



EVA STOKES STUBBS

The Life History of Eva Stokes Stubbs

by Eva and Brian Stubbs

2006

Birth and Childhood

Eva Stokes was born February 12, 1927 in Logan, Utah, as that was the closest hospital to Franklin, Idaho, where the family lived. In fact, of the seven children born to Henry Harold Stokes and Edna Packer Stokes, the twins were the only ones born in a hospital.



Edna and Henry, 1938



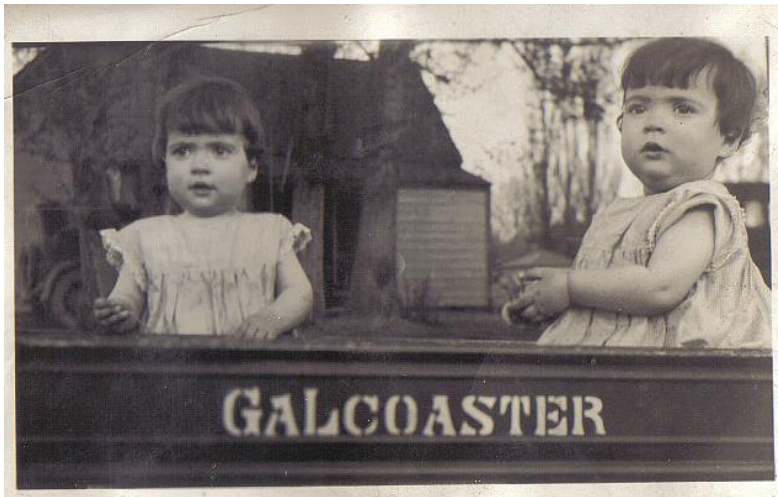
Henry and Edna, some other time

Yes, twins! After delivering one child, Edna felt her tummy and exclaimed, “O My stars! There’s another one!” Eva and her twin sister Orpha were the fifth and sixth children born to Henry and Edna Stokes. The children in order are Quinn, Eldon, and Wayne—three boys, then four girls—LaDean, the twins Eva and Orpha, and ten years later, Edna Marie.

Shortly after the twins' birth, the Family moved to Nampa, Idaho, where Henry had an O.P. Skaggs store. When the twins were one-and-a-half years old, the family moved to Twin Falls, Idaho, because Henry transferred to an O.P. Skaggs franchise in Twin Falls.



The twins spent most of their growing up years in Twin Falls. No, the city of Twin Falls was not named after the twins' falls in love or down the stairs. The co-occurrence of two water falls and the twins' falls in Twin Falls was strictly coincidental. In fact, they did not fall all that often: their coordination and athletic skills were by no means mean (average), but well above average. But first they had to grow up—and that they did, as the following prints prove.



Eva and Orpha, summer 1927, about 6 months



Orpha and Eva, 1929, age 2



Orpha and Eva, winter 1929



Eva and Orpha



Eva and Orpha, 1932, age 5, at home on 4th North, Twin Falls, Idaho.

The twins regularly took first and second place in marble tournaments in fifth and sixth grades, and Eva won the high jump contest.

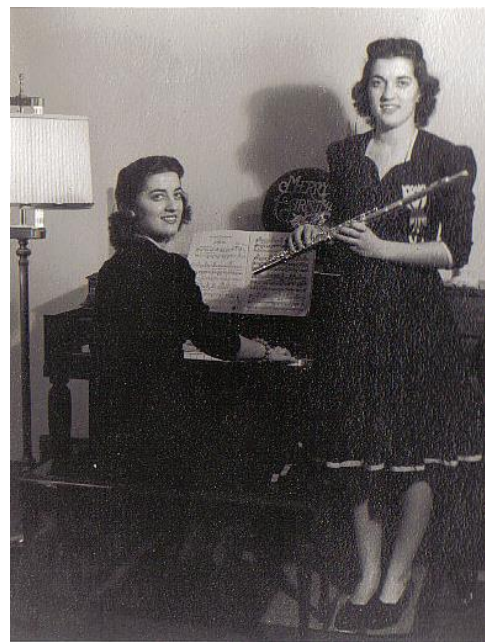


The twins in Mr. Abbott's 6th grade class, 1939

The twins started band in seventh grade (because the band teacher was “cute” they say). They learned to play flute. They became pretty good flutists—good enough that they accompanied Henry on his High Council speaking assignments to play flute duets for the various wards in which their Dad spoke, where they met more “cute” guys, they say..



Orpha and Eva, July 1940, age 13



Eva and Orpha, December 1942, age 15

Besides flutists, they became well-known baton twirlers in high school and at BYU, a skill that requires considerable talent and practice.



March 1942



Orpha and Eva, January 1942

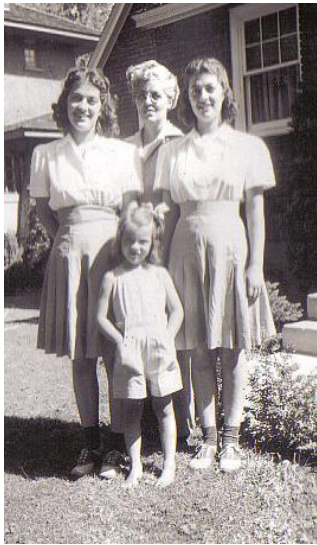


Orpha and Eva

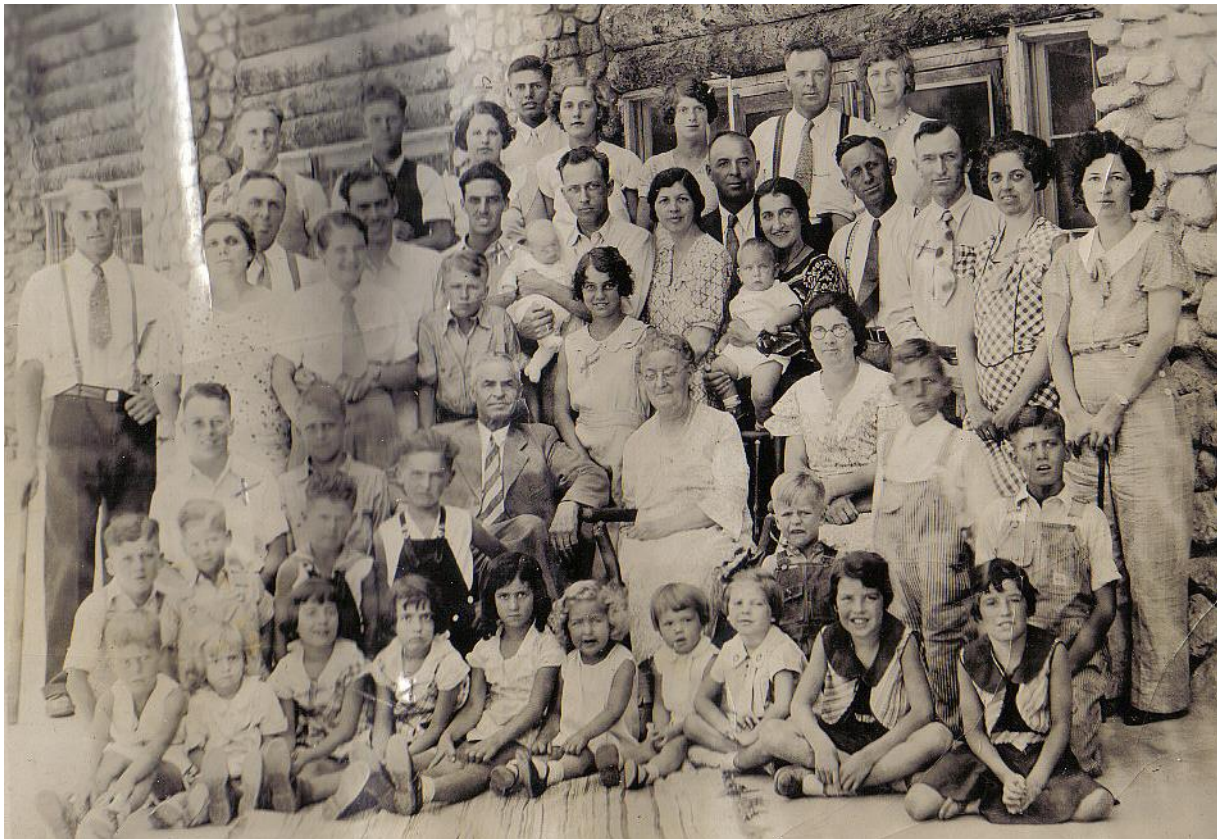
The twins were also among the best badminton and ping pong competitors in whatever crowd or competition materialized in their vicinity. Later Orpha won a badminton tournament at BYU, then the next day Eva beat Orpha.

Eva remembers that it was snowing during her first swimming lesson one June day in an outdoor pool . . . where they had to swim uphill both ways, of course (not).

The twins were ten when Edna Marie arrived, whom they enjoyed mothering for years thereafter. As a toddler, Edna Marie called both twins Eva 'n Orpha. So when someone would point to the other twin and ask, "Then who's that?" Edna Marie would say, "more Eva 'n Orpha."



Orpha, mother Edna, Eva, and Edna Marie in front and above. In high school, the twins would get together with their friends in the ward to embroider while listening to the radio. They also went to Packer reunions.



At Packer reunion, summer 1933, Grandpa (Ossian Leonidas Packer) and Grandma (Ann Parkinson Packer) in the center, Eva & Orpha front row 3rd & 4th from left, Henry & Edna 3rd & 2nd from right in the first row of standers.

While featuring Edna's parents, Ossian Leonidas and Ann Parkinson, Henry's parents were



Robert P. Stokes and Helen E. Thackery



Standing left to right: Henry Stokes, Edna (in back), Grandpa Ossian Leonidas Packer, Grandma Ann Parkinson Packer, two I-don't-knows, Sitting in front are Ann (sister of Edna) and her husband Vaughn, perhaps early 1920's

At Packer reunions in Logan Canyon, the twins enjoyed associating with all their cousins, such as Norma Taylor, 6 months older, and Joyce and Jean Jenkins, another pair of twins 3 years older.



Joyce, Eva, Orpha, and Jean, summer 1936



Quinn, Orpha, Henry, Eva, Edna, Edna Marie (in front), Eldon, Wayne, LaDean, ca. 1940-41



Eva, December 1945



Twins at the 10th Ave. North home in Twin Falls, 1938

December 7, 1941 (when the twins were 13), Pearl Harbor was bombed and the United States entered World War II. Eva recounts, “In the spring of 1942 Wayne and some friends from BYU went to Los Angeles to work in the defense industry at Lockheed. That summer Wayne wanted the family to come to Los Angeles to see the big city. Orpha and I had never been out of Idaho, except for being born, family reunions in Logan, and one trip to Salt Lake City.

So Mom, Dad, Eldon and Eloise, Grandma Packer, Orpha and I went to California—Los Angeles via San Francisco, which was not on the way. Wayne had rented an apartment in the Oliver Cromwell Apartments, 412 South, Normandie. We had a great time. While there we went to Baxter-Northrup Music Store. We talked our parents into letting us stay for the summer to take flute lessons from Mr. Baxter. There was no such thing as a flute teacher in Twin Falls. We stayed in a boarding house next door to Wayne. We practiced and worked at Clifton Cafeteria at 618 Olive Street in downtown Los Angeles.

At the boarding house were a ping pong table and a place for badminton. There we got a lot of practice on those two sports.”

At the end of the summer, Wayne brought the twins back home to Twin Falls, where they attended their whole junior year (42-43) at Twin Falls High School. However, they really wanted to go back to Los Angeles, because Twin Falls was “booooooring.” With parental permission gradually extracted over the summer of 1943, they planned their return to L.A. for their senior year of high school. However, due to the war effort, gasoline was rationed. So in September 1943 the twins went to Los Angeles in a produce truck.



Eva Orpha “the” produce truck

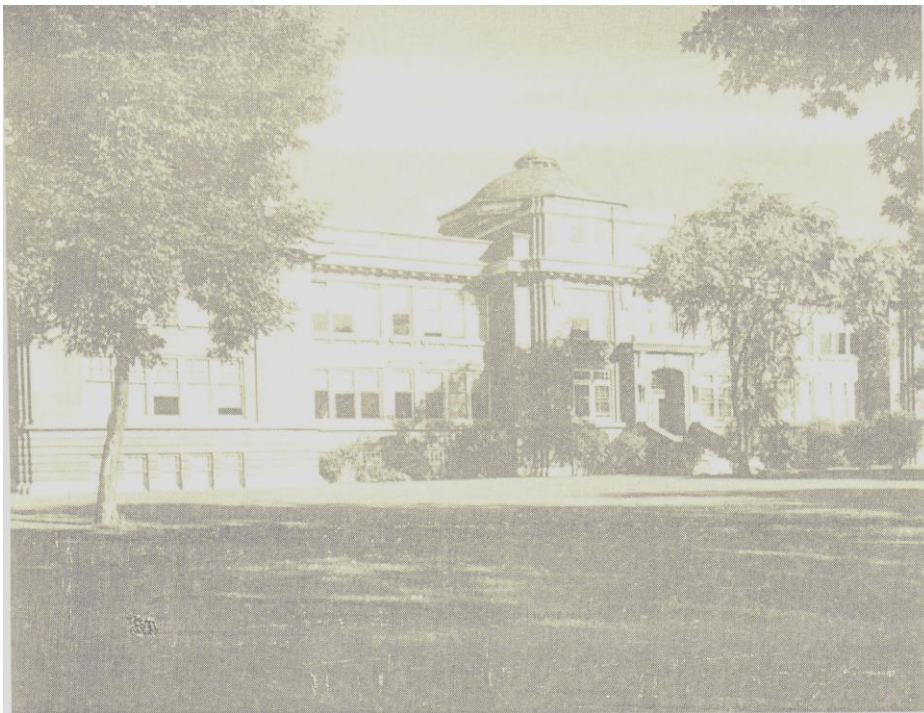
They vegetated only a short time (in the produce truck) before arriving in L.A. where they spent the fall semester of their senior year, attended Hollywood ward, and became acquainted with the Nibley family.

Eva reflects, “We lived for a while with Elaine Walton and her baby: her husband was in the Navy. With their teenage daughters in L.A. so far away, Mom and Dad (Henry and Edna) decided to move there to live with us. Our parents really were good to sacrifice and go out of their way to help us. So Henry left his three Idaho stores in the hands of managers—the main store he left to his son-in-law Herman Christensen (LaDean’s husband)—and they moved to L.A. before Thanksgiving. The Nibleys helped us find a house to rent.

“At Christmas time Daddy had looked for a Christmas tree,” Eva relates, “but decided they were too expensive, so we wouldn’t have one. One day on our way home from work, Orpha and I passed a lot with Christmas trees at half price. We got off the bus, bought the tree, and dragged the tree the remaining blocks home. In the meantime, Daddy had a change of heart and bought a tree. Wayne also bought a little one and brought it over—all the same day, of course. So the year we could not afford a Christmas tree, we had three Christmas trees.”

“About this time, Herman waxed patriotic and enlisted in the Navy. So Dad needed to return home to Twin Falls to run the store. Rather than bear with several complications, like finding us (the twins) another place to live, the most workable solution was for us to return with the family to Twin Falls.

So we moved back to Twin Falls for the spring semester of our senior year to graduate from Twin Falls High School in 1944.



Twin Falls High School, from which Eva and Orpha graduated in 1944



back: Quinn, Orpha, Wayne, Eva, Eldon; front: LaDean, Henry, Edna, Edna Marie, ca. 1947

Off to College we were, attending BYU that fall. At BYU, 850 of the 900 students were women, because all the men who were able were fighting in the war. We moved into Allen Hall in January of 1945. Later that year, the war ended, and Eva met Darrel Stubbs in the fall of 1945 when he came home on furlough and came to rehearse with the BYU orchestra. Donna Ellertson, a life-long neighbor of Darrel's, introduced us. One such rehearsal I was seated next to Darrel while rehearsing Brahms' 2nd Symphony, which features a long oboe solo. When Darrel played the oboe solo, I got "butterflies." In fact, hearing that Brahms oboe solo had a similar effect for years thereafter. We later learned that our paths had crossed in 1941 (ages 15 and 14) at a national music contest in Ogden, Utah, where Darrel played a baritone horn solo and we played in a flute quartet.

In the spring of 1946, Darrel came home to meet the family.



Marriage

In May 1946 we became engaged a week before Darrel's discharge. I went home to Twin Falls to prepare for the wedding and reception. Darrel and I met at Grandma Packer's house. My Grandma Packer, a Logan Temple worker, escorted us to the temple and returned home to rest, having worked all day that day. At the end of the endowment session, the temple worker asked if all the friends and relatives of the couple would step into the sealing room. When he realized there were no friends or relatives attending, he asked for two volunteers to serve as witnesses. Almost the entire temple session came forward and attended the sealing sessions as well. To some it may have appeared something like eloping to the temple.

We were married July 26, 1946 in the Logan Temple.



Darrel and Eva's wedding pictures, July 26, 1946

Brian: That night they stayed in the well-known Bluebird Hotel in Logan. The next morning, to begin their honeymoon, the newly married couple picked up Grandma Packer, and the three of them drove to Twin Falls for the reception hosted by Eva's parents. Friends and relatives of both families were there to wish the newlyweds well. The wedding was on Friday, the reception on Saturday, and on Monday they were in their first Provo apartment, attending classes at BYU.

They attended BYU that school year. Eva miscarried about the first anniversary. She was not feeling well, and when her parents learned Darrel wanted to take her to New York, they were not happy and suggested she stay with them awhile. But she decided to go with her husband.

So in the summer of 1947, they put all of their belongings in the car and drove to Rochester, sleeping in haystacks along the way. Darrel attended the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. Eva took a job with the Eastman Kodak company. In the winter she went to work before it was light, came home after dark, and worked all day in a dark room inspecting film.



Darrel and Eva in their one-room Rochester apartment with the bed, kitchen table, sink, frig, and Christmas tree all in the same room

In the spring of 1949 Darrel graduated with a bachelor of music in oboe performance and a minor in woodwinds. Brian was born April 25 that spring.



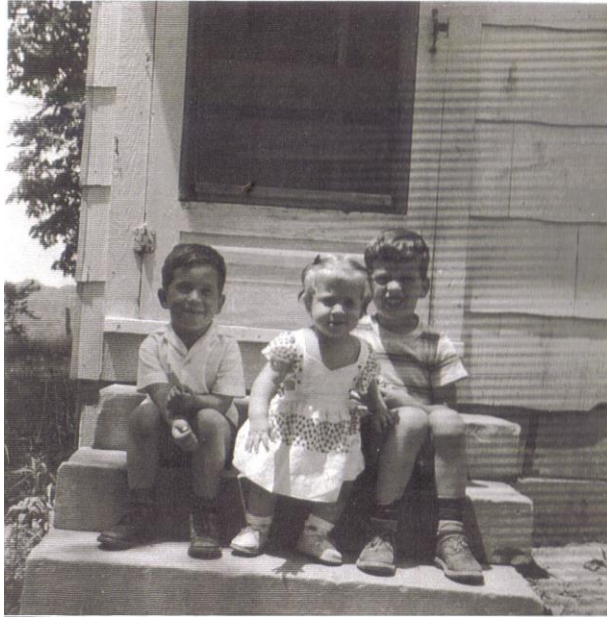
That fall they moved to Bloomington, Indiana, where Darrel was the oboist and oboe instructor at Indiana University. There he earned a master degree in music. They lived in Hoosier Courts of the University housing, where for the first time in their married life they enjoyed a private bathroom that they did not have to share with someone else. After three years in Hoosier Courts, they lived two years in a rented farmhouse on Hard Straight Road, then another year in Hoosier Courts.

Eva remembers that “on February 26, 1951, we barely made it to the hospital in time for Eric to be born in Bloomington, Indiana.”



Eric and Brian at the rented farmhouse on Hard Straight Road, Indiana, 1952.

Still at Indiana in the summer of 1953, Darrel was invited to teach at a music clinic in Logan, Utah. “I was expecting,” Eva explains, “so we mapped out all the hospitals along the way and headed to Utah. We made it okay and on June 13, 1953 Rita was born in Logan, Utah. Edna Marie came to stay with the boys while I was in the hospital for a week. Darrel picked me and Rita up from the hospital, we all went to Grandma Packer’s for lunch, then on to Twin Falls for a week of recuperation. From Twin Falls we went to L.A. for two weeks, then up to Eureka, California, where Herman and La Dean lived, then back through Provo on the way to Bloomington, Indiana, to give Rita her name and blessing, by then six weeks old. It was a busy and eventful summer.”



Eric, Rita, and Brian on the porch and in the sand box at the rented farmhouse in Indiana, ca. 1954

Darrel had finished his master's degree in 1953 while teaching at Indiana University, so now that he did not have a double load of taking classes and teaching classes, he said 'your turn' and helped with the children while I took classes toward finishing a B.A. I transferred the credits to BYU and graduated from BYU with a B.A. in Sociology in 1955. By then Rita was 2 years old, Eric 4, and Brian 6.

In September 1955, Darrel was interviewed over the phone and we moved to Hawaii where Darrel taught music at the University of Hawaii. My parents came for a visit there.



Henry Stokes at the beach
whether in Hawaii or not, the picture will do



Henry and Edna in their later years

In Hawaii children did not wear shoes, even to school, only to church. The children became so accustomed to bare feet, that having to don shoes on Sunday met with some resistance.

On December 26, 1956, Alan Keoni (Hawaiian for John) was born in Honolulu. We were at Waikiki beach with neighbors, when I realized it was time to go to the hospital. The older three children were not happy about having their fun interrupted. Brian remembers having barely gotten in the water, when it was time to get out.

In June 1957 we moved back to the mainland where Darrel began a doctoral program in music (DMA) from USC in Los Angeles.

The first rented house was four blocks from the Los Angeles Coliseum, where a unique lady named Marti lived in a trailer behind the house and had to use our restroom.

Soon we bought a house at 1308 West 90th street where we lived for three years from 1957 to 1960 while Darrel worked on his degree, and worked as a milkman, taught music and math at Baldwin Park High School, and took other performing jobs with ensembles and the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra, to support the growing family.



Brian and Rita with their dog Rex, (right) Alan and Rita, all at 1308 West 90th Street, L.A., ca. 1959

Brian: In 1960 we moved to a house at 2879 Valley Boulevard in Pomona, California. That October 7, 1960, Carrie was born. After two years in Pomona, the major move was on the horizon.

To Utah Valley where most of life happened

In 1962 Darrel was hired as a music professor at BYU. We moved to a rented house in Orem for a year before buying the long-time residence at 592 East 2200 North in Provo, Utah, where we/they lived 38 years from 1963 to 2001.

Eva played flute in the Utah Valley Symphony and a few times was hired on a part time basis to play with the Utah Symphony.

In Utah, with Brian's changed voice (now 13) and Mom's alto voice, the family began their custom of four-part Christmas caroling to friends, family, and neighbors every year for years thereafter, adding in-laws and grandchildren to the choir later on.

With five growing kids to feed, Mom spent a lot of time in the kitchen.



A flashbulb surprise catches Mom without warning to smile



Carrie and Rita helping in the kitchen themselves,
... or helping themselves in the kitchen.

In 1966 Darrel played an oboe solo at BYU, not knowing that Maurice Abravanel, conductor of the Utah Symphony, was in the audience. After the performance, Abravanel asked him to join the Utah Symphony. BYU arranged a contract that allowed Darrel to do both jobs, which dual career lasted for 14 years until his retirement from the symphony in 1980.

During those years Darrel and Eva enjoyed several tours of Europe, the Middle East, and South America with the symphony.

In Hawaii, Los Angeles, and Pomona, there was no snow, so after we moved to Utah, the children enjoyed the novelty of snow, and we did family tubing outings most winters.



Darrel, Eva, Eric, Rita, Alan, and Carrie (Brian taking picture)

Raising kids was entertaining—sometimes. Carrie was about four when Mom asked her one day if she had brushed her teeth. Carrie’s response was that, “You’re supposed to brush your teeth after every meal, and I haven’t had every meal yet.”



Carrie



Carrie

“When Carrie was a senior in high school,” Mom continues, “she was going to be late for school so she wanted me to take her. It was winter and we had to clean ice off the windshields. I started to clean the back windshield and Carrie said, “No Mom, we don’t have time for that. I’m going to be late. We’re only going to go forward, not backwards.” So we went. Just before arriving at school, I heard a siren behind me. The lights had been flashing, but I could not see them through the back windshield. I pulled over, still in my nightgown, while Carrie got out, sheepishly offered an apologetic shrug and ran into the school. I explained to the officer what happened. He gave me a ticket and suggested my daughter pay it, then said he would clean the windshield so that I wouldn’t have to get out in my nightgown.



Alan—the lawyer to be



Rita’s poker face



Brian home on military leave Christmas 1967



Carrie helping Alan gain a new perspective



Carrie sitting on Alan's feet while doing sit-ups



Dad a bit fatigued after cutting three heads of hair—this one being Eric's



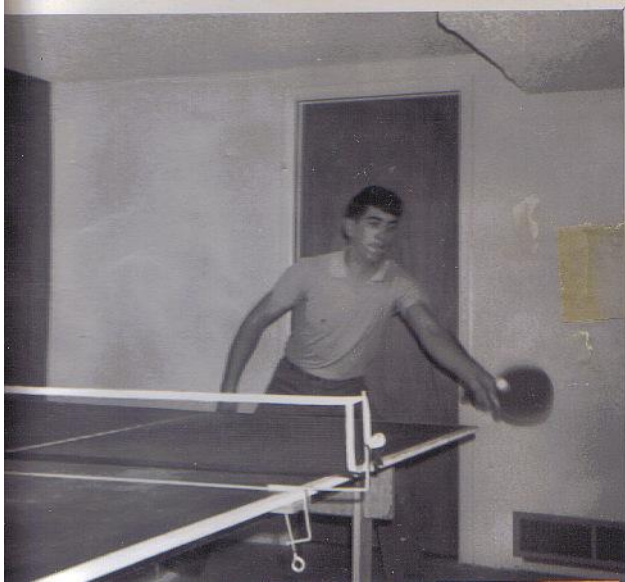
Eric doing well, running for Provo High, presently in 2nd place



Now in 3rd place, about to pass, well ahead of 4th



Oh well. Actually, these three photos of Eric may be backwards, such that Eric was advancing in the pack. He was a good runner.



And Eric was REALLY good at ping pong —like his mom.

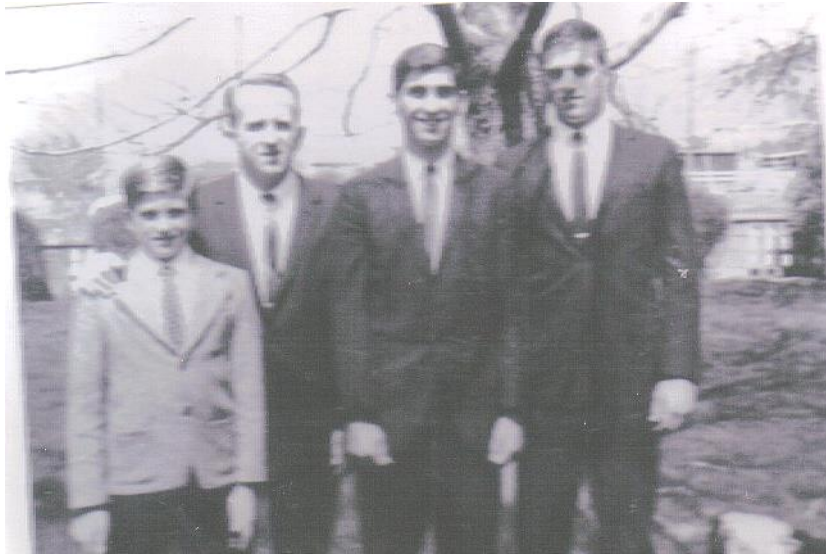


Eric was also very responsible and organized: “Call me about 6:37 or so.”

Brian also ran track; and Alan was a javelin thrower, an all-region football player, and region champion wrestler.



“White carnations nothing! That cloud looks like a bowl of vanilla ice cream to me!”
Eric (right) might be telling Rita (left) on a family vacation



The Men of the family—Alan, Darrel, Eric, and Brian—ever looking forward (ca. 1968)



The women of the family—Mom, Carrie, Rita—always wondering where the men were . . . and what they were doing . . . and why? (Most of the time they wondered, but photo about 1968)



Brian in Lukachukai, winter 1968-69



Brian in MTC eating more eggs than anyone else



Eva and Carrie, about 1978. Wow, what knock-outs! Carrie was president of Girls Org in high school and organized a fancy mother-daughter event and told all the girls to be sure to tell their moms that the event was best-dress dresses, etc. But Carrie forgot to tell Mom—her own mom.

From such a musical couple as Darrel and Eva, one might look for accomplished musicians among the children. It's okay to look. Go ahead and look. Mom and Dad looked for years, notes editor Brian. And this is what they found. None of us five reached professional status as prominent contributors to the world of music, but we didn't do it much damage either. We knew when to quit . . . some of us. Others of us tried several times, but gum doesn't work. Brian tries every year—after each Messiah performance. An account of the children's musical facts follows:

Brian played cello diligently for three years (6th, 7th, and 8th grades) and still practices once a year some years for the local Messiah production, annually bowing to peer pressure from the conductor and violinists who consistently claim they need a cellist, and that he's the best cellist for miles around. (That means he is the only cellist and plays cello better than all the sagebrush do.) Brian enjoys music very much, but prefers listening to classical music, composing something less than classical music, and writing musicals, over cello. To illustrate his attachment to his cello, he once lost it for five years, but did not know it was lost . . . until five years later when someone asked him where it was. It was traced from a janitor, who found it in the chapel last performed in and donated it to the Provo High School orchestra, whose teacher Terry Hill made good use of it for some years. It was eventually recovered and in better condition than Brian left it.

Eric played violin, but not as often as Brian played cello. Eric's prominence is his great baritone voice, which has been much more sought after than his violin playing.

Rita also played the violin, and probably emerged as the most accomplished musician of the five. She kept it up and played in the Utah Valley Symphony several years and has played in community symphonies in Wyoming as well. Rita also learned to play the harp, and still plays on occasion. Rita also has a lovely soprano voice.

Alan took piano lessons in elementary school, but in frustration kicked the piano regularly enough that Mom let him quit so that the piano would last longer. Alan later played oboe in junior high school. Once dad said something about it taking him 20 years to find out that oboe-playing was not the most important thing in life. Alan said it wouldn't take him that long.

Carrie—she danced—perhaps out of glee that she didn't have to take music lessons or perhaps because she wanted to learn how to dance. In any case, she danced in ballets at levels that Brian, Eric, and Alan never even thought about. She also has a nice soprano voice.

Some of our juvenile sentiments on music might be summed up by Brian's answer when at 16 he worked on Uncle Eldon's farm the summer after Eldon's first heart attack, and Eldon asked Brian what he wanted to be when he grew up. Brian said, "I don't know. But I know two things I *don't* want to be: a musician and a farmer." However, time engenders more mature perspectives. Brian has since thought that he could have quite enjoyed a career as a professional musician, though other interests were also enjoyable and more interesting to him at those forks in life's roads.

And for all the children, the experience and exposure helped the children to appreciate and enjoy good music better than they would have otherwise. What's more, the pattern of music lessons carried on to the next generation and produced considerably more musical proficiency among several grandchildren than is found among the floundering, I mean, founding five.

In any case, we all admire the extraordinary musicianship that our parents attained. Mom was a good flutist, good enough to play in the Utah Symphony when extras were needed, and Dad was one of the best oboists in the Western United States. As an oboist, Dad spent hours making reeds, because oboe is the only instrument that requires so many hours of reed making. As the wife of an oboist, Mom (Eva) enjoyed a poem by an oboist's wife for a reed-making oboe player. We quote the last two stanzas of

Homage a Grattage
by Phyllis and Philip Hoffman

This genius hardly ever speaks,
His stony jaw and rigid cheeks
Conceal the silent tortured sliver
Embryo in Limbo resting
'Til the moment of its testing
What devils his soul must possess
Ere poulfish birth cry, claims success!

My heart in sympathy doth bleed
When he's engaged in making reeds.
I know no other occupation
Quite so utterly insane
As that of scraping bits of cane.
But with such trifles one must bear
When wedded to an Oboe Player.

Besides the five, Eva and Darrel took in others at times. A Navajo placement student stayed one year. Andrea Stubbs, niece and cousin, daughter of Darrel's sister Verda, came to live with us from 1972 until she married. She fit in well and we enjoyed her, and Andrea and Carrie became good friends. Andrea's brother Doug also lived with us a couple of years.

In 1981 Darrel and Eva toured Europe, Israel, and Egypt. Eva kept a journal from which we draw and paraphrase excerpts:

Eva: Here we are in Paris on the 4th of July.

July 19th we spent in Venice. It was interesting and fun—tiny winding streets (for pedestrians only). There were no cars around. The major streets are canals.

July 26: Today is our anniversary and this morning we went for a walk along the bay of Naples where Darrel often walked during the war and wished he could go home. On the way out of Florence, Italy, we saw the American cemetery where WWII boys were buried. It was a sobering experience. Darrel saw graves of men from the division he was in that were killed just weeks after he was transferred to the army band. If he hadn't been transferred, he would have been in those battles. We got to Brindisi in time to get a ferry to Greece.

July 27: By the time we arrived in Athens, the travel agency was closed, so we slept in the car close by so we'd be there when it opened. The ferry going Tuesday was full, so we left our car at Hertz and flew to Israel. When we cashed traveler checks, the cashier made a mistake. He gave us twice too much. When we realized it, Darrel took it back. The man at the bank couldn't believe it—couldn't believe he had made a mistake and couldn't believe that anyone would be honest enough to return it. We arrived at Tel Aviv and took a collective taxi to Jerusalem.

August 2: Thursday we got up early to take the walk down the Mount of Olives that included Gethsemane. Later I stayed with the bags while Darrel went and found a car to rent. We drove through Jericho, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, and the Sea of Galilee.

We went up to Massada close to the Dead Sea. It reminded me of Death Valley, California, hot and below sea level. We got separated on Massada and came down different times, but eventually found each other.

After that, Darrel decided to take off across the Sinai and head for Egypt. We saw lots of camels, Bedouins, and sand. Darrel went to inquire about a road, and the family on the farm he went to was just sitting down to breakfast, in a circle on the dirt. We found out you can't drive a car into Egypt, so we went back to Jerusalem to turn the car in.

Deciding to visit Orson Hyde Memorial Park in the meantime, we asked a man at the bus station if we could leave our luggage there. The man thought it would be okay. When we returned, the luggage was gone. Different persons were now on shift and said it was at the police station. Unattended anything is suspect in Israel. When we caught up with the suitcases, they were full of holes, had been shot through in a bomb-detonating chamber. All of our best clothes shot full of

holes: Darrel's Sunday clothes, even my new dress that I hadn't even worn yet. I eventually succumbed to tears. The shoes were the only dress shoes comfortable to walk in and they don't even make that brand any more. As I sat there in tears, I wondered if the Israelis thought I was a cry baby for feeling so badly about a suitcase and clothes when their lives are threatened every day with bombs in such items.

Then we spent two horrible days trying to get a visa to Egypt. I don't know if Egyptians are stupid or if they purposely harass people trying to go to Egypt from Israel. I didn't go the second day, but Darrel said tempers were flying and the police had to stop some fighting.

The bus ride to Egypt was something else. It was suggested that we bring a lunch and especially water. We had been told water in Egypt wasn't safe to drink. At the border the Egyptian officials made everyone dump out their water. We waited at the border 5 hours before being able to board an Egyptian bus. A trip that should have taken 5 hours, took 16 hours, and without water.

"After some time in Egypt, visiting museums, etcetera," summarizes editor Brian, "they returned to Israel, and visited countries on the east side of Europe, then through Germany to London, and back home, but note the adventuresome spirit to visit places and in ways that would be extremely dangerous today, possibly not much less so then."

In 1982 Darrel was invited by the Pacific Cultural Foundation to do a performing tour to Taiwan, and Eva went with him. Darrel played concerts, including duets with Eva on flute, taught oboe students in master classes, etc. They also performed in Beijing and Shanghai, China. Excerpts from Eva's journal of that trip follow:

November 19, 1982: Here we are in Taipei, Taiwan. Yesterday we were guests of honor at a luncheon. All the VIP's of culture in Taiwan were there: the head of Chinese opera, conductor of the Taipei Symphony, their most famous pianist and composer, about 10 of us.

Some days later: In Beijing, every morning at 8:30, Darrel goes to school and hears oboe students, conducts master classes, and lectures. We've also had two rehearsals with the accompanist.

December 2: The recital last night went well.

In Shanghai another day and another recital: The accompanist had had the music only two days. She learned she was playing when she saw her name on an advertisement. That was really unfair for everybody. Professor Ying says that's the way they (in Beijing) do everything.

The trip included several cities in Taiwan and China, and a return trip through Korea and Japan.

Sunday, December 12: In Tokyo, Japan, we spent considerable time and effort trying to find directions to an LDS Church. Nobody had heard of such a church. We finally thought we had gotten some directions, but got some wrong directions. We finally arrived at the church as they were dismissing. But they invited us for tea, so we decided we had the wrong church. But we did find the Tokyo Temple eventually.



Darrel and Eva in Shanghai on their China tour, with signs advertising their concerts. Brian asked Mom if they spelled their names right.



Eva and Darrel performing a flute-and-oboe duet in Shanghai, China

The Stokes family had a tradition called the Round Robin, in which the parents and each child wrote a letter, sent it to the next, until eight letters were contained in the envelope. When it came around each time, that person would read all the others, take their old letter out, write and insert a new one, and forward the batch on the same circuit. Eva kept most of her round robin letters, and copies of some of the others. Her letters serve as a good account of happenings important to her through the 80's, 90's and early 21st century. However, since Mom (our Mom, Brian speaking) is more interested in others and her children than in herself, most of the material is about others and her children, not herself. Yet Eva's life history should be about Eva, not others and her children. However, like most Mom's, the lives of her children are her life to a great degree, so we toss in a little of us, but mostly I (editor Brian speaking) tried to pick out bits and pieces typical of Mom and about Mom. To the degree that I get it right, the excerpts from Eva's round robin letters will appear in chronological order.

1987

A noteworthy event in Eva and Darrel's life is the birth of the "fall crop" of grandchildren. In the fall of 1987 within a month and a half, Brent and Rita had Alicia, Griff and Carrie had Melinda, Eric and Lola had James, Brian and Silvia had Sarah, and often counted as well is Alan and Gina's having Richard a year later.

1988

August 25: Our car broke down on our way home from California. Darrel put it back together with a rubber band (a real strong one), and it's still holding.

1990

February 17: We came up to Wyoming to see Rita's new baby girl born January 23rd on Mom's (Edna's) birthday. Brian: That means that both Eva and her mother Edna had great granddaughters born on their respective birthdays, since Siah Knight (daughter of Sheila, daughter of Brian) was born February 12, 2005, on Eva's 78th birthday.)

October 18: We finally have two grandchildren in college. Jennifer goes to a junior college a half hour from her home in Cody, Wyoming, and Shana goes to Snow College in Ephr—m (spell it however you want).

1991

In 1991 Darrel was invited to Moscow and St. Petersburg, Russia, to perform and teach. Excerpts from Eva's journal of the Russia trip follow:

October 11: We had almost given up going to Russia by then. The next day Tom Rogers called Moscow one last time and found out it was still on. Darrel was able to buy tickets through to Moscow on the train. We'll be on the train two nights, so he got a sleeper. I'm looking forward to that. Upon getting our luggage, we found that Darrel's suitcase had been sprung. It had a rope around it, but would not close.

October 13: On the Russian train, the rule was that men and women had to sleep in separate compartments, not even husband and wife could sleep in the same compartment. We were about the first ones on the train. My roommate came. She was a bossy, overbearing woman that wanted me to move half my stuff out so she could put hers in. I was not looking forward to spending two days with her. I went to Darrel's compartment to wait with him for his roommate to come. His roommate turned out to be a real cute young blond girl. Evidently, the rule only applies until compartments are full enough that genders can no longer be matched, then put whatever with whomever. We were able to trade places, and I became Darrel's roommate. Whew!

October 18: Darrel met with some oboe students and with the accompanist for his recital. None of the music Darrel sent months ago arrived.

October 24: Being sick with bronchitis and diarrhea, I'm between a rock and a hard place. The food I need for the bronchitis (fruits and vegetables) makes the diarrhea worse. This morning Darrel was still trying to find someone to fix his suitcase. Many people said it could not be fixed. The man downstairs at the desk didn't know of any place. Darrel told him if he had a screwdriver and pliers, he thought he could fix it himself. The man loaned him the tools, and Darrel had it fixed in less than a half hour.

October 28: We rode the trolley for one hour after church, then stopped at the little kiosk by the hotel to get something to eat. Darrel asked a girl what something was on the menu. She said it was steak and potatoes, so we ordered. It turned out to be wieners and French fries.

Outside of the accompanist insisting on interpreting the music differently than Darrel wanted it and without means to communicate it, it was a wonderful trip. We saw many things, and for the most part the audiences and the students were very good and appreciative.

1992

September 19: While Darrel was gone to hike mountain peaks in Wyoming and Montana, our house was broken into and burglarized. The burglar(s) didn't find much money, but they/he/she broke the door frame so I couldn't lock the door. I slept with all the lights on in the house for a few nights.

Darrel and Eva's Mission: from late 1993 to June 1, 1995

After raising the five children and Dad's retirement from BYU in 1990, we were called to the Russia St. Petersburg Mission in 1993. After some time in the mission training center, we actually arrived in Russia in January 1994. "It was cold!" Eva says.

"It was something of a music performance and education mission. We were to teach basic music skills and appreciation in the various wards and branches, as well as perform periodically and help in whatever other ways we could.



Darrel and Eva in front of their mission apartment



Darrel, Eva, the Russian artist who painted their portraits, and the artist's husband

Mom relates a particularly faith-promoting experience for her during the mission: Darrel was in the mission presidency, so we were visiting a branch far from our apartment. As we went in, I realized a cold sore was coming on. A flutist simply cannot play flute with a cold sore. We had a performance scheduled in a few days. I had brought some good expensive ointment from Provo, but it was in our apartment. We could not leave the meeting, so it would be hours before we got home. By then the cold sore would be in full bloom. I sat down in the meeting, closed my eyes, and told Heavenly Father that I knew He could do anything, so if I'm to play this concert, He would have to take the cold sore away. It was in His hands. I didn't think about it any more in the meeting. After the meeting, as we were waiting for the bus, I realized the cold sore was gone! Prayers are answered!

1995

April 3: All the talk about TV makes me jealous. I don't remember hearing about floods in California. I think we were the last people in the mission to hear about President Hunter's death. Our district leader was supposed to tell us. He thought the zone leader was telling us. They announced it in sacrament meeting, but we didn't know what they said about him. His name is often mentioned in sacrament meeting. We did buy a shortwave radio on which we get BBC, Voice of America, Voice of Russia, Voice of Austria, and a bunch of other voices. We did hear a documentary on BBC about conditions in Russia. At the end, they said a Russian pessimist said that things just couldn't get any worse. A Russian optimist said that they could get a lot worse.

It will be nice to understand what's going on in church again. I've had a "bad" back—whatever that means—the last week, so I haven't been doing anything I don't have to. What else is new? I've wished I had a TV to watch while I'm laying around or lying around (take your pick).

Darrel and Eva returned from their mission June 1, 1995, but Eva's round robin letters continue:

September 18: We bought a white couch! At my suggestion! Can you imagine? Actually, it's kind of off-white, but is getting a little more off as the days go by—and we don't even sit on it! Maybe it'd be better off if we did sit on it.

This fall we're busy going to the baptisms of our "fall crop" eight years ago.

November 28: I was called to be secretary of the Relief Society. The president who asked for me didn't realize that I have absolutely no secretarial skills. She was surprised to learn that I don't even type and know nothing about computers.

I forgot to take my secretary stuff to church Sunday. I had to get a piece of paper and a clipboard from the library, so people could sign the roll. I took minutes on my sacrament meeting program. I wonder how long I'll last in this job.

Brian: Eva suffered two strokes touched upon in the letters of 1996 and 1997.

1996

February 5: Brian had a free week, so he decided to visit the brothers and sisters to gather material to write Daddy's history. He invited us to go with him. We all enjoyed the trip. A week later, a week ago today, I had a little stroke. My brain just shorted out. I couldn't find my right arm. I couldn't feel it or see it. It was really weird. I was able to call Darrel. After I called his name, I couldn't talk for an hour or two. By evening my speech came back pretty garbled. Darrel took me to the hospital, and they've done lots of tests. I'm practically normal now, and the attention is getting embarrassing.

August 27: I can't remember what we did yesterday, let alone the last three months. I'd better start writing in a journal every day, so I can find out what I'm doing.

1997

October 16: Darrel thought I was a goner when he found me this time. I had a ride in an ambulance this time, but didn't see or feel anything, but I could hear everything! Let that be a warning in case you're talking about someone you think is out.

1998

March 7: In February we went to Elko, Nevada, to watch Andrew (Eric's) take 4th in the state wrestling tournament. We went to Cedar City to watch Jessica (Brian's) play basketball. Her team played for the state championship. They finally lost, so placed 2nd at state.

1999

August 8: Two more grandchildren! Carrie's 8th, Crosier Scott Fitzgerald (Brian suggested calling him Closure) and Alan's 3rd boy Noah Thackery Stubbs. (Thackery is a Stokes family name) and four more great grandchildren. Shana named her 3rd boy Packer Benjamin. How about that!

November 17: The round robin is fast these days. My last letter was dated October 6. Then I took the RR up to Orpha's house, where she must have written her letter real fast, because hers was dated the 5th. This round robin could fly real fast if everyone would send it off the day before they receive it. Or maybe they moved the International Date Line between our two Provo houses.

2000

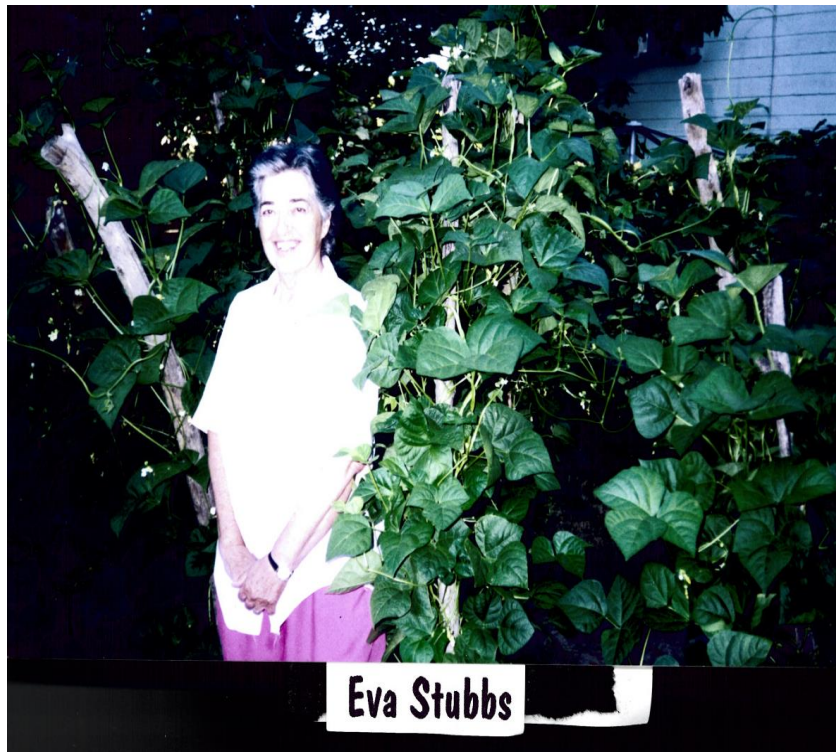
Eva enjoyed gardening. She would send us boys out (or do it herself if we weren't around) to bury (in the garden) biodegradable garbage, that included squash seeds, etc. After a good tilling, the next season Mom would have fantastic stands of squash, green beans, etc. In fact, Darrel wrote a poem about getting her taller green bean poles for the Jack-and-the-beanstalk-like volunteer shoots that came up in the spring.

Bean Poles on Mother's Day
by Darrel Stubbs
On Mother's Day 2000

Providing a want triggers delight,
At times with unusual means,
Like bean poles on Mother's Day,
For a wife who grows beans.

Saw in hand, I was up in a tree,
Cutting off myriad limbs, as
Neglect dawned late the day prior:
No gift, no card—my distress was dire.

Gazing at a pile of trees, her plea came to mind,
Some longer poles up which beans can climb.
A solution to my dilemma! Right before my eyes!
Salvation was seven bean poles just the right size!





Darrel and Eva among their gigantic squash in their garden

In the fall of 2000, Darrel underwent prostate cancer treatments at Loma Linda in California. He returned during the holidays at the end of the year.

2001

In early 2001 shortly after he got home from Loma Linda, Darrel planted a for sale sign in the front yard of the house. Darrel and Eva sold the house in Provo, planning to build on the Midway acres. However, building permits and other red-tape processes took the usual longer than expected, so in their mid-70's they lived in a small, uninsulated motor home on the Midway property through the first winter, with outhouse and other pioneer trimmings. Midway is cold! Temperatures reach below zero as often as not, and bitter cold winds at times seem strong enough to blow over a motor home or outhouse, especially to those inside either, and the winds did blow over the outhouse once, but not while occupied.

Mom's ingenuity paid off several times. One of the more clever ideas was using a pair of Dad's socks to put over the pair of extensions of the toilet seat to make the seat warmer—his best pair of socks she later found out.



Front and bird's eye views of the Midway house under construction

2002

Sometime early in 2001: Darrel said that he expected to die in this new house we're trying to put together in Midway. I said I expected to die in the house in Provo, but missed the deadline.

June 18: I should be in a house by the time this gets around. I think I've said that before. But we have had it better than the pioneers: we have a furnace, a small frig, a TV, and a grocery store three miles away that we can drive to in a car. Really living it up!

2003

October 15: I bought a box of peaches at a fruit stand, so I've been busy taking care of them. Of course, I work slow, but I do lousy work.

2004

We drilled a well and brought electricity to it for the pump many years ago. The "we" is kind of figurative. I had nothing to do with it. Anyway, we (Darrel) parked the motor home by them (the electric pole and well).

We have two TVs. I told Darrel that as long as the TVs and furnace are working, I can make it.

May 8: The most fun thing we're doing this spring is watching a mom and dad fox with five pups from our breakfast room window. Besides the daily deer, we also saw a moose not long ago on our property.

Eva had a sense of humor that often had the grandkids in stitches, and without even trying. She would simply describe events and tell life as she saw it. Of course, most of the Stokes family had remarkable senses of humor, so she came by it rather naturally. Another example of Stokes humor is an excerpt from one of Wayne's round robin letters, found Xeroxed among Mom's letters. In speaking of the deaths of Eldon, his son John, and daughter-in-law Lil, all within a relatively short time of each other, Wayne has us laughing and then crying in what he writes May 16, 1995:

"And I don't know who to feel the sorriest for: for Larry who lost a wife, father, and brother, or for Eloise who lost a daughter-in-law, husband, and son, or for Denise who lost a sister-in-law, father-in-law, and husband, or for me who lost a niece, brother, and nephew, a few wives, a few million dollars, and etc. But the money part "is only money" as I would have given anything to have had only one wife and family and to have been able to live a life like my brothers and sisters, etc. Love, Wayne"

In closing, the editor solicited thoughts from family members simultaneously, so each did not know what the others wrote. So redundancies only emphasize certainties.

Thoughts from Darrel and the Children

Darrel relates an experience in the Salt Lake Temple: I was gazing upon Eva in the Celestial room, when I was struck by a very strong spiritual sensation. I looked and beheld Eva: she was more beautiful than I had ever seen her before, physically and spiritually. The spirit confirmed and impressed upon me that Eva would be his eternal companion. Numerous experiences evidencing Eva's comforting, tender, and nurturing nature have reminded me how eternally grateful I am for the conviction I gained in the temple that day.

Carrie: When I moved to Colorado by Rita, I had several people comment on how we were both so patient with our children, etc. I don't remember the specifics of their other mothering-skills compliments, but we were realizing that all the good mothering skills that seemed to be effective, and a blessing to our children, came from the example of our mother. I remember as a young mother, one of my children was throwing a temper tantrum; my mom was there and suggested I leave the room and not indulge the child with my presence. It was a brilliant idea.

I think I was one of her more difficult children to raise, but I never knew growing up that I was a challenge. She was always in control. She got our respect. She seemed to know how to handle us all individually. I so appreciate my mom's knowledge and dedication to nutrition and healthful living. She always tried other things before pain killers. She always had a pot of something wonderful for both body and soul on the stove. She knew herbal teas that would help upset stomach etc. She knew what style of clothing looked best on us, and tried with great diplomacy to guide us in that direction. She knows how grateful I have always been for her hours of dedicated listening, and mostly for actually enjoying the time she spent with us. It wasn't a chore for her. She is so much fun to be with.

It's amazing to me how she combines class, talent, style, knowledge, pure love, and being so down to earth. She's such an example to me of being a faithful, educated, self-thinking humble person, who puts people first. Those are some of the wonderful things I love about my mother. Another thing I would love to mention, is the way she took care of her dear mother till she left this life. I vowed that I would do whatever was in my power to help her get that same great care. I pray I'll be able to do so, and it seems Heavenly Father would love to answer that prayer in behalf of a great mother like mine. Love, your devoted daughter, Carrie

Alan: Of my mother, Eva (I wrote this in past tense because I wrote as I remembered my childhood and young adulthood when I lived with her. I did not mean to imply that she doesn't hold these virtues now, nor was I meaning to make this sound like an obituary).

If I had to choose one word to sum up my mother, it would be trust. I could trust her absolutely and completely. I could trust her to always do the right thing, to be an example of doing what was right. Mom had no guile, no pretensions. She had no worldly ambitions.

Because I could trust her, she was easy to talk to. I never needed to worry about ulterior motives or abuse of confidences.

Mom didn't judge people. She didn't judge people because of the mistakes they made. She disfavored people doing things that were clearly wrong, and who justified doing things that were clearly wrong, as right or alright.

Mom was very forgiving, even while she had little to be forgiven.

Can you imagine a better childhood than one wrapped in the complete and absolute trust of a loving mother? I can't.

Rita: One of Mom's great qualities is her non-judgmental and fair nature. She always gave other people and us kids the benefit of the doubt if there was any question concerning an incident. She never spoke negatively about other people and by example taught us to look for the good in others. Even though we knew there were times she was disappointed in our actions, she never lost her temper and lambasted us with words or harsh punishment. I felt that she was always my advocate and had my/our best interest at heart. In this she exhibited great motherly love. Mom made us feel that we were the most important people in the world to her. I always enjoyed our late night talks as teenagers with her. She was funny and empathetic at the same time. Mom was a great listener and never a lecturer. Her succinct comments would be understanding and informative. She would

always give comments from her own life experiences without regard to whether it made her out to be a saint or a sinner.

My observation of Mom around other people whether at church, PTA, orchestra, or in the community was that she was careful about committing to something she may not be able to do. Nevertheless she said yes to numerous requests on a regular basis and always followed through with everything she agreed to. She is/was a most dedicated visiting teacher. I enjoyed the years I spent in Utah Valley Symphony with her. I enjoyed the times we sang together as a family. I remember a rewarding time singing with Mom and Aunt Orpha in a trio.

I remember Mom's devotion to church callings. She was the neighborhood taxi to primary when we were in Calif. She was faithful in her callings. I remember serving in Primary together in Provo, just before I got married. She was always humble in her life and her callings. I have many happy memories with Mom, and no sad memories at all in her relationship with me. What a legacy!



Rita and Mom sewing or something

Eric: In my opinion, one of the greatest blessings and foundations my mother gave me is a pleasant home life. As result, I remember being happy most of my childhood even though we moved several times. I remember mom's delicious rice pudding, wheat cereal, and homemade bread with butter and honey—especially after floating down the Provo River and still trying to thaw out. I remember if there were not quite enough of some dishes of a meal, Mom gave up her portion more than once. One aspect of Mom's sense of humor often seemed to consist of downplaying or lightening up a potentially tense or serious situation. I remember feeling hot, thirsty and tired in Pomona, California, when the temperature was well above 100 and before the days of air conditioning. We were in the house and then outside under the shade of a tree, and Mom did the best she could to comfort us or come up with ideas to cool off. Mom seemed to be positive and look on the bright side whenever possible, and sometimes, even when it was very difficult. She was patient and understanding. In some situations people have said that I have one or more of those qualities. If so, I feel that I owe to my mother whatever got passed on to me. How grateful I am for these and many more blessings that have come to me by way of my mother, Eva Stokes Stubbs.

Brian: I think we had about the best mom in the world. As has been said, she was patient and kind. I don't remember her ever really screaming, and even moments of a somewhat raised voice could be counted on one hand. She really enjoyed being with and listening to her children (as soon as we were mature and civil enough to be enjoyable to be around). Like Dad often said of her, she was a person without guile. She was so honest, open, guileless, and in favor of everyone's best interests. One time Dad suggested she stand by and watch the mechanic while he fixed the car, so she did so. After noticing her standing and watching him awhile, the mechanic asked her if she wouldn't like to go into the customers' lounge and sit down. She told him, "My husband told me to watch, because you'd do a better job if I watch."

She also had a great sense of humor. We children and grandchildren were nearly rolling in the aisles at her missionary farewell to Russia, but none of us can remember what she said. Much of her humor is her honest way of saying what many feel, but try not to say. For example, each of us children learned to play an instrument (more or less) by taking lessons. Alan was taking piano lessons as a child, but disliked practicing enough that he kicked the piano as much as he practiced it. When we asked why Alan got to quit piano lessons, she said that the piano would last longer if he did.

She was a natural child psychologist, not a trained one, but often better. As I got older and listened to her thinkings out loud when explaining why she dealt with a matter as she did, I was repeatedly impressed by the brilliance, wisdom, and insights—though I can't remember any specifics, but it generally consisted of a live-and-let-live approach. As long as children were doing something constructive or even neutrally non-destructive—or not too destructive (boards in failed tree house attempts are recoverable or not worth that much), then let them be.

She was not a provoker, but a peacemaker like her father's patriarchal blessing said he was. In fact, she would be quite displeased with adults who did not think through a matter from a child's perspective and would inadvertently provoke children in negative directions.

A good heart and heart of gold is our mother, Eva Stokes Stubbs. As one can see, the above tributes are consistent with words from Eva's patriarchal blessing: "Thy name shall be held in high esteem by thy husband, thy posterity, and thy kindred afar off."

Other Photos



Eva, July 1939



Eva 1940



Eva



Four generations: Edna, Shawna, Eldon, Ann Parkinson



Mom (Edna) and Grandma (Ann)



The twins, Edie, and Wayne



Orpha, LaDean, Eva



From left to right: Wayne (back) and Jean (front), Eldon and Eloise, Darrel and Eva, Herman and LaDean, Henry and Edna, Finishing back row: Morris Gardner, Don Van Noy, Quinn, Ada; finishing front row: Edie (Edna Marie), Orpha



Eva's Grandma Packer with her three sets of twins among her grandchildren





Wayne



Quinn (back), Wayne (front), Eldon (right)



Eric and Rita playing twister



A cake Rita made for Brian's mission farewell



one of Eva's graduation pictures





A Packer Reunion