

GEORGE MILLER

I was born to Charles Jacob Miller and Miriam Agnes Porter on the 22nd of October 1933 in the Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio General Hospital. I have two brothers and a sister. Charles, William and Miriam. My dad had nicknames for all of us. Charles was Monk, William was Dick, Miriam was Lizzie, and I was Mike. I grew up as Jerry and my sister Miriam was Joan and William is Bill. A genealogical nightmare.



We lived within sight of the Ohio River, up high enough to see all the activity going up and down the river. In the summer, the river was our playground. We even had a friend across the river that would row his boat across and take us on all day outings either up or down the river. We spent much of our time in the water with lots of fishing for catfish. Also, there were all the hills behind our home where we hiked, hunted, and picked blackberries, walnuts and wild fruit. We were kept busy and seldom got into trouble.

I remember the long hikes to Elcessor's Dairy Farm for milk. Steve, the farmer, was blind and worked the farm while his children took care of the cattle. I was amazed to see him fill our milk jugs and not spill a drop. It was always a long hike home carrying two gallon milk jugs.

My father was gone most of my early years. He was a construction carpenter and went where there was work. The war came along and life changed for everyone. For us children there was always a paper drive or collecting scrap iron for the war effort.

I was eight when my mother and father divorced. Dad went to Trinidad for the Navy to build submarine pens. My brother Bill and I lived on a farm with no electricity for three years near Ripley, Ohio. We raised tobacco, corn, soy beans, alfalfa, and had an acre garden, six cows to milk twice a day, and horses, hogs, and chickens to feed. And school. This was the first time in my life that I ate all that I wanted.

When I was sixteen, my uncle gave me a job as a laborer in construction work. Two weeks before my eighteenth birthday I signed up with the Navy. Then I broke my ankle so no Navy for a while. When I was healed, the Navy had no slots open so I enlisted in the Air Force.

In 1953, I was stationed in England. During the Queen's Coronation I met Valerie Levene. It took us two and a half years to put it together. August 6, 1955, we were married in St. John church in London. We remained in the Air Force until 1971. The Air Force was a good life and gave me the opportunity to get an education and see much of this world. I was an air traffic controller and when we retired I went to work with the Federal Aviation Administration.

In 1957 the missionaries came to our apartment near Langley Field and introduced us to the gospel. We weren't easy for them. It took them thirty-two meetings before we were ready to be baptized. We have copies of their journals during the time of our investigation and are thankful for their persistence. We lost track of these two young men for almost forty years. So I found them on the computer one day and we became reacquainted. We celebrated our fortieth year in the Church with one of them by going to the St. George Temple. That was a wonderful reunion.

I enjoy being with my sweetheart and accomplishing things together. I have my pilot's license so I enjoy flying, boating and fixing things. Anything that isn't working worries me and I have to fix

it. I enjoy working with computers. Every summer we have some of our grandchildren come to visit us and we enjoy whipping them around the lake until they are too tired to get back in the boat. One last thing, when an airplane flies over, I look up.

I have loved being the ward membership clerk and taking care of the computers in the Stake. We have served in the St. George Temple and the St George Visitors' Center .