

Life History of Louise Omer Jacob On March the sixth 1925, a little blonde, hazel eyed bundle of mischief and noise was born to Gustave and Leona Johnson Qmer. The doctor assured these parents that this baby was a girl, and as the years passed he was proven to be right, but in her early childhood, this bundle of dynamite was all boy. She could shinny up a tree as fast as any boy, catch a baseball bare handed with the best of them, in grade school she would compete against the boys in racing and in high jumping, and come in first sometimes. She loved to swing as high as the swing would go, and climbed anything that she could get a finger hold on.

There was two sisters and two brothers born in this family before this little girl made her appearance, they were Vadus Beatrice, Grant Sigfrid, Reid Johnson, who died at the age of three months and Ruth, There were also two younger brothers, Harold Johnson, who also died at the age of three months, and Wesley, Vaudis had a school teacher, whom she loved very much whose name was Louise School and Vaudis persuaded her parents to name this little sister Louise.

When I was ten months old I had Pneumonia, this left me with a slight heart mummer that was to bother me later in life. In my early youth I had terrible earaches, so bad that sometimes I looked like I had the mumps. One of the earliest memories is of my beloved mother sitting in the old rocking chair pulled up close to the old coal stove with me on her lap. She would hold hot cloths on my aching ears to help ease the pain. My earliest memories of my father is with his harmonica, he would take Wesley on one knee, and me on the other and play old folk tunes, and old Swedish songs, up and down we would go as he keep time to the music, my favorite tune was "Oh the moon shines tonight on pretty red wing ", an old Indian love song.

I had the usual childhood illness, except measles, and the average cut fingers, maybe more scraped knees and shins because of my tomboy ways, Aunt Olive mother's sister lived across the street from our place, in Grandfather Johnson's old home. They had a tall corn silo over there, and I remember climbing to the top one day and walking around the top. I wasn't very old, I remember I had to be lifted to the first step on the ladder. When I got back down, Aunt Olive was waiting for me with a stick. I ran for home but she caught me and gave me a well-deserved spanking. I never let her catch me on the silo again.



When I was about three years old, I burned my hands quite badly. I pulled my little red rocking chair over to the old kitchen stove, which was red hot, placed the little rocking chair on a big chair, and proceeded to rock away. And rocked two hard and over I went, hands down on that red hot surface, mother said that when they pulled my hands of the stove surface, I left two perfect hand prints of shin on top of the stove. I suffered first, second and third degree burns. For weeks I had to be fed, dressed, and be bathed just like a baby, Vaudis took over this constant care of me. The doctor bandaged me with my arms crossed in front of my chest, with palms facing out, they had to watch me every minutes to keep me from tearing the bandages off in my frenzy of pain,

In the fall each year the shepherds would drive their sheep past our home to their winter quarters. One had a beautijul collie that we played with as they passed, after that the dog would not stay at home, but come to our place, after several times of having the dog break his ropes to come to our place the man told dad we just as well keep him because he was no good to him anymore. That is how we got our beloved Jack, he was mine and Wesley's protector, many times he steeped in front of us to keep us from crossing the road in front of cars, At home after we got him, Vaudis, Ruth and I were home alone, I don't rememder where Grant was, but mother and dad were in Salt Lake with Wesley for one of his many surgeries, a tramp came into the yard and wanted to rest. Vaudis told him he could rest in the barn, she needed some kindling to make a fire and was afraid to go out herself or to send Ruth out but she thought it would be safe to send out a little child like me. I started out to get the wood, the tramp beckoned to me and I started for the barn. Vaudis called me back and told jack to get the tramp, which he did. The tramp took out running with Jack hard on his heels. Jack came back all

bloody. Vaudis was afraid that Jack had killed the man but afraid to go out to find out. Several years later, Ruth, Edith, Carol, Wesley and I were playing house in the barn and Jack was with us. Mother was out hanging clothes on the line, when this same tramp came into the yard and started for the barn where he could hear us playing. Jack spotted him and took out after him. The tramp left in a hurry and we never saw him again.

I loved to climb, and often used a tree as a hiding place to escape from well-deserved chastisement. Every time I got angry with Vaudis, who's job was to tend me, I would climb a tree and hide from her. One day I stayed up in the tree until after dark. I was daddy's baby girl and a little spoiled I guess.

I also loved to play baseball, but had a very bad habit of throwing the bat after I hit the ball. We were playing ball on the south side of the house one day, and threw that bat right through our bedroom window.

As stated before, loved to climb anything. One day I climbed a pole on the corner of the lawn to call a little stray dog running through the neighbor's field. I fell, striding my head on a rock. I know this sounds strange and rather hard to believe, but the next thing I remember was being up in the top field, pulling a little boat through the water in the ditch. Wesley was with me. I asked him how I got up there and he said "how do think you got here silly? You walked ". I guess I must have walked but certainly don't remember,

I was rather small the first years of my life. My skin has always been very dry, and Mother said that as a small child, you could rub large scales of dry skin off my body, just like scales on a fish. I remember all the cod liver oil I had to take. To this day the smell of it makes me sick.

Wesley and I had some good times together as children. We played together with his little red wagon, taking turns pulling each other. We played farm on the fawn, making our animals out of milkweed pods and with legs made out of sticks. We lived across the street from our cousins the Starks. Margaret was just younger than Wesley and she played with us a lot. I remember one time as a child, I decided to run away and go over to play with Edith and Carol.

As I crossed the road without looking for cars, and I was nearly run over. The driver of the car was Fred Lowe, our neighbor, He got out of his car and gave me a good spanking for nearly scaring him to death, from that time on, I was much more careful when crossing the street, in the summer we played in the irrigation ditches and had a good old wet time. In the winter we would sleigh ride on a hill close to home, father had a old bobsled, and he would hitch up the horse, with his string of Swedish bells on the horse's rump and gather up all the children that

would get in it and go for a long cold ride. I remember one winter when it was ready cold and we had lots of snow. It was just before Christmas and we went down to the hills to ride on our sleighs. Grandmother Johnson lived not far from where we were playing and when we would get too cold we would go to her house where she would warm us up with a good blazing fire, hot chocolate

and cookies. This one day we stayed all day long and I got so cold that I froze my toes. I had to sing for the Christmas eve program with Verna Marrott and I couldn't get my shoes on because my toes were so sore and swollen, so I had to wear my overshoes instead of shoes. I cried and didn't want to go because I thought people would laugh at me. So 'Vaudis gave me a new little skirt and blouse that she had made for me for Christmas to wear' and fixed my hair all



pretty with curls. Of she said I looked so pretty that no one would look at my feet, I felt much better then and went and took my part on the program. When I was in the third grade, my old heart mummer started to act up, or so the doctor thought. But since then I have been told that I probably suffered an attack of Rheumatic Fever, I was told not to run, and being a tomboy, I just had to find other ways to keep up with the other children. I learned to skip as fast as they could run, the doctor hadn't said anything about skipping, or so I reasoned. On the days I felt fairly good, I would spend quite a bit of time skipping rope. I got pretty good at to. I have never been the kind to sit around and do nothing, so this forced inactivity was terrible.

I attended grade school, at Lindon School. It was close enough to home that we walked to and from school. 'Wesley and I had to take the cows to pasture before school every morning. This was about a mile and a half to the pasture and a mile and a half to school. But we didn't really mind. I wasn't a very good student. I missed so much of the third grade because of illness that I found it hard to catch up with other students. I loved to read, and still, do, but arithmetic was always hard for me. I went to Pleasant Grove to both junior and high school. In those days it was all combined in one school. My heart condition acted up again when I was a junior (eleventh grade) and I wasn't able to take gym, so I took two classes of seminary, graduating with the class a year older than myself, I didn't graduate for high school though.

In the summer we earned our money for the coming school year by picking berries, beans and tomatoes. My dad raised doth strawberries and raspberries so we didn't have to go very far to find work, we picked beans for our neighbor and lifelong friend Brother Lowe. We also thinned beets and hoed weeds. When you are raised on a small farm, everyone has to learn to do his or her share. Dad never made us girls help in the hay though, he said that was man's work. I loved wheat harvest time. I loved to play in the newly thrashed wheat, there were tomatoes to be picked in the fall when we got home from school, so there wasn't much time to get into mischief. But we had fun too. Dad always took his berry pickers on an outing at Sarotoga at the end of the picking season. I liked to play in the water, but never learned to swim until after I was married.

When I was only about thirteen I decided who I was going to marry. I will never forget that night. It was Christmas Eve at the ward Christmas Eve party. It wasn't the first time I had seen him, because he lived in our ward, but that night I saw him with my heart, not just with my eyes. As he came down the aisle, oh how I wanted him to sit by me, but a plump girl beat me there, he sat next to her, and oh how I hated her at that moment. But I made up my mind that he was the one for me, so naturally the poor boy didn't have a chance, he and his twin brother delivered the Daily Herald paper. We didn't take it, but they came as far as the neighbors place on the south of us, and I would lie out on the lawn just to get a glimpse of him. We didn't start dating until I was fifteen. I dated other fellows but he was always in my thoughts. We started going steady almost after the first date. To me he was what I had always dreamed of. Good-looking, sweet, considerate and gentle. Perfect husband and father material. Two months and eight days after my seventieth birthday, I married my love. On July the fourteen 1942. I became the wife of Earl Isaac Jacob, and a new world of happiness opened up for me. I would have been married before that, but father said no. In December, right after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands, we asked father for permission to marry. Earl had a chance to go to Guam to work, but only if he was married. But father said no, we would have to wait until school was out. So we got married at nine o'clock the first day after school was out for the summer vacation, we exchanged our vows in front of GA Grant, the county clerk in Provo.

Louise passed away July 15, 2007 so I (Earl her loving husband) am finishing her Life history

We had a wonderful life together, we were always together in everything we did. She was and is my sweetheart. She made my life worth living. She held many positions in the church, and always gave her very best. She worked for five years in the Provo Temple until her back pain got so bad she had to quit. We raised four wonderful boys and had Lorie for five years, we

have been well blessed. We built our first home a basement home on some property that her Dad gave us, she was always at my side she supported me in everything I did. We built our second home on land my Dad gave us, piece by piece. We shoveled the footings for the house, pored cement, laid block and built the house ourselves. We went on several trips one to Europe & one to Hawaii. We spent many vacations with our four boys and had a wonderful time. Later in years my sweetheart had back problems that couldn't be fixed, so she was in constant pain. She is all I could ask for and much more. In 2007 she broke her left leg, she thought she was on the last step going down to the garage but was on the second step. She was watching the dog and stepped down two steps catching her foot under her and braking both bones above the ankle. I believe that was in February or March.

She went in the hospital and had screws and plates put on to hold the bones in place. That was when I got her a Jazzy motorized wheelchair.

Several weeks later she had the screws and plates removed. The next health problem then showed up (she was already taking Lacix for water retention) congestive heart failure along with Pulmonary Arterial Hypertension which



caused fluid on the lungs. She was doing quite well and then in April she fell and broke her hip in four places. She was getting over that then in June she had to go to the hospital with fluid on her lungs. The doctors said the only way they could prevent fluid from building up on her lungs was to glue her lungs to the inside of her chest cavity. So with no other options we decided to go ahead with the operation. During the operation on the left side the Doc pulled on the lung and tore an artery that was attached to the lung because of the fluid on the lungs and had to go in and take part of the lung out in order to fix the artery. The Timpanogos hospital said that she would have to be taken to a Specialty Hospital. (Respiratory specialists)

She was taken to the Specialty Hospital. They put her on a respirator and alternated her with a assist device to help her breath while she was off the respirator hoping that it would help her to breathe on her own, but with one lung and a part of one it didn't work. They also took her to therapy twice. But she continued to get weaker. They had a trickier down her throat all this time which made it so she couldn't talk. The only way she could communicate was to write. I could tell how bad she was by the way she wrote. Some days were better than others. If I couldn't decipher her hand writing she was feeling real bad. She was there five weeks. She was finally put on life support. I told her they had done all they could do for her. (We had discussed life support and decided we did not want to be kept on it) I ask her when she wanted to be taken off from it and she said Sunday. So I informed all our kids and the four girls she had taken under her wing. They were all there Sunday and Lewis ask the LDS nurses if they wanted to attend and they did. Between Lewis, Roger and Farrell they blessed the Sacrament and gave it to Louise and I. At 10:20 AM July 15, 2007 My Sweetheart was taken off life support. She then passed through the vale to the other side. I Love her with all my Heart & miss her terribly.

Louise
Vaudis
Wesley
Grant
Ruth