

Memories of the Lehi Second Ward Building
By Rhea Wanlass Lewis
Written in May 2003

To our family, the old second ward church was our home. The building and grounds were an extension of our home which was across the street. We would of course meet on Sunday morning at 10:00 for Sunday school and 7:00 for sacrament meeting. During the week, we attended primary which was held on Thursday after school and when we were in our teens it was Mutual, Relief Society was held in the morning because most of the women didn't work outside the home and could attend then. The men held priesthood early on Sunday mornings.

Times weren't as busy then as they are now and most of the activities were related to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The church and school were our lives.

When we were children, we often played on the grass at the church. Playing games and visiting the fish pond and cabin that were behind the church where the care-taker and his parents lived. The man was Harold Osborne. He and his mother and father came to this country from New Zealand. The mother wore long dresses with an apron over the top. The father wheeled a large cart around town with his tools to sharpen scissors and knives. We loved to visit with this family and hear stories about the far-away land where they used to live.

We spent many hours roller skating on the smooth cement which surrounded the second ward building, and sliding down the sloping sides of the steps which lead to the large double doors of the church. Often times in the hot summer days, we would lay on our bellies and suck the water up out of the sprinklers on the lawn. The church was about the only place we knew of that had sprinklers. I even tried to ski down the front lawn one winter, thinking it was a pretty large hill.

Many road shows and primary conferences and dances were held in the

cultural hall where the crystal chandeliers hung above the hardwood floor. I remember the large curtain hung over the stage opening. It was always a mystery where the steps behind the stage led, until finally we were out-growing the building and we had our Sunday school class up in the priesthood room.

Rhea Eddington was our teacher and I remember how special we thought it was to go into the room with the wall lined with little doors covering the closets. I think special Priesthood meetings were held there. (Its still a mystery to me).

I remember how special the relief society room was. We held our special mutual parties and rose nights in that room with the large upholstered blue, pink and white chairs with the beautiful tile fireplace and piano.

The basement of the church consisted of large spaces on each side of the building which could be partitioned off for class rooms with wooden folding doors. The last small room was for the younger children with small tables and chairs. The kitchen holds special memories of the meat pies and gravy that the relief society made and sold along with many quilts and dish towels to raise money.

The scout room was a fun place to see with the many different kinds of knots tied and placed on wood plaques around the room. I remember the class room where Tom Kirkham taught Sunday school where the boys would climb out the open windows while the lesson was going on. I liked the closet next to the bishops office where the wooden boxes of crayons were kept for primary along with the silver sacrament trays.

Mr. and Mrs. Crabb were the caretakers later on for the building. They lived next door to us and across the street from the church. I remember each Monday morning, Mrs. Crabb would boil all the small glass sacrament cups and return them for the next meeting.

It was a special thing to go meet with the bishop and take our tithing into his office and see the clerk in there working and see the large mural on the front wall of the Hill Cumorah.

I loved the way the piano, organ and choir seats were arranged. The large arch-topped windows around the chapel that were opened for fresh air with a long hook that pulled them down from the top. This was our only air-conditioning and until later, we didn't even have any sound system. People would just have to talk loud to be heard. No wonder I didn't learn much in my youth. The back wall of the chapel had a hand written sign that said, "Ye who are called to labor", then the pictures of the current missionaries underneath.

I loved the stained-glass windows in the front of the building and the large wooden doors that led up the steps inside the building to the chapel. There are many fond memories of the old Lehi second ward and these are but a few of mine. When I was in seventh grade I was asked to be the piano player for Jr. Sunday School. Then when the organist in the regular Sunday school graduated from High School or moved on, the Jr. Sunday School piano player would move up to that position and then to playing the organ. I did both of these until I got married. The piano and organ played together then I made the music seem a little more special.

Bishop Ash was the first bishop I remember. He was also my school principal. Some of the others were Bishop Gurney and Bishop Hilton. I wish the building was still there, but when it fell into run and wasn't a church any longer, it needed to be put to rest. It was my home away from home and seemed to be an extension of our family home. I will always have good memories of this building.
May 2003