

Biography of Sarah Ann Warner Markham

Sarah Ann Warner Markham, a native daughter was born in Spanish Fork, August 18, 1858. She was the daughter of William and Mary Reynolds Warner.



Her father and mother accepted the gospel in England. They sold all of their possessions and started for Zion. When they reached St. Louis their money was gone. William got an opportunity to drive a team to Utah for someone, so he went ahead to prepare a home for Mary and their two children. Mary was expecting her third child and had a hard time making a living for them all, but through her faith and prayers and much hard labor, she succeeded in saving enough money to buy a complete outfit of wagon, oxen, and what household goods that could be carried. She joined a company and came to Utah. When she arrived in Salt Lake she found out that her husband was married again. It was a terrible blow to her, but she went to the president of the Church for advice. He told her to send a letter to her husband and let him know she was in Utah and if he wanted her he'd come after her. When he received the letter, he was down by Utah Lake cutting hay, but he walked home, changed his clothes, and walked to Salt Lake after her. She came to Spanish Fork and made her home and they both remained there the rest of their lives.

Sarah was the youngest of the family and so she spent much of her childhood with her mother. She went to the fields and helped glean wheat for the family's bread. She did odd jobs for her mother while her mother wove and she also helped with the washings. In this way she made her early life useful. She had the opportunity of going to school long enough to finish the 5th reader. She was an excellent speller and won a Bible as a prize in a spelling bee. She prized the Bible for many years until it was worn out. She was baptized into the LDS Church by James Higgenson, September 5, 1866.

When she was a young lady, she went to work for Mrs. Lucy Snell, wife of Bishop Snell. Mrs. Snell was a very fine housekeeper and cook, and it was from her that Sarah learned and was trained in these arts. In later years she taught her girls the fine things she had learned from Mrs. Snell.

She had a natural talent for sewing. While yet quite young, she enjoyed making her own clothes and often made over the dresses that her mother had made for her, before she would wear them. She could crochet, tat, and knit and enjoyed piecing quilts. This lasted throughout her whole life.

On June 28, 1878, she married William Don Carlos Markham in the Old Endowment House in Salt Lake. That fall while her husband was in the canyon getting out logs for a new home the wagon loaded with logs ran over his let crushing it badly. For many long weeks Sarah

kept damp applications of a strong disinfectant on it to keep out infection and to help it to heal. The strain on the young girl was great, and when her first baby was born she was so run down, that she was very ill. The results of the sickness was a life long bronchitis. She coughed until she died. It was always worse in the cold weather.

Her first two children were girls and she named them Mary and Ann. The third was a boy named for his father. When he was five months old he got bronchitis. Sarah worked hard and faithfully with him, but it seemed he was not meant for this world. A third girl soon followed and they named her Bertha. Sarah had her hands full for her health remained poor. She sewed, washed, and cooked for her three girls and enjoyed making them rag dolls.

Two months after the second boy, Stephen, was born Don was called on a mission. It seemed almost too much responsibility for Sarah. She had not been out of the house since the babies were born. It was decided that the finances for the mission could come from the farm and Sarah would care for herself and family. Don brought Bishop Snell and Henry Gardner to administer to mother before he left. They asked the Lord to bless her and make her well and she always said that the Lord did bless her for from that minute she began to get better, and was soon able to take care of her family and work to make money to keep Don on his mission.

Because of reverse economic conditions, she only had \$10 from the farm all the while Don was gone. It took \$10 one month and \$15 the next for two years and six months. Sarah's mother came and lived with Sarah to help her. They washed, wove, dried fruit, and anything else they could do to make money. Sarah had a lovely garden and chickens that laid especially good. She fed pigs for her meat and enjoyed good health through it all. Her mother divided half with Sarah in anything they did. If Sarah's half wasn't enough, her mother supplied the rest. Grandmother Warner was very good to the children. She would often come from town with new shoes and aprons for them. Sarah could never have gotten along without her.

The day Don was to arrive, Sarah drove to Mapletown to meet the train. It was on a Friday, but he didn't come. She went again on Saturday and again he didn't come. On Sunday the whole family went. There were three sleighs full. When the train stopped Don stepped off with a woman and small boy, and the woman was expecting another baby soon. Imagine how Sarah must have felt when Don said, "This is Mrs. Helton and she is going home with us." All Sarah said, though she probably felt like saying more, was, "She had better come along then." After Don had had time to explain, Sarah's heart softened and she took Mrs. Helton and her son Ottie, into her already over-crowded home and treated her as a sister. Sarah and her mother furnished the materials for her layette and helped her make them. The small boy, Ottie, was treated as one of the family. When the new baby arrived, Mother took care of the mother and baby with her mother's help. No one has had kinder or better care than Mrs. Helton and she thought Sarah and her mother the best women she had ever known.

Sarah's home was always full. She mothered the immigrants who came from the south and cared for them until they found homes for themselves. While Stephen was on his mission in

Holland a young Dutch boy named James Pistous came and lived there to help Don. Sarah always treated him as one of the family and her home was his as long as he wanted to stay.

Sarah and Don were very kind to the men when they were being hunted by an unjust law because of plural marriages. Many times they hid men in their attic, and she would pass their food up to them through a trap door in the bedroom ceiling. John H. Hayes was one of these men.

Sarah was never too tired or sleepy to get up in the middle of the night and fix a bed and something to eat for a tramp that Don would bring home with him when he came from irrigating down by the lower track. He brought someone nearly every time he irrigated.

In the years after Don returned from his mission, Sarah gave birth to seven more babies who were Effie, Lucy, who died with bronchitis at six months, Otella, Joseph, George, Ora and Vernicia. This made twelve children in all. What a crowd to feed, cloth, wash, and teach -- for she was a good teacher. She tried to prepare all of her children to face life. She taught them honesty, she taught them the value of work. She taught them her skills. She schooled them all in the principles of the Gospel and she gave them a true understanding of the Gospel by living it herself.

Sarah loved music and was very pleased when any of her children showed a special gift for it. While Nean (Vernecia) was taking music lessons she would do anything to get her to practice. She was very proud of her playing.

Sarah was a leader and worked in the church even though she had a large family. She was chosen secretary in the Relief Society of the Leland Ward January 1903. Margaret Chisolm was the president. There was an enrollment of 30 members.

In 1905 she was chosen president of the Leland Ward Relief Society with Ruth Bowen and Sarah Stark as councilors, Cathryn Isaac as Secretary and Jessie Markham as treasurer.

At this time the Tabernacle at Payson was being erected and the Relief Society was called upon to make a contribution. This took a great deal more work and extra effort on the part of the members. The matting for the Tabernacle was furnished by the Relief Societies of the Stake. Monthly donations were stressed, rags were sewed, quilts were quilted and the gathering of wheat was continued. The first Relief Society nurse course was given at Salt Lake and \$15 was contributed for this purpose.

The year of 1907 was to be a banner year for the ensuing officers as they were contemplating a Relief Society granary for the storing of their wheat however the remaining debt on the meeting house took all the year's work. It was turned over to the Bishop for this debt. Rag carpets were made in abundance for the Priesthood circle room, the stand and the aisles of the new meeting house.

There were now 104 bushels of wheat on hand. It was this year that the east part of the ward was taken from Leland and added to the second ward of Spanish Fork. This cut the Relief Society enrollment to 26 members. After a term of four years Sarah was released.

She served as Superintendent of the Religion Class in about 1910 to 1911. She was very good in this capacity for she was a good disciplinarian, but still believed in children having a good time. They remember the meeting, but they also enjoyed the parties in the old school house with the chocolate cake and ice cream.

After Don died she got a great deal of enjoyment out of the youth. She encouraged all her children to bring their friends home and she entered into the fun with them. The wonder was how she ever stood the pranks George, Joseph, Alma Patterson, and Ray Tuttle always played on each other at her house. Until the last few years of her life, her home always had a crowd in it, friends, or grandchildren, or other relatives.

She was very ambitious and was always working. In the summer she always had the best garden in the neighborhood. She enjoyed working in it and was always up by 4:30 or 5a.m. to do the work. She often told her girls that they spent the best part of the day in bed. She loved to churn and was an excellent butter maker. She was an excellent cook and many enjoyed her fried potatoes, soda biscuits, rice puddings, and pumpkin pies made in large bread pans. There was always a crowd for Sunday dinner.

In the winter time Sarah's cough was much worse and she had to stay where it was warm. She hardly ever went out because of this, but she didn't sit idle. She pieced quilts, crocheted, knitted, darned, mended and patched for everyone. She did a great deal of reading during the winter, also, she especially enjoyed the church books and magazines.

She was a very good financier and manager. Her motto was to only have the things you could afford and pay for. If you didn't have the money go without.

Her home and furnishings were never so good, that they could not be moved over to the church to decorate the stage for a play. Many a time her house was practically empty so a play or cantata could be performed successfully.

She thoroughly enjoyed life with her children. In the summer of 1924, Sarah and Nean (Vernecia) went to Lyman, Wyoming in Nean's Model T Ford to visit Ora. Sarah enjoyed it very much. In January 1925 just a few minutes after Ora arrived home for a visit as they all sat talking, she fell from her chair to the floor. Everyone rushed to her and picked her up. She said that she was all right and there didn't seem to be any bad results, but Sarah always seemed to get more tired and weak after that. She was often too tired to get up in the morning.

For Christmas in 1924, she crocheted all of her granddaughters a small doily or thimble holder, and her daughters a water set. She got so tired that she never did finish Effies.

On Thursday January 22, 1925, she was too ill to get up so the doctor was called. He told the family that Sarah would get over the sickness this time, but it would get worse until it would cause her death. She didn't get better though, and after suffering badly all Sunday night she quietly passed away about 7:30 or 8 a.m. Monday morning. Her funeral was held Thursday January 29, in the Leland meeting house, and she was buried in the Spanish Fork Cemetery by her husbands side. In her death her family lost a true and understanding friend.

She is buried at Spanish Fork Cemetery at Plot: Lot 6, Block 16, Position 5.



Please refer to the following website for more information on the Markham line.
<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~sjensen/jensen/references/ref70.htm>

She was the mother of 12 children, 40 grandchildren and 24 great grandchildren.

There'll Never Be another so true like that Wonderful Mother of Mine

—By Charles Gliman Morse

There is no name to me so dear
No name on earth so sweet to hear
No name that fills my life with cheer
Like that dear name of Mother
No friend on earth could ever be
So true and faithful, kind as she
Could love and guard so tenderly
As that dear friend, my mother.

T'was she who taught me how to pray
In sickness nursed me night and day
My debt to her, I Ne'er can pay
That blessed Saint, my Mother
More bright the path to glory gleams
And dearer to me heaven seems
She's present in my thought and dreams

My guardian angel Mother.

Effie says of Mother and Father:

“I am very glad to be sent to my parents. I don’t know if I can ever do much to entitle me to a room in their mansion that I feel sure they will have in heaven, but I feel like I’m doing a little toward that end since I’m able to help in my ward work. I have tried all my life to do the things that she would approve of, and I know it has made me a stronger and happier person.”

By her granddaughter, Beth Markham:

“I was but five when grandmother left us, so I cannot recall of all the kindnesses that she did for me. However, I will never forget her beautiful knitting and sewing which she gave me. The one that impresses me most is a blue and tan knit dress with mittens to match. Grandmother must have been a wonderful woman, and I’m trying to make myself worthy of a place near her in heaven. I only hope that my life is being lived as she would have like me to do it, if she were here to see me.”

By her grandson Ben Markham:

“To me I am thankful I had a grandmother like the one I did. She has given to me something to guide me in my actions. I never have met a person with a nicer personality in my life. She didn’t ever get angry at me. She reproved me in such a way that I could see what was wrong. I wish I could be like grandmother Markham. She certainly was the most loveable woman I ever met. She always had time to stop and talk and tell a story. She was a great reader and seemed to take church magazines and also magazines for children. On top of that, she sewed the best. She was always busy with her hands and never idle. I think there is no greater tribute going to a beautiful person. She was even tempered and always showed to other people that they should be polite and a friend to all. I am happy and proud that I am the Grandson of such a glorious woman.”



Inscription on the backside of the photo:

The Markham family, taken just before MARKHAM, Stephen D. left on his mission to Holland.

Back row left to right: MARKHAM, Mary Warner, WARNER, Sarah Ann, MARKHAM, Stephen D., MARKHAM, Bertha Maretta, MARKHAM, Effie.

Middle row left to right: MARKHAM, Joseph Wilford, WARNER, Sarah Ann, MARKHAM, William Don Carlos, MARKHAM, Othella.

Front row left to right: MARKHAM, Ora Christine, MARKHAM, Vernecia and MARKHAM, George Reynolds.

Date: ABOUT, 1905

SPANISH FORK WOMAN DIES (Spanish Fork Press)

SPANISH FORK, Jan 29. - Mrs. Sarah Ann Warner Markham, a lifelong resident of Spanish Fork, died Tuesday at her home in Leland ward after an illness of several years from heart trouble and dropsy.

Mrs. Markham was the daughter of William and Mary Warner, pioneers of this city, and was born here August 18, 1858. she married W. D. C. Markham in 1878, and they continued to make their home in this vicinity living in the Leland ward. Mr. Markham died ten years ago.

Mrs. Markham had been an active worker in the organizations of the L. D. S. church until her health failed. She is survived by the following children: Mrs. Mary Chadwick and George Hhamhar, Ontario. Ore.; Mrs. John L. Larsen, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Leroy Carol, Vernal; Mrs. Ora Hamblin, Lyman Wyo.; Joseph Markham, Spanish Fork; Bishop S. D. Markham, Effie and Veronica Markham, Leland. Also 26 grandchildren.