



MY MOTHER¹

By
Newel K. Young

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In His Almighty power
To earth, and duly pondering
What it should be, one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart,
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart,
And gave to earth—a mother.—Lovejoy.

"Because God cannot be ever with us He gave us mothers."—Jewish Proverb.

¹ This piece is adapted from *Stepping Stone, The Juvenile Instructor*, V56, page 232, May 1921. Images reconstructed by Robert Newel Reynolds.

Yes, I found mother!

Although I had lived at home with her all the fourteen years of my life, I did not know my mother. But during my fifteenth year my eyes were opened, and I began to understand the wonderful little woman whom God had given me as a mother. This blessed discovery began in the very hour that I thought she had died. Then I became responsible in some degree for my smaller brothers; and while promising the Lord that I would be good to mother and care for her if He would spare her to live on earth to care for her boys, the blinding scales of selfishness were stricken from my eyes and I saw anew.

And from this time on during the years of my youth the dominant passion of my life was to make my mother happy by being true to, and worthy of her. My associations with my mother from this day until she died are a sacred memory and a chastening benediction in my life.....

The purpose and effort of my life were all changed. The former desires and the old love of pleasure that used to satisfy left a bitter taste with me now.

As soon as I began to care for mother, I learned how much she cared for me; when I began to concern myself about her pleasure, and became interested in her interests, I discovered how mightily she was concerned and interested in my welfare and my pleasure. I came to know, too, that she always had been so concerned and so interested in me. How blind and ungrateful I had been!

The old shack in which we dwelt during all these years of my boyhood was not a fit place for people to call home. But that little hut is hallowed in my feelings and to me is a holy place because I lived in it with my mother. We bought a little adobe room with dirt floor and a mud roof. We put a lumber floor in it. We also secured a little room made of rough one-inch boards nailed on a frame of two-by-fours, and two-by-sixes. We set this lumber room against the adobe. We entered the lumber room from the outside, and entered the other room from it. In the lumber room we had a kitchen stove, our kitchen table, and the bed for us three boys. We ate in this room when we did not have company.

In the adobe room was our better table for study, and here we ate when we had company, on birthdays, or other notable events. The sewing machine, a very few chairs, a book cupboard, and mother's bed furnished this, our living room. The walls of this room were not plastered. The room, however, was touched up

with a special finish. Have you ever seen a room Desereted? This room was Desereted—papered with Deseret News!

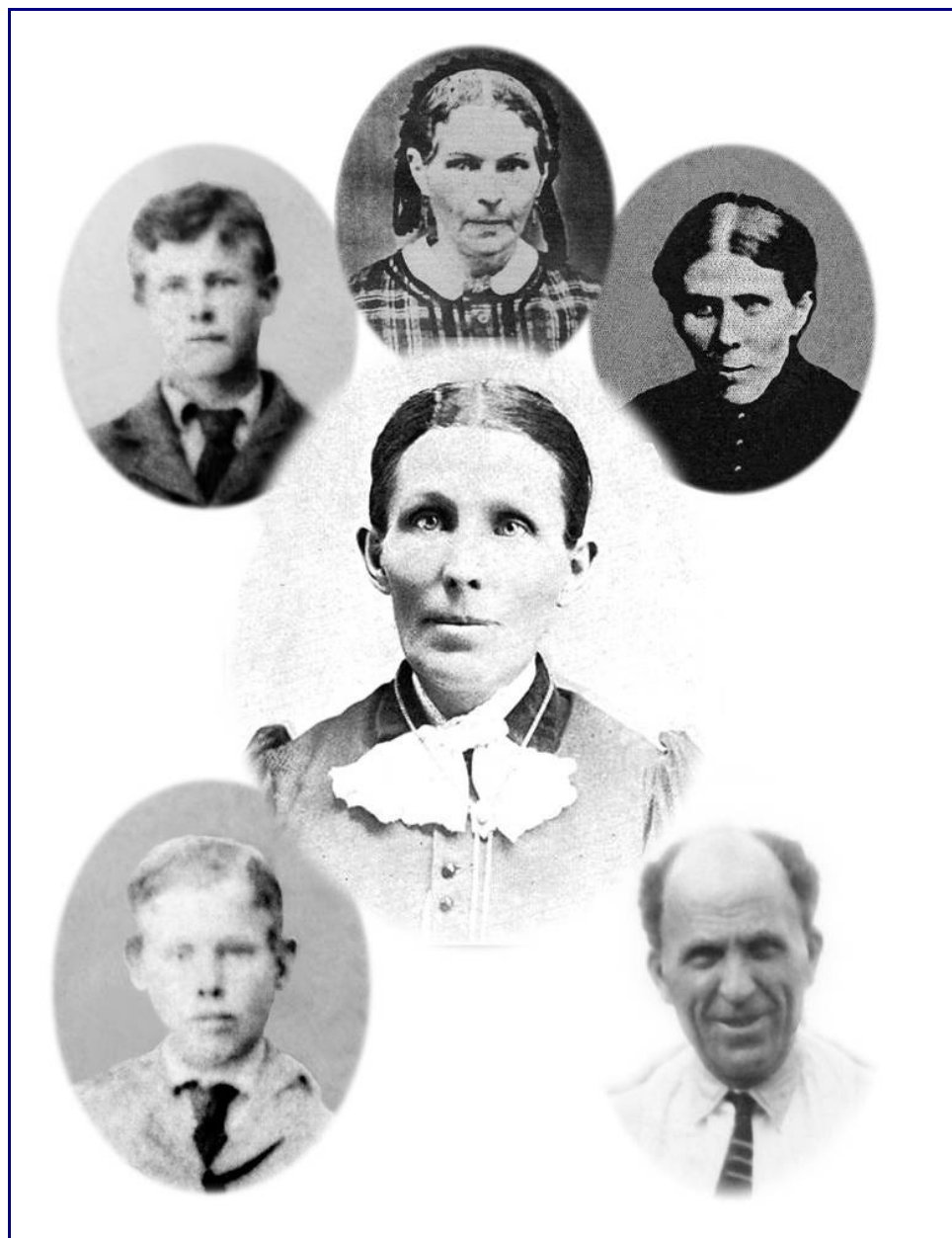
Many of my most precious hours were spent in this room. Here some of the most telling lessons of my life were learned. Here mother and I read and studied together; planned together; sorrowed and rejoiced, cried and laughed together; lived over the past in memory, and the future in imagination. In this room, after some neglect or unkindness of mine we shared the sweet joy of making up; repenting of some waywardness. I knelt at her feet for reproof, and came away chastened and renewed in spirit; dreaming- of manly achievements, I went forth with the touch of her spirit, inspired and encouraged.

In my mother I found a wisdom that was seldom at fault; a patience, unwearied; a trust, un failing; a love, boundless and unfaltering; and a faith in God, indomitable, and unimpaired though she had been sore pressed and tried.

Oh! her faith in God our Father! How wonderful it was! One could not know well that little woman, so simple and plain, without knowing that when she approached, God listened. By knowing her I can bear witness to the truth of the poet's words: "Faith cannot be unanswered."

I appreciate to the full those sweetest lines penned by N. P. Willis referring to his mother's prayers for him while he was storm-tossed and imperiled at sea:

Sleep safe, O wave worn mariner,
Nor fear tonight nor storm nor sea!
The ear of heaven bends low to her;
He comes to share who sails with me.



Lydia's Family

Lydia Knight Young (1844-1905) in the middle; counter-clockwise from the top:
Lydia Goldthwaite Knight (1812-1884), Howard Spencer Young (1880-1912),
Edward Webb Young (1882-1928),
Newel Knight Young 1877-1956),
and Lydia Rosanna Young Stolworthy 1862-1915).

This collage is by Robert Newel Reynolds from four different family sources, December 2004