

Great Great Grandparents
THOMAS AND MATILDA STOLWORTHY

In England many years ago there lived a fine Stalworthy man. He was a molder of iron by trade. His name was Thomas Stolworthy. When he was 21 years old he loved and married a young girl. She was known as Matilda Jinkerson. They were both the youngest in a family of ten children. They were both very energetic and surely seekers of all things good, for when humble missionaries visited them four years after their marriage, they knew the call and joined the church against much bitter opposition of family and friends. So far as we know they were the only ones of their immediate families that joined the church. They must have felt they were "tithing" children for they gave their time and means largely to the building of their father's kingdom.

But after joining the church they felt the need of going to Zion so they bid farewell to their native land, home and parents and took passage on the ship **CLARA WHEELER** from Liverpool to New Orleans. They went from there to St. Louis, Missouri, where Thomas worked in a foundry for 6 months to get a stock of possessions. They joined the company of Captain Allreds and so crossed the plains about the year 1854-5.

Oh brave pioneers on your westward trek was that long journey
hard to bear?

Did the miles stretch out unendlessly--were they traversed with
faith and prayer?

Each morn as you faced the rising sun with heart felt prayers and
faith anew.

Did you look ahead to the far horizon. A land where your dreams
would come true?

Did you vision the cities fair you'd build. With temples for
homage to God.

Where you'd meet in accord to his holy will. Grateful for
peace and the desert sod?

At eve as you gazed at the setting sun. Were you weary with
toil and care?

But was it forgotten and faith renewed; as you joined in the
evening prayer?

Oh brave pioneers--we are grateful to you. That we, in the peace
of the desert vast may the work of our Father share.

Arriving in Salt Lake City they were very busy and thankful. Pres. Young was very kind and helpful to this hard working young couple.

And oh the joy of a peaceful home. Better than gold is a peaceful home. Where all the fireside comforts come. They shrine of love and heaven for life. Hallowed by mother, sister or wife. If tried by sorrow by heavens decree. The blessings that never are bought or sold. And center there are better than gold.

At the time of the invasion of Johnson's Army, Thomas colunteered to go with the other men. But obedient to Council (tho very disappointed) he remained at home to mold bullets. But it seemed only a short time to them when Pres. Young began to colonize other locations.

One day they were sent by Brigham Youn to Cache Valley far away. Where Indians fierce roamed to and fro, and no white man had
dared to stay.

But they builded themselves a humble home while they were living
there.

And a sweet baby girl was born to them to brighten their toil
and care.

And the curious indians gathered around that first white baby to

to see.

The warriors bold they brought no harm to this little family of three.

But the God who giveth and taketh away, called for the baby dear. They were left alone in a sad, sad home, for a hard and lonely year.

From Cache valley they were called to Parawan. Then again to Salt Lake then to Centerville. In 1865 after 19 years of hard pioneer life they were called to the Muddy Mission where they were permitted to stay there a few years and so several children came to them and they acquired some property and a pioneer home.

Just the best little cabin that I ever saw
Built by my pioneer Daddy and Ma.
Just one little room with a fireplace in
Just one little window and a door to come in
With slabs for a roof and dirt for a floor;
With Father and Mother and little ones four.
Just dear Jesus to whom we did pray
For supper and dinner to give us each day
Just one guarding angel to hover around
To watch while we sleep so happy and sound
Just one Father in Heaven in Heaven above
To answer our gardens and fields with rain's love
A wonderful harvest in gardens and grain.

Just one year and then we had more. Two little rooms with boards for a floor. A big tallow candle stood out from the wall that made us all happy and gave light to us all. Just two little couples, just two little pairs, with Father and Mother to shoulder our cares. Just one little baby came into our life. Then we were so happy because we were five.

One thing more we've never forgot--A few nice sheep that Father had bought. He took their fleece with lots of hard work and Mother made stocking, wool jeans and our shirts. Father made shoes when the weather was cold. The tops of old leather and wood for soles. Many the changes but I've never forgot the Pioneer cabin Pa built on our lot.

They next moved to St. George. Then to Mt. Carmel where the people were living in the United Order. Later the Order was moved to Orderville. Here Thomas acted as butcher and also worked in the commissary. When the Order broke up they moved to Huntington. Their last years were spent visiting their daughters in Tropic, Richfield and Orderville. Thomas died Sept 3, 1916 of pneumonia he was 87 years old. Matilda passed away Nov. 28, 1918 due to old age. She was 91 years old. To this couple were born 11 children, 6 of whom we may say were sacrificed in their infancy to hardships of pioneering and hardships endured by their mother. The living ones are--Rose Lamb, Lizzy Jolley, Molly Black, Tom Stolworthy and Lucity Palmer.

Thomas also married a plural wife and we knew her as Aunt Lib (Elizabeth Ann Tuttle Brown). To this marriage was born 3 children. William, Matilda, and Edward.

And now I say, according to promise--by their fruits shall ye know them. Their children have all remained faithful to the Church. Been married for time and eternity and raised large families. They

have lived in wonderful dispensations and many changed have come to pass to the church and nation--in travel and inventions for the good of man. In their posterity we have Stake Presidents, Bishops, Missionarys, Doctors, Lawyers, Writers, Teachers, Nurses, and many successful business men.

We say to their children here: You are living now in our memories. We pray you find comfort and peace. A blessing granted those grown old. May your good works never cease.

Fathers, Mothers dear to us--while we are here today to show our appreciation these words we want to say: It isn't the number of years you lived--that doesn't count you know. It's the way you've lived, the good you've done that makes us love you so.

Grandfather Mine, I am grateful to you for the birthright you have given me.

For you ever upheld and worked for truth and the truth shall make us free.

(The original copy of this was copied from Pearl Stolworthy's own hand written notes.) It has not been edited or corrected and while it was probably written for a family program I do not know the occasion .

Grandmother and Grandfather Stolworthy--they were both of average size. Grandmother was more of the plump type and Grandfather was broad and rather large boned. Grandmother was a little more outspoken and cross if she had occasion to be so. Grandfather was more patient and kind to children, especially.

They were both hard workers and took good care of things. Grandmother was an excellent cook. Grandfather accumulated quite a lot of wealth, a good farm, a herd of sheep, but because of his kind heart and trusting he lost it all and the last few years of their life they were without a home and come to live with (their daughter) Aunt Rose. Grandmother was proud and liked to dress well. She was a good midwife and she earned quite a lot herself and even though she did not charge much for her services I can remember she had some very nice clothes.

She told me of one instance when they were crossing the plains. She was sitting in the wagon and Grandfather was walking by the oxen when the whole train stampeded and scattered all over the flat. She took hold of the wagon cover bows and braced her feet against the wagon and offered a silent prayer. All at once they stopped and she climbed out of the wagon and was so frightened when she saw what could have happened to her for they had stopped just before going off a high cliff. She waited and talked and rubbed the oxen for quite a long time until Grandpa caught up.

She also told me that when they came from England another young couple came with them. When they arrived at St. Louis, Grandpa and the other man had to go some other place to get work so they could go on. They rented a little place, 2 rooms, back of a nice home, left what money they had for food but they were gone much longer than they expected and the women didn't hear from them. They got without food and money so one day they asked this lady that lived in the large house to let them do her washing for food and so she gave them a loaf

of bread and a cabbage. When they got home they didn't have any wood to cook the cabbage so they asked the man of the big house for a stick of wood and they each took an end of the wood and carried it home. Then they discovered they didn't have an ax so they put one end of the wood in the fire place and cooked the cabbage. When they got it cooked all they had to season was salt but it tasted real good. Grandmother said the other woman cried a lot and she acted silly to try to make her laugh. When the men came home this other couple went back to England, showing that Grandma and Grandpa really had courage and faith.

I guess you have heard about when they were called or sent to Cash Valley to plant crops for the church and a little girl was born to them. The first white child born there and the Indians greatly admired her. They named her Eliza Cash. Grandma said their one room house was made of adobes, a dirt floor, and all the furniture they had was made by Grandfather from cottonwood trees. Grandpa said, one day when he was old, he could remember how little Eliza would stand at the door and wait for him to come home and how her face would light up when she saw him coming.

When they were called and were moving to the muddy and the Indians stole their team of mules and the rest of the company had to go on and leave them until they could send some one back to move them on. They said they never prayed harder in their lives for the Lord to protect them for they were left alone and Indians all round but they were not molested.

And then you know of the instance when Aunt Elizabeth was so sick as a baby and they thought one of the 3 Nephites came and administered to her. When they were called back from the Muddy because the taxes were so high and they left their crops standing in the fields and came to Orderville and lived in the United Order. Grandpa was one to dole out food to the different families before they all ate at the same table.

Then when the Order broke up they moved to Huntington, Emery County, Utah. There they accumulated their farm, sheep, and home-- a house painted red and had 3 rooms where we all loved to go and have a piece of Grandmother's good yeast bread with butter. Grandparents to love and be proud of with great courage and faith.

(The original of this copy was taken from a letter written by Chastie Stolworthy Esplin to her sister Allie Stolworthy Wade.) Again I have not edited or corrected it. The people writing these priceless memories were, for the most part, self educated, and if this is taken into consideration we can fully appreciate the legacy they left us....Fern M. Duckworth