

A Sketch of the life of Mary Ann McMullin Sullivan by Lone Woodbury Bradshaw, a granddaughter

Mary Ann McMullin was born in Harrisburg, Washington County, Utah, on January 14, 1867. She was the fifth child born to Willard Glover McMullin and Mary Ann Holmes. He had married twice before he married Mary Ann Holmes. His first wife, Mary Richards had died crossing the plains, so he had married her sister, Martha Richards. He left her and several children at home and went on a mission (I think to England). On his return, he married Mary Ann Holmes and brought her home to live in polygamy. Both families lived together in a large rock house in Harrisburg (now completely deserted) at the time Mary Ann was born. Martha died leaving Mary Ann to take care of all the children. She never distinguished between her own and those of Martha and they always got along fine, but Grandmother was always very bitter about polygamy.

She had little opportunity for education, as was the case in those tiny towns in those times. She read and was a very nice writer.

She learned while she was a child to sew, which helped her when she had a family. She could just look at a picture and make it. She was always called Aunt Mary by all the townspeople, and if anyone wanted a pattern [#\$@^!]t, they came to Aunt Mary to do it.

The young people from Harrisburg often walked to Leeds to the dances, but Mary Ann's father would never let her go unchaperoned. Mom tells of Joe Atkin coming to take her grandmother to a dance. She didn't like him, so she crawled out the upstairs window and went to the dance with a friend and her family.

William Duncan Sullivan came to Leeds from St. George to haul ore from Silver Reef down to the mill on the Virgin River. Mary Ann was at a dance at Leeds one night when he came in and saw her dancing. He turned to his friend and said "that is the girl I'm going to marry." He couldn't get up the courage to ask her to dance with him though, until he went next door to a wine cellar to get a drink. (Mother asked him once if he went to the dance in his old working clothes, without even

taking a bath. He told her of course, they had no place to ever take a bath). Anyway, he finally danced with her and wanted to take her home, but her father wouldn't let him. They corresponded for a couple of years, then they were married in the St. George Temple on October 22, 1883. They had both been through the temple for their own endowments earlier, so they just went and were married that day. Mom says they never did go through the temple together.

The first year they lived in St. George with his mother. Mary Ann was called to Harrisburg because of her father's illness and death. She was expecting her first child and her mother wanted her to come and have it at her home. So she went back to St. George to get her things, but the stork got in a hurry and she had her baby before she could get back. When the baby was two weeks old, they moved to Harrisburg, living in a little rock house across the street. (The pile of rocks still marked the place up until this year, 1956, when they have built a new road over it). Their next three children were born in Harrisburg. They moved to Leeds the fall of 1891, and stayed there the rest of their lives.

Grandfather did lots of freighting all his life. There was usually credit at the company store in Silver Reef, where the children walked for supplies. Often when grandfather came through Leeds, grandmother would get on the wagon with him and ride to Washington or St. George to get supplies, especially if she was having another baby, she would get bolts of factory to make sheets and diapers from.

During the time she was having her twelve children, she never went out much. She never did have a doctor at the birth of any of them. Many times, she didn't even have a dress good enough to go to church when her babies were blessed.

Even though she didn't go out much, there were many people who were remembered with a bit of buttermilk when she churned, some hot bis[#\$@^!]its when she baked, or a piece of meat when they killed a pig. She was a practical nurse and was called on anytime there was sickness in town.

All their children were born while they lived in a little two room house with a leanto for a kitchen. There was a little shack out back where some of the boys

slept. Much of their furniture was second hand stuff brought home from Grandpa's freighting trips. After the last baby, Lillian, was born, they bought the old Leatham home, which was as big as the other had been little. (Only the big rock room of this house is still standing, and that is the room in which I was born.)

Besides her own children, she practically raised Stella's three by her first marriage and one by a later marriage. Practically all the time—from the time her children started to marry, there was one or two of the families living in part of the house with them.

Mom says they were always welcome to bring their boyfriends home after a dance or party and go in the kitchen for a snack.

Grandfather used to bring every Tom, Dick, or Harry home anytime, without warning, for meals and to sleep. Mom says she wonders how her mother ever found food to feed all that came to stay. She always cooked a heavy breakfast and always there were hot biscuits. (I remember when we visited as a child, the huge dining room and great big table that was always full).

After her children were all born, she started going out more, and was active in the Church. She was a counselor in Primary and also in Relief Society. She was a teacher in Primary and a block teacher for years and years. If there was a death in town, she always had a hand in the making of burial clothes.

She always did a lot of sewing, making their garments till long after the children were all grown.

During their later years, she had quite a bit of kidney trouble. After she was able to get to St. George easier, she was always under the doctor's care, but it was too late, the damage had been done. She had a very terrible birth when Lillian was born. Mom was grown and she says she still remembers grandmother's screams. The older girls begged Grandfather to send to St. George for a doctor but he argued that they would have to send someone by horseback, then the doctor would have to come back in a buggy and it would be too long.

During the winter of 1935, she took very sick and the doctor said she must have complete quiet and rest, so they took her over to Hurricane to my mother's home. Mom took care of her until Mom had to be brought to the Cedar Hospital for an operation. They took Grandmother to the St. George Hospital, mom thought it would be the end, but she got better and went home for a time. The next year, she died on 7 May 1936 and was buried in the Leeds Cemetery on Mother's Day 1936.