

Short Sketch of my Life by Sarah A. Stevens  
(80 years old Sept. 13, 1945)

Sarah Ann Eyre Stevens, daughter of John and Sarah Ann Gillins Eyre, born Sept. 13, 1865 at Parowan, Utah, the first girl and the sixth child. My parents had 16 children, 9 boys and 7 girls. My early childhood was spent at home, since I was the oldest daughter, more was expected of me, but I was always willing to help with the work. We lived in the northeast part of town. I remember the first school I attended, the teacher was Mrs. Atkins, I also remember Br. Holme whom I went to for two and a half years. I had a good many teachers but as I grew up mother had a large family, so my schooling was not a great deal as I had to stay out so much to help her. I always attended Sunday School, and also went to Mutual in the old west school house. Later the Young Men's and Young Ladies was organized. The men would meet in one place and the ladies in another and then later in the evening would meet conjointly.

We never had a great deal to live on and do with, but I grew up and when I was 18 I met the man who was later to become my husband. We kept company a year when I was married on the 26th of January to John Stevens. He had built two rooms joining his mother's house, as his father had died two years before. We lived together most of the time. Our first baby was born the 6th of January 1886. We named him John Robert for his father and three grandfathers. On July 11, 1887 we were blest with a baby girl and we named her Mary Ellen, a sweet little darling, but she was ill three weeks and died the 19th of Sept. the following year. The following Jan. we had another baby girl born Jan. 2, 1889, and it seemed that she filled the vacancy. I worked with the bees, helping Aunt Ann Warren extract honey, and earned enough to buy a pair of woolen blankets from the Beaver Woolen Mills. Sister Emily and I worked together with the bees later on. We had a baby boy born the 21st of Oct. 1890 (Clarence Eyre Stevens). We had a small farm but John farmed on shares for his Uncle George Fowler and did some freighting to help make a living. My parents moved to Buckhorn Springs, a distance of 14 miles. We would get a team and go out and have a visit with them which we enjoyed very much, and they would always stay with us when they came to town. In the fall of 1891 John went to Pioche to work as we had taxes to pay, and I wanted him to go. He had never been away from home. I think that he was gone 5 to 6 weeks and I had such a time. The fence was poor and there were no stock laws and it kept me running after stock that would get in the lot, so I said I would never let him leave again, but when he came home he got a letter from Box B and that meant a mission.

He answered the letter to say that he would go in April 1892. His call came to leave the 2nd of April so he spent 2 years of the happiest time in his life in the mission field. He made friends wherever he went. His mother and I got along pretty well. The people helped and we never wanted for anything. The Lord opened the way and we thanked him for his blessings. In Nov. we were blessed with a baby girl. Her grandmother Eyre named her Lorena Violetta, and we were happy to have her and we got along fine. She was nearly 1½ years of age when her father came home. While he was away Johnny was sick with the pneumonia and he had a hemorrhage, my father, Uncle George Fowler and Bro. Norris administered to him and he was healed and we acknowledge the hand of the Lord. John and Edmond Stevens were on this mission together and they returned home the 15th of May in 1894. He had to go to work in the fields and garden. While he was away his sister Emily Dalton had a nervous breakdown 3 years in succession so his mother had to stay with her and care for her, but she got well and lived to be 89 years when she died Jan. 9, 1943.

At this time we had four children, later we were blessed with a son born March 26, 1895. We named him William Ralph. When he was three years old he had rheumatism which affected his heart and he suffered with it all his life.