

BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES WARD ----- Given June 10, 1931 at West Revision

Ten years have elapsed since his passing
Let us pause, a tribute to pay;
Each one of us owe that much to him
on his 9th birthday.

"Get together at least on my birthday",
Were the words, so often he'd said.
But how many times have we done it?
Only once since he has been dead.

There must have been a good reason,
For this desire that he had.
If he knows we have been so indifferent
I'm sure he has been very sad.

"Continue the work I have started," said he
"I have done the best I could do."
He set us a fine example.
It is now up to me and you.

Before we speak more of our duty
Let us pause a moment or so
And think of the life he lived here,
Across the sea let us go.

On the 12th day of June 1740
In Pewsey Wiltshire, an English town
He was born. His parents couldn't have known
Then he was to become so renown.

He had no full brothers or sisters
But five half brothers and sisters I'm told
And his mother was left a widow
When he was just two years old.

In 1746-four years later
Two Elders-one Tersdale by name
First came to that part of England
The gospel they came to proclaim.

Mrs. Ward was so very anxious
To hear what they had to say
That she walked seven miles to meeting
Carrying her baby every step of the way.

She joined the church of the Mormons
For she knew that it was the best;
Sometime later came here to Utah,
To Zion out here in the West.

James had an aunt so benevolent
Who decided the thing she must do
Was make possible an education
For him and his cousins too.

She called the four children to-gether
At her home Sunday afternoon
That they might commence on the morrow,
He had just turned six in June.

The city provided much interest
To children who'd lived on the farm
So they investigated things freely,
Not intending to do any harm.

Thus the first day of their schooling
As they passed a wholesale drugstore
A barrel of pitch drew their attention
It was standing just outside the door.

As each passed he took out a handful.
James put his into his hat,
But found he couldn't remove it
So with hat on all day he sat.

Next day he was in this condition
Still unable to get it off,
At recess the boys gathered around him
And how they did laugh and scoff.

Each moment he grew more angry
And finally their leader attack
Afraid a severe blow had killed him
James left school and never went back.

In '47 Mrs. Ward moved to Denzis
Then the capital of Wiltshire,
Here he was apprenticed by his grandfather
To an old bachelor's hire.

(Handwritten notes in the top right corner, including a signature and some illegible text.)

Who seemed to have no love for children
Much work he did cause James to do.
Many, many times he beat him
And almost starved the lad too.

James had to arise early each morning
Sixteen horses he must harness and feed
Before his own breakfast was ready
This must have been strenuous indeed.

The first time he went to the circus
He learned a lesson, but at what a cost;
His savings from two years earnings
In just a few minutes were lost.

A fine watch attracted his attention
On the wheel his luck he must try
But spin as he might the pointer
Stopped on a tin whistle close by.

Four years he was a trusted servant
Because of the fine work he did do,
Being made to oversee other servants
And gained the favor of his master too.

And when the four years were over
Another job he did seek
And finally hired out doing two men's work
For just thirty cents a week.

This enabled him to save enough money
Although wages in England were low
To pay transportation to the West Indies
Where he desired to go.

Many others were going there also
But when all preparations were made,
Being invited to a Mormon meeting
He changed his mind and he stayed

He was so impressed with the meeting
And also very surprised
To find the True church of the Master
So in August he was baptized.

At a social held after the meeting
Harriett Brow (then engaged to be wed)

Came to give him a second helping
A voice at his back to him said,

"That is your wife," He believed it a voice
From the unseen world—now he knew
That he'd never go to the Indies;
In the church he had work to do.

It was at conference two years later
Before he saw Harriett again.
He told her he'd take her to Zion
If she'd marry a good Mormon man.

He went to the house of her father
To ask if she may be his wife;
But her father quickly refused him
"You've consumption, it will shorten your life."

James realized his unhealthy condition
But had faith in the voice that did say
"That is your wife." To the river he went
In the cold water he bathed every day.

Soon he became strong and healthy
Then went to the brewery to work
His first task was to deliver some parcels
His duty he did not shirk.

Although he could not read the writing
On the list; sixteen places to go.
He hired a small boy to help him,
To go with him that he might show,

Where each of the parties resided.
And soon the task was all done.
He then took charge of the brewery
Until March 1st 1861.

Then just fifteen days later
He was married to Harriett Brown
To do honor to her and his country
He had bells chime through out the town.

On the twenty third day of April
They set sail for the land of the free.
On an old sailing vessel were converts
Six hundred and twenty-three.

The president of the branch had no money
To bring his large family of none
James paid their way to Missouri
Being promised he'd be paid at the time.

The president's brother came from Zion
But the money they did not repay.
The company arrived in New York
On the twenty-second of May.

They arrived in Florence June 2nd.
It was on a Sunday night,
And so stormy! But they couldn't find shelter
Until morning when it was day light.

They found an old blacksmith shop
For which they felt very blessed
And there they lived the rest of the time
Until they came out West.

James was hired by the Grotin Bros.
To work on the telegraph line,
That was being brought across the plains
To Salt Lake at that time.

While his wife came West with the people
The president's brother we spoke of before
Until they met in Salt Lake Valley
She saw her husband no more

He bought a bolt of linen taveling
Before he left Omaha
From which he said he later had made
The best light suit you ever say.

Once as he and Wm. Winley
Drove oxen from a boat on the plains
They were lost in a terrible cyclone
And unable to find oxen again.

When they started again on their journey
James took very sick with a chill
And it seemed quite evident
He would die, he was so very ill.

He arrived in Salt Lake Valley
October 1st 1861
And found his wife there at conference
How a new life must be begun.

Where to make their home was the question
Which direction should they go?
To West Jordan he'd been invited
But they went to Ogden you know.

His wife had found friends in Ogden
So their home life began
In a grainary; sticks and mud for a ceiling
The walls were eight feet by ten.

Their possessions were a hen and a rooster
That they might know the true meaning of mud
It rained twenty one days without stopping
Half as long as Noah's own flood.

Under these trying conditions in
December their first baby was born,
With not a dry thread about them
To keep the baby or mother warm.

To make a fire was impossible
Because it was raining so hard,
But they survived all the tribulations
Being greatly blessed by the Lord.

Throughout the rest of the winter
They received a great deal of relief
From one sent to give them assistance
None other than an Indian chief.

The next spring they moved out to Five Points
In a dug out housekeeping began
With a provision box for a table
And an old cast iron frying pan.

As it had to be used for most everything
It soon broke; then no utensil they had;
But their neighbors came to their rescue
Giving them a stove which was worn very bad.

Mr. Ward fixed it up quite nicely
And another man they secured
Large enough to hold several biscuits
So their happiness was now assured.

With Taylors cording mill at Riverdale
They could spin wool though it took hours
To add color to the material
Mrs. Ward gathered yellow flowers.

Then she put a stripe of yellow; of black
And then the next stripe was white.
The thread was so coarse, when the dress was done it could
Stand alone upright.

Sometime later Mr. Ward hired a Dago
To weave for him some yarn.
For pay he gave him a homestead
Yes he gave him a Five Points farm.

The first money they received after
Coming here was in 1863,
From soldiers they had entertained
Who were going to Montana you see.

And with the money that they received
This little bit they did own
They sent a letter to their relatives,
To those folks away back home.

He was captain of the militia
In '62 he joined Captain West
To protect the Saints from the Indians
With their constant desire to molest.

In '63 He moved to North Ogden
There a farm he did rent
But after they'd lived there a little while
Back to Five Points they went.

While in North Ogden he moved a farm
With a scythe-but that is only half
For when the job was finally done
He was given a little calf.

He found out that the farm at Five Points
Was not productive by now,

So he sold it for some gold dust
A yoke of cattle and a cow.

With this they were going to Bear Lake
But when they were ready to go
Mrs. Ward took typhoid fever
This would stop their going you know.

They rented an Indian wigwag
That they might have a place to stay
During her terrible illness
Then they'd continue on their way.

They were re-married in the Endowment
House in March 1864,
That same winter they had more snow
Than they'd seen for years before.

A wind buried their cows and chickens
As it blew the snow about,
Until it took nearly seven days
To dig their animals out.

The next year he bought a farm in North
Ogden, paying one third of it down,
And upon it built a two story loghouse
The best there was then in the town.

He spent the rest of his life in North Ogden
Except the time he was away
On a mission in England
There is so much more I could say

Of the service he rendered the community
That people shall never forget;
Of the hours he spent in the service of
God- but time will not permit.

In England he gathered genealogy;
Did temple work day after day
The names he was done for
And sealings, I couldn't ever say.

Thirty years he spent as a Bishop
Healing sick and helping poor,
Building roads and bridges
Erecting churches and homes by the score.

He was then set apart as a Patriarch
Givings blessings by hundreds its told
From house to town daylight or dark
With pop and a smile even though he was old.

I must mention he had eleven children
Sixty -six Grandchildren and one hundred
thirty six Great,
And he married Frances Cooley
After the Dear Grandmother passed beyond.

Then on Thanksgiving Day 1920
He passed to that other shore,
And so many things I haven't told
Just as important as these and far more.

But how could I tell in such little time
(Though it I should like to give.)
All of the greatness--all of the noble things
Of that life that he did live.

He was more learned than a college professor
With his wisdom and philosophy
Loved and respected by acquaintances
As well as by you and me.

In our hope of an eternal hereafter
We all feel that his reward
Shall be among the highest
In the mansions of our Lord.

There's an empty chair now, by the pulpit,
Which still seems lonesome to-day,
As if it were lacking something
As we are--since he went away.

He reached a goal sought by many,
Which is only reached by a few
And renown is the name of James Ward
For the many things he did do.

And so we are here assembled
To do honor to his name
And I know that every one is proud
Of the lineage through which we came.

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Though we haven't met to-gether so often
Our duty we're trying not to shirk;
We are seeking our geneology
And continuing temple work.

But it is good to meet to-gether
I would he were with us to-day,
That we might feel again the clasp of his hand
And hear what he'd have to say.

How good it would be to search
Those gray eyes for the twinkle so sure to be there,
And hear him rehearse a story again
That he'd did so like to share.

He'd probably laugh and josh with the youngsters,
Slap his knee now and again,
Stroke his beard as he spoke of this and that,
Maybe give you a poke with his cane.

He'd probably tell us a bit of our failings
And give us a challenge or two
Reminding us of the faith he had
And things we'd ought to do.

If he were here would he rejoice?
Or would his joy be dim?
I wonder if he'd be as proud of us
As we are proud of him.

(James Ward is the Father of my Father--Albert G. Ward.)