

John Henry Owen Wilcox and Mary Young

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A Brief History of the Descendants
of Edward Wilcox I

From the year 1638 to the Present Time (December 1935)

(I found this in a printed paperback booklet in the 1950's, perhaps from the old SL genealogy library . I do not know who wrote it, but I laboriously typed it up those many years ago, and share it now, for what it is worth. P. Edgley)

The genealogy of the Wilcox family in the new world has its beginning in the early colonial history of North America.

During the summer of 1630, seventeen vessels sailed from different ports of England, most of them landed at Salem and Charleston. From 10 to 15 hundred persons arrived in America that year, and it is quite definitely known, that among them were three brothers by the name of Wilcox.

While their given names and the exact date of their coming to America is not known, a careful research has revealed the fact that they did come to the new world about ten years after the landing of the Mayflower in 1620, and that one of them went to Canada to make his home, one settled in Connecticut, and the other in Rhode Island.

The first written information, however, is that disclosed by the municipal and church records at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. Here we found the name of Edward Wilcox, born during the year 1638, son of the Rhode Island settler mentioned above.

It is from this point we are to trace a direct line of

descendants and to portray as best we can from the facts available at this time, the ancestral background of the Wilcox family to the present time.

Their forefathers belonged to the great Anglo-Saxon race, which endowed them with an indomitable will to conquer and win; the courage to master the hard things of life, and overcome all difficulties and vexing problems and never retreat.

They were destined to be among the founders and builders, not only of a new nation, but also to become pioneers and defenders upon the battle line of its onward march of civilization and progress.

The rock-bound and ocean-swept coast of New England was their first home. The biting winds of winter in a cold, barren region far from home and friends, was their bitter experience. The wily red men lurking in the forest primeval provided their first adventure with a strange and stealthy foe. To wrest from the deep, brown bosom of mother earth the bread of life, became their deepest concern.

Amid these stern realities and severe hardships, young Edward grew to manhood, taking an active part in the great formative period of our nation's growth and struggles.

Nothing further is known about Edward's descendants except the place and date of birth, date of marriages, to whom married and the children's names for an interval of 138 years. Their story is submerged in the turbulent stream of our country's early development.

Not until the thrilling date of 1776 are we permitted to pick up the thread of this narrative and weave it into the bright and shining fabric of family accomplishments.

Upon the military roll of honor of that far off day is the name

of Hazard Wilcox, "Volunteer in the service of his country." He joined the continental army and marched with his division to Kingston and later to Exeter, Rhode Island, where he was mortally wounded and died on the field of battle in the first encounter ever to take place in his native state.

His brave young widow carried their little son, then four years old, in her arms while she searched among the dead and dying for their loved one.

At length she found him. Yes, it was true, for there gleaming in the bright New England sunshine, sparkled the silver buckle inscribed with his own initials, H.W., and still clasping the leather belt around his strong young form so lately fallen for freedom and liberty.

Tenderly his body was laid to rest, but the silver buckle given to him by his commander, George Washington, as a token of his gallant offer in the hour of such urgent need, is still preserved as a priceless possession of each generation down to the present day. It is an inviolate souvenir of his namesake, Hazard Wilcox the 7th, and it is now in his hands.

What fate befell Sabrah Wilcox after the demon of war had robbed her of her companion, we cannot say. But their son, Hazard, Junior, born December 25, 1775, in Rhode Island, remained there until early manhood, imbibing the spirit of the new freedom and rejoicing at the birth of a new nation. No doubt the stories of Paul Revere's ride, of Valley Forge, the siege of Yorktown, and the glorious strains of the Star Spangled Banner left their imprint upon his heart and spurred him on to seek and find, to explore and subdue the great western lands of Arkansas, and there become the pioneer and frontiersman just as his fathers had done before him.

After the death of his first wife, Nancy Maxon, he married

Sarah Seely at Rhode Island, and together they set out to find a new home and establish themselves permanently and securely in, as they believed, a more favorable region.

Just why they should have traversed a third of the continent to find a resting place is not clear, but the events which followed seem to indicate the hand of providence was in this move to Arkansas, and subsequently to Marion County, Missouri, where part of his family record is preserved.

Their seventh child, John Henry Owen Wilcox, was born February 14, 1824, in Arkansas, hence their removal to Missouri took place after that date. Seven years later, on February 16, 1831, Hazard passed away, comparatively a young man, leaving his beloved companion and 10 children.

Here they managed to live meagerly, perhaps according to the standards of that day, pursuing their daily labors in quiet contentment. For peace still reined in that ill-fated state, which was soon to become the stage where one of the world's darkest tragedies was to be enacted, and where the powers of Satan's fury was to slay the innocent, defile and dishonor the helpless and stain that chosen land with infamy and the blood of their fellowmen, lay waste their homes and set at naught the visitation of God's messengers, sent to bring salvation to the earth. This good family was to witness this terrible upheaval and some of them were to become the victims of this base outrage.

In the year 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized by the boy prophet, Joseph Smith.

That wonderful event ushered in a new dispensation of light and truth to all mankind. Thousands accepted its teachings and in due time many of them settled in Missouri, as directed from on high. But the malicious opposition of God's work from its very beginning gained momentum with the years and resulted in the vile inhuman acts against the

Saints, known as the Missouri persecutions.

John Henry Owen, his mother and sister, joined the Church just prior to this siege of hatred and massacre, which finally drove the Saints from the confines of that unfriendly region, They suffered and endured those terrible wrongs along with their brethren and sisters. They remained with the body of the Saints and joined with them in the great exodus westward in 1847.

It is necessary to digress at this juncture, that the events which converge in the progress of this narrative may be briefly reviewed, for without them the life story of John Henry Wilcox will not be complete.

In the year 1837, Parley P. Pratt, the great Latter-day Apostle of Mormonism, went on his first mission to Canada and in due time visited Whitby, Upper Canada. Here he met the family of Thomas Young and later his son, James Young and family.

The gospel message so beautifully unfolded to those eager listeners, sank deep into their hearts and filled their souls with a great peace and security like one who has found the way home and sees the gate swinging open to admit them to all its joy and blessings.

James Young and family were baptized by Alma Babbitt, a traveling elder, in the vicinity of their home.

Converts to the church in those days were eager to emigrate to Zion where they might live the gospel and mingle with the Saints as the Lord required. That was a day of sacrifice, obedience, and consecrations, of all things earthly to a great overshadowing faith, which illuminated the pathway to the promised land, and on through the waters of tribulation, that later surged about them like a tempest at sea lashing the

defenseless driftwood along the shore.

Mary Young, daughter of James and Elizabeth Seely Young, had just celebrated her seventh birthday, which occurred on June 6, 1831, when her parents, together with a group of converts, took leave of their homeland and former friends, bound for the gathering place of the Saints of Independence, Missouri.

They arrived at Toronto, Canada, where they rested for a few days, making preparations for their onward journey by boat.

Here a very remarkable incident occurred. Thomas and James Young were expert sailors, accustomed to the rigorous work of that profession. James especially was famous for his great strength. Indeed, he was a modern Sampson.

One day while at work in the ports of Lake Erie, he lifted a ship's anchor weighing 1,125 pounds, into midair unaided in any way. This amazing feat is not hearsay, but is recorded in the Naval History of Canada.

Under the protection of these worthy seamen, the party boarded a steamer at Toronto, crossed Lake Erie into the Erie Canal, and sailed down the Ohio River, landing at Sharidon, Missouri, about December 15, 1838, just at the height of that fiendish crusade waged against the Prophet Joseph Smith and his followers, already started.

Their reception in Zion was surely contrary to what they expected. The great Latter-day Prophet was there, his work was there, and his people were gathering to this chosen land to establish the work of the Lord as He had directed, but Satan was also there moving the power of the earth and the infernal regions to dispose and destroy the great Latter-day work, and trample its glorious principles in the dust, and

slaughter its adherents.

When the Canadian Saints arrived at Sharidon, a mob had gathered there to greet them, with a request for them to leave the state within four hours. If they failed to obey, they would be shot and their effects burned.

This hostile, malicious command to those weary travelers and homeless, unwelcome strangers must have cut the very earth from beneath their feet and left them confused and bewildered. But the order to leave must be carried out.

Fortunately, they secured transportation on a steamer making its last trip up the Mississippi River.

The weather was extremely cold, but the ship sailed on safely during the night. Next morning, however, things were a bit different. Their boat running at high speed struck a snag, which ripped it from stem to stern.

Life boats were lowered and the passengers landed safely on the Iowa side of the river. Thankful, indeed, were these mistreated exiles to find a resting place beyond the reach of the mob, at least for the season.

During the year 1838, 15,000 Saints were driven from Missouri. Most of them settled in Illinois. The Young family, however, settled at Burlington, Iowa, where they resided seven years.

The Saints were extremely poor at this time. They had been beaten, driven and robbed, but not conquered or defeated, for out of another wilderness rose the beautiful city of Nauvoo, and from the faith and united efforts of a united people rose the parapets of a holy temple, shedding forth their glorious light upon the new day dawning for all the inhabitants of the earth.

These credentials should have been a worthy passport to any community or state, but on the contrary, it only fed the flame of jealousy and hatred with which all inferior minds are affected, and swung the pendulum of their ungodly wrath back to the dungeons where the wicked plot death and violence.

Here, no doubt, the sinister design to annihilate Mormonism was renewed and its efforts increased, like the wicked Jews of 2000 years ago. They never rested until their purpose seemed fully accomplished.

Mary Young and John Henry Wilcox, whose story we shall follow henceforth, saw these things, lived through them witnessed the forces of evil raging against the powers of righteousness, heard the cries of sorrow and mourning, listened to the voice of inspiration and rejoiced when the great pilgrimage to the West was resumed in 1847. They were among the first to leave on that unparalleled march.

It will be remembered that President Brigham Young and his associates started upon the expedition during the spring of 1846, but the enlistment of the famous Mormon Battalion in June of that year so reduced their numbers and strength that the undertaking was postponed until the following Spring, and the homeless travelers settled in a place they called Winter Quarters, where they camped during the winter.

Here Mary Young, with her parents and John Henry Wilcox, his mother and sister's family took part in the busy days that followed, for, indeed, that rugged prairie camp hummed with activity.

Early and late the ringing anvils sent their rhythmic music resounding over the plains, for wagons must be constructed and repaired, barrels made for water, tool boxes, food

boxes, and a thousand and one things so indispensable for the hard journey of a pioneer. Women and children were feverishly sewing up tents, patching old garments now so thin and worn, mending shoes and frayed coats against the day of their long anticipated journey to a place of peace and rest.

How inadequate their supply of even the necessities of life must have been, and how stunted the hours of relaxation and ease, but with all, they worked with a will and beneath their shabby jackets, a song of hope was in their hearts and the vision of the promised land lightened the long, strenuous hours of labor and touched the blacksmiths' bellows, the carpenters' benches and the flying needles with a deeper meaning.

Those master strokes for freedom, so dear to every human heart, was music in their ears, and the sting of privation lost its pain and torment.

[Insert by Pauline Edgley: In spite of this writer's hopeful tone, let it be noted that the Young family, as one of many, suffered greatly that winter as they prepared for the trek West. The records show that Mary was at the tender-hearted age of 15 when she lost two little sisters and a baby brother at Madison, Iowa, their Winter Quarters. Mehhetable Young had just turned 7 when she died on December 1, 1846. Just 3 weeks later, little Martha, who was almost 2, passed away. Mother Elizabeth was pregnant during this horrible time. Her baby, Ephraim, was born in March 1847, and lived only a week. How did they stand it? The remaining children were John, 17, Mary 15, Anna 14, who later died at age 19, Sarah 12, Elizabeth 9, and Hannah 4.]

It was here at Winter Quarters, amid the strenuous day of preparation that John Henry Wilcox and Mary Young first met, and where, no doubt, the little imp of romance first found them. Mary was a vivacious young miss of fifteen and

John Henry was a sturdy, dashing youth of 23.

In those days, love making was generally a short, accurate method of sure winning, and Mary and John soon decided that they were intended for each other and kept that fact in mind ever after.

Soon the balmy spring days of 1847 arrived and on April 7, the first division of pioneers moved out of Winter Quarters, and a month later on May 7th, the second company followed, and lo and behold, Mary and John were listed as co-travelers. No doubt a little arrangement of their own. Could anything be finer or more appropriate than this. It was the beginning of a deep abiding love for each other and the desperate struggle and trials of the long journey ahead would be made easier to bear by their occasional meetings, so important and so delightful to young lovers. The evening campfire around which the tired pilgrims gathered for relaxation and pleasure gave them further opportunity of meeting and taking part in the Virginia Reel, and singing the songs of Zion, with only the echoing hills, the towering pines, and the startled coyotes for an audience.

These concerts of the desert were simple in their rendition perhaps, but they were the expression of praise and gratitude, and an appeal for guidance and protection as they wended their way to valley land of the West, now waiting to receive them.

Their mode of travel was by ox teams. Those sleepy, clumsy creatures were often contrary and needed constant urging and guidance.

Mary was then a mere slip of a girl, but her energy, self-reliance and ready wit won the attention of Captain Hunter. She seemed to know just how to crack the whip to waken the dreamy, old ox that shirked his duty and keep him moving right along.

Ability in the line of endeavor is sure to win recognition, and soon Mary was in command of three yoke of oxen and the heavily loaded wagons behind them. The task of yoking and unyoking them each day became her pleasure and the amazing strength and courage to walk beside them the entire distance from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake Valley was her greatest accomplishment.

The startling compliment paid to her by Captain Hunter when he said, "Mary, you are worth more than all my drivers," was well deserved, and she remembered them as long as she lived.

Nearly five months of ceaseless travel over rocks, brambles and parching prairies, through dust and mud and rushing rivers, exposure to all kinds of weather with insufficient food and clothing, evading the buffalo herds, escaping the Indian raids, nursing the sick, burying the dead as they blazed a trail of one thousand miles step by step, all for a religious belief, must ever remain the marvelous undertaking in recorded history.

At length, the brown, rolling plains and desert wastes over which they passed stretched away to the eastward, and was lost in the fading light of the unpleasant past.

The soft, serene days of September were now at hand. The towering Rockies were bathed in the golden sunset, when the little band of worn-out wanderers crept through the deep gorges of Echo Canyon and down into the broad, smiling valley below, now waiting to receive them with all its barren beauty, its solitude and promise.

A location on which to build a new home now became their first concern, and once again a little log cabin peeped out above the tall sagebrush like cat tails among the rushes, small they were and crude, but within, the spirit of rest and

security from mobs and plunder must have been sweet, indeed.

Everyone was busy preparing for the on-coming winter. John Henry and Mary saw each other frequently, and kept the bud of romance growing sweet and tender until the following March, when it came into full bloom, on the 14th of that blustery, unruly harbinger of spring.

They were married by William S. Seely, and have the distinction of being the first [white] couple to marry in the State of Utah.

This honor was recognized by President Brigham Young in the form of a wedding present of ten acres of land in the vicinity of the present Sugarhouse Ward.

The time had come for them to build their own cabin home. John Henry was an experienced workman and soon a tallow candle flickered in the tiny window, which Mary curtained with ruffled calico and set her house in order in true pioneer fashion.

Outside her door the Segoe Lily, Indian Paint Brush, the Bluebell and wild daisies nodded a welcome to their charming friends and companions.

This picture of pastoral beauty, made sacred by the faith and love of its makers, was the first home of the Wilcox families in the west. Here a vigorous branch of that great parental tree was to take its place in the forest of human endeavor and carve their name, deep in the structure of a mighty commonwealth.

John Henry and Mary were well suited to each other, both by temperament and training. They had been tutored by the same teacher in the same school of experience. They had witnessed the consuming desolation of evil and now they

were enjoying the unspeakable bliss of quiet and safety.

They had been comrades in adversity, now they were united and happy. True, they had their differences. All women beg to differ with their husbands, but in the big things of life they were one.

A verification of the latter statement was very noticeable a year after their marriage when the christening time of their firstborn was announced, three weeks after his birth, which took place on February 15, 1849.

It was John Henry's wish that he be given the name of Hazard, in honor of his great grandfather of Revolutionary fame, and Mary consented without a question.

It is interesting to note that the name Hazard was the maiden name of three sisters, Mary, Martha, and Hannah, who married into the Wilcox family and because of this unusual event, Hazard was chosen as a given name from generation to generation down to the present time. Hence, that favorite name appears so frequently in the Wilcox genealogy.

When Hazard the 7th was two years old, his parents were called to help settle Manti in Sanpete County. Here John Henry obtained a lot, built a one room house on it, and began life anew. The prospects for making a living were anything but encouraging, for the season was exceptionally dry and the water supply uncertain, but he had answered the call of authority and would make the best of the situation.

They went to Manti early in the spring of 1851, and following July the 13th, their daughter Elizabeth was born, and the little home in the wilderness was made happy in spite of its deficiencies in comfort and conveniences. These privations were the common lot of all pioneers, but the fact that

Elizabeth was the first white child born in Sanpete County is an item of history which belongs exclusively to the life story of John Henry and Mary Wilcox. This rare distinction comes to but very few people, but Elizabeth is the rightful heir to that honor which is shared generally by the entire family.

Just how the people there managed to provide food and clothing and other necessities, isolated as they were in a sagebrush wilderness, is hard to imagine as we look back from the swift moving methods of production of today, and yet we know that stern necessity compelled them to be both frugal and resourceful and that their careful methods of utilizing the uncultivated products of nature was the secret of their success.

John Henry did his best to make a livelihood for his loved ones by every available means, but the opportunities were few. Indeed, at one time he found employment at a saw mill located in Pleasant Creek Canyon, twenty miles to the north, taking his ox team and cows along to feed on the fine mountain ranges while he worked, and thus save the expense of feeding them at home.

All went well for a time, and then one day he discovered that the Indians had driven his cattle away, burned his wagon and all its contents, leaving him stranded and somewhat discouraged, for the future looked even darker than before.

At length he made his way home and soon after moved his family into the fort, where he received help and protection.

Here in the fort, surrounded by the same primitive conditions and frontier hardships, their second daughter, Sarah, was born on August 1, 1853. Once again their humble dwelling was made happy, for everyone was safe and well and that was the most important thing after all.

Each year the outlook for better times became a little worse,

and finally the combined calamities of draught, crop failures, and danger from Indian raids, forced them to find a home elsewhere.

Five years of continual struggle had now passed away. The house they built upon their arrival there and a few pieces of furniture were their only possessions, and these they exchanged for a yoke of oxen and another covered wagon, and when the spring time of 1855 came around, John Henry and Mary were again guiding their steeds of long ago back over the same rugged trail they knew so well, in true pioneer fashion.

They selected North Ogden for their future home. Here they believed the opportunities for making a living were perhaps more favorable.

They reached their destination in the early part of May and set up housekeeping with high hopes for better days to come.

Just how they fared and by what means they earned their daily bread is not known exactly, but they were equal to any occasion under any and all circumstances.

The birth of their son, James Henry, on November 10th of that year [1855] was the most important day of their sojourn in that locality.

Some unforeseen obstacles must have arisen, which caused them to terminate their residence there rather suddenly, for the summer of 1856 found them living comfortably at Pleasant Grove, Utah, repeating the same harsh experiences with unfavorable climatic drawbacks and prevailing difficulties as before but undaunted in their determination to win their way and surmount all barriers, for that was the lot of a pioneer.

During their residence at Pleasant Grove, another son was born to them on March 13, 1858. The name given to him is John Carlos and is so recorded in the chronicles of his fathers.

Five lovely children were the only riches they had gathered during their travels thus far, but they were exceedingly happy as they set out upon their journey back into the same valley from which they had so recently departed.

This time the vast sagebrush stretches of Mt. Pleasant was selected as the most promising location for the future farmer, that had been the object of his long search and at last his ambitions were realized.

They reached Mt. Pleasant about the middle of March, 1860.

The first settlers, who came the year before, received them kindly and assisted them in the selection of a suitable section of land, and in many other ways as well.

In due process of time, John Henry filed claim to an 80 acre farm in the north fields, adjacent to the turbulent, rushing stream called Pleasant Creek.

As soon as possible he built a good home, also in the northern part of the village and here the family was to begin its fifth venture in the art of pioneering.

For 13 long years they had lived in a wilderness, for John Henry and Mary had been pioneers of Salt Lake Valley, Manti, North Ogden, Pleasant Grove, and now Mt. Pleasant.

As we follow the migrations of this wonderful couple, we are led to believe that this was the spot where providence intended them to dwell and cease from their wanderings and lay the foundation stones of the house of Wilcox which was later to be reared in the mountain tops of Ephriam by the

future builders who bear their name, and the future proved this assumption to be true.

Soon after their arrival their daughter, Mary Mahetible, was born on November 8, 1860, making an even half dozen, three boys and three girls, each one adding their share of joy and importance to the new found home.

Life for all now continued much the same as before, for the new country must be made to yield its rugged contour to the plow and harrow; rushing streams must be harnessed and directed over the planted fields; bridges built, roads made, to mention even in part the tasks that those earliest settlers were compelled to perform, and another colony must be established and another battle for existence to be waged and won. But this severe course of training, pitiful as it was at times, helped to make these, our pioneer parents, the wonderful people they were.

While John Henry toiled early and late, Mary was incessantly busy with never ending duties, just as necessary and just as heroic as his.

Besides caring for a large family, there was salaratus to gather for soap making, wild fruit to preserve in honey, wheat heads to glean, carpets to make, wool to wash, card, and spin ad then weave into cloth, yarn to dye, socks, mittens to knit and blankets to make, but the most delicate and intricate process of all was that of cutting and sewing this lovely homespun fabric into stunning creations for the family wardrobe, and be it remembered, they were always the last word in style.

Surely, that was a day of intensive application and cooperation when each and all were required to carry a part of the heavy load which rested upon every household and the community at large, but by and through that, a heavy stream of homely duties, and unity of purpose, an abiding

tie of brotherhood was established that was truly remarkable.

March 20, 1863, is the birthday of Clarissa Jane. On that day she was given her place at the family fireside as number 7, a lucky number according to the signs and calculations of some astrologers, but however this may be, we know that the new home was well on its way and that a degree of prosperity was near at hand, for the income from the farm was stable and a good proportion, and all things were working together for the family welfare.

Two years later, on October 6, 1865, the march of time brought another daughter. Sabra Ellen was the name selected for her, as a mark of respect, no doubt, for her noted ancestor of long ago.

It was during the year of her birth that the Black Hawk Indian War broke out in all its fury, and each settlement organized its men and boys into a unit known as Minute Men, who were to be ready for action at the sound of the drum, shoulder their muskets and march away to the scene of trouble wherever it might be.

John Henry was a Minute Man and was sent all through Sanpete and Sevier Counties to guard and protect the lives and property of his people as necessity required.

Sometimes the older boys accompanied their father, sharing with him grave danger and extreme hardships.

These trips took them away from home for weeks at a time and the family was left to carry on the best they could, living in constant fear of an Indian attack. No one was safe anywhere, for those dusky warriors were a vicious and cruel foe, eager to slay their innocent victims without mercy.

That fearful conflict continued until the year 1872. During

that time two daughters were added to the family circle. Hannah on April 13, 1868, and Martha Ann, July 23, 1872, making a total of seven girls, a very unique occurrence in any one household.

It is said that good fortune, like trouble, often comes in pairs and so it happened in this case, for Justus Azel was announced on his sister Sarah's 23rd birthday, and thus the date August 1st is made to confer a double honor upon the house of Wilcox, the First. The exact date of his birth is August 1, 1874.

The membership of this wonderful pioneer home was now complete, and the rosary of budding youth and maidens remained unbroken in the treasure chest of father and mother love, there to remain throughout all eternity.

The years that followed henceforth were less strenuous and the parent tree was losing some of its branches according to the law of progression, for the children must repeat the story of their parents and assume their place in the great forests of life and work out their own destiny. It was because of this immutable decree that the old homestead was slowly descending toward its decline and final dissolution.

John Henry and Mary were growing older. The morning and noonday of their lives had passed, and the twilight fast gathering about them, was serene and untroubled. This most desirable goal can only be reached through the everglades of renunciation, faith, patience and hope, a price exceedingly high, but it had been fully paid and their reward was near at hand.

As we glance back over the years for a summary of their career, we find that John Henry was a medium sized man, with dark hair and eyes, pleasing in appearance and unassuming in manner. He was inclined to take life calmly

and seriously and yet he was energetic and ambitious to possess the loaves and fishes of daily need in fair quantities and in the proper way - for honesty was one of his greatest virtues. To deal fairly with his fellowmen was part of his religious creed. Tithing and church donations were never neglected. His nature inclined to deeds of kindness, helpfulness, peace and good will. His philosophy of life was to live quietly and sincerely and be a friend to man. At home he was the good husband and father and the exemplar in all things.

Mary was a decided brunette, above the average in weight, strong in body and mind, positive in her attitude toward right and wrong and vigorous in her methods of solving the problems that must be met and mastered, without quibble or complaint.

On the other hand, her great generous heart and sympathetic understanding of human needs enabled her to become the refuge for the distressed, the hungry, the neighbor, the traveler, all were welcome.

The Wilcox home, with its friendly atmosphere, became their haven of rest where the healing balm, goodness and love never ceased to flow.

To be willing to minister to the comfort and well-being of another is one of the greatest traits of character that a person can possess. It is the proof of unselfishness and true Christianity.

Mary was also a good manager. Her ability to steer the domestic ship through the stress and storm of that uncertain era of empire building is commendable indeed.

It is only fair to say that the wives and mothers of that day are heroines of history and should be so recognized and acclaimed.

Mary was a home-maker, a faithful wife, a real mother and a woman of great spiritual powers. She supported her husband in all his religious duties and planted the seeds of truth and righteousness in the hearts of her children.

Mary's early life was spent in pioneering and the privilege of attending school was denied her, for she could neither read nor write, but through her own efforts she acquired a fund of information that few of her day possessed, and how well her alert mind stored it away for instant use.

Here, recital of the experiences, especially those connected with the beginning of Mormonism, was both accurate and intensely interesting.

John Henry and Mary were well mated in every respect and harmonious in their ideas concerning the essentials of a useful and happy life.

Side by side they fought its battles - hand in hand they won its victories. In the spirit of fortitude they met its disappointments and welcomed its blessings with grateful hearts.

Lovingly and tenderly they reared eleven fine sons and daughters to manhood and womanhood, endowed them with moral and mental stability, self-reliance, courage to meet the world in honor. Not one of them was taken away. All were permitted to marry and raise large families of their own.

This is their contribution to society, and the record of their well-spent lives is the legacy they left to their posterity. Every home has its immortal story and this is theirs, shining out across the darkness and confusion of this day as a pattern of the good life and the way of righteousness.

How poised and steadfastly they walked in that way, even from the beginning to the end and how stately they descended the long slope of mortality to the shores of eternity, not in the pomp of worldly recognition, but with a settled faith in God and a knowledge of His will concerning them. The past held no undue regrets and the future could be nothing less than a glorious opportunity for further growth and progress.

To live wisely and well is noble, to die in honor is greatness. These words can be truthfully written of them, and the achievements of their lives are a challenge to all who bear the name of Wilcox, and they in turn accept it and appreciate it in full measure.

During the summer of 1909, John Henry began to fail rapidly. He had no particular disease, his active outdoor life had kept him unusually healthy, but the fires of the flesh and burned out, and on November 21, 1909, he passed away as quietly and peacefully as he had lived.

Mary remained in the old home, and her daughter Sarah and family came to live with her. Mary enjoyed this companionship. It was a period of relaxation and rest, a time of reflection and reminiscence so delightful to older people.

This congenial companionship continued for twenty years, and the Mary, too, fell asleep, aged 97 years, 11 months and 10 days. Her death occurred May 16, 1929. The promise to live as long as she desired made to her by Heber C. Kimball [other accounts say it was John Taylor] was fully realized, and her mission in life she felt was fully accomplished.

John Henry and Mary are gathered to their fathers. Peacefully side by side they are now sleeping in the Mt.

Pleasant Cemetery, where loving hands keep their graves
green and beautiful.