# LLOYD N. AAGARD

Im thankful for the oppertunity and privilage of being asked to give tribute this Father's Day.

This is a tribute to our Dad, Lloyd N. Aagard, and what he means to us..

LOVE IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

I know I can speak for my brother and sisters, Gary, Pat and Sheerie. When I say the neatest thing about our Dad, is that he loves and accepts us for ourselve The good that is in us and forgives our weeknesses.. He brings out the good in othe And most of all He never gives up on us.

He always has an open ear and time to listen to our problems, and is very diplomatic about any advise, He may give us, his main anadote would be to tell us something good or funny, about someone or something to lift our spirits and hearts. And get us laughing, and help us forget our problems, and we usually go away thinki "I can handle that-It's not so bad after all".

Hospitality and giving are Dad'd middle name. He has a nack for knowing what the other person needs, and taking care of it now --- Never a procrastinator.

By his example he has taught us to show hospitality and love to one and all, maybe it's just the LDS in him: everyone seems to feel welcome at the Aagards. ...Come on in...Sit down...And have something to eat...How about some of his famous non-calorie ice cream?..Something to drink...How about a pan of hot fried mutton?.. Some homemade bread... or just candy? Nobody goes away hungry. Sit right down for some humor, laughter and friendly talk....Now don't you feel better for coming? Keep busy, if you want to be happy...That's his creed...And always watching out for other people in need. He is always helping someone... with flowers to transplant or with his knowledge about plants and flowers, shoveling snow, (which is now a no,no since his heart surgery)...Repairing broken things, running errands for widows or lending a helping hand to friends, relatives and neighbors.

To him everything is beautiful, plants, flowers, people...both, large and smal Sherrie says He is alot like Jesus...He loves children and hates to see a child unhappy. He is known as the "Candy Man" or Grandpa to grand children, great grand-

mom, somewhere?? I would like to present dad with a can of orange spray paint today so that he may continue to leave his mark on the world for many a years to come.

I would now like to read you a poem intitled..."Fathers" by Alice Leedy Mason

A father is someone precious and dear,
Whose Faith in your efforts eliminates fear.
You earn his respect;
He is example and guide.
When the going gets rough,
He stands by your side.

A Father can help you with everyday things.
He can teach you to whistle, and build rubber tire swings.

If you ask his opinion,
He'll give you the facts.
He can teach you construction
With a hammer and tacks.

A Father knows problems, may not be what they seem..
He's a very good listener, and believes in your dream.

He shows little interest in fashion or wealth;
Has a good sense of humor
And can laugh at mimself.

A father is friendship, in faded blue jeans.
He's a shoulder to cry on, the man with the means.

He has faith in tomorrow
And strength from above.
In words spoken plainly.
A Father is Love.

This tribute is to our dad but we can't go away without saying that behind ev good man there is a good woman, our mother, who has helped, and supported, in her own understanding way and has helped make our dad the man he is today.

Dad has truly had a life of giving to others...and I think this poem about sa it all.....

The Joy of Giving

Some people seem to specialize
In doing thoughtful deeds.
Before you ask, they understand
Your problems and your needs.
Quietly, they do their best to help, inspire and cheer,
And everything looks brighter
Right away, because they're near.
They always have a lot to do
But still find time to spare
To listen and to give advice because they really care

They find joy in being kind,,
And making others happy
Is the first thing on their minds.
They make this world a better place by practicing the art.
Of reaching out to others
And by giving....from the heart.

From Exodus 20;12
Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may
Be long upon the land which the lord thy God giveth thee.

.....Our Dad, just a simple, good man.....The salt of the Earth.....A Self made man with little education.....Love That's what it is all about....."That's our Dad".

And this day we want to pay a special tribute and give a special thanks to our Father in Heaven who sent his only begotten son, into the world to bring salvation for all man kind. and we ought to be concerned that we and our sons, do good for all mankind.

... .....We say these things in the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

children and neighborhood kids alike. He plants pumpkins for them, then carves thei names in them, and they watch them grow, when he harvests them, and he gives each child the one with their name. Dad, the oldest child of his family of six, has been an adult for a long time at the age of 12 he left home to go to work to help support his family, by trailing sheep and driving a team and wagons from Levan to Heber City. His family was poor and for some years he went without shoes and other necessities. He would send money home each month to help the rest of his family. He has helped alot of people during his life. He took care of his father until he died at the age of 92.

He herded sheep until 1941 at which time he went to work at Kennecott where he worked until 1974. He made a lot of friends at Kennecott and was known as "Sheep Herder" or "Bishop Aagard" by many. Supper was always on the table at 4:30 sharp, come rain or shine. This made us feel secure and safe. Dad was always a good provider, never out of work and we always had plenty of good food on the table, and clean clothes on our backs. Our early childhoods were spent in Garfield Utah, and what good memories we have, not much money, but lots of fun, friends, and good times. We can remember while living in Garfield we cooked and heated with wood and coal...And it was Gary's turn to bring in the wook and coal that night, and he had a tendency to put it off until after dark, Gary had always been kind of a spooky kid...And Dad thought he would pull a little joke on Gary this late night...As Gary went out to get the coal and wood. Dad dawned a white sheet and while Gary was gathering the coal, Dad rose up and gave a loud shrill sound, Gary looked up, dropped the bucket and made a bee line for the house and went right thourh a closed scren door, breaking door and all...Joke ending up on Dad, he had to gather coal and fix the screendoor himself.

Dad has left his mark on the world...A dab of orange paint on all his tools, rakes, shovels and possessions, we even wonder if he has a dab of orange paint on