



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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With Fathers' Day coming soon, the **Face of Fillmore** will concentrate on a father from my family history. Even though he is in no way connected to Fillmore, his story illustrates the fact that we should collect family histories to share with loved ones and keep our historical backgrounds intact for future generations to enjoy.

My great grandfather Lorenzo Rowbottom came to the United States from England in 1882 as a convert to the LDS Church aboard the ship *Abyssinia*, sailing out of Liverpool bound for New York City.

Lorenzo was a coal miner in England when that was not a desirable occupation to have. (More of the details of what it must have been like came to light as I read "Undaunted" by Gerald Lund.)

Lorenzo's decision to come to the United States was two-fold, to join the Saints and to find better employment even though still in the mining industry.

He and his wife Mary Mariah had 17 children, my maternal grandmother being number 14. Only seven of the children lived to adulthood.

One interesting fact told about Lorenzo was that he loved to dance and was expert at it. In a local newspaper dated December, 1892, we read about one occasion where he entertained the crowd. (I love the way old newspaper articles are worded.) "The old folks party given at Almy (Wyoming) last Monday was a decided success... Invitations were extended to all over 50 years, irrespective of creed, Jew or Gentile. The tables were spread within the hall at Almy with roast turkey being the leading dish... In fact a host of good things to take your choice from. After the inner man was satisfied, a good time was spent in song, principally Scotch. The light fantastic was indulged in and Mr. Rowbottom entertained the company with a Lancashire clog dance, which was high appreciated by all... A pleasant time was enjoyed and a reunion of hearts



The ship *Abyssinia* sailing from Liverpool to New York



Mary Maria and Lorenzo Rowbottom

of the old folks mutually knit together. All the old folks enjoyed themselves and went home refreshed before the shades of evening closed.”

A later chapter of Lorenzo’s life was a sad one. An account I read from a distant relative is interesting, while a little difficult to fully believe.

“In 1906, Lorenzo's leg was crushed in a mine accident. He was taken to the Rock Springs Hospital where his leg was amputated. It was the custom at the time to bury amputated limbs in the cemetery, often with the body of someone whose grave might just happen to be open for burial at the time. Lorenzo's leg was buried in the grave of Thomas Powell. For days, Lorenzo complained of pain in his leg, which of course was no longer attached to his body. However, for some reason, as the story goes, someone went to the grave, removed the dirt and found that the leg was buried in a crooked position. The leg was straightened and Lorenzo never complained about the pain again.”

Find an ancestor for Fathers’ Day and share your findings with your family. A great way to celebrate!