



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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Everyone loves a good mystery! Even more exciting is finding a buried treasure in your backyard. This week we will look at combination of the two. Maybe someone out there has the answer to the mystery.

Perry and Trish Smith moved to Fillmore about five years ago. The reason for their move here from American Fork was to buy the Capitol Motel and run it. Perry came first and Trish joined him later as she was able to retire. Recently they have sold the motel and are enjoying the pleasures of small-town living.

They purchased the home at 210 South 100 West from the A. Barry Jackson family. Barry Jackson was an optometrist practicing in that home in Fillmore. He moved his family to Springville when they sold the home to the Smith's.

The home itself was built in 1907. From the reading I have done, I feel relatively certain the property originally belonged to Robert Henry and a section of it where the home sits was sold later on. It is unclear who built the home, but it had several owners and occupants in the next 40+ years. One family who lived there for about four years was that of Hank and Dawn Crosland. In 1952 John Bryan Jackson and his wife Velma purchased it from Dawn's parents.



John was a craftsman by trade and spent the next years improving and modernizing the home.

Here they raised their seven children and lived until their passing's, John in 1978 and Velma in 1997. The home then went to a son who in turn sold it to Barry's family. Here he practiced for 13 years.

Trish Smith shared with me a letter written to them when they purchased the home. It contained a little history of the home and some fond memories. The letter, written by Barry Jackson, was a touching tribute, especially to his grandmother. In part, it reads,

"I have fond memories of my grandmother (all 4 feet 11 inches of her) sitting out on that incredible front porch in her rocker crocheting and waving as we approached. I will never forget the aroma of homemade chicken noodle soup on the stove and a warm loaf of bread from the oven



flooding my olfactory senses and mocking my taste buds as we passed through always with somewhere to go but never too busy to stop and visit this loving matriarch and this old wonderful home. It brought peace and tranquility to our ever stressful and changing world.” He went on to say, “You are buying more than a roof and four walls. You are purchasing a legacy...”

As the Smiths have settled into the home and added their own personal touches, the mystery appeared. One day, while working on the landscaping in the backyard, they uncovered a flat stone with one word inscribed in it, “DONALD”. After much searching of family records and names, no one named Donald has been found. Donald who? Why would he etch his name in a flagstone in someone’s yard, then hide it to the point that it would not be found for years.