

Story of my fathers's life. ( Joseph A. Jones )

My father was born in Willard, Utah, April 19, 1871. He came with his parents, John Jones Davis, and Sarah James Davis, (his mother) to Cherry Creek when he was about seven years of age. His father took up a one hundred and sixty acre homestead in Cherry Creek from which he cleared the sage brush. He became engaged in farming and stock raising. My father attended school in Cherry Creek, Idaho and and in Malad, Idaho.

He held many church positions which were as follows: Superintendent of the Cherry Creek Sunday School when he was seventeen years of age; president of the mutual for four years.

He married Ann Jones in the Salt Lake temple Oct. 25, 1899 by John R. Winder. They lived the first  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years of their marriage in Pleasant View. In the spring of 1901 they moved to Henderson Creek where he was engaged in farming and stock raising. In that same year he was made second counselor to George H. Facer in the Cherry Creek ward Bishopric. In 1903 he was made Bishop and held that position until 1912. He was then made a member of the stake religion class board. In the latter part of that year he was set apart as High Councilman of the stake and held that position for nineteen and a half years. Since that time he has been an acting teacher. He has served as Sunday School teacher in all classes for a total of  $\times$  30 years. He has done a lot of temple work for his family and other people. When he couldn't do the work himself he paid the proxys for doing the work for the John Jones Davis family. He and my mother were called to do work as missionaries to the Logan temple. They have gone for over 35 years.

My fathers' special interest is music. He played for dances with his father when he was ten years old. he played different instruments: the guitar, cornet, organ, piano, violin, and the bass vire. He played all over the Malad Valley with his brother Evan and sometimes with his brother Will and sister Esther. He also played to dances with his brother Hyrum. At one time he belonged to an orchestra with Elias Morris, Dave Anderson, Thomas Morgan and Agnes Clarkston Morse. He and three of his brothers and his father played the violin. They sang for the public for many years.

Father and Mother have lived on the farm in Henderson Creek, (a part of Cherry Creek Ward) where they first settled for fifty five years. In 1949 they celebrated their golden wedding. Open house was held for them at the home of my sister, Sara Beeton, and over 300 guests came to call during the open house. The occasion was held the same as any wedding reception, with invitations sent, refreshments served, flowers throughout the house and a few program numbers. A family dinner was held at Eliffor's home which was well done. All of the seven living children were present. An oldest son died in 1919 of influenza. My father acted as proxy and did his temple



work in the logan, temple. All the children have had an education and have done much church work and all have talents worth mentioning. Lewis plays the violin, saxophone, trombone, banjo, Ukelele and sings very well. Clifford played the saxophone and sings, Merlinis gifted along other lines. There isn't anything his hands can't fix---mechanics, electrical or otherwise, Sara plays the piano and sings, Dan sings a beautiful tenor, Kate sings and plays the Saxophone and I play the piano and do part singing. All have been married in the temple.

Fathers eyesight failed in 1953 when he was 82 years old. He has an operation to regain his eyesight but there seemed to be no chance of recovering his sight. He continued to go to church and participated in class and singing. He was blessed with the power of healing and saw many miracles performed through his administering to the sick.

In the spring of 1955, March, father took a stroke and lived only two days, finishing his life as he had always desired to do. Through his blindness he worried for fear he would get bed ridden and be a burden. As it was, he was active until the last--attending church the day before the stroke.