

LIFE SKETCH OF EMILY REBECCA STEWART MOWER

By Elmira Mower Snow

Emily Rebecca Stewart Mower, daughter of James and Elizabeth Hoopes Stewart was born the 12th of October, 1857, in Provo, Utah. Her parents and family moved to Fairview, Utah, and there she grew to womanhood. She was married 6th of January 1875 to William Ezra Mower.

Soon after they were married they moved to what is known now as Milburn and homesteaded their farm, where most of their family was born. There were five boys and four girls: William Ezra Jr., born May 20 1876; Elizabeth, born March 21, 1878; Elmira, March 25 1880; James Byron, July 6, 1882, Elzada Rebecca, Dec. 31, 1884; Francis Marion, June 11, 1888; Melissa, Sept. 26, 1890; Moroni, Sept 24 , 1893 ; George Hyrum , 24 Oct. 1896.

About 1886, William Ezra Sr. was called on a two-year mission to the Southern States. Just before leaving home for his mission there was a call to settle a town site named Milburn. In order to answer this call, they had to move 2 1/2 miles farther south and were just in the process of moving their house from the homestead to the town-site when the time was up for William to go on his mission. Emily's father and brothers finished moving the house and got her and family established before winter set in. That winter her brother George, lived with her and took charge of the farm. The next June Francis was born. Her mother came and stayed with her and took care of her and the home. In September of that year, her mother died. This was a terrible trial to her. That winter her father got her and her family to move to Fairview to live with him and those of her brothers and sisters who were still unmarried. It made it better for both her and her children who went to school. They could easily walk to school. In those days snow fell deep. It was a great help to her in so many ways to be in town and some one else to help share the responsibility of her family and chores.

While her husband was on his mission, even though she had a young baby, she helped others, such as taking in washing. (These had to be done by hand on a washboard.) She worked very hard to help support her family until her husband was released from his mission, which was really a happy time as it was November and winter coming on. Francis was then over a year old, and how happy they all were to present this son to him. Her brothers and

sisters were all gathered around her house and sang songs of welcome to greet him. She and family were living in Milburn in the house that was moved from the farm.

That year Melissa was born to them. She was a beautiful child, but not meant to stay long with them. She died a short time before Moroni was born. These two were born in Milburn town-site. Later the town-site was dissolved on account of floods and they built them a new house upon the farm. In this house George Hyrum was born and died when about six months old.

Emily was a wonderful mother and wife. She had so many wonderful characteristics. Charity was one of the most outstanding in her life. We shall remember the Savior said, "Even though we possess all other gifts and have not charity it availeth us nothing." She was a very lovable sweet person. Oh, how she loved to sing! She possessed such a beautiful clear voice. She was truly a helpmate to her dear husband. Willing at all times to sacrifice for others. She would share her last crust of bread, had it been necessary, with others. Many are the times, as the two families grew up, if one of Cecelia's boys didn't have a dance ticket, she would give of her egg money so they could go to the dance.

When they were building their new home upon the farm, which was on an elevated rocky ridge together with the help of us children, cleared and prepared for planting of trees, bushes and grass. It was a homey place, only three rooms---two downstairs and one upstairs with porch facing the south, with outside stairway running up from the end of the porch. But although not too much room, all who entered there felt the beautiful atmosphere that existed there. It was kept so sweet and clean. How we children used to bring young company home from Sunday School and have dinner, then go back for sacrament meeting in the afternoon. Often we would ride back to meeting with father in his white top buggy, as he was in the Bishopric, or if there was too many to ride we would walk 2 1/2 miles one way. How we would enjoy laughing and singing as we walked along.

She was surely a lovable mother, pal; so much with me as a girl, especially after Elizabeth got married. We lived so closely, especially the last year or so before I was married. Her health was so poorly and I was the one who had to take over the household duties, seemed to draw us even closer together. She was a mother who thought her place was with her family. After we girls were married she tried to be with us too much and take care of us

when our babies were born. In those days a mother having a new baby had to lay in bed ten days. Mother would come and nurse us and help with our household duties all this time.

Father had a deep well dug on this place 90 some feet deep. He hired Clyde Law, my husband, to dig it, the winter after he and I were married. The water was pulled from this well with pulley and rope, one bucked at each end of rope. As one went down the other came up. Oh, how father used to love to pull up a good cool drink of that cold water. They built a nice barn for both hay and cows and horses. Nice granary for grain, good pig pens, also chicken coop, a nice shed for machinery. Everything was well housed. Father was a good successful farmer, everything always in order. This being the case, close harmony existed in the home. There was real teamwork.

Mother used to love to knit and make beautiful lace, gloves, hosiery and sweaters. Women in those days would take their handwork with them when they went to call on their relatives and friends and they really did appreciate getting together. She and her sister, Selena Terry were such close pals living about 2 ½ miles apart. They walked most all the time in summer back and forth.

She used to come to Boneta and stay for weeks at a time, mostly at my place. Bernice was my first child born in Duchesne. Mother couldn't be with me and oh, how I did miss her tender care. We moved to Boneta before Ross was born and she came and stayed with us from the latter part of June until he was born and I was up and around again, which was the latter part of October. She saw tomatoes grow from small plants to ripe tomatoes for the first time in her life, I had a lovely garden that year and how she loved to pick and cook the lovely vegetables especially was she fond of our Uintah Basin honey. Her breakfast mostly consisted of hot biscuits, butter, honey and a cup of coffee.

The fall before Clyde was born, she came and stayed until I got around after my confinement. She got home just before winter set in the latter part of December. She didn't get to come back when Ruby was born, as that was the time father was so sick and he died when Ruby was about two weeks old

I was alone with my children and after father died., she came and stayed real often, following me around through the fields, while I was irrigating, picking wild flowers, oh, was close pals. There was no other mother like her. The best pal any girl ever had. She used to come and stay with Father Snow and I after we put our families together real often; until

Francis got his back broken, then she kept as close as she could to be near him as he was in the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City. She was living in her home in Milburn when Francis met with his accident. They phoned her and she came to Provo to Elzada Robinson's home. (My sister) .

At that time my son Reed had met with an accident had his pelvis bone broken and was in the Payson hospital. They phoned me about Francis and I met Mother and Eli and Elzada and we went to Salt Lake City together. It was sure a trial for that dear soul. I so remember how the pep had gone out of her. As we neared the hospital we had to take her by both arms to help her along. While Francis was still in the hospital she came to Salt Lake to stay with her sister-in-law, Sarah Elizabeth Stewart, her brother George's wife, so she could be close to go to visit Francis. She and her sister-in-law had just been to the hospital and were returning home, and as they were standing waiting for their street car. they were both knocked down and she was killed. A group of youngsters were in the car. It was storming and the streets very slick. The car skidded into where they were standing. you can imagine my sorrow at parting with such a dear mother! Her family was the joy of her life. She lived home alone for some time after Francis was hurt, but as he was still in the hospital her sister-in-law got her to stay with her as she too was a widow. She lived quite a ways from the hospital and Temple and they thought they could do Temple work between visiting hours at the hospital. They were contemplating moving closer in. This was one thing they were up town for when she was killed. Aunt was hurt quite bad but got over the accident.

As soon as Frank could leave the hospital he went to live with her and other places. In about 2 years he died from the effects of his injury. He never learned to walk again.

My prayer is that when I go I will be firm in the faith and that it can truthfully be said, "she died as good and firm in the faith as my dear old parents were." and that memories of me be as sweet as mine is of them, and that my Heavenly Father will be pleased to let me be with my dear ones who have gone on before.

Children and grandchildren cling close to our Heavenly Father, then all will be well.

Started while I was in the hospital at Roosevelt, Sep 1958, finished April 1 1959.

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