

Preface

I deeply regret I have not come to what I wished in these little sketches, and I find many things might be improved, but I have not time to do better, and for fear I shall not be able to do them over. I am turning them in not with the degree of satisfaction I should like,

My dear little Grand-daughter at Provo Utah, typewrote most of them when I was unable to write, but she was so rushed she forgot to place some of the poems right, and she crowded, them too much.

You who may read them will realize perhaps too many mistakes. So please dear reader be tolerant of the many imperfections you may view,

THE AUTHOR

If you could see your ancestors
All standing in a row;
There might be some of them perhaps,
You would not care to know
But there's another question which
Requires a different view
If you could see your ancestors,
Would they be proud of you

Sketch of Medora Owens Gardner Trueblood

I must be up and a doing
There are many things to do
If I would obtain a blessing
Before this day is through.

I cannot afford to idle
Oh the moments waste away
For the treasure I am seeking
I must strive for them today.

Let my heart be filled with kindness
And my thoughts be pure and sweet
And my hands be swift in doing
That my tasks will be complete.

It has been suggested I write some of my life history. There may not be much of interest, but I will start by telling some incidents I remember. I do not know a thing of the home I was born in. I have been told my parents moved to Corn Creek in 1860 taking their cows and sheep, and raising a crop there. (That was not so far from Fillmore, Millard County, Utah. I was born there in a little adobe house, my father had built. It was June 25, 1860 when I first came on the scene of action, causing a great deal of discomfort to my elder brothers and cousins so I learned. They had been herding cows, returning home hungry and weary, they were not permitted admittance, but later they were treated to a handout of sandwiches. They declare this is their clear recollection of that time. I am sure it is not mine. That was the longest day of their lives. Or it seemed so to them, so they said.

My first recollection was when brother Estelvin came to me and announced my name. I asked was it all my very own, and would they take it away from me, as my play things etc. had been taken I suppose by my playmates or brothers at times. He assured me that I would have it all by myself, so I felt very delighted about it.

Since I was the oldest living girl in the family, I was shown much attention by my brothers. I remember them taking me with them on numerous occasions, and laughing at my odd expressions. I must have been about three years old when I met with a painful accident while sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace in Fillmore. My mother had a big kettle of water on the fireplace and irons heating to wash or mop with, and my brothers, fooling as boys will, rushed across in front of the fireplace, and their trousers caught the kettle and overturned it on me. I was severely burned, and received scars which still remain on my leg.

Perhaps I should give a description of my girlhood home as I remember it. It was in Fillmore, Utah. We had an adobe house and father added two brick rooms with an upstairs. In the room on the east side was a built-in oven. I remember the delicious loaves of bread, the beans, pies and cake mother used to bake in that oven. The main room was large enough that occasionally they would clear off the furniture and have a dance there. My two older brothers, Burr and Ardeen, played somewhat on the violin. My aunt Julia Lowder played it very well. The large room upstairs was used for the boys bedroom and for a store room also. I remember the apples, dried fruit, and the bin of luscious ground cherries stored there.

An orchard was on the east side of the house. The ground sloped to the farther end, going down abruptly to the river bottom. A stone wall just at the top of the hill ended our landmark. On the south-east corner of our lot stood Amass Lyman's gristmill. A flume, which ran the whole length on the south side of our lot, carried the water with which the mill was run. This water came from a canal which ran through our lot on the west side. Quite a distance west of the house was the front gate. Between the gate and house were trees, a strawberry patch, and currant bushes.

The grist mill I visited often. Here I viewed the creek below, and the hills on the other side, and my father's field to the south. How I enjoyed the picturesque scenery around the old home. One of my pastimes was to go to the beehive, open the wooden door at the side, and look through the glass panel and watch the bees build the combs and fill them with honey; they never tried to sting me as I never troubled them and was not afraid of them.

On one side of the canal that ran through our lot I had a play house surrounded by sage brush. Farther down on the opposite side was a group of young cotton-wood trees. I would often resort to this lovely spot and dream of the future. Many happy hours were spent here visiting with the birds and flowers, and trying to make friends with the fish in the stream. In the winter I loved the beauty of the snow covered trees. The icicles in their various forms and colors in the sunshine along the flume and around the mill seemed to hold me spell-bound.

For some reason I was a very timid child. At one time I was over to our neighbor Kenney's in the evening. On returning home I went around the corner of the house and met a great wolf or dog. How I screamed! I thought my time had come. I think my screaming made the animal as frightened as I was. The folks came to the door and I soon was safely indoors. One of our neighbors, a widow, went away for a few weeks and had me tend her chickens during her absence. If I waited until after dark to shut the coop, I would imagine that something was after me every step I took. By the time I had returned home every hair seemed to be standing out straight on my head. I would jump through the door thinking something was ready to grab me.

My schooling was very meager. Some widow would take a few students into her home and teach them what was then considered the necessary lessons reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography and writing. I was not so apt in arithmetic and geography and I feel my lack of learning to this day very much. Sister Powell, I think was my first teacher. Then I remember sister Brown took a few students into her home. I was one of them. Next I went to sister Bridge's home for a while where she taught. She had a few benches for us to sit on, and we would go to the table when we

had to write. We would stand in line for our spelling, and advance toward the head as we were able to spell the words the others missed. At sister Alice McBride's school, her nephew, Lucian Noises and I were nearly tied for the reward in spelling at the close of school. I grew careless in trying, thinking the teacher would favor her nephew anyway, so by slacking my efforts, I lost by a small margin. For a short period, I went to my cousin, E. M. Webb's school. To each of these I went only for a short time.

I remember that in Sunday School the children were asked from time to time to recite something from the classes. I took my turn when it came and recited, "Two Little Kittens." I was very frightened but thought I was doing fine. Imagine how I felt when I got back to my class and they told me that they could not hear a word I had said. I was quite crest-fallen. That happened in the State House in Fillmore. This State House seemed such a large place. We used to go to the dances there. For a few weeks, I was in sister Powell's school there in the lower room. Some of my playmates were Lizzie Rowley, Lovinia Holly, Rilla Brown, Salina Kenny Nell Lyman, Seraphine Noise, Estelle McRae, and Delelah Warner. Those last two were my cousins.

At one time near Christmas, I saw a neighbor who lived in one of our rooms making what seemed to be a very beautiful rag doll. I looked at it longingly and wondered who it was for. On Christmas Eve, I was sent to bed early. I was not sleepy, so I looked around and I found that rag doll sitting way up on a top shelf of the cupboard. Then I surmised that it was for me. I surely thought it lovely when I got it.

I do not know how old I was, probably about eight years, when at the close of Sunday School, when all were crowding to get out, when a big 220 pound man stepped on my right foot with his heel. I was so timid I did not want to make an uproar. I could not push him off or make him hear me, so he stood there on my foot until it was perfectly numb. I leave it to your imagination how I felt. (He was thinking, I suppose, of going with a young lady for a walk, and trying to get her eye to make the appointment.. In those days they did not even have a buggy to ride in, so it was a treat to take the ladies for a walk. They got all the benefit of the scenery along the river bottoms or hills.) When he got off my foot I staggered to the door wondering why my foot felt so queer. It was perfectly numb. I had gone about half a block toward home when the pain began to be intense. I took off my shoe and stocking and my playmates helped me as I hopped the rest of the way home three or four blocks. That was a most painful experience.

My mother was at a loss to know the cause of my swollen foot as I did not attribute it to the man standing on it because it was so numb until I got away from the school house. I did not tell my mother, and the man never did know the mischief he did. Mother wanted to send for the doctor but I objected, and the same with the Elders. I was either too timid or afraid I do not know which. Mother had to sit by the bed to keep me from throwing myself off, the pain was so intense. Those were terrible days. Finally my foot festered and broke on top, then a bone protruded but would not come out. Slivers came out from different places. Finally Mother hired me to let the doctor try to get the bone out, but he was unable to do so. How well I remember the weary nights. As I did not wish to bother anyone, when I wanted a drink, I would crawl in the other room to the water bucket. While holding my foot out I would sometimes jar it against

something. I would nearly faint with the pain that followed. For a change I would get in a cradle we had and beg my sister to rock me. She would dose for a few seconds and then run away. From time to time other places on my foot would fester and slivers of bone, could come. out. One day I was a little better and out playing on a sandpile. In getting up to hop to the house the bone caught on a shovel that was lying in just the right position, and as I hopped it jerked the bone right out. Oh, it hurt, but I was happy when I found the bone safely out. It had seemed to me as a child I would have to have it that way always. The relief it gave me to know it was out instead of sticking up on my foot was indeed comforting.

I realize more than ever what a narrow escape I had, and how good the Lord was to spare my foot, and how lucky I was that blood poisoning did not set in. (After I was about fifteen years old my foot festered again at the back of the heel and another piece or two of the bone came out it had worked that far back.) when I could get around by putting my knee on a chair and shoving it around, I offered to do the dishes for my mother as she was so tired. She said, "Can you?" I said "yes", so after that I had them to do, some times not so cheerfully perhaps as I should. I remember I almost wished I had not let her know I could do them. Then I saw how selfish I was. Poor mother needed my help so much.

When I was about ten years old, father was working on the Salt Lake Temple and mother was confined with a little babe, she took the milk-leg fever. What a time I had! I being the oldest girl, felt the weight of all the care. How I worked with her leg, tended the fretful babe, and at night when I was so worn and tired I would go to sleep. As soon or before the babe in my arms. Mother would rouse me with a stick so I could bring the babe to her.

I used to take the food to mother's bedside for her to show me how to prepare it. Once in a while my dear Aunt Julia (Lowder) Wilcox would come and get a good dinner and tend mother and the baby, relieving me for a time. It seemed like heaven to me. With Father away working on the temple, we were not able to hire help. He would send by mail a milk weed we used in doctoring mother's leg. We are thankful indeed that she got well, another kindness of our Heavenly Father.

There were three boys older than I, Burr, Ardeen, and Estelvin, and two sisters younger, Mary E. and Almeda, beside the babe and mother. I do not remember what part my brothers took in the responsibility of the home.

I remember my two-and-one-half year old sisters Almeda, going out to the big canal that ran through our lot. She had a little bucket, and in trying to get some water, fell into the stream and floated down about fifty yards then caught hold of some grass. I heard her little voice calling "Dodo!" (The name she called me) I ran and found her, calling brothers as I, ran. They came and rescued her. How glad we were that she was saved!

In July 1872 my sister, Mary Ellen, and I were baptized in the Creek by Thomas Callister. I think he confirmed us. My sister was younger than I, who was twelve years old. I was re-baptized in October 1891 at Woodruff Arizona. This custom has since been discontinued as one baptism is sufficient.

When they started to build the St. George Temple, father was called there to work on it. In 1874 he sold his place in Fillmore and moved to St George. I stated before that I was a very timid child. If my mother wanted me to go on an errand for her, I would walk many blocks to get someone to go with me, rather than to go alone. In traveling to Dixie, I distinctly remember when we arrived at Cove Creek, everybody went in and had a nice time, a good supper and breakfast, but they could not persuade me to go inside. That shows how foolish I was

From St. George we moved up the river to a little town called Virgin, on the Virgin river. The young people seemed very sociable here, so I made their acquaintance, and enjoyed myself very well. I started keeping company with George Bela Gardner. He seemed a very nice young man.. We were married Dec. 28, 1876. My brother Estelvin Owens and Eleanor Jepson, and her brother James Jepson, and Lucinda Stratton (our cousin) were all married that day at Virgin. In January 18, 1877. We went to the St. George Temple and had our endowments and sealings. I felt my youth and inexperience. We had nothing to go on. . I stayed with my people a few weeks. Then we went to live with my husband's folks up North Greek, four miles from Virgin.

The following spring Father Gardner and his sons were called to go to Arizona to help settle that country. My parents went to Manti, that spring so my father could work on the Manti Temple. I was so lonely when they went away. It was years before I saw them again. In the Autumn father Gardner and family went to Arizona. We lived in a part of Aunt Lizzie Gardner's house. She was the first wife of father Gardner and a dear old soul. She never had any children of her own, so she mothered us all, and we loved her.

On December 14, 1877, my oldest son was born. My mother was then in Sanpete, and mother Gardner was in Arizona. The midwife who waited on me was very indifferent to my welfare. For lack of proper care I took one set-back after another. I finally recovered sufficiently so that the next March we started for Arizona with my brother-in-law, William Gardner, and a Brother Adams who came from Arizona for us. We had a pleasant journey. Mother Gardner wept when she saw how frail and thin I had grown through my illness. After this illness, at each of my confinements it seemed extremely difficult for me to get back to normal condition again.

We were in the camp on the Little Colorado River which they called Brigham City. We were trying to live the United Order. Lot Smith was the president. We were asked to go to the Mormon Dairy, which we did. It was a very lovely place. At this dairy we all ate at the same table. There were a number of cows to tend. Orval Bates and wife took charge of making the cheese and butter. As there were plenty of deer we had an abundance of venison to eat. We could see herds of them come into the lakes to drink in the morning.

I think I will tell this story, just as a warning to others. There was a lady in the company who was very disagreeable to get along with. We took turns working in the kitchen, two ladies one week, and two the next week, etc. None of the others would work with her, so they put her with me. She had a terrible temper, and was very selfish, and did not try to control her jealousy. She would accuse us of stealing her things, when we discovered that the rats had taken them. At one time when President Woodruff was in Arizona, they asked him to rebuke the evil spirit from her.

He said he had no right to do so because she had invited that spirit there by her actions. She finally had to go to the asylum with the vicious inmates. Beware of the evil thoughts and actions which invite the spirit of the adversary to step in as in her case.

In the Autumn of 1878 we moved to Monacopy, a sort of village among the Moque Indians, about one hundred miles north of Brigham City. Next spring we moved to Tuba City, a mile and a half from there. This place was also among the Indians. It was named after a very good Indian chief who became a Mormon. Three more of my children were born there. There were about fifteen families at this place.

During the time we lived at Tuba City, we made one trip back to Virgin, Utah to see my people, as I had not seen my parents for several years. I had three children then, my baby being very young. After we arrive there, one was taken sick, and we had to remain arrived there, one of our horses was taken sick, and we had to remain there all winter. How I prayed that the way would open up, so we could get home. In the spring we borrowed a horse, as our horse was not better. We decided to go on the trip alone, through it was a dangerous, lonely undertaking. We had written our folks in Arizona of our intentions, but we knew nothing of how they were situated. Finally, when we were ready to go the next day, our friends and relatives had a farewell party for us. At the close of the party, about eleven p.m. to our happy surprise, Fred Gardner, my husband's brother, came for us with two span of horses to take us home. He had met with a very narrow escape in the darkness, and his safe arrival was indeed an answer to our prayers.

We finally became discouraged living at Tuba City among the Indians. Sometimes we had a difficult time to get bread-stuff. We had to buy corn from the Indians. It was so dirty that we had to pick it out of the, filth, wash it well, then dry it, grind it in the coffee mill, and make it into corn-bread. We had no flour at all, and not much else to eat with the corn-bread. We had no flour at all, and not much else to eat with the cornbread. Sometimes we would get a piece of goat meat from the Indians, and at times we had a fair garden.

We left Tuba City and moved to Pinedale. My parents moved to Woodruff Arizona, so we moved there and stayed for many years. The Woodruff dam broke out many times, making a great hardship on us all. The farms and orchards were left without water. We carried all our drinking water, and water used for culinary purposes from a long distance, or hauled it in barrels. I labored in Woodruff many years as secretary in the ward Relief Society, and also as a teacher in the Sunday School. Then I worked for years in the Y.L.M.I.A. of Woodruff, first as a counselor, and later as the president of this organization. After my widow-hood, I was asked to be a counselor in the Stake Presidency of the Y.L.M.I.A. of the Snowflake Stake, to Lenore Savage, which position I held until I left Woodruff and came to Salt Lake City. In my girlhood I was connected with Retrenchment Association, as the beginning of the Y.L.M.I.A. All my labors in the church have been a great blessing to me. In Woodruff, I was frequently asked to write an essay or Poem for entertainments, or what ever the occasion required, I did what I could, never refusing, and in that way I was helped in my talent. If you choose to call it that.

I do not know if it would benefit anyone by speaking of my sorrows, yet sometimes I wonder if it might help someone to carry on when things seem to be more than one can bear. I have had plenty of sorrows, but I have been trying to forget them, and remember only my many blessings. I tell you that there is nothing like switching off the thoughts of despair with substituting encouraging thoughts. Repeat some gem over and over until you can replace the sad thoughts with it. Or Sing some comforting song, and thou you may sing it through tears and with a trembling voice, true comfort and help will come from it. God will hear your prayer, though it seems he is far off. He waits sometimes until we are truly penitent and thus better prepared for the blessing. God surely loves His children, and will bless us if we are humble and repentant, and put our trust in Him. So do not harbor discouraging thoughts for one minute, but change

them immediately for some good ones. Keep a supply on hand by reading good books, including, the Holy Scriptures.

Write these gems down, and put them in your pocket to have on hand when needed. We are told in Proverbs: "A merry heart doeth good like medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

The following incident which increased my faith happened at Woodruff during the latter part of September in the year 1907. One day my second son Elmer, came to my home and said: "Mother, there are some of us going on a hunting trip in the mountains, and we want you to go along with us. You need a change, and it will do you good."

I hesitated somewhat, as the crops, etc. needed attention, but he said: "I will put up the hay for you before we go, and everything in readiness for the trip." His wife, Lois, helped me to do my housework, so everything was left in Apple-pie order. I decided to go and take my three little girls with me.

There were two wagon loads of us, including my brother-in-law and family, my son and family, and my own three girls. We took provisions for a two weeks stay in the mountains. The second morning after leaving the boys arose early in order to get some turkeys they had seen the night before.

As they left, I thought "Now is my chance. I shall climb that mountain early this lovely morning, and have my prayer close to God." I did so, I poured my soul out to God, and just as I was closing my prayer, the glorious sun was beginning to rise. Then something said to me: "You are to go home."

I was astounded, and the thought of the protest the young people would make at this suggestion so soon after our arrival, gave me an uneasy feeling. Then in humility I knelt down again and asked the Lord that if this message was from Him, to please cause the children to be willing to return home without farther, or any argument from me. I did not feel able to stand any opposition. After I had concluded my prayer, I left all to the Lord, and was curious as to the outcome. Then I made my way to camp.

The Others had eaten breakfast, and were concerned about me. As I sat down to eat, I casually mentioned about going home. They objected as I had thought they would, but I said: "Now I am going to leave it to you to decide what you think best.

I took a book and went out under the pines to read. Soon one of my little girls came running to me, saying "Mamma, hurry and get the things ready and in the wagon, because the boys are after the horses, and we are to start home right away."

I thought. How well it is to trust in the Lord. I knew not myself why we were to go home, and I was truly surprised at the willingness of the children to go home.

My oldest son had been living in the southern part of the state for six or seven years, and we had not seen him or his wife or family during this time. He had been given a vacation, but fearing something would happen to prevent them coming to visit us, he had not written, and thought to surprise us. They had arrived at my home in Woodruff the very morning I had been impressed to go home. They could not have found us, or sent word to us they were there, so they would have been obliged to return without seeing us. This would have been a keen disappointment, and or would have left us all broken-hearted. We were all so grateful and overjoyed at the happy at the turn of events, and extremely thankful to our Heavenly Father for the voice of warning sent to me.

In the Autumn of 1908 I took trip to Salt Lake City. There I met William T. Trueblood. with whom I had corresponded for a time. I had grown weary of the hardships I had endured, having been left a widow for thirteen years. After many anxious thoughts, I consented to marry William Trueblood. We were married the last of November in 1908. He proved to be a kind, considerate husband.

I rejoiced greatly in being situated where I had more opportunities for self improvement I attended Dr. Robert's class in obstetrics and nursing. I went out nursing somewhat after my little girls Ethel, Ruth, and Gladys joined us in Salt Lake. We were then living at 255 West on First North street. We later built a house on a lot my husband owned at 21st south and main street. We lived there for some time. My Girls were married while we lived there. My youngest son went on a mission to the Northern States, and came back and was married June 17, 1914.

Some great sorrows came to me while I was in this home. My son Leighman Gardner had been living with us occasionally, and had also assisted my husband in building this home. On September 9, 1912, while he was employed at the Koyle Mining Company in the mine at Salem, Utah, he was fatally injured. While he was descending the ladder, he slipped and fell down the shaft, breaking his neck. He died instantly. His body was brought to Salt Lake City, and he was buried in the City Cemetery.

Then my baby girl Gladys was married to William Winney. They moved to Ely, Nevada. Here she was taken with appendicitis operated on, and died on July n20, 1917, in Nevada. They brought her body home and she was buried in the City Cemetery.

My son Eugene Gardner, the next one to Leighman, underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis at Coolidge, Arizona. He died August 5, 1919, leaving a wife and five small children. One son was born after his death. Eugene was buried in Woodruff, Arizona so I did not get to attend his funeral.

While I lived here, my oldest daughter was confined at my home and gave birth to a still-born baby. My Grandchild, her oldest daughter, later died leaving three small children. Through all my sorrows, God has been very good to me.

We sold our home at Twenty-First South to the county for a small sum, and moved out to East Mill Creek at 3800 South, 23rd East. This was in 1920. We purchased a two room frame house and moved it out there. I worked very hard to help make this a real home. here were not trees around, and in the summer the heat was intense. The sun beat down so that at times the heat was almost unbearable. We had alfalfa on the place the first year. Then we got some chickens, and had a garden. I persuaded my husband to plant some trees, and add two more rooms and a basement which made the place more comfortable and valuable. However it was far from the car-line, and since we had no conveyance to go or come in, it made it seem quite isolated. My husband worked at shingling houses, and he got a chance to go very early in the morning with our neighbor, Brother Rich, and would come home the best way he could. Sometimes he would ride on the street car, and then walk a mile home. This would make him very tired when he reached home.

I had two of my grandchildren with me quite awhile. Their mother, my daughter, Anne Kemp, was in the hospital with a broken leg, for seven months. My son Elmer and family and my daughter-in-law, Eugene's wife came out from Arizona in 1922, Elmer and family stayed a year or longer, and oh, how lonely I was when they went back in the fall of 1923.

I persuaded my husband to move into town and rent our place, so we came in, as his work was in town. We lived on Church Street for quite a while. Then we, went up on 55 West, First North Street, and we lived there four or five years.

About 1927, my husband's health failed somewhat, and in the spring of 1928 he was taken to the hospital in a serious condition, remaining there about three months. After his return he had a severe form of eczema on his feet and legs.

That summer and autumn I spent much time in writing a play for the genealogical society. I was interested, and the chairman had said for us to think of something our association could do. I asked him if we could not put on an original play or something. I was tired of the same thing over so many times. He said if I thought I could do something of the kind, to go ahead and get anyone I chose to help me. I thought that with the help of the Lord I could accomplish almost anything I undertook to do, so I began writing a pageant which I called "The Connecting Link." Sister Eliza B. Smith, my nearest neighbor, often dropped in, and I asked her opinion about it from time to time. Sometimes she gave me some good suggestions. We went with it to Sister Minnie Margetts to get her to assist us in presenting it. She gave some valuable suggestions about having a prologue. I finally took it to President Nephi L. Morris, and he gave me scriptural settings for the pageant, and words of encouragement to go on with its presentation.

Our committee met again, and we made the final touches we thought best. It was decided by the committee that Sister Eliza B. Smith, who had given of her time and talent in suggesting ideas for my pageant, was to be named as co-author with we. I then suggested that our chairman Brother Muir, be also named as coauthor with us, as he had helped somewhat in getting the pageant into shape. So I, who had conceived getting the original plot of the pageant, and Brother Muir and Sister Smith, who had assisted me in perfecting ideas for its presentation, were named

as the three authors of my pageant. Later it was taken over by the church, and with our consent the name was changed to that of "The Hearts of the Children, or The Connecting Link."

This pageant has been presented far and near since it was first presented on February 2, 1929, in the Seventeenth Ward at Salt Lake, City. It was received with great rejoicing and approval, and has been produced in four states to my knowledge. It has been praised in the papers, and several people have told me that they thought it had done more to influence people to do Temple work than any thing the church has done. One good Brother told me that he had seen in a dream or vision, the scenes I had depicted behind the veil, and that we had made it plainer than anything else yet. He felt that there was still more to be brought forth, and he thought I was the one to do it. I am very thankful that the Lord has magnified the writings and humble work that with His help I was permitted to do. I give Him praise for it all because without His spirit to accompany this work, it would fail.

In the spring of 1929 we moved back to our old home in East Mill Creek on Twenty-Third East, and 3800 South. We found the place badly run down and damaged by the renters who had lived there. I resolved that we had to make a success of having a garden and raising something to sustain us, for neither of us was able to go out to work for a living. So we had the land plowed and planted a garden. We raised a crop, but oh, it was hard. Sometimes I was too tired to get into bed. But the dear Lord with us, and our health improved after working in the in the soil. In the midst of our daily toil we did strive to serve the Lord.

Then some thoughts came to my mind to do some more writing, but as I was so busy I did not heed them. My friend, Sister Baker, came to visit us, and she proposed to attend to the work so I could write. So, finally I commenced writing. I searched the scriptures for settings and during the summer and autumn I wrote a pageant I called "Glimpses Of Eternity." Brother Bailey who had suggestions from friends. It was through the help of the Lord that I wrote it. It seemed to be too big a project for wards to attempt to present. So it lingered along for if some time. Finally at a later period I revised it, omitting parts of it. I hope it will yet come firth to help teach the beautiful lessons of our gospel.

In The autumn of 1930 my daughter Rene Divelbess, from Arizona came to visit us. My husband's health was failing, and besides being very feeble he was almost blind. We had contemplated moving into town again where we would not be so isolated during his illness. So my Rene helped us to get comfortably settled before she returned to her home in Arizona. I was indeed thankful for all she did in assisting us.

My daughter Anna, a widow, and her girl Opal, came to live with us. My husband rapidly grew worse and died December 12, 1930. He was buried beside my son Lee, and my grandson, Kenneth, in the City Cemetery.

I continued living with my daughter in the Eighth Ward. It was a very good ward, and we all admired and loved our Bishop. During the summer of 1931 our ward Relief Society took a trip to the Cardston Temple, and I went with them. We also went to the Logan Temple. In the

autumn of 1931 my daughter Jennie Rowe from Montana visited us. We visited my children in Provo and Salem and had an enjoyable time together.

In 1932 I took a trip to Arizona and visited in Woodruff and Holbrook. My son Horace, and his wife and daughter came from Miami, Arizona to visit us. I had a most enjoyable time while there, and while going, and coming. When I returned home my sister Sylvia paid me a visit with her daughter who was going on a mission. We two went and visited my son's family in Salem in July 1932. I had many nice times with the sisters of the Eight Ward Relief Society. We often planned outings, and Temple excursions, etc. I enjoy traveling, am thankful to have had the opportunity of to so many places of interest.

I have had the privilege of visiting my dear children in Arizona on several occasions. This has been a pleasure indeed. In 1935 I took a trip to Diego to the World's Fair. In 1936 I went with an educational group to Yellowstone National Park. I have visited all of the temples in our church with the exception of of Hawaiian Temple.

We were renting our home to some people when my husband died. They did not care for the place very well, and finally left, not paying all they were owing me. I rented it to another party after it had stood empty for seven months. This was in April 1932. They lived there until April, 1935 when I sold it to Mrs. Morris.

In June 1935 we moved into our new home which is located at 391 North Main Street. It is near the Utah State Capitol, and the view is indeed beautiful and inspiring. My girl, Anna, and her daughter Opal are living with me, so I am not alone, which is a great blessing. I attend the church services in the Capital Hill Ward, and enjoy the association of the Brothers and Sisters there. They are exceptionally intelligent, and humble and sincere, and I value their friendship very highly. I rejoice to be privileged to mingle with these cultured, refined people.

I rent the apartment in the basement, and thus provide money for monthly payments on our house. My old age pension is used to help pay my living expenses. My daughter and granddaughter both have artistic tastes, and with their able assistance, they have helped to make of my house a beautiful, comfortable home.

I enjoy working with my flowers, and we have been able to extend our flower garden to the sidewalk. My soul is refreshed when I can commune with the great out of doors.

I am a regular student of the Adult Class in the city, and take advantage of every opportunity for self improvement. Our Relief Society has appointed me to act as a visiting teacher. I'm also a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. I spend much time on my Temple records, and endeavor to to the Temple at least twice each week. I've written two more pageants which I hope to have presented some time in the, future.

I must tell of my posterity. I have had eleven children, forty-five grand children, and twenty-nine great-grandchildren. There was one pair of twins among my grandchildren, old one pair among

my great-grandchildren. I have lost by death three of my children, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. I am very proud of them. They are making splendid records. I know of no deformity in any of them. I praise my Heavenly Father for them. And also for my noble parentage.

My constant prayer is that we all keep true and faithful to the end of our days, and be saved with the just in Father's Kingdom.

Prayer

I'm thankful that the Lord has given
The chance for me to Pray,
I'm thankful for this great desire
To turn to Him always.

Although it seems; a little thing
The murmuring of a prayer
When offered sincerity,
A mighty power is there.

No matter who that soul may be,
God does not turn away,
The humblest of His children here,
He loves to hear us pray.

The power and strength it gives to us
While wandering here on earth,
To always have a friend in need,
A boon of untold worth.

Through prayer our loved ones are given health,
Our daily needs supplied,
There's nothing good if asked in faith,
That we will be denied.

Oh blessed, blessed gift of prayer,
And faith to voice our need,
When in distress we go to Him,
He hears in very deed

(Written July 29, 1939)

Since writing the above, (which is of long standing,) I will attempt to put in a few lines more, also some of my Poems.

In this great life's drama, I have not done much, I regret my lack of an education. I some times wish I might of had a kind understanding teacher and patient, to stand by and shield and help me, and prepare me like the teacher of Helen Keller. So I would have been prepared for the great and, wonderful task of Motherhood.

I could. have given those intrusted to me a much better start in life. I am thankful however they were given good, healthy bodies. They were taught of our Heavenly Father, and that His true church was on the earth; that is more than millions of people have.

These days with the fulness of the gospel on the earth, with the enlightenment of all the great sciences and inventions, schools for every one. I hope my children will go on and achieve much more in this life than I ever dreamed of doing.

I do hope in some of my writings, I may have given some thought and encouragement to some poor soul pulling hard against the stream. This life for some seems to glide along quite smoothly. Others strike the whirlpools and eddies and are toppled over and perhaps lost. What sympathy and love and understanding we should have for one another. Get those who stray to know God, His love for us, and His power to help us.

At one time in my life, my sorrows seemed more than I could stand, just unbearable, I went off alone, and in a little granary we had, I poured out my soul to God. I told. Him I could not stand it even one hour longer; and then He poured out His lovely spirit upon me until my burden was lifted., and my heart rejoiced, and I praised. Him, I was so happy it seemed to me my feet were not touching the earth, or floor; It seemed, incredulous the great change in such a short time.

Oh yes, I found the Lord, was my comfort, my support, my all. I found again I was loosing my mind, I was on the verge of insanity, I had to make a short turn; with God's aid, I did it. I put my mind on beautiful scriptural sayings, lovely songs, memory Gems. I had to pin my mind to these things, bring it back when it wandered away.

I tell these things that you too may know how to find God in times of need.

The trials of life are God's gifts
To make us brave and strong;
We are here hard burdens to lift,
We are here to right the wrong.

We can bring our good wishes true
With God's help day by day,
And keeping that purpose in view
When we kneel down to pray.

Trees

I was sitting by my window
For the sweet refreshing breeze,
Pleased with all of natures beauties,
And the nodding of the trees.

And I thought how very courteous
In the way their heads are bowed,
To each one who was passing;
They looked stately and so proud.

There is nothing for regretting,
They have done the best they could
They have stood erect and fearless,
And were always doing good.

And so many they have sheltered ,
Birds and beast, have lingered near,
Knowing that each one was welcome,
And no evil did they fear.

Now, if we could be so courteous,
Welcome all unto our fold,
Making shelter, joy, and comfort,
Half the good could not be told.

I, adore a tree of beauty,
'Tis the handi work of God,
Fashioned for His own dear children,
Glorified from out the sod.

(Written Oct, 22, 1939)

Let's 'be found at post of duty,
Like the watchman on the tower;
Never shirking any labor
That the Father does require.

We each one can take a lesson,
From our dear ones brave and strong,
We must cling to truth and reason
As we slowly plod along.

Giving words of cheer and comfort
To our friends upon the way;
Smoothing all the thorny places
While on earth we longer stay.

Just a part of a piece that was written May 3, 1915, S.L.C.

Bryce Canyon or the Silent City Of God's Great Wonderland

In going to Bryce Canyon
It did really seemed to me,
One of the world's great wonders
With those works of Magesty .

The various forms and coloring
Of the hills, the cliffs, and mounds;
By the elements corroded,
The like no where else is found.

The delicate lacy statues
So exquisitely designed,
Were showing in their splendor
The Creator is Divine.

We easily saw in fancy,
Silent City of the God,
With many forms and figures
Where the ancients might have trod.

The monarchs and the sentinels,
And the mighty Kings, and Queens,
Great mansions and cathedrals;
Ah! such wonderous things were seen.

Tell buttresses and bulwarks,
Gallant knights of noted, fame,
And the noble pioneers, who
Were treking across the plain.

The father of our country,
With his soldiers in command,
Dressed in brilliant uniform,
All so stately they did stand.

The Goddess of Liberty
A great torch was holding high;
An emblem of our freedom,
All the world to glorify.

The young men and the maidens
Were so beautiful and bright

The mothers with their infants,
We all viewed them with delight.

And so natural did they seem,
I most Thought that I could hear
Voices speaking unto us,
In accents most sweet and clear.

"Ye sons of God, who have life
To breathe, think, and to create;
Clothed with the Holy Spirit
Holding in your hand, your fate.