

Going to Grandmother's for Christmas

*A Story Written by Catherine O'Donnell
Transcription: Chad G. Nichols (great grandson)*

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I was 9 years old when mother & father talk of going to Grandmother. Us kidie were sure happy & we watch father fix the wagon like a sheep wagon. he put a little stove in it so we could keep warm for it was real cold.

It took us a long time going with a team & wagon from Lund Nevada to Parowan.

Father though we could make it in a week. But we didn't quite make it.

So Christmas eve we were a long way from Grandma & us kiddies felt bad Santa wouldn't find us out in the derset

Mother to us to go to bed maybe Santa might find us so in the night we woke up the horses was making a noise shacking the wagon we miss father we ask mother where he was. She told us Santa star the horse when he left he was blowing his horn. father had to quietet the horse down & we seen Santa had found us.

I got a little doll & the boys got toys. We got to Grandma in the after noon for dinner.

We stay their a week time to go back home for us to go to school & it started to snow so the going was slower & we caught up with another wagon so we stay together.

The snow was so bad the men took their team to make a road for us to travel they take the team a long ways then come back to get the wagons so at night we could see where we camp at nights.

The snow was about 3 ft deep so we couldn't travel so fast as we did going in.

One day the mail man on a horse taking the mail to the post office he was so cold father brough him in & made coffe for him to warm him up. mother fix him so dinner & he left & when we got home father heard he didn't get to the post office so they sent men out to find him they found him & his horse frozen. We were 2 weeks getting back to Lund & I was out of school 2 week.

I sure wish you all a merry Christmas & tell all your friends I still remember them.