

Our mom kept journals and wrote about her life several times over the years. Much of what we say today will be in her own words.

This was her mantra, or one of them anyway!

"Life is not without its hard parts and hardships, but it's good. It has been likened to a ride on the rails where there are many jostles and bumps and hard things along the way, but many exhilarating and thrilling parts in between. I feel that we should thank the Lord for the opportunity to take the ride."

My mom was brilliant, she could sew anything, mend anything, make a delicious meal out of anything, can anything, play any music on the piano, organ, and accordion. She rode horses, drove tractors, trucks and swathers.

"I did a lot of cowboying until the girls became older, then mostly I became the supply chief, the lunch maker, and pickup driver at the end of the trail."

She packed lunches for hired help and hauled dinners out to the fields during harvest. She was the errand girl, the delivery service, the laundry maid, the farm bookkeeper, the multiple house painter and wallpaperer. She loved her flowers along the back fence and in the brick planters along the house. She was an excellent seamstress, cook, canner, musician. She could do anything.

"I was blessed to be born to Dan and Fern Davis in Pocatello, Id, Dec 7, 1936...I was named after my great, great grandmother, Nancy Hammontree, who was born on the same Dec 7 in 1809."

Mom's parents were school teachers and farmers, she was born in Pocatello, lived in Nyssa, OR, and Marsing, ID, before moving to Filer when she was in third grade. They were like many during that time, quite poor and working hard. *"We did not have any inside bathroom, but it wasn't a problem. It's just the way it was. When I was a child, we had lots of fun. We didn't worry about what we didn't have."*

She would tell of having only one pair of socks. That one pair had been darned multiple times. Later in her life, she would be in awe when she would see a drawer full of socks and remember back to the one pair.

When she got her tonsils out, her blood wouldn't clot properly. *"I had to wear a huge clamp on the inside and outside of my throat and sit there all night so I didn't bleed to death. Mother said I was very brave."*

She and her cousins would get paid to gather potatoes into wire baskets.

"Mother made Carolyn (my cousin) and me satin dresses with little pill box hats and taught us to tap dance on routines she made up, which we performed at programs. I got a new wagon on

my 5th birthday and did not share with the other kids! Mother would drive into town to teach piano lessons and we played outside near a ditch. I was six weeks into first grade when they thought I should move up to second since I already knew how to read. The kids were mean to me saying I belonged in the first grade line."

Her brother Don shared a red Cushman motorscooter with her. She and her cousin Carolyn would ride that scooter back and forth taking drinks to the workers on the farm. Gerald said he would see these two young girls riding on the motorbike but didn't know who they were. Later he would tease Mom that she was running up and down the road so she could meet him. She did eventually meet him when her uncle took her with him to the bowling alley to introduce her to this neighboring young farmer, a fellow bowling team member, who was a good guy, and a hard worker.

Nancy and Gerald married shortly after her graduation in 1954, having dated off and on during the last two years of her high school. They moved into the house across from his parents, Sylvester and Laura Tews, on the farm where Gerald has lived now since he was 14 years old.

"When we were first married we farmed here at home on the 126 acres. Shortly, Gerald and his dad bought the place next to us, another 126 acres. Then a potato harvester, and then a used CB Hayes Combine. We had a lot of hard work and good times, doing custom bean thrashing around the valley. I would take lunches out to the hired help in the evenings where ever they were working around the valley."

Mom was a tough cookie. *"When I was 8 month pregnant, I was driving to town and the hood of the car kept coming loose. So I stopped, climbed on the bumper and stomped on it with my foot. I thought my mother-in-law might faint. She said, 'I don't see how you can do that!'"*

Just a few years ago, as she was making the rounds dumping mouse traps and catching bees and spiders, she noticed a horrible smell by the water hydrant. *"I put on plastic gloves and a mask, got some plastic sacks, and poured bleach in the hole. The deed had to be done!"* She pulled two rotting rockchucks out of that hole!

Gerald and his dad farmed but they also had registered purebred Angus show cattle. They traveled all across the country showing and buying and selling cattle. After his father passed away in 1963, Gerald decided to follow his dream of running commercial cattle.

"When we began our livestock operation, it was a new experience. I learned to drive trucks, ride horses, and drive into the unknown. I remember driving across the sagebrush not knowing where I was going, bawling all the way thinking that we were both crazy."

They welcomed four beautiful girls, Cindy, Julie, Gina and Jayne, who worked their little hineys off riding horses, chasing cows, and driving tractors. Several years later, Jerre, spelled J e r r e, joined the family work force.

A good friend and cattle business partner, Steve Ellis would say, "Never underestimate what girls can do!"

"We learned to finish the job, even if it was late at night. The girls and I were basically all the help that Gerald had. We would ride and walk and trail. We would have three-day trails and we would get home at 1-2 in the morning. I would have my four little girls with me and when we got home, I would bath dirty, crying girls after a long dusty day on the desert, then leave again early the next morning to do it again. Sometimes the girls and I would be so tired we would all just sleep in the old brown station wagon when we got home. It was hard. We just did it because we had to do it."

Eventually we had hired hands that took the place of us kids having to work so much on the farm and ranch, but Mom was always the chief cook and bottle washer, as she would say. She would also say, "Keep up the good work." And "Eat it up, wear it out, make it do or do without."

Dad said to me the other day, "Mom was a really good wife. She'd have to be to put up with me. We had lots of good times."

Mom did a lot of genealogy, as did her mother before her. She made picture and record books for all the family before the days of computers and digital cameras. She hoped we would take up the challenge and continue the family history work, especially recording our own histories.

She loved her family immensely. *"Gerald and I were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple March 26, 1988, with all our family there, dressed in white. It was a fantastic, beautiful day. I am the very happiest when I can have my family together. I am excited for eternal life with that happening. Please, everyone be there with no empty chairs. 3 John 1:4 'I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.'"*

I am so grateful to have been here before and when Mom went home. But I would still wish for another day with her. I would help her wash her windows, water her flowers, listen to her stories. I would have her teach me better sewing techniques and tricks for playing the accordion. I want to tell her again how much I love her, appreciate her sacrifices she made for all of us, thank her for teaching me forgiveness, compassion and strength. Even though she was here for 89 years, the time was short and passed ever so quickly.

Our mom, wife, sister, grandmother, great grandmother, friend was beautiful, talented, kind, funny, musical, spiritual, passionate about her family.

I am grateful she is no longer in pain, that she can hear, and that she is just on the other side of the veil, being our guardian angel to help guide us all back to our heavenly home.

Mom wrote, "Living the rural life, we have learned to appreciate and take pride in our great country, our heritage, and the sacrifice of our pioneers. In spite of all the problems in the world, Heavenly Father is in charge and I have faith in the future and will continue to believe everyone does the best they can. I am thankful for all the blessings and opportunities God has given me and I have a solid testimony of the truthfulness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and of His gospel.

One of Mom's favorite scriptures is found in Proverbs 3:5-6 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding, in all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths.'

Love you Mom. Good on You