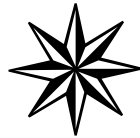


FOR THE LOVE OF
RAINEY



A HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
JULIA RHOANA
WORKMAN ELDER



EARLENE S. CLEMENT

“Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet . . . And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers . . .”

Malachi 4:5-6

“And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers.”

Doctrine & Covenants 2:2

Acknowledgments & Dedication

This history is dedicated to every descendant of “Rainey” Elder, with hopes that it may solidify the family unit and make their hearts as one; that they will carry on the heritage and ideals of this Grandmother, and become a righteous strength in building up the Lord’s kingdom in these last days.

Gratitude is extended to the following for their kind help: Lydia Workman Billings; Clarissa Bethena Workman Lee; Nellie Porter Workman; Abram Elder; Millie Workman Erickson; Effel Burrow Riggs; Thelma C. Anderson; Sanna Lee Milton; and Thelda Deck.

A very special thank-you must go to my mother, Elizabeth Elder Sipe, for without all the love, help and encouragement she has given throughout this work I’m sure it might never have been done. Also, without the cooperation and patience of my own family members; Collette, Douglas, Linda, Mark, and my husband, Devon, I could not have found time to undertake such a tremendous research as this. For their patience and indulgence to constant clacking typewriter, as well as many late, or self-prepared meals, may the reading of this lovely woman’s story compensate for all the stolen moments of their time.

—Earlene S. Clement

Highlights of the Life of Julia Rhoana (Rainey) Elder

1. 27 Jan 1880: Born in Hillsdale (Hatch), Garfield County, Utah to Abram Smith Workman and Julia Hatch.
2. Moved to Cannonville, Utah while very small.
3. Moved to Georgetown at age 8.
4. Returned to Hatch at age 13.
5. 16 Feb 1898: Married at age 18 in the Manti Temple to James Edward Elder.
6. 8 Nov 1898: 1st child born, James Arnel; died soon after birth.
7. 7 Oct 1899: 2nd child born, Theda Rhoana.
8. 6 May 1901: 3rd child born, Nina; died soon after birth.
9. 7 Jul 1902: 4th child born, Abram.
10. 22 May 1904: 5th child born, Julia Delsa.
11. 22 May 1905: 6th child born, Deloy Edward.
12. 23 Jun 1907: 7th child born, Raymond.
13. Home burned in the fall of 1907.
14. 26 May 1909: 8th child born, Royal.
15. July 1909 moved to Burtner (Delta), Utah.
16. April 1910 moved to Lynndyl, Utah.
17. Spring 1911 returned to Burtner.
18. 18 May 1911: 9th child born, Elizabeth.
19. Summer of 1912 moved to Eureka, Utah.
20. February 1915 moved to Manilla, Utah.
21. Spring 1916 moved to Burntfork, Wyoming.
22. Fall 1916 moved into a log house in Terrytown, Wyoming.
23. Winter of 1916 Rainey became sick with Tuberculosis.
24. Full year of 1917 parents cared for her in their home.
25. 7 Jan 1918: Died in Delta, Utah, 20 days before her 38th birthday.
26. Buried in Delta, Utah.

Table of Contents

Part I

A Dream..

Grandmother Rainey has not always been a real and living person to me, but in the past few years she has become so. It all began with a personal “dream” which I received over ten years ago; a dream which I believe to be in direct answer to my prayers for guidance in a particular problem. Now I realize there are many who do not believe in such things; many who scoff at the mere idea, and some, even in the church who claim to believe, yet don’t. Nevertheless, this dream happened and I know it to be one of the most beautiful experiences of my lifetime. I have seldom related it, except to those I know have faith, but because it is a part of the history of this grandmother, and because before its inception I had literally no feelings toward her, I do so now. The dream was the motivating factor of this work. In fact, perhaps I can say that the dream was a “planting of the seed” and this completed work “the fruit of the tree which grew therein”

I was sitting in my car at the bottom of a green grassy slope. The hill was steep and high and I was looking out of the window of the car when suddenly I was conscious of a beautiful personage descending the green toward me. She had upon her body the whitest robe I have ever seen and it covered her entirely.

I felt a thrilling kind of excitement when she came to a stop and looked into my eyes!

At that moment though I was unaware of our relationship, I knew we were not strangers. She smiled at me with her eyes, rather than her mouth and therein I saw reflected such love, compassion and understanding as I had ever desired from any human person. I immediately felt bonded to her and I couldn’t look away from her gaze.

Her hair was long and white, even whiter than the robe she was wearing and it glowed with a crowning, shimmering light which seemed to be emitted from a source other than the whiteness of its color. I have never forgotten my impression of beauty. This, as well as her eyes, were the two outstanding aspects of her person.

Though neither of us spoke a “verbal” word, still I understood everything she desired to convey. We communed as if by thought, and for some reason, though I didn’t understand it, it was perfectly natural to me. She asked me to leave the car and follow her, and as I did this it seemed completely unnecessary to open the door. I passed through it. I remembered my amazement at the ability to do so.

She preceded me to the top of the hill, until we came to a white mansion with beautiful architecture. It was simple in its lines, but the stateliness and majesty of it was overwhelming. We entered a large marble foyer, its whiteness also striking; and through our unusual means of communication I was instructed to enter the room to the left of me. I found, on entrance, the entire east wall to be a large mirror, but strangely, a mirror which reflected no image until motivated by some unseen power.

I stood gazing into it as a scene was portrayed to me, a scene which had great meaning to me because it was the answer to my anxious prayers. My comprehension of what I was viewing was so great and the understanding and compassion I felt, so deep; that I began to cry. The tears blinded me for a moment or so, and then I wiped them away, finding to my regret, that the lovely personage was no longer there. And as I grew aware of the situation, that instead of standing in

the beautiful carpeted room, I was in a barren wooden shack peering through a hole in the wall— I have often thought just how much this must be like an analogy of returning from heaven to earth. I left the room and returned to my car with an interpretation of the dream which has been a guide to me ever since. I believed in the dream and in the message it had for me. Consequently, there were many times after that, when my soul bore witness to a troubled heart, that the dream was true and its counsel to be more patient and understanding, as well as to have greater faith, should be headed.

Because of this dream, a desire was born to know more about this grandmother. She was no longer just a strange picture on a portrait chart, nor a meaningless name on a pedigree page. When I looked at her name, I thought of someone close to me, someone I knew personally and intimately, and when I looked at her picture, the eyes staring back became the eyes which I had gazed into so deeply in the dream. At moments like this, my heart became so full with the blessing of love that I was overcome with the most tender feelings, and often repeated the verse of Opel Winstead, almost as a whispered prayer, “This much my spirit understands, our hearts are always holding hands.” She became someone with whom I shared the anxieties of life; someone I knew had already endured this mortal probation and as I later discovered, someone who experienced many of my kinds of thoughts and anxieties; we became kindred souls. But above all, she became someone that I knew loved and cared about me, otherwise, I reasoned, why had she come in such a manner and at a time when her counsel was needed most?

As a natural consequence of this association, I began research on her life. I felt a deep desire and a driving need to learn more of her life’s journey, for up to this point no one seemed to know much about her— except to say, “There was never a more ‘Saintly woman,’” and “She had the gift of healing.” These two statements, with the impression of my dream had an impelling effect upon my desires. I felt drawn into something much larger than I understood, and because of this, there were many frustrating moments.

When I came to the conclusion that I should write all the information down and give it to her descendants, I felt a partial satisfaction at the decision, but I failed to realize my in-abilities. No one realizes these so fully, as when they feel a driving desire to do something and seemingly are incapable of the act! Yet, when the spirit moves you to do a thing you feel to be important, you must either obey its promptings and take the challenge or make the decision to forget all the inner guides you feel led by. I couldn’t deny my faith in the Lord’s ability to reveal, nor the pressing inducements. With real intent and purpose, I sought guidance and counsel from the Lord, thereafter, and for three full years I lived to fulfill this work. Many times I almost sank under the self-criticism and frustrations that my inabilities bred, but the turning point came during a certain afternoon as I was sitting at my sewing machine. I found myself talking to Grandmother Rainey. And it was such a real thing that I didn’t question what was happening in the least. For a full hour we conversed in this manner. She spoke to me only through my mind, but it was an audible conversation. It was different than a time I had heard her actual voice in the Salt Lake Temple, wherein she had thrilled me beyond comprehension of words, by saying, “I love you Granddaughter Earlene.” With this conversation, there was such a strong impression in my mind, that the mental colloquy had the ‘semblance of sound. It was during these two moments of listening to her voice that I have gained the strong impression, “though she had a lovely, high and clear soprano singing voice, her speaking was one of melodious depth; not necessarily low in pitch, but the vibrations felt from its tone is one of depth and resonance.”

I asked at this time for her help in saying and doing what she wanted done, for I had always felt strongly that I was doing a work for her which she was unable to do for herself. I asked for guidance and direction in knowing her wishes and the purpose of the work. I asked for an understanding of her character and period of time in which she lived, but most of all, the added ability to relate it to paper, for without this it would all be to no avail.

Do I dare say that our souls were speaking face to face? I do! For all that time, I did feel many mental impressions and the guidance and inspiration I desired seemed to be forthcoming. I felt an enlightenment, and my heart and mind seemed to open. I could almost see the vision of what I thought she wanted done, and I could literally feel her spirit within my soul, walking through the cavern of what I call me, touching parts of my emotions, understanding and compassions which I hadn't realized I possessed before. Through this experience, I came to understand her personality— which she revealed to me through my own momentarily enlarged feelings. I have since, come to believe that no greater helper could have been extended, for it has been this warm glow and constant companionship of her nature that has been my guide in this effort.

When the conversation came to a close I didn't want the time to end. I was in another world that was gentle and kind, a world filled with exquisite peace and serenity, of joy and love. I marveled afterward at the unbelievable experience and though human nature causes you to reflect questioningly at times, I knew no amount of "logical reasoning" could take away that feeling of testimony which only the Holy Ghost gives.

As I arose from the sewing machine, I could still feel the lovely glow around me, and I turned and walked towards the dining room table. A wave of weakness and humility overcame me so completely that I sat upon a chair, seemingly there for that very purpose. Tears rushed forth from my pent up heart and I bowed my head in prayerful gratitude for such a beautiful experience. As I did so, I felt hands being placed upon my head and they were the hands of someone who loved me dearly and they were the hands of a man. I knew without doubt that I was being set apart and given the desired strength and ability— and resolution, to accomplish the work. The effect was one of electricity! I felt risen from the chair and everything around me was exceedingly bright. When it was finished, I was weak and completely exhausted.

Needless to say, from that time on I have believe in what I was doing, and because of the conviction, I have persevered until now it is finished and you have it as a part of your life. May the Lord bless your heart to seek for the message she would have you gain from it, and inspire you to love and honor her as I have— that you may also, say with me;

“This much my spirit understands—
Our hearts are always holding hands.”

Rainey

From an interview with Nellie Porter Workman (age 84) who was Rainey's close friend and sister-in-law: June 1963, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"She was loving, kind, warm, and very easy to cry," I heard Aunt Nellie say.

"I was from May to January older than her. We loved each other and would never be separated.

"Was she honest? Why she was the most honest person that ever lived! And sincere? No one was ore sincere that she. You know she met every word she said, and you could trust her.

"Your grandmother and her brother Abram were very close. Abram was my husband. They were both very spiritual. When Abram went on his mission to the islands, little Abe¹ had not been born then. But before he came home, your grandmother had sent him a picture.² My she was proud!

"Oh yes! She was the most dependable person alive! She had a sense of duty. . .almost too much for her own good. She grieved so over your grandfather's use of tobacco; she knew what was right and she lived it, and it hurt her when her loved ones did less.

"I helped to deliver little Abe. There were no doctors. I used to take care of Dee sometimes too (Rainey's second son). He was a wonderful little boy.

"Yes, I am sure your grandmother held positions in the church. She was a teacher in Primary with me I know. I was her president. I know she subst ituted in Sunday School.

"Was she quiet? Yes, very quiet. But she had a lovely sense of humor too. We used to laugh all the time. I never heard her complain, even when she had all the reason in the world to do it. We were very close and stayed together most of her married life.

"I taught school in a back room of her two room house when she was first married, so, yes she was generous wouldn't you say? She must have been in order to do that for me when she only had two rooms.

"After her home burned in 1907 she wasn't as happy.

"She liked to dance and she played the harmonica and accordion too; as well as the piano and organ. She loved to sing and was a beautiful soprano. We also sang in the choir together.

"Her eyes were light brown and her hair was a little darker brown than mine. She was proud, but no, it was not a false pride. She was very humble. She would suffer a wrong before she'd do a wrong to somebody else. She wouldn't take charity.

"Yes, we did many things together that were fun. We gathered service berries, and all kinds of berries together. We went fishing together many times. Your grandmother loved fish and she was real good at it; she also liked to eat them.

"We used to make clabber³ and put sugar on it—I know, lots of people turn their noses up

¹ Rainey's first living son.

² Picture on page []

³ Clabber is unpasteurized milk which is allowed to sour and thicken (curdle) naturally. It was popular in the southern U.S., and usually served with sugar or black pepper and cream, and sometimes with fruit. Definition food at www.foodreference.com.

when I say that—but we loved it! You probably wouldn't like a lot of the things we ate and liked so much.

“Yes, she did like to read. She read the scriptures some, but more, she lived the gospel. She used to teach her children a scripture and read from the Bible everyday. She like to read from the Juvenile Instructor, or the Improvement Era as it's now called. In fact, we read a story together from it one time, called, “Up From Tribulation.”⁴ It was a true story about polygamy, and we both cried over it. We read it in about 1899. Yes, we felt a lot of things in regard to polygamy, and we remember well when the manifesto was given.

“Oh, yes! She loved your grandpa very much! She proved true to him through thick and thin and she prayed constantly for him to change his ways.

“She sewed 'cause she had to, but we made a dress together once. She loved to cook though, and was a good cook too.

“Did she write letters? Yes, a few, but there was no need between us for we were together most of the time.

“She had a hearty laugh.

“She prayed and fasted over everything; sometimes she fasted so much she got sick, but she loved the Lord and trusted in him always.

“It hurt her because the folks disliked your grandpa. She was easy hurt over this, because she loved him so much and was never unkind to anyone.

“Did she ever work with young people? Oh, yes! She loved the young boys and girls and they loved her. They were always over to her house.

“. . . . She was a very lovely person and an even more beautiful friend.”

⁴ Juvenile Instructor: George Q. Cannon, Editor; vol. XXV, 1890 Edition.

Rainey's Parents

Abram Smith Workman

Abram sang as he rode along the cold, winter hardened road, "I'm tired of Dixie, of rock and of hill . . . I'm ready to leave it, if it be the Lord's will . . . There is no place around me that I call my own; I have no place in Dixie to make me a home . . . To the north and to the south; to the east or to the west . . . I will stop in that country that suits me the best. I'm bound to obtain it, a place of my own; where I can enjoy the comforts of home."

The horse underneath him was warm and the melody of the self-composed lyric was slow and easy. Abram had mixed emotions. He was sad for having left his two little motherless daughters with his sister Nancy, still, he knew he was doing the right thing and the girls would be loved and cared for.

Abram had been a widower for two years and at this time was leaving his home in Virgin City, Utah (Dixie) to find a new location of less painful memories to establish another home for himself and his two little daughters. He also, hoped to find the added blessing of another wife. Many years later, he wrote in his journal:

I knew I would not be happy again without a wife. The Lord had a guiding influence over me . . . I am not able to put into words the feelings that I have in this respect, but I know the Lord has been mindful of me and brought me through life's stormy sea with some degree of success . . . for I know if I had been left to myself, my life would have been a failure. I can see now that the Lord had a work for me to do and he guided me to the right girl, the one he intended for me . . . to help accomplish the work he had for me to do.

Abram felt his decision to leave Dixie, as the song indicated, was the Lord's will, and he was never to regret it.

Abram was a good man, good natured and very tender hearted. He was also loving and kind to his children, and did much to help those he loved. He came from early Utah pioneer parentage and from a polygamy family. Being the first child of his mother's plural marriage, he had many responsibilities at a young age such as driving ox teams, plowing, going to the mill for his family, and tending cattle and sheep; all this by the time he was ten years old. Abram had many outstanding qualities to his character as he grew up, but the most evident was his consciousness for the welfare of his family.

When he was young he had married his sweetheart, Millie Bethena Devoo; she was seventeen and he was nearly twenty. When she was twenty-one and Abram was twenty-three, she died in childbirth with her third child. The infant also died. According to the record of Clarissa Workman Lee, Abram and Millie's first daughter, the mother bled to death before the baby was born, and after death they opened her and took the unborn infant, dressed it and buried it in her arms.

Abram worked away from home a great deal shepherding, as did many husbands of that period of time. After his wife's death he continued to do so. During the periods he was gone his two little girls, Clara and Lucy, stayed with his family. When he came home, as Clara says, "Oh, how happy we were! We would beg him to get us a new mama, and he would tease us both, saying, 'I can't get you a new mama unless you will accept an Indian woman.'

'No! No! We would have none of that!'"

When Millie died, Abram was broken hearted and he wrote the following song, showing the depth of his love and tender nature:

I once had a home that was happy and free;
The cares of this world, they were nothing to me.
I had no desire this wide world to roam,
But the place of my heart was my own dearest home.
But death like a serpent with poisoned wing
Has flown through my home and left there its sting!
My wife has departed, in her grave she was lain,
And has left me to mourn until we may meet again.
Oh! Now I am lonely! My home is no more!
There is no wife to greet me with a smile at the door.
What is a home without her smile to cheer?
There was none on this earth that to me was so dear.
. . . Come, all you that have a home, happy and gay—
Be kind to your wife, for you don't know the day
When you may be parted, and left lonely like me,
—Then the days of the past you will long to see.

So after remaining a widower for almost two years, Abram found himself seeking a new life and a new wife. What was it the song said?

“. . . To the north and to the south; to the east or west—
I will stop in that country that suites me best”

Where that country would be, he was sure the Lord would guide him to it, for he knew his decision was a good one and his happiness was already apparent. The cold winter wind, nipping his ears, sent back and echo of his song to the peering stranger in the house at the side of the road . . . “I will stop in that country that suits me the best . . . !”

Julia Hatch: Rainey's Mother

When Abram arrived in the little community of Hatch, Utah, it suited him, so he stopped and stayed. He found a job on a large sheep and cattle ranch, working for Meltiar Hatch, who was a prominent man in the community.

Now, Meltiar Hatch was also, a polygamist, and having moved his families to this part of Southern Utah in 1870 (Abram arrived during the winter of 1878), being one of the first settlers there, it fell his lot to pioneer “Hatchtown” with his two wives, Parmelia Snyder Hatch and Mary Ann Ellis Hatch.

When Abram made the decision to stay in the community, it's doubtful that he knew the full implications of his resolution, or the forces at work in his life concerning this decision. Meltiar had a large family and in this large group there were a number of daughters, but one girl in particular was very lovely; or so Abram thought! She was the eighteen year old daughter of Meltiar and his second wife Mary Ann, and her name was “Julia!”

Julia is described as a beautiful young girl and somewhat shy. But the description says she

had been taught the meaning of hard work and labor. Also, that she was greatly admired by many of the young men who came to work on her father's ranch. She was neat and very capable, and though Abram was just one of her admirers, it seems that the "handsome young widower," found "favor" in her eyes, and they became good friends.⁵ Six months later they were married in the St. George Temple, on 5 June 1874.

Abram in Hatch

Abram became a very prominent man in the community during the following years. Up until 1879, Meltiar Hatch had presided at all church meetings, but at that time, the first branch was organized there, and Abram became the Presiding Elder.⁶

During the summer months, meetings were held in a bowery, and in the winter they were held in the bedroom of the Hatch home.

In 1882, Hatch became part of the Hillsdale Branch, but Abram was still retained as Presiding Elder. Later, in August 1892, a ward was organized and a bishop was then chosen.

The first store was owned by Abram and when the town was moved, because of a broken dam which flooded the old townsite, Abram moved his store to a choice location in the new area.

Abram's wife, Julia, later became one of the first midwives in the community, and he, one of the first school teachers in Hatch.

Rainey's Birth and Childhood

After Abram's proposal to Julia, his first act was to take her to Virgin City and introduce her to his two small daughters. His heart rejoiced at the reaction of his two little girls upon learning of their "new mama." And he was also, to rejoice at the way Julia would take them to her heart and raise them as her own.

After getting his children, Abram and Julia went to the St. George Temple for their marriage. At this time, Julia stood not only for herself, but for the little girl's mother, Millie, so she could also be sealed to Abram. This made Julia a sister-wife under the Celestial Order of marriage, with Julia being the first wife. Clara and Lucy were then sealed to their dead mother and to Abram, with Julia being the proxy again. According to the history of Abram's daughter Clara, Millie and Abram had never been sealed in the temple, because it had not been finished at the time of their marriage, and they chose to wait, never dreaming that Millie would die before the ordinance was performed. How sad, that the first had to become the second, because of procrastination.

After the wedding Abram and Julia returned to Hatch and Abram began to build a log house with a fireplace in it. They were happy and busy days, and Abram says of that period:

When we got back from the wedding trip, we went in with her mother. I started to prepare for building us a house. During the previous winter and early spring, I had not been idle. Father Hatch had a small farm that he was not using

⁵ Memories of Lydia Workman Billings.

⁶ Same as a Bishop

that year, so I had put in ten acres of grain. I worked and had lumber and shingles enough to make a house.

During that summer I tended the crop, which got frosted and was only good for hay. So I took my team and went down to Richfield and traded it for wheat and brought it back for the family, but the most of the time I worked to build us a house. Before winter set in we had a two room house that was as good as any on the ranch, and we did not owe anybody for it. That was the hardest winter on record.⁷

After Abram prepared his family for the winter, he had to leave with a herd of sheep, taking them to the winter range. At that time he worked for the Hatch Brothers and took his sheep to the Buckskin mountains over by Kanab, Utah. Before he left, he hauled great ricks of pine and cedar wood to keep everyone warm, but while he was gone, it was such a hard winter and there was so much snow that Julia went home to stay. She was expecting her first child and in no condition to care for herself. Abram says of this time:

When I got my folks fixed for the winter, I left and went out with a herd of sheep. But I had to come home in about two months when our first baby was born.

When I came in, I had to come in on foot. I did not think that would be any trouble, as I was used to walking . . . but I was not used to the snow in the mountains . . . I had been warned not to start over the Divide in the afternoon, but hearing that my wife was already sick, I was so anxious to get home that I started over . . . I had never been defeated in anything I had ever started to do, so I thought I could make it; and I did, but not that night . . . I bucked the snow until sometime in the latter part of the night . . . I came to an abandoned house with doors and windows out . . . The snow was two to three feet deep and it was forty, or more, below zero. I managed to get a small fire started . . . I shook all over. I was still six miles from home. The sun had not got up yet. I went about half a mile and I thought I would freeze. I saw a dry cedar tree on a side hill and made out to it . . . broke a few dry limbs and got a small fire started. I sat by it till the sun came up and I got a little warmer. Then I started for home and got there just about noon. I found the old folks, my wife and children and our new baby . . . They were all pleased to see me, but they did not know how near my wife had come to being a widow. Today, I can't see how I did not freeze to death that night. For the next three weeks I sure suffered with those frozen feet.

At the time of this baby's birth, Abram was twenty-seven years old and Julia was nineteen. The baby had come two months premature and for awhile they weren't sure that either Julia or the child would live. But Meliur Hatch and Abram honored their priesthood, and after much faith and prayers by everyone, they both grew strong and healthy. They named the baby "Julia Rhoana," and she was so small, so says the history, that she could fit into a cup.

Abram was naturally happy to see the safety of his wife and child, but the sight that

⁷ The winter of 1879-80 was one of the hardest winters on record. Snow was 10 ft. deep; deeper in drifts. Cattle and animals froze to death by the hundreds. People were in terrible circumstances. Any meat available was stringy and only good for boiling, but everyone was thankful to have even that.

warmed his soul many times afterwards, was the memory of his two little daughters sitting upon the edge of the bed, eyes agleam, peering at the tiny bundle which their mother held. Abram's smile revealed that he could picture their thoughts. "Oh! What joys a new mama could bring!" He thought tenderly, "no little girl could have had a better welcoming committee."

"Rainey" as she was soon called, was born on 27 January 1880, in the dead of the worst winter Abram had ever experienced. He was stone broke! He said that he finally traded one of his horses for an order of 6,000 feet of lumber at the sawmill, then according to his autobiography, he also traded his other horse for a yearling mare colt and sixty dollars "cash."

When he left Dixie, he had left twenty head of cattle on his ranch, but while he was gone, they were all stolen, strayed, or died. He wrote, "I never saw them again, so they were of no value to me." He was in a strange place with nothing to do, or do with.

While thinking about this predicament, a relative came along and offered him a lease on a house and lot, with farming land, in Cannonville, Utah. He offered to help Abram put the place into production, if he'd just go there and stay, tending it on shares. Abram said: "So I went, which was the worst thing I could have done. I moved over there and we put the place in corn. I worked hard on the ditches to get water for it, and I hoed and worked it. Just when it came out into tassel, there came a light frost and killed the tassels, and it never made a bushel of corn. We just had a pile of fodder!

"I quit that farm, but I still staid in the town another year, but we sure had a tough time making a living."

The next fall after their second child, Abram Jr., was born, Abram went off herding sheep again. Rainey was a year and-a-half old. He further writes:

I moved my family Up near where Tropic now is. We brought the sheep down in that valley and wintered them there, so I was near home and could come home quite often.

The next spring when we moved the sheep out, we moved ourselves out too, and went back to our house that we had built during our first year of married life. But I still staid with the sheep herd. After the lambing and shearing was done, we moved the sheep Up in the mountains. There was a small house there, so I had my wife and family go with me. They let us have a cow to milk and the sheep were not much trouble to herd. There were lots of berries to gather, so we had a fine time that summer. I quit the sheep that fall. I had now got a team. I worked in the harvest field. That fall I got wheat for bread and some to feed my horses and also, some hay. I got a contract to build fence and made me \$150 cash. In the spring, I grubbed 20 acres of land while my wife burned the brush. We got a new sewing machine for it. We were sure pleased with that for there were few that had them at that time.

Quoting again from the autobiography of Clarassia W. Lee, more is learned about the next few years of Rainey's life, and that of her family.

A few years later⁸, I my father took Uncle Sam Henry's cows on shares. We lived in a beautiful valley above Panguitch Lake, milked thirty or forty cows and made butter and cheese. It was my job to take care of the calves and whatever else I could do. That summer, my mother gave birth to another little girl baby. They named her "Mary

⁸ Rainey was approximately 3 years old.

Elizabeth." My mother had a very hard time and nearly died. My father was very worried for fear he would lose her. She got better, but it was a long time before she was really strong again.

Clarissia goes on to say:

Father got one-third of the calves and half of the butter we made from the cows he took on shares. In the winter we moved back to Hatchtown. Father and mother took the pretty butter out of the shiskey barrels, moulded it into two pound packages, and then father took it to Silver Reef, Kannare and other mining towns. He sold the butter and cheese for a little money. Money was surely a scarce article then. I think we stayed on that Henry ranch two summers, and the calves father got on shares gave him a little start of cattle which made times a bit better for us. Later, there was a movement started to build a new town over on Yellow creek a small stream near Bryce Canyon. Father moved us over there and built a house of sawed logs. The place was called Georgetown.

This move was during 1888. Rainey was eight years old; Grover Cleveland was president of the nation, and Wilford Woodruff was president of the church. Polygamy was still an active, earthly principle of the church, and its members were still being persecuted fiercely for living it. Rainey and her family lived in Georgetown for five years. Clara and Lucy grew into young womanhood and married while living there. Clara married Bill Lee, and Lucy married James Burrow, a young school teacher from Texas. He taught Lucy, as well as each of the other Workman children who were old enough this being Rainey, Abram Jr. and later, Mary Elizabeth. Rainey had many experiences throughout her childhood years, but unfortunately there are few recorded, and we must piece it together through the memories and autobiographies of others. It is taken for granted that she went to school each day, and to church on Sunday. She worked hard, as did all children of that day. She must have helped care for her mothers large family, and worked in the garden, and most assuredly helped bottle for the winter, the produce and meat which was raised. She was obedient and could usually be depended upon to do as she was asked; she seemed to have a good sense of responsibility. It is known that she was quiet natured, and close to her Heavenly Father, even at that young age. Still, suddenly we find that she had her mischievous moments too, as the following experiences, from the autobiography of her sister, Mary Elizabeth, reveal.

James Burrow was teaching singing school in the evening and I wanted to go, but Rainey and Abram objected, saying, "they did not want that' little kid' in their class."⁹

One day, Rainey, Abram and I got on some boards on the running gears of the wagon to go across the wash. The one horse who was not well broken, began to rear and jump around. The board tipped and I fell to the ground. Father saw me dip my chin in time to draw my head out of the way of the back wheel, but my arm was broken again

The first moving picture I remember; a magic lantern man came to Georgetown

⁹ Rainey was about 12, Abram 11, Mary Elizabeth 8.

and all the children wanted to go. Father told Rainey and Abram if they would take a sheep skin to Johnson's store they could get tickets. Neither one wanted to carry it down the street!

Abram came to me and said that if I would carry the sheepskin down to the store they would let me see the intermission: So happily, holding the skin by the tail, I threw it over my shoulder and off I marched to Johnston's store. Abram and Rainey followed at a safe distance, and then came into the store in time to get the tickets!

I waited up for the intermission!

When Abram came out, I went in and saw a man sleeping with his mouth open. A little mouse ran into his mouth, then all was quiet again, until I had to go out and Abram came back in. He could always get me to obey his will.

Our parents were very good homemakers. They always set the best table in town. Father had two or three small pieces of land on the Yellow Creek farm, where he raised mostly wheat for flour, oats for horses, etc. We always put about two wagon loads of early rose potatoes in a pit by the granary (a deep square hole with a board roof and covered with a generous amount of dirt. A square frame opening in the top and a ladder permitted us to go down to the vegetables below. The one corner was a pile of red beets, in another was carrots, and then the potatoes. Parsnips were left in the garden for later).

We always gathered a nice sack of navy beans and a few speckled beans. Father raised such nice cabbages. In the fall he dug a trench, lined it with straw; then he folded the big leaves around the head and set it on the straw, packing enough dirt over them to keep them from freezing. In the later months he would loosen the dirt around the head of cabbage and pull it out. It was so white and crisp. We liked it raw, as well as creamed. From corn we made hominy. We would parch both field and sweet corn, and when ground in a coffee mill, it made good cereal under rich milk.

Father kept three or four milk cows over the winter, and chickens enough to provide eggs. We killed four or five hogs every fall. He cured the meat so well that he had ready sale for it from the cattle men passing through the town to, and from the cattle range. He always had a young beef to kill.

In the home, we had a large fireplace with a cheery fire of pinion pine-wood, which made it unnecessary for lamp light. We all sat in the family circle in the evening, mother mending, and father singing and telling stories. One evening he had been telling of his hardships in Dixie, how in early summer he took leaves off the cabbage, put molasses on them and thought they were so good because he had been so hungry. Abram Jr. standing by his knee said, "You've lived better since you came to live with us, huh?"

In 1890, when Rainey was ten, the Manifesto was issued.

In 1893, when she was thirteen, the family moved from Georgetown back to Hatch, Utah, and they resided there for the rest of Rainey's childhood.

By this time, Abram and Julia had eight of their ten children. They were: Rainey, Abram Smith Jr., Mary Elizabeth (who was called 'Lizzie'), Abbie Mae, Meltiar, Millie, Jacob Lindsay (died) and Lydia. And though the Manifesto had been given, making the Eternal Law of Plural

and polygamous marriage no longer an active principle of the gospel to be lived at that time, still the Saints were persecuted. It seemed that non-members found a variety of other reasons to find fault with the "Mormons." By 1897, the family unit was complete. John Cornelius and Evinda were added to make a total of ten children. Evinda, like her little brother Jacob Lindsay, lived but a short while, leaving the family with eight living children. Also, in 1897, Rainey suddenly found herself almost grown up. She was seventeen and had strange fancies of love and eventual marriage.

RAINEY'S MARRIAGE

During 1898 and '99~ there were many problems in the nation and within the church itself, but there was something of a different nature happening to Rainey in Hatch.

On 27 Jan 1898, she was eighteen years old and had grown into a beautiful young woman, full of grace and spirituality,~ She stood on the threshold of a new life, a life that promised to be filled with many responsibilities and perhaps some heart aches, but a life which she also knew would give her the greatest amount of fulfillment and joy. Rainey was in love!.

He was big and older than she, and very handsome. James Elder was thirty-three years old, and was homesteading a tract of land close to the Workman ranch, upon which he had built a small home. He really wasn't an impulsive young man, but the story goes, that the first time he came to the Workman place and saw Rainey, he said, "That's the girl I'm going to marry!" It's cited that he never seriously considered any other girl before that time.

Jim came to the Workman ranch many times after that, and shortly thereafter, he and Rainey wanted to be married. Their courtship wasn't very long or "romantic," for as Rainey's youngest sister, Lydia said, "She had too many little brothers and sisters to interrupt things."

Father Abram seemed to like and respect Jim, however, Julia, Rainey's mother, had many misgivings. She thought he was too old for Rainey, and felt fear toward a compatible marriage with a fifteen year age difference. Apparently there was a slight personality conflict also, for the time never did fully arrive when Julia accepted Jim wholeheartedly. Nevertheless, love has means of getting its own way, and Jim and Rainey were married that same spring in the Manti Temple. The week long trip, via train and horse and wagon, was considered their honeymoon.

JIM

Jim's mustached kiss greeted Rainey as she walked into the cabin. "Oh, Jim!" she exclaimed, softly! "it's a lovely, love!"

Rainey saw immediately that he had neatly arranged each piece of their new wedding dishes in the bare, wooden cupboard which he had just finished building. The dishes were white, with big brown flowers printed upon them, and she thought they looked beautiful in the crude, but unusually striking, smooth cupboard.

Rainey was proud of her home and so was Jim. He had built the two room cabin before they were married, but only after she had come to it, did it feel like a true home to him. Looking around happily, he noticed how clean and shining she kept it. It always made him feel good to walk into the room which never failed to smell of some promising delight to satisfy his masculine "hankering" of the midriff section. He watched her set the table, using two of the plates from the cabinet she seemed so pleased over, and as she turned to once more smile at him, he thought, not for the first time that month, just how lucky he was and how great were his blessings.

Jim Elder was the kind of man that people either liked, or didn't like, with few in-betweens—and at his age there were some of both kinds in his life. He was described as being a leader and generally well respected. He had ability and ambition, though, here again, there are some who disagree. He was good natured and had many friends. He wasn't a "refined-social" type of man, but he wasn't crude either. He was kind and warm hearted as a general rule, especially to children. He loved little children in the most hearty way and they loved him in return, which was proven by the response of Rainey's multitude of small brothers and sisters. He loved to tease, but was still affable and tender in this trait. Millie, one of Rainey's younger sisters, remembers Jim with warm tones for this characteristic, and for his constantly jovial nature.

Jim had been raised in a plural marriage family, with a father who was not known for his "placid" nature, so he had run away from home at an early age, thereafter, making his own way. By the time he met Rainey, he had lived alone a sufficient amount time to know what he was getting in a mate.

They were very different-these two- but they loved each other devotedly. Jim had his faults; he could be stubborn and opinionated, as well as obstinate as a mule at times; and he had a pride that very often hindered his progress rather than gave him success, but he was honest and sincere in what he did. It is assuredly more difficult to relate what Rainey's faults were, for they were less touted than those of her husband, but there can be no doubt that she possessed some human weaknesses also. According to a few, she was so righteous that she deserved much better than what she had chosen for a husband; evidently she disagreed, for in all the years they shared together, she remained devoted and loyal to him. Perhaps, she may have been unhappy at times and in a variety of ways; perhaps, Jim was not all she may have desired him to be, especially in church matters, but I feel her greatest, virtuous, characteristic, lies in the fact that she remained true to him all the days of her life, through experiences which tried her very faith in his behalf, and much of this against the well intended counsel of certain members of her family.

A SON

Those first years that Rainey and Jim lived on the Mammoth, one of the tributaries of the Sevier River, were very happy ones. They weren't far from her family, nor from some of his, and as a general rule one of Rainey's small sisters stayed with them during the summer months. Lydia, who only four years old at the time of her sisters marriage, was especially fond of being a visitor. She had a special reason, for no one looked forward to becoming an aunt more than Lydia!

The new baby was expected in November, and at thirty-four, Jim was overjoyed at the prospects of becoming a father. It goes without saying, that Rainey was equally as happy.

Though the men worked in the saw mill away from home, and farmed, sometimes great distance from the house, Jim was home when Rainey delivered their first child. It was a bleak November morning, but happiness filled the rooms of the two room cabin as Rainey and Jim first looked at their little son together. It was the 8th day of the month, in the first year of their marriage the year being 1898 and the name decided upon was to be James Arnel. According too Lydia, little James was a beautiful child and it's said, "He seemed to be a fulfillment for this couple."

Oh! The plans they had for him! He was going to have all the love and care any little boy ever wished to have and Jim was determined that this child would have more of the sweet and joyous moments of childhood than he had had especially a loving father! But suddenly after a few days the baby became ill. There were no doctors available, and even after all their prayers and

faith, he didn't respond. He a few days later! This was a painful shock to everyone, and a terrible sorrow Jim and Rainey.

The Lord permits many sorrows and tribulations in this life, but always mindful of the tears and course of events in the lives of his children, he provides a means of healing. For Rainey and Jim, the wound was cleansed by sending another child.

On 7 Oct 1899, Rainey placed a small daughter into the arms of her husband, and with tearful eyes, watched him as he lifted the child tenderly. Jim's big heart swelled with such joyous pride as he had never known before, that the big, rough exterior all but melted away, taking with it all the pain of the previous year. His eyes filled with moisture and unsuccessfully he tried to blink them away.

The child was named Theda Rhoana, and called "Thedee, much to her childish displeasure in later years. Rainey had once read a story, in which the heroine's name was Theda. Loving both the name and story character, she had chosen the name for her first daughter. According to the history of her "little" Aunt Lydia, "Thedee" was just about the cutest baby that ever lived: She was also the most spoiled, because as she said, "There were plenty to spoil her."

On May 6, 1901, the following year, another little girl was born to Rainey and Jim, but this little daughter, like her brother, lived just a short time. Jim and Rainey named her Nina, and when she died, the family sewed clothes to bury her in. Such tiny, inanimate apparel: Sewing for their dead was always a labor of love for the Latter-day Saints, but this size brought only heartache. Grandpa Abram made a small casket, and it is said by one that Grandma Julia sang a song for the funeral. The Lord "giveth, and he taketh," but once more he gave again. On July 7, 1902, Abram Elder entered the world. He was strong and healthy, much to the relief of his parents. After the loss of his first son, Jim was delighted with the little black headed mite that Rainey placed in his arms. As he turned back the small blanket, he chuckled softly and said proudly, "Look at those eyes: They're as black as his hair:" Rainey smiled at his apparent pleasure and was content to watch the scene.

Suddenly, a loud cry was heard; the pleasure became an uneasy laugh. As his wife seemed in no visible hurry to relieve him of his embarrassing predicament, he attempted patting the back-side but, quite to no avail. Sheepishly, he offered another pleading glance, in hopes that he might still escape the crisis and save face, then said, trying to maintain some small amount of dignity, " Well, at least he's got a lusty voice, hasn't he?"

Rainey, finally moved to pity, amidst ill-concealed merriment, stretched forth her arms to relieve him of the task, which apparently was not one of his better abilities. Shaking her head softly, in agreement, she took the child who wondrously fell to silence, and said with a condescending smile, "Yes, doesn't he?" Jim had an idea this little fellow was apt to rule the roost for awhile.....

That was a wonderful year for Rainey and Jim. They had two children, a home and some land, and most of all, they were in love and very happy. Lydia says of that time, "I used to stay with them a lot when they lived Up to the ranch on the Mammoth. Rainey and I would go out and pick wild gooseberries, wild currents and other berries. There were plenty of them growing by the river and on the farm. There was also a lovely grove of trees by the river where we used to go, and we called it 'Jim and Rainey's grove.' We had many of our family gatherings there, and Oh, what wonderful times we did have:"

On May 22, 1904, another little girl was born, but once more something was wrong and the baby lived less than a month. She was named Julia Delsa.

It is said that had there been a good doctor available at these births, probably all three of these infants could have been saved; but there were no doctors and each illness was of such nature that it couldn't be understood.

So again, the Lord had sent a child "unto goodly parents" just long enough to receive a name and a body. But, again the Lord was to provide-a caustic to heal the sorrow, for exactly one year later, to the day, another small son was given to them. He was christened Deloy Edward, and this son was to become a very special blessing to his parents because of his sweet nature and obedient spirit. Lydia says of him, "Deloy was a very sweet tempered child and he grew to become a wonderful man."¹⁰

As a child, he didn't cry much or have temper tantrums. Instead, whenever he was displeased or upset, he would go to the corner behind the stove, or behind the door, and there he would stand and pout it out."

She continues, "I remember another time when Dee's little brother, Ray, came running into Rainey tattling. He said, 'Ma! 'Loy's pout'n 'agin!" Lydia also remembers this humorous experience. She says, "Dee was always covered with freckles so thick that you couldn't hardly tell where they began or ended, and he hated them. One day he fell from the horse and skinned himself quite badly, but his only reply was, 'I'm glad, cause it took some of the freckles off!"

After Deloy was born, Jim leased the saw mill on Swains Creek. He moved his whole family there for the summer, including Lydia. She cites of that time, "It was the most beautiful place to live in the summer months of any place in Utah. The whole family enjoyed that summer."

About this time, Jim and Rainey had to make a few changes in their life. Thede was nearing school age and they bought a lot in Hatchtown where they decided to build a home. Those who lived on ranches, had to go into town for the winter months if they wanted to take full advantage of school for their children.

The lot was located one block west of the church and was on the main street of town. Jim had made enough money that year to buy the amount of lumber needed for building. He decided to build it with three rooms to begin with, but realizing his family would continue to grow, he made it so two more rooms could be added to the north side as they were needed.

During the winter and spring of that following year-1906- Rainey and her younger sister, Mary Elizabeth Chidester, ran a boarding house at the old townsite. They cooked for the men working at the Hatch Dam, and part of the money which Rainey earned was saved and used to buy new furniture. It was the first she had ever owned, and as future events were to determine, the last.

¹⁰ Dee became a Doctor of Chiropractic, enjoying success in his field.

THE TURNING POINT

It was 1907. Jim and Rainey now, had three living children. They were Theda six, Abram five, and Deloy two. This year became a turning point in the life of Jim and Rainey—from here on, nothing was ever so prosperous or happy again.

The facts tell us that on 23 June 1907, another little son was born. He was blessed and named Raymond Elder. Rainey had now given Jim three living sons to bear his name, as well as one to claim and raise in the hereafter.

Jim was sitting on a chair at the end of Rainey's bed, his chin resting in his hands. Abram, was standing at the side of his mother and the new brother. He remembers well the look of love and pride which his father gave his mother while sitting there. It touched his heart even at five years old.

Jim was pondering the situation. He looked tenderly at his newest son, held in the crook of Rainey's arm. He thought of the seven beautiful children she had borne him. He thought of the four that the Lord had granted them to keep, and briefly of the three small ones which they had buried with such sadness. But Jim was too happy at this moment to retain any sadness in his soul. He choose to think of the living! Rainey was happy too, he could always tell, for childbirth had each time made her more beautiful than before. He warmed inside to her tender look, which she flashed in his direction, and wondered if other men's wives were as beautiful to them!

As she lay under the lovely patchwork quilt, watching first, her son, and then her husband, Rainey noticed the look in Jim's eyes and how they serenely followed his son's movements. She wondered at his thoughts. His chair was turned backwards, and he was sitting in a spraddled position, looking very much like anyone of his own boys with his chin resting contentedly in cupped hands. She smiled at him, and he grinned back happily. She looked at his big, rough hands, and thought how often they had brought comfort to her with their firm touch. She reached out to him and he drew the chair closer. He rubbed her hand, which was not as soft as she wished it was, because of many tasks, against his rough chin. She thought back on that wonderful day in the temple, the day in which they had pledged each other's love for all eternity, and a warm glow, gently prodded her heart with the memory. She thought it quietly amusing now, how she was so sure that day there would never be another time so happy as then. True, there hadn't been another day quite like that one, but there had been many times just as rewarding in their own way such as today. She softly looked down at her son again, and her heart tugged as he gripped firmly the finger he extended to him. "So near to the angels," she had whispered to herself. "So new from heaven." It was no wonder she loved them all so much!

She glanced intermittently at both of them for a moment or so, then thought, "He looks so proud!" she smiled, "like the first time he became a father." Then she remembered that he had looked this way with each one as they had been born, and it wasn't the first time she realized how much he loved his children. She sighed quietly, "He is still just as handsome as he was that first day in the temple dressed in white." Remembering, gave her a joyous thrill.

Yes, he was handsome. True, there were more lines on his brow, crease's at the corners of his eyes and mouth, more gray at his temples, and even some in his great mustache, but then she had more of these too. The work and toil that accompanied the birth and care of seven children had taken their toll also . . . especially, the death of the three she had given back to the Lord. A flicker of stinging recollection clouded her eyes for a brief second, then disappeared with the

comfortable knowledge that she would yet, someday in the eternity raise them.

Rainey had no regrets. Life was hard in many ways, but it was just as assuredly, also rewarding. Surely, she and Jim did work hard, everyone did, but they had many lovely things to show for their labors. They had a home with lovely furnishings; and they had crops and animals. They had a cow and five hogs, as well as many chickens; there was a storehouse in the back room of their home which was being filled with winter supplies; she had dried fruits and vegetables; and by the end of the season, there would be bottled stuffs, wheat, flour, beans and a half ton of chopped feed for their hogs. "Never," she thought, "had the ir preparation for a coming winter's season been so complete, and never had they had so much of life's offerings." There was no room for regret, for anything.

Rainey continued to lay smiling to herself, content and happy in the knowledge that she was blessed and beloved . . . It's been said that every woman has a special kind of loveliness and beauty when she has this assurance . . . She pulled her small son closer and tucked his protruding feet inside the soft, baby quilt, and as she did so, Jim watched her eyes take on a very special kind of look. It was a look which he had seen many times before. It was an every-day kind of radiance that told the story of her character and revealed the great amount of tenderness and love within her being. He had seen it often, but it never failed to move him. It was a look that almost said, "I have a very special, warming kind of secret within my soul. Please don't disturb me for a few minutes."

Rainey did have an unmeasurable capacity to love, and to be loved. "She was so good, and so much angel, yet," he related to one of his children in later years "I couldn't have loved her half so much, if she hadn't had her faults too."

From the first day Jim saw her, he had known she was different and special. In the beginning years of their marriage she had possessed an innocent, almost naive quality and a great spiritual grace which radiated her faith to all. The intervening years, with their heartaches and problems, had done little to dim this innocent manner. She still, trusted life. Somehow, she had refused to let its problems strip from her that childlike, all absorbing trustful mein. Of course, the innocence was dimmed, and age had done its bit, but Jim still, saw occasionally, if she happened to be caught off guard, or the sweetness of some moment overcame her, this pure, child-like quality. Jim could easily almost envy her this ability, for he had long ago lost his feelings such as that. In fact, he wasn't sure he'd ever felt that type of trust. The world had not been an easy place for him, and if it had not left him bitter, at least, realistic. But for Rainey, never in all the years had he seen her faith waver. When the children died, she was sad, even broken hearted, but never once had she blamed the Lord! "The Lord gave them, and he could take them back if this was his will!" She never questioned nor criticized his design in her life. She was like a sponge during those times of hurt-and she was easily hurt--; her feelings were tender, but she had the capacity to accept problems without complaint and to regard them as a natural course of events, as the will of the Lord. She knew how to endure! Jim loved this strength in her. He was more inclined to rebel, but her patience and strength, her trust and faith, though at times an irritant to him, gave him greater faith to accept. Jim thought of her after the death of little James. He had been amazed at her manner of dignity and uprightness, in spite of her deep sorrow. As soon as she had been able she had gone to the woods to pray. This was normal for her. She did it often and always by herself. She would sit among the tall pines, surrounded by the waving bunches of clover grass, remaining there for a long time. She often made these trips alone--just as each morning, before anyone