My name is Mary Ann Clark. I am the eighth child of Thomas Henry and Charlotte Gailey Clark. I traveled across the plains when I was nine years old. I remember a little of Nauvoo, traveling to Iowa, and then the hard journey across the plains. I remember seeing wild buffalo and hearing the howling of the wolves and of being frightened of the Indians. I remember the hard times once we arrived in Grantsville. I remember very little food and leaving our homes because of Johnston's Army.[1] But I also remember pleasant times. Our log house was first a one-room, then a two-room cabin. When they opened the saw mill on Fishing Creek, we were able to have a wood floor. We used a bunch of rabbit brush for brooms. None of us had luxuries because things were just not available.

We cooked over a fireplace and baked our bread in a bake skillet. We did all our baking and roasting and boiling over an open fire. There were not many matches, so we would cover the fire up at night to keep it alive. If the fire died out, we would have to borrow from the neighbors.

Our mode of traveling was nothing to brag about. Our wagons were the old ones they crossed the plains

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[1] Life of Mary Ann Clark Anderson.

with. They were 12 feet long and 5 feet high. When a cover was put on the wagon, a man that was six feet tall could stand straight up in the wagon. When a young man took his girl for a ride, he would put his girl in the big high box and walk by the side of the oxen on the outside. He would walk faster than the oxen so he would get ahead of them and then walk back.

A couple would take these wagons to Salt Lake to get married in the Endowment House. They would fill the wagon with a load of charcoal to sell to get a "marriage stake". The trip would take three days.

Our mother made all of our clothes. There were no sewing machines, so all the work was done by hand. The women would shear the sheep, take the wool and wash it, and make it into batts. The batts would be rolled into small rolls. They would spin the wool on a spinning wheel. The wool being black and white would make a grey color or what we called "sheep grey". To get different colors, we would color the yarn then weave it into cloth and make it into clothes. Everybody wore the same kind of clothes. Even Brigham Young and the Apostles all wore sheep grey clothes.

Grantsville used to be a haven for all kinds of birds and other small animals. And it seemed that everything was happy. The air was always full of some

kind of birds. The large birds would fly so high you could hardly see them. They would gather in bunches and circle around way up in the air for hours at a time. It seemed as if everybody and everything would be singing the same songs, especially the birds. Even the bullfrogs and all kinds of insects, especially the insects sang, and there were lots of them singing. To the North of Grantsville was grass and water where all the birds and ducks would lay and hatch their young ones, but that is a day of the past now. The whole of the grass bottoms was a flower garden. About June, we used to go down on the meadow and gather flowers by the armful and suck the honey from the grass which hung in drops on the leaves.

We didn't have the chance to go to school as you have now. We were not required to go to school. If we stayed home it was alright. We had to pay tuition and had to buy our books. There were no grades. The highest reader was called the Fifth Reader. If we got through that, we thought we had it all.[2]

I enjoyed the company of my older sisters. I enjoyed all of them, but I spent a lot of time with Hannah.

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[2] Family History of Timothy Henry Parkinson.

In the early spring of 1854, my sister Hannah met Charles Graham Parkinson. His father was a landlord in England. When he sold his property there, he made quite a bit of money, so Charles' early life was spent in school studying the finer arts. His manners were different from anyone here, as was his style of dress. Charles wore black or green velvet trousers with bright buckles, long black stockings, and low cut shoes. All of the men in the community called him tenderfoot.

The first dance he went to he saw Hannah with a wreath of flowers on her head. He asked who she was, and was told that she was Hannah Clark, whose father was the big man of the town. He told the group that he was going to dance with her. They laughed at him, and then he said, "That girl is going to be my wife." On October 18th of that year, they were married by my father in our home. Hannah spent most of that day spinning yarn for the winter. She was wearing a dress and stockings of "sheep grey" wool that my mother had made for her. She stood up and was married in her stocking feet.[3]

Charles and Hannah were very happy. Their home as filled with contentment and happiness as was my parent's home. They had good and happy times. Charles had gone

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[3] History of Hannah Maria Clark Parkinson.

to work one day, and did not cut any wood for the stove, so in her good natured way, Hannah prepared the evening meal. She put the dishes on the table, a bowl of raw potatoes, all peeled and cut, a plate of raw meat, and a plate of dough, and a pot of cold tea. Charles liked the supper so well, Hannah teased, that he always remembered to see that the wood was chopped before he left home.

Our family enjoyed one another a great deal. We loved to sing. Mother had set the example by singing in our home. When we were cross or angry or starting to fight with one another, Mother would start singing. "Scatter the Sunshine", or some other song. There were very few cross words spoken in our family.

We all liked to sing at our work, and we all enjoyed daily life. We were taught to make the best of everything. We were taught to use our hands as well as our heads. As soon as we were old enough, we were taught to sew and knit. Hannah even taught her sons to knit.

We also like to entertain. I remember many times going over to Hannah's to help her fix the food for a party. We would have good things to eat. We would laugh and giggle, and have the best of times. All of

us like to play practical jokes on one another. Charlotte substituted coal for candy on several occasions.

Our home on earth was a happy and righteous one. My father's motto was "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Charlotte: My life on earth was such a short one when viewed in the eternities. Did I spend it wisely? Did I give my children and those around me the things they needed?

I would want my posterity to remember us as a happy family, able to enjoy life, ready to meet each new circumstance with a positive attitude. I would want them to remember us as hard working, loving towards our fellow man regardless of their race, and willing to put the work of the Lord first. The most important thing I could teach them was to serve the Lord so we could be together in the eternities. The legacy I would like to leave is this "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Conductor: Will the direct and indirect descendants of Thomas Henry and Charlotte Gailey Clark please stand.

Ladies, the life you live does make a difference. May we all have the courage to live a legacy. I pray for the Lord's blessings to help us in this calling. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.