

MY GREAT GRANDMA BUNNY

Let me tell you about the most awesome lady I know. My Great Grandma Bundy! Genavieve Bundy was born December 16, 1907 in Colonial Morales, Mexico. At the young age of eight years old her family was chased out of Mexico, by Poncho Villa. They left all of their things there because they had to move quickly and they thought they would be returning. So with just the clothes on their backs they now had to find a place to live and start life over.

After living in many different places from Oregon to Arizona, they finally homesteaded on the Arizona Strip. It became known as Mt. Trumbull, Arizona or Bundyville. They called it a "Harsh and Proud Land". Soon after she married her adopted father's brother, Chester Merion Bundy.

During their life together, my wonderful Grandma Bunny gave birth to seventeen children. Unfortunately some of them were born with a disease they didn't have a cure for yet. So her hardest thing in life was losing six of her precious children to this disease. All of them lived for at least three months and one up to three years. Finally with the seventeenth child they found a drug that pulled him through.

She delivered many children for others during her life time. Her most exciting birthday was delivering twin granddaughters to my grandma.

My Grandma Bunny enjoyed great parties, dancing, singing, quilting, crocheting and spending lots of time with her family.

I should tell you about my Grandma Bunny's number three tub. If you don't know what that is, it is a big, silver, tin kettle. Big meaning, big enough for me to bathe in. In fact that is one of the things they used it for. She also used it outside on a big fire to wash clothes, bottle fruit, and one of my favorites was making soap. Soap to do laundry with. Soap to wash with. Just to make the soap she would take the meat of an animal and put it in the oven and bake it until the fat drizzled off. Then she would mix the fat in the number three tub with lye, water, and ashes and after several days she would have her soap.

Wouldn't you think you would be able to get the mud out of water by skimming it? Not putting more stuff in it. Well that is wrong, they would put ashes in buckets of water. The ashes made the mud float to the top and they would skim it off to get clean drinking water. They didn't have running water or even lakes or streams. They would catch their water from the rain in cow ponds. If it didn't rain they had no water. Sometimes when it rained hard it would carve a whole in the pond bank and all of the water would run out of the pond. Then their water was gone. To patch the holes in the pond bank she would hook a horse to some type of scraper to catch dirt and fill the whole back up.

They had nothing so with her three small children she would go with her husband to tend sheep. They would have to live in a rock cave because they had no tent. Whether it was hot or cold she had to care for her children out in the open. They had no car back then and they had to ride horses.

When she finally had the chance to get a truck she hated driving it. She couldn't drive very well and the roads were so rough that it always scared her bad.

Most of the time my Grandma had to raise her children by herself because Grandpa had to go tend sheep or something to make money so they could have things

they needed for their big family. She learned to take care of many situations and was always helping others. The whole time living in a little tiny four room house. There was a kitchen, a dining room, a front room and one tiny bedroom. So where did she put all of those children. Well out side there where two little sheds. One was a shop where they had their hammers nails anything they had and the boys would sleep there. The other was what they called the washhouse where they did laundry. It was open with screen around the top half of the walls, so you are right when the wind would blow or when it would snow it would blow right on in. They tell me it was cold.

Grandma Bunny wanted to learn how to play the piano very badly, but she didn't have a piano and certainly no money to buy one. So she found some cardboard and made a keyboard. She drew the keys on it and then she practiced and practiced.

The reason we call her Grandma Bunny instead of Bundy is because as little children none of us could say Bundy we thought everyone was saying Bunny. So it just kind of stuck.

When I was two years old we built a new house. During the building my Mom would do a lot of work at the house, so she would pack me a lunch. Then my Grandma would bring my Great Grandma Bunny and come to the house to help my Mom. Great Grandma was too old by now to help them so she would play with me. When it was lunchtime my Great Grandma would share lunches with me. This was a favorite time of mine.

Six months before she passed away she had a ~~stroke~~ and had to be totally taken care of by my Grandma. She passed away July 7, 1997.

History might not remember my Grandma Bunny but she will live in my heart forever.

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