[Avery's "Autobiography and Recollections": Excerpt D (pages 52–54)]

After 48 years
May 5 1952 [*in left margin*]

May 5th, 1904 Owen and Helen left for the City of Mexico with Pres. Ivins, his daughter Florence, Leona Taylor, daughter of John W. Taylor, Kate Spillsbury and a group of missionaries. They expected to tour the L.D.S. mission hold conferences and see the sights of this historical city. The missionaries were to enter their field of labor. A few days previous to their departure Pres. Ivins had advised Owen that he and Helen should be vaccinated for black smallpox along with all the others taking the trip. Owen replied: "We are in the hands of the Lord, he will take care of us," So Pres. Ivins did not further press the subject. All went well the first part of their journey and their letters to us were proof enough that they were all having a delightful time at Guaravaca and other beauty spots, until Helen became very ill starting with that dread disease. [Owen and Kate Spillsbury took are of Rhoda *in left margin*] Letters came to us telling of the anguish that filled the days until she passed away June 7th. Little Rhoda, a nursing baby of five months, was brought back to El Paso with a missionary caring for her and Owen met his mother here and gave the baby over to her to take back to Salt Lake.

Owen had been at Helen's side continuously during her illness and death. She was buried in the City of Mexico. Owen had decided to rest a while at the border before returning to Juarez — sent me a telegram from El Paso to that effect. On his second day there however, he took with a severe headache and feared he was starting with the disease. Next morning he ran a temperature and sent word to Pres. Ivins who traveled the 175 miles to be at Owen's service, was able to get him entered into a detention hospital in El Paso. Alonzo Taylor, a missionary, also had the disease and occupied the same room and he told me the details of their illness together, after Owen passed away June 20 and Alonzo got well and returned to Juarez. He brought me a few personal belongings of Owen that had been thoroly sterilized — letters etc. He said that really Owen was recovering from his illness, his temperature leaving and he felt so good he wanted to sit up. He reached for his trousers at the foot of his bed but the strain on his heart was too much — without a word more he was gone. The sorrow that filled my heart can't be described. It seemed I wept buckets of tears in the days that followed. Two wonderful people who left me well and happy never returned and their four children made orphans. My own child fatherless. I was now a widow.

After a few weeks Frank Y. Taylor came to Mexico to get the children and Anna the maid but no it would not do for me to cross the border. I