

Personal Journal
James Frank Goodrich

To better familiarize the reader as to where some family members reside, I have chosen to write a brief account of their current locations before I start the chronology part of this autobiography. As this part of my personal history will be written over a period of time, I will also occasionally update the status of my immediate family and some other extended family members.

Jim Goodrich

Today is the 3rd day of August 1991. I turned forty-eight years of age this past June. At the beginning of this writing I am living in Cheney, Washington, with my sweet wife and eternal companion, Virginia Lee Reiber Goodrich. We reside in the Garden Manor Apartments, and I have been employed as a long distance truck driver with Commercial Creamery Company in Spokane, Washington for the past eight years.

Our son Gregory, is living in Chetwynd, British Columbia and is employed as a truck driver at the coalmines in Tumbler Ridge. Our son, Justin, is living in Moses Lake and is establishing himself in the community. Our daughter Jennifer is also living in Moses Lake with her Mother and is planning on going to school this coming fall.

Our daughter Michelle Prichard is living in Federal Way and is raising two beautiful daughters, Crystal and Jessica. She is in her second year of college studying to become a paralegal and is doing very well in her schooling.

Virginia's Father, Rudolph Reiber, is living in Garibaldi, Oregon with her older brother Jerry, and his wife Elaine.

My Mother Agnes, and Stepfather Wayne Gander, is living diagonally across the street from us on Buena Vista. Mother has been plagued with many health problems these past few years and her quality of life has recently taken a turn for the worse.

Ruth is eighty-six years of age the 5th of this month. She is living in Moses Lake at the Hearthstone Inn Retirement Home. It is an assisted living facility. The past few years she has been enjoying better health, and we always look forward to our visits with her.

Karl turned ninety in May and is also living at the Hearthstone Inn. He is still driving his automobile, and is enjoying exceptionally good health. His two sons, Ivor and Huck, reside in Moses Lake. Many of Karl's grandchildren also live in the Moses Lake area.

Doc, after Helens death, married Doris Duvall, and they are living in Orem, Utah. Most of his children reside in that area.

Johnny retired last month after thirty-two years with IBM. He is living in Kent, but plans to settle again in the Spokane area in the future. We will enjoy having him closer to us.

Dixie is living in Medical Lake. Her son Ben is still living at home. Her health is also deteriorating, as a result of diabetes and other complications. The trials of life have taken a heavy toll upon each of us in various ways.

Debby and her husband Nim reside in Burien, a suburb of Seattle.

The past seven years I have made one trip per month to T.J. Lipton Company, in Independence, Missouri. Virginia and I always try to attend church services there, and we have gone to the visitor's center on many occasions. The Reorganized Church is building an enormous temple directly across the street from our visitor's center and just east of the temple lot that was dedicated by the prophet Joseph Smith. It will be interesting as to what part their building will play, if any, when the Lord chooses to build his own temple there.

The Independence stake membership includes many Samoan and Islanders, as we are told when they arrived in the United States they wanted to go directly to the future center stake of Zion. They are very special people and have strong testimonies. We love them dearly.

Because of her illnesses, Mother often becomes discouraged over her lack of physical progress. The realization that she will not always be with us has given each an awareness of our own mortality. We love Mother very much, and we pray for her good health, happiness, and joy in this life.

Virginia and I, along with my niece Lisa, had the privilege of accompanying Mother to the Seattle Temple when she received her endowment. What an honor it was to stand in as proxies for her parents as she was sealed to them for all time and eternity. Mother's brothers, Leon and Aubrey, were also sealed to their parents at that time, as that work hadn't been done.

It has been nine years since Dad died. Often, I find myself thinking of him. We had some very good times together. I have finally undertaken the task of sorting through some of his files in order to reduce them in volume. I have been very careful not to destroy anything that may be of interest to his offspring. He was very neat in how he kept his records. Justin seems to have inherited that same quality. I didn't, but I am striving to do a better job in that area.

A Solemn Occasion

Today is August 26, 1991. We lost our dear Mother on the 16th of this month. She had fallen on Sunday evening August 11th, and the following afternoon we took her to the Cheney Medical Center, as she was still in great pain. We would have taken her sooner, but Mother had

insisted on waiting. Dr. Hough X-Rayed her hip and it was obvious on the pictures that it was broken. She was taken directly to the Sacred Heart Hospital by ambulance, and they operated the following afternoon. The doctors placed two pins in her hip to aid in the healing.

Brother Kip Clark and I administered a priesthood blessing to Mother several hours prior to her surgery. Kip anointed the oil and I did the sealing and gave her a blessing. I promised her that the operation would be successful. I told her how much each of her children loved her. I felt impressed to commend her into the Lords hands, as he knows what is best for each of us; and I asked that the "Lord's will" be done. Compounded health problems over the past year had impacted Mother's personal will to live. She felt so helpless, and her quality of life had diminished tremendously. After our blessing, Mother felt comforted and told us that she was prepared to accept whatever the Lord may have in store for her.

I had a delivery in Seattle Tuesday afternoon and was unable to be with Mother directly after her surgery. However, we later learned that prior to her leaving the recovery room the doctors had evaluated Mother as a ten. That was the highest score they could give; meaning she was doing very well in all aspects and was in very little pain. We felt our prayers had been answered.

Virginia and I arrived back in Spokane Wednesday afternoon. We went directly to the hospital. Dixie and Ben were visiting with Mother when we arrived, and she was sitting up in a wheel chair joking with us and was in good spirits. We visited for some time and Mother was enjoying a very good meal. We returned again Thursday morning before leaving for Kansas City. We spent about two hours with Mother, and she ate a very good breakfast. She was in good spirits when we left.

I called her from Big Timber, Montana at 7 A.M. Friday morning. She had been asleep. Our conversation was short, as she was still groggy from the medication and wanted to go back to sleep. I told her that we loved her and she told me that she loved us. That was my last conversation with my Mother. I called for here again from Big Springs, Nebraska about 9:30 A.M. Saturday morning. The nurse informed me that she had died about 8:15 Friday evening.

Mother's funeral was on Wednesday August 21, 1991 at The Cheney Second Ward Chapel. Kip Clark and I were the speakers. Mothers granddaughters, Kelly & Lisa, along with Lisa's husband Steve and his father DeMar Duvall sang "IN The Garden," it was beautiful and I know that Mother appreciated their music. We miss her very much. She loved her family, and sacrificed greatly of her time and substance in behalf of her children and grandchildren. She is deserving of our respect. It will be very lonely without her. However, I know beyond any shadow of a doubt; if we are willing to follow our Savior Jesus Christ, and keep the covenants we made at the holy alter in temple of our God, we will be together again as an eternal family. We have been given the freedom to choose for our selves, and our eternal destiny is in our own hands.

Today is the 29th Day of March 2002. I turned fifty-nine in June.

Doc died this past winter. He was our last living family member of that generation. The funeral was December 8th. Early, on the morning of the 7th, Forest Lybbert, LaVar and DeMar

Duvall, Johnny and I all flew to Salt Lake City together on a commercial airline. Johnny and I spent the morning at the visitor's center on Temple Square. We took a tour of the new conference center. It is a spectacular building, seating 21,000. We then went to the Joseph Smith Memorial Building and watched the movie "The Testaments." It was also an uplifting experience. We met many family members and friends at the funeral. It was a nice reunion, and I am grateful I had the opportunity to be there.

My stepfather Wayne remarried in 1992. He moved to Spangle with his wife Pat. Virginia and I moved in to his house on Buena Vista that same year. We have enjoyed keeping the flowers up, and we have planted a few new ones every year and have re-landscaped the yard. Wayne and Pat moved into Spokane this past year and they have a comfortable home on the northwest side. We always enjoy our visits with them.

Johnny remarried last June. He moved from Liberty Lake to Spokane with his wife Jan. She is a very sweet and loving person. It is a real pleasure having her in the family. As Virginia will be with Michelle & family next week, John and Jan have invited Jennifer and I to have Easter Sunday dinner with them. We are looking forward to an excellent meal and spending an enjoyable afternoon visiting with them, and my nephew Scott, who has also been invited.

Dixie passed away April 1st 2000. Her daughter Jamie preceded her in death. Dixie's son Ben married a very nice young lady. Her name is Amy. They have since moved into Spokane and they both have worked at Service Master Janitorial Service for many years. Dixie's children are all married, and they are busy raising their families.

Debby and Nim are still living in the Seattle area. She keeps busy with her jewelry business, and we communicate by email on occasions. We don't see much of Debby; however, we always look forward to visiting with her at family reunions.

Gregory lived with us for about a year, but has since moved back to Canada and is now living in Kelowna, B.C. We enjoyed having him with us and getting to know him. He has a pleasant personality and a soft heart. We visit on the telephone quite often.

Our daughter Michelle has worked as a paralegal since her graduation. A law firm in Des Moines, Washington employed her for nine years. She has since changed employers and is now working for the Pierce County Prosecutors Office in Tacoma. Michelle married Tim Palmer in 1994. Four years ago, they adopted their son Jacob. They had been Jacob's foster parents since he was five months old, but was not allowed to adopt him until he was nearly four. Tim and Michelle have their children actively participating in soccer and softball, and it keeps them all very busy.

Justin is still living in Moses Lake. We don't hear from him, and I am not sure what he is doing. He has been blessed with many talents and can be successful in any area he chooses.

Jennifer received an honorable discharge from the Army in October of last year. She immediately enrolled as a junior here at Eastern Washington University, and lived in our home for several months until she was able to find an apartment close by. Jennifer plans on using the GI bill

to get her Masters Degree. We enjoy her company. She has an outgoing personality and is pleasant to be around. She is inclined to focus on the positive. We go to the movies together quite often.

Virginia is leaving Saturday afternoon for her regular two-week spring vacation visit in Spanaway, Washington with our daughter Michelle and family. She has that opportunity two times each year. I am pleased she can be with them, as her loving spirit is always a positive influence on their family unit. Our grandchildren love their grandmother, and they always look forward to her coming to visit. I too, appreciate the good example Virginia is to all of her family. She is deserving of their respect.

Today is the 6th day of October 2004. The weather has been absolutely beautiful and our yard looks the best it has ever looked at this time of year. However, we are reminded that winter is rapidly approaching when we see the fall leaves beginning to plummet to the ground in windswept variations of autumn colors that gently whispers to us a song about the coming of a scenic winter wonderland. Beauty comes with every season, and Eastern Washington truly has it all.

Our Aunt Helen Hatley passed away this past month in Austin, Texas. She was our last living relative from that generation on both sides of our family. Johnny, Debby and I, including our spouses are now the senior generation from our Goodrich/Hatley family extension. I have found that when we gain more family members on the other side of the veil, we also have more to look forward to as progressing age draws us closer to that particular reality. I would like to live long enough to offset, at very least, most of the past injury I am presently being credited with inflicting upon others. I too, would like these individuals to see that I have made some positive changes in my life. However, I am afraid that instilled prejudices are too deeply embedded for that to ever happen in my mortal lifetime. We shall see, as they too, have their own cross to bear. Forgiveness is a proven remedy for bitterness and resulting despair.

John and Jan recently purchased a home in Liberty Lake, and they are enjoying retirement to the fullest. They are doing a considerable amount of traveling, and Johnny spends time flying his remote control model airplanes during the better weather days while Jan tends to a variety of hobbies of her choosing. Johnny has a nice shop in his garage that acts as a model airplane aid station when he needs to make a few wing and fuselage repairs after an unwanted gust of wind creates a sudden change in direction, or when other aviation hazards, mostly created by pilot error, come his way. He occasionally gets together with our cousin, Huck Goodrich, who enjoys the same hobby.

Our nieces and nephews and their children are mostly grown up now, and they are beginning to increase in number. I have lost track of many of them. Busy schedules and a general lack of interest have caused our family reunions to go by the wayside. Perhaps, in the future, a few of us will be able exert more energy toward rejuvenating them, at least on a bi-annual basis. Some of us agree that it is important for extended family members to stay in touch.

Virginia and I have been married sixteen years this past August 31st. We both agree that they have been the happiest years of our lives. We attribute that happiness to a change in lifestyle that has given us an opportunity to serve others in a variety of ways.

Gregory has been living in Princeton, B.C. for several years now. He purchased an older home on a property that can be broken up into two or three lots. Gregory seems to be very happy with his station in life, and we enjoy hearing from him on a regular basis. He has a loving and generous heart. His generosity has been taken advantage of on more than one occasion. However, he also is a somewhat tolerant individual, and we are pleased with his willingness to forgive others that have insensitively caused him harm.

Michelle, Tim and family are still living in Spanaway. She continues to work as a Paralegal for the Pierce County Prosecutors Office, and Tim works for the state as a computer-networking supervisor for the State Emergency Services. They are, as always, very busy in their lives. I see the love and affection that exists between Virginia and Michelle and her children and I could feel slighted if it weren't for the love and respect Michelle and her children have also exhibited toward me over the years. I too, love each of them very much, as I do our other children, and I have great care and concern for their personal wellbeing.

It has been four and one half years since I have communicated with Justin. He prefers it that way, and we allow him that privilege. We hear good reports about him from time to time.

In August, Jennifer informed us that she was pregnant. She is elated with the prospects of having a child to care for, and we are happy for her and for another grandchild to love. The baby will be due the first part of April. We pray for the good health of child and mother. Ryan Schneider, her companion, is a kind and loving person, and a responsible individual. We liked him very much. Her mother raised Jennifer. Our philosophies do not coincide in every way, particularly where it comes to many modern-day issues, and to religion. I am not sure that I will have much positive influence on any of our grandchildren. Of course, Virginia and I will love our little grandbaby no matter how closely involved in his or her life we may be.

The vice-presidential debates took place last evening. Virginia and I watched them with great interest, along with the other presidential debates. We are doing our best to become more informed regarding the very important political issues that will confront the voters at the upcoming election. In reality, there are only two political parties to choose from, and none of the candidates have presented sound answers as to how we may overcome the moral dilemma that faces this country, and the world. They all seem to acquiesce to the whims of an ever-increasing amount of people within our culture that continue to compromise fundamental truths and take issue with honorable people that are attempting incorporate sound and solid moral principles back into our society. From an eternal perspective, I have an optimistic outlook regarding the future; however, I believe the coming years could very possibly see some of the most distressing and challenging times in the history of mankind. We pray our posterity will be prepared physically, mentally, emotionally, and of course, most importantly, that they will be prepared in a spiritual way.

Virginia and I purchased a new car this past April (a 1994 Toyota Camry). It had 165,000 miles on it at the time of purchase, but it is in excellent condition and should last us for many years

to come. I learned years ago that it is much easier to reduce our expenditures than it is to increase our income, particularly when we are confronted with old age and are not as employable. Even though we are required to save up our acorns to make it through the lean times, we really haven't found ourselves in short supply. We have been greatly blessed when compared to others in this land of abundance and to other countries of the world. We contribute many of our blessings to a willingness to keep substantive commitments we have made related to our religious convictions. That is not to say that we have overcome implications resulting from sin, as speaking for myself, I fall extremely short and find myself in need of forgiveness on a daily basis. We have, however, found satisfaction in sharing our material wealth with others who may be less fortunate than ourselves.

Today is Easter Sunday, the 27th Day of March 2005. Virginia received information on our answering machine last Thursday afternoon, March 24th, of the 9:30 A.M. birth of my first biological grandchild, Alexander Ryan Schneider, born to our daughter, Jennifer, and her companion, Ryan Schneider. He weighed 6 lbs. 11 oz., and was 18 & ½ inches long. I drove in early this morning to see him and arrived at the Deaconess Hospital a little before 4:00 A.M. The hospital staff was very accommodating. Alexander is a beautiful little child, and I felt an immediate closeness to him that is beyond description. It is a very humbling experience seeing a newly born innocent little child of God, possessing some of my characteristics, and who was in God's presence just prior to his arrival here on earth. I took three digital pictures of little Alexander and immediately put them on my screensaver after arriving back home. I am sure that Ryan and Jennifer are very proud parents. It is my prayer that they will be more diligent than I was with my children during their formative years in giving little Alexander the spiritual armor he needs for protection against the evil influences that are working very hard to keep him from accomplishing his very important mission here on earth.

This was a very spiritually uplifting day for me. I spent some time at the stake center taking care of some church business that had gotten behind. I then met Virginia at the Cheney building for our Cheney 2nd Ward sacrament meeting at 11:30 A.M. Because of ward conferences the past three months, this was one of the few times Virginia and I were given the opportunity to attend our ward together. The talks on the resurrection and atonement of our Savior Jesus Christ were expressed in a very enlightening way that left us reflecting on that very important event.

Today is Memorial Day, the 29th Day of May 2006. My darling wife has been quite ill for the past several months. She spent six days in the Sacred Heart Hospital the latter part of April, as the result of two bleeding gastric ulcers that were caused from the prescription medication she has been taking these past many years for her migraine headaches. Virginia has since been bedridden with extreme lower back pain, and the doctors are not sure what may be causing it. They are treating her with steroids, and we are looking forward to getting the test results from a recent CT-Scan.

I have been reminded of the important roll Virginia has had in the success of our family unit. However, it has been my turn to learn how to care for her and take up the necessary household responsibilities, as she has done for me so many times over the years subsequent to my surgeries. Virginia is truly a remarkable person. Even though she has spent most of her life in the service of

others, she still finds it difficult to be on the receiving end. She is greatly loved by our neighbors, family and friends, as it has been demonstrated to us many times over these past several months.

Ryan and Jennifer moved into their new home in Spokane this weekend. They are very excited to have a home of their own, and about the many amenities that came with it. We are pleased for them. They are caring parents to our grandson, Alexander, and he doesn't lack for love and attention. Alexander is a sweet and loving little child.

Gregory called from Princeton, B.C. a few days ago. He is driving a wrecker this summer and is enjoying the work. Gregory has a pleasant personality, and he is a very thoughtful person.

Michelle & Tim are still very busy in their lives. We are hoping that our grandson, Jacob, will be able to spend some time with us this summer. Jacob possesses some special qualities, that can be of great assistance to him during his journey in life, if he will strive to take the high road.

Our granddaughter Jessica's soccer team won the state championship, and will be going to regional playoffs in Boise, Idaho the latter part of June. Jessica is the team captain. She will graduate from high school this June and will be attending Central Washington University in the fall. Jessica will also enjoy a scholarship in soccer. Virginia and I can now attend some of her games.

We visit with Ben and Amy several times a week, either on the telephone or in person. They are a cute couple, and they are very devoted to one another. We are pleased to have them close to us, and we enjoy their company very much. They both have a very special spirit about them.

We stay in contact with Wayne and Pat. They too, have had their health issues to deal with. Wayne recently had cataract surgery and he can now read without glasses. That is certainly a miracle, as he has been plagued with extremely poor eyesight for most of his life. Pat is a very sweet and loving person, and Wayne has been blessed with her companionship.

As Virginia and I have grown older, the more important things in life have also become accentuated to us. How truly grateful I am to be part of this great plan, and for having had the opportunity to learn from my mistakes, which have been many. I am regretful that I have hurt others along the way. I hope I will one-day be forgiven by those individuals that were damaged as a result of my past actions. I have no control over the accuracy in the present perceptions of others; however, I do not recall ever being jealous, envious to any great degree, or subject to unhealthy sibling rivalry. I have always been and will continue to be perfectly satisfied with my social station in life. That is not to say that I wouldn't have liked to possess some of the intelligence and goodly qualities I have seen demonstrated in the personalities of certain individuals, particularly in many of our church leaders that I have had a close association with over the years. These recent years I have been working very hard toward distancing myself from the contemporary worldly attitudes I acquired from my childhood and early adult years, and I am now striving to develop my own character to include more positive traits. If I should die today, I can feel comfortable in knowing that I bear no hard feelings, or malice toward anyone.

Today is the 23rd day of June 2006. I am sixty-three years old today. President Hinckley is ninety-six, as it is also his birthday. He was born one year prior to my father's birth. Dad died in 1982. As I reflect on all of the accomplishments President Hinckley has made during his lifetime, and the positive things he has done in behalf of others, my bosom is filled with love and affection for him, and my prayers go out to him. His having had cancer surgery earlier this year, we don't know how much longer we will have him with us, but he certainly hasn't slowed down in his work. I wish I could keep up his pace. I am greatly honored to share my birthday with President Hinckley.

Virginia is still bedridden, and suffering much pain from her lower back condition. It has been difficult for her to keep from becoming depressed, as she has been so very active all of her life, and is always at her happiest when she is doing things for others. I still feel optimistic in regards to a full recovery. It is just taking her some time.

We were able to make it into Spokane last week and take a tour of Bryan and Jennifer's new home. It is a lovely older home that has been newly remodeled, and they have reason to be proud of it. I like the area and it appears they have some very nice older neighbors. Alexander is growing like a weed. He is a very cute and loving little child. We love him dearly. Virginia had to lie down in the back seat on the way home, but she said it was worth the trip.

Tomorrow is our stake conference. We will be honored to have Elder Gary Coleman from the First Quorum of the Seventy with us. It should be a very spiritually uplifting weekend. I only wish that close family members and non-member friends could be with us, that they might have a better understanding as to why our members are so very devoted to this great work. This will be the very first time Virginia will not be with me; however, I know that if there were any way possible, she would be.
