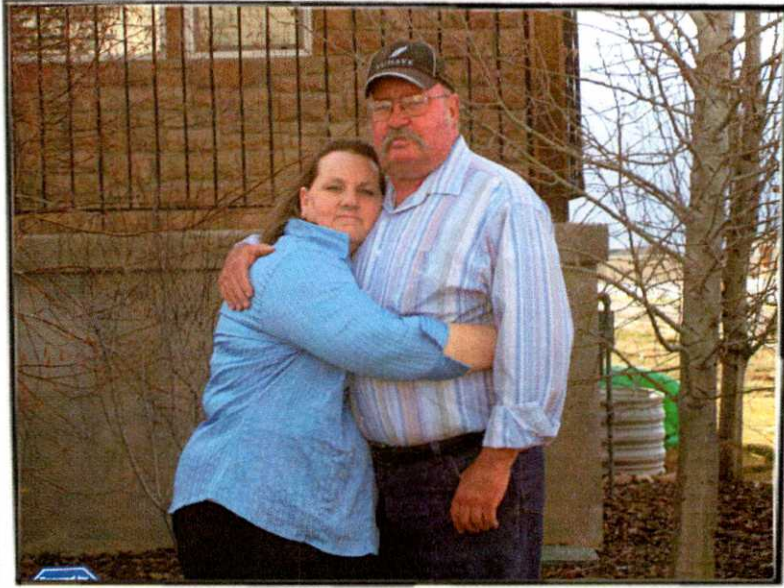
DONATIONS WERE TAKEN (you can still donate) FOR A
PLAQUE MARKER FOR GREAT GRANDPAX GOTTLIEB LOERTSCHE
HEAD STONE

LAST TUESDAY EVENING PART OF JOSEPH'S FAMILY MET AT
SOUTH JORDAN TEMPLE WITH MAUDIE AND RUSH WHERE
ROSEANN HAD ARRANGED FOR A SEALING SESSION FOR US.
WE WERE ABLE TO WITNESS 3 MARRIAGES AND HAVE
67 SONS AND DAUGHTERS SEALED TO THEIR PARENTS.

— SEE YOU NEXT YEAR —



Roy Loertscher Family

Brooke Loertscher Pedersen

I am the ninth child of Roy and Dorothy Loertscher, one of the many grandchildren of Frederick and Hilke Loertscher. I was born 6 October 1953. We lived in Midway, Utah. At the time I was born, we lived at a place we called the "Haney Place". I was on south Center Street in Midway, (or Charleston Rd). We moved from that place when I was six months old.

Then we lived at 291 East 100 North, also in Midway. That is where I lived till I was 17. I married Rex M. Pedersen, Jr., (of Park City) 2 Jan 1971. Rex and I then lived in Park City for one year, seven months. We then moved to Heber, 17 July 1972. We have lived at 177 North 100 East, in Heber, ever since.

We have six wonderful children, three boys and three girls.

Amy is the oldest. She lives in Manzanola, Colorado. She is married to Jody Shelton, with five children, two girls and three boys. One of the girls is married with a daughter of three months.

Jennifer is next. She lives in Heber with her "yours, mine and ours" family of seven children. Three girls came with him, two girls with her, and now they have twins, a boy and a girl.

Rex III is next. He also lives in Heber. He has three children, two boys and a girl.

Christopher is next in line. He recently got married. Now he is the step-Dad of a daughter. His wife's name is also Jennifer (Jenny). They live in Heber, too.

Holly is our youngest daughter. She is in Heber also, and she has a son.

Last, but not least, is our youngest son, Anthony. He is married to Katie (Kathryn), and they are expecting thier first child (a girl) 9 Aug 2008. So I guess that gives us 17 1/2 grandchildren and one great-grand.

My husband, Rex, works for Jordanelle Special Service District here in Wasatch County. He is an inspector. I have been delivering newspapers for Newspaper Agency since 1995 when my dad retired from that work. I threw papers for him, of course, starting when I was just young. We all did in the Roy Loertscher Family!



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

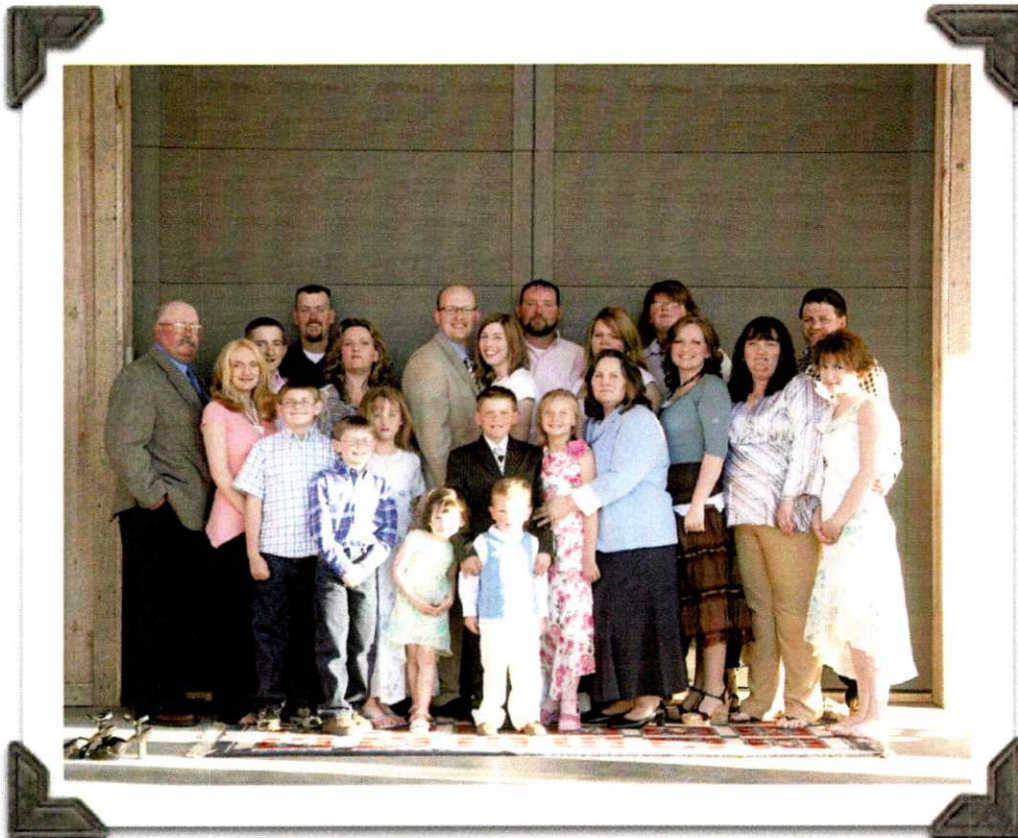
I don't have a lot of memories to share about Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher. Being one of the younger kids in a large family, we didn't spend a lot of time at their house. Dad was very tied to the newspapers, so when we did get to go to Salt Lake, to me it was quite a trip. I remember most sitting on the porch that had the screen around it. We got to pick rhubarb with Grandpa, and he would give us warm bread after we came in the house. I always liked how he would butter the end of the loaf before he cut it.

Sometimes, Grandma would have us all sit down in front of her, and then she would play a hand game with us. I wish I knew what it was called, but I didn't understand the words, because she would sing them in Dutch!

Sometimes we could get Grandpa to make the cuckoo clock cuckoo! That was the best!

I remember that they would come to our house sometimes. The most time I remember was after Grandma passed away. Grandpa would come to stay for a few days. This was mostly after I was married. I remember when he built a "runaway" drawer for my mom's new kitchen. For the wheels on it, he used old ringers off a washer. It was the neatest thing ever.

I was fortunate to have known them as much as I did. Some people don't even have any memories of their grandparents. I hope my own posterity will have good memories of me, like I have of them.



Kim and Sue Loertscher Family Update

Kim has been working for UPS Freight for 5 years as a programmer. He continues to work on building the house, and the most recent big project was installing the kitchen cabinets. He sings in a quartet that performs in church meetings and at other various times throughout the year.

Sue continues to work at Wasatch High School. This year she took on the new position over in school suspensions. It has been a new challenge for her, but it seems to be going pretty well. As always she enjoys gardening and being outside when the weather permits. Both she and Kim enjoy being grandparents.

Aaron has been married to Manndi for nearly 4 years now and they had a little boy, Zeke, a year ago. Manndi is working for Sorensen Molecular Genealogy Foundation writing company procedures and Aaron is starting back to school at Utah Valley University in the fall. They enjoy flying remote control planes and are involved in the Salt Lake Club. Zeke is growing like a weed and can really get where he wants to go.

Tyler has been living in the Washington DC area for nearly six years now. He works for ATK Space as an engineer. He had the opportunity to spend a couple of weeks in Europe at the end of March and really enjoyed his visit over there.

Heather is living in Provo and working for the Department of Workforce Services as an eligibility specialist in Spanish Fork. She recently bought a condo and has enjoyed being the landlord to a couple of roommates as opposed to having a landlord.

Quinn has been married to Dawnie for four years now and they have a two year old daughter, Ashlynn. Quinn works as a drafter for ASWN and Dawnie works in the Wells Fargo offices in downtown Salt Lake. They have a nice home in West Valley and enjoy spending time together and watching movies.

Skye and Jon are going on six years of marriage and also have a two year old girl, Kaelyn. Jon is working for Zions as a small business loan underwriter. Skye gets to stay home with Kaelyn and is looking to get into professional photography. They will be moving to Cleveland, OH in the fall so Jon can pursue his MBA. They are also expecting their second child in late June.

Marc is getting married to Ashley in May and they both have a year left at Utah State University.

Kyle just received his mission call to the New Zealand Auckland Samoan speaking mission. He will enter the MTC on June 4. He has completed one year at Utah State University.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

My remembrances of Grandma Hilke And Grandpa Frederick Loertscher
The thing I remember most about Grandpa Loertscher is the bread he made. When we would go to visit we would all sit in the living room and Grandpa would wind the cookoo clock so we could watch the little bird come out. Then he would take us in the kitchen and slice some bread for us. He always had fresh bread. Sometimes we would go outside to the well to get a drink.



Roy Loertscher Family

Melody Loertscher Hill

I, Melody, am the fifth daughter and the 11th child of Roy and Dorothy, Loertscher. My husband, Scott Hill is the second son of Edward and LaDean Hill. Scott was born in Santa Cruz CA and when ten years old, his family moved to Tacoma, WA. I was born in Murray, Utah, and spent all my growing up years in Midway, Utah. Scott served a mission in Zurich, Switzerland and graduated from BYU in 1980 with a degree in broadcast journalism. He was also on a ROTC scholarship and in April was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Force. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 21st, 1980. In October, of 1980, he started pilot training at Williams Air Force Base in Chandler, AZ for one year.

Our first son, Justin Roy was born there on April 5, 1981. After graduation, Scott's first assignment took us to Panama City, FL for eight weeks of training to fly T33s, T-Birds, they were called (the plane was older than he). After training, we went to Hampton VA, Langley Air Force Base for the next three years. Our second son, Nicholas Peter was born there in Jan. 19, 1983. Scott's next assignment was to Alconbury RAFB in Alconbury, England to fly R-F4s with a stop in Austin, TX for six months of training. Our first daughter, Erika was born there at Bergstrom Air Force Base on June 9th, 1985. The base in England was closed, so our three year tour was closed in 1987. With a promise of an F-16 slot at Hill Air Force Base in Utah, Scott took a liaison job with the Army in Germany for 18 months. We lived near Stuttgart, Germany for that time, moving back to the states in 1988. The children and I lived with my parents for three months while Scott was at Homestead Air Force Base in Florida training to fly the F-16. Shortly after his return in March, 1989, our third son, fourth child, Alex Jeremy as born in Heber City, UT on March 30, 1989. In April, we moved into our current home in Layton, UT. While living here, Scott flew F-16s with the 388th Fighter Wing for three years, some of which was during Desert Storm or the Gulf War as it was called. He was gone for seven months total - not much by today's standards, but plenty for me. He also "flew a desk" for about six months and then became the ROTC Commander at the University of Utah for three years. While living here, our second daughter, fifth and final child, Kacey was born on Feb. 14, 1983. In December, 1985, we moved to Alamogordo, New Mexico where Scott flew F-4s and was also in charge of scheduling air shows for the stealth fighters. After two years, we transferred to Las Vegas Nevada where he flew the Predator Drone airplane for three years. To end our extended Air Force career, we transferred to Whidbey Island, WA, where Scott flew the EA68 Prowler with the Navy for three years. After retiring, we moved back to our house in Layton which we had rented out. We are still remodeling.

We are happy to be back. Our oldest son, Justin, served a mission in the Aao Paulo, Brazill mission , attended BYU and is married to a lovely Ukrainian girls named Olya They have two wonderful children: Justin Aidan, born Dec. 27, 2003, Nadezhda (Nadya) Susanna, born on March 28, 2006. Nicholas currently lives in Seattle WA, where he just recently finished his degree at the University of Washington. Erika is married to J. Brent Hill (no relation). They both graduated from the from BYU last year. He teaches special education in Spanish Fork and she is an adjunct professor at BYU in the media arts department. Alex is now serving as a missionary in the Mexico Merida Mission. Kacey is in the ninth grade at North Layton Jr. High.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

I don't have a lot of memories of grandpa and grandma because I was so young. I do remember that we didn't visit them that often and it was a special treat the few times they showed up at our house. When we did go to visit, I was usually a Sunday because that was the only day my Dad did not work. We would go in and sit on the couch and listen to the grownups talk. If we were very good, Grandma would play some kind of hand game with us and Grandpa would wind up the cuckoo clock so we could hear it go cuckoo cuckoo. Sometimes, Grandma would give us a fresh piece of homemade bread and sometimes honey.

Sometimes, Grandpa, would take us out so we could pick rhubarb out of his garden. Sometimes, we would pick other things, too. If we got tired of listening to the grownups talk, we would go out in front and roll down the little hill on their front lawn.

I remember going to Grandmas's funeral. I was eight and wondered why she died so soon. I remember thinking how weird it was when Grandpa leaned over and kissed her after the family prayer. I was doodling during the funeral and I drew a picture of her casket; I had nightmares afterward for months.

As I grew up, we would often go to Grandpa's house before he moved in with Uncle Dave. I remember him talking about genealogy. I remember my Grandpa having a strong testimony. I wish I had more memories of Grandpa and Grandma. Mostly, I remember that they were always old. I guess that's what happens when you come at the end of a large family. I was always proud to be of Dutch and Swiss heritage.

I have had the opportunity to visit Wimmis three times in my life: once in 1973 with my brother Max and Ardean on my way back from Africa, once in 1979 with my sister Rilla on our way back from Africa, and once while living in Germany with my husband the three children. What a wonderful heritage.



Rilla Loertscher Tischner



Currently the kids are all living at home.

I married Dave Tischner, his family was from Santaquin, UT - in 1982.

(Santaquin is South of Payson - North of Nephi) We lived in the Provo/Orem area (mostly Orem), until 2006, when we moved to

Santaquin. Dave works for the Family Owned business, Tischner Ford, and does a fantastic job of providing for his family.

I have been a stay-at-home Mom, since 1996. For the last 3 years, I have been doing some Substitute Teaching for the Elementary Schools. I enjoy using the musical talents my Parents encouraged, and sing as often as I can with my Sisters, and of course Ward and Community Choirs. I've embraced the Family History BUG - and currently am a Ward Family History Consultant.

Morgan - works in the Construction/Excavation business....he drives the BIG TOYS that dig up things! It's been nice to have Morgan's help the last couple of years he's been back at home. He was a HUGE help to us when we moved, and he is our Handy-Man, when his Mom and Dad can't get the job done!

Randi - works at Tischner Ford too! She does all kinds of things, from Car Detailing, Office work, Shuttling cars near and far! She's also a budding artist and has had some of her work displayed at several Art Shows in the area, including BYU. She enjoys the outdoors, which she picked up from her Father. She too was a HUGE help to us when we moved! She also continues to help with the things Mom and Dad need help with.

Carli - is going into 9th Grade! She keeps us on our toes - she is a typical Teenager!!!!

She enjoys her Friends and School, for the most part. She is currently on a Clogging Dance Team and on a Roller-Skating Team. Her interests can change daily...

She's a fun-loving kid, always busy!

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

My memories of Grandma are vague; I was only 6 when she passed away. I only remember a few things about her. I was amazed at how long her hair was. Because she always wore it braided and up. I remember her in the Kitchen, for some reason and I liked to listen to her talk, because it was different. Now, realizing that she spoke a different language, I would have liked to learn from her. I do remember her funeral though, and going to the Cemetery in Salt Lake. I like looking at pictures of her and Grandpa. I like being part Dutch! It suits me!

My memories of Grandpa include the Coo Coo Clock – Bread, and playing outside in the back.

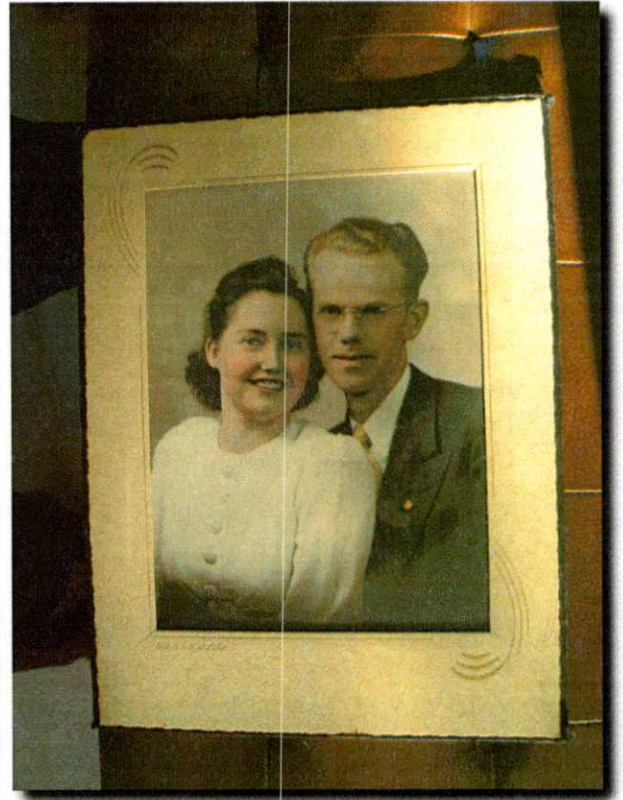
I remember the times when Grandpa would come and stay with us. I enjoyed just listening to him talk to me. I would have also liked to learn German from him! I wasn't smart enough then to realize what a great opportunity I had. He was a loving and kind man.

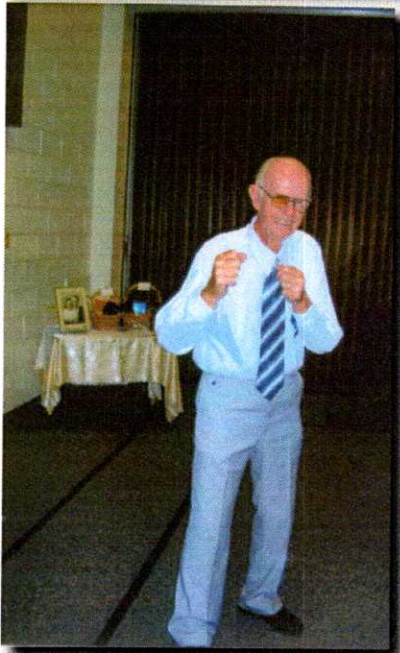
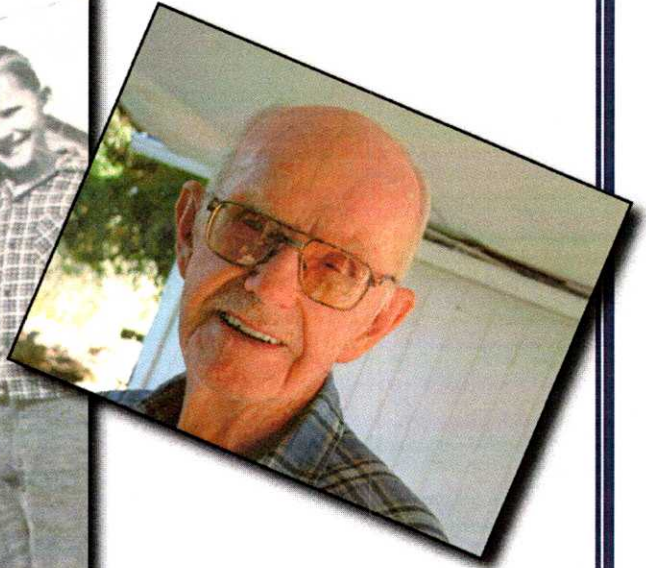
I really enjoy listening to the stories of Grandma and Grandpa Loertscher. Because of your memories about them, I feel I know them both, much more than I really did. THANKS!

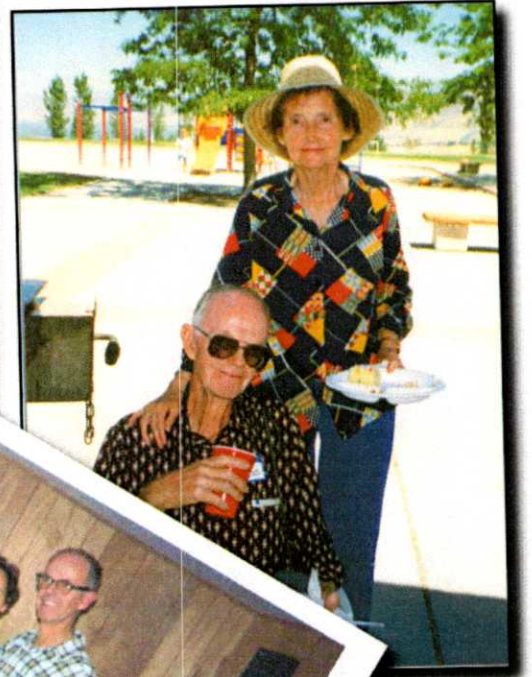
I've been fortunate to have visited both Countries, Holland & Switzerland and having married into a Family that comes from areas in Germany – I'd say I have the BEST Heritage!

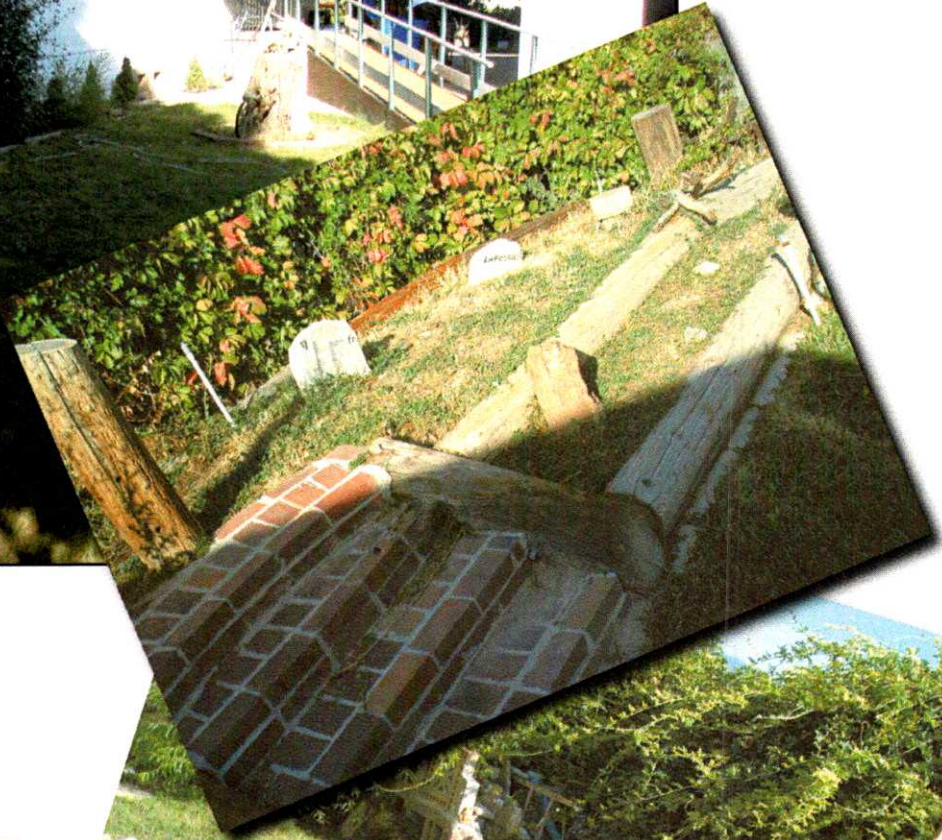


Joseph Loertscher









Joseph Loertscher Family

Terry William Loertscher

Father was on a mission in Germany when the World War II broke out. He was reassigned to the Southern States Mission where he met my mother. A few years later, I was born there in Mississippi. I have the honor and distinction of being American by birth but Southern, by the grace of God.

Dad worked as an electrician in Utah and was very good at sending Mom and us kids to the South every summer to be with Grandma and Grandpa Pickard. We went by old steam locomotive train to St. Louis, then got on a very modern streamlined silver colored train called the Old Rebel that went all the way to New Orleans.

Grandpa Frank drove an old red Model T pickup truck. He also had a mule and wagon that was fun to ride to get a load of free old railroad ties or sand. I learned to plough with the same mule at age ten. My brother Danny was eight when he tried his hand at it.

Back in Utah, I very much enjoyed going to church and school. My dad taught Morse Code when he was in the Army Airforce. I knew the code when I was eight years of age. By the time I was ten, I had my Ham radio license from the Federal Communications Commission. My first short wave radios were store bought, but I soon learned to make my own from scratch. At a young age, I knew by heart the fancy algebra formulas for winding coils and figuring the capacitors for the tuners.

I taught Morse Code to the new Navy Reserve sailors at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake when I was sixteen and joined the Navy on my seventeenth birthday. After going to aviation electronics school in Memphis, I was sent to Hawaii to fly as an Airborne radio operator between there and Midway Island, on to Alaska, and back on radar patrol against the Russians during the Cold War. I would like to add, that I spent four years on a surf board during that time also learning to sail and skin dive. I spent another four Navy years at a bombing range in the Nevada desert. Later I served seven years in the Utah National Guard. Later, I was a Marine electrician in San Diego for a few years working on Navy ships. At one time I was able to go on a short cruise aboard the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk as a civilian tech rep. I have also worked as a welder and truck driver. Now I live on ten acres in the foothills of the Unita mountains with my many dogs. I cut and polish rocks and make jewelry.

Love all ya' - Cousin Terry



Terry

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

Grandpa would buy a jar of peanut butter and he would put the peanut butter in a big bowl and put an equal amount of butte in the same bowl and mix them together. Then when he would spread the mixture on a piece of bread, he would make sure that every corner of the bread was covered.

I also remember grandpa when I was married, he sent me several letters encouraging him and his family to live the gospel See below pictures of my dad, Uncle Ropy, and Uncle David. And below that the three generations before me.

My grandparents most often appeared to be happy and usually smiling. They were lively, cheerful, always with a witty or humorous remark. I always looked forward with excitement to visit them. They lived a simple and uncomplicated life setting an example of how things could and should be.

Inside their home, I remember how fresh and clean it always smelled. I also think of the split pea soup grandma used to make and grandpa's homemade brea**t**. I remember the many clocks ticking and how grandpa loved to read his newspaper with grandma sitting nearby working on her hair. It was a special treat for me and adventurous whenever I was permitted the mysterious attic. The attic was a place where my dad spent a lot of time as a boy studying short wave radio. He told me he had installed a secret private phone line to a pal's home down the street using the utility poles later discovered by the power company; they were called on to remove it.

Outside one remembers grandma's tulip flowers, the big pine tree, and a most beautiful lawn everywhere . The water was always running slowly from a hose to soak the ground. In the back yardawas a row of small sheds where the well was. There was a very large cottonwood tree where we used to play in huge piles of leaves. There was a nice garden, and a big apple tree at the end where we would climb and sit to eat the apples. He also had grape vines.

In the narrow garage, he kept his old 50s Chevrolet car and a workshop at the end with windows overlooking the garden. Some of you might remember the door to the shop with a pencil sharpener on the inside of it. My dad had that door on his shop in Bluebell and now I have it on mine in Roosevelt. I call it a third generation door. The pencil sharpener still works, thank you.

Grandpa rode his bicycle to work as a janitor at the nearby Granite High School where I learned to swim. It was the best indoor underground pool ever. I and my brother, Danny, each took swim lessons there for four years. Grandpa Fred also had a big Indian motorcycle. It had a foot clutch and hand-operated shifter. Yes, friends, grandpa was a biker! A heritage I am proud of. I love and miss them very much and memories of them are pleasant ones.



Roscoe



Danny



Freddy



Joseph Loertscher Family

Danny Loertscher

I lived as a child and teen around the Salt Lake area and attended Kearns High School. There, I met my future wife, Sherry and we were friends for a number of years before I married her in 1955.

After high school, I went on a mission to the Eastern Atlantic States and soon after was married. Our first Son, Mark Philip was born while I was in the service. Right after he was born, I went to Vietnam. Over the years, I have been an auto mechanic among many jobs and for the last eighteen years have worked in the concrete business.

Our daughter, Lisa was born in Salt Lake. Lona, our third child was followed Neal Lamont and Mike Therriil, Verl Stanley, and finally Lara. Now we have nineteen grandchildren.

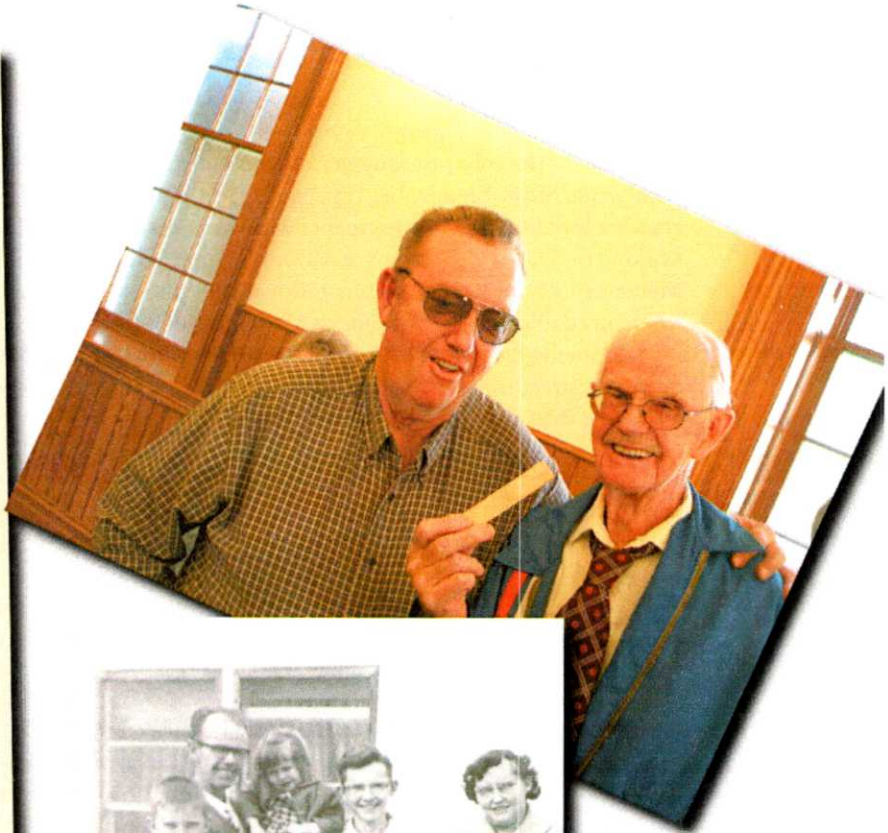


EDER DANNY PHILIP LOERTSCHER

Emets Mission Home
April 13, 1961

*Son of Joseph & Myrtle
Loertscher*

D
P
L



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

When I first think of Grandma, I think of how short she was and her long white hair. When she would babysit us kids, we would always have to play outside. Not in the house! I know now that it was because she could not stand the noise. In the winter, she would give us some gingersnap cookies and take a nap in the back bedroom. But, we would just play on the bed; jumping on the bed, while she took a nap on the couch in the front room. We would sneak out to see if she was asleep, and always got caught! She would then play with us, showing us some games with her hands or singing a song. My fondest memory of Grandmas was when she would let me brush her long hair. She always had it braided and wrapped around her head in a bun. One day, she let me unbraid it and brush it. I will never forget that experience. It was a longer than I thought it was. I remember she and Grandpa came to Sherry and my wedding reception. I know this was very hard for her to do, but she came anyway. I had the privilege of being one of her pall bearers at her funeral and remember how hard on Grandpa to see her for the last time.

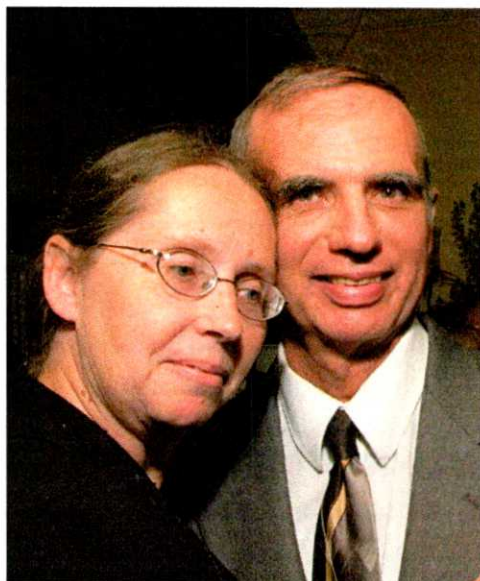
I love my Grandma Loertscher and I missed her sweet spirit and her Dutch accent. When I first think of grandpa, I think of how old he got and how he walked. He got to be all bent over, looking down as he walked. Maybe he was looking for money. When we were staying at Grandma and Grandpa's house, Grandpas would take me out to the garage. He was always making something or fixing something, footstools or trick boxes. He would hand me a box to see if I could open it. The more I worked with it, the more he would laugh at me. I loved those boxes and worked with them a little longer just to hear him laugh.

My dad had an old grandmother clock that he got from the old Miller church house when they were doing some remodeling. It hung in my dad's garage for a few years, but never ran. When we moved from 33rd south, 10 west, dad took that clock over to Grandpa's garage where it hung for many years. A few years after Sherry and I got married, I asked Grandpa if I could have that old clock. He said it belonged to my dad and if it was OK with Dad, it was OK with him. We called Dad down in Mississippi and asked. He said it was OK, so I thought I could take it. Grandpa said I could not have it until he fixed it. I spent lunch our for the next three weeks helping Grandpa on that old clock and opening more trick boxes. I got to see another side of Grandpa by helping him on that old clock.

One day when I came to help on the clock, he had his newspaper on the floor. I asked him why. He said that his eyes weren't bad, his arms were too short. Grandpa was always saying something funny. Once, he told me that after 86 years, he had noticed that there was just as many girls getting married as there were boys getting married. I did not have the heart to tell him any different. Grandpa would always come to our baby blessing, baptisms, and family get togethers. The last time I saw Grandpa was at Uncle Dave's house. His eyes were so bad, he couldn't see who I was. I said, "Do you know who I am?"- after calling him Grandpa. He said, "You are one of my grandsons." And he laughed. I told him I was Joseph's second son and he said, "Oh Danny, how is the clock running?" His mind was still sharp. I miss Grandpa very much; his wit; and, German accent.



Roseann Loertscher Thomas



September 11th wasn't infamous in 1952, the day I arrived in Meridian, Mississippi. My mother had returned home, as she frequently did, to the scent of Southern pine and the song of mockingbirds. This time it was for my birth, just as it had been before, for the birth of my three older brothers. I may have grown up on the Gulf Coast, since Father began working in a Biloxi shipyard a few months later.

At age 2 my asthma sent us to the arid Salt Lake Basin. I must admit that I've secretly missed the opportunity of having a soft Southern accent. Yet the strength of religious activity in Utah provided much needed instruction. Living in the snowy West during winter and vacationing in the humid South each summer had its drawbacks. But the blessing of having had, as it were, two places to live was that I developed a love for both the Rockies and the rivers. I love the formations of the Southwest, the wind-swept grasses of the Plains, the rolling fields and forest glens of the Midwest, and the smell of pine and the complexity of the swamps of the South. I've roamed them all as an adult with camera in hand. I've rambled through their cemeteries in search of ancestors. I've grown to appreciate the men and women who formed not only the legacy of our family but of our nation. I've felt compelled and comforted, as I've pursued my quest to know more of family. That quest has been the strongest thread of service throughout my life. Genealogical research has been, and will remain a dominant commitment in my life. Coupled with that has been my church service, efforts to promote and enhance Scouting in the Midwest, and pioneering the home school movement in Cincinnati.

After graduating from Viewmont High School in Bountiful, Utah, I married a Marine pilot in the Salt Lake Temple. We lived on the North Carolina coast and in Okinawa before making Cincinnati, Ohio our home. There we became parents to six children: Arthur Frederick (1976), Alisa (1978), Eric J. (1979), Robert McNeil (Stillborn 1982), Jonathan Stewart (1984), and Elizabeth (1988).

Looking back over 30 years in Cincinnati I see a kaleidoscope of activity. I raised a family. I served in countless church callings. I was awarded the Silver Beaver by BSA for service to youth. I wrote and compiled a series of poems. I assisted my husband in an endless effort to remodel our home. I enthusiastically embraced photography as a hobby, and enhanced the quilting and sewing skills taught me as a youth. Eventually we decided to move to Tennessee to retire. Our retirement plans had to be temporarily postponed. We found that our desire to continue to grow by experience far out-weighed our wish to settle into a comfortable routine of service and the occasionally lure of a rocking chair. That realization has now brought us to Billings, Montana. Here I continue doing genealogical research for self and clients, photography, writing, and quilting. The days ahead are taken one at a time and in the Lord's own time as we continue to serve Him. I am thankful for the heritage of my parents and grandparents. It is their love and commitment to the Savior that, by and large, has molded my life. I love them. I hope that they will forever know that I do.

- Roseann Loertscher Thomas



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

Remembering Grandfather

Grandfather. The very title reveals the impression marked upon my heart and mind. Whether it was moving around the oak table piled with letters, or in the dimly lit workshop, grandfather was the patriarch of his family presiding by the grand love he had for truth. So what is it that I remember most? Was it his Sunday suit complete with vest and tie? His work clothes, the secrets held within his attic that wouldn't be shared? Was it his invitation to test the well water or his pride in winding the treasured cuckoo clocks? Was it his reluctance in opening a letter with black edges from the old country? His woodworking? His penmanship? What do I remember most about my grandfather? It is all of this and more. It was his stature, bent by age yet noble. His hands, work-worn but gentle. His smile, his accent, and stride. But foremost and above all it was his radiant, brilliant eyes. They twinkled, dancing in the midst of a good joke and with excitement when he was eager to recall an important event. I've often wondered if it weren't his eyes that captivated his Hilke. They gave softness to his forbearance. They spoke of hope in an existence of hardships and routine. To me, grandfather's eyes could never seem dim. Although at the last his vision was gone, he could still see more with his heart than most, but reveal not one ounce less than what he felt. Thank you, my grandfather, for your boyish gleam and sage wisdom. Part of who you were has become part of who I am and will always be.

Sundays and Grandmother

Of the many gifts I could have received from Grandmother, I treasure the legacy of example, of faith. She was so faithful in doing her Block Teaching as Visiting Teaching was then called. She was never one to gossip. She supported Grandfather. I have often thought of her, not surprisingly, on Sundays. As a child Sundays were spent in much the same way. After church and a traditional Southern Sunday dinner, our family would load into the car and head into the city. When time would allow, we'd drive to the Salt Lake Temple. Father would park the car then race the boys along the sidewalks surrounding Temple Square. Mother and I would make our way to the east side of the temple, look up, and read those profound words, "The House of the Lord, Holiness to the Lord". We'd remain there until our necks ached and the boys declared it was time to go. Once at 33rd South, the impact of being treated to just one ginger snap from grandmother's tin cookie drawer, the brightness of her lace curtains, and petting her black cat on the front steps would be impressed on me. It was during one of our Sunday visits I timidly asked, "Grandmother, do you like the temple?" "Aye." "Is it beautiful?" "Aye." Grandmother then turned her full attention to me. Now, although I loved her, I was a little afraid of her. I looked down at my shoes and thought to ask, "Is it quiet in the temple?" I knew the answer to this one. Mother had told me. I was going to trip her up. "Aye," she replied. Imagine that! She knew the answer. In a moment I became teachable. "How quiet is the temple, grandmother?" Her face seemed to soften in the dimly lit room. Tears came to her eyes. "It is so quiet that I can hear my shoes. No buses, no noise, only my shoes." She, of course, knew then more than I of the blessings of the temple but we felt together the spirit of the Lord; pure, strong, and real. Since that time I have never doubted Grandmother's love of the Lord. She knew that day as I do now that the temple is where heaven meets earth, where home, our real home, is just a heart-felt prayer away.



Freddy Lamont Loertscher Thomas

I retired this last October 2007 from 33 years of federal service to the US Air Force. The last few years I worked as the overseas liaison for the Air Force in the Far East, Japan, and Korea. Now I'm doing honey-do's and enjoying my grandkids.

Deborah has been working several years at the Salt Lake Airport as the assistant to the airport director. She enjoys book binding and working with all kinds of paper from all over the world.

Christopher has been living in Chicago for the past 7 years and works at Northwestern University. He just received his Master Degree from Northwestern. Travis, his partner, works for American Airlines as a flight attendant and they both spend a lot of time traveling around the world.

Tyler lives in Roy, Utah. He has developed and built his own business called Laughing Gas Technologies. He builds high-end off road vehicles and travels frequently to car and off-road industry shows.

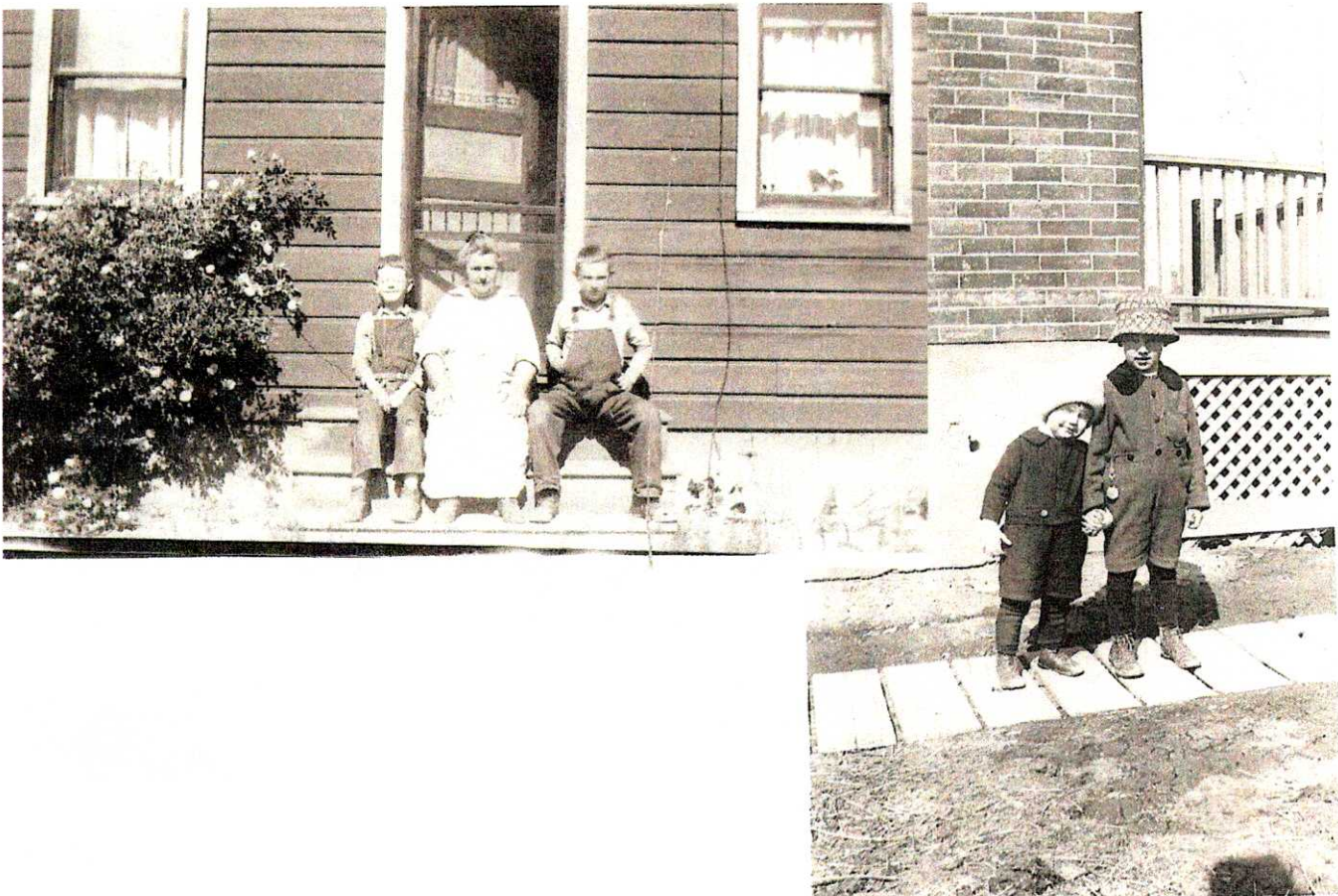
Angie and her family live in South Weber and she is a great mother and domestic engineer. She and Mitch have 2 children, Cayden, age 6, and Sidney, age 3. Mitch works in Salt Lake City for a health company as a computer programmer.



Memories of Grandma and Grandpa

Grandma Loertscher: I was young when Grandma passed away. What I do remember was she always had a beautiful smile for me. She was so cute, being small in height and with her long beautiful blonde hair. She would like to set us grand kids down and tell us stories (although, I don't remember any), and she loved to talk to us.

Grandpa Loertscher. I remember so many little things about Grandpa. I remember the bread he used to make when we came over to visit. Grandpa would love to go up on the roof when we were leaving his home to wave goodbye. He would take my brothers and me out to his garage and show us the wood projects he was working. One special thing I remember on his garage wall near the door was a small twig off of a tree. He hung that twig there just to watch it go up and down with the weather or see how the twig was drying out. He showed me once a metal ring that came off of a wooden barrel or something. He had placed that ring around a tree so as the tree grew, you could not get the ring off. When he cut that tree down for some reason, he gave me that ring and I have it today hanging on my backyard shed. As grandpa grew older and went to live with uncle Dave, when we saw him he would bear his testimony to us. I know he loved the Lord and the gospel very much. Just before he passed I was so glad to have his picture taken with my dad, myself and my son Chris.



Joseph + Roy 1918

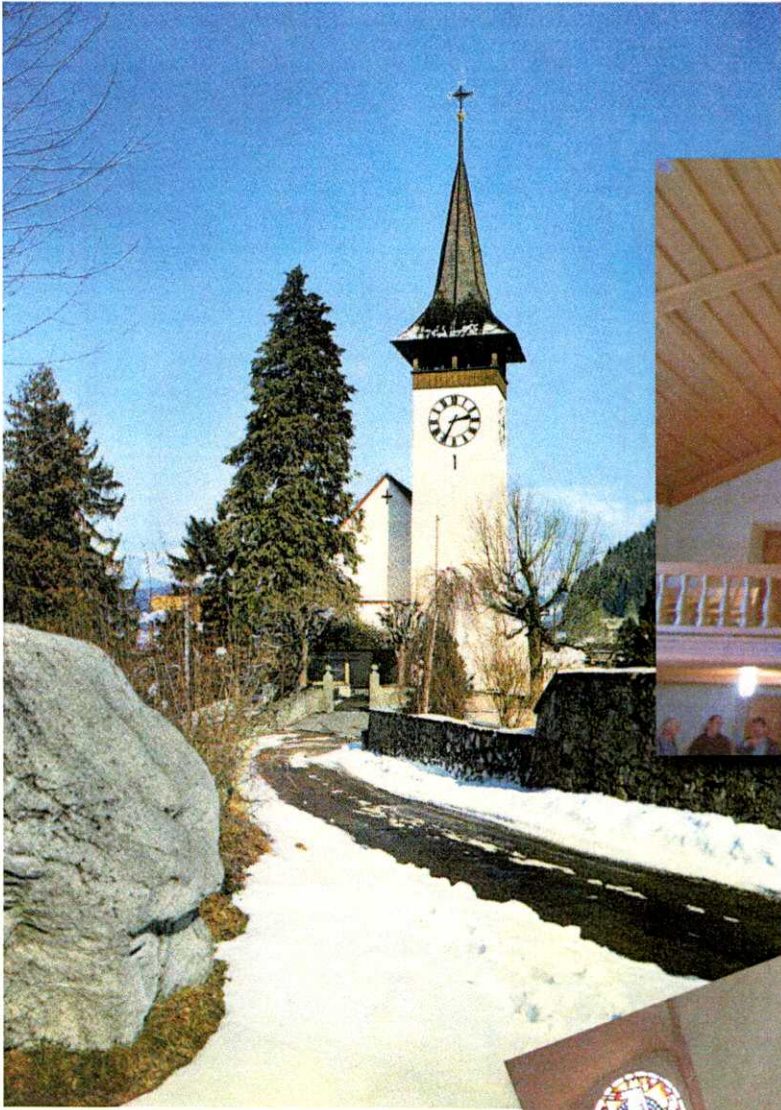


Wimmis Switzerland



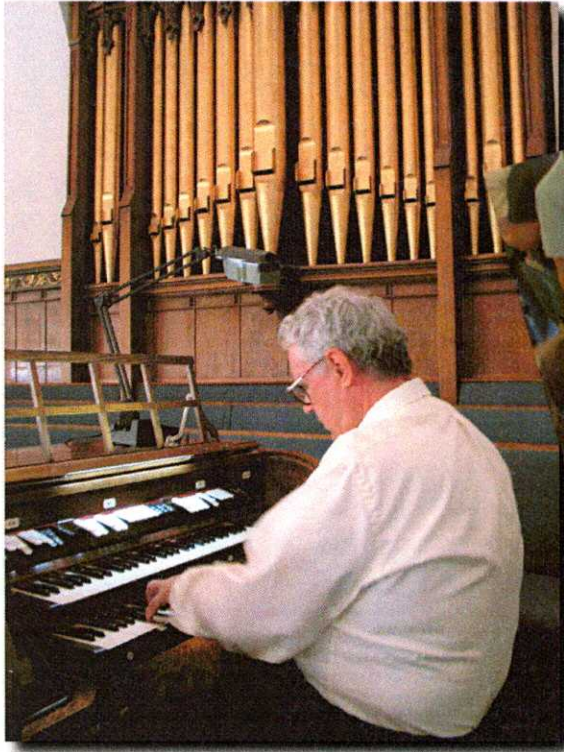
I







Loertscher Reunion 2006



I

