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Chapter Four

SOME IMPRESSIONS

AND

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

By Melvin J. Clark

She was my mother. A very good mother and a blessing to be thankful for. I regret that I was not as good to my mother as she was to me. Her life and her joy was her family. She did not desire fine clothes, a beautiful home, money nor a life of ease and she didn't have any of these.

She had full responsibility of rearing her family of five: Three boys and two girls. She said her children did not have much money nor an easy life but they did have a good heritage.

My mother must have spend anxious hours when her small boys traveled to the ranch below town to haul grain and hay, take machinery to and from the meadow, drive cattle, and take the cows to the pasture. There was always the Bear River to cross in order to get to the pasture.

Mother hated debt like poison. She would never run a store bill as was the custom. She said many times, "I will live on bread and water for a month, if necessary, to get on a pay-as-you-go basis." While we were growing up the lesson was impressed on her children that we should always avoid debt. We were taught to be frugal. We learned to work while we were young, not only from necessity, but that

work is a blessing instead of something to be avoided.

I remember that mother was always on call to help others. She believed that it was better to give than to receive. A life of service was taught us as youngsters. On one occasion she went to help a neighbor family. The mother and children were sick; one of the children a helpless invalid. The mother said that she prayed hard for help to be sent and that Alice Clark came in answer to that prayer.

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