**Chapter 51 – KEN’S MOM:**

KEN’S MOTHER’S HISTORY: A few years ago, while our family was living with Ken’s mother (1986 – 1990), I encouraged Ken’s mother to write her history. She would say “Oh nobody would want to read it if I did. My life has been boring”. One day I started asking her questions about her life and as she answered these questions, I would write them down. Soon other things about her life would pop into her mind and she would tell me those things or experiences. It wasn’t long until I had several pages and then I read it back to her. I felt she had some great experiences and so I kept encouraging her to write down things as they came to her mind. Pretty soon, she was excited too. This went on for some time. Finally, I was able to compile it and add pictures. She passed away in November of that year. She had wanted to give them as Christmas gifts to her children and siblings, so we had them printed and spiral bound and gave the books as her final gift to them.



Mom Jensen had been showing signs of Dementia since we lived with her from 1986 through 1990. Her 3rd husband, Leo Jensen had passed away and she was lonely. We had had financial problems in Arizona and so had come to live with her to get back on our feet. She was forgetful and would mention frequently that she couldn’t remember things and hoped her mind wasn’t going. She would accuse Jeff of taking things and losing them - when it was her. After we bought our home at 778 E 700 S, she continued to worsen and we finally had to take her car away from her as she would get confused and get lost plus her eyes were getting bad. She had said to Ken “I don’t want to drive any more, take my car”. He took that opportunity. She regretted it soon after, and almost to the day she died, would keep telling us that she shouldn’t have given us her car as she needed it so she could go to the store and other places where she wanted to go. We kept her car for a few months, but it was too hard for Mom as when we would bring her over for Sunday dinner, etc., and she would see her car in our garage, she would stroke it and cry. We finally traded it in on a truck for Ken.

Aunt Vida had been living in a retirement home in Boise, Idaho and Mom wanted her to come live with her, so she finally did. That didn’t work too well either for they would argue and fight verbally with each other plus Aunt Vida was so wobbly and she insisted on going down into the basement as that bathroom had a shower and she liked to shower rather than bathe. Mom preferred bathing. We worried about Aunt Vida falling as she went down the stairs. Mom kept calling Bob (he was retired so was generally home where she would reach him) to come and find things for her or do things for her. It got to be such a problem as she was calling him 5 or 6 times a day. He & Carroll lived in Sunset and Mom in Layton - so he didn’t get much else done. He would call me at Lincoln Elementary many times and ask if I could come over after work to try to find her (glasses, purse, etc) that she couldn’t find. I would pray and then look for it and usually find what she had lost.

Bob was frustrated and asked Ken what could be done. They finally decided that they would need to move her in with Bob. They were going to make an addition on Bob’s present home, but that didn’t work so Bob & Carroll sold their home (which they had paid for) and took out a loan to buy a bigger home in Clinton so Ken could remodel the basement and make an apartment for Mom & Aunt Vida. It took Ken about 3 months by working nights after work until late and each Saturday. Ken about lost his health doing this and I was worried about him.

Mom never did like it there even though it was a beautiful apartment. She was a negative person and so would say that it was a “hole in the ground” and she would say no one ever came to see her and that Bob never came down and that she never got to go anyplace. This wasn’t true, but I think a lot of it was the dementia. She couldn’t remember when people came to visit her, when we’d take her places, (we took her to Idaho when we would go visit David & Shauna, or Rick & Lois or go to Island Park with Rich & Lois to stay for a week in February with them in their vacation condo. We would drop her off at her brother, Irven’s or her sister, Wilma place and pick her up on the way back. Bob & Carroll & Irven & Sandy would take her there also. She couldn’t remember any of this. We visited her often and Bob came down at least once or twice a day.

Finally, Aunt Vida, went downhill and her son, Mark, who was divorced, came to live with them to take care of his mom. He took care of Mom also and it was a blessing for us. It was hard on him as Mom resented him fixing meals, etc., and would give him a hard time. Mom fell outside, one day while working in the yard, and broke her arm. Irven went over and stayed in the hospital with her that night and I came the next morning to stay with her. That was a hard time for all of us. Mom couldn’t remember why the cast was on her arm and would keep trying to get it off with knives (we finally had to hide them), scissors, or whatever she could find. She even tried to soak it off and the doctor had to put a new cast on. She kept digging at it until she caused it to heal unnaturally which looked awful when the cast came off. It hurt her and she was unrelentless about wanting it off and she would become quite angry and upset. It was more than Mark could handle so Irven & Sandy and Ken & I plus Bob would take turns staying day & night with her. We didn’t sleep so well at night since she would be up a lot.

Mark lived here about 2 ½ years when his mother passed away in Jan. of 2002. He didn’t want to stay and take care of Mom, but he had no place to go - so Bob & Carroll let him have one of their bedrooms upstairs and they stored his other things in their garage. Bob & Carroll are good people. I have been upset with them at times because they expect Ken to remodel their homes and do repairs and they don’t ever pay him. They have bought him a couple of tools and fixed meals for him when he’s there doing the work, but it upset me that everyone else pays Ken even my Mom & Dad and our children, but Bob never has. Irven asked Bob about it one time and Bob said “If I paid Ken to do the work, I couldn’t afford to have it done.” Ken was busy and we needed the money so I have felt resentful at times. But I hope I have repented as since I have gotten to know them better I can see what good people they are, and how good they have been to Mom.

Irven & Sandy took Mom to their home after Aunt Vida passed away as they felt it would be too hard on her to be alone. That only lasted a couple of months as she kept insisting that she wanted to go back to her home. She even tried walking there a couple of times. She made it so miserable for them that they finally called a meeting with the other two brothers & spouses (Bob & Ken). They said they needed to bring her back to her apartment and that we would all need to take turns staying with her. They had worked out a schedule for us all. They would stay Sunday night, Monday, Monday night, Tuesday, Tuesday night & Wednesday. Irven’s wife, Sandy, doesn’t work so she could stay the days and Irven would come after work and they would stay with her until Wednesday night. Ken & I were to stay with her Wednesday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday nights and Saturday day if we could and Bob would look out for her on Thursday, Friday & some Saturdays during the day. Irven had contacted Cheryl, Mom’s oldest granddaughter, to come stay with her on Sundays and she agreed to do that. We did this for a few months, but it was a hardship on everyone.

Ken & I had put up our home for sale hoping to sell it quickly and then Ken would have the money to buy the materials to start building our home in Star Valley, Wyoming. We had purchased the land while up visiting Sandi & Terry. Well, our home didn’t sell quickly, even though all our neighbors thought it would as we had made the home and landscaping really attractive. It turned out that with the low economy, homes were not selling. Homes had been selling good in the spring, but seldom now. The realtor explained that many Realtors were going out of business and that there were so many people losing their homes and that the listing would fill a large telephone book.

**Ken & I thought about what to do - whether to go on a mission first and let Scott, Mishelle & their family move into our home and pay what they could for rent and Ken & I move in with Mom to take care of her. We made it a matter of prayer and Ken also spent a afternoon in the Celestial room in the temple to get some answers. Ken had the feeling that we should not build up in Star Valley at this time, but we should move in with Mom, have Scott & Mishelle move into our home and continue planning for a mission - that things would work out. Well they have. If we place our faith in the Lord, He will work things out for us.**

We moved in with Mom the end of July. It was both hard, but good. It was good doing things for Mom and most of the time she really appreciated it, but it was also hard as she couldn’t remember hardly anything and didn’t even know who we were part of the time. She thought Ken was her husband, her brother and her son at different times. I’m not sure who she thought I was - sometimes a stranger. Many times, she would act out especially if we told her “you can’t”, “Don’t do that”, “No” and anything like that. She would explode and start shouting, swearing, etc. People and doctors have told us that many people who have Alzheimer’s or Dementia act out that way. Many times, I would rather have stayed at work, rather than come home as I was always tense, not knowing how she would be and it caused me and Ken a lot of stress. Bob & Carroll had taken care of her about 7 years before Mark came and they were “burned out”. Even with Mark & then us there, it was still hard on them as she would go up during the night and wake them up at times, and go up during the day when we were at work. Carroll wasn’t a good house keeper and it really bothered Mom and she would get upset and start cleaning Carroll’s house. Of course, it upset Carroll and they had problems. Many times, 5 minutes later, Mom wouldn’t remember anything about what she had said or done, but it still really bothered Carroll and Bob. By this time, they didn’t have much patience with her, but I could understand why. Finally, the 1st of October, 2002, there was another big episode between Mom & Carroll and Mom threatened to beat Cole, Sherry’s son, and started after him. Carroll couldn’t take it any longer and wanted Mom out of her house. Ken was going to be gone to Mike & Becky’s doing some work in their basement and then to Roy & Linda’s in California, so I was worried about being alone with her also. Bob & Ken had talked about putting Mom in a nursing home, but Irven & Sandy had a fit every time we talked about it. They wouldn’t hear of doing it. I think they felt guilty about putting Sandy’s mother in one and she wasn’t treated like they thought she should be. Anyway, Ken told Bob they would have to do it now. The doctor had already told them that they would eventually have to put Mom in one as she would only get worse and that the hardest thing about this disease is “caretaker burnout”. He told them that when they needed to do it to just call him and he would make the arrangement. In order to have Medicare pay for it, they had to put her in the hospital for three days, then 3 months in a nursing home and they would evaluate her. If they felt she really needed it, they would pay for it and take her assets and social security checks. (In order to quality for Medicare to do this, the person couldn’t have over $2,000. Mom doesn’t.) Ken called the doctor and then he went on down to Mike’s and left Bob & I to take care of this situation. Bob took her to the hospital. She was really upset and told him “that’s the last time I will take a ride with you”. We called Irven & Sandy, and they were upset with us for doing this, but came to visit Mom a lot while she was in the hospital. Bob & I did also. Mom was upset and wanted us to take her home. We could usually calm her down by playing “rummy” (her favorite card game). Bob looked for a nice nursing home, but couldn’t find one close by. He called me at work and asked if I could meet him at the South Ogden Rehab (which is a nursing home) as he liked that one. I met him after work and was impressed with it also. It was carpeted throughout, and was decorated very nice - felt so warm and homey. Bob met with the manager the next day and did the paperwork. I stayed up until after midnight that night packing Mom’s belongings so Bob and his son, Grant, could bring them to the nursing home the next afternoon where I met them and together we arranged her room. I had taken my nails and hammer and stayed later to hang her pictures and other decorations on the walls and arrange the furniture better. On October 1, 2002, the caseworkers, from the hospital, were supposed to take Mom from the hospital to the nursing home, but she wouldn’t go with them. They finally called Bob and told him. He called Ken and together they convinced her to go with them and that they would be taking her to her new apartment. She had wanted her own apartment since we took her out of her home. She liked it, so after a while they left. That evening she had forgot, and insisted that she use the phone at the nurse’s station where she called Bob and demanded that he come and get her. He told her he couldn’t that night, but he would be up the next day to see her.

Well, her calling and being upset and demanding continued for the next two or three weeks. We would go there and find her upset so we would spend the next hour or more convincing her of what a nice apartment she had and the nice people who were taking care of her and that she wanted her own apartment and now she had it. One time when I had gone alone, I walked her down to the rooms where the fish tank was and also the sun room. They were furnished so nice and the atmosphere was wonderful, beautiful, soothing and relaxing. I told her how lucky she was to be here and that I would like to trade her as she didn’t have to worry about anything - that it was all done for her, nice people doing it for her, and at least one family member coming to visit her every day. She had good food, entertainment, games, church meetings, family home evening, etc., etc. Maybe I would feel different if I were there, but it does seem so nice and also nice not to have any responsibilities - at least for a while. I’m so busy all the time that I hardly have any time to sit down and rest. I do enjoy my life, however, and it makes me happy to serve others, especially my family, and accomplish things. As I was ready to leave, I gave her a hug and she said “You won’t forget me, will you?” That really touched me and I said “Of course not, Mom, I love you and I will be up here to see you as often as I can.” She also said, as I was going out the door, “Tell my family I still love them even though they put me here.”

Ken went to the Priesthood session of October General conference with his sons, Scott & Jeff. He had only been gone a few minutes when Bob knocked on the door of our home (where Scott & Mishelle were living as Mishelle had invited me to come and be with them while the guys were at conference). When I answered it, I found him all upset and he asked where Ken was. I told him Ken, Scott & Jeff were at the stake house for conference. I could see he was all dressed up to go also, but he asked me for directions as he said he had to get him and they had to quickly go to the nursing home as Mom had hit a nurse in the face, took off her shoe, was waving it back and forth and threatened to hit anyone who came near her. When Ken got home, later that night, he explained that when they got there he told Bob to stay in the car, as he was worried about Bob having a heart attack or stroke as he was so upset from the phone call. Mom threatened to hit Ken also when he started towards her so he sat across the hall from her. He couldn’t hear her so she finally told him he could sit by her. He had a hard time calming her down and getting her to her room as she had decided she was leaving this place. That is where the problem started. The nurse & aids saw her heading for the door and told her not to leave. Well, you don’t tell Mom not to do anything. You can’t say “no”, “don’t”, “you can’t do that”, etc. If you do, she explodes and you wish you hadn’t.

She did that to me one day when I was doing the laundry on a Saturday in her home. She was taking it out of the dryer and it was permanent press clothes and she was wrinkling them. I told her I could do it and she said “no”, that she had them. I told her that she was wrinkling them so she threw them at me, said she couldn’t do anything right anymore and that she was leaving. She started swearing, yelling, etc. I got so upset that I said things I shouldn’t have also. When she went out the door, I went in the bedroom, knelt down and prayed and asked the Lord to help me calm down, to forgive me, and help me be able to go out and apologize and get things better again. He did bless me and I was able to go out and find her working in the yard, I hugged her and told her I was sorry. She said she was sorry too and that we would forget the whole incident. I was grateful.

Irven & Sandy finally realized that we had done the right thing to put Mom in a rest home. They realized how bad mom was and that these people were trained to take care of Alzheimer and dementia patients. They were happy about how nice the nursing home was (Sandy’s Mom’s wasn’t nearly this nice) and how nice the nurses and aids were to Mom.

Irven made up a schedule for all of us giving us certain days to be with Mom so she would have family with her every day. We didn’t have to be with her 24 hours a day, but someone was there for at least an hour or longer every day. The nurses and aids couldn’t believe that we were there so much, they told us that none of the other patients had visitors so often. Cheryl still wanted to come and be with her on Sundays. Many times, she would bring her sister, Terry, with her.

Mom started having problems with her bowels. She got hydroids also, which caused her a lot of pain. The nurses gave her medicine for that and they had to clean up a lot of messes. Many times, we would go there and find a real mess everywhere and it smelled terrible. We could hardly stand to go in. I would gather up all these clothes and wash them out in the toilet and sink and wash down the bathroom. I felt bad for Mom as it really bothered her that she was having these problems. Mom was a private person, when it came to things like this, and she was very independent, but she didn’t have the strength and mentality to take care of these problems now. Even though it was hard, I am glad I was able to help her with these things. I felt I was showing love for her.

Cheryl and Terry came one Sunday and found Mom in this mess and they were really upset. Cheryl called us and wanted us all to come in as she felt the nursing home wasn’t taking care of her Grandma. Irven was here and he said he would go in and calm Cheryl and Terry down. Ken had had to go in and calm down Irven and Sandy one time when they went in and found her like that. Irven & Sandy were so upset that they chewed out the nurses and aids and had the whole place upset with our family. The people at the nursing home did take good care of Mom, but they couldn’t be with her all the time. Since she had these problems, they would clean her up and 10 minutes later she would have a mess again. We had been with her enough to understand that and we appreciated how good and patient they were with Mom.

It wasn’t long until she couldn’t even play “Rummy”. This was the one thing she enjoyed doing, but her mind was so gone that she couldn’t remember how to play it. When she started having problems, we would cheat to have her win the games, as it made her happy to win, but at the end it would frustrate her to even try to play as she couldn’t remember anything.

One day we got a call from the nurse that Mom had fallen, that she had seen it, checked her over, but couldn’t find anything wrong. Mom told her she wanted to go back to bed so she helped her. She told us that Mom had been sleeping for a long time and she tried to wake her up, but couldn’t get her to wake up. Ken told Bob & Carroll and called Irven & Sandy and then we left to go to the nursing home. When we got there, Mom was still asleep. We tried to wake her, but couldn’t. Bob, Irven & Sandy soon arrived. We all tried at different times during the evening to wake her, but couldn’t. She had gone into a coma. The nurse said she thought she might have had a slight stroke as she hadn’t really fallen, but just slid down to the floor as she was walking out the door of her room. Mom had only been in the nursing home for about a month. We talked that first night and redid our schedule to have someone with mom around the clock. They brought in a nice recliner so we could sleep in it. We all took turns being with Mom. Cheryl came in on Sunday and other times as it was hard on her to know that her Grandmother was passing away. We called in Hospice as the nursing home suggested it. The nurse came while Cheryl and I were there and asked if we had any questions. All of us, including Roy & Linda in California, were concerned that maybe we were starving her to death since we couldn’t give her any food or water with her being in a coma and Mom didn’t want any life support. I told her our concerns and she explained that this is nature’s way of shutting down the body. She said that Mom was peaceful and her body didn’t want food or water since it was shutting down - that if we gave it to her intravenously, it would cause problems. If we gave her water, it would either go into the lungs and cause pneumonia or cause the body to swell. If we gave her food, the digestive system couldn’t handle it. I was grateful to understand that. I knew that mom did seem peaceful. Sometimes she opened her eyes a little and I could see that there was not fear or anxiety in them. Mom even moved her arms some and we thought that maybe she was coming out of the coma, but the doctor told us not to expect that as she was dying. The nurses from Hospice told us that the last thing to go was the hearing so we should talk to her and say good, positive things. We did this.

Bob was with Mom when she passed away at 12:01 a.m. on Nov 7, 2002. He called us, and Ken called Irven and Cheryl to let them know, but we decided to wait until the next morning to call the rest of the family. Ken called the mortician. We met the next day at the mortuary with Irven & Sandy as Bob & Carroll were both sick. We made the funeral arrangements, but it wasn’t hard as Mom had a funeral plan with Linquist Mortuary. Ken, Sandy & I then stopped at a florist to pick out the flowers. We planned the program for the funeral and Irven said he wanted to speak. Neither Bob nor Roy wanted to speak so Ken decided he better. He then asked Mom’s bishop if he would say a few words. Sandy said her and her daughters could sing and our daughter, Sandi, would accompany them. We decided to have all the grandchildren and great grandchildren sing “I Am A Child of God.

Mom Jensen had wanted to die ever since her third husband, Leo Jensen, had passed away. She used to say to me “They say old age is golden, well it isn’t, it’s just a lot of lead”. She also said: “When you turn 50 years old, they should take you out and shoot you as you are no good to anyone.” I would say to her “Mom, I’m over 50 and I don’t want anyone shooting me. I love life and I love my family and want to be here with them.” Mom Jensen didn’t love life. She was a negative person and she was not out-going, like my mother, so she didn’t have many friends. She would go to church and sit on the back row and leave quickly after church so she didn’t have to talk to anyone and yet she would criticize people and say they were unfriendly and thought they were too good for her as they wouldn’t talk to her - and yet they didn’t have much of a chance. She criticized her neighbors and said they were unfriendly, but she never went to visit them. I really felt sorry for her. She was a good grandmother to Cheryl, but not to her other grandchildren. We think the problem was that she loved her children so much that she thought her grandchildren caused problems for her children so she was always criticizing them and getting after them. **We told her many times that she should love them and be a grandmother to them, not a parent, as they already had parents, but needed good grandparents**. Our children didn’t want to visit Grandma Jensen, but they loved going to Grandma Porters. They knew my mother loved them and was glad to see them. My mother always remembered them on their birthdays, Christmas and other times and she had toys for them to play with at her home and cookies and other goodies for them to eat. Ken’s mother didn’t, so it is no wonder they didn’t want to go see her. They felt she only wanted to see her children, but not them and that they were a bother to her. She had a pool table at her home in Layton so they would go downstairs right after we arrived and play pool or go outside and play in the summer, but they were always glad to leave.

**Ken’s mom was a good cook and fixed delicious meals and made the best pies that I have tasted.** I used to make pies, but when we moved close to Ken’s mom, I never made them as she would make them for me or we could go to her home and have pie. That was her specialty. She had been a school lunch cook for several years both in Idaho, while her children were young, and in Utah, after they were grown. She was an emackulant housekeeper and her home was very important to her. I would see her spend money to buy nice things for her home and I knew that was her priority as she spent her money there instead of on her family. My money goes to buy gifts and things for my children and grandchildren; I guess I got this from my mother as she did this also. My mother didn’t have nice furniture or other nice things, but always bought things for her family.

I loved Ken’s Mom, but would be upset with her attitude and the way she treated our children. When we lived with her, **I encouraged her to write her history**. She resisted at first saying she didn’t have anything worthwhile writing about and that no one would want to read it anyway. I finally got her to start writing it by asking her questions about her childhood. As she started writing it down, she would think of other things and write them down and seemed to be excited to do it. I would keep encouraging her, reading and editing it and then typing it up. We worked on it for two or three years while we were living there and I had several rough drafts. Sandy, Irven’s, wife offered to take it and type it up on their computer as she said she had the time and that way we could save it on disks and make copies for everyone, etc. They were living in Idaho at the time. We didn’t have a computer then and thought I would have to stay late at work and type it up there, but was glad when she volunteered to do it. Like a dummy, I didn’t make a copy of my rough draft. We never got the disks or copy of Mom’s history so I finally asked Sandy about it. They had moved to the state of Washington by then and she said she didn’t know for sure where it was, that she hadn’t gotten it done and she thinks that when Mom was visiting them, she might have given it to her. I asked Mom about it, but she didn’t remember getting it. I asked Sandy to look for it and she said she would, but we never heard anything more. I was sick about it as by now, Mom’s mind was going and she couldn’t remember these things and wouldn’t be able to rewrite her history. We had spent so much time on it and it was a valuable history. Well years went by and towards the end of Mom’s life, while we were staying with her from July through September, 2002, Cheryl had been out visiting Mom and while we were gone to our church meetings, she looked through Mom’s things to find pictures as she is making a scrapbook for mom & she was going to make copies for all of us. She found a large manila envelope which had the Ogden Temple address on it. Mom had worked at the Ogden Temple for a few years. She looked inside it and there was Mom’s history. Sandy had given it to Mom and she had put it in this envelope. When I had looked through her things for the history and saw this envelope, I didn’t look inside as I just figured it was mementos from when she worked at the temple. I was very excited to have this. I spent the next several weeks, whenever I had the time, typing up this rough draft on the computer. As I would finish one page, Mom would read it. She seemed really happy with it. One day when I was wrapping Christmas presents (I do them early) she asked what she could give her children for Christmas. I told her we would have her history made into books and we could wrap them and give them as her Christmas gifts. She was excited about doing that, however, she didn’t live until Christmas. When I finished the history, I sent a copy to Roy & Linda, gave one to Bob & Carroll & Irven & Sandy for them all to edit. They did and it is finished now. I haven’t had it copied as Cheryl wants to have the pictures with the history. I did finish it soon after and gave a copy to all Mom’s children and to Cheryl. I think I gave one to each of our children also.

**We had bought some land in Star Valley, Wyoming and we planned to sell our home in Layton and build there.** I was planning to retire at age 62 from the district so we put our home up for sale. Homes had been selling all around us and our realtor said we wouldn’t have a hard time selling it as we had taken good care of it and made improvements and the yards looked great. We didn’t hear back from him as time went on, so I finally called him and he said that the market had dropped and homes were not selling now. That there were a lot of foreclosures and that if we were to sell our home, we would practically have to give it away. We sure didn’t want to do that again. Bob & Carroll needed help with Ken & Bob’s Mom who had Alzheimer’s and had been living in Bob & Carroll’s basement apartment which Ken had built for their mother. Ken and I wanted to go on a mission, but we didn’t know if we should go on a mission first or build our home in Star Valley first. **Ken & I thought about what to do - whether to go on a mission first and let Scott, Mishelle & their family move into our home and pay what they could for rent and Ken & I move in with Mom to take care of her. We made it a matter of prayer and Ken also spent an afternoon in the Celestial room in the temple to get some answers. Ken had the feeling that we should not build up in Star Valley at this time, but we should move in with Mom and take care of her, have Scott & Mishelle move into our home and continue planning for a mission - that things would work out. Well they have.**  **Ken’s mother passed away the end of November and our mission call to the Philippines came on Christmas Eve.** **(This was a great spiritual experience for Ken and I**)

We sold our home to Scott & Mishelle while we were on our mission as Scott had graduated from college and had a good job and they wanted to buy a home. We didn’t end up building our home in Star Valley as Sandi & Terry had sold their cabin there which was just a couple of blocks from where our property was, and David & Shauna moved down to Utah. He was transferred and they bought a home in Enterprise (North of Morgan). I didn’t want to live four hours away from our nearest family as I wanted to attend birthdays, ball games, and recitals and have dinners and holidays together. Plus, the building supplies had increased 3 times since we were on our mission so I didn’t feel we could afford to build our home now. Ken was disappointed as he has always wanted to build his own home. Bob & Carroll invited us to come and live in their basement apartment again and we have. Now we are close to all our children and their families and I love that.

Well, Mom Jensen finally got to go at age 92, in November 2002. She didn’t want a funeral, but all of us thought we should have one. I guess she was right - we shouldn’t have had one as it didn’t turn out so good.

**Ken’s Mother’s funeral**

My Aunt Esther, My Dad’s brother, Dale’s wife, passed away the same day as Ken’s mom and they had her funeral the same day as Mom Jensen’s. Aunt Esther’s funeral was in the morning so Ken & I went to it. Several of the children spoke and did a beautiful job and also Elder Porter, formerly of the Seventy and a relative of ours, spoke. The music was beautiful and we really felt the spirit. We were hoping for that at Ken’s Mom’s funeral as well, but that wasn’t the case.

There were more people there than she thought would come, and the music and speakers were good - except Irven. Irven spoke first and spoke for 41 minutes. He said very inappropriate things, and said things, that I think would have made Mom feel bad. Irven’s own children went out in the hall and were embarrassed at the things he said. Our children were upset and went out in the hall also. Sandy was sitting beside me and she was nervous about his talk also. Bob wasn’t feeling well, but he was so upset that he went to the back of the building and looked up at Irven and made the cutting signs to get him to stop and sit down. Irven either didn’t see him or ignored him and kept going. Finally, Bob went to the front and sat right in front of Irven and with a red face, as he was angry by then, he kept pointing down with his finger and mouthing the words “Sit Down!”, “Sit Down!”. Irven saw him this time, looked surprised, but quickly ended and sat down. Our children heard comments from others in the audience saying things like “Boy, make sure you don’t ask Irven Browning to speak at my funeral”, or “No wonder, their mother didn’t want a funeral if she knew her son would say things like that.” It was hard for Ken to speak after that, but he did a great job and only spoke for 7 minutes. After another musical number, the Bishop spoke. He spoke for 20 minutes which was too long also, his talk was great, but people were tired as the funeral was too long and they were still upset with Irven’s talk.

We went over to Mom’s and Bob & Carroll’s church house afterwards where their Relief Society had prepared a meal for us. It was very good. All our children could talk about was Irven’s talk. Irven and Sandy sat by themselves as their children were sitting at another table. I know Irven knew we were upset with him so Ken finally went over and spoke to him. We talked about who would be riding together to go up to Driggs, Idaho where Mom was to be buried. Our daughter, Sandi, wanted to go, but didn’t want to go if Irven & Sandy would be riding with us. Roy had rented a van to bring his daughter & family up from California with them - so he offered to drive it and let us all ride with him as his daughter & family wouldn’t be going as they were staying with Linda’s Mom. Bob & Carroll were still sick so they said they didn’t feel like they could go, so it looked like Irven & Sandy would be riding with Roy, Linda, Ken & I. Then Cheryl said her and Bob wanted to go so Irven offered to drive and they could go with them. Ken didn’t sleep much that night as he worried about Cheryl & Bob riding with Irven & Sandy since Irven & Sandy are so fanatical now about politics, taxes, etc. Cheryl called us early the next morning to say that Bob wasn’t feeling well so he wouldn’t be going, but she still wanted to go and wondered if she should just drive to our place and go with us. That was the answer to our prayers and we told her “yes” and that our daughter, Sandi, was going with us so they would feel better having each other without husbands that day. I told Ken that he shouldn’t call Irven until just before we were ready to go and just say that Cheryl came here without Bob and so we would take her with us. I’m sure they weren’t too happy with us, but we felt that it was the best solution to our problem. We had a good time visiting as we traveled and we enjoyed each other’s company. Everything went well at the burial except Irven & Sandy acted a little cold towards us. Ken’s Aunt Wilma invited all of us to come to her home in Teton afterwards for lunch. She had made soup, chili and pies. There were other family members at the burial also and they were also invited. We had a good time visiting, but Irven & Sandy were eating in the kitchen with Uncle Lee & Aunt Wilma and the rest of us were in the front room. I went in to tell them that we were all getting together at our place when we got back, so we could divide up Mom’s belongings as Roy & Linda had to leave the next morning to drive back to California. They were upset and just said, we’re not coming, just divide it up with yourselves. I told them we really would like to have them there and that they should have part of the furniture, etc., also. Finally, they relented and said they would come. We had a fairly nice time being together and it turned out that Irven & Sandy got several things so they felt better. Roy & Linda didn’t take hardly anything. They said they had a small home and no place to put more furniture and they didn’t have room in their vehicle to take it back anyway. I also think they realized that they hadn’t been up here to help take care of Mom and it had been hard on the three siblings & their spouses who did live here and took care of her. We invited Roy & Linda to come over the next morning for Biscuits & gravy before leaving for California and we also invited Irven & Sandy as we wanted to have family unity again. They all came and we did have a nice time and were able to laugh and talk again. I was grateful for that as I hate to have bad feelings in the family and it has been a hard year for all of us. We can’t stay angry with Irven as he is part of our family and Heavenly Father tells us to forgive everyone 70 x 7. We feel better now too

Ken has had the power of attorney for Mom as Bob didn’t want to do it and wanted Ken to do it. Bob is Mom’s oldest son so would normally be the one to do all that. With that, Ken has had to make a lot of the decisions and be the executor. Irven & Bob didn’t get along too well and they would keep calling Ken about problems they were having with each other and things they disagreed on. Irven & Sandy felt Bob & Carroll should take care of Mom since they are retired - well, they have for 7 years and were “burned out”. They as much as told Bob & Carroll this so it caused resentment, and when Irven & Sandy came over to take their turns being with Mom (before we put her in the nursing home), they didn’t tell Bob & Carroll (who lived upstairs) when they were coming and leaving and they would leave Mom for long periods of time without saying anything - so this made Bob & Carroll mad at them. Irven and Sandy had given us much grief all during the time when we needed to help Mom after Aunt Vida passed away. They didn’t seem to agree with hardly anything the rest of us agreed on. Things got ugly a couple of times. One time we were meeting together at Bob & Carroll’s to decide what to do and it was tense. I finally said “The Holy Ghost isn’t here with us when we are acting this way. Can we have a prayer and calm down?” We did and it helped. I had some hard feelings towards them for a while, but thank goodness I have repented and now feel good towards them. Anyway, it was quite a feascal, and hard on everyone. I’m glad that year is over as Ken was about to his wit’s end, I wasn’t much better and neither were Bob & Carroll and I don’t think it was very easy on Irven & Sandy either even though we felt they were a big part of the problem.