



John H. Redd & Elizabeth Hancock

FAMILY ORGANIZATION

Spring 2009

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The Redds returned to Bluff. Not in covered wagons as before but in minivans and sedans on paved roads (some covered in snow from a nasty spring storm) children watching DVDs in comfort, stopping along the way for fast food. We came, 70 descendants strong, to help reconstruct Bluff Fort by building a small log cabin in honor of Lemuel Hardison Redd, Jr. We came from Blanding, Lasal, Monticello, Moab, Provo, Logan and Salt Lake City, the youngest under one, the oldest over 70. Most of us pen-pushing city dwellers, we used our muscles and teamwork to build a cabin in three days. We found ourselves under the capable direction of seasoned members of the Hole-in-the-Rock Foundation and thanks to their instruction and hard work we accomplished the seemingly impossible.

One hundred and twenty-nine years earlier on April 6th 1880, L.H. Redd, his wife, Eliza, and their young baby, Lula, were among the 80 families who had made the bold trek across the brutal topography of the southern portion of Utah and stopped in what would become Bluff. They had spent 6 grueling months to get to this harsh, desolate and beautiful land and there was no time to rest. "A roof over every head," was their mantra now. "They built their houses side by side in the shape of a hollow square, a fort, with the doors and windows opening to the inside . . . That roof had to be of dirt, and generally the floor of the same durable material. The never-straight cottonwood logs went into the walls of each man's dwelling according to his taste or his skill, and the fort came into being, a closely-knit community of rude log houses, looking each other honestly and trustfully in the face.

Lem Redd's humble dwelling, sheltering his young wife and child, looked like all the rest." *Albert R. Lyman, "Lemuel Hardison Redd, Pioneer-Leader-Builder"*

When Lem's progeny arrived on April 16th, 2009 we found a patch of concrete, that to me looked as big as a postage stamp and under the direction of a helpful hired contractor we assembled the precut logs into a "Lincoln Log" structure. Before long a crane appeared

to hoist the heavy logs above our shoulders. Walls and roof went up in one day.

Other family members were set to work on projects needed to complete the fort. Some worked on shade shelters and benches while others stripped cedar logs needed for a Navajo Hogan to be built on site incorporating the culture of the Indians who shared the surrounding areas with the pioneers. The weather was perfect, calming from the previous day's storm and we worked with ease and comfort.

We ate like royalty. The old bell on the school rang out and like Pavlov's dogs we stopped what we were doing and gathered for grub. Not just any grub, but lovingly and carefully prepared delights. I would stay and build on forever just for the zucchini pecan cookies warm from the oven.

The next day and a half we chinked the walls, added windows and floor, planted hardy shrubs, added a stone porch, erected a log fence and admired our work and finally dedicated our little cabin we had become so fond of. The postage stamp of concrete now was covered and cozy. With walls, a floor, windows and door it actually now felt quite roomy and the feeling of shelter was overwhelmingly wonderful. I can only imagine how Eliza must have felt to have a safe, sheltered spot to care for her baby and the next two that would be born within those walls.

We had become friends with relatives we had never met; caught up on the lives of those we rarely saw. We laughed and joked, had lengthy discussions on how to chink the cabin with the color of our name and the rocks that surrounded us. We felt the bond that comes only with a shared purpose. We enjoyed our unique experience together and marveled at the strength of those that came before.

On my journey home in a novel I was reading, these words leapt off the page: "I have no need for the past, I thought, like a child. I did not consider that the past might have a need for me." This quote plus the words of my grandfather, Amasa Jay Redd, seem to me a fitting conclusion for my experience there, connecting past, present and future generations. We need each another. He said, "But for them, these righteous and rock-hewn leaders, we could not be who we are, where we are, or have within us the capacity for what we may become."

by Melanie Redd Mayer



Pap Redd

by A.R. Lyman

In 1938 while A.R. Lyman was serving as a counselor to Wayne H. Redd in the San Juan Stake Presidency he wrote the following in a history of Wayne H. Redd.



Wayne H. Redd

I wanted to know about Wayne H. Redd, where he was born; how and where he had lived and what adventures

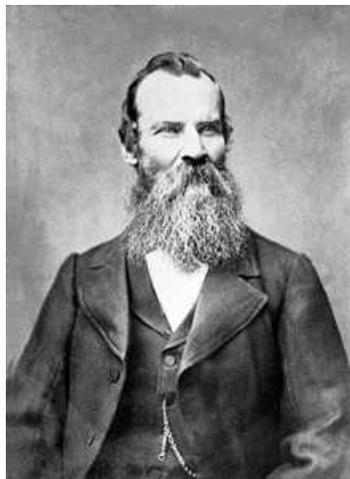
he had gone through to give him the charms so appealing to me. And right away, somehow, I began getting visions of his native town, Harmony, by Pine Valley Mountain, of a wonderful homestead where two families had lived in one house and a big group of vigorous boys and girls had started to meet the stern problems of life, to carve out places and destinies for themselves in the maze of things and confusion.

Back of that sturdy group of boys and girls, headed for leading and important places in the affairs of the west from Canada to Mexico, I saw Pap Redd, the father of these two families. All the children of Lemuel H. Redd, Sr. called him Pap, and they never mentioned him without indicating, in some unaccountable way, their wholesome love and regard. And somehow their references to him always suggested the kind of patriarchal father he was to the two families.

Pap Redd, with his full beard and pleasant face, for I had seen him, was one man in a thousand; a man to be loved for his genial nature, to be respected for his wisdom and character and to be remembered as one you want to hear about and to meet again. He came to Utah when he was fourteen years old, having joined the church along with his parents in Onslow, North Carolina. (They joined

in Tennessee; he was baptized in Utah, LHR) His coming to the west was the beginning of a rich and varied experience in the perils of the frontier. Back of Pap Redd is his father, John Hardison Redd, once a sea captain who came to Utah from the south in very early days and was one of the first settlers in Spanish Fork. In the south he was a plantation owner, a prosperous man, a slaveholder, but when joined the Church he gave his slaves their freedom, and suffered, as a result, a humiliating setback financially and socially. His slaves with appreciation for a good, kind master, begged to stay with him, and four of them followed him to Utah. Back of John H. Redd I got a dim picture of Whitaker Redd, his father, and behind him another Whitaker Redd who fought in the great seven-year war for our independence from Great Britain. From him we follow a line of resolute men back to the sturdy foundation stock, which came out from the crowded old country to find wider opportunities for powers cramped and limited in the narrow British Isles.

The Redd home in Harmony was a mile south-west of town, a town of



Pap Redd

about thirty families. The house was of brick, facing east, with an upstairs and downstairs porch reaching across the front. It had been built by John D. Lee, but never completed till it became the property of Pap Redd, who made it spacious enough for his two families; the first wife in the south half, the second in the north. In all this, Pap Redd did more for his children than the father who lavishes on them not only a prepared living, but a lot of luxuries, which they did not help to earn, and about the value of which they knew nothing. Pap Redd had a few horses, a few cattle, sheep and pigs. He had half a dozen of more stands of bees. Around his home by Lawson's Hill he had good farm land, garden, berries, orchard—all of it watered and made fertile by a spring of clear water with birch willow, kinnikinnick and other wild bushes and flowers along the banks of the stream flowing from it.

It was a little world in itself where industry could live independently of the outside. Pap knew that industry was as essential to his boys and girls as any element of nourishment. He had provided this unusual environment where the process of getting an existence would give the essentials of education. What they couldn't make, he provided. They had no tannery, so he bought hides of leather for their shoes. If the molasses from their cane was not enough in the way of sweet, he bought a sack of sugar once a year, a safer amount from the point of health than we are wont to consume today.

In this arrangement, the wise and far-seeing father near Lawson's Hill, made it possible for his children to gain strength and understanding while they helped to earn their own frugal living. Also, by this means he had time to live with them, to tell them wholesome stories, to watch

them work, giving help and counsel when they reached the place where they needed it and were ripe to receive it.

This was the fortunate and profitable environment in which Wayne Redd made his beginnings. Did I say there was little awaiting him in the way of education? That goes for indoor education, paper education. Taking the broader view of things, he had come to the most favorable kind of home-setup for developing the understanding, the backbone, the manhood and moral stamina which the best kind of education should have for its chief objective.

In that home by Lawson's Hill, with its cool spring, its birch willows, its orchards and fertile fields, the Redds could have been happy and contented in spite of their hard work if only Pap could be with them instead of hiding so much of the time in exile. Rather than stay there longer without him, while he was dodging about among strangers or meeting hardships and dangers in desert and mountain, it was resolved that the second family would go with Pap to Old Mexico, a thousand miles away.

The trip was to be made with the slow-moving, iron-tired wagons and horse teams, over roads which today would not be called roads at all. Pap would travel with them, but not in the wagons, he would ride a horse and follow a course off to one side during the day, coming back to camp with them at night, at least till they got out of the country where they had been hunting him.

It took them four weeks to travel to Bluff in southeastern Utah where, since Pap would be with them in comparative safety, they stopped about two years. [The family then moved to Colonial Juarez in Mexico where Lemuel built a home and finished raising his family. He is buried there today along with his wife Sarah.]

Research on the origins of William Redd by Carolyn J. Nell

Whitaker and William
Redd of Nansemond
County, Virginia
Rachall Reade of Norfolk
County, Virginia
24 February 2009

Norfolk County, Virginia, records were the primary focus of this research time. The tithables, the colonial tax records from 1730 to 1780, serve as the core documents for identifying residents who were living in the county during those years. Unfortunately, not all the years were published since they seem to be non-existent.

In Nansemond County, Virginia, the genealogical research focused on the Upper Parish vestry records from 1743-1793. The processional records provided the insight to neighbors within the precincts.

Norfolk County does not have such records to provide the baseline, but the tithables have enough information to identify the precinct where the Redd (and all similar spellings) families were living.

This realization-provides enough clues to begin understanding possible family relationships. The following information was taken from *Norfolk County, Virginia Tithables, 1730-1770*, by Elizabeth B. Wingo with collaboration on two volumes by W. Bruce Wingo:

1730 Robard [Robert] Reade was residing in the Westron Branch precinct. (Note: The Tanners Creek area precinct was not available in the publication.)

1731 Robert Reade was residing in the Westerne Branch precinct.

1732 (Note: The Tanner Creek area precinct was not in the publication.)

1733 John Red was tithed while living in the Tanners Creek precinct.

1734-1749 (Note: Either John Redd was not tithed or the records are missing.)

1750 Tanners Creek tithables published without any Redds.

June 1757 North Side of Tanners Creek: John Dennis & Thomas Redd

1759 North Side of Tanners Creek: John Read & negro Harry

1765 Edmonds Bridge: Thomas Reid & son John

1766 North Side of Tanners Creek: John Redd

1767 North Side of Tanners Creek: Thomas Redd and John Redd

1768 North Side of Tanners Creek: Joel Redd & negro Cate; John Redd; and Thomas Redd

1767 Edmonds Bridge: Thomas Reed and son John

1769 Edmonds Bridge: John Reed and son John Reed

1770 North Side of Tanners Creek: Thomas red and John Redd & negro Easter (Note: There weren't any acres of land associated with either and.)

1771 North Side of Tanners Creek: John red (no land)

1772 NIL

1773 North Side of Tanners Creek: Thomas Read

1774 NIL

1775 North Side of Tanners Creek: John Redd and Thomas Norris Redd

1776-78 NIL

1779 North Side of Tanners Creek: Thomas Redd and John Redd

1780 NIL

1781 North Side of Tanners Creek: Thomas Redd and John Redd

The people of interest are the Redds (and all its spellings) living on the North Side of Tanners Creek.

Please note the other clues from this research period:

[Remember that Rachael Redd was Rachael Jordon, daughter of James Jordon, prior to her marriage.] The abstract will of James Jordan states that he is "of the South Branch of the Elizabeth River and County of Norfolk . . ." (*Brief Abstracts of Norfolk County Wills, 1710-1753*, by Charles Fleming McIntosh and publishing by The Colonial Dames of America).

The Seventh Census of the United States (1850) for Norfolk County enumerated several families with the surnames Read and Redd.

There was Littleton Read as head of household living in the City of Norfolk. Littleton was not an uncommon name, but it might be of special interest in that Whittaker Redd named one of his sons Littleton. Is that a family name? Please note his occupation was listed as a clerk. A James Read was living in the same city, and he was a silver plater.

SUMMARY: The Norfolk tithable records from 1730-1780 have been most valuable to the research. The strategy developed during the Nansemond County research will be used for the Norfolk County research. The Redds associated with Tanners Creek are the prime interest. From the lack of holdings, they were probably merchants.

Please help us continue this important research into the origins of the Redd family by making a tax deductible contribution to FAMILY TIES RESEARCH. Send check to 273 East Capitol Street, SLC, UT 84103

John H. Redd & Elizabeth Hancock

FAMILY ORGANIZATION

273 N East Capitol Street
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Phone: (801) 598-4035
E-mail: jan@reddfamily.org
<http://reddfamily.org/>

PROGRAM

For "Old Folk's Party," July 24, 1900, Commencing at 7:30 p. m.

1. Invocation—Elder Harvey A. Pace.
 2. Opening Address—Levi B. Pace.
 3. Music by Harmonica band.
 4. Sentiment—Vinnie Rohner.
 5. Recitation—Albert E. Taylor.
 6. Song—Emma Jones.
 7. Sentiment—Eliza Kelsey.
 8. Essay—Mary R. Adair.
 9. Instrumental duet—Joseph Prince and Vilo Redd.
 10. Home-happenings—George Prince.
 11. Recitation—Bp. William A. Redd.
 12. Music by Harmonica band.
 13. Sentiment—Sarah Prince.
 14. Song—Vilo and Alice Redd.
 15. Short Address—Elder L. A. Pace.
 16. Sentiment—Wm. P. Taylor.
 17. Song—Levi B. Pace.
 18. Prognostication—Alice Redd.
 19. Music by Harmonica band.
 20. Song—Mary Pace, Verena Redd and Amelia Schmutz.
 21. Sentiment—Elder James F. Pace.
 22. Song—"God be with you Till We Meet Again."
 23. Benediction—Elder Francis F. Prince.
- During the evening, refreshments will be served.

Committee
ALBERT E. TAYLOR,
GEORGE F. PRINCE,
VINNIE ROHNER,
ADELLA TAYLOR,
VILO REDD.

Gordon Wilson New Board Member

Gordon has lived in Salt Lake City for nearly 15 years. He is currently Sr. Vice President & a Partner at Franklin Covey. Gordon is an oft requested and entertaining speaker. His speaking engagements have taken him around the world.

Gordon is a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He earned an MBA from Brigham Young University and currently resides in Salt Lake City, Utah. He and his wife Sandy have six children and twelve grandchildren. The family is lucky to have an avid genealogist and family history buff on the board. Gordon is a son of Jacqueline Redd and grandson of Parley Redd and Ruth Hurst of Blanding, Utah. He is very proud of his Redd heritage.



Tracy & Dorothy Redd family reunion

Looking for ideas for your reunion this summer? Gerald Prince of Cedar City, Utah shares this 1900 program. Notice the names of Vilo and Alice Redd, Bishop William Alexander Redd, and his wife Verena among the participants.

Lloyd & Shirley Redd family reunion



Promote our Redd heritage at your next family reunion with copies of "The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors," by Lura Redd

Contact Carol Yee 801.944.1133 or Jan Garbett 801.598.4035 to obtain books and CDs on consignment.