



## Thoughts on Winnifred Saville Cannon

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by D. James Cannon

**M**others, and women generally, are attracted to lovely things, beautiful art, peaceful ideas. My mother was no exception. She loved the peacefulness of home. She had a fierce loyalty about *her* family, *her* furniture, *her* choice of art.

She was deeply rooted in *her* chosen way of life. She loved being a *homebody* and had no love for the *gad-about*, nor for women who loved precious possessions and who spent most of their time in community activities. Mother disdained the *club woman*, the lady always serving in organizations and political affairs. She loved her knitting, sewing, cleaning, cooking.

I recall how a fellow college student, whom I took home for lunch one time, went over big with Mom when he gobbled up her freshly-baked whole wheat bread, and praised her for having given him a choice experience. She thrived on plaudits for excellence in domestic tasks. Her response to the news that a neighbor boy had died an untimely death, in a home where the mother was intensely active in the community, was swift.. She remarked, "That boy probably died of inadequate attention from his mother." At the time, the comment seemed a little unfeeling, if not uncharitable. That's why I have never forgotten it. But it reflects her motivating ideal: she loved her children and enjoyed caring for them every minute of the day.

When any of us was ill, it was just as if Mom was suffering, too. She found it difficult to understand how any mother could go out of the house when she might be needed at home. She apparently knew the stricken home well enough to believe that the mother had not done all she could for that boy.

One time in a social gathering one of my brothers said that he had *always been hungry — never filled*. My mother was absolutely aghast. It took her days to get over it, in spite of my brother's apologies. She believed she had always been a good provider. Through depression days and *lean* years, and

reluctantly-given food allowances from my father, she had always been attentive to the dinner meal. It horrified her that one of her children thought he was not getting enough to eat.

But her pride was not in domestic duties alone. She loved Sunday evenings when the family gathered in the front room to read and talk; when she could sit in a comfortable chair and see her husband and children relaxed and savoring their choice surroundings and the things *she* had planned.

One concern as her family grew was that her husband's work required that she travel quite a bit. While away, her letters to us came frequently and she always talked of home and family. She could hardly wait to get back home. We knew that traveling was hard on her. It was also tough on her to have a son or daughter away. She loved family togetherness. Her choicest years were in the '20s when we could go away together to Yellowstone National Park, or the red rock country, or the seashore. Mother dreaded seeing her children grow up and leave home. She did not weep and she never made a big scene; but we all knew that she cared mightily.

Mom loved to have her oldest son — even though married — bring his wife, Ina, and later Marilyn, their first-born, to our home on Sunday, because she reveled in extending hospitality to more of her own. When she heard their *Model-A* come in our driveway, she was in Seventh Heaven!

I was in Hawaii when they moved from our family home on 2nd Avenue in Salt Lake City, to the Belvedere Apartments downtown. I now know something of the trauma of that move. She made her new apartment as attractive as possible, as quickly as possible, but it was never the same. She busied herself improving her domestic accomplishments. The techniques

she had learned had now to be channeled into new environments and situations. Her children were all away. Only three families in her home town. Her husband died soon after that move and her world fell apart. But her love for beauty and family solidarity carried on.

She still loved to have us all come. She still enjoyed her way of life. To her dying day, her family came first. ♦

