

JENS EDWARD RASMUSSEN, AS REMEMBERED BY HIS CHILDREN

Jens Edward Rasmussen was born on the 24th day of July 1887, to Hans Jorgen Rasmussen and Elizabeth Susan Ottley. The father was taken from the family when the children were still young, making it necessary for them, (3 boys and 1 girl) to assume family responsibilities at an early age.

Edward attended school at the "Upper District School" where he received a meager education.

Except for a few months, when he was away working, Edward's youth was spent on the family farm, where he learned to farm and become adept in the use of the ax and other farm tools and implements.

On April 10, 1908 Elder J. Edward Rasmussen left home, family and friends to fill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day saints in Norway. He was released on April 19, 1910. He had been home but a few months when he married the girl who had waited, Sarah Jane Darrington, in the Salt Lake Temple, Dec. 21 1910.

In true pioneer fashion, the following spring, they loaded their earthly possessions into a wagon and moved to the upper Snake River Valley, where he worked until fall, at which time they returned to Elba. The next two years he rented the Home Place from his mother, and he built the first of the four log houses he constructed in his life time. This is where Joel Edward was born.

Their next move was to Declo where they purchased ten acres of ground. That winter the family lived in a tent while father hauled logs from Elba for the second house he built. Floyd Hans, Ralph Waldo, and Elmo were born there.

In 1920 the family moved back to Elba and purchased 50 acres of ground. Father built a one room lumber house where the twins, Robert and Roberta were born. Later he added another room and then built the log house that still stands in Elba today. All the houses were extremely well built.

Father was considered the best authority on Church Doctrine in the area. He had many callings in the church. For many years he taught classes in Sunday School, Priesthood and Y. M. M. I. A. In 1923 he was called to be Sunday School Superintendant of the Raft River Stake. He was called to be 1st counselor to Bishop Elihu Beecher of the Elba Ward on Dec. 5, 1926. In 1930 he was called to be the Bishop of the Ward, a position he held until 1943. The last years of his life he served on the Stake High Council.

Father loved the community in which he lived. When a community work project was to be carried out he apparently always felt that a tall man with a gifted pair of hands and a keen sense of humor could be used. He was always there.

Joel says he faintly remembers living in the tent in Declo and watching Father work on the house. They had to be in the house by March as that was when they were expecting their second child. It was so cold that winter that Father froze his hands and feet working on the house. Joel also remembers the one-room shack in Elba where the twins were born. The walls and roof were made of one inch boards, then the roof was covered with black rubber roofing. The walls were papered on the inside with old news papers. It was so hot in the summer that the sweat would

run off mother's face and drip in the dish pan as she washed dishes. In the winter it was so cold that the frost would form on the walls and ceiling until they were white. The next morning when the fire was lit the frost would melt and drip on the beds so the quilts were always damp. One of the many things Joel learned while working with Father was, "anything that is worth doing is worth doing well."

Floyd remembers how thoughtful and kind father was to mother. He helped with the house work, made bread and helped with the dishes. He also helped on wash day, even during busy times. He loved his animals and always saw that they were well fed and taken care of. He loved the out-doors. Floyd remembers the picnics, the trip to the trips to the hills. Father had a way of making simple things seem like an adventure. On winter evenings the family would gather around the stove, roast pinenuts and father would tell us about what he did when he was a boy or what happened while he was on his mission. He also took turns reading from a book such as Zane Grey's westerns. One summer Father had to stay in bed because of a back problem. He spent part of the day reading and in the evening we would gather around his bed and he would tell us what he had read.

We were rather hesitant in going to the hills with father after wood as he was so skilled with an ax. He could cut and load the trees so much faster than we could.

An experience with father taught us that fine equipment does not necessarily make the man. There was a cow out on the range that we needed to bring into the farm. Joel and I had our horses, saddles and bridles and thought we were pretty hot shot cowboys. Father was riding Old Bess, bareback, with just a halter and rope. He had on a straw hat and looked just like what he was, a farmer on a plow horse. In due time we found the cow but she didn't want to leave the hills. She promptly ran into the thickest grove of trees and brush she could find. We three were right behind her. Joel and I soon lost sight of the cow and father. After a while we found our way out onto a bare ridge. We looked down the canyon and there moving right along on the road toward home was the cow and father and old Bess right behind. None of us can remember seeing father move faster than a slow jog. One day however, the team ran away with Mother and the buggy. Father broke all records getting from the stack-yard to the road. When he came to a fence, he just grabbed the top of a post and sailed over.

One of the things father did as a boy was make some harnesses and break a dog and an old sheep to work as a team. He said they weren't a very good team as the dog was fast and willing and the sheep was slow and stubborn.

Father served a while as a deputy sheriff. His main job was to keep order at the dances and harrass the bootleggers. Mother used to be terrified to have him carry a gun.

Ralph recalls many general memories but few specific ones. Father was very much apart of our home and lives as we grew up. By the time I came along he was a very busy man and I didn't have a lot of private times with him. I can remember him tying my tie for church, probably because I can still hear the sound that the tie material made as it adhered to his dear rough, work hardened hands. I can remember one trip I made with him all by myself to Oakley with a wagon and hauled the grain to the flour mill and had it ground for flour. He let me drive part of the way and I really felt proud setting up there on the spring seat beside my Father. I remember we took food and our bedding and slept out on the ground all night. I couldn't help but think how hard that ground must have been for father. It was quite hard for me, just a

young boy. I didn't hear any complaints however. He was a very kind and patient man.

I remember another time I took a trip with him to Idahome by team and wagon to get a load of coal for the church or school.

I remember sitting in a priesthood class and having father as my teacher and how impressed I was with his knowledge of the gospel. He was very well read. He studied every chance he got and he had the ability to explain what he read.

He was a bishop or bishop's counselor many of the years I was growing up. I can still see him standing at the pulpit either conducting a meeting or giving a talk. The church was very much a part of his life. He set his children a very good example for living and for service.

Father was not an outwardly affectionate man. I'm sure we had no doubt that he loved us, but I can never remember him telling me so nor do I remember him very often putting his arms around me. During my comings and goings it was usually just a hand-shake and a pat on the back.

He was normally quite happy and cheerful. I remember he'd go around singing or humming a tune much of the time. He had a good sense of humor and enjoyed a good laugh over a good clean joke or funny story.

He was very good with his hands. He could build or fix most anything. This ability was mostly acquired on his own as he had very little opportunity for training. Had he had the tools and the chance to learn to use them he could have been a great artisan. The tools he had were only the very basic but he took real good care of them and kept them in good shape. It was quite disturbing to him when his young sons took some of his tools and left them out where they were used.

My last memory of him was with his body lying in the casket. He looked so relaxed and peaceful. I'm sure the real him, his spirit, that part of him that made him the man I knew, that part of him that made him so loving and kind, was already making plans to continue his service to his Heavenly Father.

Roberta's Memories-----. Daddy was a tall handsome man with a pleasing personality, loved by everyone. He was my rock, my security--always strong, with great faith, optimistic, dependable. We never called him Dad, it just didn't show enough respect. He was deeply sensitive to the feelings of others, one of the reasons I'm sure that he was so greatly loved. I can never remember hearing him speak an unkind word about anyone---. He looked for and found something good in all those he met.

Daddy had a great love for nature and was always calling our attention to the sunset, the sound of the meadow lark and the black birds singing by the creek. He always brought a sample of the first wild flowers in from the fields. I used to sit with him in the evenings on the porch and talk about the stars, the earth, the gospel. I loved to talk with him about the gospel, he seemed to know all the answers. He didn't stop with just knowing the gospel, he tried to live it in every way. He told me about a neighbor's bull that kept breaking down his fence, chasing his cows and tramping down his hay and grain. He didn't say anything to the neighbor. He was so afraid of causing feelings, but the bull became such a pest that something had to be done. But before he could say anything the neighbor said, "I know my bull has been a pest to you but I am moving him into another pasture in a couple of days so he won't cause you any more trouble. Daddy was so relieved. He was glad he had waited and not said anything.

Daddy told me once that to him heaven would be to live forever with his parents, children and grandchildren around him.

My parents never owned a car until after I was married. Neither one knew how to drive but Daddy learned to drive well enough to get him and mother around where they wanted to go. I don't think Daddy ever got behind the wheel without a feeling of dread.

Daddy's health wasn't very good the last year or two before he died. I don't know why he refused to go to a Doctor, but he never complained. The only way we could tell he didn't feel well was that he became very quiet. A few months before he died he said to me, "I don't want to worry Mother but I think I've had a small stroke, one of my legs doesn't move very well. It drags when I walk." He continued to milk the cows and do the chores around the farm. Later he developed a kidney infection and was just recovering from that when he died of a heart attack.

I hope we, his decendants, will try to live so he can realize his dream of a perfect heaven with all his loved ones around him.