kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/173286

Title: **Book-50**
Provenance: **Provided by Bryant Randall Clark to the Ezra T. Clark Family Organization's "History Project"**
Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

It seems to me now that it was about this time that an elderly Danishman, or it may have been his wife, passed away creating a slight problem. This elderly couple were converts to the Church and immigrants to the country and were not fully adapted to the American ways, nor did they speak English very well. We young fry would laugh at some of their mistakes in their effort to live this new life. Naturally they lived a somewhat secluded life. This couple was living at home with one daughter when one of them died. This death had been expected, but one morning someone called to see how they were doing and were refused entrance. The Bishop came to our home and asked mother if she thought she could get into their home as he was afraid the death was quite some hours past. Mother decided to call on them as though she knew nothing of the death.

When she knocked on the door, an unkindly voice advised her to go away. "Why," she replied, "This is Sister Clark and I came to hear how Brother Larson was feeling." After some conversation and persuasion the door was opened just a crack and mother literally inserted her foot in the crack so they could not shut the door again. After a little more conversation and persuasion, she was finally admitted. Once she was in it was not difficult for her to get them to let her send for the proper help.

There were other cases where mother went into the homes of the less affluent or less accepted, and so quietly that her children would know about it only if and when some neighbor would tell us. Literally, she did not let the left hand know what the right hand was doing. Melvin's wife, Lareva, tell of when Nora Hess, a lady who lived with her husband and family in Georgetown proper part of her life and on a farm near "Wolly's Spur" located about three miles south west of town part of the time, had been in need of help and had prayed for help to be sent. Mother felt impressed that this lady needed help and as a result of this impression she went to the Hess home.

Mother, as are many people--women, particularly--was tuned to a spirit which gave her warning or information at various times. Georgetown was quite some distance from Centerville in terms of travel and also communication. When members of her family died in Utah, mother would have this certain dream about fruit. It must have been a definite dream and occurred often enough that on at least two occasions in the morning I head her announce that someone in her family had died. "How did she know?" we would ask. She would reply: "I had that dream about the fruit." On both of these occasions she was right. One of these and perhaps both, was the death of one of her sisters.