

Life Sketch of Ann (Annie) Eliza Lee

By her daughter, Rosalind Lelia Wixom Sessions

My mother, Ann (Annie) Eliza Lee, was born in DeWitt County, Texas, on January 11, 1849. There was no town where she was born. Her parents were with a covered wagon group, and they were camped near the Red River, when she was born. At least that is the way I remember her telling it to me. The date, and the place of her birth, just DeWitt County, Texas, are recorded in her own handwriting, in our old family Bible. Her mother's maiden name was Eliza Ann Foscue. Her father's name was John Percival Lee. Her family finally settled in Beaver, Utah, where she grew up. She never liked the name Ann, and always called herself Annie, and was known as Annie E. Lee.

Her father, John Percival Lee, was very harsh and overbearing, cruel to his children, and not much better to his wife. All of his children left home as soon as they were old enough to support themselves. Mother became a telegraph operator, and worked for many years in that capacity. Mother loved the Church, and was always faithful to it. She always tried to do what was right, to the very best of her ability. She finally married, in the temple, a man by the name of Edward Thompson. They had no children. After a time he apostatized from the Church, and she left him, and was released from that temple marriage because of his apostasy. She was once more on her own. She went back to work as a telegraph operator.

This part isn't quite clear to me now, but it seems like she was back at home with her mother for awhile, at Beaver, I believe. At least she was near, and in touch with her mother. She wanted a Temple marriage and children. She became acquainted with a man named Patrick Henry McGuire, known as Henry McGuire, and his wife "Aunt Lizzy." So her name must have been Elizabeth. Mother had a very deep affection for this woman. Polygamy was in favor in the Church at that time. Henry wanted to marry mother, as his second wife, and his wife also was in favor of it, and wanted mother to join their family. So mother married Henry McGuire, and became his second wife. They all lived together in the same household, and mother and Lizzy got along fine together. I haven't the date of mother's marriage to Patrick Henry McGuire, but they were married in the St. George Temple.

While mother got along fine with Lizzy, she had a hard time getting along with Henry. He turned out to be very harsh and dictatorial, and inconsiderate with his women folks. Mother was of an independent frame of mind, and didn't take well to that kind of treatment.

Mother had a son born to her, Rupert Lee McGuire, in Washington County, Utah, on March 12, 1882. I copied the place of birth the way she wrote it in the family Bible. No town is mentioned.

Later she gave birth to a daughter, Alice Hilda McGuire, in Beaver County, Utah, on May 17, 1885. At the birth of Alice, mother suffered a bad infection, known as "milk leg." She and her husband were living on a ranch, where a crew of many men were employed. They all ate there at the ranch house, and mother had been cook and housekeeper. I don't know where Lizzy was at

this time. I don't remember mother mentioning her in connection with the incident. She probably had other responsibilities at their home in Beaver, or near there. Anyhow, mother's continued illness became inconvenient and expensive for Henry, who now had to hire this work done. He became unreasonable and unpleasant about it. One day he scolded her roughly, saying she had been "enjoying these pleasures of idleness" long enough, and it was time she got up and got to work. Her feelings were terribly hurt. She knew she was hardly ready to get up and get to work yet. She was still very weak. She felt that her husband should have more sympathy and consideration than that. Didn't he care about her health, or what might happen to her if she got up and took on the work again too soon? She thought to herself, "If he doesn't care what happens to me, then I guess neither do I." So she forced herself to get up and dress, and attempt the work again. It was tough going at first, but she got by. But she never quite forgave him for that. It was probably farm work they were engaged in there, and at the end of the season, when they moved back to their home, in or near Beaver, she definitely left him for good, and taking her two children, went home to her mother. Her mother, Eliza Foscue Lee, she was now separated from her harsh unpleasant husband, John Percival Lee. She had taken her maiden name again, Eliza Ann Foscue. Mother moved in and lived with her.

My mother made it widely known that she was definitely and permanently separated from her husband, and never went where he was again. In those days that was considered by everyone as a divorce. It was legally accepted also, as a "Common-law Divorce." Her mother's separation from her husband had been the same, a Common Law Divorce.

Little Alice became ill, and died on Sept. 6, 1886, at Beaver, Utah. Soon after that, if I remember correctly, mother began teaching school, leaving little Rupert with her mother.

Mother had met and liked my father, Willard Ammon Wixom, when she was a girl, before she ever married. But he had gone away, and she had seen him no more. Now she met him again, and liked him very much. He had been married, his children were grown up, and he was divorced from his wife now, and on his own. My mother told me she thought more of Willard Wixom than of any man she had ever known. He became interested in her, and soon they were married. She didn't realize that her marriage to Henry McGuire, who was still living, was not dissolved, as far as the church was concerned. It had been a temple marriage, and there was nothing serious enough to warrant a temple divorce. She was really still married to him, but didn't know it. None of her family seemed to know it either. They considered her divorced, and free to re-marry. So she married Willard Ammon Wixom, in Provo, Utah on Sept. 18, 1887. Little Rupert, as was the custom in those days, took the family name of his step-father, and was known as Rupert Lee Wixom. Mother and Willard Wixom lived in San Bernardino, Calif. He owned business houses in this city, which he rented to businessmen, and received a good income from this source. From here on, I will speak of Willard Wixom as my father, for he was. A daughter was born to father and mother, there in San Bernardino, Calif., on Nov. 18, 1888. They named her Lilian Lenore Wixom. Then in the same city, on February 23, 1892, I was born, and they named me Rosalind Lelia Wixom.

There came a year of depression, and businesses were failing. Some of father's business houses stood empty, as the companies who had rented them failed in business. So, while they still had

any value, father sold out, and our home as well, and we moved to a farm we bought in Circleville, Utah. I was two years old when we moved to Circleville. It was spring, Lilian would be five in the fall, and Rupert was twelve. So here we all lived on the farm in Circleville. We lived at first in a small log cabin, but we soon built a fine two-story brick house on another part of the property nearer town.

Mother's people were from the South, and she had great respect and admiration for the southern general, Robert E. Lee. A large frame picture of him hung on our front room wall. Rupert also grew up to have respect and admiration for Robert E. Lee. The name Rupert means Robert, so as Rupert grew into manhood, he added the letter E. to his name, and became Rupert E. Lee Wixom, and was known by that name all the rest of his life. He was admitted to the Legal Bar, of Utah, as a lawyer, under that name, so it became his legal name.

My father didn't belong to the Church, but he was favorable toward it, and was investigating. Mother hoped he would soon be baptized. Mother, of course, joined the Ward there in Circleville, and as her records were handed in, to be added to the Ward records, the Bishop became aware that the man Patrick Henry McGuire, that she married in the temple, was still living. That there had been no temple divorce, and no grounds for a temple divorce. He told mother that she had no right to marry anyone else. She still belonged to McGuire. He found she didn't know she had done wrong. That she wouldn't have done wrong for anything in the world, if she had really understood it. He told her, and made it strong, that living with Willard Wixom as his wife was really committing a sin. And now that she knew, she must not live with him anymore. Mother was always determined to do what is right, and knew that she and father must separate. She had great respect and affection for father, who had always treated her with kindness and consideration. This would be a hard thing to tell him, and him not being a Latter-day Saint, he would not understand about our temple ordinances, and their sacred and binding nature. Crushed and miserable, and knowing that none of it was his fault, and ashamed that she could have made such a dreadful mistake, she went home, and bravely told father about it. Of course he didn't understand about the importance of the temple ordinance and was indignant at the Bishop, and was definitely turned against the church. He wanted nothing more to do with it. They had taken his wife from him, and his children too, for they, of course, would stay with the mother. But he was gentle and understanding with mother. He left almost immediately, and went back to San Bernardino, where he had married children, and there he lived the rest of his life. He left the home and farm to mother, which, I think, had been in her name all along. All he took was his own private belongings, and two horses, one to ride and the other to carry the pack. He wished us well, bid us a fond farewell, and left. We never saw him again. But I wrote to him regularly, and heard from him regularly until his death in San Bernardino, on Jan. 14, 1916. Mother started me writing to him right away after he left. I was only 8 years old then, and I kept him informed about us, and sent him photographs from time to time, as I grew older, my school graduation pictures, etc. Through his letters to me, and occasional photographs, we were kept informed about him.

But we needed other things besides food. Rupert took our work team, and got a job with a freight wagon train, hauling goods across several states. He made pretty good wages during the summer. In the fall, mother sold a cow for more money to go with what he could keep from his freighting

job, and sent Rupert to Cedar City, Utah, to attend a High School there, which was also a Normal School, to prepare him to be a school teacher.

That fall mother ran for office on the Democratic ticket for County Recorder, and was elected. Her office was at the County seat, at Junction, Utah, some eight miles or so from Circleville. She bought a light buggy and a fast trotting horse, and drove each day to work, and back again at night. She hired a neighbor, a young lady, to live at our house by day, doing housework, serving meals and looking after us girls. I remember that on summer days, she often took me with her for company. We took our lunch, and I played around outside with neighborhood children. Before long the Recorder's Office was changed to another nearby town, Kingston, Utah. I also rode with her to Kingston many times. Her office there was in a part of the home of the King family. We finally rented a larger section of the large King house, giving us a kitchen, and a large bedroom-living room. This was before a winter was coming on, and driving back and forth would be difficult. We rented our place in Circleville, animals and all, and mother, Lilian and I moved to our apartment in Kingston. Rupert went back to school in the fall, after working and earning money in the summer, and mother was able to give him some money also.

When mother's term as County Recorder ran out, she was not re-elected. So she applied for, and obtained a school teaching job there in Kingston, and we moved out of our apartment in the King house, and rented a little house near the school. It was a one room school, and she has all the first five classes, known as Chart Class, or the beginners, who read from a large chart, 1st Reader, 2nd Reader, 3rd Reader, 4th Reader, and I forget if there were any in the 5th Reader class or not, but I don't think so. As one class recited, all the rest were doing seat work. The crowd was not too great, as some classes had only 4 or 5 members. At recess time the 1st two grades would be out for recess, while the others would remain in school, and each class recite while the younger ones were out, then as the bell rang for the little ones to come in, the others went out for their recess. The teacher, needless to say, was very busy all the time. Mother handled it well, and was a very good teacher.

The following summer, Rupert came to us. We decided to bring our good milk cow to Kingston, and arrange to have her kept and fed with the stock of a neighbor across the street from us, we girls would do the work feeding, watering and milking her. I was 10 years old now, used to stock, and this work mostly fell to me, after learned to milk. At first Lilian did the milking, and I did the feeding and watering. The name of the family was Neilson, and two Neilson boys, James 10, and Marty 11, did their chores, and I worked with them. One winter the school became too crowded, and a room was rented by the school in the King house, as a school room, I went to school there one winter. Miss Verna King was our teacher.

Mother finally applied for a teaching job in Circleville, and got it. We moved back home. Mother taught the second grade there for a year or two. A new school house had been built, only about as far away as a city block from our home. Here is where mother taught. In the summers we rented the farm and worked the garden. Rupert, when he wasn't away at school, would be away at work, and it became my job to take care of the animals. I liked animals and got along fine with them. Lilian concentrated on the house work though I was the dishwasher, and scrubbed a bare floor on Saturdays. We all worked in the garden in the summer.

After Rupert finished two years of school in Cedar City, the Normal School Course he was taking, continued with two more years in Salt Lake City. He went there and graduated from this course and obtained his Teacher's Diploma. He then married a Cedar City girl, Sara Middleton, and obtained a teaching position in Murray, Utah, in the outskirts of Salt Lake City. He and Sara were married in the St. George Temple, on June 20, 1906, and then moved to Murray, Utah, after coming and visiting with us briefly.

In the late summer of 1906, when I was fourteen, we sold our home and farm in Circleville, and my mother, sister and I moved to Manti, Utah, where we stayed with my mother's mother, Eliza Ann Foscue. My mother's widowed sister, Lucinda Dalton, whom we called Aunt Lu, also lived there with Grandma Foscue. Our reason for selling out and moving to our relations in Manti, was my Mother's serious illness. She was so ill with brutal spasmodic asthma, each spell of which almost took her life from strangulation, and she has wasted almost to a skeleton, and was so weak she could hardly walk a few steps, like from one room to another.

Before we sold our property in Circleville, mother has been taken to Panguich, Utah, the nearest place to reach a doctor, and had been in a small hospital there for a week or two. The doctor diagnosed her ailment as Spasmodic Asthma, and stopped each strangulation spell with a shot in the arm of Adrenalin Chloride. I was taught to use the hypodermic, and give her this shot. My sister, Lilian, learned to do it too, but it was my responsibility. I was the one who kept close to mother, while Lilian was busy with other things. In the doctor's opinion, a complete change of location and environment would be of help to mother. So we sold our property in Circleville, and moved to Manti.

Rupert and his wife had come from Murray, Utah, and had taken mother to Panguich to the doctor, and after she had returned home, he saw about the sale of our property, and got us moved to Manti. This done, he and his wife went on back to Murray, to be ready for the opening of school in early September.

In Manti arrangements were made with the Drug Store to carry sufficient Adrenalin Chloride for our needs. It was crowded in Grandma's house for all of us, so before long we rented a little house nearby.

In the fall my sister Lilian entered Manti High School, and I stayed home with mother to wait on her, and give her the shot when needed. But mother grew worse. Right after Christmas, Rupert had us send mother, by train, to Salt Lake City, and I went with her to look after her. He met us at the train. After she was established there in the hospital, I returned myself, on the train, to Manti. There I expected to enter school myself, as I still had the 7th grade to finish. We gave up the rented house, of course, and Lilian and I stayed at Grandma's house. It seemed odd today for a girl of 14 to still be in the 7th grade. But many people then didn't start children in school until they were 8 years old. They felt children were more mature, and would get more out of their schooling, if they started at 8 years of age. My mother had that idea too. So I began the first grade, or Chart Class, as they called it then, at that age, as did also my sister, and my brother. But I didn't get a chance to start school that term after all, the doctor attending my mother in Salt Lake City, decided she should be sent to the Coast, hoping the change of altitude would help her.

My Aunt Emma Sutherland, who was mother's sister, Emma Roberts Lee Sutherland, would meet her at the Los Angeles end of the trip, and take charge of everything, putting her in a good hospital, and getting her a good doctor. But I would have to go with her, to wait on her, and give her the Adrenaline Chloride shots. So Rupert sent me word, and the money for my train ticket, and met me at the train in Salt Lake City. This was in early January of 1907. Mother and I went by train to Los Angeles, and were met by Aunt Emma, who took us to the Catholic "Sisters" Hospital, to an apartment in Venice, Calif., almost on the boardwalk that fronted the beach. She bought a wheel chair for mother, and sent for Uncle John's 20 year old daughter Rosa, to be our hired housekeeper. We were paying the expenses, of course, out of the money we received for the sale of our house and farm. Mother, however, had said, "I am not going to have every cent of it spent on me", so she had \$100.00 a piece for Lilian and me put into a Salt Lake City bank, and we each had our little bank book to show for it. It was to be drawn at the time of our marriage.

So there we were in Venice by the sea. We wheeled mother along the board path from our apartment onto the beach boardwalk, and up and down it, in front of the decorative shops of curious and beautiful things. We even bought for each of us, something we liked. For mother, it was a pair of beautiful polished abalone shells, one red and one green. For me a necklace of oddly shaped pieces of bright pink coral. And I forget what it was my cousin Rosa chose. Then we wheeled mother down toward the water, off from the boardwalk, till the sand got too deep for pushing the chair. Then we helped mother get out of it, and a few steps farther, to lie down on a blanket we spread, and there in the warm sunshine watch the waves and the bathers, and the children playing in the sand with their little pails and spades. We were here in Venice for my 15th birthday on February 21, 1907.

In March sometime, we moved again. This time we went in a large two-seat buggy (or it may have been a light spring-wagon. I now forget which) drawn by a team of horses, out into the hills of Monterey County, where Uncle John lived. A ranch house there was vacant, and for rent, and was only about a mile from Uncle John's ranch. And another ranch was even nearer, where a family by the name of Ramage lived. We went there and rented that vacant ranch house, and Rosa Lee lived with us, and was our cook and housekeeper. Her 18 year old sister (or she may have been 17), whose name was Suphina, often came and stayed all day, and helped Rosa with the washing, ironing or cooking. Uncle John or the Ramages, when they made the trip to the Post Office and General Store at Bryson, a little wayside stop some 10 miles or so away, or possibly a little less, would come and take our order for groceries, and any letters we wanted mailed, and when they returned, bring us our groceries and our mail. This happened about once a week. We got milk from the Ramages, and I walked over to get it once a day, as it was near, only about a half mile from us, as I remember it. There was a hill between us and their place, and the road wound around it. We couldn't see any signs of human habitation from our place, for the hills all around us. Beautiful live Oak trees growing, not thickly, but here and there all over and between the hills. When we came in March, there had been a lot of rain, and there was more rain in April. All the hills were green, and trailing curtains of moss hung down from the branches of the Live Oak trees. Beautiful nature scenery was on all sides. There were two large fig trees side by side in our front yard. We had a nice hammock which we had brought with us from Circleville, and we hung it between these two trees. There were other big trees close to the house, shade trees, not fruit trees. The fig trees had lots of big black figs, which we ate and enjoyed. Many birds

sang in our trees. An orange and black Oriole sang beautifully, and he and his mate made a hammock nest in the tall shade tree near the kitchen door. They were quite tame, and didn't seem to mind our coming and going. Also mocking birds were in our trees, and sang us their sweet trilling songs. Our water we drew with a rope and bucket from a well some little distance from our house. We spent the summer in this peaceful place. Lilian came to us as soon as her school year closed. She was now eighteen. While we lived there, Lilian and I made friends with the Ramage young people. They had two grown daughters and a grown son. Bertha, the oldest daughter, became Lilian's friend, and Caroline, called Carrie, became my friend, and young Frank became Lilian's "boy-friend". There was a little Community Protestant Church in the vicinity, that all the ranch people attended, if they went to church at all, and most did. The ministers were rotated from different denominations, and their sermons were "middle of the road" religiously, so as to tread on no toes. The young people had an organization, known as Y.P.L.S., for Young People's Literary Society. This Society arranged and carried out dramatizations and pageants; and also social parties, were refreshments, at the homes of the members. They included Lillian and me, and took us whenever we could go. Of course we couldn't both go at the same time, on account of mother, and mostly she was the one who went. Frank liked to (*take?*) her around and would come for her. I usually "bowed out" and said "You go," but I went sometimes. There was a young man, Merlen Moore, who also liked Lilian. She was always very popular. But she was going with Frank, so sometimes he paid attention to me. He took me on horseback once to a house party. It was at his home that night, and Lilian stayed home with mother.

Mother was always kind and considerate. She loved her children, and did all she could always for their happiness welfare. Always, during our growing up, she had told us Bible stories at bedtime, and at all opportune times taught us the gospel of Jesus Christ, and emphasized honesty, truthfulness, and all right principles. She was a person of high principles herself, and taught us to be the same. But she was also a stern disciplinarian if we did wrong. If we ever spoke to her in a sharp, smarty, or disrespectful tone, we immediately got our face slapped. Or if caught fighting each other, or being mean to anyone, or anything, we were sharply reproved, and maybe also got our bottoms spanked. But her love and kindness was so great, when we behaved ourselves, and we usually did, under her guidance, that we loved her dearly, and felt security in her nearness. When sick or hurt she yearned over us, and did everything in her power to help and console us, and it was the same if we were discouraged or unhappy about something. She often said, when she had had to punish us, "I have to correct you when you do wrong, for the Lord holds us responsible to bring my children up in righteousness." And she brought us all up in the faith of the gospel.

One day when we were there on the ranch in the Monterey hills, I was alone with her, Lilian had gone somewhere, and as I leaned over mother's chair, I was alone doing something for her, I was feeling a little out of sorts, I don't remember now just what and something she said to me, or asked me to do, or complained about, annoyed me, and I answered her snappy, almost as if I were scolding her. Almost instantly her hand came up, and she slapped my face, saying, "Don't you speak to me like that!" I was shocked, and angered, that a fifteen year old girl, who had been patiently waiting on her mother hand and foot, should be slapped like a naughty child. I was indignant. I left her without a word, and left the house, probably slamming the door as I left. I

went clear outside the fenced area of our ranch, and climbed up into the low branches of a tree. Here I sat to cool off, and think the matter over. The more I thought about it, the more I knew I was wrong. She was a sick woman. What right had I to speak sharply to her? As for getting slapped, while I thought that I was just a little old for that kind of treatment, I had to admit that I probably had deserved it. I was not going to hold it against my sick mother. She had never held anything against me when I was sick, no matter how cross and unreasonable I became. Now I was ashamed of myself. I had left my mother alone, and maybe she needed me. What if she was having an asthma spell right now! I hurried back to her, very repentant, and asked her to forgive me. I said I knew I had no right to speak to her like that, and I didn't blame her for slapping me. She was all love and gentle forgiveness. She got me to help her out of her wheel chair into a big rocking chair. She pulled me down onto her lap and held me lovingly and rocked me, patting me and singing softly to me. She said, "It's been a long time since I've held you like this my baby girl," "She called me her little baby girl because I was the youngest, the baby of the family. I was worried because I was afraid I was too heavy on her, but she insisted I wasn't heavy at all. Now there was sweet harmony and peace between us again. I gave her a caress and a kiss, and soon got to my feet, and with love in my heart, went about my duties once more, caring for her needs and comfort.

In November, 1907, we moved again. This time to San Diego. Mother seemed to be better for a while each time we moved to a new location. The change seemed to help her. Aunt Emma had a little house in San Diego, just completed as a rent property. She had us come and move into it, in November 1907. Lilian was cook and housekeeper, and also took care of mother during the day, on school days, and I started to school in the 7th Grade. During that winter I had a heavy course of study, as I found that the 7th grade in San Diego was more advanced than the one I had attended in Circleville, Utah. They were way ahead of me in Geography, History, and especially Arithmetic. The other pupils were familiar already with work I had never had. It was a scramble to keep up. But the teachers were kind and helpful. They helped me after school with difficult questions and problems, and I was soon able to keep up with the class.

But Mother grew worse again, and by late April, she was under morphine, with a trained nurse established in the house to take care of her, and a doctor coming in every day, and on May 6, 1908, she died. I remember the day as May 5th, but I never wrote it down, just memorized it. But Aunt Emma reported it to all the relatives as May 6th. As I have no proof of the May 5th date, and as the May 6th date is now in the Temple records in Salt Lake, and in everyone's genealogy books, I guess that date will have to stand, as the date of mother's death, May 6, 1908.

The day before she died, I was allowed to go in and see her for a few minutes, and sit and read to her a short article from one of my school books. She was sitting up, sort of bowed over, and was dopey from the morphine. I doubt if she heard or understood what I read. She started to say something once, but trailed off. The nurse had said not to let her talk, but just read to her. So I had said, when she started to speak, "Don't talk! The nurses said I was just suppose to read to you." Now I wish I had let her say what she was trying to say, for that was the last time I saw her alive. The nurse came soon and sent me out. And the next day mother died.

Aunt Emma telegraphed my brother, Rupert, and he came from Murray, and was there for the funeral. Aunt Emma had taken care of everything, except one detail, which mother had asked me to personally attend to, in case she died. That was to take a street car, and go to the Latter-day Saint Mission Home there in San Diego, and ask the Relief Society Sisters there, to take care of dressing her for her burial, and see that she was laid away in her temple clothes. I took care of this item, and they took care of making her clothes, and dressing her for her burial. Aunt Emma made arrangements at the Mortuary for them to do this.

After the funeral, Lilian and I packed up, and went back with Rupert, and our mother, in her casket, was shipped back with us. We stopped at Manti, Utah, where mother desired to be laid away, in Grandma Foscue Lee's Cemetery plot, at the foot of the hill where stands the Manti Temple. There mother was laid to rest. And so closes the life of Ann (Annie) Eliza Lee.

Memories of My Mother

By her daughter, Rosalind Lelia Wixom Sessions

I remember my mother as a strict disciplinarian, but always conscientious, considerate, kind and loving. She corrected you for your good, and because the Lord held her responsible for bringing you up right, and she told you so. There was nothing she wouldn't do to help or comfort a sick or hurt child, or even a sick or hurt animal, for that matter. She taught us to be kind and considerate of each other, and always kind to animals.

I remember one time, when a girl of about 11 years, I was coming back to the house from the animal sheds and out buildings. It was nearly dark. I was carrying a galvanized bucket with a torn upper edge. As I rounded the corner of the granary, where some pieces of loose lumber were lying, I stumbled on something, and fell forward, and my face came down on that bucket I carried in my hand. Its sharp ragged edge of torn metal cut across the bridge of my nose. I suddenly felt dizzy and weak, and couldn't seem to get up. I cried out in pain and fear. My sister Lilian was hanging clothes on the line not far away, she didn't come. She cried out, impatiently, "Oh, get up and go in the house, don't just lie there and bawl." But I didn't seem to be able to do so. I felt almost as if I were passing out unconscious. But just then my mother came running from the house, tenderly raised me up, and assisted me with all her strength, sustaining my weight against her, and took me into the house. I left a trail of blood all the way. I was bleeding heavily from a cut vein on the bridge of my nose. Mother got me seated near the wash stand, and went competently to work to stop that bleeding. She was good at "First Aid." In fact a pretty good amateur doctor for common ordinary ailments. She had had to learn to be, as there was no doctor available in our locality. I was soon lying down, resting and feeling much better, and with a thick pack of clean white cloth, which I held tightly on the top of my nose. In a short time, the blood had clotted and the cut had sealed itself, and a small bandage and adhesive tape were applied, and mother had me continue to lie down and rest. This was a sample of mother's loving care and solicitation of anything went wrong with any of us. Never in the world would she

reprove a hurt or sick person for anything they might say or do. We could depend on her all the way.

Mother always held a little “Home Evening” with us before we went to bed, all through our childhood years, telling us church and Bible Stories, and singing to us old familiar songs, that we joined in with, and sang as soon as we were able. When younger we were taken on her lap, and rocked in her rocking chair, and sang to. She made a real occasion of the hour before we went to bed. She taught us to pray, and while we were quite young we prayed at her knee.

As we grew, she taught us the gospel and we all three, my brother Rupert, my sister Lilian, and I grew up firm in the faith, and never doubted, or strayed from the church and it's principles. I can't remember when I received a testimony of the truth of this gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It seemed as if I had always had it, implanted there early in life by my mother. She encouraged us to pray for the guidance of the spirit, and to listen in for the promptings of the still small voice. We did just that, and received its guidance early in life. One instance that she told us about, helped us to do this.

It was years after father had left us, (as has been told in “The Life Sketch of My Mother”), and mother was a widow alone, struggling to make ends meet. Rupert had a bad heart. He had had a bad bout with inflammatory rheumatism when about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and it had left him with a leakage of a heart valve, and he was unable to do heavy work. He was away driving our own team on the freighting wagon, trying to earn what he could toward school in the fall, where he would be training to become a school teacher. This was before mother had the job in the County Recorder's Office. No money was coming in, unless we occasionally sold a calf. We bought small purchases at the general store, mostly with eggs from our chickens. Mother had raised a lot of cucumbers that summer, and she wanted to make them up into pickles, with a recipe she had. That recipe called for a certain kind of spice that she thought she didn't have. This she was quite sure of, as she had looked carefully through all her shelves and compartments where such things were kept. She had only a very small amount of money in her purse, and it might be needed more for something else. However she decided to go to the store and buy the spice, as it was important to save the cucumbers. It was quite a walk to the store. When there, she told the clerk what she wanted, and he was searching through shelves for the desired article. Just then a “still small voice” spoke in her mind, quite clearly, and said, “Don't buy the spice. You have some at home. Save your money.” Mentally she argued back, saying she knew she didn't have any, for she had looked very carefully. Again the voice spake, quietly but clearly, “Don't buy the spice. You have some at home. Save your money.” So she said to the clerk, “Never mind. I have changed my mind. I won't get it today.” She walked back home feeling very strange. She felt like she really should have bought the spice. It would be a long walk to come back to the store, and she really wanted to begin work on the pickles tomorrow. But the voice seemed sure she had some of that spice at home, so she had better go and look some more. She prayed to the Lord to guide her, as she looked through all her shelves and compartments again. But no spice was found. There was one high shelf, away up next to the high ceiling, that hadn't been used in years, because it was so hard to get at. With some difficulty she finally was able to find something with which she was able to climb up to that supposedly empty shelf. Way back against the wall was a large can of something. She reached and got it. It was a can of the kind of

spice she needed. Now she thanked the Lord for His guidance, and that she had listened to and obeyed the still small voice.

My Mother had some wonderful spiritual experiences. This one I am about to relate, would seem hard for some to believe, except that the truth of it was confirmed by her own mother who experienced the other half of the dream, or whatever it was. Mother was working as a telegraph operator, far from home. It was in her single years, before she had married. She had been very lonely and homesick. One evening she was especially thinking of her mother and sister at home, and wishing so much that she might see them and talk to them, and be at home with them for even a short visit. She had to make her own living, and couldn't leave her job.

It seemed like she was walking outside. It was night, but the sky was clear and the moon was shining. She stood looking off in the direction of her home, and wishing she could be there tonight. Suddenly she arose into the air, and soared high above the houses, trees, and fields, and off toward her home town. She was aware of all the scenery below her, as she sailed over it. She noticed cattle in the fields, a cow and her calf especially. The cow seemed to be fighting off a wolf that was trying to get at her calf. Mother finally arrived over her home town. (I believe it was Beaver, Utah, if I remember correctly.) Here she let herself down, and walked to her mother's home, where a light was still burning, and knocked on the door. Her mother came to the door, and welcomed her in, and was so glad to see her. The sisters had already gone to bed, and mother said not to wake them on her account, but would it be alright if she took the lamp and went in to look at them as they lay asleep. Her mother said she could, and so she took the kerosene lamp and held it on top of her head, as she went into look at them. She came back then, and visited with her mother, finding out about everything the family had been doing, and telling about herself. Her mother was staying up late working on some sewing she wanted to have done for tomorrow. Mother finally said she had to go now. Her mother tried to persuade her to stay, but she said she couldn't stay this time. When she came to stay she would come in a wagon. So she bid her mother goodbye, and left on foot. But as soon as she was well away from the house, and there seemed no one around to see her, she arose again into the air, and floated over the country side, until she arrived back at her boarding house in the town where she worked. Here she let herself down, and went in to her own room, and went to bed. In the morning it still seemed so real, as if it had really happened, and she couldn't really be sure. Had she dreamed it? Or had her spirit been separated from her body temporarily, and had it really made the visit home?

Later when she was really home for a visit with her family, she was telling her mother about this experience, dream, or whatever it was. Her mother took it up and finished it before she would do so, by saying, "Yes, I know, and you took the lamp and held it on top of your head, and went in to see your sisters as they lay asleep. We visited awhile." (and her mother mentioned the very things they had discussed) "When you said you had to go, I tried to get you to stay, but you said no. That when you came to stay you would come in a wagon. I must have gone to sleep on my sewing. I thought it was a dream, but if it was a dream, we dreamed it together. We each experienced our part of it." It was as if their spirits communicated with each other that night.

Another time mother was made aware of an event through spiritual means, before it was otherwise known. This was still in mother's days of working as a telegraph operator away from home. She was boarding with a family whose grown son was away working somewhere, and not expected home for a long time, maybe not for years. Mother was given an upstairs bedroom adjoining the now vacant room of their son. The hall between the two rooms was not a solid wall of wood, but was a partition made of carpeting or tapestry. Her room would not be too private, if a man were using that room, but no man, or anyone else for that matter, was expected to be there.

One night late, when everyone else in the house was asleep, mother, who was in bed but not asleep, heard someone come into the house slow, and come on up the stairs. The footsteps were heavy and solid, like those of a man. He entered the room next to hers. A light came on, as if a lamp were lighted. And she heard sounds of his undressing and getting into bed. She even saw his shadow against the cloth partition, and then the light went out. She decided their son had unexpectedly come home. She hoped he would dress and get out of there in the morning before she had to get up. When she awoke in the morning, all was quiet next door. No sounds of life. She had to dress quickly and get down to breakfast, or she would be late for work. She hoped the man beyond the partition wouldn't see her. But as she passed his door on her way to the stairs, the door stood open. No one was in the room, and there were no signs that anyone had used it. The bed stood neatly made up, as always. She went down wondering if he would be at breakfast, and she would meet him. No one was there but the man of the house and his wife. Mother spoke up and said, "Your son came home last night, didn't he? I thought maybe I would meet him here at breakfast." They looked astonished. No, they didn't know anything about their son being home. They had heard nothing. So she told them her whole experience of last night. She was sure a man came home in that room next to hers, and went to bed. But on investigating, they could find no signs at all, that anyone had been in that room. The parents were worried. Was her dream, or whatever it was, sent to them as a warning, to prepare them for the shock that something had happened to their son?

Mother went to her job at the telegraph office. And that very morning a telegraph came for this young man's parents. It said he had been killed in an accident the evening before. The spirit of the young man had returned home, and gone to his old room once more. His parents were unable to discern spirits, and didn't know of his coming, but mother was able to discern spirits, and had been aware of his presence. The parents were glad mother told them about this, as this warning had cushioned the shock of the news of his death. And they were so glad to know that his spirit had returned home and tried to contact them before its final departure. They said that knowing about this was a comfort to them. Mother could be said to be clairvoyant, that is being able to discern things not present to the normal senses.

This is another instance of that, which I will now relate. This indicated the coming death of a young girl of twelve, before anyone suspected it. It was while mother was County Recorder, and had her office in a rented room of a home, in Junction, Piute County, Utah. This town was about eight miles from our home in Circleville. She drove there and back with a horse and buggy. I was nine years old and often went there with mother on the summer days, playing outside with other children during her office hours. The people in whose house the Recorder's Office was located, were a family by the name of Morrell. They had a pretty and lively twelve year old daughter. If I

remember rightly, her name Hazel. Sometimes, after office hours, mother would stop in at the kitchen door and visit briefly with Mrs. Morrell. She and mother were on the best of terms. One day as she approached the kitchen door, the wooden door stood open, and looking through the screen door, which was easily seen through, and saw Hazel with a mischievous expression on her face, and dressed in a long white dress, clear down to her feet. It looked as if she were up to some kind of make believe, and was ready for a romp. Mother smiled at her, and opened the screen door to enter and laugh and joke with her, till her mother should appear. But as mother opened the screen door, the appearance of Hazel was gone. There was no one there. Hazel's mother, entering the kitchen at that moment, caught the blank, puzzled expression on mother's face. She, knowing something of mother's spiritual discernment ability, asked her, "What did you see or think you saw?" Mother told her, but told her it might have been a reflection of light on the screen, as she looked through it. Mrs. Morrell said, "Oh, I do hope nothing is about to happen to Hazel." Mother told her not to worry. It probably wasn't anything.

Within the week, Hazel was taken violently ill, with a fatal disease, and died in just a day or two. Mother was present at her funeral. As she lay in her coffin, Mother saw that she was dressed in the very white dress mother had seen her wearing that day in the kitchen. It was long, clear down to her feet. Mrs. Morell said she was so thankful that mother saw that apparition of her daughter Hazel, and told her about it, which had partially prepared her for the shock of her daughter's sudden death.

These are a few of the Clairvoyant, or spiritual experiences, that I remember my mother telling us about. Other beautiful memories of her come to me. She knew and sang all the old familiar songs of her day. She was a good conversationalist, and a very interesting story-teller. She loved good classical literature. She read to us, and discussed Shakespeare's plays, and the novels of the best authors. We early acquired a taste for good literature, and it helped us in school. Mother knew most of the best poetry by heart, that of Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, etc. She recited it to us as we worked in the house, and used good dramatic expression. We loved it, and it gave us a desire to memorize it too. Much of it we automatically remembered, from hearing her recite it. She read us "The Idylls of the King," by Tennyson, and could recite certain portions of it. From this we learned to love it all. My sister and I even learned to do some original poetry writing.

Memories of my mother are some of the most beautiful things in my life. She had a wonderful influence for good upon her children. We always loved and honored her. She was a wonderful mother.