

# History of Olive Louisa Foy Carrell

By Amy Cedenia Carrell Webster (1886-1981) a daughter

Olive Louisa Foy Carrell was the oldest of a large family and was born January 8, 1864 at Dixie, Utah. She married John Franklin Carrell March 10, 1878 and moved to Loa, Wayne County, Utah where her life as a devoted mother began.

In Loa, they built a home, raised cattle and owned a big dairy farm. Mother made good cheese and sold it to help with the family income. They prospered and were well-to-do, but many of their riches were also found in their love and contentment of each other. Mother was a small, frail, soft-spoken woman and they had twelve children. Even with such a large family, her home was always in order, and she loved to cook and care for her children.

After the fourth child was born [James Hudson Carrell], my parents moved from Loa to Caineville. Life for them was an adventure and to us was a happy experience. There were, of course, difficulties and problems which arose later. They had brought their cattle into this new settlement expecting to find good grazing and money to keep their ever-increasing family, but the robbers and rustlers also arrived-hiding in the hills at night and raiding the herds until they were almost gone.

Poverty then struck the family and they met it with renewed courage and strength. They were consoled by their faith, and by the wonderful teachings, and their belief of their religion. Mother and father always had family prayer, morning and night. This seemed to be the one sustaining thing that kept us close together. Each child was taught to pray and [then] took their turn in this wonderful experience. I am grateful for this teaching and have tried to teach it to my family for as the saying goes, 'a family that prays together, stays together.'

Mother, even though busy with her large family, still found ample time to work in the Church. She was Primary President for many years, a Counselor in the Relief Society and many other church positions. She was a beautiful seamstress and liked making clothes for the dead, covering

caskets, and helping where ever death or sickness occurred. "Helping hands and feet make life's pathway mighty sweet" was one of her teachings. She often said that if she could stop one heart from breaking, she would not have lived in vain.

With a family of twelve, combined with her sewing and church work, mother was an efficient director. She was a strict, friendly woman for whom all had great respect. Rules were made and obeyed without arguing. We, children, never sassied or argued with our parents. Each did as he or she was told, and did it immediately. There were occasional spankings, but only when needed. Mother never allowed the children to go away to spend a night. As darkness fell, she was anxious to know that each child was home to sleep; however, friends were always welcome-children as well as adults-to enjoy the wonderful dinners cooked by mother.

When the family were all married but four, the family moved to Grover, Utah to try their luck at farming. The implements for farming were scarce and crude, climate conditions were not so good either and they [also] had very little means to buy the things needed. Some of the married children had moved to Upalco, Utah to start their homes, so it took but little persuasion to get my parents to move there.

Christmas was an outstanding event in the family. We always had a Christmas Tree decorated with popcorn and hung our stockings under the mantel. We'd receive candy and nuts and something to wear, but the greatest thrill of all came with the long table-overflowing with good foods!

One of the greatest tragedies which occurred in our family was the loss of a son who died from the flu epidemic in 1917. He died leaving a family of seven and his wife. [oldest son was John William Carrell, who died October 28, 1918 and his wife was Dorothy Amelia Pectol, daughter of George Peter Pectol and Annine Conradine Peterson.] James, a younger brother, lost his wife and left him a new baby which mother raised and cared for, for a number of years. She loved this child so much, she could hardly stand to give it up when the time came. [James Hudson Carrell, his wife was Nancy Jane Huntsman]

When a couple finds contentment and bliss through marriage, and their love and respect deepens each year, nearly all avoid or postpone the thought of their final parting. For 51 years, mother and father built their lives together. Through love and laughter, sweat and tears, struggle, prosperity, poverty, calm and strife, their web of life had been formed and woven around them until they had truly become one; so it seemed hard for dad to face the severing of their companionship through death. Dawn came in April 27, 1929, as usual, the shadow began to steal away and a new day was ready to present itself-a day of joy to some and sorrow to our family. Mother had pneumonia and quietly slipped away from this life.

Let us, the progenitors of Olive Louisa Carrell, realize the great contributions made by her for our progress and happiness. She gave of virtue, energy, industry, and faith; a loyal mother and friend, and a devoted servant to her family and to her God. Her strength of character, personality, integrity, and her thoughtful deeds and gestures have surely left their marks in the molding of my character. These combined qualities, plus her love and consideration towards me, have given me memories which have become priceless treasures to me. I shall always be indebted to her for these rare gifts and hold them and my love and respect for her in the highest possible esteem. I truly feel that it is a privilege and an honor for me to be able to call her, "mother."