

with or near any of his remaining nine children. Far from being a displaced parent in the all-too-common contemporary manner, his company was sought and desired by the numerous families over which he presided in honor and Priesthood.

My most vivid recollection of Grandpa is being in the kitchen drying dishes with him, and having races in saying the alphabet. He would say it backward and I said it forward. He was faster.⁵

I do not remember a personable grandfather who would share himself with me. My feelings of him were of deep respect and admiration. When I recollect his visits to our home I picture him in deep concentration while reading, or writing letters. I recall his sunny disposition and ready smile.⁶

My most distinct remembrance of Grandpa is that he enjoyed playing checkers. Whenever he would play with any of the members of our family he would take a considerable amount of time to make each of his moves. The time element must have been in his favor because he usually won.⁷

Next to his family and his Church his main interest was shuffleboard.⁵

Stephen Craig Clark has the briefest memory of his Grandfather Clark: memory being of his walking around their tennis court, his hand held by his Grandpa's and accompanied by his brother, Robert, and Prince, their German Shepherd. One summer when he was three, Stephen's Grandmother Keeney was visiting but was very ill. Stephen, at his Grandmother's bedside, saw her plight and asked her, "Grandma, if you die will you do me a favor? When you get to heaven will you say hello to my Grandpa?"⁸

On one of our last visits, we were in his room in the Rose Park section of Salt Lake City, and discussing the backward plight of the American Indian. He quoted a verse of the song, 'O Stop and Tell Me, Redman.'