

Matilda Jinkensen

Matilda Jinkensen was born August 13, 1827, in Clifton, England. She was a daughter of Thomas Jinkensen and Christenia Lovrick. Thomas Jinkensen was a descendent of the nobility of England, although a shoemaker by trade.

She had eight sisters and one brother, she herself being the 19th child. Her parents died when she was a small child. She always referred to herself as the Tithing girl, as she was the only one of her family that ever joined the church. As far as we know. As she was a trained nurse, she took nurse's training, little dreaming of the great work in store for her.

On May 13, 1849, at the age of 22 she married Thomas Stolworthy of Greater Yarmouth, England, who was born Dec. 8, 1828.

He was baptized into the Church of Latter Day Saints in 1853 by Elder Richard Cook, and confirmed by Elder William Barnes. Matilda was baptized and confirmed by the same elders just six months later. Their families turned against them, but Queen Victoria was a true friend and advised them to come to America. Having some money on hand, they arranged to leave at once. Queen Victoria gave them numerous presents and a mother's blessing. They set sail for America in November, 1853 on the "Clara Wheeler." It took them six weeks to sail from Liverpool to New Orleans.

They arrived in New Orleans on January 1, 1854, going on next day to St. Louis, where they worked in the Iron Foundry and saved for six months, so they could join the Saints.

As Captain James Allred was gathering up a company of saints to cross the plains, they joined his company, arriving in Salt Lake City in October, 1854. Thomas worked for Brigham Young and they were lasting friends the rest of the time.

As the church began to branch out, Brigham young recognizing the dependability of this young couple, called them to go help settle Cache Valley. Always ready to do their best when called, they left with the rest of the saints again to pioneer. What a change for this young woman from a sheltered home in crowded London to a rude log cabin off alone in a desert! Each man had from 40 acres up, but not too far apart, as they were afraid of the Indians.

Matilda had a way of winning friends, even amount the Indians. Her health was very poor and she was not used to such hardships. In the spring of 1856, she gave birth to a premature baby girl, who was named Eliza Cache, the little pale-face baby. As she was very delicate at birth, she could not survive the hardships, and lived only about three weeks. The Indians all came to the funeral but stayed outside, and did not dare to look at the little pale corpse.

While in Cache Valley, Matilda went into homes as a nurse and Mid-wife, thereby winning friends for a lifetime. She was brave and fearless in going into homes of sickness, as she had absolute faith in her God, and felt that if she lived as near as she knew how, that she had the right to expect help in her hour of need. Many a prayer went up to her Heavenly Father in behalf o her patients.

In 1856, they were called back to Parawan to start a bucket factory and foundry. The stayed here for eight months and a little girl was born, named Elizabeth. When the baby was bout two months old, they received a call to move back to Salt Lake City. How glad they were to go back! They owned the ground where the Union Depot now stands.

As they had already buried four small children, and felt that pioneering was the cause of it. Thomas decided to build them a good substantial home where he could make life easier for his dear wife. Matilda, being very industrious and near, soon made her new home shine inside and out. Here grandfather made her a cook-stove, flat-irons, buckets and kettles, and they were

very happy.

But once again sickness came into their home. Their little girl lay ill, burning up with a high fever. No doctor – no help; only kind neighbor to watch the little spirit pass away. The mother felt that she could not give up her little girl, so falling down on her knees, she poured out heart and asked help of her father in Heaven. After a few moments she felt a breeze flowing through the house; she turned towards the open door, and saw a stranger standing in the room. He had a long white beard and wore a suit of light clothes. Such a king, yet firm face and the sweetest smile. Still gazing at him, she asked him to have a chair, and was very astonished to hear him say.

“No, I just came in to see your sick child.” Turning to the baby and laying his hands on her head, he murmured some words they could not understand. Turning to Matilda, he said. “Sister Stolworthy, you have great trouble and sorrow, but you have been faithful through it all. God will bless you and your little girl will grow to womanhood and be the mother of many children. You shall yet raise a family to manhood and womanhood. He then closed the door and went out.

When Matilda turned around the baby was sleeping. The fever was broken, and she had been headed. The two women hurried out of the room to ask the man his name, but there was no one in sight. They followed his footsteps to the gate, but there they disappeared. The two inquired of neighbors, but no one had seen him. Matilda always felt that he was one of the three Nephites left on earth. And who shall say there is no connection with God? He has fulfilled his promise literally, as the baby has now grown to womanhood. Elizabeth Stolworthy Jolley died May 26, 1943. She was the mother of 14 children, still living and good church workers.

While living in Salt Lake, more children came to enjoy their happy home. Five girls and one rough-and-roudy boy, making ten children in all; Thomas, born Jan. 23, 1853; George born Nov. 30 1853; Matilda, born March 26, 1855; Eliza Cache, born July 17, 1856, Cache Valley; Elizabeth, born Sept. 17, 1858; Henry Thomas, born Nov. 15, 1860; Rose Annah born Dec. 24, 1862 Salt Lake City; Lucy born Jun 8, 1865; Mary Magdalena, born Feb. 11, 1864; Annie, born 1869 died 30 days later at the Muddy.

Having spent ten happy years, no mortal can tell the agony this faithful woman went through, when they received the call to go help settle the muddies in Nevada, in 1868. There were no bitter reproaches, no tears, no sigh – just a silent prayer for the protection of her loved ones, and she was once more – true brave pioneer, ready to answer the martyr’s call.

The Journey was long and dangerous as the Indians were on the warpath. Thomas brought two fine spans of mules so as to travel as fast as possible. There were about twenty-five families in the company. The children were never allowed to go out of the camp, and at night guards were put around the camps to guard against the Indians.

One night as the guards were going on duty in place of the other guards, at 12 o’clock, they heard a coyote in the west. Then one heard just east of the corral. All at once an Indian jumped from behind a bush and 10 or 12 others from behind other bushes. The men turned and ran for their families, and the Indians drove away all their stock. The whole camp was now wide awake, white-faced women hushed the cries of frightened children snuggled under blankets. Stern-faced men stood with their guns, waiting and watching for another attack on the camp.

Again God came to their aid, for the Indians did not return. Two men were sent for help to Muddy, but no sleep was in that lonely camp until aid did come, three days later. They could never understand why the Indians did not return and attack the camp again, when it was 100 miles from assistance, and to move on seemed impossible as they had no horses. Certainly the

heavenly father heard the prayers of the faithful mothers and put fear in the hearts of the Indians.

The first day out of camp, they found Thomas' mules dead, full of poisoned arrows. True to the nature of mules, they were too stubborn to hurry. Matilda told how her girl and boy went to their first school – just a willow bowery put up to keep the hot sun off the children. It was so hot by nine o'clock in the morning, that the barefoot children would run just as fast as they could, then take their tats and bonnets off, throw them on the ground and stand on them until the sun was so hot on their heads, they would snatch up their hats and run for shade.

Then Matilda gave birth to a baby girl, and since she was so delicate in health, the baby lived only one month. Matilda was glad to take up her nursing again to forget her troubles.

It was so hot that the hens could not sit on eggs long enough to hatch them. Then one day they heard two chickens peeping in the house. They searched all over and at last found them coming out of the shell in the cupboard. They always thought that the hen had to set on the eggs and start the germ. The cupboard had acted as an incubator. They were house chickens all their lives, and always felt that they were better than chickens hatched in the barn.

When taxes became so high and other conditions arose, they were released from their missions by Pres. Brigham Young. Then they moved to St. George and lived all winter with a family named Jarvis who came from England on the same ship with them. They were staunch friends as long as life lasted. In 1872 they were again called to go and help build Mt. Carmel as the Indians and outlaws had driven the people away from their homes. Brigham Young advised the people to live as one big family in United Order. Again, they were advised to move because of trouble, and their new settlement was called Orderville.

The little town was laid out and a big community house was built on a public square. At the toiling of a bell, the people would gather there at night and in the morning for prayer, and to worship the Lord in Sunday School and sacrament meeting. This building also contained a large dining room and kitchen where all the meals were served. Fathers, Mothers, and smaller children were at one table. The boys, girls, and young people sat at the other table. One elderly lady presided at the table and the young ladies took turns helping as waiters. The work was divided according to the ability of the women – some cooking, some sewing, some nursing, and some teaching school. It was divided in such a way that there were no discontented people, but all were happy, industrious, and giving thanks to God for his blessings to them. They lived here for twelve years. Matilda again took up her work as doctor, and she saved many lives.

As more people moved in, trouble began and they were told they could now disorganize and obtain homes for themselves. So in 1885 they could now again move to Emery county, settling in Huntington, close by their son Thomas. Here life was hard again. Most homes had no floors and just a piece of muslin for window.

Since there were no doctors and no drug stores, Matilda raised her own medicine, and I can see them how – poppies to make you sleep, crowfoot for the summer complaint, slippery elm for nerves, tansy, wormwood, sage, peppermint and many others. There was not a druggist to advise her how many drops to give, she being the only doctor, so she had to take the responsibility.

Thomas built a nice four-roomed adobe house, then put on a hard red coating. How proud they were of their new home, where they lived fifteen years. I believe it was the happiest time of their lives. They would sit by a big open fireplace, surrounded by their grandchildren and tell stories of pioneer days.

Though they never regretted coming to America, their hearts always turned to the only mother they ever knew and loved – Queen Victoria.

In 1899 they sold their home in Huntington and moved back to southern Utah visiting their daughters – Mary Black at Richfield, Elizabeth Jolley Tropic and Rose Lamb at Orderville. Here Matilda died on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 28 1913, being 91 years old. She was buried beside her husband who preceded her two years before on September 3, 1916. They were both buried at Orderville, leaving a large number of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and all were faithful saints and workers in the church.

The following tribute was written to her by Matilda Stolworthy Staker.

I have found the ones I have sought so long
I have felt the grasp of their hands
They lived in the house by the side of the road
And they were friends to man.

There was never a night too stormy or dark
Never a road too long
But when a call came from mother or child
These sisters have always gone.

They did not say, "Is my money sure?
I can not wait till fall."
But like the dear loved master of old
They answered every call.

And I hope to meet them in the great beyond
Where we go for our reward
And see them smile their gentle smile
As they had St. Peter their card.

Then St. Peter will open the Book of Life
A record from birth to the grave
"You have made a few mistakes," he said.
"But oh, look at the lives you have saved!"

Here sit in this chair by the Golden Gate
For there are friends either many or few
That still need the aid of a helping hand
Before they pass on through."

Then when you are in future home
And look back on life's short span
You will know there has been but few like you
That has been such a friend to man.

By Matilda Staker.