

## CHAPTER 4 – MARRIAGE

Dolly, the friend I had lived with during high school, and my dear friend Ron were married a month before Roy and I were.



Shortly before our wedding, my mother and Aunt Harriet gave a bridal shower for Dolly and me. On her way home from the shower, Dolly was in an auto accident with injuries such that she was unable to attend our wedding.

I was a month short of being 20 years old when Roy and I were married on Dec. 7, 1962. It was the 21<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor so ever after we have always said the war started the day we got married!



**Ron and Dolly  
McDaniels**

The words “Peace On Earth” hung in big silver letters in the front of the sanctuary of the First Baptist Church in Downey, California. Many years after the fact, I was told that our wedding was probably the most unorganized of any wedding!

All sorts of things went wrong. The first was arriving at the church and finding those words “Peace On Earth” hanging up front! The woman in charge of putting up the decorations for Christmas programs in the church, was going out of town and that was the only day she could do it. No matter that someone had a wedding that evening!



**Rhonda Reed, Judy Theiman, Barbara Smith, Gale & Roy  
Paul Headland, Ron McDonald, Jim Kemp  
Keith & Troy, my little brothers.**

The flowers were late arriving, the photographer was late and disorganized, my hoop petticoat would not cooperate, the soloist was so nervous she could hardly sing, the pastor's comments were far too long, and my mother forgot to sit down, so everyone stood for most of the ceremony! Finally very close to the end, the pastor realized people were still standing and told the guests they could be seated!



By the time the reception was over it had begun to get foggy. We were to spend a week in a house at Newport Beach, but getting there in the thickening fog was a challenge. It was so thick that Roy had to open the car door in some patches to follow the lines on the road! We crept along carefully, arriving finally at our honeymoon cottage without any other problems. The use of the beach house had been arranged for us by someone Roy knew at one of the mission organizations.

Of course it was cold and dreary at the beach in December, even though it was southern California. With a good coat and some head covering, we enjoyed walking on the deserted beach. One day was spent at the San Diego Zoo. Mostly we stayed indoors keeping warm, relaxing together. It was a good vacation time for us, except when the “honeymoon” mouse decided to put in an appearance by zooming through the room! Each time it did, Roy had to try to catch it and then get me down off a chair. A little bit of excitement to liven up our first week as man and wife.

## MY HUSBAND

Now for background on the man who became my husband! Roy was born July 28, 1941 in Darby, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia where his dad was employed by General Electric. Roy has a sister named Barbara Kathleen who is three years older than he. This photo is an example of the family Christmas cards Bob made each year.



At the age of three, Roy became very sick with rheumatic fever. In those days there was not much that could be done medically, so treatment involved keeping the patient as calm and physically quiet as possible. Roy spent most of his day in his crib. I have it on good report that he drove his mom crazy calling to her for this and that so she had to run up and down the stairs all day!

In 1947 when Roy was 7 years old, General Electric transferred his dad to their office in California. They traveled with a trailer behind a 1946 Chevrolet, and had quite an adventure almost losing the trailer more than once. Their home was in the middle of an apricot orchard, in Los Altos, CA, not too far from San Francisco.



Roy who had always been technically inclined, began to dabble in electronics at a young age. He learned Morse code and built a crystal radio set as his first radio. By running an antenna wire up their water tower in the back yard, he was able to pick up stations broadcasting from San Francisco.



**Roy Bob Thelma & Barbara**

General Electric relocated the family again in 1953 to Phoenix AZ. By that time Roy was twelve years old and Barbara was fifteen. Being in high school, it was very difficult for Barbara to leave the many friends she had in Los Altos. She was not happy about moving!

In Phoenix Roy became friends with a neighbor who was also into radio. Roy became a licensed amateur radio operator in March 1955 as a sophomore in high school, with call letters of W7ZBK. Roy built his first ham radio from a Heath Kit. With the help of his dad, Roy put up his first radio tower in the back yard of their home. It was about 45 feet tall and built of a wood post with a wooden cross beam. Pipe, wire and insulators filled out the necessary items needed to make it work.

They dug ditches and buried wires in the yard in all directions. We have a newer version of this tower behind our house as this is being written.

The family was very active in Bethel Baptist Church where they attended in Phoenix. After they were old enough to drive, some of the young men, including Roy, used to drive south of town each Saturday to the small village of Guadalupe to work with Mission to the Migrants. It was a youth group type of ministry with Bible studies after volleyball and baseball games at the small Presbyterian Church.

Today Guadalupe has a population of 5,500 Native Americans and Hispanics. It has incorporated, with city limits of one square mile, land-locked within the Phoenix metro area. The church and baseball diamond are still there.

Roy attended Camelback High School, which had a course in aviation. Taking that course, he learned to fly and was licensed as a private pilot for single engine planes at the age of 18. In a class of 294 students Roy graduated from Camelback High School in 1958. He then went to Biola College where he pursued a course of study in Bible and Missions.

He began to work at KBBI, the school's station as an engineering assistant and behind the microphone. He was able to use this work as his Christian Service Assignment at Biola, and eventually became the station's chief engineer.

Roy graduated from Biola in January 1963, a month after we were married.



## MY IN LAWS

Robert and Thelma Smith, Roy's parents were the nicest people to have for family! I first met dad Smith in early 1962 at a hospital when we were all visiting his brother Millard who was very sick. Bob's first words to Roy when he saw me were, "Well, you told me she was short!"

While we were engaged, Roy and I made several trips to Phoenix from Los Angeles for visits at their home. We traveled in Lizzie Belle, Roy's yellow pick up truck.

It was a long hot drive across the deserts of California and Arizona. At the time there was no freeway, no rest areas, and towns and gas stations were few and far between.



**Forrest, Millard,  
Robert**

Robert Wesley Smith was born in July 1908 in Wellsville, Kansas. He was the middle son of three boys. Millard was the oldest and Forrest the youngest.

Roy's mom Thelma Doris Crook was born in May 1909 in Helmick, Kansas. Thelma had two brothers, named Charles and Norman, and a sister named Oneita.

Thelma was constantly making something for someone else. At the Conservative Baptist church they attended, she actively participated in the making of gift items sent to missionaries. She taught Sunday school for the kindergarten and primary children for over 40 years.



**Thelma and Norman**

Thelma had been a public schoolteacher until she began her own family. She told about teaching in a one-room schoolhouse with a pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room for heat in winter.



**Thelma & Bob wedding day**

Thelma was a dear, dear lady. I loved her as a best friend. We wrote letters almost weekly until she was too sick to write during the last couple years of her life. We always enjoyed doing things together.

Thelma always had handwork along everywhere she went. I tried to learn to do some of the things she was doing but ended up not completing most of the things I tried. It was more fun to be given something than to try to do it myself!

Dad Smith always worked for General Electric as an engineer, starting his career with the company in its Philadelphia office. Bob was not in the military during WWII, but was on battleships as a civilian working on GE power plants that ran the ships. In December 1941 he was sent to Pearl Harbor to work on a ship there. The ship he traveled on left the harbor just one day before the bombing there, but because of security reasons, all the comings and goings of ships were kept secret.

Barbara remembers they had gone to church as usual that morning, getting the news of the attack in the late afternoon. Thelma had Barbara standing on the dining room table to fix the hem of a dress when the news came on the radio that the attack had occurred.

Thelma fainted and four year old Barbara thought her mommy had died. She climbed down from the table and ran next door where two older ladies lived.

One of the ladies went to check on Thelma while the other kept Barb with her, trying to warm her because she was cold and wet from running to their house in the snow.

People everywhere listened constantly to the radio for news about the events as they unfolded into the first day of this country being at war. Families waited in terror for confirmation about the welfare of loved ones as each event in the war began to take place.



**Pennsylvania home**

It was not until several days later after the ship Bob was on had safely arrived in port on the east coast some days later, that Thelma finally got a call from him saying that he was alive and had passed through the Panama Canal arriving safely in port on the east coast of our nation.

During the years they lived in Phoenix, Bob traveled by car to many places in Arizona where there was GE equipment that needed electrical work. Any place in the Four Corners states that had large GE equipment, such as power plants, dams, and refineries; was a place where Bob went to help. At the time of his retirement in 1973, he had worked for General Electric for 43 years.

Dad Smith always did enjoy working with wood, building many useful things for others, for the church, and for their own home. For each of our two oldest children he built a desk and two bookcases. For the young people at church he made an air hockey table. Many of the built-in cabinets at the church were his handiwork. A large addition was put onto their home in Phoenix with plenty of storage cabinets that he constructed. Some of his wood work included cabinets and shelves that are in my kitchen still.

Whenever Bob and Thelma traveled he always had the trunk of the car loaded with tools. When coming to visit us they would usually stay about three weeks. After arriving, he would visit about a week before beginning to sketch out the plan of something he wanted to build. That would leave him only two more weeks to purchase materials and actually build whatever he had decided on. I remember more than once he did not complete a project by the time they had planned to leave, so they would have to stay longer.

Bob loved playing games of any kind, but especially word games, and puzzles. Every evening when we were together we would get something going. As the children got old enough, they joined the games with us. Computers were just coming into popular use in the 1980's and Bob taught himself computer programming at age 77. Like his dad, Roy has not ever been afraid to learn something new, enjoying a challenge.

## MY SISTER IN LAW

Barbara Kathleen, Roy's only sibling is 3 years older than he. She was the maid of honor in our wedding and she has been a dear friend to me all the years since. She is a very creative person, like the whole Smith side of the family. She has done some writing, some oil and water painting and other artwork, and especially enjoys doing crafts. She can do any craft you can think of!



Cooking is also one of Barbara's many skills. Her concoctions have been the hit of many a potluck dinner. Barbara was a special education teacher in the public school system. She used many life skills such as cooking to help her students learn concepts of math and reading. Her classroom was equipped with a complete kitchen.

Barbara lived at home with her parents most of her adult life. It was a convenient arrangement for them all. She was able to take care of the home and the pets whenever Bob and Thelma traveled. They would do the same when Barbara traveled. She was there to take care of them in their old age, which was a difficult and confining time for her, just as it was for them.



Here is a sample of some of Barbara's early writing from December, 1971

### HE GIVETH – Barbara Smith

So many gifts God gives to me  
 And all of them are free--  
 So many they are hard to list,  
 And yet, strange mortal that I be  
 How oft His bounty I resist!

He gave His Son for my salvation  
 Eternal life came with redemption.  
 He gives me work to fill my days  
 Provides a guide for all my ways--

He gives me rests and trials and tests  
 But this I know-- He gives what's best,  
 For testings help me gain His peace  
 E'en under stress I have His rest  
 And for each trial He gives His grace.

He gives me patience, friendship, love,  
 Forgiveness, too, comes from above.  
 He addeth faith to simple trust  
 He gives His Word, forever just.

He giveth health as He sees fit  
 And even wealth (a little bit!)  
 He giveth joy, He giveth LIFE,  
 He gives His calm to face all strife.

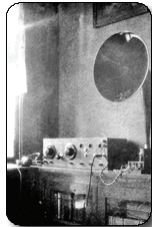
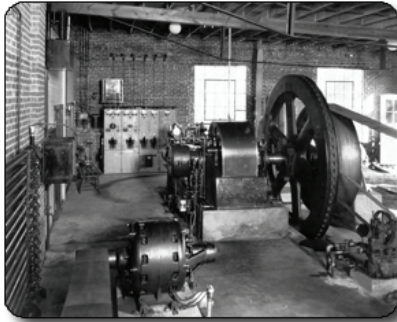
Flowers, sunrise, the sound of rain  
 Babies, music, and flowing grain;  
 The list's unending-- goes on and on--

But best of all-- He gave His Son.

“Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.” - 2 Cor. 9:15

### ROY'S GRANDPARENTS

Bob's parents were Charles Avery (C.A.) and Nellie Smith. They had three sons Millard, Robert and Forrest.



**Charles (C.A.) & Nellie Smith**

C. A., as he was called, was a resident of Wellsville, Kansas. As a young businessman, he owned the ice and electric company, the phone lines coming into town, and had the first radio in town. He also built his own two-story home using rock. A tennis court was built on their large lot next to their home.



Nellie had trained as a nurse (shown in the center of this picture), but became a homemaker after their family began.

She must have been quite a seamstress since there are many photographs of the sons in costumes of all kinds when they were children.

Being interested in genealogy, C. A. had done much research of the family history. He had drawn fan-shaped family tree charts. All this was in the days of correspondence by paper letters and research without computers.

I have been very fortunate to be able to have copies of much of the family history that he researched.



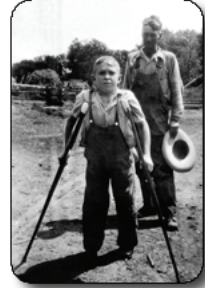


**Cordelia & LeRoy Crook**

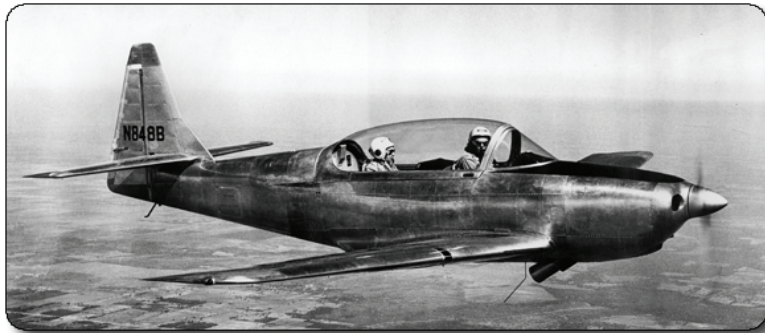
Thelma's parents were LeRoy and Cordelia Crook, who had four children: Charles, Oneita, Thelma and Norman.

LeRoy was a farmer and merchant, at one time owning a general store in Wellsville, where the Smiths lived.

At the age of nine, Norman was stricken with polio. Ever after he walked with braces on his legs and crutches.



Norman was the youngest of the four children in that family. He was a brilliant man who worked on top secret aviation designs with Ryan Aviation, Hughes Aircraft, McDonnell Douglas, and Boeing. Norman tried out his own designs by building many model planes, which he tested in the Arizona desert having Roy run to bring them back to him.



Norman was a skilled pilot as well, and flew often. He had special controls so he could both fly this plane and drive his car. Roy really liked Norman, and was greatly influenced by him.

## **CATCHING UP WITH MY PARENTS**

A note here to catch up with my family before we continue this story:

My parents had relocated from Washington State back to California shortly before Roy and I were married. They lived in LaCrescenta for the most part but lived for one summer on an alfalfa farm. The farm was located in Lancaster a desert town north of the Los Angeles metro area. Dad used to get up at 4 a.m. to work the crops early, before it got hot outside. It was there that my brother Keith fell in love with farming, even as a young boy of about nine years old. It was the desire of his heart ever afterwards to become a farmer.

Being close in age, the two boys were good playmates as children. Because they were still quite young, only ages 7 and 8 when I married in 1962, I was not close to home to watch them grow up. The family pattern of moving frequently continued in their childhood as it had in mine, so that they were raised in a variety of houses and schools, just as I had been.

It seems like it was about this time in our history that mother began to work in Los Angeles at the same insurance company where her sister Harriet had been working for many years and where I had also worked during college.

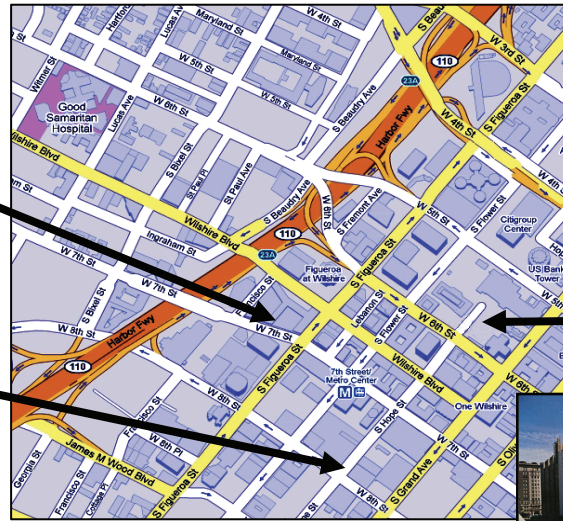
To get to work, mother had to ride the city bus back and forth from La Crescenta to Los Angeles. One afternoon as she was waiting for the bus to return home after work, someone spoke her name. She turned around and found herself face to face with my father Vincent! They were both so shocked they could hardly speak! They were able to talk only briefly before her bus arrived. He told her that he lived in an apartment at 8<sup>th</sup> and Hope Streets, only a few blocks from the Biola dormitories at 6<sup>th</sup> and Hope Streets! Vincent was not feeling well so was waiting for a bus to go to the clinic at the Veterans Hospital. He thought it might be his kidneys.

Mother's bus arrived then so they did not exchange any other information. It was not until a number of years later that she told me she had seen him. When she did tell me, she said that he had looked so unwell she thought maybe he had died in the hospital, because she never saw him at the bus stop again nor did she ever hear from him again. There will be more information about Vincent in a later chapter of this book.

**Where Harriet, then me and finally Mom worked for an insurance co in Stattler-Hilton Hotel**

**Where Vincent lived 8th & Hope St**

**Church of the Open Door & Biola dorms**



Source: Map from Google.com

**Downtown Los Angeles**

## **MARRIED LIFE**

Our first home was a small apartment in downtown Los Angeles not far from COD, the Biola dorms and KBBi where Roy continued working after we married. The rent was \$50 a month. Our apartment had two main rooms, a living room and a dining room. In the living room a Murphy bed pulled down out of the wall. A double bed was hidden under cupboards and could be pulled out of the wall into the dining room.

Living across the hall from us were John and Arlene Kern, also Biola students, who had two small children. If they did not hear us stirring on a Sunday morning, John would bang on the wall between our two Murphy beds, and holler "Get out of bed you lazy bums, its time to get ready for church!" Sometimes we would do the same to them.

Roy was still in college when we married, graduating a month later in January 1963. After graduating he continued to work at KBBi and also took work at radio station KPOL in Hollywood, which aired middle-of-the-road music, or what could be called "elevator music". Often I would hear his voice on the PA system when I was out shopping at a store. Sometimes I could not resist speaking to a perfect stranger to tell them that was MY husband they were hearing.

Learning to cook, now that was a challenge! I knew how to fix very few things, but now had to come up with things to feed not only myself but a man as well! The only vegetables I would eat were corn, peas, carrots, spinach and beets and they all had to be canned. I hated all the other vegetables. Roy liked almost all vegetables but he had to have them fresh or frozen! YUK! He also loved tomatoes. He would heat up a bowl of nothing but stewed tomatoes. That was about the worst thing from my viewpoint! The one thing he did truly hate, was of course something that I loved, beets. To this day he will not eat beets in any way, shape, or form! Roy had to eat some pretty poor meals during the first couple years of married life while I learned to put meals together. Of course I had to learn to eat things that I had never been encouraged to eat when growing up. Both of us had some real adjustments to make in the food department.

Roy loved chocolate chip cookies and spaghetti and taught me to make both of these. His spaghetti is unlike anyone else's, full of stewed tomatoes of course. I have learned to make it and love it. Growing up our kids and their friends were all crazy about it. Their friends would often ask if we were having spaghetti for supper, then ask their parents if they could stay over to eat with us.

During our first year of married life, Roy was given a small Piper J3 airplane. The “string” attached was that he had to go to Arizona to get it and haul it back to Los Angeles. Ron McDonald, who had stood up with Roy at our wedding, went along with him to help with that project. Ron was from Phoenix and had attended the same church with Roy when they were growing up. The wings of the Piper were taken off the plane and mounted on a flat bed trailer parallel to the body of the plane.



**Ron, me, & Roy**

Since you cannot keep an airplane in your apartment, it was put at the airport in Compton, CA. The plane was in need of lots of repairs. Our small apartment was always full of plane parts that were being worked on. Even the ailerons were hung from the ceiling while the fabric coverings were replaced.

One “adventure” we had should be mentioned here. On weekends we went to the airport to work on the plane together. One day after some repairs had been completed, Roy wanted to fire the engine up and let it run. The propeller had to be started by swinging it around by hand while another person worked the controls inside. Since it was just the two of us, Roy put me in the pilot’s seat with instructions about just what I should do. I was to let up on the gas when the engine started causing the propeller to turn. I was not mentally prepared for this, so when Roy began swinging the propeller around by hand and the engine started, the noise was so loud I froze in terror!

Roy had to jump back out of the way of the propeller. He yelled at me to let up on the throttle, but I couldn’t hear him above the noise so remained frozen in place. He had to run around to the side of the plane, reach in and pry my fingers loose from the throttle. It was a good thing the plane was tied down with cables or I would have been airborne! So ended my single experience in the pilot’s seat!

Over the months, we realized that an airplane is similar to a boat. It is not a hole in the water that you throw money into, but a hole in the sky that you throw money into! It was a novelty we could not afford. The breaking point of the costs really came home to us when some vandals damaged it one night at the airport. Eventually we donated the plane to a small mission organization that trained pilots to serve in flight ministries to remote areas.

During that first year of marriage, Roy and I worked with the American Sunday School Union. We had quite a long drive from our apartment in downtown Los Angeles, well over an hour in each direction. We taught Sunday School and helped with a church service in a glider hanger at a tiny airport in El Mirage located in the desert North of San Bernardino.

El Mirage was just a small group of houses on the edge of a dry lake. The lakebed was so flat it was used as a runway with an airport for small glider planes. After a while we also helped at a tiny church south of San Bernardino in a town called San Timoteo. Those were challenging times that resulted in our spiritual growth. We were so young and really dependant on our Lord for every part of these ministries.

In addition to his full time work behind the microphone at KBBI Roy worked along side the chief engineer. It wasn’t long until the chief left the station to become a missionary in South America. Roy became the chief engineer for Biola’s two FM stations. The second station was in San Diego. It was quite a bit of work keeping everything running properly. The transmitter for KBBI was on Mt Wilson, just to the North of Los Angeles, so there was a lot of routine driving each week to make the rounds to each location.

At this time, problems of any kind always put me into a panic mode. Especially anything having to do with money! Whenever I was limited in the amount of money available to buy groceries, clothes, or other necessities, I would dissolve away in tears. These kinds of uncertainties made me feel frightened and vulnerable.

So where was my trust in the care of the Lord? As I have said previously, we grow in spiritual matters. That happens by doing. Trusting for such details as food on the table or a roof over my head had not really been something I had to do before getting married. Trusting for the big stuff, like how to get to college, was one thing. Trusting for the small details of running our home was a new kind of area to learn to trust God about. This now became another chance to learn by doing, and doing it well by learning to trust God’s care in this area of life too.



Then it was November 22, 1963 and in Dallas, Texas President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. This happened while I was home ironing and listening to a Christian radio station other than KBBI. The program was suddenly interrupted by the announcer saying, “The President has just been shot”. He may have said it twice, but it was ALL he said!

I was shocked, wondering what in the world is going on? Surely it wasn't the truth? I tuned the radio to KBBI to hear the same announcement being given by my husband, with updates coming quickly as more information came across the teletype from Associated Press. It was a horrifying, heart-wrenching event! We grieved for his family, and our nation.

## OUR FAMILY GROWS

“Children are an heritage of the Lord”, it says in the holy Scriptures. Roy and I always wanted as many children as possible. We were given the wonderful privilege of being parents and our children have been one of the most wonderful blessings of our lives! Fourteen months after we married, on January 20, 1964 our daughter was born in Los Angeles at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan. We named her Ruth Glory Smith.



I thought I knew about taking care of children from all the babysitting I had done for my brothers, but soon discovered that parenting is not the same as babysitting! Being totally responsible for the care and nurturing of a tiny little person is a wonderful and awesome thing! Roy's parents had come to visit us for the Christmas holidays. The plan was that his mother would help me out for a week or two after the baby was born. I had so much false labor in the later part of the pregnancy the doctor said the baby might come early. Fearing that they might get home to Phoenix only to have to return immediately for the birth of the baby, Bob and Thelma stayed on with us. The days dragged on seemingly endlessly, Ruth not arriving until the 20<sup>th</sup> of January. How happy we were to finally hold our precious daughter!

Knowing my bone condition could be passed on to my children, I began to suspect that Ruth had inherited it from me. The legs of newborn children often look bowed but they soon straighten. Ruth's legs continued to look bowed so that when she began to walk, I was quite certain she had inherited it, so I took her to the Children's' Hospital. When the doctor asked why I had brought her, I said that I believed she had Vitamin D Resistant Rickets.

Since what I have is a rare condition, the doctor looked surprised and asked why would I think such a thing? It was not like this day and age of the Internet when people can search for information on all kinds of rare medical problems. Hiking up my skirt so he could see my somewhat bowed legs and the scars, I said, “Because I have it.” He immediately left the room and returned with several other doctors. Doctors do not always have opportunity to personally see every rare medical condition during their days of training. So they take advantage of chances to expose each other to a case when an opportunity arises, such as this was.

After x-rays, blood tests and examinations, Ruth was started on a program of vitamin D, just as I had been while at Shriner's as a child. She returned to the clinic periodically for more tests monitoring the minerals in her blood.

A note here about this medical condition: Vitamin D Resistant Rickets (VDRR), is the older name. Now it is known as X-Linked Hyposphosphatemia or XLH, a more accurate name for it. Hyposphosphatemia means low phosphorous. X-linked means the mutation is carried on the X -chromosome.

Later, during the 1970's, I was introduced to the use of phosphorous in the treatment along with the Vitamin D. Some people started taking phosphorous as early as the 1960's while research was being done, but it was into the 1980's before it became widely recognized as the mineral that was lacking and most needed. Phosphorous is used in bone building and is absorbed from the blood by the kidneys. Our kidneys are unable to absorb the phosphorous so it is cast off in the urine, causing the bones to remain softer than normal. Thus we are generally short statured and have some bone deformities which vary widely from person to person.

