



PARLEY SILVESTER HENNINGSON
Person #2 on chart #2

Daddy died when I was only 13 years old, and I have missed him so much in my life. I remember him as always being a very kind, loving person. I can never, ever remember him being cross with me. I remember that he always would do little things to make us happy and satisfied. Whenever we were sick he would always come in asking us, "What special thing would you like to eat?" Then he would do his best to get whatever we desired. He would take the cut off road when we went to Emery just to see Donna

Vee and me smile. When we would ask him to do something, he'd always say "If I do will it make you fat?" He was always kind and loving.

I remember him talking to Mother saying, "Now here's the proposition." Donna Vee and I thought that sounded so neat, that we'd say it when we played.

Although I was young when my father died he impressed me with many virtues. I shall always remember him saying, "If there are two things I despise, it is a thief and a liar, and if you steal you lie, and if you lie you steal." That has always flashed into my mind, and I am sure has kept me an honest person.

I always felt he was a morally clean man. Never did I hear him repeat an off color joke, or in anyway show any signs of a dirty mind. I have always been proud of him for this.

He was always very sensitive to the feelings of others, being kind to both human and animals. I have never known him to knowingly hurt, neither man, nor beast. I have felt very proud of this quality that he had.

Although, Daddy didn't go to church, I know that it was not because he didn't believe. I'm sure that one of the reasons he stayed away was because, he had a "Word of Wisdom" problem. I knew that he believed the church and the scriptures to be true. He always upheld the Church, and never talked against the authorities. He supported Mother, and any of us in whatever we did in the Church. He was a believer of he, himself, giving to the poor, the needy and helping others. Therefore he didn't often pay tithing, but he did constantly help those he thought were in need. I feel in my heart that perhaps if Daddy had lived a bit longer, into the mellowing years, he probably would have become active.

Never-the-less I remember my Dad as being the kindest, most loving, free hearted man I have ever known. I love him so much, I am thankful and proud that he was my Dad, I hope he can say the same of me.

Why did he sometimes, especially in Church records, go by the name of Parley Henningson? Yet, most of the time he went by the name of Parley S. Beal. By so doing this he caused some of his children to be called Beal, and some of us to maintain the Henningson name. Well, here is the reason why, as its been explained to me. His mother, Silva Funk, was first married to Christian Parley Henningson. They had two children, my father Parley Silvester and Aunt Mary Henningson Scow. These two children of course were Henningson's. While they were yet very young their parents were divorced. Their mother, then married Ira Allen Beal. She was bitter over her divorce, and didn't want her first two children to be called Henningson. So, as they grew up they were both known as Parley and Mary Beal. However, Ira Allen Beal never legally adopted them, so they always were really Henningson's, confusing? Well, we are not done yet. Since he'd always been called Parley Beal people naturally all called his first 3 children, Legrand, Monta and Lola by the Beal name. As time went on, and more children came the name's started to get straightened out. Esta Lee, Jake, Donna Vee, and I for the most part, always used the Henningson name, finally now all of us do. Although, Legrand who yet lives in Emery is often still called Legrand Beal. This was quite a story to repeat when people would ask, "How come some of you kids are Beals, and some Henningson's?" Then we'd begin the long explanation and would hope the listener would understand, do you?

When my Dad was 18 years old he went to Manti to meet his father Christian Parley Henningson. He learned to love and respect him very much. Therefore in his later life he said he wanted to be sealed to his true father and true mother. But, they were each sealed to someone else, making this difficult to do. So, after his death Mother had him sealed to his mother Silva Funk Beal, and her husband Ira Allen Beal. This is the only way it could be done at the time. We feel confident that if this is not right it will be all straightened out in Heaven. As for me I am proud of my Henningson Heritage, and I love them all. I also love my many Beal relatives.

Mother's sister Irene, married Daddy's brother Ira Allen Beal Jr. We have loved that family so much. I also love my wonderful Jensen-Rordell Uncles (Mother's brothers), their names being yet another story. When Mother's brother Cornelious and Marius Jr. were growing up there were so many Jensen's in Manti. This caused mail and etc. to always get mixed up. So they decided to choose a locality in Denmark as their "Sir" name. They chose "Rordell" (which I think means a small wooden glen or meadow). From that time on their names were legally changed to Cornelious (Neil) J. Rordell and Jens Marius (Roy) J. Rordell. What great Uncles they were!

I am including a history that I wrote about Mother's life and the things she told me about my Dad so I won't write anymore here.

Once again, I want to say that I love, honor and respect my father. It's been a long time on this earth since I've seen him, yet his dear memory is still bright in my mind. I've missed him so much. I am looking forward to that day in the great beyond when I can be with him again.