



By Elvera Yancey Silfvest

MY MOTHER

I never think of my mother without these words coming to my mind: "How did she ever do it?" "Since growing to womanhood and having children of my own, I realize more and more what she must have gone through raising seventeen children. God surely must have blessed her with a greater amount of patience, endurance and strength than most women possess.

I never remember hearing my mother complain about her lot in life. God gave her the things she wanted most — a lot of children to love and care for, and she fulfilled her calling nobly.

Mother has never had much in the way of worldly possessions, and even now she would freely give all that she has to help one of her children in need, to forget one's self, to sacrifice freely, to care for those in need — these are all God-given qualities that my mother has developed through life. Surely success in any other walk of life could not be greater than this.

I am grateful for the heritage that is mine.

Mrs. Elvera Silfvest

"MY MOTHER"

Oft times I've heard my Mother tell,
Of a small child's demanding yell.
Of gently rocking the cradle with a toe;
While mixing the day's bread dough.

Though pretty, young and gay
At home she choose to stay
A million household tasks to run,
At each days end, all were perfectly done.

The coming of each new baby a thrill,
A secret longing in her seemed to fill.
A new baby, such heavenly joy,
Two doubled joy, a girl and a boy.

Yet always a longing to hear —
Its three — do look my dear.
Always a new baby to tend;
Yet, time — for something to a neighbor send.

Never much money to spend
Always a stock of clothes to mend.
A loving pat for this torn knee;
Making a bit of lace for you or me.

Never too tired night or day —
To reply "Of course I'll come stay."
Always ready to give or something lend
To a daughter, or a son's new friend.

Always ready to comfort or cheer,
The husband she held so dear.
Never a hint of her own heart ache.
Ready to help for our sake.

Lovingly watching us to womanhood grow;
Yet knowing, some day each must go.
Praying with all her heart
That each might rightly live his part.

As the children older grew.
Seeking always for something new
Never wasting a precious moment as it flew.
Finding things to make and do.

Never a regret or backward glance,
For the many times her life hung by a chance,
Or the million sacrifices she made,
For the shining part in our lives she played.

With love to you and Dad,

Mrs. Matilda Ockerman.

February 28, 1950

Dear Dad and Mom:

I have perhaps been a little backward in expressing my appreciation to you, but I would want you to know that I have thanked God many times from the bottom of my heart, for both of you and all that you have done for me. I am thrilled with this life and the many fine things in life that we have the priveledge to experience and enjoy. I am thankful that you taught me to work. I remember that you did it by weeding three or four rows at ance so that I might keep up by doing one and other things worked out the same way. You were always so enthused about it that it made hard things seem easy and enjoyable to do.

I learned to be unselfish and to help others and to be honest because you were so much that way. I am grateful for the responsibility that you taught me to share with you and the many things that you taught me to do. You taught me to pray by praying with me and to have faith in God by pleading with him for blessings. When others gave little or no hope. Because of your teaching and example I have never used tobacco or liquor in any form. I am thankful for the blessings this has brought to me.

You helped me to gain a testimony of the Gospel and sacrificed in many ways that I might go on a mission for the church. For this experience I will always be grateful.

I realize that I can never repay you for all this. I only hope that I can do as much for my children and for others. I will always think that I loved you the most because I stayed at home with you the longest and received the most from you. I am truly grateful for your love and patience and the help you have given me in time of need.

Your loving son,
Bishop Richard E. Yancey.
Riverton Ward — Blackfoot Stake.

March 9, 1950

Dear Mother:

Being so far away, I miss you a great deal; and although you have not known it I think of you very often.

In the Spring when the roses are all in bloom, I have wished I could cut them all and put them in your apron; knowing how you love flowers. In the winter when we have especially nice sunny days, how I wish you too could be here to enjoy them, away from the cold. And each day with my baby I wish you could see the cute things he does; knowing how much you loved your babies.

Always with me are thoughts of your unselfish kindness to all your family, relatives, friends and neighbors. It seems you were always doing something for one of them.

Only your faith and love for God could give you the strength and endurance you have. I feel so small and weak when I think of all you have done and still are doing. There are many things I could tell you, though all I can say, really, is that I love you, and I have not told you this often enough.

Your Loving Daughter,
Mrs. Ted Barney.

By Elvera Yancey Silvest

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Mrs. Elvera Silvest

March 1, 1950

Dear Mother:

When we were young it seems we just took our mother for granted or that is, we didn't fully appreciate her.

As we grow older and can look back, we are more able than ever to recognize her beautiful qualities.

Now that we have become parents and have the responsibility of a home of our own, it becomes even more apparent, the wonders our mother worked.

Now that we are in a position to look into others homes of today, and through memories, back to homes of our day, we become even more appreciative of the home and home life given us by our mother.

In our home we were never forced to do anything, we actually had less chores or work than most of our school mates. Our life at home was an easy one, and yet we were taught to be ambitious and independent — mostly from example.

We were encouraged to get whatever schooling we could, and I'm sure if any of us had wanted to go on to school, and had put any effort toward it we would have received help from home.

In religion, we were never forced to attend services. We were encouraged to do so. And I have never heard or seen an act, or word, from my mother that could in anyway give any of us reason to have any feelings whatsoever against our religion, or its principles.

Our clothes were always clean and mended. Our home was always neat, considering the help any of us offered toward keeping it that way. We were never ashamed to bring friends home.

We always enjoyed good meals, and as much as we wanted. And never, on a holiday or special occasion was the event slighted. There was always big meals, or whatever it took to make a great time for the rest of us, with no regard for the extra work for herself.

I feel we were blessed with a good home — Love, help, co-operation, kindness, cleanliness, and all. I have never remembered any instance of a cross temper from mother.

At all times we are all proud that she is our mother.

I am sure that whatever bad each of us have, we can trace to doings of our own. And whatever good we have I know comes directly from her teachings, and example.

Love,

Judson Yancey.

March 1, 1950

MY MOTHER

Dear Mom:

This is a job of the heart and not the hand. 'Tis hard to put in the words that you feel in your heart, that is why it is so hard to tell where to start. Let's begin when we lived in Groveland. I hadn't yet started to school. I remember going into the yard to watch Dad feed the stock. Then there was the time we held the kittens under the water and drowned them. It wasn't long after that till I was crying to go to school when Judson started because I didn't want to be left home. Then crying to stay home from school after I had started because I didn't like it.

We moved to Riverside for about three years and then back to Groveland where our Scout Work began. And when i was in the eighth grade we moved to town where we continued our Scout work and on through school.

All this is so significant. It isn't what I want to say at all. It is the regular routine life of any kid growing up. No, Mom, that wasn't what I wanted to say at all. But it is through these small incidents that we remember you Mom. How you were always there to help us and to comfort us when we seemed to need it.

I remember, as though it were yesterday, when you were sick in bed at Grandma Yancey's. The school was only a block away. And we were called out of school that the family might be together at your bedside to offer prayer in your behalf. Our hearts were filled with sorrow. The doctor had given you no longer to live. Your time was up. But you weren't afraid. You had been told in a blessing that you wouldn't leave this earth until you were satisfied with your life here and until your mission here was fulfilled.

This is just a few of the things in our lives. What I really want to say, Mom, is that you know all this probably better than I do. But what you don't know is how many times since that time that my eyes have been filled with tears and my heart filled with sorrow because of some little incident along the way when I made it harder for you, when I increased the burden you were bearing, already too heavy for you. But I never ask for forgiveness because I know that you have already forgiven.

To us kids I guess you were pretty much the same. Just good Old Mom. Always there to take care of us with never a complaint.

Now what I want to say, Mom, is how can I thank you for all this. You know that the thanks is in my heart. But I may give you a word of comfort for all this by saying that if I could have foreseen and could have chosen my parents I never could have done as well. So I say to you Mom, and to you, Dad, with tears in my eyes that what you don't see in my eyes nor hear from my lips surely it is there in my heart.

To the grandest parents anyone could ever have I dedicate these few words.

With Love to you, Mom

And to you, Dad

John Yancey.

MY MOTHER

Who's devoted her whole life —
To someone else's benefit,
My mother

Who's always standing by,
In the greatest hour of pain.
My mother

Who's always standing by,
In the darkest hour of trouble.
My mother

Who's given up everything of life,
To bring life to others.
My mother

Altho she has seventeen of her own
She has always found time, to mother
Oher's — than her own.
My mother

Who's growing grey and weary,
From the many years of toil.
My mother

'Tis my wish that she'd rest —
The few short years that are left.
For Mother Dear.

'Tis later than you think
But I know that she'll never rest,
Until, 'tis God's will.
YES, that's — My Mother.
With love,

Frank Yancey.

March 9, 1950

Dear Mother:

My mother, in thinking back over the years, is about as sweet a person as one could ever hope to meet.

God gave her patience and understanding to raise seventeen children. He had to. We were encouraged to get our education and religion. We were never forced to go to school or church. We were encouraged in our work. If we didn't do what we were told to do, my mother did it, without a word, which made us secretly feel very ashamed of ourselves.

During depression years we were fed and clothed good, which I think, should be credited to both my mother and father.

We were all taught to share whatever we had with the others, and today you will find us all generous. At times too much so, but not nearly as generous as mother.

Mother's teachings will always be with me. I may stray a little from the path, but with her in mind, I'll never stray far.

Your Loving Daughter,
Mrs. Delpha Y. Lockyer.

MY MOTHER

The one outstanding woman of my life is my mother. Her accomplishments are many, her kindness beyond compare. She always shows the same concern for each of us, and never shows any favoritism.

Besides caring for us kids which was a full time job in its self, she always found time to help anyone else who seemed to be in need of help. No matter how busy she is, she always has time to spend with her children. I have seen her get up way before day light and can fruit and bake and put up lunches before waking any of us kids up.

With all the work connected with keeping house for seventeen of us she never found time to get cross or angry. She has always said, "I don't have long enough to live to take time out to be cross or angry." She may answer our questions with more questions, but it has always made us stop and think.

If I were up in heaven and had my choice I would still pick her for my mother.

God grant His blessing to you now,
His peace be with you on your way,
His love be yours to give you strength —
This is my prayer for you today.

David Yancey.

March 1, 1950

Dear Mom:

It is rather hard to put in words just what a wonderful mother you are. There are no hardships that have ever gotten you down and I know you have had plenty of them. I know there must have been a lot of times you have been discouraged but you never showed it. You have always carried on bravely and always been happy.

You have always taught us children right from wrong and I don't think any of your teachings have been in vain, no one of us were ever shown favoritism — we were always treated alike, and in time of need we always knew you would be there to help. You have always gone without things you needed yourself to give to us. I want to thank you for everything you have done for me and taught me. It has really been appreciated and I know I couldn't ask for a better mother.

Your Loving Daughter,

Mrs. Alzina Schoue.

7th Army, Saar Valley
January 23, 1945

Dear Mom and Dad,

I suppose that I had better start off by saying that I decided to write this letter while I was on guard tonight. I wrote this letter on little scraps of paper which I had in my pocket while on guard and am now re-writing it.

I just got to thinking what a job we kids have been to you and that you have probably never received a word of thanks from me or very few others.

I really don't know how to write this letter to make you understand it in the way I would like you to.

When I came in the army I guess then I was still pretty much of a kid; but since that time I seem to have maybe grown up a little. At least I seem to see things differently and to think differently. Naturally I appreciate things more and more all of the time, as I see what it is like to do without them.

To get right down to the reason for this letter. I want to say thanks, Mom and Dad. Thanks for everything you have done for me.

In the past you have had probably no reason to believe that I was very thankful. You have done so much for me and I owe you so much and will never be able to repay you but such a little part of that debt, that I feel it is only right that I should say now how much I do appreciate my parents.

I am very, very proud to have you for my Father and Mother and proud to claim that what good there is in me came from you.

I just got through saying that I thought I was growing up; but this letter may sound just the opposite. Never-the-less it is how I feel and I would like you to know it.

Within the past year or two I have managed to go to quite a few countries and have quite a few experiences. I have managed to get somewhat of a look at several people's lives. Some are good and others are not; but the more I see the more I am thankful to my parents.

You have done more for me than I deserved. I'm glad to say that what you have taught me has stayed with me, and I don't believe that there is any reason for you to be too ashamed of me. I know that you have been all that anyones' parents could be; and I pray that God will bless you for being such.

I'm writing you not because I'm homesick, for I have rather gotten over that; not because I am afraid, for I have nothing to fear; not because I am in danger, for I am near no danger; but just simply to let you know how I feel.

I know that I have many faults and I hope that they can be corrected. They are of my doing and the good habits I have are of your doing.

I am eternally grateful to my parents and I hope that if I have any children I may be able to do in part for them what you have done for me.

I thank you, Dad.

I thank you, Mom.

Your son,

Adam Yancey.

February 27, 1950
San Carlos, Arizona

Dear Mom and Dad:

Just a little over a year ago I was in the church office at Salt Lake City having brother E. G. Smith giving me a blessing. I was headed to a strange land to do a task that I was wholly without experience. There was a little fear or perhaps some doubt that I was not the one to do such a great task as lay before me. It is a feeling one has to experience to know.

Brother Smith placed his hands on my head and said, "Jesse Yancey, continue to follow and heed the teachings and counsel given thee of thy parents, for thou wast born of goodly parents." Yes, I was born of goodly parents. How good only we know. Times came when things got pretty tough to take and I wanted to give up. But, always before me was the knowledge that I was representing my folks as well as the Lord and the thought of those goodly parents gave me the needed power to push on and stick it out.

I know fellows that dream of the fortunes they want to aim for. Others want to tour the world and see many nations, while others see themselves as heroes. Many wish to remain as they now are. My aim to me is much higher than the others have set their aims, I don't want to remain as I am. My aim is to reach the height of my Mother and Father. I can never reach such a high goal as they reached, but, dear Lord forgive my weakness and help me not to mar the name they have guarded so well and then given to me to carry on for them.

With Mother and Father I knew no want. They could not give me all that my childish mind dreamed of. No, in their wisdom they gave me much more. They gave generously to me the knowledge to help myself and others that need help. That is where the greatest treasures lie. To be happy one can not be alone.

MEMORY PICTURES

When I set me down at twilight, and the day was nearly o'er.
Recollections so enthralled me, that I live my past once more.

Soon before me looms a fireside, Memories of childhood dear,
With the prattle of sweet voices and the bedtime tales I hear.

And there flits before my vision, Mother's face so soft and mild
And I long to share her kisses as I did when but a child.

There was never such another, in the annals of my past
None so willing to forgive me, or to help me to the last.

Mother always was so faithful, though her life was one of care.
That she healed our various ailments with her humble work and prayer.

So I learned my lesson early, that there's nothing to compare.
With the help one gets from Mother, through her services and prayer.

Now I miss that gentle Mother, and her loving warm embrace.
But I never shall forget her, nor her sweet unselfish face.

So I often sit at twilight, when the lights are dim and low.
Just to see the memory pictures as they softly come and go.

Poem of Elsie M. Larsen.

Thank you dear Lord for parents such as mine. Help me to be what they want me to be and I can never go wrong. Mom and Dad I'm proud to be your son. May God bless you always.

Jesse T. Yancey.

March, 9, 1950

Dear Mother:

It is difficult to put on paper, or to express in words what my mother means to me. She isn't a machine to do my washing, ironing, dishes and etc. (although at times I believe that she always had that impression) she really should be classified as something out of this world, because she really is. She's more of a dream than a human being. How she has been able to put up with 17 of us and never say a word I'll never know. And then I guess that's what makes us really appreciate her. If I can grow up to be one half the woman my mother is now I will feel as though my life here on earth has been well spent. To be as loving and as understanding and as good natured as my mother would be one of the greatest gifts I could obtain.

She has always put the thought of what's wrong and what's right into my mind and if for no one else I'll live right for my mother.

Your Loving Daughter

Mrs. Velda Hansen.

March 1, 1950

Dear Mother:

Above all things, I am thankful for someone gentle, kind and loving. This someone is, my mother. She is very dear to me.

The many things she says and does will live on, in my heart.

I am glad my mother is the person she is. Glad that she is a mormon, that she taught me to be one. Through the examples she has set, there was brought forth the desire to me, to want my marriage to take place in the Temple, which it did you see, my happiness is because of my mother, many thanks to her. She has always helped me in the time of need and I only hope that some day, I can hope to help her as much so that I can find some way to show her how much I love her.

I know she has gone through many hardships in her life and still it hasn't changed her. She is sweet, and kind now, as she has always been. I will be very happy if I can live my life even half as good as she has.

Through her teachings I have learned right from wrong. May I always have strength to choose the right, just as she has.

Due to the love that she has given me, I know that I will never forget her, no matter where I may be.

It is hard to write all my thoughts on paper. So in my heart, I want you to know there are many more.

When it comes to religion, and life eternal, I can't help but see the many blessings that will be yours Mom. The greatest achievement I could ever hope to obtain in life is still to be just exactly like you Mom. May God bless you and Dad as I am sure hewill.

Your Loving Daughter,

Mrs. Lee Orchard.

March 2, 1950

Dear Mother

I owe everything I am or ever shall be, to my mother. Though we seldom express our appreciation for her help and encouragement, I am sure that it is embedded deeply in the hearts of each and every one of us.

My mother has always thought of us first, sacrificing continually that we might be satisfied with life in general.

When you are kids it seems you are always too busy to think much about what your parents really mean to you, and what they do for you. But as you get older you notice other families, you begin comparing your childhood to that of others. I've found that no one could have had a more loving, kind, devoted and wonderful woman for a mother than I.

Being away from home even for a short time teaches many things to a youth. Among them is the carefree feeling you can have when you are home.

I have always been taught to go to church and to live a clean life.

My mother has always had a ready and willing hand to offer in time of *need* *always lean* *ing* up after us, caring for us while we were sick.

She has proven to be the most tireless and constant worker I have ever known.

For such as you, dear Mother mine,
I want to keep the road
Where worthy men, clear-eyed and frank,
Live by their honor code.

I know in that great mother heart
There is a sacred shrine
Where I in all perfection live —
Your boy! Dear Mother mine!

I must be strong, I must be clean
In mind and body, too —
My debt to all posterity
And women such as you!

Love,

Le Roy Yancey.

March 1, 1950

Dear Mother:

I really appreciate the kind and loving mother I have, she has made many sacrifices for us, without ever thinking of herself. If I ever get in trouble she is always there to help me out.

Just recently I was sick and might never have pulled through. Had it not been for the aid and care of my mother. We have always been asked to go to church instead of being told.

No one can ever mean so much to me as you do mother dear:

There is no one whose loving touch can bring content so near:
No one deserves so much of all that makes life full and sweet,
May every day help just a bit to make your joy complete.

With love for you dear Mother,

Your loving son,

Wallace Yancey.

March 1, 1950

Dear Mom:

Well, you have really put up with a lot in your years mainly with me. I always seem to be asking for things and never seem to appreciate them when I do get them. I do appreciate them, very much. I think your a swell mother and I'd never trade you for another. I just hope that someday I can repay you for the many things that you have done for me and given me. One of them is "Understanding."

Your daughter

Love,

Wanda Yancey