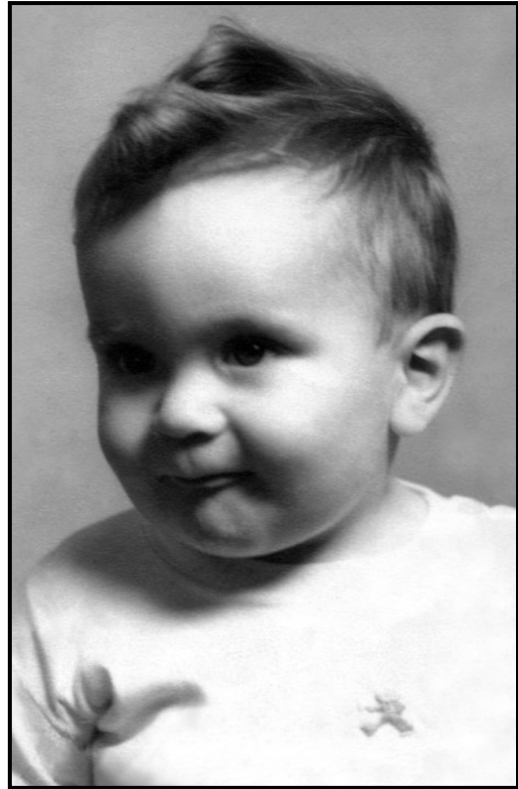


Ronald Marion (Sharp) Martin

Autobiography

For these things do I* continually thank my Lord. For all the ways that He has led me to happiness and salvation, I shall enumerate His wonders.



Top left: Ron laughing with his mother, Patricia Bowles Sharp, in 1949. Above: Ron Martin as a baby in 1949. Left: Ron held by his mother with his younger sister, Nancy, in 1951.

Little Rock, Arkansas *September 24, 1948 to January 1954*

I loved the little stream, across the dirt road from our first home, a little brick house on Boulevard Street in Little Rock, Arkansas. I would go to play in the steady running water of that stream

**Ronald Martin was born on September 24, 1948, in Little Rock, Arkansas, the second child of Marion and Patricia Bowles Sharp. He lived most of his life in Houston, Texas.*

every day and cross over the rocks, jumping one to another. In my play I probably terrorized the animal life that thrived there before the cementing and civilizing of the



Above: Ron with his grandmother, Frances Massey Bowles, in 1951. Below: Ron as a baby. Right: Ron being held by his father, Marion Carlos Sharp, Jr., in 1951.

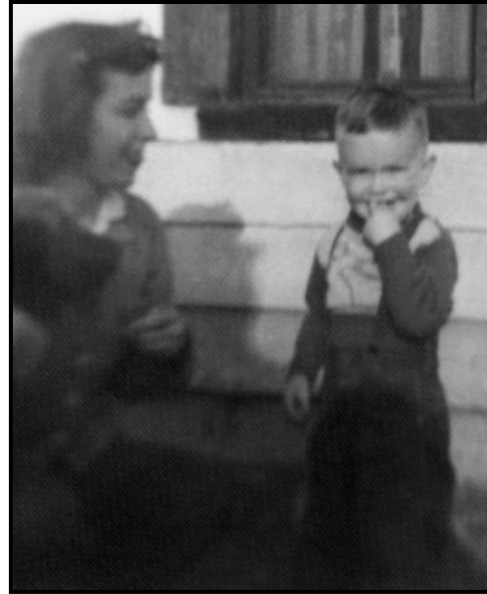
stream. In those days I found entertainment for hours on end in playing with the frogs and discovering the birds' nests and eggs. My main diversion consisted of countless hours playing by the water of the stream with its living occupants. I would cross the wooden bridge, now of ugly steel, to explore the other side, if I did not ford across by jumping from rock to rock.

Swift Street Home *1960 to 1963*

The marriage of mother to Glen N. Martin, our childhood disciplinarian, took place several years after Mother's divorce from Marion Sharp, Jr., our biological father. With our adopted father, we moved into the next residence of great joy for me in



my youth, the Swift house, a block from West University in Houston, Texas. There I spent happy years from fourth to sixth grade with students that I felt were family at Roberts Elementary, only a block away from our home. These were the years of greatest stability for our family. We even went on two memorable trips



Top right: Ron when he was about three years old. Above left: Ron with his mother and sisters in 1952. Above right: Ron with his sister, Cathy, and his mother, Patricia "Pat" Bowles Sharp.

as a family to San Francisco and to Disneyland. The strict hand of Glen and his financial support made a secure life for us, the likes of which we had not known before or were we to know after, during our childhood years.

Military

January 3, 1968 to August 1970

Sometime after Mother's divorce from Glen, she insisted that I go into the military. Indeed, this was to lead to great blessings, overflowing and to spare. I told the recruitment sergeant that I would elect infantry as my military specialty, which certainly

would have led to disaster as the Vietnam War was in full progress. At the sergeant's insistence to make another choice, the privilege of volunteers verses draftees, I fortunately choose to join the Military Police.



Above, left to right: Cathy, Nancy and Ron in 1952. Right: Ron when he was about five years old.



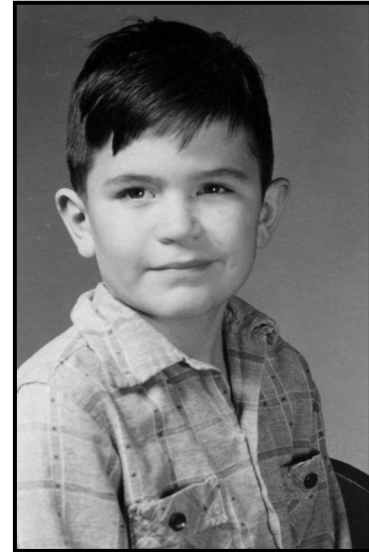
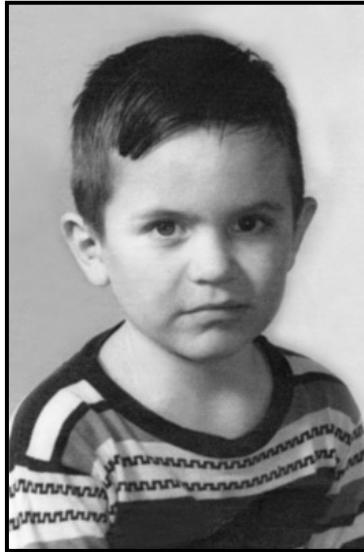
I began duty at Ft. Polk, Louisiana, where the damp January cold of the swamp gave me double pneumonia. I lost ten pounds, going down to 125

pounds, a mere skeleton. And there I awoke one night at a late hour to witness three black trainees in my platoon stealing from the locker of a sleeping retarded recruit in my squad. Another trainee in the same barracks also witnessed the theft. We compared notes by the light of the hallway and reported the incident immediately at great danger to ourselves, owing to the tension at that time between blacks and whites in the army. For this report we were held over for a week before going on to advanced specialty training at Ft. Gordon, Georgia. This delay in my transfer was probably the reason for my being assigned later to the Presidio of San Francisco instead of Vietnam or some other duty station.

Before I left basic training, Pvt. Brunson would be critical as a moral example to me. When we were about to go on pass to Augusta, Georgia, five of our fellow trainees came by in a cab and asked me to accompany them to a house of ill repute. I was about to answer them, I think, in the affirmative when Brunson said that if I went with them his estimation of me would lessen. With that I declined and the men went on without me in their cab. A friend's help may have saved me from acquiring a taste for activities that would have had a detrimental effect on my moral behavior for the rest of my life.

In my first duty station at the Presidio, wonders were to occur. While I was in Houston on leave, my brother, Richard, gave me a copy of the *Book of Mormon*. I returned to the barracks and while on my bunk, marveling at those sacred scriptures, two men surnamed Richmond and Parr, who had just been transferred from Vietnam and were LDS, came up to me and asked if I was a Mormon. I said that I was not and explained that my brother gave me the book. Then they invited me to attend church with them.

I joined the Church within a couple of weeks after I started taking the lessons from the missionaries at a San Francisco Ward member's house. My baptism was well attended. About four months after I joined the Church, the Bishop interviewed me for ordination as a deacon. He asked if I paid tithing. He stopped as though prompted by the spirit and said, "No, all will be well." He called in another priesthood holder, and they together



Ron in first (left), second (right), and fourth grade (below).



ordained me without further ado.

The Bishop was indeed inspired, for shortly after that, I did, on my own agency, begin paying tithing and have now been a full tithe payer for all of the twenty-eight years since then. Tithe paying has been a cornerstone of my strength in the Church. I am now so glad for the inspiration of that Bishop.

The Lord blessed me even more in that first duty station. The first sergeant had taken a dislike for me. Witnesses later told me that he and a group that included the company commander, the platoon sergeant, the first sergeant and the platoon leader (in short my entire immediate chain of command) had sworn that I would never go beyond the rank of PFC. But then a new

platoon sergeant who liked Latter Day Saints came in and put my name through for advancement at about the same time as the arrival of a new company commander.

When my name appeared on the list of Pfc.'s newly advanced to SP 4, those present told me that they heard the first sergeant, the instigator of the oath against me, yell at

the top of his lungs. My name had gotten past his censure, as I saw it, by the blessings of the Lord. Had I not increased in rank, I would have been hampered in my example as



Above: Ron's 1961 class at Roberts Elementary. Ron is on the back row, fourth from the left, the second tallest boy in his class. He loved this class and made many fond memories here.

a saint because non-advancements at certain stages in time in military service were seen by most in a negative light as to one's character and comportment.

After the Presidio, the country club of the entire army, my next duty station was exotic Thailand. Upon arrival we were indoctrinated into the use of condoms. I returned my supply. I was the only one to return the protective devices, as I could tell from the amazed expression on the supply officer's face. I did not that night or any other in all my time there partake of the lusts of the flesh. A beautiful Thai lady cost only \$2.00 American money. An Australian girl cost \$50.00 at the going market price. Several ladies even offered me their services free of charge. My peers would also offer me free beer and women, but I always declined. Nevertheless, my refusal earned me the title "cheery boy" both in San Francisco and in Thailand. They really had fun at my expense. But to no avail. I was unshakable in my desire to be a good example and remain pure and keep my baptismal covenants.

This really exasperated some of the more debauched of my military police friends. One night the most notorious womanizer of them all was on duty at the main gate when I was going to town with two other LDS servicemen. Out of curiosity he asked me where I was going, and I told him as a joke that I was going for an evening of drinking and womanizing in town. Not understanding that I was just joking, he said, "You're going to hang on aren't you?" I could tell from his distress that he had secretly wanted me to remain morally clean.

A miraculous thing happened in my first calling in the Church that I received in Thailand as Gospel Doctrine teacher in the Servicemen's Group. I told the Group Leader that as a military policeman, I had to work seven days a week and 12 hours a day. But, I said that I would take the calling by faith. By the next Sunday the lot fell on my squad to be off half a day Saturday and all day Sunday. This continued the entire time that I had that calling.

The Lord helped me again after I had given a traffic ticket to an influential personnel officer for running through the front gate without stopping, a definite breach of security. As revenge this officer had all of my military records trashed both in Thailand and in the United States. Fortunately, a non-



Above left to right: Cathy, Nancy, Richard and Ron in San Francisco, California, in 1959. Left, left to right: Nancy, Mother, Cathy, Richard and Ron on the porch of their home at 2315 Swift Street, Houston, Texas, in July 1961.

member who attended our church activities and was a friend of the church worked in the personnel office. He wrote me up temporary orders from which I later received my DD Form 214, confirming that those temporary

orders were to constitute the only existing record of me in the military. He took them down from my word only. No one else in personnel would have done that. Without those orders, I would have been weeks or months detained from returning from Thailand, and I could not have gone to college under the GI bill. Furthermore, I could not have gone to the

LDS Servicemen's Conference in Japan during the summer of 1970, where I spoke to Hartman Rector, Jr. and saw Mt. Fuji and the World's Fair (Expo 70) in Osaka.



Top left to right: Ron, Nancy and Cathy on a Sunday after church in February 1963. Above: Ron and his sister, Nancy, in March 1969.

I separated from service a day earlier than my original orders would have allowed as a result of those temporary orders written by a friend of the church. The same day Winson Parkhurst, my LDS Iroquois Indian friend from San Francisco was released from service. We returned to the United States on the same plane from Thailand.

University of Houston *September 1970 to August 1972*

When I returned to Houston, I went to the University of Houston and received two years of credit on the GI Bill. During the first year at the downtown campus I took a College Algebra course for which I had little preparation. I failed it the first time, but fortunately the next teacher liked me and gave me a grade of B- instead of the F that I deserved. Without that I may not have qualified for entrance into Brigham Young University.

When I was in Thailand, I always sent my tithing home to mother to take to the Bishop even though I could have given it to the servicemen's group. This probably helped Mother to get to Church sometimes, and she did join a couple of weeks before I returned home from Thailand. Later, Vester joined the Church. This made it possible for Richard and me to go on our missions, supported by Mom and Vester. I left on September 23, 1972, to the Andes Peru Mission and Richard in 1973 to the California Los Angeles Mission. Vester and Mom were blessed and prospered by the Lord,

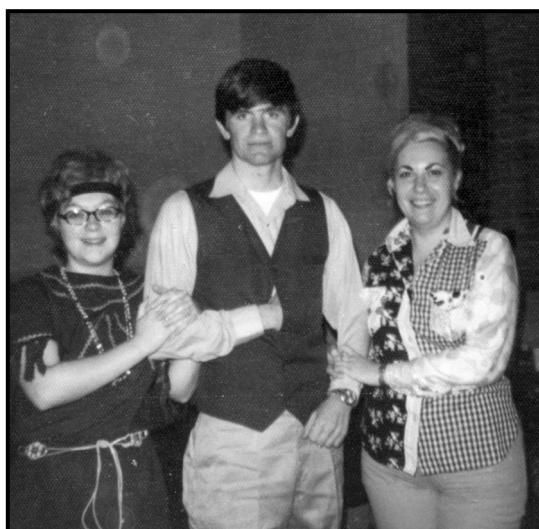
while they supported their two sons on missions at the same time.

To help pay for my mission, I sold my car and stereo and all my possessions. Mother really got a laugh when we had to push the car to get it started right after I sold it to a man. I had told the man about the starting problem even though the car started every time that I showed the man the car. Mom wisely insisted on cash. So we went to his bank. After he gave me the cash for the car, it failed to start. Later, on the telephone, the man said that the Lord had obviously blessed me because the car never started for him until he replaced the starter.

Andes Peru Mission *September 23, 1972 to September 29, 1974*

The Lord prospered me on my mission to Peru. At my first assignment, on our way to eat at our pension (living quarters), I asked my senior companion if we could tract out a building instead of hurrying to our meal. Elder Harper consented. He insisted that since I had made the suggestion that I should choose the first door at which to knock. I decided to go to the second floor and I knocked on only one door. It turned out miraculously to be the apartment of a Latter Day Saint and her 12-year-old non-member daughter. We had, it so happens, talked to them in the Plaza de Armas in the center of Lima just two weeks before but had neglected to ascertain their address. We taught them the lessons, and I baptized the girl shortly thereafter. The district leader who interviewed Maria Napuri Hidalgo said that the 12-year-old had completely read the Book of Mormon with great comprehension. I was to run into her and her mother again by chance in the streets of Lima later in my mission, and finally I was to see them again at the Lima airport at the end of my mission by the planning of a friend, Elder Harmon, then Assistant to the Mission President.

On the day that I became a senior companion, the new uniform discussions, over 125 pages long, were officially authorized by the mission president to be used. Remarkably, I gave twenty discussions the first week. My green junior companion could hardly speak a word of Spanish, but he was very humble and I enjoyed him as my first junior.



Top: Cathy and Ron in 1970. Ron has a military haircut. Above: Ron at a costume party in the summer of 1972.

In my first senior companion assignment at Pueblo Libre in Lima, I baptized my favorite families: Rios, Fernandez, Babastre, Jara, Maldonado, and a single young man. Victoriano Rios was to baptize others that I taught later in Pueblo Libre. This same Rios

(died April 1996 at 78 years old) had two sons that were teenagers, who wanted to be baptized. Since their parents were older Catholics who appeared to the other missionaries and members as too difficult to convert, it was suggested to me that I go ahead and baptize the children and not wait for the parents to join. It was to him that I bore testimony, after he and his whole family were baptized, about temple marriage when the Zone Leader and I were giving him an after baptism lesson. I felt the Spirit coming into my body, and I testified that the Holy Ghost was the feeling that was pouring into his body at that very moment. His eyes brightened. His countenance became bright with a spiritual light. He put out his hands and said, "Yes, I feel it." All the doubts about his conversion were then forever dispelled from me. This humble Rios family patriarch was a simple



Above: Ron's five mission assignments in Peru from 1972 until 1974; also, the location of Cuzco (Machu Picchu). Map courtesy of Rand McNally and Company, Copyright © 2003.

ticket taker for the municipal Lima bus system. He said once that we were like gods to him.

I felt inspired to write to Victoriano Rios in 1992. I received no reply, but as a result of the letter they had my return address. I said in the letter that the spirit had directed me to write them, and it turned out that they received the letter when they were going through a severe trial. His eldest son had accidentally run over a man that was drunk. In 1996 Victoriano's sons informed me on the telephone that their father was dying of stomach cancer after I had written and called them again. I am certain that I shall see him in the next world.

My last assignment was Chimbote, north of Lima and about a six hour drive along the Pacific coast. The baptism of a tribe of Amara Indians that we taught was a highlight of my time there. The Patriarch of the tribe was a woodsman and seasonally he would go into the mountains to chop wood. Over forty members of his family joined as we taught them in weekly meetings. While we were living at Chimbote we were traveling back from Trujillo when our bus was sideswiped by a drunk driver. Our bus turned over three times at 60 miles an hour. We climbed out of the bus somewhat shaken. One Elder had broken his collarbone so I gave him a blessing. Our bus driver witnessed the blessing and later received the missionary discussions. My brother was listening to General Conference in California and heard Neil Maxwell relate the story of the accident. He mistakenly said that I had blessed the drunk driver, but the rest of the story was correct. Elder Lazo, now stake president of one of the Lima area stakes, was my junior companion. Ricardo Lazo followed me obediently as I disorientedly tried to walk the remaining 20 miles to Chimbote, but a bus that was passing by picked us up.



Above: Ron as a missionary in Lima, Peru, with his companion, Elder Harper, in January 1973. According to mission leaders, Ron was the most successful missionary in the history of the Peruvian Mission.

My last companion was Elder Emmett. He was giving me a hard time and one day I prophesied to him, "One day you will say that I was your best companion.

You will not be a leader in the mission until your last assignment and there you will be a branch president." He later ran into me on the BYU campus with his girlfriend where he hugged me and said that, indeed, I turned out to be his best companion and that he did not serve as a leader until his last assignment, when he became a branch president on Lake Titicaca.

Also, I told the mission president that a temple would be built in Lima in just ten years. President Driggs gave many reasons why this could not be, the training of workers, the expense, etc. Nevertheless, the temple was built approximately ten years later.

At the end of my mission, after visiting the famous ruins at Cuzco and Machu Picchu, Elder Harmon, my close friend from early in my mission and Assistant to the Mission



President, brought all the people that I had baptized in Lima to the airport. What a wonderful thing he did to go out and make sure all of those people were there. The Rios family, the Hidalgos, the Maldonados, the Fernandez's, the Jaras, Mama Guy, the single young man; all were there emotionally saying farewell. Seven years later I was at Mount Rushmore with my brother, Richard, my sister-in-law, Karen, and my baby nephew, Jonathan, when I heard some-



Top: Ron at Mount Rushmore when he ran into Brent Harmon in 1983. Above: Machu Picchu, Peru, which Ron visited at the end of his mission. Right: Ron at Big Bend National Park with his nephew, Jonathan Martin, on his shoulders in 1985.



one call my name. To my surprise it was Brent Harmon with his wife and sons. It was a happy reunion that I feel was planned by the Lord.

Brigham Young University/Middle School Teacher *October 1974 to April 1977 and September 1977 to June 1979*

When I returned home from my mission, Nancy, with the help of Mother, Cathy and Grandpa Bowles, bought me an old Chrysler for four hundred dollars that turned out to be a very dependable automobile. I kept that car for five years and it served me during the time I was at BYU and while I taught in the Houston Independent School District.

Nancy, with her connections, got me a teaching position and for two years, first at E. O. Smith Middle School and then at Hartman Middle School, I taught American, Texas and World History as well as Spanish.



Ron in 1984.

I graduated from BYU in April 1977. I talked to Harman Rector, Jr. of the First Quorum of the Seventy, at the dedication of the J. Ruben Clark Law School. I had also talked to him in Peru and Japan and later in Houston; three different continents.

After I had finished all of my requirements for my degree in History and a minor in Spanish, I was short one semester of completing my student teaching. Once again I was blessed for Congress passed a law extending the GI Bill by one semester for all those veterans who needed just one more semester for their degree or certification requirements. The U. S. Congress acted just in time for my needs.

Annuity Sales

November 1981 to Present—February 1999

IGI and Genealogical Work

I started working in 1981 in annuities with Richard and in 1982 I started to do research for Richard's organization of our genealogical family records. I had much help from the Lord in going over the International Genealogical Index for two whole years for hours a day for three or four days a week. Brother Kite, an avid genealogist, witnessed my zeal

and extolled me for my efforts in a church meeting at the Maplewood chapel. I not only verified records, but also miraculously found some information on our family lines.

Dallas Temple Work

1984 to March 1997

Upon completion of the Dallas Temple in 1984, I went up to do much Temple work with Richard and on my own. While doing baptisms for the dead, I had a wonderful experience. This happened while I was about to be baptized on behalf of three of our Smith ancestors.



Above: Ron and his sister, Nancy, exiting the Logan Temple in Utah, about 1985. During the 1980s Ron drove to Dallas, Texas, each month to do work in the Dallas Temple. He did more work during a five-year period than anyone else from the Houston area and, perhaps, anyone outside of Dallas. It was during this time that the majority of temple work was completed for his direct-line ancestors.

Visitation in Dallas Temple

I had a glorious manifestation. For the space of thirty minutes, I had the most powerful manifestation of Spirit, a magnetic feeling of power mixed together with an ineffable joy. Later I understood it as a preparatory spirit for a visitation. There occurred a most wonderful manifestation of three women standing about a cubit above the baptismal font, equidistant one from another. Their hair was long and

length extended past their waists. They were slim and tall in appearance, probably between 5 feet 6 inches and 5 feet 8 inches in height. Their cheekbones were high and their faces thin and their robes were loose with no sash or belt. Their robes' fabric appeared to be of fine radiating light and not a known substance of this earth. Their countenances were resplendent and veritably full of glory. Such a feeling of reassuring love and vibrant-to-the-core power I have never since or before felt with so much intensity. I perceived that the three women were living and thinking beings. I felt, though unseen to me, the presence of the Son of God, so great was the power that I felt. And it was not with the natural eyes that I saw the women. I know that without the preparations of time just before the manifestation of the three women that I would not have been able to perceive their presence.

I went up to the computer operator to inquire after the three Smith women of our ancestry who I was supposed to baptize. As soon as the man at the computer told me that, just as I witnessed the three women, the baptism work was done, I knew then that it was indeed the three Smith women who were the beings that I had just witnessed above the font. I assume that no one else viewed what I saw.



Above: The Dallas Temple at night, where Ron completed most of his temple work. The temple was dedicated in 1983. It was the closest temple to Houston until the Houston Temple was built seventeen years later. Ron drove from Houston to Dallas almost every month for many years to complete this work. The interior is physically beautiful, but more importantly has a spiritually calm, uplifting feeling within its walls.

This was a true experience, and I do testify that it occurred, and that I saw them, though not with the natural eye. They spoke no word. Their presence was to me no less than a reward for my efforts in the work for the dead that I had performed in the temple up to that time. But, it was a precious experience and testimony of the importance and great

reverence that our dead hold for the work that we do for them in their behalf, which they cannot do for themselves. I see now how darkened our minds are compared to the power of the spirit of this wonderful manifestation.

The visitation of the three Smith women took place in the Dallas Temple in 1986. A couple of years later the temple was enlarged and the baptistery was moved to



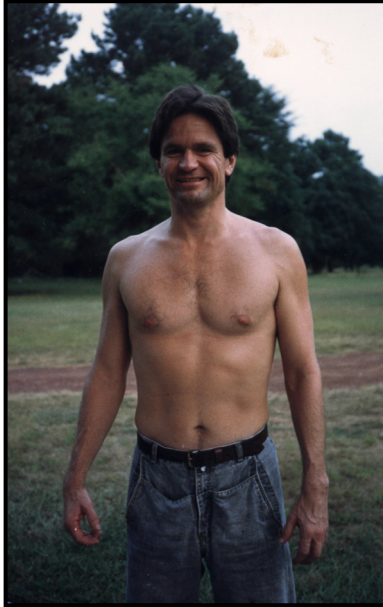
Above left to right: Richard, Mother, Vester, Nancy and Ron at the Dallas, Temple in 1990. In the temple sacred ordinances are done on behalf of ones ancestors. Although misrepresented by some and misunderstood by others, the ordinances are uplifting and beautiful in their meaning and symbolism.

a different part of the building. The room where I had the manifestation was changed into a room where sacred family sealings are performed. Here Nancy, Richard and I were sealed as children to Vester and Mother in 1990. A year later, Cathy was also sealed to them.

Indeed, the only way I could describe the appearance of the three personages above the Dallas Temple baptismal font, is that it was seeing pure joy. The experience was beyond the normal mortal five senses. It took several hours for the wonderful feeling of joy and power (interesting that the power could not be separated from the joy as they were part of one another) and the feeling of that indescribable sixth sense to wear off. I know that the only reason that I did not perceive more was that I had never had such an experience before. This view of glory had nothing in it of the complacent and selfish world that we in mortality are so used to, but rather overflowed with great energy, light and the purest feeling of power, a power wherein the intensity was without measure, but in which I felt not an inkling of compulsion.

Sealings

In February 1995, Richard, Mother and I went to seal Mother to her mother and father and then they, Grandpa Bowles and Grandma, to each other and Grandpa to his mother and father. I served as proxy for Grandpa to be sealed to his parents and, Richard and Mom, both teary eyed, were in proxy sealed together for Grand-



Above: Ron is lighting a candle for his nephew, Jonathan Martin, on his fourth birthday on November 12, 1986.
Left: Ron in his best physical condition at the Reklaw farm in 1984.

pa and Grandma Bowles. Now for the first time, we children became sealed to our bloodline on the maternal side.

I am blessed that Mom and Vester were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. Later, I was present when Richard Lamb and my sister Nancy were sealed in the same temple. I was also present when my brother Richard and Karen Piquet were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple during the time that I attended BYU.

Genealogical and Other Trips

Richard and I have gone on many wonderful genealogical trips where we were miraculously able to find records of our ancestors as in the case of the Coffey line. In Ellettsville, Indiana, we inquired at a flower shop just as it was closing and were directed to the home of Mrs. Cartwright. We found out that she was a distant Coffey cousin and she provided us with some valuable genealogical information. Also, while Richard was looking at headstones in a cemetery in South Carolina, I spoke to a caretaker who directed us to Mrs. Crockett who had substantial work for us to copy. We even showed up, by divine coincidence, at a family reunion of the Phillips just as they took out their genealogy and began to discuss their ancestors. Thereafter we accompanied them with

the head of their family to a Phillips' home and cemetery. A few months later he passed away, showing even more the divine circumstances of our timing.



I have walked down to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and back up again in a single day. I have gone down Bryce Canyon and climbed several times in Zion's National Park and visited all of them with Mom, Vester and Richard on several occasions. I visited Dead Horse Point, Arches and Black Canyon of the Gunnison, as well. Recently, I drove snowmobiles in Yellowstone Park accompanied by Alex and Nancy. I have gone to Calgary, Alberta, Canada and Banff National Park and to Glacier with baby Jonathan and Richard. Also, Richard, Jonathan, Sarah and I went to Toronto, Quebec and Boston together. On this same trip we met Mom and Cathy and visited Gettysburg, Philadelphia and Williamsburg as well as the Biltmore

mansion in Asheville, North Carolina.

Crater Lake

I went to Crater Lake, Oregon, and walked down into the crater on my own and crossed the lake on a large motorboat. At Crater Lake Richard ran into Bishop Heaton and his son by chance in a cafeteria line, where he and his son extolled my work as a seminary teacher. I had been unduly released from that position just prior to this meeting and it was a sign to me of the Lord's approval of my work in the seminary program. My favorite scholar, Hugh Nibley, as a boy swam to the island in the middle of Crater Lake, the same island that I went to by motorboat. The lake is a sacred place of contemplation to me.

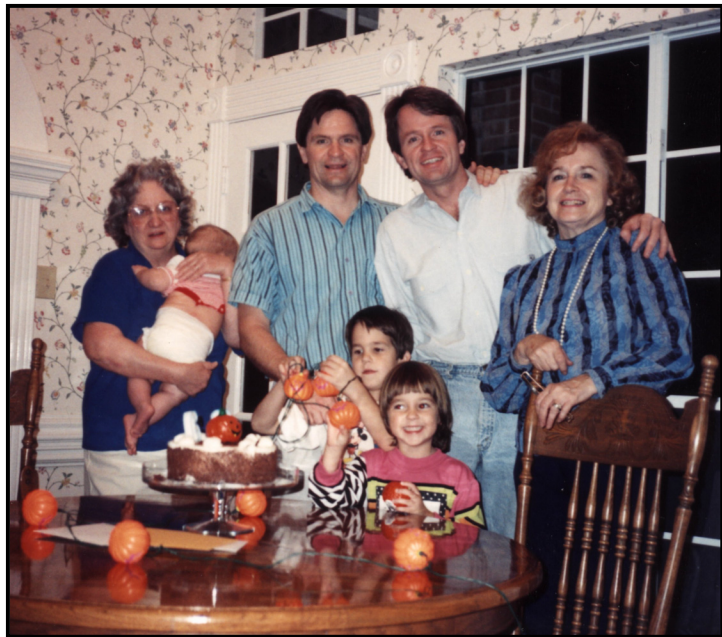


Top: Ron with his nephew, Gregory Lamb, in grandpa's cabin at the farm in Reklaw, Texas. Above: At his brother's home at 20610 Woodcluster in north Houston with Gregory in 1986. It was a coincidence that they both wore the same kind of shirt that day.

Blessings of Knowledge

Also, time and again the Lord has providentially given me clients and funds just as I have needed them for my sustenance even as promised to me in my patriarchal blessing just before my mission. I fasted for three days and three nights in anticipation of receiving my blessing from Moroni Stone. He stated in my blessing that I would be able to prove without a doubt what I would speak from my mouth and this has come true in my life. During my mission and at later times I have been able to prove and convince others by the power of the spirit.

I have found many wonderful out-of-print and hard to find books about the problems of organic evolution, time dating, etc. Also, I have discovered many explanations of many mysteries even as Moroni Stone foretold in my blessing in 1972. It is amazing that the Patriarch could have been so accurate since he hardly knew me. Answers have been given me to mysteries that I never thought would be revealed to me in this life; such as why we are the approximate size we are, why God is in the image that he is in and the necessity of his relative size, how the natural is the eternal, how and why the elements are created, the



Top: Ron with his brother, Richard, Christmastime 1987. Above left to right: Mildred (aunt) holding baby Michael (nephew), Ron, Jonathan (nephew), Sarah (niece), Richard (brother) and Pat (mother) during Halloween season, 1990.

nature of unorganized matter and whether chaos is governed by the Spirit of God, when the Father and the Son become our one God, the nature of the place which Christ has prepared for us, how and from where Adam came to be, how the earth was



prepared and a relative dating system, and many revelations in the temple and from reading the scriptures over and over again. I have had many revelations of knowledge in the temple concerning the meaning of the ordinances of existence that are the ordinances of the mysteries. The Lord has in this knowledge given to me a spirit of discernment whereby I have been able to discern out of the best books, as the *Doctrine and Covenants* describes them, what is truth

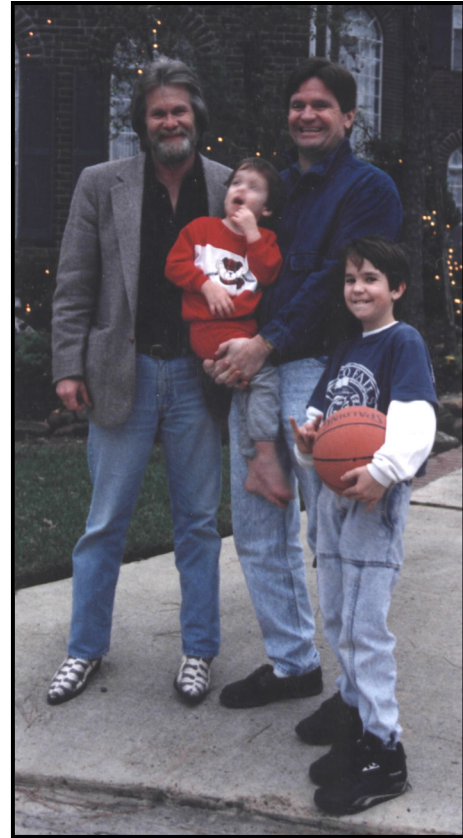
Top: Ron at the Black Canyon of the Gunnison in Colorado, 1991. Ron loves the great national parks and monuments in the western part of the United States. Right: Ron at the Dancy Family Cemetery in Dancyville, Tennessee, on one of many genealogical trips that he took with his brother, Richard, in the early 1990s.



and what is error. This has been a special gift to me. Without the gospel as revealed by the prophet Joseph Smith, I would never have had the rock of knowledge and revelation to give me so firm a footing in truth.

Together with my study in the early 1990s I fasted weekly for two days every week for one and a half years to the great benefit of my spiritual fortitude. I gleaned so much from my constant reading of the scriptures as well as the many “best books” that I have found so miraculously and read.

On one occasion I read from D&C, Section 88 about a final ordinance and understood for the first time its complete meaning. I told Richard and Karen of the same, and it turned out that Richard had been contemplating the same scripture in the self-same hour of the



Top left, left to right: Michael holding dog “Murphy,” Sarah, Ron and Jonathan in 1995. Above left to right: Johnny Vaught (cousin), Ron holding his nephew, Michael, and Jonathan (nephew) at Christmastime 1992. Left, left to right: Ron, Richard Lamb (brother-in-law) Nancy Lamb (sister), Jonathan Martin, Gregory Lamb, Alex Lamb (nephews) and Rachel Lamb (niece) in 1989.

week as I was studying Section 88. I then expounded the meaning and the workings of the ordinance necessary for exaltation to Richard and Karen. Since then, Richard and I both have received eyewitness accounts and far more evidence of this special ordinance.

My Family Saviors to Me on Mount Zion

The Lord has preserved me many times from near death in potentially fatal accidents and

blessed me. Cathy brought the gospel of the restoration to our family and thereby is to us a savior. And Richard brought the gospel to me and researched diligently our ancestors and influenced me to do the same and to do much of their temple work,



Above: Ron with his new Nissan Maxima in front of his brother's house in Houston, Texas, in 1995. For years, Ron would come over to see his brother each Sunday evening.

making him a savior to me and a savior on Mount Zion, for which eternity has rejoiced. We children are now sealed by virtue of the atonement in the temple. My great work now will be to find a wife to be sealed to in the temple and to have a child born in the covenant. When Richard came into the world, I was full of joy and knew not until later the great joy and salvation that he would prove to be to me in giving me the *Book of Mormon*, encouragement to do genealogy and temple work, and his participation in our often deep conversations on gospel mysteries.

Richard is almost through with this wonderful and meticulously researched, edited and illustrated book, worthy of all acceptance. He has also had published a door approach book for missionaries that may prove to help many recognize the gospel in mortality. Richard and I have spent hours, tiring our throats, speaking of the gospel. For all of these things I thank my brother; for them he shall receive his exaltation.

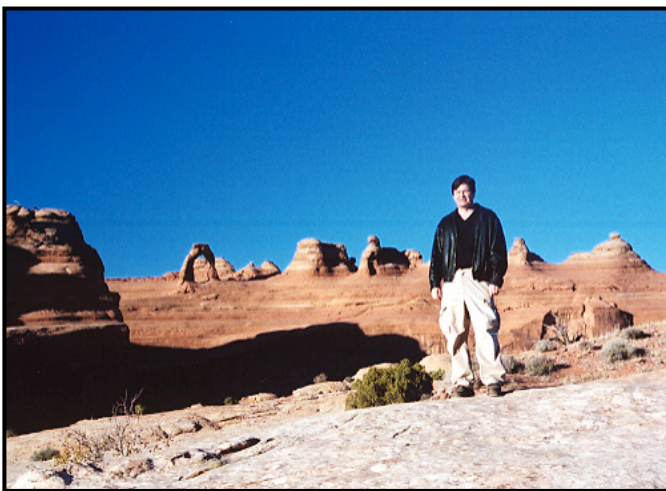
Nancy also has been a beacon of help in temporal and spiritual things. I have enjoyed my long conversations with her concerning our lives and the gospel. We have with her children gone on wonderful trips; same as I have with Richard, which trips have given spice to my life.

Vester and Mother made it possible for us to all be sealed together by their devotion to the gospel. They supported Richard and me on our overlapping missions and sacrificed



Above left: Ron lived at this apartment (third floor, left corner) on 2800 Hirschfield Road, Number 246 in Spring, Texas, for ten years from 1988 until 1998. Above right: Ron with his brother and sisters, summer 1995. Left to right: Ron, Nancy, Cathy and Richard. Below left: Ron at Arches National Park, 2002. Below right: Ron standing on the steps of a LDS Chapel from the mid-1800s in southern Utah in 1999.

worldly things for the sake of our souls and the many affected by our missions; for this they are also blessed. Without Cathy bringing the gospel to the family none of these blessings could have happened at all.



Bless all of you family and let us not forget Aunt Millie, who met us at the Houston train station in 1954 when

Mother fled from Junior. Millie gave us a place to stay, and Mother has often depended on her. Bless her too and her help in our temporal salvation.

The harsh discipline of Glenn was, to us children, timely. But, the excessive harshness



Top left: Ron with Rebecca, Jonathan and Michael at the Mann Theater in Los Angeles, 2002. Top right: Ron beside the 38th Indiana Regiment monument, Chickamauga (Georgia) National Battlefield Park, March 26, 2000. His third great-grandfather died while serving in this regiment. Above: Ron at Arches National Park, 2002; Crater Lake, Oregon, 2001 (middle); and Redwood National Park, 2001 (right).



betimes was far better than a continuation of our course of little discipline at all. Mother did well in her hard work to raise us most of the time alone. Mother's marriage to Vester not only ensured companionship to her but also helped Mother to be fortified in the gospel.

We, as a family, have indeed edified each other. I am so happy to have Richard and Karen's children: Jonathan, Sarah, Michael and Rebecca to be company and a joy to me as I weekly visited them on Sundays in Houston

and now continue to visit them in their new home in Provo, Utah. Also, I am so happy to have Rachel, Gregory and Alex for niece and nephews. The comfort and joy that

the gospel shall bring to all my nieces and nephews shall resonate to all of us in the

family in the warmth of eternal kinship and in the sealing ordinances of existence and the mysteries of eternity.

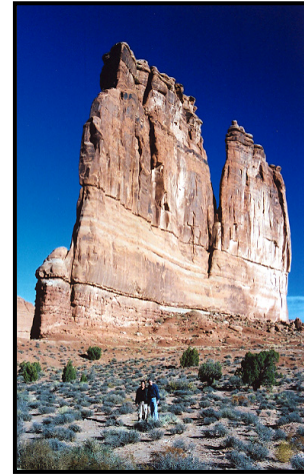
Temporal Blessing of the Lord to Me

One time while I was with Richard in my car, I opened a letter with a check in it for \$3,200.00. I did not expect it as it came as an unexpected advance commission from one of my annuity companies. With this check I was able to pay my Federal income taxes of \$3,000 that I desperately owed to the government. Time and again, in an unexpected manner the Lord blessed me to make my bills. It has happened just as my Patriarchal blessing said it would, that I would have the needs of life.

My largest clients, the Schulzes, called me out of the blue to help them invest their retirement funds. I have prospered with seventy-seven thousand dollars more in income through them and their referrals in the last ten years. Richard has been blessed likewise in the annuity business and it has afforded both of us time to go on wonderful genealogical trips and trips of adventure together and with the family. The very nature of our sales careers has been fortuitous in both temporal and spiritual blessings for both Richard and me. The Lord's blessing and mercy abound upon us all without measure and overflowing.

Conclusion

I concluded this small part of my



Top left: Ron in Las Vegas with Rebecca, Michael and Jonathan, 2002. Top right: Ron with Richard at Arches and Dead Horse Point (middle), Utah, 2002. Above: Ron with his sister, Cathy, at the funeral of his aunt, Mildred Bowles Brooks, March 4, 2000.

personal history on March 16, 1999. For a more complete overview of my life see my personal journals that I have kept every day since 1986.

September 2005 Addition

Now as of September 2005 dramatic changes have occurred in my life. At the age of 57, I am now in the most prosperous circumstances of my life. My understanding has also grown in discoveries of science that are enhanced by the revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the latter-day scriptures.



Top right: Ron at a lighthouse on the California coast in 2000. Above: Ron with his sister Cathy in 1986. Left: Ron and his brother Richard in 1990.

from a little over \$1,000. My move was necessitated by a need to integrate my place of living with my office. I had acquired an office off of Highway 249 at Chasewood in northwest Houston in 2003.

Kay Bailey Hutchinson, the US senator from Texas and a member on the Social Security committee set the date of June 30, 2004, as the deadline for teachers to take advantage of the retirement loophole clause of the old Federal law where the teachers work one-day under social security and Teacher Retirement of Texas to get a waiver on the pension offset. This new date added six more months to the deadline.

Because of the extension 3,100 new teachers retired through my Sweeny ISD and Somerville ISD program of working one day under both social security and TRS, thus allowing the teacher to receive half of their living husband's, or 100% of her deceased husband's, social security benefits. This could be as much as \$2,000/month that would be lost because of a 2/3 offset of her pension. In other words, if she had \$3,000/month

coming from her public teacher pension, the teacher would forfeit 2/3 or \$2000 per month or all of the spousal social security benefit if it were not for the last-day loophole.

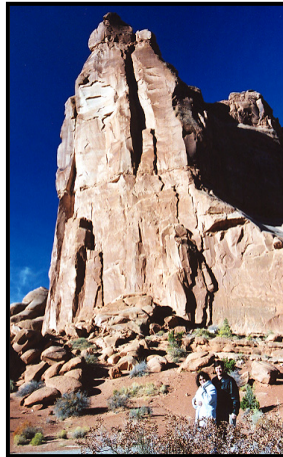
When I processed the teachers for retirement and helped them with the retirement process, I took advantage of the DROP and PLS laws of several years ago that allow Texas teachers to withdraw part of their monthly pension as a lump sum. I would then receive an average commission of \$3,000 for each of the hundreds of teachers that I worked with. I was able to gross millions of dollars in 2003 and 2004.



I counted dozens of laws and circumstances that accounted for my fortuitous situation as follows: 1) Federal law HR 743 ending on December 2003, which caused an avalanche of teachers to retire early. 2) The extension by the work of Senator Hutchinson of that deadline to June 30, 2004, to cause not hundreds, but thousands to go through my



retirement program. 3) The enactment in the 1970s of the loop-hole law in the first place. 4) The coincidence that only the Texas Teacher Retirement law allowed for a single day to constitute membership in TRS to



coincide with the Federal law. For instance Georgia Teacher Retirement law allowed only for a year enrollment instead of a day and instead of 20,000 teachers using the law in Georgia, only 22 teachers used it in 2003 and 2004 to get the pension offset waiver. 5) The fact that Sweeny ISD's Superintendent wanted to start the program of loophole employment of teacher retirees. 6) That the Superintendent's wife needed my help to arrange a purchase of credit years with qualified money to retire early, therefore James Weeks said he owed me and pushed through the school

Above left: Ron at the grave of his sister, Cathy, on January 25, 2004; the 57th anniversary of her birthday. Above right: With his sister, Nancy, at Arches National Park in October 2001. Top left: Presidio barracks in San Francisco, where Ron was stationed in 1969. Top right: Ron and Richard at the Reklaw farm about 1991.

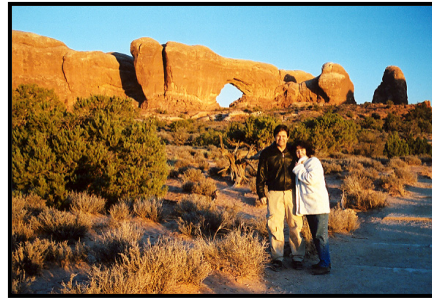
board my becoming the 3rd party administrator for the Sweeny ISD program for retiring teachers. 7) That Sweeny ISD had gotten into social security in the 1970s and when it got too expensive was forced to stay in social security with the 1981 law that stated that even though a district applied to get out, and there was



a waiting period of two years, the district would be forced to stay in social security. Sweeny ISD only had two months left of its two-year wait. 8) That Sweeny ISD as a rich district was “Robin Hooded,” by a 1992 Texas state school law, paying most of its Phillips Refinery tax

revenues to another less rich district, turning Sweeny ISD into a poor district in need of the \$500 fee per teacher to work in my program. This would give one and a half million dollars in revenue to the strapped district. 9) The opening up of all districts in Texas to all annuity companies in the 1980s. 10) The finding of annuity companies that paid good interest to the client and a decent commission to me such as Zurich, Hartford, American National, and ING ReliaStar. 11) Reed Carr introducing my brother, Richard to the annuity profession and Richard getting me into the business. 12) When I brought the first \$50,000 to Sweeny ISD the business manager wanted to reject the business and shut me down because I did not pay him a bribe. Dr. Weeks intervened. I never had a written contract with Sweeny ISD or for that matter with Somerville ISD. 13) Too numerous to mention, I counted at least 36 laws and circumstances that made it possible for me to prosper in the helping of teachers under this retirement system program.

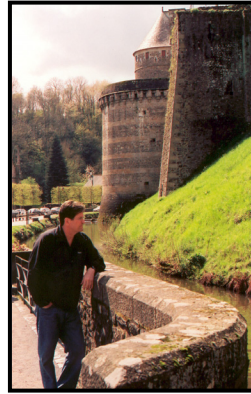
14) Key persons that worked for me were Aaron, Bonnie and John Matthews; Melanie and Laura Pack; Gloria Amenedo, Marcie Moreno, Sara Sinclair and Luz. All used



Top right: Ron at the Rockdale farm with Cathy's horses in 2000. Cathy owned over thirty horses. Middle: At Moab in October 2001 with his sister, Nancy. Above: Ron on a tower overlooking the town of Rothenburg, Germany, 2005. Left: Ron's Post Oak high-rise apartment in Houston in 2004. It is located in the Galleria, one of the nicest areas of Houston.

their skills and abilities to contribute to the success of my business. They came into my life just when I needed them most.

Most important, I have been blessed with knowledge and understanding that is beyond the scope of anything that I have understood in the past. They are: 1) The position



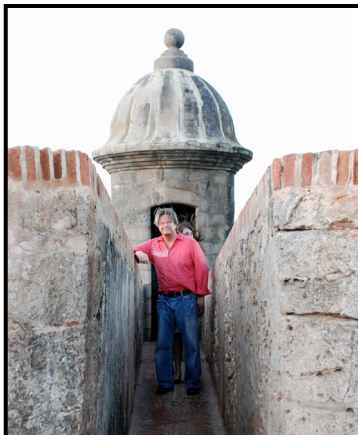
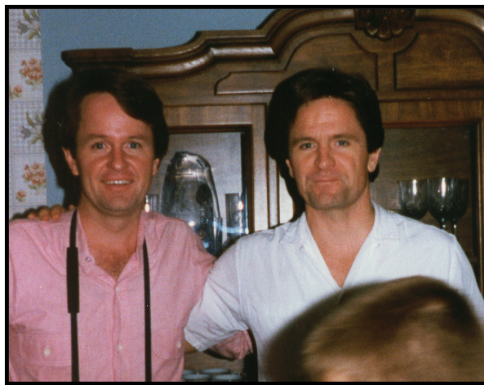
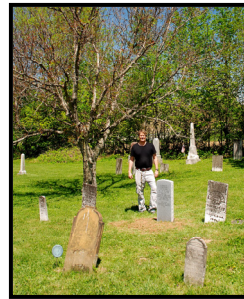
composition and mass of the Celestial Kingdom. The mass of all Spiritual existence, i.e. the Kingdoms of Glory, Spirit World. 2) The relationship of intelligence and truth as a property of space. 3) The super-symmetry



Ron went to Europe for the first time with his brother Richard in April 2005. Clockwise from top left: Ron at Avebury Stone Circle, England; Chateau de Fougères in France; inside St. Peter's Cathedral in Peterborough, England; beside a 5,000 year old Dolmen in Carnac, France; and standing on the *Porta Nigra*, a gigantic, Roman city gateway in Trier, Germany.

of gravity as love or charity and its properties and functions. 4) The manner of birth of galaxies and their relationship to Godhood. 5) The way in which all truth may be circumscribed into one whole. 6) How truth as a property of space is the primary building block of existence, the spirit and ultimately physical body and agency as a super-symmetry. 7) The way space is created. 8) The meaning of the statement by Joseph Smith that matter is eternal and in what specific sense. 9) The inability of DNA to account for all information necessary for the development of man in the embryo and therefore the need of a spiritual temporal creation for the form of the

species to develop and how this works. 10) What constitutes Godhood and how it is passed on one to another and how this same method is found in the phase transitions of all material and wave particle.



Top left: Ron, 1988. Top right: Ron and Richard at Arches National Park, about 1995. Middle left: Ron holding his nephew, Jonathan, 1985. Middle right: Ron with niece, Rebecca, at falls in Puerto Rico, March 2008; and at grave of Christian Van Gundy, May 2007. Above: Ron and Richard at Rockdale in 1988. Left: Ron at El Morro in San Juan, Puerto Rico, March 2008.

relate to the eternal world and temporality.

These and other points I hope to delineate in a work to show the tremendous benefit of the insights and prophecies of Joseph Smith to ~~direct understanding~~ of daily new revealed observations of science. That an uneducated farm boy who lived over 170 years ago could have anything to say at all for our modern scientific benefit is by itself amazing. But, more than this, Joseph Smith's teachings are even the key to understanding which of the present scientific theories are correct, and which could have a profound effect in producing an understanding of Einstein's ideas in light of new observed scientific phenomena and how they inter-

It is now November 2009. Ron continues to live in the same high-rise in Houston. He just turned sixty-one years old, but looks much younger. On his sixtieth birthday we



This page from top left: Ron in Cedar Breaks National Monument next to 1600 year old tree; at grave of Joseph Nisbett, his 5th Great-Grandfather; in forest at Cedar Breaks; at grave of James Nisbett, his 4th Great-Grandfather; and walking on a trail in Brice Canyon National Park; 2008. Left: Ron in Humboldt Redwoods State Park in northern California, 2009.

journeyed to southern Utah and walked a number of trails within Brice Canyon National Park and Cedar Breaks National Monument. It was a glorious, beautiful time with cool temperatures and fall colors. To celebrate his sixty-first birthday we visited the two parks again.

He has bought season tickets for Brigham Young University's football games in Provo and has flown up to see most of the games for the past three years. We have grown fond of our regular eight mile walks together along the Provo River in which we walk from Vivian Park to my house.

For the past two years he has been concerned about the federal government's monetary policies. He is well-read on the causes of the current problems and has definite ideas about the serious consequences of these decisions.



In 2007 we began a special project of placing monuments on the identified graves of our ancestors who do not have any markers. As of this date we have placed fourteen gravestones over the resting places of twenty-

Above: Ron walking along a road in Humboldt Redwoods and standing with his brother next to what was once the tallest tree in the park (right), 2009. Top right: Ron in Bryce Canyon, 2009.

four relatives.

My brother Ronald Martin is a good person who has tried to live an upright life all of his days. At times he has made serious sacrifices and done much good for other people. He has been generous with his means and blessed many. The most important thing in his life has been the gospel. From the time we were just boys he has been a good friend to me. Many of our memories are tied up together and I have been blessed to have had him as my brother. May he be blessed forever.



Addendum

At 6:45 am on Friday, July 6, 2012, I received a telephone call from the Harris County



Top left: Ron with his brother, Richard, on the teacup ride in Disneyland in 1959. Left: Ron at the Golden Gate Bridge, and with his family overlooking the San Francisco Bay, in 1959. This was the first major trip that his family had ever taken and it was always a special memory for everyone. Top right: Rare snowfall in Houston in 1961. Above: Ron (35) and I (30) in the soon to be renovated Newel K. Whitney (our relative) store in Kirkland, Ohio, 1983.

Institute of Forensic Sciences informing me that Ron had died of an apparent heart

Ronald Marion (Sharp) Martin

attack at 3:20 that morning. His death happened this way: He parked his truck, went



Above: Ron Sharp with his mother, Patricia Anna Elizabeth Bowles Sharp, about 1951 in Little Rock, Arkansas; Ron's father, Marion Carlos Sharp, Jr., age 27, in 1951. Left, back row: Cathy Martin (15), Ron Martin (14) and Nancy Martin (13); front row: Richard Martin (9), Glen Martin (stepfather, 32), and Patricia Martin (35) on the porch of her teenage home in Little Rock, Arkansas, December 1962. Although Glen and Mother divorced in 1965, Ron always spoke well of him and said that he came into our lives when we needed him the most. Glen adopted us in 1959.

into a convenience store and walked up to the counter. He made two small motions with his arm, bent

forward and then fell backwards to the floor. While on the floor he made a couple of more motions with his arm and then placed one of his arms on his chest. A peaceful look came into his face as he expired. All of this happened in less than a minute. Help

from a nearby EMT arrived two minutes later, but there was nothing that they could do to revive him.

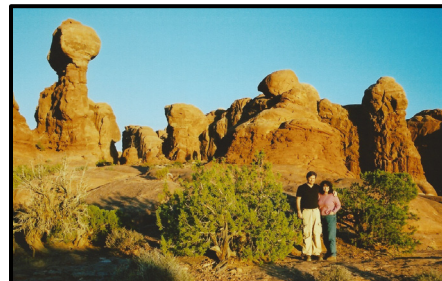
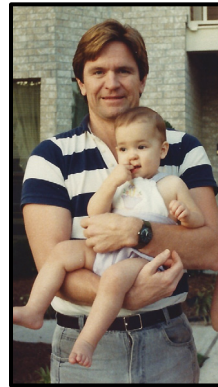


Top left: Ron with Karen Martin, his sister-in-law, Vester, Mother, and Sarah Martin at her baptism in April 1993. Top right: Mildred (aunt), Richard (brother), Karen (sister-in-law), Sarah Martin (niece), Patricia Bowles Crocker (mother), Ron and Jonathan Martin (nephew) on his shoulders, 1985. Above left: Ron holding Jonathan, Gregory Lamb (nephew), Richard, and Nancy Lamb (sister), holding Alexander Lamb (nephew), 1986. Above right: Ron in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, about 2000. He visited Eureka Springs many times over the years and made a stop there in May 2012, two months before he died. Our grandmother went to college here.

His death was sudden and a shock to everyone in the family. Just twelve days earlier Ron and I had returned from a special genealogical trip to the east wherein we had traveled over 7,500 miles and visited forty-five family history sites. He had noted on

Ronald Marion (Sharp) Martin

the trip how much better he was feeling since recently having major surgery. He wasn't tired most of the time and enjoyed himself immensely.



Top: Petrified trees in Alabama, 1990s; Ron holding Sarah Martin (niece) in 1985; Ron next to Randy Crocker, his stepbrother. Middle: Ron at Crater Lake in Oregon; at St. George Temple with Michael, Jonathan and Rebecca, 2001. Above: Famous stone wall at Fredericksburg Battlefield, 2000. Right: Ron and Nancy at Arches National Park, 2001; Ron with his brother and sisters in 1994.

On that last trip together we had four special coincidents that revealed that we were doing the right thing. In fact we had come to expect special things to happen when on our family history trips.



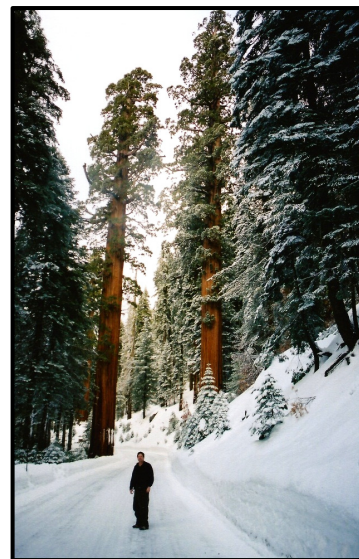
It is now five days since I received the news, and it seems unreal that he is really gone.



Top: Ron with Tibetan monks in West Texas; next to snowman he made for Rebecca (his niece), 1999. Middle: With Jonathan (nephew), Michael (nephew), and Rebecca in Las Vegas in 2001. Above: Oregon coast; 2002. Right: Favorite childhood home on 2315 Swift in Houston (2012); at lower right is the room we shared from 1959 until 1963.

He believed that a terrible financial disaster for America and the world was soon coming, and he thought that this would lead to extreme and dangerous social conditions. He focused on this and the political situation of the country for at least a few hours each

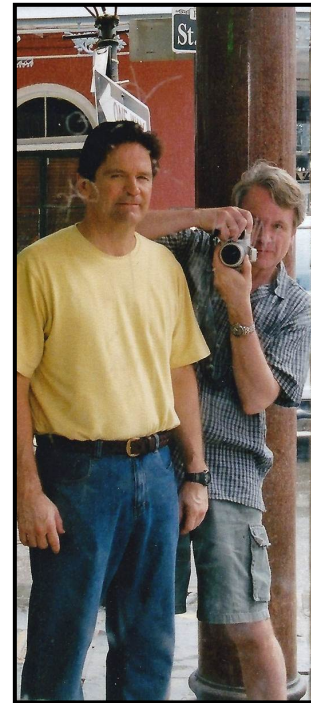
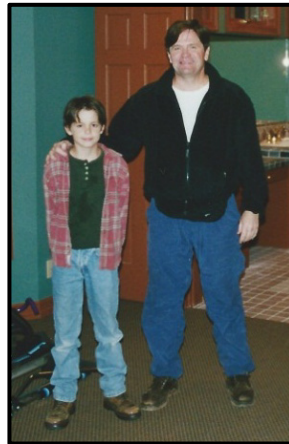
day and he loved to talk about it. If he is correct, then his death may be a blessing to him as he will not experience such terrible times.



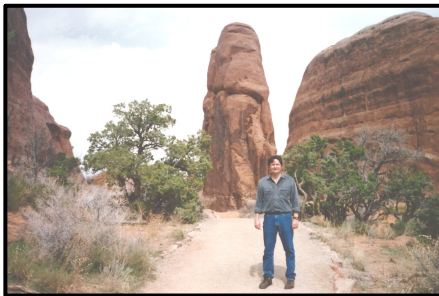
Top: Ron at Dead Horse Point in Utah, and in Europe, 2005. Middle: Ron and I drove up from Whistler, Canada, to Hyder, Alaska, in 2001. Middle right: Ron pointing to his name on the Vietnam Memorial in Washington D. C. Above: Murphy, Ron's favorite dog, 1972. Home on land of Augustus Smith, Ron's 2nd Great-Grandfather; 1999. Right: Winter in Sequoia National Park; 2009.

What I loved about Ron were not those speculations, but his love of the gospel and his family. At one time during our latest trip we talked for a long time about the evidence for the Book of Mormon being true. The conversation was stimulating and the spirit I felt

was wonderful. We talked about old times, growing up together and our many exper-



iences with Mom, Vester, Cathy, Nancy, Aunt Millie, my children and Nancy's children, and Glen.



There are only a few people in this world that know the same things that you do. And that is one of the saddest parts about losing someone dear to

Top: Richard, Vester and Ron, about 1990; Ron with his nephew, Michael, 1999; in New Orleans, 2007. Middle: In Newton, Massachusetts, among gravestones of Fuller ancestors, about 2002. Above: Arches National Park. Right: Ron at Texas Renaissance Festive.

you; with their passing no one is there who appreciates the same memories as you do. Ron and I loved to reminisce and now that is gone.



Ron achieved many things in his life. Although he never married, he remained morally clean. He served his country as a Military Policeman in the Army for three years during the Vietnam War era. While in the service he made the best decision of his life by converting, with all his heart, to the gospel. He served an incredibly successful mission to Peru from 1972 to 1974, converting hundreds of people (in fact he was and is the most successful baptizing Elder in the history of the Peruvian Mission). He experienced happy years at Brigham Young University, graduating in 1977 with a degree in History, and taught school for two years. He did more work in the Dallas Temple than anyone else

residing outside the Dallas area for over ten years. Ron was called as a stake genealogical extractor and for five years did more extractions than everyone else in the stake com-



Left: Ron in front of the historic Arkansas State House on a beautiful day in Little Rock; January 2012. We revisited many family sites on this trip. Above: For sentimental reasons, Rebecca made this cake to celebrate Ron's 64th birthday. On his previous birthday, Ron was touched when we sang to him, "Happy Birthday." Below: Ron viewing 2,000 year old petroglyphs near Edge Overlook in Utah, early 2012.

bined. He was a gospel scholar and read the Book of Mormon, cover to cover, more than fifty times. Lastly, he achieved financial success in his annuity business in the early 2000s, and was extremely generous to many people.

Ron was a ward mission leader and worked with the full-time missionaries for many years. He often took them out to eat and made their time of service more enjoyable. He also taught early morning seminary and was faithful in his callings.

Yet the most important thing that can be said about Ron is that he was faithful until the end. He overcame many obstacles, loved people, liked to joke, and was cheerful and friendly. He realized his shortcomings and wanted to be a better person.

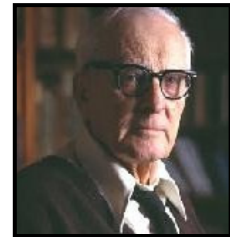
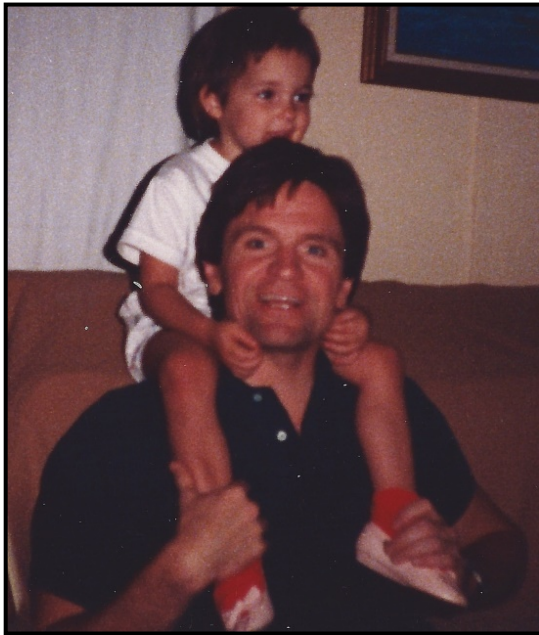
I will miss my brother. We had a tradition of going on a short trip to celebrate his birthday (September 24th) each year. It will be sad when that date comes and goes by without seeing him.



Ron had complete confidence in the plan of salvation, as I do. He is now in that eternal world and I am sure delighted at the fulfillment of his faith. As Carl Jung, a famous Swiss psychologist and psychiatrist, wrote in 1944 after having a heart attack: "What happens after death is so unspeakably glorious that our imaginations and feelings do not suffice to form even an approximate conception of it."

It is now February 15, 2014, and I have still not completed my new family history so I

decided to add this information about Ron's funeral and final resting place. Ron was buried in East Lawn Memorial Hills Cemetery in Provo, Utah. East Lawn is located on



Left: Ron with his niece, Sarah Martin, on his shoulders in 1989/1990. Top right: Ron with Cathy, and his cousin, Jane Bowles (above left). Above right: Hugh Nibley (1910-2005), who is buried 20 feet from Ron. Below: Ron's grave in East Lawn Cemetery in Provo, Utah, 2014.

top of a hill which overlooks Utah Valley. The views are magnificent and this is where he asked me to have him buried. From his grave you can see my house to the south.



Hugh W. Nibley (1910-2005) is buried only 20 feet away from Ron's grave. Nibley was a gifted Mormon scholar, whose writings positively influenced Ron's views on many important subjects. (I met his son, Alex Nibley, last year and we now stay in regular contact with each other.) In fact, Hugh Nibley has profoundly influenced my thinking and he is my favorite author. I was glad that Ron could be buried near someone that we both admired.

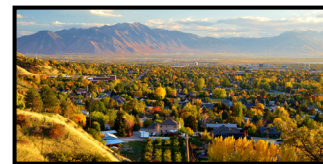
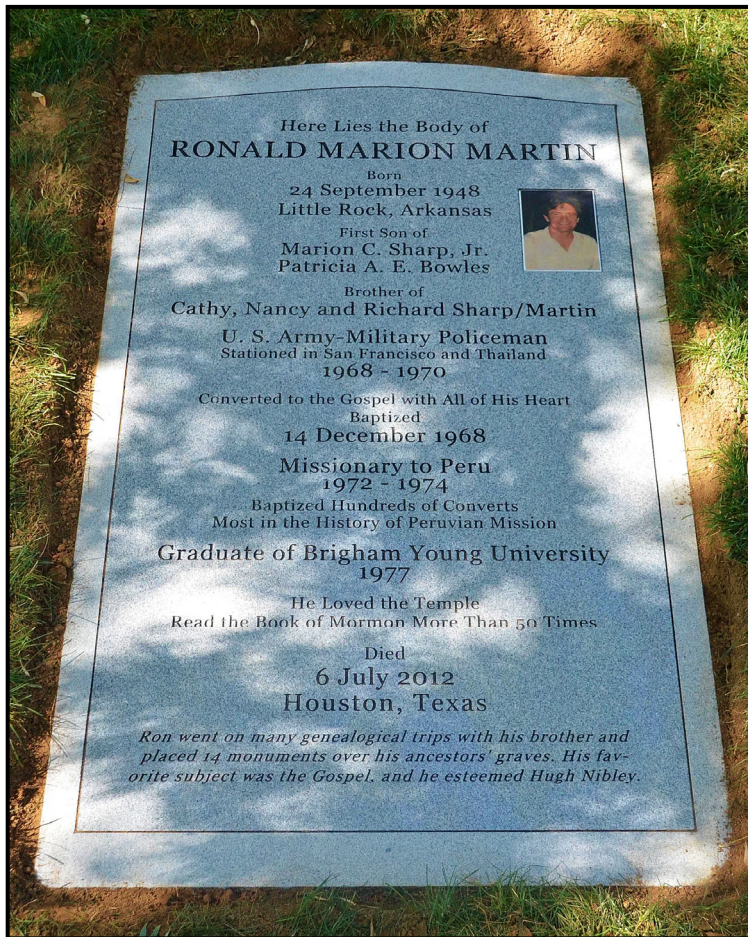
All four of my children spoke at Ron's funeral. I was proud of them for how they expressed their love for their uncle. They had seen him ever since they were young and they cared about him in a special way.

The inscription on Ron's grave slab reads: "Here Lies the Body of / RONALD MARION MARTIN / Born / 24 September 1948 / Little Rock, Arkansas / First Son of / Marion C. Sharp, Jr. / Patricia A. E. Bowles / Brother of / Cathy, Nancy and Richard Sharp/Martin / U. S. Army—Military Policeman / Stationed in San Francisco and



Ronald Marion (Sharp) Martin

Thailand / 1968-1970 / Converted to Gospel with All of His Heart / Baptized / 14 December 1968 / Missionary to Peru / 1972-1974 / Baptized Hundreds of Converts /



Above: Grave slab of Ronald Marion Martin in East Lawn Memorial Hills Cemetery in Provo, Utah. The photographs on this page were taken on October 6, 2014, the day his monument was placed over his burial. Top right: Ron's grave is situated in a pleasant grove of trees. Right: View of Utah Valley from East Lawn. Lower right: View of the home of Ron's brother, Richard, from the site of his burial.

Most in History of Peruvian Mission / Graduate of Brigham Young University / 1977 / He Loved the Temple / Read Book of Mormon More Than 50 Times / Died / 6 July 2012 / Houston, Texas / *Ron went on many genealogical trips with his brother and / placed 14 monuments over his ancestors' graves. His favorite subject was the Gospel, and he esteemed Hugh Nibley."*

Today is November 10, 2019. I just completed a review of most of my family photographs that I have archived over the years and found some photographs of Ron that I wanted to add to this biography. Some were just neglected and others have improved

with time. What I mean by that statement is that as we get older we come to appreciate



Top, left to right: Johnny Vaught (1st cousin), Richard Martin (brother), Ron, and Vester Crocker (step-father) in 1978. Right: Ron when he was sixteen years old in 1965. Above, left to right: Nancy, Cathy, Ron, and his mother, Pat Bowles Martin, on their way to California in the summer of 1961.

how we looked when we were younger and are less critical of our appearance back then. At least that has been my experience.

Lately, I've been thinking about Ron and it is amazing to think that more than seven years have passed since he died. (Although the youngest, I have now outlived all of my siblings.) My daughter Rebecca and I have a ritual of going to his grave on his birthday and on Memorial Day each year. Often Jonathan accompanies us. Sometimes

we will be doing something and we say to the other, “Ron would have loved this.” Just



Top: Ron with his mother, sisters, and stepfather in 1974. Middle: Ron and Cathy celebrating their mom's birthday in July 1998. Above: Ron holding his niece, Sarah Martin, with his mom, brother, aunt Millie, and cousin Johnny about 1990 in Rockdale, Texas. Left: Ron in Colorado about 1987.

yesterday I was throwing the Frisbee to Zeppelin, Michael's Border Collie, and thought how much he would have enjoyed the dog.

Ron was a good friend and I appreciate that he loved me. For some reason in the eternal



Top to bottom: Ron with Michael and Rebecca; 2003; at grave of a 2nd Great-Grandfather (2001), and a 5th Great-Grandfather (2007); in Germany; 2005; old mill in Little Rock; 2012, and driving in 2008. Ron loved this old mill.

scheme of things we are born into certain families, meet certain people, and live in a partic-

cular place and time. With there being 195 countries in the world and some 7.7 billion



Top right: Ron in Zion National Park about 2008—he delighted in nature. Top left: Close-up of Ron in 1986. Above: Ron climbing the steps to the top of a tower in Rothenberg, Germany, in 2005. Right: Ron with his nephews, Jonathan and Michael Martin, at the funeral of his nephew, Gregory Lamb, in 2008.

people, it could be so different, but each of us has our time and place and for Ron he had his own destiny. I was blessed to have him in my life.