

HISTORY OF SARAH ANN OBRAY SMITH
(written by Orson Smith)

Sarah Ann Obray was born September 27, 1859 at Wellsville, Utah. Daughter of Thomas L. and Caroline Brenchly Obray, a pioneer family. Among all the trials and troubles incident to that early day in Utah, opportunity for schooling was meager, but she lost no time in obtaining what she could. Her family moved to Paradise where I first met her. We were married September 12, 1878 in the old Endowment House at Salt Lake City, by Daniel H. Wells. From that time we have lived the wholesome happy life of Latter Day Saints. She has participated in every move and every labor that I have been called to make, as Bishop, Counselor to Priesthood and President of Cache Stake and in every way has supported me whole heartedly. A more faithful and devoted wife and Mother never lived. Owing to my large family she shared in all the trials and persecution that we were subjected to under the Edmonds Tucker law and the privations of these times, never flinching never complaining.

Words cannot express my love for her. When Carrie died she took right hold of her children and became a Mother to them, and won their undying love and respect. To this day, 1934, they all treat her as a mother and honor her as such. She is the Mother of seven of her own. Five boys and girls. Five of whom live to bless her declining years. She has won the love and respect of a host of friends by her kind and charitable ministrations among the people where she has lived, and numerous kindred all love and call her Auntie.

To her I owe more than I can ever repay for the love and devotion she has shown me, for the unity that has prevailed in my family all these years. For the willing sacrifice she has made for the benefit of all of us.

She was active in the Relief society and Primary organizations of the church and had done much temple work. She was a member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in Logan.

POSTSCRIPT

At her Funeral, President C. W. Dunn of Logan Stake, told how she fearlessly and unselfishly assisted his family during the bad Flu epidemic and of the many thoughtful things she did for every one around her. She died July 18, 1941 at Ogden, and was burried at Logan, on July 21, 1941.

YOUR MOTHER

A noble soul of truth and worth
As any I know on this earth,
Patient in trials of every kind
The like of which is hard to find;
Love for God and all His host,
Beast and bird and children most,
Faith in every principle and law
Revealed by God, without a flaw,

Determined only for the right
Incessant labor all her might,
Character of strength and will
Determined her part to fulfill
Wise in selection of the best
Of friends, and people, and the rest
That make for usefulness and good
When everything is understood,
Always seeking all the while
To drive away the clouds and smile;
True and devoted to the truth
Her entire life, from youth
Such are the gifts and graces too
That your mother has bestowed on you;
She's never left a stone unturned
That would enhance the life you earned;
She gave to all her very best:
With such a mother you are blest.
When God the Father takes me home
I hope I shall not be alon;
For where she goes, may I go too--
It will be good enough for me and you.

Father

TO MY WIFE SARAH ANN ON HER SEVENTY FIFTH BIRTHDAY

With you dear wife we celebrate
Your 75th and as my mate your 56th year of life
As child, as mother, and as wife.
We cannot say the things we feel
Our heart throbs are too real
But simple tokens we present
Our feelings partly represent
The path you tread from day to day
Has helped us all along the way.
The faith you've shown in human lives
Instilled in us that righteous cause
Has prompted you to sacrifice
That we with you might rise
To heights of glory there to stand
Among the honored of our land.
Your worth to us looms big today
For which the flesh can never pay
Perhaps however, there'll be a time
Your work through us may be sublime.
Yours years have helped us understand
The constant labors of your hand
And now we see more nearly through
The way you wanted us to do.
We offer thanks to God today
That he sent such a one our way
To Mother us in mortle life
A noble Mother, Friend and Wife.

Father

My daughter, Emma O. Smith, was born the 1st of March 1897 in Logan. My daughter, Melba O. Smith, was born the 26th of April 1899.

I pass over the struggles we had during the rearing of the family but will say that Maggie, Ida and each as they grew to earning power helped with home burdens.

When Melba was a little tot I went in the buggy one evening with Lyman to get the cows from the pasture in the west field. He had a long whip which he popped to start the cows on their homeward way. It frightened the horse and it ran away throwing Melba over the buggy and me into a wire fence. I was badly cut and brought home unconscious. It took 25 stitches in head, face and arm to sew the cuts. The scars I still carry, but thru the mercy of the Lord, I was not killed and I feel to acknowledge his kindness. Father was in Alaska at this time. When I could leave the family, I went to the Temple doing ordinance work, and since 1925 have gone quite regularly, only missing for sickness or death in the family.

I have been endowed for over 700 persons, and am thankful at this writing to say I still go to the Temple. My knees make walking rather difficult.

I am happy to say all the families are married and father and I are still together happy in each other's company, while many of the members of the family have passed on.