



#9

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by Golda Pectol Bush Sept. 9, 1959

Dear Grandmother..... This is to your memory. I can remember your dainty smallness and your good old danish Salt Raisen Bread and fried potatoes. Oh, how I enjoyed the time I ate them. I remember the last time you were here. 't was almost sundown when you climbed into your wagon with grandpa to go home after a visit at our house. How stately you held yourself sitting on that old wagon seat, sailing and waving good-bye to us when mother tells me how that you were so sick you could hardly hold your head up. That was the last visit which you made us before your sickness confined you to your home until Dec. 13, 1959 when you passed away. 1918

You must have been a tiny bundle of joy to your parents when you came from heaven to live with them on July 17, 1850, in Copenhagen, Denmark. Through the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ you along with your parents were directed to this Country when you were 3 years old, guarded by your Heavenly Father and preserved to fulfill your calling of mother and grandmother. I am proud and happy that you met my grandfather. I know that some of your gentle spirit was borned in my father, and I would be so happy if one of my daughters-in-law would say of me what my mother has said of you. She has said that you were one of the most wonderful women she has ever known.

Even at the age of three you remembered crossing the waters. Your memory was keen and brilliant. Although you had little or no schooling, you were a fluent reader, having taught yourself.

Although you had the handicap of a life-time of sickness, you did help your neighbors with their sewing. You were also a relief society teacher. You worked long hours in the cording mills of the united order. You spent long hours cording wool to make quilts for your own family to keep them warm. You were fastidious and particular--you picked the ties out of one whole quilt that my mother and her sister did for you because it wasn't good enough, remember?

One time Grandpa aggravated you so you decided to leave him. Five O'clock comes early doesn't it, and the day isn't long enough to bake bread, scrub floors, mend all his clothes to last for a very long time. I know my parents would have been good to you, but aren't you glad your love for Grandpa and your family made this few hours away from home seem foolish to you and were ready to go back to its shelter that night when Grandpa came for you. You had three days to visit your children. It certainly must have been a small disagreement for big things aren't patched up that easily. #9