

My Life History **Beverly Diane Parker Chapman**

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for Education 200 class, BYU)

I was the fourth child in a family of nine children. I had two sisters and one brother when I was born. We lived in Burbank, California. I was born in the neighboring city of Glendale. Daddy had his own candy and popcorn business in Burbank for about 25 years. We moved to Provo and Orem, Utah in September 1969 and since that time Daddy's candy business (Don Parker's Fine Candies) has grown well, especially his health candy business. He delivers candy to about 200 stores in Utah, Idaho and California. This candy business was an important part of our family's life as almost everything revolved around it. We worked together as a family all through the years. This working together and having so many brothers and sisters made us a close family. We used to have special statements about our family such as "we're such a close family" and "there's never a dull moment." I enjoyed my childhood and accepted things as they were for the most part without wondering or asking why things were as they were. I think one of the most important things my parents gave to their children was a good self-image. We received compliments many, many times. My parents were good to us and treated us well. We were disciplined many times and were loved and held on Daddy's knee many, many times. I remember both. Daddy *often* said something like, "You're a good kid, aren't you?" (I always said, "I don't know." And he always replied "Well, I'm telling you, now do you know?") I am sure that it was because of my parents' attitudes that I was able to do well in school and not have identity or self-image problems as so many children and adolescents seem to have. I know that we children all loved our parents and wanted to please them.

We used to say all the names of the children in our family and see who could say them the fastest: "Judy, Jenny, Donnie, Beverly, Barbara, Kenny, Leahmary, David, Millie." (That little exercise probably built more unity and family solidarity than we ever realized.) Judy, Jenny, Donnie, Beverly and Barbara were in the "First Platoon." Kenny, Leahmary, David and Millie were in the "Second Platoon." The "First Platoon" shared their childhood mostly with each other and were half grown up by the time the "Second Platoon" came along. Another ritual we had was at bedtime. We always kissed our parents good-night and said, "Good night, sweet dreams, rest well, I love you." I used to say to Daddy or Mother, "I hope you feel better in the morning if you don't feel well now." (They always got a kick out of that.) Daddy would say, "Good-night little Missy Mentholatum," because I usually put mentholatum on my lips right before bed so they wouldn't be dry. (Hmm, maybe I should have applied the mentholatum *after* I kissed him good night, so his face wouldn't burn.)

We lived at 836 North Lincoln Street, Burbank, until I was in second grade. I remember well our home, our back and our "very back yard." To me the yard seemed very large, although I imagine now that it probably wasn't as large as it seemed to a small child. The back yard was separated from the very back yard by a wooden fence and gate. We had two apricot trees in the very back yard. I remember sitting in the apricot tree and eating delicious apricots. We always felt like our very back yard was special. We used to make mud pies, which I really enjoyed. We had bushes around the perimeter of our back yard with small black berries, so sometimes we even had berry mud pies. I remember playing Hide and Seek, Mother May I? and Red Light, Green Light in our front yard and in the neighborhood. There was a tree on the parkway that was always home base for Hide and Seek.

We had real nice neighbors on our north, Jo and Bill Bissett. Their house was set back far on their lot so they had a very large front yard. We liked to play there and I remember Bill washing their dog in a metal tub bucket in the front yard several times. My older sisters sometimes babysat Jo and Bill's two daughters (both younger than I). My brother and sisters and I always wanted to make a clubhouse in the back yard. I think we did once make one out of large cardboard boxes (or just talked about it a lot).

I remember a couple of bad dreams I had when very young that seemed to bother me for a long time, particularly the famous "curly toes" dream. Judy, Jenny and Donnie still remember it. I dreamed that tall men grew up in the flower bed along the north side of our house, right next to the house. Their feet curled up at the toes like Aladdin's slippers. For some reason this dream really scared me. From time to time throughout my life I have dreamed that my loved ones and I were escaping from Communists or some similar opposition. These dreams have also bothered me.

At one time Daddy had two candy stores. One was up on Glenoaks Blvd., right next to an open fish market. I remember well the smell of the fish. Mother sometimes bought fish there. The real memorable store, however, was the one in Magnolia Park.

NOTES for future reference: Mother's homemade bread, asthma in 2nd grade and attack in 4th grade when returned home from Idaho trip, Big Bear trips, prayers to get the trucks (& cars) started, my testimony of Jesus (from my Mother) "for my first 2½ minute talk", Queen for a Day and Truth or Consequences, Peter Winegar, Donnie and I making macaroni and cheese, Sargint's Restaurant, picking flowers (esp pansies or California poppies) on the way home from Edison Elementary, Clarke once fell asleep under a bed or table and we couldn't find him for a long time, Joshua lost after a performance,

Melody's notes about Grandma Parker: big bear named Jason, "You're a Parker," service even when feet ache, couldn't find Donnie (fell asleep when hiding under clothes in laundry basket—probably that was the "ironing pile," Pepsi cup, thankfulness, carmel out of bowl, Kelly wets pantaloons, bumped into a pig.