

Autobiography of MARY LUETTA RAWSON GROW

Abt 1943, originally in possession of Pearl Grow Fowers, spelling corrected by Ronald Hallmark

I am the daughter of Arthur Morrison RAWSON and Margaret Angeline PACE. My parents were both born in Illinois. Both of their parents had nice homes in Nauvoo and were driven from them by the Mob. All they could take with them they carried in their arms; they crossed the plains, arriving in Salt Lake in 1850-51. My father's family came in the Willford Woodruff Company and Father helped drive the cattle.

Grandfather RAWSON (Horace Strong) settled in Ogden, Utah. His home was on 21st Street, where he lived until he died in 1882. He was a grand man and a patriarch; his last words were to his family to hold fast to the glorious principles of the Gospel. Grandfather PACE (James Edward) was called to go to southern Utah to settle that part & to help in building it up. The city of Payson was named for him. He died in Arizona. Both of them had large families.

My parents married very young, Father being 18 & Mother 16, but they lived a good & happy life and had 12 children (4 boys & 8 girls). Mother did so much as a pioneer; she helped every one in need or sick. She taught school nearly every place they lived. Father helped to build several towns & wards doing a lot of pioneer work. He was a carpenter & built many of the houses in Ogden & in Harrisville. In Idaho & Oregon when there was sickness & death Mother washed and laid them out (deceased) & she helped sew then. Father would make the coffins & she would help to trim. Father had a beautiful team of big bay horses & he always carried them to the cemetery.

Mother played many parts on the stage before & after she was married; she wrote a number of songs & she would sing them to us in the evenings. She could sing & dance; all our friends loved to spend evening at our home to listen to her until she was 60 years old. She was loved by everyone who knew her & she was always called "Little Meg." She was so small, weighing only 90 pounds. In Mother's history, she writes: "when I was 85, we had 12 children, 10 living, 100 grandchildren, 185 great grandchildren & 28 great-great grandchildren. I have a hobby of piecing quilts & have pieced 1000. I was a teacher in Relief Society 20 years & only missed 5 times making my calls & then sent 1 of my daughters to take my place."

Mother learned when a girl to card, spin and weave the cloth & to sew. She carded, spun, dyed, wove, cut & sewed the first suit my Father had after he was grown. She wove material for her dresses, even tablecloths & underwear. She would card & spin to pay for the wool for her own; made her own soap, molasses, vinegar & knit all their stockings. She was always sewing for other people, helping make a living, as Father was often sick. She taught school in our own home after going to Idaho. She was President of Primary many years & a Bishop's wife, taking & caring for all visitors.

I came into this beautiful world one morning [10 Aug 1875] in Harrisville, Weber Co, Utah, which is just 4 miles west of Ogden & I lived there until I was 12 years old. My mother had a serious sickness, a large tumor; nothing just like that had ever been known there. We had 7 of the best doctors we could get in the west. She was sick so long we had to sell our home to pay the doctor and hospital.

As soon as she was well Father took my 3 brothers [Wm, Horace, James] & I up into Idaho & took up land there. We cleared sagebrush & planted crops. While they were growing, he built our house; I cooked for them & helped all I could. By fall we had lovely crops of grain & hay & a place ready for Mother to come to. It was grand to be able to help build a new home like that, but I had to give up my school, leaving me with very little education; but we soon had neighbors. We went 5 miles to Sunday School & meetings for awhile, when Father was made presiding Elder, & we held them in our home until they built a chapel & Father was the Bishop of our Ward, which was named Ammon. We all loved to work in the Church. We had many good times & our home was always the gathering place for the young folks; my parents always helped us to have such good times. I was secretary & a teacher in the Sunday School.

When I was 19, I married David Henry GROW, who was born in Huntsville UT in 1873. He & Pres. David O McKay were playmates when they were boys, their homes being across the street from each other. After we were married in the Logan Temple, my husband's Father gave us some land, and we built us a little home. We lived there until we had 3 children & during that time we were happy living near to both of our parents & a lot of grand friends & neighbors.

I worked in all of the organizations; was Mutual President, Sunday School teacher & Relief Society teacher. I had the privilege of gathering many bushels of wheat there to be stored for the future.

Then my husband became dissatisfied with farming & went to Pocatello ID to work for the railroad as a fireman; then soon was an engineer. Then he was transferred 50 mi north up in the mountains, where he helped trains over the hills; there was no church up there, so we were so lonely & homesick. I suffered more from fear there & also in Pocatello than I ever will from sickness. There were tramps or Indians at the

door every hour of the day, & I was always alone with the children. Then we began to move so often it seemed that we were always moving.

We went back to our home for a while, then to Oregon. My parents had gone up there for Father's health, & we went where a number of our people were building up a town; we tried to get a farm, thinking we could keep our boys with us. The frost came so much we were not successful, so my husband went back to the railroad, running out of LaGrande both East & West; then we had a very bad time with sickness. A family came & settled near us; they all were sick & I helped them. Then I took typhoid fever & all my 4 children were sick. Then my husband came home & he came down sick, too; was very low & was in the hospital a long time. 4 young people died with it & there were about 40 people had it.

We had a nice Ward built up there & so many nice people came & lived there. The Ward was named Nibley, named after Charles W. Nibley, who was counselor to Franklin S. Bramwell, the Stake President. My brother, W. J. (William Johnson) RAWSON was Bishop, I was President of Mutual, we had another son there, & we had many good times. Then the town broke up, & we lost our homes; with all the money we had paid out on them. We went to LaGrande & got us a home on First Street & lived there until our daughter, Margaret was born in 1905. Then we had 6 children (3 girls, 3 boys). My husband quit the railroad, & we worked around the Valley some; then went to work for President George Stoddard, driving the engine, hauling logs from the mountains down to the sawmill.

[1906] One night he brought a load down to Hillguard, 4 miles above LaGrande, & he was killed there [6 June 1906]; struck by a passenger train as it came through. I had gone over to Cove, across the Valley with some friends to pick fruit. My parents & brothers lived near there, so I stayed there & had him buried in Cove Cemetery. I got me a home there & moved into it in August 1906. I found myself with all these children & my 2 hands to take care of them & a very sad heart. My only desire was for them to grow up to learn & love the Gospel & to get an education, which I had failed to do for myself, so I was more determined for them to have it.

The first Sunday after I moved into our home, I was so sad & grieving. I did not know what I wanted to do; there was a knock at my door. The Bishop John A. Abbott, with his 2 counselors, Joseph C. Pixton, Joel H. Orton & their wives came in & brought such a wonderful spirit with them. They told me the best way to overcome my grief would be to work & keep busy. They invited me to come out to all meetings & to be a teacher in Primary class in Sunday School.

I tried to live as near to the Lord as I knew how & as they advised me. I was never without work, always kept up my home; the children had plenty; most all of them went through high school. One of them had 1 year in the University of Logan. Often my neighbors said to me, "We can't see how you do it. You have moved more than we & we have Mother & Father." We always feel that we tried to be real Latter-day Saints & paid a full tithing, thereby planting a hedge of safety round about us. I was a teacher in Sunday School & Relief Society for a few years & then was President of Primary for 6 years; then the Bishop said he was going to promote me, so he made me President of the Relief Society. Then I helped everyone who was sick & poor in our Ward, many nights sitting up with sick, yet I had to keep a job, earn a living & keep our home. So, I truly know that our Father in Heaven watches over his children, gives help where it is needed & protects us if we live right.

My young son then had rheumatism, & it went to his heart; I had several doctors but did not find help, so I took him to Utah & had his name in the Temple to be prayed for. He soon was well enough to go back to school. I got work & stayed in Ogden until the First World War. My son enlisted among the first to go. I went back home to see him before he went; then I went to LaGrande Hospital to cook & was there until the war was over. Then I went back to Cove, the 2 older boys went to California, then I went back to Ogden & the boys sent for me to come. In 1924 Margaret & I came to Oakland, then to Berkeley until Margaret married. My oldest daughter Luella married in Cove OR; Pearl, the next one, married in Ogden UT. The boys & Margaret all have married here.

After Margaret married, I could not keep a home any longer for them. I worked for 10 years cooking for people in homes of wealthy people. My desire then was to earn all I could & go work in the Temple the rest of my days. When the depression came, the children all had hard times. My oldest son [Jesse] lost his wife, & I had to go to Seattle WA & take care of their baby, 4 years old. I was there 4 years; then he married again & took the boy, so I came back to San Francisco.

I buried my oldest daughter [Luella] in 1941 & a granddaughter in 1936. I have living: 5 children [Jesse, Pearl, Bert, Fred & Margaret], 9 grandchildren, & 3 great granddaughters. My sons are all doing defense work & will go in the Army if called. They are all respected as good citizens & none of my children need be ashamed. I have a Father, a Mother, a brother [Arthur], 3 sisters [Lucinda, Martha, Dora], 1

daughter & 1 granddaughter gone over there where I hope to be able to meet them & my husband before many years. I am 68 years old & able to work & earn my living. I am very thankful & grateful for many blessings, privileges & sorrows I have had given to me. I have done every kind of work that is respectable; have tried never to harm anyone or make this world worse for my being in it.

(signed) Mary L. Grow

Footnote: I have helped bring into this world, 10 babies, cared for them, & Mother has washed & laid out many of the dead & made many suits for Temple clothing. I have been able to do some work in Temples & have been in Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Chicago Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan & California, seeing some of this wonderful world of ours.

Note: all of the above was taken from hand-written notes in possession of her third child, Cora Pearl Grow Fowers & only changed to correct spelling or punctuation or to identify persons named by initials only-Ron Hallmark).

[I have added names of children, etc. if I knew who they were, added inside this type of parentheses-Pam Hallmark Wagner]

Biography of MARY LUETTA RAWSON GROW

by daughter, Margaret Lambert, Rawson-Coffin Book of Remembrance, pg 157

In 1851 the Rawson family went to Ogden and the Pace family was sent to Payson. Evidently the Rawsons went to Payson for a time also, for their son Arthur Morrison & Pace daughter, Margaret, became endeared to each other; in 1859-at 19 and 17 respectfully, were married.

After the first child was born they moved to Ogden, and there 2 more children born. Then they moved to St. George for a time. Here another child was born. They again returned to Ogden, or Harrisville, where the rest of the family was born-8 girls and 4 boys in all. The eighth child was Mary Luetta Rawson Grow, born 10 August 1875 in Harrisville.

"Mother, what do you remember most about time you lived in Harrisville?" "Not much of anything. Just going to school and helping mother." "That is where you learned to knit & sew?" "Yes, I was with mother all day long. I didn't go to school until I was 11, & everything mother did around the house, I learned to do with her. She taught me to crochet, to knit & sew. When she sat down to work I would do whatever she did. If she would knit, I would knit; if she would sew, I would sew; if she would crochet, I would crochet. This is the way we would spend our time."

"How old were you when you made your first dress?" "I was 12. I cut out the pattern and the material and made the dress all by myself." "You also learned to cook and make bread?" "Yes, as I said before, everything mother did, I did. I learned to cook, wash, make the soap we used and to do all the things mother did." "How about preserving the fruit?" "We all worked together to pick and prepare the fruit. We had trees on our place, worked together during the day picking fruit, in the evening helped to prepare it for drying."

"I remember Grandfather Rawson not wanting his girls to curl their hair." "Father was very strict how we girls dressed and wore our hair. He told us how we should dress and wear our things. He was very kind to us, but when I was old enough to go to school, I wanted to have curls in my hair, as I saw the other girls have. One evening, I put my hair in curlers. It was just about prayer time when I had finished. I marched into the room with the curls in my hair. Father said, "What is the matter with your hair, daughter? If God wanted you to have curls, he would have made them for you before you came here. March right into the other room and take them out." I left the family waiting for me, while I went in and combed my hair the way it should have been."

When mother was 12 yrs, her father took her and her 3 brothers to Idaho to homestead some land. While the men cleared the land of sage brush & planted crops, mother cooked and kept house for them. When crops were planted, grandfather began to build new home. It was a wonderful experience for mother to help get the new house ready for her mother and have all of the family united once more. They had to travel 5 miles to the nearest church, so meetings were being held in Grandfather's home and he became Branch President.

The new community was named Ammon, and their home was the gathering place for all the young people. Grandmother loved to sing and dance, and she composed many songs for their enjoyment.

Before long, they had a chapel built and grandfather was made Bishop. Mother taught Sunday School, then became secretary, which office she held until her marriage. Several families moved into the community. Among them was the Grow family.

"Mother, what did the young people do to amuse themselves in those days?" "Well, we had horseback riding, riding in the carts, things like that. Everything we did, we tried to make fun out of it. All the young people joined together and we were all sociable. We all had our work to do all the time, but we tried to make fun out of our work."

"How about dancing. Where did you go to dance?" "We had a place in the valley which was shady and nice and they fixed it up so we could dance there. We also went to dances in other communities north of us; sometimes we went to Idaho Falls west of us." "How did you travel?" "Sometimes we went by horseback; sometimes we went in a big wagon; sometimes we went by carriage or surrey."

"Where did you first meet Dad?" "Well, we had a home in Idaho and just one mile from our home was my sister's home. One day I was going to visit my sister, and when I came to the gate a little way above her place, I saw a young man walking along. He had a smile on his face. I looked at him as though I expected him to say something. He caught on and said, "How do you get across this creek?" I told him how to cross. He looked so wonderfully nice to me, as I looked at him, that I almost fell in love with him & I said to myself, "If you don't get this young man for my beau, it won't be my fault." So that way, we got to talk and we had a nice little visit then. By the next Sun, the whole family had arrived, and the young people had gotten acquainted with each other. He and my brother became friends and planned a little carriage ride after Sunday School. So my brother took me aside and whispered to me what they had planned to do. He said to me, "If you don't mind, I would like you to ride with him." I said, good, go ahead. That suits me. So we had our carriage ride and all became good friends."

This young man who stole the heart of my mother was David Henry Grow, son of William Moyer Grow of Huntsville. The Grow home was across the street from the McKay home, and David O & David Henry were boyhood friends. David was named for his grandfather, Henry Grow Jr, who was architect of tabernacle roof. Though it was not his ancestors, but his sweet smile that did the trick, that carriage ride was the beginning of a sweet courtship, which culminated in marriage in Logan Temple 1 Nov 1893. Mother was 19, father 21.

A very memorable event in their lives just before the wedding was a trip to SLC with Grandmother Grow to the dedication of the SL Temple 4 Apr 1893. After their marriage, they returned to Ammon and built a home on the land given them by Grandfather Grow. Mother resumed her church activities, working in the Relief Society as a visiting teacher.

During the next 7 yrs, 4 children born: Jess 26 Jul 1894, Louella 6 May 1896, Pearl 14 May 1898, & Burt 6 May 1900. She continued to work in RS, taught Sun School class for a time & served as Pres of the MIA.

My father was then transferred by the railroad to OR, where Grandfather Rawson had gone for his health. A small group of church members had formed a new township, which they named Nibley, aft Charles W Nibley. Mother again was MIA Pres and helped nurse our neighbors through a typhoid epidemic, which finally spread to the family. Though 5 died, our family was spared, & on 11 Oct 1902 her 3rd son was born.

When father regained his health, he moved his family to La Grande OR, where the 6th child Margaret born on 10 Apr 1905. The following year on 14 July 1906, father was struck and instantly killed by a passenger train, and mother moved the family to Cove OR to be near her mother and brothers, where she purchased a home. Mother relates:

"The first Sunday after I moved into our new home, a knock came at our door, and it was Bishop John A Abbott and his two counselors, Joseph C Pixton & Joel H Orten & their wives, bringing a wonderful spirit with them. They told me the way to overcome my grief was to work and keep busy. They invited me to come out to all the meetings and be a teacher in Primary and Sunday School. I was never without work and the children always had plenty. I always tried to pay a full tithing and felt this contributed a hedge of safety to our daily lives."

Mother was a Sunday School & Relief Society teacher for a few years, then was Primary Pres for 6 years. Then the Bishop said he was going to give her a promotion and called her to be the president of the Relief Society. Then it became her job to care for the sick, and she spent many nights sitting up with the sick, while working to support her family.

About this time, Fred contracted rheumatic fever and remained under a doctor's care without much improvement. On 25 Mar 1915, Louella married IA Hallmark, & shortly thereafter, mother and Jess took

Fred to Ogden, hoping to improve his health. Mother had him prayed for in the Temple, and he immediately improved and soon was able to attend school. Pearl and Margaret joined them there at the end of the school term.

During WWI my eldest brother Jess enlisted & mother went back to La Grande to see him off. She secured a position in the hospital there, where she remained until aft the war.

On 1 Jan 1909 Pearl married CA Fowers in Ogden. At this time we returned to our home in Cove OR, where mother worked in RS, taking charge of the Temple clothes and care of the dead. Loved by all, she was ready to help anyone in need and on Sun afternoons, our home became a gathering place for the young people.

The next year mother became MIA president and was until we sold our home in Cove and returned to Ogden UT. Here we were members of the new 18th Ward, where mother helped to organize the MIA, serving as a counselor until 1924, when she joined her two eldest sons in Oakland CA.

On 24 Jun 1925, Burt married Marion Shaefer and one year later, Jess married Lyda Fahay. The family now consisting of mother, Fred and myself, now moved to Berkley Branch. There, at an MIA party, J Edward Johnson introduced me to a young man who later became my husband, Leroy Lambert 27 Aug 1927.

Mother then moved to San Francisco, where she became active in SF Ward. On 28 Nov 1931, Jess's wife, Lyda passed away and mother went to Seattle to care for his 4-yr old son, until Jess married Phoebe Desilet a year later.

Upon returning to San Francisco, mother again became active in the ward and was later set apart as work director by Elder Needham Lambert on 4 Dec 1938. On July 28 1940, Elder Gordon Owen gave mother a special blessing which has since instilled in her a desire to live worthy of the promised blessing.

Shortly thereafter, Louella became very ill and mother rushed to Walla Walla WA to care for her until her death on 28 Jan 1941. On 2 Aug 1941 Fred married Beatrice Wardell Coons. This marriage was later solemnized in SL Temple by Pr Waddoups 3 Oct 1951. During this time mother served as Magazine agent and aided their bazaars with her handiwork and pastries. In 1951, when the Church Authorities requested all members to attend the ward they lived, mother transferred to the Sunset Ward, where she served faithfully until ill health forced her release, but she continued to aid the Relief Society's many programs.

"Now mother, would you like to add something in conclusion?" "I have always tried to live the best I know how, and I know when we try to live the Gospel and do the things we've been called to do, we learn our lessons, and I would say to others to live as near as what Jesus taught us to do and all will come well, not seeking for position, but striving only to live a good life." Mother now has 3 sons and 2 daughters living, and 11 grandchildren, 41 great grandchildren and 3 great great-grandchildren. My testimony is that the Lord lives and blesses us in all that we undertake to do, if we have righteous desires in our hearts. "Amen."