



LIFE IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

BY DAVID A. WILSON

*My purpose in writing this book during the very short remaining time I have left on this earth is simply to share with my children, grandchildren, friends, and even possibly descendants more generations removed as well as those who are like-minded in our love of the potentially soul-filling joys of music, some personal experiences that have been positive and have had significant consequences in my life.*

DAVID A. WILSON

This book is dedicated to

My children...

David III, Kevin, Daryl, Deborah

My grandchildren...

David IV, Matthew, Elizabeth, Hannah, Michael,  
Kaleb, Kameron, Shiloh, Kollin,  
Charlemagne, Myabella,  
Brooklyn, Christianna, Sheriese, Troy

My extended family...

My team at Wilson Audio  
and my friends.

All of you who have helped me in countless ways.

I hope something I have written within these pages will be of help to you in this earthly journey that we call *Life* as now I see some of my experiences with perspective  
*In the Rearview Mirror.*

## FORWARD



David A. Wilson, my eternal love, is my favorite storyteller. He made any story interesting as he drew vivid and vibrant word pictures, and, as he recounted various events for family and friends, he made experiences in the past come to life. He also loved to share his knowledge about geology, herpetology, photography, history, audio, autos, shooting...and the list goes on. He truly had the heart of a teacher.

We discussed getting some of his poignant experiences written down, which he started doing in early 2017. I felt an urgency for him to get this part of his personal history done. We had written our life sketches for my family history books, but a chronological history of major life events is one thing--writing down these vignettes, capturing his quick and charming wit about his life lessons learned, was another.

He finished the first chapter, "Be Careful What You Say", on Valentine's Day, February 14, 2017, while we were on a vacation/business trip in Florida. I was so pleased that the project was indeed starting! I encouraged, helped with typing and editing...and yes, even indulged in a little gentle, and sometimes not so gentle "prodding". We have always jokingly said, "Behind every good man is a good woman with a pitchfork...tined with kindness". I felt it was paramount for him to get these "vignettes" out of his head and onto paper...and he did too.

The objective was to take certain events in his life that had dramatically affected, enlightened, helped, guided, or changed him, and put them into a narrative form so they could help loved ones who might face similar circumstances or challenges in their lives.

Dave has fought serious health problems for years--sarcoidosis, diabetes, skin cancer, infections, and heart disease. However, there was more to come. Our world was changed forever on November 9, 2017, when a dear friend, Dr. Gordon McClean, after reviewing his CT scan, sat in our music room at our home and told us that Dave had bone cancer. Of all the diseases Dave dreaded, cancer was his worst nightmare. Later, Dave was specifically diagnosed with a Stage 4 metastatic squamous cell bone cancer. The prognosis was not promising. We were told that he might only have three to six months to live.

We decided to do two things. First, we decided we would fight the cancer until he was in remission. If that proved unsuccessful, we would then know healing was not our Heavenly Father's will for Dave. Second, we wanted to be sure that, working together, we got the rest of his book written. Dave thought the title "Life in the Rearview Mirror" seemed right. His stories "looked back" from the perspective provided by his life of seventy-three years.

With travel, doctors' appointments, chemo, radiation, and drugs it was difficult for him to merely function, let alone compose his thoughts exactly the way he wanted. But Dave was amazing! He fought through pain and exhaustion and wrote as he could. He felt a powerful desire to finish this book before he left this earth...and he almost did. In seven months (a month longer than the doctors gave Dave), he completed the introduction and thirteen chapters. We had the remaining four outlined when he went into the hospital with a heart attack and a stroke. We both hoped that he would recover long enough to finish the last chapters, but that was not to be.

Before Dave's passing, I promised him that I would finish his book. Since his death, I've found letters and some of his recorded stories. Perhaps most profoundly, I believe I have received help and inspiration from him, and have felt his spirit alongside me, helping to get this book completed. It has been a difficult, but tender task. Of what value are the experiences and the lessons we have learned in life if we don't pass them on to our loved ones in order to encourage and help them?

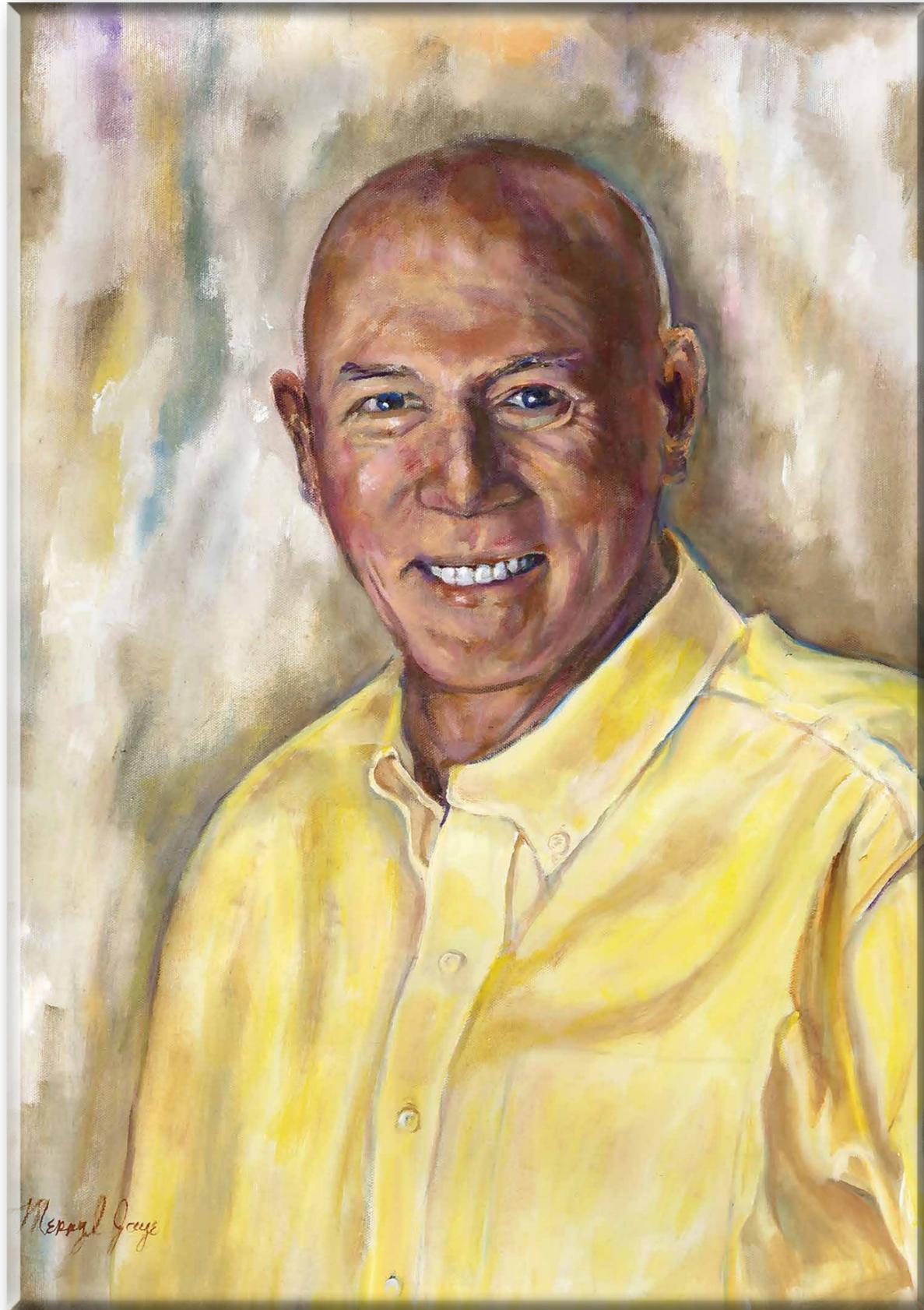
We know there *is* purpose to this life. We must learn to help, love, and lift one another. We must develop our talents, learn self-control, and have faith. Death is *not* the end, but merely the closing of an important chapter, and the opening of a more glorious one. I know that Dave and I will be together again...eternally...never again to be separated. Though writing this book came at an extraordinarily difficult time, when Dave was literally fighting for his life, we both felt it was imperative to record these life experiences and share them with you, our friends and family, that we both love and care about so much.

We hope in some small way these stories and insights will help you during your earthly journey.

With our love,

Sheryl Lee...and Dave

August 16, 2018 9:25 AM

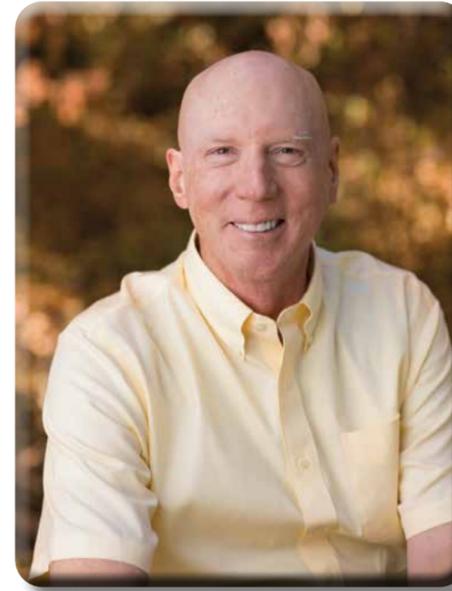


# LIFE IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

BY DAVID A. WILSON

HUSBAND, FATHER, SPEAKER DESIGNER,  
AND MAN OF FAITH

Chapters	Time Period	Pages
Dave's Introduction and Life Sketch	1944-2018	1 -- 5
1 Childhood Fears	1947, 1953, 2010-2018	6 -- 11
2 Be Careful What You Say!	1952	12 -- 13
3 "That's Not You !"	1957	14 -- 17
4 The Spark Is Ignited	1958-1999	18 -- 23
5 Bargain Blowouts	1959	24 -- 35
6 The Ministry of Encouragement	1961-2018	36 -- 43
7 Jenny's Junction	1965	44 -- 49
8 "All Is Fair In Love And War!"	1965	50 -- 55
9 Just Don't Call It A "Vacation"	1973	56 -- 67
10 A Seed Is Planted	1996	68 -- 71
11 The Mission of Mankind	1996	72 -- 75
12 The Challenges of Motherhood	2006	76 -- 81
13 At Least It's Not Afghanistan!	2014	82 -- 83
14 "It's All About Time!"	2017	84 -- 87
15 Miracles or Mere Coincidences?	1952-2018	88 -- 95
16 Things We've Learned	1966-2018	96 -- 97
17 My Testimony	2017-2018	98 --101
18 Till We Meet Again...	2018	102



## INTRODUCTION AND LIFE SKETCH

Well, I've put this off about as long as I dare. I have been counseled by leaders far wiser than I, to write a personal history. I think I started hearing that counsel over 40 years ago, so you might be forgiven for thinking that procrastination is one of my character flaws. The delay is neither because I lack meaningful experience, nor is it because I lack fondness and concern for you, my family and friends, the ones who are most likely to read this. But, as you know, life has its distractions...the voluntary and the imposed, the meaningful and the frivolous, the good and the bad. We are constantly making choices of what to do with our limited time, resources, and energy. Sometimes our choices aren't great, but when we are at our best, we choose to do the best...selecting it over the merely good...and avoiding at all costs the evil and self-destructive. I consider this book, a collection of writings, experiences, and insights, to be one of the best things I can do with the time I have left if it benefits any who read it.

One of the challenges of actually writing is to decide on a format or structure. Obviously, a simple chronological outline of my life would have some value. Out of all my forebearers, only my mother, Irene Metcalfe Wilson, left a personal history, and because of this, even after her death, I still learn from her. I wish my father and grandparents had left some written history...even very brief thoughts and reminiscences. All that remains are old pictures, certificates, and memories that are fading...just like the pictures.

My mother's journal begins with her childhood and goes from there in generally linear chronological sequence. This is an eminently logical style of presentation, but at times I wanted to know more about certain experiences she had, how she felt about them, and what lessons she learned from them. I've chosen not to use the "linear chronology" format because I fear I would get bogged down in the sometimes long periods of (not-too-meaningful) living history that fill the spaces between the more noteworthy experiences. I feel a need (finally) to achieve and maintain some real momentum. So I considered the way I actually think. I sometimes find myself remembering an experience and thinking that there's a good story there...one that people may actually want to read. So that is what I'm going to do. You can read about my life, if you choose, through things that I have written over the years and also in a number of vignettes. These may be likened to non-fiction short stories, which in the structure of this book, will be accompanied by a chronological timeline. How did I choose the material? I gave prayerful and contemplative thought to the selections. For this non-linear structure, I apologize, but only to a limited extent. If I was to burden you with total recall on my part, and this book turned into a 3,000-page linear tome of relentless sobriety, factual documentation, and seeming self-righteousness, then its readers would be few. Better, I think, to produce a much smaller, more accessible book that will actually be read, both quietly by the reader and occasionally out loud in story form to others.

What makes each vignette I chose so special? The fact is that I not only remember these experiences (sometimes many decades after living them), but that I remember them with some sense of poignancy, joy, thankfulness, despair, or inspiration.

I am not so arrogant as to think that all or even very much of what I relate is profound. You will be the judge of that. You will be living in a world far different than I, and some of what I relate may seem irrelevant to you. But, I promise you this...I will try to find the grain of timeless truth in each of my life's little stories, experiences, and thoughts that have influenced my direction emotionally, intellectually, professionally, and spiritually. I hope that some of these truths will be of help as you too struggle with your challenges in life.

As I write this book, I am a "senior citizen" at 73 years of age with a genuine "deadline." A thirty-year-old has a hard time looking back and making sense of over 70 years of life experience as I now can.

Therefore, I will start with a short history of my life to help put my writing and stories into a context.



Me



My parents in 1967  
Irene & David A. Wilson, Sr.

I was born in Los Angeles, California, on September 8, 1944. My parents, David Andrew Wilson, Sr. and Irene Mitchell Metcalfe, are of English ancestry. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (also known by the nicknames "LDS" or "Mormon Church") was brought into my life through my mother's parents, who had joined the Church in England before emigrating to Salt Lake City, Utah. Coming from a part member family, we had the Church in our lives, but it wasn't a dominant part. My dad was a "semi-annual" Methodist...going to his church on Christmas and Easter. Fortunately, he did not try to prevent my mother from taking my sister Marilynne and me to Church with her. I will always be grateful for my father's sensitivity to my mother's needs and for my mother's sacrifices to make The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints a regular part of my life.

At that time there were five in our family: me, my parents, James (my half-brother from my father's first marriage who was 11 years my senior), and my sister Marilynne who was two years older than I. Until I was six years old, we lived in a house my parents built in Inglewood, Southern California.

In late 1950, my parents, my sister, and I moved to Sacramento, California, where my father, a certified public accountant, worked for the California State Government. I consider myself fortunate to have grown up *how*, *when*, and *where* I did. My parents were quiet, reserved people who provided a secure and stable home for us. It was great being a kid there and then. The horrible deprivations and

fears of the Depression and World War II were behind us, and the ultimately divisive social and bankrupting debt structure upheavals of the late 60s and thereafter had not yet hit. Parents and children enjoyed similar music. "Father knew best" for "little Beaver," and families could enjoy all of the movies together.

The suburbs of Sacramento still had much open space where children could play. My favorite play area was a large field behind our house. The field had a stream running through it, and I especially loved studying the reptiles and amphibians that made that field their habitat. I was too shy to get involved in group activities like sports until I was in high school, and even then, the groups I got involved with--swimming, art, and rifle marksmanship--supported individual, rather than team goals. I was a Boy Scout at our Church, but was not too ambitious for advancement. I reached the rank of "Star." I did, however, enjoy the campouts, particularly if swimming was involved or if I found a snake!

In 1958, I first became intrigued with understanding and building hi-fi loudspeakers. I spent endless hours pouring over books and articles and trying out different designs. While other boys were thinking about cars and girls, I was captivated by woofers and tweeters! The cars and *the* girl would come later.

I went to college for two years in Sacramento and then transferred to BYU in 1964. I received my B.S. degree in 1967 in zoology and chemistry. When I wasn't studying for school, I was studying hi-fi.

Then, on October 2, 1965, I met *the* girl...Sheryl Lee Jamison... who rocked my very soul! I still don't know what I ever did to be so fortunate as to marry Sheryl Lee, but for over 51 years, she has been a blessing in my life in more ways than I can count. We were married in the Los Angeles Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 6, 1966.

We went to BYU together for one more year and then moved to Glendale, California. I did one year of graduate work in molecular biology. After my schooling, I began working in pharmaceutical sales first for Pfizer, then Abbott Laboratories.



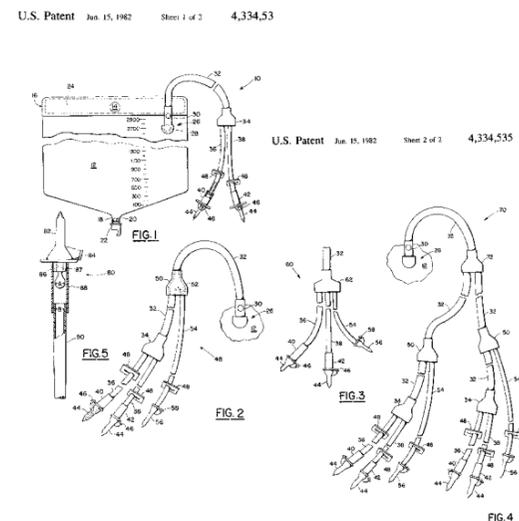
Sheryl Lee and Dave on their  
wedding day 9/6/66

I was promoted to Abbott Labs Pharmaceutical Clinical Research Group in North Chicago, Illinois, in 1970. I specialized in antimicrobials and anticonvulsants.

We lived in Waukegan, Illinois, from 1970 to 1974. Here we had our first two children: David III in 1973 and Kevin in 1974. It was also here in 1974 that we started Wilson Audio Specialties, Inc. with the SM.AR.T. turntable modification.

We missed California, so in 1974, I transferred to Abbott Labs Hospital Group, and we moved to a town in Marin County--Novato--which is in the north San Francisco Bay Area.

In 1976, I joined Cutter Laboratories Hospital Products Design Group headed by Frank Serany in Berkeley, California, specializing in I.V. equipment and Total Parenteral Nutrition (TPN). A TPN system provides patients intravenously with all the fluid and the essential nutrients they need when they are unable to feed themselves by mouth. I received a patent in 1980 (US4334535A) for my "Calcuta" TPN delivery system, shown to the right. This helped me psychologically heal the wounds caused by my beloved grandmother's death from cancer when I was eight years old.



In 1978, we had our third son, Daryl, and two years later in 1980, our daughter Deborah was born. Up to this point, most of my callings in the Church had been teaching in the elders quorum, high priests quorum, and Sunday School, but I also served as ward mission leader and later a member of the Stake High Council.

With our fledgling company, Wilson Audio Specialties, Inc., I was doing audio consultation, audio journalism, and recording engineering "on the side." Twenty-four hours a day was just not enough! On April 1, 1982 (April Fools' Day), with Sheryl Lee's encouragement and support, I resigned from Cutter Labs, and we took "the entrepreneurial leap of faith." Wilson Audio alone was going to have to pay the bills. It was rocky and very scary at first. We suffered several financial setbacks, but we had faith that what we were doing was right and worthwhile, so we persevered.

During these years, the company grew, and when the time came to move in 1991, we happily did so to beautiful Provo, Utah. We built a facility for Wilson Audio at 2233 Mountain Vista Lane and built our home at 1201 North 1450 East in the Oak Hills 5th Ward (an individual congregation of the Church).

Wilson Home 1991



Wilson Audio 2008



We couldn't have been happier with our ward and our city...even now after 27 years! In this ward, I also was called as a teacher. Later I served as a counselor in the Stake Sunday School Presidency, and then for several years as the Stake Sunday School President, where I stressed the "ministry of encouragement" for teachers throughout the stake.

Our family has also grown over the years to 25 as our children have married and had their own children. We now have 15 wonderful grandchildren!

In 1999, we purchased the first 60 acres of beautiful country east of Kanab in Southern Utah of what ultimately would become our Red Rock Ranch. Over the years, we have added land and now have around 250 acres on which we built our ranch house, a solar power system, a well with water purification, even some roads and other infrastructure...since it is completely "off the grid." It is a wonderful, peaceful retreat where family can hike, shoot, camp, roast hot dogs, and have Easter egg hunts. It's also not far from Lake Powell and our boat!

And as of 2018, Wilson Audio has been in business 44 years and has 47 employees...the very best team in the entire hi-end audio industry! We currently have distribution of our speakers in over 40 countries around the world. We built our manufacturing and administrative facility in 1991 and then enlarged it to over 40,000 square feet in 2006. We carefully planned for succession in the business. In November of 2016, after working with and mentoring our son Daryl for many years, we asked him to take over as CEO of Wilson Audio. Sheryl Lee and I then moved to the the board of directors.

As far as hobbies, I enjoy listening to music on the WAMM Master Chronosonic system that I designed, taking photographs, shooting long range precision rifles, driving our Ferraris with my sweetheart on road trips and charity drives, searching for reptiles, and boating on Lake Powell.

Through the years, I have had many health challenges: sarcoidosis, diabetes, heart disease that required quadruple bypass surgery, a shattered heel when I fell from the roof at the Ranch, skin cancer--a constant battle, and parotid gland cancer.

However, our greatest health battle started on November 9, 2017, when we discovered that I have a very rare, Stage 4 metastatic squamous cell bone cancer. The war is being fought battle by battle with chemotherapy, radiation, blessings, prayer, and my precious wife!

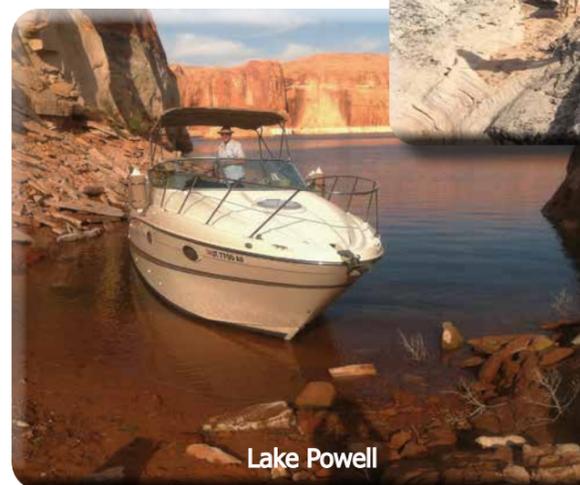
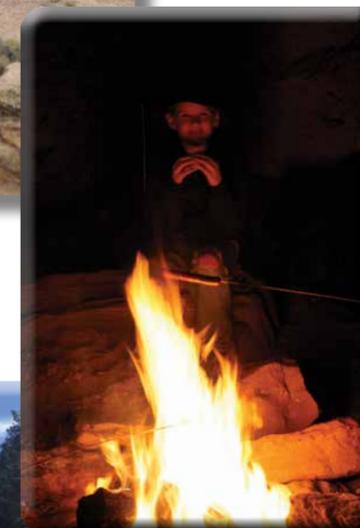
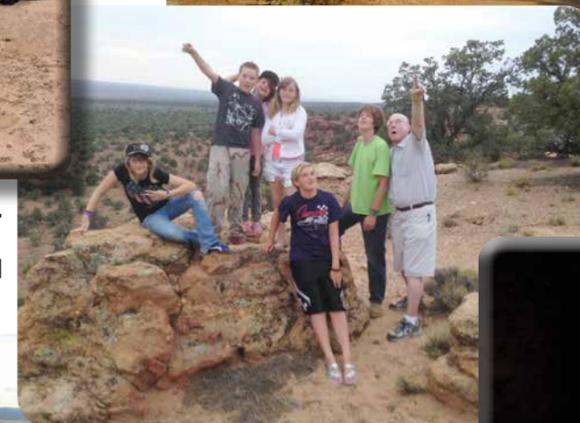
I now, more than ever, fully realize that I am one of the luckiest men in the world!

Over the years, we have traveled extensively for business and for pleasure, and we have friends around the world. But I am still the same shy guy inside that I was in high school. The introvert in me finds peace in the Ranch we built. For many years, I kept a treasured pet Mexican black kingsnake in my office. I guess I'll never grow up!

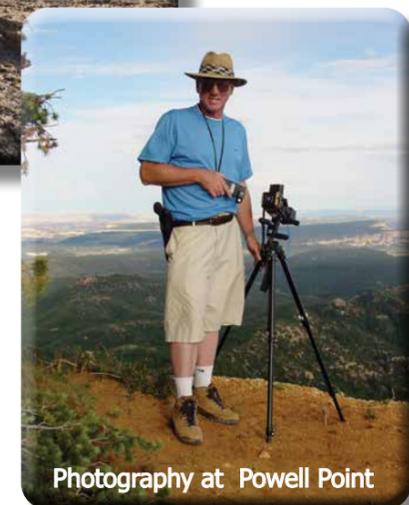
Oh, and as for the high school boys' talk about girls and cars...subjects I was too insecure to approach...well, I have Sheryl Lee, and we've enjoyed several Ferraris...so I guess there's hope for anyone!



Fun times at Red Rock Ranch... shooting, hiking, eating hot dogs, hunting Easter eggs, and just relaxing...



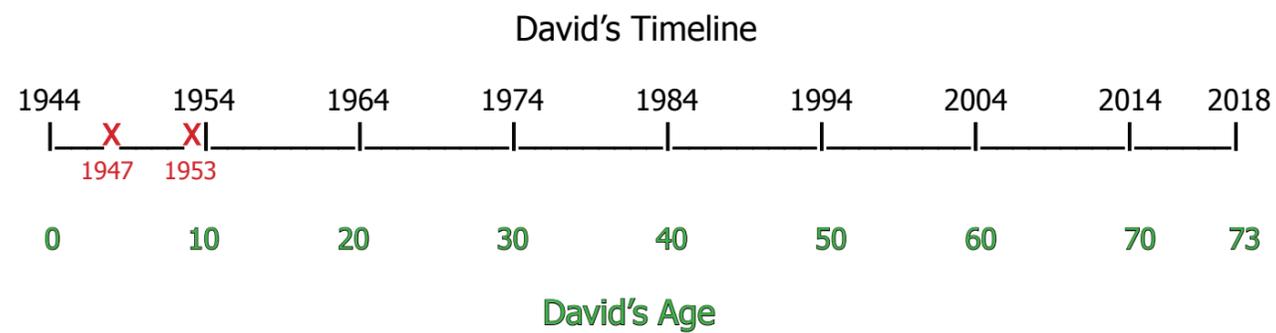
Lake Powell



Photography at Powell Point

# CHILDHOOD FEARS

## "BLACK MARBLES" AND GRANDMA'S HANDS



# CHILDHOOD FEARS

## "BLACK MARBLES" AND GRANDMA'S HANDS

From the week I was born in September 1944 to the time our family moved to Sacramento, California, in winter of 1950, we lived in a house my parents built in Inglewood, California. I shared a bedroom with my half brother, James Andrew Wilson, who was 11 years older than I. My dim recollection is that he was patient with that arrangement.

Jim had some marbles, which he kept in a little tin can. By the time I was three, I was somewhat intrigued by them because my hands were large enough to roll two or three of them about. Some were battle worn and of less interest, but the shiny ones always caught my eye.

When I was three years old, my mother took me with her to pick up my sister Marilynne from kindergarten. Marilynne's elementary school was situated in a residential neighborhood. Typically for the era and the area, there was a little strip of lawn between the sidewalk and the gutter. In this area was a concrete-lined hole, which contained the water meter, so the "meter reader" could measure the usage. Usually the hole was sealed by a removable concrete cover. However, on this day, the cover was off, which allowed my curious eyes to peer down into the hole.

What I saw surprised and delighted me...many marbles! In fact, I saw the shiniest marbles I had ever seen, and they were pure black! Immediately, my little hand was reaching into this treasure trove. Instantaneously, I was forcefully shoved back, head over heels, amidst the deafening yells of my mother! These *were not* black marbles!





These were, in fact, large, very poisonous black widow spiders! One bite from this type of spider has been known to kill an adult human. My little hand, as it reached into this assemblage of ebony assassins, could have picked up three!

With her actions, my mother may well have saved my life! At the time, though, I was shocked and angry because I had been kept from some alluring toys. I was completely confused. These "marbles" had terrified my mother! Why?

Black widows became the source of the earliest childhood fear I can remember. Even into adulthood, a diminished fear remains, and amazingly, I have a sixth "spidy" sense when a black widow is in my vicinity. However, now I search out the creepy creature and exterminate it.

Some other fears have proven more difficult to tame.

### GRANDMA'S HANDS...

My mother's mother, Alice Mitchell Metcalfe, lived about seven blocks from our home in Inglewood. She lived there as a widow from 1925.



It was a small house on a fairly large lot. She and many of her neighbors had large gardens and grew much of their own food. These little squares of nature allowed me to watch the birds and hunt for insects. I loved going to my grandmother's home, which we often did.

Usually, we just walked. It was a warm, soft, safe haven for my sister and me. "Mommy" and "Nana" talked together often, but otherwise it was quiet. I only later really understood just how much Mommy and Nana respected and loved each other. Grandmother's eyes radiated love for me every time she saw me. I felt completely safe there under the care and quiet guidance of two generations of loving mothers.

When I was six years old, my father's work as an accountant for the California State Franchise Tax Board caused us to move to California's capital city, Sacramento. The 400-mile drive along U.S. Route 99 to the new city was dreary for this six-year-old boy in the gray of central California's tule fog. I longed for the sunny garden at Grandma's home.

During the next two years, we went to see Grandma only two or three times. The visits became different. The tone of voice was not so relaxing. People moved faster. Men in suits would sometimes drop by. I asked what was happening. "Your Grandmother is sick," I was told. Oh, I had been sick before. My Grandma slept more and seemed smaller. Okay, I've slept before when I felt sick.

Then they took Nana away. They said she had *cancer*.

The last time I saw Nana was in a dimly lit room at the hospital in 1953. Her bed was surrounded by large, official-looking adults. I wanted to squeeze in and hold the hand that was draped over her death-bed's edge. I recoiled. Grandma's hand was like a skeleton with thin, yellowed parchment stretched over it. I wanted to hold it so much, but I was afraid to do so. She was no longer safe. Why couldn't she eat? Why couldn't she get well? Why couldn't anyone help her, feed her? I walked out of the room and sat on a bench in the hall. Alone.

I became *terrified* of cancer. When I was about twelve, I thought about how hopeless and miserable the cancer patient is. I thought if ever I was to get cancer, my only recourse would be to go up to the Sierra Nevada Mountains and die. *CANCER*...that was my greatest fear!

Over the years, I've learned that valid fears of real things can help us a lot. I believe it unwise to shelter children from experiencing and accurately understanding the nature, character, and risks of frightening things. Because fears can have such a powerful impact on our lives, they can act like powerful drugs--protecting us from grave damage or if mishandled, causing us great distress.

Children's imaginations, so often unbounded by logical boundaries, can fantasize so as to create even the most impossible threats. These threats can be deep, vivid, and directly connected to the emotions. Such uncorrected myths-turned-memories can conjure up powerful feelings into adulthood. Black widows do still bother me though they no longer terrify me.

*Cancer* was another thing...and it continued to haunt, even terrify, me well into adulthood.

Cancer raised its ugly head again in 1982 when my mother died of lung cancer--a sad irony since she had never smoked. However, she was around people who did, and she was affected by the second-hand smoke.

In 2010 and 2011, I battled squamous cell carcinoma...a type of skin cancer. It seemed nonthreatening enough at the time. The dry, crusty lesions on my face were simply removed. However, squamous cell carcinoma's danger is often underestimated. A short time after the face lesions were removed, I noticed a small lump under my jaw, which one doctor thought was just scar tissue. This lump, though, was growing.

I insisted on a biopsy, which our fine dermatologist did. It was indeed cancerous. We went to the Huntsman Cancer Institute in Salt Lake City where I was operated on, and the cancerous parotid gland was removed along with three sentinel lymph nodes. The lymph nodes were pronounced "clear" of cancer. Just to be sure, the oncologist ordered four weeks of radiation therapy.

At the conclusion of treatment, the PET scan declared the areas clear of cancer. What I have since learned is that you can *never* be 100 percent sure you are "clear of cancer." No further tests were suggested. We felt relieved that I was "cured."

Also in 2011, I was persuaded to start the new WAMM speaker project. I had some desire to build a truly monumental system that would not only address issues in the time domain (issues that were ignored in virtually all highly rated loudspeaker offerings), but also elegantly correct them to literally laboratory tolerances. With the knowledge I had gained over the last 60 years and with the resources now available from the world-class Wilson Audio team, I knew this was possible, but it would be an unprecedented challenge. Nevertheless, I made the decision to proceed.

About three years into the new WAMM project, I began having severe back pain and fatigue. I knew something was wrong, and I *feared* it was cancer. However, I knew if I obtained a positive diagnosis for malignancy, my life would no longer be my own and the creative process would be irreparably interrupted. I needed to finish the new WAMM...for me, for Sheryl Lee, and for Wilson Audio.

I told no one of my health suspicions, not even Sheryl Lee. "I'm just being a tired old man," I would quip. Not surprisingly, I was encouraged as my blood tests consistently came back normal.

In November of 2016, after five years of development, the WAMM Master Chronosonic was finished and was received universally with great acclaim. Even more importantly, it was finally the speaker I had always dreamed of creating and owning. In that same month, we put our company's succession plan into effect and named our son Daryl Wilson CEO of Wilson Audio, allowing Sheryl Lee and me to move to the board of directors and become "WAMM-bassadors" as Daryl suggested. This certainly lifted a huge burden from my aching back!

However, even though blood tests continued to be normal at this time, the pain in my back had persevered and, in fact, intensified. One doctor thought the problem might be kidney stones and ordered an abdominal CT scan.

On November 9, 2017, my world changed forever. They found no kidney stones...but they did find lesions all through my bones from the base of my skull down my spine into my pelvis and also in my femur bones. The diagnosis was advanced *cancer*--in fact, Stage 4.

After I saw the physical evidence that confirmed my worst fear, we discovered it is the same squamous cell carcinoma cancer that we fought in 2011. It *did* escape the treatments of that time and went deep into my bones, which is *extremely* rare.

However, unlike the David at twelve, the David at seventy-three has been better able to cope with this terrible fear.

Why is my response to cancer different now? Obviously, I am older, and I hope, wiser. As I look at some of the personal areas of my life, many specific elements stand out--ones I could not have even imagined as a twelve-year-old boy:

- I have the advantages of wonderful medical care and physicians, who not only are experts in their field but are personal friends.
- Because of our son Daryl and our superb team at Wilson Audio, I do not have to worry about the company and, thankfully, have the financial resources to procure the medical help that I want and need.
- I have family and friends around the world who are praying for my recovery. I can tangibly feel their prayers and love. That support gives me great hope and strength.
- I have wonderful priesthood holders in my Church who have given me encouraging priesthood blessings that have enlightened and expanded my mind and given me direction in researching and securing my medical treatment.
- I have a deep and abiding faith in a loving Heavenly Father who I believe knows what is best for me. I believe that He is not just our Creator, as the sculptor creates a statue, but that He is the Father of each of our spirits. I believe that we are *literally* sons and daughters of God with unimaginably exultant potential. We are His spiritual offspring and have our own individual, divine spirit, which is separate from our physical body. Thus I believe that we are all brothers and sisters, and that as such, we have a divine kinship. Our earthly fathers and mothers provide the mortal bodies that combine with the spirit to make a living soul. In this mortal body with an immortal spirit, we live here on earth to be tried and tested...and to experience joy. At death, the spirit leaves the body and returns to the spirit realm. In time, I believe there will be a resurrection--a reuniting of the body and spirit in its perfect form, never to be separated again. I know death is not the end, but merely a temporary separation from those I love, and I will see them again.
- I have had the love and help of my magnificent wife throughout this trial, and together we have catalysed one another's strengths to fight and not stop fighting until we are told that it is not the Lord's plan for me to remain here longer. We have been sealed for "time and all eternity," and that sealing ordinance gives me comfort and peace to face what lies ahead. We have grown even closer through this trial, and I know our love and marriage will continue beyond this life. These experiences have given me insights that I could have gained in no other way.
- These experiences have made me so very grateful for my life and my many blessings and the tender mercies from the Lord that are given me each day.
- These experiences have given me the wonderful ability to help and encourage others.
- These experiences have given me the opportunity to grow even closer to my Savior.

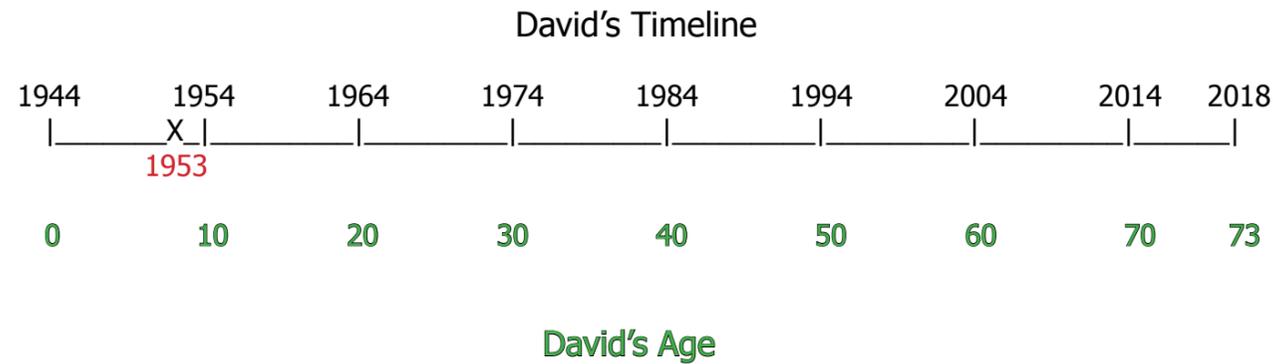
Some may say the faith I embrace is naive...merely an expression of my own gullibility. I genuinely respect their decision to pursue different beliefs. Since my faith requires a pretty high level of commitment from me and from Sheryl Lee, we have frequently, and for over 50 years, examined evidences both pro and con regarding our beliefs. I have found ample evidence to support my faith...not "prove" it...but all the more surely to embrace it.

I believe that the only way of truly testing the value of a way of life is by living it. Living it allows one to add another dimension to an essentially physical/mechanistic approach, or "doctrine." I believe, as the saying goes, "Some things that count, can't be counted." I value equally examining both dimensions.

I have tried to incorporate a similar intellectual and philosophical blueprint into the sonic design and refinement of our speakers. It is not just how a creation measures...it's how it works...how closely it approaches the reproduction of live, unamplified music. I love, as the song goes, "stuff that works," sonically and spiritually, and I have found them both.



# BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY!



## BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY!

In the United States, before its vaccine was registered and approved for use in 1963, measles was, like mumps and chickenpox, considered a common communicable disease of children. The vast majority of children between the ages of two and ten contracted measles, and schools would act as transmission hotspots throughout the pre-vaccination days.

My turn came in the early summer of 1952. Some of the kids at my school, Dyer-Kelly Elementary, had come down with the infection. And so it was that the measles virus (Rubeola) was introduced into the Wilson household. I remember the dark pink rash and having to stay in bed. Thankfully, I don't recall feeling really miserable. In a few days, I was allowed to go out and play on our backyard patio.

The next morning, June 27, things would change! I remember hearing voices as if in a dream, but

without any visual element. I was blind! The world was pitch black. I feebly tried to move, but couldn't. I was paralyzed! The voices were sporadic, and they sounded far away--with an echo. I remember hearing my mother trying to comfort me. I also heard unfamiliar men's voices talking about sickness. For a seven-year-old boy, it was all very frightening. I drifted in and out of awareness. At one point, I remember hearing people, including my mother, talking about something I didn't understand and then something about a blessing.

As time proceeded, in and out of consciousness, I felt increasingly lonely and afraid.

And then, gradually, I came out of the dark! My head ached badly, my neck was stiff, and my back was very sore. I had no idea where I was, so I cried...loudly! The nurse ran into the room and exclaimed, "He's awake!"

The nurses called my parents, who dropped what they were doing and drove to the hospital as quickly as they could. My mother said she and my father could hear me crying and yelling while they were still out in the parking lot! I think I calmed down quickly when I saw them.

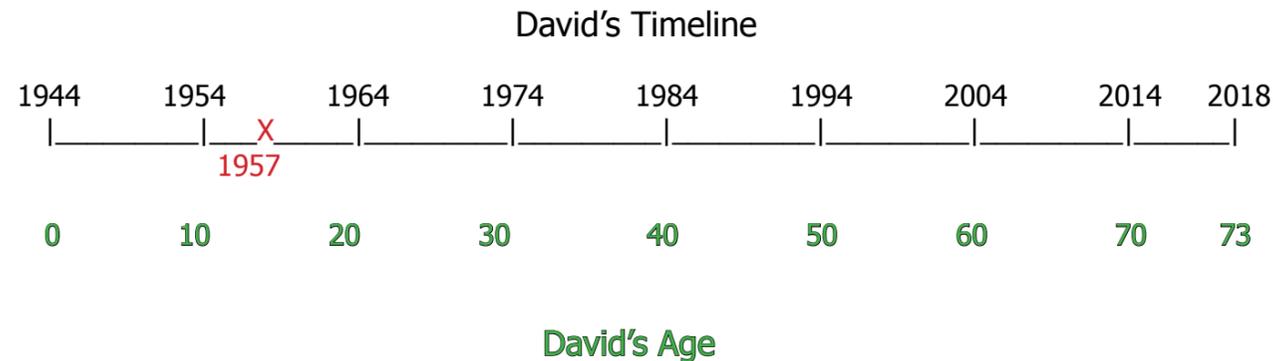
I found out later that, at first, the doctors thought I had polio and that I had been in a coma for three days. My back had a large red area (perhaps an antiseptic stain?) where it was so sore. This, it turned out, was the spot where they had put a large needle into my back for a spinal tap. The final diagnosis was acute measles encephalitis or infection and inflammation of the brain. This is a severe complication of measles with a frequency of about one in 1,000 to 5,000. The mortality rate is around 15 percent while 20 to 40 percent of those who survive are left with residual neurological sequelae.

I was given a priesthood blessing and had a full recovery from this rare and dangerous complication. I am truly grateful to my Heavenly Father for His healing power and intervention.

I feel that it is important to learn productive lessons from our trials. So, based on my experience when I was in a coma (that at times I could hear what was going on around me, but could not respond), I would make the following suggestions: If you are given the opportunity to visit people who are in a coma, please offer them encouragement. Move fairly close to their ear and speak slowly and distinctly, but not too loudly. Tell them about their surroundings; orient them. Remember, they may have been transported to the hospital when they were unconscious. Tell them who else is there. Try to think of and tell them some good news that would be of interest to them. Perhaps rub their hands and feet and let them know how many people love them and are praying for them. Ask their family if they have received, or would like to receive, a priesthood blessing.

They just may be listening...and thanking you!

# “THAT’S NOT YOU!”



# “THAT’S NOT YOU!”

In the 1950s, smoking was “cool.” The Hollywood stars promoted it, and many people at work and at home smoked for the image, for the “taste,” for the fun, and for the “sophistication.” They didn’t realize the *addiction* aspect of it. My father grew up onboard ships in the British Merchant Marines, and he smoked unfiltered Camels--sometimes several packs a day.

My mother did not use tobacco or alcohol. As members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, we are counseled not to use these substances. Perhaps a little background on this principle would help. This counsel was given in a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith in Kirtland, Ohio, on February 27, 1833. As a consequence of the early brethren using tobacco in their meetings, the Prophet was led to ponder upon the matter; consequently, he inquired of the Lord concerning its use. This revelation, known as the “Word of Wisdom,” was the result. It appears in the book *Doctrine and Covenants* as Section 89.

Here are some excerpts:

It was “Given for a principle with promise...Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation—That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good...strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill... And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them.”

Not only did my dad smoke, but many parents of my friends smoked and drank alcohol. Mike was a classmate, a risk-taker, and thrill-seeker. Both of his parents worked, and occasionally he would show up at my home with “time to kill” and with cigarettes--Chesterfields. One day he offered me one, and I smoked it. The smell was different from my father’s Camels. This experimentation started in the late summer of 1957 and continued into the early part of my eighth-grade school year. In all, I smoked maybe a total of 15 cigarettes. Insidiously though, it was getting easier to smoke.

Another classmate, Skip, had the run of his house. His father was a banker and away a lot. His mother was an alcoholic and was usually behind a locked door in her bedroom. There was an amazing array of alcohol in that house, and Skip enjoyed sampling...and sharing it. I was curious, so we tried several different kinds of alcohol. The tastes were different. I believe that over time, I may have consumed a total of 10 ounces. As was the case with cigarettes, the alcohol was becoming easier to drink. I began to picture myself as a “Chesterfields and Vodka man.” Curious kids and lack of parental supervision are not a great combination!

Fortunately for me, these experiments took place in the late summer. When the school year began, I was assigned to a “mixed” eighth- and seventh-grade class taught by Mr. Honrath. Don Alley was in the seventh-grade half of the class along with Randy Wills. Richard Wadsworth was in the eighth-grade half.



James Dean



Lucille Ball



Neither Mike nor Skip was in my class. Don didn't live far from me, and we had become good friends when my family and the Esteps went on a camping trip together to Big Basin Redwood State Park--about 22 miles northwest of Santa Cruz, California. Don was invited to come along as a guest of the Esteps' son, but Don and I spent much of the time together exploring and catching crayfish in the stream that ran through the redwoods. We found we really enjoyed each other's company and doing things together. Little did I know of the adventures in hi-fi that awaited us!

Don was (and still is) very conservative and levelheaded. I respected how he always thought things through. He was meticulous and a good student. We had fun in Mr. Honrath's class along with our friends, Richard Wadsworth and Randy Wills. I would find out later that Randy Wills' dad was really into hi-fi. He had a Klipschorn that changed my life! With the four of us in the same class, shenanigans were always afoot! We had "code words" for different biological functions. They would often come up in oral reading. We couldn't laugh out loud and couldn't be the first one to "smurf." The sequence seemed to be Randy would be the first to bury his head on his desk, followed by Richard then Don and me. I think Mr. Honrath figured out our secret "code" because one day he picked Don to read part of a story that was loaded with "our words." We had a hard time keeping it together!

After the closing bell had rung one day, Don and I started walking to our homes across the field. I remember telling him about some of my experimentation with alcohol and smoking. I remember the next moment vividly. We were behind Mr. Miles' home when Don stopped, looked at me, and said, "Why are you doing that? That's not you!"

That hit me like a ton of bricks! It made me think, but it didn't take me long to decide he was right. I stopped *any* use of tobacco or alcoholic beverages *that day*. How was it that I could stop so fast? For one thing, the substances' addictive "hooks" had not been set. Another more important reason was I truly valued Don's friendship and how he viewed me. Ironically, Don's mother was a heavy smoker, but Don never smoked nor drank. He was a good example and a *true* friend. I will forever be grateful for his influence at that crucial moment in my life! He had the courage to not just "go along" with what so many of our "friends" and parents were doing and made me really consider that what I was casually doing could harm me.

Don has been my close friend for over 60 years and was the one who was instrumental in getting me interested in hi-fi and electronics. He, in fact, became an electronics engineer and a company creator. I too have been able to pursue my dream in speaker design and create a company, Wilson Audio.

In 1966, Don was my "best man" when I married my darling Sheryl Lee Jamison Wilson...a marriage that never would have taken place if had I continued smoking and drinking. Why not? I would never have met Sheryl Lee because I would not have chosen to attend Brigham Young University...a university where drinking and smoking are not allowed.



I am so very grateful that I only briefly experimented with these substances, and they didn't become an impediment to my attending BYU. My life would have been so very different!

*"It has been said that the gate of history turns on small hinges, and so do people's lives. The decisions we make determine our destiny."*

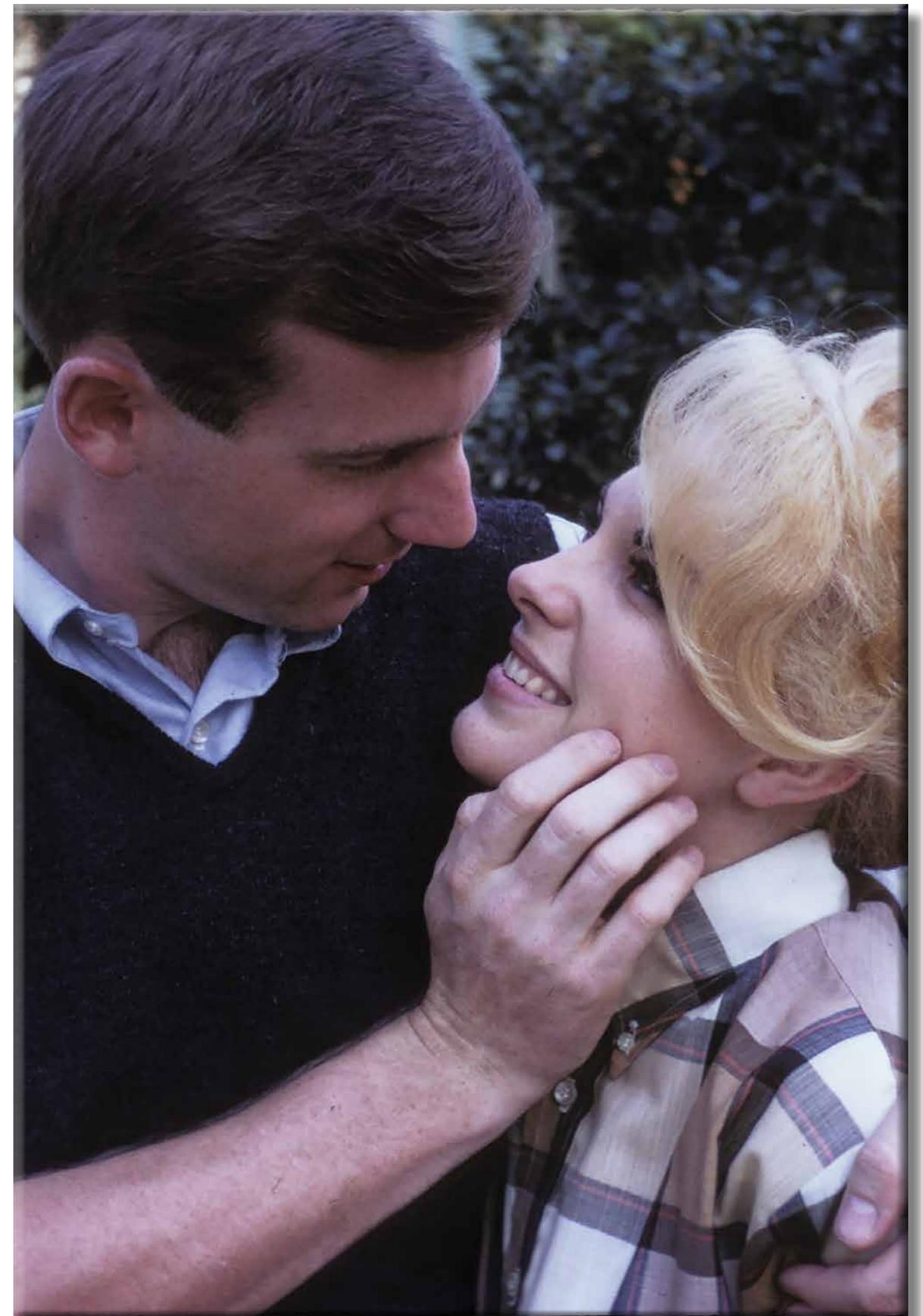
--President Thomas S. Monson

From this experience, I learned countless things, including how important it is to have and to be a good friend! That influence can truly change your life!

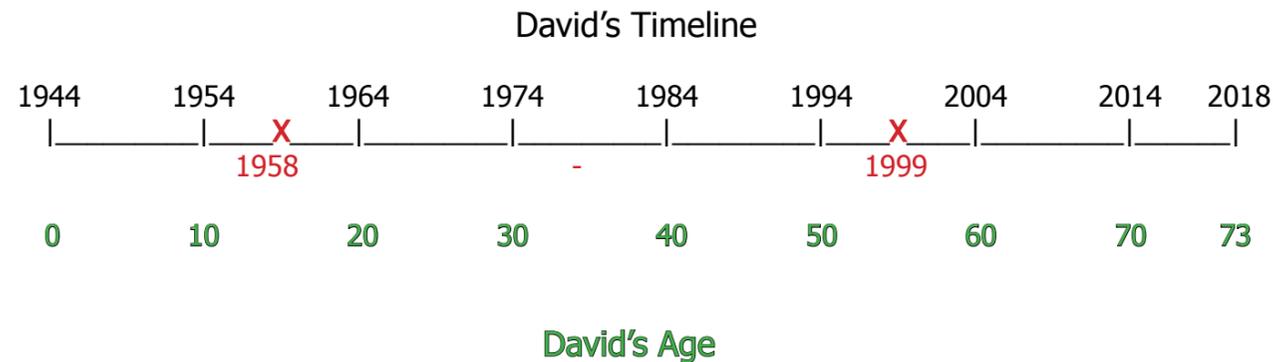
September 1, 1966

Left, Don and me

Next page, Sheryl Lee and me



# THE SPARK IS IGNITED



## THE SPARK IS IGNITED

Yellowstone Avenue, in my hometown of suburban Sacramento, California, gently curves before intersecting Carlsbad Avenue. It was this fortuitous serendipity of road engineering that allowed me to hear the Klipschorn loudspeaker for the first time.

It was the night before Christmas 1958, and as it was our family's tradition to exchange gifts on the morning of Christmas day, I was suffering from youthful anticipation insomnia! That year my heart's desire was a chemistry set...and if my numerous hints had succeeded, it would be the brand that contained potassium chloride.

I just wanted to doze off, so morning would arrive sooner, but sleep eluded me. Christmas carolers were singing down the street, and it was enough to keep me tossing and turning. Finally, I looked out my window, but singers were nowhere to be seen! What I didn't know at the time was that a Mr. Bob Wills down Yellowstone Avenue had put his Klipschorn on his front porch to play Christmas music for his neighbors.

Because of the curve of the road and the cold outside temperature, that sound had a very direct acoustical path to my bedroom window. It completely fooled me! It sounded so *real*. Mr. Wills was an early high-end audiophile, decades before Harry Pearson coined that term. I wish I had known him better. His son, Randy, was a friend and fellow perpetrator of noxious pre-teen pranks, so I was often in their home.

I do remember this huge thing--the Klipschorn speaker--which resided in the corner just to the right of the front door. To the left of that door was the equipment console. I would later learn that the treasures contained in that piece of furniture included Fisher and McIntosh electronics and (be still my heart!) a Weathers FM cartridge, arm, and turntable. This was great stuff in 1958 and would serve to create a 'vision of the ultimate' for me once I was finally and thoroughly infected with the hi-fi bug.

My friend, Don Alley, who had been a protégé of Mr. Wills, was in turn, the one who introduced me to the joys of hi-fi. Don would intrigue me with stories of Mr. Wills' visit to Arkansas to meet Paul Klipsch and get plans, so he could build his own Klipschorn.

This Klipschorn speaker was no simple box. Paul Klipsch patented, among many other amazing inventions, the utility design of his Klipschorn in 1945. The Klipschorn's great strength is its electro-acoustical conversion efficiency. While the best ported speaker designs exhibit little more than 5 percent efficiency, the acoustic suspension designs as low as 1.5 percent, the Klipschorn (depending upon driver selection) was over 35 percent efficient! This was a huge advantage in system dynamics when 12-watt amps were normal and 50-watt units were "monsters." "Quality," said Paul Klipsch, "is directly proportional to efficiency."

To achieve such efficiency, Klipsch mounted either a Stevens or ElectroVoice 15-inch woofer in a small, sealed enclosure deep within the maze-like structure of the



Mr. Wills' Front Porch



## The Klipschorn

corner folded low-frequency horn. The driver could be removed, if desired, via a panel on the side of its relatively small internal enclosure. Output from the front of the driver was directed through a folded horn, which because of its corner placement, could (and had to) utilize the walls of the room to extend low-frequency response.

Deep bass (below about 40 Hz) was never the forte of the big Klipsch. Don Alley's 15-inch Jensen Flexair woofer, in a large ported box, could probably go almost an octave lower. But when it came to fortissimo dynamics, the Klipschorn was in a league of its own.

I literally had dreams about this glorious speaker. My own pitiful early projects, inspired by the delightful writings of Gilbert A. Briggs (founder of Wharfedale Wireless Works) could never measure up (effectively or imaginarily) to the mighty Klipsch.

And then one day Mr. Wills decided to make the move to stereo. He purchased a pair of the then-popular KLH loudspeakers and offered to sell the single Klipsch to me! In retrospect, I think he could have gotten more money, but he saw how smitten I was by this legendary machine. A deal was struck, and there it was in my bedroom! The Klipsch had to lower her standard of living when she moved in with my system. Rather than feasting on harmonically rich McIntosh amplification, she had to endure the lean and buzzy Heathkit. The Weathers FM cartridge's little and much lesser brother, the C-105D, got the signal path going to the Klipschorn's new low-budget system.

Living with her, I got to know her a lot better. She wasn't a totally complete Klipschorn. Two Philips Norelco 8-inch coax drivers had been substituted for the original compression M-R and HF horns. This 'home-made' version was thus dynamically hobbled compared to a standard Klipschorn. It turns out that Bob Wills was not really all that fond of horn midrange. Based on future purchases, I suspect midrange dynamics were not the highest listening priority for Mr. Wills. The Norelcos never really quite matched the bass, but they were very sweet sounding.

The story behind another oddity of this particular Klipschorn reveals another facet of Mr. Wills' personality. The Wills family had a large, fat, long-haired cat. It was an impressive, lazy beast. I can recall one of its favorite haunts was atop the Klipschorn, where it could sleepily survey the state of its realm.

One day, upon observing the scene of tranquil feline indolence, a devilish notion crossed Mr. Wills' mind. Quietly he turned on the electronics. He put the preamp's input selector into an unused position and turned the still quiet volume control all the way up. That very slight hiss was not enough to disturb the snoozing Lord Puss. So onto the Weather's low mass platter went one of Mr. Wills' favorite LPs, Audio Fidelity's *Brave Bulls*. Into the lead-in grooves went the FM cartridge, and when the barely audible needle talk hearkened the beginning of the heroic opening theme, the input selector was switched to "Phono." Over 30W erupted into a 104dB sensitive Klipschorn!

The cerebral cortex, or thinking center, of a cat's brain is noted neither for its size nor its intellectual capabilities. However, the startled cat's cerebellum is very capable, so its skeletal muscle strength, response time, and co-ordination easily and instantly make up for its lack of genius. The sequence must have gone something like this, under the caption "Brave Bulls meets Ballistic Butterball":

- 0 seconds: Leading edge wavefront of sound begins to be abruptly launched by Klipschorn drivers.
- 0 + 3 milliseconds: Wave front strikes still-sleeping cat's tympanic membrane.
- 0 + 6 milliseconds: Bioelectric nerve impulse signal transferred along eighth cranial nerve to the brain of still-sleeping cat.
- 0 + 10 milliseconds: Fully aroused cat is beginning rapid vertical acceleration with all hairs, tail, claws, and legs maximally erect. The cat's pupils fully dilate.
- 0 + 24 milliseconds: Position of ceiling interrupts and slightly deflects vertical trajectory of cat; musk gland empties.
- 0 + 35 milliseconds: In a vain attempt to halt rapid descent, cat's claws dig into soft mahogany front of woofer cabinet.
- 0 + 500 milliseconds: Confused cat is in son Randy's bedroom.
- 0 + 625 milliseconds: Mr. Wills' allegedly superior intellectual facilities begin to react.

That little midlife crisis episode would explain the five-inch vertical scratch on the front of the cabinet, the stain on the top, and the low price of Mr. Bob Wills' prize speaker.

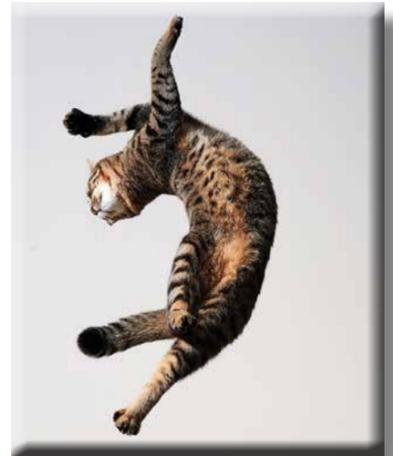
"I guess I deserved it," Mr. Wills would later confess.

Playing with speakers as much as I did meant that I was always magnetizing my Wittnauer watch. It didn't help the fate of said watch that I was trying to be "cool" by wearing it with its face "looking down" under my wrist. This fashion statement positioned the watch deeper into the magnetic field of the speakers I handled. Happily, though, I was always able to de-magnetize my temporarily paralyzed timepiece using a Thompson apparatus I made in high school electronics shop while sitting next to Mark Overmeyer, who for his assignment, made an "electron emitter"--but that's another (frightening) story! All I will tell you is that Mark's "emitter" consisted of one high-voltage AC power cord and one small, rectangular piece of galvanized sheet metal with a hole drilled on each end. The school's circuit breakers were never the same! My heart goes out to all high school shop teachers.

One day, I read how much Gilbert Briggs had lowered the free air cone resonance of woofers by replacing their paper accordion-type surrounds with cloth. I believe it was flannel. I sacrificed an old set of pajamas to harvest the cloth, hefted the Klipschorn out of her corner, and opened the access door. There it was, the metallic blue hammer tone finish of a Stevens 150W! That was some beautiful driver, and with almost 20 pounds of magnet structure, it was a bear to lift out. Soon I had it resting, cone facing up, on my bed. With an Exacto knife, scissors, glue, and Vaseline all lined up, I was about to begin the surgery.

With my left hand, I reached across the face of the driver to pull it closer. I heard a tiny "tic" sound. I looked at the cone to see if anything small had fallen on it, but nothing had. I discovered the source when I looked at my wristwatch. The second sweep hand was lying loose against the crystal of the watch--a victim of the massive magnetic field of the Stevens woofer!

Large speakers have always been a tough sell at the mass consumer level. A limit to market



growth of hi-fi existed because deep base was not available from (relatively) small speakers. This all changed after Edgar Vilchur introduced the acoustic suspension speaker. The AR speakers with 12-inch woofers actually got base extension down to 20 Hz out of a 1.7-cubic-foot enclosure. Julian Hirsch's microphone approved; thus naturally, so did Mr. Hirsch! By the mid-1960s, everyone, it seemed, was selling low-bass producing bookshelf speakers.

Unfortunately, such speakers all demonstrated severe dynamic constriction, which was especially disappointing to those accustomed to the dynamic swagger of a big system. But all the systems of those days were very primitive compared to the better systems of today in the areas of resonance control, diffraction reduction, group delay correction, and passive component performance.

In 1963, I sold my beloved Klipschorn through Darrel Handel's Stereo Shop in Sacramento, California. The passion to design and build my own speakers was just too strong to resist. It was at that time still only a hobby. I knew I could never make a livelihood of it, but I had limitless curiosity and energy in it. After the Klipschorn, my experience over the next 18 years would include modular reflex designs (which would extend the bandwidth relative to the Klipsch, but not approach its dynamics), commercial acoustic suspensions from AR and Advent (which would be smoother than the Klipsch, but which would also be dark, dynamically compressed, and uninviting), Quad 57s (I didn't appreciate their considerable resolution at the expense of scale, bandwidth, and dynamics), and the Dahlquist DQ10s (a better balance for me than the early Quads). Then, from 1978 to 1981, I designed the WAMM and finally began to get the balance of sonic values I desired.

While the WAMM embodied what I had learned from all these earlier designs, it was really the Klipschorn and the Dahlquist DQ-10 that were, for me, defining foundation designs, the former for dynamics and the latter for coherence. It was my good fortune to have had a very friendly personal relationship with Jon Dahlquist. Sheryl Lee and I used to enjoy visiting him on Sundays at CES shows. Jon was a great creative mind whose design career in loudspeakers was sadly, very short.

It was only through the thoughtful invitation of Ken Kessler that Sheryl Lee and I finally met Paul Klipsch in his suite at Caesar's Palace at the Las Vegas Consumer Electronics Show in 1999. Although he seemed a little uncomfortable with all the attention he was receiving, he was nevertheless very gracious with Sheryl Lee and me, taking great care to explain concepts of acoustical energy transfer. After the show, he had his secretary send me copies of all his patents and technical papers.

In the mainstream world of audio, poor or mediocre products are as numerous as fleas on a junkyard dog. They go along with a commodity retail system designed to protect and promote trash. Standing apart from these are numerous "good" products...which serve us well, but can be quickly forgotten as is any worn-out appliance when its service to us is over.

Finally, there are a very few great products, truly realizing their designer's inspiration, which, however obsolete, and though they may have passed from our lives, cannot be removed from our hearts. They are industrial art. They enrich our lives. The Klipschorn is one of them.

David A. and Sheryl Lee Wilson meeting Paul Klipsch, inventor of the Klipschorn Consumer Electronic Show 1999

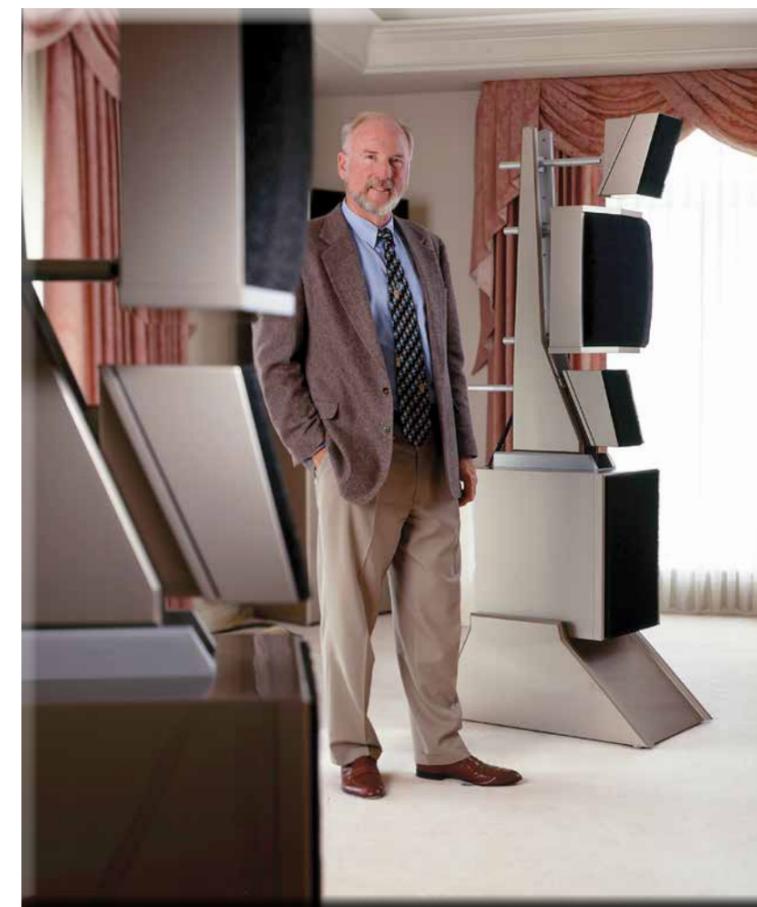


The WAMM Series 1 is shown above with Dave and Sheryl Lee Wilson when it was first introduced at Garland Audio in Palo Alto, California, in 1982.

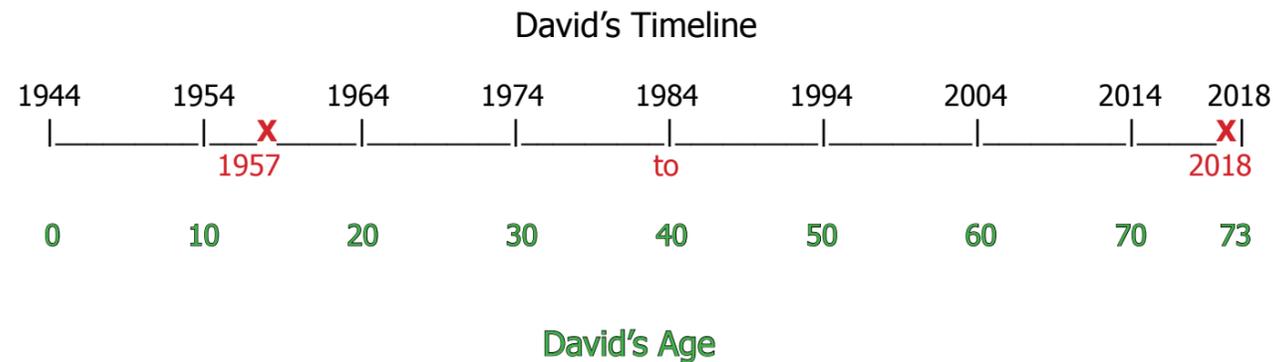
The WAMM was discontinued in 2003.

The last series, WAMM 7a, is shown at the right with Dave Wilson.

In 2011, Dave started designing a new WAMM. It took five years before the The WAMM Master Chronosonic, his masterpiece, was completed.



# BARGAIN BLOWOUTS



# BARGAIN BLOWOUTS

As a friend stated, "When I think of David, I think of pure quality."

David was obsessed with quality. He aspired to it in his creations and appreciated it in the things he owned. But where did this all start? Perhaps its beginnings can be traced to experiences that occurred in 1957 when he was almost 14 years old.

As Dave tells it:

Every summer our family would go on vacation. After each trip, my mother would enthusiastically plan our adventure for the next year, which sometimes occupied her for months.

I especially loved the trips to the Northern California coast where we were able to escape the blistering Sacramento heat and where there were reptiles to be found in the forests, meadows, and streams. Other favorites were Yosemite with the "firefall" and the bears at the dump, and the expansive Grand Canyon.

In the summer of 1957, an especially ambitious trip was planned. For six weeks we would travel around the United States, visiting 40 states. My parents had purchased a 1956 green and cream Ford Country Sedan station wagon, complete with plastic woven nylon green and cream seat covers and incomplete as far as air conditioning. My sister Marilynne and I usually shared the back seat.

Seeing the iconic vista of our country was extremely educational. Washington D.C. lit up at night was breathtaking. Arlington Cemetery, Grant's Tomb, Mount Vernon, and Mount Rushmore all made lasting impressions. I thought the San Antonio River Walk was "cool." We wandered around New York, and even then, had a hard time finding a parking place. We visited the Statue of Liberty, Cape Canaveral, and my favorites...the Everglades and Okefenokee Swamp that were teeming with a myriad of reptiles. My dad loved caves, and we visited every one along the way, including Carlsbad Caverns. However, the trip was almost as uncomfortable as it was educational. The plastic seat covers, lack of any air conditioning, and constant smoking by my father made for some truly miserable days in the unrelenting heat.

My father also had a penchant for saving money on purchases, hence the Montgomery Ward tires that were *not* the top of the line, but did have a guarantee; the camping equipment packed to save money on lodging; and the grocery store shopping along the way to get food to prepare instead of eating at restaurants.

As a passenger in the car, I found the trip eventful and exciting. As we drove through Texas, Mom let out a startling squeal as she speared a hapless bird with the rearview mirror. But the most memorable experiences were the in-transit tire troubles. My sister Marilynne had her learner's permit and was taking a turn at the wheel near Tallahassee, Florida. Without warning, one of our back wheels blew out. Being a



David, almost 14, Marilynne, almost 16, and their Mom, Irene Wilson, at the Statue of Liberty



novice driver, Marilynne lacked the experience to know what to do, and she instinctively hit the brakes. The car started to swerve into the left lane. If both lanes had been clear, this would not have been a problem, but as luck would have it, a bus was fast approaching in the opposite lane of traffic. It was truly a white-knuckle moment, punctuated with Mom screaming, "You're going to kill us all!" Luckily, our car fishtailed back into the right lane just as the speeding bus passed us. We came to a stop against a guardrail at the side of the road just above a deep canyon. The resulting damage was the original blowout plus two additional flat tires. That was the most sensational of the blowouts that occurred on the trip.

With each blowout, my father tied the damaged tire to the top of the car. With ultimately a stack of three tires,

we must have looked like something out of *The Grapes of Wrath*. But, Montgomery Ward only honored the guarantee if the damaged tires were returned.

To be fair to the tires, they were potentially under an undue load since we were packed to the gills with people, luggage, and camping equipment. It did make an impression though, and the thought occurred to me that buying better tires might have been prudent--and safer. Most of the time, the old aphorism proves true: you *do* get what you pay for!

Perhaps that is why I have always been such a stickler about the tires on our cars and have consistently insisted on quality. Truly your life does "ride" on them, I would think as I more than once recalled the bus barreling down on our out-of-control car.

Speaking of cars, that is another area of quality that I have appreciated over the years. But my first car was a far cry from quality, and that was good. Sometimes it takes experience to appreciate quality, and cars have been important to us over the years. Not for some of the reasons that some love cars...for the prestige, the "look-at-me, chick-magnet" kind...but I've come to love great design, engineering, precision, responsiveness, aesthetics, execution of concept, and the fit and feel of a well-engineered car. Many auto design cues have found their way into my speaker designs; for example, the rear window angle of a BMW M-6 where the C-pillar joins the rear window can be seen in the first WATT, and the subtle curves of a Ferrari in the WAMM.

Since many of my friends and audiophiles are also "car guys," my history with cars might be of interest.

I first became aware of Ferraris in 1962 during my senior year at Encina High School. There was a enthusiast in our school named Jerry Pendergraft. He was a year younger than I. We used to have lunch together and talk about cars. His knowledge and enthusiasm stemmed from his father, who had a small machine shop in his garage. I remember when the Jaguar XKE came out in 1960. It was a dream car. It was so modern, so fantastic, and so fast; it went 150 miles per hour!

I guess Jerry had seen a picture of the latest Ferrari, the 250 GTO. Incidentally, the creation of that car was the the direct result of the Jaguar XKE. Enzo Ferrari's engineers knew this XKE would be faster than their previous 1960 short wheel base, and they informed Enzo if they didn't come out with something better, they were going to start losing the endurance races. At high speeds, the Jaguar had better aerodynamics than the Ferrari. Giotto Bizzarrini, Ferrari's chief engineer, along with his colleagues, designed the 250 GTO in response to the Jag. They only built 36 GTOs, and because of the rarity, they're currently the most valuable of all Ferraris. Back then, they were just another Ferrari racing car. There was a time when you could pick one up for \$6,000. However, in 2018, a GTO sold for \$70,000,000! Pretty amazing! From certain angles, the GTO even looks a little like the Jaguar XKE.

One day I was raving to Jerry about the XKE, and he said, "Dave, you just haven't seen the real thing yet, the *Ferrari*." I thought, "Ferrari...what's that?" It was just like when Don used to describe Marantz to me when I would say that McIntosh was the "ultimate." Then he'd say, "Dave, you haven't seen Marantz. Those are produced in very small numbers by this guy in Long Island, New York. He builds them...hand builds them in his garage with his wife...and there's a year waiting list." Wow!

There was this whole notion that yeah, there's quality that everybody else recognizes...but then there's



Jaguar XKE



Ferrari 250 GTO

a hidden secret level of knowledge out there for the cognoscenti only. That tweaked my interest in Ferraris. They were still so rare that I'd only occasionally seen pictures of them in magazines, and I'd look kind of longingly at them. That was my first inkling of Ferrari--that the brand was something really extraordinary... something of real quality...something I could only dream of.

I bought my first car in 1962 after graduating from high school. I was working at the California State Franchise Tax Board alphabetizing income tax forms. My co-worker there, Bob, who was probably between 45 and 50, suffered from epileptic seizures. He had been a commercial truck mechanic before he was involved in a serious accident. He had sustained a head injury and was no longer able to be employed in that field, hence the clerical work that he was now doing. Maybe once a month or so he would have a seizure, so people in the office avoided him. I thought he was a nice guy, so I sat next to him, and we talked and became good friends.

It turned out that he had his own shop replete with large truck mechanic tools. From our conversations, he knew I was interested in getting a car. I found a boring, brown 1950 Chevrolet Business Coupe, which I was able to pick up for \$50. The price will tell you something about the condition of that car. The engine would barely start. This may have been because the engine's rod bearings were completely shot. It was basically metal on base metal. The previous owner warned me to drive it carefully...and it might get me home.

So, I drove it very carefully, and it did get me home. I was telling Bob about my purchase, and he said "Well, why don't you put a new motor in it?" One thing led to another, and I ended up buying a Chevy V-8 engine to put in it. The original engine was a 6-cylinder engine, so the Chevy V-8 engine was relatively exotic and had a lot more power. Even then, I figured out that modified was always better than stock.

Bob graciously made some jigs, and one weekend I carefully drove the car over to his shop. In two days with his hoists and other machinery, we pulled the V-6, modified the engine compartment, and dropped the V-8 into it. Or I should say Bob did? He did most the work while I helped where I could. He called this job "little stuff." I guess when you're used to working on big diesel engines, working on a little small block Chevy V-8 engine was not a big deal at all. The engine was no problem; however, we didn't have an exhaust system to install with the big V-8. I tried driving it home without an exhaust system, but was pulled over for noise. I took it to a shop and had a muffler installed.

That old car was fun! It would accelerate from 0 to about 40 very quickly since it had the original gearing in it. It was a real sleeper...but it wasn't long before the insurance company realized that the chassis number and the motor number didn't match. Add that I was a teenage driver, and the insurance company's agents said they were not going to touch this! So, I was forced to get rid of it. I ended up trading it, and it was a bad trade.

I traded it for a piece-of-junk 1953 Mercury that was really a very poor excuse for an automobile! It had an enormous amount of play in the steering, and the engine had no power. It was an automatic transmission, and it just kept slipping. It was awful! On one trip that Don and I tried to take into San Francisco, one of the flathead cylinder heads cracked. We had to get the head replaced in some little shop out there in the middle of nowhere.

Seeing my plight, my parents took pity on me and helped me acquire a 1957 Volkswagen Beetle. That was revolutionary for me. Seeing the way that car was built, I started to appreciate German craftsmanship.



1953 Mercury...mine was not this bad. It just seemed like it!



1950 Chevrolet Business Coup



It was really apparent to me when I compared the 1950 Chevy and the 1953 Mercury to that 1957 Volkswagen. It had *genuine* chrome, and the paint was very good quality. For the first time, I felt some real pride of ownership. Even though it was my parents' car, I appreciated the quality.

I loved that car and enjoyed driving all over Sacramento during my days at American River Junior College. When it came time to go to Brigham Young University, the car was sold, and I rode a Frejus ten-speed racing bike, an *Italian* racing bike, at school for the first year. My first Italian wheels. I grew to love names like Cam-

pagnolo and Cinelli, fine Italian bicycling gear. Interestingly, Campagnolo also made wheels for Ferrari for a number of years.

During my first year at BYU in 1964, I was riding and racing that bike, which got me into good physical shape. The next year, in 1965, I met my sweetheart, Sheryl Lee Jamison. That was the best thing that ever happened to me! She was driving a 1954 Mercury her grandparents had given her. Earl, her grandfather, had taken very good care of that car, so it was a far cry from the 1953 Mercury I had. That car served us well for several years. We drove it to Lake Tahoe on our honeymoon, to Sacramento, and then to Provo, Utah, where we were going to college. We drove it out to California for Christmas through some pretty nasty storms. I remember during one snowstorm, driving back to BYU from Sacramento, having to put tin foil over part of the radiator so that the cooling system would warm up enough for the heater to work. We were just thankful to have a car!

After graduation from BYU, we sold the Mercury and replaced it with a new 1968 Volvo 142s. We bought it because Ty Jamison, Sheryl's cousin and my ex-roommate, was very knowledgeable about cars. He was very impressed by the durability and the longevity of Volvos. He used to tell me there was more main-bearing surface area in a Volvo 4-cylinder engine than there was in a Chevy V-8 engine. So on Ty's advice, we bought a light blue Volvo 142s. It was a comfortable car. It was very commodious, but it was boring...so *very boring*. There was a guy in Southern California who raced them, and I remember talking with him on the phone once asking him if there was anything I could do improve the performance of the car. He gave me a few little tips, but it was still this soft, kind of heavy, softly-sprung sedan on small tires. It was still boring.

I remember we started...well, probably more like I started thinking, "I want something more in a car." The first thing I looked at was Porsche. I drove a 356 and then an early 911s. I think the tires were under-inflated because it was like the rear end was on ice. After that experience, I didn't care how fast it was; it was just *too scary*.

Then Sheryl Lee and I had a chance to borrow a Lotus Elan. I think we had it for a few hours. Talk



The 1954 Mercury and Sheryl Lee's grandfather, Earl Sheldon



1968 Volvo 142 S

about the non-daily driver. It was a *tiny* car, but fun to drive and had a fundamentally beautiful design. I was glad we didn't go that route.

I remember later driving down Glendale Boulevard and seeing a mechanic shop for Italian cars. There... sitting outside was a *Ferrari*...an honest to goodness Ferrari! Of course, I pulled in and talked with the mechanic. The Ferrari was pretty interesting, but kind of weird looking. It was a V-12, but it didn't look modern, and I wasn't into classic cars. He said, "Oh, so you're interested in maybe getting one? Let me take you over to my friend's shop." He took me to a tiny shop, and there was one was of those 250 short-wheelbase Ferraris. He took me for a ride in it. Wow! This car was a totally different experience! However, I was not taken by the styling of it at the time. It was an old car. It was a 1960, and by this time it was 1968. Boy, do I wish I had that 250 short-wheelbase now, holy cow!

Then he told me they had a Ferrari that was newer. It was a 330 GT 2+2--12 cylinder, 4 liter, big motor, and I liked the styling from the nose back. In the front, it had four headlights. It was a style that Enzo Ferrari liked. In fact, he personally owned one, but I wasn't wild about the headlights. However, I went out with this salesman and drove it. I remember going along Colorado Boulevard in Pasadena and then going down that long on-ramp to the freeway that headed towards Glendale. I nailed it, and I thought I'd just gone to heaven! There is nothing like a 12-cylinder engine that's got long legs and revs to 6600 RPM! That was it...I swallowed the hook.

I must have hammered Sheryl Lee to get that car. We really couldn't afford it. However, it was cheap by today's standards. It cost \$5,584.21. For us in our circumstances, we should have been looking at a car around \$3,000. Sheryl Lee was teaching at Wilson Junior High School, and I was working as a drug salesman...well, I guess a lot of "drug salesmen" in Hollywood drive Ferraris...but I was legitimately working for Abbott Laboratories as a drug representative.

As with many things I've wanted, Sheryl Lee indulged me, and we ended up getting it. I remember going into the teachers' credit union. Sheryl Lee knew the loan officer, who incredulously looked across the desk and asked us why in the world would we want to buy an exotic and expensive car like this. I think Sheryl Lee said something like, "I don't know, but my husband does!" It was expensive for us then, but nothing in comparison to the 1964 330 2+2 that sold for \$412,500 in 2015! If only we had kept it!

The 330 didn't really have a heater, but it had heater controls. You could adjust them, and it had a heater "placebo effect." It was painted gold when we first got it, but I was involved in so many accidents, it started looking really tacky with all the patch jobs. The owner of the body shop in Glendale took compassion on us, or perhaps he felt a car of this vintage should have a better paint job. "I'm going to give you a bulk discount," he said. And he did. After all the work was done, our Ferrari was painted a subtle cream color.

I was involved in around 11 accidents with that car. Some of them were my fault, but the majority of them weren't. For example, one time I was driving my boss around Hollywood visiting the different doctors' offices. We were on Sunset Boulevard heading north, and out of a driveway next to a bar, a car suddenly pulled out right in front of my Ferrari, and I T-boned him. The driver was drunk. It completely wiped out his car, but the Ferrari has a tubular space frame under the sheet metal, so we ended up driving away and meeting doctors for the rest of the day. The "bulk discount" came in handy.

This Ferrari had no seat belts, and its brakes were set up for high-speed driving, so when they were cold, they didn't grab at all. You'd hit the brakes, and nothing would happen for about two seconds, and then they would slowly start to kick in.

Then there was an accident that was entirely my fault. Ty Jamison was in his Volvo PS 1800 and had about a 10-minute head start on us going up over Angeles Crest Highway one Saturday morning, and we played "catch up." I caught up with him, and then as if catching up wasn't good enough, I had to pass him. As we passed, I was going uphill along this long straightaway, and then there was a curve. I went sailing into this curve and started drifting. That would normally have been okay, but there had been a rock slide on the road. We hit that loose rock and gravel.



Our 1965 Ferrari 330 GT 2+2

The Ferrari spun around out of control. I remember my two choices: there was a drop-off of several hundred feet on the right side and a sheer cliff face on the left. I chose the latter. I spun the car around and hit the cliff face going sideways. Miraculously, there was a small patch of loose dirt that buffered the impact where we hit. In fact, we were able to drive away from that accident with only minor dents in the passenger door.

I remember for the first time realizing that I was in a situation where I had no control. If a car had been coming in the other direction, we might have been killed. After that sobering experience and the terrified look on Sheryl Lee's face, my driving style abruptly and forever changed! Just as they say "a conservative is a liberal who's been mugged"...a conservative driver is one who has faced his/her limitations and survived. I never wanted to put our lives in danger again because of my driving habits.

We had that Ferrari until we moved to the Chicago area in October of 1970. I had received a promotion, and with it came the opportunity to go back to the head office of Abbott Laboratories in North Chicago. We sold the Ferrari to an engineer at Lockheed and replaced it with a brand new 1970, 2002 agave green BMW. That was a really good car for us. I wish it hadn't rusted out in several places. BMWs were notorious back in those days for susceptibility to rust.

We had it in Illinois for four years and then brought it back to California when we moved to Novato in the Bay Area in 1974.

When we sold the 2002 in 1977, we had put over 165,000 miles on it. We decided to stay with BMW and purchased a 1976 white BMW 530i. It seemed like the most wonderfully luxurious and capable automobile. We had that for years—until our son Kevin totaled it in Utah. It had around 135,000 miles on it. We tend to keep cars we like and put a lot of miles on them--part of "stuff that works."



We also bought a used, black 1987 BMW M6 from Mill Valley Imports in Marin County. It was toward the end of the year in 1988. That was a magnificent car. Sheryl Lee's brother Bob was with us when we looked

at the car, and we fell prey to the salesman's question, "If you come back tomorrow, and it has been sold...how will you feel?" We bought the car. We had Steve Dinan modify it, and that was a big improvement. We moved to Utah, and after several years, gave it to our son Daryl. He learned a lot about driving and making repairs from owning that car.



We stuck with BMW and bought the X5 SUV, but it was disappointing. The car wasn't very reliable. Even more important to us, it wasn't really fun to drive...and it didn't have much capacity or capability even though it was an SUV.

We decided to try a Chevy Suburban. That was a revelation for us. We were surprised at how much we enjoyed that

car and were amazed at how useful it was. Our daughter Debby loved horses, and we ventured into that "arena." We had a 15-passenger van for Wilson Audio, but it overheated when pulling a horse trailer. The Suburban could pull horses and trailer with ease.

Another car that we had that I'd almost forgotten, because it was so forgettable, was the 1993 Jeep Grand Cherokee. It had terrible fuel economy, and it always felt like there was so much running friction in it. Off-road capability was good, but it was a feature we rarely needed. If it didn't have the right tires, it would still spin out and have accidents on icy roads. It just didn't make a lot of sense for us, so we sold it. The brands that we've purchased the most are Ferraris, BMWs, Suburbans, or Yukons. We're on our fourth SUV, and this Yukon has over 185,000 miles. It's hard for me to imagine not having one. I call it Sheryl Lee's "Purse." It's amazing how much stuff you can put into it...and it's great for hauling grandkids around. You can really do a lot with SUVs. They have been good cars for us.

We've had a lot of Ferraris. The 330 2+2 was the first. With virtually no heater and the severe winters in the Chicago area, we sold it. But I certainly didn't lose interest in the mark! A Ferrari dealership opened

up in Lake Forest, a city between where we lived in Waukegan and Chicago. Mr. Mancuso was the shop's service manager. I recall Ferraris being in the showroom because I drove a Dino. I loved driving it; it was a wonderful car. Because of my enthusiasm, they asked me to help man the Ferrari booth in Chicago at McCormick Place around 1973. We had two Dinos and a Daytona at the show. I thought that was cool.

We returned to California and then moved to Utah in 1991. It was in Utah we got back into Ferraris. Our first Ferrari in many years was a new 1995, 355 Berlinetta. That was a great car. We picked it up in June of '95 and drove it a lot. It was always special to drive that car. Daryl and I drove this 355 on a business trip out to Silverdale, Washington, to visit our dealer there, Nuts About Hi-Fi. We had a terrific time together. That was a really important trip for both of us. That was the first time he drove a Ferrari, and I wanted him to remember where he had driven it. So when we came to Burley, Idaho, I thought, "Burley, that's a good memorable name." He does still remember and usually calls us every time he's driving through Burley. He married Candace, a wonderful young woman from Idaho. They go up to Idaho often and have to go through Burley on the way. It has been a fun memory.

The demise of that Ferrari came in a strange way. We were rear-ended at a stoplight on a Ferrari owner's club drive on my birthday in Ogden. The accident didn't total it, but it led to one problem after another. The body shop didn't do a good job matching the paint, and then while it was at the body shop, a ladder fell against the door, damaging it further. It was just crazy. One thing after another happened.



In the meantime, I had become much more impressed with the 550 Maranello than I thought I would be. I was not impressed with the first 550s because most were painted red, and the color just didn't show off the subtle lines of that model. While in Houston, Texas, visiting Giuseppe Reese's dealership, I stood on a little balcony that ran along the offices on the upper floor. There I could look down on the showroom floor and view the cars from above. They had a 550 and a 360 next to each other, and for the first time, I realized how magnificent that 550 looked. It just really made the 360 look like its little brother.

I liked the "Coke bottle" shape of the nose on the 550, but you don't notice that if you look at it from the side. However, looking down on it, I thought the lines were very dramatic. The Salt Lake Ferrari dealership had a 550 in grigio titanio, which was a color that augmented the car's beautiful shape and style lines. That car had been the Ferrari show car in Detroit. That was it! I took it for a test drive and loved it. Then Sheryl Lee went up and took it for a test drive. She agreed. That car was pretty special. What a wonderful "enabler!"

We traded in the 355 for the 550. However, we started missing the 355. I remember starting to look longingly at another 355 because the *sound* produced by the 1995 model was just wonderful. The later 355s with a different exhaust just didn't have "the sound." The 355 wasn't as good of a car as the 550, but 355s have just a wonderful charm to them. They're kind of a modern Dino, but smaller and with a lot of personality to them.

So, in 2005 when we found another 1995 red 355 in San Francisco with very low mileage, we bought it. Interestingly, the reason we found it was as we were driving into Yosemite, the 550 had a radiator hose failure, and we had to have it trucked from Yosemite to Ferrari of San Francisco, which was in Mill Valley. The driver of the tow truck dropped us off at a rental car agency, and we got a clunker of a rental car.

We went back to Yosemite, finished our vacation there, then went out to San Francisco to check on the 550. As we were waiting to talk with the mechanic, we spotted it—a beautiful 355 in the showroom. It looked brand new, yet it was 10 years old. It had been owned by a collector in the Bay Area and only had 8,000 miles on it. As luck would have



it, the 550 would not be ready in time for us to drive back to Utah. Sheryl Lee said the reason I bought it was that I would do anything to not have to drive that Ford Taurus rental car all the way back to Utah!

The salesman let us test drive it, and sure enough, it had "the sound." Sheryl Lee impressed him by how well she handled the shifts in it...and you know, we just kind of looked at each other like, yeah, it's meant to be. So, we dropped off the rental car, bought the 355, and drove back to Utah. They trucked the 550 out a couple weeks later since it required quite a bit of work. Then we were a two-Ferrari family!

We had put quite a few miles on the 1999 Grigio Titanio 550 Maranello Ferrari. It got to the point that when I thought of trips out to California, I couldn't even imagine taking another car. That car was so comfortable, satisfying to drive, and great for travel with its fitted luggage. However, this is not a car that you can be sloppy with; it demands a bit of you, but it gives you this wonderful involvement in return.

We bought a new 2004 Jaguar XJR and took that out to California one year. I remember feeling that it was kind of boring.



Then in November of 2006, my daughter and I were going to take a drive up Provo Canyon. I was driving quite slowly through the neighborhood, but the tires were cold and old. It was just a block or two from our home when we hit a slippery patch on the road. The car spun out and sent us backward into some trees. The accident basically totaled the 355. Thankfully, Debby and I just had a couple scratches from it. I was really glad it was not a Spider because the oak tree that we slid up under had low boughs on it that crushed the roof down right above my head. The roof deflected the blow, but if there'd been no roof, it probably would have taken the top of my head off, or at the very least, my scalp. As it was, my scalp was bleeding. That was a close call and a heartbreaker.

Around that time, we had traded the 1999 Maranello for another 2000 silver, Argento Nurburgring 550. The detailing on this car was quite exquisite. It's really a remarkably beautiful 550 Maranello, which we still have. I've driven 575s, and I'm not really attracted to them. The handling on them just doesn't feel as good, even though the engines are great.

Then we found another 355, of course in red, and it was a 1995 model at the Concorso Italiano. Gary Peterson, the president of the Ferrari Owners Club San Diego region, had it on display. This car had taken the gold medal in its class and had won several other awards. We went back to look at it so many times he thought we were stalking him. We finally met Gary and told him that anytime he was interested in selling that car, we were interested in buying it. After the show, we called him a couple more times.

Then one day we were at the Ranch, and we got a call from him. He said his wife really didn't like the stick shift, so he was going to go to a car that had paddle shifters. He told us if we still wanted to buy the car, he would sell it to us.

Within a few hours, we were driving out to California. We drove straight from the Ranch down to San Diego to get that car. We picked up Sheryl Lee's mom, Shirley, on the way through St. George, and she drove down with us.

We got the car checked out by a mechanic, and it passed with flying colors. We bought the 355 and drove it back to Utah the next day. The typical 355 had issues with the cylinder valve guides and the exhaust manifolds, but those had been largely corrected in this car, so it was a honey! Actually, Shirley became quite fond of that little red car. I took her through the tunnel up Provo Canyon, down-shifted, and stepped on it, so she could really hear "the sound" of that wonderful engine as it went through the gears. She got a big kick out of that.

Then there was the day that Sheryl Lee was at our daughter Debby's home, and I was "window shopping" again at Steve Harris Imports--the Ferrari dealership in Salt Lake at that time. I told her that there's this really interesting yellow 360 that they had on display, and I asked her if she'd like to come into Salt Lake and see it. She responded, "I always know it's not to see; it's to sell to"...and she was so right! This



Ferrari was a gorgeous 1999 yellow 360 Modena with all Novatec aerodynamic aids and Novatec wheels, yellow Ferrari F50 brakes, Tubi exhaust system, and Italian stripes down the center...a very, very cool-looking car. It was a car that just got your pulse racing when you saw it, and it had a wonderful, wonderful exhaust "note" on it. It has to have "the sound"... and I love yellow, especially the yellow Ferrari uses. It's such a happy color.

So, Sheryl Lee came. We drove it, and she very kindly said okay to getting it. That time we didn't trade in the 355. I was prepared to trade it for the 360, and she said, "No. I'm tired of looking for another

355, so let's just hang on to it." So now we had three Ferraris in the garage and a Jag and a Yukon parked outside.

And then a few years later, I saw this 2009 Scuderia. It was a 430 in Rosso Dino with gold Scuderia rims. We saw the car when it was first unloaded at the Ferrari dealership. The salesman there just said, "Oh there's a car you really want to see. It's very unusual." That piqued my curiosity. So, we saw it, and it really affected my pulse! I've seen a lot of Ferraris, and this one's among the most exciting I've ever seen in my life.



I said, "Well, how much is it?" The reply was disappointing, "It's already sold." A customer of theirs who buys cars in vast quantities had bought it. So I just sighed, but I couldn't stop thinking about it.

Then, on another one of my "window shopping" visits about six months later, there it was in the showroom! What?! I could hardly believe my eyes! Now, their showroom has some cars on display that are not for sale. They're part of collections of some of their customers, and they've got some "super cars" there... an F50, F40, an Enzo, a 288 GTO, 312 PB, and so forth. But they said there was no mistake. The buyer traded it in on a special blue 430, which was a 1964 color that had some special significance to him. He also felt he was getting way too much attention in the Rosso Dino 430, so he bought the other one. "My dream car" was now "used" and had only 166 miles on it! We had driven another Scuderia that they had at the dealership, a red 2008, and had liked everything about it. It was great to drive. The Rosso Dino 430 Scud was just a really special car, and we ended up buying it. I think both of us knew that if we didn't get it, someone else would, and they'd hang on to it because the color is so perfect, and it is a one-of-a-kind. We traded in the yellow 360. Sheryl Lee didn't want to, and daughter Debby was in shock and depressed for a month afterward, but funds and garage space were at a premium.

My last Ferrari purchase was for my Sweetheart as a 50th Wedding Anniversary gift. Again, we just



stopped by to say "hi" at the Ferrari dealership in December of 2015, which by now Sheryl Lee realized could have severe financial implications. We saw this beautiful blue 2010 Ferrari California. Sheryl Lee "tried it on for size"...and loved it! This Ferrari was more modern (the radio and heater actually worked; it had a cup holder, electric seat adjustments, etc.), and it was a hard-top convertible at the push of a button! She looked so beautiful in it. I could tell she was smitten. She drove it home, and we have really enjoyed it.

In December of 2013, it was one of those "turnabout is fair play" moments. After crushing my heel just before our anniversary in September, I had a long, painful recovery. To help pass the time, I looked at cars on the internet and found a gorgeous BMW 650i in Denver, Colorado. The salesman and I became "good friends" as we talked back and forth. It was a very unusual color, a deep tanzanite-metallic blue, with an unusual two-tone tan and cream interior. I went back and forth and finally told him that I had decided not to buy it.

Then Sheryl Lee, unbeknownst to me, started negotiating. She made a "steamy deal," had the car trucked out to Provo, and surprised me for Christmas...and what a surprise it was! I was speechless!



Over the years, we have enjoyed going to car shows. We have enjoyed having various cars for many reasons: comfort, handling, sound, history, aesthetics, finish, attention to detail, and of course, quality. I have come to appreciate designers' concepts and execution. Many automotive designers' lines have given me inspiration for our speakers. The WATT was influenced by BMW; the Alexandria was influenced by the 550 Maranello; the Sasha was influenced by the Ferrari 360, and the list goes on. I consider Enzo Ferrari an important mentor and inspiration in his designs, pursuit of quality, and passion for what he did.

Through cars I think I first got my taste of what quality is...and isn't.



*Dave enjoyed cars...but helping and loving people was more important. Here's an example from a letter/parable we received from a neighbor, Cameron Taylor, after Dave helped him with a project:*

### Grace and the Scratched Ferrari

"For several years, I volunteered as the scoutmaster in our local troop. Our troop was creating a movie to earn the cinematography merit badge, and we needed to film one of the scenes with a luxury car. One of my neighbors, Dave Wilson, had two beautiful Ferraris at the time, so I arranged with him to film the scene at his home.

"My son Mitchell, who was five, came with me for the filming and was to have a part in the scene as an elf. We were in Dave's garage, and he was showing me the pictures on his 'wall of fame and shame' of his various vehicles. As we were looking at the pictures, we heard a crash and turned around to see a chair on the hood of the red Ferrari. In front of the Ferrari was a raised workbench area with a chair on wheels. My son had accidentally knocked the chair off the workbench platform onto the hood of the Ferrari.

"My son ran and hid behind one of our friends who was with us, who later told me my son's heart was beating extremely fast as he waited to see what would happen next. We were each in silence looking at Dave, and I was quite impressed by his reaction.

"He remained calm and said to my son, 'That is why they make paint; I will be able to have it fixed.' To see that his immediate reaction was one of patience, love, and concern for my son illustrated that my neighbor, Dave, truly was a man who had the attributes of forgiveness, love, and patience.

"When we arrived home after filming, I told Mitchell that even though it was an accident, he was still responsible for the damage that he had caused, and he needed to give all his money to Mr. Wilson to help pay for the repair.

"I returned to the Wilson's home, and I explained my desire to pay to have the Ferrari repaired. I handed him the envelope and told him that my son had emptied his savings and that I had also enclosed a blank check to cover the cost to repair the damage.

"Dave handed me back the envelope and said, 'You are a man of honor, but I can't take this.' I replied, 'I am responsible for the damage, and I want to pay to fix it. It's not fair for you to be responsible for it.' He then explained that he would have it repaired and that I did not need to worry about it.

"Dave then said, 'I view it as a gift.'

"My neighbor extended forgiveness and grace to me and my son. He agreed as a gift to pay for the damage to his Ferrari that we were responsible for."

*Cameron went on in his letter/parable to explain, "Likewise, Christ has paid the price for our sins, so we do not have to...Just as my neighbor, Dave Wilson, lifted the burden of payment for the damage to the Ferrari, so has Christ lifted from us the burden of sin through his atoning sacrifice in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross."*

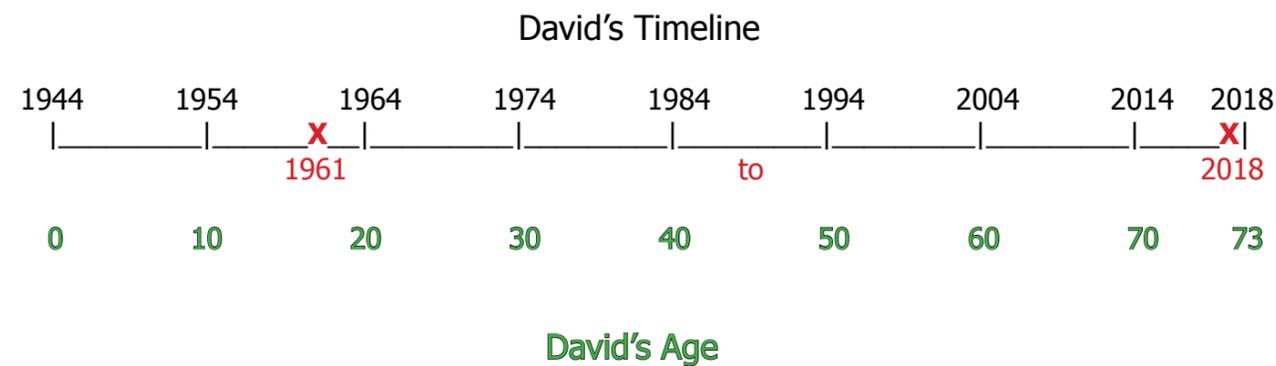
*Dave had the 355 repaired...and it was an expensive repair...but he never complained nor spoke of it.*

*Dents and scratches can be fixed. Sometimes wounds from words are much harder to repair.*

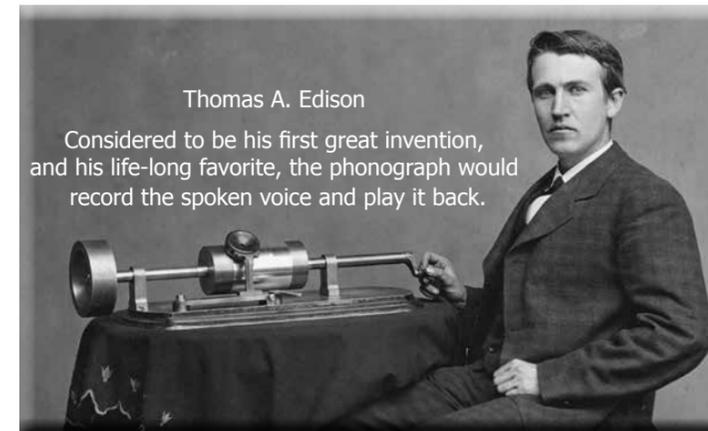
*He appreciated Cameron and what he was doing to help the young men and just felt this was his contribution.*



# THE MINISTRY OF ENCOURAGEMENT



# THE MINISTRY OF ENCOURAGEMENT



"One day as a small child, Thomas Edison, came home from school and gave a paper to his mother.

"He said to her, 'Mom, my teacher gave this paper to me and told me only you are to read it. What does it say?'

"Her eyes welled with tears as she read the letter out loud to her child.

"Your son is a genius. This school is too small for him and doesn't have good enough teachers to train him. Please teach him yourself.'

"Many years after his mother had died, he became one of the greatest inventors of the century.

"One day he was going through a closet and found the letter that his old teacher wrote his mother that day. He opened it...

"The message written on the letter was, 'Your son is mentally deficient. We won't let him come to school any more.'

"Edison became emotional upon reading it and then wrote in his diary, 'Thomas A. Edison was a mentally deficient child whose mother turned him into the genius of the century.'

"A positive word of encouragement can help change anyone's destiny."

*As Dave was dying, some of the last words he said to his son Daryl were, "Always plant seeds of encouragement. Too many try to discourage."*

*Dave believed that we all share a "divine kinship." He truly believed that we are all spirit sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father. He believed that we are here on this earth together to help each other. He believed that we are not human beings having a spiritual experience every now and then...but spiritual beings having a human experience, and we need to help and encourage each other along this sometimes difficult journey.*

*Dave believed in the "Ministry of Encouragement." How did this concept gel in his mind and why did he feel that it was so very important? As Dave related:*

I was an Okay student and had some accelerated science classes. Teachers during my school years didn't discourage me, but didn't really compliment nor encourage me either. That all changed with one special professor.

I was in California at American River Junior College and had Louis Heinrich as a professor. He was a great teacher and also a great guy! I have a lot of fond recollections of him. He had this quality that is so valuable for teachers at a community college...he believed in the ability of the student. A lot of those students were there instead of at a university because they didn't have the grade point average to get into the university, or there were financial concerns. Whatever the reason, many of the students needed a sense of capability, of assurance that you can do it...that you're smart, you're really smart.

As it turned out, Louis Heinrich had gone to the same university as my mother's sister Grace....and Grace was a strikingly beautiful young woman. I think she broke a lot of hearts, including Louis Heinrich's. So in 1961, Louis Heinrich showed up at the wedding ceremony of Grace's oldest daughter, Kelly Sharp, which was 200 miles from Sacramento. He didn't just show up by accident; I think by that time they were just good friends. Nancy, their younger daughter, was a friend of mine, and I remember standing out on the lawn and chatting with Nancy when Louis Heinrich came over. Introductions were made. Then he

looked at Nancy and said, "You realize that someday you're going to have to refer to David as Dr. Wilson. He really is a brilliant young man."

*Nobody* had said that about me before, and coming from this authority figure, that declaration really made a difference in the way I viewed myself. It was quite a kind thing for him to do. I'm not saying whether it was true or not, but it was a very kind thing to say.

Louis Heinrich was an inspiring teacher. I remember many years later seeing an article in the newspaper about him. Even though he was quite advanced in years, he was still involved in teaching, and he had countless friends. He was such a good and influential teacher.

He passed away in January of 2017, and his obituary says, "He was a lifelong environmentalist and dedicated his life to understanding and teaching about the natural world. Lou taught high school and community college for over 50 years; so, in addition to his family, his legacy includes the thousands of students who he taught, inspired, and encouraged at Montezuma School for Boys (Los Gatos), Shasta High (Redding), Grant High, Grant Technical College, and American River College." I was one of those so blessed.

Because of this experience with Louis Heinrich, I became aware of what a powerful tool encouragement could be in my life, and by extension, how I could also use a "ministry of encouragement" to help others. I have found myself in different teaching capacities throughout most of my adult life. I have taught concepts and precepts in our business and in my Church. Years ago I was officially called as Sunday School President where I was responsible to help teachers in our ward (a single congregation). Several years later, I was called as a counselor in the Stake (an organization that encompassed nine wards) Sunday School Presidency, and then for years as the Stake Sunday School President, where I was responsible to help all the teachers with tools to improve their skills.

As I evaluated teachers in my care, I always started with, "Let me tell you what I really enjoyed about your teaching today..." I feel a three to one ratio in praise to constructive suggestions is a good rule. You can always find positive things to say to encourage and thank a teacher for his/her efforts. We used the Church manual, *Teaching, No Greater Call...* a title and concept that I think profound.



Like it or not, for better or worse, we are all teachers...in our family, with our friends, in our businesses, and perhaps in our religious community. As the words of a hymn state, "We are sowing, daily sowing, countless seeds of good and ill"...seeds, actions, and words that affect each other. We need to be the ones sowing the countless seeds of love and encouragement! They can be the catalyst to open the mind to one's potential and possibilities.



As Robert Louis Stevenson admonished, "Don't judge each day by the harvest you reap, but by the seeds that you plant." You never know when a kind word of encouragement will change a life forever!

Dave did just this for Paul Jamison, one of Sheryl Lee's younger cousins. After Dave was diagnosed with cancer, Paul wrote this letter to him in November of 2017:

Hi Dave—

Sheryl Lee called last night and informed me of your diagnosis. I feel thunderstruck as I'm sure both you and Sheryl Lee must also be. Of course, the consequences for me are insignificant compared to those for the both of you. Still, I am in a unique position to understand what Sheryl Lee is confronting right now as I have loved ones who are also fighting cancer. I've truly learned that every day is a gift. Cherish each other. Tell the people you love that you love them while they're still around to hear it. Of course, I knew all of this before, but there are different levels on which you can know things.

I know I don't have to tell you any of this, but what I do want to communicate is the profound way that you changed, even directed, my life with a long letter you wrote me many years ago. You will find it enclosed; I thought you might enjoy reviewing it.

Imagine what it meant to a ten-year-old boy to receive a letter like that from a grown-up he admired! You not only validated my interest; you fueled it into a lifelong passion. You could've sent me a book. You could have ignored me altogether. Instead, you took considerable time to craft an inspiring, instructive document, hand written over several sessions, without condescending in the slightest. Just the opposite. You gave a child the respect due a peer.

I visited every locality you gave me on multiple occasions, first with my dad before I could drive, later on my own, and occasionally with friends as I was coming-of-age. My first career goal was to become a herpetologist (derailed by a sour old chemistry teacher who convinced me I could never become a scientist ...AGGHH!...the power the right or wrong teacher can have over a young man!).

By the time I figured out he was mistaken, I had moved on to geology, but I still took the opportunity to take a herpetology class at Utah State. When faced with the decision of going on a four-day paleontology field trip with the class I was the TA for or going on the annual four day herpetology field trip, I chose the herp trip, much to the chagrin of my paleontology professor.

Years later, after graduating and eventually certifying to teach high school, I started a herp trip of my own, modeled after the USU trip, and over the years, I helped turn many a kid into an avid herpeter. So, you see, your influence has been far-reaching, well beyond what you might have imagined when you wrote that letter. It continues still.

I know you are a pioneer in speaker systems, highly regarded in your field, a well respected, even revered audio guy, but to me you will always be the coolest herpetologist around, my mentor. Thank you for writing that letter.

I wish you and Sheryl Lee the best possible outcome in this part of your shared journey. Our thoughts and prayers are with you.

All my best,

Paul

Paul sent Dave's original letter, hand-written in pencil on now very faded yellow paper torn from a legal pad. It is seven pages long and was written around 1971. We were living in Waukegan, Illinois, at the time:

Dear Paul,

It has been months since I received (and thoroughly enjoyed) your letter. Thank you for writing!

I can see the symptoms clearly now.

1. Body temperature of victim increases at the mere thought of deserts, rock piles near streams, swamps, and any other terrain that snakes are known to inhabit.
2. Pulse and respiration accelerate when the smooth, gliding, rustle of grass and leaves announces the presence of a snake.
3. Pupils measurably dilate at the sight of bright scales flashing through the underbrush.
4. All above symptoms followed by feelings of excitement, wonderment, and joy!

The classical herpito-philia syndrome. Paul...you're infected. All I can say is I am sorry if I haven't spread at least some of that ailment to you.

All seriousness aside now, I can see I have a top-notch herpetologist to correspond with.

What a fabulous opportunity! Going to the deserts of Southern California to hunt snakes!

The best time of the year is during April through early May. For sheer volume of catches, some of which may be fairly esoteric nocturnal species, use the old driving routine. Start just before sundown driving fairly slowly (10 to 15 mph) at first so that

1. You will see snakes in bushes at the roadside and
2. Your eyes will get "warmed-up."

As it gets darker, you won't be able to see concealed snakes off the road side anyway, so speed up to 40 mph (or slightly less) to cover more ground. Pick very lightly traveled, but black-topped roads. Snake's scales will reflect enormous amounts of light and will actually glow on the road. (king snakes look like white chains or clusters of rings.) If permitted, during the early, slow, phase of your hunt (i.e. when still light enough to see well without lights) sit on the hood or fenders as this will increase your visibility and reaction speed. Don't do it in the dark though unless you go very slow (i.e. 5 mph).

Nocturnal and "biurnal" species that I have caught for my friends include: sidewinders (often tiny, looking on the road like small twigs), glossy snakes, gopher snakes, king snakes, rosy boas, patch nosed and leaf nosed, Southern Pacific rattlesnakes, Mohave green rattler, totes, tortoises, tarantulas, foxes, coyotes, and bobcats. Different areas yield different varieties (more later).

[Dave switches from printing to writing at this point]

See, I can write too! Carry five or six gunny sacks or old pillowcases (no holes please!), AND leather straps or shoelaces to tie around and close the neck of the sacks. Put four good-sized cardboard boxes in your trunk for

1. Venomous snakes
2. Small non-venomous
3. Large non-venomous and king snakes
4. Lizards, etc.

These keep your bags sorted and stationary and to prevent injury to the snakes (and you). You can put many snakes in each bag; just be sure they will get along with each other. Even if you don't plan to take the snake home, bag it for observation the next morning...much more interesting to watch snake behavior in the sunlight. For snakes that are to be released, be sure to pick a suitable spot away from roads but near cover, food sources, etc. I have, incidentally, hunted snakes until about 2 a.m.—often the hunting gets better very late. Three factors that cut down on numbers of snakes out at night:

1. Full moon—discourages nocturnal varieties and increases predation loss.
2. Wind—gets sand in snake's eyes, and convex body heat from snakes thus lowering activity.
3. Cold day and night.

Daytime hunting is more exciting, but often less productive. You probably know all the tricks for daytime hunting, under rocks, ledges, brush, etc. Also, you can often find interesting species in unusual places; peel rotting bark off old logs—use a stick, not hands. Small, spider and insect eaters can even be found under dry "cow patties!" Old, dead, yuccas often house small snakes, and bear close scrutiny and occasionally overturning. Litter, garbage, old auto parts, etc. Those landmarks of civilizations spread, often harbor snakes—it's risky though as that's a favorite haunt of large rattlers that eat rats and other rodents.

**Mandatory.** Get two anti-venom kits manufactured only by Wyeth Labs in the USA and learn how to use them. A doctor's prescription is necessary, and some pharmacies do not carry them—so arrange to get them right away! Cost \$12 each. They can be lifesavers.

Places to go:

#### Sector I California City

Take Highway 14 from Lancaster (N) to Rosamond. Take the road going east from Rosamond to Edwards A.F.B. (north of Rosamond Lake) until it junctions with the road going north through Edwards. Follow

the road going north to Highway 58 and turn west on 58—go about three miles to the road going north to California City. At California City, take road going N.E. to Randsburg-Johannesburg. Swing back and forth over this road from Randsburg back to Highway 58.

Note: Very popular with snake hunters, but quite productive—try week nights if possible—weekends find the road patrolled by hoards of eager snake hunters in slow moving, high-beamed cars. Sidewinders, gopher snakes, king snakes, glossy snakes (that order) will be found here. Night only!

#### Sector II Gorman-Lancaster

Take Highway 138 from Gorman to Lancaster—late at night—the last 10-15 miles going east before the freeway into Lancaster. Flat, sandy land yields many glossy snakes, few kings. Late night best. Night only!

#### Sector III Mt. Emma Road

Take US 14 from San Fernando NE to Angeles Crest Highway exit (just before Pearblossom Highway exit). Take Angeles Crest Highway south (toward LaCanada—Pasadena) 2 ½ miles (approx.) until you reach junction of Mt. Emma Road and start looking! I caught a lovely 5 ½'--6' gopher snake on this road—and a tarantula. Follow Mt. Emma Road to Ave. 47, turn left onto 47 and go to stop sign (approx. 2-3 miles ?), turn left and go to Pearblossom Highway—keep looking until you get to Pearblossom—then retrace steps. Best during day (get out of car) and just before and after sunset. Gopher snakes (often big), also Pacific rattlers (often big) caught a 4 ½' one here!, racers. Day and night.

#### Sector IV Anza-Borrego

Tom tells me this is the big one—30 to 40 snakes/night, all varieties! I've seen his catches and believe him! Unfortunately I've never gone with him, so I don't know exactly where he goes. However, looking at a map of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, and taking into consideration the terrain he described and the species he captured, I can make an estimate. Highway 78 runs east-west through Anza-Borrego. Just as it enters the western entrance to the park, a smaller road, (S-2) running north-south, intersects. Highway S-2 (to Ocotillo) looks like it runs through some geographically excellent areas...stroke of inspiration! I just remembered the name of one of Tom's favorite sites in Anza-Borrego, La Tuna Canyon (spelling may be incorrect). As I don't see that site on my map (a general road map), you should consult a good Forestry Department map or ask a park authority at A-B. Hunting day and night.

Tom has caught: sidewinders, patch-nosed, leaf-nosed, kings, mountain kings, rosy boas, Texas Red diamondbacks, Gila Monsters, Chuckwalla, and other varieties here.

I hope you will send me some slides or pictures (which I can duplicate and return the originals). I have become enormously interested in photography lately, especially close-up nature photography. I finally got my special close-up lens last week—a 55 mm--auto micro Nikkor—which is specifically designed for this work (focuses to 2"), and just happens to have the sharpest resolution of any lens for 35 mm photography. Furthermore, Sheryl Lee and I are going to the Yucatan this November. Sheryl Lee for the ruins, I for the reptiles! I should have some fantastic slides and prints from that trip.

Well, I've run out of pencils now, so please do write again. I apologize for my delay.

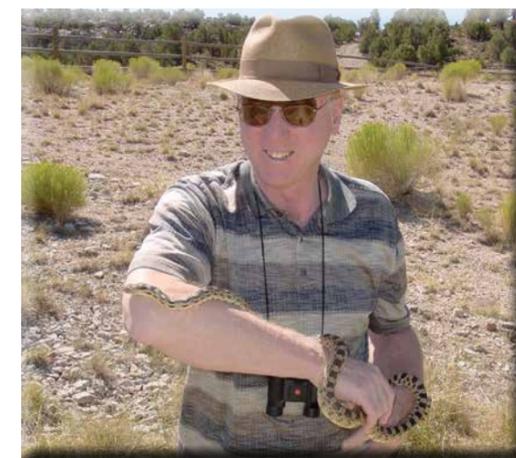
Your friend,

Dave

P.S. Our boa is doing great! I have a grant with our animal research department, which keeps C.C. (for constrictor constrictor) "in mice." We also have an aquatic garter snake and a rough-keeled green snake.

*Dave was always the avid herpetologist. This is a large gopher snake he found when we stopped at Sacramento Pass on a trip to California in 2004.*

*He always loved looking for...and finding a snake!*



*In June of 2011, David was asked to be one of the speakers at a quarterly assembly of all the members of the Church in our stake (which comprises seven wards) on teaching. Over 1,500 were in attendance.*

## How Ought We To teach?

I suppose we've all heard people in church say that they're "just teachers." Why would they say that? In our Heavenly Father's plan, there is no greater call than that of teaching His gospel. It has always been, and so it will be forever.

Indeed, even as spirit children in our pre-mortal life, in order for us to fully exercise our agency and righteously choose the plan of salvation, we had to learn of the Savior and of the doctrines of His gospel. So it seems that even before the world was, many of our Heavenly Father's children were "just teachers," each helping to lay the foundations of eternal life for us all.

In this life, teaching the gospel is a major part of the ministry of the greatest leaders of the church. General Authorities, including the First Presidency itself, directly teach gospel truths worldwide, in person, and in broadcast conferences. Very few saints listen to General Conference just to hear the Church accounting office's statistical report...instead, the saints seek to be taught the life-giving nourishment of gospel truths from those who are "just teaching."

Even in the temple, the teaching of eternal truths is an important element in the ordinances of washing and anointing, the endowment, and the sealing of families. Somehow, when I hear these glorious eternal promises, I don't find myself thinking..."it's just teaching."

We learn from the Apostle Peter and from a modern prophet, Joseph F. Smith, that even after this mortal life as we progress in the spirit world, teaching will be one of the Lord's most important assignments for us.

Since teaching the gospel is important and since it looks like we're going to be doing it eternally, it seems that it would be wise for each of us to ask ourselves, "How ought we to teach?"

We don't need to possess a PhD in education in order to be effective as a teacher in the gospel. We do, however, need to understand and to incorporate certain basic principles of gospel teaching. You won't find them in the self-help section at Border's books. Fortunately, these vital principles are all found in the Church's resource manual "Teaching, No Greater Call." This inspirational and informative manual should be read and referred to often by all adult members of the Church. It is available from your ward Sunday School President.

Among the gospel teaching principles described in this manual, I have selected two--love those you teach and teach by the Spirit--as foundations for how we ought to teach.

In the gospel, much has been written about love. The second great commandment is "...to love thy neighbor as thy self." We should not only love to teach, we should love those we teach. One of the most important and compassionate ways we can show love for those we teach is to humbly and sincerely try to understand them...not only their apparent abilities, their obvious behaviors, and their projected personalities, but also the less obvious personal challenges they may be facing. Whether we are teaching children or adults, we must lovingly gear our teaching to their ability to receive gospel truths. Paul taught, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hither to ye were not able to bear it, neither now are ye able" (1 Cor. 3:2). We must minister to those we teach where they emotionally and spiritually are. We must never try to teach over their heads to prove how knowledgeable we are. We must show love by helping those we teach to understand the gospel at their level. This is not only efficient, it is also vital to their spiritual safety. The Savior cautioned us in Matthew, "When anyone heareth the word of the kingdom, and understand it not, then cometh the wicked one..." (Matt. 13:19). We must show our love by trying to understand them. Meet them where they are.

As important as loving those we teach is teaching those we love by the Spirit. To really understand the importance of teaching by the Spirit, we must remember that when the gospel is truly being taught, the Spirit is the real teacher. To appropriately and effectively serve as gospel teachers, we need to work in concert with the Spirit, but not expect the Spirit to just "be there." The Spirit will not force his influence upon us without our choice. The Spirit will neither interfere with us nor actively direct us unless we invite Him to do so. In other words, we must seek His inspiration as we prepare the material we teach and as we present

it to our students.

As we pray for the Spirit, we must commit to the Lord that we will (1) listen for His inspiration, (2) receive it gladly, and (3) act upon it. We have the responsibility and the right as righteous teachers of the gospel to receive divine help to bless those we teach.

Now, how can we apply these two gospel principles of love and spiritual guidance to the circumstances where we actually teach the gospel? How ought we to teach?

One circumstance is teaching in our own families. These are the people we know the best. These are also the people who, ultimately, are the most important to us. This, however, is not to say that they are the easiest to teach. Teaching the gospel in our own families can be the hardest teaching of all. Unfortunately, in knowing our family members' weaknesses...their warts and all...we may sometimes tend to judge them too quickly. This goes for children and for adults.

I suppose I'm not the only one who has struggled with immature disruptions from children while trying to conduct Family Home Evening. In my case, that was 25 years ago when our children were young. At the time, those Monday night events seemed like athletic confrontations...Mom and Dad vs. the kids, Round 2! Amidst a backdrop of fidgeting, rare periods of reverence would be shattered by "Kevin touched me!"

Before I was married, I was confident I had four absolutely perfect theories for raising children. Then as I ruefully regarded my squirming and defiant youngsters, I realized I had four children and no theories! Back then I wouldn't have said it was funny, nor will I now say that I responded to it in the best possible way. Terry Warner teaches that "Love makes such a dramatic difference in discipline that we should never think that we can have a lasting influence for good on our children without it" (Ensign, March 1996, p. 72).

It took time, but I learned to ask the Lord for His Spirit to help me understand our children. The Lord helped me to better appreciate these youngsters' personal issues from the perspective of a child--to meet them where they were. Now I know that I could have paid less attention to the child who was acting up and paid much more attention to the children who were attentive. Probably we could have made our Family Home Evenings a little less detailed and doctrinal and a little more fun and sociable...and shorter--at least until the children got into a comfortable routine of Monday night Family Home Evenings.

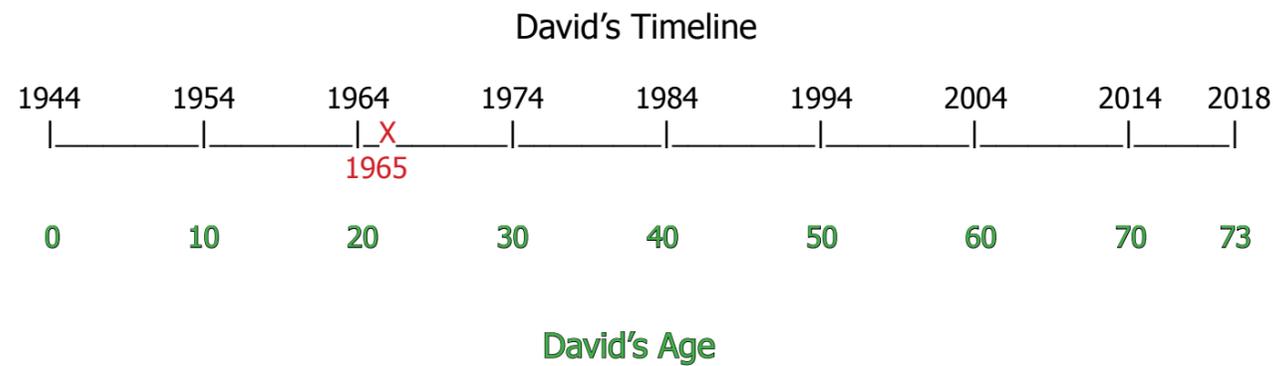
Whether we are dealing with rambunctious children or disaffected adults, we must ask the Lord for His Spirit to inspire us to meet the members of our family where they emotionally and spiritually are. Be patient. With the Lord, all things are possible!

After family, the next circumstance for teaching the gospel is in the Church itself. Teaching here is usually pretty straightforward, particularly with adult classes. In those, you show love through your in-depth preparation and your encouragement of class-member involvement. Your efforts are usually appreciated. Many adult class members bring with them great life experience in the gospel. Discussions in class can be very informative and should be encouraged and cultivated. Discipline is usually not a problem. It is hard to imagine Kent Gamette blurting out in class that Sharon is touching him! If the teacher prepares correctly, most adult classes provide a welcome atmosphere for the influence of the Spirit.

Youth classes offer more challenges because of the students' high energy level and their maturational need to socialize. Wise and loving teachers must meet these youthful students where they are. Some of the best teachers will just sit for the first three minutes of class and let the students get the chatting and peer-bonding out of their systems. Then the teacher calls them to order by asking them, one-by-one, how their week went. Each youth in turn comments briefly, which allows the teacher to observe and assess the needs of each student. This activity contributes to a stronger bond between teacher and student and provides a way for every student to contribute to class. Students appreciate the respect and care shown by the teacher. They are then content to have an opening prayer and are ready to be introduced, reverently, into the lesson.

Provo's Oak Hills Stake is fortunate to have many fine teachers for youth and for adults. In all circumstances, how ought we to teach? As much as we can as our Savior Himself taught. We should love those we teach by trying to understand them. Our Savior has both a perfect love and a perfect understanding of us all. We should try to teach by the illumination of the Spirit. Our Savior is the divine light of the world for whom the Spirit beareth testimony. How ought we to teach? Even as our Master...by the Spirit with His love and in His name...even Jesus Christ. Amen.

# JENNY'S JUNCTION



# JENNY'S JUNCTION

What does it take...for you?

As all of us progress along our individual journeys through life, we encounter experiences that offer us a choice between two clear-cut options: should I continue in the same habits...or change; try this out...or don't; follow the crowd...or follow my own individual integrity; follow an impulse...or think it through?

Most of the choices we make, such as "Do I order chocolate or vanilla?" are trivial in their consequences. Other decisions will determine the quality of the rest of our life...in fact our very destiny. These life-changing choices are like the forks in a road; one goes east and one goes west. Once you've made your choice and pursued your course, it becomes harder and harder to return to your original course. This becomes a real challenge if you later realize you've made a "wrong turn" in life.

As far as religion, I was raised in a part-member family. My mother was a faithful member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and my father was a Methodist who rarely attended that church. My father did, however, work in the Boy Scout Council in our ward (congregation). After I was about seven, my mother saw to it that she, my sister Marilynne, and I regularly attended. My father was supportive of this and often came with us.

Along the way, my mother, faithful teachers in Church, and good friends sewed some seeds of wisdom, including faith and service, onto the garden of my growing mind. Many religions teach and practice noble charitable characteristics, elevated patterns of life and respect for our fellow beings. I recognized even when young that these were (and are) practiced at a high level by my Church. These are, to me, self evidently correct, but usually require self-sacrifice. But other teachings of my Church were not so obviously true to me. There were also questions.

These included the following types of questions...plus many more, for example:

- Is there a Divine Being or causal force?
- Do we have any relationship with that Divinity?
- Is there a purpose to our existence?
- Is there something beyond this life?

Countless different and usually contradictory worldviews have been set forth over the millennia of time. Obviously, they can't all be true. Just because somebody passionately embraces, sacrifices for, and vigorously promotes his/her worldview, doesn't mean it's true. Less well appreciated is that just because some or most of these views are wrong, does not mean that all religions are wrong.

These and other important principles all required faith on my part. I didn't begin to have enough faith. If it wasn't measurable, how could I prove it? Some souls, such as my precious wife, quickly and eagerly grasp the Lord's teachings and joyfully and faithfully live them. Mine though was a pretty rocky garden with regard to easily accepting and sacrificing for gospel truths. I had many doubts and not much faith.

When I was young, I was taught at school and did copious reading in scientific fields. As part of that educational process, I was admonished to avoid the very different approach of seeking truth and direction through faith...ways that are not measurable quantitatively...and which often involve a higher purpose, or teleology. It was set forth as a fact that any belief that assumes purpose in the universe is considered anti-science. For a long time, unfortunately, that's how countless millions have squared off against each other..."science vs. religion."



David at 17 in 1962

So it was while I went to school and studied science and philosophy, I learned and easily accepted those measurable “facts.” But when it came to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and religious doctrine, I listened, but didn’t fully embrace it. I certainly did not dislike the Church, but I understood many of its doctrines as theoretical, possibly true ideas and practices... but “something for later.” I had no burning conviction of the gospel in my youth and teens.

I graduated from Encina High School in 1962. In 1965, the direction of my life took a major course correction. I had attended my first two years of college in Sacramento at American River College. Since I was a mediocre student in high school, the plan was to improve my study habits and become more focused, then transfer to a four-year college or university. By my second year, my attitudes, habits, and performance had greatly improved. I was accepted to Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. That university is a private, nonprofit university completely owned by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Most of its students then and now are members of the Church.

I remember during the first two years I was at American River College and during the first year I was at BYU, frequently mentally pitting some of the doctrines I thought I knew against philosophical or scientific ideas I had examined. I thought I was pretty clever and wise!

I rarely attended Church services at BYU. This was noticed by the ward’s caring bishop and his student counselors. They would take their time to visit me to make sure I was okay. One of the counselors was an honors physics major who lived in the same dormitory as I. During one visit, he expressed that he loved the Church “because it works.” That resonated with me because I had seen it as I had grown up. I value “stuff that works!”

In early spring of 1965, a young woman from Berkley with whom I had discussed marriage, visited me at BYU. She was a very bright University of California student. We had dinner that evening, and she was taking the Greyhound bus back to California the next morning. Back then, I had this notion that it was the “duty of the husband” to *direct* the wife...or set out boundaries. It seemed to me that this had been my father’s approach. In the course of our dinner conversation, I proclaimed to her, “Of course, there would be no alcohol or tobacco in our home!” That was clear-cut direction! Both of these substances violate the Church’s “Word of Wisdom.” This young woman was not of any religious conviction that I can recall. After a pause, she informed me that after she mows the lawn, she is going to come in, get some cold ones, kick back, and smoke a cigar! I could tell she was serious! She had every *right* to do this. It is perfectly legal to drink beer and smoke cigars in your own home. This young woman was accustomed to these behaviors in her social circle...and it became very obvious she had no intention of changing!

Well, that was well handled, young Dave! Yet it did bring into focus many important issues, which otherwise would not have been. For example, we had previously discussed marriage as though it were a business contract. She was business like, and we had never really talked about anything that revealed any of our inner selves and values. What did I know about her? There was so much I didn’t know...not only regarding her, but also about countless other things in life. Before she caught the bus, we both knew this would not be a “match made in heaven.”

I was flabbergasted! I realized for the first time that I was more of a “Mormon” than I thought! How could I have been so wrong in balancing the value of my science knowledge base vs. that of my Church’s? I didn’t know what to do about it. Today I would include in my earliest swirl of questions a prayer to my Heavenly Father, but I didn’t think that way back then.

Only a week or two later, I was in BYU’s Wilkinson Student Body Center in line for lunch. A freshman named Jenny saw me and came over. She was a friend of my roommate, David Kest and was an honors English major like David. She had had lunch before with the “Two Davids.” During the lunch, I found that we were talking about Church doctrines, including those I had previously “debunked by purely mechanistic

logic.” During our conversation, and it was a *conversation* not a *debate*, I was surprised at how knowledgeable and caring Jenny was. She gave me insights I had never imagined before into *all* those doctrinal issues that I *thought* I had understood and proved to be illogical. I began to realize that my mechanistic approach may not have been fundamentally wrong, but it was, for me, *incomplete*.

During the summer of 1965, my answer came when I thought to myself: “I have an university zoology major’s knowledge in science, but only an elementary school knowledge of my faith.” I did not understand at that time that through faith if I carefully considered observations of purpose vs. function, I could actually find more understanding of countless things in life. I concluded that I had been, in fact, unfairly biased. I would not accept that!

I tried to think of an experiment that would shed light on how to correct my bias. Why not a fair A vs. B test comparison? I decided I would more fully and with much greater conviction, without cynically criticizing the beliefs of my Church, live those beliefs carefully for two years. Then I would be able to see if I could perceive things in my world more completely and effectively.

That summer in Sacramento, I started going to Church on my own volition. I returned to BYU for the fall semester with a different, more balanced attitude. I was going to be fair and open-minded.

About one month later, on October 2, 1965, Sheryl Lee Jamison walked into my life!

Without the commitment I had made earlier that summer, I doubt that we would have ever even dated. Looking in my life’s rearview mirror, I believe I was blessed because of my decision to truly “experiment upon the word”...truly committing to live the religion.

In the *Book of Mormon* in Alma 32:27 and 28, it sets forth challenges: “if ye will awake and arouse your faculties, even to an experiment upon my words, and exercise a particle of faith, yea, even if ye can no more than desire to believe, let this desire work in you, even until ye believe in a manner that ye can give place for a portion of my words. Now, we will compare the word unto a seed. Now, if ye give place, that a seed may be planted in your heart, behold, if it be a true seed, or a good seed, if ye do not cast it out by your unbelief, such that ye will resist the Spirit of the Lord, behold, it will begin to swell within your breasts; and when you feel these swelling motions, ye will begin to say within yourselves—It must needs be that this is a good seed, or that the word is good, for it beginneth to enlarge my soul; yea, it beginneth to enlighten my understanding, yea, it beginneth to be delicious to me.”

Trying to balance these two perspectives, the “measurable” and the “un-measurable,” has served me well in both my personal and professional life. I have been blessed so many times, having my understanding enlightened and having been given answers as I have sought guidance.

A similar “squaring off” occurs in my occupation and art of loudspeaker design. Many designers rely, according to them, exclusively on measurable information to make design and engineering decisions. This approach can avoid almost countless problems, and it results in products that perform better on the test bench. This is good! These designers/engineers often take and vigorously promote the position that any designer who makes decisions that effect the sound of their loudspeakers--based on non-measurable methods, such as objectively listening to music through them--are guilty of incomplete engineering and bias for using their “golden ears.” This, according to them, results in the production of an inferior product, which is, of course, poor value to the buyer.

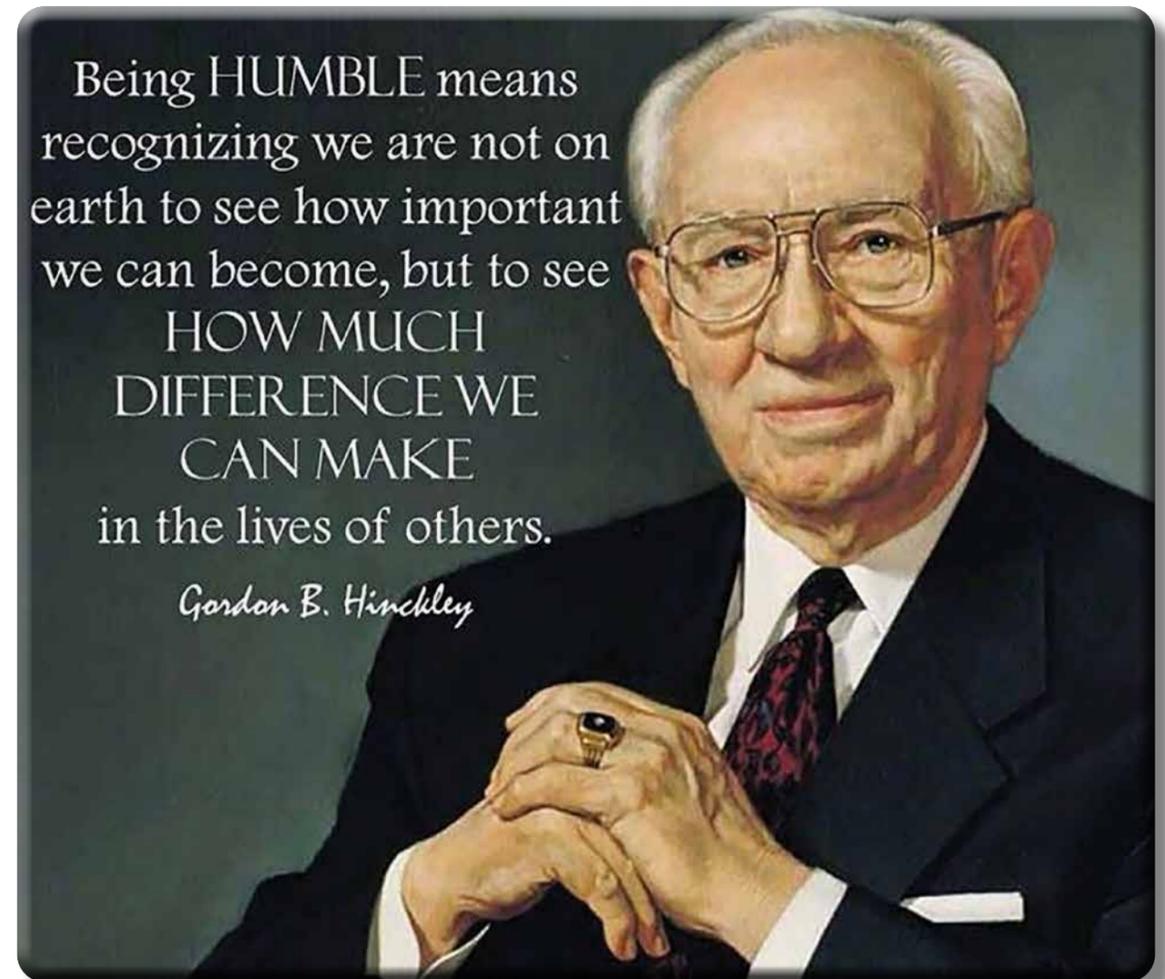
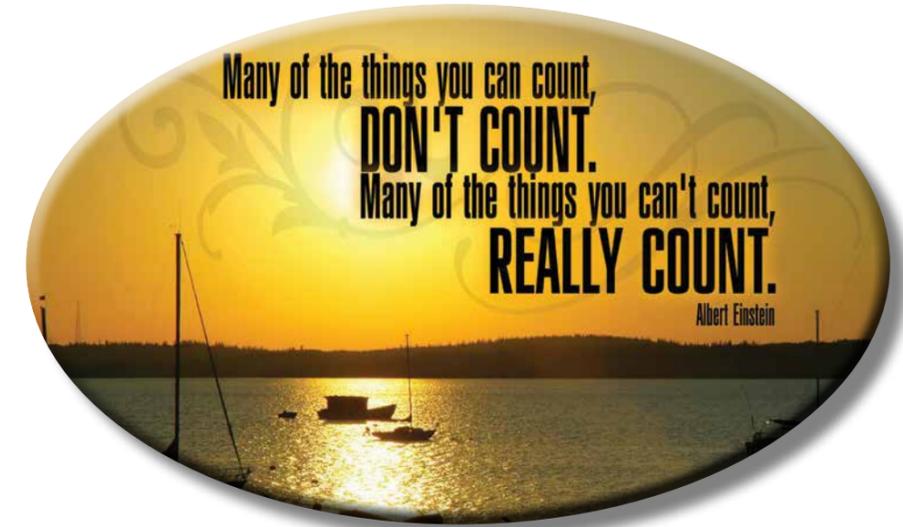
The polarization between these two paradigms has been going on for decades. What I have found is that the sound of speakers, which have been designed and fine-tuned using *both* approaches as carefully as possible, generally results in speakers that better reproduce some of the important elements of the sound of music. How important is that? Consider what people use their speakers for. For musically sensitive listeners, the speaker’s *purpose* is to communicate the unspoken, multi-layered emotional content uniquely found in music. The spoken word is, in comparison, two dimensional and limited in both nuances and range. By carefully incorporating these non-measurable, but observable qualities into the sound of the speakers I have designed, I believe they are better, and the listener enjoys a more musically accurate experience. Wilson Audio, now under the leadership of my son, Daryl Wilson, is completely committed to this approach.

We embrace the concept that J. Gordon Holt first set forth in “Sterophile” magazine: If a speaker measures good and sounds bad...it is bad. The final proof of “fit for purpose” is in the listening, not just the measurements.

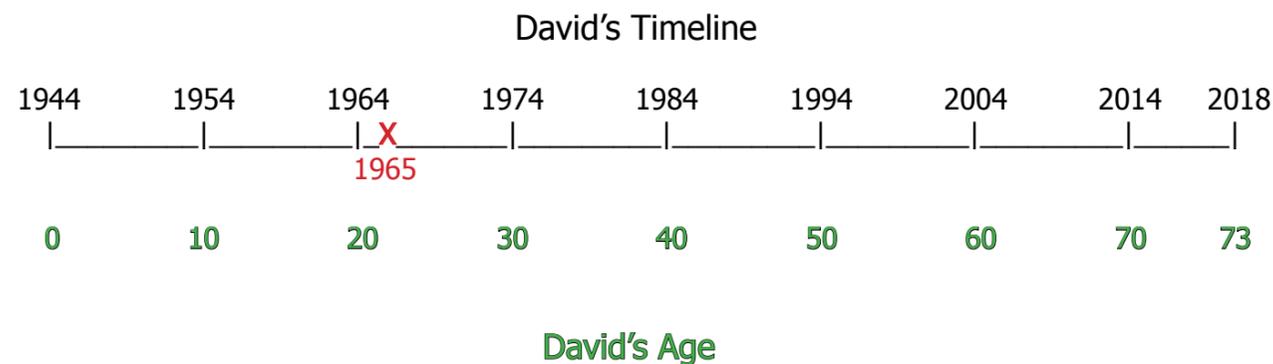
And so it is with life. The final proof is in the living, which I have done since my "experiment" in 1965... over 53 years ago.

But this is the ultimate test..."When ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things" (Moroni 10:4-5).

I experimented, I asked, and I found that The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true.



# “ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!”



# “ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!”

It was 1965. I was twenty-one years old and starting my junior year at Brigham Young University. I had moved in with three roommates, including two who I had not previously known, one of whom was Ty Jamison. We lived in an apartment complex, Le Chateau, on 700 North in Provo, Utah, which was neither French nor exotic. As you entered our apartment from a large common hall, you walked into the kitchen then proceeded into the dining room and small living room where I had set up my stereo system. Upstairs were two bedrooms and a bath.



It happened on October 2, 1965, in the early evening. There was a phone call, and a few minutes later, Ty came into the front room where I was sitting adjusting my Ortofon moving coil cartridge. He was talking with someone who was obviously a girl. He asked me if I could transfer a Tabernacle Choir LP to tape for his “little cuz” who was on the phone. She wanted it to send to her missionary boyfriend in New Zealand. I said I would be glad to. Ty was a good-looking guy but certainly would not have made a good-looking girl, so my preconceived expectations of his “little cuz” were not high in that regard.

It was later that evening after dinner that David Kest (who had been my roommate the previous semester) and I were on dish duty. I heard the fastest steps I could recall coming down our hall and then equally rapid knocks on our front door. I had a dish in my hand as I opened the door and for the first time saw Sheryl Lee Jamison. “Little cuz” was *not* what I expected...here was *the* young lady who rocked my very soul!

I quickly passed off the dish to David, hitting him in the solar plexus, just about knocking him out and told him to finish the dishes. I then escorted Sheryl Lee, Tabernacle Choir record in hand, into the living room where my stereo and recording gear resided. The three Eico HF 89s glowed softly against the wall and seemed to catch her attention. She certainly had caught *my* attention, and a careful strategy was forming in my mind. Quickly calculating, I thought if I efficiently transferred the recording to tape, it might take about an hour...not enough time. She would be in and out of my life. *That* thought was unacceptably painful. So I quickly devised a plan. I opened the closet door where my ESL turntable was suspended by “Wham O” slingshot bands (of course to cut down on feedback), and while she was distracted by the turntable swaying gracefully in the closet, I reached behind my two-chassis Sony open-reel tape recorder and broke the wonderfully fragile Switchcraft “patch cord” interconnects. This little shenanigan made it delightfully likely that the evening would run *late*! Survival of the species was hanging in the balance!

Instead of playing a short cut and then checking the tape, which is normal transfer protocol, I played a whole side of the record and then checked the tape, hoping that she had not noticed that one of the meters on the tape recorder was not moving. I acted surprised that we were getting no signal. I put on a good show checking the equipment and then playing the whole side again, thus giving me time to find out more about this mesmerizing young lady. This continued several times. My ploy was working! In fact, she felt sorry that she was taking up so much of my evening and was the cause of my having to crawl around



the floor in order to figure out the problem. She took pity on “my plight” and gave me a back rub. This was spectacular! What do they say? ... “All is fair in love and war!”

Finally we decided to spend no more time trying to remedy the situation and drove over to her apartment in University Villa to pick up an old Webcor recorder that she had used to make letter tapes to send to her boyfriend, George Oates. We loaded it into her 1954 Mercury that her grandparents had given her and headed back to Le Chateau since at this time I did not have a car. We did finally get the tape made and then walked around the BYU campus. Thus emboldened, I asked her for a date. I think feeling charitable, she said yes.



Sheryl Lee  
Miss Glendale  
1963

Later, I called her and asked if she would like to go to Salt Lake City to see a new movie that had just been released...*The Sound of Music*. Little did I know at that time how much the "sounds of music" would influence and inspire the rest of our lives!

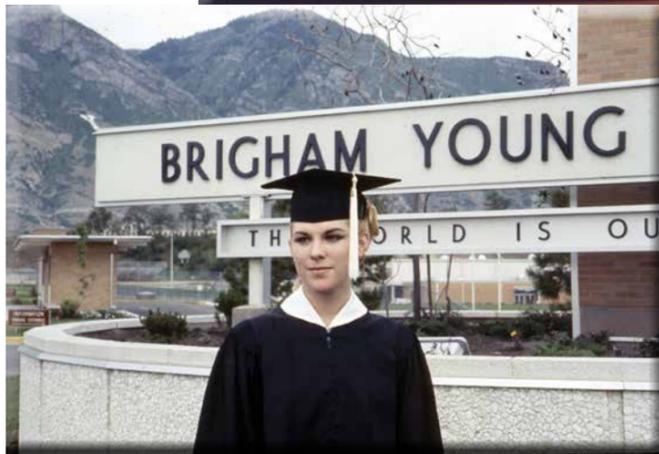
We made the trek to Salt Lake in her '54 Merc. She was all dressed up looking other-worldly glamorous. It was a cool evening, and she wore a light gray coat with a fur collar that framed her face. I had never been so proud to be with anyone in my life! She had been Miss Glendale in 1963. She was gorgeous, and I felt like a million bucks escorting her!

We continued dating and getting to know each other, and with each passing day, I found more and more to admire and like. We went to football games, movies, and dances. We enjoyed studying together and driving up Provo Canyon in the car and on bikes. More and more we just enjoyed being together. I felt I was possibly edging out my worthy competition...her missionary, George, and Bill Dibble, a physics professor at BYU.



The first time I saw Sheryl Lee act and sing was as Nancy, the lead female role in "Oliver" at BYU.

As the title of an article about her had said... "Beauty, Brains, and Talent."



The year came to an end, and Sheryl Lee graduated with honors. She received her B.A. in Dramatic Arts with minors in speech, English, and education.

I went back to Sacramento in Northern California for the summer, and Sheryl Lee returned to Glendale in Southern California.



We corresponded, but were really missing each other. Sheryl Lee invited me to come down for the 4th of July weekend. I flew down from Sacramento, and she picked me up at the LA airport in the trusty '54 Merc.

As we were driving back to Glendale, she asked me if I had seen the Los Angeles Temple at night. I said I hadn't, so we got off the freeway and drove the short distance to the temple. It was beautiful at night. We walked around to the front hand in hand.

When we were right in front of the reflection pool, I turned her around to face me and asked her to marry me. I had asked her several times before, and her reply had always been "I want to wait until George gets back from his mission to make a decision."

But this time it was different. As Sheryl Lee said, "Just as I was about to say 'no,' I felt this calm, wonderful feeling start at the top of my head and literally flow from my head to my toes, and I went from saying 'no'...to 'yes!' It just felt right"...and it was sealed with a kiss!

I asked her father, Conrad C. Jamison, for permission to marry her, which he gave. He even loaned me the money to buy an engagement and wedding ring...a .8 carat solitaire in white gold. It was \$600. We made the final payment on the ring by selling the '54 Mercury.

We announced our engagement (and fittingly our independence) at a 4th of July party.

The wedding and receptions were planned in two months. I arrived in Glendale on September 1 with my best friend and best man, Don Alley. These were hectic, wonderful days! We were both 21...almost 22.

Our wedding day finally came! We had a double ceremony with Sheryl Lee's cousin, who had introduced us, Ty Jamison, and his bride Mary Ellen Stewart in the Los Angeles Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 6, 1966, where we were "sealed for time and all eternity." There was a luncheon, and then in the evening, we had a reception in Glendale at the Jamison home.

That is how I married the girl of my dreams!

P.S. I did tell her about the broken patch cords...a year later. I wasn't sure what the statute of limitations was.



A Double Wedding  
Mary Ellen and Ty (Tyler) Jamison  
and  
David A. and Sheryl Lee Wilson



**Life Lessons:**

The following are my observations, as a seventy-three year old. My fateful meeting of Sheryl Lee Jamison on October 2, 1966, came only about four months after my life-direction altering lunch with Jenny. [See "Jenny's Junction."]

Four months, though, was enough time for me to implement my experiment to live my faith as fully as I could for two years. If I met someone I might want to marry, she would have to be at least as committed as I to that new life's set of values I was testing.

For me, I had already come to the realization that...

1. I needed someone who could and would help me improve my life in deeper ways than just material goods, prestige, ego gratification, or even education. I was very weak and immature in several ways.
2. I needed someone who would always challenge me, lovingly, to be the best I could be.
3. She must possess great strength, but resist the urge to show off that power by being unnecessarily confrontational and controlling towards me.
4. She would love me forever. That last one sounds naively romantic, but I believe it is possible.

For Sheryl Lee...

1. She needed me to respect and support her, so she could have the freedom to pursue her dreams--that were consistent with our sacred vows and values--to the extent that she carefully desired.
2. I would share and support her righteous convictions.
3. I would do all in my power to make it possible for her standard of living to be safe, free, comfortable and life-enriching.
4. I would always respect and treasure her.
5. I would help make life fun and interesting for us both.
6. I would love her forever.



It's been over 52 years since we met...a Golden Wedding Anniversary...and our family has grown from the 2 of us to 25. Through the years, it has become more and more apparent to me that who I chose as my wife was probably *the* most important decision I made during my lifetime! That choice affected who my children became, how I was supported and was helped to achieve my goals, where I lived, what I did--and so much more! I learned you are not just marrying the person, you are marrying into another family with all the advantages and challenges that entails. Be sure you know what you are getting into!

I married someone who became my best friend, who I am comfortable with, who helps in countless other ways, and who also makes me want to be the very best person I can be. I have seen how important it is to respect, support, encourage, forgive, and love your spouse. Never take him/her for granted. Marriage is not a 50/50 deal...it's 100/100 percent.

It has been important to me that we both have the same goals and religion. It is pretty obvious by now that I feel it is important to have religion in one's life. Many will disagree with me on this for a variety of passionately held reasons. I believe that their right to chose a religion according to the dictates of their own conscience is actually a divine principle. I defend their freedom to do so. Indeed, I feel very strongly that all religions must allow their members to change and progress without punishment of any kind. I often find rewarding discourse with those who are agnostic or atheistic. I find it healthy to embrace a worldview that encourages you to get outside yourself and grow in important, but unmeasurable ways.

There is so much more to life than "things" and being "liked" on the internet. It's important to ponder who you are, where you came from, why you are here, and where you are going after your time on earth is finished. Your family can be a heaven...or hell on earth...depending on the partner you choose. Choose wisely and carefully. Consider even additional perspectives that are outside of your normal problem-solving patterns. Your quality of life...and eternity...depend on it!



David III and Mary-Esther Wilson and children: Matthew, David IV, Elizabeth, Hannah (Michael was not yet born)

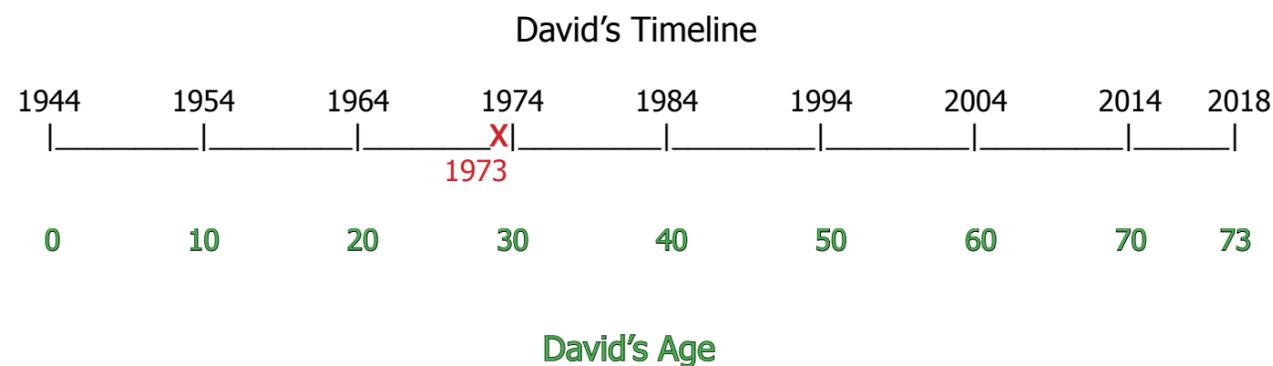
Debby and Westly Beaman and children: Sheriese, Brooklyn, Christianna, Troy

David A. and Sheryl Lee Wilson

Daryl and Candace Wilson and children: Charlemagne Myabella

Not pictured: Kevin and Sariah Wilson, Kaleb, Kameron, Shiloh, Kollin

# JUST DON'T CALL IT A "VACATION"



# JUST DON'T CALL IT A "VACATION"



It was cold and dreary at our duplex at 2230 North 10th Street in Waukegan, Illinois, in December of 1973...but we had planned a vacation to the tropics. I had two weeks off, so we charted a course to drive from Illinois to the border of Mexico in Brownsville, Texas, through Mexico, Guatemala, and into Honduras to visit the Mayan ruins at Copán and a few other "rock piles," otherwise known as archaeological ruins, along the way. It would be over 3,200 miles...one way. Sheryl Lee was four months pregnant with our second child and was really looking forward to this trip. She has an interest in Mesoamerican Archaeology--or Middle America--which is a geographical and cultural area that extends from the center of Mexico down through Central America. This interest stemmed from two sources: (1) her father, Conrad C. Jamison, had taken many trips to this area and had brought home slides and stories of the vast and mysterious cities of the Maya, Aztec, and Toltecs; and (2) from her study of the *Book of Mormon*. This book is a sacred history of some of the ancient civilizations of Mesoamerica from around 2200 BC to AD 421. It was translated by Joseph Smith and published in 1830. Sheryl Lee finds it very interesting tracking down external evidences that are mentioned in its pages, some of which are light- and dark-skinned people, cement, near eastern phenotypes, evidence of use of the wheel, writing on gold plates, vast civilizations, and fine workmanship in gold...which in 1830, when the *Book of Mormon* was published, no historian believed existed in the Americas. (Archaeology as a scientific discipline didn't begin until around 1880.)

Her parents had generously offered to watch our eleven-month-old son, David III, so we were excited to leave the harsh winter for a warmer climate and to see some of these fascinating ruins. The plan for our two-week vacation was to drive from Chicago all the way down to Honduras, then over to Akumal on the Caribbean coast, and then back to Waukegan. We had a green BMW 2002, and I had it modified. Under the oil pan, a hard steel plate was installed, so if we hit bad roads or rocks, it wouldn't punch a hole in it. I also had the steering modified. I had a shock absorber mounted next to the steering column, so it would dampen the steering.

Sheryl Lee picked me up after work at Abbott Labs, and we started driving. We wanted to get to the border of Mexico nonstop because the speed limit in the United States was going to drop to 55 mph the next day. We felt the only way we could meet our time schedule was to average 70 mph all the way down to the border, so away we went.



It was pitch-black as we headed south on the interstate towards Springfield, and then it started to snow and progressively got worse. I was exhausted, so Sheryl Lee drove as I tried to get some sleep. The left lane became completely covered with ice and snow, so Sheryl Lee was driving in the right, more traveled lane. All of a sudden, a car came speeding down the left lane and started sliding into our lane. In order to avoid a collision, Sheryl Lee tried to move farther to the right and onto the shoulder of the freeway. The snow covered the edge of the road, and the drop from the road to the shoulder was several inches. It caught the wheel and spun us around. I awoke to find the car going backwards off the interstate and into a ditch as the other car sped by. The ditch was full of snow, and as we went backwards into it, the exhaust system was pushed forward and damaged.

We had not prepared for cold and snow. We were dressed for summer. We didn't even have winter tires on the car. They were standard Michelin radial tires. We were headed south to the hot and humid tropics.

Unhurt, we got out of the car and walked up the incline to the interstate. A trucker in the northbound lane saw our plight, made a U-turn, and came to our rescue. With a chain, he hooked onto the back of our BMW and quickly pulled the car up onto the freeway...but it was facing the wrong way. Unhooking the car, the kind trucker resumed his travels. We surveyed the car, and as we were about to get in, noticed a U-Haul truck weaving from the left into the right lane. By all calculations, his next wide weave would intersect with our stationary car. Self-preservation took over, and I just said, "We've got to get out of here." We ran for our lives and jumped down the embankment back into the ditch to avoid what seemed to be an inevitable crash. Miraculously, at the last minute, the U-Haul slid to the left, avoided the BMW, and careened on down the highway. That was the first of many miracles on this trip. We did keep our "guardian angels" busy.

We knew there was some damage to the car, so we limped into St. Louis and found a muffler shop the next morning. The detour into the ditch had damaged the muffler and its hangers. After the repairs, we set out again...having lost time and money that we hadn't planned to spend. That put us behind our schedule, but we finally made it to the border.

After entering Mexico, we drove down the Panamerican Highway, which runs along the backbone of Mexico. We really enjoyed the changing scenery and the many little towns along the way. However, what we hadn't counted on was the poor roads and lower speed limits. The travel guides warn tourists not to travel at night because many motorists in Mexico turn off their headlights when passing...ostensibly to conserve battery power...so it's very hard to see people when they are coming into your lane. Also, when repairing a tire, the locals stack a pile of rocks in the road as a protection and warning...but often forget to remove them as they leave. Well, we found ourselves usually traveling at night, dodging rocks in the road as well as large buses that would travel at breakneck speeds. It made for white-knuckle driving at times!

North of Mexico City are the archaeological ruins of Tula, the ancient capital of the Toltecs in Mexico. It was primarily important from approximately AD 850 to 1150. We took our new Nikon camera gear and enjoyed the warmth as we climbed around the ancient city and took pictures of the amazing stonework. I've always said Sheryl Lee was the "Tropical Variety," and she was in her element! I realized this was dangerous...I was feeding the appetite of an archaeology addict! The recipe seemed to be sun, sites, and (she said most importantly), sunscreened Dave.



Tula archaeological site

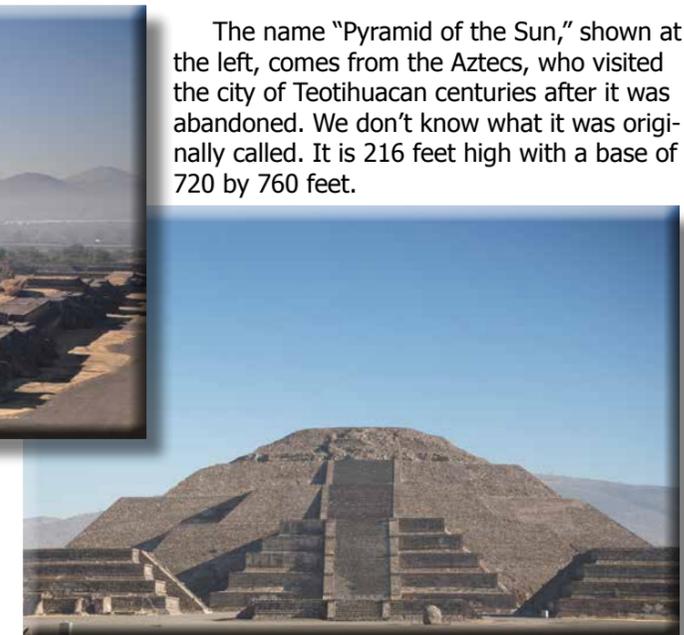
Just a little farther south are the ruins of Teotihuacan, next on our itinerary. It is 25 miles northeast of Mexico City. The name means "the place of the gods" or "the place where men became gods," and as Sheryl Lee noted, dates from 300 BC to AD 750, and was considered an "ancient civilization" by the Aztecs when they moved into the area.

In *Book of Mormon* geography, it was in the "land northward," and it played a significant role in the Nephite (ancient Maya) history from about 50 BC to AD 400. The two largest structures are the Pyramid of the Sun and Pyramid of the Moon...of course, we had to "climb every mountain" pyramid!



The "Pyramid of the Moon" at the right is 140 feet high with a base of 426 by 511 feet, and is the second largest pyramid at the site.

We really enjoyed the photo ops here!



The name "Pyramid of the Sun," shown at the left, comes from the Aztecs, who visited the city of Teotihuacan centuries after it was abandoned. We don't know what it was originally called. It is 216 feet high with a base of 720 by 760 feet.

The Temple of Quetzalcoatl ("feathered serpent") was also interesting. The name comes from the "quetzal," a beautiful Guatemalan bird, and "coatl," which means serpent. It was built between AD 200 and 350. Quetzalcoatl is another name for the "white bearded God" of Mesoamerica. According to legend, Quetzalcoatl was born of a virgin, came from the East, dressed in a long, white robe, taught the people the law of the fast, gave them the ritual of the sacrament, and instructed them in baptism. Many people believe it was the resurrected Christ who visited these "other sheep" in the Americas as recorded in *The Book of Mormon*. The serpent is associated with Satan in the Garden of Eden, but took a positive turn when it was also associated with Jehovah in the Old Testament by Moses as he raised the brazen serpent in the wilderness...a serpent that would heal all those who would "look to God and live."



The Temple of Quetzalcoatl at Teotihuacan

I'm glad...I really like snakes!



On to the next rock pile! We arrived on the northern outskirts of Mexico City during the evening rush hour. It was the Christmas season, and festive lights were everywhere. We were going to visit Tenayuca, which is just outside of Mexico City. We were stopped at a stoplight when suddenly a truck hit us from behind. I jumped out of the car to assess the damage. I looked at the truck driver, who just shrugged his shoulders. The taillight was broken, and there was a dent...and the light turned green.

Later we found out that if you report an accident in Mexico, they just take both parties to jail until it is sorted out. It was good to just lick our wounds and travel on. Discretion was the better part of valor.

We proceeded to Tenayuca where we again saw lots of snakes...in stone.

The Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in Mexico City is a treasure trove of ancient artifacts. Sheryl Lee was delighted as we saw so many things there that we were looking for archaeologically.



There were depictions of light- and dark-skinned people, wheeled toys, near-Eastern appearances on stela (an upright carved stone slab), and engraving on thin, gold sheets.



We drove south to Cholula where legend says the "white bearded god" Quetzalcoatl visited. Anciently there was a statue of him at the top of the pyramid. When the Spanish conquistadors and priests came, they banned his worship, but the natives still returned to this sacred place. Finally, the Spaniards smashed the statue and literally made them bury the pyramid with earth. A Catholic church was then built on the top of the pyramid and remains there today. The ancient structure was probably started around 200 BC, and there were four construction phases that gradually built up the bulk of the pyramid until it became the largest in Mexico by volume.

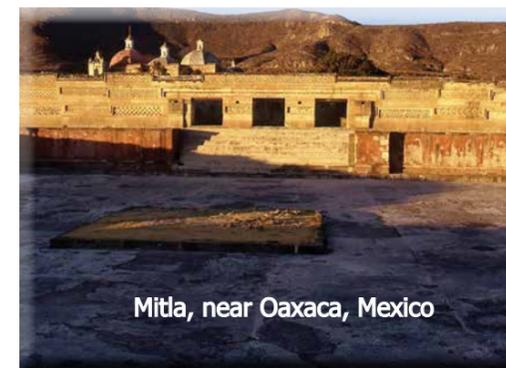
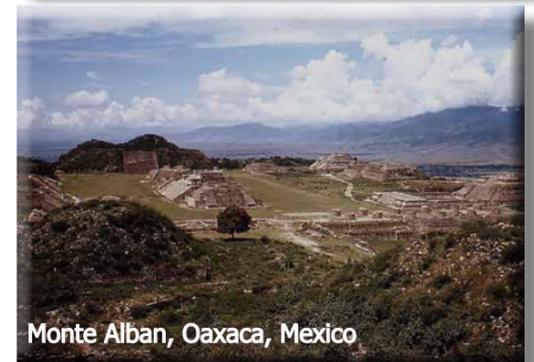
Interesting "factoids": the Great Pyramid of Cholula has a base of 1,480 by 1,480 feet and a height of 217 feet. It is, in fact, the largest pyramid as well as the largest monument ever constructed anywhere in the world, with a total volume estimated at over 157 million cubic feet. It's even larger than the Great Pyramid of Giza in Egypt, which has a total volume of about 88 million cubic feet and a much smaller base. (756 ft vs. 1,480 ft).

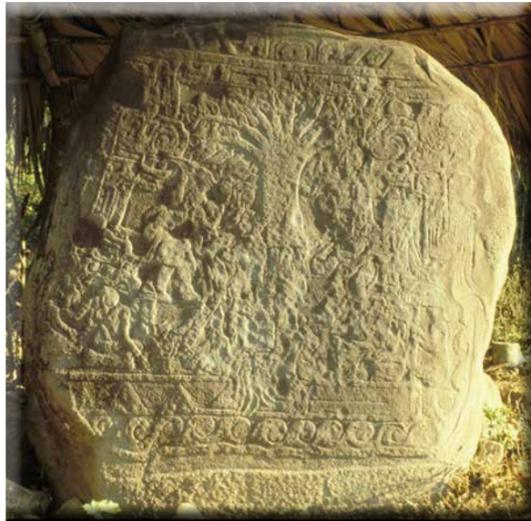
The next hill to climb was Monte Alban, literally translated, "High Mountain," which is an ancient center of Zapotec and Mixtec culture located in Oaxaca. It is 1,300 feet above the valley floor in an easily defensible location. It contains great plazas, truncated pyramids, a ball court, underground passageways, and about 170 tombs, the most elaborate yet uncovered in the Americas. We saw beautiful and intricate gold jewelry from Tomb 7.

Another interesting feature I "discovered" as I was resting in the sparse shade of a newly dug trench was a carving of an elephant...as one historian in the 1800s had said, "An animal unknown in the Americas," but mentioned in *The Book of Mormon*.

It was inhabited from about 500 BC to around AD 1600. Some 2,100 years...quite a lifespan for a city! The United States has only been a nation for 242 years!

On to "meat loaf" as I teased Sheryl Lee. Really, the site is called Mitla. Here we saw an ancient poured cement courtyard...even a better quality cement than we can produce today. It has held up for centuries. Anciently it also had a poured cement roof supported by wooden beams. There are many intricate geometric designs press-fit into panels originally set against a red painted stucco background...see, like a catsup on a "meat loaf." It is located in the eastern portion of the Valley of Oaxaca in southern Mexico and was an important site of the Zapotec civilization from around AD 700 to 1600.



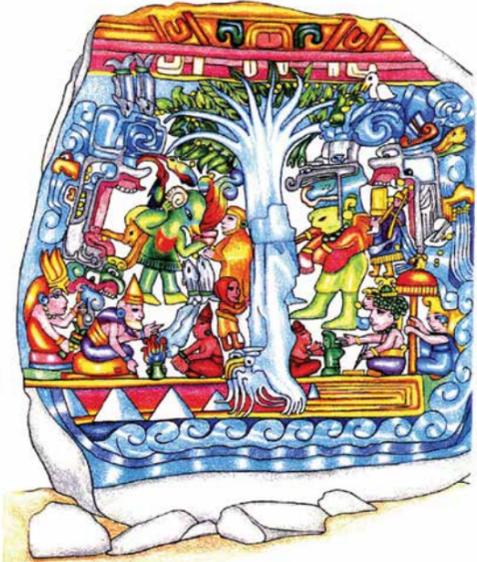


There was only one more archaeological site to visit in Mexico before crossing into Guatemala--Izapa, which is almost on the Guatemalan border. It, too, was a very ancient site inhabited perhaps since 1200 BC and existed until approximately AD 1200.

Many Mayanologists consider it the place where the 260-day Sacred Calendar and the 5,125-year Long Count Calendar were devised. Some think the haab, or 365-day Solar Calendar, was also developed here--making Izapa one of the most important sites of ancient Mesoamerica.

It may have been in this area that the second migration mentioned in *The Book of Mormon*, that of Lehi and his family who came from Jerusalem around 600 BC, landed.

Here, too, is Izapa Stela 5, also known as the "Tree of Life" stone. Many feel that this is a representation in stone of Lehi's vision of the Tree of Life. At the left is a photo of Stela 5 and then an artist's colorful rendition of the carving on it.



This site was very different from the others we had visited as much of it was scattered through corn fields, and animals grazed around the pyramids.

By the time we finished seeing Izapa and got on the road, we were exhausted. We had driven all the way through Mexico, and then we had to bribe the border guards to get into Guatemala.

Next on our itinerary was Lake Atitlan. It's in one of the most beautiful locations in the world. It's surrounded by volcanoes, and it's probably a huge caldera...a very spectacular setting and lake. Because we were trying to catch up with our schedule and always driving late into the night, we didn't arrive at Lake Atitlan until around 11 pm. I remember seeing a sign that said Lake Atitlan 5

miles. We were on the edge of a crater and had to drive down into it to reach the lake. We had no reservations. We were young, and we'd just drive until we got to where we wanted to stay and get a room...or sleep in the car.

We arrived at the lake and found a nice resort, Hotel Atitlan. It was dark and foggy. Sheryl Lee, being four months pregnant, was very tired. It was the night of December 23. We checked at the hotel, and "there was no room at the inn." They said, "You need to get reservations about a year in advance--especially around Christmas time."

So we thought, we'll just find somewhere else in town to stay. We drove through this little town, and it was shut down. Just a few street lights were on. As we drove, we saw little children sleeping on the sidewalk under lights next to their bikes with their legs through the bike frame so that if somebody tried to steal it, the commotion would wake them up.



We looked in vain for another hotel. It was after midnight, so we decided to just sleep in the car. We thought the safest place was probably in the parking lot of that first resort under one of the lights, so that's where we spent the night.

The next morning was foggy, and I remember just waking up, looking out, and seeing this large woman with red hair dressed in a bright mumu walking toward our car.

She looked in the window and said, "What are you two doing out here?" I explained that we couldn't get a room and that my wife was pregnant. She replied, "Well, I'll just change that." She quickly turned around and walked with determination into the office....apparently she had some pull there.

Next thing I know, we have one of their best rooms, but not before she had taken Sheryl Lee into the gift shop and bought her a bright, long Guatemalan dress... kind of like her mumu.

Her name was Helen. We felt like this was paradise. We had this wonderful, influential older woman who just wanted to take care of us. We didn't know why she took an interest in us the way she did, but she just took us under her wing. She made dinner arrangements for us and made sure we were comfortable. It was great!

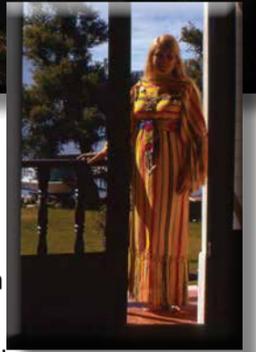
We celebrated Christmas there and had Christmas dinner together. That's when we found out Helen had outlived three husbands. She said, "Men, they're such fragile things!" Then we found out that she had cancer and was dying. This was going to be her last Christmas. She didn't have any children. Three marriages and no children. That year we were the children *she* needed, and she provided the mothering and help we needed. It was a truly beautiful experience. She was so kind and took such good care of us. We'll never forget her.

It was December 26, and reluctantly we left Lake Atitlan. The next stop was going to be the archaeological site...and small village...of Copán in Honduras. As was typical of our inexperience in traveling through these countries, we had planned to be in Guatemala at Lake Atitlan and then just drive down to Copán in a day. We looked at what would be the shortest route.

On one of the more esoteric maps that Conrad Jamison, Sheryl Lee's father, had given us was this little dotted line that showed, by the map's legend, a gravel or dirt road that came down from the north and was 90 miles shorter than the main highway that went south of Copán and then came back up...so we thought that's the road for us. I like driving on dirt roads...I've driven a lot on California dirt roads. Well, California dirt roads and Honduran dirt roads are very different!

Unbeknownst to us, Guatemala at the time was having a civil war, and the mountains of Guatemala were full of anti-government guerrillas. Everywhere we went, we saw soldiers fully armed with automatic weapons...and here are these inexperienced young tourists from Illinois.

We went from a paved road to a gravel road to a less graveled road. On the map, it looked like about 45 miles into Copán, and it was almost perfectly divided into three 15-mile segments with coding on the map that changed very subtly at the intersections of those three. So the first 15 miles was just like driving on a dirt road in California...kind of wide, dusty, and a little rocky. We went through several villages. By





that time, it had just gotten dark, and you could smell the smoke. We saw people cooking their dinners over wood fires, walking, and coming back from their work in the fields.

It was pitch black when we reached the border station up in the mountains. The guard checked our documents. We were surprised that there was a fully armed Guatemalan soldier there. He seemed puzzled that we were there and asked where we were going. I said we were driving into Copán. He looked at us and shook his head, exclaiming, "Buena suerte," which in Spanish is "Good luck!" I thought that was strange. By this time, we had no choice but to go forward.

The road deteriorated, and then we came to a stream. It was shallow, so we just drove through the water across to the other side and inched up the bank. Then the road got much worse. This was where I was really glad that I had the shock absorbers on the steering wheel because I was fighting the terrain.

I slowed way down. We still had about half a tank of gas, so no problem...or so I thought. The wildlife we saw that night was interesting. Strangely, there was no sign of other people on the road...none...and it was very, very narrow, steep, and winding through the dense tropical jungle. In the headlights, we saw coatimundi running across the "road" and javelinas.

Then there was a second stream...larger than the first. We checked it out and slowly forged it. The road now, if you could call it that, was even narrower, rock-strewn, and treacherous.

Further on there was another stream, but there was a sheer drop of over a foot and then rocks. The other side of the stream was steeply banked. I thought, "Wait a minute. I don't have enough gas to turn around and go all the way back to civilization and get gas and go the long way. I've got to do this." I turned off the engine and built a rock ramp, putting boulders in place, so we could safely drive down into the stream. It took a while to do that. Next, we said a prayer.

I backed up to get a running start, and my make-shift ramp collapsed under the weight of the car, but we were down in the stream. I carefully navigated across the rocks, and as I was accelerating out of the stream and up the other bank, I heard a "crash," and the car bottomed out. I finally got the car up the bank. The "road" was really treacherous at this point. It was like driving in a stream bed--all cobblestones and rocks and branches in the road. When we got to the crest of a small hill above the stream, we stopped to see if any damage had been done to the car. I got out...and I smelled gas. I thought, "What?" I looked under the back of the car, and gas was pouring out a hole at the bottom of the gas tank. We had ruptured it. I had armored the oil pan, but not the gas tank.

There's a drain plug on the bottom of the gas tank, and when the car had bottomed out, a rock had hit that drain plug and torn the sheet metal around the fitting, so it wasn't a little hole that you could stick something in to plug the leak. Gas is pouring out...it is pitch black...we are in the jungle...who knows where!

We had paper cups, and at first we tried to catch the gas. So we're catching it, and it would fill up one of those cups about every ten seconds. It was pouring out, and we quickly realized that this was a hopeless measure. We had a gallon of gas in the trunk, and I had probably 50 pounds of my tools, but I had nothing that could fix this tear.

I finally said, "We just need to go." We prayed for help, and then we got in the Bimmer, and I nailed it. Imagine driving a BMW as fast as you can on a stream bed. That car was just bouncing. It got air in a couple of places. Under our feet, we could feel the floor pan getting dented and torn apart. There were rocks on the left side, and a sheer drop-off on the right. We could feel the wheels on the right occasionally spinning in the overhang...all the while fearfully watching the gas gauge drop precipitously.

There was one pile of rocks I remember coming to, and I thought, "I'm just going to have to go through it." I did, and it ripped the exhaust system out. I felt at that time we were literally driving for our lives. It was terrifying! Then there was a series of four hills and dales. By this time, the gas gauge was on empty...but miraculously, the engine would sputter, we'd get up to the top of the hill and start coasting; I'd

pop the clutch, and it would start up again. I just floored it, and it would come crashing down. The front end alignment was gone. McPheerson struts don't hold their alignment really well through punishment like this.

The car ran on "empty" for about an hour! It was truly a life-saving miracle! Finally the car stopped... about 200 yards from the guard station at Copán. Then I took the air filter off; I removed the top from the Solex carburetor, and using a rolled-up postcard as a make-shift funnel, I filled the float chamber of the carburetor with the gas we had in a gallon container in the trunk. Then I reassembled the carburetor. Completing this process would give us about 200 yards of driving--and then I'd do it all again.

When we pulled up to the guard station, they looked at us in disbelief. They said no cars had ever been over that road. That "road" was a cattle trail, supposedly impassable by car, but we and the BMW (though much worse for wear) did it...with the Lord's help.

Finally, we limped the BMW into the small town of Copán. It was after one o'clock in the morning. We found a hotel that had a vacancy. They showed us to our room, which had a very tall ceiling and a polished cement floor. It was not air conditioned nor very comfortable, but we were just grateful to have arrived in one piece and to have a place to sleep. It was hot and muggy, and we were literally shaking from the experience we had just gone through. We put our suitcases down near corner wall and wanted the day to end.

As we were getting ready to go to bed, all the lights went out. It was two o'clock, and at this time every morning, the town shut its generator off. Okay. So we plopped down on the bed and noticed a plastic sheet over the mattress. It was excruciatingly hot, but at this point, it didn't matter; we were just too exhausted to care.

I drifted off to sleep. I remember dreaming that there was a mountain of rocks, and I had to drive over this mountain...and then all of a sudden a loud noise in the room woke me up. I'm listening. What is that? It sounds like a snake slithering across the floor. Now, I've had a lot of snakes, and I'm thinking, what kind is it? Then a suitcase is knocked over. I think, okay, it's big. It has to be at least six feet long or maybe more and have a heavy body because the suitcase is substantial. You know how when you're in a stressful situation, your mind does the math really fast. I grabbed for the flashlight, and the batteries were dead. We don't smoke, so we didn't have any matches or a lighter handy. It's pitch-black in the room.

Sheryl Lee is also awakened and asks, "What was that?" I told her, "It's a snake, and it's big. So it's either a bushmaster, a ferdalence, or a boa constrictor. A boa constrictor is harmless; the other two are poisonous. Two out of three aren't good odds."

Then Sheryl Lee asked this great question, "Should I scream?" I said, "Yes. We need help." All that operatic vocal training...wow, did she scream! Almost immediately we heard some footsteps in the hall, and people came down to our room.

I jumped out of bed and flew over to the door. They handed a flashlight to me, and in a few minutes, they turned their back-up generator on. The man at the door asked, "Do you have turista?" (Do you have diarrhea?) Uh, no! I thought, "Strange...does everyone scream like that with diarrhea down here?"

Sheryl Lee was kneeling on the bed, and I started carefully looking around. Over in the corner was a large hole in the baseboard and wall that we hadn't previously noticed. Snakes can feel floor vibrations, so I think when the snake came out, it went behind the suitcase and knocked it over. Then it became frightened and crawled back into the hole, getting out of the room. It was probably a boa constrictor because if it were a venomous snake, somebody would have killed it a long time ago. After that traumatic episode, we did get back to sleep...but not before blocking the hole with a small suitcase and then a big one in front of it.

That night we felt so far away from home, and things seemed unusually dark and gloomy. We later found out that was the night Harold B. Lee, the president and prophet of our Church, died.





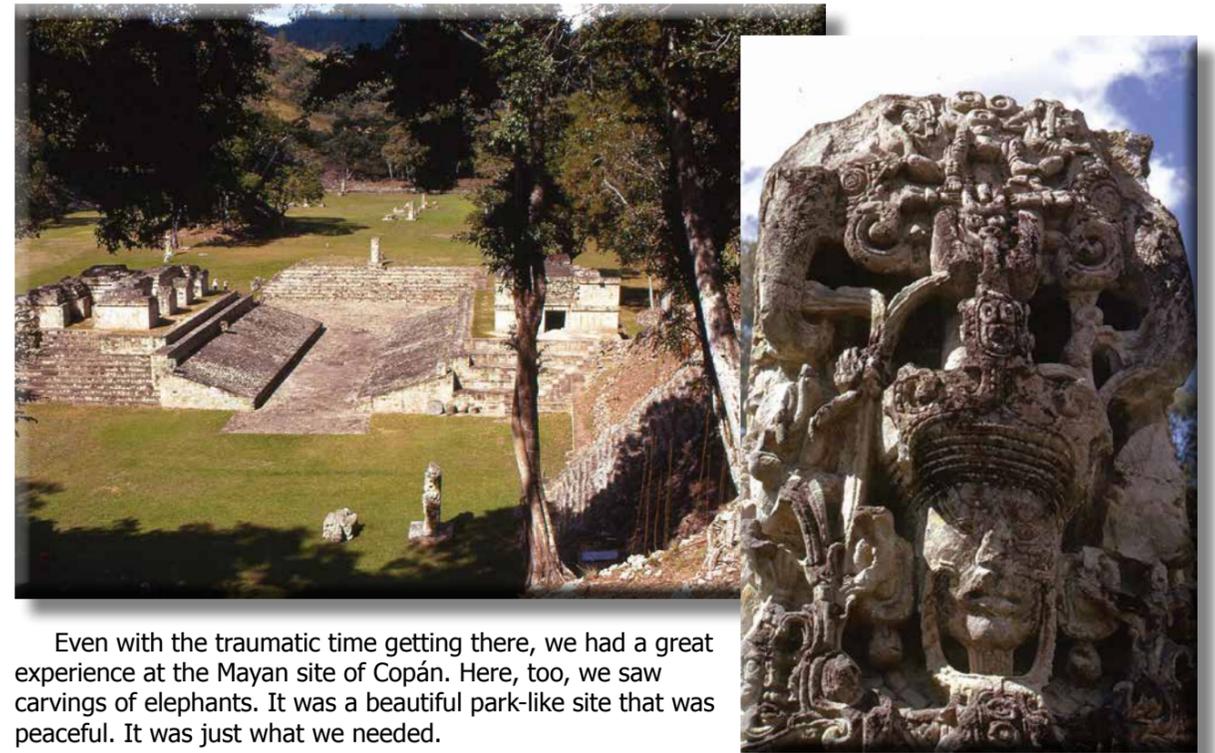
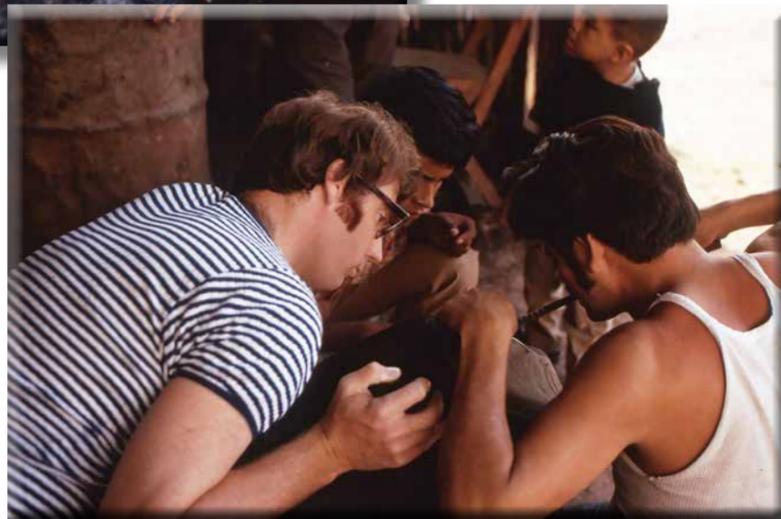
The next morning, I pulled the gas tank out of the car. No auto repair shops in Copán...but there was a blacksmith shop, complete with a horse that they were shoeing. I found out they could braze things, which is much like soldering.



The tear in the gas tank was even worse than we had thought. We were so grateful this blacksmith shop could repair it!

They were all so very kind. Everyone pitched in to help, and we were able to finish the repair quickly. I reinstalled the gas tank and got it filled.

The brazing worked beautifully. In fact, this patch job lasted as long as we had the car!



Even with the traumatic time getting there, we had a great experience at the Mayan site of Copán. Here, too, we saw carvings of elephants. It was a beautiful park-like site that was peaceful. It was just what we needed.

However, this had wiped us out so much emotionally that we decided to forget the rest of this "vacation." We just wanted to get back home! So, we started driving north--and fast.

As we're driving north in Mexico, the country gets narrower. This area is called the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and is only about 124 miles across. By the time we got to that point, it was again, very late at night. Out in the middle of nowhere, we saw what looked like a modern, white motel next to the highway. Earlier we had stopped in a marketplace to get some food and had changed \$20 and had gotten a wad of pesos. The exchange rate was outrageous at that time.

We checked into the motel. It wasn't as "plush" as we first thought. It turned out the swimming pool in the front just had a puddle of brown water in the bottom with dead frogs in it. This was really a gross place, and strangely, no other guests were staying there. It had been a long day, and we were really tired, so we got a room. It was hot. I remember turning on the ceiling fan and collapsing into bed.

When I awoke the next morning, my wallet was *gone*. I had put it on the night stand by my side of the bed. Someone had broken into our room. My money, credit cards...all gone. Thankfully, our passports were in a different place as were Sheryl Lee's wallet, money, and credit cards.

We went to the front office and told them what had happened, and they just didn't seem that concerned. It was frustrating! They did make a call, and a Jeep full of armed soldiers showed up. They looked around and found bits and pieces of my driver's license. They left, and it was like, "Sheryl Lee, I am driving nonstop home. Nonstop!"

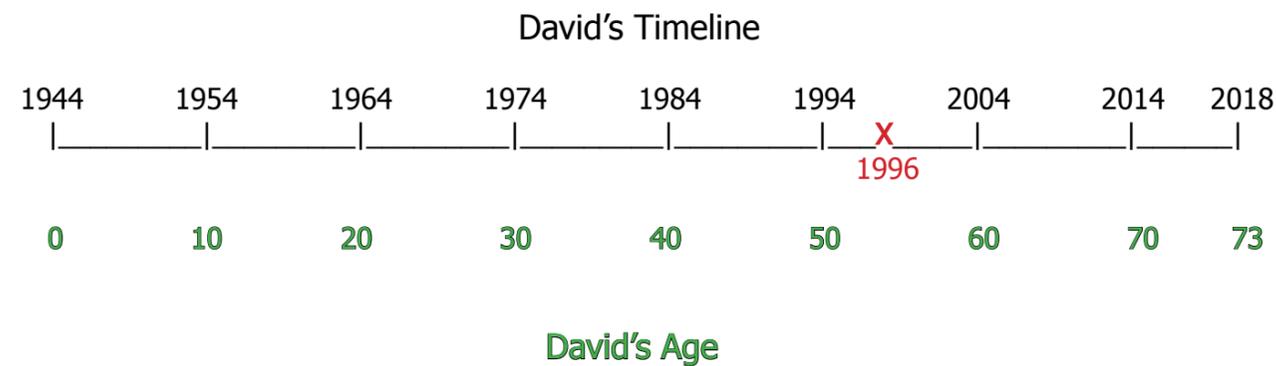
We called and had the credit cards canceled, and we just relentlessly drove north, even though our poor Bimmer was limping. We finally made it home to Waukegan.

Only two weeks after we got back, one of the Chicago newspapers had a front-page article reporting on a mass grave that had been discovered in Arriaga, Mexico. That's where the "white motel" was located. They found over 200 bodies, including American tourists who had been robbed, murdered, and buried there. It was also reported that the local authorities were complicit in these crimes.

I thought how blessed we were not to have awakened when the thief came into our room. Close, close call! As I said, we kept our guardian angels busy!

It was one of Sheryl Lee's "adventures," but as I've said...just don't call it a "vacation!"

# A SEED IS PLANTED



## A SEED IS PLANTED



Lee Teng-hui, President of Taiwan from 1988 to 2000

In 1996, I had the opportunity to demonstrate the WAMM, Series 7A, to a distinguished audience at the historic Tashi Resort in Taiwan. I had been informed that the president of Taiwan, Lee Teng-hui, had a residence there and would be in the audience with his family. As it turned out, he was unable to attend, which was a disappointment to me at the time...but turned out to be a blessing. Later in the day, I felt impressed to try to get a copy of *The Book of Mormon*--in which I had written my testimony--to the president.

I wrote my testimony in clearly legible English, confident that he would understand it since he had been educated at Cornell University in the United States. I wanted to stress the cultural and social values important to the Taiwanese that are found not only in *The Book of Mormon*, but exemplified magnificently in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Our distributor then personally delivered the book to his family.

We later found out that he had read my testimony to his family and expressed that he believed that it was true.

A seed is planted!

*This is the personal message that David Wilson wrote in President Lee's Book of Mormon:*

September 14, 1996

Dear President Lee,

I would like to thank you for the warm hospitality shown to me by the good people of Taiwan. Please accept our gifts of CDs and books.

While the CDs bring you beautiful music and the book on Utah presents to you a panorama of Utah scenery, this book, *The Book of Mormon*, contains truths that can bring even greater joy. This book is one considered sacred by my people, the members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Except for the *Bible*, *The Book of Mormon* is different from any other book you have read. It is not a novel. It is not fiction. For the most part, it is not difficult to read. However, like most books of profound value, it is not casual reading. But, if you persist, I assure you, it will prove to be the most rewarding book you have ever set your mind to read. It is not biographic, for not one character is fully drawn. Nor, in the strict sense, is it history. It is the saga of a message...A Testament.

We believe that all men and women are brothers and sisters, not only by blood relationship from common mortal progenitors, but also as literal spirit children of an Eternal Father. The great religious leaders of the world, such as Confucius, Mohammed, and Buddha, as well as philosophers including Socrates, Plato, and others, received a portion of God's light. Moral truths were given to them by God to enlighten whole nations and to bring a higher level of understanding to individuals.

Consistent with these truths, we believe God continues to give forth enlightenment to prophets today, as his children's needs have certainly not diminished over the centuries! *The Book of Mormon* is for all people of all races, nations, and tongues. It can provide insight, comfort, and vision to all.

The Mormon faith promotes values that are precious to the people of Taiwan and consistent with your heritage:

- The value of the family as the center of a harmonious society and our eternal life.
- Reverence for our ancestors.
- Respect for civil authority.
- A strong work ethic.
- Wholesome lifestyle: we abstain from tobacco, alcohol, and gambling.
- The Mormon church holds the precious keys to bring families together for eternity.

My dear President Lee, I have investigated, studied, and lived this faith for over 40 years, and I soberly, and with fondness in my heart, testify to you that it is true!

Warm regards,  
David A. Wilson



A seed begins to sprout...

Interestingly, several years later we were visiting the Victoria Ward in Hong Kong and saw Sister Kofford, wife of President Cree-L Kofford, then president of one of the Asian missions.

During our conversation, she mentioned that she had sat next to President Lee's wife on a flight. As they talked, *The Book of Mormon* came up, and President Lee's wife explained that they had a copy and were very impressed. Because of their exposure and positive feelings towards *The Book of Mormon* and the Church, Sister Kofford said that the missionary work in the area moved forward with greater speed.

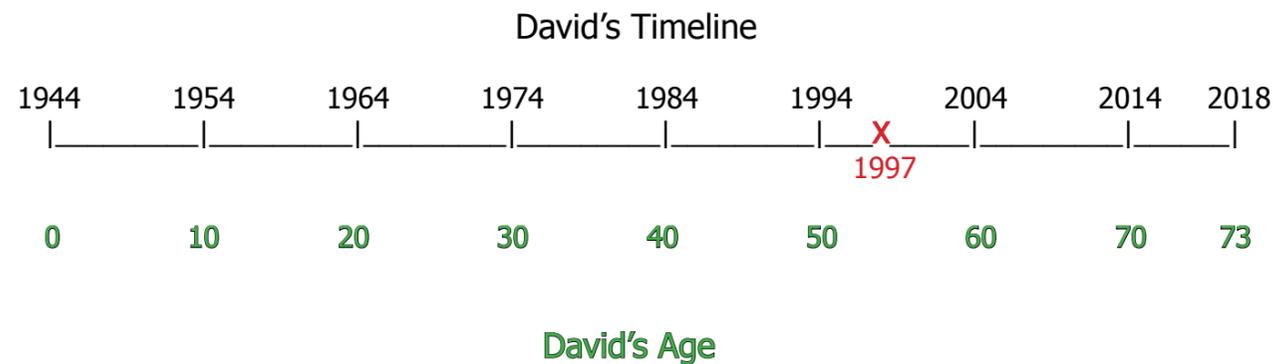
She had wondered how President Lee had gotten a *Book of Mormon*. We told her of Dave's visit to Taiwan and how President Lee was given a personalized copy...and now she knew "the rest of the story."

The *Book of Mormon* is a wonderful and powerful book!



Our wonderful Wilson Audio Team  
2009

# THE MISSION OF MANKIND



# THE MISSION OF MANKIND



The talk given by David A. Wilson  
at Roger Drinkall's Funeral  
December 19, 1997  
Provo, Utah

*"Our celebration of music is one way of expressing our testimony of God's love for us," Roger explains.*

*"Music is such a heavenly expression, a language that speaks directly to the heart, transcending cultural and social barriers. It is a pure means of sharing love of beauty."*

It is the mission of mankind to pass through a season of mortality in this life, and it is during this life that it is our lot to be tested. Only then may our experiences bridge the gap between the flesh and the spirit; the holy and the human. Only then will our soul, tempered, and triumphant, withstand the divine light to which we will be inexorably drawn. Yet, until that time, we wander through a world but dimly illuminated, and we treasure those few people who light our way and help give order to a life that sometimes gives, but often selfishly withholds. Those treasured few can help so many!

It is impossible to calculate how many lives have been touched by Roger Drinkall's great gift of music. He and his lovely wife, Dian, have performed over 800 live concerts and recitals in 24 countries, many of which have been nationally televised. The Drinkalls' unsurpassed musical technique, artistic integrity, quality of repertoire, and sheer generosity of spirit have lightened heavy hearts and allowed many people to see their own way more clearly. Theirs has not been the worship of music for its own sake. It has been music for the nourishment of famished souls...a beacon of light for a society increasingly adrift. It was A.J. Todd who observed, "The replacement of chaos with order is the essence of art and civilization."

Such has been the constructive and healing work that Roger and Dian lovingly performed. We, as individuals who must cultivate precious and fragile values, struggle in an increasingly dehumanized environment of unquestioned technology and soulless cyberspace. A world that has grown so smart is fooling itself; enriching music is important. "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart," the Lord says, "Yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads" (D&C 25:12).

And yet, as we contemplate the life of this great man, whose works and talents have blessed so many, we are left to ponder the question...why was his life cut short? Why do good people suffer affliction?

The Lord takes no joy in our sorrows, and if safety, indeed comfort, were the only criteria, He would send legions of angels to guard our every footstep. For He who suffered for all is prepared to bestow the greatest blessings to all. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you...not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The pursuit of righteousness, we are promised, brings peace and joy. However, it is wise to look elsewhere than the world to find this blessing. Just as it is foolish to believe that sinfulness brings continued happiness, so is it unwise to believe that righteousness avoids temporary sorrow.

The test is not complete unless it defines limits. All of us have, in some ways, been tested to the very edge of that which we are able to endure. There is no way to go around life; the only way is through it.

Life is what happens when we are planning something else. It is this relentless cadence of time that marches us nonstop through life and forces us to discipline the rationing of that most precious of our resources, our lives. On the one hand, many will choose to drain their lives into the pursuit of physical appetites and prideful arrogance--activities that surely numb our awareness of the passage of time--but give no honor to the will of the Lord.

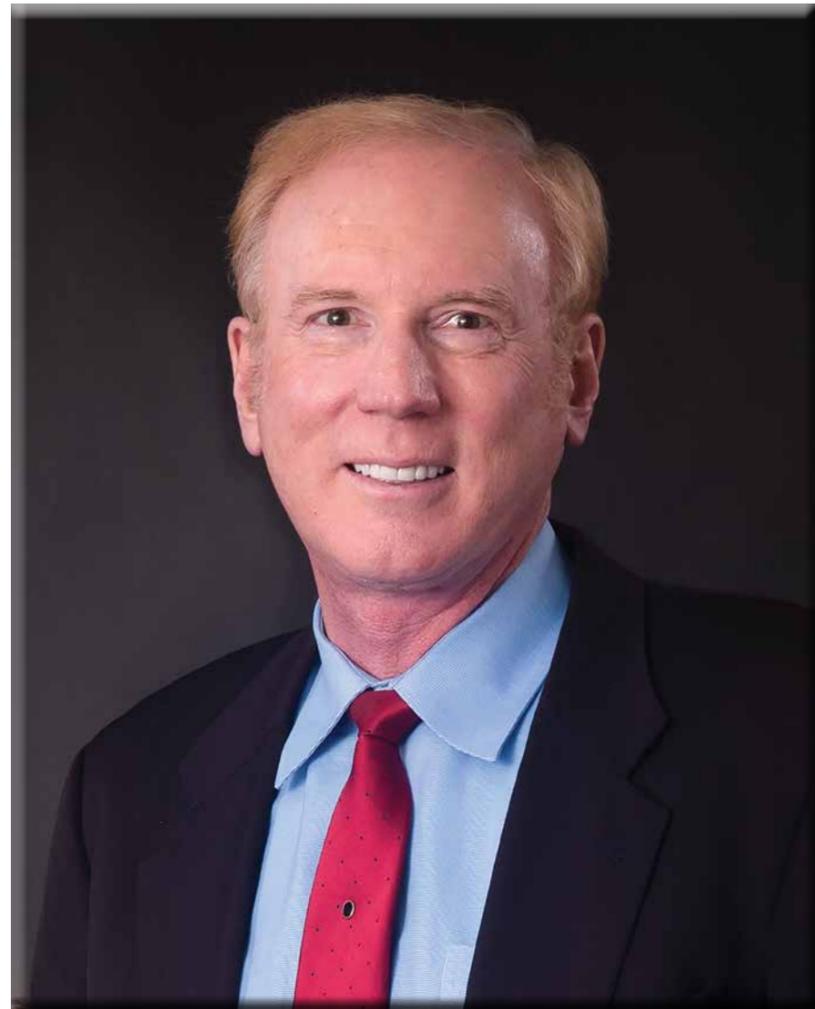
On the other hand, spiritual submissiveness brings about the wise use of our time, talents, and gifts. Rather than impetuously demanding, "Why is this happening to me?!"... we would do well to ask, "Lord, what do you want me to do with this challenge? What am I supposed to learn?"

Roger understood this and used his time, even when hampered by illness, in remarkably effective ways.

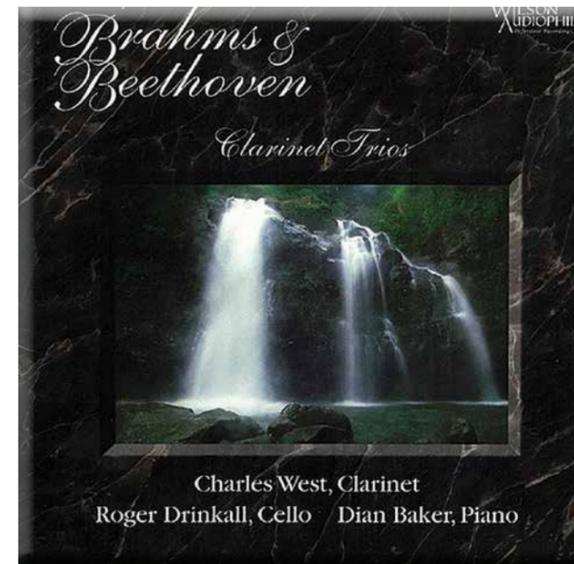
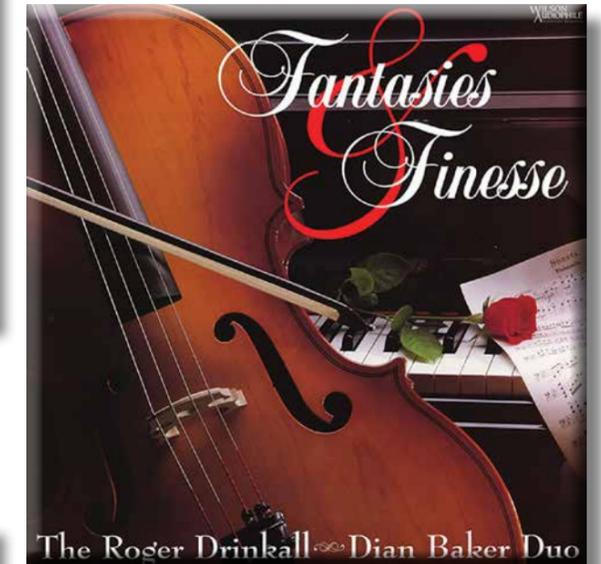
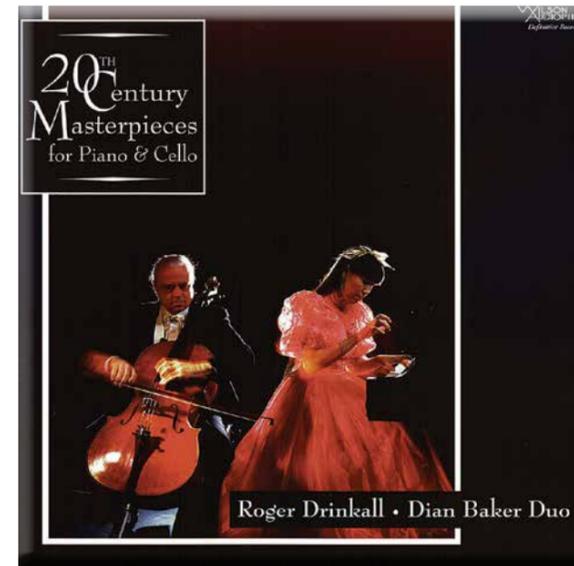
In November, for example, only six weeks before his passing, Roger and Dian accepted an invitation from the Beijing Conservatory of Music and spent two weeks energetically teaching, performing, and giving master classes there. This in spite of the fact that Roger had been struggling with leukemia for almost three years! The last time I saw Roger play a recital was at Hong Kong's Aberdeen Yacht Club on November 10, 1997. Even under these difficult circumstances, the performance he gave was without compromise as he interpreted the Spanish composer, Manuel DeFalla. It was magnificent!

Rodger's courage and resolve, teamed with the tender support of his sweetheart, sustained him through his long and valiant battle. But he needs no longer fight the war. The Savior, who suffered for us all, has lifted Roger's burden...he is free of pain and the trials of this life...and we know that we shall see him again.

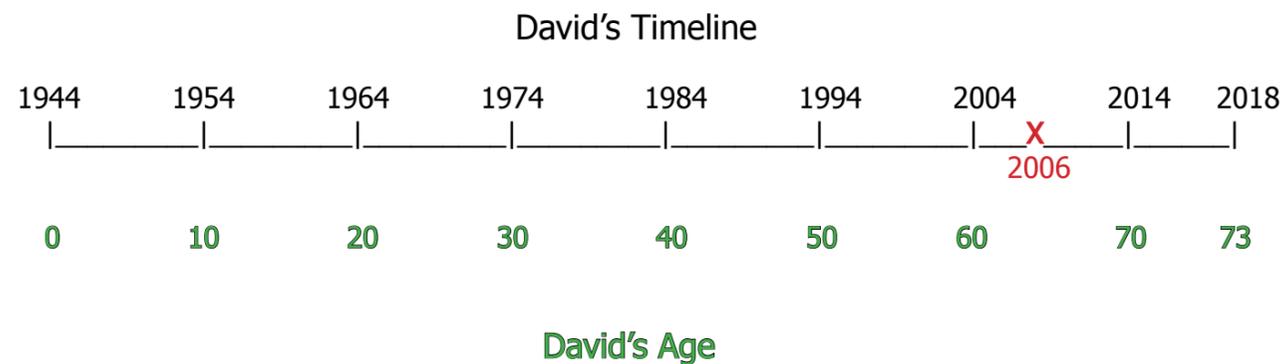
These things I say, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



Albums that we recorded with the Roger Drinkall and Dian Baker Duo on the Wilson Audiophile label:

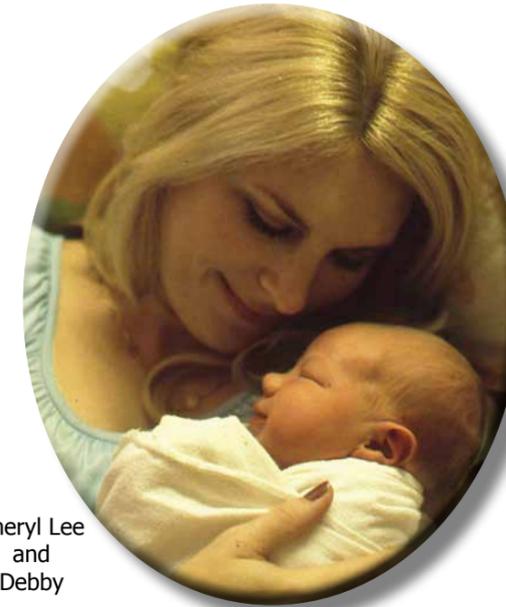


# THE CHALLENGES OF MOTHERHOOD



# THE CHALLENGES OF MOTHERHOOD

David A. Wilson, Mother's Day Sacramento Meeting Talk, May 14, 2006



Sheryl Lee and Debby

Today we take a little time to celebrate motherhood--that most challenging, all consuming, and potentially rewarding of all life's work. The raising of the next generation is, in my opinion, the most important endeavor humanity faces. The love and righteous training of a mother reverberates through time and impacts generations yet unborn.

We rejoice in the accomplishments of mothers whose children are strong, intelligent, and honorable. These are children who have shown respect for their mothers and who go on early in life to be upright and productive members of society. These are children who don't waste precious years of their lives pursuing self-destructive choices. Such children strengthen their communities and bring much honor and happiness to their parents. Such children are "low-maintenance" children. We thank our Heavenly Father for such children.

It is well, however, before we take such behavior as the norm and a guarantee of future success, that we stop and consider the purpose of this life. Speaking of today's youth, Henry B. Eyring said, "Many of them are remarkable in their spiritual maturity and in their faith. But even the best of them are sorely tested. And the testing will become more severe."

President Joseph Fielding Smith, while writing of the purpose of mortality said, "We came here into this mortal world to receive a training in mortality that we could not get anywhere else or in any other way."

The other day I mentioned to my barber, a bishop, that I had been asked to speak on Mother's Day. "Oh...that's the hardest." Although I knew the answer, I asked him what he meant. "Dave, do you have any idea how many mothers leave that meeting that day, feeling terrible...like failures?" In fact, my wife and I know exactly what he was saying.

So I want to acknowledge, encourage, and publicly thank those wonderful mothers who, despite their best efforts, experience only fleeting success, who feel little joy, and who are sorely tested as a loving parent.

You are doing what a mother in Zion should be doing if you are at this sacrament meeting, if the Lord's purpose for His children parallels your purpose for your family, if you provide your children with wholesome opportunities to learn and serve, and if you sincerely try to implement the teachings and programs of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ in your home. You are giving to Heavenly Father's children what He wants them to have. But children are not reliable, predictable machines. That was Satan's plan of spiritual socialism. All of Heavenly Father's children have a divinely appointed agency. They sometimes exercise it unwisely and even disastrously. These are the choices that result in the late-night calls from the police, trips to the hospital, battles with illicit substances and sex, failing grades, and over it all, the cloud of depression over a mother's head.

This nightmare often is encountered even by mothers who were, themselves, low-maintenance in their own childhood. Life, it seems, is an equal opportunity employer of "high growth situations," otherwise known as "problems!"

Through it all, you must remember that even some of the most righteous of saints had enormous problems with their children. Adam had Cain, Lehi had Laman and Lemuel, and Heavenly Father had a third of His children rebel...so problem children are not automatically proof of unrighteousness or inadequacy on the part of the parent. Please don't allow yourself to be paralyzed by the poor choices of your children.

I cannot express how sad it makes me feel when I hear of good, righteous parents, leaving their home wards because of embarrassment they feel over the bad choices of their children.

You must remember that this life is a test. The only guaranteed state in this life is problems. If you do nothing you will have them. Happiness, on the other hand, can be achieved, but it takes effort on somebody's part. Law breakers and sociopaths who are happy are only happy at the expense of other people's efforts.

The belief that "She who has the most happiness is the most righteous" has about as much truth as the belief that "She who dies with the most shoes wins." I propose that "She who has learned the most wisdom, wins."

High-maintenance kids can teach you a lot about wisdom! It's ironic indeed that the best judgment allows you to avoid many problems, yet the best judgment comes from the biggest problems. Like it or not, we need problems.

As some of you may know, I have a fascination with automobiles. It has been that way for 44 years, in other words, since I built up my first drivable car.

Cars are machines, and as such, require regular maintenance if you want them to last. Some cars, given diligent care, can last a very long time indeed. Oil changes, filter replacements, timing belt care, tire air pressure inspections, and tire balancing are some of the important maintenance jobs. I suppose that if a car was driven carefully on dry, smooth, predictable surfaces in a temperature-controlled environment, you could probably dictate an indefinitely long lifespan for that car. But cars are not made for that and would be pretty useless if they were used that way. Cars are meant to give us the freedom of mobility, to take us to work, to carry our families on trips, to bring us home safely in a storm.

Our children, like cars, are not meant to be controlled and restrained. They too, must venture out onto that exciting, unpredictable, highway of life. If they receive correct mental, physical, and spiritual maintenance, they will be much less likely to break down. If they are wise, they will select good roads, stay out of dangerous places, drive within safe limits, and select worthy destinations. Mothers can give them good guidance, accurate maps, and even clean windshields, so they can see life more clearly. Ultimately, however, the child drives this road of life, and there are no guarantees of a smooth trip. Obstacles include chuck-holes in the surface, drunk drivers crossing the center divider, black ice, and distracted drivers holding a cell phone in one hand and a cup of hot coffee in the other. Of course, it doesn't help when high-maintenance children decide to do a little off-roading!

One of the conditions that can cause much sorrow and anxiety for a mother is frequent or continuing conflict. I know some people who are outside of any organized religion who claim to never have conflict with their children. One reason we moved from California was the parenting style practiced by some of our neighbors: aging hippies supplying their children with marijuana; trendy Yuppies supplying kegs of beer for their underage children's parties; and preposterously permissive parents who would let their fifteen-year-old daughter use their bedroom with her boyfriend and later pay for abortions. When confronted, all of them said the same thing: "The kids are going to do these things anyway. We don't like arguments, so why not let them do it at home where they won't get into trouble, and they are safe." This is conflict avoidance at any cost...and the moral cost is astronomical.

For many good mothers in the Church, the conflicts are for good cause. They are because mothers refuse to enable their children to easily engage in such immoral and self-destructive behaviors. Don't use the ways of the world to avoid conflict. As consistently as possible, let your children know the correct boundaries of behavior and help them live within them.

Teach your children forgiveness. Abhor and reject the sin, but have compassion and Christ-like love for the sinner. Be careful, however, that while trying to make the sinner feel better, you don't start to demand that the Lord change the commandments. When our children broke the commandments, it grieved us; we urged them to change their behavior, and we prayed for understanding and patience. We did not, however, campaign for the Church to change its standards nor the Lord to change His commandments.

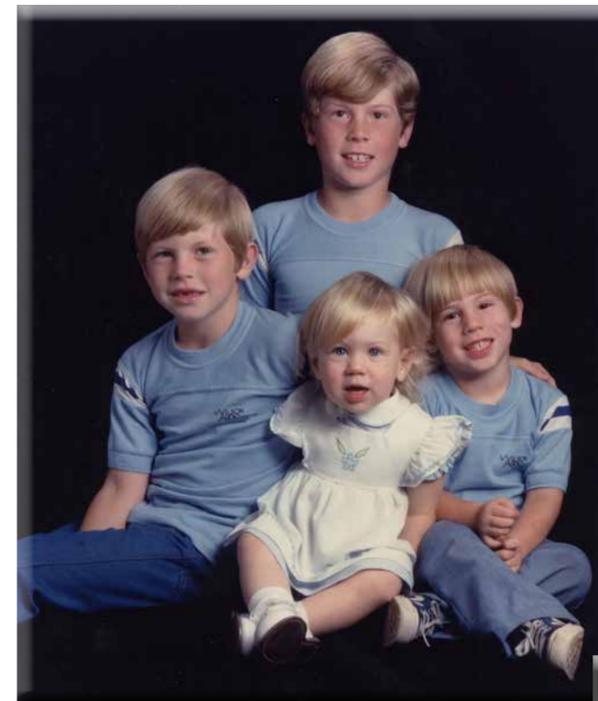
I urge you not to dwell in the past. Little can be gained by an obsession with bygone mistakes...either your own or those of others. Too often on the highway of life we keep looking back over the road already traveled. If you insist on concentrating on your rearview mirror, you will keep crashing into the rear end of realities in front of you. These are your future obstacles/opportunities, and you must navigate them

carefully. Learn from yesterday, live today, and plan optimistically for tomorrow.

So on this day, we honor all those mothers who have lovingly strived to do those things that are good for their children's eternal welfare. To those mothers whose children excel in doing many of the right things, we rejoice in your success and thank you for your beautiful example! To those mothers who, in spite of righteous efforts have seen one heartbreaking challenge after another, we honor your efforts and offer our encouragement.

May you hold fast to that which is true, and may you ultimately find true peace in doing that which is right. Know that many times the child who challenges his mother the most in his youth will love and support her the most as an adult.

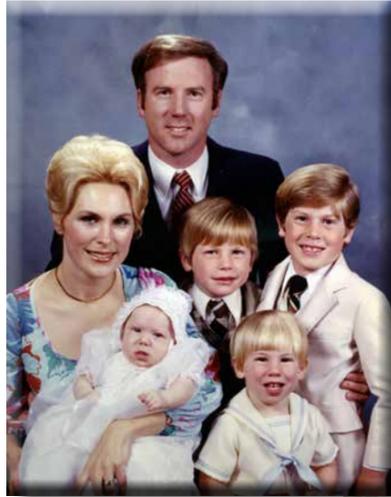
I thank my Heavenly Father for allowing me the privilege to be the earthly Father of our wonderful children and the companion of a perfectly magnificent mother.



Wilson Children  
Kevin, David III, Daryl, Debby  
1981



Wilson Family  
David III, Kevin, Daryl, Debby  
David II and Sheryl Lee  
Sasha  
2014



The Wilsons in 1980  
David II, Sheryl Lee, Kevin,  
David III, Debby, and Daryl



WAMM cake for Dave's 36th  
Birthday.

Introducing Daryl to brothers  
David III and Kevin.

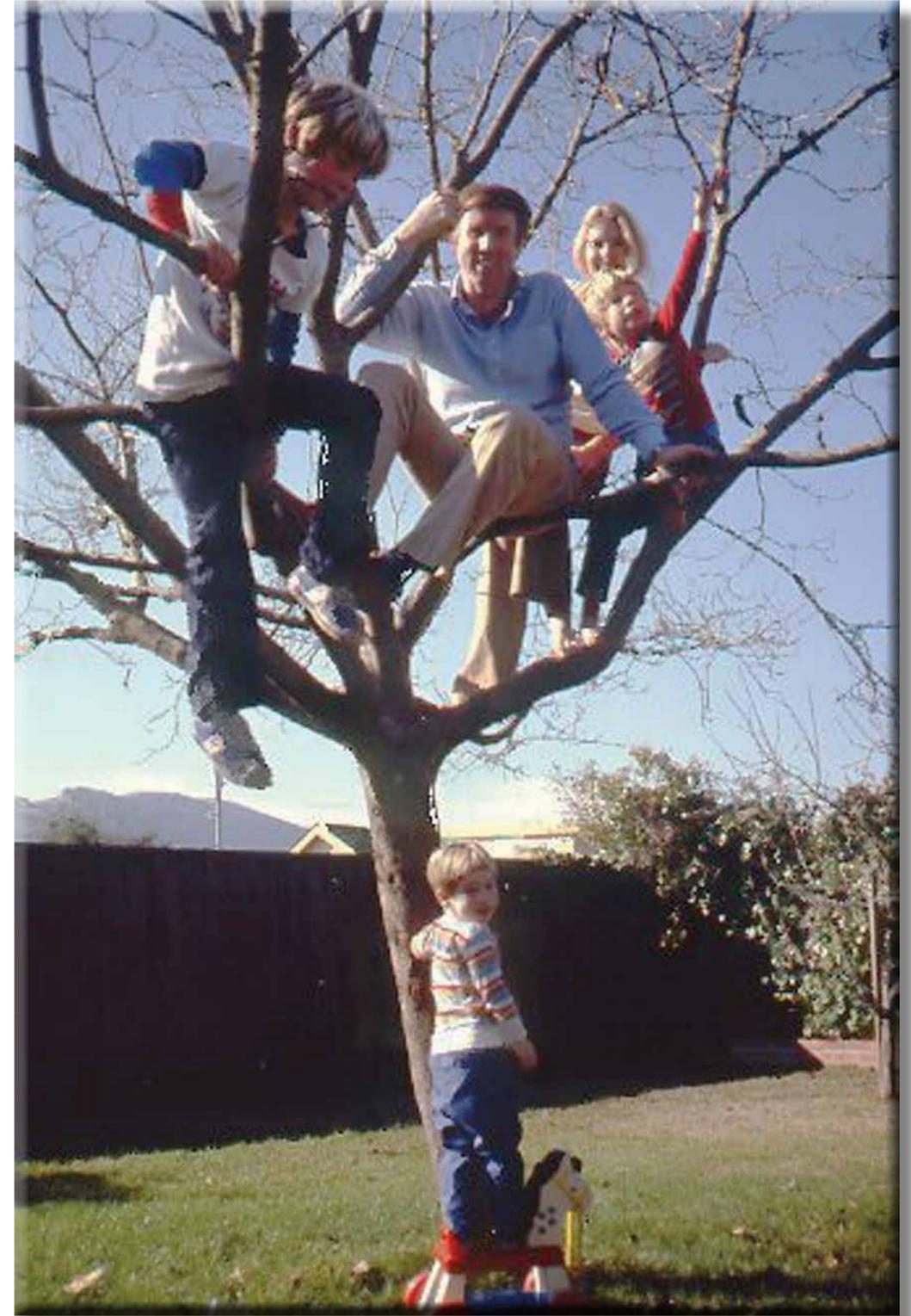
Princess Debby



Kevin  
David III  
David II  
Daryl

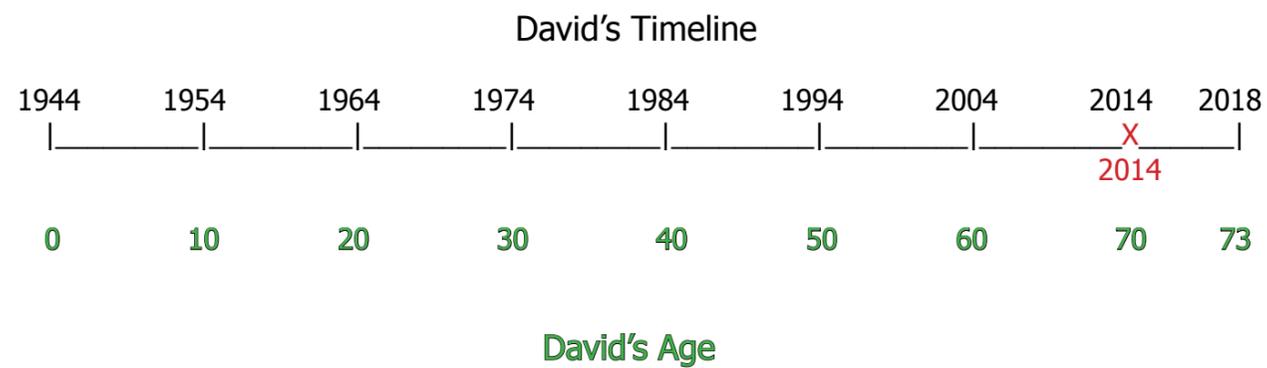


Debby reaches new heights in a WAMM  
listening experience, and Daryl  
experiments with an easy channel  
reversal technique.



You just never know what you may find in your "Family Tree!"

# AT LEAST IT'S NOT AFGHANISTAN!



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It's good to put things into perspective!

As had been our yearly tradition for decades, I was in Las Vegas at the Consumer Electronic Show in the beginning of January 2014. Wilson Audio had a suite on one of the upper floors in the Mirage Hotel, and I was taking the elevator down to the restaurants to get something to eat.

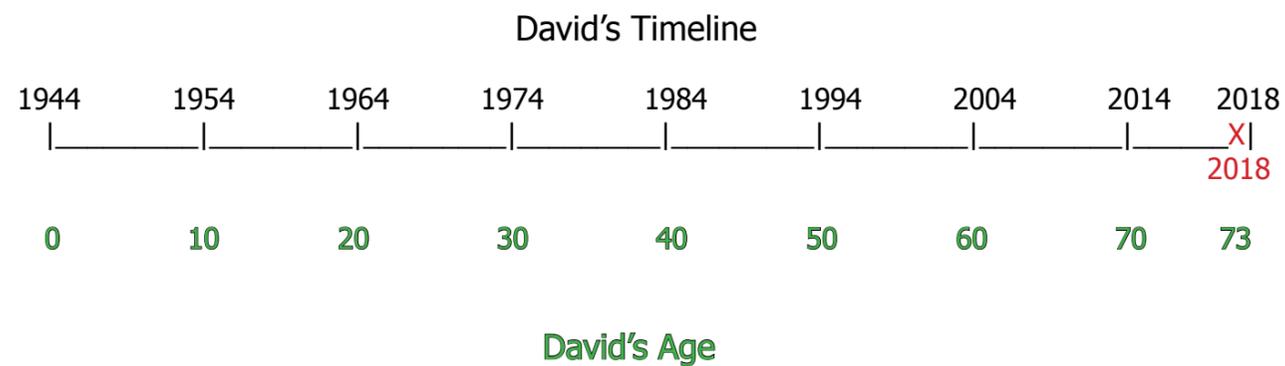
Two audio industry representatives attending the show were in the elevator with me, engaged in a lively conversation. They spoke in elevated voices, using colorful language to describe their displeasure with some situation.

After a bit, they acknowledged me and asked how the show was going for me. I responded, "Very well," and added with a smile, "At least it's not Afghanistan!" (a desolate country where the United States had been at war for many years).

They appeared to be thinking about this, and as the elevator door opened at the ground level, they walked out and acknowledged that things could be much worse.

Over the last few years, I've used that phrase a lot in conversations to help put concerns and problems into proper perspective. It's good to acknowledge the blessings we have of living where we do and having "first world problems." Things could always be so much worse...we could be in Afghanistan!

# “IT’S ALL ABOUT TIME!”



## “IT’S ALL ABOUT TIME!”

The WAMM Master Chronosonic is the pinnacle of my life’s work and exploration in loudspeaker design. Time-alignment is central to all our speaker designs. I’ve worked on this for decades, and for some reason, people have a hard time grasping exactly what it is and why it is so important. In 2018, I decided to try to explain this concept more succinctly...

The term “aligned in the time domain” is sometimes encountered in discussions of loudspeaker design. However, a working understanding of what it means and a conviction to implement it properly for both digital and analog music signals are almost non-existent. For most audiophiles, it is merely a catchphrase like “transient I.M. distortion” or “inter-trace parasitics”; they may not really get it. However, for some speaker-loving audiophiles, visions of sloped baffles and square waves dance in their heads! Let’s try to establish some common understanding here; just imagine a test impulse input signal going into a loudspeaker. The exact leading edge of the signal, and that’s the point in time we’re focusing on, has a very steep rise time. This test signal, in addition, has wide frequency bandwidth. For purposes of this little essay, we will declare the system to be correctly coincidentally aligned in the time domain when at the listener’s ears, that exact leading edge arrives from all the drivers (individually and collectively) simultaneously. What is “simultaneous” in the realm of music? Most people think of timing on the scale of 1 *hundredth* of a second. Our target precision is for those leading edges from each driver to arrive within 10 *millionths* of a second (10 microseconds) of each other! Especially in the top three octaves, it is particularly audible.

What does the music-loving listener gain from this practically unprecedented degree of temporal (time) precision? After all, aren’t there a lot of speakers that “sound good”? There are at least two ways of visualizing the benefits of accurate timing synchronicity within the drivers in a multi-driver loudspeaker system.

The first and most obvious is in the achievement of optimized dynamic contrast--when all the drivers work with “instant unity” in recreating the leading edge vividness and spectral color of each transient, large and small. Most music is full of transients!

The second benefit is a little more complex to visualize. When temporal alignment is accurate, characteristic timbral (textures, overtones, and beat frequencies) signature is preserved because the subtle micro-timing clues that contribute to those timbres are not smeared by system timing artifacts. Most complex musical waveforms contain a wide enough spectrum to require that their frequency components be contributed simultaneously by more than one limited bandwidth driver (e.g. tweeter or midrange) at any given *instant* in time.

The original sound emanating from an acoustical instrument or voice contains these frequency components in a unique and recognizable inner-time relationship. For example, the sound from a violin contains (in any one instant of time) contributing wave forms from the bow/string interface, plus the string sounds, which are produced close to and further from the bow contact location, plus the resonances from the instrument’s soft spruce “belly” as well as those created within the sound box, which are then reflected off the inner surface of the rigid maple back and then projected out into the hall through the ingeniously curved “sound holes.” It takes time to generate and also reflect all those frankly different sounds. But at any slice of that time, a fixed temporal (time) relationship exists between all those contributing sources of sound. This unique time profile is part of what is called the instrument’s signature timbre. To reproduce this timbre, all the drivers in the loudspeaker must work together correctly. They must work together tonally (in the spectral domain) and time-wise in the temporal domain. The multi-way loudspeaker’s tweeter will reproduce most of the range of the sound of the bow/string interface as well as much of the string’s sounds proximally and distally to the bow’s contact. On the other hand, the spectrum of sounds produced by the

body of the violin will be covered by the bandwidth of the midrange driver(s). Crucially, the sound produced by the drivers in those two ranges must preserve the instrument's unique time profile. In a good recording of our violin, its micro-temporal timbral clues are locked in. Our task is simply not to add any temporal errors during playback. This is, unfortunately, almost never the case in wide-frequency and dynamic range multi-driver systems. Most such loudspeakers add gross timing errors, sometimes in the range of hundreds of microseconds.

The unconvinced may still ask, "What difference does all this make?" This is a good question. Sound travels at approximately 1120 ft/s (341 meters/sec) at sea level. Mechanistic masochists among us might strive to create a "time map" of the instrument, and if they did, they would correctly note that a lot of the time points in this critical profile are separated by less than 1 thousandth of a second. While these seemingly are impossibly tight time tolerances, they actually underestimate the degree of precision required to resolve these musically critical time points. The time domain accuracy must be finer; in fact, about 100 times finer precision is required. Understandably then, critics of the importance of temporal resolution down to the low microsecond range could argue that all that precision is lost by simply moving your head while listening to any realistically large multi-way loudspeaker. That argument may have some validity, but it is seeing only part of the truth and ignoring psychoacoustics.

I observed in Vienna a few years ago that if I slowly moved my head back and fourth and from side to side while I was standing 3 meters from a violin (the Stradivarius "Chaconne," 1725) played for me by Rainier Kuchel, I could hear differences in the sound. However, regardless of the position of my head, the sound always had the timbre distinctive to this instrument's sound.

I have often conducted a similar experiment in Wilson Audio's Music Room. While the piano is playing, the sound in the room that you perceive changes if you move to a different spot, even if it's only a foot away. Regardless of your location in any reasonable listening position in that room, the timbre of the piano still sounds correct for that instrument. In playback of reproduced sound, I tend to use for this phenomenon the descriptor "authentic sounding." The sound, while different than it is (let us say) a foot away, still sounds timbrally like the instrument. Yes, when listening to playback of recorded music through a system with low microsecond resolution, you can hear differences as you move your head relative to the system's "focus point." Fortunately, as it was with the Stradivarius, the music's characteristic timbral clues remain.

Photographic analogies are often used to communicate audio phenomena. Adjusting modules in a Wilson loudspeaker may be likened to the movement of individual lens elements in a high-quality camera's compound lens in order to achieve focus. They represent an acoustical compound lens. The objective with the lens is to sharply focus light at all visible color wavelengths onto the plane of the sensor (or of the film). It is a given that usually not everything in the image will be in focus and that (depending on the lens' depth of field) objects will appear to be more or less out of focus. But usually, you want at least something(s) to be in focus. If it were impossible to get anything into exquisite focus, the quality of the lens would be rightfully questioned. Most multidriver speakers with flat baffles, positioned at 90 degrees to the floor (which is simply to say, most speakers), are incapable of correct alignment in the time domain on purely geometrical grounds. Most casual listeners, though, are so accustomed to the smear of time domain errors that they have filtered it out. Remember how years ago people didn't realize how much sharper video processors and camera lenses could be.

So in the alignment of the time domain, we are not just looking for synchronicity of transient leading edges. That element is important, but it is not the end all. Consistent synchronicity and the resulting correct time spacing between elements of the sound, such as the elements of the violin's sound generating structures allow greater resolution of the instrument's characteristic timbre. The music reproduction is benefited all the time, not just at "standout" sharp leading-edge transients.

How much temporal resolution is required? Human hearing is amazingly sensitive in the temporal domain...as much as it is to frequency irregularities (spectral domain) and more than it is to most phase anomalies. As was previously mentioned, it appears that, in the upper octaves above 2.5 kHz, the ear can perceive temporal misalignment as small as 10 microseconds. (This is the distance traveled by sound in about 0.125 inch.) That fact was experimentally determined using two ribbon tweeters, which is not a typical driver configuration Wilson Audio would use. However, alignment errors of as little as 10  $\mu$ s between the tweeter and the WAMM MC's drivers are quite audible to listeners over 50 years of age (even over 70!). So the ear is very sensitive to even low microsecond range errors. Furthermore, this sensitivity to timing is much less diminished by age than is presbycusis (loss of high frequency spectrum hearing). This is good news for those who want to continue to enjoy recorded music during their retirement years!

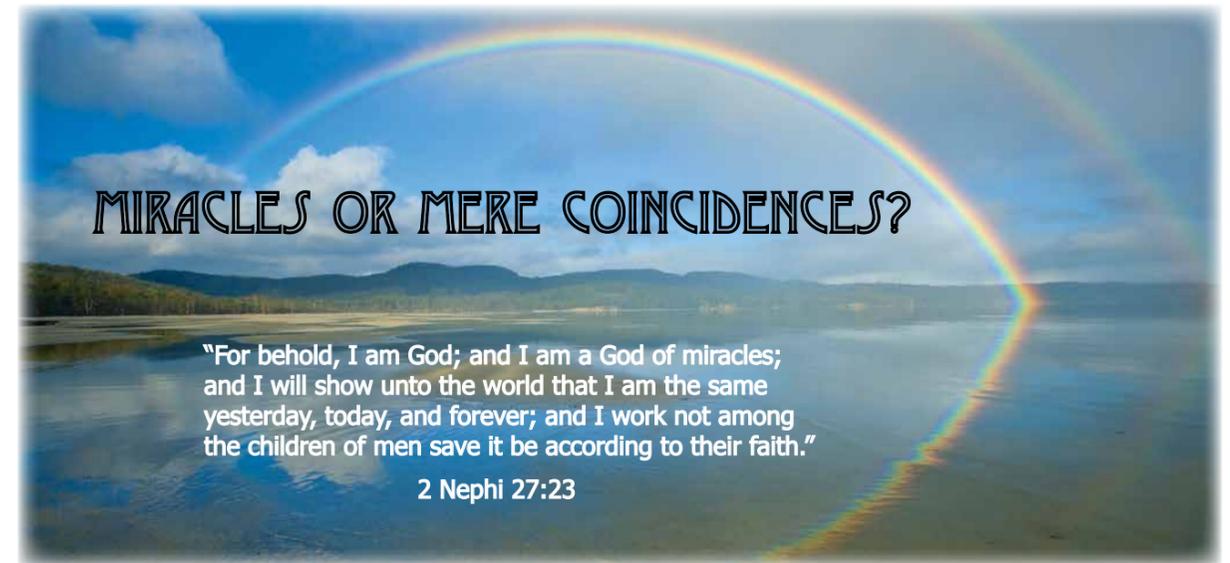
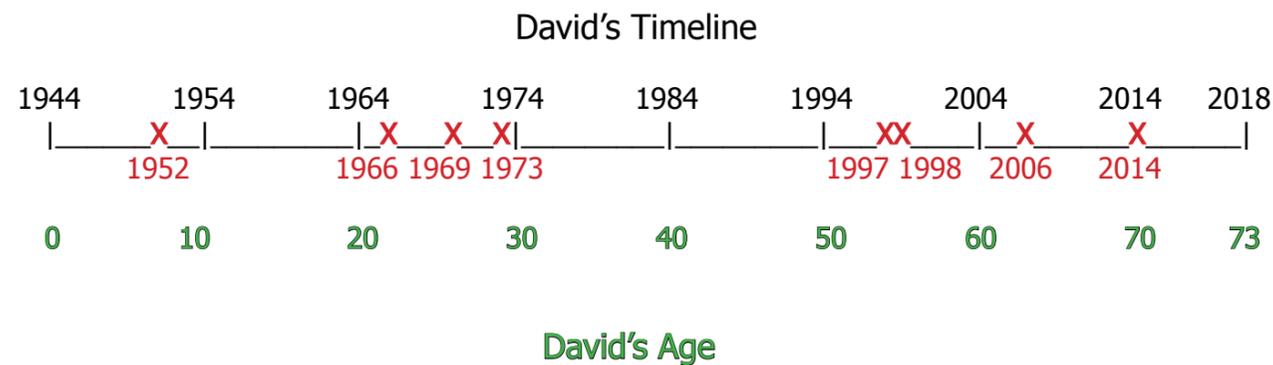


*As Dave designed speakers, culminating with the WAMM Master Chronosonic, his inspiration and help came from study, Daryl, the Wilson Team, experience...and prayer. Often he would remark that a difficult design concern would suddenly be made clear to him.*

*Interestingly, Brigham Young (1801-1877) taught: "Every discovery in science and art that is really true and useful to mankind has been given by direct revelation from God."*

*Dave felt many times he received this kind of help through inspiration and revelation. The WAMM and all the other Wilson Audio speakers that he designed are truly a blend of science and art, and they have been useful and have helped many people around the world enjoy the uplifting joy of music!*

# MIRACLES OR MERE COINCIDENCES?



As a father, I love my children and have tried to help them throughout their lives in many ways--emotionally, intellectually, spiritually, and physically. It's just part of the "job" that as parents we take on so willingly to help children, hopefully, grow and develop into loving, mature, responsible adults. It isn't always easy, and some things we deal with are heart-wrenching, but what makes it all worthwhile is when they put their arms around us and say, "Thanks! I love you." Gratitude, acknowledgement, and precious relationships are what make it all worthwhile.

I believe our Heavenly Father values the same things. He gives us so many blessings and "tender mercies." One of the things, though, that He asks of us is to "be thankful unto him" (Psalm 100:4), and He adds in another scripture, "...in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is His wrath kindled, save those who confess not His hand in all things..." (D&C 59:21).

In thinking of how He has directed and protected me so many times during my life and reflecting on the circumstances of these situations, I conclude some occurrences have truly been "miraculous." I'm sure many might chalk them up to just "mere coincidences," but I do not want to be ungrateful to my Heavenly Father and not acknowledge His hand in preserving my life so many times. Let me tell you about eight of the more spectacular times when I feel He has intervened. (For the ninth, tenth, and eleventh miracles, see Chapter 9, Just Don't Call It A "Vacation!")

### My Measles Miracle

I was almost eight. It was the summer of 1952, and I had contracted the measles. However, the disease soon progressed to acute measles encephalitis, an infection and inflammation of the brain, and a severe complication of measles. The mortality rate is around 15 percent, while 20 percent to 40 percent of those who survive are left with residual neurological sequelae. I was found unconscious, and I was taken by ambulance to the hospital. I was in a coma for three days. At the hospital I received medical care and a priesthood blessing. I gradually came out of the coma and miraculously had no side effects from the disease. I am grateful.

### Sticks and Stones and Shrapnel

I was engaged to the love of my life, Sheryl Lee Jamison. Just a few more weeks and we would be sealed for time and eternity in the Los Angeles Temple. For a little diversion from my boring job of alphabetizing income tax forms, I went with a friend out to do a little shooting. We were having fun in the mountains--until I decided to discharge my pistol at some nearby rocks. A fragment of the bullet ricocheted and hit the bridge of my nose and then slid down to the corner of my eye.

The doctor who treated me and removed the splinter of metal commented on how "lucky" I was. A coincidence? He said a tiny fraction of an inch either way would have had disastrous, lifelong consequences. Needless to say, I never again shot at any nearby rocks. However, in reflecting on this accident, I realized how very close I came to losing my sight or worse. I choose to acknowledge His hand in miraculously protecting me.

### Taking the Ferrari for a Spin

This miracle protected me from myself. Three years later on a Saturday morning in 1969, I was driving our 330 Ferrari up Angeles Crest Highway with Sheryl Lee in the passenger seat. Ty Jamison had about a 10-minute head start on us, and I was playing "catch up." I caught up with him, and then as if catching up wasn't good enough, I had to pass him. As I overtook him, I was going uphill. It was long and straight, and then there was a curve in the road.

I went sailing into the curve--and the car started drifting. That would normally have been okay, but there had been a rock slide on the road. As I hit that loose rock and gravel, the car spun around out of control. There was a sheer drop-off of several hundred feet on the right side with no guard rail, and then there was sheer, rocky cliff face on the left. I chose to aim for the cliff face. I spun the car around and hit the cliff face going sideways. On the whole side of the rocky cliff, there was only one small patch of loose dirt, and that is where we hit. The dirt, thankfully, buffered our impact. In fact, miraculously, we were able to drive away from that accident with only minor dents in the passenger door. If a car had been coming in the other direction, we probably would have been killed.

### Pioneer Protection

In 1997, we participated in the Sesquicentennial Wagon Train. As you know, my wife and I are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In our Church's history, the massive migration of eventually tens of thousands of members from east of the Mississippi River, where they suffered much persecution and violence, to the Rocky Mountains is an epic chapter. This exodus occurred in many waves over decades of time. The first trail-blazing and organizing company was led by the Church's president, Brigham Young, in 1847. The wagon train left in the spring from Winter Quarters in eastern Nebraska and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on July 24 of that year. The travelers crossed the borders of the United States, after having suffered contempt and disregard by the U.S. government. The Mormon pioneers believed they could truly have freedom of religion in the West...ultimately the Salt Lake Valley. It was a journey of 1,300 miles.

These were our people. Their journals, especially between 1847 and 1859, relate the individual sagas of people of great character, civility, and faith. They endured hardships nobly and carried on with a divine purpose. The range of converts were at first primarily from North America. Increasingly over the next few decades, converts sailed from the British Isles and Scandinavia to join the Saints in what would become Utah.

In the mid-1990s, with the full knowledge and approval of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, a group of farsighted, dedicated, and capable individuals (mainly members of our church) planned the Sesquicentennial Mormon Wagon Train for the spring and summer of 1997. It was to commemorate the 150th anniversary of this historic chapter, not only in LDS history, but in American history as well.

Time, actually, was of the essence. To maximize the authenticity of the route, and as much as possible to feel what our people felt along this journey to freedom, the original route had to be secured. That wasn't easy for the planners. While much of the trek was literally on the same trails as in 1847 (you can still see the original wheel ruts in places), large sections are now on private agricultural lands or built over with modern highways. The US Bureau of Land Management (the BLM) controls other sections. Receiving their often reluctant approval was daunting.

How did people accept the idea of this trek over 1,300 miles of mainly unfamiliar country? Over 10,000 people actually spent significant time on the trail. Many members came from overseas to join this sesquicentennial celebration. I saw a contingent from Russia. Another family from Japan was followed regularly on Japanese TV. Dozens of news networks, newspapers, magazines, international television, and documentary crews covered the trek, bringing the unusual and difficult journey into the international spotlight.

To call it a "wagon train" is a misnomer. There were mule or horse-drawn wagons on the trek. Far more common were the many "handcarts," which could be pulled along on their two large-diameter spoked wheels by one or two strong people. During the original migration, these were faster and more economical means of travel than the wagons. They were efficient cargo carriers because of the affordability for the usually poor immigrant converts. Literally thousands walked the whole distance across the plains and into the Salt Lake Valley.

Sheryl Lee was able to join the wagon train as it entered from Nebraska into Wyoming at Ft. Laramie. She rode her horse, Candy, over 600 miles across the state of Wyoming, into Utah, and down into Salt

Lake's "This is the Place" monument on July 22, 1997.

Because of obligations at home and at Wilson Audio, I was only able to join for a few segments along the way. On the trail, I rode my cranky, herd-bound Missouri Fox Trotter, Cid. He was a test of my patience. But still for us and so many, it was an irreplaceable, unrepeatable, positive, and life-altering experience.

Why did we do it? To develop our empathy and love for these humble, but noble pioneers, and to more fully understand their sacrifices, trials, and miracles. We, too, witnessed amazing miracles along the trail.

I was riding in a wagon with Ray Hailey, and Sheryl Lee was riding Candy alongside us. She had been assigned as his outrider--a person who goes in front of or beside the wagon as an escort or guard. We were going through some very deep ruts. All of a sudden, we saw a run-away team of mules tearing across the open plain, dragging a person like a rag-doll behind them through the sagebrush. It was Bree Cornell, who had been a few wagons behind us. She had not been feeling well, but decided to drive the wagon anyway. To help her, she had wrapped the reins around her wrists (which you are *never* supposed to do), and as her wagon had gone over some of the deep ruts, the tongue of the wagon broke, startling the team, and they bolted. It pulled Bree out of the wagon and into the dirt behind them.

Immediately, outriders took off to stop the run-away mules. After getting them stopped, the men put Bree on the broken wagon tongue and gave her a priesthood blessing. An ambulance had been called, and she was transported to the hospital where they found she had a ruptured spleen--but inexplicably, it had stopped bleeding. She was back on the trail in just a few days.

Turbo, a young teamster who was more than a little "rough around the edges," was driving his wagon right behind ours and was not a member of the Church. He later said as the rescue effort for Bree was taking place, he had stopped his wagon. As Bree was being given a blessing of healing, he saw a circle of people dressed in white surrounding her and the men who were administering to her. It had such a profound effect on Turbo that he took the missionary lessons as we proceeded towards Salt Lake and was baptized as soon as we got to the Salt Lake Valley.

With 10,000 who eventually participated, most who were not familiar with being around livestock, there were bound to be accidents. However, when someone was injured, men who held the priesthood would give him/her a blessing, and then the medical staff would take over. Brian Hill was a participant from Kearney, Nebraska, and in a newspaper interview said, "I saw so many miracles happen....These were blessings of healing. Bones were mended, spleens stopped bleeding, people were cured of arthritis. The manifestations of God were so clear."

It was an amazing experience, and later we saw our own miracle. I had gone up to join Sheryl Lee for a few days. As the wagon train paused for the weekend over the 4th of July in Farson, Wyoming, we were getting ready to go back down to Provo to host a company party at our home. As our wagon got into the campground at Farson, we found our Suburban and horse trailer had been parked in the very back of the camp. We had made arrangements for Ray to take care of our horses, but we needed to move our "rig" over to the other side of the camp near his.

I got into the Suburban and slowly wove my way through the camp. Sheryl Lee was leading her horse, Candy, in front of the car. We reached an obstacle as we came to "Tennessee John's" picket-line. A picket-line is a line strung between two horse trailers, and lines are attached and dropped from it to keep horses separated. We needed to raise the line so we could pass through. One large draft horse was tethered to the line. I stopped the car, and Sheryl Lee proceeded forward to get help lifting the line, so we could get through the opening between the two trailers. As she walked closer, the large dark draft horse became agitated as this other horse entered his "space." I watched in horror as the draft horse pivoted and struck out with both rear hoves towards Sheryl Lee, who was directly in line with the thrust.

She turned towards the horse just in time to see hoves flying at her. She only had time to raise her left hand to try and cover her face...and then it happened. I saw her...she didn't take a step...I saw her literally picked up and *moved backwards*, six inches or so, out of harm's way. One of the horse's hoves barely



touched her nose, but broke the crystal of her watch that was on her raised left hand. I will never forget that instant! Had she not been transported in that manner, she easily could have been killed. I saw her feet. She *didn't* take a step. It truly was a miracle. I saw it.

Shaken, we finally were able to get the trailer moved, and we drove to Provo. Sheryl Lee returned to the wagon train and finished the trek into the Salt Lake Valley. It was quite an experience--in so very many ways!

Ray didn't want to transport the wagon and his two Belgian draft horses, Bonnie and Clyde, back to Iowa in the heat, and Sheryl Lee had grown attached to these "blondes"...so I bought them and the wagon as a "souvenir" for her.

Our wagon is the one on the left side of the picture. Bree Cornell is driving the wagon behind ours. You can see how she could have easily been pulled out of that wagon by her mules.



Sheryl Lee on her horse Candy at the end of the trail--"This Is the Place" Monument located at the mouth of Emigration Canyon in Salt Lake City, Utah.

#### The Cardston Crash

The year was 1998, and time for yet another wagon train. (Over time, Sheryl Lee participated in 10 wagon trains.) I suppose it's inevitable that my wife would enjoy wagon trains. If you look at all the elements that are present in wagon trains, you can see why it would be appealing to her. There are the costumes, and after all, Sheryl Lee has a college degree in theater arts, and costuming was a part of her studies. There are the horses, and she has been a pony girl ever since she was little. There are woolly, hairy guys, and I guess I decided that if I didn't grow my beard, well, she'd be looking at the other guys more than me.

There is the beauty of the land, there's the solitude at times when you seek it, and there's the companionship and warmth of friendly people when you desire that. So, as you can see, it's a complete package. There's no doubt that it is an activity well suited for Sheryl Lee.

This time the wagon train was traveling from Preston, Idaho, to Cardston, Canada, commemorating and retracing the steps of other early pioneers. Cardston was settled in 1887 by members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from the Utah Territory who travelled via the Macleod-Benton Trail to Alberta in one of the century's last wagon migrations. The official founder of the town is Charles Ora Card, after whom the town is named, hence Cards-town.

Sheryl Lee and Ray Hailey, after much research, designed their "perfect covered wagon" for the trip. Their plans were entered into Wilson Audio's CAD/CAM (Computer Aided Design-Computer Aided Manufacturing) program. I would bet that it was probably the first covered wagon ever designed with CAD/CAM! Ray flew out, and he and Sheryl Lee (with some help from me and the Wilson Audio team) built the wagon box in nine days and put it on an early 1900s undercarriage. They were ready to hit the trail!



As an article in the Ensign magazine reported, "A wagon train that departed from near Preston, Idaho, on 15 August 1998 to commemorate the journey of Latter-day Saint pioneers to Canada arrived in Cardston, Alberta, Canada, on 28 September. The group of nine covered wagons and numerous walkers and outriders was welcomed in Cardston by residents and schoolchildren lining the streets and with a parade led by the mayor.

"Following a 750-mile course over paved and unpaved roads, about 45 people stayed with the wagon train for the entire six-week journey, with dozens of other participants joining for days or weeks at a time. The trekkers averaged 20 miles a day, wore pioneer-style clothes, and rested on Sundays."

I was able to join the wagon train several times during the six-week duration of the trek. One visit was nearly fatal. It was "one of those months" when it seemed like nothing was going right for me. I had gone in sometime before the wagon train started to have laser surgery on my eyes because everyone who's ever been on a wagon train, or even a trail ride, knows that there is so much dust you can't wear contact lenses. Unfortunately, there were problems with the procedure. I ended up having to wear heavy glasses, and I was upset about it.

When I joined the wagon train up in northern Idaho, I had high hopes for a wonderful experience. The countryside was magnificent beyond belief. However, I'd had this nagging premonition about an accident. In fact, in the design of the wagon, great attention had been placed on making the wagon as stable as possible.

On the last day that I was going to be on the trail for a couple of weeks, about mid-day there was an accident. Tennessee John's wagon tipped over during the lunch break. Everyone was okay. The time came for us to leave. I was going to be picked up at the end of the day to fly back home. I still had this nagging suspicion that something might go wrong, so I decided not to ride my horse. I'd had a couple of problems with Cid throwing me off, and I didn't want to have an accident.

I was riding shotgun with Ray Haley driving our "outlaw" team of Bonnie and Clyde. We were the lead wagon and had to make a detour around a cattle guard in the road. There was an embankment, and as we went down it to get back on the road, we were at the wrong angle, and the wagon started to roll to the left, the side where I was riding. Ray immediately stopped Bonnie and Clyde, and the wagon rolled behind them. Looking back, it was amazing that our team didn't spook and take off, dragging us down the road. The wagon went over and landed on the left side. Ray, who is a stout man, landed on top of me full force and drove my head into the threads of a large, exposed bolt on the wagon bow.

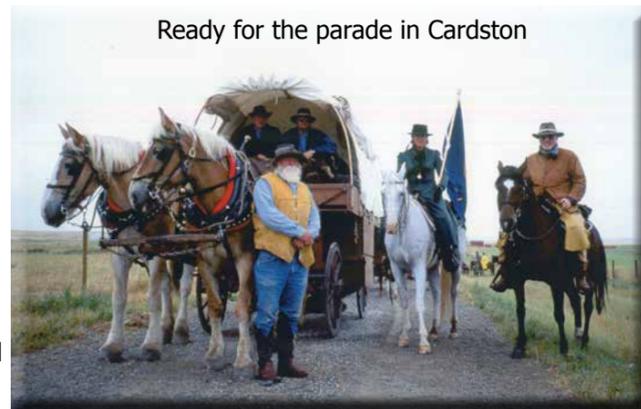
I think I was briefly knocked unconscious. I can remember trying to see and not being able to at first. Sheryl Lee was riding her horse ahead of the wagons with some others to slow down any oncoming traffic when someone caught up to her and told her, "Your wagon has turned over, and your husband's bleeding." Sheryl Lee raced back, and knelt by me, tearfully cradling me in her arms.

Then I started to see the sky--but it was red. Fortunately, we had a couple of EMTs who took very good care of me and very quickly. The first person I can recall seeing was this little girl, Heather, and she looked really terrified. I smiled and tried to cheer her up, making some comment about my being Ray's "airbag."

I asked for a priesthood blessing and was promptly given one. Immediately after the blessing, the redness in the sky disappeared and became blue, and I felt I would be okay.

An ambulance quickly came and took me to a nearby hospital. As the emergency room physician was cleaning the gaping wound on the left side of my face, I heard her gasp. She indicated the bolt first had hit the frame of my glasses, bending them and then bounced off the frame of the glasses, tearing into my skin, cutting me down to the bone in front of my left ear. If I had not been wearing the glasses, the bolt would have penetrated my left temple.

So maybe that month when nothing seemed to be going right, actually was "going right." Had my eye surgery been successful, I would



Ready for the parade in Cardston

not have been wearing the glasses that protected me from what could have been a fatal injury. I'm grateful for the love and support I received from so many people that day on the trail...and for the miracles from my Heavenly Father that saved my life.

Cold and Old...Heart and Smart

Our family had joined us for Thanksgiving in November of 2006. My daughter Debby had wanted to take a drive up Provo Canyon in the 355 Ferrari. It was cold, but hadn't snowed. It was always fun going up the canyon, especially going through the tunnel up there. I'd downshift and then nail it, and listen to the echoing roar of the engine. I was driving quite slowly through the neighborhood, but the tires were cold and old. It was just a block or two from our home when we hit a slippery patch on the road, and the car spun out and sent us backwards into some trees. Thankfully, Debby and I just had a couple scratches, but it totaled the 355.

I was really glad it was not the Spider, the convertible version, because the oak tree that we slid under had low boughs, and they crushed the roof down right above my head. The roof deflected the blow, but if there'd been no roof, it probably would have taken the top of my head off, or at the very least, my scalp. As it was, my scalp was bleeding. That was a close call. If the tires were going to fail, I'm so thankful it happened when I was going slowly. It could have been fatal if this had happened at higher speeds up the canyon. I was grateful. Cars can be replaced.

It was just the next month...on Christmas morning...that I felt a strange pressure in my chest. We felt we should go to the ER, and we spent the day there. They found I had several blockages and needed a quadruple bypass operation to save my life. This was done January 2, 2007. The doctor said if I had not heeded that warning, I would have suffered a major heart attack and probably would not have survived. Blessed!

What Would You Like for Your Birthday?

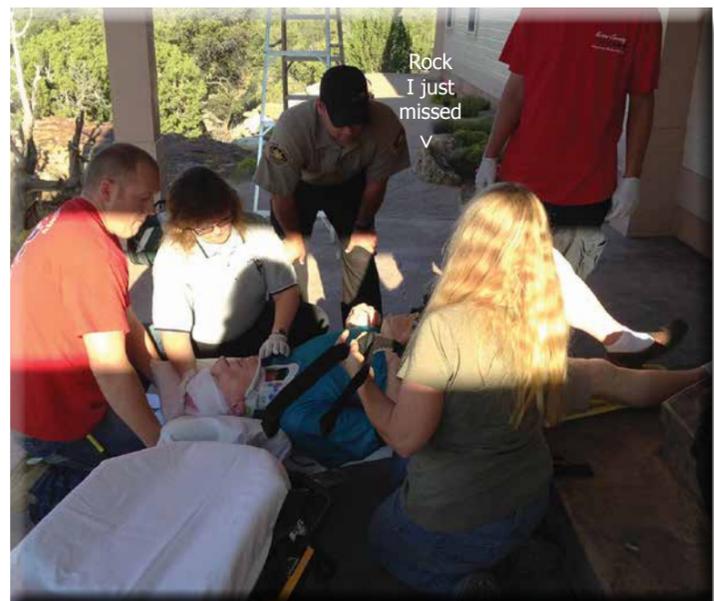
It was the evening of September 4, 2013, and we were on our way to the Ranch to celebrate our 47th anniversary and my 69th birthday on September 6 and 8, respectively. On the way down, Sheryl Lee asked what I would like for my birthday, to which I replied, "To be alive!" This surprised her, but as it turned out that was the best gift I could have asked for...and that gift was granted in a miraculous way.

We had gotten a late start and arrived at our Red Rock Ranch around midnight, a scenerario I wasn't happy with. We were tired, and the house was warm. The next morning I got up early to get on top of the roof, check the swamp cooler, and get it started before the heat of the day set in. Sheryl Lee was still sleeping, and I decided not to wake her. She would hold the ladder for me whenever I went up on the roof, but since we had gotten in so late, I wanted her to be able to rest. This one time I could manage the ladder myself.

I got the ladder out of the garage and set it under the porch roof. I started to climb up the ladder, but then felt impressed to move it about six inches to the right where it seemed more stable and proceeded to climb up to the roof. As I got to the top, the ladder started to give way under me, and I fell backwards about fifteen feet onto the cement.

The pool of blood on the cement marked the spot where my head landed...and it was only a couple of inches away from a large, pointed rock that was imbedded into the cement walkway. Had I not been impressed to move the ladder, I would have landed on that rock, which I'm sure it would have been fatal.

The crash and my yell awakened Sheryl Lee, who, after seeing my head



bleeding and how my foot was hurting, immediately called an ambulance, and I was transported to the hospital. It was discovered that I had crushed my heal. I had to wait until the swelling went down before an operation could be performed. Sheryl Lee made a bed in the back of the Yukon, so I could be comfortably transported back to Provo and keep my foot elevated.

We met with an orthopedic surgeon in Park City, and he felt my heel bone could be repaired. I had surgery, and with seven screws and a metal plate, the doctor put my heel back together...but it was a long road to recovery.

The incision on my foot from the surgery became infected, and I had to have daily hyperbaric treatments for six weeks along with wound care every day from the "wound goddess" Dr. Terri DeJon, who I believe saved my foot. She lived up to her reputation and was a delight. We became friends with Terri and her husband--at least one good thing that came out of the accident. Sheryl Lee drove me up to Salt Lake every morning for treatments.

Then I contracted another infection, and I had to have a pic line (a type of long catheter that is inserted through a peripheral vein, into a larger vein in the body, used when intravenous treatment is required over a long period) put in my arm. This was necessary since I needed infusions of antibiotics every eight hours. Sheryl Lee learned how to do this and administered the meds every eight hours for 63 days.

Progress was slow, but after about six months, I was able to walk again, and from then on, I left getting up on the roof to others! Each time I saw the rock that I so narrowly missed, I was grateful that I had been prompted to move the ladder, and in so doing spared my life.



It has been said that life is a series of thousands of little miracles--and that we should notice and acknowledge them.

I've related just eight of what I think were miraculous events in my life or in the lives of others when I believe the Lord intervened.

Were they really miracles or mere coincidences?

I think it would be very ungrateful to "confess not His hand" in these events that spared my life so many times! I choose to believe in His miracles and am grateful for the Divine intervention in my life.



At the surgeon's office in Park City reviewing the fractures in Dave's heel and the surgical options.



# THINGS WE'VE LEARNED...



While on a road trip, Dave and I started talking about "Things We've Learned," and I wrote down the following observations...

## Things we've learned about business:

1. If it doesn't exist, and it should, and you love it, create it.
2. Passion is the engine that powers the automobile of invention, but it's not the steering wheel...that requires intellect.
3. Trust people after your lawyer looks at the contracts.
4. Never hire incompetent people, no matter how much you like them.
5. Don't sacrifice your highest moral principles for profit...or anything else.
6. Be willing to think outside the "box," but don't get too far from it.
7. Don't hire more people when fewer can get the job done.
8. Beware of people who are "too charming."
9. Have a really, *really* good accountant and tax specialist!
10. When you travel, never forget the highest ideals that you stand for.
11. You will always be misunderstood...and criticized if you are successful.
12. Hire friends for a job only if there really is a need, they are the best qualified, and you can afford the cost monetarily and emotionally. In other words, most of the time...don't!
13. Forgive those who wrong you, but don't forget the lesson.
14. Don't dwell on mistakes...move forward remembering what you've learned.
15. Don't do business on Sunday.
16. Hire people who are excellent in their fields.
17. Be honest.
18. Be authentic and be excellent.

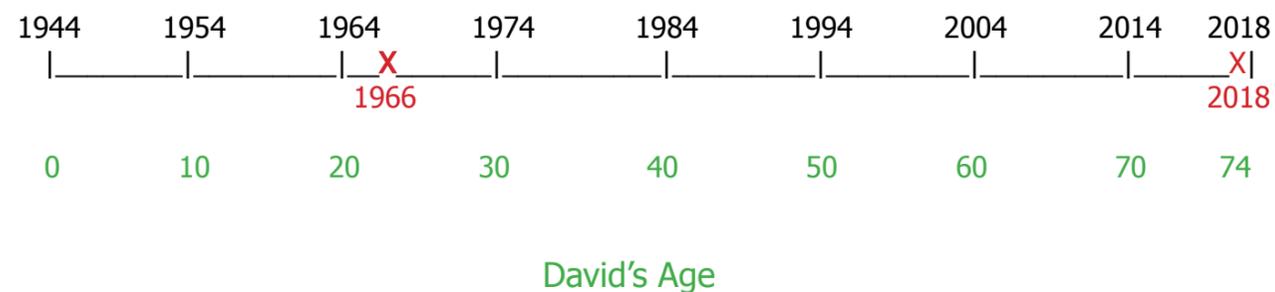
## Things we've learned about families:

1. Children can be the most wonderful...and the most difficult, frustrating experience in life.
2. Don't try to fix all your kid's problems.
3. Sometimes you can never be or do enough.
4. Some relatives and in-laws really are outlaws.
5. Sometimes you can count on family members...sometimes you can't.
6. There needs to be a kind, loving, reciprocal relationship between family members.
7. Forgiveness and being willing to "cut each other a little slack" are essential in all relationships, but especially among family members.
8. Growing close as a family can be the most rewarding experience in life.
9. Families can be together forever...but it takes effort to build those relationships so that we *want to be*. Nothing worthwhile is easy or quick, and families take time, patience, and love.

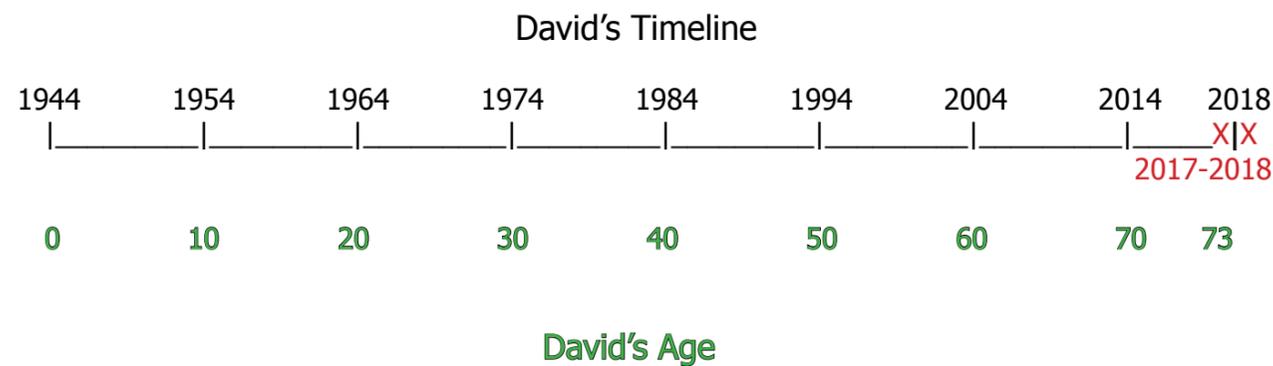
## Things we've learned about life:

1. It's easier to do it right the first time than have to redo it the second.
2. It's much easier if you follow the Lord's suggestions...His commandments.
3. It's easy to get discouraged...and helps to have an eternal perspective.
4. Things rarely turn out the way you thought they would.
5. Political correctness is *not* always correct.
6. There *is* a "right" and "wrong"...not a "whatever."
7. It's important to always have an "attitude of gratitude." There is *always* something to be grateful for.
8. A tarnished character is like dirty clothes...they still fit, but it's not enjoyable wearing them.
9. Building character is a "do it yourself" project, and happiness is an "inside job."
10. If you are going to do something...do it right.
11. It's important to forgive...to help a relationship...and to get rid of the anger that will hurt *you* more.
12. It's important to feel loved and appreciated...and help others feel that too...the ministry of encouragement.
13. You need to have a wonderful companion to help you get through it...it's the most important decision you will make in your life! The most expensive extravagance is not the yacht, the car, or the mansion...it's the wrong spouse.

## David's Timeline



# MY TESTIMONY



## MY TESTIMONY

DAVID A. WILSON

December 3, 2017, Fast Sunday, Oak Hills 5th Ward

Good morning dear brothers and sisters, my family... my ward family. I want to share some thoughts and feelings on the subjects of mortality, gratitude, and testimony. The mortality part is something that all of us think about during this life. For the last three years, I've had a lot of pain in my back, and of course, I thought well, you're not a young guy any more. That's kind of what happens. You can't go picking up those big heavy amplifiers and things like that. But through a series of accidents and an MRI just a little over a week ago, I found that I have Stage 4 metastatic bone cancer. The MRI clearly showed, looking down the vertebrae, that virtually all have the dreaded shadow of cancer in them, and my pelvis is loaded with cancer, also the sternum... in fact it's easier to find a bone that doesn't have cancer. It kind of made me think of the humorous gravestone that says, "I told you I was sick!"

I'm reminded that one of my two greatest fears when I was a child was cancer. When I was eight years old, my grandmother contracted liver cancer, and a few days before she died, we visited the hospital in Southern California. There were some doctors in her darkened room, and they were all towering over me like giant Sequoias. I just sat there and stared at my grandmother's hands...hands that had shown me so much love. Now they were yellow, and the skin was stretched like parchment over the bones, and it terrified me.

I think that it's not uncommon for children to view old people as almost a different species. They'll look at old people and say, "Oh wow, I wonder why they get so sick." And then the years pass, and they find that they've changed species. I think that children may need to have that "taxonomic misunderstanding," so that they can be optimistic and not be so preoccupied with the problems of mortality.

Sheryl Lee and I have had the great privilege of meeting a lot of young children who, unfortunately, have come face-to-face with their mortality. We enjoy taking Make a Wish Foundation and Ronald McDonald House children and doing things with them every year. I recall fondly one summer at Miller Motor Park. I had our track Ferrari out there...and it's a "bad" car. I couldn't even dream of driving it now. I'd probably end up with six broken vertebrae just driving it around the block.

The time came to give some of the Make-A-Wish foundation kids a ride around the track. I saw this helmet bobbing through the crowd, and here was the little ten-year-old boy who was going to ride with me as my passenger. I had the racing slicks on the Scuderia...it was all set to go. His eyes were full of fear. As they were strapping him in, he was looking at me like I was an angel of death. So I said, "How fast do you want to go?" He said, "I don't know." I said, "Well, how about if I drive not too fast because you haven't been in this car and you don't know what it's like...and maybe I'm a crazy driver that can't even drive." He said, "Okay."

So I'm driving around the track and cars are passing me. I think I got up to around 90 something on one of the straight-aways. After the first lap, I pulled over and I said, "How was that?" He said, "My mom drives faster than that." I knew I was on the right track with this little fellow, so I said, "Do you want me to go a little bit faster?" He nodded. "Do you want me to go quite a bit faster?" He nodded. So off we went. I probably burned about 1,200 miles off of those tires on that one lap, but we had fun! I only saw his face once when we were approaching



a turn, and his eyes were the biggest eyes I've ever seen in my life. When we pulled over, that little boy literally jumped out of the car and excitedly exclaimed, "We did it, we did it!"

I wonder if it's like that as we pass through the veil...we'll say, "We did it!" Mortality and its pains are a necessary part of the glory and the triumph of immortality. For me, I've never battled pain so much in my life. I still don't think I'm up to the superstars of our ward in that respect, but I have never felt more blessed. I've received Priesthood blessings from our dear Bishop and from our dear home teacher. Both of them have opened my mind to spiritual considerations I have never in 73 years of life considered contemplating. They were so comforting. And so unlike that little eight-year-old boy who stood terrified next to his grandmother, this seventy-three-year-old man is surrounded by towering spiritual giants and wonderful friends in this ward.

I know that we live in a time of miracles, but I feel like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abindigo. I don't face the furnace, but my feelings are the same--that whatever the Lord's will is, I'm fine with that. He knows a lot more than I do.

Gratitude. I feel so much gratitude! It is that majestic power that drives fear back to where it belongs, and that is beneath us. Miracles can happen, but they very often happen in unexpected ways. I don't think any of us who have experienced a few decades of life view the Lord as being like a giant celestial vending machine...if you put in so many coins of good works, the little package of blessings pops out that you are anticipating. You realize that the good works you do and the service you provide are themselves the blessings.

I don't see the Lord as the giant pawnbroker of the universe who we approach with our tattered, used, old, dusty things--our appetites and desires--and hope that He will give us the most possible for them. It doesn't work that way. He gives us so much...so much more than we could ever understand. How can you list the blessings that you cannot comprehend?

I will testify for the rest of my life through my optimism. I will be an example of a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ...that His atonement and His sacrifice is not in vain...that I live in joy...and that He lives. That He restored His Church in this dispensation through His Prophet, Joseph Smith, and that this great Prophet translated *The Book of Mormon* from ancient American records to help us in these latter-days. It is truly a second witness that Jesus is the Christ. He is my Savior and Redeemer. It is because of His atonement, His sacrifice, and His temple ordinances that we will live again and have the ability to be reunited with our loved ones for eternity after a brief separation. I no longer believe this...I *know* this Church is true. This knowledge gives me the comfort and peace to face what lies ahead.

I leave this testimony with you in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### Daniel 3

14 Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?

15 Now if ye...fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

16 Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

17 If it be so, **our God whom we serve is able to deliver us** from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king.

18 **But if not**, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.



*Dave was not feeling well, but felt he needed to make the effort to get to Fast and Testimony Sacrament Meeting. He felt that there was someone who would need his message. That was true...and it would be the last opportunity that he would have to do so on this earth...*

#### May 6, 2018, Fast Sunday, Oak Hills 5th Ward

Good morning, brothers and sisters! I wasn't sure if I'd be here at this time. Seven months ago, I received a diagnosis for a severe, widely metastasised bone cancer. It's the kind of diagnosis that can sharpen one's mind. It's actually something I've feared since childhood.

So the oncologist, in answer to the question of how long I had, said three, maybe six months. That was seven months ago, I remind you. So, there is so much for which I am grateful. Of course, all of us who know about the Atonement and the Lord's plan for us have to be grateful for that. If we're not, then I don't know what it takes to be grateful. But I want to express to you personally, my gratitude for you. You are a ward family, and your efforts, your prayers, your compassionate service...there are too many things for me to list.

Those of you who know my wonderful wife Sheryl Lee, know that when the need arises, she becomes a force of nature, powered by righteousness. As tough as she is, your service to her, your friendship, buoyed her up. That was so gratifying to me. When you're buoyed up like that, your spirits can rise, and all in your life becomes more hopeful.

So, another thing that I would like to express, and this is a little harder for me to put into words, but the Priesthood blessings. Most of us who are fortunate have received Priesthood blessings. People receive those blessings in different ways. These blessings touched me in ways that blessings have not in the past. It may be because, well, the Lord said, "I finally got your attention, didn't I?" I don't think He did, but there was something different about these. Very often, blessings will shed light on questions you have and challenges that you face. Sometimes it's just dim light, but it's light. This was different. It was like the difference between three-dimensional vision with both eyes, and two-dimensional vision with one. It's like with these blessings, I could see the Lord's will for me in three dimensions. That was a new experience for me. I don't know how that works; how am I supposed to know? But it did, and I'm so grateful for it.

I know the gospel is true. The Lord's curriculum for us here, the course that we go through in our individual lives, is uniquely for us. It's not a theoretical lecture course, it's also a lab...and if you don't have those two ways of looking at it, you'll fail to see the purpose of it. And yes, there *is* a purpose. It's to bring to pass the exaltation and immortality of man.

I leave this with you in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



*Dave and Sheryl Lee taken May 24, 2018, two days before his death on May 26.*

*As Dave said, "I'm happy."*



*Dave truly showed me what it means to "endure well to the end!"*



TILL WE MEET AGAIN..

# *Thank You...*

I cannot close this book without profoundly thanking those who have helped me in finishing this tender task:

Pam Huffacker is my wonderful executive secretary who transcribed hours of Dave's audio tapes to give, literally, his voice to some of the chapters that had not been written at the time of his death. She also helped in proofing the manuscript. To be able work with Pam is truly a blessing.

My son Daryl has magnificently taken the mantle of design and leadership of the company, and thus has given me the time and freedom to undertake this task. My delightful daughter Debby has helped, given suggestions, and been my "cheerleader" for this project.

Candace Wilson, my talented daughter-in-law, also proofed, encouraged, and added special insights as we compiled various edits.

Our devoted and loving friends, Richard and Boni Losse read the various chapters and gave valueable suggestions on content.

John Giolas' wonderful photographs of Dave, me, our family, and Wilson Audio as well as text suggestions have added so much.

Peter McGrath's photograph of the dividing roads in Jenny's Junction was just perfect to illustrate that concept.

Dr. Mark Lippian, an excellent doctor, writer, audiophile, and special friend helped us through Dave's cancer and then assisted me with insightful suggestions as I organized and wrote this book.

Amy Bettridge meticulously did the final proofing and put the finishing touches on the manuscript. How I appreciate her professional acumen in writing, grammar, and punctuation!

Dave Ericksen at Peczuh Printing has been so patient and helpful in getting this book ready to publish and getting it printed just the way I want. My Sweetheart always said I like things "just so."

Thank you to all my family, friends, and team at Wilson Audio who have encouraged and supported me during this difficult time to finish Dave's book. I couldn't have done it without you! Because of you, Dave's legacy and his life lessons will live on.

With love, appreciation, and gratitude,

Sheryl Lee Wilson

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