

AMANDA ELLEN HOLLINGSHEAD

(Things I remember of my Grandmother, Amanda Ellen Hollingshead, by: Jesse Loren Smith)

Grandmother was slender, rather tall, thin grey hair with a very pleasant expression and personality. She wore long dresses that hung to the ground.

She had a stable on the back of the lot where she had kept a cow. Now she kept the chickens there and was going out to feed them when a stick that was lying on the ground caught the back of her skirt. As she kept on walking the stick raised up and tripped her. She fell and hurt herself. Martha Larsen, a neighbor girl was riding by going after cows, and Grandmother called for her to come help. She went for help and they got her into the house and set her in a rocking chair. Then they came after me. I got two other men to help get her out of the chair onto the bed. One man lifted her under her knees and the other her hips and I leaned over the back of the chair and she locked her hands over the back of my neck with my hands under her arm pits and we lifted her onto the bed. All the time we were moving her she was screaming with pain so we knew she was hurt badly.

We sent for the Doctor who had to come 25 miles from Lethbridge. The Doctor said she would have to go to the hospital and it was very much against her will. She figured the Doctors brought their diseases with them and if you went to the hospital you would really die. They did take her to the hospital and discovered she had broken her hip, or the ball of her hip joint. She was 64 as I remember and she never came out of the hospital alive. She passed away there. Her bones were dry and would not knit. They brought her back to Magrath to bury her. I was one of the pall bearers and we had a bow of white ribbon on our arms. I kept mine intact until recently when by mistake it was sent to the welfare when we moved from the shop.

In the latter part of her life she would never go any place unless I would take her. It seemed I was the only one that would drive to suit her. I don't know why it was that she preferred me unless it was because I just drove to suit myself and didn't pay too much attention to her.

The following was written by Mrs. Mary P. Wooley Fletcher, a very dear friend of Amanda Hollingshead Smith:

In Memoriam

It is painful to record the death of a dear friend at all times, but when one has lived out the full time we cannot mourn as we would if their life was in its morning or noon-day season. Sister Amanda Ellen Hollingshead Smith was born July 27, 1838. She was the daughter of Isaac and Mercy Wilcox Hollingshead, but at the age of two weeks was given to Sister Dicy Perkins, who was the only mother she knew; her own mother having died at her birth. On July 16, 1857, she was married to Thomas S. Smith of Farmington, Utah. In 1866 they were called as pioneers to settle in The Muddy (Utah). Some years later they again returned to Farmington. After this they moved to Idaho.

On July 1, 1890, her husband was taken in death which was a severe trial to her. She came with her children to Canada in 1893, enduring many hardships and trials, but still trusting with her Heavenly Father and remaining steadfast to the principles she had embraced. She has been a member of this ward (Magrath) for two years.

On August 1, 1903, she met with a fatal accident in dislocating her hip, which caused her death in the Galt Hospital at Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, September 21, 1903. In her earlier days she was an active worker as a teacher in the Relief Society. She was of great faith even to her last moments, and passed peacefully away.

She was the mother of eight children. Five sons and one daughter survive her. She has a number of grand children and great-grandchildren. The oldest son, Jesse, is now on a mission to the Eastern states.

She was a kind mother, a true Latter-Day Saint and a good friend always. The funeral was held in the meeting house at 2:00 P.M. Friday, September 25, 1903.

RESOLVED: That we, members of the Magrath Relief Society extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family in this, their hour of sorrow.

That we ever cherish her memory, and regard her virtues as worthy of emulation.

That a copy of this be presented to the bereaved family, and one be placed on the record of the B.L. and one be sent to the Women's Exponent for publication.

O Lord, responsive to they call  
In life, or in death what e'er befall  
Our hopes for bliss on Thee depend  
Thou art our everlasting friend.

## AMANDA ELLEN HOLLINGSHEAD

Amanda Ellen Hollingshead was born on July 27, 1838, at Jobs Settlement near Quincy, Illinois, as recorded at Endowment House. She was the daughter of Isaac Hollingshead and Mercy Wilcox. Her mother died when she was two weeks old and she was taken by Dicy Perkins, a midwife, and William (E.H.?) Perkins, the husband, to raise her. They lived about six miles from the Carthage jail.

Amanda was six years old when the Prophet Joseph Smith was killed. She can remember both the Prophet and his brother, Hyrum Smith. They used to come and stay with her parents to keep away from the mob that was persecuting them. She remembered sitting on the Prophet's knee many times. Prophet Joseph Smith gave her a blessing and many wonderful promises that she never did forget. She remembered the Prophet as a very kind and loving man.

Amanda and her foster parents started west early in the year 1846. She often told of the hardships they went through while crossing the plains, and in the Salt Lake Valley. She remembered the coming of the crickets and the sea gulls. Her early life was spent in Salt Lake City, and she remembers the place growing from a small village into a large and prosperous city.

She married Thomas Sasson Smith of Farmington, Davis County, Utah, July 16, 1857. She was the mother of eight children, seven boys and one girl, as follows: Jesse Lucius, Richard Demont, Cytha Ellen, Fredrick Thomas, Jacob Henry, George, Jonathan and Albert. All of the children were born in Farmington, Utah, with the exception of Fredrick Thomas Smith, her fourth child and the third son, who was born at St. Thomas, Nevada, the town named for her husband and now covered by Lake Mead. George and Albert died when they were infants.

She joined the Relief Society early in her life and worked as a teacher. I can remember when she used to take a small basket when she went as a visiting teacher. Sometimes I would go with her. The donations would be anything from a few spools of thread to a few pieces of homemade soap or eggs - anything that could be used.

She was called many times to help prepare bodies for burial. She helped make clothes and then she would sit up with the dead, as that was the way they did at that time. She prepared and cared for many bodies by herself when there were no others to help. She was a very good seamstress and could do weaving. She would take the raw wool just as it was sheared from the sheep and make many different kinds of woolen materials. She gleaned flax from the fields and made it into linen for tablecloths. Later she made many carpets and blankets.

Amanda Ellen Hollingshead - continued.

When I was two years old we moved to Nevada where Father was called to head a colony to try and settle the Indians. Mother, being the leader's wife, was sought by the other women for council and leadership. They taught the Indian women to do housework and to make gardens. Among her other achievements, she worked as a midwife for many years and she rejoiced in doing anything that she was called on to do. Three years later they returned to Farmington.

In the spring of 1884 they moved to Wilford, Fremont County, Idaho, to head a colony. They lived there nine years until my father's death in 1890. While she was there she was active in the Relief Society and worked as a midwife.

On October 13, 1895, she and her two sons started for Canada. They arrived in Cardston, Alberta, Canada on November 3, 1895. She lived there eight years and was a constant worker among the sick, as well as keeping up with her church work. She was not strong physically, and whenever she was ill she always sent for the Elders. When they administered to her, they talked in tongues. After that her health was better than it had been for many years.

In October, 1901, she moved to Magrath, Alberta, Canada. She kept up her active work, though much of the time she lived alone.

On August 1, 1903, Mother went out to feed her chickens and fell and fractured her hip. We sent for the doctor who had to come twenty-five miles from Lethbridge. She was entered in the Galt Hospital at Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, where she passed away on September 21, 1903. They brought her back to Magrath to bury her.

Mother never, at any time, lost faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Written by her only daughter,

Cytha Ellen Smith