

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

On April 3rd, 1884, Apostle Lorenzo Snow celebrated this seventieth birthday. Preparations were made months in advance so as many as possible of his family could be present. He personally sent out letters to the heads of all of his families, sons and sons-in-law, urging them to make arrangements soon enough so that by planning their affairs and scheduling the time accordingly, they could be present for the three days of celebration. It was to be a gala affair and provisions were made to house and board everyone. The family at that time included seven wives, more than a hundred son and daughters and grandchildren, in addition to sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. The letter included as one might expect from one so devoted to his church and its program, a special consideration for the fact of possible conflict with the annual general conference which is held on the anniversary of its founding:

In view of the third of April being so near our annual conference in Salt Lake City, also of that early season being subject to cold and stormy weather, I have decided on the seventh eighth and ninth of May, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. I request everyone to be in Brigham City as early as Tuesday night, in order to join in the exercises of Wednesday morning.

To make this family meeting pleasant, amusing and profitable to both old and young, I shall spare neither time nor expense, that everyone may feel at home, free and sociable. Ample provisions will be made to make all comfortable for food and lodging, etc; as soon as they arrive. Programmes will be drawn with care and consideration, keeping in view the different ages and requirements; all to be carried out with life and spirit, for gratification of the little ones as well as the amusement and edification of the older ones, that all may be interested and happy.

I shall forward you a copy of the programmes, and I trust you will consider no labor nor expense to much; and that you will allow nothing to prevent your attendance and that of your children, except the most serious and insurmountable obstacles, as it is very probable that this, our family re-union will be, not only the first, but also the last we shall have in this state of existence.

Clem was sixteen years old at the time and sweet on Phebe, one of the Snow daughters. His younger brother, Clarence, and his friend, Abe Hillam, worked as stable boys at the Snow carriage house and passed on information to him in addition to what he heard from Phebe and Chauncey Snow. On Thursday, the second day of the gala occasion, Clem finished up his chores early. Put on his Sunday best and hastened to his rendezvous with Phebe. He wasn't officially invited to the party but reasoned to himself it was alright since she had told him to come anyway.

He walked west on First South Street and turned north on First West towards Forrest Street, but he stopped short of the Snow Mansion and waited in the tithing yard for her. She was quite a while coming and he thought of going back home when finally she came through the fence across the street at the back

of the Snow lot. She smiled and took his hand while motioning him to come with her.

Once inside the Snow property they sat down on the grass under a grape arbor. There were many other children and young people playing nearby, and Mort and Chauncey Snow taunted them no end for holding hands. Clem didn't mind the good natured teasing, but Phebe proved more than a match for this special occasion. She urged Clem to come with her and though he was somewhat timid about it all, he finally admitted that he could like that very much.

The courtroom was filled to capacity with family members of all ages. Everyone seemed in good humor, waiting for the afternoons program of entertainment. Impromptu speeches, recitations poems, and musical numbers all performed by members of the Snow family proved to be a delightful experience for the young party crasher.

"They sang 'What Shall The Harvest Be?' and all you had to do was look around to see that Brother Lorenzo had reaped what he'd planted. There were about a hundred and fifty people there and more than a hundred of them were his descendants. There was a good deal of singing and reciting by different ones of the family, but I liked George F. Gibb's recitation of 'Sheridan's Ride' best of all."

Clem hated to see it end, but was more than heartened by Phebe's invitation to the evening's performance of "Love's Sacrifice" to be presented on the stage of the court house by family members.

That night as he got up from saying his prayers, he sat for a while on the edge of the bed before blowing out the lamp and crawling in beside his brother Clarence. He wasn't sure just how he felt about Phebe. She may never be more than a very good friend like her half-brothers, Mort and Chauncey. One thing for sure, however, he'd fallen in love with the theater. Even an amateur performance of "Love's Sacrifice" had left him with enough enchantment to last for weeks.

