

MEMORIES OF ANNIE HOWE SMITH
WRITTEN BY HER GRANDDAUGHTER MABEL GLENICE SMITH ANDERSON

Today, February 24, 1973, I received a copy of the history of my father's mother, Annie Howe Smith. As I copied her history, I thought of the things she had taught my father, Eugene Smith, and how these teachings had influenced my life. She had a strong testimony of the gospel and she radiated her love for it.

She was always kind to me and I often visited her home in Logan, Utah. I remember her as being happy. She combed her hair straight back, parted in the middle with a bun at the base of her neck. She was slender and her eyes were set back in her head a little more than those I had known. They were piercing eyes and you knew you couldn't do anything but good around her. My sister, Dwina, and I loved to play on the city block where she lived. There was a small creek nearby with some quicksand which added a scary interest. Grandma's home was neat and clean and she was happy because she had electricity.

Dad writes, "Mother insisted we should obey and be ladies and gentlemen. We should always help the old and those in need. We should not say a word about anyone that wasn't good. Because she did not have much education and could not write, she wanted us to get all the schooling we could. She was a wonderful mother."

I learned early in life that she abhorred dirt of any kind. When she visited us in Idaho, she always wore a long white apron with homemade lace on the bottom. We lived on the north side of a dusty street and she would dust the furniture with her apron several times a day. Finally she said to me, "Glenice, I didn't think your mother was much of a housekeeper until I came here. The dirt is awful, your father should take her to Utah to live. She is a wonderful housekeeper." Every year on May 24, my father's birthday, a parcel would arrive and we would each get something for our birthdays and for Christmas at this time. It was so wonderful and thoughtful of her. She helped Dad and Mother in every way she could to start to gather genealogy for the dead of the family. From her I got the great love of the genealogy work. Even now, as far as the records of the Smith and Howe families are concerned, there has been little done for the records she helped Mom and Dad get. She always reminded me to be good to my folks when they were old. She often told of her experiences in the temple. She told of seeing and hearing angels sing. Sometimes she would have one of the family write to my folks saying, "Now go look a certain place for more family records I had a dream and someone told me to search there." Mom and Dad always would get some information from this search. Her daughters and son David helped also. She loved her visits to the temple.

One time my brother Leon became suddenly ill when my folks were living at Lorenzo, Idaho. The only communication at this time was the mail and Grandma wrote to the folks saying that she felt Leon was ill and so I had his name put in the temple to be prayed for for a month, I knew the Lord would heal him. What was the matter with him? Leon was healed except for a slight limp. Mother and Dad wrote back to her how she knew about Leon. She answered that the spirit of the Holy Ghost told me Leon needed help. Later in life doctors told Leon that he had had polio at the time.

No one of her children has left the church and all of them became leaders where they live. She has doctors, lawyers, housewives, educators, dentists, farmers, politicians, military men, highway construction bosses, secretaries, nurses, bookkeepers and many others in her posterity.