



History of My Life
Barbara Mary Patterson Garrett
May 26, 1891 – July 5, 1970

I was born 26 May 1891 at Kaneshville, Weber County, Utah. My father's name was John Fife Patterson born 27 March 1860 at Riverdale, Utah. His father was Alexander Patterson born 17 December 1824 at Clack Mammon, Scotland. His mother was Mary Fife born 8 June 1827 at Clack Mammon, Scotland. My mother was Mary Alice Bybee born 14 January 1863 at Uintah, Morgan County, Utah. Her father was David Bowman Bybee born 17 September 1832 at Nobob Creek, Barren County, Kentucky. Her mother was Mary Elizabeth Penrod born 10 January 1842 at Murphysboro, Jackson County, Illinois. My father's father and mother were married in Scotland 15 May 1847. Mary Fife was a very gentle wife and mother.

One day while my grandfather and his brother were working in the pit, as the mines were then called, two Mormon missionaries stopped to talk with them. As they talked, their conversation drifted to the wonderful blessings of the Gospel and their reason for being so far from their homes and families with not even the convenience of purse or script. They also portrayed to them the beautiful land of Zion from which they had come. The bitter hatred which prevailed in the hearts of many men was not in these two brothers, for they were converted by these Elders and became Mormons.

He was very happy as he entered his home that evening, eager to tell his wife his wonderful message; but this happiness was short-lived for his wife could not see the truth as he had seen it. Upon hearing of her parents' conversion, she began to investigate and soon joined the church, but his parents remained bitter to the end. Even with these problems staring him in the face, he worked hard to reach Zion. Soon they began to make preparations to migrate to America. Goodbyes were said to friends and home, and with their little son Robert, they set sail for America.

It was a real struggle for them here among strangers. They had to stop and work in order to get means to come on to Utah. Sickness and grief seemed far away to this young couple, but they did not escape for long for, while they waited, their little son Robert, their only child to be born in their native land, became ill and died. Before they reached Utah, two more sons were born to them. They stayed in Salt Lake City a short time; then moved to Cedar City. They did not stay there long. They then moved to Riverdale where they remained. They had a large family of thirteen; seven sons and six daughters. My father was the eighth child. Grandfather died 30 October 1888. I never knew him. He died before I was born. I have never even seen a picture of him. Grandmother was a sweet, gentle lady with beautiful brown eyes. She died 1 November 1908. I attended her funeral.

Grandfather David Bowman Bybee and Adelia Higby were married 27 August 1854. They had a family of fourteen children. On 28 February 1856 he married my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Penrod. They had ten children, my mother being the second child. He then married Elizabeth Adelaid Rice 1 October 1874. To them were born eight children. Grandfather Bybee died 22 February 1893, so I do not remember him, but I do have a picture of him. I remember Grandmother well. In fact, my first childhood recollections were at her home.

Father and Mother were endowed 2 August 1883. They lived close to Riverdale. My three brothers Alexander, John Wallace, and David Earl, and myself were born there. They moved to Wyoming. While there, my sister Beatrice was born at Trenton. They soon returned to Utah. Father died 28 October 1895.

Mother moved to Salt Lake. Four months later she gave birth to another son, Parvin Bybee, on 20 February 1896. My Mother, having to support her little family of six children, took up nursing and obstetrics. This made it necessary for baby Parvin, Beatrice, and myself to go stay with Grandmother Bybee. My three older brothers stayed in Salt Lake. They sold newspapers to help support themselves. You can now understand why my first recollections were at Grandmother Bybee's. My little brother

Parvin did not do so well in spite of all the good care Grandmother and Aunt Effie gave him, so on 27 August 1896 he passed away.

I remember the frame house that sat so far back from the gate; the large apple orchard where we loved to climb the trees; the huge barn with so many pigeons cooing; the back porch; the milk house; the room where she used to weave beautiful carpeting; and, last but not least, the board walk that led to the flowing well, and how we loved to wade in the little ditch of constantly running water. Oh yes, we had chappy feet most of the time in summer, but she had us wash them in buttermilk which helped a lot. I can even remember the Munn family that lived down through the field. We used to visit there quite often, and Mrs. Munn smoked a pipe which was about the strangest thing I had ever seen.

Grandmother was so quiet. She had about as little to say as any person I have ever seen, but she was always very kind and lovely to my sister and I. She used to have a horse and cart and would take us to visit my father's brothers and sisters occasionally, which was the only contact I had with them. After I left her home, I had no contact at all, so I grew up hardly knowing my aunts and uncles on father's side.

At one time, we made a trip to Salt Lake to attend April Conference. Of course, we children were left at home in care of someone. At that time, Mother was living in the Constitution Building which was quite close to the Tabernacle. I was nearly five and Bea three years old. We slipped out and made our way to the Tabernacle because we knew our folks were there but, when we arrived, we did not know what to do, so we sat on the steps leading to the balcony and started crying. A policeman came along and asked us what our trouble was. I told him our folks were in Conference. He took us to the stand. I sat on the lap of one Apostle and Bea on the lap of another. They announced our names and said our folks could pick us up at the close of the meeting which was almost over. Uncle Henry (Mother's brother) was in the Tabernacle. Our other folks were in the Assembly Hall. It took a little time to get to the stand. By the time Uncle Henry got there, they had taken us to the home of Apostle John Henry Smith who lived really close. Uncle Henry came over there and picked us up, so everyone was happy once more.

About the next fall, they brought me home to live with Mother. I was old enough for kindergarten. Grandmother was so far from school with no transportation. My sister Bea stayed on with Grandmother until she was old enough for school, so I attended kindergarten in Salt Lake.

The next year, Mother moved to Bountiful having finished her course in nursing and obstetrics. We first lived in part of the house of Lucy Thurgood but, after a time, we moved into a house one block north and had the whole house to ourselves. It was after we moved to this house that I started school. At that time, it was called South School; just a one-room building with Beginners, First, and Second grades being held there. I was nicely settled with a teacher (Annie Sessions) that I thought was perfect. I just loved her. Then the news was spread around that the South School was too crowded, and some would have to be transferred to East School. I believe the buildings were exactly alike. I immediately got a lump in my throat because I was just as close to East School, and I felt like I was one that would be transferred; and sure enough, I was. I thought my heart would break at having to give up my wonderful teacher, but there was nothing else for me to do, so I tearfully bid her goodbye and entered East School to find a teacher I loved even more, if that was possible. Her name was Ella Tolman. She seemed to like me, also, because she would invite me to go home with her and stay overnight. Then we would have lunch together the next day, and I really felt like I was sitting on top of the world. I cannot understand why my schoolteachers meant so much to me. I never had one that I disliked. I respected and loved every one of them.

On 22 May 1898 I received by Patriarchal Blessing given by John Kynaston. Even though I was so young, many of his promises have been fulfilled. I was baptized 3 September 1899 by Alonzo Sedgwick and confirmed 3 September 1899 by Joseph Hepworth. The font was on the southeast corner of the old Tabernacle grounds in East Bountiful.

In 1899 my mother married Jaren Tolman. Soon after, we moved to the bench land, a place very close to the mountains. We had large patches of oak brush on every side. We loved to roam the hills and pick the wildflowers. In a little dell not too far from the house, we would gather the pretty Indian Flowers and, farther on, a patch of stately Bluebells; so we knew where to go for each kind of flower.

On 16 October 1900, my brother Jaren Bybee was born. We had not had a baby in the home for quite some time, so it was a real thrill for Bea and me, but it was also quite a responsibility because, with Mother being out with the sick so much, we had to tend the baby a lot of the time. We used to haul water in barrels for house use in those days. We always had a barrel of water quite close to the house. Bybee was not walking yet. Bea and I wanted to go out and play ball, so we sat him in a dishpan and set the pan in the top of the barrel, the handles on the pan fitting nicely over the side of the barrel. We started our game but looked up just in time to see Bybee, pan and all, go down into the water. We quickly fished him out, but that was the end of our game.

We had about a two-mile walk to school. No matter how deep the snow was, and it seems we had ever so much more snow then than we do now, but we always made it even if we were wet almost to our waist when we reached school.

On 27 June 1902 our sister Minnie Marie was born. I remember following the Fourth of July, we had quite a snowstorm. The house we lived in at this time is still standing but looks pretty dilapidated. It was a four-room house with three bedrooms and one large room that was kitchen, dining room, and living room. However, we did not live there long because with Mother still visiting the sick, it was such a long way for her to travel, many trips made in the night, so they decided to move downtown again. They bought a two-room house; then built on to it. The house is still standing but has been remodeled outside as well as inside and has been beautifully landscaped, so it looks quite different, now. After we had been in the new home a while, another brother, Hewett Bybee, was born 25 September 1904.

All these years I had been going to school and still liking all my teachers. During my seventh and eighth grades, I had my first male teacher. I wondered a little about him but not for long because I loved him just as I had all the others. His name was Les J. Muir. I think he is the only teacher I had who is still living. At graduation from the eighth grade, we had a real celebration. It included all graduates from the county. We had a program, banquet, and dance. All the girls were in brand-new white dresses and hats. What a day to remember. It was a good ending, but I was sorry to think it was the last of my school days; but, with Mother's work increasing, it took her away more, so I had to take over responsibilities of the home. I disliked not being able to go back to school but, on the other hand, I loved housework and sewing and the care of the younger children.

As children we all attended Primary and Sunday School. Although mother was busy and away a lot, she taught us the principles of the Gospel and to live good clean lives. I also attended Mutual and choir practice.

East Bountiful, at this time, covered a large area. I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the old chapel with the picture of the Prophet Joseph Smith painted on the wall directly behind the pulpit. It looks about the same today as when I first saw it. I think it is the oldest chapel still in use in the Church. On 14 March 1963 they celebrated the one-hundredth birthday of this chapel. Of course, it doesn't look the same now because they have enlarged the building so much and landscaped the grounds so beautifully, but the one main room hasn't been changed too much. When I was

fourteen, I started teaching Religion Class and soon after started teaching Sunday School.

Our entertainment in those days was very different than now. We had an occasional party, but we had a dance one night a week; and how we did look forward to them. I guess I had dancing feet because, as we walked to the dance and I heard the music when we were a block away, I could hardly wait until we got there. If we were lucky, we went for a buggy ride once in a while. If we ever went to Lagoon or Salt Air, it was on the train. My teenage years were spent much the same as any other girl living in a country town. We knew most everyone in the community.

I soon began to wonder about a companion for life because I had been promised in my Patriarchal Blessing that if I would be prayerful, I would be given a companion worthy of taking me into the House of the Lord to be married. I am sure I chose the right one, and on 22 June 1920, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Anthon H. Lund. We had a large reception at my mother's home that same evening. We sat at long tables and were served a hot chicken dinner. There were about 200 guests; some of the younger ones our own age staying all night.

Our first home was an apartment in the Lucy Thurgood home. My husband was working at a butcher shop receiving a salary of \$45.00 a month which seemed to take care of our needs. We made two more moves to apartments before buying a building lot and having a home built close to Mother Garrett's. In the meantime, our first child, Dora, was born 14 March 1911 . I thought I had never seen anything so precious.

Life went on, and my husband, with three other fellows, formed a male quartet. So, together with their wives, we would meet real often for practice at each of our homes. We had a very enjoyable time. This quartet turned out very well, and they sang a great deal at meetings and other entertainments.

On 21 May 1914 our second daughter, Alice, was born. A few months later, we moved to Murray where my husband had been offered a job working on an experimental farm. We had friendly neighbors and made new friends attending church at Grant Ward. Our second daughter, Alice, became ill. She was not permitted to stay with us long. On 27 August 1915 she passed away. She was buried in Bountiful. The following 17 December 1915 our third daughter, Lois, was born. I was glad it was another girl because I thought she would take the place of Alice. Of course, she did not, but we loved her just the same.

About 1 March 1917 we decided to move to Burley, Idaho, and try our luck on a farm. My three brothers Alex, Wallace, and Earl were there. We settled on a small farm in View. We were not very successful farmers, but we spent seven wonderful years there working in the church and loving all the people in that community. We took part in Ward plays. I taught a class in Sunday School, attended Relief Society, and was second and first counselors in Mutual.

On 5 April 1919 our first son, Ray, was born which was a thrill we had not experienced before. In the meantime, World War I had broken out. All men had to register up to the age of my husband. When the boys from our community had to leave, a great number of us would go to Burley to see them off. This long train would pull up completely loaded with young men going into the service of their country. It was sad to see mothers, wives, and sweethearts bidding goodbyes and clinging to their loved ones. My husband would have been taken in the next draft but, luckily for us, the war ended before he had to go for which we were very thankful.

We did not do so well financially on our farm, but I shall never forget the many new friends we made and the enjoyment we received from our church activities. On 4 March 1922 another daughter came to gladden our home. This one we called Ruth. She was just as welcome and dear to us as all the rest had been. We were feeling rather discouraged with farm life, and our thoughts began to wander back to Utah.

So, 1 June 1923 we returned to Salt Lake City and moved into a home on Princeton Avenue. Here, again, we made new friends and became active in church work. 1 May 1927 Lois developed a case of scarlet fever. Our neighbor across the street (the Ed Malins) also had children with scarlet fever, so they graciously offered to take Lois to their home thus preventing us from becoming quarantined. About a week later, 7 May 1927, we were made happy by the birth of our son Ralph. During the night, we had about six inches of snowfall which was quite unusual that late in the season. I worked in Religion Class, my husband and I both sang in Le Grand Ward choir, and we did a lot of Temple work at that time.

On 21 May 1928 we received word of the death of my brother Earl. He was a salesman and died while on the road. He was buried at Bountiful.

Our blessings were coming thicker and faster, for on 12 February 1930 our twin boys, Mark, and Max were born. Each new arrival brought a love of its own, so we had quite a houseful of love. We were pretty proud of our twins. Whenever we took them out, they would attract a lot of attention. Of course, it meant our work was doubled but, with the help of the children and my good husband who never came home from work out of

sorts no matter how tired he was, he could always rock and sing to the children, and it all helped so much. The Lord had been kind to us, for all through the years, we had enjoyed good health as a family. About this time Dora started getting ideas in her head about keeping house so, on 2 July 1930, Dora and Martel were married in Idaho and were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple later.

Financial conditions were bad. My husband did not have steady work, so we gave up our home on Princeton Avenue. On 18 January 1932 we moved to 538 South 10th East and were in the 33rd Ward. We soon made a lot of friends and were happy in church work again. On 30 January 1934 I was set apart as an ordained Temple worker by President George F. Richards. I had enjoyed all my church work up to this time, but it seemed like the privilege of being a Temple Worker climaxed everything. The work was so sweet, you contacted such lovely people, and I shall ever be grateful for this privilege. I was there nearly twenty-seven years.

It seems about now that Lois was ready to leave the nest and try her young wings. On 29 May 1934 she married Joseph T. Edmunds in the Salt Lake Temple. She went east with him where he was attending school but a few months later came back and made her home with us until he finished school.

On 28 May 1938 our last son, Paul, was born. We were happy with our new arrival, and he was loved as the others had been, but our hopes were dashed when later we found that he was mentally retarded. This has been a great trial for us, but we asked the Lord for strength to carry this burden, and he came to our rescue.

At this time, it seemed like the war clouds were gathering again. The Japanese leaders were in Washington, D. C. trying to form Peace Treaties when, without a minute's notice, the Japanese planes flew over and bombed Pearl Harbor, so we knew we were in World War II. We knew our sons would be involved; not a pleasant anticipation but, nevertheless, there was nothing we could do about it. In spite of the war, cupid was busy shooting his darts, and this time he had the audacity of shooting Ray, another matter we could do nothing about. On 12 May 1941 he and De Lora were married in the Salt Lake Temple. A nice reception was held in the Lion House that same night. In the meantime, Everett had been drafted in the Army and had been sent to a camp in Washington. On learning that he was soon to be sent overseas, he wanted Ruth to come there that they could be married before he left. She left here with a friend that was going for the same purpose. On 21 September 1942 Everett and Ruth were married. She stayed there until he was sent overseas. She arrived home 24 December

1942 and stayed with us until Everett returned nearly three years later. They then went through the Temple and were sealed 11 December 1945.

Little Paul had not improved any and, as he grew, it was hard for us to manage him, so the family persuaded us to take him to the Training School in American Fork. This was a hard decision for us to make, but we finally decided on it; so, 29 August 1945 we took him down there where he has remained until the present time.

The time had now arrived for Ray to join the Air Corp so, after tearful goodbyes were said, he was off to a training camp. In spite of the war with all its gloomy outlooks, we could still find consolation in participating in our church activities. On 29 September 1945 I was made 2nd counselor to Reta Broadbent in the Relief Society in 33rd Ward which office I held until we moved from the Ward. I have found that no matter what office you hold in the church, if you give it the best you have, you are always well recompensed.

Ralph was desiring to join the Navy and, in order to do so, he had to enlist rather than wait to be drafted, so on 30 March 1945 he joined the Navy. The following September my husband and I went to California to visit Joe and Lois and also to visit Ralph who was stationed quite close to Alhambra. We invited Ralph's girlfriend (Alta Paskett) to go with us. While there, they decided to get married. On 28 September 1945 they were married by the Bishop of the Alhambra Ward. They were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple 24 June 1947. During these war years, it was not uncommon to have the phone ring. Upon answering, we would hear the operator say you have a phone call from ----, will you accept the charges? Of course, we were always happy to do so because we knew it was from one of our boys, and that conversation with them meant so much to us.

September 1946, we moved from 533 South 10th East to 1391 East 21st South. Ray had bought the home, and we lived in the upstairs apartment. We were in Sugarhouse Ward and, as usual, became acquainted with many new friends. It seems no matter which Ward you go into, you can always find lovely people with which to associate. It gave us a great thrill to see Mark and Max at the Sacrament Table honoring their Priesthood as their two older brothers had always done, but to have two at the same time really did something to you. Mark and Max had now graduated from High School and were old enough to make some of their own decisions. The bishop interviewed them about a mission. Max was anxious to go but Mark felt like he would rather get his military training behind him, so 3 February 1949 Mark joined the Air Corp. He had to enlist in order to get in the branch of service he desired.

The following 8 May 1949 my husband had a heart attack. He spent a few days in the hospital and, when he was feeling better, we went to California and spent a couple of weeks with Joe and Lois. In the meantime, my mother's health was failing. I had spent a lot of time with her during the summer but 9 August 1949, like a lovely flower, she faded and died. She was buried in Bountiful. The following month on 18 September 1949 a farewell was held for Max in the Sugarhouse Ward. He had been called to Uruguay on a mission. Our one regret was that Mark was in Military Service and unable to attend. On 14 October 1949 Max left for Uruguay by way of New York. World War II had come to an end, but there was a lot of turmoil in many places. As a result, Mark spent much time overseas. In June of 1952 Max returned from Uruguay. Ray, De Lora, and I went to Los Angeles to meet him; Joe and Lois accompanied us to the airport where he flew in on Mexicana having returned by way of Mexico City. It was wonderful to have him home, but our happiness was short-lived because the Military men were after him; so, 29 September 1952 he entered the Service. The following March he was sent overseas. Mark received his discharge from the Service 2 October 1952. He just missed seeing Max by a few days. He was home to attend October Conference. He had a number of his Buddies who had come to attend conference out here on Saturday night. De Lora served cake and home-made ice cream to everyone's delight. We had a wonderful time, and it was so good to have Mark home again. In the meantime, the Ward had been divided and we were now in South Edgehill. Mark had not been home long before he had the desire to go on a mission. He received a call to go to Finland. We thought it a little strange for twins, one to be called to the extreme south and the other to the extreme north, but I guess that was alright because it worked out beautifully. On 16 November 1952 a farewell was held for Mark in South Edgehill Ward. He left for Finland 28 November 1952.

My brother Bybee had been suffering a long time with cancer. It was hard to see him dwindle away and in so much pain when there was nothing you could do for him. He was a very patient sufferer. He died 28 January 1953 and was buried in Bountiful.

On 11 December 1953, we listened over radio to the Service of the laying of the cornerstone of the Los Angeles Temple which was most impressive. They estimated that there were about ten thousand people in attendance. A large number of the General Authorities went down including the First Presidency. On 13 December 1953 a news bulletin stated that Elder Mathew Cowley had died in his sleep of a heart ailment. He had attended the cornerstone ceremonies. He was loved by everyone. His funeral service was held in the Tabernacle 16 December 1958.

Our children were all active in the church for which we were very thankful. On 23 May 1954 Ralph was made 1st counselor to Bishop Holmes in Cottonwood 3rd Ward. He had been Ward Clerk for some time prior to this.

Days and months went by, and Max had finished his time in the Army; so, 13 August 1954 he landed in Washington. He was our fourth son with one son-in-law to have finished service for their country. It was a happy day to have them return home as pure and clean as when they entered. We were now in for another happy experience; our Grandson, Joseph T. Edmunds, Jr., left for a mission to Uruguay, he being our first Grandson to receive such a call. He left 23 January 1955.

Wards and Stakes seem to grow in leaps and bounds these days, so we were ready for another division in our Stake. Originally there were six Wards. When they finished dividing, there were ten. Our Ward had been South Edgehill, but at this time, it was changed to Edgehill 2nd, and Ray was made Bishop 14 July 1955. It was a lot of responsibility for him, but it made us very happy and proud of him.

Now getting back to our missionary. It had been thirty months since Mark landed in Finland. His mission was completed, and he had received his release in June. He wanted to make a little tour of Europe and did not arrive home until 18 August 1955. How wonderful it was to have him home again but not for long because he and Max were both going to attend BYU. At this time, we attended a farewell for Robert Richins he being our second Grandson to go on a mission. He left for the New England States 31 August 1955. Early in March 1956, Mark left for Canada to meet his fiancée who was coming from Finland. They had a real rough time getting her into Canada but finally succeeded. I am glad they let her stay because she is such a wonderful person. They were married in the Cardston Temple 28 March 1956 and arrived home 23 June 1956. A little later the family had a reception for them. Although it wasn't Spring, darts were flying around and had captured Max and Maxine, another sweet little girl who was joining our family. They were married 20 August 1956. A reception was held in the Institute of Religion the same evening.

With all the weddings and excitement over, we were ready to settle down to normal living again when, to our surprise, Ralph was made Bishop of Cottonwood 3rd Ward. It is, needless to say, that the whole family was very thrilled and proud of him. I had been made 2nd counselor in Relief Society to Mona Smith when the Stake was divided, with Mary Day 1st counselor, and we had a most enjoyable time; never a hitch at all. At times the work looked almost insurmountable, but it always worked out.

How time has flown. Here it is 22 June 1960; our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. Just think of spending fifty years with a devoted husband who has showered his love upon me and treated me as if I were a Sweetheart all through the years. It is no wonder that we had such a wonderful family with such a kind, loving father. Our children prepared a lovely celebration honoring us. It was held in Edgehill 2nd Ward chapel where more than five hundred relatives and friends called to offer Best Wishes and congratulations. All our immediate family was in attendance except Joe Edmunds Jr. and his family. They were in California. We had grown from two in 1910 to 51 in 1960, so you can see the Golden Nuggets we have acquired in fifty years. I want to pay tribute to my kind, loving husband for the clean life he has lived; for the example he has set for our family; for doing his part in teaching the gospel; for the patience, love and devotion he has given us through the years. God bless his memory. And now to my dear children let me say that I am happy and proud of the way each of you are accepting responsibilities in our church. I am grateful for the lovely life companions each of you have chosen and that you have all been sealed for time and eternity. God bless and help you to keep in the straight and narrow path. Do what is right, and you will be happy.

Handwritten by Barbara Patterson Garrett and typed by her Granddaughter (daughter of Lois Garrett) Lois Joanne Edmunds Anderson 6 March 2000.

Barbara Mary Patterson
Patriarchal Blessing
Bountiful, May 22, 1898

A blessing given by John Kyneston, Patriarch, to Barbara Mary Patterson, daughter of John F. Patterson and Mary Alice Bybee Patterson, born May 26, 1891, in Roy, Weber County, Utah.

Sister Barbara May, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by authority of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon thy head and give thee a Patriarchal blessing and say that thou art of the lineage of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings of that Holy seed. And I bless thee that thy body may be made healthy and strong, and that the desire of thy heart may always be to serve the Lord and keep his commandments. Also that thou might rejoice when the day will come when thou canst go down into the waters and be baptized, and receive the Holy Ghost through the laying on of hands, which through thy faithfulness these blessings shall go with you through life, that the Holy Angel which took charge of thee at thy birth, may ever be thy companion, to shield thee from temptation and the sin of this wicked generation, and ever be thy companion through life. That thou might grow up to become an honorable woman and a mother in Israel, that thou might become great and noble in thy day and generation, that thou might become a great blessing to thy mother, and to many in their old age, for thou art one of those noble spirits who kept the laws of heaven, and that was obedient to thy heavenly father and mother. And for this reason, thou has had the privilege of coming down through that Holy lineage of Priesthood, and destined to do a glorious work in thy day and generation, for thou hast covenanted with thy father in heaven to be faithful, and for this reason he will bless thee with every qualification which will enable thee to complete thy Salvation both temporal and Spiritual, and for this reason thou art entitled in the own due time of the Lord to receive a portion of the Holy Priesthood, for if thou will be faithful and prayerful, in his own due time he will give unto thee a companion which will be worthy of taking thee into the house of the Lord, wherein thou shalt receive thy endowments, and every blessing which will entitle thee to be useful, and become a great blessing unto him, for God will bless thee with a numerous posterity so that thy name may go down through many generations.

And thou art also destined to become useful unto Society, to become bright and intelligent, and be a blessing to many of thy sex, for thou art destined to become useful and acquainted in regards to the laws of Nature, for if it is thy desire, thou shall

understand all things necessary to become a blessing in washing and anointing and administering unto the sick of the Lord's people, for I bless thee to become and to have mighty faith in regards to the ordinances of the gospel, and also in the operations of Surgery. For thou art destined to become wise, and a useful nurse, yea in hospitals, and to understand that which is necessary and needful for thee to become a great blessing to many of thy sex.

I bless thee to have power to study medical works, and that history which will give thee a clear understanding in regard to thy duty and labors. I also bless thee, which blessing will be the desire of thy heart, to understand the art of needle work, wherein it will be thy desire to have everything neat and lovely, which will make home a paradise. I also bless thee with self-government, also power of control, with every faculty to preside; and also, I bless thee to become a wise counselor, and to be a great blessing to the society of the Saints. I bless thee with the blessings of the heavens and say they shall rest upon thee like the dew of a summer morning. I also bless thee with the rich blessing of the Earth, and say that thou shalt live to enjoy them, and say that thou might always have a plenty for thee and for thine. I say that thou shalt also have the privilege of entertaining friends, and also strangers, who will have the privilege of dining at thy table, wherein many will be made welcome, and none turned away.

These blessings I seal upon thee, also seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection to receive that crown of glory which will entitle thee to come a queen over thy posterity, to enjoy the blessings of eternal life, which blessings I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Amen

Retyped in February 2000 by Lois Joanne Edmunds Anderson, granddaughter of Barbara.

Edited and re-formatted by Nanette Garrett 2022