

A History of Mother (Emily Leyshon)

By Elma Hansen Willes



Emily Leyshon Hansen



*Emily Hansen
Taken a few years before her death*

Emily Leyshon (Hansen) was born April 5, 1888 at Winterquarters (Schofield), Utah Territory. She was the fourth child in a family of twelve born to Emily Crofts and William Leyshon. Her early childhood was spent in Winterquarters, then a booming mining town.

The Leyshon family was a gay, fun loving family. Her memories of that home were very happy. The home was built against the side of a mountain. The children played on the hills behind the home.

In the Scofield mine explosion of 1900. Tragedy came to the Leyshon family. Mother's brother, who helped the family financially was killed at this time. The family felt the loss of this brother for a long time.

A maiden, aunt Martha, took mother to live with her. Aunt Martha was very strict with mother, who was about twelve years old. A lot of the good humor and fun was taken from mother's life. This she missed very much, as did her brothers, sisters, and parents.

Mother finished the eighth grade in the Spanish Fork schools, and later went to Salt Lake to a finishing school. At this time she lived at the home of Aunt Rose Seely. This lasted one year.

Mother and Dad kept company for two years. One time while she was dating Dad, Aunt Martha, told mother to stay at home that evening, she slipped out anyway. When aunt Martha found out, she tore up a new tie apron she had been making for mother.

Mother and Dad were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Mother was eighteen years old. She was a pretty bride, so tiny and dainty with her hair piled high on her head. She wore a pretty

cashmere blouse with lace and sequent trim and big “leg of mutton” sleeves. People called Mother and Dad the “long and short” of it. Mother, was so short and Dad so tall.

After their marriage, they lived in Spanish Fork for one year. Dad worked at the carpenter trade, as well as to help with the Grandfather Hansen farm.

After the first year, they built a two frame home in Palmyra, Utah, west of Spanish Fork. Life was hard for both of them on the farm. Water had to be carried about a mile, later they dug a well. The water for the growing family had to the house. However, there was always plenty of good food at our home. As we grew, I remember, there was always company on Sundays, at times as many as 25 to 30 people. No one ever went away hungry.

Father had chickens, cows, sheep, and pigs. We had fresh meat in the winter and cured meat in the summer. We also had fruits and vegetables of all kinds. Dad had bees and there was mother's good homemade bread.

Life on the farm was not all work. It also had its fun times. There were community dances, where everyone went. Babies were put to sleep on the benches against the walls of the church house. At these gatherings there was always plenty of good food, a program and dancing. Everyone had a good time.

The neighbors occasionally would get together to play cards and eat. The children were always happy too because they were included in the fun and good food. I remember the rides home in the dark, in our buggy or sleigh, which was filled with fresh straw and a quilt to cover us.

In 1920 the diphtheria was in our home. This very dreaded disease claimed my little sister, Vera. This also left Wendell with a bad heart.

In the fall of 1921, we moved to our new home, also in Palmyra, Utah. The first winter was cold and miserable, as just canvas was placed at the doors and windows to keep the cold out. In spite of this, we were all very happy for our new home and the space it provided for us.

A very special time in our lives was when mother would take us to visit Aunt Lettie. We would spend the entire day, older people sewing, the younger people playing, and every one having fun.

Mother was a faithful L.D.S. mother and wife, seeing that everyone attended church. For many years she was Relief Society teacher, she would take a horse and buggy and one of the older children would help her gather the wheat people would give to the Relief Society.

Saturday was a very busy day in Mothers life. She always took the butter and eggs to town. There was usually twenty or more pounds of freshly churned butter. This traded at the store for the weeks supply of groceries.

Mother is best remembered as being a very patient, slow to anger, and understanding mother.

Eleven children were born to mother and Dad:

	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
Ethel Olena	March 5, 1907	28 May 1982
Arthur	January 13, 1909	21 May 2003
Elma	October 3, 1910	1 Apr 2002
Wendell	August 7, 1912	September 28, 1937
Bert	September 23, 1914	23 May 1997
Vera LaRue	August 7, 1916	November 8, 1920
Oliver Ray	November 22, 1918	January 9, 1941
Erma May	September 6, 1920	17 Dec 1988
Dorothy	September 16, 1922	30 Jul 2003
William Eugene	November 6, 1924	
Everett	February 13, 1927	

Emily Leyshon Hansen died at the age of 54, at her home in Palmyra of cancer, September 10, 1942. She had 30 Grandchildren, 27 Great Grandchildren.

Story of Emily Leyshon Hansen

By Ethel Olena Hansen Wood

I'd like to add to Elma's story of Mother and tell some of Vera, Ray and Wendell.

Mother also had four half brothers and sisters, Grandpa Leyshon was married to Lettice Davis in 1870 in Wales. She died soon after her fourth child was born. Two of the children were stillborn. Alice and Joseph lived with Grandpa and Grandma Emily Leyshon after they were married. Alice had a child out of wedlock, she gave it to a family in Salem. Then she went to Salt Lake to live and the family lost track of her. She was married though. Joseph ran away and joined the navy. He was killed in California. They sent his body to Aunt Sara his half sister and the flag was sent to Uncle Hy to keep. I guess because he was the only living brother at the time. Uncle Hy was his half brother.

There wasn't too much said about the half brothers and sisters. I never knew about them until a few years ago. Aunt Mary said they supposed, Joseph was killed for his money. He wore a money belt and it looked as though it had been full. She said they never used to put money in the bank much. They had a pouch on a belt and saved it that way.

I don't know much of mothers young life only she lived with Aunt Martha Arnold when she was young. She said Aunt Martha was good to her but was very strict. I asked her why she lived with her then? It was because they had a large family and it was hard for Grandpa to provide for them all. Then I asked her why they didn't take turns living with them. She said

“some of them wouldn't go, they couldn't get along with Aunt Martha.” Aunt Lettie said if she had to stay there she would run away.

Dad (Oliver Hansen) said Aunt Rose was good to mother also. She stayed in Salt Lake two winters and went to school. Aunt Rose paid her schooling, bought her clothes and everything she needed while she was there. Dad said he gave Everett Seely two hives of bees during the depression because sugar was on ration. And also flour, so he gave him wheat to make his flour. If they never had wheat, they had to eat barley flour and it wasn't as good. And at Christmas time he made their little girl a cupboard. And that is all the pay they got for being so good to mother those two winters.

Dad didn't know what relation they were to us but it wasn't Aunt Rose as we called her. It was some way through the Arnold's. But they were always good and they called them Aunt and Uncle.

Dad and mother got married after school the last year mother was in Salt Lake, 30 May 1906. They worked hard together and made a nice home. Mother was a good house keeper and a good cook. Sometimes I would wonder how she could work so hard. She could accomplish so much in a day. Dad built our two homes and our farm building. At times mother would feel bad because there was things in the house she would like done. But the house would most always be the last to get done. Dad would say “I will do it but, these things are where we get the money to do the house with.” Mother always understood and would wait. What Dad thought was right, was right with her. She would just work harder and make what we had, look the very best she could.

Mother was kind, patient, and loving to us all, when Dad was sick she watched over him day and night. Dad was good too. I can remember, when I got the ear ache he would hold me on his lap and put his warm hand over my ear and sit there until I could go to sleep. Sometimes for hours. Mother always had babies to tend so Dad took care of us older ones at night while mother put the babies to bed.

When Vera was sick Mother was up so many nights only half sleeping. I can see her in my mind scrubbing clothes on a wash board in a number 3 tub by Vera's side. She had Vera, a bed in the kitchen where she could still do her work and be by Vera. This was the day before Vera died. Vera wanted a drink of water so we got it and put her medicine in it. Vera put it to her lips, she could smell the medicine, so she dumped it in the tub and before we could stop her, she went to the well after a fresh drink of water. It was some rods away from the house. Mother cried and said she wouldn't give her no more junk. That night Vera died. Mother was asleep at the time and I guess Vera just went to sleep too. Because Mother said she was sleeping so peaceful that she went to sleep. But she really felt bad when she awoke and Vera was gone.

Then when Ray was a baby we didn't think he would live, he had liver trouble so bad, Mother had to bathe him in salt water every twenty minutes to keep his fever down. For a while it didn't look like we would have Ray with us long. He never did get too well but he lived until he was twenty nine years old.

Then when I got married she was always there to help us if we got sick. She helped me with all my babies until she got too sick herself. Our children loved Grandma and she loved them.

We used to go to see Mother and Dad most always on Sundays. They always wanted us to eat with them and it tasted so good. Mother had such good meals. When we did decide to stay home on Sunday's, instead of Mother being relived she felt bad. So we went on another day. Sometimes I look back and think how much Mother wanted to go to church and the temple. But she always had company on Sunday and couldn't go.

When we were married she wanted to go to the temple with us real bad and would like us to wait a little longer. We had it all planned and being young we decided to go anyway. The day came for us to go. Mother had just had a new baby (Everett) a month before and three of the youngest children had the measles. I'll never forget the picture of mother sitting in the rocking chair with the baby on her lap and one of those sick children on her knees. She had her lap full and tears in her eyes. She felt so bad because she couldn't go with us. And partly I guess because I was the first one to leave home. I almost thought I better wait, but she said "I can't go until, I wean the baby and beside they say it is bad luck to put off a wedding."

Mother went to Relief Society most of the time and block teaching. All the ladies loved her. I think everyone that knew her did.

Mother helped Dad, with the chickens, besides all the work in the house. Wendell helped do a lot of it too. Wendell never did get too well after he had diphtheria, it left him with a bad heart. Dad and Mother did everything anyone told them to make Wendell fell better. I don't think Wendell, ever thought he would get better though. When he started to go with girls, if they got to thinking too much of him he would stop going with them. There was one girl he thought a lot of she died about the same time as Wendell. Wendell always said he would never marry any one like he was because he couldn't support a wife.

Vera and Wendell died before mother. When she was so sick she worried about Ray, being left there without her to look after him. She said no one had much patience with him only her. About the last thing she asked Rene and I before she died was that Rene and I look after him and see that he was took care off. Her thoughts was always of someone else.

Rays sickness left him with bad nerves and Dad didn't dare let him drive a car so he couldn't go places much like other boys, so he didn't have a very happy life. He never lived too long after Mother died. When he died the doctor said he had worn out all his vital parts, they were like a old man. I think Mother was happy to have him with her again so she could care for him. That's the way my mother was always wanting to help the ones she loved that needed help the most.

Tribute to Sister Emily Hansen

by Otelia Huntington

I deem it a great honor to be asked to write a tribute to this noble and beloved woman, Sister Emily Hansen. Through close associations and friendships for the past 26 years I have truly learned to know and love her. She was a most wonderful mother and helpmate. Her thoughts and actions were for the welfare of her family and loved ones, this was her real enjoyment in life. She loved her home and family above all other things in life. She did not live long, but she lived well.

Her creed was this:
"When I'm gone"
By Stanely Johns

If when I'm gone my boys can say, Mother did
her best in every way
To make us strong men and true,
Then I will think my task is through.

If when I'm gone my girls can say,
She did her best from day to day
To keep us sweet and kind and good
I will have done the best I could.

If those I've met along the way
Can really mean and truly say
She eased our burden and lightened sorrow
I'll have no fear of the tomorrow.

Dear Help-mate, if I've done for you
those things that made my love ring true
If you can say I really tried
Then I can pass on, satisfied.

Dear Lord, if I along life's way
Have done my best from day to day,
If friends and neighbors I've been true,
I will have no fear of meeting you.

Sister Emily did live and do us these lines here expressed and was prepared to meet her maker and receive her reward. Her life was filled with deeds of kindness, generosity and love. She was never too busy to help others. Countless times she has sent or brought flowers to the home of illness and sorrow. Her cheery smile and kindly deeds have eased the burdens of her friends and loved ones.

In a public way she was the same. She would bring or send beautiful bouquets of flowers in season to beautify the church. On special occasions she always sent flowers to decorate the church. Any assignments made to her children were faithfully kept because this mother would see to it that the children did their duty. In Relief Society she was one of our most faithful workers and came to meeting up to the time she became so ill. We never asked favors of her that were not granted; she always did more than her share and we did appreciate and love her.

It's not what we get but what we give,
It's not who we are but how we live,
We are judged by our actions and the good we do
Rendering service to others and to friends be true.
Sewing seeds of kindness along life's way,
To reap a rich harvest some future day.

Our beloved sister Emily believed in this creed, and proved it by helping those in need. She did good to all along lives way. Laid treasures in Heaven to reap someday. May God's choicest blessings attend those herefit, to comfort and solace the dear ones she left.