

A Brief Autobiography - -- Christiana Carlile Giles - 1849 to 1942

IN HEBER VALLEY

"I, *Christina Carlile Giles*, was born November 17, 1849, in Grusbury, England. My parents were John and Elizabeth Williamson Carlile. After joining the Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, in England, my parents were working to go to Utah. So, in 1850, father was able to leave for Utah—Zion. It was a continuous journey until we reached Council Bluffs, here we remained two years. Then father left for Utah with a wagon which was drawn by a yoke of cows and one oxen. Well, I remembered my chore was to give the churn dasher a dash or two at different times during the day as we traveled, then at night mother would take the butter from the churn which we enjoyed very much on our dry bread.

"We went to Provo, then to Palmyra, Utah County, from there father moved to Spanish Fork. Here we lived until 1859, then father moved his family to Provo Valley, later called Heber City. I went out and did house work, a little later I went to work for Mary Giles Crook, wife of John Crook, and here I met my husband William Giles, Jr. In those days, when young folks went courting they would go horseback riding, and sometimes a group of young men and women would go into the woods nearby and gather hops. They would say, 'we are going hopping today.' Hops were used to put in the yeast.

"William and I were married June 13, 1868, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City. We were the parents of thirteen children, four dying in infancy. I would go to the homes of expectant mothers and take care of them and the babies. William, my husband, took pneumonia in November and died on the 11th, 1895, at the age of fifty years. I was left with nine children. The doctors did all they could to save him. From then on I acted as midwife, which I did for many years. I would go through snow and sunshine to help those mothers who called for me. I helped bring 184 babies into the world."

Christina Carlile Giles was loved by all who knew her. She kept active until about a month before she died. She was ninety-three years of age when she passed away and the Tabernacle was filled to capacity for her services. — Ethel D. Johnson