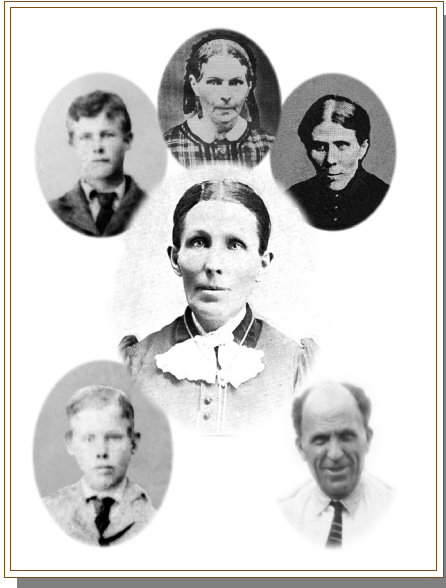


Death of Grandmother, Lydia Goldthwaite Knight

by Newel K. Young



Lydia Knight Young in center position.
Clockwise from top left are: Howard
Spencer Young, Lydia Goldthwaite Knight,
Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy, Newel
K. Young, and Edward Webb Young.

Newel K. Young was born in Orderville, Utah on 21 August 1877 while his father, John R. Young was serving a mission to England. When just five years old, Newel clung to his mother's hand as he watched his father move two of his three plural families from Orderville northward to Wayne County, Utah. The move commenced on 25 February 1883. Newel's mother, Lydia Knight Young, chose to stay at Orderville where she was actively engaged in the industry of the small community, and where her oldest daughter, Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy and her husband Tom were expecting their second child.

The story that follows took place in early 1884 when Lydia Knight Young took her family of four small children to live with her mother at St. George, Utah. The death of Lydia Goldthwaite Knight occurred on 3 April 1844. Please note that the second daughter of Lydia Knight Young, Persis Vilate Young, would have been eight years old at the time of this story. Vilate died in 1893 and no image is known to exist of her.

Stepping Stones

By *Newel K. Young*

II. MY FIRST LESSON FROM DEATH

As I remember, the second experience that especially impressed me with the goodness and power of God was when my Grandmother Knight died. It was the summer I was six years old. Mother with her four small children had gone from Orderville to St. George to spend the summer with her mother, Lydia Knight. Not feeling as strong as usual Grandmother had asked mother to spend the summer with her, taking the burden of the housekeeping and the care of the fruit that grandmother might be better able to do her regular work in the Temple.

We children had never known a grandmother; and she was so interested in us, and so good and kind to us that we loved her and felt at home with her from the first. There was something about the woman and her work in the Temple that gave me the feeling that she was very wonderful—almost sacred.

Every morning after she had bid-

den us a cheery goodbye, we watched her go briskly forth among the shade trees and rose bushes, plucking a flower here and there out the gate and up the steps into the big carriage that carried her and her friends to their daily duties in the Temple of the Lord. Every afternoon we eagerly awaited her return.

We had barely become acquainted with her and used to our new home when grandmother was taken from us by the hand of death. Noting that grandmother was not feeling so well as usual one morning mother urged her to stay at home. She replied, "No, they are depending on me, I will go and do my work. I am all right."

She came home after the usual day's work in the Temple apparently well. But being more tired than usual she lay down to rest. At eight o'clock she took suddenly sick and died one hour later.

It was my first experience with death. It seemed awful to lose grandmother just as we had come to know and love her. I suppose the children



of the very poor feel such things more than those whose lives are not so filled with want and longings.

Even as young as I was I felt in a dim way that mother grieved deeply. Yet, she was so quiet and brave, and felt so sure that grandma had just gone to another and better world where she would meet grandfather who died in the Indian lands while crossing the plains, that she made an impression on my mind and heart that

has never left me. I think it was not so much what she said as what she was. Her very life breathed into the souls of those about her a beautiful peace. She knew that grandmother was well and happy. This gentle, quiet, suffering little mother of mine had lived into my life the feeling that heaven was near and that God was good to her and all of His children even in our sorrow.