

## "I Remember Grand Ma Gilbert"

by Minnie Gilbert Heath

Grandma was very small (under five feet and under 100 lbs.) She was always running as she did her house work. She was very ambitious, and really believed "cleanliness is next to Godliness." Which she quoted to Mother and us children (too often for Mother's liking). She had a storage shed filled with all kinds of good things such as hard tack candy, crocks of pickled pears and pickled crabappies. We children loved to raid it. She scolded us (lovingly). We loved her very much.

Once she left mother with orders to scrub the kitchen cupboard. Mother did a beautiful job and was very proud of her work. When grandma came home, she took one look at it, took the dishes down, washed them all, scrubbed the cupboard and put the dishes back. Mother was mad!!! (I think now, hurt, more than mad.)

Grandma kept a fire laid in the living room stove but she would not let mother light it. One day grandma left to catch the street car for town. It was a very chilly morning and mother decided to take the chill off the place. As she waited for the streetcar, Grandma saw the smoke from the chimney and came running as fast as she could, excitedly pulling the fire out onto the carpet, burning it and her hands. We thought she had lost her mind as she was talking "Danish" (probably swearing--no!!). There in the middle of the fire was a roll of large bills she had hidden in the stove. It must have been a fortune.

This "tug-of-war" between Grandma and Mother started when they first met. Grandma had a local Mormon girl picked out to marry her son. Mother (Effie) was staying with Aunt Anne and Uncle Nephi Christensen while John was on his mission. After Grandpa died, Grandma moved in with them too. She went to the post office, supposedly to mail Mother's letters and pick up the mail for the rest of the family. Effie wrote a letter every day but never

received an answer. One day Grandma came in very excitedly, and insisted that Effie sit right down and write to John. As Effie was sitting at Grandma's usually locked roll-top desk, she noticed two packages of mail in one of the pigeon holes. One was the letters she had written to John and the other was his letters to her, that she had never received. It seems John had written his mother that if he did not hear from Effie, he was going to quit his mission. Needless to say, there was quite a row. Effie told Grandma how dishonest she had been. Grandma accused Effie of having black hair and not knowing what her Genealogy consisted of. Grandma was terribly proud of her ancestry. Effie said, "At least, I know I'm not Danish, thank God!"

Grandma was peeling apples and she was so agitated that she threw the knife at Effie, barely missing her. Effie packed up and went home to her father and brother and sister. (It turned out that Effie has an ancestry that Grandma can be very proud of.)

In spite of their differences, I'm certain they came to love each other more than either would admit. One day when Mother and Grandma were downtown in Salt Lake, Grandma saw a beautiful dress she wanted Mother to have. They did not have enough cash, and the bank was closed, so Grandma dragged Effie into Daynes' Jewelry Store and asked for Mr. Daynes. Mother was embarrassed, but later found out that the Daynes family was the one Grandma worked for when she first arrived in Salt Lake. Mr. Daynes was so happy to see them and loaned them the money they needed. He introduced them to everyone there and made a fuss over them.

Grandma was a very fussy dresser with very good taste in clothes when she dressed up, but for around the house and shopping at the farmers market she wore very worn out, patched and clean clothes. She had an apron that was so patched, it looked like a patch-work quilt. It was just as heavy, too. She used to tie it around my neck and stand me on a chair to wash the dishes. I would spill a lot of water, and I remember, it got terribly heavy. We had oatmeal every morning for breakfast. She insisted we eat every bite. It was **too** much for a seven-year-old's stomach, and today I can't help gagging when I cook it for my family.

One day in 1926, she left to catch the street car for the farmers market. Our dog, "Old Shad", a huge St. Bernard, who always went to the street car stop with Mother or Grandma, came to our door and put on such a show that Mother followed him and found out Grandma had been struck with a car. She spent the rest of the time in Salt Lake in the Salt Lake General Hospital. We children were not allowed in the hospital.

Mother would take us when she went to visit Grandma, but we would stay outside and play on the lawn. Once she waved to us from the window. I never saw her again. Aunt Mary Jackson came and took her home to Manassa, Colo., where she spent the remainder of her life with Aunt Anne, Uncle Nephi Christensen and family. She died of Pneumonia in February, 1928. I missed her.

I loved my Grandmother very much. She was quite an accomplished poetress. We used to find all kinds of little poems around. When a babe was born, she would write a poem. When any one died, she would write a poem. If a bird lit on the windowsill, she would write a poem. Oh! If only we had saved them! I do not know if any exist. They were in her Danish dialect and spelling, and very beautiful and different. There is not enough room to write all the love and memories of Grand-ma. She was a wonderful woman my Grandmother Gilbert. *P.S. (See below) I kept a journal*



Her Brother - Johan  
Conrad Stoutz



Mother - Step Father



(me) Johanne M.



Timothy Gilbert & My  
Wedding



Johanne Margrethe  
Gilbert  
(me)



Inger Marie Hanson Rasmus ANDERSEN



(Self-) Johanne



Johanne  
Margrethe

LOUVINNA RASMENE GILBERT  
Born Feb. 8, 1890; Died Apr. 6, 1905

**MOTHER'S LONELY FEELING.**

Louvinna, it's long since I saw you last,  
We all miss you here at home,  
A shadow on my life is cast,  
I miss you in my room,  
But I hope my loss it is your gain,  
So I will be willing to lonely fare  
Until we may see and meet again;  
But Oh! I miss you everywhere!

JOHANNA M. GILBERT.



Johanne