

TRIBUTE TO JOHN ADAMS Jr. given by Theria B. Adams at the
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I knew who grandpa was before I knew Ross, as he used to come to the telephone office where I worked to pay his phone bill, and if the chief operator wasn't there, I would take his money and give him a receipt.

He was always kind and nice when he came in, and after paying his bill he would thank me and chat a few minutes.

After I started going with Ross, one Sunday evening, I came down to grandpa's place. He was in Salt Lake to conference. His second wife, Aunt Mae, was just going to bed and so I met her. She was a jolly woman and told us to make ourselves at home so we went in the living room and played the piano and sang a few songs then left.

After Ross and I were married, in October, Sister Richards, who talked to us girls in the temple, told us when we went home or to our hotel that evening to be sure and have our family prayer, and if our husband was shy or backward to suggest it or for us girls to say it. So after our marriage that nite when preparing to go to bed, I was sitting on the bed and Ross said, "Well, I guess it is time to retire." I said, "Aren't we going to have family prayer?" He looked at me and said, "Yes, I think that is what we should do." We knelt down and he said the prayer. I was so proud of him and the beautiful prayer he gave. I knew he had been taught prayer in his home. After we came home we started living at grandpa's. While there we never missed having family prayer morning or evening. Grandpa said it most of the time, but I appreciated it because we had always had it in my home, and I knew Ross and I would have it when we moved to our own home.

Grandpa was a stern man and I was rather frightened of him, but as I got to know him, I found him to be a very humble and kind man.

He and Uncle Dick (grandpa's brother) would get carrots, onions and other vegetables from the garden, or in the winter from the dirt cellar, and wash them on the lawn with the hose, then fill boxes or one-half bushel baskets with the

vegetables and fruit and take them to the poor and widows. I also remember there was a young family in Oakley that needed help, and grandpa used to go there and take vegetables, flour and the necessities that they needed and would visit with them. Some of the people got to talking about him being there, and it made me feel bad, but I really couldn't believe what some were saying. One day I had to go to town. I came over to grandpa's and he had his vegetables etc. ready to deliver, and so I rode to town with him. When we got to town he said, "Theria, how would you like to go with me to deliver these things?" I said, "I would like to go if you aren't going to be too long as I must get back to fix Ross' dinner." He said, "We won't be long." I went and enjoyed watching him chat and give the vegetables and things to the people. When we got to the place in question the woman and her family seemed grateful for the vegetables and things. I talked with her and I knew without a doubt that grandpa was a gentleman with her and just felt sorry for them and wanted to help them.

Another incident of grandpa's kindness: He was bishop of the Oakley 3rd Ward and in the Fall he and his counselors always visited the ward members in their homes. They came over to my place. Ross was in the field working; our children Pauline and Ramona were there and they loved grandpa as he used to get our mail with his from town and bring it over. He always had some candy for the girls and made over them.

The flies were awful in those days. I had fly paper hung everywhere and had to shew the flies when we opened the doors. I guess they came from Matthew's corrals which were so close to us. Anyway, I shewed the flies as grandpa and the others with him came in and when grandpa saw the flies on the porch he couldn't believe there were so many. After they visited me he said, as he went to leave, "Do you think if we screened that porch in it would help?" I said, "Yes Ross and I have talked about it, but feel we cannot afford to do it right now." He said, "Well we will see about it."

The next morning Axel Erickson came down and said, "Grandpa Adams wants me to see what I can do about screening this porch in for you." He said that grandpa said

for him to go ahead and do it--that I kept my house so clean and nice he wasn't going to have all those flies in there if this would help. He screened the porch in and it really helped. We hardly knew the flies existed and grandpa paid for it. We were very grateful to him.

Grandpa and Uncle Dick had a beautiful garden. I don't believe you could find a weed in it--they used to spray the onions quite often, and when they did Aunt Mae, Opal, Ross and I used to help hold the hose. It wasn't hard work but hot and tiresome. One time when we started to spray the onions I wasn't feeling too good because I was pregnant with Pauline and Ross thought I shouldn't go out and help but I told him I was sure it wouldn't hurt and so I came over. The day was very warm and grandpa and Uncle Dick got to arguing and Uncle Dick would flip the hose someway and grandpa would give it back to him. I stood it as long as I could. Ross and Aunt Mae had asked them to quit acting that way. Finally I just threw down my part of the hose and said, "When you two can act decent I'll help you but I am not going to say in this heat and take this, and then I started home. Ross came over to me and told me to go into the house and wait for him. He was talking to me when grandpa came and apologized and said, "If I felt like it they would go ahead and not do it anymore." I went back and we finished the spraying and after that they didn't do it anymore.

Uncle Dick was a good soul and very good to Ross and me. I loved him very much and Aunt Mae was a wonderful person. I couldn't have had a better mother-in-law--bless her. Ross loved her very much too. She was a wonderful cook. I have never tasted better pies. She was an expert with them. Also she made the best vegetable soup. I feel I should speak my love and appreciation of her also at this time.

We both loved Opal. She used to stay with me when Ross went after wood.

Grandpa had such a beautiful flower garden and Opal and I used to pick the pansies often so they would keep blooming. We also could pick the perannial sweet peas, but Grandpa always cut the other flowers if we wanted any. He was very particular in cutting them. He and Aunt Mae also fixed beautiful bouquets for funerals or to take to the sick from their flower garden--and they were beautiful.

Grandpa raised cantaloupes and watermelon that were delicious, and we were always invited over to help them eat it. Grandpa was a very good man and we all should be proud of him.