

XXIII. FRUITS MOST PRECIOUS

"And because of your diligence and your faith and your patience with the word in nourishing it that it may take root in you, behold by and by ye shall pluck the fruit thereof which is most precious...and ye shall feast upon this fruit even till ye are filled that ye hunger not, neither shall ye thirst." Alma 32:42

Susanna had twenty grandchildren and 75 great-grandchildren, many of whom had large families.

Guglielmo and his wife Mary Ann had two girls, Mamie and Maude whom I doubt their grandmother ever saw. Most of their married life was spent in Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota. The town grew up both sides of a narrow canyon, its residents as rough and wild as the terrain. It was the home of such notables as Wild Bill Hickock and Calamity Jane; and boasted more than its share of prostitutes and panhandlers, drunks and desperados. Sanjo's "restaurant" was in actuality a saloon on lower Main Street. He advertised, "Now mixing eye-openers". He kept scales on his counter where he weighed gold dust, the legal tender at \$17 an ounce; though he barely took in enough to keep going.

Mary Ann died July 18, 1886 at age 36 of an unknown illness and was buried in the Mt. Moriah Cemetery. Sanjo consoled himself by writing about his experiences on the pioneer trek and in early Salt Lake, which was published by installment in the Church's Young Women's Journal. He seems to have retained his faith through all his experiences, and reported that by the late 1880s Deadwood had become quite respectable.

A fire swept through the business district in 1894, destroying Sanjo's saloon with all the rest. Though in pain from rheumatism, he worked what he could for others until he came back to Salt Lake in 1908 after 30 years in Deadwood.



Sanjo and Horatio at the St. George 50th anniversary celebration

He made several trips down to visit Horatio in St. George before his death in 1915. During his life he traveled 36,125 miles in the service of the Church and the Territory of Utah. I quote here a letter written by him to Horatio after receiving word of his mother's illness, and excerpts from another written at her death. (Punctuation is his own.)

Dear Brother Horatio,

Your favor of the 19th inst is at hand- glad to hear from you but sorry the news it brought me. It was not astonishing to me when we consider the age of our poor mother and what she has done in this life and what hardships she has passed through....I know she is in good hands with the help of our Father in Heaven she will be all right eventually.

My health is fairly good but I've arrived at a state where I'm not able to do laborious work- a good deal of the time I'm troubled with rheumatism- have been troubled with it more or less all winter- my finances are slim- would I were able to come home.

Horatio I know you will be all right in our dearly beloved Mother's time of suffering- would that I could be with you. Love to you and your beloved wife and children. I remain as ever your brother- G.G.R. Sangiovanni

Dear Brother,

Your letter announcing the death of our dear old mother came duly to hand. It made me feel bad, but still when you told how easy she passed away I was contented. There has not been many women of her equal...From the time she was converted she never failed to help the cause move along, financially and otherwise. After she embraced the gospel there wasn't an elder went to London but she always donated to his wants.... Well, God bless her, her reward is sure. I would like if you would save Mother's Italian Bible for me.

Well, dear Horatio, all we can do now is to console each other. My love to all--praying the Almighty to bless us and help us to the end is my prayer.

G. G. R. Sangiovanni

Horatio and Josephine had twelve children, seven surviving to adulthood. Horatio and Philena had six children, losing one as a child. Josephine and Horatio have 56 grandchildren.



Horatio is on the top row, third from left



St. George Tabernacle Choir. Horatio: top row, fifth from left. Doda: middle row, right side. Hattie: bottom row, second from left. Philena: bottom row at right



Back: Charles Workman, Ann Pickett, Eldon Workman, Philena Pickett, Paul Pickett.
 Center: Doda P. Workman, Susanna P. Gubler, Sanjo, Philena holding Una, Horatio.
 Front: Carl Workman, Ruth Gubler, Tell Gubler, Hazel Workman, Philena Pickett,
 Rosalba Gubler (Taken in 1911.)



Picture taken 1898. Left to right: Doda Workman holding Delsy, Arthur Woodbury, Hattie Woodbury, Hartley Woodbury, Henry Gubler holding Ovando, Susanna Gubler.

Susanna picked out the names for two of her oldest great-granddaughters: Ezoe (Harriet's oldest daughter), born three years before Susanna Mehitabel's death; and Rosalba, meaning white rose in Italian (Zannie's daughter), born two years before her great-grandmother died.

Zannie told her children many times in later years "I wish you could have known a Grandmother like mine." She spoke of the love she had for Susanna, remembering visits at her home when she was allowed to choose a trinket to order from the J. Lind catalog.

Granddaughter Harriet said, "I would not feel right without telling something of my dear Grandmother (Father's mother). My earliest recollections are closely associated with Grandma. She was always working at something, either for herself or for others which she did from as long ago as I can remember. Grandmother was an intellectual giant, very well read, and could speak three languages; English, Italian, and Spanish very fluently. Many are the times I have sat listening to her and Father talk together in Spanish. She loved the children, and always had some cookies, peppermints, or something to eat, and how we loved to go there! She was a wise counselor and friend during my youth. I always, while she lived, enjoyed going to Grandmother with my problems...I always loved to go and talk to her, as she could talk on any subject...She crocheted all my babies' booties."

Besides crocheting booties and making little leather shoes for her great-grandchildren, Susanna embroidered white on white bedspreads for her grandchildren. Some of those are still in existence and treasured by descendants.

She was well loved by townspeople. A neighbor, Mable Jarvis, wrote in Vol. 8 of *Heartthrobs of the West*,

"Susanna Rogers Keate spoke and taught foreign languages. In her life she had known both wealth and poverty, but never lost the values of school and travel. She was the personification of prim neatness and quiet dignity."

Mable's sister, Ethel Jarvis Bennett gave the family a well-written account of Susanna's early life and wrote the following tribute.

"Like a pleasant stream, quiet and refreshing, her life brightened the days of many who passed her way, for she never missed an opportunity to be a good Samaritan, a good friend, no matter who the needy wayfarer might be. Everyone who ever knew this refined, intellectual little lady must have a pleasant memory of Grandma Keate, as she was lovingly called. I remember a wrinkled little hand that had guided mine as I learned to read long before I could go to school; a hand that moved pretty colored beads upon a frame while I learned to count; and a hand that LaFayette had kissed. It seemed so wonderful that she could read those little drab, quaintly illustrated books, whose only fascination for us was the fact that she could interpret the utterly unpronounceable jumbles of letters into such musical sounds, and tell what it all meant. It might be French, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese, yet it was as simple to her as her native English. It was a pet plan of ours that someday she would teach me these languages, but time wore on and I never got farther than listening to her reluctant answers about how she learned it all.

"I remember the truly aristocratic lady with silvery hair who had been the wife of an Italian nobleman. Stately, in spite of a slight lameness, yet happy to know the truth of the Gospel, she lived to a good old age, accomplishing much in her quiet way, taking the ups and downs of life in a pioneer town as became a pioneer."