MEMORIES OF MY GRANDMA LAURA MEMMOTT AAGARD. . . .

I WILL THINK OF GRANDMA EVERY TIME. . . . . .

I smell homemade bread baking, mint jelly, taste a cake with extra vanilla or lemon flavoring, see someone in a clean full apron, gray hair in a bun, coal cooking stove, crab apples, potowatome plums, Vern's Store, "Greeting Cards", Cellar, Chili Sauce, Paper Dolls, nickels, a cozy kitchen, "Pretty Bedroom", small shoes, big heart. . . . . .

Every summer when school was out I would get to go stay at Grandma & Grandpa Aagards' in Levan Utah, usually for a week or two. My memories are mostly from the two story house with the big pine trees, hedge around the yard, a ditch with running water and a wood bridge. A sheep camp wagon, a granary, chicken coop, barn, corral for the horses and cows. Usually a dog or two, Grandpa loved his dogs and his palomino Stud. Grandma was always in the house cooking, how she got That coal stove to be just the right temperature for cakes and pies is beyond me. She had an outside kitchen with a stove, it was screened in, which was used for canning. It seemed like she canned everything she could get her hands on.. She was such a good cook, ummm those delicious smells coming from her kitchen. I can never remember her sitting down, she was just a busy little lady.

It was funny how they saved every single piece of mail they received, bills and all, they would save them for years. Grandma always had a greeting card for all us kids and her friends, for our birthdays, get well etc. (I wonder if that's why I love cards so much to this day). She didn't have much, but what she had she shared with everyone. She always made everyone feel welcome in her home, and she as truly glad for visitors and treated them royal.

She always seemed old to me, I can only remember her with grey

hair pulled back in a bun. She would give me nickels to go to Vern's store and buy paper dolls. And I would make mud pies with Eric Thompson's daughters. We would sometimes go to Aunt Mary Anderson's Cafe On the main road, that was a real treat. I would play with polli-wogs, go see Crayne Paystrup and his wife, they were a funny little couple.

Steve Salmon and I would run around in the field and try to get the bulls to run after us (not to smart). . .Grandma would come running outside shaking her apron and shouting 'EUREKA, EUREKA"! GET OUT OF THAT FIELD! Steve would also dress up in Grandpa Aagard's Frankenstein costume and try to scare me. He was quite a character, that Steve, I can always remember how big his eyes would get when he was about to get into some mischief.

I remember the birds chirping "Levan is a Pretty Little Town".
It was a very peaceful place to be. I remember the water running down the ditch out front. And the wild yellow roses.

Thanks Grandma for all the wonderful summers at your home.

As I got older I learned that Grandma had, had a very hard life, with a lot of sadness, I found it odd that my Dad never talked about or told stories about his mother, but I believe it was just to hurtful for him to bring back the memories. She didn't deserve the treatment she received because she was nothing but a kind, loving, hard working lady that wanted the best for her family. I felt bad that she died so young and that my girls didn't get to know this special lady.

Your Granddaughter Pat Aagard (Rosquist) Richins
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