

## BIOGRAPHY OF SARAH ANN BULLOCH

Sarah Ann Higbee Bulloch was born in Cedar City, Utah, November 27, 1861. She was the daughter of John Mount and Eunice Bladen Higbee, and was the eldest of their seven children. She was the grand-daughter of John Summers Higbee and Sarah Ann Voorhees Higbee. John Summers Higbee was Captain of the 11 Ten of President Brigham Young's company of Pioneers, and he with thirty others, founded Provo, Utah, in March 1849.

Sarah Ann Higbee spent her childhood in Cedar City where she attended the public schools. As a young girl she was a teacher in the Sunday School under the Superintendency of Brother Joseph H. Armstrong, and was prominent in the Cedar City Dramatic Club in company with Dan Macfarlane, John Parry, and Joseph H. Armstrong. In 1880 she was called to act as assistant secretary in the Relief Society under President Sage T. Jones with Marian Arthur and Elizabeth Evans, counselors, and the following year she was appointed treasurer. Early in 1882 she moved with her mother to Arizona. Prior to her departure, the choir, of which she had been a member, presented her with a handsome album as a token of remembrance and esteem. She lived on a ranch near St. David in Arizona and while there she assisted in teaching school and took a prominent part in church and social activities. One year she was Queen of the May. She returned from Arizona and attended the Brigham Young University at Provo in 1888 and 1889. Here she came under the inspiration of that master teacher, Brother Karl G. Maeser. She returned to Cedar and taught in the District School. On January 5, 1890 she was married to David Bulloch. She again attended the Brigham Young University from the fall of 1890 until the spring of 1892. While there she studied Home Nursing and Dressmaking. She assisted Miss Mickelson in her shop for a short time in the summer. In 1892 she came back to Cedar and taught in the Academy that year and part of 1893. She moved to Salt Lake City in the early spring of 1893 where she lived for a number of years. Her son, Warren, was born there on June 7, 1893 and her daughter Morine, on January 15, 1897. In the spring of 1897, Sister Bulloch returned to Cedar City where she spent the remainder of her life. She went to Arizona in 1906 to assist in bringing her invalid mother to Utah, and cared for her with devotion until she died. Sister Bulloch was first counselor of the Cedar Ward Primary from 1900 to 1904. In 1904 she was called from the Primary to the Stake Y.L.H.I.A. which position she held until 1911.

The death of her daughter, Morine, on February 17, 1914 wa the crushing blow of her life. The great void in her heart wa filled in a measure by the sunshine her four little grand-children brought to her in the last years of her life.

In the fall of 1918 Sister Bulloch was sustained as first counselor to Sister Caroline Schoppman in the East Ward Relief Society which position she held until November 14, 1920 when Sister Schoppman resigned. On September 13, 1921 she was sustained as President of the Cedar Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers which position she held for two years. Her health failed her and on November 3, 1923 she was operated on for goitre, this was only in a measure successful because only part of it could be removed. But Sister Bulloch went bravely on until August 1925 when she was to the hospital and remained there in a critical condition for several weeks. She rallied to a degree and was taken home. Our Father in Heaven called her to her home on High, October 26, 1925.

At the time of her death, Sister Bulloch was a member of the Parowan Stake Relief Society Board which position she held for about five years. She resigned as class leader of Theology in the East Ward, September 22, 1925. She was also honorary president of the Iron County Camp Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

Following are Tributes from those with whom she worked:

From Joseph H. Armstrong, a pioneer of 1847, former Superintendent of Sunday School and a member of the Cedar Dramatic Club:

"I never found Sister Bulloch a woman of sterling integrity and always gave an unselfish service in any position she was called to".

From H.H. Dalley who taught with her in the District School for two years, and in the Academy for two years:

"Sister Bulloch was punctual, had natural discipline, was up to the minute in her school work, and faithful in her religious duties. She commanded the respect of the children. Brother Karl G. Maeser thought she was wonderful."

From President William R. Palmer of the Parowan Stake, one of her pupils in the Academy:

"Sister Sarah Ann Bulloch came to the Parowan Stake Academy fresh from the influence of the great teacher, Dr. Karl G. Maeser. He had impressed her deeply and much of his wonderful spirit was reflected in her work. It was my good fortune to have come a pupil to her school in my early teens and in that impressible age she influenced my life more, perhaps, than any teacher I have ever had. I do not remember so much of the texts we studied, but the moral and spiritual ethics she taught stand out vividly in my recollections. She established standards of honor, and set up in me the spiritual controller that have actuated and dominated my life. She made God real to me and made me sense my responsibility to Him. In gratitude for all she did, I say God bless her sainted memory."

Officers of the Cedar Ward Primary Association from 1900 to 1904:

"True to her task  
Valiant in the cause of right  
Tender, gentle, a devoted friend  
These are a few of the virtues that endeared  
Her to the hearts of her co-laborers."

From Brother U.F. Jones, former President of Parowan Stake:

"Sister Bulloch was energetic in her work and performed it well."

From Henrietta L. Jones:

"Sister Bulloch lived in our house and I learned to love and respect her. After Horine's death, Brother Jones and I took her with us on a trip to Kanab with a hope of taking her mind from her trouble."

A tribute to Sister Sarah Ann Bulloch from the women who were associated with her in the Stake W.L.M.I.A. from 1904 to 1911.

"Women are of two kinds and she  
Was of the kind we'd like to be.  
Some preach their virtues, and a few  
Express their lives by what they do  
That sort was she. No flowery phrase  
Or glibly spoken words of praise  
Won friends for her. She wasn't cheap  
Or shallow, but her course ran deep.  
And it was pure, you know the kind  
Not many in a life you find  
Whose deeds outrun their words so far  
That more than what they seem they are."

A letter from Flora B. Horne of the State Central Company of Daughters of Utah Pioneers:

Our Central Officers all mourn the loss of our dear fellow officer, President Sarah Ann Higbee Bulloch of Iron County Daughters of Utah Pioneers. She was a strong character. When I saw her willingness to pioneer the "Pioneer Work" in Iron County, I saw in her the true spirit of loyalty, sacrificed and service. Although in physical distress her strong spirit rose above it all, like her noble parents before her, and labored and struggled to put this splendid historical work before the public, assisted by her vice presidents and officers.

She studied her duties and fearlessly carried out her impressions. I learned to love her as a sister, she was so kind and thoughtful. Her integrity; her patience; her charitableness towards the faults of others; yes, even toward the wrongs of those who offended her; and her perseverance in doing the things that should be done, have been a great inspiration to me. She was not hasty, but deliberate in passing judgment, that all who would understand her could know for themselves the correctness of her decisions. She recognized the powers of the weak ones as well as the strong ones about her, and like the Master, was ever ready to care for the little crippled or tender lambs of life's flock. If she had any faults, forget them, magnify her good qualities as she did yours. May her typical life be a beacon light along our way, is the desire of her admirer and friend,

Flora B. Horne

From the President of the Parowan Stake Relief Society Board:

My sentiments in regard to Sister Sarah Bulloch are, that she was one of God's chosen spirits. Her faith in her Heavenly Father and His purposes were unshakable. Boundless was her love for all his children, kind and gentle in her nature to all, she lived a life of self-sacrifice and stands out as a most noble woman, devoted and earnest in all her life's labors.

I have known her as a friend and co-worker, she was ever ready to help us, with wise counsel, her words were always considerate and loving, and in thinking back over our association with her, reminds me of a path strewn with flowers from a heavenly garden whose beauty is as pure and fadeless as the diadems Angels wear.

Sincerely,  
Sister Marsden

#### A Tribute to Our Dear Sister Sarah Ann Bulloch

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Sister Sarah Ann Bulloch was a woman of wonderful moral courage, broad-minded and generous. A woman who was big enough to carry out her honest convictions regardless of the opinions of others, and to bestow honor where honor was due.

In the two years of our association with her as Officers of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, we learned to love and admire her for her many noble characteristics and her beautiful soul.

All who have come in contact with her strong personality gave gone away strengthened for higher and holier things.

In the home as elsewhere, she reigned with queenly dignity, and to her loved ones her name will ever be the most precious that words can utter.

In the passing of our beloved Sister Sarah Ann, the Daughters of Pioneers have lost a pillar of strength and support, as the welfare of the organization was ever a matter of absorbing and loving consideration with her.

Blessed be her memory.

(Signed)

Elizabeth W. Leigh  
Henrietta L. Jones  
Katherine Carpenter  
Rose S. Fuller  
Ada W. Webster  
E.C. Watson

Maggie C. Webster  
Gladys McConnell  
Maud H. Thompson  
Ann Gardner  
Kate P. Macfarlane

Officers of the first organization of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, In Cedar City, Utah.

From Caroline Schoppman, former President of the East Ward Relief Society:

"My acquaintance with dear Sister Bulloch, dates back to the early pioneer days of Cedar City. She was always pleasant, agreeable and cheerful, even when her heart was bowed down with great grief, she was considerate of others. My acquaintance ripened into confidence, love, and esteem. When she was called as an officer in the Relief Society, her sympathies were always with the poor and needy, sick and afflicted. One home we visited in which the family thought she was an angel in disguise, that had come to visit them in their hour of need. It was sickness and death. There was an indefinable charm, a flash of light and wisdom in her counsel and talk, that could be easily sensed and felt, but which admits of no description.

I well remember when our dear sister spoke of an organization of Daughters of Pioneers. Of her anxious desire to see it organized, and of the hearty response of the sisters who with one voice begged her to accept the nomination of the presidency, knowing there was none more capable.

I always had the opinion that Sister Bulloch's life was guided by a divine source that was ever ready for her assistance because of the noble life she led.

It has never been easy to tell why some individuals entrance and others fail to impress their hearers, but I have listened to our dear sister in astonishment and wonder.

Scripture says there is a Spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Joseph F. Smith said, "The great universal function of the Spirit of the Lord is to light men and guide them through mortality."

We, her sisters, can testify that Sister Bulloch possessed this great and glorious gift. My last talk with our dear sister was on the Book of Alma (the son of Alma) and the wonderful gifts and privileges offered to mortals. At the end of our talk, she said how she wished the world could see and believe these wonderful things as we do. Though we sincerely miss her, we know that she has gone to a well earned rest, and feel she is worthy of the reward of the faithful, consoling ourselves that God gives, and he takes away, blessed be His name. We hope that the Giver of All Good Things will be mindful of her loved ones."

From Sister Elizabeth Haight, former President of the West Ward Relief Society:

"I enjoyed my work with Sister Bulloch. She was calm, humble and kind, always smiling, and with a friendly handshake for all. No matter what came up she could always see ahead and find a way out of the difficulty."

From Sister Jennie Thorley, former President of the East Ward Relief Society and present member of the Parowan Stake Board:

"I loved Sister Bulloch like a sister. The Relief Society has lost a pillar of strength. She was wonderful in the Theological lessons. Always had expressions of love--there was no put-on--she was always humble. We all remember her charity talk when she read the poem she loved so well, "NOT UNDERSTOOD".

East and West Ward Relief Societies

Maud H. Thompson  
Julia Chamberlain,  
Secretaries.

December 1, 1925.

## NOT UNDERSTOOD

Thomas Bracken

Not understood. We move along asunder  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep  
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder  
Why life is life; and then we fall asleep  
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,  
And hug them closer as the years go by,  
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;  
And thus men rise and fall, and life and ~~die~~,  
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted visions  
Oft measured giants by their narrow gauge  
The poison shafts of falsehood and derision  
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,  
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,  
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,  
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction  
We judge our neighbors, and they often go  
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us  
The thoughtless sentence of the fancied slight  
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,  
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;  
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching  
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,  
How many hearts are almost breaking  
How many noble spirits pass away  
Not understood.

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,  
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;  
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer  
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,  
And understood.