

Robert Rasmussen (Dad) was born on January 2, 1923 to Jens Edward and Sarah Jane Rasmussen in Elba, Idaho. Four older brothers, Joel, Floyd, Ralph, Elmo and his twin sister, Roberta, were already there to greet him.

He grew up in Elba playing with his brothers, sister, and many cousins who lived nearby. They skied in the winter on the nearby mountains and fished and camped in the summer.

When he was teenager, he worked summers for a farmer named Henry Bortz in Burley, Idaho. There he met his future wife, Lethe Bortz.

After graduating from high school in Malta, he went to Weiser, Idaho for trade school to become a carpenter. He worked to help build Anderson Ranch Dam on the Boise River until he was drafted.

Dad was inducted into the army on February 19th, 1943. He trained at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina and was sent to the Pacific theater where he joined the 11th airborne division. He saw active duty there and really learned to hate mutton. On September 2nd, 1945, he was in the Bay of Japan to witness the historical signing of surrender by Japan ending World War II.

He said that his travel home from the war was one of the most memorable trips that he made. It took him six weeks to get home as he came on a hospital ship, but said it was a beautiful cruise. He was honorably discharged on April 18th, 1946.

After he was discharged, Dad returned to Idaho and married Lethe on November 10, 1946.

They started married life in Anaheim, California, where work for carpenters was plentiful, but housing was not. Shortly after, they returned to Idaho. Dad again went to work for his father-in-law and Mom went to work at the Cottage Hospital while they saved money to buy their own farm.

Their first farm was a rental with a basement house that everyone called "The Old Litson Place". While living there, their two sons were born – James Robert, born December 4, 1951 and Raleigh Carl, born January 12, 1953.

In the winter of 1954 they moved farm animals, farm equipment, household goods, and two kids to their own farm at 400S 480E, Burley. On March 17, 1955, their family was completed with the birth of their daughter, Patricia.

It was good that Dad had learned carpentry as their new home had four rooms and a path. So during that winter and over the years that they lived on the farm, Dad remodeled and added to the home many times. When Dad sold the farm, he said the

house had only one original wall left and that was because Mom had never been able to figure out how to move it.

Early in his farming career, Dad was active in the Farm Bureau. He was a delegate to the national convention in Chicago. I can still remember him telling about the train trip to and from Chicago.

Growing up on the family farm was both fun and a lot of work. From the time us kids were old enough to help, there were chores to be done and beets to be hoed. But, there was swimming at Indian Hot Springs, picnics in the City of Rocks, and skiing.

Dad began skiing again as an adult in a rather roundabout way. One year for Christmas he and Mom bought skis and lessons for us kids. After a few times of taking us to Pomerelle and sitting around all day waiting, they decided to give skiing a try. So they went out bought all the clothes, equipment and lessons to get started. They then told everyone that they were taking up skiing, so there was nothing to do, but learn how. They found that they enjoyed it and not only went on weekends taking us kids, but went during the week while we were in school. The only drawback for Dad was that he missed out on some great spring skiing as he could not afford a broken leg when it was time to start farming again.

After all three of us kids were grown, Dad and Mom spent several years traveling around the United States. They especially liked to take bus tours as it was a great way to see the country. Two of the trips I remember them talking about was to the New England states in the fall and to the Rose Bowl parade in Pasadena.

Also, during these years, there were trips with just the grandkids, and grandkids coming to stay for weeks at a time. Grandpa Burley (as Dad was called) enjoyed seeing the grandkids come for visits. He even didn't mind caring for the four legged grand dog for a few days at a time. He would take "George" with him along in the pickup to the fields to change water or see what else needed to be done.

Dad told me once that he really enjoyed turning 50 as he felt good and was really enjoying life during this time.

One thing that I found out about Dad just yesterday was he shared a birthday with his next door neighbor, Lindsay. One year Lindsay made him a birthday cake that she was so proud of. She decorated it with turquoise frosting. She got her Mom to drive her down to Dad's so she could give it to him. As she got out of the car, she dropped the cake in a snowdrift. Lindsay was heartbroken, but Dad just scooped it up out of the snow and said "I'm going to eat it any way".

Dad and Mom celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on November 10, 1996. Mom passed away in December 1997.

Dad had begun to do volunteer work at both Deseret Industries and the Senior Center several years before Mom's death and he continued to do this for several more years. But he was lonely with Mom gone and in 1999, he met June Paskett.

They were married on November 23, 1999. After they were married Dad and June moved to the house on Schodde Avenue.

This marriage added five more children to dad's family. This meant that family gatherings were quite a bit larger and at one family gathering in the backyard, Dad told me he was always able to remember the names of June's kids and their spouses but by the time he got to her grandkids and great grandkids, it was just too many names to keep track of so he left that to June.

Dad's told June that his favorite time of the day when farming was early in the morning when it was quiet and peaceful. Dad left us early in the morning of July 25th, when it was quiet and peaceful. Dad, you will be missed.