

David Humphrey

I was born during a blizzard in the year 1942 in Salt Lake City, Utah, so my parents, William Ernest and Grace Knaphus Humphrey, told me. I really was too young to remember. I do remember, however, banging a tablespoon against a pan on North Temple Street and screaming, "The war is over, the war is over." A man stopped his car, jumped out and gave my mother, who was escorting my sister and me, a kiss, then jumped back in his car and drove off. That is one of my earliest memories. I was three and a half.

In 1946 my parents bought a home in Sandy, Utah that was an old pioneer home that was on eight acres of land, located at 9727 South State Street. This home was the first home in the Sandy-Crescent area to have indoor running water. It had three foot thick adobe walls with eleven foot high ceilings. It was cool in the summer and no matter how much coal we put in the stove, cold in the winter. After spending ten years hoeing weeds and irrigating crops in the summer, my father went into business for himself by purchasing the Arctic Circle drive-in restaurant franchise in Cedar City, Utah.

So between my eighth and ninth grade years of junior high school, my family made the move to southern Utah. I had a hard time making the transition for the first year, but when I began high school it was much better. Being a Cedar Redman was fun. Our arch rivals were the sorgum-lappers from St. George. Who would have ever thought that I one day would move to the St. George area? While in my senior year in high school I joined the "Triple-Duce", and spent two weeks for summer camp in Puerto Rico in March. The day after graduation I headed for Fort Ord, California for six months of training.



After playing soldier for awhile, I came home and was promptly interviewed by my bishop for a mission. Five months later I was on my way to Norway, after one week in the mission home and no language training. My maternal grandfather, Torleif S. Knaphus, was born in Norway. He had completed several monuments for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, the two most memorable being the Handcart Monument found on Temple Square in Salt Lake City and the Angel Moroni Statue on Hill Cumorah, New York. I had a strong desire to serve in his home land and the Lord saw fit to send me there for two and a half years. This was a great experience I have never forgotten.

While I was in high school, I had met a friendly and beautiful girl, Maxine Naegle. We started dating during our junior year and by the end of our senior year we were pretty serious. She waited for me during my six month military training and my mission by dating other young men. She wrote to me faithfully, however. When I came home from my mission, we dated again and eight months later we were married in the St. George Temple in June of 1964.

We moved to Salt Lake City right after our honeymoon. She taught third grade in the Granger area while I attended the University of Utah. After graduation in June of 1967, we moved to Los Angeles, California to seek our fame and fortune. I worked in the insurance industry for the next ten years, four in California and six in Salt Lake City, when we returned in 1971. We built a home in Centerville, Utah in 1972 and lived there for the next thirty eight year, moving to Green Springs in Washington, Utah in June of 2010.

Along this journey we had five children come into our lives, two girls (the oldest and youngest of our children) and three boys. They are all married and have scattered to the wind. The oldest, after having lived in Tennessee, Michigan, Nevada, Utah and Israel, purchased our home in Centerville. Our sons live in Montana,

Las Vegas and Tokyo, Japan. The youngest daughter lives in Kaysville. Between them we have nineteen grandchildren and one more on the way.

Maxine and I have served in many church callings, having made a strong attempt to remain active in the church. We served as ordinance workers on two different occasions in the Bountiful Temple and currently are serving in the St. George Temple. We served a senior couple mission for eighteen months in Norway from August 2007 to February 2009. Nine of those months were three hundred miles above the Arctic Circle in the city of Tromsø. The last nine months we were in Haugesund, Norway, the nearest city to the farm where my maternal grandfather was born and raised.

I joined the Sons of Utah Pioneers while living in Centerville and have enjoyed it very much. I am looking forward to getting to know the members in the Cotton Mission Chapter.