
History of Christina Livingston

Christina Campbell Livingston, better known as Granny Livingston was born February 14, 1788/9. She married James Livingston October 9, 1807. They had twelve children: (1) Archibald. (2) Agnes. (3) Grace. (4) Helen. (5) Catherine. (6) Christina. (7) Agnes McLuckle. (8) Janet. (9) Ellsa. (10) Robert, (11) James. (12) Helen.

When Archibald Livingston (Granny's son who was born in 1808) passed away, he left six children. Granny took the family and proceeded to raise them. She was a remarkable woman. She mothered those children with the help of the two older boys, James and Charles.

James, the oldest, was not too strong physically and that forced Charles to take upon his young shoulders additional responsibilities. At a young age, he was forced to work in the coalmines to help support the family.

Coal mining was very difficult and hard work. They worked long hours and several months out of the year, they didn't see daylight.

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints brought the message of the gospel to them and they became acquainted with its principles and subsequently joined the church.

After joining the Church, Granny was filled with the desire of gathering with the Saints in Zion, but finances were not available. It was several years before they could make this journey.

In 1853, the family managed to send their oldest son, James, to Utah. Then two years later, James, with the help of the Immigration Fund and Uncle John Doble, the entire family came to Utah. The trip was long and tiring. They left Glasgow, Scotland on the 16th day of December 1854, crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel and landed in New Orleans, then St Lewis. They then made their way up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers to a place called Atchison, Kansas, then Mormon Grove. They remained there for a short time and were able to replenish their meager stores; Charles was 20 by this time and he and his uncle secured employment falling lumber and building log cabins. They helped build the first houses at Atchison, now one of the important railroad centers in the United States.

Granny and her family arrived in Salt Lake on September 25, 1855. Their brother, James, joined them and they located a lot on 9th East between 1st and 2nd South Streets. They succeeded in getting a home built and Charles secured employment for a short time in the quarries, getting out the coping for the wall around the temple block, but winter set in early and work at the quarry was suspended, which left the family without any source of income. Before spring, the family was reduced to extreme poverty. It was almost impossible to get enough to keep the family alive.

Granny insisted that Charles take what few clothes they had brought with them that they could spare and take them down to the country south of Salt Lake and try to trade them for some thing to eat. It seemed the people of the Southern part of the city were better off than

the people around other parts. Charles tramped as far as Draper in deep snow trying to dispose of things. He was able to raise a little food for the family. He secured some employment as a farm hand and got \$15.00 a month. As he received money, a little at a time, he would tramp through the snow and see that his hungry family got it. He did say too much about this experience, but he knew Granny Livingston met the situation courageously. The other children helped every way possible.

A few years later Charles and James were able to provide a comfortable home for Granny and the younger children.

Granny had quite a sense of humor. It was said that when she first saw the valley from Emigration Canyon, she was surely disappointed and repeated twice, "Is this Zion?"

Also, on her first trip to the tithing office, she said to the clerk in her broad Scotch dialect "Is this Lord's storehouse? I see nothing but empty barrels and boxes."

Granny always wore a cap or mutch, which had a row of lace or some kind of frill around the outer edge. Not only did she have humor but her concern was always for others and her family. She mostly relied on the Lord to help her in raising this family. Following is a story she often told:

"One morning, just about dawn, she arose and stepped out to the front of the cottage. As she looked toward the left where on the corner stood a clump of trees, she saw distinctly the face of a man within a halo or circle of light, the face having a pleasant expression. As she gazed at this unusual sight, the head made a bow or obeisance to her three times (in her words, "played so", suiting the action of the nod or the word) and then faded from view. She felt somewhat frightened and went back to the house. A lime later the same morning, a man on horseback dashed up to the door and inquired if she had anything of a little child who was lost and for whom search was being made. She replied negative. The man was just turning away when Granny thought of the face she had seen a short time before and instantly seeming to connect in some manner the face with the missing child, she called to the man who up his horse and looked back. Granny told him to go down to that clump of trees and see if anything was there. She followed him to the place indicated and lo and behold, there lay the child fast asleep and uninjured. Granny said the child had some sort of a cloak or covering and as she lay there the frost was visible on a portion of her."

Granny was a remarkable person, having wonderful courage and determination. Her devotion to the family that she undertook to raise plus her own devotion to the Church and to our Father in Heaven could only be summed up in the following words:

STERLING INTEGRITY

Few People, I feel, realize the great debt of gratitude we all owe Christina Campbell Livingston (Granny) for there are not many who would have made the sacrifices she did.

After hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ and recognizing it to be true, she accepted it and was baptized in May of 1848. She was then about 59 years old.

After raising 12 of her own children, at the age of 60 she began raising 6 more of her orphaned grandchildren, the youngest being 9 months old (William). Though having very little, they saved for four years to send the oldest grandson, James, to Utah on 15 March 1853. Then they saved for twenty-one months more before the rest of the family could go.

After deciding to leave her home, she left most of her belongings of a lifetime acquirement. Her friends, sons and daughters (how many and which ones we don't know) and other relatives, knowing she would probably never see them again. .

Now, at age 65, with six remaining grandchildren, the youngest 6 years old and two other own children (James. 26. and Helen. 23), they prepared to leave to a land they had never seen—a place that would have very little developed when they got there, actually much less than they were leaving behind.

They began in the cold months of winter. 16 December 1854, to go 9,000 miles In a time of primitive transportation that would take 10 long months; first made their way over to Glasgow (10-15 miles), boarded a ship, went 250 miles to Liverpool. England, boarded another sailing ship, spent 8 weeks on the water with little or no heat, down around the tip of Florida to New Orleans, boarded a steam ship and then up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, Missouri, then over the Missouri River to Atchison. Kansas, then prepared for another journey across the plains and mountains 1,450 miles to Salt Lake City. They arrived with virtually nothing but themselves and knowing others were depending on them and in essence built again, started a new life and in hard times and did it for twenty-two more years.

Had Christina's decision been any other, all our lives would have been different if at all. What a beautiful, stalwart and noble individual.