

TRIBUTE TO DEE ALBERT GARDNER

JULY 7, 1990

By Renae Fillmore

These are some of the memories that Uncle Dee's brothers, sisters and family would like to share:

The tribute from Thyra was how he built his life around his family, horses and the many unselfish hours of service he gave to the Senior citizens and their band. How he loved his children so much and what a joy it was for him to sing with his brothers.

RHEA will never forget waking up sometimes at midnight or 1:30 in the morning and again at 5:00 or 6:00 a.m. to her Dad's call from his room, "I'm hungry," and the voracious appetite he had when he came home from the hospital this last time.

Another fond memory she has is when she was in the first grade and she reported to her dad that Lester, her current heartthrob, had asked her, "What are you doing?" while they danced at the school dance and how embarrassed she was. So Dad taught her how to dance at 6 years of age and she felt like a queen whenever she danced with him at wedding receptions. He loved to dance and was so good and for so many years he and Mom were dance directors both in Hiawatha and Ogden, and were in charge of many "floor shows."

The GRANDCHILDREN have had a grand time reminiscing about their grandpa. Here are a few of those special memories they have of grandpa: He was a famous pancake maker and a visit to Granny and Grandpa's was not complete until we had some of Granny's rice pudding and Grandpa's pancake breakfast. All the camping trips, and there were many, and Grandpa would make sure that he had supplies along to be able to make a swing. Sliding down the tailgate of Grandpa's truck and the many whistles he whittled to the delight of each whistler. Trips with Grandpa to get an ice cream cone.
* Trying to catch the toothpick that darted in and out of Grandpa's mouth.

Grandpa's famous wiggling ears and the funny expressions with his eyebrows.
His never ending sense of humor, like scaring the cleaning lady while he was laying in a hospital bed.
Learning the alphabet backwards from Grandpa, sometimes even before learning it frontwards.
How he loved to ride horses, and loved taking the grandchildren for rides.
How he worked on "Stuff" and could create things from seemingly nothing.

How he worked in the yard a lot and down the cellar.
How he "Beat" the teenagers to a new hairstyle and was careful one day to comb the bald side of his head while not touching the side that had hair.
For the Grandchild who was born on his birthday, "It's going to be scary to have a birthday without Grandpa."
One grandchild summed it up, and I think all the grandchildren will agree with this; "I'm going to miss him so much because he was like a best friend to me."
Here is a poem one of his grandchildren, Erica Gardner, wrote:

To Grandpa:

Today I lost a friend
Who was always there to listen
And now I have realized how much
I'll really miss him.

I won't forget the times we spent together
Until the day I see him again
It will feel almost like forever
I'll try to remember the good
Times instead of the bad
And all that I can do is sit
Here feeling sad.

I'm not sure who to blame but,
I guess it's all the same
Because all that I know is in my world of pain
So now I'm here feeling blue
Looking through my pictures of you.

By: Erica Gardner

Dee was my second oldest brother and I was the oldest in the family. I had to help mother with the babies and the growing up kids. Well, Dee was my helper, he would help me change diapers; help train them to walk and anything else they needed help with. As we grew up and after we all left home and on our own -- whenever the family or any of us got together; Dee was always in the kitchen helping with meals and cleaning up afterwards. Always helping any way they needed help.

GERENE'S MEMORIES

JUNE tells of when Rollan was in the Service and on their way to Texas. Wayne was just a baby. June was very reluctant to go and didn't want to leave California. They stopped in Huntington for a short visit, Dee and Thyra were there. Knowing how June felt about the journey; Dee put his arms around her and told her, "You can do it, everything will be fine." June has always felt close to Dee because of this. She and Rollan were very happy when Dee and Thyra, Milas and Janeal all lived in California.

ANN recalls - From the time I was very young, I learned that Dee was a person I could count on for guidance and protection. He was the buffer between me and older kids on the school bus. He had a quiet, gentle voice and I never heard him raise his voice in anger. He was always considerate of his sisters and could usually be found in the kitchen helping. But he knew the hard work of the farm and the mines. There were very few children that he couldn't take on his lap, even when they wouldn't go to others. I have lost a friend, as well as a brother.

There just seems to be no way I can pin point any ONE incident to pay tribute to Dee. Whenever my thoughts turn to him, I see Dee and Thyra, Milas and me - no separation - always so many, many special times together. Thyra was my best friend all through school, we four dated together. We married in the same year, our first babies - boys - were born on the same day. Our baby was named James Blaine, their's, Blaine Dee. "Uncle Dee" was

special to our boys - during
the deer hunts, on the mountains for the 4th of July camping trips, here
at home or wherever.

This past May, the boys made a special tape of some of their music "To
Uncle Dee With Love."

Two of my grandchildren are named for him, Bryce Dee, Ray and Cindy's
boy, and Deeann, Terry
and Kathy's little girl; and as for me - very definitely, a wonderful
brother.

We will surely miss him. JANEAL

Dee and I didn't do much together until I was married and we moved next
door to him and Thyra.

This was when we began to know each other, and I learned to love and
appreciate him. We

hunted rabbits together, went to dances, worked together, and went
places together. After Dee

and Thyra moved to Orangeville, Dee was always ready to help in any way
he could. He was

always there to help with the cows. He enjoyed riding his horse and was
always after me to ride

with him somewhere. VAN

KENDALL remembers that Dee used to take a horse called "Peggy" to the
4th of July

celebrations and get in all the horse races they had. Dee also would
attempt to ride a horse named

"Ben," who invariably would throw him skyhigh. Dee and I have spent
many hours riding horses

on the mountains in the past years.

SHARON recalls a time when Dee was living in the upstairs of "Geary's
store" in Huntington.

Dee had run a stop sign on main street and the sheriff followed him
home. When Dee got out of

his car, the sheriff told him that he was going to give him a ticket.

Dee boldly asked "How could

I run the "Potlicker," I was parked by it.

Dee had a way of saying things that was different. I remember one time
we were camping up in

Kelly's canyon. We found some wild strawberries. Everyone was saying
how good and delicious

they were. Not Dee. His comment was: "No wonder the bears fight over
them." One year we

gave Dee a cookie jar full of cookies for Christmas. Incidentally, I don't know anyone who enjoyed cookies more than Dee did. A couple of months later, Kathleen asked him how he was enjoying the cookie jar. He replied that it was no good. Kathleen asked what was wrong with it. He said, "The lid won't stay on and it is always empty." MERVIN

SHANNAH was quite small when Dee was married and gone. However the thing that she always noticed about him was the way he was with small children. When they wouldn't go to others, they would always go to Dee. He had a way with children, and always had them around him.

Uncle Dee will be dearly missed by all of us. He touched the hearts of everyone he came in contact with. We will cherish the memories that we have.

Our prayers will be with Aunt Thyra, Kathleen, Rhea, Dennis, and the family of Uncle Dee.

DIARY OF GEORGE BRYANT GARDNER

In May 1841 I and my wife moved to Peterborough, New Hampshire, bought a house and some land of Mr. Peneman, a Methodist Deacon, built me a good blacksmith shop and started business again. Attended meetings very regularly, and was chorister, clap leader and Sabbath School teacher for about six months at that place at the Methodist meeting house and in good standing with society. One Sabbath about the first of July 1841 while sitting and listening to our Methodist Priest, it being warm weather and the windows all opened, my ears caught the sound of some men preaching in the Town House, just across a narrow lane which sounded like music in my ears. On