

## BIOGRAPHY OF JONATHAN CLIFFORD ROBERTS

Due to the fact that I am 80 years old and do not have much more time on this earth, I wanted to write some of the facts for my grandchildren about their parents. I hope they will keep this information to pass to their own children.

Jonathan was born 19 April 1960 in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was born a month early along with his twin brother David. David was born first and since the doctor didn't know that I was carrying twins, the doctor and the assistant nurse were working to expel the "afterbirth" Jonathan dropped into the pan and the doctor said, "That little bugger" He was not breathing and was all blue. The doctor and nurse worked for about 5 minutes to resuscitate him. Finally he began to breath and cry. We were all relieved.

His little legs all turned blue. They were worried that there might be a neurological damage because of his difficult birth. All his life as a child, he suffered from cold legs when it was winter. However, he seemed to do alright and was functional.

He had a very close relationship with his twin brother David. Even as a child he would inform us of David's needs. His brother was born with some slight learning difficulties, and while he could not communicate with his parents as well, Jonathan knew and could understand what he needed. I always told Jonathan that was the reason God sent him with David at the same time, so he could be a help.

When they were in kindergarten, we separated them because we wanted David to learn to communicate on his own. That was the biggest mistake we ever made!

Jonathan was not only good to his brother, he was a help to the whole family. He learned quickly and was responsible for help in getting wood for our heating stove. When he was a little boy, he knew where everything was. If anything got lost, we would ask Jonathan if he knew where it was. He always would lead us right to it. Keys, books, wallet. We made such a fuss about his keen memory, that he began to hide things, just so when we asked where it was, he could run and retrieve it. Sometimes his father would give him a quarter for finding it. He had a keen business mind even then.

He liked things in order. His father would bring the wood in for the stove and put it on the floor near the stove for later use. This always made chips and sawdust all over the floor. Jon would run and get the dust pan and broom to have his father sweep up things. This was when he was only about 15 months.

We moved to Quincy, California, because his father had a job on the railroad. It was a beautiful place to raise children. Trees, open spaces, small church branch, good elementary school, rivers and lakes. His childhood was fairly happy, although there were trials.

He was good to his family. Once his older sister, Camille was crying because she did not get a date to the Jr. Prom. Jon went to the florist shop and bought her a corsage. Then he asked her for a date, and took her to the show and to dinner. It made her day. He was only 15.

He spent a lot of time in the winter sleigh riding down the hill on the side of our house. One winter he took his baby brother Fon with him. It was freezing cold. They were gone for a couple of hours. Finally the girls came home. I asked them where Baby Fonney was? They replied. "Oh , he is with the boys." Then they got warm and went out again to skate on the pond. Finally the boys came home.

" Where is Baby Fonny?"

"Oh, he is with the girls"

We began a frantic search for "Baby Fonney." I was desperate. Our neighbors helped. There was a lot of territory to search. Finally one of them saw a little red coat. Fon was face down in the snow and almost dead, He was half frozen. He was only two years old. We got him home and warmed him up, but we were lucky he was alive.

We took in a foster child, Dale Jorgenson, along with his two sisters. Dale, David, and Jonathan were all the same age. They had a wonderful time together. Many times they would take their lunch and inner tubes and I would drop them off at Gansner Park at the bridge. They would get in the river and spend the day floating down Spanish Creek. I would pick them up in Keddie about 8 hours later. They were starved, and beet red with sunburn. Many times they would take their sleeping bags and go off into the forest to sleep. The dog would always go with them. We were never without at least one dog, sometimes two. The dog was part of the family. I remember them jumping off the bridge at Butterfly into the river. It was at least 40 feet. How they ever lived I will never know.

Once we went out camping with all the kids up at Red Bridge. I cooked some nice foil dinners and the kids swam in the river and jumped off the rocks. Somehow the boys decided to tease the girls and tied all their sleeping bags up in the trees, along with our food, so the bears wouldn't get it. The girls were frantic.

"Who stole our sleeping bags?"

When they finally found out where they were, they were so mad they threw the boys sleeping bags into the river. That really caused a big fight and Crawford got so mad he jumped in the car

and went home and left us up there without transportation for three days!! He finally came back and got us.

His brother, David, loved animals. Once the scout master said if all the boys would earn their merit badges, he would take them hunting in Alaska. All the boys were excited. David said he didn't want to go. When they asked him why, he said,

"I couldn't kill anything."

We had an old horse named "Jerry" that we kept in the back yard. Once Jerry got loose and ate up all the neighbor's garden. We had to get rid of Jerry. David had a little pig that someone in the Ward gave him. David loved that little pig. We put him on the back porch and somehow that pig got into some paint thinner we had there and died. David cried and cried.

David died many years later with his two dogs by his side. I am sure they are in Heaven with him.

Once, Jon decided to make money by giving rides to the neighbors in his newest invention. He got an old commercial dryer with all the baffles still intact. He talked me into getting the truck and hauling that huge cylinder in the back, to our house. Jon rolled it to the top of the hill that he had used for sleigh riding. This was summer. He put pillows and blankets in that cylinder and was going to charge a nickel a ride. Someone said,

"Why don't you try it first, Jon?"

So he did. He climbed in and the rest of the kids gave him a push. He got going and couldn't stop. The blankets and pillows flew out the opening. He was banged against those bare baffles and when he finally crashed into a tree, he crawled out bruised and broken. Not to be dismayed, he substituted the dryer cylinder with large truck tire inner-tubes, and the neighborhood enjoyed the fun regularly during that and future summers. The tubes doubled as toboggans in the winter, and rafts on the river.

He was on little league baseball teams, as well as basketball and football. He took charge of everything. There was a reason for this. His father was a hard worker and a deeply religious man. Crawford would never miss church, even though he had worked all night. He never missed a home teaching assignment, except once, when he was in the hospital. He supported the family and we were never on welfare, but because Crawford had some learning disabilities, he just was not able to cope with all those kids when they turned teenagers.

We had half dozen foster kids as well. Because of this, he spent most of his time away from home. I didn't blame him. I wish I could have moved out. Because of Jonathan's natural intelligence and leadership ability, I leaned on him for most of the decision making in our

family, as well as emotional help in dealing with all those smart-mouthed, obnoxious kids. Somehow, Jonathan knew how to manage the discipline.

He handled all the work projects and made them into family night adventures. He fixed the car when it broke down. He drew up the plans for building of the garage. He got a job after school at the airport café. He had a paper route around our three- mile rural triangle. He became an eagle scout just before his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. His Eagle Scout project was to repair and paint the fence around the Chinese graveyard in Quincy. He worked hard on all his merit badges. One of them was raising house plants along with his brother and Joey Packer. His scout master was very proud of him as well as the whole family. Two of his brothers followed his example and became Eagle Scouts. I heard on the radio some time after of a lady in the community who called in say how wonderful it was “for that young man to fix up that old graveyard.”

Everyone loved him. He had tons of friends and his brothers and sisters made him their hero. Linden Packer came to think of him as his brother. Jonathan has been there for everyone. He was my hero, too. When our house burned down, and we lost our baby girl, I was still crying a year later. Our Relief Society President came over and said she had prayed for me and felt inspired that I should go back to college. I took her advice and obtained my teaching credential and taught elementary school for seven years before I retired.

I was devastated when Jonathan left to go on his mission. I was happy for him, and I knew he would do well, but I didn't know how I was going to survive. I cried all the way home from taking him to Reno to catch the plane to report to the MTC.

He did do well. He was made zone leader right away and then Assistant to the President, Leon Hartshorn in St Louis, Missouri. The friends and companions he had are still his today, 30 years later. Once, someone stole his bike. He didn't know what he was going to do. He prayed and was shown after that prayer exactly where it was. He just went there, and sure enough, he recovered his bike. He made 30 converts, some of which he still keeps in touch with. One companion was Clint Bland. They still make the effort to spend some Holidays together.

He came home from his mission and went to college. He met and married a beautiful young lady named Beverly Davis. She has been a wonderful wife and mother to that family. She indeed has been an asset to his success.

He became the Bishop. He loved that job. He served about six years and was very successful. Everyone loved him. I heard of another member who said, “If ever you have some sins you need help with, Bishop Roberts is the man you want to see. “

Then he was called as Stake President. He said he missed being Bishop because he loved being with the people one to one. (I guess he had a lot of sinners!)

He worked for Electronic Data Systems for about 25 years. He did well and then they sold out to Hewlett Packard. This new company kept him on as an executive, but put extreme pressure on him to sign business he did not think the team was prepared to support. When he tried to remedy the situation, his executive peers had left the company, the remainder said, "Our responsibility here is to our stockholders. He was more concerned about their customers, as his philosophy was if you take care of the customers, the stockholders will be taken care of too.

Jonathan's health was suffering. He decided to quit. It was the best decision. He bought some restaurants and decided to go into the inventing business. He is currently looking to manufacture a shelving project to fit into garages so people won't have to stack boxes on top of each other. Because of the recession that we are currently experiencing, it has not taken off as he had expected yet.

He has indeed given his life to the Lord. Just recently he has taken time off his busy schedule to help his sister, Tessie Ann, move and set up a house in Caldwell Idaho, so she could be near her sister Camille, since Tessie has recently been divorced and is all alone. He is always concerned about the whole family getting together for our annual family reunion. It has always been at Bucks Lake for the past 30 years, but last year he arranged for us all to go to Nauvoo, Illinois. We went to Adam ondi Ahman and the family had one of the most spiritual experiences on that hill that I have ever had. We all went to the Nauvoo temple and Fon and Linda were married. The children did 100 baptisms for their kindred dead. That was a very spiritual experience too.

In 2009, he was made an area seventy over the Southwest part of the United States. His life is one of constant travel and meetings. However, he never complains.

He is not perfect. I still have to remind him sometimes, "Who is the parent and who is the child?" However, this is mostly because he loves me and is concerned for my welfare.

People ask me sometimes, "How did you raise such a good family?" My only answer is,

"I don't think it was our raising, believe me, we had problems!! I think it was just because we were sent very special spirits.