



THE KINSMAN

DEAR KINSMEN

Our February Kinsman has been assigned to the Augusta Maria Outzen Branch of the Jesse N. Smith Family and as such has been dedicated to her memory.

Like the old saying, "Those who knew her best loved her most". She was a true mother and a much beloved grandmother. Today's count of her posterity stands at 610 members.

The generous response to our letters asking for this vital information has been met with enthusiasm far beyond our expectation and we thank you, her grandchildren most sincerely. No greater tribute could be paid your grandmother than this; besides it brings up to date our Genealogical survey of the children who have been born since the publication of the Jesse N. Smith Journal. Also our Family Group sheets, with the exception of a few dates are now up to date. This is very gratifying to our Family Representative and those who are working with her.

A LITTLE ABOUT MOTHER'S PARENTS

Jens Christian Outzen was a soldier in the Danish Army. Each soldier had to serve a certain length of time. In one of the battles his buddy was struck by a cannon ball so close to him that forever after his head shook like palsy in moments of excitement or worry. Grandmother was of gentle birth and inherited enough from her parents to build a comfortable home in Randers Denmark. Grandfather was a builder and an expert cabinet maker. By profession, and he and his father built the home to which he brought his bride, Marthe Maria Christensen 3 June 1852. Here they accepted the gospel and here they lived until they emigrated to Zion under the leadership of their Son-in-law Jesse N. Smith, who was presiding over the Scandinavian Mission.

Upon reaching Utah they settled in Richfield and lived there until their deaths. Grandmother died 3 June 1905 and Grandfather 15 March 1908. They had 13 children.

FORGOING IS RESPONSE TO OUR LETTERS, FROM GRANDCHILDREN

I will be glad to be Kinsman reporter for Provo for another year and then someone else can take over. There are plenty of folks here who would do a good job at gathering and reporting the news of this area. We are all enjoying good health at this time. I am glad you are still working with the Kinsman. You and Uncle George will make a good team and in the years to come the memory of your work will bring you joy. Letter follows with information you asked for. Sadie Avery, Provo Utah.

Since it is time for Kinsman Subscription here is my check. Here's looking forward to another successful year for the family "Magazine" and may you enjoy the best that life can offer.

Dear Editors: The least I can say is that you have been doing a good job with the Kinsman. You have our thanks and appreciation. Please accept our best wishes for a successful and prosperous year. Sincerely Eugene and Lillian Flake, Snowflake.

Hope you have received the announcement of little miss Anna Smith. I believe she is the only child in perhaps Grandfather's posterity to receive her grandmother's full name by right of birth. The information you asked for is inclosed. Pat is doing real well at the "Y". There are ten of papa's posterity there going to school.

Good luck to you and the Kinsman. Georgamma Spurlock, Navajo Arizona.

Born to Allan and Virginia Smith of Sanders Ariz. a Daughter Jan. 10, 1960.
Name, Anna Smith.

We were glad to hear from you and are sending information. Our Family group sheet has not changed much. None of our children are married. Leonard is enjoying his mission in San Salvador, Alvin and La Veta are in Provo and Grant is at home. Love and best wishes Clarence and Vivian Rencher, St. Johns Ariz.

I was glad to hear from you and pleased that you thought of me to write the sketch of mother's life. I've never done anything like that before but I am glad to make the effort for her sake. She did not have much fan-fare in her life and I like to think that she would like it told like I have tried to tell it.

Today is two years since my Dad's death. I wonder if he is doing some of the work he looked forward to doing on the other side. Did you hear about Cyrus's accident? The day after Christmas he was coming from Gallup, N. M. with a gas truck. A car with three Mexican boys skidded in front of him. The boys were killed and Cyrus suffered a back injury. He was in the hospital 9 days and is recuperating now at home. Love to all of you. Enclosed is my subscription.

Ethel Rencher Mangum, St. Johns Ariz.

Many happy memories of my grandmother Augusta come to me as I recall those years when we were growing up in Snowflake. When Dad moved his large family from the ranch in Hunt to town, Grandma allowed us to use her upstairs rooms until he could build a home on the corner near her. Imagine how patient she had to be to put up with five lively boys and two girls during that period. I don't remember any cross words from her, even when we used to take that thrilling ride down the stair railing instead of using the steps.

The best part of Grandma's big roomy house was the pantry where she kept those good prize winning sugar cookies, which never seemed to run out of that jar on the shelf. I loved to sit down and be served some of her delicious potato or tomato soup from that pretty white tureen with its graceful handles. Another room that I loved was the big cool living room with the vines trailing over the windows. It was an ideal place to curl up with a good book and no disturbances from noisy little brothers. All the rows of ripe books on her shelves in the big cupboards fascinated me and I spent many happy hours browsing through them. As a little child I tried very hard to find even one familiar word in her Danish paper, "Bikuben". It took me awhile to realize that she had come from across the sea and could speak and read another language. I'm sure that paper was a great joy to her as there must have been many interesting notes about her homeland and her family contained in it.

When Beatrice Rogers (Papa) and I had some secrets to tell, our mothers would allow us to have a sleeping party at Grandma's. She assigned us one of the upstairs bedrooms and we would spend part of the night out on the balcony watching the moon and stars and getting romantic about the couples strolling by, then after all the giggling and stories had run out, we would go to sleep. She always had that gracious manner of making us feel like very special guests. To me, she was a genteel and very dignified woman. She would wear a clean white apron over her dresses all week and on Sunday would look very elegant I thought in her silk dress and pretty shiny beads. I loved her quiet gentle way of speaking to us.

Until the city water came to Snowflake, all the youngsters developed strong arms pulling water out of wells. We had to go to Grandma's well for ours and on the way we found ripe cherries and currants in the season on her trees and bushes, which made the task much more pleasant. The relationship between her and Dad and Mother was very pleasant and we loved to have her coming over occasionally for her milk and a pan of chips now and then. I can just see her and Dad having one of their little quiet visits at the wood pile.

Virginia Bishwin (Acheson) was left a motherless babe when Aunt Annie suddenly died and Grandma raised her. One of my dearest memories of Grandma was seeing her face brighten when Virginia would come home from school. She seemed to cheer up everyone in the house, especially Aunt Fiddie, who was ill so much of the time. Virginia had a cute way of teasing us all which would make Grandma smile and say something funny herself. I believe that little grand daughter was the light of her life, as she was housebound so much and needed the sunshine that Virginia seemed to spread everywhere she went. Her untiring devotion to her invalid daughter has always been an inspiration to me.

It was a very sad time for us when our dear grandma became very ill and left us. The big house was so empty without her and even though Aunt Sophron was very good to us, we didn't ever feel so free to run in and have booty or smile as we once did. As the funeral service was being planned, I asked Dad if I couldn't get Brother Grandall to get someone else to play the organ for the choir to sing. He said, "No, I think Grandma would be pleased if you went right ahead." A task has never been more difficult for me, as the tears just would come and I could hardly see the music at times. She was the only Grandma we knew and we had that wonderful privilege of living so near to her all those years. I truly love her memory and can only hope to live well enough to be somewhere near her again.

Blissful Memories By Donald C. Flake

The prodigal Son forgot the frustrations he had suffered while growing up in his fathers house and remembered only the happiness. Psychologists say that our minds play tricks on us. We remember pleasant things and tend to forget the unpleasant. There are no gaps in my memories of Grandma Smith because everything connected with my association with that grand lady was thoroughly delightful. She had the knack, the know-how, and graciousness to make a small boy feel like he amounted to something, and as her oldest grandson, I knew that I rated. I knew that she was the best cook in the world and that her house was the cleanest and most orderly. I still believe that no bread ever baked could equal her salt-rising bread.

It was a never failing ritual, no matter how busy grandma was, when we Flake kids came trooping in for "a visit" she would take us out in the pantry cut us a generous slice of salt-rising bread, and then top the slice with butter and honey or sugar, or else, instead of bread - and- on it, she would fill our hands and pockets with the worlds best homemade cookies.

Right here I would like to briefly narrate a true tale about those cookies. It seems that Grandma's namesake, my sister Augusta, rated those cookies as highly as I did. On one occasion, without taking anyone else into her confidence, least of all Grandma--- she appropriated quite a number out of a batch and shipped them of to the Arizona State Fair. They won the blue ribbon.

Another childhood treat that we sometimes obtained with considerable coaxing was for Grandma to sit down with her Danish hymn book and sing to us in Danish. (Cont)

THE LIFE HISTORY OF GEORGANNA BATHSHEBA SMITH RENCHER

Eldest Daughter of Augusta E. Outzen

By Ethel R. Mangum Dau.

Bathsheba Georganna Smith, as she preferred to be called, daughter of Jesse Nathaniel Smith and Augusta Outzen was born 16 August, 1870 at Salt Lake City, in the home of George A. Smith, who blessed her and named her for himself and his wife Bathsheba.

She spent her girlhood in Parowan until she was nine years old when she moved with her parents to Snowflake where she grew up with the members of the large family attending school and taking part in the activities of the young pioneer settlement. After she finished school she took the County Exam, which was the requirement in that early day, for a certificate to teach school. She also worked in Flake Bros. General Store. Being the oldest of a family of eleven children, she had the responsibility of helping to care for the younger ones and her younger brothers and sisters have told us of her skill as an interesting story teller.

Her church positions in Snowflake consisted of being Sunday School Teacher, Sunday School Secretary, Stake Primary Secretary, Counselor of Ward Y.L.M.I.A., President of Ward Y.L.M.I.A., and President of Stake Y.L.M.I.A. Among her interesting experiences were a trip with her father to Salt Lake City in 1893 to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple which was a highlight in her life and a trip to the June Convention in Salt Lake City as a representative of the Snowflake Stake Y.L.M.I.A. while she was president of that organization.

We have heard her tell many times how much she loved her many brothers and sisters and parents and what good discipline her father had. The children were happy and got along well together. Being a large family did not keep them from having as much to eat or dressing as well as any small family.

My mother married my father, William David Rencher on the 3rd. of June, 1903. Being the wedding anniversary of her mother and her mother's mother.

Their first home was in Eager, Arizona for a few months. Then they moved to St. Johns where my father was engaged to teach school in the St. Johns Stake Academy. Here they lived for the rest of their lives. My mother was blessed with six children, which we consider quite a fete as she was nearly 33 when she was married.

Of her children she said, "They were all precious babies and no parents ever had more obedient children". I know that she loved us and I know she was the diligent worrier I have ever known. She had a lot of patience with us. It was easy to mind her because we loved her so much and could not stand to hurt her. She considered it a mother's duty to stay home and take care of her children and her home. And that is what she did while her children were growing up. She was very tender hearted and love and kindness were certainly her paramount virtues. She had an admirable trait of being true to herself. She was what she was, without any sham or false front. Her sense of right and wrong was very keen. She was a perfect Letter Day Saint, A student of Mormon Doctrine personified.

also front. Her sense of right and wrong was very keen. She was a perfect Letter Day Saint, A student of Mormon Doctrine personified.

Her church positions were many in St. Johns were many and she enjoyed them all First a Counselor in the Primary in 1905. Then Teacher in the Ward Geneological work, Ward Relief Society Secretary. In 1922 she was called and set apart as Secretary of the St. Johns Stake Relief Society. I quote from her own words, "I worked with Josephine Patterson, Ethel Whiting and Dora Udall. I loved these good sisters and Relief Society more than I can ever tell. I was in this position for 14 years, during which time I made many visits to the wards where I met many good women".

We have in our possession a personal letter from the General Secretary of Relief Society in Salt Lake City commending my mother for her outstanding capability and accuracy in her Secretarial work. During the time she was Theology teacher in Relief Society, she studied and read and became an efficient teacher and effectual speaker, presenting the lessons so that they were thrilling and marvelous to the listeners.

Her greatest achievement was Geneological and Temple work which she loved with great devotion. Having done endowments for more than 500 women. She received a direct command to do Temple work and led out in the Rencher family. This came about by my father's Father appearing to her, after his death, and requesting her to see that the work was done. My mother also effected an organization of the Outzen Family, her mother's people. After her mother's death she repeatedly came to my mother in dreams concerning this work. After the organization was effected she never came again. I recall an incident that happened to my mother. She was copying names from a book on to family group sheets. It was getting late and she was tired so she left her work just as it was and went to bed. Next morning she sat down to resume the copying and noticed two new names had been written on the sheet and they were not on the sheets she had been copying from. It was her privilege and pleasure to go to the Arizona Temple with my Father and do work and also to do work in the Salt Lake Temple and Geneological Library. During her last illness it was her constant wish and desire to recover so that she could continue this work that she loved so well.

In the Spring of 1934 another high light of her life was a short term mission to California where she joined my father who was laboring in that mission.

In describing her trip to her field of labor "I could think of nothing but the Savior of the world AND THE BEAUTIFUL PLANET he had given us to live on and work out our salvation". My father told us how well he remembered the first morning they went out tracting, how timid and hesitant she was to go alone. The plan was to start at a given point and each going their own way meet again on the opposite street. After they had made their contacts and met they were both overjoyed. He had found someone who was interested and she had found opposition and had downed her opponent by bearing her testimony. Of her mission my mother said, "My mission was a great joy to me. every time I had an opportunity to bear my testimony I felt so happy it seemed as if my feet were scarcely touching the ground as I walked along".

These two life changing incidents have always been inspiring and encouraging to us.

J.B.S. Rencher cont:

One night my father was out of town and my mother was alone with the three older children. She sometimes read in bed with a kerosene lamp hanging in a frame over the bed. This particular night she fell asleep with the lamp still burning. Suddenly she heard a voice say "your lamp has exploded." The voice was so close to her that she was more startled by the voice than by the warning and looked to see who had warned her, she managed to get the lamp outside before any damage was done.

On another occasion her life was miraculously spared. She was heating water in an iron kettle outside to do her washing. She was standing near the fire and a wind came up, blowing her dress too near the flame which soon made short work of her clothes. My father heard her scream and smothered the flames by wrapping her in a quilt. She was badly burned everywhere except where her garments covered her body.

In telling this she never failed to stress to us that her garments were a protection to her body as they were meant to be.

Our mother lived until she was 75 years and 9 months old. Her death date was 14 May 1946 Burial date 17 May, 1946 Surrounded by her husband all her children and grandchildren, Many brothers and sisters and numerous relatives and friends.

I think her testimony in her own words is a fitting climax to this narrative. "I am writing a short sketch of my life for my children to read and perhaps profit by. I wish my children to know that I have a burning testimony in my soul that the gospel is divine and that the prophet had a message to give to the world and he gave it and also his life for the cause of truth. I know that Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. I am thankful for my membership in the Church and for the small amount of work I have been able to do especially Temple work. I have studied the Standard works of the Church. Have read the Book of Mormon many times. I am thankful that my husband is a Church Worker, that he pays his tithing and attends his quorum and sacrament meetings and keeps the word of wisdom. I am thankful that we have always had family prayers. I wish our children to walk in the footsteps of their father and keep the commandments of God." Surely my dear mother has earned a place in our Father's Kingdom for her faithfulness to the Gospel and her devotion to her family and loved ones.

Continued Blissful memories by D.C. Flake:

It was nothing short of a miracle that our grandmother could speak two languages. A little over two years ago, I visited Randers Denmark, my Grandma's birthplace called the "castle country" of Denmark. It is one of the beauty spots of the North. There is a striking combination of natural beauty and expert landscaping. This civilized grooming has been going on there for hundreds of years. The people as well as the landscape, show the marks of civilization. It caused me to marvel that Grandma taken from this idealistic spot in her young womanhood could make such a wonderful adjustment in our pioneering west.

MORE LETTERS

Snowflake has had its share of cold and below zero weather. This news will be a little late but still news. George Papa came from California to be with his family for Christmas. Lavona Flake daughter of Bruce and Irene was married to Jay M. Richardson, Dec. 22nd in the Arizona Temple. The newlyweds were honored with a reception Dec. 28th.

Aunt Lenora and daughter Mayola Miltenburger and husband were all guests of the F.W. Ericssens the past week. In return the Ericssons are visiting in Mesa. Their new Dental Clinic, here in Snowflake is under construction, and will be a fine asset to the town.

Sampy, the small son of Nephi and Maxine Bushman has given his parents grave concern recently because of a health condition. At present he is reported to be improved.

Fost Flake had the misfortune of breaking his foot Christmas day, while playing Basket Ball.

This correspondent wishes all of you a New Year filled with peace and all the joy that comes therefrom.*****

Dear aunt Tel: In checking the date I am afraid I have put this off too long. (It was just right Margie) We have had such cold weather Makes me want to pack up and move to Mesa. Our family are all well except Fost's foot. He gets around to do all he can in the pickup and the boys do what he can't do that way so we are doing alright. Its nice to hear from you We wish you success in your work. Fost joins me in sending our love. May the Lord bless you.

Fost and Marjory Flake and family, Snowflake

Dear aunt Tel, Thanks for a good reason to write to you when you get tired of sunny Arizona come up to cold Colorado. We do like it here, we are all well and have been very blessed for which we are so thankful. Our babies health is very much improved We enjoy the Kinsman so much Do you know any Smith Kinsmen in Denver other than J. Lorenzo Smith, Kenneth Monson and us? J. Lorenzo is a Bishop in one of the wards in the new Denver Stake. We see the Monsons at Stake gatherings. Helen and I hold respective positions in our wards (R.S. Ed coun.) She is a very lovely lady. Enclosed find Kinsman Subscription and Gen. Information. Much love Aften
Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Rencher Boulder, Colorado.

Dear aunt Tel: Mother and Daddy have been gone all week buying cattle. They asked me to send the information you desired to have. I hope it will reach you in time, and that the inclosed information is all you need.

Sincerely Gerry R. Flake
Bruce and Irene Flake, Snowflake

FLAKAKERS OREGON, We enclose records of our two marrieds with names and dates of grandchildren. If you like snow come North and still we like it here. Glad to have this concourse with our Mother's family and our own. Of note recently was a note or Christmas greeting from the Logan Aggie school that one J. Fish Smith has come forward with some very learned publication. Recently I had occasion to reflect that while in the NorthWestern States Mission over thirty years ago there were no less than six J.N.S. cousins in that mission. Letter this week from Lowrey now laboring in Maine told of recent travel with Larry Smith, Also mentioned Vincent's son Gerald all in New England Mission there may be more. Dya suppose we could find any land on earth not now frequented by J.N.S. posterity? Brings a rich grand feeling: doesn't it? Just another of the big bunch Joseph M. Flake

Dear aunt Tal:

We are shut in again celebrating the wet winter. I have never seen the ground wet down so deep. Virgil and I both left pickup trucks bogged down on the range and walked in while trying to get feed out to the cattle. And while digging a grave for Burt Sreeves about three weeks ago we were able to spade it nearly all the way down damp clear to the bottom had to scour the shovel with a stick. And yet it hasn't been unduly cold, stock being able to break ice most of the time. I have been helping to build a school near Ganado but was laid off work Wednesday because of deep snow and mud. Our irrigation tanks and reservoirs are all running over. I have been able to read a good part of Grandfather's Journal this winter and have felt it a grand opportunity to get acquainted with him. Our trials are very trivial compared with our pioneer forebearers. I was telling Stanley yesterday as we walked about 8 miles to town that Grandfather often walked 15 to 30 miles through winter weather just 100 years ago in Scandinavia. Best love to you and good luck to all Kinsmen
Vincent M. Flake Snowflake

Dear auntie, Now if my hands will hurry and warm up you may have your request in the morning's mail. I helped my husband get out of a snow drift. School has been called off and the children and I are all snuggled inside the warmth of our home. It won't be a dull or monotonious day I promise you. We have had lots of cold this yr. but this is our first really big snow. Our new baby is a perfect roly - polly darling. His name is John Edward and we call him Jeddy. Surely enjoy the Kinsman. Am sending information. Love Fern Merl and Fern Fairbourn Iowa

Dear aunt Tal: Vernon has been in the Hospital for awhile and is home now for a three months rest, So I undertook to furnish you with the sheets for your Genealogy. We have had severe cold and a heavy snow storm. Enjoyed meeting all of you at the reunion and hope to be able to get better acquainted in the future. Vernon wishes to express his appreciation to you in the work on Genealogy and sends kindest regards

to all we also enclose check for Kinsmen with our thanks.

Vernon and Marion Flake
Keosauqua, Iowa

Dear aunt Tal: Inclosed is our \$2.00 for the Kinsman. What an economical way to keep ourselves registered with such an illustrious group. It makes us grateful that we are one of you by right of birth, and this small contribution is ours by right of heritage. Your kinsmen John and Sally Smith, La Verne California

We have enjoyed reading the Kinsman and appreciate your efforts in publishing this fine paper Sincerely Daphne S. Deitrich, Maitland Florida.

We appreciate your good work in publishing the Kinsman. Our son Clarence has returned from his mission in Germany. We are grateful that he was able to accomplish much good in Germany. He has now gone to resume his studies at the B.Y.U.

Affectionately your nephew Garland Bushman
Albuquerque, New Mexico

You have done a good job with the publication of the Kinsman Success to you for another year.

Florence B. Zobell, Providence, Utah

I want to express my appreciation to you and all the other fine members of the staff for all the splendid work you do. Best wishes to all of you.

Sincerely Marie S. Heywood Phoenix

Family dues and Kinsman \$2.00 Best of luck Mary S. Monson Salt Lake City
I am enclosing \$2.00 for the Kinsman subscription We enjoy reading it.
as ever Imogene Peterson Snowflake

Enclosed is my \$2.00 subscription to the Kinsman. If you feel like the write-up of this experience which my dear wife had some years ago is worthy and you ever have appropriate time and space for it you may use it.

Your affectionate nephew Silas S. Decker Snowflake

(Indeed we will use it and thank you Silas)

Please send the Kinsman again this year Thanks, Mrs. Tom Murdock Mesa

Thank you for the efforts you have made in 1959 in the publication of Kinsman I never receive the Kinsman but what I think of my dear mother and how much she thought of her family Sincerely Emily S. Parker, Salt Lake City

I am sending \$2.00 for my Kinsman, I always look forward to each issue and enjoy reading it so much. Appreciate the work you all do to put it out for us. Glen brought Helen home a few days ago. She is in the hospital here now but he will take her home as soon as he can find help to take care of her. He has done and can do more for her than anyone. He is so glad to be home once more.

Lots of love Effie Tillman, Holbrook

My subscription to the Kinsman

Richard A. Smith, Fallbrook California

In keeping with the recommendations made by the advisory committee for the handling of the work of the Publications Committee, a schedule of operation has been set up and is being carried forward by the Family Publications Committee and is being followed by the local committee for this issue. Unless some heretofore unconsidered obstacles arise this schedule will be adopted for all of the year 1960. For the remaining issues of the Kinsman volume XIII numbers 3-12 inclusive, 1960, the local committees responsible are:

For the Aunt Janet Family	March and August
" " Aunt Margaret Family	April " September
" " Aunt Emma Family	May " October
" " Aunt Em Family	June " November
" " Aunt Augusta Family	July " December

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Keep in touch with your family representative on your local committee, on the Association Publications Committee, and the Executive Committee. Keep in touch, period.

THE KINSMAN

Volume XIII Number 2, 1960

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