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Booklet on Hyrum Don Carlos Clark

LIFE OF MARY ROBINSON CLARK

She also had us take our turns in prayer.

I was the oldest child of my mother's family. My brother George Albert Robinson was next, he was born, 17 Feb 1880. Iva Loulco was born, 17, June 1882. The youngest, Gina Elisabeth was born, 19, Oct. 1884, My sister Eva was married to William Robison, of Morgan Utah, in the Salt Lake Temple while my brother was on his mission.

At one time there was a number of people, in Farmington invited their friends and neighbors to their homes, some Patriarchs were in attendance, to give the family blessing, also to dedicate their homes. After this being done, it was turned into a testimony Meeting.

I was invited to a number of these meetings. It was a spiritual treat to be there, I greatly enjoyed them. I bore my testimony in some of them. I heard speaking and singing in tongues, in some of these Meetings.

Apostle Taylor lived in Farmington at this time. He commenced these Meetings, by having one in his home, I was invited to it, so he invited the Sunday School teachers. After there had been the gift of tongues in a number of meetings, Apostle Taylor said, there will be no more speaking in tongues, in any of these meetings, there has been enough, You can go on holding them and gave good clothing. I attended some after said this, they were good spiritual meetings, but the gift of tongues was not there.

In April 1803, I resigned as president of the Primary, as our family was preparing to move to Idaho. We had lived in the game house since I was born, so this was our first move. Just a few days before I left, the Primary officers came over to our home and surprised me. Sister Aurella S. Rogers was in attendance. We had a very enjoyable time together. I was presented with a nice picture. A token of remembrance from the officers and teachers of the Primary. Sister Rogers gave me a book, "Life Directions". by, Aurella S. Rogers, with her hand writing in front of the book, said said she gave it as a token of live and remembrance of our labors in the Primary. I appreciated these kind remembrance very much. I felt that I was loving some dear kind friends in Farmington. The last primary I attended the children came and put their arms around me and said, Will you come back and be our president again?

Bishop Beecrit was at our meeting and saw them, he said, this shows you have loved the children, love begets love. He spoke the truth, for I have always loved children. As a young girl, I remember of gathering the niehgbors children around me and telling them stories.

My grandmother, my mother's mother, (Alice and Jeffs) had lived in North Farmington so long as I could remember. He thot a great deal of her, and always enjoyed going to see her. She was also moving to Idaho at this time.

My brother George and I went ahead of the rest of the family. He lived with my grandmother, for a few months, until my uncles, finished building our house. We them moved on the farm.

During the I attended Sunday School and Sacrament meetings with our folks. We lived, just our of town, so had to ride to church. I was called to help teach, the Primary class, in Sunday school, with my aunt in Idaho. I also sang in the choir.

My Patriarchal blessing said, that in the due time of the Lord, I should have a companion and children. I very much desired this blessing, and prayed much about it. Realising the handicap I had, I felt, that after living as near tight as I could and making it a matter of prayer, I would have to leave the rest in the hands of the Lord.

While I was staying at my Grandmother's in Idaho, my Grandfather (being a Patriarch) held a little Meeting in their home for their family. We always seemed concerned about my weakness and exercised much faith in my behalf. One of the sense we came, that evening, "God moves in a mysterious way." My Grandmother laid his hands on each of our heads and blessed us, then he asked us to bear our trust in him as we felt load. One of the things my Grandmother said when he was blessing me, was, that

In a very miraculous way to me. The spirit