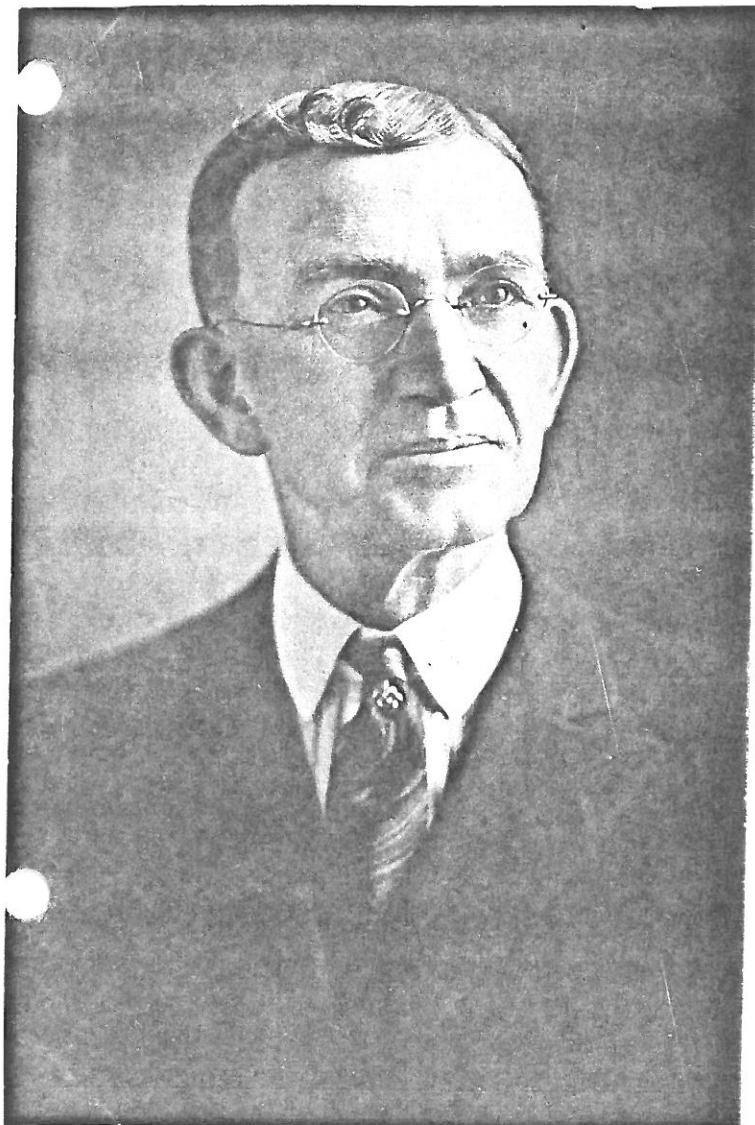


FRANK BARTLETT WOODBURY



Frank & family - September 27; 1914

Back: F. Orin, George, Harvey
Front: wife Lilly, Nettie, Frank,
Melvin & Lillian



Family Home about 1898

8 Orchard Square
Salt Lake City



LIFE SKETCH OF FRANK B. WOODBURY

I, Frank B. Woodbury, having been born of goodly parents, proceed to write a brief account of my life, and bear testimony that the Gospel has been restored to prepare the people for the Second Coming of the Savior. I was born in St. George, Utah December 27, 1867, six years after the arrival in Dixie of the pioneers, including my parents, Orin Nelson and Ann Cannon Woodbury and their four children, Eleanor, Orin Nelson Jr., Annie Maria and George J. After arriving there six more children were born to them; namely: John Taylor, Leonora, Frank Bartlett, Alice C., and Clara S. We six were born in an adobe house which still stands near the corner of First South on First East Street.

I remember going up the hill to the Fourth Ward Meeting House and being baptized by Elder Walter Granger on the 2nd Day of March 1876. The same building was also used as a school house, which I attended a short time. Two of my early teachers were my sister Annie Maria Woodbury and Elizabeth Snow Ivins.

My father was a very kind and humble man, very loyal in honoring the Priesthood of God. I shall never forget the lesson he taught me in my early youth. I was accompanying him to the field, riding on a hay rack, and in conversation with him, I referred to a former Bishop of the ward as Mr Ashby. For the first and only time in my life that he ever laid his hand on me to punish me, he tapped me on the cheek lightly and said: "Don't you ever let me hear you speak so disrespectfully of the Priesthood of God." I have thanked him in my heart many times for that lesson. I have fond recollections of him holding me on his knee and singing to me

some of the old melodies such as "Father & I went down to camp" & "There was a frog lived in a well, Hi ole pole."

My father had two wives, each of which bore him ten children; therefore, most of my training was left to my mother. I am thankful to her for the many faith promoting incidents she related to me concerning answers to prayer and healing of the sick through administration by the Elders. She told me of her mother's great faith, and of her testimony she received from the Lord, that Elder John Taylor was a man of God the first time he came to the home in Liverpool as a Missionary from the Church. She also told of the conversion of her father reading the Book of Mormon through twice, he having refrained from joining any Church because they did not teach the Gospel as it was taught in the Bible. She related to me how my father's mother Elizabeth Bartlett, for whom I was named, had been an invalid for seven or eight years when the Elders brought the Gospel to them at New Salem, Massachusetts and was healed through administering and was baptized, followed by her husband and their seven children. She told me of her own great desire to hear the Elders explain the Gospel, and when she would be sent, with the younger children upstairs to bed, she would get them to sleep and then creep down to the landing to listen. Her father found her asleep one time, then on she was permitted to stay up for fear she might fall and break her neck. She also told me of her being present at the meeting when Sydney Rigdon presented his claim to be the guardian for the Church after the Martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, and of the mantle of the Prophet resting on Brigham Young when he arose to answer him and to declare that the

keys had been conferred on the Quorum of the Twelve, the next quorum in authority to the First Presidency, by the Prophet himself before the Martyrdom.

The teachings of my mother made a deep impression on my mind, and one Sunday while listening to one of the General Authorities of the Church in the St. George Tabernacle, the Holy Ghost bore testimony to me of the truthfulness of the Gospel, by a burning sensation over my entire body, and that testimony has been strengthened many times in my labors in the service of the Lord. I was never ordained to any office in the Aaronic Priesthood, but did the work required of the Deacons under the direction of a Presidency of Elders. After being ordained to the office of Elder I was appointed to be the secretary of the Deacon's Quorum. I was fourteen years of age when ordained an Elder, and I did endowment work for the dead in the St. George Temple after receiving my own endowments.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Bartlett Woodbury, after being healed, lived to accompany the family to Nauvoo, where she endured the persecutions prior to their exodus. She lived for several years after her arrival in Salt Lake City, accompanied by her husband, three of her five sons and a daughter. The daughter Maria married Thales Haskell and accompanied him to Santa Clara where she was accidentally shot and killed by an Indian boy who worked for them. She left no posterity.

My grandmother Ann Cannon, was buried in the ocean on her way to Navuoo in 1842, and my grandfather George Cannon, died in 1844, soon after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his

brother Hyrum, leaving six orphan children, the eldest, George Q., being sixteen years of age. Their posterity now number several thousands.

President Brigham Young used to spend some of his winters in St. George and I remember how the Sunday School children used to line up on either side of the road as he and his party entered the city. His visit there was for the dedication of the St. George temple in the spring of 1877, a few months prior to his death. After John Taylor succeeded to the Presidency, he and his first counselor, George Q. Cannon, were attending conference in St. George, and were at my mother's house for dinner. My mother suggested to her brother, George Q., that if there was an opening in the Juvenile Instructor Office for a boy to learn the printing trade, she would like me to be given the opportunity of accepting it. This was in the fall of 1884 and early in 1885, Mother received word that there was an opening at a salary of \$3 per week for the first year, with an advance of \$1 per week each year until the five years were served. I decided to accept and left St. George in February, 1885, in company with his sister Annie M. and her husband Miles P. Romney and their three children. The Romneys were on their way to Colonia Juarez, Mexico, to make their home.

I started my apprenticeship at Deseret News, then located on the northeast corner of Main and South Temple Streets, March 7, 1885, and arranged to board and lodge at the home of my mother's sister, Mary Alice Cannon Lambert, by paying \$2.50 per week and milking and caring for the cow, thus leaving me twenty cents over week for clothing and other expenses, after the tithing of thirty

cents was deducted from my pay. I have been thankful that the tithing was deducted as it caused me to form the habit which I have followed ever since.

During my boyhood in St. George, I spent the time helping my father on the farm, helping Mother with the bees, making frames for the hives, gathering mulberry leaves to feed the silk worms, etc.. Mother was not only a pioneer to Utah and so St. George, but was a pioneer in the Bee Industry and in the Silk Industry, responding to the request of President Brigham Young that the people of Dixie should on go in producing their own silk and cotton, and she devoted much time and energy to the development of the silk industry. She was appointed a member of the Utah State Silk Commission and served for eight years, taking an active part in growing the silk worms and in manufacturing silk cloth from the cocoons. I also had the experience of hauling wood from the mountains west of St. George, and from Damron Valley, north of St. George, and I remember one trip I made across the State border into Arizona for a load. During some of these trips, on arising of a morning, we found ourselves beneath a blanket of snow, as we slept on the ground with nothing between us and the canopy of heaven, save a few quilts.

Arriving in Salt Lake, I was identified with the Seventh Ward, and was assigned to labor as an Acting Priest, with an older companion, and for two years held the office of counselor in the ward M.I.A. I was also invited to become a member of a Prayer Circle presided over by Elder Charles W. Penrose, then a counselor to President Angus M Cannon of the Salt Lake Stake, which met in

the Endowment House, which stood on the Northwest corner of the Temple Block. This building was torn down on November, 1889, and we then met in a room over the Historian's Office, opposite the present Church Office building on South Temple. After the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated, the Circle met in the Temple, and was presided over by President Francis M. Lyman of the Quorum of the Twelve. I continued my membership with it until 1904, when I became a member of the Pioneer Stake High Council Prayer Circle, which I attended on Sunday Morning at 8 a.m. for forty years.

On April 2, 1891 I was ordained a Seventy by President B.H. Roberts, and on May 27 following, I was married to Miss Lilly Druce Lambert, daughter of Charles John and Lilly H.A. Druce Lambert, in the St. George Temple. My sister Alice was married to Melvin M. Harmon on the same day and a double Wedding Reception was held that evening at the home of our mother, Ann C. Woodbury. Six weeks later, I received a call to fill a mission in the Indian Territory, and left for that mission the following October 16. I served about two years, acting as Mission Secretary during the later Part.

Receiving the call for a mission so soon after our marriage was a great shock to both of us. The letter from President Wilford Woodruff was received just as we were ready to eat our supper, but no supper was eaten that night. After due consideration, we agreed that the call would be accepted, and a letter to that effect was written, and after being endorsed by Bishop William Thorn, who knew nothing of the call, was sent to the First Presidency. We moved our scanty furniture into a one room lumber building on the lot which I was purchasing, a part of my grandfather's pioneer nursery

in the Seventh Ward, and I left for my mission Oct 16, 1891. On returning from the mission in Oct 1893, we rented a small house near the lot and in the spring of 1894, had built two rooms of a projected five-room house, to be added to as desired.

During my absence in the mission field, my wife had made her home with her parents, and being a good seamstress, went out sewing, receiving fifty cents every day and her dinner for her services. On receiving word that I could have my release if I could pay my own way home, as the Church was in such financial straits that they could not do so, she was very much discouraged, not knowing how she would be able to raise the necessary amount. After putting forth every effort she could think of, she went into the city with all but \$10 of the amount needed, thinking she could send that and hoping that I might make that do, when she was approached by Elder Daniel H. Snarr, President of a Missionary Aid Society to which I had belonged, but which had failed after paying my wife two ten dollar monthly allowance. He told her the officers of the defunct organization had met and discussed the possibility of her husband's release, and presented her with ten dollars, just the amount needed to pay my way home.

On returning in October 1893, I was set apart as a Home Missionary in the Salt Lake Stake, December 27, My 26th birthday anniversary. Salt Lake Stake then embraced all of Salt Lake County, and we had to travel by horse team to fill our appointments, to the outlying wards. After serving nearly one year, I was released at the request of Bishop William Thorn, that I might attend more regularly to my duties as Ward Clerk until

1906.

The 23rd Quorum of Seventy was divided on March 12, 1901, at a meeting held in Farmer's Ward, at which time I was chosen to be one of the Presidents of the Quorum, and was set apart by President George Reynolds of the First Council of Seventy. While serving in this position, we were being pressed for members to fill foreign missions, and not being able to find members in a position to go, the Presidents decided to cast lots to decide which of us would go, the other Presidents agreeing to finance him. Before this plan was consummated, however, the Pioneer Stake was organized at the division of the Salt Lake into four Stakes. Some of the Presidents were chosen members of the High Council and others called to Stake positions. I was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a member of the High council by Elder Ruder Clawson of the Council of the Twelve, on March 25, 1904, which position I held until October 26, 1930.

Six children were born to us, the eldest son, George, having been born while I was in the mission field. All but one of the six have filled missions: George in the Northern States from 1914 to 1917; F. Orin in Germany from 1922 to 1924; Harvey C. in the French Mission in Switzerland, two and one-half years - 1922 - 1924; Melvin L. in Argentina two and one-half years - 1929 to 1932, most of the time as Secretary of the South American Mission; and Nettie L. in the European Mission and the British Mission - 1932 to 1934; Lillian L. served as a counselor in the Stake Presidency of the Primary Association of Pioneer Stake while in her teens, and has served in Ward and Stake positions most of the time since. All of

the family have been active in Church work throughout their lives.

The mother of these children died March 12, 1924, after a brief illness, while the two sons were serving as missionaries in Europe. The funeral was held in the Pioneer Stake Hall on March 16, 1924. Hers was the first funeral service held in that building since the organization of the stake, for which she had put the white draperies in the hall. The building was filled to capacity with her many friends and relatives.

Her death was a great blow to me and I prayed to the Lord to help me to keep busy in Church work. While in this frame of mine I was called to be the Patriarch of Pioneer Stake, and was ordained to that position by Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, during Conference October 26, 1924. I continued to serve in the High Council as well as Patriarch until the Stake Conference in October 1930 when I was released from the High Council and sustained as Stake Chairman of the Genealogical Committee, which position I held until January 1933. Following this, I helped in the Ward Genealogical Committee, either as class instructor or home teacher. In the spring of 1935, I began to feel that I was not doing all I should do as a Patriarch and prayed to the Lord to make it known to me if I should do more visiting of the sick in the Stake. It was at this time that I was called to the Office of President Heber J. Grant, and requested to come to the Church Office each day after my work and give blessings to people from the Mission Field, who have no Patriarch to the Church, but that he had not yet had the inspiration to appoint anyone to the position, and until he had the inspiration, no one would be appointed. This was to be a mission for me, but he did

not know for how long. His secretary, Joseph Anderson, took down three blessings to people that day, and the next day I found a dictaphone in the Patriarch's office for my use.

In my Patriarchal Blessing I was told, "And it shall be especially your privilege to teach those who shall come unto Zion seeking unto the Lord for light and truth, that they may be able to walk in the ways of the Lord."

I continued my work at the Desert News and at the Patriarch's Office until January 18, 1936, when I was told by the General Manager Samuel O. Bennion, that having added more machinery to the news plant, my services were no longer needed, and that President Grant wanted me to spent more time in the Patriarch's Office, and for me to report the following Monday morning to Brother Arthur Winter at the Church Office. On February 7 following, President George F. Richards called me to be an Ordinance Worker in the Salt Lake Temple, and I was set apart on February 10, by President Richards, assisted by Counselors Joseph Christensen and Stephen L. Chipman. When I told President Richards that I had been retired from the Desert News he said: "That is good, you come and work on the two morning sessions, and consider this to be your life's work." I had purchased two lots in St. George many years before, planning on building there so my wife and I could spend our declining years working in the Temple. I then sold my lots in St. George and settled down to do this work.

Nearly two years later, January 10, 1938, I was called to the office of President Grant and set apart as a Sealer in the Salt Lake Temple, by President Grant, assisted by President David O.

McKay. Since that time I have sealed up to December 31, 1960, 233,765 couples for the dead, and 294,699 children to their parents. I have also performed 226 licensed marriages for the living. In my Patriarchal Blessing I was also told, "You shall be astonished at your power which God shall give unto you to assist you in the labors committed into your hands."

On July 9, 1943, I married Miss Clara Horne Tingey, daughter of Joseph S. and Martha Horne Tingey, and moved from Pioneer Stake into the 17th Ward, Salt Lake Stake. In the fall of 1944, I was sustained as a Patriarch for Salt Lake Stake at the Stake Conference October 21, 1945. I had not been permitted to give blessings to members of the Salt Lake Stake prior to being sustained as Stake Patriarch, but continued to give them to people from the mission field when requested to do so.

On Friday March 24, 1944, my wife Clara was set apart as an Ordinance Worker in the Salt Lake Temple by President Stephen L. Chipman, assisted by President Robert I. Burton and myself, and continued her work there officiating with her husband until Monday May 24, 1948, when she was again taken ill with cancer, for which she had been operated on before her marriage, and suffered until July 28th, when she passed away at 3:00 a.m.; and was buried from the 17th Ward Chapel, where services were held with an overflow attendance.

Soon after the dedication of the St. George Temple in April 1877, my father Orin N. Woodbury and my oldest sister Eleanor, did the endowment work for all of the relatives for whom they had the data necessary for their identification. Nothing more was done in

regard to research work on the Woodbury line until 1900, when a group of the family were discussing the possibility of doing something about it. George R. Scott, husband of cousin Ada Woodbury, an employee of the Z.C.M.I. wholesale department, offered to give me the address of the Woodbury Shoe Company of Massachusetts, which I accepted and wrote to them. They put me in touch with Mrs. Lora N. Woodbury Underhill, Secretary and Genealogist of the Woodbury Genealogical Society of Massachusetts, from whom I obtained the names of my progenitors back to William Woodbury and Elizabeth Patch, who were married at South Petherton, Somersetshire, England, January 29, 1616. They came to America in 1628, with his older brother John, who had emigrated to America in 1623, and had been send by the Massachusetts Bay Colony back to England to get a new charter and new recruits for the Colony. Mrs Underhill was preparing data for a publication of a book on the descendants of these two brothers. I collected a considerable sum of money for Annual membership at \$1 each and for Life Memberships at \$10 each, as well as for having the pictures of Grandfather Jeremiah, and some of his sons, published in the book. This money was sent to Merton G. Woodbury of Melrose, mass, treasurer of the Woodbury Genealogical Society of Mass.

In 1906 Mrs. Underhill resigned her position and the President locked the records in a safe, where they laid for over fifty years, where no one could get to see them. On March 8, 1950, I received a letter from Miss Ruth A. Woodbury, of Wakefield, Mass, daughter of Dr. Frank T. Woodbury, stating that Merton G. Woodbury, the Treasurer, who had possession of the records and the money, had

died, and that her father's attorney was preparing a petition to the Massachusetts Courts to have then turned over to him, as the last surviving officer of the society. Then I received another letter stating that her father had died, and the Attorney was preparing a petition to have a receiver appointed to receive the money and records, to be signed by the Life Members.

The only Life members who were living were myself, my brother Clarence and three grandchildren of my uncle Thomas H. Woodbury, viz William H. and Harrison Woodbury and Rebecca Stay Jacobson. We signed the petition to have Miss Ruth Woodbury, daughter of the late Dr. Frank T. Woodbury, appointed Receiver. On obtaining possession of the safe, which had not been opened for a least twenty-five years, it was found that the records were so decayed and matted together that they could not be microfilmed. We reported to the court that we could not publish the book, but that we would make four copies of the information to be deciphered, one copy for the Mass. Library, one for the Washington D.C. Library, one for the L.D.S. Genealogical Library and one for the Woodbury Family of Utah.

In consultation with Archibald F Bennett and Miss Ellen Hill, Assistant Librarian, it was arranged for Miss Ruth A. Woodbury to copy what she could from the remnant of those cards to be paid from the money in the Treasury, of which there was over \$1,200, of which quite a large sum was used for Court Expenses. She spent seven years in this work, when she had copied 1,250 pages of names. The money in the Treasury ran out and I sent Ruth a check for \$92.85 to finish paying her for the typing. The task now is to compare these

records with the records which I had filed with the Index Bureau, over four hundred Family Group sheets for Temple work, there is much yet to be done, and I feel that my life has been prolonged for the accomplishment of the work.

Since my ordination to the office of Patriarch October 26, 1924, I have given 5,613 blessings, including 823 blessings given in the Church Patriarch's Office from 1935 to 1937. Since being set apart as an Ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple, I have taken part in 3,411 Endowment Sessions on which there were 449,000 Patrons. Since 1930 I have been endowed for 2,030 persons up to December 31, 1960.

At the age of 93, I now have a posterity of four living children, twenty-three grandchildren and fifty-three great-grandchildren. One great-grandchild having died in infancy. One son-in-law and two sons have also passed away. Joseph L. Miller, husband of Nettie, died March 9 1956; Harvey C. on September 8, 1956; and George L. on January 23, 1957. All of my children were married in the Temple, and all hold positions of trust in Church or State. My son Orin, is a Director and former Vice-President of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. He was called to Washington D.C. during the second World War to direct the decentralization of thirty-one Government Agencies to be transferred from Washington, D.C. to other cities extending as far west as Kansas City.

Frank B. Woodbury became ill with mumps in May 1962. Because of complications he was taken to the L.D.S. Hospital, and remained there until his death December 21, 1962.

Funeral services were held December 24, in the old Seventh Ward Chapel, the last ward in which he resided. Burial was in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery.

MY TESTIMONY

To my beloved children and grandchildren: Salt Lake City, Utah

June 24, 1936

I wanted to speak a few words to you last evenings while we were together in Mill Creek Canyon, but did not have an opportunity. I wanted to bear my testimony to you that our Father in Heaven is watching over us and will bless us according to our faith and trust in Him and the loving service we render for the blessing of our fellows. We lived with Him in the spirit world before we were born into this earth life, and we were placed upon this earth that we might gain an experience that would prepare us for further growth and development, that we might some day be like our Father in Heaven.

Certain laws have been established which are best calculated to prepare us for this condition. We must have faith in our Father and in His love for us, and if we trust Him and seek to live in harmony with His divine laws and sustain those whom He had placed in the Church to direct us, we will be happy and will live together in harmony.

During the past year I have had some rich experiences, and have received many testimonies concerning the goodness of our Father to His children who do right. I have also learned of the sorrow that comes to people from doing wrong and breaking the commandments of our Father. Money or wealth or the honors of men do not bring to people the greatest happiness. These things are worthless in comparison with the joy that comes from loving service and devotion to the work of God.

The greatest honor that you can show to myself and my wife, as your parents and grandparents is to keep the commandments of God and devote yourselves to the work of the Lord, and this will also bring you the greatest joy and happiness that you can have.

I exhort you, my beloved children, to give heed to my wishes. Attend to your family prayers and your secret prayers every day, and seek for divine guidance and protection; observe the Sabbath Day to keep it holy; partake of the Sacrament as often as you can, so that you may obtain spiritual food. Pay honest tithing and observe the proper fast; and give the cost of two meals as an offering to the Bishop for the poor. Do not criticize or find fault with the authorities of the Church, Stake, or Ward. None of us are perfect, and so you should criticize yourself and try to improve yourself rather than your neighbor.

I have known all the Presidents of the Church except Joseph Smith, who was martyred for his testimony, and I know they were indeed Prophets, Seers and Revelators. People have criticized all of these Prophets, but I have seen such fall by the wayside and their efforts have failed; but those who have sustained these Prophets have been blessed.

The Gospel is worth more than everything else in this world and the observance of Gospel laws will bring us joy and peace in this life, and exaltation and glory in the hereafter.

Your loving grandfather,

(Signed) Frank B. Woodbury

MY GRANDFATHER

Weak and feeble, though he was once stately and tall, is my grandfather. He has lived ninety-two years, ninety-two years filled with sickness, health, poverty, humility and pride. He is never unjustly proud, but he is proud of his age. He's proud when his son, who has attained fame and fortune, takes him to dinner almost every Saturday afternoon. He's proud when neighbors and friends admire his garden of beautiful roses, tulips, daffodils, and petunias nurtured carefully by his wrinkled old hands. But he is especially proud when his descendants live up to their ideals, the ideals stressed so diligently by him.

At four-thirty every morning he begins his day. Since he lives alone, it is necessary for him to cook his own breakfast. Every morning he eats a soft-boiled egg, toast, fruit generously smothered with thick cream from my aunt's farm, and hot oatmeal. The toast crumbs often end up in the utensil drawer or the tablecloth drawer carelessly left open as he buttered his toast. He then takes a bath, toils in his garden, and listens to the news on the radio. By seven-thirty he is ready to start his day's work, working for his Church. He is in bed by nine-thirty practically every evening.

Grandfather is seldom angry. It has often been quoted that "A word to the wise is sufficient." A sharp piercing glance from Grandfather's eyes is sufficient for most of his children and grandchildren. When he does feel it necessary to speak to one of us concerning conduct, it causes greater pain than the heaviest

physical blows could. Most of the time tears are shed after a few angry words from Grandfather. Needless to say, the deed causing the rebuke is seldom repeated.

He recalls with pleasure his younger, more active days. He laughs when he thinks of the stretch required of his long, seventy-five year old legs when he leaped over the four foot high fence every morning. This fence separated his property from an alley which led to his destination every day. One day a neighbor kindly nailed boards to the fence so Grandfather could climb over it. But, when Grandfather was in a hurry, he leaped over the fence anyway to save time.

Naturally he has some peculiarities. Thinking he is saving my mother's time and energy, he wears his white shirts several times before he puts them in his hamper for her to wash. The collars are frayed more from vigorous rubbing for the removal of the dirt than from wear and old age. He's also extremely independent. His independence blends with stupidity in some instances. His doctor's office is two blocks from the office in which my mother works. When the doctor finishes working, Grandfather doesn't want to bother her by telephoning to ask her to pick him up or by walking to her office so she can take him home. Instead, he stumbles through rain, sleet and snow until he happens to see a bus going his way. Independence can be a bad trait!

But I love him. I love to see his eyes sparkle and crinkle when he sees a baby laugh or a beautiful mother smile. I love to hear him laugh at an innocent joke. I love to hear him sing his favorite old songs. But most of all I love to hear him pray. He

is one of the most nearly perfect man I know. I'm proud to say
that he is my Grandfather!

By Janice K. Miller

May 18, 1960

December 23, 1962

Mrs. Cruse, at the Larkin Mortuary, on Sunday December 23, 1962 related to us her own experience somewhat in the following words:

"Approximately 15 years ago my husband and I came to the home of Frank B. Woodbury for a Patriarchal Blessing. We had only been in Salt Lake approximately one year and I knew practically no English and my husband knew only a little more. My mother had come with me and she likewise did not have an understanding of the English language. Through an interpreter I told your father that I did not understand English but that I still wanted a Patriarchal Blessing and would hope to have it translated so that I could understand it. In his preliminary comments, however, he assured me that I would understand every word of my Patriarchal Blessing while it was being given. I was surprised at the fulfillment of his promise, that in his giving my Patriarchal Blessing I understood every word that was said, at least I understood the blessing as if it had been given in my Native tongue. And yet, immediately following that blessing, as others talked to me in English I lost that ability to understand their English. From then on the English language came to me more easily. Subsequent to that, on the following week, which was Fast Day, my mother bore her testimony in the Twenty-Eight Ward at which time she was understood by others in the Chapel as she gave her testimony, which in turn included the reference to the Patriarchal Blessing which I had received. At the time of the meeting many people in the hall approached my mother and commented to my mother that they were surprised that she had

learned the English language so well in such a short time, and yet my mother was unable to understand their comments, and as she tried to talk to them they were unable to understand her words, and yet while she was bearing her testimony apparently others recognized it as being borne in English, at least to their understanding."

This experience was quoted by Mrs. Cruse, herself, to Nettie W. Miller, Melvin L. Woodbury, his wife Agnes, and their son Craig Woodbury, and F. Orin Woodbury at Larkin Mortuary with Mrs. Cruse's husband standing close and confirming what she was saying. This took place at the end of the viewing for Frank B. Woodbury.