

Remembering My Mother
Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt
By Luella Leavitt



Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt
19 December 1869 — 21 April 1904

Remembering Eliza: A Daughter's Tribute

The provided text is a personal memoir titled "Remembering My Mother: Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt," written by Luella Leavitt. This biographical account chronicles the life and character of Luella's mother, Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt, from her birth in 1869 until her passing in 1904. The narrative highlights significant family events, including marriages, the tragic loss of children, the family's migration from Utah to Canada, and their daily life. It also emphasizes Eliza Jane's virtues and loving nature, as recollected by her daughter based on her own memories and stories from her father. An editor's note clarifies the compilation of the text from two typed manuscripts, noting minor grammatical changes and factual corrections for clarity.



June 2, 1965

Remembering My Mother
ELIZA JANE RUTH DOWDLE LEAVITT
by Luella Leavitt White

My mother [Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle] was born [19 December 1869, Willard, Box Elder County, Utah Territory] of choice parents [John Clark Dowdle and Mary Ann Chandler], in the covenant, who were blessed by the Lord. They followed the gospel plan as they carefully guided her baby steps until she blossomed into a beautiful young lady.



Mary Ann Chandler and John Clark Dowdle

My father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt], who was also born [6 April 1870, Wellsville, Cache County, Utah Territory] of choice parents [Thomas Rowell Leavitt and Ann Eliza Jenkins] and in the covenant, looked into her [Eliza's] eyes one night at choir rehearsal (he was the choir director in College Ward, Cache County, Utah Territory). He knew at first sight he had found his true love.



Ann Eliza Jenkins and Thomas Rowell Leavitt

They were married in the Logan Temple [26 February 1890], and as time passed, a son was born to them prematurely [1891 is the only birthdate known], living about three hours. He was blessed and given the name of William. There is no record that anyone knew of, and Father, in his life story, did not give any information on him.



Franklin Dewey Leavitt and Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle
(The only known photo of Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle)

It was sometime in 1891, for Grandpa Dowdle [John Clark Dowdle], in his famous journal tells how he administered to Mother [Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt] on 5 January 1892, and her second son was also born prematurely, lived five hours, and he [John Clark Dowdle] blessed the babe and named him Thomas. This was College Ward [Utah], and he was buried there 7 January 1892.

The sadness that filled their hearts—who could ever understand? Only their Heavenly Father knew, for on 1 March 1893, a lovely baby girl came to bless their home and lived. In fact she is still living [Mary Ivy Leavitt, Luella's older sister, was still living when this was written by Luella Leavitt White on June 1st and 2nd of 1965, but has since passed away—28 April 1984].



L-R: Franklin Dewy Leavitt, Lawrence Clark,
Frank Wilford, Mary Ivy



Mary Ivy Leavitt

BLESS HER... She was named Mary Ivy, and when she was a grown up babe of six weeks, Father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt] was bit with a pioneer bug, and they sailed for Canada by ground on their prairie schooner.

Father intended leaving a crippled pet horse behind, that is until he saw tears(?) in Five Foot's eyes!!!!!! (The horse was named "Five Foot.")



The horse walked every step of the way. Later when I was old enough to ride him I named him "Dancing Horse." His front right leg was stiff, and a fifth small leg grew from an enlarged knee joint. When he walked he had to drag this leg and hop with his three good legs. Many happy hours we spent with our Dancing Horse, and it did not seem to cause him pain. We would pile our cousin's astride his bare back, no saddle or bridle. We children had everything our hearts desired.

I [Luella Leavitt] was born [31 May 1895] in Cardston in the first log cabin built by my beloved grandfather, Thomas Rowell Leavitt. Later we moved to Leavitt where we lived on top of a beautiful hill, where the view was indescribable. This was also a log house built by Father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt].

How well I can remember the sunrise, the sunset, the northern lights, the mountains, the creek, the buffalo chips left by the buffalo who no longer roamed, the wild flowers, the strawberries, the chokecherries, the Meadowlark's call, the stars when darkness fell, and our home was filled with Mother's true love.

Father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt] made a promise to Mother [Eliza



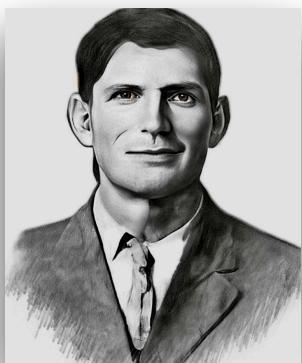
Luella Leavitt

Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt] when he had settled us in our log home, that when ten years passed, if he could not take her to visit her parents, he would send her and the children to them [John Clark Dowdle and Mary Ann Chandler in Wellsville, UT]. As those years passed, many times she would ask him to sing her favorite song, "I Will Take You To Your Home, Kathleen." He would play the guitar and sing it to her. He was educated in music, and had an excellent voice, as did all of his brothers and sisters.

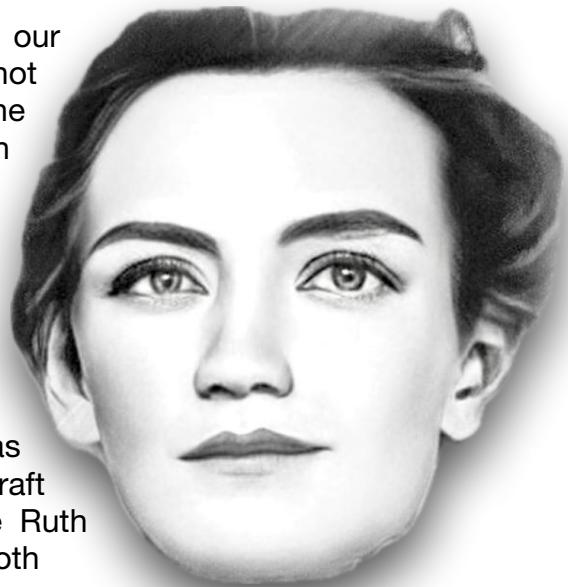
When the prairie schooner was unloaded there was mother's [Eliza's] pattern drafter, which was used to draft the patterns to make our clothes. She [Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt] was so artistic, she fashioned the cloth into lovely creations, and she looked every inch a fashion model in her own clothes she designed, and as she walked, with her head held high, she was genuine, and a lady.

I preferred to sit beside the sewing machine and watch her sew than to go out to play. I can remember a red cashmere dress she made for me, with honeycomb hand work, braid to match, a large bow of ribbon to tie on the large curl on the right side of my head. To save the dress she made a white dotted swiss pinafore, lace trimmed, and so pretty. I would go skipping away to school feeling like a princess.

I must tell you of the time I played barber and cut off the curls she [my mother, Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt] had trained all over my head. We were still in the log house on the hill, and mother was trimming Ivy's [Mary Ivy Leavitt Stoddard] hair, and I wanted mine trimmed also. Mother said I did not need mine trimmed. I was around five years old, and suppose I thought I was smarter than she, so I carefully removed the shears from her lap, slid under the bed, and when she found me there was only one curl left—the large one with the ribbon on it. Now I ask you, did she not have good cause to whale the daylights out of me? She [my mother, Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt] never spanked any of her children. She must have inherited a huge amount of Job's patience. The only thing to do was cut the lone curl, and trim my head to match my brother's, with one exception: I had a rooster on top of my head—a small curl.



Franklin Dewey Leavitt



Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt

Time passed, and Father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt] built a home in the center of the town of Leavitt. One day he took us to see the almost completed home. It was lovely! As we walked through the spacious rooms, (Father told me later in the story of his life how) I held Mother's hand and said, "Please, Mama, let us go home and get the knives, forks, and spoons and come here to live."

Father was bishop of the Leavitt Ward, Mother was the president of the Relief Society. And we were in a dream home at last. I remember the sisters would come to this home to hold their meetings. One time I was sitting on a low stool in front of the other, listening to them talk. I suppose I became thirsty and went out to a well that had been dug and was not covered. I had a drink and left the dipper on top of the water, and then found a very fine place to take a nap. I napped under a tin wash tub that had been turned upside down in the grass. Later when I was missed, the sisters combed the grounds looking for me, and when they saw the dipper floating on the water, Mother thought I had fallen in the well. She had to be refrained from jumping in to find me.

When each child had a birthday, Mother would make it a special day: a party with our cousins invited, and she always made homemade ice cream and a lovely cake with all the trimmings.

These are treasured memories never to be forgotten. Those happy childhood days passed so quickly.

When our baby brother, Arlow [born 27 May 1902], was about a year old, the time had come for Father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt] to keep his promise to Mother [Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt]. Father had not become millionaire as yet, so he could not take her and we children to visit her parents [John Clark Dowdle and Mary Ann Chandler, Wellsville, Utah Territory]. Father had to remain at home and be a bishop with all of the cares that are included free of charge. All of the blessings were included too.

Mother [Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt] and her five children [Mary Ivy, Luella, Frank Wilford, Lawrence Clark, and Arlow] arrived at Grandpa and Grandma Dowdle's home [John Clark Dowdle and Mary Ann Chandler] where the welcome mat was at the front and the back door all the glorious time we were there. What a happy reunion this was for my mother and her parents.

All I seem to remember was the fun we children had: apple trees for a playhouse, a flowing well just steps away, a large creek at the foot of the hill where wild water cress grew in profusion, cresses to ride, fresh garden vegetables, and all sorts of tree-ripened fruit. Just everything a child could wish for. The days had wings and flew away from us, and we had to say good-bye, returning to our home in Canada.

On the train, baby Arlow [11 months old] became very ill, sinking into spasms, the last from which he did not recover. [Arlow Leavitt passed away on the train, 23 April 1903.] Try to picture my dear mother on this train with her children in a situation like this, alone and helpless.

How her prayers must have ascended direct to heaven, for that



very day a miracle happened.



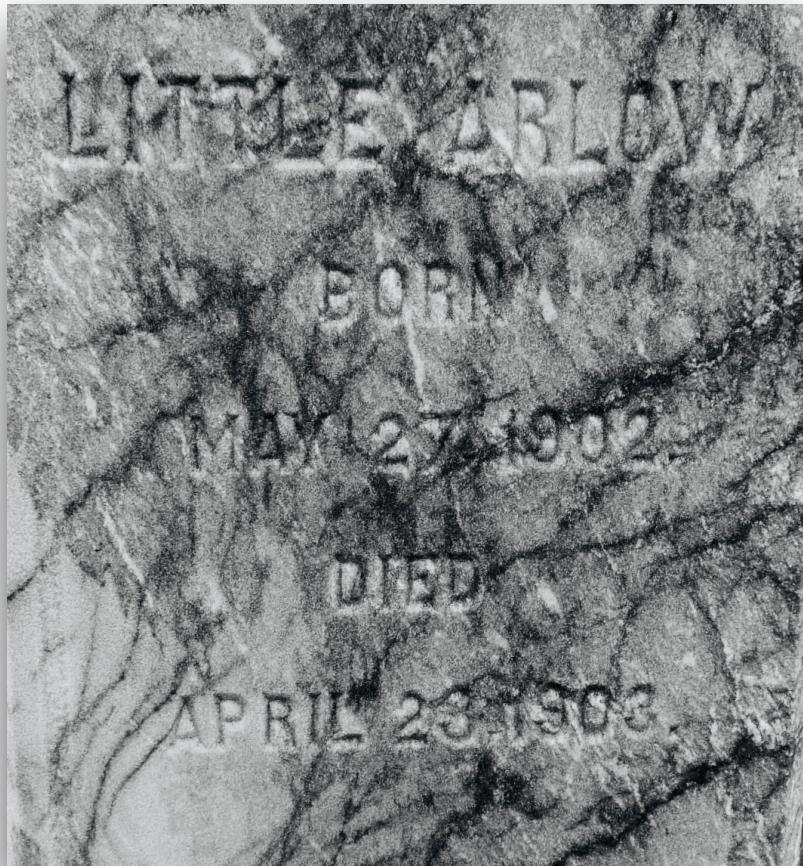
not knowing we were on our way home, or why he should go to Sterling.

He [Franklin Dewey Leavitt] was a humble man and obeyed the prompting. He met the train there and we were on it. My mother [Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle] holding her dead babe [Arlow Leavitt] in her arms. Father arranged for we children to stay on the train to our journey's end, Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

Father took Mother and their baby [Arlow Leavitt] in the one-seated rig. Mother carried little Arlow all the way to our beloved aunt, Christine Dowdle, who lived at Cardston and where we children came to from the train.

Now I ask you, was that not a lesson in obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit? How Mother must have been filled with comfort

My father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt], who was leaving that day on a business trip for our General Store in Leavitt, owned by the five Leavitt brothers [Thomas Rowell Leavitt II, William Jenkins Leavitt, Franklin Dewey Leavitt, Edwin Jenkins Leavitt, and Edward Jenkins Leavitt], was on his journey when suddenly he felt inspired to turn his team of horses around and go to Sterling, Alberta, Canada,



Gravestone of Arlow Leavitt

when she saw my father's face.

Little Arlow is buried in our gravesite in Leavitt [Alberta, Canada]. Also, my parents are now beside him, waiting a glorious resurrection.

After this sad homecoming, Mother carried on, never complaining, always ready to help anyone in need. She it was they told me had never been known to speak a slang word, and she had no enemies. She loved all of God's children.

Time was running out for our happy life together. On 29 March 1904, a dear little baby girl was born to bless our home. They named her Eliza [Eliza Ruth Leavitt], after our mother, and we were very happy. Mother seemed to recover from Eliza's birth, when suddenly she was very sick.

One sad day we children were called home from school to her bedside. I can still remember her asking the Elders to pray just once more—she wanted so desperately to live to raise her family. Then, suddenly she was gone, and we lost our mother, April 21, 1904 [at age 34 years and five months].

Father was bowed with grief and refused to be comforted, when a few days later, Mother appeared to him telling him not to grieve, that she was happy and everything would be all right. Father arose from his bed of affliction, cast his burden on the Lord, and later went on a mission for the Church. As a missionary [called to Eastern United States Mission, departed Salt Lake City April 7, 1908, assigned to the South West Virginia Conference; returned home December 24, 1909, serving 630 Days] he did a marvelous work, as told in his life story.

Those few short years we shared with Mother will never be forgotten. The day will come when we can be a family again. Knowing this gives me a greater desire to earn my blessings.

[Luella, with pen in hand, wrote the following in the left margin of page 1 of her typed manuscript:]

"This story has been written from memory of the nine years I had a living mother, and also from stories told me by my father [Franklin Dewey Leavitt]." [Luella then wrote her name, almost as a signature,] "Luella Leavitt White."



Eliza Ruth Leavitt



Lawrence Clark Leavitt



Frank Wilford Leavitt

Note:

This document was transcribed from the original two manuscripts typed by Luella Leavitt White. Through what I believe to be divine intervention, Luella's family history materials came into my possession. As I explored her collection of histories, photographs, letters, and stories, I came across her piece titled "*Remembering My Mother, Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle*." To my surprise, there were two separate transcripts—one dated June 1, 1965, and the other June 2, 1965. After a careful review and comparison of both versions, I found them to be nearly identical, with only minor revisions in the second. I have transcribed the document as faithfully as possible, using the second version as the primary source, while occasionally referring to the first to clarify specific phrases. Minor grammatical adjustments were made for readability.

Both original transcripts, along with this edited version, have been uploaded to FamilySearch for the benefit of all. I welcome any corrections should you discover errors. One factual change was made regarding the date of Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle's passing: Luella listed the date as April 23, 1904, but Church records and her gravestone both confirm the correct date as April 21, 1904. That corrected date is reflected here. All parentheses () within the text are Luella's original insertions. Any brackets [] have been added by me to provide clarification, additional context, or to aid the reader in following the narrative.

Throughout this process, I have endeavored to honor and preserve Luella's original voice while providing helpful insights into the lives of the ancestors I love, respect, and seek to better understand.

—Ron Leavitt

Access the link to a NotebookLM Podcast of
Remembering Eliza, a Daughter's Tribute
by scanning this QR code



Podcast Transcript:

Welcome to the deep dive. Today we're looking into uh a really quite remarkable life and we're doing it through a very personal handwritten account.

Our source is this memoir. It's called Remembering My Mother, Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle Leavitt.

It was written by her daughter, Luella Leavitt, way back in 1965,
right?

And we're going to explore the story of this woman, Eliza Jane, whose life spanned the turn of the 20th century. It was filled with immense challenges, but really defined by this extraordinary resilience and the sort of quiet steady strength.

And what's so valuable about a family history like this one written firsthand is you don't just get the facts, the dates and places. You get the uh the emotional texture. You get those aha moments of life lived through really big historical changes. And it tells us these, you know, universal truths about family, love, just perseverance that still hit home today. And it's really poignant because Luella is writing from her memories of the nine years she actually had with her mother.

Only 9 years. Yeah. And then supplemented by stories her father told her later. That adds such a unique layer, doesn't it? A very intimate perspective.

It really does. So our mission today really is to try and capture the essence of Eliza Jane's life, right?

You know, from her pioneering spirit, her artistic side to this incredible patient she had, her character. We want to understand the deep impact she had even though her life was well tragically short in many ways. Let's dive in.

Okay. So Eliza Jane Ruth Dowdle, she was born December 19th, 1869. This is in Willard, Utah territory. Her parents were John Clark Dowdle and Mary Ann Chandler.

And her future husband, Franklin Dewey Leavitt. He was born just the next year, April 1870, also in Utah territory in Wellsville.

Right.

And their meeting, it sounds well almost like a storybook romance rooted in that frontier community. Franklin was the choir director in College Ward.

Mhm.

And he saw Eliza Jane at a rehearsal.

He apparently told Luella later he just knew he had found his true love right then and there. Love at first sight.

Wow. And that connection, it happened fast. They were married in the Logan Temple on February 26, 1890. Starting out on this life together that, well, it turned out to be filled with both incredible joy and just immense sorrow.

Yeah, those early years, they hit them with heartbreak almost immediately. Really tough challenges. Their first two sons, both born prematurely, they didn't survive.

It's hard to even imagine.

The first, William, born in 1891, lived only about three hours. Luella notes he wasn't even mentioned in Franklin's life story. Maybe the pain was too much. No known record.

Just devastating. And then the very next year, 1892, their second son, Thomas, was born. Also premature. Lived only 5 hours.

Oh my goodness.

Luella actually recounts her Grandfather Dowdle, Eliza Jane's father, administering a blessing to Eliza Jane and the baby, naming him Thomas, just before he passed. He was buried a couple of days later.

The weight of that, losing two babies back to back, it's staggering. But then about a year later, March 1893, there was some hope there. first surviving child, a daughter, Mary Ivy, was born.

And remarkably, Luella mentions Mary Ivy was still living when she wrote this memoir in 1965. So over 70 years later.

Incredible. So that relentless heartache right at the start, it tested them, no doubt. But it also showed Eliza Jane's, I guess, capacity for quiet endurance, a strength she'd need again and again.

Absolutely. It really underscores the kind of emotional strength families needed back then. I mean, facing infant mortality with a resilience that is almost hard for us to grasp today.

It really is. And get this. When Mary Ivy was just 6 weeks old, 6 weeks, Franklin gets what Luella calls the pioneer bug.

Ah, yes. The call of the frontier.

He decides they're moving to Canada.

And they travel by prairie scooner. Basically, a covered wagon. A long, arduous journey.

Standard for pioneers, but incredibly difficult.

And this journey gives us one of the sweetest, most poignant stories in the whole memoir. It involves this uh crippled pet horse named Five-foot.

Right. Five-foot. He had a stiff front right leg and Luella describes this sort of fifth small leg from an enlarged knee joint. Apparently Franklin was going to leave him behind. Makes sense practically.

Yeah, you'd think so. But the story goes he saw what looked like tears in the horse's eyes.

Oh,

and he just couldn't do it. He changed his mind. And that horse Five-foot walked every single step of the way to Canada with them.

That's amazing loyalty. And he later became Dancing Horse for the kids, right? Despite his disability. He brought them a lot of joy.

Such a lovely detail. It just speaks volumes about the kind of gentle spirit in that family amidst all the hardship.

It really does. And it was in Canada in Cardston, Alberta, that Luella herself, the author, was born. May 1895 in the first log cabin her grandfather Thomas Rowell Leavitt built there.

A real frontier baby. They later moved to another log house Franklin built this one on a beautiful hill in a place called Leavitt, Alberta.

And Luella's description of their life there. It's so vivid.

Oh, it really is. She talks about the sunrise, the sunset, the northern lights, the mountains, the creek, the buffalo chips.

Uh, yes. Even the buffalo chips.

Oh, wild flowers, the strawberries, the choke cherries, the Meadowlark's call, the stars. It's this rich sensory memory.

But then she adds the crucial part.

Yes. And our home was filled with mother's true love. That line, it's not just nostalgia. It tells you how that feeling of love and safety transformed their experience of hardship into something, well, foundational, rich memories despite the challenges.

Absolutely. And beyond just creating that loving atmosphere, Eliza Jane had some remarkable talents that Luella really cherished remembering. Her artistic skill for one.

Mhm. She was quite the seamstress. Luella mentions she used something called pattern draftr to make lovely creations. Said her mother looked every inch of fashion model in her own clothes.

Oh.

And described her as genuine and lady. Luella even remembers this specific red cashmere dress in a white dotted Swiss pin her mother made for her,

saying it made her feel like a princess.

It's such a powerful example of how expressing love through creativity, through these thoughtful acts, it shapes the child more than anything material.

It really does. And then there's this story that just perfectly illustrates Eliza Jane's patience. Yeah.

Luella actually compares it to Job's patience.

Yes. The haircut story,

right? Little Luella, maybe 5 years old, decides to play barber and cuts off all her own curls. Her mother had carefully trained them and she snipped them all. off except one single curl.

Oh no. You can just picture it. Most parents would understandably lose it.

Totally. But Eliza Jane,

her response was just calm. She didn't scold her. She just quietly trimmed the rest of Luella's hair to match her brother's short style, leaving this one little rooster curl on top where the one survivor was.

Amazing.

And Luella makes a point of saying her mother never spanked any of the children

ever. That tells you so much. Her patience wasn't just like a passive trait. It was an active choice. voice, wasn't it? Choosing connection, understanding over punishment, especially in what must have been a chaotic frontier household. Real emotional strength.

Definitely. So, time goes on, they prosper a bit. Franklin builds a new dream home right in the center of Leavitt, and Luella's reaction when she saw this nearly finished house is just adorable. She apparently grabbed her mother's hand and pleaded, "Please, Mama, let us go home and get the knives, forks, and spoons and come here to live right now."

Uh-huh. That's It's wonderful. It captures that childhood idea of home perfectly. It's where the family is, where the meals are.

Exactly. And they were deeply involved in the community, too. Franklin served as the bishop of the Leavitt Ward, a major leadership role in their church.

And Eliza Jane was president of the Relief Society, the women's organization. So, they were really pillars of their community, living their values through service.

Right. And speaking of childhood moments, there's another one, the well incident.

Oh, yeah. That one's intense.

Little Luella apparently when she was quite small decided to take a nap outside under an upside down tin wash tub.

As you do.

Meanwhile, her mother's inside hosting a Relief Society meeting. Someone notices Luella's missing. They look outside, see the dipper floating in the uncovered well.

Ah, the dread. Instantly thinking the worst.

Exactly. Eliza Jane was convinced Luella had fallen in. Luella writes her mother had to be physically refrained from jumping in after her.

Wow. That captures that raw primal maternal instinct, doesn't it? Especially in a place in time where dangers like an open well were very real. It makes Eliza Jane so human, so relatable.

It really does. These specific little stories, the haircut, the well.

Mhm.

They do so much more than just listing virtues like patient or loving. They show you who she was.

Absolutely. And it's clear she made efforts to create joy, too. Luella mentions how special Eliza Jane made every child's birthday parties with cousins, homemade ice cream, lovely cakes, simple things. But they built those cherished memories.

So important. Now, as the years passed in Canada, Franklin had made a promise to Eliza Jane.

Mhm. The promise about going home.

Yeah. After 10 years, if he couldn't actually move them back, he'd at least send her and the children to visit her parents back in Wellsville, Utah. He'd apparently sing her favorite song, "I will take you to your home, Kathleen," playing his guitar. Luella says he had a wonderful voice, was educated in music.

That's lovely. A bit of romance amidst the pioneering life, and eventually the time came. Their youngest, little Arlow, was about a year old,

right? Arlow was born in May 1902. So Eliza Jane gathered up her five children, Mary Ivy, Luella, Frank Wilford, Lawrence Clark, and baby Arlow, and made that journey south to Utah.

Must have been quite a trip with five kids.

You bet. But the memoir describes a joyful reunion with Grandpa and Grandma Dowdle. Luella remembers things like apple trees, a flowing well, gathering wild water crests, these idyllic childhood moments,

a precious time for them, reconnecting with family.

But the return journey. That was just devastating. While on the train back to Canada, little Arlow, just 11 months old, became terribly ill.

Oh no. On the train.

On the train. And he passed away. April 23, 1903. Can you even imagine? Eliza Jane alone with her other four children holding her baby who had just died on a train far from home.

That is just almost unbearable to picture. The isolation, the grief, the responsibility for the other children. It really highlights the extreme challenges these women faced.

Pushed to the absolute limit. But then there's this another part of the story, something Luella frames as miraculous.

Franklin's prompting. Right.

Exactly. Franklin was away on a business trip and suddenly he gets this strong feeling, this inspiration to turn his team of horses around and head to Sterling, Alberta. He didn't know why.

Just a feeling.

Just a powerful feeling. He obeyed it. And when he got to Sterling, the train pulled in and there was Eliza Jane holding their deceased son.

Wow. Meeting her right at that moment of absolute crisis.

Luella emphasized is this is a profound lesson in obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. And clearly for Eliza Jane, his being there seemingly guided must have been immense comfort in that horrific situation.

I can only imagine a small miracle amidst the tragedy. Little Arlow was then buried in Leavitt, Alberta, where his parents eventually would be buried too.

Even after this terrible loss, Luella writes that Eliza Jane just carried on, never complaining, always ready to help anyone in need. Known for her proper speech, no slang, having no enemies, loving everyone.

Considering everything she'd been through, losing three children by this point, that quiet fortitude is just astounding. It makes you wonder, doesn't it, where did she draw that inner strength from? It wasn't just being stoic. It seems like an active way she chose to live.

It really does. Then in March 1904, their last child arrived. A little girl named Eliza Ruth after her mother.

A namesake. But the joy was so short-lived,

tragically short. Very soon after the birth, Eliza Jane became suddenly gravely ill.

Luella remembers being called home from school, finding her mother very sick. Eliza Jane apparently expressed this desperate wish to live to raise her family. She even asked the elders who came to pray just once more.

Oh, heartbreaking. But it wasn't to be. She passed away on April 21st, 1904. She was only 34 years old.

Just 34. Leaving behind her husband and what? Five living children by then?

Yes. Mary Ivy, Luella, Frank, Lawrence, and the newborn Eliza Ruth. Franklin was as you'd expect. In fact, completely devastated, overwhelmed with grief, refusing comfort.

Understandable.

But then Luella includes another deeply personal spiritual account. A few days after Eliza Jane's death, Franklin apparently felt her presence or saw her. She writes, Eliza Jane appeared to him.

Wow.

And told him not to grieve so hard that she was happy and that everything would be all right for him and the children.

What a profound experience for him. Did it help?

According to Luella, yes. After that, that Franklin began to recover from his deep grief. And interestingly, a few years later, from 1908 to 1909, he served a mission for their church and apparently did a marvelous work. That experience seems to have given him strength and purpose again.

It really shows the depth of their connection and how faith provided comfort and a path forward in the face of such loss.

Luella finishes her memoir with this really touching reflection. She says, "Those few short years we shared with mother will never be forgotten. The day will come when we can be a family again. Knowing this gives me a greater desire to earn my blessings."

That's beautiful. It really speaks to how the memory of a parent, even one known for a short time, can continue to shape your life, your choices, your hopes long after they're gone. A powerful testament to family legacy.

Absolutely. This whole deep dive into Eliza Jane's life seen through Luella's loving memories. It really is a profound look at inner strength, isn't it? Grace under just unbelievable pressure, the quiet power of a nurturing spirit. Mhm.

It demonstrates so clearly how even a relatively brief life, tragically cut short, can leave such an indelible mark influencing generations through that legacy of love and uh resilience.

Her story really shows that when you face constant hardship, sometimes it's that quiet strength, those everyday acts of love that become the real bedrock, maybe more impactful than grand gestures.

I think that's right. And the broader meaning of Luella's memoir, it's really something. It shows how a child's memory pieced together with stories from others can observe not just facts but the actual essence of a person and stories like Eliza James these individual lives they connect us to those big universal themes family love loss hope and just that incredible human ability to endure it also challenges the idea that only you know famous lives or big historical events matter often the most powerful stories are woven into the fabric of ordinary life showing extraordinary quiet heroism

so listening to this what does it make you think about as you reflect on Eliza Jane's journey, maybe take a moment to consider your own family history. Are there unseen influences, maybe quiet strengths from people who came before you that might be shaping your life right now?

Good question.

What would it mean for you to maybe uncover or just better understand those legacies, the ones that are often unspoken, but you feel them somehow passed down through your own generations? Something to think about.