

LIFE SKETCH OF CLOYD VERL HARRIS

To begin with I would like to explain a little bit about the program. In 2003, Dad wrote out a plan for his funeral. We've changed it a little bit, but it's pretty much the way he wanted it. The song, Whispering Hope, was also sung at Mom's funeral, by the same wonderful ladies. There is a reason for that. Whispering Hope is a family favorite. When we were young children, Mom & Dad bought a console stereo, one that you could put a stack of records on & it would play the whole stack and then turn its self off. So every night before going to bed they would put on a stack of records, turn on the stereo & we would fall to sleep listening to the music. Usually the first record on the stack was, Whispering Hope. So we appreciate, so much, these ladies being willing to sing it for us again.

Dad always thought meetings should be short & sweet, and they should start and end on time, so we're trying to stick to his guidelines today.

Cloyd Verl Harris, was born to Verl Anthony Harris, & Ruby Cobbley Harris, Sept. 15, 1932, in his grandma & grandpa Cobbley's home in Lindon, Utah. He was the first of nine children for Verl & Ruby. His brothers & sisters are: Ardell Harris, VaDon Repass, Kay Harris, LaRee Robison, Verla Whitener, & Irene Duffin. He was proceeded in death by 2 brothers, Norman & LeGrand Harris.

Dad grew up in Lehi, in the old fourth ward, just up the street from his grandma Harris, who lost her husband in 1934. As the kids got older, they all took turns spending the night with her so she wouldn't be alone. Dad really enjoyed the time he spent with his grandma Harris.

Dad was a normal mischievous little boy. Once, his mother was going to go to his cousin's house. She told him he couldn't go. So he tested the trunk to make sure he could open it if he locked himself inside. It worked. So, when grandma was ready to go he climbed inside the trunk & rode to his cousin's house. When they got there he climbed out to surprise her. It wasn't a good surprise. He remembers getting a good scolding.

He attended Lehi Elementary school & Lehi High school. At that time the Jr. high, & high school were in the same building. When he was young, he had rheumatic fever and missed a whole year of school, but was still able to graduate with his class in 1950. Because of the rheumatic fever, he had a bad heart valve and the doctor told him he probably wouldn't live much past the age of 40, so we're lucky that we got 38 more years than expected.

Cloyd & Maxine were high school sweethearts. Mom always said he was her winnings on a bet. They were in the same seminary class and Cloyd caught her

eye. A friend from Cedar Fort had her eye on another boy in the class, so one day mom said to her friend, "I bet I can get a date with Cloyd before you get a date with Earl." The bet was on and mom got the date first. After dating for 2 yrs. They were married Oct. 7, 1950, in Cedar Fort, and later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple to each other and their 4 children: Lewis Cloyd Harris who is married to Toni Peterson. Sharon Harris, who is married to Steven Bell. Kent Cook Harris, who is married to Necia Fowler, and Bruce Boyd Harris who passed away with leukemia Aug. 26, 1972 at the age of 16.

They have 10 grandchildren & 17 great grandchildren. One for their greatest joys was supporting their family in all of their activities.

When Dad was 16 he became inactive in the church. He didn't have much to do with it until 1953 when Art Cook asked him to be secretary of the MIA. A short time later he was called to be scout master, a calling he dearly loved. In 1960 he was called to be first counselor in the Cedar Valley Ward bishopric with Reed Carson as bishop. Six years later he was called as bishop in the same ward & served in that capacity for almost 9 yrs.

He was later called to serve as 2nd counselor in the Lehi W. stake with Pres. Boyd Stewart. He was released from that calling to serve a mission with his eternal companion, Maxine. They served in the Washington DC South mission. Dad was very anxious to go on a mission. Mom, not so anxious. She finally told him she would go if they went for 1 yr and could stay in the United States. They both loved their mission and they had some wonderful experiences. Just a few weeks ago I finished reading their mission journal to dad. We were both

grateful that they had kept a journal and it was fun for both of us to read of the amazing experiences and the miracles that took place while they served their mission.

After their mission he was called to a position at the Missionary Training Center, where he served in many capacities for 8 yrs. He loved it. I think it beat out scout master as his favorite calling. They said he left kicking & screaming.

Dad's last calling in the church was that of stake patriarch, here in the West Stake.

Mom & Dad lived in Cedar Fort from the time they married until they moved to their home in Lehi. Dad's work was in

Tooele, first at Deseret Chemical, then at Tooele Army Depot, and then Dougway as a procurement agent, where he retired after 38 yrs. of working for the government. Living in Cedar Fort was closer to work and he was married to Maxine Cook, who was not leaving the town she grew up in, but after Kent & Necia moved to Lehi and dad was driving back and forth to the MTC several times a week, sometimes late at night, they decided it was time to move. So they moved here to the sunset 2nd ward. Dad soon made lots of new friends sharing produce from his garden & food from the new recipes he tried.

My grandpa Harris loved to fish more than anyone I know. He passed that love for fishing on to my dad. They spent lots of time together on streams & lakes try to catch some fish. Our family did the same. Dad never missed the opening of fishing season at Fish Lake for 11 years. In those early days we stayed in tents and more than once, I remember waking up to snow. We later graduated to trailers and our family, grandkids included, has spent many happy days together, camping in the wilderness.

Dad loved gardening and was really quite good at it. He loved sharing his fruit & vegetables with everyone, and his yard was always well manicured and blooming with pretty flowers. He also enjoyed cooking. After he retired, mom said the kitchen wasn't hers anymore. He spent a lot of time in her kitchen, cooking and arranging things his way, so she said the kitchen was his.

For some reason he also loved raising pigs. When he was a boy, about 9 years old grandpa Harris had 2 pigs. Dad named them, Sukas and Dingus. He would let these pigs out of the pen and they would follow him around like they were a couple of dogs. He also had pigs when we were growing up. He would spend hours outside taking care of those pigs and cleaning their pens. He always named them, and I remember Bessie and a really big pig named Berth. He helped Kent & Bruce raise pigs for FFA and one of those pigs took grand champion at the show.

They both loved Christmas time. Mom planned & prepared for it all year long, with dad right beside her. They did their shopping & played Christmas music 12 months a year. Our favorite thing, as a family, was Christmas Eve at grandma & grandpa's house. We told Christmas stories, had talent shows, played Christmas songs on the chimes and we always played a white elephant game & Christmas Bingo. This year on Christmas Eve dad was at the Stonehenge Rehabilitation Center in Orem, so we all went down and had a little party. The great grandkids sang and performed for grandpa great. How grateful we are that we shared one last Christmas Eve with our father and grandfather. It was a very special night.

After mom passed away, things got really hard for dad. Not just emotionally, but physically also. He was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease, the reason for so many falls. In Oct. 2009 he moved to The Charleston assisted living center in Cedar Hills. I'm sure it wasn't easy for him to leave his home but he said he liked living there and was well taken care of. He loved the staff and they always told us how much they loved dad and enjoyed his sense of humor. In May last year, he fell and ruptured his spleen, broke 3 vertebrae and 5 ribs. He was in the hospital for several weeks but was able to go back to the Charleston. That fall really took its toll, he never regained his strength and he was falling a lot more.

In Oct. he fell and broke his right hip and 3 weeks later, on Thanksgiving day, while still in rehab, he fell out of his chair and broke his left hip. He then went to the Stonehenge Rehabilitation Center for 7 weeks and was ready to go back

to the Charleston. While waiting for a room to open up there, he was staying at Greenwood Assisted Living Center, where he passed away, Tues. Jan. 18, 2011.

With all of his troubles & moving around so much these last few years, he never complained. He just said he wanted to be with Mom again. What a happy reunion it must have been to be with Mom and Bruce, and all of his family who passed on before.

I'm so thankful for these last 2 years, even though they were very hard and it was awful watching my dad go through all this suffering, but the Lord tells us, he gives us trials to make us strong. My love for my parents grew immensely during this time. I really realized more, what a great man he was, and the love my parent had for each other & their family. I hope that I was able to repay them, just a little bit by helping to care for Dad. He truly did endure to end.

Dad thanks so much for being such a good man, and a great example to our family. We love you so much and will miss you until we meet again.