

\*\*\* CARRIE WANDA MALMGREN HANSON \*\*\*

I would like to tell you the story of a queen, because my father married a queen ... the 1927 Beauty Queen of Juab County, Utah, and he never regretted it as long as he lived. In fact, Daddy told Carol the week before he died that he felt like he was ready for death - except that he didn't want to leave Mama.

Carrie Wanda was the 9th of 13 children born to Swen Edwin and Sorena Malmgren in Levan, Utah on a cattle and sheep ranch. Mom was a beautiful child and teenager who milked cows in the morning and wrote poetry in the afternoon. She won the title of Juab County Beauty Queen at the age of 16, and at 17 she went to a dance in Salt Lake City where she met a very tall, very handsome man who liked hunting, fishing, good cooking, and Juab County Beauty Queens! Being an extremely bright young man, he proposed to her that very evening and eventually they were married.

Mama always loved babies so I guess it was inevitable that she would bring home a new baby every two or three years, and every new baby was like Christmas to us. We had a little contest among us kids to see who could say the names of all of us kids in order the fastest - including the new baby's name. Although I was never the champ, I think it went something like this by the time Bonny arrived .....  
... "JeanGeriShirleyMaryCarolJoyDeanGayeJonnyBonny".

As you know, it is very difficult to have 10 children and not fall into the habit of herding them through life as a group - forgetting individual needs and talents, but because Mother is a Queen, an aristocrat among mothers, she deals with each of our personalities, needs and talents and provides avenues for our growth. She encourages and is proud of our every accomplishment. Mama is not just a broom and band-aid pusher, she is our art and literary critic from kindergarten to college; she, with Daddy, has been our chief rooster and flag-waver when one of us won a blue ribbon, a face-pulling contest, published a poem, sold a first painting, won a part in a play, participated in the Olympic trials, won a Scholarship or rowed in a regatta. But if Mom is a great observer she is an even greater participator. I am Mom's 8th child and I know she must be as young at heart now as she was with #1 and 2, because Mom may dust and polish our old Swedish rocking chair alot, but she sure doesn't sit in it much! She can be seen any day of the week racing Bonny and I down Birdie Lane on bicycles, and usually just as our shadows catch up to Mom, she's off again, leaving us in the dust of her three-wheeled "Green Machine". Or maybe you'll see her playing touch football on the beach with the son-in-laws and grandkids, or hiking up Black Mountain. It wouldn't be unusual to see her in the front seat of a roller coaster or on the back of a motorcycle. In fact, the only thing she hasn't tried with us is surfing, but I think with a little serious coaxing we could have her "hanging ten" by mid-summer!

Mama is also a queen in the kitchen, she is the homemade bread and soup kind of Mom. She is also a quilting, dressmaking, knitting, crocheting and artistic kind of mom, and she shares her talents and interests with us and teaches us everything she knows. All these things have become a lifetime source of common pleasure and enjoyment for us all. But more important than the crafts, hobbies and skills; she taught us truths and is a living example of those truths. She taught us the value of honesty and is honest with us. She taught us the beauty of virtue and then trusts us. She taught us faith by having faith herself. She taught us to learn from our mistakes and failings, to like ourselves and other people, to enjoy life; and perhaps the greatest lesson of all was in teaching us to love and give to one another. Teachings like that last, even now with half

of us married and our family grown to 47, we are still a very close family. We enjoy being together, value this closeness and consider it one of our greatest blessings.

Henry Ward Beecher wrote "the Mother's heart is the child's schoolroom", and if that is true - then we were schooled in a very large and privileged classroom.

I have said that my Mom is a queen, but she is also a rock. She has always had this strong center of self from which she has always been able to draw strength and wisdom to meet any obstacle, problem or difficult time. We felt this strength and stability and it was a source of security and sense of well being for us as well. This inner quality has helped her to meet head-on the challenges of raising ten children with love, patience, devotion, and quiet sacrifice through five decades. And one of the greatest things about the sacrifices Mama made for us, is the fact that she doesn't consider her life a sacrifice at all, she considers it a fulfillment and a blessing.

One of my teachers once told me we were able to choose our earthly parents in the pre-existence, and we like to think we had first choice, because, Mama - you are a queen among Mothers - not because you are my mother, and not even because you are the mother of ten of us, but because you love us ... love us enough to teach us correct principles and to recognize truths, and for being a living example to us.

I am speaking for us all, not only "JeanGerShirleyMaryCarolJoyDeanGaye-JonnyBonny", but all your sons-in-law, Grandchildren and Daddy when I say:

"Mom, we love you! And we are so glad you are the queen of our family!"

Written By:

Gaye Hanson Keller  
Carol Hanson Adamson  
Bonny Hanson

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