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Booklet of Mary Elizabeth Clark Robinson

My Sisters

Dear Mary, Annie, Sarah and Laura,

With feelings of reverence and gratitude I recall memories and scenes of my childhood to dear parents, brothers and sisters. My earliest recollections of Dear Mary Elizabeth, Aunt Mary's only daughter was that she and her children were living with her parents. May, her youngest child about seven years younger than I. We grew up as one large family in an environment which contributed to our religious attitude. I doubt if a sister ever lived more dearly loved or who was a greater her and blessing to the members of our two families than was she after her children became older, she took the course in nursing from Dr. Ellis ship. She was well adapted for this work and it furnished a broad field for service and experience. Her unselfish life, her past trials and sacrifices coupled with hours of study made her to and to many others an angel of mercy. I accompanied her time on a visit to the sick up in North Farmington. We were in one seated Two, horse buggy. On our way home coming down Bishop Hesse's hill (much stepper then) the horse became unmanageable. We both pulled on the lines for dear life, while she was praying aloud for our safety. At the foot of the hill going over a bump, the tugs all came unhooked and we both laid out on the tongue safe and sound. One of the boys came back with the team and took us home.

My two sisters just older than I, Dear Annie and Sarah were almost inseparable. They dressed alike and were often taken for twins. They early became Mothers big helpers. There team work was out of the ordinary. On wash days Annie would take clothes through! 1st and Sarah the second. Their turns with the ironing and other household tasks developed a spirit of cooperation. Mothers systematic training qualified them for the efficient service they were able to give to their families and others throughout the years. They were able to give to their families and others throughout the years. They ably planned bathing trips to the lake, peach cutting parties, trips to adjoining towns for mulberry leaves. These leaves were fed to the sickworms which were raised by Aunt Nancy and Sister Rinda Robinson. They each expected to spin and weave cloth enough for the sick dresses for the girls but only enough cloth was made for the wedding dresses of Aunt Rinda's twin girls.

My dear sister Annie passed away in her 78th year. She early