APPENDIX B: Miscellanea relevant to my extended families

Portrait of a Pair

Henry Stokes and Edna Packer Stokes, my maternal grandparents, were a down-to-earth couple with class. Their likable and unassuming ways were grander than the slender builds and average heights (perhaps 5'10" and 5'6") to which they grew in rural Idaho. A mild manner and pleasant majesty adorned their peaceful countenances. Their children tell stories to suggest that they were not always perfect, that they actually found the limits of their patience a time or two, though we grandchildren can hardly imagine it.

Grandpa Stokes was a quiet man, but his rare words were well worth listening to. In two or three sentences a day, he uttered more wit and wisdom than most people do in months. Typical of his art of fitting life into a phrase, he was once asked to describe their courtship and marriage. He said: "We fell head over heels into it." From parts of both 'head over heels in love' and 'into the thick of it', Henry coined his own phrase that tied the two together in a way that portrayed, not only for himself, but for all humanity, the sequence of falling in love and then almost immediately having more work and worries than the beauties of love could have possibly predicted: "fell head over heels into it."

Grandpa said that Grandma was the prettiest girl in the school. I believe it: she was attractive in her 70's and 80's. As a talented young lady, Grandma was active in music and theater, an outgoing and fun-loving spark to whatever context she entered. In contrast to Grandpa's rare utterances, Grandma's thoughts were more like an open book for all to read, whether they wanted to or not. She was kind and loving, but straight talking and living. Her voice was soft and calm, but at times her words were as welcome as a prophet's words at golden-calf festivities, perhaps because they often paralleled what prophets might say.

Late in life Grandma took up painting and filled several canvases with beautiful scenes. One time they passed a picturesque dead tree, whose long elegant leafless limbs were completely bare of bark in both branch and trunk. Grandma exclaimed, "Oh, I would love to paint that tree!"

Grandpa looked at it and said, "It looks like it needs painting."

As a result of her own ill health, Grandma read and acquired an impressive knowledge of health foods over the years and applied that knowledge to the family diet. Initially Henry was not especially thrilled about attaining nutritional perfection so soon. He had a sweet tooth that Edna's sugar-free diet did not accommodate so well. With time, however, Grandma's health regimen prevailed and became a standard diet for Henry, who had little choice but to become the healthiest man on earth. He never caught so much as a cold for decades at a time. Once a co-worker asked Henry, "Why don't you ever get sick?"

Henry answered, "My wife won't let me." No one said so much in so few words in a lifetime.

Grandma also offered some choice responses at times. The following account typifies her disarming defenses. One rare occasion when she mustered the courage to drive her car downtown, it stalled at a busy intersection. Of course, the standard reaction toward stalled cars at busy intersections is that the horns start blaring as impatient motorists to the rear assume that a lot of noise will help move things along. After unsuccessful attempts to restart her car, Grandma got out, walked back to the man honking behind her, and said to him, "I can honk your horn for you, if you'll start my car for me. I know how to honk, but I don't know how to start my car." I can picture the expression of that unsuspecting recipient of such perfect, non-reactive words that cut to the core of a cultural fallacy that a lot of noise makes the world go around and that forceful assertion is the most effective way to make things happen. Would that every habitual horn-honker could have such an experience!

Like their parents, Henry and Edna's offspring also provided many amusing moments. One of the more famous was a scuffle at the Oakland Airport. All family members present participated: Grandma and two of her children, My Aunt Edie and Uncle Wayne. Call it 'the Stokes vs. the Oakland Airport'.

It all started from a misunderstanding at the ticket counter. Wayne had bought a ticket for a flight, but his seat had been given to someone else. Maybe he was a little late or something. A less-than-friendly discussion ensued, after which Wayne was reimbursed and was told that he could exchange his ticket to fly

with another airline. Wayne took the money and the old ticket for ready reference, though the ticket agent thought that he was not supposed to take both or something.

As Wayne walked away, the man jumped onto the counter and leaped into the air to take Wayne down. In those days, the customer was not always right yet, evidently. Nevertheless, during the brief flight (and career) of this airborne airline employee, Wayne turned around. Seeing the ticket agent preparing to land in his vicinity, Wayne says he simply raised his fist in the air, which happened to meet the man's mouth as he was coming down. Wayne, being a fairly strong man, gained the advantage quickly and got him in a headlock. Grandma Stokes, younger then than we grandchildren remember her, did not take kindly to a stranger jumping her child, so she began hitting the ticket agent's immobilized head with her purse. The facts that Wayne played college football, was winning, and could take care of himself were beside the point; a child targeted would have her assistance. As Grandma was whacking the helplessly head-locked employee with her purse, a fellow panic-stricken employee at the counter, watching the scuffle, grabbed the phone to call security. With eyes wide and focused on the fight, he hurriedly tried dialing several times, but could not get through. He did not notice Aunt Edie standing statuesquely to the side with her finger on the receiver button of the old-time land phone. Such family unity! A mere morsel among many moments substantiating the entertainment value of their company!

The Stokes' stockpile of funny stories includes a salesman who came by the farmhouse and knocked on the door. Rather than begin his sales pitch, he urgently asked Henry if he could use the outhouse. Permission was granted, and the salesman ran toward it, not noticing the clothesline stretched across the yard. As it caught him in the chest, his feet flew out from under him and he landed flat on his back. Henry ran to him, looked down, and asked, "Are you alright?"

"Yeah," the salesman drawled, "I probably wouldn't have made it anyway." Of course, we all know how important first impressions are in the sales business.

Grampa and Grandma were both very frugal. One Christmas they lived in Los Angeles, and Grandpa could not bring himself to pay the outrageous prices of Christmas trees. However, just before Christmas, he pictured the family without a tree and finally bought one. At work Wayne began thinking about the family without a tree, and he too bought one on the way home from work that same day. While riding the bus home, the twins, Eva (my mother) and Orpha, decided that between them they had enough money for a tree, so they got off the bus, also purchased a Christmas tree, and dragged it the rest of the way home. That evening, three trees were brought into the house, one after the other. So the Christmas when the Stokes could not afford a tree, they bought three.

Grandpa often wore a pleasant smile, but did not laugh all that much, though one incident at work had him laughing for days, every time he thought about it. After being a school principal a few years, Grampa bought and ran grocery stores most of his life. One time he had hired a brother who smoked to work for him. Someone had done some painting, and had left some brushes soaking in a small can of paint thinner, gasoline, or something to clean them. The can was left in the restroom by the wall next to the toilet. Who knows whether the brushes were still in it or not? This employee smoked a cigarette while on the throne, then he doused the cigarette in what he assumed was a can of water. The explosion sent him out into the store with pants at half-mast, before shuffling back in. When Grandpa got home, he tried to tell the family the story, but could not get it out, could not keep from laughing every time he thought about it. The second evening, he tried again. He was eventually able to get it out.

In short, Grandma and Grandpa were everyday heroes. They may not have saved lives in a spectacular rescue, but they gave us life day after day over many years and enriched the lives of all who knew them. Though obviously biased, I feel privileged to be among their descendants.

In the end, Grandpa was so healthy that no disease could claim him. He simply slowed down, slower and weaker, until he could not get out of bed. His last words, spoken the day before dying in his sleep, were in answer to his son-in-law doctor asking him how he felt. "Delicious," Grandpa replied.

Grandma lived a few more years, until her mental faculties began to fade. Forgetting her once extensive health knowledge, she too began to like ice cream more than vegetables. It wasn't long after that.

Samuel Rose Parkinson, my maternal grandmother's maternal grandfather, helped settle Franklin, Idaho. It took a few years before the community was established well enough to have crops last until the next harvest, and not have to live on edible plants some months until the next harvest each year. Then Brigham Young came to the local stake conference and asked Samuel Parkinson to go to Arizona, look around, and settle where he likes. So, Samuel dutifully packed his wagon with supplies and traveled to AZ, looked around awhile and then went back to Franklin. Sometime later, Brigham and Samuel crossed paths again in Idaho. Brigham said to Samuel, "I thought I asked you to resettle in AZ?" Samuel replied, "No, you told me to go to AZ, look around, and settle where I like. I went to AZ, looked around, and settled where I like. I like Franklin." My Stokes uncles may occasionally "improve" a story, so who knows whether it happened just like that? Then again, maybe it happened just like that.

My Stubbs relatives are also a clan of note and source of interesting stories. My deceased Uncle Orlin told a story about my **Grandpa John William Stubbs**' unruly bull. My dad relayed it thus: Being a dairy farmer, Dad was always on the lookout for good stock. Another farmer wanted to sell Dad a big mean bull. The farmer mainly wanted to get rid of it because it was so big and mean that it was dangerous. It had long curved hooves because no one could get close enough to trim them. Dad traded for the bull and managed to get it home. One day Dad was working in the corral, half forgetting about the bull, and the bull came after Dad. Dad quickly grabbed a large iron tool, whopped the bull on the head, and knocked it out. While the bull was unconscious, Dad hollered to the nearby help to bring him the hoof trimmers, the dehorners, and a nose ring. Everyone scurried into action and by the time the bull awoke, his hooves were trimmed, he had no horns, and had a ring in his nose (which made handling a rowdy bull easier). From then on, that bull never came near Dad and kept as far away from Dad as he could. One time the previous owner visited Dad, and as Dad entered the barnyard, the bull backed off, stood in the corner and trembled. The astonished farmer had to ask Dad how he had managed such respect.

Many Stubbs are solid, strong people. My cousin **Ritchie Stubbs, Jr**, had a massive muscular chest. Not fat and not tall, just big and strong. Barrel-chested is an understatement for him. My **Uncle Orlin**, Dad's older brother, was another legend of strength. He could throw hay bales onto a wagon with one arm. Orlin's son-in-law told me he once saw a middle-aged Orlin put a pitch fork in a bale of hay with a cinder block on top, and hold it straight out with one arm for some minutes—hand near the fork, arm extended, and the handle running under that arm. Orlin's son **Eldon Stubbs** was a brick layer, then lost an arm in a car accident, yet could do 50 push-ups on the one arm. He went back to laying bricks and could lay bricks faster than many two-armed brick layers.

Dad also told the story of **Jim Ritchie**, my Grandma Stubbs' older brother. Dad walked into a hay barn and saw his not-so-young Uncle Jim 25 feet in the air, holding onto a horizontal bar with one arm and legs wrapped around it. Hanging upside down from that bar, he was holding onto it with one hand and two legs while using the other hand to repair some aspect of the mechanism that rolled along and transported hay from one end to the other. Dad hollered up to him, "Uncle Jim, you shouldn't be up there doing that!" Uncle Jim answered, "You're welcome to come up here and do it, if you like."

The Stokes and the Stubbs: While on the subject of families, I must say that I am blessed to be part of two large likable extended families. I have nearly 90 cousins. My siblings and I are among 36 cousins on Mom's side and 59 on Dad's side. We cousins are now the oldest generation, taking our turns joining our parents beyond. My Stokes cousins are Uncle Quinn Stokes's Harold, Terri, Don, and David; Uncle Eldon Stokes's Shawna, Larry, Anne, Ranae, John, and Teresa; Uncle Wayne Stokes's Renny, Jerry, Steve, and Bobby; Aunt LaDean Christensen's Brent, Connie, Rodney, Karen, and Rick; my mother's five; Aunt Orpha Gardner's Stan, Reed, Denice, Kelly, Eugene, Scott, and Paul; and Aunt Edie Van Noy's Vicki, Layne, Sheri, Valerie, and David. We had regular Stokes reunions growing up, so we Stokes cousins knew each other. The underlined are those deceased as of this writing.

The Stubbs side did not have regular reunions, so I knew only the families that we visited on summer vacations. As Dad was the 8th of 10 children, many of my cousins are much older than me, but I

know most within a few years of me. Nila, Verda, Orlin, and Ritchie's families we saw the most. Uncle Bob Lee and Aunt Nila Lee both played violin in the Utah Symphony and most of their posterity are good instrumentalists or Tabernacle Choir singers or recording artists: Susan, Kathy, Karl, Lisa, Jim, John, Raymond, Richard, and Marco. Aunt Verda had Andrea, Doug, and Paul. Uncle Orlin and Aunt Norma's Arlene, Bernell, Sherry, Russell, and Fern, I knew best; but Orlin's older five—LeRoy, Eldon, Ronald, Jean, Shirl—were married and out by the time I knew anything, though I met some. Uncle Ritchie and Aunt Pearl we visited 2 or 3 summers, and of their 10, Sterling, David, Daniel, and Debra were still at home, and of Ritchie Jr, Carolyn, Van, Margaret, Nadine, and Barbara I later met some. Of Uncle Lawrence's 20+ children, I met David, Kimball, Ritchie, Rhonita, and I remember Harvard Pratt Stubbs inventing an electric car decades before Tesla, Lawrence Ritchie Stubbs Jr, and Gayla came with her family and picked pinenuts on Elk Ridge, but the others I did not know: Jeannine, Fawn, Adaire, Mayo, Lawreve, Laurel, Lorraine, Lane, Priscilla, Goodwin, Shaun, Vernon, Scott, Laura, Andrea. Aunt Elva had Beverly and David Heslington. Lloyd, Merlin, and Naoma did not have families. We're glad to recently meet Rhoda Stubbs Langford. I'll yet get acquainted with many relatives on the other side. My Grandma Stubbs had a beautiful soprano voice and sang solos and in ensembles all over Utah Valley all her life. My Grandpa Stubbs was a dairyman and talented. He could play the piano by ear and sing at the same time. Once I heard a recording of him playing piano and singing, and his voice sounded like mine!

Both sides produced many musicians. Mentioned above are the Bob and Nila Lee family full of talented musicians. Both of my grandmothers sang in the Tabernacle choir, and three generations later, several of their great grandchildren were singing in the choir too: my nieces, Tara Fitzgerald and Brandy Stubbs, and 3 Gardner boys and Jim and Kim's Jessica Lee, all sang in the choir. Some very good pianists among both the Stokes and Stubbs, and we more mediocre instrumentalists periodically played whatever too. Andrew Crane (a Stokes) is now BYU music faculty, and Darrel Stubbs formerly. Mom and Dad both played in the Utah Symphony, Dad full-time first oboe and Mom when an extra flute was needed.

Regarding the next generation of cousins, my parents have 31 grandchildren, who are one branch of the next generation of cousins: Carrie had 8 children, Alan 4, Rita 9, Eric 5, and Silvia and I had 5.

APPENDIX C: Reflections

Learn much when young: Don't let school dampen the joy of learning. High-schoolers are sometimes bored, wishing for those years to end. I was not crazy about school either, but I loved learning. Once into adulthood, life and occupational necessities tend to narrow a focus into a specialty or job. When young, while parents provide necessities generally, one is more free to explore multiple interests. When young, one can learn faster. What one learns when young, in school or out, can be very useful later in life. For example, many begin an interest in mechanics by learning to fix things on the farm or in high school auto mechanics and their mechanical skills are useful skill for our society ever on wheels. Some earn a living at it, others fix their own vehicles, or help stranded break-downees. Or an early interest in computers can lead to a profitable career in computers, another useful dimension of modern society, or the savvy in cyber can help electronic dunces like me, whether such is their occupation or not. Musical instruments learned when young are often an enjoyment through life. My youthful interests were math, physics, running, music, cello (learned age 12-14), and composition. I later became interested in languages at age 21, eventually leading to graduate degrees in linguistics, Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic, and a life of interesting research, but all those earlier interests served my future well. The math I learned in high school has been helpful throughout life, like teaching algebra a few years at CEU before we acquired a math teacher. I had all levels of algebra, plain and solid geometry, trigonometry, and calculus, so even though I learned such in high school, I had more than enough to teach college algebra. Algebra is algebra whether at high school or Harvard. Being able to figure mathematical probabilities has been useful in many aspects of life. Math was useful at the trading post job and many jobs. Math helped me notice the weakness in some standardized ESL tests when teaching ESL classes at U of U.

Two or three of us were hired by U of U to teach English to 20 Saudi Arabian government employees per some contract between U of U and Saudi Arabis. An enjoyable episode, but the U of U English dept had us use a nationally standard placement test to place these incoming students into either beginning or intermediate classes. I found a major flaw in the test. It was all multiple choice, 4 possible answers to each question. The problem was that the students who knew no English at all, did their guessing and got about 25% on the test, while those who knew enough English to understand enough English to fall for the trick-question style of the test, they would get 5% to 15%, unless they knew English better and got 25 to 80%. So for certain levels of ability, it backfired. Many who knew more would get lower scores than those guessing, who knew nothing but would get higher scores. So when I started at CEU, they were dealing with the same options of placement tests, but after looking at them all, I made up my own test, 3 different but similar tests, for which guessing would not work. I had matching sections of 12 sentences with 15 possible paraphrases, which would yield a guessing score of about 7%, and other strategies. It worked well, much better than many standardized tests. I never published them, but I and the other English teachers found them to work well, and that is what we used my 30 years there.

Physics is helpful to understanding many happenings in daily life. Running all my life has helped my health. In playing cello and studying music composition (mostly on my own by analyzing scores), I learned to compose, which has been a fun rewarding hobby all my life, writing the several songs for the several musicals and several other numbers for other occasions through the six decades since youth.

Therefore, when young, before life forces specializing, dive into several interests and learn much in as many directions as interested, between ages 10 and 20, and regardless one's eventual specialization or occupation, the other skills or knowledge learned early will be enjoyed and/or useful in later life.

Books: I am a frugal fellow, have no interest in things, toys, recreation vehicles, boats, but prefer simple clothes, used cars, etc. Not into shopping, I read while the women shop. We did buy a $400 canoe in the mid-80s, which we enjoyed on Recapture Reservoir several years when the kids were growing up, but the kids could not paddle fast enough for water-skiing, so that only happened when invited to boat with others. One thing I spend more on than most people is books, but only really interesting ones. I have near 3,000 books, purchased over a half century from 20s to 70s. My Uto-Aztecan (UA) library (200?) is probably the best personal UA library existing, and larger than the U of U, the BYU, and the U of A libraries' UA collections. Semitic languages and Egyptian are most of another 100. I have the New Testament in a dozen dialects of Nahuatl and Quechua, and The Book of Mormon in 40 some languages, which I once hoped to learn, but now I can see that I'll not make it through many of them. Dictionaries and grammars on other languages and language families—Muskogean, Quechua, Algic, Germanic, and Celtic—are numerous. Other subjects of interest that had books jumping from the stores' shelves into my hand are some on Biblical scholarship, Book of Mormon scholarship, 25 of Nibley's works, dozens of biographies (20 on Joseph Smith alone), history (of areas, US, Latin America, some tribes, Near-East, Europe, world history, etc), current events, political clarifications, archaeology, math, sciences, hiking areas, edible plants, etcetera. I read all of only the most interesting books, but only the most interesting chapters of most books. Life is short, so priorities apply in reading too. Reading the best 1/3 of 900 books is more learning than reading all of 300 books, but I do read the whole book of the most interesting books.

Things made and not made: Necessity is the mother of invention, they say. Some of the things I thought up, I actually made; others, I never got around to, life being too short to do everything. One summer, again bothered by many skunks eating our corn, I built a skunk trap that worked well. It caught several skunks, one per night several nights, and the next morning I'd drive it miles from town and let it out. I built the floor of wood, the top of particle board, and one broad side of wood, but the other 3 sides were of chicken wire on a frame so that it looked quite open from the inside. I would pick up the trap from the protected side of the wood wall, so the skunk could not see me, and I'd carry the trap to the car and put it on the trunk (did not have a pickup at the time). I slowly drove miles west of town, put the trap on the ground, and let the skunk out. None of the skunks ever sprayed while I was carrying the trap.

Perhaps 1975, after we bought 3-acres from Kleon Shumway NW of town, I noticed Westwater to the west usually had a stream of water running. So I built a pump to pump the water about 80 to 100 feet

up to the top of the canyon wall, to flow to our property. I remembered from my high school physics book how pumps work, did some thinking, went to the hardware store, bought the PVC pipe and joints and other parts and assembled it, took it to the property and it worked. Because water pressure is increased by height, not volume, the pressure of only a half-inch pipe, but 100 feet high, had it leaking some toward the bottom, but it worked. If I were going to make it permanent, I'd need to use metal pipe and parts instead of plastic, but I found out that robbing the government's rain once in a stream was illegal. Somehow the government got a deed on God's water that falls from the sky.

The exercise music box may have been fun for those who like music and exercise but can hardly find time for both. Maybe it has already been made, as it is not a difficult concept, basically a rearranged electronic keyboard. Perhaps 3' by 3' and 7' high, shaped like the phone booths of long ago, with walls on 3 sides, one side open for entering and for spectators, a floor and roof. The 3 walls and the floor would have squares (keys for notes), perhaps 4" by 4" on the walls and 12" by 6" on the floor. The squares would be electronically connected to different notes, such that one dances about on the floor's bass notes, and hits with fists or elbows on the walls' notes to make music, with two spots on the floor being neutral rests for when a bass note is not wanted. A lot of thought would need to go into the placing of notes for possible striking patterns, and perhaps the number of keys (composition scales) would need to be limited to five or so instead of all 12 available scales on a piano / keyboard. Padding might be put on the keys or on the hands / elbows. But it would be a lot of work to make and now I'm too old to dance at all, let alone accurately. Walking is plenty of exercise any more, without dancing and punching.

2005, I thought about water skates. That would be a challenging invention, maybe not even possible for humans, relegated to the web-footed lizard, is it? But if possible, only a light quick strider might make it work, if the right shape and relative size could do quick repetitions of pushing water without sinking too much. Walking boards / skis exist, on which one slowly walks on water, but they're not skates and are slow.

Wheat: I am very thankful that my mother raised me on whole wheat cereal. Regardless the bad rap for gluten these days, I love whole wheat mush. Two episodes convinced me that whole wheat is very good for the heart. In high school I ate whole wheat almost every morning my junior year, and my pulse was usually in the low 50's or high 40's. My senior year, I was a year older, stronger, and could run the mile 11 seconds faster than my junior year, yet my heart rate was usually about 60, 10 beats faster per minute than when a year younger. The only difference was that I ate oatmeal with brown sugar most mornings my senior year vs. wheat with honey every day my junior year. So I'm good at ruts, but it was a good experiment. Then in my 50s I had quit eating whole wheat and was regularly on the refined food fiasco that most of civilization swims in, and I started having short spats of slight shortness of breath and funny heart rhythms now and then. I was still running every day, but not feeling quite as good. So I resumed whole wheat regularly and those went away immediately and ever since. Because wheat is so inexpensive, tasty, and good for me, I actually feel sorry for people who do not like it. Maybe they feel sorry for me for liking it. As wisdom says, all grain is good, but especially wheat for man (DC 89:17).

Later events about Joseph: (1) Melissa (Rita's daughter, Joseph's cousin) at the Thanksgiving reunion a month before his death, felt strongly impressed to give Joseph a hug. A shy teen, she had never done such and kept postponing, but just before leaving, gave Joseph a quick hug, which prompts made sense soon enough. (2) Dennis Gutke, a few months after Joseph's death, related a dream he had a few times, in which he saw Joseph teaching a sizable group of young people who had had rough young lives and had come to the other side prematurely also. He said he saw in the youths' faces the love and admiration they had for Joseph as their teacher. Joseph then saw Brother Gutke and with joy in his countenance came and gave Brother Gutke a hug. (3) On a later anniversary of Joseph's death, Silvia was feeling bad, then that night had a dream of Joseph in which she understood also that it was more accident than not and other things of comfort. (4) K. C. Benedict told us of when she was substitute teaching and the class was giving her a bad time. Joseph felt bad enough about how the others in the class were treating her that he came to her house soon after and spent time weeding her yard. (5) In 1995, Kline Carroll had a dream in which he saw Joseph returning from having served a mission. After Kline awoke, he realized

that it was 21 years since Joseph's birth and it may mean that he completed a mission on the other side, in a similar timeframe as here. (6) On Joseph's birthday awhile back, Silvia was feeling down, and our dear friend Jane Redd Holiday pulled up as I walked, and she handed me a picture of Joseph, explaining that somehow it was in her house, but did not know where it came from. I took it to Silvia. It made her day. (7) Some weeks after Joseph's funeral, as I thought about how Silvia and others had had experiences from him, I felt only a little left out, wondering why such seemed not my lot. Then that night I had a dream. I was at the bathroom sink shaving for Church when Joseph walked by. I said to him, "Are you getting ready for Church?" Then I thought: Joseph is on the other side. I stepped out of the bathroom and looked down the hall the direction he was walking, and there he stood facing me. A pleasant expression and smile. I gave him a hug, then put my hand on his cheek and felt that face that was not there the last time I saw him. It was a beautiful and comforting experience. He was happy and whole. I took his hand and said, "Let's go find Mom; she'll want to see you." Then the dream ended. It seemed meant for me.

A word of wisdom from Kay Shumway to his children and good advice for all: Almost everything one worries about in high school is obsolete within five years.

Caution on the roads: I see an accident or near-miss half of all road trips, besides those in Appendix J, which list is as a caution for all. After years of freeway driving amidst the two-ton masses of metal flying about at 70 mph, driven by those with no regard for the laws of physics or braking distances, I pray each trip as if standing with an apple on my head in front of William Tell … or Eric.

God's kindnesses and protections: When coming through a potentially dangerous moment, some chalk it up to chance or good luck, perhaps so for some, but having experienced many such and being aware of probabilities, I think more often we should be deeply grateful to God for His kindness, mercy, and protection. When I think of the black widow spider sleeping on my pillow inches from my head one morning in Lukachukai, being dragged by the stallion, and the 4 falls that I came through unscathed (tubing, falling under the horse, and twice falling off a pickup), any one of which could have broken my neck or left me paralyzed or dead, I thank Him that I was unhurt. Add His protection from lightning when not so smart at 16, as noted at the beginning of my junior year, and protections from lightning many other times, even though smarter later, but too far from my vehicle in the mountains.

Sheila and I once hiked up past the Y and onto the top of Y-mountain on a nice sunny day. For a ways, one walks through knee-high undergrowth of grass and plants so thick that it is like wading through water, but easier. At one point while walking through the knee-high growth, we stopped to think about which way to go. I had barely planted both feet about 18 inches apart, when I heard a noise at my feet. I leaned over, parted the plant growth to see what it was—a rattlesnake coiled between my legs rattling? I quickly stepped back and am thankful that it did not strike during the 2 seconds it took me to hear it, bend over, see it, then step back. The intervening vegetation made it sound different, for I had heard lots of other rattlers and recognized the sound in an instant. To think how easily I could have stepped on it rather than straddling it with only 2 or 3 inches on either side. Some can call it luck, but I thank God. Why protection does not happen for all people all the time, I do not know. But it happens more often than we have any idea of. In yonder spheres, we are likely to find out how often we, like blind Mr. McGoo, narrowly escaped things that yonder forces helped us through and we had no idea.

The incident of the loaded shotgun being pointed at me with a nervous officer's finger on the trigger must be counted another blessing, that I wasn't blown away. That account is at the end of 1980.

Starting July 2024, I more regularly felt a deeper gratitude to God for all He has done for me and for my family all through life. In the past I have been generally thankful whenever I thought about it, which was too seldom, but recently, I feel deeply thankful each day and better realize His protections through so many near accidents of me, children, and grandchildren, and I more deeply appreciate His providing so many goodnesses of life, food, nice comfy bed and house, a wonderful community to live in the last 50 years, the beautiful earth, His being with me in career and research, so many answered prayers, and unlikely happenings arranged for a purpose, and many other details. When I contemplate His tender mercies to me and mine, a reverence and sweet gratitude settle in me. I sometimes think how stupid I was and most of mankind is, to not be more aware and more grateful for all that He is and does, ever taking

care of all to the degree that we let Him, to the degree that we try to abide so that His wisdom and justice can allow Him to bless us. Those who are mad at God for not giving them everything or not making them happy or not fixing all their problems, do not understand His patterns and the purpose of mortal life. Our doings, prayers, sincerity, humility, and efforts toward Him make all the difference, though everyone gets a package of challenges, and Jesus's package was heaviest, yet we complain more.

APPENDIX D: Dan Peterson asked me to contribute a write-up of convictions, some year in the past, and such is a fitting conclusion to a life history anchored by what I have learned from experience:

What I Know from Experience

(per Dan Peterson's request and also on mormonscholarstestify.com)

Not claiming to be a model of Mormon mantra, I have, nonetheless, tried learning and doing God's wisdom enough to feel His loving kindness, to see His tender mercies in my life, and to benefit from His two-by-four tutoring when needing perspective or attitude adjustment. For that is how one gets to know God and His Son, the Messiah, by learning about them (in scripture) and then trying to do their ways, which brings regular witnesses of their love for us and their involvement in our lives, if we live for it. And John (17:3) tells us how important getting to know them is.

Still in recovery from being a math major before turning linguist, I periodically figure probabilities. When prayers are answered, whose probabilities of happening by chance range from 1 in 2 to 1 in millions, and after several such answers to prayer happen in succession, I multiply the fractions and feel depths of gratitude in the impossibility of all such happening by chance. Is that not comparable to the scientific method? The hypothesis—God lives, loves us, and answers prayers or He does not—is a supremely important question. So why not do the experiments on His word? He invites us: "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing" (Malachi 3:10); "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:17); experiment on the word (Alma 32:27-43). So simply do the experiments, abide in His will, then the witnesses follow, and after so many hundreds of evidences have been experienced, then doubts vanish, one's faith becomes unshakeable, and one's heart is blessed and changed to a degree that there is no desire to do evil, but to do people good and cleave to God's better ways. Of course, many are not interested in God's ways; they assume that real fun and thrills are elsewhere. Yet if doing life contrary to God's ways becomes deeply engrained, it becomes more comfortable to pretend that there is no God, grasping at the straws of the not-yet-answered questions (like creation's timeframe) as presumed evidence of His non-existence.

Of course, we know not all things, and not all prayers are answered as we expect, for which we should be grateful. He protects us from ourselves at times, as we might pray our own destruction or lesser potential, if all prayers were answered. But when 90% are answered, that alone has me as sure of God's existence, love, and care as I am sure of what I can see, touch, or feel. Then add many other witnesses and life experiences, and I must conclude that pursuing any other course than God's wisdom is foolishness.

Besides mathematical probabilities, witnesses of the spirit are sure witnesses directly from God that cannot be explained away. Skeptics may try to explain them as emotionally moving by-products of our thoughts, psyche or something else, but whoever says that has not experienced them. And whoever experiences them knows they come from outside of themselves from God. Such experiences vary in strength. November 16, 1968 and December 20, 1989, I had two experiences of spirit well beyond what I could conjure up myself, in addition to hundreds of more mild assurances of the still small voice instilling peace within, yet unmistakably from outside of myself. And many whisperings of the spirit reveal things of the near future that I see happen and that no one could have known except God who knows all things.

After becoming determined to abide in His wisdom, then once in a while, according to God's will and timing and assessment of need and merit, a sweetness, joy, and love—feeling like a fire or burning within—is experienced that is impossible to produce oneself. Such experiences are more miraculous than seeing an angel. Seeing another person happens every day, and the physics of light, eyes, vision, voice,

and sound transmission through air are understood. So if an angel should appear and speak to a person, the physics of how that works is better understood than God's Spirit burning within us, filling with love, knowledge, and joy unspeakable, and involves mechanisms not remotely understood by us mere mortals. Yet one cannot gain such witnesses from God flippantly. Only to those humbly and sincerely seeking to do good and to abide in His will consistently over time, does He, on occasion, send witnesses that He is pleased with our efforts. The greater our diligence in seeking Him and His ways, the more regular the witnesses. The better we get to know Him, from experience, as with mortal parents, the higher is the percent of our answered requests.

Besides probabilities in prayer and witnesses from Him to our spirits, the whole world and universe are filled with thousands of evidences of a Supreme Intelligence and unfathomable designer. Regardless which mortals do or do not want to come to Him, to glory, and to rewards presently incomprehensible, the evidence lies all about that He exists, and if He exists and knows all things, as His creations suggest He does, then reason suggests that His understanding of life and how to do it is so much greater than ours, that to ignore what He offers us of understanding and guidance would make rejecting His offering as supremely stupid as He is supremely intelligent. Skeptics latch onto a handful of flimsy lines like 'evolution and radio-active measurements of earth's age prove the creation story false, and thus the Bible too, and thus all religious belief in God, as well'. Whoever believes that line may as well reject what every field of science knows. In every field there are unexplainables not yet understood, apparent contradictions to other parts of the science, and that yesterday's science is often upended by new discoveries. Einstein's Relativity shook everyone's security in Newtonian physics. And for scientists to assume that time and nature have always happened as they happen now is an assumption, and you know what they say about assumptions.

So in contrast to yet unanswered questions relevant to evolution and creation's time line, what about the eye—a rotatable hollow sphere with the right-sized hole, perfectly placed at one end, the front, with focusable lens, thanks to hundreds of zonules (string-like fibers allowing it to change shape for focusing), and protective cornea, and 126 million photoreceptor cells (in the right place, on the back side), which give us accurate vision and in color no less, and a few other details left out to simplify matters, and an optic nerve that carries all the info to where a brain can get it all right? An accident of evolution? Probabilities say NO! What about the similar complexities of every other organ of the human body? We can live without eyes, but most organs are necessary for life, and we die when one stops working. If each organ evolved into existence one at a time, how did our ancestors do life before the liver existed, or the kidney, or the stomach and other parts of the digestive tract to provide us with nourishment, or before the lungs, the heart, etcetera? Were the forebears with only the first half of life-necessary organs tougher than we are? Or what mechanisms would have enabled life before each of those organs evolved into existence, without which we cannot live? Each is a miraculous creation, but their complementary interaction is even more so. Man being created with all of them initially is understandable; other routes into existence fail reason more than Intelligent Design does. (See "Time Will Tell on All of Us" in *Morsels for the Mind*.)

As well, the series of theories for our solar system is far from final. So while the minds, presumably in the know, multiply theories, I hope they consider these probabilities. The law of gravity has it that mass attracts mass proportionate to the amount of each mass and inversely proportionate to the distance. So how did the sun, 330,000 times the mass of the earth, end up with the lightest gases (hydrogen and helium), and the earth, puny by comparison, end up being mostly heavy rock and metals? We fill balloons with Helium, and when the toddler lets go, it goes up because Helium is lighter than air. And hydrogen is even lighter than Helium. So whatever directions and speeds the elements were zipping about when a group of them decided to become this solar system, would not the greater masses end up with the heavier stuff, unless an Intelligence arranged otherwise? And what is the probability that one of the masses could become a beacon of combustion to burn million years by a coincidental coming together of elements, if not by design? And there are billions of those suns all over the universe!

Then, as a linguist, I consider language and the Book of Mormon. After returning from a Navajo-speaking mission, I was interested in possible language evidence for Lehi in America. After all, science

says we should do critical thinking to test our beliefs … except when such tests support our beliefs, then they scramble to try to see what went wrong. I began studying Hebrew, Egyptian, Arabic, and a variety of Native American languages, with looks at Chinese, Japanese and other East Asian languages. Naturally, I first considered Navajo, yet even before I became a linguist, I could see that Navajo and the rest of the Athapaskan language family suggested a Bering Strait crossing for that group. Did I conclude that the Book of Mormon was false? No. I knew it was true. Hundreds of witnesses from God were the sources of my surety. Nevertheless, that empty result only meant that the search was still on. As I looked at many Amerindian language families, most offered nothing, but a few offered interesting parallels. Though I have published only the first fraction of evidence for Lehi in America, even that has spawned enough hate email and web wars against me that I see little sense in further vexing non-believers until I can write up the whole of the matter well enough to eliminate need for debate, if I should live so long, which probabilities wane as the hourglass trickles.

Besides language, things like chiasmus, the recent archaeological discovery of Nahom, found right where it had to be (First Nephi 16:34) and its name written in stone, no less, and hundreds of other internal, external, and circumstantial evidences for the Book of Mormon should leave no doubt in anyone's mind that it is the word and work of God, and thus highly relevant to us for this life and our eternal futures.

Collaborating evidence—the probabilities of answered prayers, the heart-changing witnesses of His Spirit to mine, the miracles I have seen, the millions more in the workings of the world, the body, the universe, and the evidences for the Book of Mormon—all combine to have me as sure of a Heavenly Father as I am of my earthly father, whom I can see and talk to every day. For we can also talk to our Heavenly Father every day and He also communicates with us, by His Spirit, if we come unto Him.

Having proven to my own satisfaction, many times over, the validity of His words which I can test, I have no reason to doubt the rest of His words, regarding eternal life and things I am in no position to test. And the best part is that He is mighty to save and merciful to us mortals so weak, witless, wayward: we only have to come unto Him, do our best, and He makes up the rest.

Some say that reason dismisses God and religion as superstition. But I and many see reason as overwhelmingly in favor of God, not against. To let a handful of temporary ambiguities offset thousands upon thousands of evidences of Him would be foolish—especially when the results are eternal consequences and only depend on what we do with what He openly offers to all. –brian d stubbs

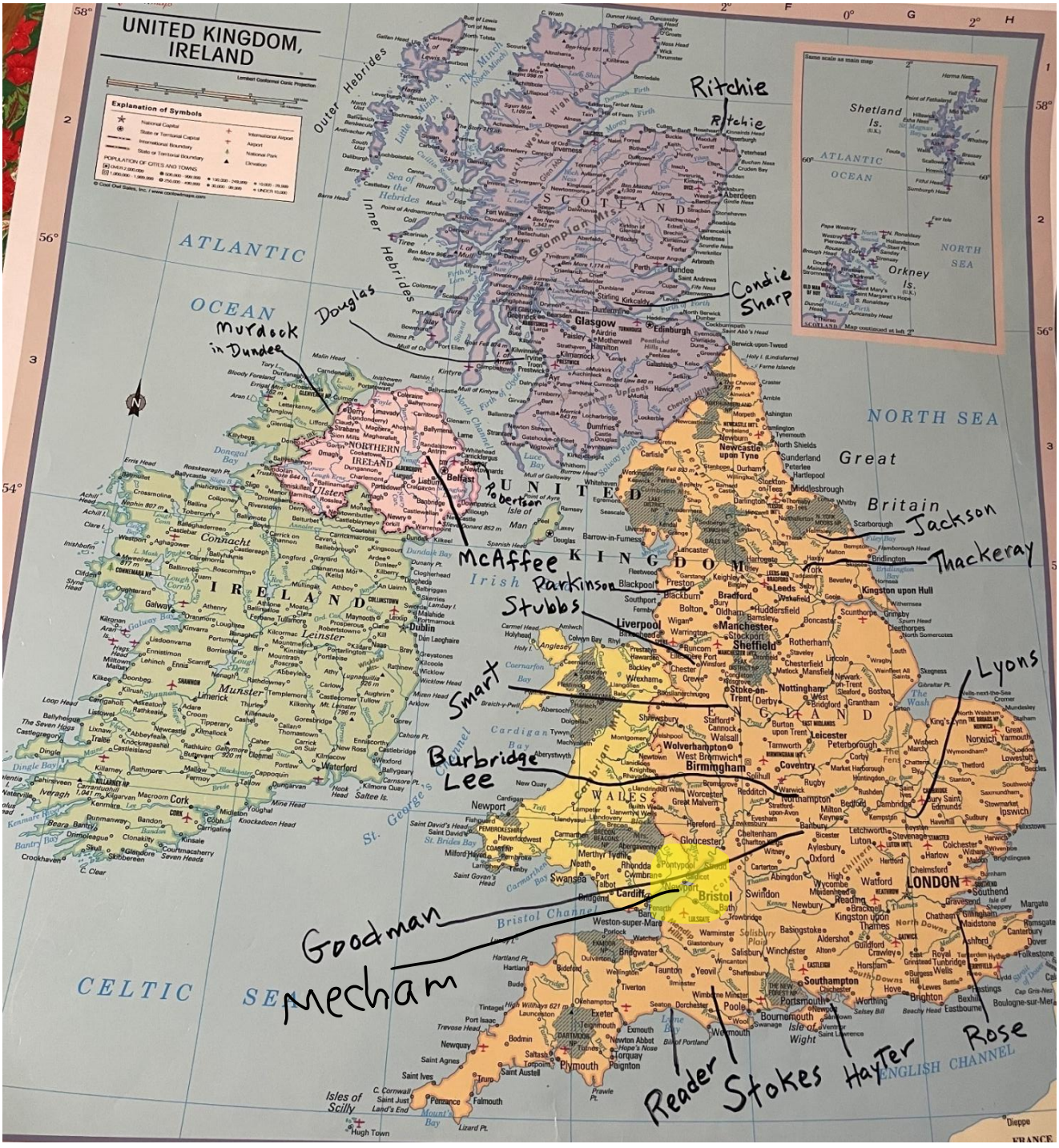
APPENDIX E: ANCESTORS

Realizing what it takes to do life and scrape through hard times enough years to raise and keep a family alive, to enable the next generation to do the same for the next, etcetera, I appreciate all of my ancestors immensely, especially when they did all that in harder times than mine. So I at least list their names back to my 32 great-great-great-grandparents on the right, my parents on the left.

My parents	grandparents	great-grandparents	gr gr grandparents	gr gr gr grandparents
			Richard Stubbs	Samuel Stubbs
		John Rodham Stubbs		Sarah Shaw
			Ellander Wyer or Ware	Abishai Wyer
	John William Stubbs			Delilah Eunice Rogers
			John Richardson Goodman	John Goodman
		Susanna Temperance Goodman		Susanna Richardson
			Sarah Lee	Thomas Lee
Darrel William Stubbs				Mary Burbidge
			James Ritchie, Sr	John Ritchie
		John Ritchie		Agnes Douglas
			Agnes Robertson	William Robertson
	Ella Louisa Ritchie			Agnes Murdock
			John Sharp McAffee	Samuel McAffee
		Sarah McAffee		Catherine Sharp
			Ann Thompson	Samuel Thompson
				Sara Lions
			Robert Stokes	Samuel Stokes
		Robert Pashur Stokes		Mary Russell
			Jane Reader	Pashur Reader
	Henry Harold Stokes			Mary Greening
			George Robert Thackeray	Robert Thackeray
		Helen Elizabeth Thackeray		Elizabeth Jackson
			Helen Sharp Condie	Thomas Condie
Eva Stokes (Stubbs)				Hellen/Ellen Sharp
			James Packer	Nathan Williams Packer
		Ossian Leonidas Packer		Elizabeth Taylor
			Polly Mecham	Moses Worthen Mecham
	Edna Parkinson Packer			Elvira Derby
			Samuel Rose Parkinson	William Parkinson
		Ann Smart Parkinson		Charlotte Rose
			Charlotte Elizabeth Smart	Thomas Sherratt Smart
				Ann Hayter

Silvia, our children, and I all got our DNA tested. Mine was from England, Scotland, Ireland, or northwest Europe generally, agreeing with the locations of ancestors above. Silvia's DNA was mostly from Italy and Spain and 20% of Lehi and 5% from England and 2% or less from 2 or 3 other places. Her Brito line is probably from Britain. I delineate some 20 ethnic lines in my children's ancestries in the article "Minorities and the Mixed" in *Morsels for the Mind*.

Appendix F: Map of Ancestral Homelands, places where many (but not all) of my ancestral lines lived before crossing the Atlantic. Derby, Packer, McAffee, Russell, Rogers, Greening, Shaw, Richardson, Wyer places need to be noted yet.



APPENDIX G: MUSIC favorites, the best compositions in brian's opinion

1. **Wagner**'s Tannhäuser Overture 2. **Beethoven**'s 6th symphony, 5th/last movement; 3. **Pachelbel**'s Canon in D;
4. **Schubert**'s Rosamunde Overture; 5. **Beethoven** choral fantasy (last 4 minutes);
6. **Mendelssohn**'s Italian / 4th Symphony, 1st movement 7. **Mendelssohn** String Octet, 1st and last movements;
8. **Bach**'s Double Violin Concerto in D minor, 1st movement; 9. **Beethoven**'s 5th Piano Concerto, 1st movement;
10. **Saint-Saëns**' 3rd violin concerto, 3rd movement; 11. **Paganini** 1st Violin Concerto, last/Rondo movement;
12. **Rossini** "Ma, Signor" sextet finale of Act 1, Barber of Seville; 13. **Rossini** William Tell Overture, last section;
14. **Haydn** 2nd cello concerto in D major, last / 3rd movement; 15. **Schubert** quintet "The Trout";
16. **Beethoven's 5th** Symphony, whole thing, all 4 movements; 17. **Mozart**'s 39th Symphony, finale/last movement;
18. **Handel**'s "Unto Us a Son is Given" and much of the Messiah; 19. **Haydn** symphony 100 last movement
20. **Mozart** sinfonia concertante for violin and viola; 21. **Verdi**, Bella figlia quintet, of Rigoletto
22. **Mozart** piano concerto 20 all, most **Mozart** piano concertos, overtures, and symphonies are delightful listens
23. **Saint Saens** Rondo and Cappricioso for violin; 24. **Beethoven** 9th symphony 4th movement Ode to Joy;
24. **Schubert** 3rd symphony last/4th/vivace movement; 25. **Schubert** 9th symphony, the "great" whole thing
26. **Mendelssohn** violin concerto in E minor 1st and 3rd movements; 27. **Mozart** Papagena
28. **Schubert** 8th / unfinished symphony first movement; 29. **Bach**'s Italian Concerto in F, 1st and 3rd movements
30. **Rossini**'s Semiramide Overture; 31. **Bach**'s Brandenburg Concerto no. 3, last / 3rd movement;
32. **Bach** Jesu, joy of man's desiring; 33. **Handel** "Arrival of Queen of Sheba"
34. **Mozart** flute and harp concerto 1st and last movements; 35. **Tchaikovsky** Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty
36. **Tchaikovsky** violin concerto in D, most of it; 37. **Tchaikovsky** 1812 overture
38. **Carl Czerny** piano concerto for 4 hands, last movement.39 Dmitri **Kabalevsky** violin concerto, 2nd movement, has a spot of the most beautiful chord progression: C, E7, Am, C7, F, D, Gm, Bb7, Eb, G7, C, relatively speaking, not sure of its key. Lurid librettos aside, I like much of the opera music by **Rossini, Verdi, Wagner, and Mozart**, but sitting through other composers is high-risk worth-it-ness.

Popular favorites: Music Box Dancer; Time to Say Goodbye; Jon Schmidt's "Waterfall"; "Lover's Concerto" based on Bach's Magdalena notebook; clarinet & soprano counter melodies of "The Lion Sleeps Tonight"; Love Changes Everything; Wise Men Say; Disney Main Street Electrical Parade (baroque-like light); Impossible Dream; Rhythm of Life (baroque-like); Tin Horn Fugue (Guys and Dolls); Any Dream Will Do; Pirates of Penzance finale (last 2 minutes); Diet and Food Song (Misses of Communication); Dominique; Cool Water; Edel Weiss; If We Hold on Together; Don't Cry for Me Argentina; Snoopy vs. the Red Baron is fun; catchy ones that caught my liking as a young teen are The Battle of New Orleans and Pink Shoelaces.
Favorite Hymns: no. 256 (As Zion's Youth); 200 (Christ the Lord is Risen Today); 105 (Master the Tempest is Raging); 254 (True to the Faith); The Holy City (for choir); Fairest Lord Jesus
Favorite Christmas songs: O Holy Night; Mary's Lullaby by Wanda West Palmer; Mary's Boy Child; Tuya es la Gloria, piano introduction of Max Wilberg's arrangement (Tabernacle choir) is really nice

APPENDIX H: brian's favorite books, but too many to list

Old Testament in Hebrew, Daniel and Genesis in Aramaic;
New Testament in Syriac/Aramaic, some Nahuatl dialects, or German;
Book of Mormon in Arabic, German, Spanish;
Doctrine and Covenants, and The Pearl of Great Price in Arabic, Spanish, or German;
Quran in Arabic.
Biography and history (have read many since making this list):
The Long Walk: The True Story of a Trek to Freedom by Slavomir Rawicz
Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage by Alfred Lansing
Power and Greed: A Short History of the World by Phillipe Gigantes
A Patriot's History of the United States by Larry Schweikart and Michael Allen
Forty Years Among the Indians by Daniel Webster Jones
Jacob Hamblin: His Life in His Own Words by Jacob Hamblin
Any ***good*** biography on good people like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Joseph Smith, Heber C. Kimball, David O. McKay, Brigham Young, Daniel Boone, Dallin H. Oaks, and dozens more.

Matters among men (and women), good info for filling out the big picture:
How the World Really Works by Alan B. Jones
An Enemy Hath Done This by Ezra Taft Benson
Intellectual Morons: How Ideology Makes Smart People Fall for Stupid Ideas by Daniel J. Flynn
The New Road to Serfdom: A Letter of Warning to America by Daniel Hannan
None Dare Call It Conspiracy by Gary Allen
The Creature from Jekyll Island: A Second Look at the Federal Reserve by G. Edward Griffin
End the Fed by Ron Paul
Broke by Glenn Beck
Intellectuals and Society by Thomas Sowell
America For Sale by Jerome R. Corsi
None Dare Call It Treason by John A. Stormer
Our Lost Constitution: The Willful Subversion of America's Founding Document, Mike Lee, Utah Senator
The Great Reset, Glenn Beck
Battle for the American Mind: Uprooting a Century of Miseducation, Pete Hegseth and David Goodwin
None Dare Call It Education by John A. Stormer
Controligarchs …, by Seamus Bruner
Good info relevant to the really big picture—eternity—besides the scriptures listed first:
The Early Church by Henry Chadwick (a nice introduction to early Christianity)
The Inevitable Apostasy and Promised Restoration by Tad R. Callister
Encyclopedia of Joseph Smith's Teachings by Dahl and Cannon
Return From Tomorrow by George G. Ritchie
By the Hand of Mormon by Teryl Givens

APPENDIX I: PUBLICATIONS (7 books published; 5 unpublished, 5 life histories, 3 reviews; and 35+ articles/presentations; scores of firesides; and 7 musicals yet to be published)

Stubbs, Brian D. 2000, 2nd edition 2001, 3rd edition 2009, 4th edition 2021. *Morsels for the Mind*.

Stubbs, Brian D. 2011. *Uto-Aztecan: A Comparative Vocabulary.* (435-page reference book for Uto-Aztecan comparative linguistics, took 25 years, favorably reviewed in the *International Journal of American Linguistics (IJAL)*, and praised by Uto-Aztecan specialists, 2nd edition PDF 2020)

Stubbs, Brian D., Mary Jane Yazzie, Aldean Ketchum, and Loretta Posey. 2011. *White Mesa Ute: Dictionary and Lessons*. Blanding: White Mesa Ute Council.

Stubbs, Brian D. 2015, 2nd ed 2023. *Exploring the Explanatory Power of Semitic and Egyptian in Uto-Aztecan*. (Linguistically establishes Uto-Aztecan's 70% descent from Hebrew/Aramaic and Egyptian with 1657 parallels, favorably reviewed by John S Robertson and Dirk Elzinga online.)

Stubbs, Brian D. 2016, 2nd edition 2020, 3rd edition PDF 2025. *Changes in Languages from Nephi to Now*. (explains for lay readers the relevance of Uto-Aztecan to the Book of Mormon and other language matters.)

Stubbs, Brian D. 2017. *Anecdotes as Antidotes to Wrench Us from Our Ruts*. (A collection of newspaper columns)

Stubbs, Brian D. 2026. *Odyssey of an Oddity: autobiography of brian darrel stubbs*.

Other Life Histories Written

Stubbs, Brian D. *Life History of Henry Harold Stokes*, 1996.
— *Life History of Eva Stokes Stubbs*, 2006.
— *Life History of Darrel William Stubbs*, 2012.
— *Life History of Ronald Eberling,* 2024.
— *Life History of Jesse Merlin Grover and Lou Ann Laws Grover*, 2025.

Books not published (5) and not finished; the 3rd and 5th might finish composing before decomposing

Stubbs, Brian D. *Comparative Muskogean* (worked on periodically over 3 decades, but not near finished)
— *Rio Grande Tewa: An Indexed Vocabulary* (worked on in the 1990's, gave it up when tribe said 'no')
— ***Paradise Lost or Found: A Comic Novel*** (based on and expanded from the musical), 2006.
— Comparative Algic. A comparative vocabulary of Algic cognate sets, sizable but barely started, not finished
— ***Book of Mormon Messages Mostly Missed***, in progress as of 2024.

Articles published in peer-reviewed journals or collections

Stubbs, Brian D. 1992. "Book of Mormon Language." *Encyclopedia of Mormonism*, vol. I: 179-181. New York: Macmillan.

— 1994. "The Native American Languages of San Juan County." *Blue Mountain Shadows*, vol. 13:63-67.

— 1995. "The Labial Labyrinth in Uto-Aztecan." *International Journal of American Linguistics* 61/4: 396-422.

— 1996. "Looking Over vs. Overlooking Native American Languages." *Journal of Book of Mormon Studies* (JBMS) 5/1 (1996): 1-49.

— 1996. "A Lengthier Treatment of Length." *JBMS* 5/2 (1996):82-97.

— 1997. "Short Addition to Length: Some Relative Frequencies of Circumstantial Structures." JBMS 6/1: 39-46.

— 1998. "Commentary on Linguistics, Inscriptions, and Glyphs." In *Across Before Columbus*, eds. Donald Y. Gilmore and Linda S. McElroy, 245-51. Edgecomb, Maine: NEARA Publications.

— 2000. "More Palatable Reconstructions for Uto-Aztecan Palatals." *International Journal of American Linguistics* 66/1 (2000): 125-137.

— 2000. "The Comparative Value of Tubar in Uto-Aztecan. In *Uto-Aztecan: Structural, Temporal, and Geographic Perspectives*, Eugene H. Casad and Thomas L. Willett (eds.), 357-69. Hermosillo, Mexico: Universidad de Sonora.

— 2001. "A Bat Out of Where?" In *Avances y balances de lenguas yutoaztecas*, José Luis Moctezuma Zamarrón y Jane H. Hill, eds., 309-312. México, D.F.: Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia.

— 2003. New Sets Yield New Perspectives for Uto-Aztecan Reconstructions. In *Studies in Uto-Aztecan*, Luis M. Barragan and Jason D. Haugen, eds, 1-20. MIT Working Papers on Less Familiar Languages, no. 5.

— 2003. "Elusive Israel and the Numerical Dynamics of Population Mixing." In *FARMS Review* 15/2:165-182. Reprinted 2008 in *The Book of Mormon and DNA Research*, 263-281. Daniel C. Peterson, ed. Maxwell Institute and BYU.

— 2014. "The Velar Nasal ŋ of Uto-Aztecan." In *Lenguas Yutoaztecas: Acercamiento a Su Diversidad Lingüistica*, Karen Dakin y José Luis Moctezuma Zamarrón, eds, 177-89. Mexico, D. F.: Univ Nacional de México.

— 2020. "Answering the Critics in 44 Rebuttal Points." *Interpreter: A Journal of Latter-Day Saint Faith and Scholarship* 37 (2020) 237-292.

— 2022. October 25. "Clarifications on Uto-Aztecan." timesandseasons.org

— 2022. November 22. "Antipus, A Forgotten Hero." timesandseasons.org

— 2022. "Language Findings Relevant to The Book of Mormon." bookofmormoncentral.org

— 2026. "Truths Tongues Tell on a Book of Mormon Language Family," Chapter 12, *In the Eyes of the Ancients: Historical Perspectives on the Book of Mormon*, BYU and Desert Book. Kerry Hull and Ryan Sharp, eds.

Book reviews that I was asked to write by a journal and which were published in professional journals

— 1997. Book review of *Comanche Vocabulary: Trilingual Edition*, by Manuel García Rejón. Translated and edited by Daniel J. Gelo. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1995. In the *International Journal of American Linguistics* 63/2: 282-84, 1997.

— 2015. Book review of *A Prehistory of Western North America: The Impact of Uto-Aztecan Languages*, by David Leedom Shaul. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2014. In the *International Journal of American Linguistics* 81/3, 449-54.

— 2016. Book review of *An 1860 English-Hopi Vocabulary Written in the Deseret Alphabet*, by Kenneth R. Beesley and Dirk Elzinga. Salt Lake City: University Press, 2015. In *BYU Studies Quarterly* 55/4.

Papers presented at conferences

— 1981. "A Comparative Study of Tubar within Uto-Aztecan." Paper presented at the Friends of Uto-Aztecan Conference. Salt Lake City, Utah.

— 1983. "Inter-clausal predicates." Paper presented at the Deseret Language and Linguistics Symposium, and later published in the Proceedings (of the same). Provo, Utah.

— 1989. "The Subconscious Mind's Role in Language Acquisition: The Challenge for Second Language Learners." Presented at the Utah Community College Conference, St. George, Utah.

— 1994. "The Elusive Liquids of Uto-Aztecan." Uto-Aztecan Conference, Albuquerque, NM.

— 2006. "A Few Hundred Hints of Egyptian & Semitic in Uto-Aztecan." Fair Conference, SLC, UT.

— 2008. "The Tepiman Lenition Chain" at the Uto-Aztecan conference at Univ of AZ, Tucson.

— 2008. Did a lecture on "Comparative Uto-Aztecan" at UCLA, fall semester.

— 2014. Did 3-day seminar on Uto-Aztecan for BYU linguistics faculty and students, Sept 2014.

— 2015. "The Proto-Uto-Aztecan Lexicon: Distribution of Cognate Sets and Language Family Prehistory." Opening paper for the centennial of Sapir's establishing Uto-Aztecan as a language family. delivered at the meeting of *Society for the Study of Indigenous Languages of the Americas*, Portland, OR, Jan 6-11, 2015.
— 2015, "Language evidence in comparative Uto-Aztecan for a Nahuatl point of contact from and/or into Mesoamerica." Presented at Second International Conference on Mesoamerican Linguistics, California State University, Los Angeles, March 6-7, 2015.
— 2016, April 16. "The Difference between Lehi's and Alma's Languages." Presented at the Book of Mormon Archaeological Forum, Provo, Utah.
— 2016, August 5. "Changes in Languages from Nephi to Now." FairMormon Conference, Provo.
— 2017, October 21. "Comparative Issues in Uto-Aztecan." Uto-Aztecan Conference, Boise, Idaho. (presented the Semitic and Egyptian underlying UA and discussed 3 issues it solves)
— 2018, April 5-7. Firm Foundation Expo. Presented twice "Lehite Language Evidence in Native American Languages," Layton, Utah.
— 2020, 2nd edition of *Changes in Languages from Nephi to Now*.
— 2020, 2nd edition of *Uto-Aztecan: A Comparative Vocabulary*, only in PDF.
— 2023, 2nd edition of *Exploring the Explanatory Power of Semitic and Egyptian in Uto-Aztecan*, in PDF.
— 2024, July 28. A fireside on "The Isaiah in the Book of Mormon," Blanding, Utah.
Several other papers were presented almost annually at the annual Uto-Aztecan conferences 1982 to 2017 but are not collected nor recollected; and several firesides in Utah, Idaho, and Arizona.

Musicals: wrote script, composed music, performed, to be revised, hopefully published someday (6 or 7)
Life with Mr., Jr., and Some Misses of Communication, 2001. The lives of two neighboring families prone to humorous miscommunications are further complicated when Jasper the cowboy comes to town, initiating a series of random romances.
Paradise Lost or Found, 2002. Seven crazies on a cruise with a captain and crew boy sail a rickety shipwreck that finds a place to happen on an island where some want to be rescued while others enjoy paradise being found. Their futile attempts at shark-fishing, coconut-picking, substantive thought, and romantic realizations provide more comedy than results … until the native cannibals appear, at which point their inability to do anything right is once again reconfirmed!
Paradise Lost or Found II, 2003. The sequel of the above
Mr. Scrumple's Opus, 2004. Something of a spoof on Mr. Holland's Opus, the teacher who makes a wonderful difference in students' lives. In contrast, Mr. Scrumple is an English teacher, who seems to do no one any good, but is only bombarded with student excuses and humorous happenings, while Mr. Brewer, the math teacher, has it all together. The two occasionally spew profound insights on education and their respective spheres of humanities vs. math/science.
Great! Expectations! 2005. This musical, commissioned by Blanding City, summarizes the local history from the 1200s Pueblo Abandonment to Blanding's centennial (1905-2005) with entertaining flare.
Has-Beens, Wannabes, and Rather-Nots, 2009. A Santa-looking Kris Gardner brings Christmas cheer to a small town in June. Kris tracks down two grandsons given up for separate adoptions as infants. The separated brothers later attend the same high school. Not knowing they are brothers, the two become rivals (the story of the world) until Grandpa Kris and circumstances pull it all together.
Many Will Not Look, 2019 partial draft. As many would not look to the serpent or Savior and live in Moses' day, and would not look to Jesus in Jesus day, but saw Him as serpent/enemy instead of Savior, so also many will not look to the *Book of Mormon* and live in our day. Set in modern times with humor, an institute class and happenings highlight the value and truth of the Book of Mormon. The 7th or Sabbath of my musicals, if I ever get it finished.

APPENDIX J: CAR ACCIDENTS AND CLOSE CALLS yet to be

APPENDIX K: Things I am Thankful for: for God; for His kindness and caring for us mortals so weak, witless, and wayward; for His Son, His Atonement and way back; for His words/direction (scriptures); for a good wife, children, and posterity; for good parents, siblings, cousins, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and extended family; for good friends; for Blanding and other small towns; mountains; whole wheat mush and honey; for health, a body that can walk ~~and run~~; a mind that can think and learn; good books to learn from; for the good people who research and write the good books; for eyes, for seeing the beauty of people and the great outdoors; for ears, for conversing

with friends, for hearing beautiful music; and for the musicians, good instruments, instrument makers, technicians, and manufacturers that make all the things to make music available; for a nose, for the ability to breathe the delicious fresh outside air; for taste buds, chocolate ice cream; a house; a warm, soft, dry bed; a home office with bed and books; for the resources for acquiring books for research and learning; for computers for writing/sharing what I learn; for a job mostly enjoyable; the students who make it enjoyable; rice pudding; for hot water (when it is) to take warm showers; for mountain streams of drinking water; for hugs; for friends happy to give me some now and then along the long road of life; for reading glasses; for the sun, for summers and autumns for hiking, for winters when lawns don't grow, and weeds and bugs die; for gravel roads in the mountains that make study-hiking possible; for mashed potatoes and gravy; study time; toast with butter melted into it; watermelon; for freedom from pain (most of the time); technology enabling today's ready access to knowledge; apricots; plums; hats; good shoes; pockets; sweet potatoes; oranges; for helpful people when I need help; steak; pumpkin pie; for tech savvy people when my computer or gadgets need help; for chocolate; milkshakes; peanut butter or oatmeal-raisin cookies; for good people who do others good and whose stories touch the heart; for my teachers and other overseers of my stumblings through life; for God's goodness in the continuation of all known good and more in yonder spheres.

APPENDIX L: Mileage Estimate of Running and Walking, age 13 to 71, negligible thereafter

A "conservative" estimate; the total is actually more. Note that only 50 weeks counted in a year (though there are 52) for a sick day here and there: Summer after 7th grade: 2 miles/day x 6 days/week x 12 weeks = **144**
8th grade: 4 miles x 5 days/week x 50 weeks = **1,000**; 9th grade something more than **1,000**
10th grade: 7 miles x 5 days/week x 50 weeks = **1,750**;
Walking to and from Provo High for 3 years: 3 miles/day x 180 days x 3 years = **1620**;
11th and 12th grade: 8 miles x 6 days/week x 100 weeks = **4,800**;
The Next year: 2/3 x 2400 = **1600**, since 1/3 was in the Army, where we were not allowed to exercise much.
Mission: walked 50 miles a week 1/3 of the time (when no vehicle) or x 35 weeks in 2 years = **1750**.
Age 21 to 41: average 6 miles/day x 6 days/week x 50 weeks = 1800 x 20 years = **36,000** miles.
Training for marathon: 15+6+12+6+20 = 60/week x 12 weeks = **720**;
Age 42 to 62: average 5 miles/day x 5 days/week x 50 weeks/year x 21 years = **26,150** miles
Notice the above has only 5 days per week, because at least once a week (and sometimes 2 or 3 times a week) I did a study hike of 10 or 15 or 24 miles, besides a couple of 35 and 50 milers with Sheila. But more in the summer, less in winter averages to 50 weeks x 12/week (= 600) x the last 8 years = **4,800**.
Age 22 to 62: Besides regular workouts, I nearly always walked to work or school (and around campus) usually a mile or two or more per day x 5 days/week x 50 weeks/year x 40 years = **10,000** miles. That is counting only 1 mile/day, so the real total could be double that.
Age 63-71: 3 to 5 miles per day x 300 = 1200/year x 8 years = **9,600**
These **total** something **more than 100,000** miles. Earth's circumference is just under 25,000 miles, so the total distance run or walked from age 13 to 71 adds to more than **4 times around the earth**.

APPENDIX M: MUSIC COMPOSITIONS:

Some 40 pieces of music composed by brian need yet to be gathered and listed

APPENDIX N: Cousins with the prophets; Yet to be

.

Appendix O: High School Pictures and Memories

1967 yearbook, the left ¼ of the track and field team, **ERIC** (middle of 1st row) and brian (top right).



Terry Shipman, holding the javelin top left, was a big strong guy, also fullback in football. In sophomore football, we were in the backfield together (fullback and wide receiver). During a scrimmage, I played linebacker a few plays, and he, as fullback, came running at me off tackle. I went straight at him, hit him hard in the middle (stomach-chest), and knocked the breath out of him. He was hurting a while. We were friends after that.

Eric was good. My best time as a junior was 4:46, and Eric did 4:48 as a junior, only 2 seconds slower, yet he only trained during track season (I think), while I trained year-round. He had shin splints his senior year, so didn't run.



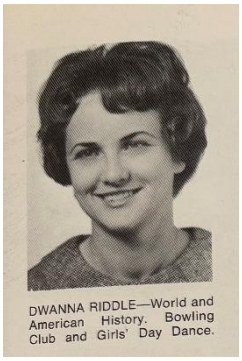
Coach Dolan Condie (middle top, 3rd cousin?) and **Coach Martinez** (1st row right) were the sophomore football coaches and put me first string wide receiver. **Coach Hill** (top left) was the track coach my sophomore year and was also the varsity football coach, who followed our sophomore team with interest. But during that sophomore football season, my knee once hyperextended enough to still feel it weeks after the season. I never stopped playing during the season, could still run, but not enough slower for anyone else to notice except me, but I decided I liked track better and did not want any further leg injuries, so the fall of my junior year, I told Coach Hill that I wanted to focus on and train for track year-round. And I did. I invented varieties of workouts 6 days a week, 52 weeks of the year, unless sick or nursing a strained muscle. I trained so hard that from age 15 to 18, I never had both feet free of blisters: another would form before previous ones had healed. And I always had a sore/stiff muscle somewhere: another would become sore before the previous sore muscle unsored (and I became an English teacher). Not until Army basic training did all blisters heal, when we only jogged a mile a day. **Coach Hill** was NOT happy with my decision not to play football, but he was also the track coach, so he didn't say much.

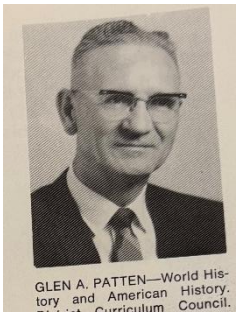
Coach Mackay (middle 1st row) was the sophomore basketball coach who was watching me play basketball in gym class one day (Junior year) and afterwards told me to try out for the varsity basketball team. So I did. That entertaining tale is at junior year. **Coach Condie** was the varsity basketball coach.

Coach Randy Autentico (1st row left) was the track coach my senior year. I was impressed with him and recently searched his obituary. It speaks of his character traits, integrity (authentic), noting that he was a bishop, an inspiring coach and often received impressions for individuals, like the one for me at the end-of-the-season division meet. He took me off the medley relay's final ½-mile leg that I had always run and put me as first quarter-miler on the mile relay. I sprinted the whole 440 yards. He said I did it in 50 seconds and gave our 2nd guy a 20-yard lead. That lead inspired the others and we won by a huge margin as never before. An hour earlier I had set a new division mile record of 4:37.

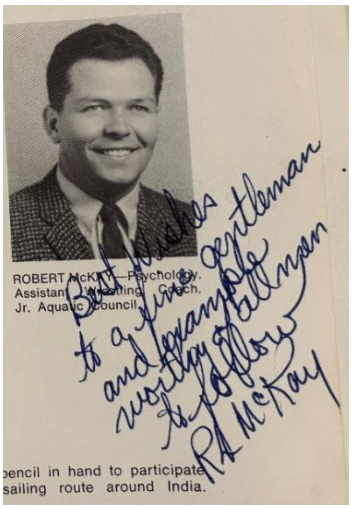


Honor students (half of them): Before attending a reunion one year, Silvia chuckled as I looked at my yearbook to remember who "all" my friends were, but I could not find many. Here again, I don't know most of these people. My dear friend Scott Argyle is top row, 2nd from left. We were both Provo High's top math students, both played cello in the orchestra, both ran the mile in track, and were both into physics. He got the David O. McKay scholarship to BYU, did a mission in Korea, but then in a bouncing jeep while hunting, he was accidentally shot in the back of the head when a .22 discharged. He was in a coma for weeks, but lived, but was not the same mentally. He still had a big smile and a big heart, and was still plenty sharp, finishing a degree in physics with only half his brain, which is all he needed to beat most of us. He fell down his stairs a few years ago and is now more than his former brilliant self in yonder spheres, with other classmates. I'm in front of Scott. Lee Vance to my left, your right, was Denise Gardner's husband for years. Donna Pond (lower left) I liked and dated. Dee Taylor, three to the right of Scott Argyle, served in Argentina, where Silvia knew him as a missionary. My good friend, Lynn Smith, is top right corner.


DWANNA RIDDLE—World and American History. Bowling Club and Girls' Day Dance.


GLEN A. PATTEN—World History and American History. Curriculum Council.

I never really had favorite teachers at PHS, only favorite subjects, math and physics. PHS teachers were all good, no bad ones, and I liked them fine. All the math and science teachers were good and pleasant to learn from. These are 3 of my other-subject teachers. **Dwanna Riddle** (left) was a pleasant history teacher. I wondered if **Mr Patten** (middle) was related to General Patten, as his demeanor was like a general, but he was a good teacher, even if stern and of rare smile.
Mr McKay (right), a good teacher, wrote me a very kind compliment in the yearbook. I now very much appreciate teachers, knowing how important they are and how challenging the career can be at times.


ROBERT McKAY—Psychology. Assistant Wrestling Coach. Jr. Aquatic Council.
To a fine gentleman and [illegible] worthy of [illegible]
pencil in hand to participate sailing route around India.

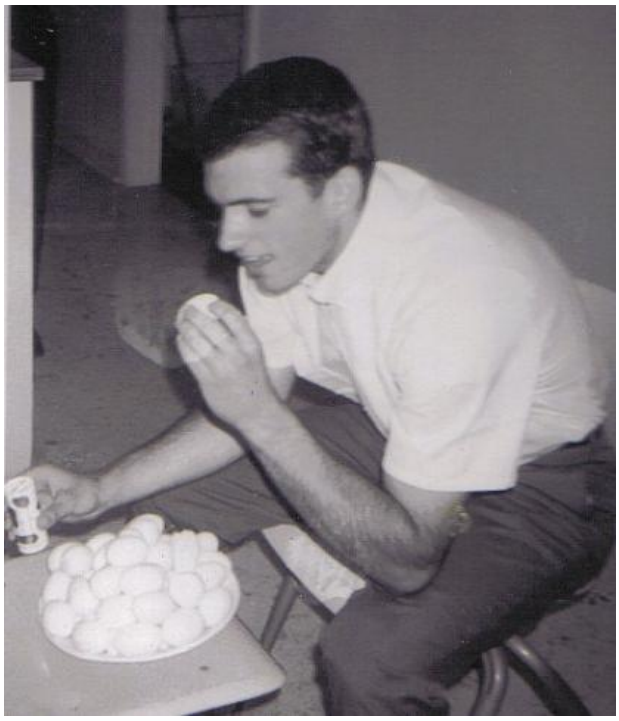
APPENDIX P: PHOTOS



Darrel, Eva, Eric, Rita, Alan, and Carrie tubing
(brian taking picture, Christmas break 1967)



Brian and Silvia, at reception 1971



THE BEFORE (1968, age 19)
brian winning an egg-eating contest by double
in the Language Training Mission



THE AFTER (2012, age 63)
brian and Edward Lyman Platt at 45th Provo High reunion
From these 2 pictures, one might think all I do is eat. Close.



Sheila 6 months, Joseph 3 ½, Shana 5 ½, Fall 1977



Shana, Sheila, Jessica, Sarah, Silvia
2011 Women's Conference



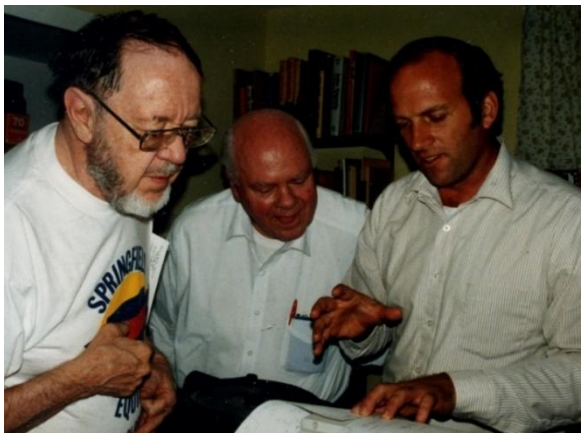
Joseph 2, Brian 27, and Shana 4 making a snowman their first winter on the south side of the Henry Black house 172 S. 300 W. Original siding (1910-15?), piled-rock foundation, old house indeed. Facing east, our green International pickup is in front of the house, and the Baptist Church is across the street. Winter 1976-77.



The 365 West 100 South house before we had Orlo add on to the south, east, west, and on top. In other words, the original house (this picture) is 20% of our eventual house, purchased perhaps 1983, for $12,000. It was Silvia's day care initially. In front of the electrical junction box, one can see one of the "play houses in the sky" that I built with stairs and railing for the children to play in. I also built 3 sandboxes eventually, to spread the children out and reduce squabbles when too many children shared one sandbox, 1983-85.



Sheila, Shana, brian, and Duane watching July 4th parade, 2010



Bill McGlone, David H. Kelley (Mayan scholar) and brian looking at inscriptions carved on rock near La Junta, Colorado, 1990s



Mom and Carrie, when Carrie was in high school



Alan in high school



One powerful reason for our relay team winning so much was powerful Brian "Miler" Stubbs. He also was a terrific example of an ideal to try for.

Brian, junior yearbook, Spring 1966



Sarah 10, 4th grade



Joseph maybe 13



Packer, Kelsie, Anzie, Justi holding Milo, Duane, Aisha, Cody, Shana, Cammy, Zemira, Hayden holding Adalene, Evie, Julia



Sander, Packer, Hayden, Aisha, Siah, Kia, Julia, Justi, Malin, 2009?



Sheila, maybe 4? This picture has always melted my heart, child-like meekness

.



Sheila, Orlo, Kia, Malin, Sander, Siah, after Kia's mission, 2019



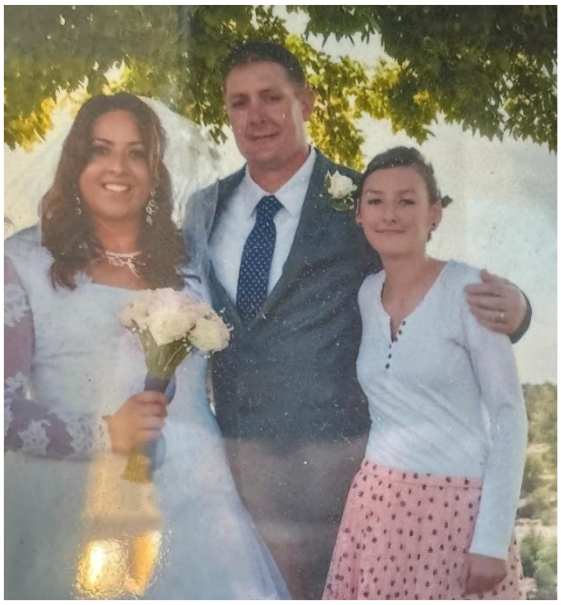
Sheila, 2nd or 3rd grade?



Cienna, Keiton, Sarah, Jace, and Joe in back 2025



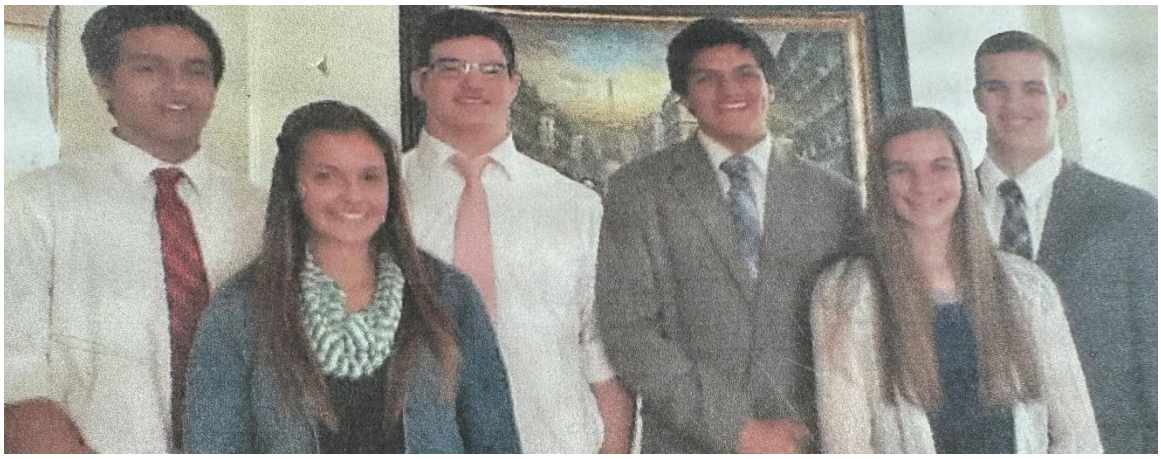
Joseph, age 14 ½, at the piano



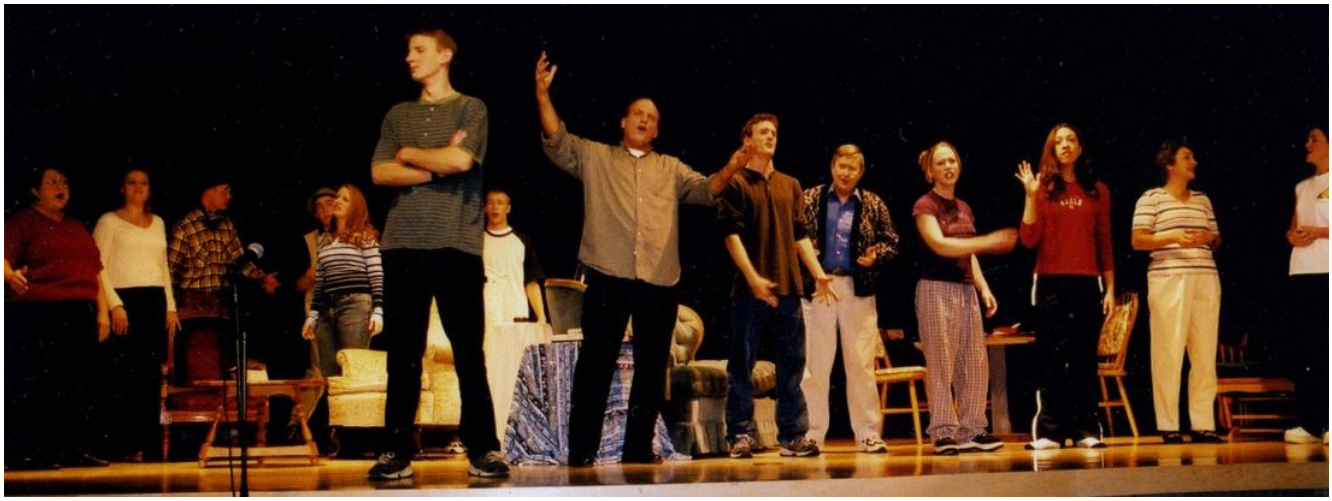
Jessica, Jorma, Miya, Sept 2015, wedding



Jorma, Christian 2, and Jessica, about 2020



Grandchildren Sander, Kia, Packer, Malin, Aisha, Hayden in the Gilbert Temple doing baptisms for the departed



Cast of “Life with Mr, Jr, and Some Misses of Communication” left to right: Linda Wright, Laura Wright, Tyler Jack, John Fahey, Kristi Johnson, Kevin Francom, Jason Slade, brian, Alden Jack, Worthy Glover, Cara Hunt, Jessica Stubbs, Dianne Carroll, and Nancy Bayles, at end of “Food Song” December 2001



Brian’s maternal grandparents’ family. Wives are mostly in front of husbands. From left: Wayne & Jean Stokes, Eldon & Eloise Stokes, Darrel & Eva Stubbs, Herman and LaDean Christensen, Grandpa and Grandma Stokes, Morris (tallest) and Orpha (far right front) Gardner, Don and Edie (next to Grandma) Van Noy, Quinn and Ada Stokes standing together top right.



In front are Lawrence, Lloyd, Orlin, Elva (2nd oldest), and Ritchie, the first 5 children of John Stubbs (behind them), at funeral of wife and mother, Margaret Ritchie, who died of flu 1919. Later, John married Margaret's younger sister, Ella Louisa Ritchie (Brian's grandmother) who bore Merlin, Nila, Darrel, Verda, and Naoma, which 5 are in the picture below, back row, names in bold & highlight. The older boys of the first family above (at 9, 10, and 11) ran the Charleston farm alone many weeks.



Back: **Darrel**, Karl, Kathy, Susan, **Nila**, Eva, Lisa (in front of Eva), **Naoma**, **Verda** holds Doug, Howard, **Merlin**.
Top right 3: Brian, Eric, **Lloyd**. Middle: Jim Lee (kneeling). On chairs: **Ella Ritchie Stubbs**, Hazel, Stella (Lloyd's wife), Relva (adult on ground). Sitting on the ground from left: Andrea, John, Carrie, Alan (lying down), Richard or Raymond?, and unknowns 1966



Back: John William Stubbs (brian's grandfather), Maud, Zella, and Jesse. Front: John Rodham Stubbs (great-grandfather), Leora, Albert (middle, father of Leonard and Dean, later in Boulder, Nevada), Wilford, & Susanna Temperance Goodman Stubbs (great-grandmother). Uncle Jesse and John were good friends. Wilford (middle front) and John were neighbors.



behind **Grandma Ella Ritchie Stubbs** are her children **Naoma**, then **Darrel** and **Verda**; lower left 4 boys: Richard, Raymond, Doug, Marco littlest. At the right of Grandma: Andrea, John, Carrie, then Rita, Susan, Kathy; middle left: Alan, Jim, Lisa; back left: Karl, Eric, **Uncle Bob**, **Aunt Nila**, and **Uncle Merlin** in front of Nila, **Eva** by Darrel, and later my hs picture was put between Nila and Eva, because I was on my mission at the time, 1968 or 69. Not sure who took the picture?

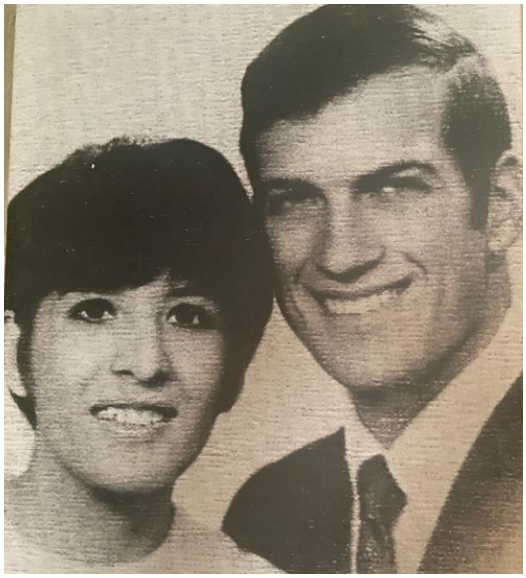


1903 **Samuel Rose Parkinson** and **Charlotte Elizabeth Smart** Parkinson (2nd wife) in center. **Annie** (married Ossian Leonidas Packer), my great grandparents. Annie is standing between her 2 brothers. From Annie clockwise are Joseph, Bertha (Nephi Larson), Lucy (C.E. Loyd), Hazel (Peter P. Peterson/A.E. Cranney), Vivian (Lester R. Taylor), Nettie (I.A. Smoot), Leona (Walter P. Monson), Eva (R.W. Leigh), Fred, and back to Annie top middle

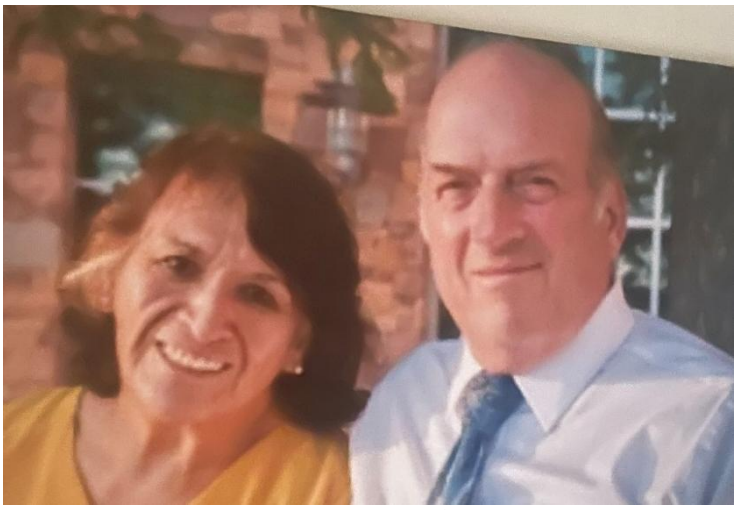




Two pictures of the Ossian Leonidas Packer and Ann Smart Parkinson Packer family. My grandmother, Edna Packer Stokes, is back row 3rd from the right in both pictures. In the picture on the right (left front), my Great Grandmother Packer looks young-ish-to-middle-aged strong, but in the left picture, she looks worn-out tired (2nd from left). That latter-look is exactly how I feel now in my latter days.



Silvia and Brian, 1971



Silvia and Brian, 2021, 50th anniversary



family portrait, painted by Kelly Pugh 2011, from pictures of all of us closer to prime: Silvia (center), from Jessica (far right) clockwise are Jessica, Sarah, Joseph, Shana, Sheila, and brian