

# The Ramah Pines

Issue 4: August 2021

Talk of the Times

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## Feature Stories

### *Blooms in' Ramah*

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Even though we have had a dry year, there still have been some pretty flower gardens grown around town. This sunflower is one of the many grown by Debbie Bond in her yard for the hummingbirds and the bees. She has quite the green thumb when it comes to raising flowers. Here are some more pictures of her flowers around her yard. The trick is keeping the deer out of them yet she has managed somehow.



There are several people in town that have bee-hives and so we will always see some of the bees buzzing around. And it is great fun to watch the hummingbirds.

*Photo credit to Debbie Bond*







There are other people with places around town that have a love for flowers too. This picture was taken by Lisa Romine in her front yard. She loves holly hocks and so do the bees.

These next pictures come from the heirloom gardens of Linda Burson. She also works very hard at keeping her yard blooming despite all the deer. Her roses are always beautiful at this time of the year.

**Old Pioneer Yellow Roses and Paris Pink Rose Yellow and purple Columbines**



## Local News

### *The Monsoons are Here*

*By Shari Lambson*

We have finally been blessed with some rain starting up since the 10<sup>th</sup> of July. Just in time for the 24<sup>th</sup> celebration but not quite enough

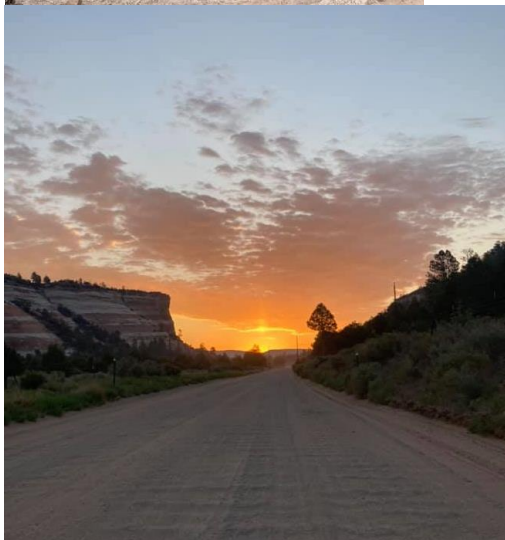


for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. We still had some fireworks but people were being very careful this year. I know that our fire chief Seth Lambson was very relieved when we did not have one fire incident this year during that time, thanks to all the caution everyone in the community had. We did manage to have our 13-cannon salute early on the 4<sup>th</sup> at the break of dawn. As you know, it has been our tradition to honor the service of our military community members male and female who have served for our freedoms for many years. I'm afraid it may have been a rude awakening to some of our new neighbors that may have not experienced this long-standing tradition of Ramah. As the rains have started, every little bit is helping our grass grow, we are very thankful for it. The lake is in pretty bad shape this year because we did not get any snow runoff. So, there were no fields planted this year for hay crops. What little water we have left has been used for small gardens and for the trees around town. The grasses have been crunchy dry. Those of us that have cows still have been supplementing their feed since last winter. Despite all that we do sometimes there is some comic relief in all of our efforts.





The last of the Daryl Clawson herd and their portion of land on the Land and Cattle company, which was ran by his son David Clawson, has been sold. He said it was a bittersweet day to see that last cattle truck roll away.



Picture taken by David Clawson from the Timberlake road early in the morning while going out to the Land and Cattle Company for shipping day.

From in front of Pat and Bonnie Bloomfields home: A big, beautiful tree in our front yard has cracked and a large branch fell across our driveway. We couldn't even get out of our driveway at first. It wasn't windy or stormy. It just simply broke. A tree in front of my brother-in-law's house, next



door, broke last year the same way.

We were lucky both times. They didn't hit our houses or the vehicles. We were especially lucky that no one happened to be standing or driving underneath them when they fell. For that, we are very thankful. I'm sad, though, that trees planted by

my husband's pioneer ancestors all over town have succumbed to the recent drier-than-normal climate changes. We have all seen what these drought conditions have done to the whole southwest. Our family has appreciated the cool shade these trees provided. For several generations, children climbed them and enjoyed swings that hung from their branches. My husband built our son a large tree house in one of them. These trees are a legacy, left to us by forward-thinking and considerate people who lived in Ramah over 100 years ago.

For me, having grown up in Delaware, right on the ocean, where rain and snow are a given and not something you have to pray for, the trees were a touch of green. They were a touch of home that welcomed me with open arms when I moved here 28 years ago.

We're going to have to have the trees on our property trimmed; might have to cut some down. I feel like I'm losing old friends. By Bonnie Bloomfield

**Be aware Covid cases are on the rise in the Ramah Community.**

## Winding down

*By Shari Lambson*

We have had a bittersweet Pioneer celebration this year with a few tragedies. As you may have already heard, we lost two of our missionaries in a head on collision. This happened on Thursday July 22<sup>nd</sup> before the 24<sup>th</sup> celebrations. At this time, we had a threesome group of missionaries. The one missionary driving suffered a collar bone injury and had to go home for corrective surgery. The other two missionaries on the passenger side died from serious injuries. Through all the many emotions of this tragedy, our community and the surrounding community began the slow process of healing together. There was a feeling of calm that came over us as we carried on with our pioneer celebrations. On Friday night we started the pageant sharing with all the history of the Ramah pioneers written by some of our local community members. The evening started out with it's typical afternoon rain shower but this time it did not stop after a half hour. Just as we were getting ready to go outside the electricity went off. It was like something was really trying to discourage us



from going through with the pageant that night. But we all knew that we needed to do it anyway. They managed to get two generators, one for the sound system and one for the lights. The show was going to



go on. People came out anyway despite the rain. They were huddled under tarps and umbrellas. We



were nervous and excited all at the same time. Needless to say, we were all soaking wet by the time it was over with a smile on our faces. I thought to myself that this is just a little taste of what it must have been like for those pioneers so many years ago. I for one was very grateful to have this opportunity to share a little bit of the pioneer spirit with others this year. What a year this has been for all of us. People



were so happy to be out and around each other again and doing something together. There are hidden blessing somewhere if we will stop and look for it.

This was probably one of the most touching scenes this year. My son, Seth, kneeling at his son's death on the trail. It really struck my heart at how fragile life was back then. Thank you, Diane and Gerald Richins, for sharing these pictures with us. And thank you Marshal and Collene Hutchinson for sharing your talents with helping keep this pageant from falling to pieces. We have been blessed with a grand family pioneer heritage. I have been excited to share a little of our family histories with you. There will be more stories to come from our community.

## Ramah Rodeo

**The rodeo begins...**



**It's always fun to watch the kids**





# Ramah Pioneer Parade



The celebrations began with a pancake breakfast and then a parade. All the surrounding communities participate even down to our little Primary children. It is great fun and lots of “candy throwing” going on.



**Jeff and Deana Larsen family missionary float**



**Young Women being strong**

**Our shop teacher's  
hot air  
balloon  
hot rod**



**Honorary Missionary float and march**



**Relief  
Society  
Float**



# Special Interests

## The Reader's Corner

*By Linda Burson*



Welcome to  
our corner!  
For next  
month's  
issue, we  
are inviting  
submissions  
of .poetry

### **ABOVE RUBIES**

*By Linda Burson*

Her wedding band was a plain ring,  
A simple, golden thing without a precious stone.  
A single glossy strand  
It sits on a chapped, cracked hand, a promise above  
price.  
A circle enclosing eternity  
Glowing unstained by any ruby  
Amid the wrinkles of my mother's hand.



**More of Linda's  
scattering of  
sunshine**



## BOOK REVIEW

*By Linda Burson*



The Sentinel by Lee Child and Andrew Child is a new Jack Reacher novel! For all you Reacher fans out there, it does not disappoint! The action begins when Reacher foils an ambush on an IT manager who has no clue what is happening. The IT manager is the victim of a cyber-attack that locks down the computer system of his small town and he is blamed. You guessed it – there are secrets on those computers that no one, least of all the mousy manager, suspects! It turns out to be a conspiracy of national proportions that leads to a deadly cover-up scheme. Full of crooked local politicians, lots of vicious bad guys, and murder. Jack Reacher appears to be the only one concerned with clearing the IT manager and helping him get back his good name as well as keeping him alive. Once again, we learn if you can't get justice, get Jack!!



**Gladiolas from  
Linda' garden**



## CAUGHT DOING GOOD

*By Linda Burson*



*Thank you to those who take the pictures of all the special events in our community! This one was taken at the wedding reception of Loretta & Glen Whetten*

## A United Community

*By Aleeya Lambson*

Though we all live separate lives and have our own niches in our community, everyone in Ramah knows that there will always be a helping hand extended when need. This was once again shown last month when with all the heavy rain Shawna Grassi's house started flooding.

It started on Wednesday the 22nd when Whitney River texted Mrs. Grassi to see if her house was all right knowing that the Grassi family had had trouble with flooding in the past. When Mrs. River received a negative answer, she immediately rushed over with her family to help. They stemmed the flow of water and it was fine for that day, but as it started raining harder the next day, they needed to call in backup.

So, on the 23rd of July Whitney River called Seth Lambson, who is our Fire Chief, to ask if he had any sand bags and he replied that they could fill some. As the Rivers, Grassi's, and Lambson's started filling grain bags and animal feed bags with dirt, Ashlee Lambson sent out some texts and soon people started showing up with shovels and extra bags. After the bags were all full everyone jumped in trucks and cars

and went up to the Grassi's house to place the sand bags. We placed them across the front of the porch



and down the side of her yard. Everyone laughing at how mud covered they were and how Mrs. River had lost her flipflops saying "this is what happens when you just go to check to see if your friend's house is flooding and maybe go to the store and her house is actually flooding."





On the 24th after the festival and parade when everyone is usually relaxing before the dinner and dance the community was once again put to the test and once again, they pulled through in an even bigger crowd than the day before to contribute in force to stopping the water, whether it was sending more feed bags, filling them, placing sand bags, or digging ditches everyone who could, helped out in some way. And afterward everyone agreed that this was the muddiest, friendliest, most helpful community you could ask for.



All these people were truly caught doing good.

## Inspirational Stories

### Pioneer Family in Ramah

*Compiled by Bonnie Bloomfield*



Wedding picture of Rachel Burk and Richard Henry Bloomfield, Salt Lake City, 1911

**RACHEL BURK  
BLOOMFIELD**

In the winter of 1907 and 1908 I went to St. Johns, Arizona, to attend the St. Johns Stake Academy, staying with my brother, Joseph and his wife Clara. They were very kind to me and I loved them dearly, as I did all of my relatives and friends. In the 1909 to 1910 winter my sister Sadie

and I both went down to St. Johns to school. Bertha Ashcroft of Ramah was going to school there too. Her mother passed away and Richard Henry Bloomfield came from Ramah, New Mexico to get Bertha to take her home to care for her small brothers and sisters. She had a white apron we were to wear in Home Ec. I hadn't gotten mine yet so she came down to Joe's (my brother's place where I was staying) and offered to sell me her apron for 50 cents. So, I bought it from her. Richard Henry Bloomfield was with her and she introduced him to me. After he went home, he wrote to me. He came back to St. Johns to Stake Conference again before I went home from school. He later came up to Alpine to see me.

In the latter part of May, 1911, my brothers Joe and Will took me to St. Johns, where we met Henry and went on to Holbrook. My future husband and I went by train from there to Salt Lake City. That was the first time I had ever seen a train. We had a good trip up to Salt Lake. As he was Superintendent of the M.I.A. in Ramah at the time, he attended M.I.A. Convention while we were there. I received my Endowments the next day, on 1 June 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple and I was married on 1 June 1911 to Richard Henry Bloomfield in the Salt Lake Temple by Anthon H. Lund. The next day a guide took us through the Temple and out on top where we could see all over the city. We stayed there 2 or 3 days and then returned to Gallup. Coming back, we had to go around by Needles as the track was out the other way.

Athling & Ina Bond met us in Gallup and told us that my husband's house had caught fire and the kitchen had been quite badly burned. The cook stove was destroyed in the fire, so we bought a new cook stove in Gallup and brought it home. We stayed with Henry's brother, John, and his wife, Alice, until we could get the house repaired and ready to move into.

My husband's first wife, Mary Jane McNiel Bloomfield, had died with typhoid fever the 16th of September, 1908. Her infant son, Charlie, had died about the same time from the same dread disease. She left two sons and four daughters with no mother to care for them. They were: Cora, 15, Nellie, 13, Clara, 11, Theodore Henry, 9, John Thomas, 7, and Erma, 5. The little boy who had died was Charles.



The next spring, we moved out to the ranch, one mile south of town, to be closer to my husband's work. In the winter after the crops were harvested, we moved to town so that the children would not have far to walk in the cold weather.

11 September 1912 Jennie was born at the ranch. The morning of 27 May 1914 I wasn't feeling very well and asked my husband to stay home. Since we had a very wet spring and the ground had been too wet to plant grain before, he felt that he had to get it planted. Papa was out in the field sowing grain while the boys were plowing. When I became ill, Sisters Elva Bond and Roxie Lewis were there helping. My husband came down, and soon a baby girl, Elda, was born. Then he went back up in the field. I passed out and again they sent for him and he came back. He administered to me and he told me later that I would never be any whiter or colder than I was at that time. After a while I came to life again. I was so sick and weak; I could not do a thing for a long time. I had some kind of a fever and was in bed for two weeks. I couldn't walk for some time. My legs would not hold me up. I would go around in the house on my hands and knees then when I needed to go to the toilet the children would take me in their little wagon.

On the 4th of January in 1916, the threshers were at our place in town threshing the grain. While they were eating their breakfast, a little boy, Hubert Henry Bloomfield, arrived on the scene, my first son and third child.

George William was born 7 May 1918 at the ranch. About this time Papa bought Grandma Johnston's organ. It looked like a piano but you had to tread it to fill the bellows with air so it would play. We also bought her chickens and put them in the coop with ours. We soon discovered that they were covered with mites. The mites got all over our chickens and the coop. Papa had blown straw all over the coop when they were threshing to keep the chickens warmer in the winter time. I made a long gown with a hood on and a draw string to pull the hood tight around the face. This was put on one of the children when they went in the coop to gather the eggs, so the mites would not get in their hair and on their clothes. An iron pot of boiling water was ready

and the gown was quickly and carefully removed and dropped in the boiling water to kill the mites. The one who went in to get the eggs was paid ten cents with which they bought a "Soldier Stamp" as they called it (compared with U.S. Savings Bonds now). Each one had a folder to put them in. When it was full, it was turned in for a savings bond.

In 1919 Henry was put in as Bishop of Ramah Ward and was asked to move into town because one mile was too far for people to go to see the bishop. The only vacant house in town was a log room with a dirt floor and a sod roof. There was a lean-to kitchen on the south side. When it rained, we had to get all the pots, pans and tubs to put under the leaks. Henry soon went to the mountains and got some logs to put in the log room to lay a floor on. He sawed out some lumber and put it on the hewed logs to make a floor. I sold "Raleighs" products (spices, flavoring, first aid articles, etc.) and earned enough money to buy enough unbleached muslin to tack up on the log beams of the roof to make a ceiling. Henry got some limestone, burned and slacked it and we made "white wash" which we painted the inside of the house with. I wove a rag carpet on our rug loom to put on the floor. We brought clean, fresh straw and spread it on the floor and stretched the carpet over that. Henry put some overlapping boards over the sod roof which helped to keep the water out. We were as happy as though it were a castle. Elsie, Rudy, and Eldred were born in town. After Jennie started to school, she had a rash which got quite bad. One of the teachers was a doctor and he told me what to get to put on it and it soon healed up. One winter my husband was doing some rock work on the store building. One day late in the afternoon some men carried him in the house. I thought for a little while he was dead but found out he wasn't. He was unconscious; they said he had lifted too heavy a rock was what was the matter with him. There was a man teaching school here that was a doctor. He had gone that day down to Zuni to the Shalako. He found out about my husband and sent word right back to me what to do for him. He said it was lockage of the bowels. I done what he said and he got better. There was another man here that had lockage of the bowels. They took him to Gallup to a doctor and he died. I think they said they didn't get him there quick enough.



One time my husband and others were building an addition onto our school house. The walls were made out of rock. My husband was in charge of the work. They had one side up to the square and he tried to move a plank around the corner of the building to finish the other side. He was standing on the scaffold. There were small pieces of rock on the scaffold and as he tried to get the plank around the corner, his feet slipped on the rocks and he went off backwards with the plank. He hit on his head in the small pieces of rock that had been chipped off the rocks that were put in the wall. The scaffold was twelve or fourteen feet high. His skull was fractured. His ears and nose were bleeding. They picked him up and put him in a car and took him to Blackrock to a doctor as fast as they could. I didn't know anything about it until one of his grandsons came from school and brought his hat with blood on it to me. I asked him where his grandpa was and what had happened. He just shrugged his shoulders and wouldn't tell me. Later in the evening a messenger came and said the Doctor said for the family to come down there but to not bring any children, said my husband may not last through the night. Some of us went down. I stayed with him that night. The next morning one of his daughters went down and told me one of my little boys had scarlet fever and was very sick and they had him quarantined. So, I had to go home and leave him. That day they moved him to Gallup and I never saw him again for quite a while.

I have been administered to many times. In 1947, at the time when I lost my right eye in an automobile accident, I was taken to Gallup by my sons, Hubert and Rudy, and my nephew, Charles Hawkins. Before going to the hospital, I told them that I wanted to be administered to before I went in. We had just been to Charlie's reception after returning from his mission. He had his consecrated oil in his pocket so he and Hubert administered to me. They did this and I knew that I would be alright, and I got along okay. The doctor told me, "Young lady you are very lucky to be here. If it hadn't been for this new medicine, you would not be here. You wouldn't be alive at all. There was a piece of glass about the size of a lead pencil that went through your eyeball, through your skull, and into your brain. If it had not been for this new medicine, you would have had a brain tumor."

He did not know anything about the power of the Priesthood. I have been healed many times through the power of the Priesthood.

I have held the following church positions: I was a Religion Class Teacher in Alpine. I worked in the Primary a little after I came to Ramah and I was secretary in Relief Society in Alpine and Ramah for quite a while but I can't remember the years, and I was teacher of the visiting teacher's class, and Magazine Agent for quite a while, and a visiting teacher, and also Genealogy Chairman in Ramah Ward.

In 1939 we moved back to the ranch where we built a new house. The ranch was just a little spot of heaven to us. On the 31st of December, 1951, my husband passed away. I remained a widow.

It was there on the ranch that Rachel passed away on the 23rd of May, 1972.

Rachel was one who truly loved the Lord with all her heart and her neighbors as herself, she taught her children to do likewise. She was always doing things for someone else, never thinking of her own welfare or needs. She was quiet and unassuming. She especially loved little children, old folks and the handicapped.

She loved the beauties of nature, the sunrise, a beautiful sunset, and the mountains. She always had flowers growing in her windows and in her flower

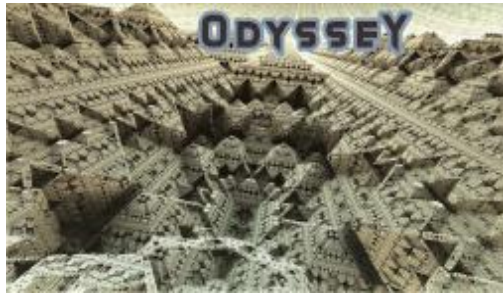


garden on the south side of the house in the summertime.

*Photo by Linda Burson*



## ***Odyssey" is the latest album release from Ken Lusk.***



The music is Electronic PsyChill with spacey elements that is a really fun musical experience. Odyssey is free to download or stream at Bandlab.com. To download just input a payment price of \$0.00. Headphones are highly recommended for the ultimate stereo experience.

<https://kenlusk.bandcamp.com/album/odyssey>

## **Ask Anon**



**Questioner:** What are these Scenic Byway signs all about?



[Google maps](#) has an explanation of the signs and the history with a map sharing the trail. They said this; Chaco Canyon is the center of the Trail of the Ancients Scenic Byway. Between 850 and 1250 A.D., Chaco Canyon functioned as a ceremonial center whose influence was felt for hundreds of miles. Driving south out of the park, you'll pass through some of the loneliest country you're likely to find anywhere. Near Crownpoint, well-known for its monthly Navajo Rug auction, the byway winds through sandstone buttes right out of a John Wayne western. Driving west from Grants, El Morro National Monument appears suddenly on the

horizon. El Morro was an important stop for travelers in the region, who often carved their names in the soft sandstone walls of the butte. Then on to Ramah and Zuni you will then head to Farmington on U.S.64 after you go through Gallup. With its wealth of water, it's not surprising that the Farmington area was a busy place in prehistoric times. The ruins of two pueblos are open to the public: Aztec Ruins National Monument and Salmon Ruins. Both of these Chacoan outliers were settled in the eleventh century. If you've always wanted to go to the moon but never had the opportunity, visit the badlands. The fantastically-colored and shaped formations were created by the erosion of geological strata of varying colors and resistance. The drive west on U.S.64 to the Arizona border captures the essence of the Trail of the Ancients. The road descends a canyon filled with yellow- and gray-striped hills. The bright green swath of a wash dazzles among subtle earth-tones. Courtesy of the Google maps staff writers

## **Obituaries**

### ***Memorial Service for Beverly Batchelor Moody***

**August 28th 2021 at 11:00**

**Reception held afterwards under the Pavilion at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at 12:00**



Beverly Moody as she was known to us here in Ramah was born in Stoughton Massachusetts on August 19<sup>th</sup>, 1934 and died on February 20, 2021 in her home. Her parents were Rhupert O. Batchelor and Meretta L. Staples Batchelor. She was preceded in death by her parents and a brother Ernest Staples Batchelor as well as her husband Dwight E. Moody. She is



survived by her daughter Debra E. Moody, son Dwight D. Moody, and son David O. Moody and another brother Edward Batchelor. She also has 3 granddaughters Megan Moody Mosher, Charity Moody Adams, and Jasmine Moody. And she has 4 grandsons, Joseph D. Moody, Shawn Moody, Joshua Moody, and Skye Gocklin and many great grandchildren.

Beverly graduated from high school in Concord New Hampshire and went on to college and got her Bachelors of Science in Education at Plymouth State College in Plymouth New Hampshire. In between here somewhere she married her husband Dwight Moody in 1957 and had 3 children. She got her Masters in Education at Goddard College in Plainfield Vermont. She then began teaching at Blue Mountain Union schools in Wells River Vermont. he went on to Lake Region High School in Orleans, Vermont and Becket School in Orford New Hampshire. Later she came out to Arizona and lived in Lukachukai and taught at the community school there. She also worked with the BIA forestry during the wildfire seasons in the summertime. After that she moved to Ramah and began helping our community here. According to her family and friends, all of her five-foot four force of energy was a great influence to all around her. She loved reading and all things about animals. She loved helping children as well as adults. Everyone young and old loved her. She served on the Ramah Water and Sanitation board and tried to make some good changes for our small community. She later moved out on the El Morro Ranches subdivision and lived without electricity for several years where she could have some cows and horses. She was one tough lady to be able to make that work out for her. She used propane and solar panels for her power. She had several good friends help her get established and set up for her animals with a barn and corrals. After she got settled, she began to teach again out at the Pinehill BIA schools doing what she loved to do teaching English and reading. The people loved her and she loved them. She started having some health issues and with the help of some good friends and family she was convinced that it was time to move back into town where she would be closer to help if she needed it. She fought a good fight against cancer

and it probably was her final losing battle. She was a great little lady and has been sorely missed.

## School News

School starts

August 18<sup>th</sup>

Enroll Now

## Advertising / Business

### Donations Needed for Ramah Historical Society Museum

Send donations to:

Ramah Historical Society

PO Box 753

Ramah, NM 87321



Photo Credit: Aleeya Lambson

### Halo Dog Animal Behavior Consulting



Is owned by Amanda Ballard in Candy Kitchen. She provides In Home Animal Behavior Consulting Services to families with dogs, cats, and parrots.







## Ancient Way Café



Well, here I go again, saying we should be open in a few weeks (as I have done on the first of each month for 4 months now) without it happening. We are down to the last installation and the last two inspections and think we could be open in a few weeks. The age of Covid is quite a challenge in oh so many ways! Thank you for your patience, we know this is testing ours. Blessings to all! Redwulf Dancingbare

**Now Open**

**Candy Kitchen High Desert Outpost**

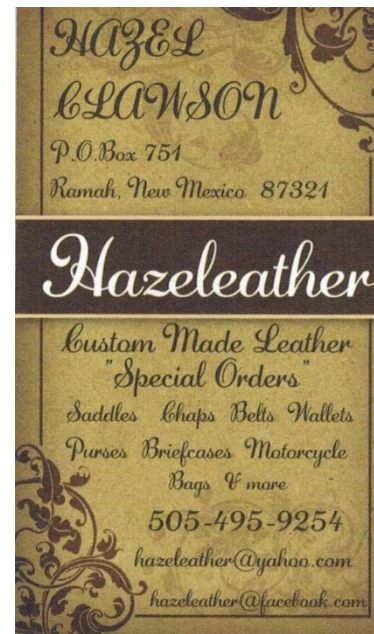
Monday -Saturday 8 AM-2PM on Candy Kitchen rd.

Laundry and Shower room available by appointment only at this time.

Laundry \$4.00 a load

Contact Dawn Schramm on The Candy Kitchen Farmers Market face book page.

*Please support our local businesses*





*Please support our local businesses*



*This happened in our community*

### *Ramah Food Circle*



### *Ramah Farmers Market*

Now open every Saturday

in front of the Ramah Museum

10:00 -1:00 Contact

Chris Marlow 783-4866

[cmarlow00@gmail.com](mailto:cmarlow00@gmail.com)

Or [ramahfarmersmkt@gmail.com](mailto:ramahfarmersmkt@gmail.com)

## Our local Farmers Markets

Open for the 2021 season

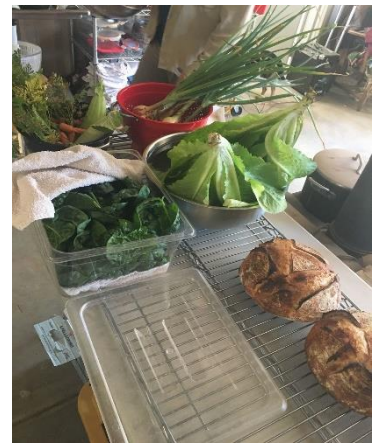


Located at the Eco-Regenerative Learning Center on Candy Kitchen Road,

Every Wednesday from 10am to 1pm, continuing through the end of September.

Setup for vendors is free.

### *Timberlake Food Circle*



Although the Timberlake Food Circle is on hold you may place orders for "over the gate" at Hobbit Gardens at 898 Timberlake Rd. Place order by posting [HERE](#). Orders should be ready by Thursday afternoon or evening. To arrange time for pick-up post [HERE](#) or call 505-783-4440 or e-mail [jacqueblack17@yahoo.com](mailto:jacqueblack17@yahoo.com).

PLEASE PLACE ORDER BY Thursday 7:00 AM. CLICK "See More..." to see all the offerings. Please check back on Wednesdays....