**Chapter 45 – EXPERIENCES OF NOT GIVING UP:**

**"Don't quit or give up".** That has been my feelings since I was young. I hope I will always be strong in this especially with regards to the church. I will relate a few incidents in hopes that when my family reads this, they will realize the importance of "not giving up".

The first was when we moved to Clearfield in 1968, I was asked to teach the **Trekker boys in Primary** - 10 year olds. They had had a wonderful teacher whom they loved, but she was asked to be the chorister in MIA. She was sad because she loved the boys and wanted to stay with them, but hated to turn the Bishopric down so she accepted. The boys were really upset and when I came to be their teacher, they wouldn't accept me. I tried to sit next to them in opening exercises and they would scoot away from me and give me terrible looks and say "leave me alone". When we went to the classroom, I really had problems. They were running all over the room, yelling, and causing all sorts of disturbance. The Primary President had to come in a couple of times and talk to them. I went home crying more than once. But, I wasn't going to let them get to me. I kept trying, praying and fasting. Finally two or three months later, the lesson was on knot tying. I had been stake activity counselor in the Farr West stake in Ogden and been over camp for the young women, and also camp director 2 or 3 years later for three years - so was good at tying knots. When the boys saw that I could tie knots, they decided I wasn't all bad - and it went uphill from then on. I had one boy, Lane Adams, who was my biggest challenge. I really worked to get him to accept me, and we became close. It seems the ones you work hardest with become the closest to you. His mother became my first counselor in the primary presidency a few months later when they asked me to be the Primary President. Carolyn Cue was my second counselor. We had a wonderful presidency - thanks to inspiration and the spirituality of Kent Murdock who was the counselor in the Bishopric over the primary. He later became Bishop and Ken was his first counselor. (That's another story)

Another challenge of teaching a class was when we moved down to **Arizona the first time** - in the Lehi ward. I was asked **to teach the Laurels**. I was really excited because I had taught the Mia Maids in the Mount Fort Ward in Ogden and loved them. Deanna Green (now my sister-in-law, Bryce's wife, was one of the girls in my class) and I had been ward MIA counselor, president and stake activity counselor (now YWMIA) since Ken & I were married. I had loved working in the MIA. When we moved from Ogden to Clearfield, I had been in the primary and in Relief Society. I loved the children, but I missed the young women. I felt the Laurels would be the best age to teach as they were past the giggling stage and were more mature. The Laurels in the other two wards were great examples to the younger girls. But, I was in for a rude awakening with these girls - they were not a good example to the younger girls, in fact, they were awful. The first week (this was before the block schedule and we met each Tuesday night for lessons and activities) I sat in opening exercises with them and was horrified as one of the Laurels made fun of one of the Mia Maid girls. The Mia Maid was one of 14 children of the lst counselor in the Bishopric. I'm not sure if this Laurel felt this family wasn't as good as hers or what - but she was saying to her "mice, mice are running up and down you". She kept it up and the other Laurels were snickering. I finally took all I could and told her to stop. During class they were doing everything except trying to listen to the lesson. I felt I was well prepared and I have always tried to put a lot into my lessons so they would not be boring. They were visiting among themselves, doing their nails, two were combing each other's hair, etc. I was really disgusted. I went home crying. Ken asked me after several classes such as this, why I didn't quit and I said because I don't "quit". The Lord will help me again. I remember one terrible joint activity where the boys were supposed to teach the girls how to change tires, etc., and the girls were going to teach the boys how to bake cookies, iron their shirts, etc. It turned out terrible. Even in the planning, the girls just wanted to go out and "neck" with the boys - that was their idea of an fun activity. One girl, during the time we were in the kitchen teaching the boys how to bake, found some matches in the cupboard and started lighting them and acting like she was going to start a fire. Another dance activity, one girl brought her boyfriend and then wanted to go off with him. We had set some strict rules because of the way these boys & girls were - so we ended up calling her father, who came and got her. I really had problems with her for awhile after that. I fasted and prayed and about half-way through the year, they came around. I think they finally realized that I cared about them as I had done extra things for them, but one night they were at my home baking cookies to send to the missionaries from our ward. We had a good time and from then on, it got better and better. They invited me to their temple marriages and the one girl who had made fun of the Mia Maid my first night there (Sharla) later became my counselor in the Primary presidency when we moved back to Arizona in the 40th ward in Mesa about six years later.

Still another example was when I was asked to teach the **10 year old boys in Primary soon after we moved to Grantsville in 1980**. After I was sustained in that position, I had people coming up to me and offering me condolences as they said that was the hardest class in primary - that they had run several teachers out. It was a hard class. My son, David, was in the class, but he was wonderful, especially compared to the other 10 boys. Each boy was unique in his misbehavior, but all of them misbehaved. One made noises like he was an airplane (Greg Burgess), one tried to make the others laugh by making funny antics, etc. (Judd ), one was a smart allec, one couldn't sit still, etc., etc. That class was really a challenge, but I determined they were not going to run me out. I fasted and prayed and tried different approaches, etc. But they finally came around when they realized I really cared about them. I had heard the quote several years earlier "I don't care how much you know, until I know how much you care". I baked and decorated birthday cakes, and took to them on their birthdays. I had them come to my house and worked with them so they would be prepared to go into the Blazer class when they turned 11 years old, we had parties, I bore my testimony to them, etc. I really did care about them. I really grew to love each of them and was sad when they did turn 11 and went to the next class.