

SHARON HOLTZINGER RICHARDSON, North High Class of 1959.

How I Came to Denver

I was born there. That was easy!

The more interesting story is how my parents got there. While both are Colorado natives, my mother grew up on the eastern plains of Colorado living on a dry land farm during the drought and dust bowl era. Life was not easy, but she once told me that she did not consider her family poor until one time when three travelers came by and asked for food. [There were no restaurants, nor drive-ins out in the country at that time.] All that the family had to offer was bread and milk. She was one of twelve children; her mother came from a Bohemian settlement in Texas as a “mail order bride.” The mother died when my mother was seven years old.

My father grew up between Cheyenne and Wellington, again in an agricultural environment. He was one of seven brothers. While life there was also difficult, his family was slightly more prosperous. He and his brothers attended a nearby one room schoolhouse; the teacher boarded with the family so there was no escape from homework.

My parents met in Kremmling, Colorado, where my father was working on a ranch. My mother had come to visit a sister who lived there. My father bet her \$5 she could not jump over a fence. She took the challenge and won the \$5. They were soon married and shortly thereafter moved to Denver.



MAIL ORDER BRIDE