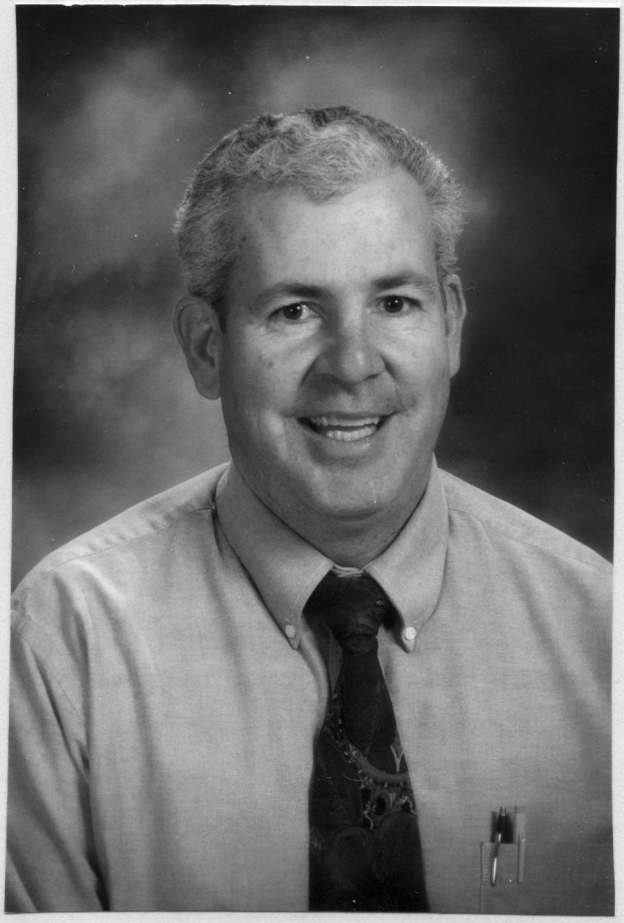
MERRILL
DURANT
BLACK



Thomas Black
William Black (1740) Lincoln, N.C.
William Black & Sarah Stevens
John David Black & Mary Cline
William Morley Black & Emma (Amy) Jane Washburn
Benjamin Daniel Black & Annie Alice Baldwin
William Clarence Black & Amy Stevens
Clarence Stevens Black
(AKA) Steven Lee Black

Thomas Call
John Call & Hannah Kettle – 1635
John Call & Martha Louden- 1662
Samuel Call &Abigail Sprague-1698
Joseph Call & Mary Sanderson-1742
Cyril Call & Sally Tiffany-1785
Anson Call & Mary Flint -1810
Anson Vasco Call &Charlotte Holbrook
Anson Vasco Call & Rosa Stayner
Cyril Alfred Call & Abigail T. Condie
& (Div) Dantzelle Condie Call (Black) (Maynard)
Audrey Jean (Div) Yancy Dalton (Mar) Roger Condit
Joel (died at 17 hrs)
Steven Francis (Mar) Nina Newman
Karen Gail (Mar) Dean Hunter
Merrill Durant (See Below)
Julianne (died at 2 yrs old)
Elizabeth (Mar) Ross Stewart

Clarence Stevens Black & Joan Dance
(AKA) Steven Lee Black
No Children

I) Merrill Durant & Cynthia Jean (Barron) (Black) (White) (?) SEALED FOREVER, BUT (DIVORCED)
Rachael Leigh Ann Black -- Robert Denney (not married)
Logan Taylor (died at 17 hrs)
(Mar) Shane Pierucci (Married in Temple) (DIVORCED)
Triston
Conner
Heather Lynn Black —Clark Ruttinger (DIVORCED)
Ethan
SARAH CLAIRE

2) Merrill Durant & Rosanna (Whitehead) (Garrison) (Black) (Bisch) SEALED FOREVER BUT, (DIVORCED)
(Adopted Children)
Marcus Raul (Garrison) Black [redacted] 2 APR 1970 – 25 JAN 2012
Dustin Lance (Garrison) Black
Todd Bryant (Garrison) Black

3) Merrill Durant & Karen Hipwell) (Mc Daniel) (Black) (Whitehorn) SEALED FOR TIME, BUT (DIVORCED)
(Not Adopted)
David McDaniel
Lesslie McDaniel
Jason McDaniel
Marjorie McDaniel
Eric McDaniel
(natural born)
Adam Durant Black — (NMar)

4) Merrill Durant& Shelley (Wood) (Mayer) (Black) SEALED FOREVER
(Not Adopted)
Jeremy Mayer (Mar) Katrina
Jason Mayer (Mar) Angela Rhodes
Joshua Mayer (Mar) Holly Tillet
Jared Mayer (Mar) Lacie Sutton (DIVORCED)
Joseph Mayer (Mar) Christie LaBee
Jacob Mayer (Mar} Paige Gordon

Merrill D. Black

An Odd Story

April 23, 1996

It's hard to tell a life's story, when there is s00000 much to tell. Some of it is quite unbelievable, while there are periods of normality. So come along with me and I will take you on a weird journey through time, and through the eyes of one who is still learning to adjust.

On the mildly cold morning of December 26th, 1951 the second son and fourth of six children (one was still-born), was brought into this world in Phoenix, Arizona. Most of my life was pretty normal for the first few years. In 1952, we moved to San Diego, then to Monticello in '53. It is rumored that we moved to Santa Ana, California in '54, but I don't remember any of these moves at all. Then we moved back to Phoenix in '55. After two years in Phoenix, we moved to Tucson, Arizona in '57, where I spent two more years. Some things that were memorable that happened there was I had a Yogi Bear stuffed bear that I used as a punching bag, and cuddled, and my brother broke my brand new hickory bow. He was years older than me, and at least four times as strong. In 1960 Julianne was killed when she fell out of the car, in the driveway, and we accidentally ran over her. Elizabeth was born that same year. I didn't know it then, but Dad was messing around, Mom told him, she had him followed, and then he admitted it, so even way back then things were a bit rocky. Then to Utah for a short stay. The next place I do remember vividly was the "Black Hills" of South Dakota. My father was working as an engineer in the missile silos of Ellison AFB. We had a wonderful house in the woods with 22 acres of fields and pines. My dad shot a wild cat (a tom cat that sounded like a bobcat) and I came face to face with a weasel. One Sunday we had a big accident when our Greenbrier Van went off the road and we bounced down a bunch of boulders to an old ravine where the van stopped and we all recovered ourselves. There was also the time that buffalos walked across our land, and Horney Peak Mountain had a flood that almost destroyed the renters in the trailer down below us.

It was at Hill City Elementary School, South Dakota that I fell off the monkey bars and hit my head on the lower ring. I didn't know enough to even mention it to anyone. It wouldn't have done any good anyway.... Sometimes it's best to learn to deal with life and adjust, rather than find an excuse for the way you act.

After the short stint there, we moved to Modesto, California. We lived there a few years, and moved to Fremont, California where I spent most of the rest of my teenage life. One of the first memories was when John F. Kennedy was assassinated. I was in school at the time, and the science program I was watching suddenly turned into the world headlines showing Kennedy being shot. It was in Fremont that I got beat up after school, and the ambushing kid got a royal spanking from the principle. It was while I was working at a church welfare farm building a hay barn that I almost lost my life. I came skidding down a dew filled aluminum roof one early morning and couldn't stop. I yelled to my brother, and he tackled me. We both wound up with our legs hanging off a three story roof. It was in Fremont that I became an Eagle Scout, and ran Cross Country, and had a sweet-sixteen romance. High School was hard. It was imperative that I study hard

and Algebra was killing me. But through it all the struggles once in a while a real inspiration would come. It seemed science was digging me into a hole. I just couldn't seem to solve the homework special thinking problems. I always came up with the opposite answer than the correct one. One day I said "Hey, maybe the other answer is right" and sure enough it was, and that was the start of a realization that I would do a lot better in life if I considered the other answer in trying to solve problems. So now yours' truly was going to all the dances, driving his dad's pickup, living happily having started college in 1970 and getting ready for a mission. (I didn't have a clue about what was to come).

I went on a mission to Kentucky-Tennessee in 1971-73. I there met the Mission President who went by the name of George Durant. (Which was my middle name). Two years brought a lot of mistakes including a rather startling direction from my mission president that I wasn't doing anything wrong; I just needed to be myself and not try to be anyone else. In 1973 I married a girl from Knoxville, Tennessee in the Oakland Temple, had a daughter (Heather Lynn Black) in 1975, tried to be a machinist for four years, and then joined the Air Force where Rachael Leigh Ann Black was born in 1978. I spent thirteen good years in the Air Force, but along the way in 1981 my first wife and I had a divorce, and I tried again. This time I was sure I would marry a girl that would be faithful to me. In 1982 I married a girl that was paralyzed with polio from the waist down in the Provo Temple, and she already had three boys which I adopted. Computer programming had become my vocation in the service. She was a Nuclear Chemist in the Civil Service. We couldn't have any children and that was fine with me. I finished a degree in Occupational Education at Southwest Texas State University. But about 5 years after our marriage, I got a remote assignment to Korea. Half way through, my wife had an affair and the guy took up residence in the house I had bought. So another divorce ensued in 1987. I got an assignment back to Albuquerque, New Mexico where I stayed for four years until I married Karen for time in the Mesa Arizona Temple in 1989. Rachael came to live with me for about 3 months and then went back to live with her mom. That's when the fun really began. How I could be so stupid I can't even imagine now but back then I was single, happy, and she needed help.

Like a drowning child, this wife had 5 A.D.D. kids, and needed saving. Three of them were hyperactive. The events that followed were a real eye opener, and nearly cost me my sanity. We moved four times in the year before I got out of the service, to try to accommodate her large family plus once when I got out. Then I got a great job in St. Louis Missouri as a computer programmer. We had "Adam" our youngest in 1990 who was six weeks pre-mature and we had to wait to move till he could get out of intensive care. But we did move and eventually bought a home in St Peters (just on the other side of the Missouri river). In the next two years we had a rather hectic life. Of course the kids were on Ritalin much of the time, and I built four rooms in the basement of our house, and I learned to bow-hunt (that is I learned to sit in a tree stand for 8 hours, and learned how poison ivy grew up pine trees) and the great Missouri flood of 93; came within 50 feet of wiping out our house. I quit my job because of a rotten supervisor that was trying to get me fired for a solid year.

Heather came to live with me for a year. She turned her life around, got straight 'A's, and really became a charming young lady. She never went back to the way she lived before.

I then became a computer consultant and went to Georgia to work. I was doing fine, except I just wasn't fast enough. All the pressures of going back to Missouri once a month was getting me down. So eventually we sold our house in Missouri to some Vietnamese people who lost their house in the flood and everyone moved to Georgia. Life was wonderful in our brand new $100,000.00 home. We had 6 bedrooms, 7/8th's of an acre and a ton of forest and a lot of friends. But in 94 my job ended, partly because of the stress of my kids and I found my next job in New Jersey.

I drove up to New Jersey and started work in 94. I wanted my family to come up because I finally had secured the best job I ever had. But they didn't want to leave Georgia, and I was getting really strung out trying to pay for two households and try to survive the stress all the ADD kids were putting me through. So finally divorce number three came and went in 1995. I gave up my good job because I had a nervous breakdown and I couldn't afford the airplane travel , and I couldn't stand computers after 15 years of them, and I packed up my bags and my mom's husband Bob brought me back to Utah. Money isn't everything. In fact it has caused far more problems than it ever solved. Income taxes were horrendous and the child support payment went on forever. When your wife is used to getting $450.00 a week, and then drops to $227.00 a month she is not a happy camper. But I had a Nervous Breakdown, or a stroke, because of the stress of trying to earn more, and more, and more. And the ADD kids (including Adam) were making me so stressed I didn't know what to do ... well that's why I left, when she wouldn't come to New Jersey with me.

So now I've been here in Utah since 1995. Believe me it hasn't been easy. I've worked in tree trimming, meat cutting, building aquariums, and teaching kids. It has been good in a way, in that I didn't run away from all the financial problems, but tried to face each day. Oh the problems still come, but over time I am learning how to deal with them. I have learned that a dependable car that costs more is far better than a clunker that you can't rely on. I've learned that money isn't everything, and that the stress of earning too much money isn't worth your health.

In 1995 I met the most wonderful girl in my life and married her in the Manti Temple in the 7th floor sealing room. Ever wish you could be with someone... and then finally that someone comes along? I remember the night we met. I was living with Wren, and working at Macy's as a meat cutter. I wanted to go to Provo to dance with this other girl. Wren wanted to go to Salt Lake City to a dance. We couldn't find the dance in Salt Lake so we went to Provo. Shelley said she was just too impressed to go to Provo, and her ride had fallen through, that she just had to go for some reason. Well, we got to the same dance. I couldn't dance with the girl I went to dance with, so I started looking around. I saw Shelley looking at me, and it looked like there was a spotlight on her, because everyone else was just a shadow. We danced that night like we never danced before or have since. We floated across the floor. She has been so wonderful to me. Mom liked her right off the bat, and made sure we knew she had her approval so I wouldn't go looking somewhere else for love.

Well life with her kids has been rocky at times, but just to be with someone who really does believe in kindness, and gentleness but firmness with kids, and yet really cares about you, and has proved it time and time again, is worth all the trials that come along. It took one and ½ years to work out all the kinks before we got married but it was worth it. I am learning how nice it is to have strong family support in your life, like Shelley has with her family.

There is one other person that has really saved my life; my mom. I didn't get to know her much when I was growing up because my dad was having affairs, and she had to hide a lot of her hurt.

But now it is very nice to get to know her. Mom's husband of 17 years died in July of '95. He was a good man who prepared my mom and me well for his eventual departure. Now its fun just to associate with someone who cares about you, and sometimes in firmness tries to do what's best for you. But the best part is to feel like I can help her around the house and get to know the person I never knew before.

Well, many things have happened in the last 10 years (Now 2005). We lived in a duplex with Jake for 2 years. Then Joe wanted to come home and live. Or should I say he wanted a place to crash. Eventually he went to Idaho with his brother. We bought a home in Salem Utah in 1998 and inherited Jakes dog Wizard. Jake and Paige had a wild romance and were married in Idaho in July 2002 and now have one child named Raigen. Joe got married to Christie in Sept. 4 1999 and moved to Idaho and had two kids, Seth and Kelsey Ann. Jason married Angie Rhodes May 31 1996 and had 3 kids Andrew, Avery Ann and Jonathan. Adam is (now 15 and 1/2) getting a lot worse at functioning normally and refuses to talk to me. It's getting to the point that I may never get to talk to him again. Rachael got married to Shane Perucci and had Triston and Conner. Heather got married to Clark Ruttinger and has one miracle child named Ethan. Ethan has "Spine bifida". But the miracle was they discovered the problem while Ethan was in the womb. Heather became part of a special study, and went to Pennsylvania where she lived in the Ronald Mc Donald house while they operated on Ethan. You heard me right. They gave Heather a Cesarean Section, took out the baby, stitched up the Spine bifida problem, and put him back in the womb. Then, at normal birth, Heather had another c-section, and Ethan was born again. Now at almost 2 (next February), he is crawling and almost walking. Along with that he is talking in English and Spanish.

Shelley and I made a CD called "Come Sing Me a Love Song." We have gone canoe riding, snorkeling in a hot spring, put a room in our garage, redid the furnace intake ductwork in our living room, fallen off a horse, planted many gardens in our back yard, worked as temple workers at the Provo temple, been up and down the state of Utah several times, went to Yellowstone, and Grand Teton National park, and generally had a nice time together.

I have worked as a counselor's assistant, got a Masters in Counseling degree from University of Phoenix (2000) , worked at Southgate Hardware, and Landmark High School. I got my certification in Computer Repair, and taught school at Park City for two years. Since then I have worked mostly as a substitute teacher until a full time job becomes available. I wrote a little piece called Me and ADD. I haven't had it published yet.

This history would not be complete without the "1, 2, 3, Fishing Story." Bob Spencer, Dale Rice, and I were up fishing at CC pond one early morning in 2005, while staying at Bob's Cabin. I hadn't had a bite for four hours. Bob and Dale had brought in a couple trout, and released them. We took a break for lunch. After our break, Bob got up and went back to fish. On his first cast, he got a fish and brought it in. He said O.K. Dale it's your turn. Dale cast out his line, and brought in a fish on his first cast. Dale said, O.K. Merrill it's up to you. I hadn't had a bite all morning! So I looked up to the heavens and said O.K. Lord, if this is going to happen, I'm going to need some help. So I cast out my line, waited for a minute, started reeling my line in, and Boom, I snagged a fish. I couldn't

believe it. (The fish is still in my mom's freezer). 1, 2, 3 miracle. Bob and Dale now say, "You are an official fly fisherman now.

Now in Dec. 2005 we were thinking about building an addition on our house for my Mom. She is 79 and has some good days and some hard to move days. She types for a Psychiatrist but her Utah County pension is about to run out. She loves her house but it is even getting too much for me to take care of.

I am being considered for a job as a counselor, but I don't know if it will come through or not. I'm getting to be almost 54 this year, and am feeling a lot older.

Marcus Raul Black
Born. 2 April 1970 – Sacramento, Sacramento, California
Died. 25 January 2012 – Manassas Park, Independent Cities, Virginia

Marcus Raul Black

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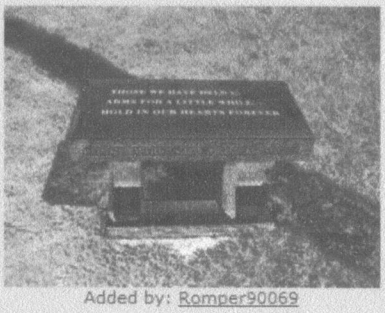
Learn about upgrading this memorial...

Birth: Apr. 2, 1970
Death: Jan. 25, 2012, USA

Burial:
Hollywood Forever Cemetery
Hollywood
Los Angeles County
California, USA
Plot: Section 13, Lot 516, Grave 5

Created by: Romper90069
Record added: May 26, 2012
Find A Grave Memorial# 90758136



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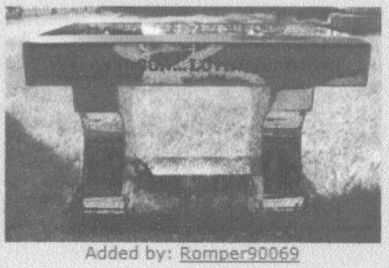

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MY MOM

DANTZELLE CONDIE CALL

My Memories of Dantzelle Condie Call, Black, Maynard
By Her Son,
Merrill Durant Black

Mom was born 10 Jan 1927 in Mesa, AZ. To Cyril Alfred Call and Abigail T. Condie. Most of her early years, Mom lived in Phoenix, AZ. She was a very devoted person. She learned to play the piano and organ. When I was a child I used to go with her when she was learning to play the organ at the Presbyterian church.

At age 18 Mom married dad on 27 Jun 1945 in the Mesa, AZ temple.

Obviously, she lived in many places. As an infant I traveled to Santa Anna and San Diego.

Mom had seven children. 1) Audrey, in 1946, 2) Joel in 1947, who died at birth. (how one finds the courage to try again after a stillborn is beyond me) , 3) Steven in 1949, 4) Karen in 1950, 5) Myself in 1951, and 6) Julianne in 1958, and Elizabeth on May 20, 1960. Julianne died in a car accident in July, 1960.

It has been my privilege to live close to my Mom for the past 10 years. Her family had moved from Phoenix, AZ to Utah, to Hill City, South Dakota, to Modesto, CA to Fremont CA. Dad and Mom divorced in Fremont, CA while Steven was on his mission. Dad didn't pay the child support money, so Mom sold the house in Fremont. After Mom and Dad got divorced she moved to an apartment in Fremont, CA until I came home from my mission, and Steven and Nina were married and I and my first wife got married. Then she moved to Spanish Fork, UT where she eventually met Bob Maynard. They were civilly married and lived happily together for 17 years. I only came back on the scene of her life about one year (1995) before Bob died. Bob was a very good engineer, who took really good care of Mom, and took really good care of the house in Spanish Fork. One day Mom took Bob to the VA hospital, because he had had a stroke. This one was major. I went with Mom to see Bob and give him a blessing while he was in a coma. The doctor said that Bob would probably be a vegetable when he came out of his coma. Bob loved doing extremely complicated mathematical problems, like figuring out the lift of a certain shaped airplane wing, or the proper curvature of a rib on a ships hull. Mom knew he would be miserable trying to live with only half a brain, so we told the doctor to pull the plug and let him go.

Mom loved books, especially church books. She had received her Masters Degree in English in Fremont, CA, and taught college classes. She worked for Richard Taylor in Spanish Fork as a legal secretary, and for Utah County as a legal secretary for 10 years.

She learned to translate Spanish, and French. Most recently she worked for Madeline Liebing, as a clinical transcriptionist. Along with these duties she has worked as a temple organist, a Gospel Doctrine teacher for over 20 years, a chorister, an organ player for many years, and most importantly, a leader for her children.....keeping them straight in gospel doctrine for all her life. She also was a typist for the Stake Patriarch.

She loved to garden. She was never afraid of hard work. Whenever anyone was out working in the yard, she was out there for just as long helping all she could. She loved to go out and work hard to grow the special herbs and plants she would need for her salads and special dishes. She planted new trees and herbs and constantly prepared for the future. Like her garden, she was especially happy to see her children grow. She taught piano lessons to me and many others through the years. She just lit up like a Christmas tree when any of us would come over to visit her. She had many special friends, like Bee Mills, and the Grant and Helen Harris.

Mom loved her children. She always said, "I never had any trouble with any of my children. I don't know why, they were just very special kids." She loved to see her grandchildren. She loved to see them smile, and was always teaching them new things. She was always discovering new things herself. Whether it be Astronomy, Gardening, tree trimming, or new advances in medicine, she never let her mind go dim, but kept seeking to learn new ideas and facts.

MY MOM'S MOM

ABIGAIL T. CONDIE

MY MOM'S DAD

CYRIL ALFRED CALL

Life of C.A. Call

(Condensed from his dictated memories. The quotations are from his own record.)

Cyril Alfred Call was the seventh child and fourth son of Anson Vasco Call and Rosa Emily Stayner. He was the youngest of four brothers, all of whom excelled in the building trade, and he learned carpentry as a boy. His father, Anson Vasco Call II, was the grandson of the pioneer Anson Call. Because Anson Vasco II entered polygamy and took three wives (later one more), he had little time to devote to each of his three young families, and each wife was allowed to make most of the decisions about how to raise her own children. Cyril therefore was mostly raised by his mother, and had very little intimacy with his father. Being the youngest of the four sons born to Rosa, (the third wife) he was able to learn much about life from his older brothers. Cyril was born in Afton, Lincoln County, Wyoming, which is in Star Valley. The winters there are cold and the snow stays in the valley. As a child, Cyril remembers having colds or illnesses most winters. He was not lonely, but had plenty of company with the children of his father's other wives. His father had built a house for each wife on a single block, so the families were very close to each other. Cyril often played with his half brothers who were near his age. He had chores to do. He tells of how his Aunt Lucy (the second wife) would let the young boys gather eggs at different times, and then they could sell the eggs at the store or exchange them for candy. His father was a builder, and the tabernacle in Afton was built by Anson Vasco II and his sons. Cyril remembered that the building took about four years to complete.

> "This tabernacle was just getting ready for building. The basement had been dug about three or four feet deep, but in that country the gravel was almost like cement. It was very difficult to dig and it had to be done by pick and shovel. So, my father had water run into the basement and left it for a week or so, so it settled good and it was nice, clear, and about three feet deep, and when my younger brother [half brother LeRoy Call] was 8 years old and I was 8 years and 11 days, he took us to this pond, where the future tabernacle was to be built, and he baptized us there, confirming us the next day."

In the summer, Cyril enjoyed swimming in the local swimming hole. He was good at jumping over small creeks. He was able to estimate the distance across and jump without getting soaked by falling into the water. He said the boys would ask him to jump first, and he always made it, so then they would follow, but some of them got wet. Later, in high school, he worked at the broad jump and high jump. Anson Call II had a workshop across the street from the three homes of his wives. This workshop became an important part of his sons' education and training. There were tools that the boys could use to build any project, such as sleds or snowshoes or other items. There, Cyril practiced working with wood, and later became as skilled as his older brothers.

By the time Cyril entered high school, the school was being held in the house Anson Vasco had built for his first wife. This building had to be remodeled to make classrooms, and Cyril helped with the preparation of the inner rooms. He was also working with his brothers as a carpenter, so he was able to earn money of his own. He tells how he had enough money to pay for his high school expenses, and he also paid all of the expenses of his sister Rose; he helped her buy the extra things needed to be in the plays or musical presentations, so his mother did not have

to. At one time Cyril was tempted to quit school and work full time for his brothers, but one of his teachers noticed that he was not attending class, and had a little talk with him. Cyril decided to continue and graduate from high school, and he was later very appreciative of that teacher's advice. In addition to his studies, he helped the school by bringing in firewood to keep four stoves going, and in the afternoon, he swept the building before going home. He devoted himself to his work and studies, and when he graduated, he was "the second honored student of the whole high school." He recalls the kind words of the principal, who was called "Major." One day the principal was noticing the work Cyril had done to add chalk rails to the blackboards, and to add storage shelves in the closets. The 'major' told the class, "Whenever you want to get anything done, always go to some busiest person you can find. They'll get it done quicker than anybody else, and better. And this is true of Cyril. When I want something done, he's the busiest boy in the school, but he does it the best and I get it done quick." Later, during a school holiday, the major told Cyril that he needed a big chemistry table that would go almost across the classroom–eight or ten feet long and four feet wide. This was to be a tall table, and in the center there was to be a trough with a slope on each side so liquids could run down the trough into a bucket placed on the floor at the low end. Cyril had never seen such a table, but he said,

> "I had to make that trough waterproof. Well, I did it and I knew nothing about tin or other waterproof materials. I only knew about wood, and I made this tongue and grooved and glued solid to hold water. Well, this was a nice table and it served well for two years . . . in that building. Yes, more. . . Later when the building was abandoned and they built a fine new highschool building they took this chemistry table in the new highschool building, so it lasted for many years."

In Cyril's final highschool year he took parts in all the operas and plays, and competed in track and basketball, and he was the high point track man.

> "I took first in high jump, in pole vault, and in broad jump, and I ran in the relay race which won the first prize. So this gave me high point of any student. It isn't because I was a better athlete. It was only because . . . of effort and practice that I became the so-called top athlete of the entire student body. It wasn't a big school, but we had about. . . a few hundred in the school."

After graduation, Cyril stayed on at the highschool for an extra year, and he taught the woodshop class, while attending other classes for his own education. Then in 1917 he was called on a mission to California. He served there for two years, and the mission rules seemed to allow the elders to choose how they would carry out their duties. The nation was going through the trial of an influenza epidemic, and one of Cyril's duties was to call on the saints who were ill. He and his companion finally came down with influenza, but they recovered. At one time, he was serving in San Diego, California. At that time the chaplain of nearby Camp Kearney was B.H. Roberts, the author of the comprehensive <u>History of the church.</u> B.H. Roberts spoke at some of the missionary meetings in San Diego which Cyril attended. [Cyril's father, Anson Call II, had grown up with B.H. Roberts, who was about his age.]

After his mission, Cyril came back to Afton, and he was called to be in a new bishopric, so he was ordained a high priest at about age 22 or 23. After a few months, he decided to complete

his schooling so he entered the A.C. in Logan. There he continued his woodshop training, and built a cedar chest for his sister Rose, and a nice "gumwood desk" for himself. He finished some classes by passing an examination rather than attending daily classes. He had credits for three years of college, because they honored the year of teaching he did at the high school as part of his college training. After finishing three years of college, he felt the need to earn some money, so he took a position teaching Mechanical Arts and Mathematics at the Murdock Academy in Beaver, Utah. He was invited to teach a second year, but he was having hearing problems; he decided not to teach again. He went back to Afton, Wyoming, where his brothers had been out of work; no one was building for a while. Then his brother Charles wanted to bid on a schoolhouse project in Idaho, and he needed Cyril to work with him if he was chosen to build the school. Charles got the job, and he and Cyril worked for a year building the school in Chesterfield, Idaho. In the meantime, Cyril had met Abigail Condie, and he felt that she was too young for him. He waited till she grew up, and at age 17 she accepted his marriage proposal. They were married the 23rd of May, 1923, in the Logan Temple, just after she graduated from high school.

Cyril then went with one of his older half brothers, Chester Call, to Davenport, Iowa to attend the Palmer Chiropractic College. They both took their wives. They roomed together for a while in a crowded rental, until Cyril found another place. Cyril bought out an older student's photography business, all of the necessary equipment but a camera. He had a small camera, and the departing student taught him how to mix the developer and other tricks of the trade. Cyril was taking pictures most of the time he was a student, at noon or between classes. He later bought a used professional camera and was able to take large class and group photographs, so he made enough money to pay his school expenses. He graduated, and in 1926 he took Abigail (and their first child, Cyril Condie Call, who had been born July 21, 1924 in Logan, Utah) to Arizona where he planned to start his career in Chiropractic. He had gradually become more deaf, and he had purchased a hearing machine. He carried it in a case which was the size of a large camera. The hearing aid was part of his daily costume for the remainder of his life, although he later used a much smaller model.

C.A. Call was not successful in Mesa, Arizona. He rented office space and the family lived in a back room of the office. There were two established chiropractors in Mesa, and the people did not need a third one. An older friend advised him to try a smaller town or another vocation. In Mesa, the Call family had their second child, a girl they named Dantzelle Condie Call, in January, 1927. Soon after this child arrived, the Mesa Temple was dedicated, and they attended that ceremony. When C.A. heard of a doctor in Bisbee who wanted to sell his office and business, he took the opportunity to move. In the mining town of Bisbee, there were patients waiting to see a doctor so he prospered. The office was in a house, and Abigail was able to help with the patients. Soon, C.A. thought about moving to a large city. In Bisbee, their third child arrived, Portia Condie Call, on October 18, 1930. After that, C.A. took the family to Phoenix.

In Phoenix, he rented office space in the Fox Theater Building downtown. The family lived in a rented house, and Abigail hired a housekeeper-babysitter to care for the children while she worked part-time for the doctor. After a few years, he found a very old, large house on Central Avenue, so he bought it and converted it to an office in front with living quarters in back. He did the carpentry, and Abigail helped with the cleaning and painting. It was very adequate for a family, and the business was separated from the private area. The children were growing up,

and the business was growing as well. Then their fourth child was born, Jeanne Condie Call, on 23 November, 1934. Abigail's mother came to help for a month or more. As the years went by, C.A. decided that apartment rentals would provide good financial returns, so he figured out a way to buy a large lot and build his own apartment building on East McDowell Road. This was a well planned, ground floor only building, with apartments outlining the building lot, a grassy plot in the center, and the chiropractic office in the front. He built the front and one side at first, and added more apartments on toward the rear as they were needed. Later, he added a nice, separate home at the very back of the lot, for the family. This entire venture was a financial success.

C.A. arranged for his son Condie to attend osteopathic college in California, and about this time, he and Abigail saw a house for sale that they thought would be just right, and their offer was accepted. Again, the family moved, this time to a residential neighborhood, a two-storey home built of tufa-stone. They furnished it beautifully, and lived there while C.A. expanded his business by adding a new office in Tucson. He had trained other doctors to keep his Phoenix clinic going, so he traveled to the Tucson office each week. That was very tiring, so he finally gave up the Tucson project and then moved the family back into the house behind the apartments.

There the children grew up and left home, one by one. Condie married and became an Osteopath, Dantzelle married and moved to Utah, and Portia attended school in California, (Portia married about two years later.), so only one child was at home. C.A. found a newer house in Phoenix, and he and Abigail moved again, but he always thought he could build a better one. About this time, he sold the McDowell Road apartments and purchased another building with space for his office and a few apartments upstairs, on First Street. He finally planned to build a house and called some builders from Afton, Wyoming to help him. The sons of his brothers arrived as needed, and they worked for a year helping with the skills they knew best. This was a beautiful home, with all the features they could add to make it fit their family. The married children came to visit often, and it was here that Jeanne's wedding took place. After her marriage, she moved to live in Modesto, California. As the years passed, the beautiful house seemed too large, so C.A. and Abigail sold it and moved to a newer, smaller place. Then came the trial of their divorce.

About a year after the divorce, C.A. looked for a wife, and he met Francis Hansen from Idaho. She had been divorced, and they were married in the Los Angeles temple. He continued his Chiropractic practice, with a smaller staff, and he never really retired.

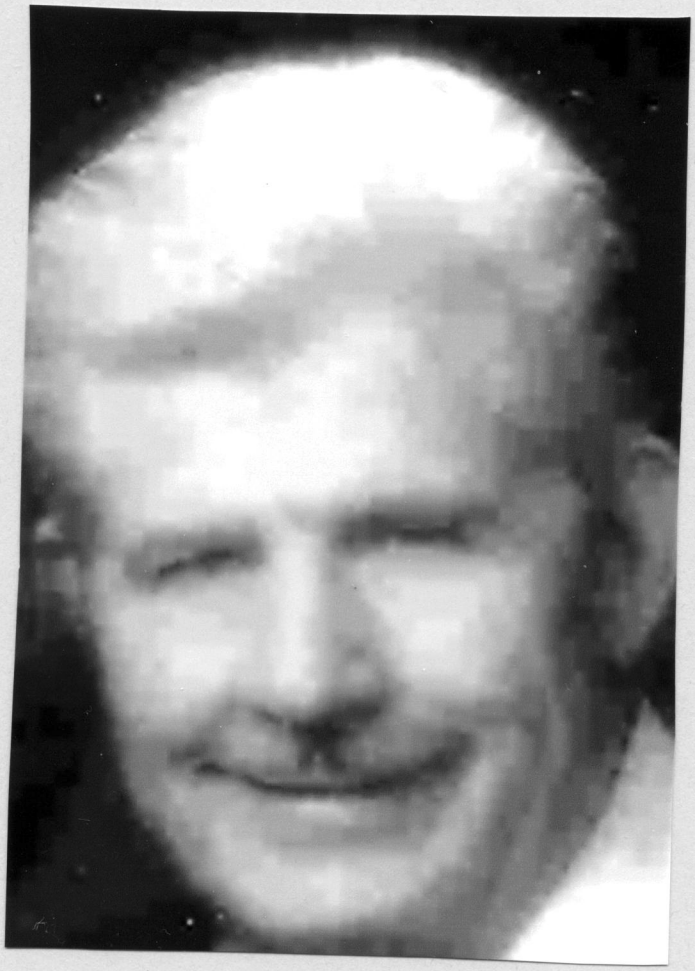
There was one more trial for him to endure: his only son, Cyril Condie Call, was flying a private plane with his wife Mary and another couple when it crashed near St. George, Utah, killing all four people on the plane. Condie left three grown sons: Gary, Mike, and Buzz. These grandsons lived in Phoenix and they treated their Grampy as a father. They helped him to manage in spite of the loss of his son.

C.A. never did much teaching for the church, because he could not hear, but he enjoyed studying the gospel. In his later years, he and Francis served a stake mission, and he was faithful in attending the temple regularly, where he could hear with special earphones.

C.A. Call (which is the name he preferred) died on his birthday, April 28, 1984. He was buried in Phoenix, Arizona in Memory Lawn Memorial Park.

MY DAD

CLARENCE STEVENS BLACK



History of
Clarence Stevens Black
Or
Steven Lee Black

Here is a history of my dad, as much as I can remember. My Dad, Clarence Stevens Black, (now Steven Lee Black) was named after his dad William Clarence Black (whom I think was a Stake Patriarch, because his father Benjamin Daniel Black WAS a Stake Patriarch). William Clarence Black was married to Amy Stevens Black, hence the combination name, Clarence Stevens Black. Clarence Stevens Black was married to Dantzelle Condie Call, whose father was Cyril Alfred Call, and Dantzelle Condie Calls mother was Abigail T. Condie.

Well, Dad was born 2 Sept. 1925 in Blanding, UT to William Clarence Black and Amy Stevens. He played on the "Blacks" basketball team. Rumor has it they were unstoppable in their day. He out ran a horse when he had to go from go from to Monticello to Blanding. In 1942 WWII was hot and he went into the Army Air Corp, later called the Air Force. (Back in those days, people actually *wanted* to join the Army). Dad did well in high school, and went into the Army Air Core where he learned to fly and be an Engineer, but alas, soon after he got his wings, he contracted rheumatic fever, and had to be discharged. They didn't have a cure for the disease back then. Dad was quite the inventor. He invented a cotton pulling cart with detachable bins for the cotton fields. He invented a bean harvesting machine. He was also quite the financier. He handled millions of dollars for businesses. But he loved geology most of all. He loved developing mines, and handling rocks and looking for that pot of gold in the hills. I worked with Garth Black and Duane Black, his brothers in surveying and staking claims out in the Arizona desert.

Dad visited his uncle Joe Black in Phoenix, AZ, after his Army Air Core discharge where he met mom and they eventually married on 27 Jun 1945 in the Mesa, AZ Temple.

Dad and Mom had seven children. Audrey, in 1946, Joel in 1947, who died at birth. (How one finds the courage to try again after a stillborn is beyond me), Steven in 1949, Karen in 1950, Myself in 1951, and Julianne in 1958, and Elizabeth in May of 1960. (Julianne died in July 1960).

. Dad was a very kind man, with an occasional penchant for discipline by using his belt. I deserved it sometimes. But dad would come in and talk to me later and say that "it hurt him a lot worse than it did me" (a famous saying of the day). He worked hard, and was gone a lot on business. He was a well respected man in business affairs, and knew the ways of the world. He was always saying "everything would be better" when he finished his next deal He would also say "Wickedness never was happiness." I remember him helping us kneel at the dinner table to say prayers before dinner.

Dad liked to hunt deer. When he was younger he went hunting with Garth and Quinn. Later when we were in South Dakota we were in the car driving down the road. I spotted a deer running through the trees. We pulled over and stopped at a clearing. Dad got out and shot the deer while it stood in a valley. Then we put it in the trunk, took it home, and hung it out in a shed upside down while he skinned it. I don't remember how it tasted. I just remember him saying how careful you had to be while gutting the deer so you wouldn't break open his stomach and poison the meat. He liked to go camping. Once he went with me on a father and sons outing. It rained all night and we had to make a fire in the light drizzle of the rain the next day.

Dad seemed to be larger than life to Steven and Myself. He was always able to make those around him feel good and important. Dad tried to be kind to others. Dad had a sense of adventure. He moved around a lot, loved to romp in the mines, flying here and there and chasing the next best thing that would keep the money coming in.

He was the Elders Quorum President in Fremont California, but he wasn't extremely religious. Twice a year we would go to regional conference in Oakland, CA. and he would take the whole family out to dinner. I liked that.

So obviously things were not all that wonderful for Mom and Dad's marriage. Julianne was killed when she fell out of the car door in our driveway in 1960. Liz was born that same year.

In 1971 Dad and Mom were divorced. Some years later dad married Joan Dance from Las Vegas, Nevada.

He continued to work in geology, but made a good business out of inventing and selling "Lomas" fertilizer. He also helped a lot of people by investing their money and making it grow in stocks and in banking. In his later years, a lot of his children got to know him better when we would go see him in Las Vegas. He would take us out on the strip to see the sights of the city, and pay for our tickets to see some of the shows. Back then, each hotel had a theme, and an outside attraction to come inside their hotel and gamble. Most of the shows cost $35.00-$75.00 a person to see.

The story is told of an occasion in 1994 while he was at a Sacrament meeting, where he met a man who was very unusual. He said the man sat clear across the way from where he and Joan sat, but who glanced at him with such a radiant smile and interesting countenance that dad felt very intrigued by it. He went over after the meeting and introduced himself to the man, who seemed to know all about Dad and yet was very accepting and loving. Dad asked what it was about him that made him so obviously happy. The man put his arms all the way around Dad in an embrace and held him there as he replied that he was happy because he just loved people. He went on to say that people hold on to their past mistakes, when they should just let go and learn from them and move on to learn how to be more loving and kind to people. All the time he was saying this he kept holding on to Dad in a big hug and Dad said it never bothered him or made him feel uncomfortable even in such a public place. Dad then turned to Joan to introduce

her to the man, and when he turned back around there was no one there. He asked others who were seated nearby if they'd seen him, but they hadn't. Furthermore, it seamed there was no way out for the man but suddenly he was just gone. Dad felt this man was a special messenger.

After dad got so sick with cancer in El Paso, TX, he really got into natural cures and health. He survived a long time by eating the right foods, and seeing alternative medicine doctors. Eventually, though, the cancer came back with a vengeance. After he got so sick that Joan couldn't take care of him anymore, and he had a bad fall and broke his hip, Joan put him in a nursing home, and he died about two weeks later. She said Duane took his cremated ashes up in Duane's' plane, and dropped them over Zion's Park. There wasn't a memorial or funeral, because it was all over before any of us could go down to Las Vegas and see him.

But I think, after all is said and done, that all the children will admit that we had a good dad. He provided for us, and we all had some fun times with him. Religiously, we all believe that though we may only see him once or twice in the next life, we will always be grateful that he was our dad. Now, only Doris, Clara, and Duane remain out of my Dad's family of (parents) William Clarence Black and Amy Stevens Black, and (Children) Clarence Stevens Black, Garth Stevens Black, Quinn Stevens Black, Merrill Dean Black, and Amy Gene Black.

To my Dear Special Son Merrill Black

I appreciate your letter and especially the fact that it shows you are dealing with your problems. They say that the first step toward changing anything in our lives is to become aware that there is a better way. Now instead of taking on more responsibility you have an opportunity to concentrate on putting your life and your personal well being first. I do not know all of the answers but a few things occur to me out of my own experiences that I hope you will think about in the light of the love in which they are offered.

I have always admired you for your quick wit and your desire to please others. However maybe your a little too much like your dad and do not weigh the consequences of your choices before you make them. One of my idols in life, Mr. Travis, always said that "it is easy to make commitments; but it can be 'dam tough' to live with them". I have come to learn (the hard way) that it is much better to weigh the consequences before we make any kind of a commitment, not only for ourselves; but, for those whom we may assume responsibility for. There is a trueism to the effect that "if we do not take care of ourselves first we cannot hope to be of any benefit to anyone else". Have you noticed that everyone seems to seek the friendship of those who look out for themselves. Why? I believe it is because they exhibit the peace of mind we all seek.

Because of my experience with cancer and my continuing observations of the holistic medical clinics and their success, treating so called incurable disease, I am concerned about the over prescription of medical drugs (including such experiences as your own). My alternative doctors have a saying that "if you have a bullet in you you will need surgery and if you need surgery you will need an anesthetic, as well as subsequent drugs for pain and in those instances drugs are a marvelous thing; but in a very large percentage of instances medical drugs are prescribed without consideration for other alternatives and the patient would be better of without them". Why? Because of (as you have learned) the often debilitating side effects. My doctors do not believe that drugs cure they only depress symptoms and their continued use becomes addictive which means that to get well (not dependent on medication) we must go thru some kind of withdrawal. I have had personal experience in this area because of stomach and blood pressure medication that my holistic doctors had me discontinue in order for them to treat my cancer. To me the withdrawal was as difficult as any other aspect of my treatments; but then I had a very large nudge, call fear, to try something different because no one else offered any hope.

I spoke at some length with your Mothers husband Bob when you were at Elizabeths and I am very appreciative of their help to you as I am sure you are. I also believe that his advise will serve you well and you should consult openly with them and follow their advise as best you can. Mostly I am pleased that you are trying to do the best that you can under the circumstances that you now face.

Someone asked me "who was the doctor that provided you with a remission" and I replied "you are looking at him--me". Now I do not profess to be any kind of a doctor but I know that we must in effect be our own physician if we are to overcome any kind of disability. Doctors told me for years that my stomach aches meant I was just getting an ulcer and therefore their diagnosis caused so much lapse of time, in determining that I had a cancer, that it was to late to operate. Am I mad at those doctors who did not make a proper diagnosis? Hell no. I now believer that they saved my life because I do not know of any patient who has survived for long after an operation for liver cancer. So be forgiving of those who do things that seemingly hurt you and you will likely have the last laugh. Don't spent your time blaming yourself either and be forgiving of yourself also because it is a waste to dwell on the past.

I have always loved you and you deserve the happiness that you have always tried to convey to others. Although much of what you are going thru is unpleasant I know that you can come thru it all more content with your life. Call me collect any time you desire and when you have the time write me I want to know how you are doing and it means a lot to me to hear from you.

I wish for you the best that life has to offer and I love you very much.

Your Father

MY DAD'S MOM
AMY STEVENS
BLACK

MY DAD'S DAD
WILLIAM
CLARENCE
BLACK