

MY LIFE'S HISTORY

Charles W. Kingston

I was born in the little town of Croyden, Utah, Up the Weber River from Morgan on June 26, 1884. My Father, Charles Kingston, came to Utah about the year 1880. He was born in Peterboro England in the year 1856, while his father Fred Kingston was in the Crimean war fighting Russia.

Fred Kingston, my grandfather, first heard of Mormonism in a meeting where a mob had assembled to tar and feather Apostle Orson Pratt. Seeing the unfairness of the situation and wanting to protect the under-dog, he engaged some of the mob leaders in a fight, which permitted the persecuted Elder of the Church to escape through an open window.

When he returned from the war, he went into the fish business in Liverpool England. There was a depression after the war and poor people who had bought fish on credit were unable to pay. He therefore could not pay his creditors, the wholesale fish people. In these days in England they jailed people for debt, and a man could not pay his debts in jail.

A friend told him about a warrent that was out for his arrest, so he slipped away and stowed away in a ship and came to America and on to Utah. He got a job and sent money for his wife's passage, but she felt she could not leave England in Disgrace. She was determined not to leave until she had paid that debt.

She worked as a servant in a Royal family and with what her husband sent her for her passage and the money she saved; She paid those debts. When she had paid them all, she came to Utah but it took her more than twenty long years, arriving in Utah in 1885. Fred Kingston had become tired of living alone; Waiting so long he dispaired of his wife Mary Ann Hunter ever coming, he married another woman and was raising another family when she came to join him in Utah.

Mary Ann, the wife who had stayed in England so long, could not understand mormonism. She soon became dissatisfied, and although her husband and only son were settled in Utah and had homes there, she went back to England.

My Father was called on a mission about a month after his mother left. He hoped to be able to convert his mother while preaching the gospel in his native land, but his mother died of a broken heart and was buried about two days before arriving in England on that mission.

It appeared as though Mary Ann Hunter had made a fatal mistake in being so devoted to that great and grand principle of honesty as to give her life to see it through to the bitter end. It is easier to die for a principle than to live for it, and she did both, and whether she carried it too far at the expense of other important things she might have done such as increasing the number of children she might have left to the earth is hard to determine.

The influence of her example on posterity however will be a mighty factor in the future of their lives, and that is why I record it here for their benefit. In fact I would not have started my life's history with Fred Kingston my Grandfather and Mary Ann Hunter my Grandmother had it not been for this outstanding example of integrity. Another incident that throws a similiar light and I might say "Halo" over my Grandfather is as follows:-