

Mary Ann Lucas Burt  
By her daughter, Florence Adella Lucas Burt

My mother, Mary Ann Lucas, was born March 31, 1849 in Bloxam Oxfordshire England. She was the daughter of Edward and Ann Morley Lucas.

Her people lived in Brailes, the grandfather Morley being quite a well to do man of the middle classes. Of her fathers people she remembers very little as they lived some distance from Bloxham. There was a grandmother Lucas and a bachelor uncle who came to see them once in a while but she never saw her grandfather Lucas.

She had three brothers and three sisters; Charles, Amos, Leonard, Emily, Kate and Clara. Three of the children died in infancy. Mary Ann's father, Edward Lucas was an expert gardener raising vegetables, fruits, and flowers for sale, also taking care of gardens for others near his home. In this way he made a fairly good living for his family.

Among the most pleasant memories of her childhood was the delightful garden around their cottage, in here every spot of ground was cultivated fruit trees and rows of vegetables bordered with beautiful flowers. She remembered the garden spot allotted to each child for their own flower bed. There was a high wall at the back of the garden covered with old English Ivy so strong that she and her brothers used to climb its branches and look over into the green fields that in Spring time were covered with buttercups and daisies. They had to climb over an old stile to reach the green lanes and fields bordered with blackberry bushes. There they spent many pleasant hours taking long walks through the fields or picking berries.

Mary Ann's mother had a fairly good education and taught school for all the little children of the village. It was in her mother's school that Mary Ann learned her reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Grandmother Lucas was quite proud of the fact that her birthday came on the same day as Queen Victoria's, and that she and her sister went to London to see Queen Victoria crowned when she was eighteen years of age.

Ann Morley had a very refined and religious nature. The family belonged to the Church of England, but she did not feel quite satisfied with its teachings. She was a student of the Bible and believed in baptism and later on was about to join the Baptist Church because they believed in immersion. At this time she lost a baby. It was not christened and the minister told her it would be lost forever. Grandfather Lucas who was not religious became very bitter and Grandmother's heart was very sorrowful over the loss of her baby, and without his knowledge she attended first one and then another of the churches in the village to try and find some consolation for her sorrow.

Just at this time a peddler called at her home and after he had made several calls they talked on religion. The next time he brought some tracts for her to read, and the more she read the more convinced she was that they contained the truth. She said it seemed like something she had been waiting for all her life. The peddler was a Mormon Missionary and other things he told her that this church did not believe in infant damnation. This brought so much joy and comfort to Grandmother's heart that she no longer hesitated but was baptized a member of "The Church Of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" in 1864. Soon after all the children were baptized. She tried to convert her husband but he became even more bitter toward religion until life with him became unbearable and she decided to come to Utah where she might live her religion in peace. She felt dreadful to leave her

husband and friends but hoped that he would come later. She wrote to him time and again begging him to come but he never did, and some years later she received word of his death.

The mother with her four children, Charles, Amos, Mary Ann and the baby Clara sailed on the ship Belle Wood with six hundred passengers April 29, 1865, arriving in New York on June 1<sup>st</sup> where they spent about one week then journeyed by train to Wyoming where Grandmother bought an ox team and outfit for the long journey across the plains starting Aug. 12, 1865, in the company of Captain Henson Walker. At this time Mary Ann was 16 years old and she walked most of the way. It was a long hard journey and there were many weary days, but no matter how footsore and weary when night came and they made their camp, there was always a song or dance and they started their way with renewed courage the next day.

They had been traveling some weeks when the baby Clara was taken ill with measles, and one morning Grandmother found her dead in her arms. There was no casket to put her in and only time to dig a grave and offer a short prayer, and cover the grave with wild flowers of the plains. They could not even stop to make camp that night for the Indians were very hostile in that part of the country and only the day before the Company just ahead were attacked at Fort Laramie and a man and woman stolen away. The loss of her baby was a great trial to Grandmother but it didn't weaken her faith in her religion.

On the morning of Nov. 6, 1865 they first saw the Valley of Salt Lake City from Emigration Canyon. The sun was just rising and its rays shed a glow over the town. Mary Ann's first vision of the city was the tower of the old City Hall with the sun blazing on it, and after their long journey the city looked like Heaven to them.

At the age of 18 yrs., Mary Ann met Captain Andrew Burt and was married to him some time later in the Old Endowment House. There were born to them seven daughters and one son. The last girl, Hazel, was born six months after her father's death. He was killed Aug. 25, 1883 while attempting to arrest a Negro criminal who had escaped from jail. Mother was left alone to care for her eight children all under fourteen years of age. She has been a mother and has accomplished a great deal of work – she will be 86 years old on the 31<sup>st</sup>, of March 1935 and still enjoys fairly good health.

Her posterity numbers 8 children, 32 grandchildren, and 27 great-grandchildren. Mother has made many quilts and rugs the past year. She can see to read and sew without glasses.

Mother passed away Sept 23, 1940 aged 91 years.