

For Viola

A Tribute to
My Mother:

Lucy Pearl Pocock Williams



Written by
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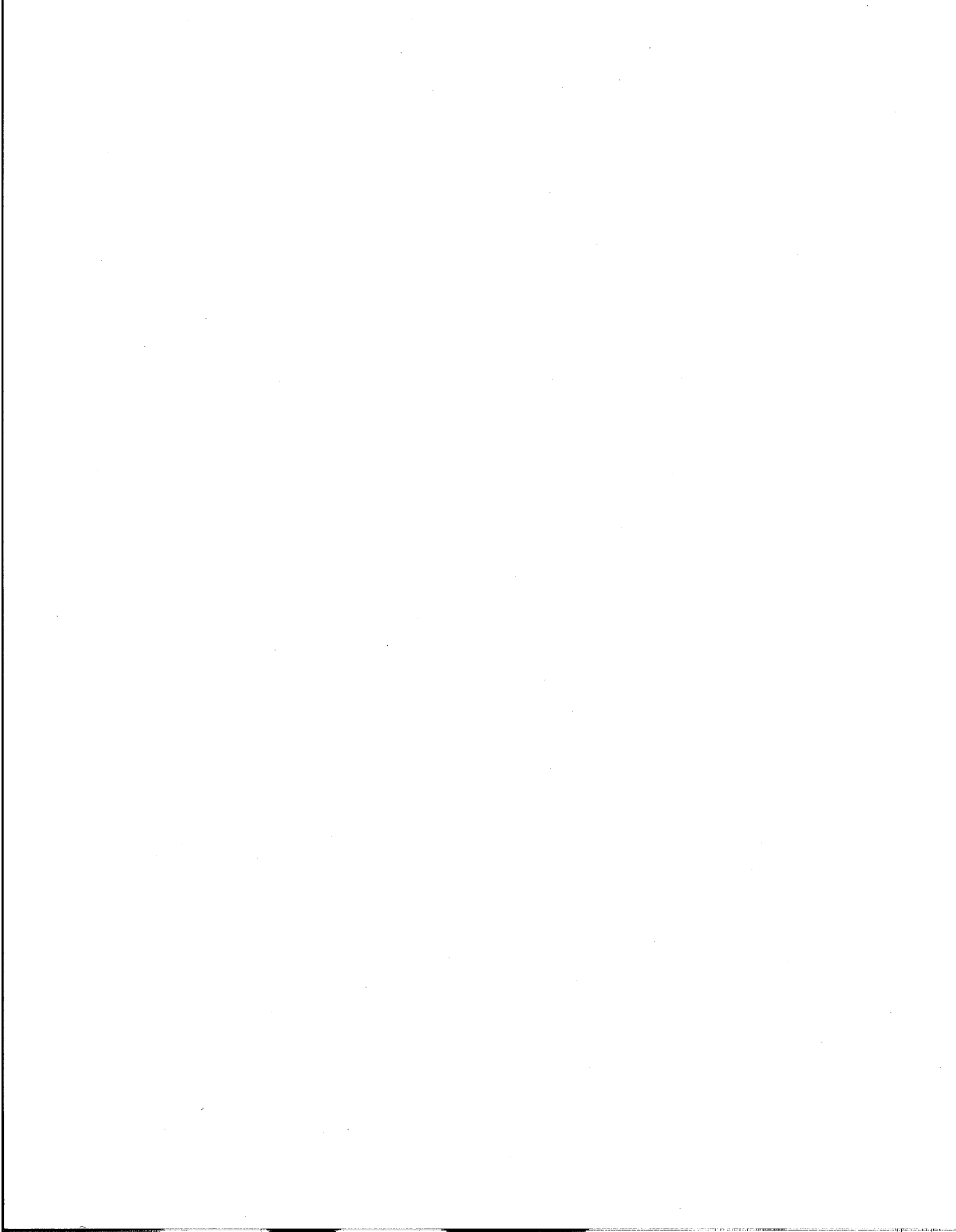
A HISTORY ON LUCY PEARL POCOCK
WRITTEN BY ANNA RAE WILLIAMS CARTER

You have all heard daring cowboy stories, exciting explorer stories, thrilling pioneer stories and many more kinds, where reference is made to this statement about the people involved: "They were a Legend in Their Own Time". Well today, I am going to tell you a story, which is a true story, about a lady, who was indeed "A Legend In Her Own Time". I wish I could tell you everything, but I'll only be able to give bits and pieces about her life, which started over 100 years ago. She was born of humble birth-and lived a humble life, but it was a full, meaningful, and productive life. Hardwork, sacrifices, trials, and challenges were weaved in throughout the thread of the beautiful tapestry her life portrays.

This wonderful woman, wasn't just any woman. She was special-I feel that she was chosen by God, to do the many things she did. And, as I go on with my story, you will understand why I am so proud, and yet, so very humble, because this "Special Lady" was my mother. "My Own Special Mother.

In 1st Nephi of the Book of Mormon, it begins with these words-- "I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents"- using this reference: Lucy Pearl Pocock was born on January 4, 1894, of goodly parents, Charles and Anna Wilhelmina Isgreen Pocock, in Tooele Utah. Her parents were immigrants to America and were a part of early Church and Utah history. Lucy was the sixth of their 10 children. She had 3 sisters and 6 brothers. When she was 11 years old her father was called to fill a mission in England, for the L.D.S. Church. The oldest girl, (Annie) was almost 21 years old. The baby boy (Rodney) had just turned 2 years old. None of the children were married. Her father was gone for 26 months leaving her mother with the entire responsibility of caring for their large family, and with the older children to help, they struggled to send financial aid to England and to provide for themselves as well, but the Lord's blessings were many and the sacrifices they made, were great teaching experiences as was later noted by my mother.

Lucy attended elementary and secondary schools in Toole, after which she worked at Bevan Drug, which was just down the street from the family home. During this time she was very active in the church. As President of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association in 1916 and 1917 and was instrumental in organizing the Beehive Work, under the direction of the General Board. Now, I want to add a bit to the "light side" of this story and tell you about the "Friday night dances". All the kids looked forward to these dances all week long. Her



do. The lady's reply was quiet but urgent-"My children-my babies-they need you. Oh, please will you help my babies-will you take care of my children". Lucy was startled and very concerned as to the children's whereabouts but as she started to question the lady she turned away and quickly fled down the hall, and turned the corner to the staircase. Lucy tried to regain her composure and then she hurried down the hall, but when she turned the corner to that same staircase-there was no sight of anything- then was no one. Instinctively she ran down the stairs and turned the next corner but the lady in black was gone. In all logic-it was impossible for anyone to have left there so fast- so she hurriedly tried to question the people around the area that would have seen her. No one that she talked to had seen or heard what would have had to take place in order for the lady to get upstairs to the apartment. This strange event was impossible to forget, but her work and her life went on as usual. Teaching the students, caring for the extremely ill patients and solving problems for others seemed never ending.

One day she was asked to pay some special attention to a little four year old boy that had been sent to the L.D.S. Hospital from southern Utah, because of the seriousness of his illness. This was not unusual, for the hospital was ranked very high in specialty care and as I have mentioned earlier- her expertise was requested in most such instances.

Lucy was also well known for her love for little children, and this little four year old boy became one of her choice patients. The father whose name was Frank Williams and a woman, that Lucy thought was the mother, but who she eventually learned was the child's Aunt Rachel, were very grateful for the special love and care Lucy gave him. As little John's condition improved she was told that his mother was dead, and that he had 5 brothers and sisters at home for his father to care for, and Lucy was sad to think she had been unaware of such tragic circumstances.

I am sure that all of you are familiar with the phrase "God Works In A Mysterious Way-His Wonders To Perform"--well--I believe this was exactly what happened. Because, in due time, a very tender courtship resulted, these two people seemed to be made for each other and their love for one another was so great that the marriage of Franklin D. Williams and Lucy Pearl Pocock on July 14, 1927, in the Salt Lake Temple was like an answer to Gods own request. They were married by Apostle Melvin J Ballard, who had become a very dear friend of Lucy's during her years at the hospital. The three youngest of Frank's children (Margaret, John and Rane) accompanied the newlyweds on their honeymoon which was a trip to Idaho. Frank had to have his family there meet this wonderful and beloved lady. As they came back down through Salt Lake

everyone at the hospital wished her good luck and happiness, but this had been her home for almost nine years, and they knew that she would be greatly missed. She was loved and respected by doctors, nurses, administrative personal, housekeepers that many people would overlook and patients. Little did anyone realize what an important part her nursing career was to play in the future years, along with her new role of wife and mother. Even Lucy met many unexpected but rewarding surprises. For example, when they arrived in Minersville, and as they entered the living room, that some of you remember, I'm sure, the first thing that met her eyes was a picture of a pretty dark haired lady-dressed in black clothing and Lucy was almost overcome with the realization that it was, indeed, a picture of the lady that had knocked on her door a few months ago. She did not say anything, but in her heart, mind and soul, she knew that it was the mother of these children that had pleaded for her to help this family, and she knew that the Lord would help her.

Lucy had been married and living in Minersville for about 2 weeks, when she was called to the home of Elmer and Effie Marshall to help Dr. Parrish from Milford, with what was appearing to be a very difficult delivery, and was to be a multiple birth. One baby girl was born and Lucy was working with it when the second baby was born-a baby boy, who would not respond to the usual immediate procedures of the doctor nor the things Lucy started to do-but then another very unexpected baby girl was born and both the doctor and Lucy were deeply involved with the mother and the 3rd baby for a little while. But then, the baby boy was even less responsive and the doctor told Lucy that he would never live-but Lucy did not let that stop her. She and Frank worked with the tiny boy for hours, days, and nights and afterward he did respond and he did live. He has been our Bishop and very prominent in many Church and Civic activities. He was meant to live. Dr. Parrish attributed the survival of these babies to Lucy, and was somewhat astounded by her innate abilities.

But this was only the beginning of the never-ending call for her excellence and compassion. Throughout Southern Utah, whenever there was sickness, her services were sought and always rendered with never a thought of compensation. Whenever a baby was born or anyone was ill, it was always "Send for Aunt Lucy", and Lucy always came. They all knew she would, for her own affairs were never too pressing, the weather was never too bad, the night too dark, nor the road too long to keep her away. Whenever there was death, sorrow, or distress, Lucy came and brought with her the comforting assurance that all would be well, rather it was her professional help or spiritual uplifting, Lucy was the trusted, Lucy was the giver. It has often been said that "she was an angel of mercy", and truer words were never spoken. Throughout her entire

life she was a living example of the 13th Article of Faith.

A few months ago, a seeming insignificant question was asked of my daughter Kathryn, who was helping conduct a sacrament meeting with her church group, at the Milford Hospital geriatric ward. As she patiently helped some of them, having difficulties, one old lady tenderly touched her hand-looked hopefully into her face, and meekly asked "Are you Lucy"? Yes, it would have been insignificant to others but to me it was very similar to some faith promoting stories that I have read and heard where the climax of the examples given was the question of the receiver of a good or noble deed, to the person, who was the giver-"Are you Jesus"? Kathryn didn't even know the name of that dear old lady, but when she described her to me-I did, and I feel sure that every mother in Beaver County felt and remembers her care and devotion, especially during the years of 1934 to 1950. Because it was 1934 when she was commissioned by the White House in Washington D.C. to become the "first" Public Health Nurse in Beaver County. It would be impossible for me to give in detail the immensity of the work she did in this position, or true worth of the time, effort, love and care that she inserted into every moment, of every day, of every year. Her home was the Red Cross Emergency Headquarters for many years where even more services were rendered, day and night. I would like to mention here that out of necessity, she delivered 25 babies in Minersville without a doctor.

Now, along with all this, her husband was a prominent man not only in this area, but throughout the State. He was very active in politics, serving 8 years in the Utah State Senate. He was very active in the State Woolgrowers Association, and played many important roles in Church and civic projects. The hospitality of her home was shared by many and surpassed by none. She was just as precise in setting a lovely meal for a Mexican shepherder as she was in preparing for top rank men, such as Church leaders, lawyers, senators and even the Governor of the state. I am sure if you could talk to such men as James A. Hooper, Ezra Taft Benson, J. Bracken Lee, Apostle LeGrand Richards, and even one time Governor Maw, you would get the same response.

And so, by her own profession and by her husband's associates she was well known and loved by people in all walks of life, from far and near. With all the things I have told you, I'm neglecting to mention her day and night life of a very loving and devoted wife, of motherhood, and homemaking, and being a very ardent church member, so I must tell you these things were not neglected-not taken lightly. Along with the 6 children (Viola Leah-4, Sept. 1919, Spence-20, July 1912, Max-22, July 1914, Margaret-22 Sept. 1920, John Waldo-21, Sept. 1922, and Renee-20, Feb. 1926 with Naomi-21, Jan. 1917, Deloss 4, Oct. 1918 deceased) that greeted her as a bride, she also had 5 of her own

(Franklin D.-2, May 1928, Anna Rae-28 Nov. 1929, Charlene-12, Jan. 1933, and David Charles-14, Dec. 1936 with baby Russell 10, May 1931 deceased), and frequently helped care for some of her grandchildren.

As I look back, winter, summer, fall, and spring-good weather or bad, Monday was "Wash Day", and in those days it was a monumental day filled with hard work and food that was about the same in every home. Hot fires in the big kitchen range to heat the wash water, and being the frugal and organized woman she was, the fire and hot stove was put to good use. A big pot of beans was the usual "main course" with rice pudding or bread pudding (both with nutritious raisins) as desert. The wash day was also the "Bread Day" when as many as 12 or 15 loaves of bread were hand made and baked, with some dough often enjoyed in fried scones served with home-churned butter and honey or home canned preserves made during the busy and productive days of summer. Good fresh, whole milk that was fresh from the cows that same morning. "Oh dear," looking back and remembering-I can almost smell the aroma of homemade soap mingling with that luscious smell of bread baking and beans stewing slowly on the back of the stove so they wouldn't burn or stick to the big wooden spoon that stayed right in the pot, so it could be stirred easily and often, is also a pleasant part to remember because one has always been in my kitchen and whenever I use that wooden spoon, I can't help but recall how it;s chores in the past were all a part of hard work-like making the homemade soap. It too, was a usual summer chore-so the soap could be poured into tubs after it was cooked and the tubs were taken outside, where it dried better and faster. Then it was dumped out upside down and cut into sort of small bricks to store for use in the winter months.

Lucy always wanted to have a pretty yard and every year she would plant flowers and give good care to the perrenials that showed through the ground each spring. Every year she would plant a large vegetable garden in the back yard, weeds were pulled out, the irrigating was quite a difficult task, but her goal was to produce the vegetables she wanted to bottle or can for the winter. Not only for her own family, but for Frank's 2-3 shepherds and the widows and other needy families that she never forgot. But 2-3 and sometimes many more times each summer she would go out in the early mornings to find that the calves, or horses had managed to get out for the adjoining corals and had eaten and trampled almost everything. She would usually sit down on the sloping roof of the cellar and cry. Then she'd start over or if it was possible, she would salvage what she could and make the best of it. Every summer, she would buy large numbers of bushels of fruit from the peddlers that could come around-every year a new goal was sent and met in the number of quarts, pints and in those days

even two quart jars were proudly filled and stored away. Fruits, preserves, jellies, juices, vegetables, pickles, relishes and almost anything else you can think of was, bottled and carried carefully to the cellar after which it was a very beautiful sight to see on the shelves. Even nowadays I look at my filled bottles with pride in my heart and give a sincere thanks to God that this was an important part of my childhood and growing up.

Now- back to my story- I have to tell you that Frank spent a great deal of his time on the sheep ranges and even though he had hired shepherders it was necessary that he was also there for certain periods of time. Even with their love as deep as it was for each other, their time together was not long and not often and it was difficult for them to be apart, Lucy would get sad and wary sometimes, but her faith in her Father in Heaven never faltered. She would sometimes play the piano and sing hymns, and other faith related songs that seemed to give her added stamina and buoy her up when her spirits were down. Listen to the words as Marijeanne sings one of the songs I remember as one that was often sang and always made her seem more able to meet her life's challenges.

MY TASK

To love someone more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder over a noble thought, and pray,
 And smile when evening falls,
 And smile when evening falls,
 This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day 'til night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy light,
 And answer when he calls,
 And answer when he calls,
 This is my task.

And then my Savior by and by to meet,
When faith hath made her task on earth complete,
And lay my homage at the Master's feet,
 Within the jasper walls,
 Within the jasper walls,
 This crowns my task.

Yes, the challenges and trials in her life were many. The many trials she had overcome in her years of schooling and working had been lighter- the persons that had been added now, made it more vividly clear to her that to cope she must do more than struggle "She Must Win". HER faith must endure. And it did. Frank was a loving man, and his wife and family were very dear to him. He had lost two children and a wife-before Lucy- and he could never have been able to withstand the pain and grief of the tragic deaths of two more sons, without the enduring faith and love of Lucy. The oldest son "Spence" was killed in an explosion in a mine, west of Milford, in 1940. Eight years later, in 1948 another son "Max" was caring for the sheep in the hills south of Minersville when a terrible electrical storm surrounded the camp. Lightning struck-killing Max, the horse he was riding, and some sheep and dogs. The tragedy worsened two years later when Max's wife, Margaret, died of a heart attack. Each son had a son and a daughter.

For many people it would have been absolutely devastating, and reasonably so, but for Frank and Lucy it was the tightening of an already strong bond of love, for each other it was the strengthening of their love and faith in God and His plan of salvation. And, again I refer to part of the 13th Article of Faith-- "We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things and hope to endure all things". Frank and Lucy, and their families did endure many things.

Then, on June 22, 1956, Franklin D. Williams passed away. Lucy was terribly grieved, she struggled desperately to come to the realization that she was alone again. Her dear, sweet husband had been called to the life beyond. So again she sought for strength and again her deep and abiding faith in God gave her that strength she was seeking. Again, the word to another favorite song gave her solace and comfort in a moment of need.

THE PRAYER PERFECT

Dear Lord! King Lord! Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love, Tenderly today!
Weed their hearts of weariness, Scatter every care
Down awake of Angel wings, Winnowing the air.
Bring unto the sorrowing, All release from pain
Let the lips of laughter, Overflow again;
And with all the needy, O divide I pray
This vast treasure of content, That is mine today!

She was asked by Dr. Davie of Milford, if she would work part-time in an office he had opened in Minersville and she accepted and it was during this time she was instrumental in improving health conditions in the community again as she played an active part in the Civil Defense Program. Then in 1961 she accepted the position as Public Librarian, in Minersville, where her ability to instruct and advise the youth in every respect was considered immeasurable. It was in this time-frame that another son was suddenly taken in death. Frank Jr. died of a heart attack in December 1966. Lucy's health conditions worsened and her life started in a downhill trend. On December 18, 1971 she passed from this life and I am sure she has well earned a crown of glory.

During her entire life, Lucy was extremely active in all organizations of the Church, holding many executive and teaching positions. She was a marvel to all who knew her. Here was a woman who was a leader in all the affairs of her home, her profession, her community, and her church, and if the statement of the "Master" is true "Let He That Is Greatest Among You, Be Your Servant", then Lucy P. Williams was truly great.

On the morning of her death, in deep morning, I wrote the following thoughts: "To write "The End" at the bottom of the story of her life seems to make it so final-so finished-that I cannot. True, she will not be here in person, she has departed from this earth, but she has left so much to us that there are no words by which to tell". Her life was one of giving-of love, compassion, wisdom, care and every thing of great worth. The many lives she has touched with such gentle and genuine interest that they perhaps known only to God. And so, her goodness will go on living in those hearts, and her glories will go on growing to the extent that it would seem entirely fitting to say--

"NOT THE END-BUT, TO BE CONTINUED ETERNALLY".