

BIOGRAPHY OF DAVID CRAWFORD ROBERTS

David was born 19 April 1960 to Crawford and Tessie Roberts in Salt Lake City, Utah. I had gone home to visit my mother and was 8 months pregnant. I didn't know I was carrying twins. I was ready to get on the train to return to Elko Nevada where Crawford was working on the railroad. My water broke, and I knew I had to get to the hospital right away. Sure enough, David was born a short time later followed by his brother Jonathan. It was an easy delivery because both boys only weighed 5 lbs. David did not want to eat, just sleep. We had to wake him up all the time so he would eat. They kept him in the hospital for a week longer after I went home so they could see they he was fed every few hours. It was a worry for me because Jonathan had legs that were black and blue and David had difficulty eating.

I named them David and Jonathan because of the story I read in the Bible about David's best friend being Jonathan. He wrote that his love for Jonathan even exceeded that of a woman. I wanted them to be close like that. They even made a decopauge picture which they hung in their bedroom of the Bible David and Jonathan together. When they went to Kindergarten, I separated them because Crawford and I thought David needed to learn to do things on his own instead of depending upon his brother so much. It was a terrible mistake.

“Why did God send them down to us together if he wanted them to be separated.”

Research has shown that twins do much better if they are kept in the same crib as well as being together when they attend school.

David was mechanically minded as a child. He took everything apart to see how it worked. Once he took our alarm clock apart. He took his crib apart. He tied strings to connect everything. He would tie strings from his crib to the doorknob or window sill all the time. We never knew when we were going to run into a fence of strings tied up around the house.

He loved animals. We always had a dog and cats. He slept with his dog every night. Someone gave us an old horse named “Jerry.” We kept it in the back yard until it got loose and ate up the neighbors garden. David was very upset when we had to give it away. He had dogs all the time. Once one of them chewed up his new wrestling shoes that we had bought for him. We took the dogs everywhere. They even went to church with us. They just jumped in the car or truck whenever we went to the park or town. People would ask us why the dog always came to church?? We just answered that the dog was part of the family. The dog always stayed outside at church.

In the summer, we always went swimming in the river. The dog always went too and jumped in the river with the kids. I think the dogs taught our kids to swim.

One brother at church gave David a little pig. David was tickled to death. He wanted to take that little pig to bed with him. We told him “No” he had to put it in the back wash house. Somehow that little pig got into some paint thinner we had there and the next morning David went to get his little pig, and it was dead. I never seen him so upset.

When he was a teen, the scoutmaster, Maynard Denna, told all the scouts that he would take them to Alaska hunting if they would earn a certain amount of merit badges. They were all excited. David came home and said he would not go. When I asked him Why? He said,

“I could not kill any animals.”

David died at age 45 with his two dogs beside him. Where ever he is in the next world, I know he is with his animals.

The boys built a tree house out in the woods. I thought it was a lovely tree house, but we had a onery neighbor who didn't want it there and tore it down. Once when we had cut some wood for our fireplace, from old dead wood. The same neighbor came and took it all away. Said it was on his property. Maybe it was. We didn't know. No one was ever there in that part of the woods. The boys often would take their sleeping bags and a sack of bread and go out in the woods to camp and sleep along with the dogs. I never worried about them.

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.

David was a wrestler. He was on the high school wrestling team and won numerous metals because of his skill in wrestling. We tried to go to all his matches in Northern California no matter where they were. He excelled and we were very proud of him. His coach even helped him with his homework so he would make the grades to stay on the team. In order to buy his letter jacket, David went out and cut wood to sell. His brother Jonathan still has all his metals to this day in a plaque at his cabin in Oklahoma.

David took an very lively interest in his little brother, Matthew. He was determined that he was going to teach Matthew how to wrestle. He spent hours and days with Matthew. They got to be very good friends. When David was on his own he would spend his money and time taking Matthew to tournaments where Matthew could compete. David was Matthew's hero. Because of this his father and I worried because David was having some problems with alcohol, mariwana, and other lifestyles that we were afraid would affect Matthew in a negative way. He had also decided to stop going to church with the family. When he turned 18, I sat down with him and asked him if he was going to continue to pursue this type of lifestyle?

"Just give me till I turn 20, Mom. I just got to be able to have my freedom for awhile without all these restrictions. I will repent when I am 20."

I told him I just couldn't have this kind of example for Matthew. Matthew's well being was more important, and if he persisted, he would have to leave.

He left. 2nd big mistake I made!!! I have lived with two big major mistakes for about 40 years. Let me tell you about guilt!!!

The day he turned 20, I said, "OK David. Today is the day you promised me two years ago."

"Get off my back Mom."

He went to work on the Railroad when he graduated from high school. It was very hard, but he stayed with it and soon he had earned money to buy a truck and have his own place. He met a beautiful little girl friend, Karen, who had a little boy named Tucker from a previous marriage. David took care of Tucker and worked hard so Karen and he could buy a trailer. They lived in that trailer with Rocky, David's chocolate lab which David bought as a puppy. I used to go by every day and put Rocky in the back of my car so I could take him for a walk in the woods along with my dog, Spotsy.

The relationship did not last. Part of it was because of David's drinking. They had bought some property in Oroville, California. David made good friends with a neighbor Jack and Caryl Hester. They had him over to their house all the time, gave him advice about everything, and were probably the best friends that David ever had besides his family. I will always be grateful for the time and effort they spent with David. Every month I would drive down there with my dog and David would take me out for dinner, and then we would take our dogs out for a walk along the Feather River. Every couple of months David would come to Quincy and say,

"Come on Mom, get in the truck with me and we will take our dogs for a walk up at Oakland Camp!"

Sometimes David would come to Quincy just to cut wood to sell. He always invited me to go with him, which I did.

The Saturday before he died, I drove down to take him his Christmas present. It was two Pumpkin Rolls along with a 12 generation sheet of all his ancestors that I had been able to find.

“Now David, these people are the angels who are watching over you. You need to know what their names are! This is your family!”

He just rolled his eyes. He did appreciate the Pumpkin Rolls. He took me to the freeway and told me how to go to Sacramento because I was on my way to see his brother, Fon.

Five days later, he was dead. I suffered more than you can ever know.

A year to the day later, I was serving a mission at the LDS Family History Center in Salt Lake City. I was on the computer and had my family up on the screen. A sign appeared before me that said, “This family needs temple ordinances.” I had never seen that before. I clicked on the sign and there was David’s name with a little green arrow flashing!! MY GOSH, I AM SEEING LIGHTS FROM HEAVEN!!

I took this information to my Zone leader to ask him what was going on?? He answered me that that program (about the flashing green arrow) had just been in effect about 3 days.

Well, I had David’s card printed up and sent it to his twin brother, Jonathan. A short time later, Jonathan had a dream where David appeared to him and asked him,

“What is holding up the progress??”

Jonathan arranged for the whole family to be together at the Reno temple about another year later where we all participated in doing David’s temple work. It was a wonderful family reunion later that week. Jack and Caryl came and fed us hot dogs and root beer at Bucks Lake.

My purpose in writing this Biography is because I need my family to know that the veil between this world and the next is very thin. I have felt those ancestors looking over my shoulder as I have been involved in finding them. I have seen miracles happen. Once I was extremely frustrated because I was not able to locate the birthplace in Germany of my 3rd great grandfather although I had spent years, money, effort and work. One day I got on the TRAX and it was very crowded. One seat was left. I sat down and began talking to the gentleman next to me. I started telling him all my frustrations. He listened for some time and then he said,

“Maybe I can help you.”

“How??”

“I am a German genealogist.”

He did indeed help me and I have been able to locate several generations in Germany of my family that I was not aware of, as well as the place where they lived.

This is the only church in the world where we believe that work is done for people who have passed on. If they have not had a chance in this life, someone will help them in the next to

understand what accepting Jesus Christ is all about. David did not really understand. This has been revealed to me. He is being taught.

Love, Grandma