My Life Story

Return to Hansen Reunion Home Page

By Lucy Kunz Hansen



I, Lucy Kunz Hansen, was born on November 13, 1898 at Bern Bear Lake County Idaho. I was the fifth child born to Bishop John Kunz and Elisabeth Boss Kunz. My Parents were early pioneers of Bear Lake Valley. My grandparents on my father?s side were called to settle Bear Lake by President Brigham Young to start the cheese industry in that valley, as Grandfather Kunz was an expert cheese maker in Switzerland before he came to this country. A thriving industry was established. My parents and grandparents went through many trials and hardships incident to pioneer life. Their trials strengthened their faith in the Gospel and they praised God for bringing them to Zion and were thankful that the missionaries found them in their native land of Switzerland.

My parents were enjoying life with their family when on May 13, 1900 (when I was 18 months old) my dear mother passed away leaving we five children motherless taking an infant daughter with her, my oldest sister Agnes R. Dansie, who now lives at Herriman Utah, Julia E Schmid of Georgetown Idaho (who passed away on March 15, 1900 taking an infant son with her), Parley P Kunz who is now Bishop of the Bern Ward (the same ward that my father was Bishop for 25 years), Hazel H Smith of Salt Lake City, Utah, and myself.



Father, having several plural wives, chose Louisa Weibel Kunz as our foster mother. She has indeed been a real mother to us as she had no family of her own she devoted her life teaching and training us for a better life hereafter. We can never say but what she has been an ideal mother. Her greatest desire was for us to all go to the temple to be married which we have done. After raising us she devoted her life to temple work, and she asked us to follow her example in doing work for our forefathers who died without a knowledge of the Gospel and here I would like to pass this on to anyone who may read this, especially my children, so live, be honest with the Lord in your tithes so you can go to the temple and be sealed to your wives and husbands, and always work for those who have died and cannot work for themselves. Try to be ideal Latter-day Saints in every way.

The first incident I can remember distinctly was my baptism. On November 13, 1906 my father filled up the old reservoir that had been used to store water for irrigation and he baptized me on my birthday. My brother John Kunz Jr. was there and he carried me in a blanket to the house as it was a cold blustery day in November. My oldest brother William J Kunz confirmed me the same day assisted by my father. The day before my baptism was my first day at school and rather reluctantly I stayed home the morning of my baptism even though I wanted to be baptized on my birthday. Still, I disliked staying home as I didn?t want to miss school.

My first teacher was John T. Rigby. The reason I did not start school before was that we lived about three miles from school and there being no buses in those days my father said I could be taught at home. He bought me a sunbonnet Babies Primer and my brother Parley was my teacher. Before I went to school I could read every word in the primer and also could spell every word so you see he was a very good teacher. The second year my teacher?s name was Lillian Eschler. She advanced me the third grade during my first week at school. I was ill a lot that winter but passed my grade successfully even though I did not attend much of the time. The same year they moved the school house within a few blocks of our home which pleased me greatly. In some of the blizzards which we had in the winter it kept us guessing to walk through the snow drifts. Vivian Pope taught me fourth and fifth grades and she was surely an ideal teacher. I loved her dearly, shedding tears when saying goodbye at the end of school. Howard H. Broomhead (yes that is an odd name) was my sixth grade teacher. He was a fine teacher and had a wonderful character. I always admired him. He taught me many valuable lessons besides my school work. He was the kind of teacher that teaches with every word he says. Joseph P Patterson taught me seventh and eighth grades. He was very anxious for me to succeed and taught me many wonderful truths that have helped me over many a rough place in life. Through his teaching and my earnest efforts I won the Bear lake County Honors (highest average in the eighth grade examination of the county) passing with an average of 97 and eight ninths percent.

My high school days were interrupted with sickness and lack of funds so I never graduated. I was operated for appendicitis the first year following my district school graduation and recovered successfully. My desire was to finish school but due to a large family and only bare necessities I was unable to go. I did attend

Fielding Academy at Paris, Idaho for one winter. I lived at the home of President John U Stucki. Mother had to undergo a very serious operation so I stayed home to care for her so my school days were ended.

All during my school years I attended Primary and Sunday school. The first Sunday after I was promoted to the theological class (something I had looked forward to for a long time) the superintendent asked me to be a teacher in the First Intermediate Department. I was a teacher in the Sunday school from then on until my marriage. At the same time or soon after being put in the Sunday school I was asked to be Secretary in the YLMIA which position I also held until my marriage. I also acted as a teacher in Primary during the same years and for two years was Counselor in the organization in the Bern ward and was also a teacher in religion class. I also acted as assistant secretary in the Sunday school for a while. All these years I learned the Gospel from different standpoints. I learned a great deal more than I taught, or my listeners realized, but I was happy in my efforts and when I look back those were happy days indeed.

Just one of my thrilling experiences: At one time when I was a Sunday school teacher, William A. Morton, a member of the general board of Sunday school, came to visit our Sunday school. My department was the Book of Mormon Class and he was making a tour through the Stakes lecturing on the Book of Mormon. He spent the entire class period in my department. When he and the Superintendent came in my knees trembled as I had heard him tell how he had ?roasted? a Sunday school teacher for not putting over her Book of Mormon lesson as it was intended. When he came in I asked him if he would take the class and instruct them. He said, ?Oh no, go right ahead with your lesson.? I did with a prayer in my heart. After Sunday school he came to me and congratulated me on how well I had conducted the class. He had a little book that he had written called, ?Mother Stories from the Book of Mormon.? He said it would help me with my lessons and wanted me to take orders for his book, ?The Life of Christ for Little Children?. I was able to place one in nearly every home in the ward. He seemed so thankful and was very anxious for me to be successful. I appreciated his interest in me. It was with a feeling of sadness that I read of his death a few years ago.

During my years at home as soon as I was old enough to work I went out to Williamsburg with my parents, brothers and sisters. Here we were taught the value of hard work, milking cows and making cheese. We enjoyed our years at the dairy having both sad and happy times and even miserable times in bad weather but in order to enjoy the good we had to have the bad also. Our entertainment was horseback riding, fishing, ball games, dances, etc. It was there that I met my husband and where most of our courting took place.



Hazel Kunz Smith and Lucy Kunz Hansen, prior to their marriages. This photo was taken at their home at the John Kunz III Dairy in Williamsburg about 1917.

On January 16, 1918 dear father passed away. We felt his loss very keenly. I was 19 years old, just when I needed a father?s counsel and advice, but we did not wish to prolong his suffering as he had been in bed most of three years. He taught us correct principles and used to say if he knew that one of his children would marry an outsider (not one of our faith) he would turn over in his grave. He taught us never to speak against God?s authority or those placed over us. He said if we did we were on the road to apostasy. Father gave me my first lesson in tithing. Soon after I was baptized he gave me 50 cents and asked me if it all belonged to me. I said, ?Yes, if you will let me have it.? He said, ?I gave it to you but you owe the Lord 5 cents of it for tithing. He, being Bishop, gave me a tithing receipt and I prized it as one of my valued possessions. This lesson has stayed with me and I have a testimony that as long as we pay our tithing the Lord will bless us with means to accomplish what we desire in righteousness. If I could pass this on to my dear ones, it would be that the 90 cents will go farther if they pay the Lord his tenth out of every dollar.

I have often wished since my marriage if I could just step in and ask dear father?s advice when problems would arise but mother was always ready and willing to advise us. My wish is that I may raise my family as honorable as father did his family as I am proud of all my brothers and sisters even though they are children from four different mothers. Father taught us there were no half brothers or half sisters. Father obeyed the command given by the lard to Prophet Joseph Smith to live the law of plural marriage. The Prophet Joseph said I quote, ?The same God that has so far dictated to me and directed me and strengthened me in this work gave me this revelation, and commandment, on celestial and plural marriage and the same God commanded me to obey it. He said to me unless I accepted it and introduced it and practiced it I together with my people would be damned and cut off from this time, henceforth and they will?, but said he, ?We have got to observe it, it is and eternal principle and was given by way of commandment and not by way of instruction.? (Taken from the Contributor)

Now we all know that since that time Wilford Woodruff issued the manifesto declaring that plural marriage should cease. That is law and any man that practices this principle should be cut off from The Church. The same God that the Prophet Joseph speaks of put stop to this principle and we should be willing to accept it.

The above quoted from the Contributor gives me a testimony that the Lord commanded our people to marry into plural marriage and I admire them for being able to live so that they kept the faith until the end. They must have had great faith to have lived this commandment.



On May 23, 1919 I chose for my companion Lloyd Herbert Hansen of Spring City, Utah. Accompanied by my brother Parley and his bride Hilda Stoor, and brother Heber we went through the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed for time and all eternity after which Heber went on his mission. We honeymooned in Salt Lake City. General Conference was postponed that year until the later part of May on account of the flu epidemic and we stayed in the city and attended it. President Heber J. Grant was sustained as President of The Church at that conference. It was a great thrill for us and we enjoyed conference and the association of our friends and loved ones.

After conference my husband and I went to Spring City to live at his father?s home, his mother having died on May 4, 1918, about a year prior to our marriage. His brother Clarence was also there, he had just returned from two years service in the army in World War I. His sister Idella was there too. She was 14 years old, just the age when she needed a mother?s care, so I stepped right into housekeeping for the family. I enjoyed it though and id my best to make their home happy. I thought a great deal of Grandpa Hansen. He seemed to confide in me and tell me so many experiences of his. He seemed to enjoy our being there and after we moved away he always enjoyed coming to our home no matte where we were. He now has passed away and I felt very sorrowful to think I could not attend his funeral on account of illness in our own family. I surely loved and admired his wonderful character. He would never have wronged anyone and was one of the most humble men I ever knew. His virtue and honesty he prized above everything in life. All the time I lived there I never heard him swear or say a vulgar word.

We moved to Lewiston, Utah then to Logan where I stayed with mother. I went to two sessions to the Temple for about six weeks. When I was not at the Temple I was making a layette for our first baby. We moved to Bern, Idaho to my old home. Mother was to be maternity nurse for Hilda and Hilda?s baby was born first on our wedding day, fern a baby girl. We were not so fortunate. Our baby was born on June 11, 1920 but died at birth. We called her LaRue. She was buried in the Bern Cemetery. Bishop Schmid and Aunt Hazel made a nice little casket. It was hard. Words cannot express it. This was our first great sorrow to us life looked rather blue. I was ill for some time. Dr. Ashley gave us no hopes for a family in the future. We tried to be happy and feel that, ?the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh blessed be the name of the Lord.?

We moved again to Spring City to care for Grandpa Hansen. Soon I was preparing for another baby. We drove to the Manti Temple with the horse and buggy, about 20 miles South of Spring City. The Presidency of the Temple gave me a wonderful blessing and promised a large family. I did not worry much after that. On June 29, 1921 our son Eldon was born and we were so happy that the Lord was and to us and let us keep him. While I was expecting him I taught Primary and also Bee Hive Girls which I enjoyed a lot. On May 7, 1923 our darling Lucy Mae was born. We felt our home was complete. Eldon had now grown into a mischievous lad of two. It kept me busy. In September of that year we moved to Lewiston, Utah where we have since made our home. We bought a home and ever since financial affairs have kept us busy and it has been hard at times to make ends meet but the Lord has been on our side and with his help and blessings we have been able to raise our family.


Hansen Home in Lewiston

On March 5, 1925 our second son was born. We named him Jay. He was a fine husky lad. On Feb 21, 1927 our third daughter Idonna arrived. We now had two boys and tow girls. We thought no one was more blessed than we. Eldon fell and broke his arm, not once, but three times during the next short while but each time he recovered satisfactory. On April 4, 1929 another baby girl came to our house. We named her Gwendolyn. Right after we had some sad times. Lloyd?s brother Clarence died, and then his brother Orlando and wife and baby were all killed at a railroad crossing. Soon after I gave birth to a baby boy we named Clarence Orlando after his two uncles who had so recently died.



We were getting along fairly well physically but financially we were in bad shape when our hardest sorrow came to us that we have been called to face. Our darling Lucy Mae died very suddenly on May 10, 1931 on Mother?s Day. Oh, the heartbroken family that we were. The doctors said that she had spinal meningitis. It was hard for us to reconcile ourselves that ?God knows best? but when we did our biggest battle was over, but oh the lonely hours. All our neighbors, friends and relatives were so very good and kind. We can never repay them, they helped so much.

On July 26 another baby girl came to stay with us. We named her Darlene. We again had 3 girls and 3 boys. She had many experiences early in life, had whooping cough when she was 8 weeks old, chicken pox at 12

weeks and measles at nine months. She fell out of the car twice, once when we were traveling 40 miles per hours. She nearly lost her life but we had her administered to both times and the Lord spared her life. On December 15, 1935 our son D?Vaughn was born. We were especially happy when he arrived as I had been in bed for six weeks before his arrival with high blood pressure and albumen, but all was well and he was a nice husky fellow.



On August 2, 1937 another son, Ronald, was born. We were looking for a girl but when he came he was such an adorable little fellow we forgot all about a girl and enjoyed him so much. Then when we had given up all hope of any more children along came Gordon Jerry on October 30, 1941. Everyone was looking for a girl this time, especially the girls in the family wanted a little sister. They soon grew so fond of him they wouldn?t trade him for a dozen girls. I was very low for a while after he was born. Dr. Cragun was very much concerned but I was administered to by Brother David O. Hendricks and Hilton Jorgensen. I was promised I would return to my family and be able to again care for them. That promise made me feel much better and soon I was well and strong again. Gordon was blessed on the day the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

During World War II my two sons Eldon and Jay served in the Navy. Eldon was on the Battleship Pennsylvania and Jay served on the Admiralty Islands in New Guinea. It was hard to follow them around (in mind only) when they were on the Pacific Ocean for such a long time knowing they were in danger all of the time. A person does rely on the Lord for comfort and guidance. They both came home unharmed and wee are so thankful.

Soon after my arrival in Lewiston I was asked to act as Counselor to Ruby Milligan in the Sugarton Branch Society. Seneth Thomson was the other counselor. I have been a visiting teacher in Lewiston for 25 years. I was counselor in the Primary two different times to Esther Nielsen President. For two years I was Guide Leader in the Benson Stake Primary. For three years counselor to Maud Hyer in the Relief Society, taught Bee Hive for two years, taught Trail Builder Boys in Primary, taught Junior Gleaner Girls for two years, Improvement Era Director with my husband (position I now hold) and also visiting teacher in Relief Society.



We are proud of our family and when they succeed we are so happy. During their school years they took many honors and were all good, active students and have applied themselves in their church work. I hope they will continue as their education both in church and school means so much to them in their lives. Our lives have been made richer for having such a wonderful family given us. May we prove worthy of them is my most humble prayer.

Return to Hansen Reunion Home Page