

JOHN ERNEST THOMPSON (1869 - 1954) AND HIS FAMILY

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|-------|---|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| .3221 | f | Julia Irene MANELA | b. 15 Nov 1972 |
| .3222 | m | Aaron Daniel MANELA | b. 24 May 1974 |
| .3223 | m | David Nathan August MANELA | b. 8 Aug 1978 |

.3221 Julia Irene⁵ MANELA (Jeanne⁴, Elsie³, Jennie², John¹) was born 15 Nov 1972 in Eugene, Lane, Oregon. She is the daughter of Robin Ernest MANELA and Jeanne Magda BALINT.

.3222 Aaron Daniel⁵ MANELA (Jeanne⁴, Elsie³, Jennie², John¹) was born 24 May 1974 in Eugene, Lane, Oregon. He is the son of Robin Ernest MANELA and Jeanne Magda BALINT.

.3223 David Nathan August⁵ MANELA (Jeanne⁴, Elsie³, Jennie², John¹) was born 8 Aug 1978 in Eugene, Lane, Oregon. He is the son of Robin Ernest MANELA and Jeanne Magda BALINT.

.4 Grace Emily² THOMPSON (John¹) was born 5 Sep 1902 in Borrowby, Yorkshire, England. She was the daughter of John Ernest THOMPSON and Jane BOSOMWORTH. Grace died 24 Apr 1980 in Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah, at the age of 77, and was buried 28 Apr 1980 in Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah. She married **Francis Leland "Jim" SEELY** 23 Jun 1926 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. He was born 2 Jun 1903 in East Millcreek, Salt Lake, Utah. He was the son of Arta McLean SEELY and Alfaretta NEFF. "Jim" died 21 Jun 1981 in Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah, at the age of 78, and was buried 24 Jun 1981 in Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah.

They had 7 children:

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|-----|---|----------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| .41 | f | Kathryn Joyce SEELY | b. 22 Apr 1928 | d. 13 Dec 1971 |
| .42 | m | Glen McLain SEELY | b. 12 Aug 1929 | |
| .43 | m | John Leland SEELY | b. 2 Feb 1932 | |
| .44 | f | Gwendolyn SEELY | b. 16 Oct 1934 | |
| .45 | f | Karen SEELY | b. 28 May 1941 | |
| .46 | m | James Edward SEELY | b. 6 Jul 1942 | |
| .47 | m | Richard Kent SEELY | b. 4 Jun 1944 | |

The Life Story of .4 Grace Emily Thompson

Grace Emily Thompson was the fourth child and third daughter of John Ernest Thompson and Jane Bosomworth. She was born in Borrowby, Yorkshire, England, on 5 Sep 1902, in the same house where her mother had been born 31 years earlier.

Her mother was a beautiful young, gentle, talented woman—smart in a quiet way. She was said to have had the wisdom of ages. She also possessed an exceptional soprano voice. These were all traits she passed on to her daughter

Grace.

Grace's parents had first met in the choir of the United Free Methodist Church in Harrogate, where he was organist and she sang soprano. John Ernest Thompson's mother sternly objected to his relationship with Jane. Jane was a butcher's daughter, making her middle class. John was born to the upper class, so Jane was beneath his station.

Because of his mother's objection and because he had always wanted to homestead in Canada,

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he left England in 1893 and moved to London, Ontario, Canada. His employment there eventually took him to Independence, Ohio. After his mother's death in 1894, he sent a letter to Jane in England, asking her to come to America and marry him. They were married on 17 Sep 1894. Three children were born to the couple while they were living in America. John Henry [Harry] was born 11 April 1896. Caroline Mary was born in 8 Feb 1898, but died one month later. Jennie [Jen] Louisa was born 1 Jan 1900.

In 1901 because of the terminal condition of Jane's mother in England, Jane and the two children traveled across the ocean to be with her during her last days. They were later joined by John. After Jane's mother's death, John purchased Jane's family's former home. While the family was living there, Grace was born. Later, on 25 May 1904, Edward [Ted] Alva Thompson, Grace's younger brother, was born.

Jen once wrote, "My little sister Grace was a small, dainty, beautiful child—not a long-legged tom-boy like me. She had a perfect oval face, beautiful dark-brown eyes and lots of long golden curls that our mother used to brush around her finger every morning. Mother had to trim those long curls every once in a while, or else when Grace sat down, she would be pulling [sitting on] her own hair."

Jen continued, "Sometimes our mother would leave Ted with her neighbor, Mrs. Isaac Binks, and would take Grace and me to visit her brother, my Uncle Fred Bosomworth, and his wife, who lived at #10 Mornington Terrace, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. [Mother] would take us by the hand as we walked down the street together. We would invariably see an artist who was busy painting whatever appealed to him (artists were to be found on most any sidewalk in most any city in most any country in Europe), and when he would see my lovely little sister approaching him, he would ask my mother, 'Please, Mum, may I paint your beautiful child?'"

"Naturally, I assumed that he meant me. Wasn't I the oldest? Wasn't I the biggest? Didn't I come ahead of my little sister? But, no! It was my little sister that he wanted to get onto his canvas. He would measure her little face and go into ecstasies over her perfect oval features, her large limpid brown eyes, and her long-spun golden curls. Of course, our mother, proud as punch, would allow him to paint a picture of my little sister, Grace. One of these pictures we had hanging in our home in a beautiful oval golden frame, and we were all very proud of it."

Grace went to the Beginners and Standard "one," in the English School system. There the boys played on one side of the building and the girls on the other. They were separated by buildings and huge fences.

In 1908 when Grace was almost six, Mormon Missionaries [Elders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] called at the Thompson home. After a thorough study of the teachings and doctrine, the parents and older two children were converted and later baptized in Bradford, England, on Grace's 6th Birthday, 5 Sep 1908. Grace and Ted (age 4) were not baptized at this time because of their young age.

After their conversion the family planned to leave England and join with the church membership in Utah. In May 1910 Grace crossed the ocean with her family on the twin-screw steamer *Zeeland*, of the White Star Line. She was 7 years old. The family arrived in Murray, Utah, on 30 May 1910.

The Thompsons lived in a tent in the backyard of A. Fred Davis, one of the missionaries who taught the family the Gospel in England. Sister Davis let the family bathe in her bathtub. Grace remembers the joy of that first bathtub. She had never seen one before. In her little village in England, they had to walk half a mile to the only well in the village, and then carry the water home in a bucket. Here, the magic of turning the water on or off, hot or cold, thrilled her.

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That fall she went to her first American school. She told the teacher she was in Standard Two, but Rex Davis, a third grader, told the teacher she was in Kindergarten, a word she had never heard. In England it was "Beginners." So into the Kindergarten she went. She stayed two days, then she was put in the lower first grade. She stayed two weeks there and was placed in the higher first grade. Here the teacher, Miss Barney, taught her when to use her "h" and when to leave it off. Grace later commented about the situation: "Here was love and kindness."

Grace was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on 25 Sep 1910 in South Cottonwood, Murray, Utah, and was sealed to her parents 21 Jun 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Her youngest brother, William [Bill] Bosomworth [or "Red"] Thompson, was born in South Cottonwood, Murray, Utah, a red-headed, freckle-faced boy with a contagious grin.

When Grace was in the fifth grade, her family moved to Almo, Idaho. They homesteaded at Reid Springs, eight miles south of Almo on the Raft River. At Reid Springs, her father built a one-room log cabin. They used mud with very little cement for chinking. They used slabs and dirt for the roof. The cabin had a dirt floor. It was quite a change from the beautiful home in which they had lived in England.

Her father was not prepared for this kind of work. In England he had a personal valet to serve him. He had studied abroad and could converse in seven different languages. Her mother wanted him to teach at the University, but he had no money in America to go to school to get a certificate to teach.

This was when her mother's middle-class training came to the aid of the family. She hired out as a midwife. One day, Grace asked her mother how she remembered what to do as a midwife. Her mother replied, "When you know a life depends on you, you will

remember. You will know what to do." When Grace was fifteen years old, her mother took her into the homes with her. Grace learned how to bathe a new-born baby. She assisted her mother in every way she could.

The family lived at Reid Springs for five or six years, usually moving into town for the school term. When Grace was in the seventh grade, her folks rented a small log cabin about a mile from Almo. One night as she was walking home, she was caught in a blizzard. She had just entered the large field that she had to cross before coming to the cabin. She wandered around and around in the field, not knowing in which direction she was to go. After a long time, she realized that she might freeze if she didn't find her way. She stood still and prayed. When she opened her eyes she got a fleeting glimpse of the fence. She headed for it and walked along it until she found the gate. Now she could see the light in the cabin window. She arrived safely home.

The next winter, in the eighth grade, she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor and worked for her room and board. The Taylors had six children under nine years of age. Grace arose at 4:00 a.m. every Monday morning and did the family washing before she went to school. Those were the days of the hand washer and the boiler. She mixed all the bread for the family and did the ironing. On Saturday she thoroughly cleaned the house. Here began her training on how to handle children. She learned to win their love first and then they would cooperate with her.

The next year she went to Oakley, Idaho, to attend high school. She was chosen vice-president of her freshman class. Due to the "flu" epidemic, school was closed in January or February. She and her girlfriend had to return home.

Fred Taylor came from Almo to take the two high school girls home in the wagon. They started out really early in the morning. It was snowing and had been snowing all night. They arrived at the City of Rocks about 2:00 or 3:00

p.m. in the afternoon. The snow was waist deep. The horses, already tired, could not pull the wagon through the deep snow. Fred and the girls had to get out and tromp a trail for them to the top of the divide. They arrived home after dark, wet and cold.

The family was in the process of moving from town, where they had lived during the winter, back to the homestead. Part of the family was in the home in Almo, and part at the homestead.

Grace's older sister, Jen, came home from Declo the same night. The next morning, Jen didn't get up. She had the flu. Soon her mother got it. The epidemic had hit the little town of Almo. No doctor lived within a hundred miles. Grace's mother was the midwife and general nurse, and now she had the flu. The bishop's five-room log cabin home was filled with beds of sick people who had come for help.

Grace and her two younger brothers, Ted and Bill, found themselves alone at the homestead eight miles from the family. Bill, who was eight or nine, was the first to get the flu. He became delirious. In his delirium he was frightened. Grace learned that if she talked to him about pleasant, nice things, while he was rational, when the high fever came and he was delirious again, he wouldn't be so frightened. He would babble on about the things she had told him. Then Ted also got the flu, and Grace had to nurse both of them. This is when she really learned to pray.

One day her father walked the eight miles to see how they were getting along, but he had to go back to help at the bishop's house where he had taken Grace's mother and sister. The next week a neighbor who lived three miles away came and chopped a big pile of wood and brought some broth for the boys. Grace nursed both boys through the flu. The day her father brought her mother and sister home, she went to bed, having become ill herself. The flu ran its course and she got well.

The next spring, Grace entered the MIA (Mutual Improvement Association) story contest. She won in her ward and in her stake. That was as far as the contest went in those horse-and-buggy days. The bishop's wife, Sister Florence Johns, taught her to tell stories and also taught her faith and how to go to the Lord with her problems.

Grace's older sister, Jen, married Sam Malmberg, on Jen's 20th birthday, 1 Jan 1920, in Declo, Idaho.

The next summer Grace went to Brother Fred Nye's Sunday School class. His clothing was ragged, but she said he was the best teacher she ever had. His knowledge and faith in the Gospel and his method of teaching, won the admiration of all the young folks in the ward.

Grace's first calling in the Church was that of secretary of the YWMIA (Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association). To do this work she had to drive a horse and buggy eight miles along and across the Raft River. One beautiful moonlit night in the summer as she neared the steep bank of the willow-covered river, she had the feeling that she would be glad when she had forded the shallow river. She drove her horse down the steep bank. Halfway across the river the horse suddenly bolted from fright, broke the tugs, jerked the lines from her hands, and galloped home.

Grace sat there in the buggy, dazed for a moment, then she pulled off her shoes and stockings and waded to the other side of the river. She then walked the half mile through the sagebrush to her home. As she walked, she sang songs and hymns to keep up her courage.

The next morning Grace walked down by the river in search of their cow. She was impressed **not** to go into a clump of willows. She turned and walked away. In a few moments she heard the cry of a cougar. It must have been the cougar which frightened the horse the night before.

Grace kept her calling in the Church until September, when she again returned to Oakley

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to school. In Oakley she stayed at the home of President and Sister William Jack, where she worked for her room and board. Because of the weather, she was unable to return home for Thanksgiving. Sister Jack had many guests at her Thanksgiving dinner. She served everything in courses. When Grace looked at all those dirty dishes she had to wash and dry, she made up a song to the tune of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles":

I'm forever washing dishes.
Dishes is my second name.
Wash them and wipe.
Never saw the like.
Perhaps in the future, I'll have fame.
Dishes, dishes, dishes, everywhere I look,
I'm forever washing dishes;
Washing dishes for the cook.

The next fall, after two years at Oakley Academy, Grace enrolled at Brigham Young Junior College in Logan, Utah. Her folks had no money, so she had to work for her board and room. She had never been to Logan and didn't know anyone there. She had faith that the way would be opened up for her to stay in school. The way was opened as she was able to get a job at the home of Harry Wilmore.

Grace had no money for tuition or books, but a beet vacation came along and she went with a friend to Smithfield and worked topping beets. She earned some money, but she needed a new coat so she bought the first new coat she had ever had since she came to America. She also bought a few books, but lacked the funds to buy all of them. About Christmastime the registrar called her in and awarded her a scholarship for being a straight "A" student.

The next summer in 1922, she stayed in Logan and worked to get the money to go back to school. She attended a Sunday School class where the students were noisy and paid no attention to the teacher. She recalled her old

Sunday School class taught by Brother Nye, and then asked the superintendent if she could teach the class as soon as the present teacher quit. Soon afterwards, the teacher quit and Grace enjoyed teaching the class for the rest of the summer.

After two years at Logan, she was given her "two-year norm" teacher's certificate but didn't attend graduation because she had no money to buy a dress. She saved her money to attend summer school at Albion, Idaho, because she wanted to get an Idaho teacher's certificate and teach in Malta, Idaho. Her folks had moved there to help build a new stake of Zion. Her sister, Jen, lent her money and gave her clothes. At Albion she met many of her old friends.

The winter in Malta in 1922 was a happy one for Grace. She was the comedian in the ward MIA play. They played at all the outlying small towns. She also had a unique experience in teaching. She taught fifth and sixth grades. In the sixth grade class there was only one girl and the rest were fellows. All of the boys were larger than Grace was. Her problem was they wanted to date her. It took her three days to convince one ardent admirer that it wasn't good policy for the teacher to date her pupils.

One day a school board member came to visit her school. She stayed all day and complimented Grace on her discipline and the way she taught. Grace always opened her school with prayer.

The next summer Grace attended the national summer school in Logan. She stayed with her old friends Judge and Mrs. Asa Bullen. Judge Bullen was an old school buddy of Superintendent Skidmore, the superintendent of Box Elder County schools. Judge Bullen introduced Grace to him, and the two of them convinced her that she should leave Malta and teach in Box Elder County. She was given a choice of five schools. Knowing that she understood country children better than city children, she chose the little school of Rosette in Utah. There was more money offered there,

anyway.

Grace traveled by train and mail carrier to Rosette. The mailman took her to the home of Bishop Arta McLean Seely, where she was to live. Bishop Seely's son Leland had previously instructed the mailman to look the new schoolmarm over. If she passed "inspection," he was to bring her to the Seely home. If she didn't, he was to take to the Kunzler home. And so when the mailman picket her up at the train station, he looked her over and said, "I guess you'll do," and drove to the Seely home.

Teaching was different in Rosette. She had twenty pupils in a one-room school. She was the only teacher and taught grades 1 through 8. Here again she called on the children to open the school with prayer.

The little community of Rosette had no piano. She asked the school board to send her one. She offered to raise funds to pay for half of it. She knew that if the community held dances, they would have to have them at the school, so she was pleased when the school board consented.

Her first fund-raising event was a circus. She had her classes create dolls, doilies, and pin cushions for prizes. All the young people from all the surrounding towns came. To her dismay she found they had brought a jug of home-made beer. The boys asked her if she would like to come out to the woodpile to have a drink. On her way out she picked up a large rock. When they gave her the jug she pounded on its bottom with her rock. When the boys realized she was trying to break the jug, they grabbed it away from her. The next day the broken jug was on her desk when she entered the school, letting her know that she had accomplished what she had tried to do.

For Christmas that year in 1923, she rode with the mailman to go home to Malta. They rode in a "white-top" buggy and had large heated rocks to keep their feet warm. They got about two hours out into the flat when they were

caught in a blizzard. The horses refused to go on so the mailman turned them around and went back to the town of Kelton where there was a train station. The train for Logan was about ready to pull out so she decided to take it and spend Christmas in Logan. When she arrived, she found that her friend Katherine Shaw had just lost her mother and the family was not planning on much of a Christmas that year. Grace bought a tree and soon they were all happily decorating it. Mr. Shaw thanked her for coming and helping them to have a happy Christmas. She was glad she had come and could assist them at that time.

Jen recorded, "In 1924, my lovely little sister, Grace, who was then a successful schoolteacher, came out to Brighton, Oregon, to spend the summer with us. What a joy that was. She was running away from two marriage proposals from two very fine men, so maybe a summer with me would help her decide. But a third proposal while staying in Oregon, found her ready to return with plans to marry Leland Seely" [Bishop Arta McLean Seely's son].

In 1926 after spending two wonderful years teaching in Rosette, she married Leland Seely [Francis Leland Seely, known as "Jim" Seely] on 23 Jun 1926 in the Salt Lake Temple. She was endowed, married, and sealed to her spouse on that same day.

Grace had been married for four months when she had an experience that she would always remember. It was at the time of the October semi-annual General Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1926. Grace and Jim were living in a little house on a ranch in the Park Valley area. The nearest neighbor was miles away, and of course, they had no telephone. Most of the residents of that extended area, including Jim's parents, had gone to conference, leaving the couple all alone. Grace was expecting her first child. Jim found it necessary to go look for some lost cattle, leaving Grace completely alone. Since the baby wasn't due for quite some time, she wasn't concerned. She packed

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her husband a lunch, took it to him at the corral, and kissed him goodbye. As she watched her husband ride away, she found herself lying on the ground in great pain and bleeding profusely. Jim was too far away to hear her calling him. She somehow crawled back into the house and lay on the floor, unable to get into bed. She knew if she didn't get some help quickly, she would bleed to death. But there was no one around for miles, and Jim wouldn't be back for a considerable time.

The only thing she could do was to pray. With the simple, trusting faith which always seemed to be a part of her, she asked the Lord to send someone to help her. She said a man then appeared at the door and came into the room. He told her to be calm and that everything would be all right because help was on the way. He then helped her into bed and stopped the bleeding by, as she said, "touching me." The man then left, and a short while later, Sister Burton, the midwife from the neighboring town, arrived.

There was only one road to their place, so anyone coming would naturally see anyone leaving. Grace asked Sister Burton if the man who had been there had asked her to come to help. Sister Burton told her that she had not seen anyone for days, but said to Grace, "I just had a strong impression that you needed help, and that I had better come over, so here I am."

So Sister Burton stayed with Grace until Jim came home the next evening. Jim then took Grace to a doctor in Brigham City. After examining Grace, the doctor told her she had miscarried and that she must never try to have children again because her birth canal was too small. If she became pregnant again, it could kill her.

She responded by praying and asking the Lord for His help. After several more miscarriages, she subsequently gave birth to seven children. Her son James once remarked, "I often marvel at her great faith, and at the courage it must have taken to become pregnant again under those circumstances. Each of us owes our

mother a far greater debt than I think any of us can ever imagine."

In 1928 Grace's mother, Jane, who was living in Oregon, dreamed that Grace needed her help in assisting her through her latest pregnancy. Grace's parents subsequently quit their jobs and returned to their homestead in Malta, Idaho. Grace then joined them there, where her first baby, a 6-pound daughter, Kathryn "Joyce" Seely, was born on 22 Apr 1928. And then 15 months later, Grace returned to Malta, and with only her mother's help, Grace's first son, Glen McLain Seely, was born on 12 Aug 1929.

Drought in 1930 made things rough for the Seely family on the ranch near Park Valley. With no rain, the crops failed. Jim sold cows for which he had paid \$100.00 apiece, for \$60.00. He went to Montpelier, Idaho, to sell fruit for his brother, Elwyn, leaving Grace and the two children at the ranch. The well went dry. The good neighbors made two trips over each morning to haul water to her four horses, a cow, a calf, two pigs—one with a litter of ten—and five hundred chickens. The neighbors even tried to deepen the well, but it was no use. The soil got drier as they dug deeper. Finally they gave up.

Two-year-old Joyce went out to find her mother, who was doing chores. The old sow broke out of her pen and started after Joyce who ran back to the porch for safety. Grace could see in her mind, that old sow tearing her baby apart as she had seen that pig tear chickens apart and eat them alive. As soon as possible Grace telephoned Lawrence Carter to come and get the pig. He bought the pig and her whole litter. Grace insisted that he come immediately and get the pigs, which he did. The next day the bottom fell out of the price of pigs. Her business instincts told her the deal was all right because he was the man who had sold Jim the cows at \$100.00 apiece and bought them back, cow and calf, for \$60.00.

Grace's mother sent for them to come and stay in Malta until Jim could find another job. This

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ended seven years of living in Rosette with some of the most wonderful people Grace had ever known.

In December 1931 Jim got a job in the courthouse in Brigham City. He received \$2.00 a day. He came to Malta, picked up his family, and established them in Brigham City.

On 2 Feb 1932 their third child, John Leland [Lee] Seely, was born, in Brigham City. Lee's Grandfather Seely came just before the baby was born and gave her a blessing in which he promised her that she would feel no pain at the baby's birth. Somehow she was given too much ether and didn't awaken until the baby was dressed and in his crib. She had to be shown the baby before she would believe he was born.

That same year Jim's job at the courthouse ended so he moved his family to Idaho Falls to sell fruit for his brother again. Then they moved to Blackfoot, Idaho, where Jim worked in the sugar factory until it closed in December. Then they moved back to Brigham City and paid \$8.00 a month to rent an unfurnished two-room house.

This was during the Great Depression, and Jim was unable to find work. He finally joined a CC Camp in Blacksmith Fork Canyon in Cache Valley, Utah. His pay was \$30.00 a month. There were five in the family trying to live on \$30.00 a month. Jim quipped, "Pinky, I can come home weekends for \$5.00 a month. Shall I save the money or shall I come home?" (Jim often called Grace, "Pinky" because of her red hair.) Grace replied, "Come home. We'll get along on \$25.00 a month."

How great it was when the sugar factory in Brigham City opened in October and Jim got his job back at \$135.00 per month. With his first check Grace bought shoes, stockings, dresses, overalls, and food. She never forgot that check.

From then on the Seelys started to prosper. Jim got a job delivering gas, oil, and fuel. The next year, in September 1934, Jim bought a

home at 27 North 3rd West in Brigham City. Five rooms and two porches seemed a mansion.

In the new home on 16 Oct 1934 Grace's second daughter, Gwendolyn [Gwen] Seely, was born.

When Gwen was about one year old, Grace joined the Kindergarten Club (now known as the Community Club) and the Civic Club. She was chosen president of the PTA, but because she had never learned to drive a car, she had to resign.

Grace taught the 5-year-olds in Primary and was then asked to teach the 8- and 9-year-olds. This class of 18 little boys with excess energy had driven two teachers out previously. Previously, at the "ring leader's" signal, most of the boys would bolt out of the classroom through the open window. So, after a week of praying that she would be able to handle them, she took a large willow stick to class the first day and placed it the front corner of the room. Then she slammed down the window and looked the boys right in the eye. There was silence. Suddenly, Glen, her son, who was a member of the class, jumped up and exclaimed, "You guys be good. This is my mother!" They were good and began to love Primary.

Jim was called to be superintendent of the 3rd Ward Sunday School. Grace noticed the 12- to 16-year-old class was bulging. She asked her husband to divide the class and give her the 15- and 16-year-olds to teach. This was one of the most enjoyable experiences in teaching Grace ever had. They had a class party each month. Come they did, and brought their friends—both to the parties and to the class. The class was too large for the room, so they moved the class to a double room in the basement of the church. She invited the stake president to come and talk to her class. The room was so full. After all the seats were full, there was standing room only. Tears filled her eyes, and she saw how many young people had come to learn more about their faith.

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In the years from 1939 to 1940, the boys of her Sunday School class began leaving to go to join the military just before America entered World War II. One of their last parties was a watermelon bust held in the park. All of the boys returned safe from the war—there wasn't one casualty.

Jim was called to be ward clerk. At this time everyone had to have a birth certificate or statement of birth before he could obtain work. So many people came to the ward clerk's home for a certificate. This created tremendous work for Grace. She was gracious and tried to make them all feel welcome.

Grace sang many solos in church and on programs. She sang with a community chorus and a double trio. Then came three babies in three years. Karen was born 28 May 1941; James Edward was born 6 July 1942, followed by Richard Kent on 4 June 1944. With a family of nine, she had her hands full. As soon as the children were able, each knew his job and all were needed to help. Grace didn't believe in allowances. She made a chart with a payment for every job: 1 cent for making a bed, 5 cents for drying dishes, 15 cents for doing them alone, etc. Every chore was written down with its payment. The children took turns each week at choosing their jobs for the week.

Grace's mother died on 16 Oct 1944, and was buried in Malta, Idaho, only four weeks after her Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

On Mother's Day in 1945, Grace received a corsage for having the largest number of children present in Sunday School.

When Karen was 2-½ years old, she was badly burned on the oil floor furnace. The name of the furnace had been plainly branded on Karen's bottom. Afterwards, all members of the bishopric and the ward clerk—accompanied by their wives—planned to go to the temple together. Jim tried to convince his spouse that Karen would be all right with Joyce at home. When they got to the temple, Grace hesitated at the door, still unconvinced that Karen, who had

been so badly burned, would be all right. She stood worrying, and a temple worker came up and advised her to go on through the temple and consoled her with the promise that her child would be all right. Upon her arrival at home she found that Karen had slept the entire evening and that the children were all right.

On 6 July 1946 the family moved to 7th South and Main Street in Brigham City. Jim had purchased property there and built a service station and warehouse for the gas and oil business. He also built a café and a motel. On this same property were two homes that had been used as apartment buildings. The family moved into one of these homes. Jim remodeled the main floor of this house, but the upstairs remained as two apartments. Glen and Lee slept in one of these apartments, and Joyce and Gwen slept in the other.

The motel slowly grew into a prosperous business. For a time, Grace and her children cleaned all the cabins, washed and ironed the linen, made the beds, and dumped the garbage. When winter slowed the tourist business, Jim was busy with his gas, oil, and fuel business. Grace took the orders for delivery. She also received payments and kept the books. Grace once commented, "I am a secretary, a cabin maid, a motel manager, and a mother of seven children. Each is a full-time job!" She was always busy and never stopped. She was a good manager. She spent thirteen years building up the motel, and the gas and oil business. In spite of hard work, she made life enjoyable, teaching her children the necessity of work, play, and the joy of family living.

Grace was asked to organize the first Junior Sunday School in the 5th ward. She used ropes, safety pins, and blankets to turn the cultural hall of the church into classrooms for the children.

Grace was also asked to teach the first LDS Sunday School at the Intermountain Indian School. At this time she was a member of the Stake Sunday School Board. The teaching was difficult because of the language barrier. She

Chapter 4 The Descendants of John Ernest Thompson and Jane Bosomworth

taught much through the medium of pictures.

Then she was asked to organize Junior Sunday Schools in every ward in the stake. At the same time in her own ward she was Relief Society Chorister and leader of the Singing Mothers.

Boyd K. Packer, who later became a General Authority, asked Grace to teach Sunday School classes to the LDS Indian boys and girls of all ages—only this time at a Brigham City chapel. This assignment lasted for 8 years.

Grace not only taught these boys and girls in religious doctrine, she also tried to help them to live better and understand the ways of the white society. Many were invited to her home for Sunday dinner to be fed and entertained. Grace learned that the reservation students had to think answers in Navajo, and then translate them into English. For this reason, they seemed slow in answering.

Grace was quick to recognize the needs of people as they came to the motel. One night, during an unseasonable cold spell, a truckload of transient Mexican field workers stopped at the motel. A baby was crying. Grace recognized that cry. The child was hungry.

She brought the mother a carton of milk, a loaf of bread, and a paper cup. She handed them to the mother who did not speak English, but smiled her gratitude.

Grace placed the field workers in the motel's two largest cabins, which also had cooking facilities. She then charged them very little for these accommodations. Next she brought out her basement storage of used clothing and gave it to them. Months later they stopped to thank mother for her kindness to them when they were cold and hungry and in a strange land.

In the motel business she met all kinds and types of people from criminals to celebrities, and showed kindness and friendliness to all of them.

In 1959 Jim sold the gas and oil business and hired a manager for the motel. He then moved

Grace and the children who were still living at home into a new home on 826 East 100 North in Brigham City. Grace enjoyed life in her new home, away from the motel and the oil business. She spent time substitute teaching in the local public schools, and helped her husband with his responsibilities. Jim had entered politics and had been elected as a two-year county commissioner. He was later elected as a four-year county commissioner. He was also president of the Box Elder Chamber of Commerce, and president of the Brigham City Lion's Club. Jim and Grace were both directors of the Box Elder Knife and Fork Club.

In approximately 1963 at age 60, Jim began having noticeable memory problems. When medical help was sought, Grace was told that there wasn't anything that could be done. The brain cells were dying, and once a brain cell was dead, there was no way to regenerate it. Grace cared for Jim at their home for several years until it became necessary to put him in a nursing home.

In January 1969 Grace had a severe heart attack. She was taken to the old Cooley Memorial Hospital in extremely critical condition. After she received a Priesthood blessing, her erratic heartbeat returned to normal. Grace told her family that while she was having the heart attack, her deceased mother had come to her and said, "You can come with me now, and it will be very easy, or you can wait—but it will be very hard." Grace said she had wanted to go with her mother, but then she thought about Jim, and told her mother, "No, I can't go. Who would take care of Jim?"

Though Grace could have lived comfortably in her own home, she chose to join Jim in the nursing home, where she cared for him for 11 years. She was very attentive of his condition, and readily signaled the nurses for help with anything she could not manage herself. After much suffering, her body would no longer permit her to continue on, and she died on 24

JOHN ERNEST THOMPSON (1869 - 1954) AND HIS FAMILY

April 1980 at age 77 in Brigham City, Utah. She was buried on 28 April 1980 in the Brigham City Cemetery.

Grace taught and substituted in public schools for 30 years. Her time in life was spent with love in the service of her family, Church, community, and fellow man. She saw only the good in people, and she always did what she

could to help. She would size up any situation, determine what needed to be done, and do it.

Her husband, Francis Leland [Jim] Seely died on 21 Jun 1981 at age 78 in Brigham City, Utah, and was buried in the Brigham City Cemetery.

They were happily married 54 years.

.41 Kathryn Joyce³ SEELY (Grace², John¹) was born 22 Apr 1928 in Malta, Cassia, Idaho. She was the daughter of Francis Leland SEELY and Grace Emily THOMPSON. Kathryn died 13 Dec 1971 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, at the age of 43, and was buried 18 Dec 1971 in Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah. She married **Lynn Thomas RICHMAN** 22 Nov 1948 in Las Vegas, Clark, Nevada. He was born 13 Dec 1928 in Paradise, Cache, Utah. He is the son of Leon Sinfield RICHMAN and Boston Obray THOMAS.

They had 4 children:

.411	m	Jeffrey Lynn RICHMAN	b. 3 Feb 1951
.412	m	Larry Leon RICHMAN	b. 10 Jul 1955
.413	f	Joy Lynn RICHMAN	b. 8 Apr 1959
.414	m	Richard Lynn RICHMAN	b. 12 Mar 1961

Biography of .41 Kathryn Joyce³ SEELY

Kathryn Joyce Seely was born in the town of Malta, Cassia County, Idaho, on 22 April 1928. She was the first of seven children born to Francis Leland Seely (born 2 June 1903) and Grace Emily Thompson (born 5 September 1902). She grew up in Brigham City, Box Elder County, Utah.

Being the oldest, she accepted the responsibility of caring for her younger brothers and sisters. She quickly received the nickname "Boss."

Her father Francis, who liked to be called Jim, and her mother Grace often said that Joyce was the easiest child to raise. She was very well behaved and she hardly ever got into mischief. However, they did recall one mischievous incident as a child when Joyce covered her dark black hair with lard! Joyce was very shy. Her father wanted her to interact with her friends, so he paid her 10¢ to go play with her

friends.

At a young age she displayed great faith and trust in her Heavenly Father. One day, her younger brother Lee was lost and the family looked desperately for him. Joyce prayed and asked the Lord to guide her to find her brother. After her prayer, she walked right to where he was.

Joyce attended Lincoln Grade School, Box Elder Junior High School, and Box Elder High School, all located in Brigham City. One day at Lincoln school, she was sitting on the grass near the road playing jacks and a car left the road and rolled over her legs. She was not seriously hurt. After graduating from high school, she attended Brigham Young University, and later worked in Salt Lake City and lived at Brigham Young's Beehive House (then a girls' dormitory).