

Tribute to
Josiah Leavitt

By

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Little is known about Josiah Leavitt but we do know that he never married and he died at 38 yrs old in 1868 in White Pigeon, Michigan with his brother Nathaniel Leavitt. Because little is known I will take the liberty of exploring some possibilities as I give this tribute.

What would Josiah have been like? I would like Lisa to come up and help me. Lisa when you found the Leavitts as your birth family how did you say that you were a Leavitt? [Her answer:] "By my pudgy nose and my big ear lobes." Well maybe Josiah had this same pudgy nose and these same large ear lobes. Maybe he shared some of our Leavitt characteristics. Where we come from up in Canada most of the Leavitts I remember have large farmer hands. Dixie would you come up and help me for a moment. Dixie, would you hold up your hands. Now would you all look at your own hands? I wonder how many phone calls, how many letters, how many e-mails, and just how much Dixie has done with his hands to bring this great TREK together. I wonder how much each of your hands have been used in helping to bring to pass this GREAT TREK. So we might pay tribute to all of you for the way you have used your hands in helping out. I suppose Josiah also had these great Leavitt hands and that he used them to serve his dear mother, his brothers, his sisters, his nieces and nephews, and any one who needed his help as they journeyed from Hatley to Home. Josiah's life most likely was spent using his hands to lift and help others.

I would like to use the words to the song "HIS HANDS" as I pay this tribute to Josiah: "His hand, tools of creation stronger than nations with out end, and yet we find in him our truest friend. His hands would serve His whole life thru showing men what hands could do serving ever serving willingly!" So I pay this tribute this day to JOSIAH LEAVITT for his great love and his great service as he helped others along life's road and as he used his hands to accomplish this great work. So as we pause to think about JOSIAH and his great devotion to his family I have an acronym to help us remember him.

H eaven
A lways
N eeds
D evoted
S ouls

[Here is Lonny's poem:]

From Hatley to home- What has this meant to me?
It started with a road trip reading family history

The memories at Kanessville Ward will always be so dear
As we sang with meaning the words "Oh Blessed Pioneer!"

Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters reached deep into our heart.
As we thought of our loved ones- each trying to do their part.

As each ancestor was presented their story came to life.
We came to appreciate more fully- their struggles and their strife.

The bus trips long and short the monotony we broke
With stories, songs and a good old Ollie Joke!!

One of my favorite memories will be from our driver, who would say
Hi. I'm Art and I will be your driver today.

I'll remember each of you and some funny anecdotes
Also some questions and words that turned to famous quotes.

"Where are we?" "This isn't the route I like."
And the most often heard. "Dixie eat that mike!"

"How much further? A rest stop is a must.
If it isn't soon my bladder is sure to bust."

Carthage and Old Nauvoo will always be dear to us.
The morning at the temple and testimonies on the bus.

The monuments and programs - each of them touched our heart.
As we felt our ancestors with us - right from the very start.

We have honored many who from Hatley they did roam.
And we've cried with them as each have found their home.

Now as I try to honor these loved ones in everything I do.
I know that this strength will come from knowing each of you.