

## Audrey's Yeast Rolls

In 1969 I was transferred from Grissom AFB where my son, John Vincent was born, to Castle AFB in Atwater, CA. We were living in Kokomo, IN at the time where we had joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints less than a year before I got my orders.

We'd been scurrying around in miserable sub freezing weather (-18 degrees F then, -26 the week before) trying to pack everything to leave. I had been forced to rebuild my car engine the month before. It was giving trouble.

We had to buy a trailer to haul things in. It was broken and way too small. The morning our apartment had been rented to someone else we were literally on the street trying to find a place for it all. Church members generously donated precious garage space in that weather so cold for our things while we struggled to get someone to fix the trailer. We ended up having to buy used tires for it about every 50 to 75 miles all the way home because the wheels were so out of alignment.

But before we left, I had gone into the auto center to beg for help and left my wife Sue Little Vincent and 3 month old John in the car shivering. Former "friends" at the auto center were very rude to me. When I got back into the car, I reached for the emergency brake and said exasperated, "What else can go wrong?" The emergency brake broke off in my hand.

Susie laughed then she cried. We felt without hope. She said, "Take me to a phone. I'm calling Daddy (Howard Hollis 'Coot' Little)." Though he lived 585 miles away and, at the time, was working 12 to 16 hour shifts, it seemed the only thing left. But where would we stay until he arrived. We had very little money. Our apartment had been rented out. We were freezing. We called the church.

The branch president's wife did not hesitate. Her name was Audrey Marler and the first words out of her mouth were, "Where are you? I'll come get you!" She took us home with her and put us in a spare room. Then she ordered us to stay put while her husband took care of our things. We obeyed and thawed a bit as she made hot cocoa for us.

Her husband, branch president Lyman Marler, found and put away all our stuff then helped his wife call my father-in-law. Coot, Susie's Dad, had always been quick to come to our aid. He hadn't slept in nearly two days but it took him only long enough to gas his truck and throw a suitcase behind the seat and he was off.

Audrey gave him directions. She treated us like honored guests and when Coot arrived the next morning she was preparing a huge meal for us before we left after Coot rested a bit. That meal was the first time we all tasted "Audrey's Yeast Rolls."

As they were rising near the oven the odor wafted throughout the house beckoning us all toward the kitchen. I had never smelled anything so tempting. Coot loved them. So, to please her father, Susie learned the recipe.

Until the day she died 34 years later, every holiday Susie made those yeast rolls for her Dad. The sad thing is no one ever learned how to make them quite like she did. I suppose Audrey Marler is the only one who knows exactly how.

We still have the recipe but you know there are touches the cook's hands add to any recipe. But if I never taste them again, I'll have that cherished memory as long as I live.