

P E R S O N A L R E C O R D

Name in full	Luella GREEN
Father's name	Wilmer Cadmus GREEN
Mother's Maiden name	Emma HOLLINGSWORTH
When born	<u>22 March 1892</u>
Where born	Preston, Franklin, Idaho
When blessed	
By whom	
When baptized	<u>5 August 1900</u>
Where baptized	
Baptized by	
When confirmed	
By whom	
Married to	Norman WARD
Date married	<u>2 June 1909</u>
Where married	Logan, Cache, Utah
Married by	
Where endowed	L.D.S. Temple. Logan, Cache, Utah
Date endowed	<u>2 June 1909</u>
Where sealed	L.D.S. Temple. Logan, Cache, Utah
Date sealed	<u>2 June 1909</u>
To whom (husband/wife)	Husband: Norman WARD
Patriarchal blessing by	
Patriarchal blessing date	
Departed for mission	
Returned from mission	
Where died	St. Anthony, Fremont, Idaho
Date died	<u>18 February 1928</u>
Where buried	St. Anthony, Fremont, Idaho
Date buried	<u>23 February 1928</u>
Date of last entry	-----> <u>9 August 1996</u>
Special appointments	

IMPORTANT EVENTS

LUELLA GREEN WARD
1892 - 1928

Luella Green Ward was born March 22, 1892. She was the oldest of 14 children born to **Wilmer Cadmus Green** and **Emma Hollingsworth Green**. Although the time she spent on earth was short, her memory and fine qualities live on in her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Wilmer Cadmus Green was thirty years old when his first child was born. He had come to Idaho via Utah and Iowa. He was

skilled at many occupations, but his horsemanship is one most remembered. From 1896 to 1914 he drove the stage coach through Yellowstone Park. He did contract work, hauling lumber. **Wilmer** loved his family and enjoyed playing the harmonica.

At a Green Family Reunion in 1981, **Ida Green Garrett** recalls this story: "And then one time he was freighting, I think it was from Sinibar and I don't know where to, and he got the tooth ache. And it ached so bad, he decided he had to pull that tooth. Well he wound up pulling two teeth, with pliers, all by

himself not anyone around to help him..."

Emma Hollingsworth Green was well known for keeping a clean house. At the same reunion, son Elmo recalled: "And I'll have to tell you my Mother was a stickler for cleanliness. When she would meet you at the door or somebody would knock, why, she would always manage to have a broom in her hand so if there was any dirt on your feet, you could sweep your feet before you came in. And if it was muddy she would have a wet rag in her hand. But she was a wonderful woman and loved us all and she worked hard and we were proud of her..." (Additional information may be obtained from the Green Family Organization.)

It was into this home that Luella was raised - a home of love, religion, music, cleanliness, many children and hard work.

Norman Ward moved to Marysville in 1907 and it is assumed that this is when he met and fell in love with Luella. They married in the Logan Temple on June 2, 1909 and lived in Teton County. Luella was only 17 years old, Norman was 25. Into this marriage, Luella brought many of the fine qualities of her parents. Norman was only 10 years old when his father died. No doubt he was truly grateful for the stability of this strong family unit.

Money was not plentiful for this young family, but obviously they were truly in love. Six living children were born - Arlena, Thelma, Leonard, Clifford, Rueland and Maxine. To

support the family, Norman drove stage coach in Yellowstone Park. This is where he was when Clifford was born.

In February 1928, not yet 36 years of age, Luella Green Ward passed away following the birth of a still born daughter. Clifford recalls those days in his personal history. "...They called Dr. Redner. He came some time during the night. Us kids was put to bed. Next morning we found out the baby was born dead (stillborn) and mother was very, very sick. Owen Ricks, Dad, Uncle Charley and Uncle George went about 1/4 mile north of the house and dug a grave on a knoll and buried the baby. Mother could see them from the bed. When they took off their hats indicating they were dedicating the grave Mother said, "Oh, I am glad they did that." I leaned over and leaned against the foot of the bed and she said "Don't touch the bed, it hurts so much." She looked at me and said "Clifford, I am so sick." "I think that was the last words she spoke to me... If anything has made me be what I am today it has been the desire to be worthy of seeing her again.."

Write a name, a woman's name
She was born, What time? What place
Read her journal, feel her spirit
I can see her face
Married? Yes, and very young
Died? A fact as sure as time.
Strange to read a date so distant
Yet, the name is mine.
Oh, Grandma what are these things?
Proof you breathed for one short space?
Tiny photos, bent, but ageless,
Lovely tattered lace

I will be as you some day;
Lift the pen. What does it tell?
Words on paper saying softly,
Love life; live it well.

Be thankful for the life of
this good woman and pray that we
may always be faithful and true
to her memory.
