

LOUISE LEE UDALL



A Remembrance Book of Memorabilia

By Her Children

Some Personal History . . .

Louise Lee Udall

Louise Lee Udall was the daughter of Arizona pioneers, the wife of former Arizona Supreme Court Justice Levi S. Udall, and the mother of six children. As a pioneer daughter, wife, mother, church worker and friend, she gave generously of herself to those who were part of her life.

During her lifetime of nearly 81 years, Louise lived in four different places: she was born and spent the earliest period of her life in Luna, New Mexico; her girlhood years were spent in the home of her parents in Thatcher, Arizona; when she was married in 1914 she joined her husband in St. Johns, Arizona, where they lived for 32 years and reared their children; and when Levi was elected a justice of the Arizona Supreme Court in 1946 they moved to Phoenix and established a home which she maintained until her death in 1974.

Her parents were Inez Hamblin Lee and John David Lee. She had five brothers (Marion, David, Anthon, Otto and Rex) and six sisters (Vina, Ettie, Edna, Lela, Bernice and Jessie). Throughout her life her ties with them remained strong and intimate. Her two grandfathers participated in the westward trek of the Mormons in the 1840's and both of them later became leaders in the exploration and settlement of southern Utah and northern Arizona. Their names are now prominent Arizona place names. Jacob Hamblin (for whom Jacob's Lake is named) first came into what is now Arizona in 1858. He was known as "The Mormon Leatherstocking," and was a peacemaker and friend of the Indians of the Colorado plateau. John D. Lee (who founded Lee's Ferry in 1872) was an adopted son of the great Mormon leader, Brigham Young. He served as one of Young's trusted aides in the period before and after the Mormon emigration to Utah.

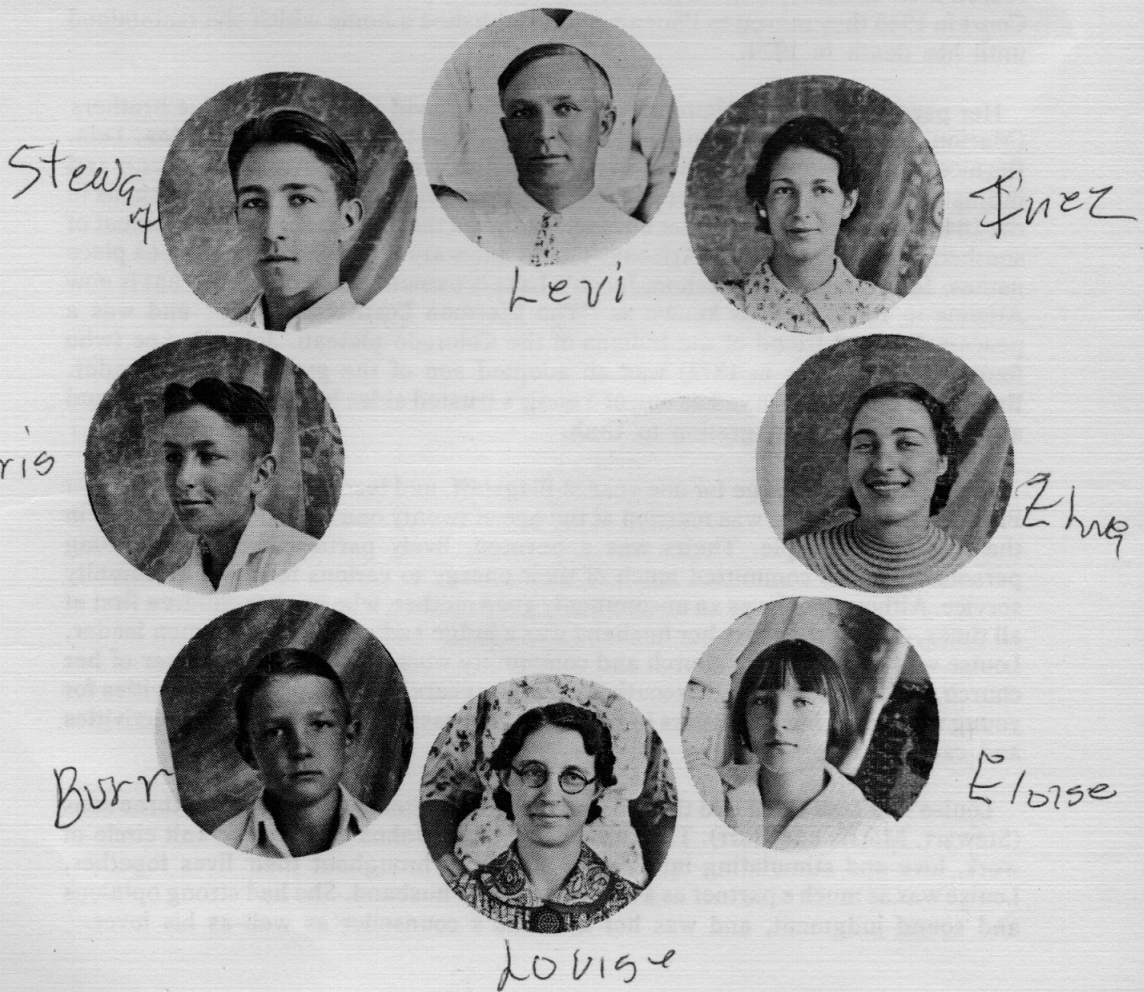
After attending college for one year at Flagstaff, and teaching school two years at Pima, Arizona, Louise was married at the age of twenty one to Levi Stewart Udall in the Salt Lake Temple. Theirs was a devoted, lively partnership of two strong personalities who committed much of their energy to various forms of community service. Although she was an uncommonly good mother, who put her children first at all times, during the years her husband was a judge and prominent Mormon leader, Louise was very active in church and community work. A staunch supporter of her church, a gifted teacher and executive, for many years she headed stake activities for young women. In her later years in the Valley she assisted in Indian church activities and causes.

Louise and Levi Udall had three daughters (Inez, Elma and Eloise) and three sons (Stewart, Morris and Burr). The Udall home in St. Johns was a close-knit circle of work, love and stimulating intellectual activity. Throughout their lives together, Louise was as much a partner as a helpmate to her husband. She had strong opinions and sound judgment, and was her husband's counsellor as well as his lover.

Louise Lee Udall had many gifts; an expert seamstress and horsewoman, she was also a talented singer, had a keen interest in literature and history, and produced historical pageants and dramas that enlivened the cultural life of St. Johns.

Louise seemingly "inherited" her grandfathers' affinity for Indians. She had an instinctive feel for the grace and dignity of her Indian friends and they responded with love and trust. In her later years, she formed a warm attachment to the Hopi family of Emory Sekaquaptewa. In 1964, a widely praised book, **Me and Mine**, a work of intimate collaboration by Louise and Helen Sekaquaptewa was published by the University of Arizona Press.

Affectionately known as "Nana" to her 26 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren, this great lady will be remembered by them as a spirited, vivid personality and much loved friend. Always young in spirit, Louise Udall's personal warmth rippled outward in many directions and often reached beyond her family to new acquaintances and friends of her children. In a successful effort to keep her family ties strong, for the last thirty years of her life she typed a weekly newsletter (called by her "My Week") for her children and friends. Throughout her life she had many friends; in her later years many of them considered her home a second home.



Life And Living In Her Own Words:

ON MOTHERHOOD [1969]

"I think public life is fine but we need mothers too. I don't think you are getting any more recompense from going out to work than being a good wife and mother.

Levi was gone a lot and I knew someone had to stay home and keep the home fires burning and I knew who it was. If you are the wife of a good man and have good children that is all you need — you have achieved. That is the greatest way for a woman to serve country, family and self.



ON MARRIAGE

[Responses of Levi and Louise to a "This is your Life" program in the Phoenix Ward in November 1959.

Levi: The thing closest to a man is his wife. The smartest thing I ever did was to induce Louise to marry me and become the mother of my children. I would never have amounted to anything without her. I am most proud of our three boys and three girls. I have been told that some of them are considered brilliant; I always knew any brilliance came from the Lees not the Udalls.

I want to say that the church to which I belong and of which I am proud to be a member is what I believe with all my heart and soul. If any motivating factor carried me through life, it has been that belief. At times I did not live up to its principles as well as I should, but I know them to be true.

Louise: I want to say that my heart sings to think of Levi and the smartest thing I ever did was to marry him; he is the best thing that ever came into my life. "Where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried . . . whatever fate our souls await, let me be there with you."

TO A SISTER ON MOVING [1948]

I have been thinking of you and moving. When I did that it seemed to me it was sort of like dying. That is, you leave the old and familiar places that are dear to you and the many experiences that you have had there. You see a different scene when you look out of the window. No longer do you see the heights of Mt. Graham, the rear of the Church house, and the big trees that you have stood there as pals to you and given you strength. When you go to market you see no familiar faces of those who know you and whose faults and trials you know and love them just the same; those whom you have served in various ways and those whose friendship enriches your own life, but faces of strangers who care nothing for you nor perhaps for anyone but themselves. Your horizon is bounded by your neighbor's front yard with lawn and flowers, but to see out where the hills begin, you must get in your car and go for miles. But you continue living in these new surroundings, remembering the old and loving and missing them; but you go on living and your previous living comes in good stead. That is why I say it seems like dying. I think that is what dying is like, just going to a new and different place and living again.

ON HER MORMON FAITH [1956]

After a death in one's family one does consider the future and conclude that in ten years death comes — and maybe I am the one that is dead but not dead, only gone to another place and another life, but still alive. AND yes that the Lord does love us ALL and is pleased to see us live right. AND yes that there has always been sin. The best way is to teach each other to make the right choices, "Choose the right when a choice is placed before you". It is and must always be an individual battle of the right versus the wrong. That is the idea: we have our own free agency to choose what we do, a grand and glorious principle which increases and builds character. BUT we must know that once we choose, we are then also choosing to take the results or effects of what we do and cannot escape them, be they good or evil. As with choosing what we eat, once it is eaten, if it is poison, the results are certain and cannot be changed. Please try to understand and put this into practice. This is the Sunday School lesson for today, applied spiritually and otherwise.

THOUGHTS AT CHRISTMAS TIME

When I have three or four LDS missionaries or a Hopi or Navajo or two or more, who are away from home at Christmas around my table for a good meal, I just play they are my boys, and by some miracle, my girls. I enjoy feeding them and good talking. But still my heart goes over the air waves to each one of you who once ate at my table and slept in my beds.

So now I say Merry Christmas 1972 from your mother.

ON FREEDOM [In the 1950's]

We want the great blessing of freedom for ourselves, for our children, our friends; but freedom cannot be had by individuals. The whole group must have it together. Freedom is bought on the installment plan and each generation must make its payment. Freedom was gained in one generation and can be lost by one generation. Let this be remembered and if we are ever tempted to barter any part of our dearly won heritage for a seeming temporary security, let it be asked of us as it was of an ancient people, "Have ye forgotten the captivity of our fathers?"

And The Words Of Others . . .

Excerpt from a Review of ME AND MINE [1970]

“Like a fresh, clean breeze from the wide open spaces of the great Southwest comes this simple story of the life of a Hopi woman. It is simple like the miracle of birth, the struggle for life and the finality of death. With none of the pseudo-sophistication of so much of today’s writing, it is an honest story of a life of integrity and genuine values, told with sensitivity. One cannot determine whether it is the words that Helen Sekaquaptewa spoke, or the manner in which Louise Udall has written them down, which gives the story its great charm, but it is there.

This little book is packed full of learning. It also takes the legendary Hopi Indians and makes them personal friends. It is rich anthropologically, but the best of it is the real human values that shine through. If one does not want to admit to being a warm human being; if one prefers to remain detached with an assumed sense of superior academic objectivity, he should not read this book. It would require a struggle to resist its appeal.

“It is pleasant and stimulating to be in the company of Helen and Emory, Mrs. Udall writes. “Helen always sings hymns softly as she works in the kitchen, even toward the end of a sixteen hour day. While Emory sits quietly, he also sings to himself—Hopi songs. Their tone of voice in conversation with each other and the expression of their faces is beautiful to behold. They are at peace with each other and the world.” The book is a little classic, helping to tell the story of North American culture.



Favorite Scriptures:

**Proverbs 31: Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her . . .
She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.
She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands.
. . . She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea she reacheth forth
her hands to the needy,
She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household
are clothed with scarlet.
. . . Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in
time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of
kindness.
She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the
bread of idleness.
Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he
praiseth her . . .
Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the
Lord, she shall be praised.
Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her
in the gates.**

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN [Luke 10:25-37]

**Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with
all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy
mind and thy neighbor as thyself . . .
Which now was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?
And he said, He that shewed mercy on him.
Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.**

TO THE WHITING GRANDCHILDREN, CHRISTMAS 1973

“The longer I live the more meaning I see in this parable. To apply this lesson in your life, will you pass the wounded on the other side of the road for fear of soiling your robe, or neglect to render aid because the man is a stranger, or seeing a man in need dismount from your donkey taking oil and water and bringing him to the Inn?

Many are left wounded beside life's highway, spirits beaten down by thoughtless ones. Those unloved and neglected - do not pass them by.

The answer to the question “Who is my neighbor” was he who is in need. Think upon it.

Don't wound. Don't pass on the other side.

With love, Your Nana

AND THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON [Luke 15:11-32]

When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants: Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet;

And bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

Other Favorites:

“I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live, the more my mind dwells on the beauty and wonder of the world.”

— John Burroughs

LET ME GROW LOVELY

Let me grow lovely, growing old—
So many fine things do;
Laces and ivory and gold
And silks need not be new;

And there is healing in old trees
Old streets a glamour hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely growing old?

Epilogue



SOME LATE EVENING

On some late evening I shall walk alone
Along a path I have not walked before.
There in a quiet garden, strange, unknown,
A house stands waiting with an open door.
The peace that passeth understanding falls
Upon my troubled spirit, stills my fears;
Out of the sacred dusk a low voice calls
One I have known and loved in other years.

I seek my own, for it is end of day.
My footsteps turn within the garden gate.
I look ahead and know in some sure way
Inside those portals dear ones stand and wait.
I hesitate no more; my soul runs free
Before the falling shadows of the night,
The door is open wide, I see—I see
To where a loved one waits beside a light.