

By Kabella Holyoak
Tuesday March 8, 2022
Title Is New Whitney

This is a way fun way
to remember the
history of an
ancestor - just
memorize the poem!
I really liked it

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Monday March 7, 2022

New Samuel Whitney was born on Mach 1, 1851 in Parowan Utah. He was the first white child born in Iron County. His parents are Francis Tuft Whitney and Clarissa Alger Whitney and they were pioneers. He married Sarah Elizabeth Gurr on July 29, 1872 .They had 9 children but 2 of his kids died the oldest and youngest . He wrote poetry, was a blacksmith, breed chickens, and kept bees. His smallest grandchild would swing from his beard. He went on a mission for the morman church from 1883 to 1885. This poem was written about him. Brigham Young called for volunteers to build up another stake. And soon a company there was found who started from Salt Lake.

'Twas in the year of fifty-one, for well do I remember.
We traveled many a long miles west in the story month,
December.

We stopped upon a little creek, and sat us down to rest.
When George A. Smith stretched forth his hand, that
humble camp to bless.

When in the morning he awoke to look upon this
barren land, Said he, a city here we'll build, and call it
Parowan.

But there was one within the camp who was filled with fear and dread. For where would she that stormy night rest her weary head?

Had there been a manger near, where-in she would like, or a bed of hay on which to rest, she thought with a weary sigh.

But there was no such luxury in all the county round, So they placed her in a wagon box upon the frozen ground.

'Twas early one March morning the sun was not very high. The camp was greatly startled to hear a baby's cry.

Soon they hurried to her bed to see the little scam.

He was the first baby born in their little frontier camp. Many have been born since then, and up to manhood grew: Many now are getting old, but he is always "NEW."

In boyhood he passed his days, 'till manhood he did reach, Then went many miles away the Gospel true to preach.

Of that very wagen box, so I have heard it said.

They a homely coffin made to bury in their dead.

And many of those who started to laide their bodies down are patiently waiting 'till they wear a shining crow.

The snow of eight and sixty years have aged you same

'tis true, But still we know your heart is light and your name is "NEW."

He got ill from a cold and died on May 29, 1926.

