**Chapter 3 – MY DAD – GLENDON CLARK PORTER**



My dad was a wonderful father. I remember during my childhood of seeing my father studying the scriptures (which he did whenever he had a few spare minutes) and going to his meetings. He was in the Bishopric for seven years while I was growing up. George Reed was the Bishop and Oz Knight was the other counselor. They put Dad in the High Council for a few years and later he became a Bishop after I was married. He had been a scout master, teacher, High Priest Group Leader, temple officiator in the Ogden Temple, and always a home teacher.

Dad worked hard to support his family. He usually had a part-time job along with his full-time job. He worked for the Ogden Arsenal and it later was merged in with Hill Air Force Base. He worked part-time for Sunset City for a while, and later he sold about everything there was to sell from Mason Shoes and vitamins to Life Insurance.

I remember Dad playing catch with us kids out on the front lawn a few times. I have fond memories of his laying down in one of our beds with us at night telling us stories of "Old Ginger" his horse and his experiences in growing up on the farm. We children loved these times. I was happy that my parents showed love for each other. It made me feel happy and secure.

Dad has always had a strong testimony of the gospel, has been very faithful in his church callings. He has always had a testimony of tithing, fast offerings and other donations and always gave more than was expected. I always knew Dad loved me and he would hug me and tell me so. When he grew up he didn't get this from his parents, and he missed it - so he did show love and affection to his family.

Mom didn't sleep very well at nights, so Dad would usually get up in the mornings and fix cooked wheat cereal for breakfast or once in a while Oatmeal. Dad was very health conscious and knew that wheat and oatmeal were very good for us, so we grew up with them, plus they were inexpensive to make, and we didn’t have much money to spare. Dad's family didn't have much money, when he was growing up, and they just ate the basics or stables. On Saturdays, Mom would usually fix pancakes, French toast or once in a while, waffles. On Sunday mornings we could have cold (prepared) cereal like cheerios, corn flakes, etc. I got so sick of wheat cereal and oatmeal (especially wheat cereal) that after I was married I couldn't even think of fixing it until I had children and I realized how important it was to their health to have it and, so I began making it. I didn't make it every day, however, only about once a week. Most of the children didn't like it, but they ate it anyway at least when they were young. Ken & I really like it now.

Dad & Mom always took vitamins and minerals and had us children take them also. I joke about how my friends would come to my house when we were in Jr High and High School to wait with me for the school bus (which would stop at the church next door, and if we weren't watching for it, Joe would stop in front of my house and honk his horn for us - great bus driver) They would tease me that dad would chase me around the table to make me take my vitamins before I left for school. I don't think it was that bad, but he was really concerned about our health. If ever we got colds or became sick, he didn’t give us much sympathy. He would say we were sick because we stayed up too late at night so didn't get enough sleep or because we ate too much candy and sweets.

(See if I wrote someplace else about dad giving me money when Ken and I were struggling financially. I didn’t ask for it, but he sincerely wanted to help us. He was wonderful. He told me not to tell Mom as he had saved this money for such purposes.

Dad also came over and had lunch with me & the children when we were living in Clearfield. We were renting this home from Uncle Dale, Dad’s brother, and dad was retired from the government and working part-time for Dale. I loved having him come and the wonderful conversations we had. One such conversation was when Ken wanted me to go on a horse pack-in trip with Larry & Tammy, Bob & Pauline and John & Linda. I didn’t want to go because I had gone horse-back riding with Larry & Tammy before and it had turned out horrible – scratched up, sunburned, saddle sore and very tired. I was nursing Mike and knew if I went for that week in Wyoming with them, I would have to stop nursing him and I didn’t want to. Dad told me I should stand up for myself and tell Ken I wasn’t going. He told me that I was like my little Grandma Bushnell as she would give in to Grandpa, but after she started sticking up for herself, Grandpa respected her more and treated her better. I did go, and was glad I did as it was such beautiful country and we passed by beautiful lakes and rivers and we were in a beautiful forest. It turned out to be a wonderful trip and we all enjoyed being together.)

(For more information on Dad, refer to the Blue "Byron Porter Family Descendants" book or the talk I gave at his funeral. I will try to find and insert that talk here in the "Parents" section of this history.)

**LETTER I WROTE TO DAD ON MAY 22, 1987**

Dear Dad,

Thanks for being such a wonderful father. You have always been handsome and a great example, so I was always proud to be your daughter. Thanks for teaching me the gospel and showing love to me in many ways. I have wonderful memories of growing up, many of these were because of you.

Thanks for telling us stories of Ginger and your life as we were growing up. Thanks for taking time to play “catch” with us on the front lawn, taking us on picnics up Weber Canyon. I remember how beautiful it was, and how fun it was to go exploring while Mom got the food on the picnic table. Thanks for taking us up to Morgan to visit Grandpa and Grandma Porter. I loved to go there.

I appreciate your good sense of humor – how you’d call us children many times, by funny names, also your grandkids. You have such a great “laugh”, and it always made me laugh and be happy when you’d laugh. I’ll never forget coming over to visit and seeing you chasing Mom’s cat with the vacuum cleaner – and how you were laughing.

I remember the fun times when you’d lay on the floor and “balance” us kids. The first grandkids enjoyed it too. A few months ago, Mike and David were balancing Jeff and Scott, and I knew where they had learned it from. Thanks for playing “volleyball” with us at family reunions and other outings. You were always so good, and it made it more fun to have you playing there with us. Thanks for the good ice cream cones at Browns in Ogden.

After I was married and living in Clearfield, I’d look forward to you coming over from working at Uncle Dales to have lunch with me, and we’d have lots of good talks. I’ve enjoyed the good talks since also.

I have always been proud to have you conduct meetings when you were in the Bishopric, give talks, work in the temple, read the scriptures, etc.

Thanks for the many back rubs and foot rubs. They sure made me feel better, and it showed you cared when you’d do these things for us children. Another special way you and Mom show you care is by supporting us when we give talks, have our children blessed, baptized, etc. Also, the great sacrifice you have given us, many times, of money, cars, being there when we need you. What a great dad you are, and I love you very much. Mae

Several years ago **dad** **wanted to go on a trip down to Southern Utah and see Zion’s Canyon, and other places for the last time**. His health had been declining as he had an inherited disease “Anti Tripson Deficiency” which is a lung disease. Mom had told me that he really hoped someone would take them there. I went into his office /bedroom where he was and told him that I was sure that Ken would agree that we could take he and mom on that trip. He got all excited and said they would pay for the gas. The next thing I knew was Mom calling me at home and saying: “Did you tell your dad that we were going this coming weekend?” I said “no” and she said well, he thinks you did and he’s getting packed to go. Ken and I didn’t want to disappoint him so we did make arrangements to take them.

We had a wonderful time. When we were at Zion’s, dad didn’t have the energy to walk on any of the trails, but they said for Ken and I to go and they would just wait there at the camp. As we were about to head for home, we asked if they would like to go see Cedar Breaks too and they said they would. Well, that was a mistake as it is too high and the altitude was too hard on dad. He couldn’t breathe well and so we quickly went on home. He kept declining until he had to be on oxygen 24/7. We felt bad that we had taken him up there.