

SOME THINGS ABOUT ME

Steve Dunn Hanson



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What stories have you been told about yourself as a baby?



Well, I blush a little as I recall people telling me that I was so adorable and beautiful that they thought I would be the next Clark Gable or Cary Grant or maybe Gary Cooper. I mean, that's what they should have been telling me.

Actually, what my mother said was I was born blue—i.e. I wasn't breathing—and I had to be wacked hard a couple of times to start. And my first breaths were screams and crying, and, according to my mother, I never stopped crying for months. Then when I was a few months old I got rickets—a bone disease. And the crying and the fussing and the always had to be attended to continued because I also had scarlet fever.

I don't remember anyone saying anything about being cute and cuddly, just always difficult to take care of and a sleep robber. But I think if they really thought about it they would have said,

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“What an adorable baby. Do you think he’ll look like Clark Gable or Cary Grant or Gary Cooper when he grows up?”

How did your parents pick your name?



My middle name, of course, is my mother's maiden name. They liked the name Steven but didn't want me to go through my life having people call me Steve when my real name was Steven, so they named me Steve. And... I've gone through my life having people call me Steven when my real name is Steve.

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What was your Mom like when you were a child?



Mom was my go-to person. It is not accidental that in the Book of Mormon the word justice is referred to as “male” and mercy as “female.” (Alma 42:24) My father was the disciplinarian in our family (and he was fair), but my mother was the one that always showed compassion. She was the one I went to as a nine-year-old boy troubled by my boyhood sins—nothing too substantial, but they were to me at the time. Her response was love, and she taught me about Jesus Christ and His forgiveness. That was a hallmark experience for me throughout my young life.

I became especially close to her as my parents had my older brother, Bruce, help my dad at his farm machinery station, and I helped Mom at home with cooking, and cleaning the house, and baby sitting my younger siblings. I was, in reality, a “mama’s boy.” She taught me home making skills that helped me on my

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mission (a number of my companions were grateful that I could cook!) and helped me as a husband and father to bless my wife and children with the practical homemaking skills I learned as a boy.

She was a great cook, gardener, seamstress, and just an over all super mom. She had our family holding family home evenings regularly before the Church implemented the program. She had served a fulltime mission, and the scriptures, particularly the Book of Mormon, was a daily part of her life which she shared with me and my siblings.

When I was a teenager and hadn't developed my own sure testimony, I knew that my mom knew the gospel was true because she bore her testimony too me constantly, and I knew my mother would never lie. That was my anchor as I developed my own sure knowledge of the Church and gospel.

My mother taught me about love. Her words were there, of course, but it was her example over her entire life that was tutorial. Some years ago I wrote this poem that describes her and the impact she has had on my life.

MOTHER

At first,

I strove to make

my way

with eye on

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inward point —
and stumbled endlessly;
While all the while
your ray arced out,
embracing in its bow
those who would be
warmed —
including me.
At last,
as my beam
bends and spreads —
because of you;
It lights
the way
beyond my prideful veil —
and brings Him
into view.

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What was your Dad like when you were a child?



My father was not athletic. That is, he did not play sports with us. When he was younger he swam a lot and played tennis, but did not do any of the sports we liked as boys like basketball, baseball, football, and soccer. He was an outdoorsman and loved to camp and hunt and fish. Every summer he'd take the family to Yellowstone Park and to the lakes near there. He took my brother Bruce and me on some of his "solo" fishing trips and always involved us in fishing on the lakes. We loved that.

He was an outstanding musician on the piano, organ, and trombone so music was a big part of our lives. He got me playing the piano a little and the clarinet and saxophone. He was also an outstanding fix-it man. He was usually serious and wasn't known for smiling a lot. And he was the disciplinarian in the family. His "weapon" was a flat sided hairbrush. And when any of us kids did something that required more than just a talking

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to, we were put over his knee and got several whacks on our back end with that hairbrush. That hurt! I recall having many episodes with that hairbrush, but to be honest no where near as many as I deserved.

When he was 35 years old, he decided he wanted to be a dentist. That took guts! We ended up in St. Louis, Missouri, a far different surrounding than Shelley, Idaho! And he made it through dental school without owing anyone any money. To do that with six children was seemingly impossible, but he did it. He was tough and consistent and reliable and honest and smart.

He also always accepted callings in the Church and magnified them. When he was in dental school he served in the branch presidency, was the branch organist and choir director, and one of the seven presidents of 70 in the mission. Later he served as a high councilor when we were at Ft. Ord and oversaw, as a chaplain of sorts, the 2,000 or so LDS service men there. When we lived in Fresno, he was called as a bishop, and then when we moved back to Monterey he served in the stake presidency and as a bishop again. Then when they moved to southern California, he was called as a stake patriarch. A faithful, serving saint.

Dad was not demonstratively affectionate, and as a boy I never remember him telling me he loved me. That was not the manly thing to do he must of thought. But his actions and his care for me and his constant support of me and encouraging me in all that I did made his statement of love for me loud and clear. As

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both he and I got older, he more and more verbally and physically expressed love for me and my siblings.

Dad did not quit. When he decided he was going to do something, it was done. You could count on it. And in his late years he suffered long term Parkinson's. I never heard him complain. He just bore with it for 20+ years. He was bedridden for the last couple of years and was loving and encouraging to me right up to the end. I love him. He is my hero!

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How would you describe your parents' relationship?



I never heard my parents even argue with one another, let alone “fight.” If they had disagreements they worked it out quietly. While my father could get angry with us kids (probably far less than we deserved) my mother was always oil on the water. She personified charity in every respect.

Mom fully supported Dad in everything he did and honored him as the presiding priesthood holder in the home. But I don’t ever remember Dad using that position to force her into anything that she might not want to do. They truly loved and respected one another. I have no doubt though, that if my mother wasn’t the real angel she was, my perception here may have been a little different.

They were married for 61 years when Dad passed away and for the last 20+ years of his life he suffered with Parkinson’s disease that got steadily worse until the last few years he was completely

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bed-ridden. She took care of him without so much as a complaint. She didn't just cook meals, she fed him, helped him get dressed, etc., etc. He preceded her in death by 1 1/2 years.

Literally the day before she died, we completed a family reunion in north central California. I said goodbye to Mom before we headed back to our home in southern California. She was very tearful. Lonely and missing Dad horribly. She wanted to die and had ever since Dad died. Then next morning, while I was in the middle of stake president's meetings, I received a call from my brother Bruce saying that Mom had died during the night.

Here is what I wrote in my journal that day:

“I spent a teary morning and cancelled most of my interviews. I love my mother. She has affected my life perhaps more than any other person in that she taught me about Jesus Christ and about love. She was an emanatory of His Light right up to the day of her death. She gave a prayer at the reunion that was literally a blessing to all of her family. I have been blessed to have my mother and father live as long as they lived. I pray for the strength and the courage and the consistency and the commitment to live my life as she did right to the end. Thank you Father. Even with all of this knowledge and gratitude, it is still very, very hard.”

What were your grandparents like?



Grandparents...which ones? When I was three or four I was purported to have said, “How many grandmas do I have?” I had five! My Grandma Hanson, my Grandma Dunn, and three great grandmothers—Grandma Knecht, my Grandma Dunn’s mother, Grandma Holland, my Grandma Hanson’s mother, and Grandma Hanson, my Grandpa Hanson’s mother. And I had three grandfathers that I remember, Grandpa Dunn, Grandpa Hanson, and great Grandfather Hanson, Grandpa Hanson’s father.

When I was five years old, my family lived with my Great Grandpa and Grandma Hanson for a few months, and I remember them both vividly. Grandpa was a genuine pioneer, born on the plains of Nebraska in a wagon train coming to Utah and just one year after the Civil War ended. Great Grandma Holland stayed with us in our home in Shelley for a month or so. When she was born, Ulysses S. Grant was president of the United

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States.

I was in my mid-20's when Grandma Knecht died, and I knew her and loved her, and she loved me. She was born before Custer's Last Stand and was a New York bred lady who was fastidious in her dress, manners, and home decor. Her husband died in 1942, and she lived near my Grandmother Dunn in Logan, Utah until her death 23 years later.

Grandma and Grandpa Hanson lived in Idaho. Grandpa owned a Nash dealership in Blackfoot, and we were to their home countless times. He was tall, about 6'1" and robust. Grandma was also tall, about 5'7" and was a great cook. They both loved to camp out, play games, and be with family. Music was what drove them most though. Grandpa was literally the Music Man in southeastern Idaho. He worked with Chesbro's music store to set up school bands throughout the area to sell music instruments, music, and band uniforms. He had his own dance band and all seven of their children were first class musicians.

Grandma and Grandpa Dunn lived in Logan, and we would visit them several times a year when we lived in Idaho. Grandpa worked for the post office and was often telling jokes and doing fun and funny things. Grandma was much more stoic and didn't enjoy Grandpa's humor. They were both quite short, he maybe 5' 5" or so, and she just over 5'. Grandpa was heavy set, Grandma very thin. Grandpa would tell me wonderful pioneer stories, and Grandma would play caroms with me. I loved being around both

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of them.

All my grandparents were faithful members of the Church and taught me by their words, but especially by their example, of love which was what the gospel was all about. I am eternally grateful for all of them.

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Do you have any particularly vivid memories of your grandparents?



When I was four or five I was purported to have asked, “How many grandmothers do I have?” I had five living at the time. And I had involvement with all of them, including three great grandmothers, Grandma Knecht, Grandmother Hanson, and Grandmother Holland.

Grandma Knecht was my Grandmother Dunn’s mother, and she lived until I was 25. I have many stories about her, but I will simply say, she was my “rich” grandmother who was from New York with high society manners and expectations.

My great Grandmother Hanson was my Grandfather Hanson’s mother. She and my great Grandfather Hanson lived in Shelley, Idaho and when I was five, my family lived with them for a few

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months. He was born on the plains of Nebraska coming across the plains in a wagon train. A genuine pioneer.

My great Grandmother Holland, was my Grandma Hanson's mother, and she lived with us for a few months in Shelley, Idaho when I was maybe 6 or 7.

My mother's and father's parents, I was close to, and they loved me and I loved them. Too many stories to relate, only to say all four had a great impact on me as I grew up.

My Grandpa Dunn died when I was 16. He couldn't have been more loving and solicitous to his grandchildren. My Grandmother Dunn died when I was married in my early 40's. Hour after hour she would play caroms with me as I was growing up. She could be very judgmental, but also very loving. She bore testimony of the gospel to me constantly.

My Grandmother Hanson died in the later 1960's. She was frail of health the last of her life, but when younger, was vigorous, strong, and a disciplinarian. But she was loving to me and her grandchildren, played games, and cooked some really yummy food—like raspberry dumplings, etc., etc. Grandpa Hanson, better known as Grandpa Mints (because he always had candy in his pocket to give to his grandchildren in his later years) was a tall man (over 6') and seemingly always healthy. He outlived three wives and was married to his fourth when he died at almost age 96. He was brought to "show and tell" by my son Ben, when Ben was in the 3rd grade or so and Grandpa was in his

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early 90's. The kids and teacher in the class didn't want him to stop as he told stories about riding to school barefoot on a horse, and being 10 or so when the Wright Brothers flew the first airplane.

My heritage has been a huge, wonderful foundation for my life. For my grandparents, I will literally be eternally grateful.

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What were your favorite toys as a child?



Toys? My toys were really neat things you could never buy. It was our chicken coop that I could climb on its roof and run along its top. It was my dad's back I rode pretending I was on a horse. It was the zillion places I could hide in our two acres of land when we were playing cowboys and Indians. It was the huge trees in our pasture that I loved to climb. It was the big pond I would go "swimming" in with my brother Bruce, though I couldn't swim and nearly drowned once. It was the boarded up factory where I'd sneak in through cracks in the boards and climb the ladder in the grain or sugar storage area that went up thirty or forty feet to get pigeon eggs from the nests on the window sills at the top. The ladder was really rickety and some of the rungs were missing. That made it exciting. It was going fishing with my dad and riding in his rubber raft on the lake. It was putting all the chairs in the house in a circle that went through the doors connecting our kitchen with the living room

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and a bedroom, then playing tag running on top of the chair seats.

I did have a couple of toys I kept in my pocket though. Like marbles and my pocket knife. I would play games with those. With the marbles, we drew a circle in the dirt and put our marbles in the middle, then try to shoot each others marbles out of the ring. We could keep the ones we shot out. With my knife I'd play games where you had to throw the knife on the ground in a certain way, and if it didn't stick up you lost.

I did have one really neat toy I got for Christmas. It was a chemistry set. I loved mixing up the strange stuff to see what would happen. Unfortunately, one time it burned a hole in the table so that was kind of the end of that.

Mostly my toys were of my own making, and I wouldn't have traded them for anything. A lot more fun than video games for sure. :)

What is the best advice your father ever gave you?



It is not so much what he said, it was who he was and what he did that was so impacting. He never quit when things were really hard, and he chose to serve others throughout his life. When he was 35 years old, he decided he wanted to be a dentist. He sold his little farm implement business in Shelley, Idaho, and he and Mom took us 6 kids and went back to school. First to BYU for him to take pre-dental classes, and then to St. Louis for dental school. While in school, with the rigors of his classes and playing piano at nightclubs on some weekends to support his family, he served as a counselor in our branch presidency, played the organ for church, and served as one of the 7 presidents of the 70 in our mission district.

Once out of dental school he was in the army at Ft. Ord, California for 2 years and served in the high council there and was over the LDS servicemen at Ft. Ord as there was not an LDS

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chaplain. There were some 2,000 LDS men he oversaw in that capacity.

When he got out of the army, we went to Fresno for him to start his first private dental practice. He was 42! There he was called as a bishop. But his dental practice there was not what he expected it to be, so he and Mom moved back to Monterey where he set up another practice. There he served as a counselor in the stake presidency and as a bishop again.

When several of us children had settled in Orange County California with our families, he and Mom moved there as well and began another dental practice. He was nearly 60! There he was called as a stake patriarch. But his dental practice was cut short because he had Parkinson's Disease. Patients don't like it when the dentist's hand is shaking. :) In his retirement they moved to Orem, Utah where he and Mom served as ordinance workers in the Provo temple. They then moved to Merced, California to be near my brother Ray who was a doctor.

Dad passed away at age 84. He was a victim of Parkinson's for over 20 years! He suffered greatly, but I never heard him complain. In a word, he endured to the end and that and his example of service to others has been an unsurpassed blessing to me. Here is the poem I wrote about him.

FATHER

Then

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you did not know
that battles lurked;
That you would feel the axe
of fate,
the bruising blows
of wily man.

Nor had you wind
of hoary time —
relentless press
through summer to a
bleaker clime.

Now
you see because you've seen,
though age has brought
a gossamer gaze;
and scar strewn soul
stands strong, serene,
though torso strength ebbed
long ago.
Endured you have, and learned.
It is your gift to me.

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What were your favorite books or stories when you were a child?



When I was a boy in Shelley, Idaho, comic books were the reading material for most boys, and I was no exception. If you had a cache of 10 to 20 comic books, you would be able to ultimately get your hands on many, if not most, of the comic books in circulation as you would trade yours with friends for ones you hadn't read yet.

But when I was 8 or 9 someone gave me the book, *The Rain Forest*, by Armstrong Sperry. I couldn't put that book down, and I read it and re-read it and re-read it. It was about a boy who was lost in the jungles (rain forest) of New Guinea and how he and his native friend survived the dangers of the jungle including escaping from a head hunting tribe.

In Shelley, surrounded by potatoes and sagebrush and some hills that wanted to be mountains, I couldn't imagine what a jungle

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really looked like or an ocean where you couldn't see the shore on the other side. And to be immersed in that book, where I felt like I was having an adventure I couldn't have even dreamed about, hooked me on reading something more than comic books. Reading ultimately became a near addiction for me as I found I could, seemingly without limit, broaden my experiences far beyond what I was physically able to have. I love books. Thanks to The Rain Forest.

What was your favorite candy as a child?



This will be short and sweet. Black licorice. It was and still is. I liked chocolates, gumdrops, Tootsie rolls and Tootsie pops, etc., etc. Everything but Neccos. But licorice was my candy.

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Did you have any nicknames when you were a child? How did you feel about them?



My parents named me Steve, not Steven, because they thought people would always call me Steve anyway, and they didn't want me to go by a "nickname" the rest of my life. So, what did many people call me? Yep. Steven. That included my teachers at school, adults at church, and even friends when they wanted to tease me. So I guess the nickname I had as a kid was "Steven." On occasion I was called other names too that were sometimes derogatory and sometimes complimentary, but those were only onetime epithets.

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What were memorable vacations from childhood?



Vacations? That was for wealthy people. Fun times? Yes! We had those. As a boy growing up in Idaho, we would go to Yellowstone Park a couple of times every summer as we were only a two or three hour drive from there, and staying in the unheated one-room cabins at Fishing Bridge was cheap. We would fish on Yellowstone Lake in Dad's yellow rubber "raft" bought from Army surplus. And we were always with our cousins—usually the Handly's. Great memories.

When we moved to St. Louis for Dad to go to dental school, every summer we would drive back to Utah and Idaho to be with family there. Actually, to save money on living expenses as we would stay most of the summer there. Then our trips back to St. Louis, and sometimes to the west, would go through fun and interesting parts of the country so we children could have unique experiences. We went through the badlands of South Dakota and

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saw Mt. Rushmore, the Wind Caves of Wyoming, Pikes Peak, Taos, New Mexico, into Oklahoma, the Royal Gorge bridge in Colorado, Mesa Verde Indian ruins, etc., etc.

While in St. Louis we went to Nauvoo and Carthage jail and Independence and Liberty jail church sites, Mammoth Caves in Kentucky (although we went to a cheaper version) and Churchill Downs. These were usually one day trips as we couldn't afford to stay at a motel.

So, vacations? Not really. Being with family? Yes! And seeing some really neat things too.

Did you ever move as a child? What was that experience like?



I was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho and my folks lived in Shelley. When I was about one, they moved to Ogden, Utah. My first memories were in Ogden. When I was about five, we first moved for a few months back to Shelley, then for a few months to Idaho Falls, and then back to a “permanent” home in Shelley. I remember vividly all those moves.

When I was eleven, we moved to Provo, Utah for my dad to go to BYU. That move was traumatic as I had to leave established friends, house and our dog, Butch. Then a really dramatic move...to St. Louis, Missouri for Dad to go to dental school when I was twelve. I came from an environment where everyone I knew was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and a small western farm town (Shelley) and a little western college town to the really big city where hardly anyone

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was a member of the Church and where they spoke funny and acted funny (or made me feel like I acted funny). But...I loved it there.

For four years we lived in an old neighborhood with only a small branch of the Church in the entire St. Louis area (another small branch was created after we moved there) and a real major league baseball team and friends with all kinds of strange names like Ohseik, Silbertach, Pogereleski, with some Jones and Smith's thrown in. And I loved it!! It was "ADVENTURE!"

Then when Dad graduated from Dental school and I was sixteen we moved briefly to Idaho Falls again while Dad went to Ft. Sam Houston for Army officer's training, and then to Ft. Ord, California where we lived in army housing in Seaside, California, and I attended Monterey High School.

Dad was discharged from the Army when I graduated from high school, and we moved to Fresno, California for him to practice dentistry. So... growing up I lived in ten different places, went to three different grade schools, and three different high schools. The place I really didn't want to leave was St. Louis. Leaving the other places was kind of exciting. And overall, I was really grateful for all the moves. I got to see all kinds of different places, have all kinds of different experiences, and especially meet all kinds of wonderful people and make wonderful friends that never would have happened if I hadn't moved so much.

How would you describe the neighborhood where you grew up?



Which one? The first neighborhood I remember was in Ogden, Utah. We lived in a new, small home (not small to me then) with a small grocery store a few blocks away that my brother, Bruce, and I would go to for Mom sometimes. (He would have been 5, and me 4).

With a brief stop in Idaho Falls for 6 months or so, I lived in Shelley, Idaho for the next 6 years. It was a farm town. The street in front of our house was a dirt road, we had 2 1/2 acres of land with fruit trees, a large garden, a chicken coop that was great to play on and in, and a cow. The whole town was my neighborhood. Adventures everywhere. Abandoned sugar beet factory to explore, canals and ditches and ponds to explore and swim in, railroad ramps to ride your bike on, trees to climb, farms with livestock to visit with my friends who lived there, and

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even beehives to visit with my friend whose dad was a beekeeper. When I was 11, we moved to Provo, Utah where Dad went to BYU. Bruce and I slept on couches in the living room as there were only 2 bedrooms in that house. We lived right at the foot of the BYU campus right between the only two girls dorms at BYU then. Just a few hundred feet from our house was King Kold, a place where students could get anything ice cream. We were just a block or two from the brand new George Albert Smith fieldhouse at BYU where we could go to run around the track there and try to play basketball with the BYU basketball players.

The next year we moved to St. Louis. The culture shock of a lifetime. We lived in an old house that had brick streets in front and on the side of it (we lived on a corner). Right across the street was a little neighborhood store underneath the house of the owners. St. Louis was completely segregated then so there were no blacks in my neighborhood. But there were kids my age with all kinds of really strange sounding names to me: Pogorelsky, Silbertasch, Morino, O'Cello, Abramovitz, Meirhoff, Ohseik, and even a Murphy. My adventures here were riding the buses, going to amusement parks and huge stores and movie theaters and big league baseball games and usually not going anywhere at night.

Then when I was 16, Dad graduated from dental school and we moved to Ft. Ord, California for Dad to serve in the army. We lived on the army base in homes built for families of servicemen.

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My high school was in Monterey, and I had to ride a school bus to it every day. My adventures there mostly had to do with the ocean. We would crab fish, explore the rocky cliffs and beaches, have picnics there, go out on the wharfs, and just enjoy the beauty. I spent much time in what was called the “Servicemen’s Center.” The Church built that to provide a place for LDS servicemen to go to relax, play basketball, dance, etc., etc. It is also where we went to Church. Bruce and I would go there virtually every Saturday to hang out and play basketball.

I am grateful for the very different neighborhoods I grew up in as a boy. Maybe experiences are what this life is all about.

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Did you ever get in trouble in school?



No! Maybe chastised by the teacher for talking when I shouldn't, but that was about it.

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Did you have a car in high school or college?



No. But I bought a red Nash Rambler hard top when I was 18-19. I was earning enough money selling shoes on the weekends to pay cash for an old used one. Before that, I had to beg my dad to let me use his car for dates, and I didn't get to do that very often. Still, I was careful in how much I drove my car, because I had to pay everything for its upkeep and gas. But it was great freedom!

When I came home from my mission I bought an old Plymouth with tailfins that were weird. I had that at BYU for two years before Joyce and I were married, and for 3 years after. It had no radio, no air conditioning and when we were married, someone wrote "Just Married" on either the hood or trunk with something that ate through the paint. So, for three years, we had "Just Married" written on our car.

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What were your favorite subjects in high school?



Reading and writing and arithmetic. Talk to the tune of the hickory stick. An old song. The hickory stick was used to swat the back of the legs, or hands, or your bottom if you misbehaved. But those were my favorite subjects.

Well maybe not writing. Not at first, anyway. And penmanship. The only D I ever got in my life was in the 4th grade in penmanship. The teacher didn't realize I was just writing in code so only those who knew the code could read it. :) But there was a new book that she gave as a prize for the most improved handwriting by the end of the year. I got it because no one could have improved as much as me because my handwriting was so poor to begin with.

And writing. My least favorite thing to do in school was to write essays. Give me a trig problem or a stack of books and you had my attention. Give me a writing assignment and... Well, I always

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did it but I felt like laying on a bed of needles.

And then... In college, after my mission, all of a sudden I wanted to write and looked forward to everything from essays to questions on a test that required writing out a paragraph answer. I even took a creative writing class. And now, writing is what I do most every day. In fact, I have kept a daily journal since 1976.

What were your friends like in high school?



I attended high schools in St. Louis, Missouri and Monterey, California, and briefly in Idaho Falls, Idaho. The friends I made at high schools in St. Louis and Monterey were mostly not members of the church, and my involvement with them was entirely at school. After I left school, I had no contact with them. Al Wagner, a friend from Monterey High, was notable. He was a “cool” guy and had a 10-year-old exquisite red Triumph sportscar convertible that was the envy of everyone. We palled around at school, and I loved riding in his car sometimes. We had this thing going where we called each other by our names spelled backwards. His name was la rengaw. Really neat. Mine was evets nosnah. Not so cool.

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How did you choose where to go to college?



Actually, I went to four colleges. The first was Fresno State because that's where my family lived, and I could "afford" that. The second was BYU after my mission because I wanted to be among members of the Church and to date LDS girls. I graduated from there majoring in economics. The third was Arizona State. While I received a full scholarship from the University of Chicago law school, I decided almost at the last minute to be involved in a start up political polling company in Tempe, Arizona. I decided to get my masters degree in political science (political behavior), and I did that at ASU while working for the polling company. In the course of my studies at ASU I spent a summer at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor to learn survey sampling and computer programming.

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What was your first boss like?



Mr. Zingarelli wasn't exactly my first boss. Farmers where I picked potatoes in Shelley, Idaho when I was 9 and 10 were my bosses. My Uncle Jack was my boss when I sold greeting cards in Provo when I was 11. I had another boss when I sold newspapers on a streetcorner in St. Louis when I was 12 and 13. And yet another one when I worked as a stock boy at J.C Penney's in Monterey, California when I was 16 or 17. But Mr. Zingarelli was the 1st boss I remember.

My folks had just moved to Fresno, California and I was almost 18. One of my best friends in St. Louis was Bonnie Oscarson. Okay, I had kind of a crush on her. Her father was a really bigwig for Edison Brothers Shoe Company that sold women's shoes throughout the United States—including Fresno. So, when I applied at Leeds shoe store in Fresno, one of their stores, and put down Roy Oscarson as a reference, Mr. Zingarelli hired me

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almost immediately. Maybe to make points with the really higher ups, or maybe he thought I might actually do a good job.

I had never done anything like this before. I worked Friday nights and Saturdays selling shoes and went to school, Fresno State College, during the weekdays. I had to wear a suit and tie and made a dollar an hour plus from my sales.

Mr. Zingarelli was a short, swarthy complexioned Italian who ran a tight ship. He never yelled or cussed, as I remember, but you certainly knew if you did something wrong or right. Actually, I liked him. He was fair and honest. And he gave me a big time chance to make some pretty good money. In fact, I don't know what other job I could have gotten that I would have enjoyed more, had as good of hours, and could make as much money.

I could work just about anywhere for a buck an hour, like at a gas station, some manual work jobs, etc. But I virtually always made more than a dollar an hour with my commissions at Leeds. And one amazing Friday night and Saturday, I made \$100!! That was about \$10/hour! Ten times my base wage. To put that in perspective, that would be well over \$1000 in today's money. Not a bad day's work for a kid just starting college.

And I learned to get along with people who weren't of my religion or morals and who I didn't particularly like. Mr. Zingarelli was Catholic, and I got along fine with him. But with some of the other workers it took some maturity on my part to get along with them. And sometimes I didn't do so well. In any

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case, it was a great learning experience, and gave me enough money so I could pretty much do what I wanted to do—like ultimately buy a Nash Rambler, have all the neat clothes I wanted, take my girlfriend on dates, etc. So, thank you Mr. Zingarelli!

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What are your favorite songs?



With my hearing challenge, I usually don't listen to music by itself now. When I was a teenager in the 1950's I did of course and even still have records that I had when I was a kid. Records and the radio and television were the only way to listen to music then. Bottom line, I really don't have "favorite songs" as such. I enjoy singing in Church and in Joyce's choir. And I enjoy writing the text to songs that my good friend Jackie Halversen writes the music to. Together we have written many hymns and children's songs as well as a musical play, Legacy. Two of the songs I wrote I think of constantly: When We Partake (a sacrament hymn) and I Will Remember (a children's song) But favorite songs? I just love all music that is uplifting, meaningful, and inspiring—when I can hear it. :)

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What was your wedding like?



My goodness! I always shaved with an electric razor, but this was to be an extraordinary day, so I wanted an extra close shave. I had a Gillette “safety” razor with a new “blue blade.” The problem was I had never used one before, and when I finished, I had nicks all over my face, including a good-sized divot out of my chin! I had nothing but toilet paper to stop the bleeding, so when I picked up Joyce to go to the Salt Lake temple for our wedding/sealing, I had little pieces of toilet paper all over my face.

She still married me.

Elder, and ultimately to become President, Gordon B. Hinckley married/sealed us in a beautiful, sealing session with family and close friends in attendance. We had a wonderful reception in Pleasant Grove and then our honeymoon drive to Pacific Grove, California and a reception there.

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And our adventure began.

We drove across Nevada without air conditioning in 100 degree plus temperatures. The gearshift on the steering column in our car fell on my leg, and I couldn't shift gears—it would be stuck in either 1st or 3rd gear. Fortunately, I figured out how to push a pin into the shaft underneath the car's hood to get it working again. But It kept popping out throughout our trip.

Our family dog, Oscar, bit me on my nose (thanks to my brother Reed who put him where he could do it), so I had fang marks on each side of my nose, along with the divot on my chin from the razor.

Something else went wrong with the car in Pacific Grove, and we had to take it in to get it repaired and left a day late, so we had to drive all night to get back to BYU in time for school. I drove late into the night the next day and somewhere in eastern Nevada, I was too tired to drive, so Joyce took over while I zonked out. I woke up because the car was bumping up and down. I looked out the window, and we were on a dirt, ruddy road out in the middle of nowhere. I asked Joyce, “Where are we?!!!” and asked her to stop the car. She showed me on our map that we were on a road going to Mercur, Utah that looked like a shortcut across the small mountain range that the main road went around. She had seen it when she was looking at the map—she loved looking at maps—and thought that would be the fastest way to get to Provo. Wrong! She said we had been on the road for a couple of

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miles. I took over driving, and I thought since we were going to a town, the road would get better. Wrong. The road kept getting worse. We finally got to Mercur. It was a ghost town!! Go to a ghost town, miles from anywhere, in the middle of the night, and it really is a ghost town!

The map showed the road ran into the main highway the other side of Mercur, so we kept going. I was sure the road couldn't get any worse. Wrong! The road really got worse and was only suitable for a Jeep with 4-wheel-drive—if even that! And there were junctions everywhere, all the same kind of “who would be driving a big car on these trails?!!!” kind of offshoots. You couldn't tell what was the main road because there wasn't a main road! We kept going very slowly and hopefully “down” and hopefully in the right direction.

Finally, we got to the main paved highway and went about a mile or so and ran out of gas! At least we were on a main road! But it was like 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning and zero cars on the road, and we were at least 10-15 miles from the nearest town where there would be a gas station. We were stuck, and we had to be to school at 8:00am for me to serve as a teaching assistant in economics and Joyce to work in the music library and both of us to attend classes. I kind of looked at her, and I'm afraid not too kindly said, “Don't take anymore shortcuts!”

I don't remember how long we waited, but finally we saw car lights coming toward us from the direction we were heading, and

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I waved them down. It was the highway patrol, and he kindly pushed our car all the way into the nearest town to get gas! We then drove to Joyce's parent's place in Pleasant Grove where we slept for 2 or 3 hours and then on to school.

But our wedding experience did not end there. At our wedding reception, our friends/family wrote "Just Married" in big letters on the hood of our car, using Bonami, a cleansing powder. It dissolved the paint underneath it! We got the Bonami off, but the paint was permanently marked! For the next 3 years that we drove that car, you could, if you looked for a second at the hood of the car, see "Just Married." written on it. :)

And to think, we both have sort of a "Just Married" sign still written in our eyes 60 years later.

What places have you lived, and when?



Are you ready? I was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho in 1940, and we lived in Shelley, Idaho until 1941. We moved to Ogden, Utah in 1941 where my father worked at various jobs. In 1945 we moved back to Shelley for a few months where we lived with my great grandparents (he was born on the plains of Nebraska while his folks were coming across in a covered wagon—a genuine pioneer). We then moved up to Idaho Falls for another 6 months or so and then back to Shelley in 1946.

In 1951 my father and mother decided for Dad to go to dental school, and we moved to Provo, Utah for him to attend BYU for pre-dental classes. In 1952, we moved to St. Louis for him to attend dental school. In 1956 we moved briefly to Idaho Falls and then to Ft. Ord, California for Dad to serve in the army as a dentist. In 1958 we moved to Fresno, California where Dad began his dental practice. In 1959 I went into the army at Ft. Ord for 6

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months, then back to Fresno in 1960. In the meantime, Mom and Dad moved back to the Monterey Peninsula and bought a home in Pacific Grove. In 1960 I stayed with them there briefly before leaving for my mission to Australia in 1961.

From 1960 to 1962 I lived in the following places in Australia. Manly Queensland, Toowoomba Queensland, Goulburn NSW, Albury NSW, Turrumurra NSW, Parramatta NSW, and Wollstonecraft NSW.

In 1962 I returned home to Pacific Grove, California and in 1963 moved to Provo, Utah to go to BYU. I lived there until the fall of 1964, coming home to Pacific Grove in the summers. Joyce and I were married in the late summer of 1964 , and we lived in Provo until the late summer of 1966.

We moved to Mesa, Arizona in 1966 to attend ASU and in 1967 we moved to Tempe, Arizona where we purchased our first home. In 1971 we moved to North Tustin (Santa Ana), California. In 2007 we lived briefly in Spokane Valley, Washington to care for our daughter Liza who had had open heart surgery and then went to Romania to serve a 2 year mission.

In Romania we lived in Ploiesti for a year and then in Bucharest for a year. In 2009, we lived with Liza in Spokane Valley for a year and then moved in 2010 to our current home in Veradale, Washington.

Whew!

What are the most important lessons you learned from your parents?



You are talking about my life here, and I don't have the space nor the time to adequately respond to this question. But... I'll simply respond with two poems that I wrote.

MOTHER—(She taught me love)

At first, I strove to make my way

with eye on inward point—

and stumbled endlessly.

While all the while, your ray arced out,

embracing in its bow those who would be warmed—

including me.

At last, as my beam bends and spreads—

because of you,

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it lights the way beyond my prideful veil
and brings Christ into view.

FATHER—(He taught me endurance)
Then, you did not know that battles lurked.
That you would feel the axe of fate,
the bruising blows of wily man.
Nor had you wind of hoary time—
relentless press through summer
to a bleaker clime.
Now, you see because you've seen,
though age has brought a gossamer gaze,
and scar strewn soul stands strong, serene—
though torso strength ebbed long ago.
Endured you have.
And learned.
It is your gift to me.

Are you a morning person or an evening person?



Yes. :)

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Have you ever been a hero to someone?



Have I ever helped anyone? I hope so. I think so. Have I ever been a “hero?” Perhaps there was a time in my life when I would have liked to have been thought of as a hero in some way. But now I see that whatever talents or physical or mental abilities I have are gifts from my Heavenly Father. Using those gifts as He would want me to has nothing to do with me being a hero. What I can do, what I can choose to do, is to love and lift and seek to bless my family and those around me and others I may not even know or see. What I can do is take upon me the name of Jesus Christ, who is perhaps the only real hero, and through His grace extend and magnify Him by becoming one with Him.

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How did you decide when to change jobs?



Actually, I've changed jobs several times but perhaps the most "life changing" one was just before graduating from BYU. I had received an exceptional scholarship from the University of Chicago law school, one of the top law schools in the country. My tuition and books and more would be covered for the three years of school, and Joyce would have guaranteed employment at their library, so virtually all of our costs would be covered.

We were a month from going back there when I received an offer from Arizona State University to enter their master's program in Political Science (political behavior) and was given a scholarship there that covered tuition and just about enough to live on. Dick Wirthlin, who was a professor in economics at BYU and who I had been head teaching assistant for, and Bruce Merrill, a professor in political science at ASU, had formed a little polling firm, Merrill-Wirthlin. They were setting its location up in

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Tempe, Arizona and wanted me to also work with them while I completed a master's degree at ASU. So we were faced with two extraordinary opportunities. And the decision?

Joyce and I sought guidance from the Spirit and the answer was clear. We chose ASU. I would not become an attorney. The road we chose became a rocky one filled with ruts and huge challenges and was exactly the right one for me to learn what I needed to learn and to change how I needed to change to become more like Jesus Christ who I had determined I would follow.

What is the best job you've ever had?



The most interesting job I've ever had was as a political pollster. I was in my mid-20's, and I traveled all over the United States and worked directly with US representatives and senators, and state governors. But with a young family, I was gone from home too much.

The best job I ever had was working in life insurance and annuities. While it was somewhat interesting and I was helping people, what made this job the "best one" for me was it provided the income I needed to support my large family and gave me the time flexibility and resources to do the things that were most meaningful to me, like:

- Being with my family and going on some super neat trips with them across the United States and to Israel.
- Providing weddings and missions and schooling for our children.

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- Being a volunteer chaplain in the Orange County jails while serving as an ordinance worker in the Los Angeles temple and being in the stake presidency of our stake for over 20 years.
 - Writing, including books and articles for Church magazines, poetry and hymns and children's songs, and plays/musicals.
 - Going on a fulltime two-year mission to Romania with Joyce.
 - Serving fulltime in the Spokane temple presidency for three years.
 - Going on exotic trips around the world.
 - Having a comfortable retirement where we could visit children across the country, help those who needed help financially and otherwise, live in a lovely, peaceful home, and serve in the Church and temple.
- So... That was the best job I ever had.

Did you consider any careers other than the one where you landed?



I was going to be a dentist because my dad was a dentist, but... Well, let's just say working in people's mouths for the rest of my life wasn't at the top of my want to do list. Then, I was absolutely set to become a lawyer. I took the LSAT test that every law school required its prospective students to take. My grades were very good, but I would need to score really high on this test to get in the best schools.

When my score came back to me, I looked at the number and it was 707, as I remember. I read that as the 70th percentile. While that was an OK score, it automatically eliminated me from being considered by any of the top level schools, and I was pretty disappointed. Then I turned the little sheet over and discovered that the number I just read was the "raw score," and on this side of the sheet it listed the percentile the raw scores put you in. My

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raw score was 707 (not 70th percentile) and that was in the 99th percentile of all scores. I don't think I ever had such an emotional swing in all my life. I would be able to literally go to any law school in the US I wanted to go to.

I applied to 3 of the top 10 schools—Duke, Stanford, and University of Chicago—and was accepted to all of them with full tuition scholarships. I chose to go to University of Chicago who would pay for everything school related, including books, and give Joyce a job in the library there so we would likely be able to go through law school without any debt. But...

Then my economics professor, Dick Wirthlin, who I was head teaching assistant for, offered me a “once in a lifetime” opportunity to join his budding political polling firm that was just starting “bigtime” in Arizona, where his partner, Bruce Merrill, was a professor at Arizona State University. I would be the executive director of the firm (and the only employee to begin with) and would receive a full scholarship to ASU to get my masters degree in political science and have a teaching fellowship there too. Joyce and I felt the Spirit point in that direction, so that's what we did.

That put me in pretty heady company, including becoming “friends” with US senators, representatives, governors, and Barry Goldwater, the Republican nominee for US President in 1964. But... I was flying all over the country and was away from home more than I was at home. I was somewhere in either

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Oregon or Washington with one of our candidates when Joyce called me to tell me that Will (a 3-month-old baby) was in the hospital with pneumonia and that we almost lost him. And I thought, “What am I doing?!!!” I needed to be home for my family. And that was the beginning of the end of my political polling career.

Over the next several years I and my best friend set up our own “polling” company but we were working mostly for commercial companies rather than political companies. Then we moved to Orange County to be with Dick Wirthlin’s company. He later became President Ronald Reagan’s chief political advisor and managed Reagan’s 2nd campaign for president. And then I went with a prominent physicist who set up a marketing company (which failed) and then set up a discount store for home furnishings (which I sold after it had a rollercoaster ride) and finally got into insurance and annuities which I worked in for 20+ years. That brought us all the money we needed to provide for a large family and do some fun things like go on a month-long trip across the USA and take the family to Israel. Importantly, it also gave me the time to do the things I really wanted to do—serve in the Church and in the community and write, as well as spend all the meaningful time I needed to be with my family.

I am grateful for this journey I have been on and for what it taught me, for the exciting adventures I have had (including

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losing all our money and being unemployed for a period), to have sufficient for our financial needs with a wonderful home, and opening up the door for me to serve.

What are some of your favorite family traditions?



Anthing to do with family!! From reunions to holidays to birthdays. Our Christmases as the children were growing up were long anticipated days with the children acting out the nativity to waiting at the top of the stairs Christmas morning before going down to see what Santa brought to breakfast with Swedish hotcakes and a day opening presents and just having fun. And now our family reunions extend that love and family-ness and Joyce and me calling each child and grandchild and their spouses on their birthdays and singing to them. At last count, that's well into the 60s!

I love my family!!!

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What would you save if your house was on fire?



You mean besides my wife? Well, my hearing devices for sure and our cellphones and pads. If I had hardly any time I'd grab my portfolio with all my passwords, bank accounts info, trust documents, etc. and my wallet with my drivers license, credit cards, and temple recommend. If I had a little more time, I'd get Joyce's and my computers. And maybe a change of underwear. :) We have a treasure-trove of pictures, family histories, old journals, antiques, memorabilia, etc., etc., but... Over the years I have put virtually everything of value pertaining to the family on FamilySearch. I have kept a daily journal since 1976. Those are in hard copy up until about 2008 but I have digitized them all and for the last 15-16 years I've written my journal on the computer. All of my writings, including my books, are also on the computer. We have OneDrive so everything of real value we have on the cloud and is retrievable no matter what happens to the house.

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Bottom line—just about everything we “have” that a fire could destroy are just “things.” I’ve tried to “permanently” preserve everything that I would consider of real importance.

Who are the best cooks in your family?



Well, trying to answer that question may get me in trouble, but... Joyce is a really good cook and our daughters especially have learned well. For virtually all of our married life, she has been the main cook, and I have been the main dishwasher. However, when I was growing up I was a cook.

When I was about eight years old or so, my mother and dad decided that my older brother, Bruce, (he was nine) would go down to Dad's service station and farm implement business and help Dad there, and I would be Mom's right-hand-man at home to help her with housework, tending the younger children, cooking, etc. So that was my role growing up. I was fixing meals when I was eight!

That I had learned how to do it was proven when I was 11 and Bruce was 12. Mom and Dad went to California with the three youngest children and left Bruce, me, and Ray (who was 8 at the

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time) by ourselves for about a week. We had the neighbors checking in on us, but we always told them we were just fine, because we were just fine.

And throughout my teenage years I was often cooking the meals. That “skill” paid off on my mission when I was in an apartment where we had to cook our own meals. My companions were grateful for me. :) And as our children were growing up I was often at least helping with the cooking in the kitchen. But as I have “advanced” in age, Joyce does almost all the cooking, and I do the cleanup. The really good automatic dishwasher and me do a really good job at that.

What is one of the most expensive things that you've ever bought?



In 1967 we lived in an apartment in Mesa, Arizona. I was attending Arizona State University (ASU) to earn a masters degree in political science and was working “on the side” for Merrill-Wirthlin, a start up political polling firm. Actually, I was in Arizona and getting my master’s degree there rather than going to law school at the University of Chicago because Merrill-Wirthlin wanted me to work with them and help them get their new company up and going.

We were paying about \$120 a month in rent for our apartment. New homes were being offered for sale in Tempe, near ASU, that we investigated. We had never been in debt before for anything, including the beat up Plymouth we drove. It ran and at that stage of our lives that was good enough. Of course, most people borrowed money to buy a new home—i.e. had a mortgage on

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their home. These new homes cost \$16,500. Scary! Really scary!

But...

It would cost us \$600 down payment, no payments for the first three months, then about \$115 a month for the rest of the year (this was about May). Our monthly payment beginning the next year would only be about \$135 a month.

We had the \$600 so that's what we did. We bought our first house while I was still in school. While our out-of-pocket costs were not increased, it was by far the most expensive (and scariest!) thing I'd ever bought...until we bought our next house...and then our next house...and then our next house.

What are some of your special talents?



Well, for some reason I have an extraordinary talent to be surrounded by beautiful women. Starting with my wife, then my daughters and then my granddaughters and great granddaughters. I look in the mirror (which I try to avoid doing as much as possible) and know it has nothing to do with my looks—although my face most certainly can elicit a feeling of compassion (or maybe the opposite) and these women are to a person compassionate.

Some people think I do okay writing books and poetry and lyrics to songs and articles and blogs and stuff and speaking and with landscape photography and organizing things. I used to be an acceptable singer in choirs and sometimes (when no one else was available) I'd sing solos. I could even play the clarinet and saxophone and guitar reasonably well, and was even semi-tolerable on the piano and organ.

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But... In no way would I claim a talent as mine. They are responsibilities that are given to me by my Heavenly Father to use to bring about His purposes. For me to somehow take credit for them would be a lie. The only thing about the talent that is me, is how I use it. What I choose to do with it. My desire is to use these “tools” as He wants me to. And to be brutally honest about it, sometimes I haven’t done that too well. But wanting to, counts. I hope.

Which musicians or bands have you most enjoyed seeing perform live?



Uhh...For most of my young life I didn't live where well known musicians performed live, and if they did, there was no way I could afford going to see them. Does it count that I played the saxophone in a dance band, or that I heard my Dad and his siblings and his father play? My dad was maybe the best improviser on the piano I ever heard. They all played in dance bands or as soloists, and they were really good. A big name dance band leader (Tommy or Jimmy Dorsey) was highly complimentary of my aunt playing the saxophone.

Or what about when I was on my mission, and I was the tenor in the Mormon Trio that toured the Australian mission and also performed on radio and television? I thought we were pretty good, and I "enjoyed" performing live.

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Or how about when I met Pat Boone, a teen singing idol in the 50's, and Mickey Rooney, a big time movie star in the 40's, 50's, and 60's, when they were old guys?

So, I never heard a famous musician or band perform live, but countless times I've really enjoyed listening to and performing music live.

What is one of the best trips you've ever taken? What made it great?



Actually, there were two. In 1984 we took a month and with all of our children, except Laura who was with Nichole, drove across the United States from California and visited both national and early Church sites. Shirley and Barbara Harvey's Jenni came with us. National sites we saw included many from Jefferson's Monticello to Gettysburg, and Jamestown to New York City.

Church sites we visited included upper state New York where Joseph Smith lived and received his first visions and the Book of Mormon was first printed, to Kirtland, Ohio where the first temple was built, to Jackson County Missouri and Nauvoo. What made it great besides the extraordinary things we saw? We had most of our family with us to enjoy it too!!

The second best trip was in 1987 where we flew to Israel with five of our children. Will was on his mission and Laura was with

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Nichole. Mother Swenson and Shirley were with us too. This was a BYU sponsored tour and when in Jerusalem we stayed at the BYU Jerusalem Center. We traveled from Nazareth to Hebron and from Galilee to the Dead Sea. In Jerusalem we followed the path of the Savior from Bethlehem on Christmas Eve to Gethsemane to Golgotha to the tomb where Jesus lay and then was resurrected. What made it great besides the extraordinary things we saw? We had most of our family with us to enjoy it too.

What is one of the stupidest things you've ever done?



Well, there's a long list. I prefer to look at them as learning experiences. Basically, you make "stupid" decisions because you haven't had the experience to understand the potential consequences. And, fortunately, the results of even the dumbest decision is temporary. Having said that...

One of the least wise decisions I've made is getting engaged to my girlfriend when I went on my mission. A thoughtless, inconsiderate thing to do to her who would have to "wait" for two years going without the kinds of experiences that a young woman that age should be having, and giving me on my mission unnecessary distractions. Fortunately, for both of us, she sent me a "Dear John" letter about 1/3 through my mission. And look who I got to marry!!!

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What are your favorite animals, and why?



Well, maybe turtles. We had them for pets in our basement when I was a boy in St. Louis. Then when our kids were young at our home in California, we had “Sparky,” a turtle we kept in the backyard until it escaped under our fence one day. They are really cool looking, they are fun to watch amble along, they feed themselves on bugs and such so you don’t have to worry about buying food for them, they don’t make much of a mess, and they’re quiet. Ideal, huh?

And then there are dogs.

Growing up, my parents had two Dalmatians—Cap when I was little and we lived in Ogden, Utah, and Butch, when I lived in Shelley. Butch was my dad’s “hunting” dog that he would take when he hunted for pheasants and sage hens. Butch was a she and liked the taste of the neighbor’s chickens (not good) and the mice in our chicken coop where she stayed (good). She would try

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to follow us kids to school (not good) and greeted us with wagging tail and licks when we came home (sort of good).

And then there was Oscar—our family’s Chihuahua. We got him when I was 18, and we lived in Fresno. Oscar liked/loved exactly 8 people. My mom and dad, my five siblings and me. Everyone else he despised and let them know by growling at them. He was the daughter-in-law’s nemesis. They hated him which he probably reciprocated.

But he was a cool and very smart dog. I would be sitting on the couch and say, “Oscar, do you want to go for a walk?” He would bark a “Yes.” Then I would say, “Go get your leash.” He would trot off and come back with his leash, and we would go for a walk. At Christmas time he would sit with the rest of us while Dad handed out Christmas presents. Dad would say, “This one’s for Oscar.” Oscar would trot over to the present and tear it apart with his teeth and growl if anyone tried to help him. When all the kids were married and gone, he was my mother’s constant companion.

Bottom line, I probably don’t have a “favorite” animal. I like them all. Now, mostly at a distance.

What are some of your favorite smells, and why?



When I was a boy/young man, “artificial” smells were in. Women always used perfume—the more expensive the better (supposedly). Like Chanel 5. And men used after shave lotion. Old Spice comes to mind. Like judging a book by its cover, you would judge another person by the quality of the perfume/after shave lotion they were using. Thank goodness that era has mostly passed.

Smells I didn’t like that were common then included cigarette smoke, liquor breath, and even coffee. But smells I liked/like included baby powder, most flowers—like roses—and cooking food like hamburger and baking cookies. And I liked the smell going into old houses with old furniture and things. Something about that smell seemed to make what was in the past come to life for me and become part of me.

Like when I’m doing family history.

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What is the farthest you have ever traveled from home?



I have traveled the world from Hong Kong and China in the far east to Argentina and Chile and Paraguay and Peru and Brazil at the bottom of South America. From Sweden and Denmark and Ireland and England and the Netherlands in northern Europe to most of the countries in central and eastern Europe. From Israel and Jordan in the Middle East to Egypt in Africa. From Guatemala and Mexico to Canada, and from Hawaii in the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia.

Wherever my home has been, I've been just about as far away from it as you can get.

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What is one of your favorite holiday memories?



Growing up, my family made a number of holidays special occasions and always family events. Memorial Day would often entail going to the cemetery where ancestors were buried or at least talking about them and a picnic or outing with extended family and friends. Halloween was Trick or Treating with my brother, Bruce. Easter was going to church, talking about Jesus, and a wonderful meal with extended family. And Joyce and I held an Easter Egg hunt for decades in our back yard in California for our children and extended family.

Of course, the two “big” holidays were really big for me. The 4th of July/24th of July was the large event in the summer. We were often at my Grandma and Grandpa Dunn’s in Logan for the 4th of July, or what was even better, went with them to Hyrum, Utah for the carnival and fireworks to celebrate Pioneer Day, the 24th.

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And then Christmas.

Every Christmas seemed to be memorable. Not so much for what I got but for its excitement, being with family, and remembering Jesus Christ and singing all the wonderful Christmas songs. Again, in California, Christmas Eve was a biggie as we had extended family over to our home where the children enacted the Nativity and we had Joyce's eggnog and decorated cookies.

But perhaps the most memorable holiday memory of all was in 1987 when we took 5 of our children to Israel for Christmas. A week of focusing on Jesus Christ and seeing first hand where he was born and walked and lived and served and taught and suffered and died and was buried and resurrected. For me, almost as soon as I set foot on the ground there, it felt like I had just come home.

What is one of the best shows you've ever attended?



I have seen Broadway shows from New York to Los Angeles to London, like *Les Misérables*, and they were really good, but... There are two shows that may be the best ones I have seen, and for different reasons.

I saw the Tabernacle Choir at Temple Square perform in Orange County a couple of decades ago, and for professionalism, quality of the program, and the power of the performance, they were unmatched. And then...

This April, our stake and the adjoining stake put on *Legacy*. I wrote it and the lyrics to the songs, and Jackie Halversen composed and arranged the extraordinary music. I say I wrote it, but rather I was the typewriter for the words and thoughts that were given to me to write by the Spirit. In countless practices, I was wiping my eyes as I listened to the inspiring music and felt

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the impact of the message of the play and the lyrics.

While the performers and choir were non-professionals, their quality was often on a par with professionals. But where they were far above any professional performance I have witnessed, was the Spirit they carried and conveyed and shared. For four performances they exuded that Spirit and the lives of the 1500 or so who attended were affected.

And for some, dramatically.

There were many who attended more than once, and some attended all four performances because of what they felt. And I know of at least one convert baptism that came about as a direct result of their attending. So... In terms of impact and life-changing, Legacy was one of the best shows I have ever attended. And one I will never forget.

Are you still friends with anyone you met in college?



At BYU, fraternities were not allowed. There were “social organizations,” that could not have the “challenges” that fraternities on other campuses had—like hazing, exclusivity, secrecy, etc. And they could not have Greek letters for their names.

So... With tongue firmly in cheek, the four BYU students living in the basement in the house of Russell Swenson (prominent BYU professor), along with his two sons, Swen and Laird, who were also going to BYU, formed their own “house” fraternity. They chose the strangest sounding Greek initials they could find for its name. The Nu Omega Mu.

And their exploits over the next few years of their existence became legendary.

The Halloween party that, with careful, subtle planning, ended up with the guys and their dates in an apple orchard “stealing”

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apples, a Nu Omega Mu-er being “shot,” and the dates of the roommates being sucked into a contrived drama that was so realistic that it nearly scared them to death.

The Roman banquet where the guys and their dates lay around a slightly raised table in togas with slave girls serving them.

And... the farewell party at Lucille’s, a “restaurant” in the mining town of Tinic, for Laird who was going on a mission. The dates were certain that the Nu Omega Mu-er’s were toasting Laird with real champaign. It wasn’t. With the cooperation of the waitresses there, the contents of a bottle of champaign was surreptitiously poured into the sink and filled with ginger ale.

I was fortunate enough to become one of them (after they had existed for a year)—that’s how I met Joyce. She used to date Swen and one of the roommates introduced me to her. And for all our “wild” escapades, we were faithful and true to our studies, the Church, and the standards. I served in the bishopric at the time, one roommate was the ward YM president, and another was the ward Sunday School president/superintendent.

Over the ensuing decades they all turned out “okay.” Three became MD’s, two were college professors, and there were bishops, a stake president, mission president, member of a temple presidency, and temple sealers among us. And all remained faithful to the Lord and became wonderful husbands, fathers, and grandfathers.

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That has been some 60 years ago now. And we have kept in touch with each other—or at least enough to know what is happening with each other. And recently we had a ZOOM reunion for the Nu Omega Mu “survivors.” There are four of us who are still living. What a blessing being a roommate to these men so long ago was/is in my life!!

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What is your best relationship advice?



Simple. Try to remember that everyone is a child of God, including you. We are all here to figure out who and what we want to be eternally. That takes time and mistakes and growth and patience, both with others and with ourselves. Jesus Christ is our example. If we will focus our lives on Him and love Him purely, then we will see each other through His eyes and love each other purely as well. That's the formula for happiness.

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What is your best advice for raising children?



Have patience both with your children and yourself. Remember they have never been the age they currently are, so they are learning. And you have never had a child with the unique personality and challenges and age of each of your children, so you are learning too with each child.

Mistakes are part of learning. Count on them. Deal with them. Remember, love trumps everything. The words that are particularly magic when a parent consistently uses them when communicating with their child are: Please, Thank you, I'm sorry, Forgive me, Excuse me, You're welcome, I love you.

You are not in the business of making a perfect child. They have their agency, and the worst thing you can do is to try to take that away. It won't work. If you want to have the best children possible, do what you can actually do: Try to make yourself the best person possible so that if your child chooses to follow your

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example, they will be the kind of child you want.

Who inspires you?



I am inspired by the goodness and love that surrounds me in my wife, Joyce, my children, my grandchildren, and just good people that I'm around. I am inspired by my parents and grandparents and their love for me and their enduring to the end in faith and righteousness. The gospel of Jesus Christ is both my handbook and my Light. It is the measure by which I am inspired by others.

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What advice would you give to future generations in your family?



While it may not seem to you now, just about everything you will do or are confronted with here is temporary. It will pass. And so will you pass from this temporary state of mortality. To view this stay on earth in its eternal context is to open the door to peace and wisdom.

You are here to make choices. There are five of them, really, but they are all interrelated. Here they are.

1. To what degree will you act rather than be acted upon?
2. What level of love do you want to obtain?
3. Will you learn to obey ever higher laws?
4. Are you willing to acknowledge your constant need for outside help?
5. Do you want to be one with others who also want to be one, and with them seek to lift and help others?

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You are not temporary. And who you ultimately choose to be will define your eternal existence and, therefore, your potential for joy and Light and Truth.

Who have been your closest friends throughout the years?



Joyce is at the top of the list and there is not a second place. For 60 years we have gone through joy and sorrow together with almost every conceivable challenge and experience. But having said that...

Growing up, my brother Bruce and I did just about everything together. Only a year apart, it was always “Bruce and Steve.” My twin sisters, who were two years younger than me, died as babies, and my brother Ray was nearly 4 years younger than me which was an eternity when you were a kid. So, up until I was 18 or so, Bruce was my closest friend. Then...

My family moved to Fresno, and almost immediately I had two new best friends—Clyde Pearce and Bob Norman. We did everything together, including going in the army and then were called on missions at the same time and had our missionary

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farewells at the same sacrament meeting. And the girls...Sara and Connie King and Emily Hernandez. Sara and I dated exclusively before my mission and were even “briefly” engaged.

After my mission at BYU, Clyde and I were in the bishopric together and ultimately formed a business partnership together in Tempe, Arizona. Sara and I went our separate ways, but over the years I stayed in close touch with Clyde and Bob. Clyde eventually left his wife and family and the Church, and I lost all contact with him. A heartbreak. And Bob and I stayed close for many years, then he too left the Church, and I lost contact with him. Another heartbreak. In the meantime...

I formed lasting friendships with Grant Inkley, my business partner in California. He was 8 years my senior, but ultimately he and his wife, Jeannie, and Joyce and I did many things together. Laura said, “I don’t know how they ever got anything done. Every time I was at their office, they were just talking with each other and laughing.”

As I got older, Lloyd Rasmussen and I became particularly close. Again, he was 6-7 years older. And the list of those I felt close to is limited, but goes on and all were significantly older than me. It includes Bob Poole, who was 20 years older than me and who I was a counselor to when he was my bishop. I felt close to those who lived near us in California. Ralph and Marianne Jack, Karl and Diana LeSueur. Paul and Phyllis Ashton. Max and Marilyn Schneider. Bruce and Patti Scrivens.

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But there were two more...

One was Kaye, our sister-in-law who my brother, Ray, left. For 40+ years until her death, she was both Joyce's and my extremely close friend. The other was Joyce's sister, Shirley. She was a constant blessing in our lives and in the lives of our children and grandchildren.

How do you measure how close a friend someone is? Well, if you use writing a poem about them and speaking at their funerals as a criteria, Grant, Kaye, and Shirley would be at the top.

But way behind Joyce.

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What makes you happy?



Our Father in Heaven through Jesus Christ instituted the GREAT PLAN OF HAPPINESS before the earth was ever created. The Plan is simple. By following eternal laws we receive joy. And the degree of joy or “happiness” we really want, we will get by abiding those laws. It is our choice. So...

What makes me happy? Following Jesus Christ. And an integral part of that plan of happiness is that my joy or happiness increases as those I love choose to follow the laws that bring them joy. Their joy expands my joy. And I am happy.

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What have been some of your life's greatest surprises?



As a sealer in the temple I have administered tens of thousands of ordinances on behalf of the deceased. In some very important ways, I am as acquainted with those who have passed on as I am those who are serving as proxies for them. Sometimes I tell the patrons who are serving as proxies, “I think your biggest surprise when you leave this world and go into the spirit world is that you won’t be surprised.”

In other words, the transition will be very natural and expected once it occurs. “Oh yeah! Of course!” will likely be our reaction. I believe that has been the way with my experiences here in mortality. Significant changes may have at first been unexpected, but when they occur, they seem to be what should have occurred and became an important part of my journey here on this earth. For example...

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As a boy in Shelley, Idaho, population less than 900, I remember going to Yellowstone Park and looking at Yellowstone Lake. While it was the largest body of water I'd ever seen, I could still see the shore on the other side. I would wonder what it would be like to see an ocean where you couldn't see the shore opposite to you, and I thought I'd never have a chance in my life to see that wonder. I would live forever in Shelley, Idaho and the furthest I'd ever get away from it would be Salt Lake City and Yellowstone Park.

And yes, I was "surprised" when Mom and Dad told us kids we would be leaving Shelley and going to Provo, Utah for Dad to take pre-dental classes before going on to dental school somewhere a long, long way away! But...living in Provo, then St. Louis, then Monterey and then Fresno, California, while unknown before, became just natural and "right" to be there.

So, I've lived in California by the ocean where I couldn't see the other side, and I've also lived in Australia and Romania many 1000's of miles away. I have visited over 30 countries and have had extraordinary experiences that I never could have dreamed of having.

Surprises? I guess that's one word I could use to describe the unexpected in my life. But I think a better word is, ADVENTURES. My life has been filled with adventures! And in every instance, I have learned from them. Learned to become the person I have wanted to become.

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And it hasn't been boring!

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If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?



Right where I am now. I am surrounded by good people. People that I love. There is beauty and peace here. A temple is five minutes away. And I have sufficient for my needs.

All of this—in fact our whole stay on this earth—is temporary. And I am learning. Every place I have ever lived was the right place for me at the time I was there. I learned as a result.

And the most important thing I learned was who I really want to be.

I am eternally grateful to have been able to stay a while in a lot of right places.

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If you had the chance to do it all over, what would you do differently?



Not a thing. I have learned from every experience, and without each one I would not be who I am now. They have all helped me see who I desire to be eternally, and when all is said and done, that is the reason for our mortal tour. But my life has also been filled with countless meaningful and exciting adventures. What a trip! And I will be forever grateful.

