

Ann Frances Eames Rowe.

A wonderful story I have for you
She was one of God's daughters, just one of few.
She was chosen for service, to show others the way
To be happy and useful each passing day.

Ann Frances Eames Rowe, daughter of William and Jane Crump Eames, was born in Caraway, Herefordshire, England, July 15th, 1846. Her father and mother joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the early forties. Her father was a stone mason by trade and when little Ann Frances was five years old, he emigrated to America; going ahead of his family and intending to send for them later. He landed with other saints at New Orleans in 1852. Cholera was raging among the saints here and he contracted the disease and died, leaving his wife in the old country with two children to care for – Ann Frances and her brother Ephraim. It was just another sorrow for her mother. She alone realized the situation and knew it was her duty to care for her children. She was a seamstress and went out sewing to support herself and little ones. After a number of years she married James Powell. A short time later, her son Ephraim died. It was at this time they moved from England to South Wales.

At the age of eight, Ann Frances was baptized into the L.D.S. church by James Huish, a missionary laboring in Wales, from Payson, Utah. At an early age she was let much upon her own responsibilities. When fourteen she went out in service and worked as a dairy maid for one year. At this time, her mother decided that the daughter must learn the trade of dressmaking. She did; and accomplished the task satisfactorily. By possessing this gift, blessings have been hers throughout her life. She sewed with her mother until she was nineteen when she became acquainted with and married John Rowe January 8, 1865. They accepted the duties of young married people and went to housekeeping. They worked, saved, and planned for the future. Her

son, Edward, was born Dec. 4, 1865. Thus she became a sweetheart, bride, wife, and mother in a year. But she was happy. She had been blessed with a good companion – kind and considerate to her in every way. They worked together, they enjoyed the same things, belonged to the same religious belief and were anxious to follow the teachings of this wonderful gospel.

The spirit of gathering to Zion rested strongly upon all the saints in Wales, and they, with the others, desired and longed to go to America and Utah. This planning meant that they must have money to go so far away. Their income was meager as miners received very small wages, and meant that it would take a long time to save enough money to take a family to Zion. Barry Wride, from Payson, Utah, laboring in Wales as a missionary, advised the husband to go ahead and send for his wife and baby later. They accepted this counsel and, in the spring of 1866, he left for America taking his mother with him. After six weeks on the ocean, he landed in New York. We continued his travels on to Carbondale, Pennsylvania, where he made his temporary home. He worked in the mines for seven months. He saved enough money and sent for his wife and child.

In the winter of 1866, the wife made preparations for leaving all dear to her for some place she knew nothing about. It was indeed a responsible undertaking for a young girl with a small baby. What was she going for? To meet the man she loved; to make a home in Zion where they could worship together the God they lived. What faith! Such trust in a belief! What a determination it required to make this sacrifice! Thank God for my good parents to be so inspired to make that noble sacrifice!

Before leaving for America, my mother was given a blessing by Abel J. Evans of Lehi, who was on a mission there. He promised her that she would make the journey without harm; that she and her baby would be preserved; and that she would meet her husband and, in due time

would go to Zion and enjoy peace and happiness. This blessing gave her hope, courage, faith and fearlessness to “sail on.”

She bade adieu to her mother, relatives and friends and left Llanelly, Wales, for Liverpool, England. From there to Glasgow, Scotland, where she took passage to America on the S S Caledonia. There were 250 others on board. All were strangers to her but were kind and considerate and helped her in many ways – realizing she was so young and had the care of a small baby. Her experiences on the voyage were many, but she always bore testimony of the watchfulness of God, protecting her from all danger.

The baby suffered much from seasickness. One day, while walking on deck, the ship struck something in the ocean. Had it not been for the quick efforts of the captain, she and the baby would have gone overboard down into the deep sea. She has been ever thankful to that stranger for saving their lives.

“Oh! So many souls there are that need the grasp of a friendly hand and a kindly deed.”

Through her admirable personality, she made many friends. She sang well, was sociable, congenial, and tried to respect the opinions of others. She was attractive with dark brown hair and dark brown eyes; 5 ft. 5 in. tall; straight in stature; well poised; prim, and neat in dress which brought her much admiration.

After fourteen days on the ocean, she landed in New York December, 1867. Here she stayed for a week and then left for Hyde Park, Pa, where she was met by her husband.

That meeting was a happy one. Only those who have experienced the same can realize its meaning. From Hyde Park, they moved to Carbondale where they lived for four years. Two children were born to them – Mary who died in infancy, and Annie F. They saved enough money to send for her mother, Jane E. Powell, her stepfather and (father's) brother Owen Rowe. When

they arrived in America, plans were being made to say farewell to the new friend in Carbondale. But, they were willing to sacrifice all for happier expectations and the anticipation of living in Zion, where they might serve God as they desired. With the immigrant train and Carl G. Maeser as captain, they left Carbondale, Penn, for Utah, August, 1870. They arrived in Salt Lake City and slept in the old Tithing Yard. After a short time, they went to Lehi, living there three months. While there, they met Wm Roach and he persuaded them to settle in Spanish Fork as many of their Welsh Friends and made this place their home. William Davis, Reese James, William James and others were among the ones that had settled in Spanish Fork. They arrived at the home of Walter Roach and were welcomed by the family. They stayed here until a building lot was purchased from Henry Humble. An adobe house was built and in the same home all the children were born.

They continued with their team work; father worked at the Church quarry, Eureka, Scofield and Castle Gate mines, and later in the Spanish Fork Co-op Shoe Shop; mother was a helpmate in every deed. She too was ambitious and wished to do her share. Dressmaking was her vocation and at this trade she worked for many years. Starting at the very small wage of fifty cents per day, she gradually worked her way to the top and was considered one of the best seamstresses in the community. Many a dollar she has earned to help support the family.

Not only did she spend her time sewing, she was a diligent church worker, a leader in different organizations, and for many years sang in the choir under the leadership of William R. Jones. In this capacity, she made many true and lasting friends, friends who stood by her in sorrow and trouble, in times when the world seemed black and the sun hid its shining face behind the clouds. They came with words of love, sympathy, and acts of kindness. The choir to her was one of the shining lights of her memory.

As early as 1873 she was a member of the Relief Society under president Julia Hales. She served as first counselor to Sarah Banks in the Primary Association and when the ward was divided in 1891, she was chosen to work as first counselor to President Margery Boyack in the relief Society. She served in this office under three presidents: Margery Boyack, Mary A. Hallam and Lucy Jones in the Third Ward Relief Society. She resigned this position to act as chairman of the sewing committee, holding this position for many years. Sewing for the dead as well as for the living was her occupation. In those days, the automobile hearse was unheard of. She helped decorate the old spring wagon for a hearse, and covered and trimmed coffins for the dead. The service that she has given in laying away the dead will long be remembered, and it will be a lasting pleasure to her to remember the duties and comforting deeds she rendered to the bereaved and heart broken. Without a doubt, she has built her "Mansion in Heaven" by the life of service she has given.

In May, 1907, she was called upon to separate with her helpmate. After a short illness, he passed away leaving her sad and lonely, but brave and willing to face life alone – which she did for over thirty years.

In the year 1926, at the age of 80, she was chosen to represent "Utah," the queen of the July 24th celebration. The affair was under the direction of the Y. L. M. I. A. stake board. It was quite an unusual thing to receive this honor, as "Utah" was generally represented by a beautiful young girl. It was said of her: "She was a stately queen sitting upon a throne." She was dressed in pale gray satin, with a crown of pearls upon her snow white hair which glittered in the sunlight. She was attractive yet humble as was one of her traits of character.

When she was ninety years old, the year 1936, her children and grandchildren entertained for her at an "open house" birthday party. It was a beautiful summer day; her friends came from

far and near to call and wish her a “happy birthday.” All told, some three hundred called and remembered her with kind and well chosen wishes.

She is the mother of nine children: Edward James, Mary, Annie, Ephraim, Eleanor Jane, Mary Elizabeth, Sarah Alice, John Owen and William. Seven have preceded her from this mortal earth of care and toil, and two are left to share her trials, and to comfort her in her ending years.

For the past ten years she has tried to be happy with her two daughters, being unable to serve in the public, but, we value her counsel and advice and:

When we remember how her life was spent in

In loving service unto all mankind,

We'll try to follow in thy simple way

And God will not unto thy worth be blind.

She died August 23, 1938, aged 92 years, 1 month, 8 days.

History of Ann Frances Eames Rowe by her daughter,

Mary Elizabeth Rowe Evans.