

Being dissatisfied with the old Church of England doctrine, the Parks family in Sussex had associated themselves with a non-conformist religion. Jane, almost the baby of the family, retained her religious leanings when she married Joseph Powell in 1842. She was 20 years old. Joseph was a carpenter, and they had a nice house with a small garden. They liked their surroundings in the village of Mayfield. Children came: Emily, Joseph, James, Ada, and Ruth. Then Martha, who died not long after her birth. After that was Johnny and Harriet.

Ada came into this world at the end of January in 1849. She was four when the new little baby, Martha, died. She saw the hurt in her parents' eyes. No one had answers.

Easter Sunday of 1856 the family went to church. They left one child at home to watch the place and be with Joseph, who was sick in bed. A man came by knocking on doors. He had left a small pamphlet. When the family returned from church, Ada saw it, looked more closely at it, and read it. She liked what it said. She told the others what she thought. Children who died young were not damned.

The family went to the address on the pamphlet the next Sunday. Mother Jane took readily to the new doctrine. She joined the sect within a month. The others joined in turn. Ada, John and Harriet were not age eight yet; they were blessed, not baptized. Father Joseph joined lastly, in November of 1856. But he remained sick. He died six months later.

Grandmother Jane was in her 70s, as was her husband. He died when he was 73.

With the deaths of two men, there was no more income.

Grandmother Jane and Mother Jane could earn about a tenth of what they had been used to. Daughter Emily was sixteen; she hired out occasionally. Son Joseph was thirteen; he could earn but little. The new church preached of a promising life in America, where the church was headquartered. But the cost of emigrating was out of reach. Yet, with prayer, and scrimping, they were able to send Emily one year, and Joseph the next. Finally, through the Perpetual Emigration Fund, the remainder of the family was able to go. It had been more than ten years. This was the year the railroad was completed coast-to-coast in America. They rode a train across the plains. Jane was twenty. Her mother was 57. Grandmother Jane came also; she was 84.

Note: in the 1860s, passage on a ship was \$40; our party took a steamship, which could traverse the Atlantic Ocean in two weeks, and provided food. The old sailing ships took about five weeks, and you had to bring your own food. Inflation was evident in the train fares from New York to Omaha: in 1859 it cost \$15, and in 1869 the cost was \$42. (The cost of a ticket from New York to Ogden was not reported; probably close to \$70.) There were six in our party, so you can imagine the cost!

Once in Salt Lake City, the family members didn't go to one house, and one house couldn't take them all. Mother Jane and Ada settled with an older couple in the 19th Ward, to help them with daily chores. After a year they found a place to rent in the 14th Ward, to the south a few blocks. They could rent because the two were able to get employment at the new Z.C.M.I. stitching overalls together, and sewing shirts.

A bishopric counselor in the 6th Ward (next on the south) happened by, and noticed Mother Jane needed income, being a widow. He offered to marry her, as a second wife; they were the same age. That

would enable her to live reasonably well. She told him no, stressing that he should instead marry her daughter, Ada. When he was next in the area, he spoke to Ada in the yard, as she was getting water. She needed to think about it, she said. After two more weeks and two more "maybe" answers, he told her, in desperation, "Just say Yes, and be done with it." So she said exactly that: "Yes, and be done with it." That was two and a half years after she had arrived in Salt Lake City.

They married in March and had their first baby, a boy, in December. Another boy followed in two and a half years. And two years after, a girl came. She was named Mayme. Another two years brought Heber.

But the year before Heber came, little Junius had the whooping cough. It became too much for him; he died in February of 1878. Mayme was not yet two.

Before Mayme reached birthday number four, her big brother, Sammy, caught a cold. He had a hard time breathing. It turned into pneumonia. He died in a few weeks.

No sooner had Sammy's funeral ended, when Father Samuel had a crisis in his breathing. His work with stone cutting all his life had destroyed his lungs. But so soon! He was only 58 years old.

Ada carried on. She had Mayme and Heber to raise. Mayme showed signs of hay fever, and at times her breath came hard. But Heber was healthy from babyhood up. As he passed into his teens, he did many jobs. However, in January of 1896, he got stomach pains. Mother fed him tea, nursed him well, but the pains got worse. In a week he was dead. His appendix had ruptured.

And Ada picked up life again. It was droll. Her main release and comfort was working in the Relief Society. She taught in Sunday School. Her deceased husband would have liked that; he had championed Sunday School throughout his life. She had a sunny disposition, which impressed everyone. After Heber's death, she went often to the new temple.

Daughter Mayme got jobs easily. While working with boxing crackers, she had met a nice young man; but their plans were delayed by the man's mission call to New Zealand. The couple married in late 1904. Before two years passed, Ada found she had a new granddaughter. They named her Ada.

Joys alternate with sorrows. As 1908 ended, Ada's sorrow was loosing her mother. She had waxed old, and died a month after turning 86.

Ada's next grandchild was a boy, named Will. By that time, Ada was in her mid-sixties. She felt weak at times. As a precaution, Mayme and her husband invited her to stay in their house. Not long after that invitation, the family welcomed a baby girl, Dorothy, into the family.

Ada's breathing became more labored each day. Before little Dorothy was two, her Grandmother Ada died. That was in 1917, on December 1st.