



**Descendants of
James Moroni Richey & Mary Ann Chapman**



Lucinda & Roy Stradling



Forest & Mae Nielson Richey



Hugh & Nellie Nielson Richey



**Opal
Janice**



Laddie



Dean



Frank pg thirty seven



Arland



Philip



Doris



Lorna



Sharell



Nadine



Velda



Dale



Earl



Milford



Maleen



LaVina



Elizabeth & Biness Stradling



Leigh & Luella Knudsen Richey



Josephine & Golden Farr



Wayne



Ramona



Norma



Wanda



Rodney



Yvonne



Alden



Elsie pg thirty four



Mary Jo



LaRee



Robin



Ron



Arlene



Dolpha



Kathy



Erin pg thirty five



Anthony



Vivian & Clarence Rencher



Jay & Mable James Richey



Daisy & Ivan Lewis



Alvin



Forest pg thirty eight



Dwyn



Leonard



Scharlotte



Ian



LaVeta



Ted



Tani



Grant pg thirty nine



Floyd pg thirty six



Sharon



Ray



David



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Hugh and Nellie Richey

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St Johns ariz.
 May 1 1959
 Dear Mother. ^{because it is in time}
^{but mother's day}
 Today is may day and
 it makes my thoughts go back
 to may day's in Richville.
 We had such good times
 I was going to say that
 the wild roses were in
 bloom but that must
 have been on June day Brigham
 Youngs birthday it was
 a better day for picnicks.
 I also remember our
 Sunday lunch hour picnics.
 Of course a thousand
 memories come crowding in.
 Water Cress, and the
 spring ditch by the house.
 The garden - The willow
 area

penal, The cottonwood
 trees, The meadow, with
 milk cows in it. The river
 bordered with willows
 and an occasional cottonwood.
 The lower end springs and
 canyons, Wild grapes, The
 hills after the rains came.
 Do you remember how
 the cows would go up the
 trail to go on top of the mesa
 the next morning after the
 first rain expecting grama
 grass about a week before
 it had started, and all just
 because it had rained.
 Oh yes I want to thank
 you for the willowing you
 gave me when I sassed you.
 and I mean it too, because
 I never sassed you again

I was plowing today and
nothing to do but tend the
tractas and think of
thought of Dad.

He never told a smutty
story, and never took the
name of the Lord in vain
and never spoke of his
Father as the old man.

and never told a lie
and never stole anything,
and never took advantage of
his neighbor or any other
man. No wonder I idolized
him, and tried to be like him.

He told me to stay away
from the very appearance
of evil and if it comes upon
you get out of there and
run just as hard as you
can, just like your —

great grandfather Joseph
did who was sold into
egypt. even if you have to
leave your car.

He never stopped studying
and never failed to tell of
the good things he read.

I was truly born of goodly
parents. I always loved my mother
but it took forest to keep
the wood chopped. I am glad
that I never saw you chop
wood.

I remember while we lived
across the river of seeing
you my mother sitting on the
east side of the house in the
afternoon shade with aunt
Alice, Maud Barrett Estella
Jrwin and May Sherwood
and aunt Ruth Sherwood and
I thought you was the
prettiest one of them all.

my mother
with all my soul
Hugh & Nellie



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Golden and Josephine Farr



James Moroni Richey and Mary Ann Chapman Richey at home in Richville

Dear Mother,

You asked me to write a few things about Papa. I remember how he was always reading, how he would take small children by the hand and dance around with them. (They didn't always like it.) How he would turn a chair down on the floor and put his head on the slanted back of the chair. (I used to think it was very uncomfortable because I tried it.) How his black every-day shirts would get filled with wind and blow out in the back. How glad we were to see him come down to St. Johns in the winter and the milk he always brought.

Proud was the word I always thought of as a child when I would see you and Papa start off for Sunday School at Richville or off for St. Johns in the wagon. I always remember how pleased he was to go to the old folks parties at Alpine UT. You must have missed social life.

How when you were in St. Johns with Lou when her first baby was born he used to get up in the night when he heard me cry with the tooth ache and warm cloths to ease the pain. How he tried to make things easier for me then while school was going on and I had the work to do and was lonely too and I could go on. Better stop though, give someone else a chance.

Sure would like to be there. As the time draws nearer the more I would like to come. Jay and Mable's car is just too crowded, it would mean riding 4 in a seat way into the night which is too hard for any driver. (They have asked me and would be uncomfortable for my sake.) Am sorry to make you feel bad about it so please don't. Would like to see everyone.

All my love,
Josephine



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Jay and Mable Richey

Marysville Washington
25 June 1976

Dear Sister Daisy,

Did Papa freight alone to Pioche? [NV, northwest of St. George UT] I don't know, but he is like Roy and so many other people, he prefers most anyone's company to being alone. At preschool age I went to the ranch with him (in winter). On the way home on a load of loose grass hay, I was no company but he picked up a Mexican and was happy as could be. He had someone to talk with. I curled up in a ball and shivered very hard, the wind was cold.

The Indians were mostly friendly, I think, but were excitable and prone to kill innocent people when provoked by no-good trigger-happy whites. As I see it there were plenty of renegade and unwise people on both sides to keep hell a-boiling all the time.

Papa once told me that as a boy he rode the range with a six gun strapped around his waist. Said he never had any trouble with the Indians though. When I asked him why, he said because he always gave them his lunch.

On the road to Pioche it was the no-good trigger-happy white renegades that robbed the returning wagons of their gold, until Wells Fargo established a bank at Pioche. Yes, this was not too many years before they came to Ariz.

I did not hear Papa say much about his early freighting. What I heard him talk a lot about was the exploits of "The Great Napoleon." I was raised on the Charge of the Light Brigade and etc. As I see it, in this life our father was a soldier and lawman. For that part of the west to be settled by the Saints, it was expedient that there be men, not with nerves of iron but like our father with nerves of cold grey steel. To strap a six-gun or 2 on and stand between his home & dear ones and the lawless element. On one hazardous assignment he had 2 around his waist and one in each boot. Probably had a rifle also. Did you know that he is an expert cowboy and the last of the great horsemen of the west. Too often soldiers and other heroes are a little like prophets and sometimes mothers, "Not without honor except in their own country and in their own house."

To my knowledge Papa did not do a lot of lumber hauling to St. Johns. Some in my time but not a lot. Years before he had a contract to haul the candy for the old ACMI of St. Johns from Navajo or Holbrook. When I was about 5 he got to haul a load of freight for Beckers from Magdalena.

Mama once told me that when they were first married that she and Papa would stay and farm the 2 places while Uncle Ben took the best teams and hauled freight. Then they would share the money and the crop.

At about 9 I had the privilege of going with Forest with the 4-horse team and 2 wagons, we hauled lumber from Whiting's mill at Kitchen Springs to St. Johns. We were gone a week. Made a round trip in about 3 days. This was to pay for Papa cos,[?] he liked to tell of going to settle up and was asked in surprise, "Hain't you drawn anything?" (On the store.) The answer was yes, a 15 cent can of wagon grease.

Yes, the Little Giant was the only mill near St. Johns at first. It was a fine mill with a well-equipped planer. It made rustic siding, tongue and groove flooring and ceiling and wainscoting, etc.

Don't know if Grandpa ever really claimed any land at Richville. Mother told me that the Richeys bought Richville. (It may have been called Walnut Grove at that time.) They bought from the Smith & T Cattle Co. Water was plentiful that year and they paid for the place with grain from their first harvest.

Papa and Uncle Ben then homesteaded their respective places to obtain good titles. All they got from Smith & T was squatter's rights.

The southeast room of the old ranch house is Papa's and Mama's original homestead house. For protection from the Apaches and the white renegades they moved it across the river near Uncle Ben's, across the "Holler" south above the ditch near the Nielson place. They also had a log room (the old granary) and built a rock room. The ruins of the rock room may still be visible, and you might take another look at the old log granary at Willy's.

It may be that the Nielson place was not included in the Richey purchase. At some time it seems that the Wilkines, Orsons and Ernest's father lived there, he had a group of log houses near the cottonwood trees east

of the river and near the south fence. That the old granary was one of these. That they were arranged in a circle like a fort. Brother Ernest Wilkins told me that he was born at Richville.

Uncle John Sherwood got a piece of the middle of Richville and Uncle Arthur Tenney, Aunt Sue's husband, had the upper place where Joe Baca's place was.

Richville originally was named San Cosmy. Leigh once told me the name of the first owners of Papa's place. Sorry, I have forgotten.

An early house on the ranch was built in the nearest field across the river. It was built of sods from the meadow. The Richeys lived in it at first, later it was used as a blacksmith shop.

Papa once told me that when he first came to Richville that he could step across the Coyote Wash. That during the "Drouth" that they drove their ox teams up and down the river, using it as a road.

May God bless you and yours.

Love,
Jay Richey



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Bill & Lorna Wood



I remember when Grandpa and Grandma lived in the old house. I had to be less than four years old. Daddy (Forest) took me in where Grandpa was in bed (not too long before he died) and he lifted me up to say hello to him. Then Grandma told me I could go out in the garden and pick some gooseberries to eat. (I really liked them.)



I remember being in her front yard after the new houses were built, playing in the ditch in front of them, making sand castles. Grandma called us to come in and get a piece of her whole wheat bread, which was delicious.



Lorna & Bill



Laddie, Velda, Mae, Lorna, Arland



Grandma kept every letter that Daddy wrote while he was at war. She let us take them to read. That was a real treat.



Grandma in her 70s

Wayne and Helen brought her over to spend some time with them in Farmington, N. M. She spent a day with me. The first thing she did was have me round up my scraps of material and start me making a scrap jacket. She had me wet her handkerchief with cold water so she could put it on her neck. I asked her if she was hurting and she said, "No, it was just burning a little." but she assured me she had no complaints about how she felt and that everything was fine and that she was so blessed. And that was always her sweet attitude.



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Phil and Anna Richey

Yes I would like to add my memories of a Loved Grandmother, to me, and Aunt Maime to most people who she was acquainted with.



The Old House in St.Johns

I lovingly recall Sunday at Grandmother's. Those dog day summer afternoons at her home. The old two-room house with the added kitchen on the north and bedroom on the south. The room where Grandpa was always in bed. I didn't know why but later learned he had a broken hip.

Today they would have screwed a piece of metal to his leg and attached a socket to his hip bone and told him to stand up and walk or lay in bed and die. Which he did.

Back to my memories; of picking up mulberries from the tarp spread on the ground to catch the berries that was shook from the tree by the uncles and my father. Yes they sure made good pies by loving hands. Grandma was a good cook. Gooseberries picked from her garden was also good pie fruit.

When it was cold the house was always warm. Warmed by a hot stove but more so by the love she radiated. There was always a Graham cracker, a broken piece of pine gum from the tin plate she cooked it on. A warm hug, a loving smile, which remained with her.

This smile was there when with my parents we visited her in Show Low. That loving smile is my memory of my Grandmother.



Mary Ann Chapman Richey



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Nadine Stradling Hunt

On the fourth of July every year they would set off explosives in the pastures just north of Grandma's house early in the morning. We would try to get her up to our house the night before so she wouldn't have to suffer through the horrific noise and shock.

When I was a senior in high school we lived on the Chilcott Ranch on the other side of Concho. That winter was so bad that I would ride the school bus into St. Johns on Monday and stay with Grandma Richey during the week. Then on Friday I would ride the bus home.



Grandma in front of her house.



Doris

Sometimes Doris would stay with us. Dad would bring wood in for Grandma. She said it was the first winter she'd been warm. We would buy the groceries and she would make graham muffins. They were so good. When we had lettuce we would eat it with toast for breakfast. We finally got her to try it. She said it tasted better than she expected.



Roy

When Grandma was in the rest home in Show Low I would take Mom and my daughter Edie (about 12 years old) to visit her. Etta Seymore, the owner, would take us to her trailer next door where she had a piano and Edie would play for Grandma. Grandma told me her favorite hymn was "Be Still My Soul." It's my favorite too.

We would tell our mom, "You have to live as long as Grandma did." She almost did, living 99 & 1/2 years. Now my children say, "You have to stay with us as long as they did."



Lou



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Nancy & Dale Richey



Grandma Richey

Dale Moroni Richey and I were at B.Y.U. and hadn't been going together for very long. He invited me down to St. Johns for Thanksgiving vacation. I was a "big city gal" from back east and greenery, and found the drive down interesting but barren, and a town that small was really novel!

He wanted to show me something I would like... He took me over to meet Gramma Richey... He was right! She hit the spot...right to my heart. I adored her right off. She was so sweet and endearing.

Dale and I got married almost two years later. When we lived in Albuquerque, Gramma came to visit us and she was her wonderful self. We had two of our five daughters then plus our new baby daughter Jenny. Gramma couldn't get over "how good and easy" she was!

That Gramma lived as long and as well has always been an inspiration to us.
Nancy Elinor Herburg Richey

My grandmother, Mary Ann Chapman Richey, lived until 101 in a nursing home in Show Low, Arizona. She had brownish gray curly hair and greenish blue eyes. I loved her, Nancy loved her. She came to live with us for about 2 weeks in Albuquerque, New Mexico about 1966. She had to eat about every two hours. We loved her very much. She enjoyed our three little girls a lot.

Although she was only about 5 feet tall, she was the giant genealogist for us all. Tears come when I think about her today as one of my guardian angels.

She would offer me a drink of cold water right from a dipper out of the cool water bucket that sat out on the counter in the kitchen. It always tasted wonderful and fresh.

Auntie Daisy and Uncle Ivan Lewis lived in her house with her and looked after her. They helped organize the many genealogy and family history records. She lived next door to our Stake President, David K. Udall. Her house was in St. Johns, Arizona; one block north of the Church Building.



Grandma's house



Church south of Grandma's house



Dale Moroni Richey
son of Hugh Richey



Nellie, LaVina, Maleen, Dale, Milford, Sharell, Philip, Dean, Hugh



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma

Dwyn and Henry Larson



When I was going to the U of A in 1959-60, I was living at home and shared a bedroom with Grandma. I always loved having her with us. For her it was probably better than 1955-56 when my four siblings and I (at 14) and Grandma slept in the living room with a chamber pot for anyone who couldn't make it to the outhouse in the middle of a cold winter's night. (Bloomfield NM. She would have been 88.)

Back to Tucson, dating Henry, coming home late at night, she was in bed and usually awake. She wouldn't say anything; it was a small house and the others would wake up. I knelt by my bed in the dark to say my prayers with her watching. That was okay but one night it occurred to me - I could pray in the living room if I really wanted to be alone. So I did for a few days - until Mom asked me, "Are you saying your prayers?" Well, I didn't want to have Grandma worrying about me so I would say prayers by my bed again.

In 1970 my folks wanted to go to a piano tuner's convention but Grandma was 98 (still functioning pretty well) and they wanted to see our new baby so we combined the two. They paid our way and I rode the bus with our four kids from Redondo Beach CA to Tucson AZ, then stayed with Grandma a few days.

She couldn't see or hear very well or fold clothes anymore, to her dismay. And she called me Sharon more than Dwyn but that didn't bother me; it was a compliment. She came into the kitchen one day as I was washing dishes and recited the whole of a poem about a soldier returning home from the war and the joy of his wife when she saw him again.

She had a well-furnished mind. Which surprised me as I was used to her always being there sort of like soft background music, not the featured speaker.



back: Grandma (91) and David
front: my girls, Lynn and Jan, 1964

I saw Grandma for the last time a day or two before she died. I had gone from Tucson with my folks to see her in Show Low at Etta Seymore's. She was mostly unconscious but she heard me when I asked if she wanted a sip of water. "Yes, dear, that would be nice." Then she turned in bed and something hurt so she said a swear word. Hey, at age 101, that inner watch dog, the one that monitors our tongue, was very old too, and obviously sleeping.

For the first time I realized that of course she'd heard plenty of rough frontier language, she just hadn't used it, ever. The worst I'd heard her say over the years was "Pshaw!" when I was 7 and she had dropped the baby's bottle full of milk. And that was the only time.



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Janice and Larry Merrill



I remember loving to go to Grandma Richey's home. I loved her smile and when I think of her it is always with her special smile.

She always had pillow peppermint candies and we were always welcome to have a piece. I have lots of good memories for that time of my life.



Grandma in front of her house.



Grandma's house in St.Johns
and the two rent houses (before the willow tree)

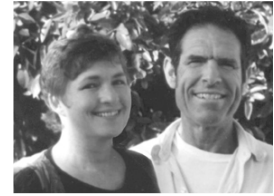
We lived in one of her little rent houses once and loved to play under her weeping willow tree. I still to this day have a fondness of willow trees.

When she was placed in a nursing home it was hard on me. I always felt guilty for not taking her into my home. I know that all her children were pretty old too and we all had lots of growing children in our homes. She was a special Grandma.



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma

Jeanie & Ian Lewis



I remember waking up as a child to Grandma Richey and Mom's voices, that was so pleasant a way to wake up.

When we were renting one of Grandma Richey's houses Grandma would visit in the evening and we would take turns holding her arm and walking her home.



Grandma's west house and her house



abt 1966 - back: Ray, Jeanie & I,
David

Sharon holding our John,
Grandma and Mom (Daisy) holding
Sharon's Debbie and Kristann



I'm on the left with Tani
at Grandma's front door

We would help Grandma plant flowers. We would dig a hole the size she wanted and then Grandma would mix dead leaves, etc. with the dirt so the plant would have food. She was about 80 at the time. She had a wonderful flower garden.



Hollyhocks



On the west side of her house
she had wild roses and flax



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Jackie Stradling Wilkes

One summer while Grandma Richey was staying with my folks in Farmington, N.Mex. she requested that I type her journal for her because she was afraid people would not be able to read it, because it was written with such a shaky hand. That would have been the summer of 1960, because I was pregnant with my second child Scott at the time. I often had wondered what had happened to that manuscript, because that was in the days before copy machines. She would translate any words for me that were hard to read and thusly completed the typed version that summer. I remember some of the stories she told and expanded on as I typed them. I was so inspired and impressed with her wonderful outlook on life in spite of her horrific trials she endured.

Grandmother told me that summer complaint was a terrible and dreaded visitor in the summer to their young babies. It was diarrhea, which was very deadly in those days. She said the twins got it one summer and the only thing she could get them to eat was bread sopped in milk, as she put it. She said the babies would get where they wouldn't eat. The twins, of course, survived and she said it was due to them liking the bread in the milk.

I remember while she stayed in my parent's home, she would keep us all busy hunting things for her to darn, because she wanted to keep busy and useful. My mother would find socks or other mending to keep her busy. She put some pretty little baby quilts together with her beautiful stitching that is almost a lost art today.

She was very frail when she came to stay with my parents, but never complained. She was very sweet natured and always smiling. Although, she would come in for a small meal quite often, because she said her stomach would start hurting, and avoided that by not letting her stomach get very empty. She would be happy with a nice piece of homemade bread and butter and slice of tomato, with a glass of milk. She never could eat very much at a time. She ate meals with the family as well, but needed in between snacks quite often. She said she understood why babies cried when they were hungry if their tummies hurt like hers.



Jackie, Helen, Wayne, Sally, Mary Beth, brother, baby, Grandma, baby, brother

She told me that she always prayed to the Lord to please spare her life long enough to raise her children, so they wouldn't have to go through what she and Lizzie had to. She said that he did spare her life through several very serious illnesses. She said she was very grateful that the Lord allowed her to live to raise her children and didn't know why he had left her here to live such a long life in frail health, but she "daresn't complain." (How she put it.)

She was a joy to have around and an inspiration to me all my life. I have thought I could endure anything that came my way, because she did, and daresn't complain either because of my many blessings, in spite of my own trials in life. I dearly loved her. I can hardly wait to see the book and see if any of the stories she told me are in the histories in Alvin's book.



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Ray and Sharon Wilsey

Espanola (Ranchitos), New Mexico
January 14, 1947

Dear Mother,

Was glad to hear you are better. The trip down there to Elizabeth's was hard on you, I know.

It seems too bad we can't live close together. It is lonesome without you here. The children miss you too. The morning after we got back Sharon asked if you were up. We tried to explain you weren't here, but she got up and went to see. She stood and looked at your bed, a very thoughtful girl. Then kept repeating, "Grandma - no Albuquerque."

I'm glad your water pipes were not broken and your cesspool ok. Too bad you could not have known that while you were visiting and then you could have felt better about staying away so long. I hope you can take it easy for a while. But am I just kidding myself, I wonder, when I say things like that. For it seems you are always helping some of us.

Sharon says, "Grandma went to her little house."

Love,
Daisy



Grandma's "little house"



Ian, Dwyn, Tani, Sharon - 1947



**4 generations
cw: Grandma, Sharon, Daisy
Debra and Kristann**



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Diane & Ray Richey

Our family moved from Holbrook, Arizona to Washington State in the summer of 1947. I was about three or four years old. At one time we lived at the end of the ROK airport. It was in the woods and we were camped out. We had a little camping trailer that had the kitchen in it and one bed where my sister Scharlotte slept. We had a tent and it had bunks in it and my three brothers and I slept in it, and we had a camper shell from the back of a pickup (sort of) where mom and dad slept.



Well, Mom and Dad sent for Grandmother and she rode a bus from wherever she was staying at the time up to our campsite in Washington. I don't know where she slept. But I do remember helping her make a terarium out of a fish bowl. She put moss and other things from the forest floor into the fish bowl and covered the top with saran wrap. Then in 1951 or so we made a trip to St Johns and there that fish bowl was on her living room table. I was amazed that it was still living.

Anyway here is a picture of her and me at the campsite. She was about 76 and I was about 4.



In 1961 we lived in my Mom's brother's (Uncle Joe James) house in Los Lunas, New Mexico. Grandmother was living in Tucson, Arizona with Uncle Ivan and Aunt Daisy I think. Mom and Dad drove to Tucson and brought Grandmother back to stay with us for a while. She had broken her hip and then they operated on her and fixed it but she was still a little cautious when she was walking and she would use her crutches.

Here is a picture of us in the kitchen of the old house. Grandmother would have been around 89.



Grandmother, my Dad Jay Richey
and my Mother Mabel James Richey

The old house we lived in was a 100-year-old adobe house and it did not have an indoor bathroom. There was an out-house across the yard and I remember Grandmother walking slow with her crutches. I was amazed she took it in stride and never complained about it.

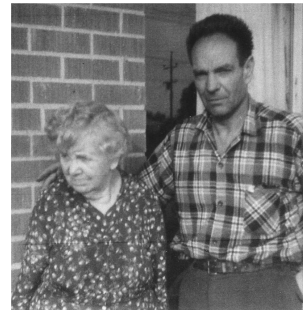
We took this picture of Grandmother in May 1973. We had been stationed in Alaska and were being reassigned to New Jersey. We stopped in Show Low to see Grandmother. I asked her if she knew who I was and she said yes. She never said my name so I don't know if she knew me. The ladies at the home suggested

we take her outside. While outside I got this picture. The other person is my wife Diane. Also notice the throw on her lap, one of her beautiful quilts. It was not long after we got to New Jersey that we were notified that she had passed. We were grateful that we had been able to visit with her for a short time.

She gave us enough blocks so that our four daughters could get one. Diane had them framed and I typed up a letter explaining what it was and a little about Grandmother, and we put this picture in the front inside the glass.

Grandmother also made pillow cases for all her grand-children. We need to do the same with them. I am not sure I know which ones are the ones she made.

Here is the document we put on the back of the frame that had the quilt block.



Grandmother and Dad



Grandmother & Diane in May 1973
with one of her beautiful quilts



Mary Ann Chapman Richey
Born: 22 Apr 1872 at Parleys Park, Sunset, Utah
Died: 3 Jul 1973 at Show Low, Navajo, Arizona

Mary Ann Chapman Richey (Grandma Richey) was a product of the early pioneer era of Utah and northern Arizona. She was born at Parleys Park (near the present day city of Park City, Utah) and moved between Parleys Park and Sandy, Utah. They lived in Manti, Utah, and later her father was asked by Brigham Young to move to St Johns, Arizona to help build that community. Her mother, Mary Adeline Potter died when she was 2. When she was 4 her father married Harriet Zelnora Marsdon. Harriet died when Grandma Richey was about 12. Her father married Harriet Ann Davis. Grandma Richey was never comfortable with her second stepmother. Grandma Richey and her sister Elizabeth Amelia (Lizzie) worked in the homes of other families so they would not be around their stepmother. While she was working for the Farr family she met James Moroni Richey. James asked her to marry in the spring of 1888 (She received a ring on 1 May 1888).

James brother, Benjamin, was getting married to Alice Platt so the four of them traveled from St Johns, Arizona to St George, Utah to be married for time and all eternity in the St George Temple. It took them 5 weeks to make the round trip. They had two wagons and teams, on the way up the girls would sleep in one wagon and the men in the other, on the way back they slept as couples. Halfway up they buried grain for the horses, and built a fire over the spot to hide it. That way they did not have to carry the grain all the way up and back. They were married on Wednesday 12 Sep 1888, he was 39 and she was 16.

Mary Ann and James had 12 children, Mary Lucinda (Lou), James Welcome, Elinor Ruth, Moroni Forest, Hugh, John Montgomery, Emily Elizabeth, Leigh Montrose, Josephine, Vivian, Leslie Jay, and Daisy.

James died on 12 Feb 1930 leaving Mary Ann a widow for 43 years, until she died at 101 3 Jul 1973. Grandma Richey always kept busy caring for herself and visiting with her family. The attached quilt block was some of the things she made for her children and grand children. She also made matching pillowcases for her grandchildren. In reading her journal she states over and over her love of Heavenly Father, for the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and his church the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She testifies that without the blessings of a loving Heavenly Father she would not have had the strength to endure the hardships she had to endure.

We hope you treasure this memento of your Great Grandmother Mary Ann Chapman Richey. By touching this you have touch the hands that have touched the hands that touched the hands of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the others of the Restoration.

Your Grandmother, Mable James Richey gave one of the quilt blocks to Diane in 1967 when we were on our way to Ft. Rucker, Alabama, and the other three in May 1973 when we were on our way from Alaska to New Jersey (when the photo on the front was taken).

Mom and Dad 28 November 2003
Diane Marie Sheffer Richey
Leslie Ray Richey



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Earl Stradling



Grandma wrote:

Lou and Roy lived at the Chilcott Ranch, where Roy was foreman for several years before he died, January 20, 1949. Afterwards Lou, Doris, and Nadine moved to their home in St. Johns. Frank was made foreman of the ranch, and Earl stayed to work at the ranch.

*Sun. May 8, 1949 (at home in St. Johns)
Lou came...so I spent the afternoon with her, and then she was going back to the ranch with Earl to help with Floy and baby.*

*Sun. June 19, 1949
Earl came for me, so I had a visit with Lou. I got to see Frank's and Floy's baby.*

*Sun. Jan. 13, 1952
Lou and Earl came, and we had a nice visit. They took me to meeting.*

*Thurs. Feb. 21, 1952
Lou came and said Earl is sick with the flu. [She] was happy over the blessing Bro. Rencher gave Earl when he administered to him.*

*Fri. Feb. 13, 1953
There was snow this morning, but it melted before noon. Earl brought me things from the Welfare.*

*Sun. Apr. 12, 1953
Earl came from priesthood meeting and went with us to evening meeting. Lou and Earl brought me home.*



Earl

*Sun. June 14, 1953
Lou and I paid our tithing while Earl taught his priesthood class, and then they took me home to dinner.*

*Sat. Dec. 19, 1953
Earl came for me to spend the day. I stayed till 2:00 when Nadine went back to work, then worked hard cleaning and sewing on presents.*

*Sun. Dec. 20, 1953
Earl came to get in coal for me. Then they came for me for meeting. As we were early, they rode around to see the pretty windows.*

In 1955, Earl went on a mission to Texas. He had saved his wages, bought cattle, and sold them to keep him on his mission. Who could do more?

*Mon. May 10, 1965
The word came that as Lou and Doris came from meeting they found Earl dead. He was so faithful, went on a mission, had such courage to go with all his affliction. He has been so fine, so faithful.*

~ ~ ~



Thaddeus Richey

Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Grandma wrote:

When I was in Bend, Oregon, with Leigh and he was to be put in Branch President, I know my dear husband, Forest, and Thaddeus were there rejoicing that Leigh was being given that calling. [Thaddeus was Leigh and Luella's son who died 27 May 1945 at age 16 from pneumonia. Penicillin was available, but there was no doctor in St. Johns at that time to prescribe it.] At times I have felt that my father and mother were with me. I am thankful for these visitations. They are a comfort to me, and I try to get the message they bring me. Life has to go on without our loved ones; the heart aches.

We all did all we could to comfort Mae and children [after Forest died]. On Laddie's first birthday after his father died, I asked them to dinner, and while I was making pies, I know Forest was there with me. I felt his presence and heard him say so plain that he was glad I was being a comfort to Mae and hers. It wasn't imagination-I heard him say it plain. It made me know more than ever that though they are dead, they are near, as I have felt many times the presence of my dear departed ones.

For many years, when I could go to the Temple, I felt like Moroni and Forest were with me as I sat in the chapel service, and I often felt that Moroni was near to guide ;me. I needed him so much.



**back: Ramona, Thaddeus
front: Luella and Leigh with Rodney**

When my baby Elinor, died, I know she came back to comfort me, and how my empty arms ached for my baby. When Jay and Mable's little girl, Autumn, died in Mesa, I didn't hear about it until I went to Sunday School, and when I heard it, that girl was a grown girl standing beside me. I didn't see her, but I knew she was there. She was only two or three years old [2 years and 10 months], but her spirit was a grown girl.

Dwyn remembers: *When I was a very little girl, probably about four or five years old, I was playing outside on the east side of Grandma's house in the screened porch when Thaddeus stopped by. My toy was a circular device that had little squares of the alphabet set in a grove around the edge. In the center was a straight groove where you could move the squares to make words. He was so kind and smiled and laughed and stopped and helped me spell names. Very probably his name and that's what makes it easy to remember him. He would have been about fourteen.*



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Elsie Richey

Although I spent a lot of time with Grandma after school each day, I really do not have any stories as such. I do remember the flower garden - that is where I learned to love Baby's Breath and Snapdragons; they were my favorites then and still are today.

She taught me how to quilt doing that fancy embroidery stitch of hers. We were always quilting one of the quilts for the grandkids that were getting married as we talked. I do not remember what we talked about even. I just remember that I loved being with her.



back: Grandma, Luella, Leigh, Rodney
front: Cousin Ray, Elsie, Robin



Grandma wrote:

Grandma wrote:

*Mon. Jan. 1, 1951 (St.Johns)
Leigh came for me. I spent the day with them covering a quilt. Ramona helped with the quilt, and Elsie did some.*

*Tues. Jan. 16, 1951 (St.Johns)
Elsie and Robin Leigh stayed with me, and I enjoyed them.*

*Sun. Sept. 16, 1951 (St.Johns)
I helped LaVina, Dwyn and Elsie make pretty forests in glass jars of moss and ferns I pressed while at Jay's in Gresham, Oregon, one for LaVeta, Sharon, and Erin.*

*Wed. Feb. 13, 1952 (St.Johns)
Elsie came with Valentines, and I made some for them.*

*Thurs. Aug. 14, 1952 (St.Johns)
Ramona and Elsie came. I wish they would come oftener.*

*Thurs. Aug. 27, 1953 (St.Johns)
I washed my hair, and LaVeta curled it for me. She and Elsie made doll dresses here this afternoon.*

*Thurs. Oct. 29, 1953 (St.Johns)
Elsie got lemons and frozen orange juice for me uptown. I am doing genealogy.*



Memories of Grandpa & Grandma



Erin Farr



Grandma's diary

Sat. Aug. 27, 1949

(St. Johns, at home)

I went to the Old Folks Party and had a good time with old friends but was very tired. Josephine brought me home when she brought Erin and Anthony to bed.

Thurs. Dec. 8, 1949

(Mesa, at Josephine's)

John and Norma came and left their children. They took Josephine shopping. I tended children and washed dishes. I went with Josephine and children to an opera.

Tues. Nov. 20, 1951

(Mesa, at Josephine's)

I went to the Library today in a taxi that Erin called for me. I searched all day and didn't find any direct line. I had a nice visit with Erin and Anthony.

Thurs. June 12, 1952

(St. Johns, at home)

Yesterday word came that Erin had died of a heart attack, so some of us will go to be with Josephine: Leigh, Ramona, Vivian and Daisy. Lou brought white sweet peas. I have roses and other flowers they will pack in ice and take, leaving at 4 a.m. tomorrow.

Sat. June 14

(St. Johns, at home)

I prepared to have one prayer of our family at my house. Daisy, Vivian, and Ramona came back from Erin's funeral with Leigh. It was a comfort to Josephine. I wanted to go so very badly but just didn't feel able. She feels so bad to know that she didn't know Erin's heart was bad at the time.



back: Dolpha, Josephine, Golden
front: Anthony, Erin