

EMMA GURNEY SMITH

A collection of histories and memories of mother and grandma Emma Gurney Smith Ballif.

(Compiled by a grandson, Jae R. Ballif)

Late in grandma's life she wrote a brief autobiography in a tiny notebook.

She wrote:

As a child I don't remember very much of interest. We were very poor, and as soon as we got big enough to work we went to work. I remember standing on a box to help a lady wash, as I was very short and fat. But I thought it was fine, for she gave me fifty cents, and oh, that was a lot of money in those days.

When I was eight years old I joined the Logan choir. Ellic Lewis was the leader. Evan Stevens came to Logan, and I sang the lead in three operas opposite him.

When about ten years old my mother, who was an invalid, made us each a straw hat, as she was a braider of straw. There were six of us girls besides Lucy. She trimmed the two for Kate and me in buff, or yellow flowers and ribbons, then two in blue for Alice and Drue, and two in ping for Florence and Hattie. And oh, how grand we were with them and father took us all to Sunday School, and he surely thought that we looked fine, even if we only had calico dresses on –not such pretty cloth as we get now, but we were happy.

Lucy tells me I was rather wild. I could climb a tree as fast as a cat, and I liked all the sports that the boys liked. Well, I guess I was meant to be a boy. Nevertheless, I grew to womanhood and became the wife of John Lyman Ballif, one of those men who love truth and being honest with their fellow men. We were married on October 20, 1886. We were not very flush with means, but we were happy. John was working for the Z.C.M.I. at a salary of \$35.00 a month.



Well, the following August J. L. Jr. Came along. He was a lovely baby, and I thought my cup of happiness was complete. He grew so fine, and was always a good child. Two years after, Elise was born. We were a little better off by this time, as John had a better job. He was working for Campbell and Marell.

Well, soon the family grew, for in two years and five months Clarmond was born, and to me they were just lovely. Two years and nine months later in June, 1894, George was born, then on September the thirtieth, 1896, Florence came to our home.



At this time, when Florence was one year old, John was called on a mission to Switzerland, and when he left to go his friends gave a lawn party for him on our lawn. It was nice to see how many friends he had. They raised money enough to take him to his mission field. Well, we had very little money to help him go, but as always, where there is a will there is a way, and so he went. He left Logan on August 17, 1898, returning home on December 10, 1900. During that time I kept boarders and did everything I could to help, as John could not leave me much. He gave me \$5.00 and said, "This is all I can spare for you and five children," but the Lord raised up very good friends to us, many of whom I love dearly.

We all kept quite well. Florence had a very bad sick spell, but I felt she would get well, for John had been blessed in Salt Lake that if he would go and perform his mission honorably he would return to his family unbroken, and so he did.

We had a good time together. J. L. Jr. Was only twelve when his father left for his mission, but he was a help to me. He was so kind and considerate, and every cent he made he brought home to me to help with the children. He was only twelve years old, but oh, what a man he was. He worked hard to help take care of the children all the time father was gone. We lived, and were all there when John got back. While John was gone Florence was sick, but through faith and prayers she was saved. The Lord was good to us, and we are very thankful.

Father was gone over two years. It seemed an eternity to me, but it came to an end and we were all happy and well. But John did not look so good, but he soon began to improve. He got home December 10, 1900, and went back to work for Campbell and Marell one week later. We were glad to have Daddy home.

The next spring after John got home John L. Had diphtheria, and before we got out of quarantine father Ballif [Serge Louis Ballif} died. Well, so many things happened, but we all kept well. Then the December of that same year, Ariel was born – a fine 14 ½ lb. Boy. He surely was a fine baby, and he never stopped growing. When he was eighteen months old we moved

to Idaho. We settled in Rexburg, and lived there for thirty-four years. Harriett was born up there on June 24, 1904. When she was about three weeks old

Ariel fell in a big ditch of water and got caught in the flume and nearly drowned. Brother Hans Hegstead got him out, but he was almost gone. Florence saw them take him out of the water, and it scared her so she kept her eyes on him for years. She made it very uncomfortable for both of them, say nothing about me.

Well, it was a terrible experience, I can tell you. We did not live in that house very long; it was too near the water, and Ariel loved the water. The shock to me nearly killed the baby, as well as me, but it did not stunt Ariel's growth, for at the age of thirteen he had to have a man's suit. Well, he grew in good ways and love for his parents and brothers and sisters. In fact, we always had a very happy home, and it was a joy to us.

Father went into business with Sorn Peterson, but they could not make it go, so they merged it with the Flamm and Company, and he worked there until he and Ron Thatcher went into business together. After a while Ron wanted to draw out, so father and his boys took the store, then we moved back home. Oh, those were trying times. John L. Had come back from his mission to Switzerland in poor health. He got home some time in May and was taken to the hospital in June, and did not get back home until October. He had been very sick, and underwent several operations, but the Lord was good to him and us, and today he is fine, and we are thankful to our heavenly Father.

During this time we moved out of home and moved onto the dry farm. We drove back and forth trying to homestead a piece of ground. We had lots of trouble, but eventually proved up on the land. I stayed on the land most of the time. We raised lots of grain and a good garden. Then father came up nights after closing the store. At this time Ron Thatcher was in the store with father and Allan Edgar, but they wanted to get out of the store, so father took over the store and they took the land. John L. and George went in the store with their father.

Well, things went fine until the war. Then, first John L.

Went, but was sent back on account of his eyes and body, then George went. He had only been home one year from a 2 ½ year mission, but he went overseas and was in the thick of the fight. He was over there a year when the armistice was signed.

That was the hardest year of my life. It was not hard to send the boys on missions for the work of the Lord, but it was hard to send them out to fight to kill. Oh, it was hard, but thanks to our heavenly Father he came back home all right. A great many things happened to us, but the Lord always helped us and opened the way for us. We never got rich, but we were always comfortable and happy. I tried to be a good mother to my children. I am not educated, but I could sing and I enjoyed that. We survived all our trials, and now we are back in Logan working in the temple for nearly four years, and have enjoyed it.

Harriet Ballif Barrett, grandma's youngest daughter wrote the following historical sketch of her mother's life:

Emma Gurney Smith was born in Logan, Utah October 19, 1864, the daughter of Thomas X and Margret Gurney Smith. There were ten living children in the family, seven girls and three boys. Grandfather Smith served as Bishop of the Fourth Ward in Logan for forty six years and his family grew up with a love for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Money was scarce and Emma's education was limited. She tried always to associate with those who were able to go to school, thereby she felt, learning from them.

Her mother passed away when she was quite young and she went to live with her oldest sister, Lucy. She worked out a good deal, and I have heard her tell of washing all day long, on the board, for fifty cents. She was too short to stand on the floor and reach over the wash board so she stood on a box. She learned to iron beautifully with the old sad irons when very young.

She grew up in Logan and because of the fine soprano voice

she had been blessed with, took part in many Operas, sang in the choir under the baton of some very fine directors like Evan Stevens, Bro. Lewis and others. She looked back on these events with a great deal of pride and joy, feeling they were some of the highlights of her life.

On October 20, 1886, age 22, she married John Lyman Ballif in the Logan Temple. This was a most congenial and beautiful union. They lived in Logan where father was employed. They built a home in Logan completing it just as father was called on a mission to France. At this time, Mother had five children, John L. 11, Elise 9, Claremonde 7, George 4 ½, and Florence 2. She was left with .30 cents in the house but was fortunate to be able to fill her house with roomers and boarders for whom she cooked, washed, ironed and cleaned. John L sold papers and helped in numerous other ways. She was able to keep the family while father was away. The youngest child was stricken with pneumonia while father was gone, and was seriously ill. Mother felt that she would have passed away without the faith and prayers of those holding the Priesthood. Mother was a woman of great faith and we saw the results of it in many incidents throughout our lives.



Father returned from his mission in 1900. They stayed in Logan until 1903 when they moved to Rexburg, Idaho, which, they thought, had promise of good opportunities for them and their family, which, by the way had increased one since father returned. Ariel was born in 1901 before they left Logan. In 1904 in Rexburg the 7th child Harriet was born. They loved and enjoyed their family, both working hard to make a living for them. Mother never ceased to do her bit.

Mother filled many offices in the Church, and her lovely voice was heard all over the Stake which, at that time, extended from Marysville on the North to Idaho Falls (then Eagle Rock) on the South. She served on the Relief Society Stake Board from 1919 until 1934. Previously, had served in many Ward Offices. She and her son Ariel sang many duets together.

After the last child was born she was stricken with rheumatism which crippled her badly, but didn't stop her. The two older boys filled missions, during which time she worked very hard taking boarders and doing anything she could to help out. She never ceased to take care for her family. Walking became so painful for her she just gave up going out but continued cooking for her family and others.

She had never quite reconciled herself to Idaho and had a great desire to go back to Logan and in 1934 they left Rexburg to go back to Logan where they could spend much of their time in the Temple. As long as she could she went to the Temple every day and was given the opportunity to sing in the meetings many times. Two years after their move to Logan they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. They were living in Logan when Father passed away the 6th of Dec. 1941. We felt thankful that he had gone first feeling that Mother would make the adjustment, but when the one she loved left her she had no desire to live, and four months later, the 4th of April 1942, she passed away.

Dear Mother, I know I haven't done you justice in this history. No one knows better than I the pain you suffered and struggled to keep going. Thanks for the good example you set

for me it has helped me to bear my cross. (Note: Harriet contracted rheumatoid arthritis at age 35 and was confined to a wheel chair for many years.)

Olena Smith Harris add the following postscript to this history:

Emma S. Ballif was raised to be very spiritual and unselfish. Her father's bishopric work taught them all to consider others, and they were taught that if they couldn't ever say anything good about anyone, to not say anything. This was impressed on each child who also taught their children to do likewise. They knew the power of prayer And learned to walk with their Maker. Her mother's life was never easy, and she never complained and they followed her example.

John L. Ballif was a very kind and considerate man who was blessed with a refinement that their home breathed. Emma's home also radiated this wonderful quality. It stood for a rare hospitality, virtue, love, open mindedness, faith, charity, and intellect. Their standards were high. Yes, she was raised to work and lift herself above the menial things of life. John and Emma's aim was truly to give their beloved children the finest this good old world had to offer and their efforts have been so well rewarded in the lives of the children who have taken the torch they held so high and have taken advantage of the things held out to them and have shown the mettle they sprung from and have been leaders with the same understanding qualities of their fellow men and have grown to the highest levels among the human stream of life.

It seems that the greatest thing that parents do after giving life, is to show them the way to live by courage and faith, and this has been reflected in their children.

CHILDRENS MEMORIES OF THEIR MOTHER

Paragraphs from the autobiography of George Smith Ballif, the second son of Emma.

My birth was in the old square two-story frame house at about 146 North First West in Logan, Cache County, Utah, June 4th 1894. My parents are John Lyman Ballif and Emma Smith Ballif, both born of pioneer Mormon parents in the city.

The first nine or ten years of my life were spent in this home in Logan. The house was set back from the street picket fence some fifty or sixty or more feet, and the intervening space was a lovely green lawn. Our south boundary was lined with stately Lombardy poplar trees, and large spreading trees separated our place from Grandfather Serge Louis Ballif on the north. There was a lane wide enough to allow a hayrack to go through that separated us from the home of Uncle Serge F. Ballif, our immediate south neighbor. In the rear of our house our garden plot, pig pen, barn and corral extended through our west boundary fence, separating us from Uncle Jed Blair's place. I remember we had a cow, a Shetland pony, pigs and gardens. Here our tender young lives were filled with great fun.

While I was too young to understand anything much of the goings on in Logan and Utah during this period, a few experiences were vivid enough to create lasting impressions. I recall falling off the top of two huge logs piled on Uncle Serge Ballif's side of the lane and breaking my collar bone. Mother later told me I was three years old when this occurred. My parents took me to old Dr. Parkinson who set the bone. I remember the terrible pain I suffered as he pulled the bones together. Mother had me tight between her legs while the doctor and father pulled on the bones. I still have a lump on the bone and the hurt I felt grew up with me.

I remember father going away on a mission to Switzerland, smooth-shaven, and returning two years later with a brilliant red moustache and Van Dyke beard. Also one Christmas while he was away, Leora and Leona Thatcher brought mother and us five children a shoe-polish can full of nickels for Christmas. I have always loved them for this thoughtful sacrifice.

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My mother was bent on teaching me to observe the Sabbath.

Two sound whippings she gave me were due to my delinquency in this regard. Once she told me to come home from Sunday School and not go with the boys to the millrace. I disobeyed and she came to the millrace with a stinging willow with which she switched me all the way home. The other Sunday was when, instead of coming home from Sunday School I went to the depot where a freight train was switching. When I got back she wrung the truth from me. I told her I would go upstairs and go right to bed. She came with a stick and gave me such a good lashing which raised welts on my legs. I can't remember any other licking either father or mother gave me, but as it later developed, I was somewhat spoiled anyway.

I remember the wonderful fishing trips that our family used to take in Logan canyon, and we would go up in a big covered wagon with a team of horses carrying all our gear for camping, and we usually stayed three or four days. Father and Uncle Serge and families would enjoy the mountain scenery, the Logan River, and the fish that were caught and fried for our enjoyment. These events I shall never forget.

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I also have a memory of the fruit wagons that used to come to Logan, when I was a child, from Brigham City, and we would all run from the front porch of our home across the lawn to the street in great excitement. I remember particularly one occasion when we were on the way out across the lawn and it was a dark morning and I got about in the middle of the lawn and a terrific flash of lightening came and knocked me down and I could hardly breathe and they took me back to the house and mother held me on her lap until I was at normal breathing again. These fruit wagons used to bring peaches and pears and all kinds of delicious fruits which we seldom got in Logan. They would go from house to house and people could buy their fruits and mother always bought us some nice fresh fruit from Brigham City.

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Mother would always take me to fast meeting. We lived in the first ward and met in the Logan Tabernacle basement. I

remember going with her on one occasion and I heard Sister Affleck speak in tongues. I was frightened because she was so white and so shaky and so strange. When she got through we sat and waited and you could hear a pin drop. There was much tension in the room. But finally some woman got up and gave the interpretation of the statement that was made by Sister Affleck in the babbling tongue. So my mother told me: “She said that if our children would obey the commandments of the Lord they would grow up to be fine people and would be a great honor and blessing to their families.”

My mother’s father was Thomas X. Smith and he was bishop of the Fourth Ward into which we later moved, and held that office for 44 years. He had a wonderful family, which included my mother, and some wonderful girls who were spinsters and lived together on First East in Logan at the old homestead that I visited many times before I left Logan. There was Aunt Hattie and Aunt Dru and Aunt Florence and Aunt Alice. Aunt Lucy Cardon was the oldest one of Grandfather Smith’s family and she lived until she was 103 years of age. She was a very wonderful woman and had a very distinguished family. Guy, one of her boys, ran the Bluebird [restaurant], and Guy’s son still does run the Bluebird in Logan. [as of 1977] Her other son, Bartley, ran the Cardon Jewelry Shop after her husband, who started the jewelry business, had passed away.

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I remember Grandfather Smith very well. He was a short stocky man, had a white beard of the Van Dyke variety, and his hair was white and during his last years he walked with a cane. When I was on my mission I was tracting in Leicester, England, and I went around to the back of a row of the usual brick houses and there was a lovely little garden behind the back door, and I went through the gate and up to the back door and rapped for attention from the person within. A very fine-looking woman came to the door and I gave her a tract and told the story of why I was there and gave her a little testimony of my feelings about the church and she seemed impressed. She said to me, “Who was that old gentleman that came in my garden gate with you?” I

responded that I did not have anyone with me. She then said, “I saw a little old man with a cane, stocky, with white beard and white hair, and he looked so kindly and I thought he was with you.” She seemed to describe Grandfather Smith as I had known him and perhaps he did influence me as a missionary, because I think he always cared about the gospel and about his progeny.

Paragraphs from the autobiography of Ariel Smith Ballif, the third and youngest son of Emma:

My mother has said many times that she felt the powers of evil were determined to destroy me. The following incidents in my life would tend to influence her feelings in that direction.

A few days prior to my birth my mother fell down the stairs of the porch where we were living in Logan, Utah.. She was painfully bruised but no bones were broken and on the ninth of December 1901, I put in my appearance with no apparent damage from mother’s fall. I was a big hunk of a chunk to begin with weighing fourteen and a quarter pounds. The Dr. Could not believe his eyes. He was so surprised at my size that he weighted me shortly after birth with only a diaper on. When the scales registered fourteen and one quarter pounds, he was still skeptical. I had a good start in life so far as physical strength is concerned. It was good preparation for the real bouts with death that were to come to me early in life.

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My mother’s health had been such that the Dr. Had prescribed 1/4 grain quinine pills for her. She had a small box of the pills setting on her dresser. Like all toddlers I was always reaching for and putting into my mouth anything I could see or feel. I found mother’s pills and began swallowing them one by one. When mother found me I was very ill from the quick reaction of the pills. In fact I was in violent convulsions. The Dr. came and they worked with me for approximately thirty six hours.

I was lying in mother’s and father’s room. They had not left

me during all this time. At about the thirty fourth or fifth hour of the convulsions my brother John L. took the rest of the children Elise, Clarmond, George, and Florence upstairs into the room directly above us and John L. Led the little group in prayer asking the Lord's help for my recovery. They were all young but most sincere in their faith in the power of the Lord to heal. Almost immediately at the conclusion of their prayer, I began to regurgitate and several of the pills, nearly whole, were thrown up along with partly dissolved ones. In a short time I had recovered my health and happiness.

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About the time I was two years old father and mother decided to move to Rexburg, Idaho, a thriving agricultural center in the upper snake river valley. We moved into the north east section of town. Across the street from our home was a large irrigation ditch. During the summer it was always full to the brim.

My mother had been confined to her bed for several weeks following the birth of my baby sister Harriette. My older sister Florence was given the responsibility of caring for me within the confines of our yard. The yard was surrounded by a picket fence. Florence, who was about eight years old, was playing with the neighbor kids and the gate to the street was open so I wandered into the street where some other children were playing by the irrigation ditch. I joined them and we were having fun throwing things into the ditch. Our play was by the culvert in the center of the road.

The culvert was made of wood. Long planks formed the sides with shorter boards placed across the planks. This formed a bridge about three feet wide and thirty feet long, sunk into the ground so the traffic of the street could pass over the ditch. The culvert confined the water to a narrow stream running quite fast. At the west end of the culvert some weeds, leaves, and other trash had lodged and backed up the water flow so that the water backed up on the east side filling the ditch to near overflowing.

We were all playing too close to the water paddling with

sticks and throwing small objects into the stream. I was only two and a half years old and must have been playing directly over the east end of the culvert. I lost my balance and fell into the water and was drawn into the culvert head first. Just as I was falling into the water mother appeared at the door and saw me fall. She screamed and fainted. This was the first time mother had walked across the room since Harriette's birth. She said she was impressed to go to the door so strong that she could not be still. Her scream attracted the attention of Hans Hegstead who was working on a wind mill directly back of our home. He came running to see what had caused mothers scream.

The children's excitement at the bridge when I fell in had caused several people to rush to the bridge. Hans ran to the ditch, recognized the problem, pulled off his shoes and shirt and went in under the bridge and gave me a shove that pushed the weeds and waste on through and the force of the freed water carried me out the west end of the culvert. At this moment Dr. Ormsby came to the scene having just finished a call to one of our neighbors. He looked at me noting that I was blue in the face and shook his head saying there was no chance of my recovery.

By this time Hans had recovered from his very strenuous experience in which he nearly drowned, and came over, picked me up and began to roll me over his knee. The water began running from my mouth in a stream. After some time of this continuous treatment I began to breath. Hans Hegstead had not only rescued me from that stopped up culvert at the rrist of his own life, but he also saved my life by the application of a very simple process of resuscitation. I am grateful to him for saving my life and making it possible for me to enjoy the beautiful and lovely experiences that have been mine.

My mother was really the key to saving my life. She was motivated by the spirit to arise from her bed and go to the door. Her scream called forth the quick action and determination of Hans which saved my life. Mother received immediate help and care from my older sisters and the Dr. who turned his attention to her care seeing little if any hope for me. I am sure it was that

good soaking that stimulated my growth. I am ever grateful to Hans, my mother, and my Father in Heaven.

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In the early 1900's the government made available large tracts of land for homesteading. A couple could file a claim on a section of land (600 acres) and then live on it a certain number of months during the year for five years. Each year a specified amount of cultivation and other improvement had to be made. At the end of the five years the couple could finalize their claim and the land would be theirs, provided all the requirements had been met. Late in 1908 or early in 1909 mother and father filed on one section of land on the Rexburg Bench. (Approximately twelve miles south and east of Rexburg.)

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We lived in a log cabin for the first few years on the farm. Later, father built a two room frame house that joined the end of the log cabin. It was a comfortable addition for mother in fact for all of us. I remember sleeping on the floor in the log cabin. Gophers (rodents) ran over the covers on our beds. They did not bite but they made us very nervous.

At an early date I learned to drive horses on wagons, buggys, plows, harrows and in fact on all farm machinery. One time I was driving a team with a load of straw from the farm to Rexburg. My mother was riding with me. We had the straw in a basket rack designed to hold straw. Mother sat on the straw near one corner of the load and as we jolted along the road the straw (which is very slippery) where mother sat slid out a little at a time. We sprinkled straw nearly all the way to town. Mother kept sinking down as the straw fell out. By the time we reached town about a forth of the load was gone and mother was sitting nearly at the bottom of the rack. After that we called the road mother's straw road.

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My mother was the kind of woman that made it possible for my father to accomplish all that he did . She encouraged him in

his church assignments, business ventures, not only by word of mouth but hard work. She took in washings while he filled a mission. She took in boarders and cooked for college students when business was slack.

She was a beautiful woman with a marvelous soprano voice, which she used to assist in all kinds of religious services. Mother sang in all the cities included in the Old Fremont Stake. She was a member of the stake relief society board for many years. She continued her singing to the very end of her life. She sang solo for Evan Stephens in his famous Logan choir. They sang at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. [She told her family that an angelic choir joined them in that great event.]

It was my mother's patience, love, and stimulating encouragement that helped me to develop my voice. Truly it was my mother who taught me how to sing. We did sing duets and she always took me with her to choir practice. She it was who kept me interested in school. One painful memory I have was in Logan to a family reunion. Mother wanted me to sing with her as a part of the program. I was young, afraid, and stubborn. Mother sang alone. It was beautiful. I was the loser. She was willing and anxious to share her honor with me but I foolishly could not see it her way. I am sorry. She forgave me and I never missed another opportunity to sing with her. I would love to sing with her again.

Both father and mother were interested in all I ever did in my school or community. They never failed to encourage and assist me in my assignments. Father and mother set fine examples for their children to follow.

Paragraphs from the autobiography of Harriette Smith Ballif Berrett, a daughter and Emma's last child:

I, Harriette, was born on June 24, 1904 to John Lyman Ballif Sr. And Emma Smith Ballif. I was born in our home in Rexburg,

Idaho. I was born in a small home about a half block east and a half block north of the First Ward L.D.S. church in Rexburg. Mother didn't seem to regain her strength very fast. About the first steps she took after getting out of bed, she pushed the chair across the room to an open door from which she saw Ariel [a son] fall into a big ditch. Mother's scream brought help, a man by the name of Hans Hegsted came and rescued the child. Mother and father were ever grateful to this man for saving their boy's life. My folks didn't live in this home long but bought a home on Center Street.

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Christmas was always a grand time at our house. Mother and father loved Christmas as much as the kids and joined in all the fun. My oldest sister's year old child passed away at Christmas time. I remember so well the contrast, on one side of the room was the casket of this child and on the opposite side was our Christmas tree which seemed to be extra beautiful that year. It was a picture of joy and sorrow. Father and mother gave freely of their sympathy and love trying to ease the pain and sorrow of their daughter and her husband.

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Father and mother started married life in Logan, Utah. They had a home of their own there. Father clerked in a store owned by Campbell-Morrill. It was probably a dry goods, ready to wear. When they were the parents of five children, father was called on a mission to France [and Switzerland]. His brother, Serge and others in the family kept him out. Mother shouldered her share. She took in borders, washed on the board, ironed anything to earn enough to keep the little family going. When father returned he had the urge to move where the opportunities were greater for himself, as well as his boys. They came to Rexburg in 1901 and moved back to Logan, where they lived until they passed away.

My mother's name is Emma Guerney Smith Ballif. She was born on October 19, 1863 at Logan, Utah to Thomas X. Smith and Margrett Guerney Smith. The thing that stands out in my mind about my mother was her being crippled. I never knew her

when she could get around comfortably. So much rheumatism in her feet and knees made it very hard for her to get around. Because of the condition I'm in now, I can sympathize with her and realize what she went through all those years. [Hayette was crippled with rheumatoid arthritis while still young and spent many years in a wheel chair.] She had such a sweet disposition and she enjoyed her home and family so much. Even though her steps were slow she was able to walk around in her home. She took in boarders until her family was all gone. She was next to the oldest in a family of seven girls. Mother had a lovely soprano voice. She sang in the choir and appeared in operas, playing opposite Evan Stephens, one who later in life became well known for the songs he wrote and later had the opportunity of conducting the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir. Mother and father were married October 20th, 1886 in the Logan Temple. She continued singing in the choir and on many special occasions she has told me of the many times she left her washing to sing at a funeral on a minute's notice. Mother's life was made richer and happier through her faith. Many of her problems were straightened out and burdens lightened by going to the Lord in prayer. Her Patriarchal Blessing promised her that she would never be subject to a surgeon's knife and she passed through several experiences which proved her faithfulness and living for these blessings. She loved her children dearly and made many sacrifices for them. There was nothing that was too good for her husband and she loved and respected him and honored the priesthood he bore.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO THEIR MOTHER

The following letters written by Emma's sons provide a wonderful insight into the woman and mother she was to them.

Letter from John L. Ballif, Jr. written on October 20, 1937 at the University of Utah:

My Dear Mother and Father,

Mother your birthday was yesterday. I did not forget you, not

for a minute. I love and honor you every hour of my life. I did not send anything tangible to you this time but I am sure that this note carries more love and admiration than anything else could. May the coming year be filled with happiness and health. Now soon it will be yours and Father's wedding day. I wish to congratulate you at this time upon a successful married life. It has been yours in every sense of the word. I look upon you my dear ones as an example worthy of emulation by anyone. Just a year ago we celebrated your half century together, what a great thing to contemplate. I sure was happy to be with you and all the family except one. He, Ariel, was away but doing a good work and in good health.

We all join in sending you our best love and we pray God's choicest blessings upon you always. Peace, joy and happiness may they ever be yours.

Lovingly, John L. and family

Letter from George S. Ballif written on May 12, 1918 at Camp Lewis, Washington

My Darling Mother,

I have already written your "Mothers Day" letter but I must add a few lines more that you may know what a grand thing the army has done in commemoration of lovely mothers like you.

This morning at "mess" every soldier in the camp found these cards I am enclosing under his plate. Major General Greene urged upon every soldier to enclose them in a letter to his mother. So today the boys – those who are fortunate enough to have mothers – are thinking of them and sending them these lovely little cards.

I would love to be home with you today. I would sing "Mother Ma chree" to you if I were. I know the wonderful "Mothers Day" program I am missig at Sunday School. I hope you are there to hear it. But, Mother Dear, I love and appreciate

you just the same and think you are the best mother in all the world.

I cannot say more than I have already said so I will love you and leave you for this time. My best love to everyone at home and to you and "Daddy" my best thoughts and sweetest love I send.

That we may all finally come into the land of our fondest dreams and realize our hearts desires is your soldiers "prayer at twilight" every day.

Geo. S. Ballif

Letter written by Ariel S. Ballif on October 19, 1923 at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah:

My Dearest Mother,

This is the first time I have been away, on your birthday in my life. The first time I couldn't express my feelings just a little by kissing you and holding you close to my heart and wishing you many happy returns of the day. And trying at least for a few minutes to make you happy.

I am not close enough to give you the physical signs Mother Dear but I do send you my love from the bottom of my heart and wish you all the joy in the world. And hope and pray that the blessing of the Lord may attend you and strengthen you relieving the pain you may have of body and soul because you are deserving of all that is good.

You have planted in me mother the idealism that will make me win in the end. Your care and interest in me is all beginning to bear fruit. It has guided me right and if I can only do the things you want me to I have no need to worry.

You said in one letter mother that you were going to study because you couldn't let your boys get ahead of you. Know this

mother, we are only putting to practice the lessons learned from you. Faith, perseverance, endurance and above all the grandest thing in the world, the lesson of service. Your life of untiring devotion to me is more than any lesson I shall ever learn from the greatest professor.

Your cake came today and oh but it tasted so good that it made the tears come. It reminded me of all the rest of the wonderful things that you have done and do for me.

Please pardon the lateness of this letter mother and give my love to Dad and Harriette. I sure would like to see them and you. But I must work hard now, then latter we can be together always.

God bless you all is my prayer for you always.

Lovingly, Ariel



GRANDCHILDRENS MEMORIES OF GRANDMA BALLIF

Carlyle Ballif Lambert, son of Florence Ballif Lambert

Grandma Emma was truly one of Christ's sisters here on earth. I remember her as one of the hardest working women I have ever known. Dawn to dark was her schedule. She operated a boarding house for Rick's College students. I can't remember if she had them for breakfast, but she did for lunch, which was always very good; she was a great cook and always prepared very good evening meals.

My brother Jim and I and sisters Ruth and Edith lived with our Dad's mother, Edith Miksell, in her humble home about 150 yards north of the Ballif home while A.C. [his father] was at BYU finishing a B.S. and then an M.S. Degree. Mother Florence was working desperately hard to keep Dad in school. Grandma and Grandpa Ballif took up the slack with food and clothing for the four Lambert children.

Grandma Emma always loved us and helped materially as well, keeping us well fed. She loved giving us gospel lessons, especially when other grandchildren, Reg and Max Woodvine and Claramonde Barrett [a daughter of Emma] were there. She always stressed Joseph Smith and, as I remember, Heber J. Grant.

I remember being at the Ballif home when the milk was brought in from the one or sometimes two cows. Grandma Emma immediately took over. They had a separator and the final results were cream and great drinking milk. These operations were done twice a day. I had turns operating the separator and the butter churn later.

Grandma Emma baked 16 loaves of bread every other day (or was it every day?). She was a heavy woman and how her legs held up was a mystery to me. She was always busy and productive even in later life. She crocheted or embroidered every time she sat down.

Years later Rick's students who had boarded at the Ballif home would tell in enthusiastic descriptions of the great food Grandma Emma always provided. We Lambert children loved to eat the food she gave us after the boarders left. This took a big load off from Edith Miksell, our other grandmother, and off from Mother Florence.



As impoverished children, we had never had a bath in an inside bathtub. We took turns, girls first and boys next, in the Ballif bathtub. The fire in Grandma Emma's big stove which had a hot water reservoir (or tank) never seemed to run out of hot water. Grandma Emma scurried around making sure we washed our ears, etc., and had warm towels for us after. What a woman!

I remember her singing with Ariel [a son] and Harriet [a daughter] on late Sunday afternoons. She had a beautiful, sweet voice. I was too young to cry, but I did later in moments when I remembered her voice.

One of my last memories before and after taking them from Logan to Provo and back in my 1936 Plymouth was a moment I had in Logan where I was working for the Utah Department of Agriculture. The weather was cold and I went to the humble little home they were in for a short visit. Grandma Emma opened the door and upon seeing my large frame, thought I was a burglar. It took me a few moments to get her calmed down and to recognize me. We had a great visit. Grandpa John was not feeling very well and that concerned me.

Grandma Emma's trials caring for her children in Logan on a small farm while Grandpa John L. Was on a mission in Switzerland stands out, to me at least, as one of the great achievements in the John L. And Emma Smith family history.

Louise Berrette Hymas, daughter of Harriette Berrett

One of the many things I still remember was grandpa forgetting his teeth in the morning when he went to work. Grandma would put them in a tin cup with a handle on it. I don't know whether I thought they would bite or what, but I always carried them at arms length in front of me.

Grandma's dining room windows were always filled with the most beautiful geraniums. They were always so beautiful. In the winter she would put newspapers between the window and the plants to keep them from freezing. She always had lovely house plants. I still have what they called an elephant plant which came from grandma's plant long ago.

Grandma always wore big front aprons except on Sundays. She always had a pan full of the makings of cottage cheese. The cheese was always very good with salt and pepper on it.

I didn't ever want grandma to know if I didn't feel well because I knew what I was in for, castor oil and orange juice. I couldn't stand oranges for many years because they always tasted and smelled like castor oil.

Whenever we sat down to a meal with her we got the same old story, clean your plate, don't waste the food, those poor children in Europe are starving to death. I don't believe we wasted much food because she was such a good cook. She always had white table cloths on the table and a center piece. She always said it was so important to have a nice looking table. We always kneeled around the big table for family prayers.

The large leather chairs in the parlor were a favorite place to look for lost coins. We would always check down by the seat to see if any money had fallen out of some ones pocket. We often found a penny or nickle and we thought that was great. There was also a wooden chair that opened up sort of like our loungers do now. I remember sleeping in that chair after I had my tonsils out.

Grandma was very fussy about grandpa's white shirts. She had to heat irons on the stove to do them. That is not easy because if you get the iron too hot you burn the shirt. She had a special way of ironing them and they had to be perfect. I have watched her many times as she ironed and I guess that is where I learned to do my dad's shirts and my boys and husbands shirts also. The shirts were always very white.



I remember in the summer time of grandpa and grandma, Aunt Clarmonde and my mother sitting on the front porch of their home. The porch went clear across the front of the house and half way down the north side. They would give me and Gene [her sister] a small bucket to go down to the Drug Store and get it filled with coke. I am sure they would never do it now, but it was so hot and the drink was cold. They would give us all a little glass full and we thought that was great.

I remember one event we thought was very funny. One summer when grandma and grandpa came and stayed with us. We had no indoor bathroom so mom kept a pot, as we called them, for grandpa. It was under the bed and was very little. Instead of the pot, grandpa got moms slippers. We got a big laugh over this.

Another thing we would do in the summer was to go to Evan's ice cream parlor. We would get the biggest ice cream cones you ever saw and then sit in the wide garden swing grandma and grandpa had and swing and eat those good ice cream cones.

Grandma would put cheese cloth on her clothes lines in the fall and then put corn and apples in them to dry for winter food.

Grandma often bore her testimony by singing one of her favorite hymns. So did my mom.

I had such headaches for many years. When I was in grade school and grandpa was there he would always put a cold cloth on my head and keep it that way. He was always so kind and thoughtful.

I remember the silver teapots that were always on the buffet. We

had lots of fun with grandma and grandpa's record player. We enjoyed all the songs, especially those from the first world war. We played a lot in the big barn behind the house. There was a shed there that we made into a playhouse in the summer.

We moved to California when I [Jae} was five. Therefore, my earliest memories of my Ballif grandparents were of their letters and the candy they sent at Christmas. When we moved to Provo, we still did not own a car and Logan was a long way from our home.

One Saturday, my father and Uncle George took me with them to Logan to visit. I have vivid memories of the little white home where Grandma and Grandpa Ballif lived. During the visit, grandma and dad went into the parlor and sang duets. "In the Garden" was among the songs they sang and it thrilled me. Grandma took me into the kitchen and gave me a bowl of applesauce. She was kind and attentive. It was a splendid day for this eight year old boy



I got a little car sick on the way up to Logan. Grandma pampered me and

was genuinely concerned. After my little sister, Bonnie, was born I wrote a letter to grandma and grandpa. Grandma responded with this letter:

Logan Mar 31

My dear Jae,

We [were] so glad to receive such a grand letter from our grandson. We love you and are so proud of you in your school work. Glad you like school. Work hard Jae, you are going to be a fine man. Yes we sure would love to see that sweet baby. I hope mama and baby get along fine. Be good to them and kiss them for us. We hope when you come again you won't be sick.

Yes, we did have a fine Easter. Uncle J.L. sent us a lovely Easter Lilly, all in bloom and a nice old lady sent us some colored eggs and some beautiful oranges. The best of all, we are both much better. Love to all the kiddies.

Lovingly, grandpa and grandma Ballif

Grandpa died on December 6, 1941. Mother and dad were in Logan. We children rode to Logan on December 7 with one of dad's cousins. All the way there we listened to the news broadcast of the horror of the attack on Pearl Harbor. My young mind went back and forth between the personal loss of a grandfather and the national crisis erupting in the Pacific. When we arrived in Logan I felt the pervasive sorrow of grandma, my father, and other members of the family.

A few days after the funeral, grandma Ballif came to Provo and stayed with us. It was a happy, sad time. Grandma was so lonely for grandpa that she had little desire to participate in any family activities. Nevertheless, she was thoughtful and kind and showed deep concern for each one in our family. These few days are remembered with gratitude.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSINGS GIVEN TO EMMA GURNEY SMITH
BALLIF

Logan City, Cache County, Utah.

August 3, 1898

A blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Emma Ballif daughter of Thomas X and Margaret Gurney Smith, born in Logan City, Cache County, Utah, October 19, 1863:

Sister Emma Ballif, by the authority of the priesthood I bear I place my hands upon your head and pronounce a seal and blessing upon thee, which shall be a guide and a comfort unto thee in time to come. Thou art numbered among the daughters of Zion who were born under the covenant, thus an heir to the blessings and gifts and privilege thereof, and through obedience thy name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, registered in the chronicles of thy fathers. And I say unto thee remember and hold sacred the teachings of thy parents and thy days and years shall be many, and as you grow in years thou shalt study the law of nature and shall be obedient to the promptings of the monitor within thee. Thou art chosen to labor in connection with associates in the ministry. It shall be thy lot to preside in council to direct and guide the youth. It shall also be thy promise to defend the oppressed, to visit among the sick and to minister unto the afflicted that thy fame shall go forth for good among the people. Thou art of Ephraim and in connection with thy companion thou shalt receive thy blessings with thine inheritance among those who have fought the good fight, finished their course and won the prize. Again I say unto thee be firm in thy integrity and seek wisdom of the Father. For thou hast much to do, for thou art numbered among those upon whom much responsibility shall rest. In answer to prayer wisdom shall be given thee that thou shalt astonish thyself and many of riper years shall honor thy judgement and the younger shall rejoice in thy teaching. Thy children shall grow up around thee, be a comfort unto thee and bear thy name in honorable remembrance. Thy table shall be spread with the bounties of the earth, and no one shall be turned from thy door hungry and for thy kindness many shall bless thee in thy old age. This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection with many of thy kindred and friends.

Even so amen.

A second patriarchal blessing was given to Emma Smith Ballif on August 29, 1920 in Rexburg, Idaho.

A blessing given under the hands of Andrew J. Hansen, patriarch, upon the head of Emma Smith Ballif, daughter of Thomas X. And Margaret Gurney Smith, born at Logan, Utah, Oct.19, 1863.

Dear Sister Emma, beloved of the Lord. I bless you in the name of Jesus Christ, sealing upon you a patriarchal blessing, which shall be unto you even as a guiding star during the remaining days and years of your life – yea – until you shall land safely in the haven of rest.

You are an elect “Lady of the Lord,” a choice spirit. You were brilliant and accomplished in your former estate, and your faithfulness there has been reflected in your actions and the results of your labors in this life, where you are highly favored of the Lord. And now, dear sister, that you are far passed the summit of life the Lord maketh known unto you that your changes shall come unto you in much mercy, and that you shall live to enjoy life while life shall be desirable unto you, even unto the accomplishment of every righteous desire.

I bless you at this time as a faithful mother and matron in Israel. Your council shall be sought and obeyed, and many of your words of admonition shall be written in the memories of your children and posterity as if written in letters of gold.

I seal upon you the blessings of life, the blessings of earth, even the comforts and luxuries thereof. You shall never be removed from out of your place in the midst of the Saints, and your friends shall be “Legion.” I seal you up against the powers of the destroyer for they are abroad in the land. Be not disturbed, for by faith you shall live, and the powers of the destroyer shall pass you by, and you shall stand immune from pestilence and disease when death shall be upon every land. Yea, your bones shall not be broken, neither shall you be subjected to the surgeons knife, but when your days are ended you shall be gathered home like a sheaf of grain, fully ripe, yea, go to sleep like a child to awake in the eternal worlds to be greeted by hosts of your kindred and loved ones. I seal upon you an increased portion of the gifts of the Spirit, faith and testimony, a knowledge of the truth as it is, and I charge you that you magnify your gifts that you testify, that you speak, warn, and admonish in season and out of season, warning the young, yea, and the aged and the wayward against the sins of this untoward generation, then shall you have treasures in Heaven and joy unspeakable.

These blessings I seal upon you, confirming and resealing upon you all your former blessings and seal you up unto eternal life.

In the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Recorded in Book 6, no. 1263.

A.J. Hansen, Patriarch.