



The Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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A few weeks ago the Face of Fillmore told of the silk industry in early Utah and of the call from church leaders which many women took very seriously to raise silk worms for cloth. The house pictured was that of Anne Ashman, grandmother of Isabel Carling Brunson, where Isabel took care of her share of the silk worms.

Although not successful with silk worms, Isabel was definitely successful with pen and paper. She wrote amazingly beautiful poetry which her family and friends still enjoy.

Isabel was born February 6, 1886 to Abraham Freer and Anne Elizabeth Ashman Carling. A lifelong resident of Fillmore, she married Lorenzo Brunson and the couple had four children, two sons and two daughters.

I remember her living in the home on the corner east of the post office, pictured here. It is now owned by Scott Jenkins, who recently moved to Fillmore.

With the permission of her grandson, Ren Robison, I am including my favorite of her poems. As I look from Fillmore east to the summit of Mt. Catherine, which I do often these days to see if the top's quaking aspen are turning brilliant yellow, I think of her words which she read to me one afternoon when I visited her home nearly forty years ago. Seated on her floor, I listened enthralled as she read poem after poem that she had written and compiled in a book. According to Ren, his aunt still has that book and has made a CD of the poems for the family to revisit and enjoy.



Mt. Catherine

Looking west from bold Mt. Catherine,
As the dusk had scarce begun,
While the golden clouds of sunset
Wrung the crimson from the sun.
An immortal breath was stirring
Every blade and leaf and clod,
And within a something told me
I was standing close to God.