

2 Sept 1982

My Dear Grandchildren:

As you look at me now, hardly able to move and needing the support of my chair and the arm of your mother as I attempt to move around, I wonder if you can imagine the thoughts that are racing through my head.

Today I would love to share some of these treasured memories with you.

My years have been rich ones. Right now I am 94 years and 8 months old. My that sounds old, doesn't it? But in terms of eternity it is but a moment. Each of these years have been rich ones, years, there have been struggles and heartaches, but whose lives isn't touched at one time or another with tests and trials. When mountains are climbed ones vision is expanded and inner strength achieved.

Your Grandfather John and I were married on Sept. 5, 1906 in the Salt Lake Temple. Your great great grandmother, the daughter of Hyrum Smith, ^{Maudie Ann} was there with us. This was a very happy day for us to be married in the ^{Smith} Lords House.

I was raised in Spanish Fork and Scofield, Utah. When I think of Scofield, I am saddened for it was there in 1900 that my father and brother were killed in the Scofield Mine Disaster. We were not the only ones touched, for every family lost someone. My oldest sister also lost her husband. Yet there were happy memories. At Sunday School one day the teacher asked who had not been baptised? I was one of those who raised their hands. He asked us to come with him and we went to the creek and he held a baptism service. We were in our Sunday clothes, but he baptised us. When I arrived home bedraggled and wet from head to toe, there must have been some words from my parents. They were very strict about their children attending Church services. ^(They knew we got much good out of it, but)

When I was your age I was not able to continue in school. I helped support the family working in the beet fields, topping beets. One of my favorite pictures is with my friend Agnes Barker, in our long Mother Hubbard dresses in the beet field. Today you would be wearing a pair of blue jeans, and then again I don't think you would be in the beet fields, either. ^{didn't expect this to happen in their best clothes}

I was able to get a job in the Church Coop in Spanish Fork. I made shoes! I was proud to be able to sew on these big machines. Each night before I went home I would take it apart and oil it so it would be ready for the morning work the next day.

^{John and I} we were so thrilled and excited when our little daughter Laverne arrived. She was the first grandchild on the Freckelton side of the family. And oh what joy she gave us. Our second baby arrived, a little boy, Ernest, he lived but 3 weeks. Your grandfather was working on the Strawberry Dam, and we went up there to live. Can you imagine living in the hills and having the snow fall so deep that it covered your tent. He would dig us out before he left in the morning. Wherever we went we walked on snow shoes. I was lucky for we had a coal stove so we were cozy and warm. The men in the camp would bring me flour and sugar and have me bake their bread. When spring finally arrived it was more cause for rejoicing. In spite of our modest living conditions we were a happy united family.

Before we moved to Strawberry, we had purchased a large building lot in Spanish Fork. We made payments on it each month and planned to build a home there. Grandpa's Father came to him and suggested that we trade the building lots for a cow. Times were hard and they needed a cow to feed their family, so our dreams were set aside and the trade was made.

Sometimes as Laverne ^{Lola} or Afton would drive me up the street on the way to the cemetery, I would look at these lots and tell them about the exchange for the cow.

Lola &

Each of you will wonder how all this relates to you. My mind wanders often to the things of long ago. The things of the present are often pushed aside, as I reminice, may I share more memories with you.

We didn't live near your parents when you were born, and I worried over your Mothers. I guess I was remembering how hard it was for me. All of my babies were born at home. I washed all of the clothes on a wash board and in big tubs of water that I heated over a fire in the yard or in my kitchen on the coal stove. Wash day was a all day job. It was always a great satisfaction to see those clothes blowing in the breeze, all beautiful and clean and white.

When we returned to Spanish Fork after the 2 years in the Strawberry Valley, Leonard was born. Your grandfather was so thrilled to have a son, he planned to do so many things with him.

They hunted and fished together; they were good friends. After Grandpa died, I looked forward to Sunday mornings, for Leonard would come and cook me a good breakfast and then take me for a long ride. Often we would go to his home where Beth would have a lunch for us. When things needed to be repaired or leaky taps fixed, Leonard would do it. It was so good to have him live close to me.

over the years We had saved a little money and bought a farm in Cornish, Cache County Utah. *Grandpa* worked the farm but we couldn't seem to get enough to make the payments and feed the family. A happy event here was the birth of our 4th child, Mary Fern. She brought joy at a time when we were discouraged.

and before She was such a happy child, we all enjoyed watching and listening to her as she gave beautiful readings. *Just before when we left the prison* our move to Provo, Mary and Bob Olson came and took us on a tour across the United States. We had such fun with them! It was just what we needed.

We heard of some homestead land in Moore, Idaho, so packed our things and were on our way. We were told that there was water, but found that it was coming, but when; was the question.

We were busy in the Church, your grandfather was called as Bishop. He was busy on a cold night in March, with a MIA activity. He had taken LaVerne and left the rest of us at home. I was in no condition to venture out. I had small pox. There had been many deaths in this valley from this disease. Oh, that was a night to remember. The children were in bed, I was sitting by the window when labor pains began. I suppressed a scream and hobbled to the bedroom, waking Leonard telling him to run for help. He was frightened to go out in the dark and snow. The nearest house was 1/2 mile away. Quite a feat for a 7 year old. It was a sleepless night at our house; toward morning a tiny 7 month baby girl was born. She was Lola Mae, we both surprised everyone for no one thought either of us would live. *what a blessing*

It seemed we were just getting on our feet and had some cows and the ~~Land~~ producing that we picked up everything and left our farm with a brother in law and were on a train to Texas. Grandpa would use his engineering skills to build concrete bridges. Life was different here. Can you think what it was like to not have many of the things we had been so

what a blessings have been

used to. Like milk? One day a cow was spotted off in a field. I sent Leonard off with a bucket to buy some milk. He was so happy to go he ran across the fields and came back all smiles with the bucket full. We crowded around and I gave them each some. Our joy was short lived, the milk was sour. ~~Later~~ I asked why they would sell us sour milk, we were told that was the way they liked it and thought us a bit strange.

We bought a cow and felt that LaVerne could take care of it and milk it. I tried to teach her and her father tried to teach her how to milk, but she couldn't learn. Leonard became the official dairyman.

It was just as well, for I needed LaVerne for other things. It was here in Alvarado, Texas that Martha Afton was born! John would always call her his Texas daughter.

With the Texas chapter in our lives completed we returned to make our home in Provo. We moved into Grandma Harris's home. I dreamed of having a washing machine. Aunt Josie Harries came to my rescue. She would do her wash on Monday and have her sons load her machine on a truck and deliver the washing machine to me. I would use it and then on the following Monday, the boys would take it back to its owner. How I loved her, she had taken care of LaVerne for us while we were settling things with our property. I was able to get the laundry to do for the dairy where dad was working and with the money I earned I bought me a Maytag Washing Machine.

We bought the large home on the corner of 3rd West and 1st South and it was well suited for the crowds that came to stay with us. Grace, Howard and Melvin, the children of Joseph and Geneive, were with us so much of the time. I felt like they were mine. We had many come from Wales and England stay with us. I loved them all, just as I loved my children. They looked to me as a mother, for even after they were married I often went to their homes to help them. All of us made a large family.

Lily was ill when she came to stay. John and I nursed her for many months, before we learned that she had T.B. Neighbors and friends told me I was crazy to keep her there. I even had people call me a fool. But where could she go, who would take care of her? She died in our home and we buried her on our family plot in Spanish Fork.

The Depression was hard on all of us. Opening up our home to others now made it possible for me to feed the family, and to make it possible for me to feed our family and to make the payments on our home. Each gave me a little money. By careful management I was able to buy the food and make the house payments. This was indeed a case of casting your bread upon the water.

During this time John was very ill with Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Mary and Laverne worked and gave me most of their money to help with the expenses.

Another little son was born still born. How my heart ached. But I was blessed to have so much to do that I didn't have time to mourn.

Can you imagine how happy we were when John Robert was born. He was a darling baby and loved by all. The family adored him.

Your grandpa worked for Startup candy company and was away from home so much, we were happy when he was appointed

Chief of Police For Provo City. How proud we were of him.

My he was handsome in his uniform. He had a great influence in the lives of many boys. He bought clothes for them, sometimes when his own needed shoes. We took them to shows, to carnivals, where John had arranged for tickets for them. Much of our lives was in helping these boys.

One of the relaxing things that John and I loved to do was to take a ride into the canyon. He would sing to us and we drove along. One of my favorites was "I take you Home Again, Kathleen". He started to sing this to me when we lived in Texas, and I was so homesick. He would sing it to me to cheer me up.

Grandpa was appointed Deputy Warden at the Utah State prison in 1937. This meant leaving our comfortable central heated home in Provo and moving into a home, a block above the Prison, on what was called Prison row. We heated it by two coal stoves. This was a change for me to cook on a coal range again. We heated our hot water with the fire in the kitchen range. The bedrooms upstairs were cold. John Robert remembers when he slept in blankets piled high on him to keep warm.

When I think of John Robert, I remember getting all of his school clothes in Provo, before the move. The excitement of the first day of school was high, he was going to school now he had waited all of these years for this day. When we went to the office to register him, I was told he couldn't come to school in jeans. The boys in this school were not allowed to wear anything but cords.

He was deputy warden for two years and when he was appointed Warden, we moved over into the prison on the second floor. The house looked like a castle to the girls. Some times I longed to have my own kitchen. Here I had the luxury of a cook and houseboy. Sometimes the girls wished I enjoyed all of the help more, but I felt strongly that my girls needed to know how to do things so the girls and I did most of the cooking and housework. *John loved to rearrange the furniture.*

I was appointed matron of the women prisoners, and would go to Colorado to serve their time. While they were at the prison and driving them over, I was in charge of them. *Wool Inter. Deco*

All the time we were at the prison the children and I attended church at the Edgehill Ward, when we returned to Provo John wanted to go fishing on Sunday, I would tell him that was alright, he could go but I was going to church. *I would leave* It wasn't many Sundays before he would be sliding in to sit down by my side.

What fun we had when all of us went to Disneyland. The Matterhorn, Oh it took my breath away as we rounded the curves. I insisted on taking all the rides. Grandpa was not well--- he didn't tell us, but he didn't go on the rides with us.

My life was empty after your grandfather died. I often wondered what I would do to fill in the hours and days. You, my grandchildren made these days rich for me as you came to my home and included me in the many things you were doing.

How good it was to have you come and rake my leaves to mow my lawn and to take me on rides, to go to the golden apple, to feed the ducks, and going to the Circus. I loved to be with you. You have brought much joy and happiness into my life. Your concern and love for me especially in my older years will be an eternal treasured memory. As I watch you grow over the years you have all been my pride and joy.

Lola, LaVerne and Afton have been close to me these past years. I have appreciated there constant concern.

When you my grandchildren, would visit me you would always bring a bundle of joy and happiness. When you would leave, I would often think as you left, "I wonder if they will come back." And then you did come back again and again. During the past several months sometimes I wouldn't even recognize you. But you must know how deeply I love you and your parents, my sons and daughters.

None of you will ever know how much I love your grandfather and oh, how I have missed him. I am so eager and anxious to be with him. And I will be with him forever and ever because we were married for time and all eternity and have done our best to honor and keep the covenants taken in the temple. We John and I want all of our family with us. We want to be eternally surrounded by loved ones.

All my love and blessings

Grandma

I wanted to speak at my mother's Service. I felt as daughter, I could share some of her qualities.

I chose to do it in first person in this form - as a letter to my grandchild. It started two years ago when I saw my m. I a Presidency and if the girls grandmothers would write them a little mother and I looked about it, but she told me I knew she couldn't write anything, so I decided I write it for her.