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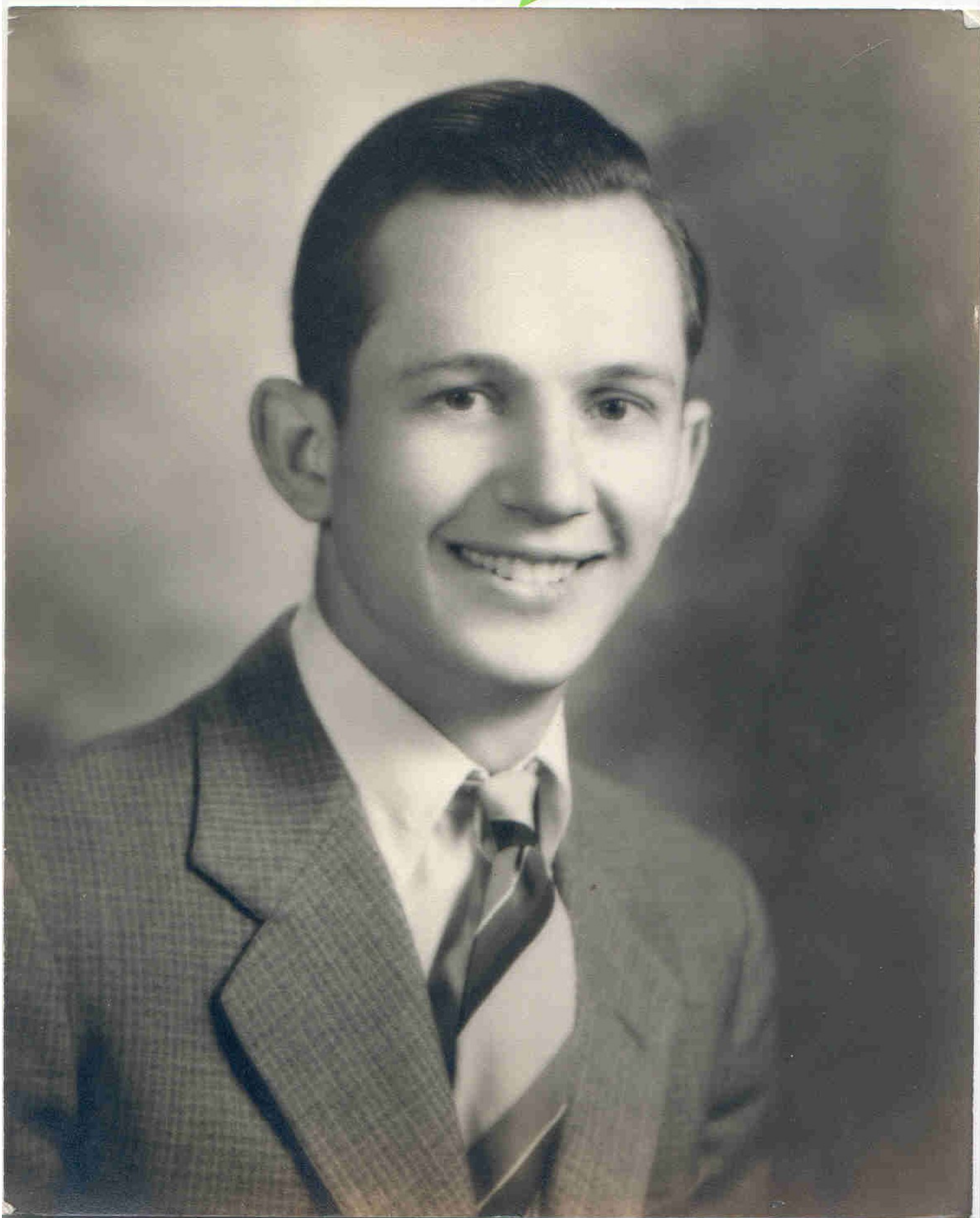
Birthday

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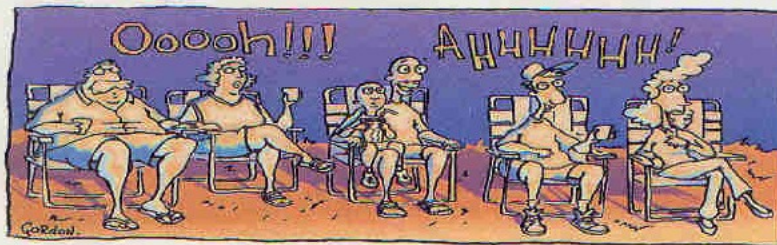
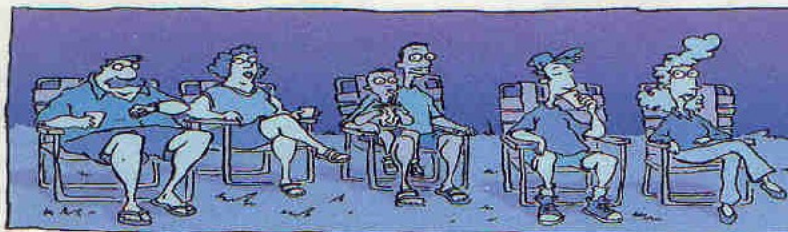
you



Im trying to look like I'm having fun.



SURPRISE PARTY FOR KENNETH GUIER



Please join a gathering of family and friends to watch the 80th lighting of Kenneth's birthday cake.

Barbeque Dinner

Saturday, June 2 @ 12:30 pm

Cabin #58 - West side of Lake Ponca

In the event of rain, party will be at

Ken's house - 108 Whitworth.

RSVP by May 15 to Sandi Harris 1-800-268-7459 or

Bob Guier 1-936-273-5565. **No Gifts Please.**



FROM THE DESK OF:

Ken Guier, Director of Purchasing

May 19, 2001

Subject: Life with Father (a.k.a. Daddy) (a.k.a. Grandpa)

My very first memories of life with mother and daddy go back to the early days in Ponca City when we lived on Circle Drive. I remember the two-story apartment building, I can remember playing with Sandy on the sidewalk. She had her doll stroller and dolls, I had my stroller (a wicker stroller no less) and my teddy bear. Still have the teddy bear. I can remember asking mom and dad about how fireworks were made and being told they were made with gunpowder.

This prompted my first venture into explosives and fire. I was three or four at the time. Anyhow, I decided that since fireworks were made with "powder" I could make my own. I got some of mother's dusting powder and started making fireworks. In the process I set the grass on the block on fire. First Uncle Lloyd paddled my butt to let me know I had done something really wrong, then when daddy got home I was reminded again that I had done something really, really wrong.

Shortly after my first venture into fire, we moved to the new house on Fairview. I remember there were not very many kids out there. I remember Joe, Mary, John, and Jane Streets as cow pasture, I remember the location for Washington School being a hay meadow. I can remember there were not very many kids out there to play with. At first there were the Horton's and later the Buffaloheads. I can remember for the first few years sitting in the back yard and watching the steam locomotives going down the tracks.

I remember going to school (first grade) and coming home it seemed every night with a bloody nose. I remember my dad telling me if someone else starts a fight, you finish the fight. A short time later he was called to the school to visit with the teacher because I was beating everyone up in the class. He then explained that I was not to start fights, simply finish it if someone else started it.

I can still remember daddy bringing home the very first television set, I think from OTASCO. I remember the picture wasn't very good and he was continually working to improve the quality of the picture. From a Channel Master Antenna rotor to large bulbs on the top of the antenna, he tried them all. I can also remember the clothes line poles he made in welding class and the swing set he made in welding class. Both would have lasted a lifetime had someone not removed them to make room for a clinic.

I can still remember the rabbits and chickens. I can still remember Duke, the English Setter dog daddy had. I can remember the day he had to give Duke away. Hurt us kids a lot, but I think it hurt daddy even more. I remember cleaning chickens until I thought it would never end. I probably only had to pluck the feathers out of one or two, but it seemed like one or two thousand.

Oklahoma was tornado alley and about the time the tornado hit Blackwell, daddy started digging this huge hole in the ground. The hole was huge and he dug it by hand, one shovel full at a time. At times I thought he would never stop digging, but eventually he did. It was about this time I started to realize how gifted my father was. He dug the hole, he poured the cement floor, he laid the cement blocks, he poured the top on the cellar. He fashioned doors both to cover the outside and to protect the people inside from being sucked out if a tornado did hit. He even engineered a way to remove water from the cellar should it get in, and get in it did. The cellar became a virtual well if you didn't keep it pumped.

There was a time when mother wanted to paint her bedroom and insisted on "purple paint", I can remember daddy telling her she didn't want purple paint. She insisted she did so paint in purple he did. A short time later, she decided purple wasn't such a good color after all.

It seemed daddy always had a project of some kind for the family. I can remember him going out on the back side of the lot just behind the cellar and starting to dig. He would take dirt from one location and haul it a few feet away and dump it in another location. When asked what he was doing, he responded making a basketball court. In a relatively short period of time (to an eight to ten year old) he had made a terrace out of dirt, installed a basketball court and in the process made a badminton court as well. The totally cool thing about the badminton court was that you could take the poles out of the ground and plug the holes. Anyone could cement poles in the ground, but to cement bases that had removable poles was innovative. The court was smooth as a baby's bottom and was a good place to play basketball and badminton. I can also remember the sunken patio he built with flowerbeds around it. A novel feature of one of those flowerbeds was a fish tank in which the aquarium fish I had could be put outside during the summer months. They loved it and it made a nice touch around the patio.

One year for Christmas Joe and myself wanted an electric train for Christmas. I already had my Marks electric train that is now 56 years old (still runs). We got an American Flyer electric train. Daddy made a train board that tipped up into a storage position in the garage. The Marks train is being given to Dalton, hopefully 56 years from now, he will be able to give it to his grandson still in operating condition.

Not long after that he started digging again just behind the basketball court and again it was to be yet another terrace. This time while in Chicago on vacation, he went to an Army Navy surplus store and bought a volleyball net. I remember walking through the Army Navy store wondering what he was looking for. When he purchased the net, I then wondered; "What is he going to do with this?" The terrace was to be a place to play volleyball or tennis. More on trips to Chicago later..

Behind the volleyball court a regulation size softball diamond was constructed. There was a backstop to build. Bases were made out of heavy canvas and I can still remember daddy sitting in the kitchen sewing the canvas and stuffing the bases with sawdust from his saw in the garage. He bought baseballs, and bats and let the kids play. I never really noticed that he never had a presence on the field, but would sit and watch from the house. Later I was to learn that he wanted the kids to play and work out their differences among themselves. I was also later to learn that other parents were advised to let the kids play and for them to stay out of the games. These projects are what is now called; a labor of love.

I remember mother's early attempts at driving the car. I can remember one day she had the car about as close to being sideways in a one car garage as it is possible to do. I can remember daddy jacking the car up and then pushing it off the jack sideways in order to get the car out of the garage.

The garage was a magical place. Miraculous things happened out there. God blessed daddy with the skills of a craftsman. I sincerely believe there isn't anything he can't make if he sets his mind to it. I have watched him take an engine out of a car and rebuild it completely. I have watched him fashion furniture out of wood. As we grew older and the need for a third bedroom arose, I watched him add on to the garage and build a bedroom for Joe and myself above the garage. He did all the work himself, the concrete, the framing, the roofing, the drywall, the painting, the trim. Under the stairs, he even made a bookcase door that concealed a storage area under the stairs.

An equally magical place was the kitchen. The story is told that when he was in high school Grandpa and his friend Speed Endicott forced several of the boys in the school to sign up for a boys only cooking class. The educational experience must have worked. Grandpa has skills in the kitchen that vastly exceeds those of most normal people. I've seen him make his own Minced Meat for minced meat pies, I have experienced first hand his ability to

make fried pies, meat, potato's and gravy are his specialty. He is equally gifted when it comes to pastry. But perhaps his greatest gift is that of BBQ. As one of Sandy's black friends in Kansas City once put it; "your daddy has to have some soul in him, no white man can make BBQ like this." A cooking experience for BBQ usually starts about five or six in the morning and continues until midnight. Another specialty is turkey, dressing and all the trimmings. A meal that we traditionally looked forward to each year at Thanksgiving. Another story is told that when mother and daddy got married she could not cook. Hard to believe since Bushia was such a good cook. Mother resolved that her kids would all be able to cook when they got married. As far as I know, all can cook quite effectively.

Trips to Chicago were it seems an every other year event. There were no Interstate Highways and a trip generally meant hitting the road about five in the morning and not getting to Chicago until eight or nine at night. The trips were always made in the summer and it seemed that when we got to Chicago my grandfather always has some projects for my dad. It was kind of like Kenneth is here and he can do anything. One summer they built a "shed" which was more like a three-car garage instead of a shed.

Generally when we were in Chicago, we spent a lot of time with my grandparents, but we always seemed to find time to go to the Museum of Science and Industry, the Field Museum, the Art Museum. We almost always found time for a baseball game. Generally one to Wrigley Field to watch the Cubs play and one to Comiskey Park to see the White Socks play. Joe was a fan of the New York Yankee's and I still remember going to a game when the Yankee's were playing the White Socks. You had Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle and Yogi Bera in the outfield. Some crazy fan (I think a lady) and was trying to get to Mickey Mantle. Fan's, go figure. I also remember a trip to Wrigley Field to watch Sandy Kofax pitch against the Cubs. Sandy Kofax was about the hottest pitcher in baseball at that time.

We also went fishing in Chicago. We were introduced to 'trolley fishing' and "power line" fishing. We also use to chuckle at our city cousins talking about catching "Crappies". A trip to Chicago always meant a trip to the tavern with my father and grandfather. They got a shot and a beer, I got an orange soda and all the pretzels I could eat.

I think back on it now, and I see a man who comes home from a full day at work. Sleeps for a few hours, gets in the car and drives for sixteen hours to get to Chicago. Once in Chicago he worked his butt off for my grandparents and uncles. Showed his family a good time, and then drove another sixteen hours after twelve days in Chicago and went to work the next day.

As we grew older I decided I needed a motor scooter so I could deliver my papers faster. I had all the answers and reasons why I should have one. Daddy's response was always the

same; "It only takes one mistake, yours or someone else's and you are dead, you are not getting a motor scooter." Some time later Kip Mohler was killed on a motor scooter and all of a sudden I understood what my father had been telling me. To this day, I have never been on a motor scooter other than for a ride around the yard.

It seems I have always had problems with cars. From the car wreck on prom night my junior year in high school, to the VW beetle blowing its engine coming back from Stillwater and then about seven years later my VW Squareback blowing its engine at almost the same exact spot as the Beetle. Daddy has always been there to help me get back on the road. He has a way with car engines. I can think of at least three times when he has completely rebuilt a car engine.

When Warren and I were in the service, I think we both supplied daddy with cigarettes from the PX and Commissary. I was surprised when one day mother asked the question: "Do you notice anything different about your dad?" Yes, was my response, but I can't quite put my finger on what is different. When she told me he had quit smoking, I was in total shock.

When the time came for my first trip to Vietnam, daddy was there to look after all my worldly belongings; my 1967 Pontiac GTO. Ruth and Kimberly were to stay in Germany with Ruth's mother while I served my tour in Vietnam. Later, when the time came for my second tour in Vietnam; mother and Grandpa were there to help Ruth and Kimberly as they really settled into their own home for the first time in the United States. I did not have to worry about problems that might arise, because I knew mother and Grandpa would take care of anything that came along. It allowed me to focus on my flying and not be distracted by outside factors.

I remember the trips to fish or hunt on the Steichen's property. It never ceased to amaze me that daddy would put so much time and effort into working on someone else's land to build wildlife habitat. The reward came when you sat on the pond dam and had a deer or a pheasant come walking up to see what you were doing. I know daddy had his roots on the farm and would probably have loved living on the farm. Family and work considerations prevented him from enjoying that life. But on his visits to Claremore, it became quite clear that he had a way with horses. He seemed to understand them and the horses seemed to understand him as well.

Daddy had a way with animals of all kinds. When we gave Duke II to him in June of 1972 it was a special time. Daddy and Duke shared a lot of really good times together. Likewise, Riley was a good companion for daddy. Later Dobie, who was a very special dog, formed a special relationship with daddy. It was always amazing to me to see how animals understood and minded his every command.

He also was always there to help with a project. Building dog runs and dog houses on Rice Street, to adding on to Bob's house on 13th Street, putting a swimming pool and remodeling the house on Hillside for Karyn and me, to building a "loft bed" for Deachie. Grandpa has always been there. Lately it has been china cabinets for the grandkids and Sandy, but Grandpa is always there when needed. Nobody else can quite fill the shoes.

Doctor Benjamin Spock wrote in 1946; "The more people have studied different methods of bringing up children the more they have come to the conclusion that what good mothers and fathers instinctively feel like doing for their babies is the best after all." Mother and daddy raised three kids of their own and helped several others along the way. I don't know that either ever read the writings of Dr. Benjamin Spock, but I think Dr. Spock must have studied mother and daddy.

When my life went into a tailspin in the early 1980's; Divorce, bankruptcy and the PATCO Strike relations between the two of us became very strained. My Guier traits were running full stream and in the process changing my life forever. In the final analysis when I had been beaten all the way down Grandpa was there to say: "It's time to come home and put your life back together." Then he followed through with providing me the means to do put my life back together.

I remember when mother was dying from cancer. I had always had the thought that there is always tomorrow. Reality is that for each of us, there are a limited number of tomorrows and we don't know what that count is at right now. Gone is the myth that we are going to live forever. Gone also is the myth that our loved ones will always be here, that simply is not the case. I always thought I had the time to tell her how much she meant to me. I know deep down inside she knew, but the fact is I never really told her. There is never a day that passes that I do not think about my mother at some point and time. Each time I wish I had taken the time to tell her so many things that for reasons that seem unimportant now caused me to wait, wait until it was too late. Time is the most precious commodity God gives us in this life. However, like water passing under a bridge, once it passes, it cannot be reclaimed. It has past and opportunity is lost forever. A minute or hour that passes can be made up for at a future date (maybe), but it can never be used again. Ben Franklin said: "Time lost can never be found." How incredibly true the saying. A suggestion to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren; Never assume you have anything more than the present moment. Right now is all that you can be sure of and you are never going to know how long "right now" is going to last.

Some of the very best times in my life were spent in Ponca City after Karyn and myself were married. Grandpa was always close at hand if either of us needed something. His efforts to keep the point South of his house caused the Parks and Recreation Department to

take the point off their list of parks to be mowed. Karyn use to chuckle at times when mention was made of Grandpa or Aunt Mildred at the Park Department. The Guier's do leave an impression on those they come in contact with.

As I have advanced in age and now have children and grandchildren of my own. I have come to realize just how smart my mother and father were and are to this day. I wasn't smart enough when I was younger to understand, but now I do. Mother use to say; "Junior, this is just a suggestion". I always responded (to myself); right, you never had a suggestion in your life, you deal in ultimatums. Now I can look back and see that she was trying to tell me, she had made the same mistake before and was trying to guide me away from making the same mistake. I was once asked what my father is like, after some thought I came up with the following response; A man of principles, a man of character, a strong willed individual, a demanding father though not harsh, a man who looked for perfection but understood it was not always possible, a man who will stand up to anyone no matter what his station is life might be. He is a man who did more for the scouting program at St. Mary's Church and he was never Catholic. He is a man who insured the boys made it to mass no matter what else was going on. He is a man who had the respect of Father McGurk when not many in the church did. He lead many a young boy to achieve the rank of Eagle Scout when others had not been so successful. He is a man who understands right and wrong. When he and the issue is right you don't want to challenge him. He is a man who has always been there when I or any member of his family has needed him. He asks for very little yet gives so much.

God has blessed Grandpa with eight grandkids: Kimberly, Scott, Merrick, Michael, Shea, Charlene, Deachi and Olech. With Olech who carries his grandmother's maiden name as his first name goes the responsibility to carry on the Guier name for Grandpa's branch of the family tree. The Guier genes have been passed on to the ladies, but they cannot carry the name forward. In the process five great-grandchildren: We have tried to keep it easy to remember names; Daulton and Dalton make up the KG branch of the tree. People can ask; what are your great-grandson's names and he can respond; Eddie, Luke, Dalton and Daulton. Daulton Riley Goodale was born on September 6th, 2000 and fourteen weeks later Dalton Garrett Drieth was born on his mother's birthday December 22nd, 2000. Four grandson's and one flower by the name of Emma.

I can still remember the day when Grandpa came over to tell Karyn and myself he was going to get married. He asked what I thought about the matter and I told him I thought it was great. Then he had the opportunity to have one of his grandsons's serve as best man. It makes the marriage to Viola that much nicer. Viola has been probably the best thing to happen to Grandpa in over twenty years.

Over the years, both Kimberly and Charlene spent time living with Grandpa and perhaps they have a more in depth understanding of the man than most of his grandchildren. One would hope along the way they learned something of life and the man they call Grandpa.

The Guier traits or as some may describe; Genetic Code. Mother always said; "Junior, arguing with you is like arguing with a fence post, except you stand half a chance of convincing the fence post its wrong." That goes a long way to starting the Guier Genetic Code; Strong willed, stubborn, honest, loyal, opinionated, outspoken and the ability to look any other person in the eye as equals. I once had a Psychiatrist tell me something about myself I suppose I knew all along but coming from a health professional that didn't really know me caused me to listen. If you stop and think about it it's a vital link to understanding the Guier Genetic Code. " You see things in black and white, there are no gray area's and there are no colors. It's either right or its wrong. If it's the right thing to do, you are going to do it because it's the right thing to do no matter how much money it will cost you in the process. Likewise if it's the wrong thing to do, you are not going to do it. It does not matter how much money it would make you; you won't do it because it's the wrong thing to do. And, the important thing for you to understand is; you don't have any patience with anyone who doesn't see things the way you do.?" Others have said, "you are just like your father." My response is; " I wish that were true, but reality is that I am not half the man my father is, but thank you for the kind thought." If any of the children, grandchildren or great grandchildren turn out to be just half the person Grandpa is, we will have been blessed twice over.... We have already been blessed by getting to share time with him..

I think I can speak for all the children, daughter-in-laws, son-in-laws, grandchildren and their spouses, great grandchildren and Ruth and Van; You are a very special man Grandpa, God blessed each of us when we were placed in your life. Thank you for all you have done and all you continue to do. We all love you very much and wish we were able to spend more time with you. The fact that we are not here in Ponca any longer doesn't mean we don't think about you and miss you..

It would be an interesting study to study the Guier's of the West Coast. Aside from being close day in and day out growing up to Aunt Mildred and in later years Aunt Blanche we didn't get much exposure to the West Coast Guier's. I can remember Granny Guier's visits and the first time Grandpa put her on an airplane for her return trip to Portland rather than take the usual bus. I can remember seeing Aunt Peggy only once in my life. Likewise, I remember Uncle Bob was here for Sandy and my graduation in 1964. I remember one Christmas when Donnie Guier was here when he was in the Air Force. It would be most interesting to see how the West Coast Guier's are when compared to us "heartlanders". A girl (Joan Drake) Sandy and myself went to school with lives in the Vancouver /Portland area and told us she knows several Guier's in the area. Do they really carry the Guier genes? Maybe some day I will learn the answer to that question.

Tomorrow we will all once again scatter to the winds. Charlene will still be here in Ponca City and indeed of all the Guier's, she is truly the only one left in Ponca City. Although Charlene has a physical presence in Ponca, we all have an emotional and mental presence in this very special place. The memories we carry with us come from all you have taught us over the years. We are the people we are today because of what you taught us. Thank you

May 12, 2001

Sandi's Memories of Daddy

My most vivid memory of my youth is our automobile trip to Chicago every other year. We would leave at 2AM & drive the backroads to Chicago. Daddy did not like to stop often & would drive to see how far we could get on a tank of gas. Of course, this also was a test of our bladder function. Bathroom stops were coordinated with gasoline stops. Mother would fry chicken, make bread & butter sandwiches, bring fruit, candy bars & pop, all which were eaten while enroute. The only stop other than gasoline was for lunch outside St. Louis. After a long day, we usually arrived in Chicago around 10PM.

I remember lying on Fairview & all of the work Daddy put into making the backyard into a playground for the neighborhood. We had swings, volleyball court, basketball court & baseball diamond. All made by Daddy from the backstops to the bases that he sewed on Mother's machine, which was in constant need of resetting afterwards.

Our house was painted white with no colored trim because it was easier to paint. As an adult & homeowner, I can now appreciate his wisdom.

Daddy's yard has always been his pride & joy; carefully manicured to resemble a well kept golf course. His roses & flowers brought him & everyone who drove by, viewing enjoyment.

We always had white picket fences around the flowerbeds. Not only were they a source of beauty, but also had the very utilitarian function of keeping the dogs from urinating on the flowers & killing them. Now if Daddy could only figure out a way to keep the neighbors cats from turning his rose bed into their litter box.

Daddy has always been involved in some project. Some of the more memorable ones were the storm cellar he dug by himself after the Blackwell tornado. Building cabinets for Aunt Mildred's kitchen, Glenn Sim's barber shop & other home improvements that are too numerous to count. He built miniature kitchen cabinets for me & all of his granddaughter's. In later

years, he replaced mine with a new one for my grandchildren as well as a toy box. It has provided hours of enjoyment for all.

I remember Daddy building the boys a room over the garage when I was in the 9th or 10th grade. I do not remember the fall from the ladder at the second floor level, but Daddy has assured me it happened. Could this be the source of my fear of heights?

As a young woman graduating from high school, I had to convince Daddy that I wanted to go to nursing school & not to the local business college. After years of working in nursing, I did go back to college as an adult & got my business degree. My how times change. Daddy went from thinking women didn't need a formal education after high school to being very proud of me when I graduated in 1986 from Mississippi State University with my Bachelors in Business Administration.

My nursing experience has come in handy. When Daddy was in the hospital of a close family member, I was able to explain why things are done like they are to help him understand why hospitals & the medical profession functions like it does. Modern hospitals & medical professionals are not always endearing to the public because of the changes in recent years.

Now that the years have flown by & I am *slightly* over 50 & you are 80 years old the tables have changed. Now it is time for your children to take care of you. We wish you lived closer, so we could do more for you. We love being able to send you tickets to come to visit & always enjoy your visits. It is time for us to spoil you.

We hope you have enjoyed your birthday surprise party as much as we have enjoyed planning it. We are happy that all of your children, grandchildren, their spouses & all of your great grandchildren were able to be here for your very special day. Although we do not often express our feelings, I want you to know how much we love you.

Love,
Sandi

UNDER CONSTRUCTION



#@*?!



DETOUR

I AM MY DAD



Every person in the family contributed to my growing years. I learned from Mom that you had to have a calm nature if you wanted to get along with everyone. I learned from Sandi that you can be whatever you want by setting your mind to it and going for it. I learned from Butch that if Dad said don't do it, then it was best not to do it. Examples - "Don't ask for a motor scooter because you aren't getting one!" or "Don't have a wreck in Dad's car or you may be walking". Need less to say I never asked for a scooter, nor did I have a wreck in Dad's car.



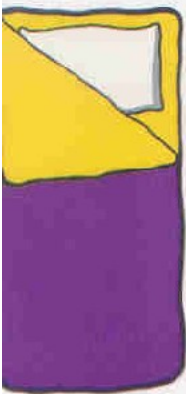
The biggest influence in my life along with Mom was Dad. He taught me that religion was a good thing, but you didn't have to profess a religion to be a good Christian person. He wasn't a Catholic, unless you asked Father McGurk. McGurk called him a Catholic by contamination in Church on Scout Sunday. Dad always made sure that all the Boy Scouts attended Mass even when on camping trips. He always arranged for one of the Asst. Pastors to come to the campsite on Sunday and have Mass.



His value as a scoutmaster is shown by the size of his Troop 5 attendance. We had the honor of having the largest and most active scout troop in Oklahoma under Dad tenure. He also produced more Eagle Scouts in his



tenure than any one before or since at St. Mary's Troop 5. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 10-15 as I remember. Me being one of the 15. This to date is probably my biggest accomplishment thanks to dad. While you may not have been recognized publicly what you did, the success of everyone you touched is a bigger tribute.



Dad was also influential in all of his scouts' lives. Not many dads would take their vacation and schedule merit badge training to help kids advance in rank. There was nothing of monetary value in it for dad, but I do believe he got a lot of personal satisfaction seeing young boys become good young men. I can honestly say that every person in the scout troop went on to be successful. Not a single one ever had problems with the police or other people in a position of authority. All 70+ boy in the scout troop owe big thanks to you-Dad. You influenced them more than you probably know by your leadership and example.

You can also tell how much all the kids that I ran with thought of you when they always wanted to come to our house. This should say something for the comfort they felt around you.



I can remember the time spent in the garden that was later converted to a Baseball field, Volleyball court, Badminton court and Basketball court for all the neighborhood kids. It doubled as my yard care training ground. Between Dad and Father McGurk I guess my fate in yard care was sealed. I have tried gardening on a



few occasions, but I have failed at this. My vegetable expertise is best found at Krogers. I pick out a mean can of beans.

Dad taught me the value of money. He paid me \$2 to mow the 1+ acre of ground around the house. I saved that money and bought my first Mickey Mantle ball glove @ a cost of \$12. Seemed like it took years to save enough money to buy it. I did eventually save enough to get it— one of my first big purchases with my own money.

Lucky for me I wasn't tall enough to cut hedge. This was usually Butch's job. To this day I don't have many bushes that require trimming, but I do continue to mow the yard at least twice a week. My clean yard is a tribute to dad. As are my clean cars. Dad always wanted things kept clean neat and organized and to this day I am pretty much a chip off the old block.

I also got my taste in clothes from dad. To this day don't have the need for fancy clothes. Give me the basics and I am happy. I don't remember dad ever having fancy clothes. The only thing I can remember dad having new was Roach Kickers. Those pointed toed cowboy boots every Grandchild has worn. I don't think you had a pair that hasn't had a grandchild's foot in it. at some time in their life.

Likewise all have been picked up by the ears and ankles and had their heads banged on the wood floor. In payment there were always cokes and candy, usually





M&Ms around the house and you didn't have to ask to have one or the other or even both if you wanted.

My first driving lesson was sitting in Dad's lap behind the wheel of the old Chevy. I don't know the year of the car. It may have been a 1951 or 52 I am not sure but it was prior to 1956. My first real driving lesson was in the Blue 1956 Chevy. I got to drive the country road down by the Dripping Springs pond, now the OGE lake.



Butch took care of the other 1956 Chevy (gray and white) It became a front yard fixture for a few weeks after his episode in it with JE Miller and Delbet Hatton. I didn't get to drive it much. Just back and forth in the drive way learning how to back up and pull forward. This was one of my first lessons learned by watching. Don't wreck dad's car! Right, Butch!

Dad also was responsible for my hair being cut the same way for 40+ years. Prior to getting married to Terry, dad helped me purchase my first car. A 1967 Green Ford Fairlane 500 for \$1600. I bought it from Dorothy Clarke. It was in perfect condition. She sold it to me as a favor for having done her yard work while her husband Will was sick. Mom and Dad didn't want me to accept money for doing the work so this was her way of paying me, mom and dad back for all the free yard mowings. Probably mowed maybe 10-12 times at most. Not a bad deal. I guess this was mom's and dad's way of showing that sometimes doing things for people and not getting paid is more rewarding than the money.



Back to the hair. With \$300 left to pay and a week before getting married, you decided my hair was a little long. As an enticement to get it cut you offered to cut my last payment by 50% if I would get it cut. When I came home I guess it wasn't quite short enough so you said if I would go get it cut more you would eliminate my last payment. That was the quickest \$300 I ever made and probably the most painless. However, to this day my hair (what there is of it) remains short.



I could probably write pages but I don't think it is necessary.

I think most everyone knows that at the Guier house you were the KING! I don't know anyone big enough to dethrone you either. Our biggest fear as kids growing up was the threat from mom, "Wait until you dad gets home!"

We all know this meant discipline, not abuse, but discipline. Even Father Geisert at the hospital agreed with your discipline. A slap on the ass may hurt but it taught us what was right and what was wrong the first time. There were no repeat performances needed.

Dad, your biggest tribute is the fact that you raised a good family in only 80 short years. I am sure everyone involved is responsible for the some of gray hairs that you have. Hopefully I didn't cause too many of them.

Thanks for the memories

Bob/ Joe





If there was ever anyone that could do everything, you were that person. Anyone could walk into your house and it was always in perfect condition. There was never anything requiring repair, never a lifting piece of wall paper, never a piece of wood needing painting, nothing. Everything, always, PERFECT!

Do you realize how intimidating it was to have you visit our house the first time? The first home we ever owned was in Maryland, and we were very proud of it. But, we were sure as soon as you walked in the door you would see its faults. Corners that weren't quite square, walls that weren't quite straight, and so on. Well, were our fears unfounded? Heck no. Sure enough, as soon as you got in the house you were eyeballing the walls and the corners. To our relief, you gave us a qualified ok on the house. You probably never knew how much that meant to us. And through the years, we knew that anytime you visited that if I had a tough house repair job, that I could always wait until you came to visit and you would always help with it. This includes things like sidewalk and step repairs at Fort Bragg, wiring repairs in Atlanta, and helping me put additional floor joists in our home in Indianapolis. No job was too big or too little for your help. Thank you very much for all of them.












Other fond memories involve fishing. While we had some great times pulling fish out of various ponds and lakes, I don't think we ever had a better fishing trip than the one in Mississippi with Wayne Hemphill. When you saw his boat (which had the motor tied onto the fishing chair mount with ski rope), I wasn't sure you were going to get in. It certainly wouldn't have met the Kenneth Guier Naval standards. But then, I guess I had built up Wayne's fishing reputation sufficiently to overcome the boat. We had a great time and caught a lot of fish. I still think that you were trying to get your hook into where I wanted to fish first so that you could catch my fish before I could get my line in.

Maybe when you come to visit us in our new Ohio home this year, we can go fishing once again. Or, I bet I can find a project around the house needing your help. Sandi and I look forward to your visits and we are anxious to have you come visit again soon.

Warren



You Might Be Grandpa Guier IF:

01. You have a special holder in your pocket for your toothpicks.
02. You have an M&M dispenser ALWAYS full.
03. You have a tornado right in your living room. 
04. Your 5,000,000 tools all have a special place in your workroom. 
05. You taught 18 Camp Fire girls to rotisserie a chicken using only string and foil.
06. You once helped copy a "porn" flick with your daughter-in-law. **X-RATED**
07. You could drive down the highway going 70 and all the while be looking out the side window checking all the ponds, counting hawks, locating buffalo.....
08. You could convince Bob to cut what little hair he could grow on his head (that would be his sideburns) right before our wedding—money talks! 
09. You drove your pregnant daughter-in-law out to the Ponca Airport when the army plane made a special landing to bring baby furniture and clothing from Sandi and Warren. Kinda cool knowing people in positions of power, huh?
10. You shared your power tools and expertise with me when I decided to create calendars; you then refrained from laughing when I was sure I could whip that project out within 30 minutes—after all, you made it look effortless.
11. You designed beautiful memories for your Granddaughters by creating rings for them using stones from Grandma's wedding ring.  
12. You created your own personal worm farm. 
13. You knew how to find the Kansas "redbud tour" without a map and never missed a turn even when Merrick erupting like a volcano all over us in the backseat.
14. You continued to encourage Kansas relatives to get together for family reunions at Niotaze so the rest of us could see the women fight for the most compliments on their "pies". I still remember the threatening words, **YOU MUST TRY MY PIE!** 
15. You could go all winter long and never wear a coat outside.
16. You can wear "high heels" all day long. 
17. You wore navy pants with hems bigger around than your waistband.
18. You had funny stories to tell about the "Poor Farm" where you worked and got to eat the best homemade ice cream ever. 
19. You enjoyed my singing while we played Pinochle and Pitch. 
20. You had the strength to constantly stir the Aunt Bell's candy we made and keep the snot drip snuffed up so as not to add it to the ingredients! 
21. You designed the outfit you were to wear to my wedding from clothing found in the Sears catalog "farm wear section". I still have that "threatening" outfit as part of my wedding memory book.
22. **AND,** You are so cheap, you couldn't even buy me my own birthday card!

Hope you and I continue celebrating birthdays together for another 32 years!

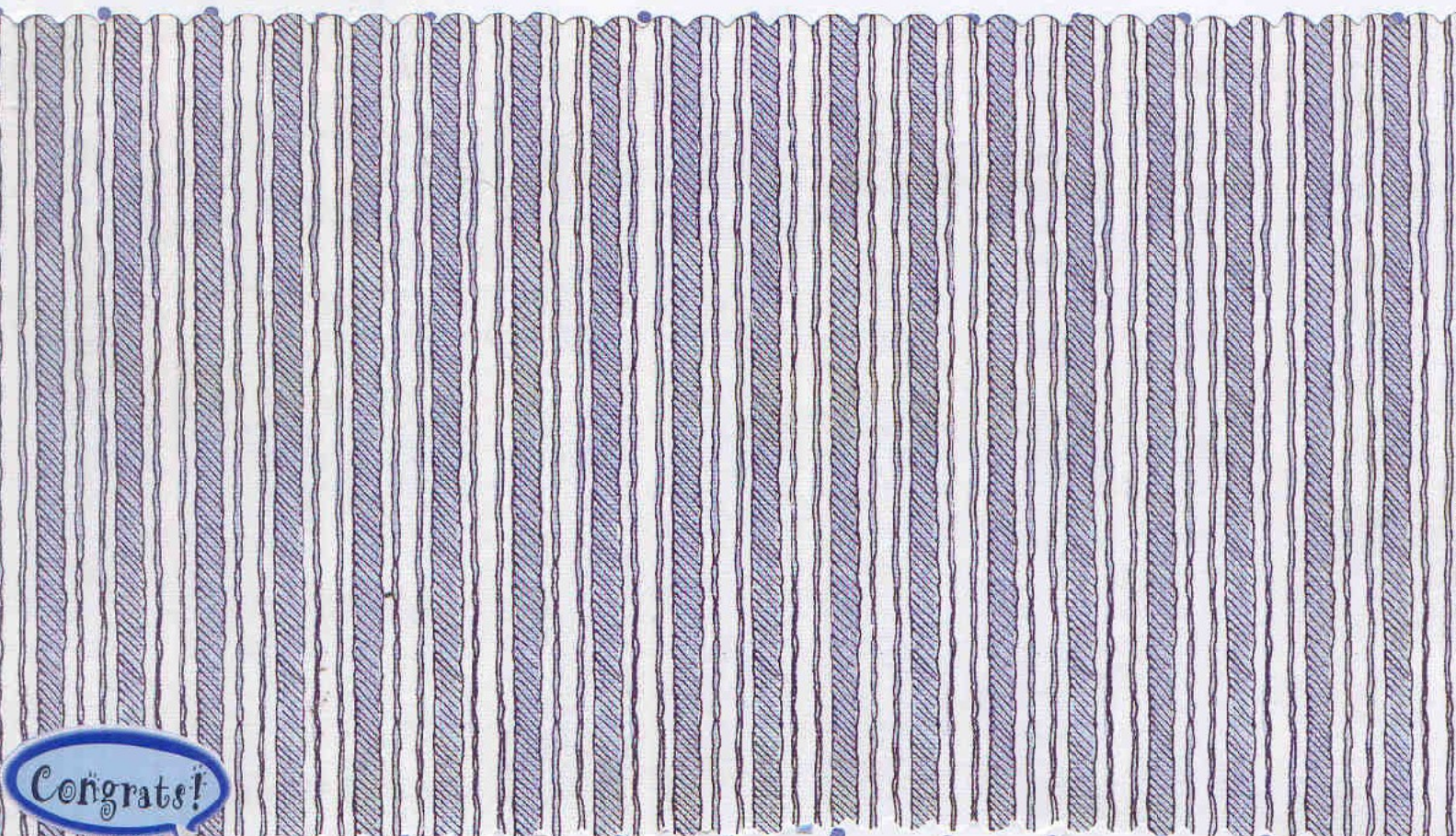
Love, Terry

Terry

Party Animal!

Smile

Make A Wish!



Congrats!



Return to Sender !!!

SURPRISE!
SURPRISE!

Happy Birthday!



Cheers!



Hi!

PARTY!



Blow Out the Candles!



You're HOW old?



Where's everybody?

let's not say
you're older
than the rest
of us
dearie.....



To: The "49" year old '80
From: The almost "19" year old

To Blueber Belly
From skinny

To Dad. It's really hard
'81 to believe you're only
2X my age!

From: Your daughter-in-law
who is not getting older,
but getting much, much
better!

I may be older but
the mileage doesn't show
so bad. Happy Birthday
Dad.

To: The Whitworth Stud '82
From: The 13th Street Bombshell

To Busted Bombshell
From Whitworth Steer

To the old man who's known as the
Concrete Crackin' Crusty
1983

From Miss Ponca City Beauty Queen
To Fat Girl on 6-4-83

From Crack Buster
over

To Ugly '79

From Hanson '79

To: Grizzly Fart

From: Sugars and Spicey
To The Sour Old Cat '78

From The Sweet Old Man '78

To: The Old Fart '78

From: The Sweet Smelling Daughter-in-law

Let's just say

you got off to an early start!

To The Bettin Old '81

From The 46 year old Grand Pop

To: The Old Codger '77

From: Voluptuous Daughter-in-law

To: The Out Law '76

From: The Hurried old man

To the "Old Boat"

From "Guess Who" (1976)

From Your Young Looking

Father in Law
From your grandpa's & grandmom's old man '75

From: The Nasty Old Man
1974

LOVE - POPPY '73

"From a Secret Admirer" '74

Jerry

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

DAO → Old Man Jerry '70
Mr. Jerry '69
Jerry '71

To: O'Neill's Dairy Bat Boy '84
From: The Spectacular Spectator '84
To The ugly @ol in the
Bleachers

From The Best Damn
ASSISTANT TO THE ASSISTANT
TANT TO THE ASSISTANT
Cock in The O's 22

'85' - we just wont
mention that year!

'86' - To: 'Fishing Pond' Grandpa
From: The "Angler" who
looks super from all
angles!

~~you are getting older
than I. I used to be
twice older than you
the old man.~~

'87 '90 the "Foxy" Fart
From the "Compact" Sex Symbol

'87 From the Old Grey Fox
Happy birthday Seppie

'88 To the "Deer" Hunter
From one who happens to
think it would be more of
a sport ^{Hallmark} ~~owning a gun~~
~~instead of a car.~~
contemporary cards

Today Fat Cool From Jimmie
HAPPY BIRTHDAY 1989

No Need To waste & parted
by Good card because of
space.

Happy Birthday 1989
Grandpa G.

Happy Birthday Romeo!
Jerry '90

90
Happy Birthday girl
and **13** more days to
90. From Grandpa Vida

2001 - Who would
ever guess this
card would be
resurrected?
Happy Birthday
and may we
have many more
together!
Love Jerry

25KB 226-5
© HALLMARK CARDS INC.



Dear Grandpa,

Well one of my memories is when I was about 6 or 7 years old (I think that we were living in Altus) and I bet you, Grandpa, that you could not out run me because you were an old man. I took off running and to my surprise you went flying past me. That was pretty impressive for a young kid to be beaten by their Grandpa who I thought was old at that time.

And how about when I lived with you my senior year? On the weekends you would come in my room at the ungodly hour of 6:00 - 6:30 a.m. to announce that "breakfast was ready"— not what you really wanted to hear at that time of the day, especially if you were out the night before. And the kicker was if you didn't get up just then, that was ok; it would still be sitting there waiting on you 3-4 hours later. YUM!?!?

I also cherish the time that I had when I lived with you. It gave me a chance to really get to know you. As my father stated in his memoirs, Grandpa, you are a really gifted person who seems to be able to do just about anything you put your mind to. You also taught me how to cook (however, I still cannot make gravy near as good as you can).

I also remember the day that I introduced you to Dobie; you were not real impressed with Dobie, I can't remember exactly what you said, but it was along the lines that you couldn't trust a Doberman. Hmmmm.... it seems like Dobie really won someone's heart over. Grandpa, you were so proud of that dog, and I think you really loved that dog. You were a good fit for one another. I would love to find another dog as good as Dobie.

Happy Birthday, Grandpa!
Love, Kim

“Ponca City’s Finest”

by Scott Harris

Most guys don’t write poetry,
‘S not the manly thing to do.
But this one’s ‘bout my Grandpa,
So I guess I’ll write it too.

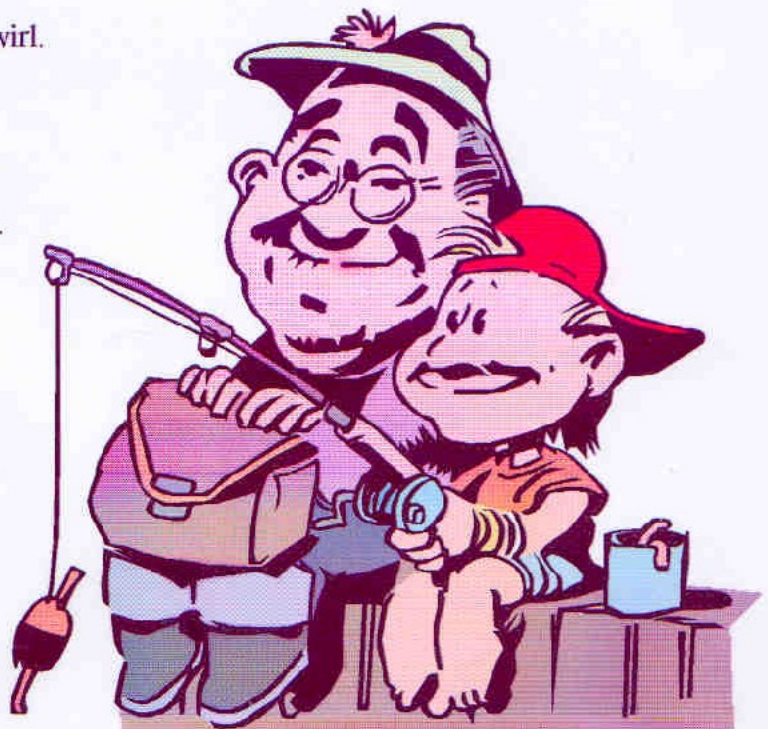
I remember we’d go fishing,
He’d help me bait the line.
Sometimes it’d be a catfish
Or a turtle we would find.

Grandpa’d come on over
With his shotgun or his boot,
And show that son’bitch turtle
How to holler, how to hoot.

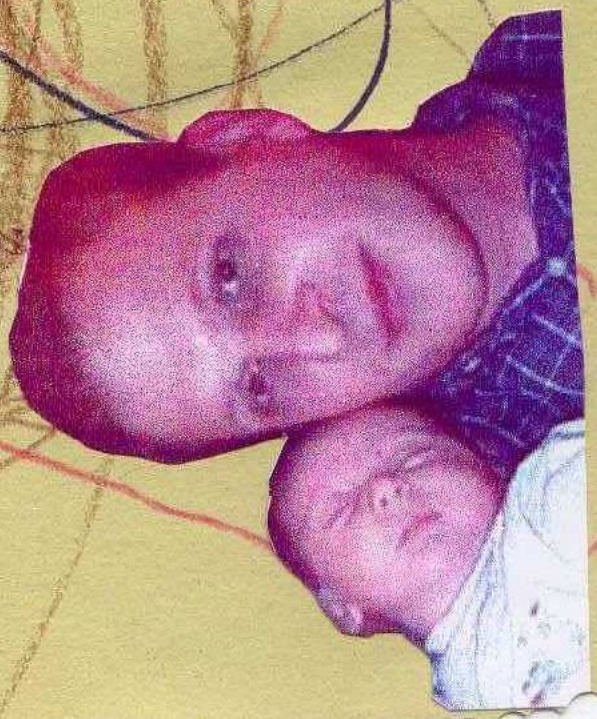
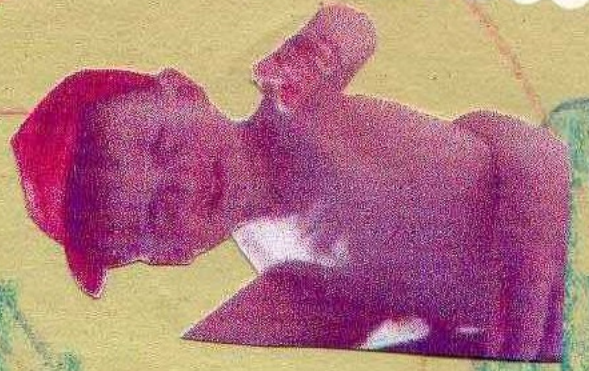
Evenin’s we’d go to Jump’s,
With a steak, big as the plate.
We never could eat it all,
Though it always tasted great.

I remember being Best Man,
When he married his new girl.
We all were so excited,
He’d found someone new to twirl.

And whenever I hear Elvis,
Or see an El Camino truck,
I’ll think of dear old Grandpa
And thank God for all my luck.



SCOTT



LUKE






BECKY



"Grandpa Guier would like this because green is his favorite color."

EDDIE



Grandpa,

Wow 80 years is OLD. But I am not too far behind you. I had a hard time picking one memory, so I am sharing as many as I can fit on this one page.

One of my favorites is going to the Goat farm in Flippin, Arkansas. I remember you took Charlene and Me there to visit Auntie B and Jack. I got to pick out my own Goat... I think on the next trip is when you helped Jack neuter that same goat. Didn't think that was too nice.

I always loved going to your friend, Joe's, to go fishin in the ponds that you kept stocked. I don't remember if we ever caught any, but I always enjoyed going.

You got me started on my coin collection. You would always show me the new coins you had just ordered. You bought me a couple of the books to start mine in. It will be a nice gift for me to pass on to my kids and grandkids.

I remember all the El Caminos you have had. I never knew that one man could keep a line of cars a live, but you kept them in production long enough.

You should know by now one of my favorite places to visit in OK. Jumps, Where the Grease and the steak dripped over the side of the plate... we also used to go to Furr's until it went down hill.

I remember going to the store with you when you bought your first riding lawnmower... I even got to drive it.

You always have little bottles of Coke in the fridge, and M&Ms by the couch. What else could a kid want.

We used to sit and watch westerns while you would tell me about the war... and those G..D... French you had to share the boat with.

We used to sit and watch westerns while you would tell me about the war... and those G..D... French you had to share the boat with. (heard this one before)

You came to Kansas City to help rebuild the clubhouse in the backyard. I picked out the bright orange paint (Carroll won't let me paint our room that color). You were always building something or fixing something or helping some build or fix something.

Then you would tell us all about it, down to the last nail or screw.

I guess that is what I love most of all, Grandpa, you have never been short of a story. I have always loved all the war stories, stories about relatives and loved ones, stories about your work or something you were working on. And there were stories about Conoco, and all the sons of B.... that you worked with too.

Most of all Grandpa, I just remember YOU. Thanks for being the Best Grandpa a kid could have!

Love,

Mike



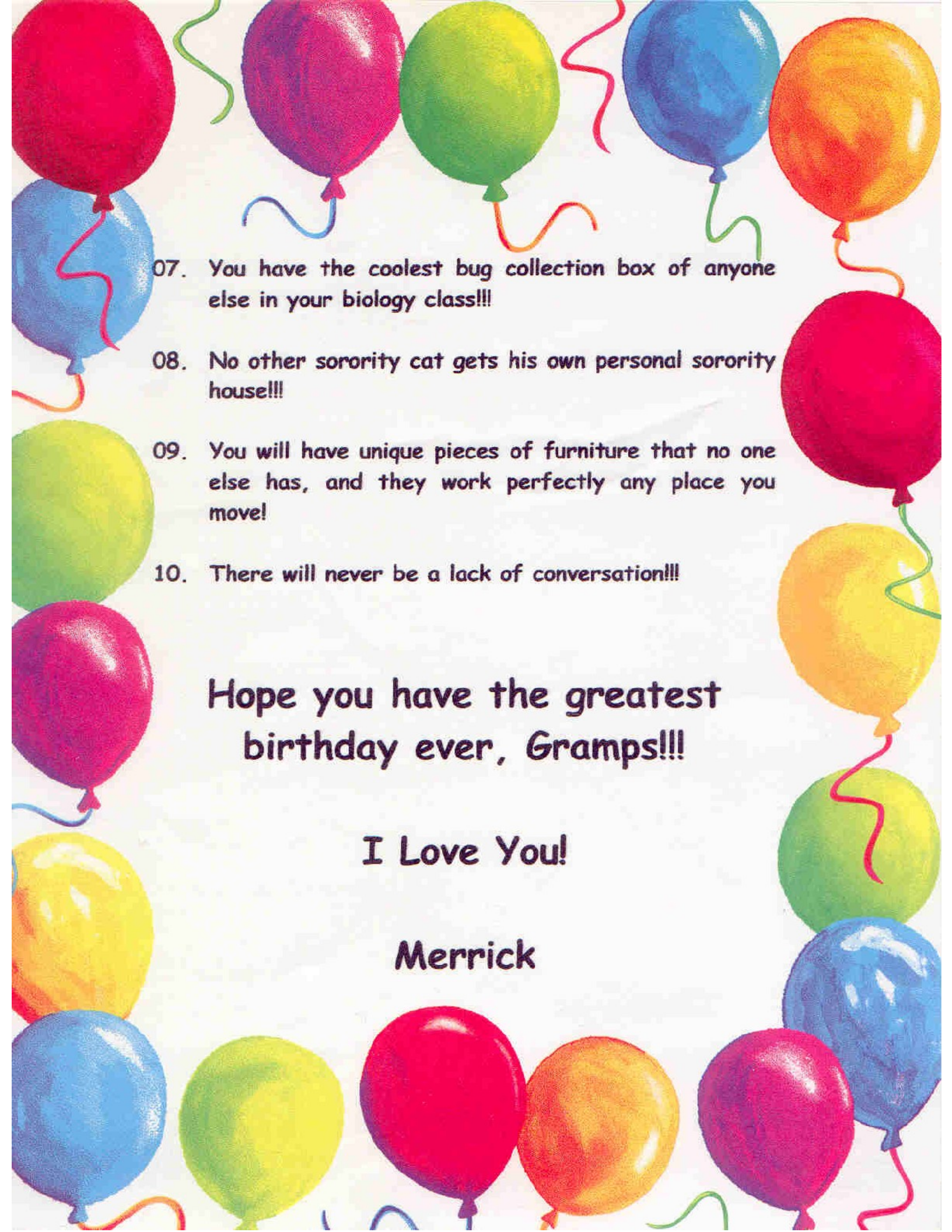
We love
you
Grandpa!





The Top 10 Greatest Things about Having a Grandpa like Gramps!

01. Whenever you spend the night with Grandpa, you always get to have a BIG breakfast!!!
02. You're never short on packs of gum, Eskimo Pies and little bottles of coke!!!
03. At Halloween, you get the full-size candy bars!!!
04. You can sneak into his bathroom with your sister and brother and eat his baby aspirin and Pepto-Bismol and wash it all down with Scope.
05. Whenever Gramps watches you while your parents are out of town, you get to eat at Pizza Inn and Sonic!!!
06. When your parents have fixed something gross for dinner, there's always the hope that Gramps will show up and want to eat at the Blue Moon or Jumps!!!

- 
07. You have the coolest bug collection box of anyone else in your biology class!!!
08. No other sorority cat gets his own personal sorority house!!!
09. You will have unique pieces of furniture that no one else has, and they work perfectly any place you move!
10. There will never be a lack of conversation!!!

**Hope you have the greatest
birthday ever, Gramps!!!**

I Love You!

Merrick

My Thoughts of Grandpa + life with him

Grandpa has had such a positive, important impact on my life. I've always felt safe and secure at Grandpa's house. There are many happy memories playing around the flowerbeds, the yard and the basement. Grandpa also sparked my love of the outdoors by the many fishing trips, or just simply driving around, checking out the sights that nature has to offer.

I also marvel at the stories of Grandpa's craftsmanship, the baseball diamond he made for the neighborhood kids, the chinchilla cage he made for me, Deachi's loft bed, just to name a few projects. Grandpa's talent in the kitchen too, amazes me, since I'm doing good to make macaroni and cheese. I know where my drawing skills come from now.

But what I love most about Grandpa is his character + his heart. His funny stories, his loyalty and his honesty will be forever held close in my heart. Also his timeless, wonderful advice he's given to me over the years. I hope to someday pass along to my children, should I have any.

In conclusion, I'm glad Grandpa is my Grandpa, he's enriched my life immensely, providing me w/ a positive male role model. I couldn't ask for a better specimen for a Grandfather.

Charlene Victoria
Grier

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

To my Grandpa on his 80th Birthday,

If I could list all the memories I have of my Grandpa, my entry in this book would be about ten pages long. So, I have instead decided to list my most fond Memories.

Now, the question is where do I start? I know...I will begin with all the wonderful toys you made for me.

The first toy that comes to mind is my toy chest. My toy chest did so much more than just hold toys. It was also a great place to hide clothes, dishes and any other object that was lying on my floor when my parents would tell me to clean my room. My toy chest also taught me that back flips were a lot easier to do when you are a few feet off of the ground; of course it also taught me that you have further to fall.

The second toy that I remember would have to be my bed; that's right, I considered my bed a toy. Grandpa, it is a good thing that you are an excellent carpenter because otherwise that bed would have tumbled down when I did my first back flip off of it or when I swung on the side of it. It was a regular jungle gym for me. I always loved having my friends over, because they were all jealous of my cool bed. They all wanted to know where I got it, because they wanted one just like it. I would tell them that my Grandpa built it, and there weren't any others like it.

The third toy that comes to mind was actually constructed to be a toy. That toy was my balance beam. Ahh...finally I had something that I was supposed to flip off of. I thank you, Grandpa, for using your talent of Carpentry to enhance my talent, gymnastics.

Now on to some of my simpler memories. I remember being so excited to go to Grandpa's house because it meant that we would have our fill of Coke in those cute little bottles, Eskimo Pies and M & M's. Sometimes there weren't any Cokes in the refrigerator so Merrick, Olech and I would fight over who got what Smurf glass.

I remember going down into your basement and playing with the duck calls and looking at all the stir sticks behind the bar. My personal favorite stir stick would have to be the one with the little naked boy on top. I also remember sitting on the floor and playing Old Maid. I always thought it was so funny when you would end up with the Old Maid in your hand.

I remember putting on your boots that came up to the middle of my thigh and walking around the living room. And who could ever forget the numerous times that you picked me up by the ears or when you would pick me up by the ankles and bang my head on the ground. My list of memories could go on and on...

Grandpa, I hope you have had as wonderful a time making these memories as I have. I look forward to many more memories in the future.

I love you, Grandpa. I hope you have a very happy 80th birthday!

Love,
Deachi



To My Grandpa...

Man Grandpa, I can't believe all the times we have shared and the best memories a little boy could ever have. I do not know how I can even start this letter other than the fact that you taught me everything that I really needed to know in my life.

Grandpa, I think that I will start with my childhood, with you coming over to the house and watching and pitching to me in the front yard. I never wanted to make you more proud of me than any of those times. I wanted to hit that ball for you, but it was okay if I missed it, because I knew you and Daddy were always there to help me and keep that good old bat in my hands and give it my all. You were there for everything, and I knew I could trust you because you always had that special look, a look of joy and happiness, and I looked up to you so much.

I especially remember you and the good old El Camino. When you first brought it home from the dealer, you were so proud. You let all of us kids drive it, with you in the seat, of course, but I remember being the first grandchild to ride in it. You were not stingy with your brand new toy, although I probably wouldn't have let some five year old brat drive it. That just shows what kind of a Grandpa you truly are.

Do you remember our adventures in Hardee's--I know I sure do! You never let me finish with just eating one french fry, one bite of hamburger, and maybe two sips of coke. You had me so fooled when you told me the policeman was going to take me to jail if I did not eat all of my food. It did not even take me five seconds and that hamburger, french fries, and whole coke were in my six-year old stomach. You know, I think that might have been mean, but now I do not leave any scraps on my plate.

Of course, I can't think of anything that is better than mom and dad going out of town and Grandpa and me going to chase naked ladies. Man Grandpa, I think you got me in trouble too because my parents still are the ones that say I suggested chasing naked women. The truth is, we



Where's The Party?

know who suggested it. So now, anytime I am around you, mom and dad ask if I am out to chase naked women with my Grandpa, and I proudly say, "Damn right."

Oh yes, I never forgot how you used to "snorkel" whenever you would sleep. I would stay over at your house because I did not want to go anywhere else, except the place I loved the most because it was just me and my Grandpa. But man when it was bedtime and those lights would go out, you would snorkel so loud that I couldn't sleep a wink. I would, what I thought was nicely nudge you and wake you up and ask, "Grandpa, would you stop snorkeling." I miss those days of coming to your house to stay the night. Those were truly the best times I think I had as a little boy.

Grandpa, in cub scouts, was I not a mess. But you helped me and dad with the pine derby car races all of the time. We would maybe win every once in a while but sometimes we weren't so fortunate. I wanted to come home with that trophy because I knew that you would be proud of me. Even when I would not win you would still give me a pat on the back and say you were so proud of me because I did the work. Those are the words every little boy wants to hear in his life and some are not so fortunate. I got the cream of the crop for Grandpas.

I remember you taking the time out of your schedule just to give me woodshop lessons in your basement. You gave me a hammer, which I still have to this day, some nails, and a screwdriver. I thought that I was Joe Cool. I had the hammer and the nails and I was going to use them on the nearest wall that I could find. It is too bad I could not be a carpenter like you are. I just knew that you were the best because I got another track on my trainset and a trainstation and a tunnel to go along with it. I would have Owen come over just to see what my Grandpa had done for me.

When you would come over for dinner or just the evening conversation, I was so excited that sometimes I would hide and try to scare you, but

Toto usually beat me to it by grabbing your leg and not letting go. I think you used to pick me up by the ears, bounce me on my head, and swing me like a clock because you knew we liked it or you just loved getting Toto riled up. You were successful, because I thought it was fun, and it really seemed to make Toto so mad he could hardly stand it. Sometimes I would lie on my back just so you would do one of those things to me.

You used to treat us all the time to good old Jumps in Fairfax--good old T-bone steaks-- and were they huge. I just could never figure out how you could eat that whole thing, Now I look at the stomach that I am growing and I think I could scarf down about two of them. That is just a beauty mark for us Guiers.

T BONE STEAK

I was upset when you told me you were going to be married again, because I thought that someone else was going to be sharing in on my memories. But you gave me another great gift, a Grandma. I did not have to share those memories, because you helped me get new ones with a Grandma who is a blessing from above.

You know, you are more than a Grandpa, you are the man who stepped up to the plate and made sure I knew you were there for me. When my Grandpa Bullard died I thought my whole world was crashing down, but I knew you were there. You helped me cope with my loss and held me so tight with such promise in your arms saying that everything would be all right. I knew when I was eleven years old who my guardian angel would always be, and it has always been you. It has been ten years since that day and sometimes I think of the tone in your voice when you said it to me. You really stepped up Grandpa, you made sure that my life would go on and held my hand every step of the way.

By the way, do you still keep gum in your glove compartment? Just thought that I should ask because that was always the biggest question for you when you got to the house.



Remember you teaching me how to drive that good old lawnmower? I know I had to be making you nervous, but you let me do it anyway. You knew I would think so much of you, because I got to mow the lot next to your house for a small fee, of course, either food or money.

I know you were aware of the time you spent in the hospital for heart surgery, and the people who came to see you while you were there-- Michael, Mom, Dad, Sandy, Butch. I left my name out of that sequence because I wasn't there. I was so sorry and mad at myself for months and to this day for not going and seeing you up there. But in all honesty Grandpa, I had the option of going, I just couldn't because I hated seeing you that way. I cried many nights thinking what I was going to do if I lost my best friend and Grandpa all at the same time. God saw it necessary for you to be here for your family and me. You were here to see Merrick graduate and become married, to see your first great-grandchildren be brought into this world, to see Deachi make cheerleader at Oklahoma State, and see me happy when I played tennis and played baseball. I knew the man I called my hero for fourteen years was not going to give up without a fight. You are my hero, Grandpa, just remember one little boy, born and bred in Ponca City, Oklahoma, still calls you his hero.



I could go on and on for days about any of the stories you have told me through the years, especially the stories at Joe Steichen's place while we were shooting snapping turtles and targets you had made in your basement. I remember Grandma going with us one time, and you getting so mad at her for walking behind the targets; of course, there were some obscenities said, but none to be taken to heart.



When I look at you I see more than a man, I see love, I see joy, I see laughter, and I see tears. The love is what you gave all of us, through thick and thin, good times and in bad. You did not have to say the words, we always knew it. The joy is how you made me feel through my childhood always knowing you were there to care and comfort me. The laughter is for all the good times when you did your best to make me

laugh even though I was in pain. The tears are what I have shed for you when you were sick, the day I moved away knowing I would not see you as much, and for the times I have not been around you for these past five years. It hurts me to know someone else is getting the best of my Grandpa while I am missing him down in Houston.

But Grandpa I am not far away, I am always a phone call away when you want me to come up there. I love you more than any five-year old, ten-year old, or even twenty-year old can love his best friend and his confidant, his Grandpa.

So Grandpa, Happy Eightieth Birthday and many more to you!

Your Loving Grandson and Biggest Fan,

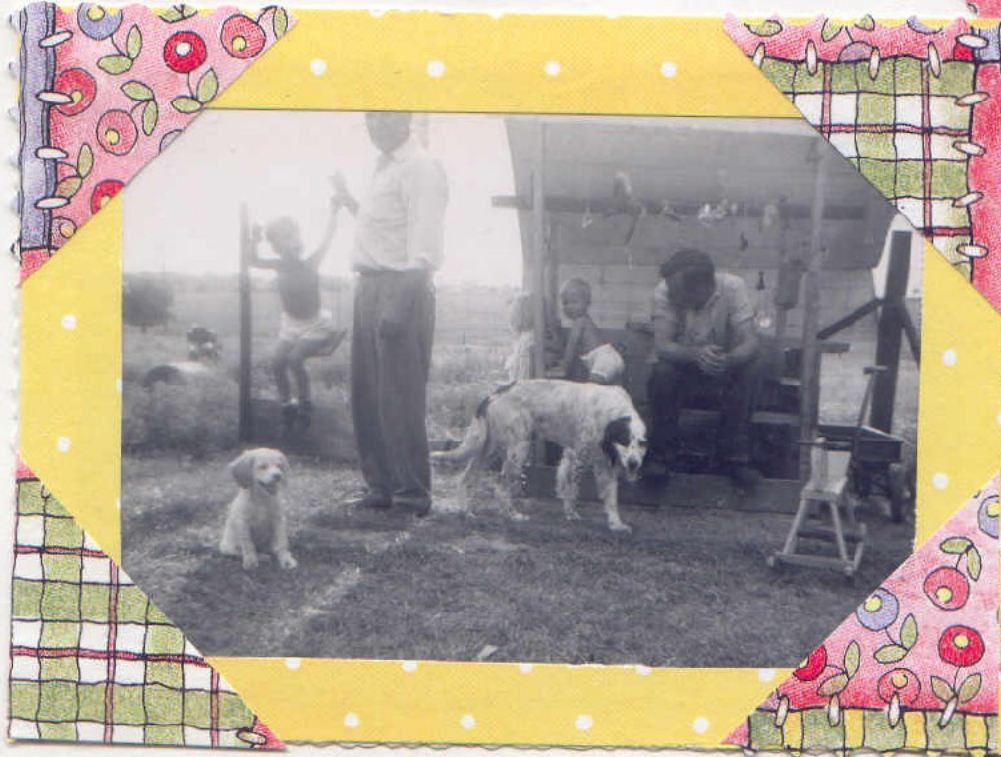
Olech L. Guier



Wish you were here.



Good Times



Life With Kenneth

First met Kenneth in 7th or 8th Grade.
~~Early~~ Early years were very uneventful.
 He was one of 9 boys in my graduating
 High School class in spring of 1940.

World War II began in early 1942. I
 became "A Lacie the Riveter" in late fall of
 that year. I heard nothing of Kenneth until the
 middle of May when we were making plans
 of our 50th School Reunion.

Willis White was making the plans and
 had barely hung up the phone when
 Kenneth called to invite me to go with him.
 It was so much of a surprise because I didn't
 even know of his whereabouts that I said 'Okay'.

That began a beautiful short courtship.
 We were together almost everyday. If we weren't
 together he would call + we talked on the phone.
 I'm sure he had a high telephone that month.
 Before that month was over we were engaged
 and was married in just under a month.

This year on June 17th we will be
 married 11 years. They have been very happy

Years + spent together every day + night
except when one of us was in the hospital.

Yes, we have had the usual illnesses
+ disappointments. But these past 11 years
have passed faster + faster as has our
ages.

I have enjoyed my ready made family
very much. I couldn't have hand picked
them any better. Everyone has been
so nice to me. I'm sure my life couldn't
have been happier. Kenneth + his family
are very good to me + my own family.

Viola Guier

Butch
and Karyn
Kim, Lance
Dalton
Shea, Darrell
Daulton
Charlene

Sandi
and Warren
Scott, Becky
Eddie, Luke
Michael, Carroll
Emma

Bob
and Terry
Merrick, Jimmy
Deachi
Olech

Life with Kenneth R. Guier Sr. or the man I affectionately
and with pride call "Grandpa" **PART 2:** 1.

by: Charlene Victoria Guier 7/2/01

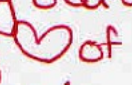
Looking back, a month (almost 2) after the big birthday bash, and looking back on others entries in Grandpa's book made my 1st entry kinda sheepish, inadequate. So here is a part 2, and hopefully more thorough, complete entry.

Where do I begin? People (my dad especially) say I have a more in-depth understanding of the man than most of his grandchildren; and I sincerely hope that's true. From the very beginning, the very earliest memories I have (in Claremore + Glencoe) Grandpa has always been there, the kindly stable grandfather with his own special blend of wisdom and humor. It's no big secret that soon after, my parents divorced, and needless to say, shattered my world. Most of my childhood I wasn't happy, didn't feel like I belonged, felt unwanted & out of place. Unless I had a visit w/ Grandpa, or even got the treat to go visit him. I always had a special connection w/ Grandpa, a connection that said "yes, this is your Grandfather who loves you, for JUST BEING YOU". ~~And that~~ And that in turn, could make me, even if just for a while, feel like a normal, all American kid. The eats in his house alone were a big plus too: Supplies of m&ms, Estimo Pies, Cokes, Gum, and the Snickers bar → the KING sized ones @ Halloween were treasured by me and my severely restricted sugar intake. Trips to various restaurants (especially Furr's/dubys, ^{Blue Moon} Jumps, Hardee's + Pizza Inn) were also common. Spending the night meant breakfast, a good one. Eggs, Bacon, toast, and sausage were the norm, although Gramps kept a good supply of the GOOD cereal: Lucky Charms, Foot Loops, Sugar Smacks and Rice Krispies were always in stock. Holidays were treats, Grandpa is such a good cook, his bar-b-q, home made Chicken + noodles (w/ Gizzards, hearts + livers) Biscuits + Gravy, Chop Suey and his vegetables (Spinach + his Green beans) were (and still are) my favorites. And if he didn't indulge us w/ food, there was always something to do, usually either hopping into the El Camino to cruise the lake and the dam, or his stomping grounds - the Sedan/Cedarvale/

MAAAA GOOD EFT IN "LEET YOUR CARROTS SO YOU CAN BE PRETTY LIKE ME" AT GRAMPS!



Notaze area, on yeh and Prue, KS, areas, as well as going to see the prairie dogs (E of town) and the springtime redbird / dogwood blossom tours, and then in the fall the fall foliage tour.

If not a cruise, fishing trips were common, mostly out at Joe Steichen's pond(s). I think that started my  of fishing, the outdoors + nature in general (Grandpa's country roots asserting themselves in me, maybe?) Back to fishing w/ Gramps, that was an adventure. He'd give me a couple (not just one measly one) Poles to watch (better my chances of landing a fish!) If a nosey ol' snake or turtle ventured too close, most of the time they met grandpa's shotgun. There was only one turtle that got away from Gramps; this snapper was easily the size of a car wheel (I was so excited, thought I'd landed my 1st catfish, and instead this hideous head pops up) Just as Gramps gets his gun + takes aim, the turtle managed to snap the steel leader on my line, getting away. Even went duck hunting once w/ Gramps + my dad.

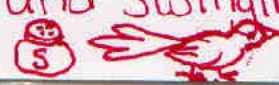
Didn't get to shoot anything, but we did get to "explore" some countryside terrain, even saw some Quicksand. Figured we'd stick to Feeding the ducks (and geese) at Lake Ponca - yet another treasured activity shared by Gramps + many a grandkid - not just me) I can't forget our trip to Flippin, AR. that me, Mike + Gramps went on, to visit Auntie Bea + Jack(?) + his goats. me + Mike had fun chasing goats, exploring the "Ozark" woods + nearby pond LOADED w/ frogs, even big, fat Green bullfrogs. We went to Dog Patch USA - theme park w/ the del Abner comic characters - one of my Grandpas favorite boyhood comic characters." I HAD A HECKUVA DAY AT DOGPATCH, USA" → as one of Grandpas bumper stickers (purchased from that trip) puts it. Even though the Ozark Chiggers got me + left these huge welts on me, I loved every minute of that trip. (Thank God he had Chigger-ex!)

Lets get out of here!



"YOU CAN CATCH A BIRD BY PUTTING SALT ON HIS TAIL"
- DARNID IF I TRIED!

Grandpa was always a jokester, always pulling your leg, or if not, picking you up by your ankles, and swinging you back + forth (like a clock's pendulum)



for bonting your head on the floor. Plus he'd show us "how a horse eats corn," plus a few times being grabbed by your ears. It was all in good fun, no hard feelings. One "prank" I recall was @ Pizza Inn. I was 7 or so, and miserably FULL of pizza, and there was only 1 piece left. Grandpa said "They won't let us out until you eat the last piece." I believed him, and to this day I don't know how, but I managed to wolf down that last piece... much to his (and everyone else's) amusement. Dech can relate to my tale: he had a similar "threat" @ Hardee's, concerning the police and uneaten food... onry d' Pook 😊

Always the prankster, whether it's stripping nude + rolling around in POISON IVY just to win a bet (he did too, the ivy didn't bother him!) or putting plastic fishing worms in my mom's bed (after she'd placed a cold wrench in his as a gag). I loved hearing how "she screamed like a panther" upon discovering them → she has ^{and still has} a terrible squeamish thing w/ worms, real or fake! Also who else has a JACKALOPE???



Grandpa's basement was my playground - the stairs, the bar (w/ the cool "Ken's Bar" light and swizzle sticks - my favorites were the clear yellow or green w/ glitter) Down there too, in his duck calls - I think every grandkid has tooted on them once or twice - I certainly had. Some of his shotglasses (part of his MASSIVE collection) are still down there, I think it's safe to say he's got glasses from every state in the union (if not, there's only a few missing) And then onto his workshop → a place of wonder. Even though I'd just glue scrap wood into "abstract art" Gramps worked wonders down there. Various miniature "doll cabinets", Dech's unique Loft bed, my own chinchilla cage (it had stood on little "legs", screened bottom, clear plastic sides, wood trim + a hinged screened lid w/ latch; the cage then served as a chamelon habitat + a cricket nursery) Merrick's severity "cat house", just to name a few projects your craftsmanship created. Each tool had its own place outlined on the wall, very practical, very organized, very Grandpa.



Good ol' Boots



Grandpa's simple, no frills, true-to-yourself sense in fashion I appreciated w/ my own blue jeans + T-shirt fashion sense. Except for the occasional dress shirt + slacks - maybe a suit if it was really special occasion, I always remember Grandpa and his one piece "work suits" (in a variety of colors)

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complete w/ the ever present cowboy boots (which I think all us Grandkids have worn + clomped around at some time) Also the toothpicks and pens in the front "suit" pockets completed Gramps ensemble. Practical, no fuss - that's my Grandpa's fashion sense!

Grandpa was always famous for his conversation/stories. Stories of boyhood/farm work/depression era, his navy stories (about the G.D. French - the "filthy bastards" who shared his boat, or him being so skinny that the hem of his navy pants were bigger than his waist, or his buddies - unsuccessfully I might add - trying to get him drunk + tattooed were most interesting) Stories about "good ol' boys" and the "sons of bitches" that worked w/ him at Conoco, stories of Grandma Guier (which to me were especially appreciated - those stories breathed life and personality to my Grandmother, who I can't remember, no matter how hard I try). Grandpa had some crazy tales, one I had witnessed: Me, Gramps + Daddy went to the Kaw Dam - it was a windy day, there was a lot of foam on the water, and a car load of Sunday church goers pull up and the fancy dressed people get out. Shortly afterwards, a big gust of wind picks up the foam + rains it down on the poor hapless souls. One of those once in a lifetime, I can't believe it deals. Another tale is when Gramps was driving in KS (Sedan? Cedarvale?) a deer ran alongside and INTO the side of his El Camino, and then RAN away, seemingly unharmed. But not the El Camino, it'd suffered \$300 in damages! Only Grandpa would have that happen.

I loved Grandpa's flowerbeds - they usually had either a white picket fence or a brick trim around them. Daffodils, tulips, regular hyacinths + the tiny grape hyacinths, bleeding hearts + the crepe myrtle gave Gramps house a nice flare in the Spring. Many a Easter Egg hunt took place among Gramps flowers - a happy Springtime childhood memory. If only Gramps can figure how to keep the "neighbor's G.D. cats" from using his flowerbeds as litter boxes (I think I've seen mothballs in his beds!) Also, he had a "worm box" on the side of the house (that now serves as a strawberry bed) His yards are always mowed, even the "point". I'd used to see Grandpa riding along on his mower, Dotie close behind.



Grandpa may not have been a mafia figure, but he sure made an impression/had influence in Ponca City, and for legit, non crime reasons too. Karlyn + Daddy said at the Park + Rec. dept, Karlyn would chuckle when Grandpa was mentioned → they took the South Point off their list of parks / lots to upkeep. Grandpa insisted he'd do it himself. St. Mary's, too, another place where Gramps was respected + revered. And the Police Dept. too... I had been pulled over one night - had to pull into Grandpa's driveway on Virginia - for a missing SECTION of my tail light (not the whole tail light was out mind you, just the middle piece) Just got a warning, but soon after, Gramps apparently went up there raising hell, upset over them "harassing" their Granddaughter (me + the P.C. Police had a long history here...) Needless to say, I've been pulled over only twice in the 4+ yrs since, and both were legit causes (speeding - 5mph over) + not coming to a complete stop). Pretty cool, huh? Nice to have a Gramps w/ power + influence ☺ Seriously, wherever I go, when I introduce myself, they usually ask "are you related to Kenneth?" And I proudly say "Yes I am, he's my Grandpa, Jr's my dad."



Grandpa has also made a good impression w/ not only my friends, but I'm sure w/ the others' friends as well. Case in point "my ex's sister Jesse Malaske. She loved Gramps' gentle nature (as was evident when he played w/ her baby girl Shallece) Even though Gramps had a dim view concerning Jay, he'd welcome Jesse w/ open arms, offering a Coke + 10¢ M+M's. Anytime I'd announce I was going to Grandpa's, she'd ask to tag along. A couple of times, during tornado warnings, we'd FLY across town, among sirens, blinding rain, strong wind + other crazy drivers to seek shelter in his cellar. That's how safe + secure she'd felt over there - a total NEW BLOOD relative. (Case 2) My boyfriend Albert met Gramps years ago, when he was a trash man for Ponca. Albert would recount times how Gramps would go out + visit w/ him + his co-workers giving them a much appreciated "mini-break"; occasionally offering them a Coke. When I met Albert years later, and he realized who my Grandpa was, he was

and right full of love.



SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

pleasantly surprised, he said Gramps "is a cool old man" "down-to-earth": talking ^{to him} about his El Caming, especially the tire rims. Not too many people (especially in Gramps neighborhood) would take the time to say "hi" to a "lowly" trash man, let alone carry a conversation w/ them, or even offer them a drink. That special down to earth, humble, tolerant + non judgmental way of thinking I really cherish + appreciate about Gramps - I strive to be a fraction of what Gramps is (non judgmental, open minded) Albert lost his own Grandpa about a year or so ago, He tells me to "treasure the time you do have w/ him, make the best of the time you have w/ him". Very wise words, indeed. Makes me feel very fortunate I still have a Grandpa who loves me very much, hopefully for MANY years to come.

Gramps was a very respected authority figure in my (and his kids + grandkids) life. I remember Dad + Uncle Bob recount tales of "wait until your Dad gets home" threats. If you did wrong you got swats, but not a beating. "Discipline not Abuse" was Gramps philosophy on child rearing. Even though I knew Gramps was KING of the house, no one would even think of challenging / dethroning him, I never feared him or cringed from him. Not to say I ran amuck. I knew if I screwed up majorly (like staying out @ 3:30 AM) there were consequences to pay. I guess it made me grow up + take responsibility for my actions, no matter how bad or good they are. And if I did screw up, I'd get a chewing out, but afterwards I was forgiven + given the chance to try again. Taught me no one is perfect, if you do mess up, recognize it, apologize (if you were in the wrong) + try again. As long as you try.

Grandpa has always been my rock, my support, my light in the darkness. During my most saddest, most trying, chaotic times Grandpa was there, no question about it. He's offered his extra room in case I needed to "get away" from it all. He's offered his shower + fridge contents. He's a most Generous Soul, another reason I love him so. Another loved trait is the way Grandpa rallies for you, the way that you know FOR SURE THAT HE IS IN YOUR CORNER

LONG LIVE KING
KENNETH!!



LIGHT
IN THE
DARKEST
MOMENTS
OF MY
LIFE.

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 even when everyone else in the whole world is against you, or so it seems. I wasn't no All-Star cheerleader, or won any sport games of anykind, nor do I have an excellent job, with a spouse and lovely kids. But seeing all my drawings lovingly framed all over his house (including one of my earliest drawings done when I was 3?4? - the girl with all sorts of birds flying overhead) makes me know he's just as proud of me + my talents as well. Gramps has seen me go thru some ugly moments w/ various family members - seen me on the low end of the favoritism pole. Again I feel his sympathy + support, followed by some timeless advice, "Just let all that B.S. roll off your back," +/or "let it go in one ear + out the other." A lot of times Grandpa couldn't help me out (like when the 98' Cavalier got wrecked - get a new car) but even so that was OK - Grandpa offered a shoulder to lean or even cry on, or a listening ear (especially when I'm "venting" about work, mom, ect). If I ask him to keep a confidence / secret I have no fear or qualms about him blabbing. He respects one's privacy. I have NEVER known or caught ~~him~~ him snooping around my belongings. I appreciate that so much, especially w/ recent invasions of privacy that other members of my family that occurred. I feel Grandpa is probably the only family member that understands me best. I can't remember who said it (Aunt Terry, Aunt Sandi?) "One Guier trait is that "we" see a lost soul + do (or try to) everything in "our" power to help them". I feel like a lost soul sometimes, and good ol' "pop" does everything he can to help, or at least offer emotional support. I'm eternally grateful for his generosity + love + support + guidance.

MY BIGGEST FAN + COLLECTOR!

good sign that was good for me



SEE THE CG COLLECTION - ONLY @ THE GUIER MUSEUM OF FINE ART.

Grandpa is also my "positive male" role model (one of em at least), even though MOST of the guyp I dated don't even come close to being a "wannabe." Hard working, loyal, honest and fearless, ready to protect his loved ones, good provider. And I know he'd never steal, or beat up on either Grandma Guier or Viola.

Hard to believe, especially w/ my past mistakes, but Grandpa is my motivation, my inspiration to live a good, honest, legit life → where you do unto others as you have them do unto you... Some may not agree w/ the way I live my life, but deep down I have a good heart/character, despite all the anger, hurt + betrayed feelings I grew up w/. I think Gramps sees the goodness in me + therefore ^(see it) believes in me/stands up for me, even when no one else does, including MYSELF.

KRG
MY
ROCK

#1
GRAMPS!

I know some of my traits are due to the "Gvier Genetic Code" STRONG WILLED, STUBBORN, HONEST, LOYAL, OPINIONATED, OUTSPOKEN + THE ABILITY TO LOOK ANY OTHER PERSON IN THE EYE AS EQUALS. I think also the "Tough but fair" should also be listed. Gramps has always been fair, treating ALL 8 Gvier Grandkids equally - definitely no favoritism played there. Courageous is another trait that should be listed. Grandpa never showed fear in the face of a challenge or crisis. I pray that his traits (strong, tough but fair, ^{hardworking} understanding, courage) start to assert themselves in me. Again, if I was just 1/2 the character he is, I'd be guaranteed saint hood. Grandpa is my motivation to curb my negative traits (bitter, vindictive, vicious, rebellious, laziness-in some areas, sloppiness + down right pettiness) w/ his good ones. Honestly Gramps is what's keeping my life somewhat on the right track. I'm not in jail for murder (Jay), I'm not dealing, or stripping, or prostituting myself, nor am I stealing +/or cheating people, or deliberately hurting them. Grandpa, thanks for keeping me on the right track, and helping me get back on, should I stray too far, and ^{keeping me from} not giving into dark thoughts of vengeance on those who have done me wrong. "Let it Go"

One last reason why I know my Gramps has a heart of gold is the way he interacts w/ animals and the stories of past pets (Duke I and Duke II) I saw him w/ Dobie, Lady, Nelbin, Toto, Riley, Marnicks dogs (Madison?) Bonnie, Clyde + ol Sparty Boy himself. Stories of him w/ mom's horses add more testimony to his way w/ animals - evidence of his early years on the "Poor Farm"



