HISTORY OF
ANNA LAURA MEMMOTT

ANNA LAURA MEMMOTT was born January 5, 1893 to Thomas William Memmott and Rosa Bell Ivie Memmott. She was the eighth of the twelve children born to this couple in Scipio, Millard County, Utah.

ANNA LAURA first glimpsed the light of day in her parents humble log home on the west side of town. When the family was quite young, her father built a beautiful and more functional home on Scipio's east side.

ANNA LAURA was named in honor of a little sister of her father, who had died when she was just three years old, while crossing the plains with her parents, at a place called Mormon Grove.

ANNA LAURA was always small of stature. She was just five feet tall when fully grown. As a child she had very blond hair, large beautiful blue eyes, and exhibited a precocious independence in her ever sunny personality.

She was a treasured darling in the eyes of her father. Her little feet followed him everywhere. He remained forever her ideal of what a man should be. He taught her to work in the fields, where she learned to mow and pile hay while she was still very young. She loved the fields and the sweet smell of hay.

When any occasion presented itself in which she was required to work in the house she didn't care to prolong it. She learned to knead bread when she was so small she had to stand on a stool to reach the mixing pan on the table. There were four other sisters who also had to learn to mix and bake bread, as well as cooking, and canning fruits and vegetables.

ANNA LAURA's father hired a cleaning lady to come into the home each week to help clean the house and do the family laundry and ironing. On one of these occasions, when she was there doing the washing, as it was referred to in those days; in the hand washing machine outside in the yard, the laundry lady acted in a very unpredictable and irresponsible manner. ANNA LAURA in her little childish way proceeded to tease and irritate the lady. I suppose the lady was in a hurry, as well as being tired, and when the child continued to irk her, she snatched the child up into her arms and plunged her, feet first, into the extremely hot water, to which lye had also been added as a cleaning agent. She held the little girl there for a few seconds. When the child screamed out in intense agony so pitifully, she pulled her out. Little ANNA LAURA was unable to stand on her little feet; for the burning pain was excruciating. Her father bounded out of the house and held her tenderly in his arms. She was in a state of shock and could only point to her little feet. Her father removed her shoes and then her stockings and the skin from her feet came off in the stockings. It must have

been a ghastly sight. Needless to say, the cleaning lady was discharged at once. Throughout her life, ANNA LAURA harbored no emotions of hostility toward the cleaning lady; however, she suffered tremendously with painful foot problems all her life.

ANNA LAURA led a very sheltered young life. She attended school in Scipio and graduated from the eighth grade, which was probably equivalent to a high school graduation in her time. She said her school days were filled with so very much happiness. She was much admired by the other girls in town, as well as the boys. She had a pleasant and vivacious personality that drew people to her like a magnet. She told me many times that she and her sisters were among the most fashionably dressed girls in town.

She told me that the only times she recalls her father ever spoke in a gruff manner to her mother, was when his children would wear frayed or too patched clothing. Their clothing was always the best.

When LAURA was sixteen years old, a handsome, 6'4" young man, from Levan, by the name of Niels Aagard, began to court her older sister, Tressie. LAURA was not particularly impressed since she was enjoying being young, dating the young men from the Scipio area, and being extremely popular.

Eventually LAURA's sister Tressie decided to go to Salt Lake City to live and sent Niels a "Dear John" letter. He then turned to ANNA LAURA for solace, and the empathetic feelings blossomed into love for each other.

Niels traveled the twenty-seven miles between Levan and Scipio as often as he could for the next year to court this beautiful and petite little charmer who had become so dear to him. They were married at Filmore, Utah on October 10, 1910. He was twenty seven years old and she was seventeen.

Niels was a farmer, rancher and cattleman all of his life, however, he owned very little at the time of his marriage. He had a couple of old work horses, a wagon and no money. He had access to a little old two room adobe house that had belonged to one of his father's plural wives. The adobe was crumbling away and holes penetrated through the walls large enough for a bird to fly in. The doors were warped and the bitter winter cold air seeped through and around the almost two inch openings of the doors and broken windows. The house was in such shambles that a poor Indian of that day would have rejected it. There were just two rooms in the house and the floors were bare wood with huge cracks between the antiquated planks. There was no water piped into the house or even on the property. LAURA carried water in buckets for one city block for all household purposes including cooking, bathing, and laundry. Many nights she was too tired to sleep, and her back ached unmercifully due to the strenuous toil of her days.

My dear mother, ANNA LAURA, was young and saw all these things through

the most humble in the town. My dearest mother, LAURA, was deprived of many things in that first little house; even the barest of necessities. There was much heartbreak in her life in seeing her children who she loved with all her heart, constantly doing without necessities. However, her indomitable spirit was always a powerful lesson in fortitude, courage, faith, endurance, graciousness and pure love to her children and husband as well as all who knew her.

By nature the true mother is self-sacrificing, and my beloved mother ANNA LAURA was no exception. She was ever giving something of her life to make another either happier or better. She asked for nothing in return; nothing for the roses that she transplanted from her own cheeks to those she loved so dearly; nothing for the hours of vigilance during days and nights of sickness; nothing for the thousand and one self-denials and sacrifices that had to be made that her children might receive proper schooling and the necessities of life so vital to growing children.

ANNA LAURA was a petite and beautiful woman in every meaningful way. She was 5' tall, with gorgeous sparkling blue eyes, resplendently beautiful thick dark brown hair, an envious complexion deprived of any blemishes, and a timely effervescent smile. Her hair turned gray in her early thirties and she prematurely aged from that time on, however, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written, "Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall; a mother's secret hope outlives them all."

ANNA LAURA was a living example of the precepts she taught her children. She taught them that life was not just a mechanical calculator or a slide rule situation. There is also the spirit; sincere emotions; conscience, and convictions. These are things we know are real; things we can't put in a test tube. Love is one of them, faith is another. A keen sense of right and wrong, sometimes a sense of urgency and sometimes a sense of assurance were all taught by our mother. There is so much that can't be physically touched or mechanically calculated. She was the heart of our home; humble, faithful, modest, loving, serving, quietly teaching--virtue, honor, honesty, keeping promises; understanding mistakes; doing the duties of each day with love and unselfishness in giving of herself.

The family also lived on a ranch they owned, which was about seven miles southwest of Levan. They lived there each summer, from approximately the years 1929 to 1939; throughout the disastrous great depression. They lived and worked at the ranch from May to October each year. There was a tremendous amount of work to be accomplished during those long hot summer months. Wild hay was the prime crop at the ranch. They had a large herd of cattle, a large herd of sheep, as well as pigs, goats, chickens, geese, milk cows and horses. LAURA arose from her bed each morning before dawn to complete a multitude of tasks, including maintenance about the ranch, helping with the many animals, cooking huge meals for the hired hands, and caring for the many needs of her young family.

Each year in the month of August, LAURA did all the general cleaning and

scrubbing of the Levan schoolhouse. She worked to earn money to purchase school shoes and clothing for all her children.

She also worked as a midwife in many homes around Levan. However, during that great depression of the 1930's, money became very scarce, practically non-existent and some people were so monetarily deprived that they were unable to compensate for her devoted and caring efforts. She was extremely perceptive and declined any money from those she felt were having a difficult time financially. She always perceived friends and neighbors whose needs were revealed through the light of the spirit. Her sincere concern was evidenced by the continuously thoughtful acts of kindness she bestowed on others.

Some families during the depression were without the barest of necessities, the simple staples of food to sustain their health. During these times of hardship, LAURA gave of her own scanty substance to those in need of food or other help in their homes.

Many times when her family was asleep, and the snow reached knee deep outside, I have seen my mother awaken one of my brothers and ask him to climb up in the attic and help her lift a sack of flour down. The flour was then placed on an old rickety sled, and my brother was instructed as to which home he was to deliver the flour, and to be sure and leave before anyone came to the door. She never wanted the recipient to feel obligated in any way. She had a meager supply of these staples for her own family, but she firmly believed that the Lord would provide.

Few people come to understand that when we give in the spirit of love, one to another, we come to know and love God and ourselves, to the extent my mother appreciated and practiced it.

During the year of 1941 the United States began drafting it's eligible young men into the service of their country. Clayton was drafted in August of that year and was transported to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. He was so proud to be able to serve his country, and LAURA was just ever so proud of him.

It would be his 25th birthday on November 26, 1941. The family decided that each one would send him money instead of other gifts. The birthday money all arrived at the same time, and according to his immediate commanding officer, he suddenly became very popular with his fellow servicemen. They enthusiastically persuaded him to go with them into St. Louis for the evening. There was no bus service into the city so they hitchhiked. The driver of the car let them out on the outskirts of the city. There was a light snow falling and the roads were slick. Suddenly a car was approaching from the opposite direction and the bright lights of the car they had just left temporarily blinded the driver of the oncoming vehicle. The driver did not see the servicemen until it was too late. The car struck Clayton and killed him upon impact. This was on November 23, 1941.

His death was very traumatic to my mother, LAURA. However, she proudly displayed a gold star in her window, both in the years during the war and for some years after.

ANNA LAURA was not one to resign herself to inactivity even though her fragile health was failing. She felt that each loyal American should serve their country in whatever capacity they were able to. Immediately after her young twin sons were drafted into the service, she secured a position with the arms supply depot in Salt Lake City. Her responsibility was to label boxes prior to shipment overseas to our servicemen. She worked hard and long hours and was made a supervisor, remaining in this capacity until the war's end.

She did not keep the money she earned, but provided financial assistance to those members of her family who had special needs. The possession of money did not contribute to her personal happiness. Her happiness stemmed from whatever she could do to make life more tolerable for others.

The years proceeded to take their toll on her health. She became anemic and developed diabetes, and progressive failure of eyesight plagued her.

She perpetually provided a graciously loving home and hearth as the years passed by, to her children, grandchildren and their many acquaintances and friends. Her home was frequently filled with high spirited grandchildren, from beginning of each summer until the end. She dearly loved and was so proud of each one of them.

The cooking, cleaning, laundry, ironing, caring for her husband and grandchildren was physically wearying and her energy level dwindled.

On August 6, 1959 after suffering a massive stroke and diabetic coma, she passed on. I was with her during her week of confinement in the Nephi, Utah hospital and also as she drew her last labored breath.

I wish to pay tribute to my beloved mother, ANNA LAURA MEMMOTT AAGARD by summarizing the outstanding virtues I admired in her:

1. ***Her willingness to inconvenience herself for others.***

2. ***Her faith and trust in her children.***

3. ***Her faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ.***

4. ***Her cheerful attitude in the face of difficulties.***

5. ***Her sympathy and understanding of the problems of others.***

6. ***Her Christ-like generosity and caring for all who were in need.***

7. ***Her forbearance and patient endurance.***

8. ***Her unbounded love for her family.***

Mother always had complete faith in her children. She was kind, gentle, thoughtful, understanding, and generous to a fault; one to whom we could always turn, one we could always trust, and one who was willing to sacrifice all for her children. She had a strong testimony, great faith and was as active in the Church as she was able to be. She taught us love and appreciation for all God's creations, the trees, foliage, shrubs, grass, cascading streams, children, adults, and animals. She continuously gave us encouragement, inspiration, and a desire to live life in its fullness with honor and integrity, through love and service to our fellowmen.

Her beautiful and indelible influence still lives on in the lives of her children. The kindness she so readily extended to all who knew her and the strength she imparted to us through her own adversities will always be more than a memory. She will always be a living presence to me.

This history has been written by Gloria Bolette Aagard Salmon in gratitude and love for my dearest beloved MOTHER.

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the eyes of love and faith and strived to create a livable home filled with love and caring.

The architectural features of the home as well as the above mentioned inconveniences changed very little over the next thirty years. During the last five years they lived there, electricity was installed and they acquired a small radio, a toaster and an electric iron.

ANNA LAURA and Niels were blessed with six children. Their first child, Lloyd Niels Aagard came kicking and protesting into this world on April 19, 1912. He married Erma Rosequist July 3, 1932 at Salt Lake City, Utah. They were the parents of four lovely children; two boys and two girls. Erma passed on in 1986. Lloyd remarried in 1988 and he and his wife, India, live in West Valley City, Utah.

The second child of LAURA and Niels was a handsome, but frail son. He had to be carried around on a pillow for the first eighteen months of his life. He had a sweet disposition, although he required constant observation and care due to his precarious condition. He was named Wilmer Lamar Aagard, born on October 16, 1914. He married Norma Mildred Williams on October 1, 1935. They are the parents of four lovely children, two boys and two girls. Norma and Wilmer live in Milford, Utah.

Their third child, another energetic and adventurous little son put in his timely appearance into this world on November 15, 1916. They named him Leo Clayton Aagard. He was always small in stature, eventually reaching a height of 5'8". When he was about 2½ years old, he was accidentally burned down his right arm and across his tiny chest. He fell in some water to which lye had been added. The searing scars never left him and he always felt embarrassed in later years to have anyone see the disfigurement. He was killed in the armed services November 23, 1941.

Their fourth child was born July 23, 1922, their only daughter. They named her Gloria Bolette Aagard. She is the wife of Robert James Salmon. They were married May 27, 1948. They are the proud parents of six precious children; five boys and one girl. Their oldest son was killed in an automobile accident at age seventeen. Robert, a retired executive from Mountain Bell Telephone Company and Gloria reside in Tempe, Arizona.

The last two children of LAURA and Niels were twins; born June 4, 1925. William Kenneth Aagard has never married. He lives in Alaska. The other twin Robert Kieth Aagard served in the navy in the South Pacific during World War Two. He married Leola Ruchti on August 10, 1946. They were the parents of two lovely children; a girl and a boy. Robert died May 29, 1968. Their home was in Clearfield, Utah.

ANNA LAURA and Niels purchased a large beautiful home in the west end of Levan after the last of their children had grown up and left home. this was a time of great rejoicing and happiness for LAURA, after living thirty years in a little two room adobe shack;