

MARGARET ANN REYNOLDS NICHOL

Margaret Ann was born May 1, 1863, in South Cottonwood, Utah; to Warren Ford Reynolds and his second wife, Christina McNeil Reynolds. She was the third child.

Margaret, (or Maggie, as she was known), grew up in a happy family, even-though it was a time of trials and hardships. She told about picking up potatoes in the fall in her barefeet. Since she was too small to reach the tub, her father built a bench for her to stand on to help wash the clothes.

After the Manifesto on polygamy was signed by President Woodruff, the family lived in fear of their father being taken to jail for this practice. Their luck ran out one day, and Warren was picked up and taken to jail, where he served some time for his belief.

Maggie married James M. Nichol December 14th, 1882, in the Endowment House. She bore him four Children: The first, Sarah Christine, was born April 25, 1884 and only lived a few hours. Edith was born June 28, 1885, and she had beautiful dark hair like her mother. James Reynolds was born February 18, 1887, and he had bright red hair. William Warren was born August 22, 1889 with dark, curly hair. Each one of her children was unique in his/her own manner and personality.

When Will was a baby he developed an eye infection which resulted in him being nearly blind the rest of his life.

While Maggie was having this problem with little Will, her husband, James, was away working as a sheep herder. Being in the camp with the other men led James to playing cards and gambling. He lost so much money that when he finally did come home, he told his family that he was going away to make his fortune before he would come back home again.

Sister^{Mary} Christensen said she was at their home the night before James left. They all seemed to be very agreeable about his venture. That was the last that Maggie ever saw him. There were rumors that he was killed and buried in the

Sand Hills of Ogden, but no one ever really knew what happened to him. Maggie was either very humiliated or saddened by the thoughts of James that she never spoke of him again. The only stories that are told were by neighbors or friends. The family respected Maggie's wish not to talk about him or the situation.

Two men came to Maggie's home just two months after James disappeared. They told her that James had given them an I O U on her home which was located just east of 9th East on 45th South. (the house still stands there today). Maggie, upon believing their story, gave the two men her home. She and her three children moved back with her parents. Two rooms were built upon her parents' home for Maggie and the children. Maggie helped in this effort by carrying the brick and mixing the mortar. After settling in with her parents, she took in washing and did house work for the neighborhood families to make money to feed and cloth her children.

Later in her life, Maggie purchased 4 or 5 cows and milked them morning and night. She would then carry the milk to the Wasatch Dairy to sell it. All of her grandsons remember carrying the milk to the dairy to help their grandmother. But, her son, Will, was her main helper.

Maggie's daughter, Edith, married Mott Keller; who was called on a mission for the church shortly after their marriage. Edith decided to live with her mother while Mott was away.

James Reynolds married Alice Wright August 22, 1906 and they moved into 2 rooms of Maggie's home.

At this time Will was attending the School for the Blind in Ogden, where he graduated with a degree in music.

Maggie loved children, and didn't object to Alice and Reynolds having their first three children in three years. But, she never really approved of them having 12 children! To add to this, Mott and Edith had five boys and two girls. Maggie's whole life now revolved around her children and her many grandchildren whom she dearly loved. In the evenings Maggie would sit with her family on the

porch and tell them stories about the pioneers, or the stars, or whatever she felt was appropriate at the time.

Maggie was active in Relief Society and loved the Gospel. She was the first to want the Elders to come if one of the children became sick. Charles Reynolds, her brother and Ward teacher, was the one she always called upon for help. He was always good to her and tried to be a father to her fatherless children. Charles would always help put up Maggie's hay, and Maggie would insist on him taking the best load of hay home for his use. They enjoyed helping each other.

In 1923 Reynolds began building a home on 48th South, and on July 4, 1924 he and Alice and the children moved into their new home. You would think that this would be a happy day for Maggie, but it wasn't. She was saddened at having her family move away, even tho it was only a short distance between their homes. But, by this time, Will had married Gladys Benfell, and they moved in with Maggie.

When her grandchildren came to visit, Maggie would try to talk them into staying all night. If it were dark she didn't have to talk very long or hard since it was such a spooky walk home through the fields.

There was another tragedy in her life. On October 29, 1925, Maggie's oldest grandson, Vaughn, died of meningitis. Vaughn was the son of James Reynolds Nichol and Alice Wright. Maggie took his death very hard, and it seemed to take the desire to live away from her. She developed a heart condition, but she was so independent that she would not let anyone take her to the doctor.

Maggie seldom traveled and was usually at home, and could be depended upon when she was needed by her family. She would walk to Murray when she needed anything.

During these years the family was very close. They would get together for dinner and make ice cream nearly every Sunday.

Maggie gradually became weaker. She passed away on February 22, 1928. Just before she died she told Ann Bowthorpe, her nurse, that "they" had come for her and she could go now. When Ann asked who "They" were, she said "Mother and Jim" and another name Ann couldn't hear. It is possible she said Sarah Christine, her daughter. Those who knew her loved her for her sweet spirit and abundance of her love for others.