

THE STORY OF HARRIET

Harriet Althea Bee Stoddard

"On the fourth day of October 1888 my wife, Mary Jane, gave birth to a baby girl, which we named Harriet Althea," stated my father, Richard John Moxey Bee, in his autobiography. My father was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, February 6, 1835. When he was fifteen years of age, he came to America. My mother, Mary Jane Hepworth Bee, was born in Adwalton, England, December 23, 1855. At age nine, she migrated to America with her mother and some of her brothers and sisters. I was the sixth of seven children in our family. Three of them died at birth. The others, Mary, Eleanor, Joseph and I lived to maturity. My birthplace was Bloomington, Idaho.

When I was a small baby, mother took all the children and went to Star Valley, Wyoming to live. Problems were arising because of plural marriages in the Mormon Church, and it became necessary for her to go there for her safety. When the trouble had subsided she brought the family to Salt Lake City, Utah, for a time and then returned to our home in Bloomington, Idaho.

About the time I was four years old, father purchased some property in Georgetown, Idaho. Soon after, we went to live there. We traveled to our new home in a wagon. As soon as we arrived, my brother, Joseph, and I climbed out of the wagon and began exploring. We found an old wheelbarrow in the yard and my first memory of our new home is the ride Joseph gave me in the wheelbarrow.

I am in my eighties now and only a few childhood recollections come to my mind occasionally. I remember when I was six years old, a friend, Leone Stoddard, had a party for her eighth birthday. The party was held on the bank of the creek underneath a spreading willow tree. Homemade ice cream and cake were enjoyed by all. Other friends attending the party were: Mattie Johnson, Emma Robinson, Laura and Harriet Hoff, Mable Hess and Grace Bacon.

Many of my childhood activities centered on the locality of

the beautiful stream that flowed through our farm. The stream was called the Spring Branch, and it furnished a lot of pleasure to me and my friends. We liked to watch the minnows in the stream, and the chippies, little birds that flitted about in the willows. Sometimes I would get too close to the edge of the bank, and then I would fall in the water. I did this so often that mother told me that if I did it again, she would put me in bed until my clothes were dry, and I could not play with any of my friends. The next time I fell in that is just what she did. A good friend came to play and all the coaxing I did could not get her to let me out of bed to play. One section of the stream was dammed off for irrigation purposes; however, we used the resulting deep water for a swimming hole. I really wasn't big enough to swim in, so we just splashed about and had fun. We also had a small rowboat we used on the stream for additional fun.

Another special memory is a primary activity. Our primary produced a concert that we gave in Georgetown and in the nearby town of Bennington. The little girls in my class had a big drill with our dolls. Both the girls and their dolls were dressed in nightgowns. We all imagined we were doing something really great.

My schooling began at the age of seven, and I loved my first teacher, Miss Etta May Morgan. Another grade school teacher I remember, was Roy Welker. He was kind and good to me. It seems he had tended me when I was a baby. He made such a fuss over me that the other students said I was the teacher's "pet."

Mother took me to Salt Lake City, Utah, with her when I was eight years old. That was a great event in my life. We stayed at Grandmother Hepworth's home. She was ill, and I remember she had a dish of candy on a stand by her bed. She would give me a piece of candy when I would go in to talk to her. My cousin Elizabeth, who was older, would come and take me shopping for peppermint sticks. I thought she was a very special person. This trip was taken in the spring at April Conference time. Mother would save from one year to the next to be able to attend conference each year.

The next spring when I was nine years old, I had the measles and lost all my hair. Up to that time I had curly hair, but when

it came back in it was straight and much darker. My hair was so thin that my sister Mary kept it cut short. Soon after I had the measles, Mary became ill and died. This made me very sad because Mary was good to me, and I loved her very much. At one time, my father had worked in Montpelier as a bookkeeper for Burgoyne's. Mary had kept house for him and I stayed with them a lot.

Another unpleasant memory I have from my childhood is the fact that I was alone evenings, when mother went to take care of the dead. While she was gone, I would crawl under the bed as far as I could get because I felt safe there. When mother came home, I would crawl out and stay real close to her. I can remember my brother, Joseph, crawling under the bed too, but for a different reason. One day we heard some music coming from somewhere, and since we did not have any musical instruments we were curious. When we located the sounds, we found Joseph playing tunes on the bed springs. He later became quite an accomplished musician. He had such a keen ear for music that he could teach himself to play any instrument he chose.

I don't remember much else except that Joseph and I used to play and work together all the time. I enjoyed riding his bicycle, and we played ball together with our friends. Sunday school, primary and school activities were all an enjoyable part of my life.

When I was thirteen, my sister, Eleanor, married Bert Hess. That same fall, father, mother, and Joseph went to Salt Lake City, Utah, to visit with relatives. I was alone most of the time for about a month. Eleanor and Bert were supposed to help me with the chores, but they left me with most of the work to do by myself. They did stay with me nights.

In 1902, the year I was fourteen, my father took a contract to carry the mail for four years from Montpelier to Georgetown and then to Nounan. Father carried it from Montpelier to Georgetown, and Joseph took it to Nounan. They had some very hard trips in the cold weather. The snow got very deep at times, and blizzards would make it hard to keep on the road. My job was to care for the team of horses, help milk the cows, and do other outdoor chores as needed.

The first winter of father's mail route ended my school days. I had too much responsibility at home, and my parents could not afford to send me to Paris, Idaho, to high school. Georgetown did not have a high school at that time. It was a big disappointment in my life because I always enjoyed school and all my friends were going. Father was sick all one winter so Joseph had to carry the whole mail route. This put more of a burden of the chores on me. We were sure a happy family when the mail contract was finished.

At one time, my mother was the first president of the Georgetown Mutual Improvement Association. When I was fourteen, I was happy to be the secretary of this fine organization. One winter day while I was in the M.I.A., a Mutual Convention was held in Georgetown. It snowed so much during the day that by night the people from Bennington and Nounan could not get home. We made beds all over the floor of our home so that a group of the people could stay with us. Along with being secretary in the M.I.A., I was also a teacher in the Sunday School.

During my early teens, besides keeping busy at home and in the public, I also did house work for several ladies. Two of these ladies were Lottie Bacon and Emma Clark. The Clark's had a lot of hired men and I had to help cook for them. The summer I was seventeen, I worked on Gray's Ranch cooking for the hired help. I had fun there, especially with a young fellow we called "Blue Shirt."

When I was eighteen, I started to work in Larsen and Hoff's store. I had heard a group of girls talking in the post office. They said that Mirinda Larsen was getting married and that there might be a possibility of someone getting her job in her father's store. I left the post office and went across the street to the store. I inquired about the job possibility, and Mr. Larsen agreed to give me an opportunity to try the job as soon as it was open. The girls always wondered how I got the job ahead of them. I worked there a year or two before I became ill and had to give up the job for a while. Later on I was able to return to work at the store and the post office, which had now been combined with the store.

Working in the post office was quite an experience at this time. They were laying the railroad track through Georgetown, and

a large number of foreigners were working on the railroad. Since I did not know any of them, and they did not speak English, I had to lay their mail out on the counter and let them find their own. I worked there until the store burned down. One morning as I started to work, I looked down the street and saw the store and my job going up in flames. I felt empty all inside of me and helpless, as I depended on my job to support not only myself, but my widowed mother as well.

I was supporting mother because father had passed away in 1912. I was by his bedside at the time of his passing. He was paralyzed and could not speak, but he looked at me and his eyes told me as plain as words that he wanted to be lifted up. I got up on the bed and lifted him to a sitting position. I know he saw someone and wanted to go with them. He died in my arms. This left mother and me alone.

Now that my job was gone, I had to find a new one. It was fortunate for me that my sister's husband knew the druggist in Riter Brothers' Drug Store in Montpelier. The druggist had told him there was an opening for a job in the store, so he arranged for me to have an interview, and I was given the job. I hated to leave mother alone, but it was necessary. While working at the drug store, I had my first automobile ride. One of my boy friends bought the first automobile in the county, and he took me for a ride from Montpelier to Georgetown and back.

After working in the drug store for three months, I was given an opportunity to return to Georgetown to work. Marion Clark offered me a job in his store. I was to get ten dollars more a month. It would also mean that mother would not have to be alone, so I accepted his offer. I worked for Mr. Clark until May 20, 1914. I resigned to take over other responsibilities, as I had been married in April.

During my working years I was active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I enjoyed most singing in the choir. Eva Dunn, Ethel Welker and I sang the lead parts together. I was always busy in the church organizations as a Sunday School teacher, Sunday School secretary, religion class leader, secretary in the

Mutual Improvement Association and a teacher in the primary. My boy's class in primary gave me some of my most joyful experiences. One special one happened one day when the boys were drawing and coloring their pets. Tommy Mc Cammon colored his dog in what I considered a weird way. I said to him, "Tommy, dogs do not look like that." He looked up at me with twinkling eyes and said, "My dog does. You come home with me and see." After primary we went to his home together, and sure enough his dog did look like that. The boys were full of life and a challenge, but my heart was full of joy when I heard them sing, "Oh we are the Boy Trail Builders." Those were happy days.

One of the big "drawbacks" in my church and social life was the fact that we lived way down in what we called the Willows. I was glad when we moved up on the main street. We lived quite a distance from other neighbors, so I had to go alone to a lot of church and social activities. I hated this so sometimes I wouldn't go.

Dances were held at this time in a hall on the second floor of Larsen and Hoff's store. I enjoyed dancing very much. Dances popular at this time were the waltz, the two-step and square dancing. Some of the young men I dated and enjoyed dancing with were Roy Williams, Jess Skinner, Ernest Morgan, Leslie Barkdoll, Marion Clark, Dell Stoddard and Andrew Freeborn.

Although I had a number of nice boyfriends prior to my marriage, there was one special one that I hated to give up. He was James Johnson, a forest ranger who came from the East. He was very special to me, but he was not a member of the Mormon Church, and didn't have any interest in learning about it. After much thought, prayer, and heartache, I made the decision to discontinue the association. It was hard, but I knew it was the right thing to do.

I had another admirer that did not make his feelings known to me. After my marriage, I learned that he and his parents were disappointed that I did not wait until he had returned from his mission.

Recollections grow dim with age, and I cannot remember now how I happened to start going steady with Dell Stoddard. It seems like

we went together for only a short time before our marriage. Our social life centered around the weekly ward dances and an occasional show in Montpelier. Sleigh rides were an enjoyable recreation during the winter months. We decided to get married in the spring. 3 April 1914 was the date of my marriage to Delbert Chase Stoddard. We took the train to Salt Lake City, Utah, and were married in the Salt Lake temple. We stayed a few days in the city and then returned to Georgetown.

We lived in the upstairs of Dell's parents' home for awhile. That summer following our marriage in the spring, we took up a homestead consisting of 160 acres on Nine Mile, nine miles north of Georgetown. We lived in a tent there until fall, and then we lived with mother the first winter. Our first daughter, Ruth, was born in mother's home on the eighteenth of January 1915. She took a long time getting here, but I'll never forget when I first saw her. The doctor said she had eyes as big as quarters and pupils big as nickels.

In April 1915, we built a one room house on fifteen acres Dell owned in Georgetown. After living with parents and in a tent, we were happy to have a home of our own even if it was small. Later on we built one slab room at our homestead, and eventually we managed to build two good rooms on this property at Nine Mile. Early in the spring of 1917 we built a dairy house on our town property. We gradually improved the town property until we had a fairly nice home there.

In the summer on 10 June 1917 our second daughter, Thelma, was born. We were happy to have her. I had lost one baby prematurely in between her and Ruth. During the time I carried Thelma I had to be very careful not to lose her, so it was a joyful day when she was born alive and well. Now we had a lovely little blonde sister for our brunette daughter. These two girls made up our family as we did not have the privilege of having any more children, ever though our hearts desired them. I had always wanted six boys, but my two girls have always been a joy to me.

The first ten years of our marriage we spent our summers on

the Nine Mile dry farm and our winters in town. On the farm it was a big job cooking for the threshers and other hired help. Dell always seemed to require a hired man to help him. It seemed like the hired man got all the money, and I got all the work.

Water had to be hauled from a big spring. We hauled it in cans on a big sled Dell made. One day Ruth fell in the spring and her dad had to pull her out. I was frightened, and so was the baby. She was about nine months old at the time, and she didn't try walking again until she was eighteen months old.

In 1918, I was so ill with the flu that I lost all my hair for the second time in my life. I must have been in a semiconscious state because I remember seeing something crawling on the floor and wondering what it was. It was my baby, Thelma. While recovering, I had to use a broomstick braced against the wall to aid me in learning to walk again. Many people did not survive this epidemic of flu. I was fortunate to be able to live and raise my two girls. I prayed for this, and Heavenly Father blessed me.

The winter of 1921-22 was a long and hard one. Dell was hurt in the canyon while logging. He was at the foot of the hill where the logs were rolled down into a pile. The other men were not aware that he was there, and they rolled a log down just as he was coming back up the hill. He tried to jump over it, but his clothing caught on the log and he was dragged to the bottom of the hill. His body was bruised, scratched, and crushed as he was rolled into the log pile. The men heard him yell and rushed down to see what had happened. They immediately took him home, but by the time they reached there his body was also frozen.

I tried to remain calm and do what I could for him until he could be taken to the hospital twelve miles away. Because I didn't get emotional, the neighbors thought I didn't care, but they didn't know what was going on inside of me. I left Ruth with Aunt Mandy, took Thelma with me, and we took Dell to the hospital in Montpelier, Idaho. When we arrived at the hospital, the doctors examined Dell and pronounced him dead. He was wheeled into a corner and left. I knew he was not dead, so I worked with him to try and improve his circulation. Finally, I persuaded the doctor to take care of

him, and he gradually got better. He lived until he was eighty-two years old.

We sold the dry farm in 1925 and purchased an 80 acre irrigated ranch about 3 miles north of town. We called it our River Ranch as the Bear River divided it into two sections. Alfalfa was raised on the level part of the land. The ranch included a lot of hilly grazing land suitable for raising sheep. I wanted Dell to get some sheep, but I couldn't get him interested. After purchase of the ranch we lived in town most of the time. We built a one-room cabin on the property so we could stay there if the occasion demanded. Dell and Ruth stayed there during the haying season. We also had a pasture near town in which we grazed the milk cows.

Mother became ill with cancer, and it became necessary to move her to our home to live so she could get more care. She had been with us for about nine months when she passed away 9 March 1926. Her death meant a great loss in my life because she was such a wonderful mother, and we were very close to each other. Everyone loved her, and she was known as Aunt Mary Jane to all who knew her. People sent so many flowers to her that she said to me one day, "I won't need any flowers when I die, will I?"

Two days before mother died, she turned to me and asked, "Have you seen father?" I told her, "No." Then she told me that he would come for her on Tuesday at five o'clock. Sister Nez Hoff was with us on Tuesday, and just before mother passed away at five o'clock, Nez saw father and another woman standing in the door way of the bedroom. I always thought the other woman may have been my sister, Mary, and I wondered why I couldn't have seen them. However, it was a testimony to me that our loved ones on the other side are watching over us.

During the months following mother's death, I was not too well. Finally in March 1927, Dell took me to see Dr. Kackley. After an examination, the doctor said an operation would be necessary, so I was taken to the Soda Springs, Idaho, hospital. Dr. Kackley was a wonderful man as well as a doctor. His skill and kind care helped me survive this operation. I was in the hospital over three weeks and continued to be quite weak and ill all summer.

When I was well enough again, I went back to working in the primary. I really enjoyed working with boys and watching their progress. At one time, I was also a counselor to Louise Peterson in the primary.

We continued working with the River Ranch and the 15 acres in town until the fall of 1929. At this time we sold all our Idaho property and moved to Logan, Utah. Dell's parents had moved there several years before, and he had wanted to move there for quite a while. We purchased a piece of property on the Logan River and then arranged to have a home built for us. In the meantime, we lived with Dell's parents until our home was completed. We moved into our new home at 238 South 4th East in January 1930.

Dell built two large chicken coops, and we went into the chicken and egg business, which ended in a catastrophe. We lost nearly everything we had when the chickens became diseased. 1929 had become the beginning of the depression years when most everybody was having a struggle for various reasons. We finally sold our home and the land, and purchased a home at 266 East 3rd North. It was a large home, so we remodeled it to make living quarters for us and two apartments to rent for an income on which to live. About a year later, we built a duplex on the rear of our lot so we could have more rental property. We had quite an experience with renters.

In 1935 we purchased the home east of us and remodeled it to make two apartments. We moved into the west apartment when it was finished. The other one furnished us an additional rental. This was a busy year. Besides the remodeling and the moving, the girls and I took a trip to Yellowstone Park with my sister, Eleanor, and her family. It was really a grand trip for all of us. Later in the year, Bert and Eleanor took me on their trip to Bryce Canyon.

We lived in the new apartment until 1937. At this time Dell's mother sold her home and wanted to live near us. His father had passed away several years before, and she was getting to the age when she needed some care. We moved back to our original apartment and let her have the one we were living in. A year later we had to move into the apartment east of Dell's mother as she had become quite ill by then. We were running back and forth too much trying to care for her.

I need to go back a little now and mention that both girls had been graduated from the Logan Senior High School, Ruth in 1932 and Thelma in 1936. Both of the girls went to work because we did not have money to continue their education. The first part of 1936, Ruth went to Los Angeles to a clothing design school. While she was away, I had a stroke and Dell had to take care of everything for a while. The blessings of our Heavenly Father were with us and I finally overcame this physical weakness enough to resume my duties.

Ruth came home from Los Angeles in June and worked all summer. In the fall both girls started to go to college. Later Thelma decided to go back to work and Ruth completed college in the spring of 1940. Following her graduation, Ruth went to teach school at the Clearfield Junior High School. Thelma continued working at a number of stores in Logan. Dell worked at the hospital and the college. I kept house and took care of renting and keeping up the apartments.

September twenty-sixth 1941, Ruth was married to Ethan Echols in the Logan temple. I was very lonely after Ruth was married, so I made frequent trips to visit my sister, Eleanor, who lived in Willard, Utah. Ruth and Ethan moved to San Diego, California, so I could not visit them whenever I felt like it. While they were there they did send me money to make one trip out there to see them. I stayed there several weeks and enjoyed watching the ocean. They lived in a cottage very close to the ocean. I could watch it from their front porch. Time went on and Ruth and Ethan moved back from San Diego and lived in Logan for a while. Eventually they moved to Roy, Utah.

When we first came to Logan, we lived in the L.D.S. Seventh Ward. In this ward I was a member of the Cheer-up Committee. We planned nice activities and gifts for the "shut-ins" in the ward. I enjoyed this association with the sisters in the Relief Society. After we moved, we lived in the fourth ward and I was given the special assignment to visit every lady in the ward to get special information needed by the Relief Society organization. I have always enjoyed this organization and its fine activities for women.

My sister, Eleanor, moved to Logan in 1944. This would have been real nice for both of us except for the fact that she was ill most of the time. Like mother, she also had cancer, which finally took her life. I spent many hours caring for her before she died 11 January 1947.

During the years we lived in Logan, we always had many people come to stay with us while they attended the temple. During the 50th anniversary of the temple, we had almost more people than houseroom. There is a saying, "Where there is heartroom there is houseroom," so we managed. Dell used to go to the temple often and sometimes chided me because I didn't go. I told him one day that I had fed a lot of people while they went, so maybe when I got up to heaven they would say, "Let her in. We need a good cook."

In June of 1945, Thelma went to Salt Lake City to work. I was so lonesome after she left, I would find myself going out to the porch and looking for her to come up the street from work. I went to Salt Lake and Roy as often as I could to see the girls. Thelma worked at the Beehive House. One time when I went to visit her, I met Elder Harold B. Lee as I walked across the parking lot. He spoke to me and gave me the nicest smile, which left me with a good feeling within for quite a while.

Changes come and go and we have to adjust. In 1949, Thelma began to make plans for her marriage. Now both my daughters would have homes of their own. Thelma married Wells Hatton on July 15, 1949. They made their home in Salt Lake City. Thelma and Wells were married in the Logan temple. After the ceremony we took some pictures of them on the temple grounds. After that we returned to our home and had a dinner for both families.

During the following years I kept busy in church activities. I especially enjoyed my calling as a Relief Society visiting teacher. I had some fine teaching companions, and we enjoyed our visits with the sisters in their homes. At home I picked raspberries in July and August, cleaned apartments, and did whatever else had to be done. Dell was ill all during the summer of 1951, so I had to care for him too. His mother was becoming very ill by this time, so it was quite a challenge to care for them both. She did not regain

her health, and passed away in March of 1954.

During the early 1950's six wonderful grandchildren came into my life. I enjoyed being with Thelma for a while when each of her babies were born. JaNeal, Paul and Celia came along, and I took care of them a lot while their mother worked. They were all special in their own way as they would come to me with exciting experiences to tell. Sometimes there were tears, too, to be wiped away or perhaps a finger to be bandaged with love. It is surprising what magic a bandaid and a hug and kiss will perform. There was nothing quite so special for me too, as a big hug and kiss along with, "I love you, grandma."

Ruth and Ethan did not have any children of their own, so they adopted a boy and two girls. When they got their first baby, Elaine, I went and took care of her for two weeks while her mother completed her job at Hill Field Air Force Base. When I walked into their home, I wondered what I would find, as I wasn't too sure about adopting children. All doubts left me when I saw her, as she was such a beautiful baby. She was nine months old when they got her. Six months later, they adopted a darling three year old boy and named him Larry. We were all happy when they were able to get their third child, a lovely curly haired blonde 13 months old. They named her LaRue. These children became a part of our family and all sealed to Ethan and Ruth in the Logan temple.

We sold our home in Logan in 1957 and moved to Salt Lake City to live. At first we stayed in the basement apartment of Wells and Thelma's home. Later we moved to an apartment on 8th Avenue, a block above their home. Dell's health was failing, and I worried about him very much. He was ill for a long time before his death 16 January 1965. After caring for him so long, my health was failing too. I wanted to get away from the apartment, so Ethan and Ruth brought me to live with them after Dell's burial. I have lived with them in Roy, Utah, ever since except for spending some time with Thelma, especially during the summer.

The foregoing story was compiled by Harriet's daughter, Ruth, from notes written by her mother as she would remember some part of her life. It was written to be read at the Hepworth family

reunion in Provo in June 1976. The story was read by Harriet's granddaughter, JaNeal Hatton Atkinson. She is the daughter of Harriet's daughter, Thelma. Harriet was 87 years old at this time. She attended the reunion with her brother, Joseph, who was 91 on the same day Harriet was 87. They were born October 4th just four years apart. She and Joseph enjoyed a good visit and a reunion of their own on this occasion. He was honored as the oldest member there.

June 1979 - Harriet's Story continued by her daughter, Ruth S. Ecols

Three years have passed since the reunion and mother continues to live as she always has done, giving all the service she can. Her health is failing, but she still wants to help and can always be heard asking, "Should I be doing something?" Service and love is what she has given to her family all her life. She has given care for seven members of the family through the period of sickness and old age. She worries about being a burden, but she has earned all the service she gets. Mother has always advocated having a sense of humor and she hasn't lost hers. Some friends brought her a beautiful bouquet of roses. As they visited, she told them about going on picnics at a soda spring in Soda Springs, Idaho. They said, "Let's go one one when you are feeling better." She sat right up in bed and said, "Oh! I'll be well the day you plan to go."

Perhaps the greatest highlight in her life in the past three years was her attendance at her grandson Paul Hatton's wedding the 18th of August 1977. The whole family was happy that she was blessed to be able to attend the marriage ceremony in the temple, the wedding breakfast and the reception.

Quite a change came in her life when she moved to Mesa, Arizona, with Ruth and Ethan in September 1977. She has celebrated two birthdays in Mesa, her 89th and 90th. Everything is new to her and she likes to explore the neighborhood in her wheelchair. The orange groves fascinate her so she especially enjoys the one close by where she lives. To keep active she walks short distances as often as she is able to do so.

Occasionally, she is able to attend sacrament meetings in the

ward. She really enjoyed a recent primary conference and hearing the children sing. She can't hear the speakers, but she enjoys the music and sometimes joins in singing a few words of a familiar song she used to sing in the choir. Her grandson, Lance Echols is active in Cub Scouts so she attends a pack meeting once in a while. She participated when he received his Bear along with a gold and silver arrow. This was a happy time for her, as she has a special interest in boys. She is proud of Lance.

She would like to travel to England and Scotland, the countries from which her parents came. However, she must content herself with short trips around the local area. A trip to the temple grounds when the flowers are in bloom is a special joy to her. A shopping tour at the big malls is enjoyed when she is well enough. She thinks they are one very, very large store.

Before she came to Mesa, a skin cancer started developing on her forehead near her left eye. It was kept under control until the first part of October 1978. Suddenly it began to grow so fast that her eye was in danger. When she was taken to the doctor, he sent her to the hospital directly from his office to get her prepared for an operation on it. The doctor was fearful she wouldn't survive the operation at her age, but there wasn't any other choice at this point. She was blessed and came through extremely well, all things considered.

Mother never fails to appreciate all that anyone does for her. She really appreciated the loving care her daughter, Thelma, gave her after her operation. Thelma came from Salt Lake City, Utah, to be with mother on her 90th birthday. We all had a nice day together on the birthday, but soon after Thelma ended up being a devoted nurse.

Perhaps the nicest thing about mother is her special empathy for us and all our problems. She always had a listening ear and took time to understand. May she continue to have the courage and patience she has in meeting all the problems connected with the trials of continuing in her 91st year. She tries hard not to be burden and always wants to help. Her family is not big; she has a BIG LOVE for her two daughters and their husbands, her six

grandchildren and four greatgrandchildren.

June 14, 1979 - The story of Harriet still continues. This evening she attended the Mesa 43rd Ward Relief Society meeting, the first one in the new chapel just completed this month. When they started to sing the first song, I heard her lovely voice singing for the first time for quite a while. Usually she sings only a few words, but this time she sang all the verses. Joy came into my heart as I listened. Bishop Wright attended the meeting and I could see him watching her as she sang and beat time to the music. There was a smile on his face when he arose to greet the sisters. The first thing he said was, "I wish everyone of you sisters could have seen this lovely 90 year old lady sing that song. That is real Relief Society spirit to be attending the meetings at her age. I expect everyone of you to be doing the same at that age." He greeted Harriet and she was happy.