

FAMILY HISTORY OF SARAH ANN BROWN NOTT

By Her Granddaughter Elsie Marie Nott George

Sarah Ann Brown Nott was born 3 June 1845 in Herefordshire, England. A daughter of William Brown and Sarah Apperley. Her father was a farmer and, as they lived on the river, her father often took her fishing in his little boat while he caught fish for their supper. They were not too well-to-do, so her mother practiced as a Midwife to help provide for the family. When a very young girl in her teens, she left home and went to London to work for the Gentry as a ladies maid. She worked in the same home for years and told how bad her mistress felt when she gave notice that she was leaving to marry. She and her sweetheart, Thomas H. Nott, had been converted to the Mormon Church and they looked forward to the time they could come to America and join the body of the Church. Her mistress told her, "If you must go to America, you'll have to come back to claim the legacy I will leave you when I die." But Grandma never did go back. They were married one lovely summers day 25 August 1868 in the village church of Founhope and Grandfather led his beautiful young bride out after the ceremony as her cousin played the chymes on the bells in the belfry. The villagers hearing the glad tidings, came out to their gates with flowers to give them as they passed, but mischievous miss that she was, she pulled him off through the turn-style and across the fields, too shy to meet them. He was a candle-maker and as soon as they could save enough money they migrated to Utah. They had two babies when they left in August 1872. My father, Thomas Henry Nott, Jr. born 14 August 1869 and Uncle Harry born 26 March 1871. They arrived in Salt Lake City August 1872 and tired as they were, they thrilled at the sight of Grandpa's sister and husband, Aunt Maria and Uncle Johnnie Hamilton, who took them to their little house in Mill Creek where they stayed for some time until they could find work. Grandpa finally went in the grocery business with S. P. Teasdale. Later with William Langton and then alone. Grandma was always industrious, she raised spring fryers for the Holy Cross Hospital. Many times I carried the basket filled with beautiful chickens all ready for the oven to tempt some sick patients. The money helped to buy some little delicacies we wouldn't otherwise have had. Then there were the times when the call would come for help, "If only you would come and nurse them we know that they would get better." She was always ready and she was like magic in a sick room. Many nights she lay on a bed on the floor beside the sick and could wake on the dot to give the medicine so needed every hour. She saved many, after the doctor had given them up.

Grandma and Grandpa had 9 children, seven of whom she raised to maturity. Olive and Archibald died as babies.

Thomas Henry Nott	Born 14 August 1869	Hereford, England
Henry William Nott	Born 26 March 1871	Hereford, England
Sarah Ann Seaborn Nott	Born 12 April 1873	Salt Lake City, Utah
William Archibald Nott	Born 19 May 1875	Salt Lake City, Utah
William Mark Nott	Born 22 October 1877	Salt Lake City, Utah
Albert Earnest Nott	Born 28 February 1880	Salt Lake City, Utah
Florence Blanch Nott	Born 27 April 1882	Salt Lake City, Utah
Violetta Maria Nott	Born 13 December 1885	Salt Lake City, Utah
Olive Gertrude Nott	Born 10 January 1887	Salt Lake City, Utah

She had 24 grandchildren and many great grandchildren. She was loved by all of them. They liked nothing better than to go to Grandma's.

It was she who came to our rescue when mother died and took father and all five children into her home. I was the oldest, only 9 years of age, and then there were the twin brothers, Donald and Harry, 6 years old, Alta was just 2 years and a new baby, Agnes. This made eleven around her table every day. I can still smell the loaves of golden crusted bread coming out of the oven every day, one always to be broken hot and eaten dripping with newly churned butter to satisfy young ravenous appetites. She was a beautiful housekeeper and an excellent cook. Her plumb puddings at Christmas time were treasured gifts to many. As a child I remember our wonderful Christmases. The big dinner, songs around the Christmas tree, and gifts for all. Everyone came home for Christmas and bowed in prayer as Grandpa asked the blessing, giving thanks for what we had received and asking for blessings for the coming year. Grandpa loved music and we gathered around the piano nearly every night. Here we learned to carry different parts and to harmonize our voices while Daddy or Aunt Vie played for us.

She also took in Uncle Harry and his son, when his wife died, and raised Ernest from the time he was 2 years of age. Uncle Harry never married again. He lived with his mother and took care of her until she died.

"Hands well used, Wisely firm in discipline, gentle in devotion.
Hands worn with service - hands schooled in helping when a friend
has need. A symbol of a dream fulfilled - of home, and strength
and wisdom, from years lived to their fullest. Days rich with
life and each one blessed with touches of her hand."
God Bless Her.

Her Motto

"Supposing that today were your last day on earth,
The last mile of the journey you've trod:
After all of your struggles, how much are you worth
How much can you take home to God?
Don't count as possessions your silver and gold,
Tomorrow you leave these behind,
And all that is yours to have and to hold
Is the service you've rendered mankind."

Grandma believed fully that, "Idleness is the devil's workshop," so she kept busy all the time. She said she hated nothing more than lazyness. She was a true Latter-Day Saint and really loved her neighbor. I am grateful for the teachings she gave me. She had a real testimony of the gospel. At night she would relate many faith promoting stories to me as we waited alone for Grandpa's return from work. He didn't close the store Saturday nights until 11:00 P.M.

Someone has said, "The highest pinnacle of spiritual life, is not happy joy in unbroken sunshine, but absolute and undoubting trust in the love of God." And this she had.

Grandpa Nott died 30 September 1922 in Salt Lake City, Utah leaving Grandma a widow for 12 years.

She died in Salt Lake City, Utah at 125 South 10th East at the age of 88 years and 7 months. 21 January 1934. The funeral was in the 11th Ward Chapel. She was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetary.