**Chapter 28 – HOME IN TAYLORSVILLE ON 33RD ST. – NOV. 1975 to AUG. 1976**

We began looking at homes in the Salt Lake area. It was really discouraging because we couldn’t afford the size home that our family needed. And, they wanted so much for just “dumps.” Ken’s parents said that they would loan us the money we needed for the down payment. Bob & Carroll went with us one Saturday. We had looked all day and were tired and discouraged. We were ready to go home when Bob said “Let’s just look at this one more home that we’ve circled in the paper. As we were going there, we passed a new housing division. In the window of the model home it said 7 ½ % interest. Interest was now going for 8 ½ and 9 % so we decided to stop and look. The homes were really nice. This one was a split level, carpeted throughout except the kitchen. The kitchen had built-ins, beautiful cupboards, etc., a nice fireplace in the front room, a double garage. When we asked the price, he said “$30,800.” We were so excited, as the other homes that were not nearly this nice without garages and fireplaces, were a lot more. We bought one of these homes. We had looked at a home the week before in Rose Park (North West of Salt Lake) It was really too small for our family, but it had been kept up nicely and was very clean. It had a full basement unfinished and it was fenced. We didn’t like the area too well, but felt it was the best we had looked at so far for the money. We fasted and prayed about it over the weekend and on Monday we decided to make an offer. The realtor called us back later and said the home had been sold over the weekend. We were disappointed, but felt like maybe it was meant to be because we had prayed about it. **When we found this home in Taylorsville, we knew the Lord had guided us to it.**

While in Taylorsville, **David's foot had kept turning in and so it was hard for him to walk, let alone run.** I remember seeing him coming home from school one day with his head drooped down. Kids had been making fun of him because of the way he walked. Kids can be so cruel. I again really got down on myself for not heeding the warning of the Holy Ghost so that David had to go through all this. It hurt me terribly. I thought why should this special child of mine have to suffer so much because of me. I kept praying that somehow, we could find someone who could help David.

When we were living in Erda, a good friend of ours, Harvey Russell, told us to take him to a doctor in Midvale. This doctor wasn't a Chiropractor, but something like that. Harvey told us that he had helped him and that people came all over to him. We got an appointment and I drove David in. This doctor worked on David's sciatic nerve and it was so painful for David. David is strong and can take a lot of pain, plus he doesn't give in to pain, but I could see from the terrible expressions on his face and the wrenching he was doing, that it was terrible. When I took him to the next appointment, David was begging me not to take him there. I thought we should try again if Harvey thought he was so good. Well, that was the last time I took him there. It was even more painful than before and I could hardly stand to watch him torture David, and that's what I felt he was doing. This doctor could see how tensed up I was - so he told me to sit on the table and he would limber me up. I did, and his fingers were so strong and powerful that he really hurt me - and I didn't have anything wrong with me. When the sciatic nerve is damaged, it is so painful, and here this doctor was working on David's like it was a piece of hamburger. When we got in the car, I told David I wouldn't ever bring him here again. At home, I told Ken about it and I said "if you feel strongly enough that he should go there again, you'll have to take him as I won't." I told him that I couldn't stand to watch him being tortured like that. Ken told me he didn't think it was worth it to put David through that either.

Mike and David played on the "T" ball team in Erda. I remember at one game, David was up to bat, he hit the ball, but not very far. He ran for 1st base, but he couldn't run very fast because of his club foot. The 1st baseman missed the ball and David made it to first. Each time he would go to run, they would fumble the ball and David would make it to the next base. He ended up making it to Home. A woman who was standing next to us, but didn't know us, make the remark "Someone up there (& pointed to Heaven) loves that little guy".

Soon after this incident, my mother heard about a Dr. Coleman at the University of Utah Hospital who was the best orthopedic surgeon in the western united states. She heard that you have to have another doctor make the appointment for you to get in to him. We talked to our doctor and asked if he would do this for us. He agreed and soon we were in Dr. Coleman's office. He examined David and told us that there were only two alternatives. The first alternative would be to operate, and it would take two operations. The first would be to cut the tendons in his arch to release it so his foot could straighten out (I'm not sure what all they had to do) and the 2nd operation, which would be after he recovered from the first operation, would be to take the tendon out of his big toe and put it in his heel - so he could move his foot up and down. He told us David would have therapy and learn how to walk with his foot this way, but it would correct the problem. He said the big toe would be straight and he wouldn't be able to bend it or move it up and down, but that would be minor compared to the correction of his club foot. He said the other alternative would be to do nothing and he would soon be in a wheelchair and remain in a wheelchair the rest of his life. Of course, we did not want this alternative so we agreed to the operations. They were successful, thanks to Dr. Coleman and the Lord. I am so thankful to the Lord, that we eventually were able to correct this problem so David could have a normal healthy life. When I would see him walking the wooden rail fence in Erda, climbing trees, etc., I would be so grateful to the Lord for answering our prayers.

I will share a couple of incidents relating to these operations. Ken and I would take turns staying at the hospital with David. I would stay during the day and Ken would stay at night and sleep in the recliner they had in his room. One-night Ken told David that he would just walk me out to the car and be right back in. I guess David thought his dad was taking too long and he was going to go find him - so he hobbled out of bed and saw a wheelchair just outside his room. He got in it and started going up and down the halls looking for his dad. When Ken came in and found that David was not in his bed, he called to a nurse to ask about David. She got excited (or worried) and started frantically looking for him and asking other nurses. They soon found him in the wheelchair, and he got a talking to from the nurses and doctor. I don't think Ken said too much since David had already been chewed out - except that he was really worried about him. We laugh about it now.

At home, David told Mike about how neat it was at the hospital - that you could choose any meals and deserts you wanted and you could choose frosted flakes for breakfast and it would come in tiny boxes. He also liked watching cartoons on TV from his bed.

Ken brought David home from the hospital after his second operation. I was at a neighbor's getting my hair done. Ken was managing the regional stake farm in Erda and we had a horse named Cocoa. David had missed ridding Cocoa and asked his dad if he could ride it. Ken agreed and took him out and put him on the horse. Scott wanted to ride also, so Ken put Scott on back behind David. Ken told David to just ride around carefully and he would come take them off in a few minutes. Well, David is daring and he saw a pile of dirt - that was a little hill and decided to ride up and down on it. As he did so, Scott started sliding off and since he had his arms around David, he pulled David off with him. Ken heard them crying and went to see what was the matter. David said his arm hurt really bad. Ken looked carefully at it, but didn't think it was broke so took them into the house. David continued to cry - so Ken decided he better take him back to Primary Children's Hospital. When he walked into the hospital, the same nurse who wheeled David out to the car when they left a couple of hours earlier, asked what he was doing back there with David. He said he fell off our horse and might have broken his arm. She was surprised, but said she would have the doctor look at it. He did and said he didn't think it was broken, but they had better X-ray it to be sure. The x-ray showed it was cracked - so they put a cast on his arm. Now he had a cast on his leg and a cast on his arm. When I came home from getting my hair done and asked the children where Dad & David were and they said dad had to take David back to the hospital, I was really worried. I wondered what the teachers and parents thought when they saw David with casts on both his arm and leg. He had to learn to write with his left hand, but he did get lots of attention and help as kids would run to open the doors for him since he was on crutches. David was in the second grade at this time. His teacher came to the house to tutor him some before he was able to go to school.

The following year, when we went to David's parent/teacher conference, his teacher talked to us about David and said he seems really despondent - that he doesn't play with the kids or on the playground at recess, he just sits on the steps and watches them. She said he seems like he is day dreaming as he doesn't get his work done and wasn't doing very well in school. She asked if he had had a physical lately and had his blood tested. That clued us in. We called Dr. Swanstrom down in Scottsdale and sent him a spernum from David. He called us back saying his iron, magnesium, etc., were really low again and he would send them up to us. A few weeks later, David's teacher called us and asked if I could stop by. She told me that never in her 28 years of teaching had she seen such a dramatic change in a child. He was now at the top of his class and seemed excited about learning. At recess he played with the kids and seemed to have lots of vitality and energy. She had asked David if he was taking medicine or something and David told her he was taking iron and other vitamins. She had gone down and spoken with the school nurse and asked if it could be possible for a child to change that much with just taking iron and vitamins. The nurse told her "yes" - that it could make a big change. She has seen a child's IQ go up a lot when they got on the proper nutrients. She was really excited to see the change in David. I guess it had come on so gradually, that Ken & I hadn't noticed the problem. We were surely glad she had brought it to our attention.

**TAYLORSVILLE CONTINUED:**

I’ve loved it here. The area is growing so fast that two and three families were moving into the ward almost every week. Our ward is the Taylorsville 25th ward. Our Bishop is Delmar Barth with Jed Burton and Neal Steadman as counselors. They are a terrific bishopric.

The Sunday after we moved in, Bishop called us in and asked Ken to be the Priest/Explorer leader and me to be the Mother Education teacher in Relief Society. Sandy was called to be the organist in Jr. Sunday School soon after**. Irven & Sandy (Ken’s younger brother & sister-in-law) were also looking for a home and when they saw ours, they also bought one just around the corner from us.** It was fun having them so close. The Sunday that Sandy was sustained as organist in the Jr. Sunday School, Sandy (Irven’s wife) was sustained as Laurel teacher in the M.I.A. When he asked for Sandra Browning to stand up, both Sandy’s stood up. He looked confused and then realized that both of their names were Sandra Browning, so he said for Sandra Lee Browning to remain standing. Both remained standing as both were Sandra Lee Browning. He was really taken in and so were the ward members. We had to chuckle at it. He finally asked for the oldest Sandra Lee Browning to remain standing, so our Sandy sat down. After he sustained the older one, he asked our Sandy to stand and he sustained her. I am also a visiting teacher and district leader in the Relief Society. We have enjoyed these positions very much. Ken goes home teaching to the Bishopric’s families and also loves this. Our neighborhood is great, the area is great, the ward and ward leaders are terrific and we really have enjoyed it here. We finished a room in the basement for Sandy and have started to make a room down there for Mike and David.

Our children have adjusted well here in Taylorsville, although Mike had a hard time at first. I can remember taking him to school and it was hard leaving him there as he was scared and shy. I came over some times at noon and found him sitting on the curb of the sidewalk by himself with his head in his hands. My heart would about break to see him so sad and lonely. I had a friend in the ward that had a son Mike’s age so we got them together. That helped some. David has three little friends in this area, Shellie has one and Sandy doesn’t have any in Harrisonwood, but there are two other girls her age in the ward. She enjoys them, but has had some problems with them. They tend to “use” her. They’re friendly to her and do things with her until someone more popular comes along, then they ignore her. The one girl’s name was **Sharon Larson**. Her mother and I were good friends. Sandy is too sweet to get very upset with them or tell them off. She did have some good times with them. Sandy has a great MIA teacher, and the adults in the ward all want her to babysit for them because she is so responsible and loves children. She has plenty of opportunities here as it is a young ward. Sandy received her patriarchal blessing in May. It’s a beautiful blessing.

(1999 - Boy, was I wrong. I said our children adjusted well here in Taylorsville. I really thought they had, but I have found out years later that it was really hard on especially Sandi and Mike. David didn’t like it that much either. Shellie hasn’t said much. Guess sometimes we don’t perceive how our children really feel. I thought I talked to my children and were close to them, but in later years I have found that it wasn’t always that way. It is so important to have good communication with our children to be able to help them and let them know we understand. Hope this will benefit our children. I think that’s one reason why the leaders of the Church ask fathers to have “Priesthood Interviews” with their children and for parents to take one-on-one time with them.)

Some of our close friends in Taylorsville include **Doris & Dave Larsen.** Doris was the counselor in the Relief Society over me. Doris is a wonderful person and she was closer to my age than most of the other women. Most of the sisters in our ward were just newly married or young mothers. Doris cried when I told her we were going to move. We were really good friends. They gave us a beautiful church book when we moved. Her husband, Dave, was over Ken in the A.P.Y.M. program where Ken was the Priest and Explorer advisor. Dave was the president of the A.P.Y.M. Doris was also concerned about Sharon for she liked Sandy being Sharon’s friend. Dave & Doris’s oldest daughter went on a mission and she returned soon after we had moved to Erda and Ken was put in as 1st counselor to Bishop Brown. He called Dave and asked if he and his daughter could speak at our ward in Sacrament meeting. They accepted and came. Their daughter spoke first and then Dave. While Dave was speaking, all I remember was him saying “Isn’t that right, Ken?” and turned around to face Ken. It was hot that day and Ken has a hard time sitting very long without getting sleepy, so he had fallen asleep. Dave was so surprised that he could hardly continue his talk. He and Doris were so upset that Ken would fall asleep while Dave was speaking, that they rushed out of the church and never spoke to us again. Ken tried to apologize, but they wouldn’t accept his apology. We felt so bad about that and I was really embarrassed that Ken had fallen asleep – but he couldn’t help it. He said he had tried to stay awake.

**Lorraine Anderton** was the Relief Society President. She was probably in her 40's. She was such a sweet and wonderful person also and a great Relief Society President. She really went the extra mile. I really enjoyed her. **Diane Stemmons** was also a good friend. She was younger than I, but we had a lot in common and we enjoyed visiting together. We used to talk for long periods of time on the phone and we’d go places together sometimes. We’d invite her and Jack over to our home and they would invite us to their home. Ken & Louise Wilde were also good friends. Ken Wilde was also a high priest so Ken and Ken Wilde were home teaching partners. We also went to the temple with them a few times. Paula Favor does my hair for me. She used to be a beauty operator so I would pay her $2.50 each week to do my hair. I would wash and set it and she would comb it out. We became good friends through this, and I would look forward to going so we could visit. Her son, Steven, was David’s best friend. We invited them over for Family Home Evening one time, and when we moved, they brought us a beautiful large fern as a going away present. I still go each week while the weather is good to have her do my hair and then I do other errands that day also. Our neighbors next to us were good people and we enjoyed visiting with them, but they were either non-Mormons or inactive. We tried to fellowship them. The Filters on the East of us were non-Mormons and we gave them a Book of Mormon with our testimonies written in the inside. They had told the missionaries that they were not interested at this time, but I hope they will be in the future. We enjoyed our other neighbors and people in the ward also, it was a good ward. Our Bishop was our age and we enjoyed them also.

With **Irven and Sandy** living close by, that was fun too. They had moved in two weeks after we did. They had come to visit us and loved our home, the new neighborhood and the price of the homes in that area, so they bought one soon after, just a couple of blocks away. Sandy and I would usually call each other at least once a day to see how each other was doing and to ask favors or to borrow from each other. This was really nice. Also, in the evenings, we would walk over some times or they would come over and we’d enjoy visiting. Irven always brought out the ice cream when we’d go over and usually he had root beer to go with it. Irven had gone into a jewelry business about the time Ken started working on the farm. We were a little leery about Irven going into it full time and so were his folks, but he was really excited about it. It fell through so they moved to Pocatello, Idaho just before we moved here to Erda. The people in the ward said it was bad enough to lose one of the Browning families, but it was terrible to lose both of them. Irven had been a Seventy and teaching the investigator class in Sunday School and Sandy had been the Laurel teacher in A.P.Y.W. They have three children at this time: Douglas age 3, Andrea age 2 and Jennifer age 1 and they’re expecting another baby this coming February - so they have their hands full. They were both 28 years old when they married, and they wanted a large family, so they felt they had to have them close in order to have as many as they wanted.

**Ken went to work on the stake farm about two months ago and was told that the five stakes were purchasing 350 acres of land in Tooele to raise the feed for the dairy farm that they already have**. Ken was excited because he knew they would need a full-time farm manager for that much land, so he asked the children and I how we would feel if he applied for the job. We were surprised after only living here six months and we still didn’t have drapes on all the windows, but he was so excited and I didn’t feel he would get the job since he didn’t have much farm experience - so I agreed to have him apply. To my surprise, he did get the job. I had a hard time with this. We had this beautiful home and I really loved it. I loved the ward, neighbors, area, etc. I hated to move the children again and so soon. They had hardly had time to get acquainted with friends, teachers, etc. Moves are harder on children than on parents. **Ken had a good job back in the computer field as a programmer for Gary Miles**. He was enjoying it, but when this came up, he was ready to quit and go. **He had always wanted to be a farmer**. His mother had told me that. I prayed, cried, moped, etc., but didn’t know what to do now that he was given the job. I felt maybe I was selfish asking him not to take the job and move us again. It was one of the hardest moves I’ve had to make. We went out to Ken’s parents one day while this was going on. Bob & Carroll were there and I remember as we talked, both Ken’s mom and Bob told me that they felt that whoever was earning the living for the family should be the one to make the decision of what occupation or job they wanted to have. I remember going outside and walking as I was really upset. I decided I might as well give in, that I guess there wasn’t any use fighting it. They had made me feel that it wasn’t my decision to make anyway - if Ken was earning the living for our family, so I guess it was his decision.

Finally, I felt some better and thought that maybe it would be a good thing for the children to grow up on a farm and learn the value of work. They would also be able to have lots of animals, and I felt it would be great for the boys especially. After we drove out to the land in Erda where the farm would be, I got more excited. It was so beautiful out there - lots of good land and the wide-open spaces instead of being confined to a neighborhood. It was a little valley surrounded by beautiful mountains. We could drive to the mountains for a picnic or camping in just a few minutes. It was a small town. It turned out to be a great town.

We were still living in Taylorsville and Ken was commuting back and forth until they built us a home on the farm. I still had mixed feelings for a while. I hated to move again and I really loved it in Taylorsville. The area was great. We lived just a couple of blocks away from a shopping center. The big Valley Fair Mall was a few blocks away, also Grand Central and Skaggs stores were close by, plus many other stores, drive-in’s, café’s, etc. But, we’re off to a new adventure and the thoughts of raising our children on a farm where they can work with their dad, have animals to care for and enjoy, was a good thought. You can see how I went back and forth. I was thrilled for the fact that Ken would be doing what he’s always wanted to do. Many men are not able to do that. I sure hope it is the wise decision to make. My mother is upset about it. She feels Ken should settle down and stick with one job and be happy - not keep moving us around the country. I do hope the farm will be our last move. We’ve met many wonderful people and had many wonderful experiences as we’ve moved around and I’m thankful for them, but I’m tired and would like to get settled and get a nice garden, lawns, home, etc.

When we moved to Taylorsville, the move was hard on **Casper**. She wouldn’t eat, etc., for a few days and we were worried about her. When Ken got the job with the farm and knew we would be moving again and that another move would be hard on Casper, he decided to take her out with him and get her used to being there before we actually moved. She loved to run beside the tractor as he worked on the farm. One day he came home without her. I asked where she was and he had a sad expression on his face and said that when he was driving the tractor, she got too close to the wheel and got run over. We were all devastated. We all loved that beautiful dog. Casper loved us too and was so protective of us. I cried and cried as did the children. I hope we have that dog again in the next life.