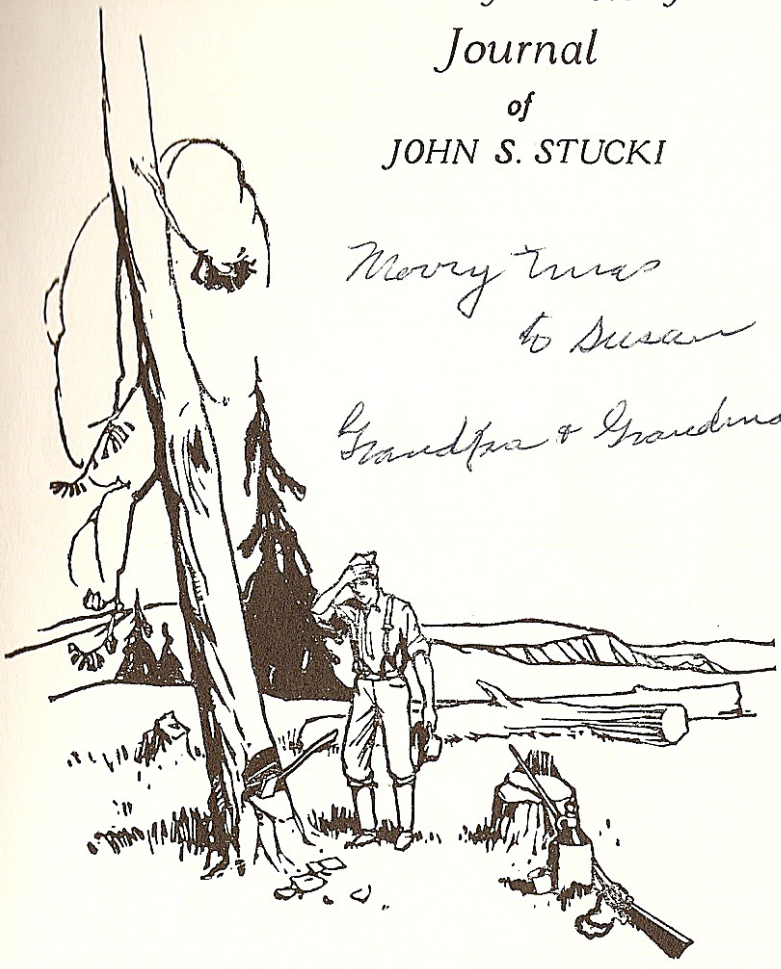
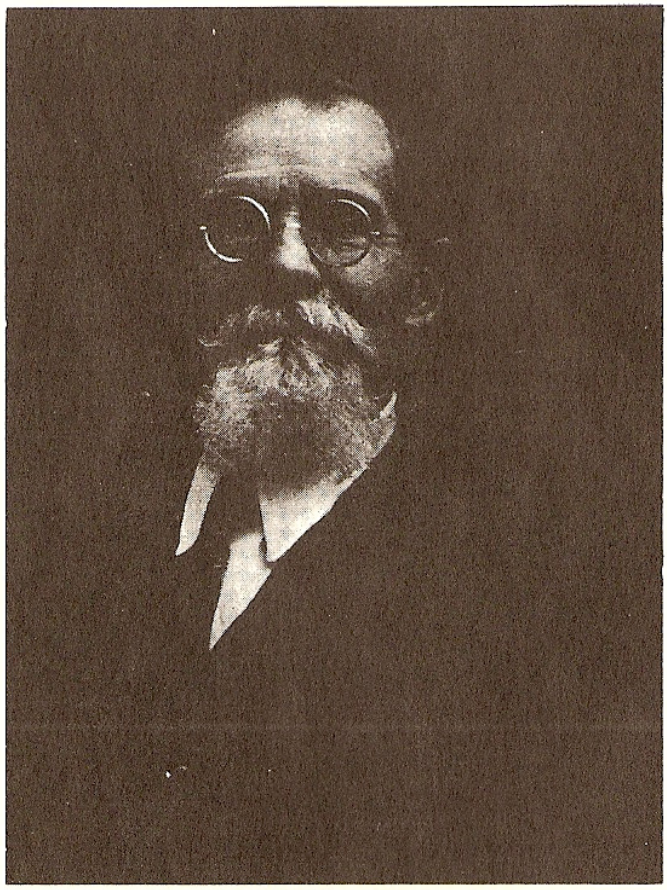
Family History Journal

of

JOHN S. STUCKI

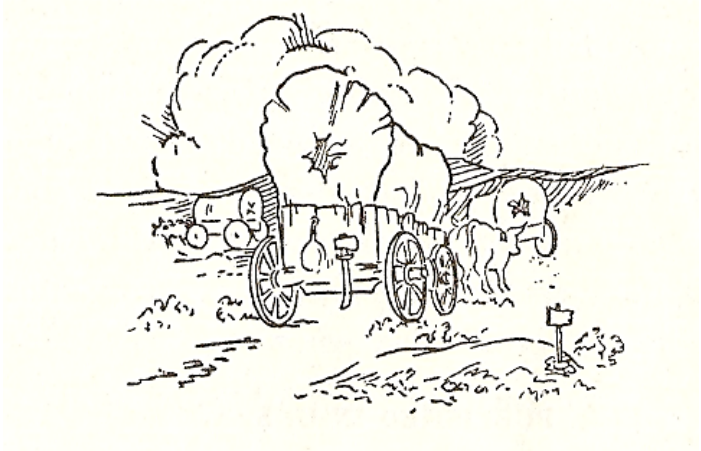


Merry Xmas
to Susan
Grandpa & Grandma



JOHN S. STUCKI IN 1932—AGE 82

FAMILY HISTORY JOURNAL
of
JOHN S. STUCKI



A HANDCART PIONEER OF 1860

From Switzerland to Utah in 1860 and to St. George

on Dixie Mission under special of

Brigham Young in 1861

Posterity in April, 1932: 16 children, 48 grand-children, and 33 great-grand-children; and by sealing, 8 children of his third wife with 48 grand-children and 7 great-grand children, all living; also 5 children and 3 grand-
children, who have passed to the other side.

INTRODUCTORY RECORD

Now I, John S. Stucki, do herein give only a small beginning of the records we have of our forefathers and mothers, that is, of mine, and my three wives (Barbara Baumann Stucki, Karolina Heimberg Stucki, and Louise Reichenbach Stucki), of our parents with their families, and grand-parents with their families, and of our great-grand-parents and their families; so that you, our dear children, and children's children, and future posterity yet unborn may have a chance to learn something of your ancestors and whose descendants you are by searching the records, some of which reach back into 1500 or as far back as my eighth great-grand-father, Balthaser Stettler, who was born in 1535. We have some quite large records, of which I will give the number for your information:

Sons-in-law	393 names
The Heimberg record	37 names
Our Stucki record	837 names
The Baumann record	2831 names
The Diem record	2631 names
The Wursten and Reichenbach records	3353 names
Sons-in-law	975 names
The Schwitzgebel record	372 names
The Stettler record	338 names

I could not very well give more than just a little start for you to learn of your ancestors, as we have some large books of them alone, or of themselves, and it makes me feel to thank God for having blessed us so that we (that is, myself, with my wives, sons, daughters, brothers and sisters) have the Temple work very nearly all performed of the foregoing mentioned records by this time (1931).

If I remember right, I have paid $150.00 toward the Schiess record and I have also performed the endowment work for about one thousand male names of that record, which is the record of my first wife's mother. Her name was Maria Magdalina Scheiss Baumann.

After having done quite a lot of Temple work in the St. George Temple, I came to Logan, Utah, where I could be close to the Logan Temple. Then I worked over eight years steady and until I got very sick with the flu about December 18, 1930. I have been more or less afflicted most of the time so I could only be endowed for eighty-eight persons in 1931 and it is now the thirtieth of March, 1932. Well, I have paid out $556 for Temple records and quite a lot for endowment work, so I believe what I have paid out would make over $1,000 for records, work and Temple donations.

On account of my father having had much bad luck during our pioneer life in Santa Clara, we remained in very poor circumstances nearly up to the time I was old enough to make a start in life for myself and get married.

President Brigham Young kept exhorting the young people to get married and not to think of waiting to get comfortable homes first, but to get a little land, set out some trees and grape vines, and then help each other to make a home together.

As I was favored of the Lord, when in my twenty-fifth year of my life, a man by the name of Riggs on April 6, 1875, offered to sell me his home, which consisted of a one room frame house, about a one-half acre lot, and two and one fourth acres of land for $600, with $100 to be paid down and the rest to be paid in five yearly installments of $100 each. I happened to have two cows which paid a good part of the down payment.

On December 10th of the same year, I married Barbara Baumann, with whom I had 46 happy years. We first lived with

my mother for over a year. As my father had a big cave of earth fall on him while building a canal, he was not very strong, so I continued working for him until our third child was born.

After we had lived with my mother for over a year, my wife desired that we live in our own little home, but as it had taken all we could scrape up to make my yearly payment just before living by ourselves, we had no money and my father had none to give me. We had no stove, table, chair or dishes to cook in our to eat out of, except those my wife borrowed from her mother. She had to learn to bake bread in a camp kettle in the fireplace.

One acre of the land had a peach orchard on it and we raised some garden stuff and took it to the mining camp and Pioche. From the money I got from my load, I bought a stove and a lot of dishes from a family that were selling out. This made my dear wife quite pleased when I came to unload the stove and the dishes.

As we had to start in such very poor circumstances and as I had received no education, I could not expect to earn good money like others who had an education. I thought there was no other outlook but to remain in a very poor condition all our lives, but I thought I would obey the Lord's advice and seek first the kingdom of Heaven and His righteousness and try to pay an honest tithing, my debts, and donations to emigrating the poor from the old country, for the poor at home, and for Temple building; to do my duty in the church and at least try to gather a few treasures I Heaven, even if I should remain poor in earthly things all my life; and then trust in the Lord for the outcome.

We have been greatly blessed of the Lord by so doing, as you will learn hereafter by reading this little family history journal.

I have had many things made known to me in answer to secret prayers. Sometimes when I desired the help of the Lord

and could not go to pray to the Lord, except in my secret thoughts, things were made known to me by the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, which were for my good and protection in times of great danger, sometimes through dreams and visions, and sometimes by Heavenly voices speaking to me in loud, plain words.

It seems to me that I would not be doing right if I did not write these things for the good of our posterity, that they might also draw near unto the Lord by keeping His commandments and by secret prayers, so that having my life's experiences printed and bound into a book and by reading them they might be faith-promoting. So as I have been blessed of the Lord, you may likewise be blessed and have His will made known unto you in times when you may be at a loss what to do.

I thought by having these things printed and spending a little means for books for my posterity to read, would be doing more good than if the same was spent in a costly tombstone or monument with just an inscription on it without a history of good works to go with it, even if my means afterwards would not reach for more than a little marker to be placed at my grave.

I hope my life's wonderful experiences may encourage our posterity to follow in the path of our example and walk in that strait and narrow path back to live in the presence of the Lord and God our Eternal Father forevermore.

FAMILY HISTORY JOURNAL

of

JOHN S. STUCKI

I, John S. Stucki, having arrived at the eightieth milestone of my life's journey on this, the thirteenth day of December, 1930, start writing an account of my and my parents trials and hardships of old time emigrations and of the pioneer life which we experienced, in helping to settle the town of Santa Clara in Utah's Dixie, having arrived there in the late fall of the year 1861.

I am writing these things from remembrance, in this the eightieth year of my life, for my posterity and for any that may desire to learn something of what the pioneers or their forefathers may also have had to pass through.

On account of my father having had much bad luck for many years, he had nothing with which to pay for me to go to school except just enough so I could learn to read in the third reader a little. Although the teacher said one time that he never had a boy that learned so fast for so little attendance. My father said that I should try to learn to read and write by practicing at home.

Father was a carpenter and cooper and worked at wagon repairing for other people. He had worked at home or in town lots of the time.

As I was the oldest of the children and about the only help he had to do the farm work, I was always kept very busy with the chores early and late. Then, on Sundays, I went to Sunday School in the afternoon and evenings there were meetings. Then, between meetings I did like to be with other young people a little. So, it seems to me that I could not get to study much and, after I was old enough to be a deacon, I was soon appointed President of

the Deacons' quorum and had to see that the meetinghouse was kept clean, wood chopped, and the meetinghouse warmed up. Although I would notify two of the deacons Saturday in good time to get the meetinghouse ready, when I would go to see on Sunday morning I would find it to have been neglected. Then, I would have to hurry and sweep and dust it myself as there would not be time to go and hunt up the deacons. Afterwards they would say they forgot it.

As a Deacon

As I always took pride in having things well done, the bishopric left me president of the Deacons' Quorum. When other boys were advanced in the priesthood, the bishopric would say that they did not know whom they could find to take my place. Perhaps, if I had not done the work so well they would have found someone else to take my place sooner. Yet I took pleasure in being counted worthy to be the one to serve in this calling.

I have felt for the last few years that I should write a little history of my parents, myself, and my family, but, as I missed the chance to go to school in Switzerland, because my parents embraced the Gospel when I was old enough to start to school, I felt rather backward in this undertaking.

At School

I did start to school, but, because my parents were "Mormons," the whole school was against me. They would call me all kinds of names because my parents had joined the "horrible Mormons," as they thought they were, and the whole school united in throwing anything they could get to throw at me. Not a single boy or girl would walk even a few steps with me. I told my

parents how the whole school was persecuting me and they told the elder, who suggested that they take me out of school.

As I mentioned before, my parents were too poor, and besides my father needed my help too much to send me to school after we came to this country. Because of my lack of education I dreaded to start to write a history of my life's experiences for fear that I would make too many mistakes to let it come before the public, as they are now nearly all becoming well educated. Now at the thought that as I would not get to be any better at writing as I get older that I should write the best I can, even if I do make lots of mistakes.

I have experienced some hard times – and some wonderful manifestations of the power of God through his servants for the good of some of his children. I don't know of anyone in Santa Clara writing much of a history of the important happenings of the town and its people, as the older people of the large company which first came here have all passed away without writing a history of their Pioneer life.

I, John S. Stucki, have been much favored by the Lord by being born of goodly parents, who were religiously inclined and strictly honest with everyone. They were honest with God in paying their tithing and their offerings for the poor and for Temple building. They were God-fearing in every way, living up to all the requirements of the Gospel and of those that were placed over them.

Their names were Samuel Stucki, born January 18, 1824 who died on March 6, 1910 in Santa Clara; and Magdalena Stettler Stucki, born on March 15, 1823, and died December 21, 1894. They also were born of honest, intelligent hard working people who set a good example for my parents to follow.

Their names were John Stucki and Elisabeth Schenk. Grandfather Stucki was born August 31, 1800 and died on June

25, 1873. Grandmother Elisabeth Schenk was born on April 26, 1789 and died December 1, 1834.

My mother, Magdalena Stettler Stucki, only had three sisters, of whom I have no records as yet.

GENEALOGICAL RECORD

Following is a genealogical record of our near relatives commencing with myself and my family,

JOHN S. STUCKI – Born December 13, 1850, in Hierstetten Bern, Switzerland; married by Apostle Erastus Snow in his house December 10, 1875 to Barbara Baumann. Sealed August 17, 1877 in St. George Temple.

BARBARA BAUMANN (1st Wife) – Born June 10, 1856, in Herisan, Appenzell, Switzerland; died March 22, 1922; married by Apostle Erastus Snow in his house, December 10, 1875. Sealed August 17, 1877 in St. George Temple.

* * *

CHILDREN OF FIRST WIFE

BARBARA ROSINA STUCKI – Born January 11, 1877, in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married John Albert Tobler, January 12, 1898, in St. George Temple. Married 2nd husband, Gottlieb Zahner, April 7, 1920, for time.

JOHN MARTIN STUCKI – Born February 2, 1878 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Freida Reber, November 29, 1899 in St. George Temple.

MARY MAGDALENA STUCKI – Born October 31, 1879, in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; died April 25, 1911; married George Tobler, March 9, 1898 in St. George Temple.

BERTHA STUCKI – Born February 26, 1883 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married George Graff January 4, 1906 in St. George Temple.

HULDA AMALIA STUCKI – Born November 23, 1884 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married George Wittwer, November 3, 1909 in St. George Temple (but later divorced.) Married William W. Dalley, second husband.

HERMAN WILFORD STUCKI – Born April 20, 1889 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Anna Elizabeth Christenson Nelson, June 24, 1914.

SAMUEL ADOLPH STUCKI – Born July 21, 1890 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; died January 29, 1893.

SERAPHINA STUCKI – Born March 30, 1891 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; died November 4, 1891.

ELMINA STUCKI – Born November 29, 1892 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; died August 27, 1903.

WILLIAM THEOPHIL STUCKI – Born May 10, 1894 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Lucy Marie Sorenson, January 16, 1924 in Salt Lake Temple.

ERNEST EDWIN STUCKI – Born October 16, 1896 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Rosalia Ray, August 28, 1929 in St. George Temple.

LEONA STUCKI – Born July 14, 1900 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Joseph F. Ray September 8, 1920 in St. George Temple.

SECOND WIFE

KAROLINA HEIMBERG (2nd Wife of John S. Stucki) – Born September 28, 1863 in Bern, Oberwyl, Switzerland; died February 16, 1898; married John S. Stucki March 2, 1889 in St. George Temple.

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CHILDREN

SAMUEL BENJAMIN STUCKI – Born March 20, 1890 in Littlefield, Arizona; married Anna S. Thorley, March 27, 1917 in St. George Temple.

JOHN ALFRED STUCKI – Born March 24, 1892 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; died September 14, 1915.

JOSEPH ERNEST STUCKI – Born December 28, 1893 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Maude Cannon, June 19, 1928 in St. George Temple.

FERDINAND KARL STUCKI – Born January 23, 1896 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Iona Bleak, April 12, 1921 in St. George Temple.

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THIRD WIFE

LOUISE REICHENBACH STUCKI (3rd wife of John S. Stucki) – Born December 10, 1849 in Lausanne, Bern, Switzerland; died January 20, 1931; married to John S. Stucki, October 13, 1922 in Logan Temple.

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CHILDREN ADOPTED AND SEALED TO JOHN S. STUCKI

JOHN ALFRED WURSTEN – Born July 11, 1875 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married Marie Weber, March 12, 1902 in Logan Temple.

CLARA LOUISE WURSTEN – Born March 12, 1876 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married Gottlieb Stucki, May 27, 1903 in Logan Temple.

HERMAN WURSTEN – Born January 11, 1878 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married Lina Hoeffler, November 4, 1903 in Logan Temple.

JOHANNES WURSTEN – Born September 3, 1879 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married Rosa Nederhauser, April 21, 1909 in Logan Temple.

ADOLPH WURSTEN – Born May 24, 1881 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married Bertha Mecham, June 5, 1907 in Salt Lake Temple.

ALDINA WURSTEN – Born March 27, 1883 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married John Moser, September 13, 1905 in Logan Temple.

LOUISE WURSTEN – Born May 21, 1885 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; married August Hoeffler, May 27, 1903 in Logan Temple.

KATHERINE WURSTEN – Born October 3, 1887 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland.

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PARENTS OF JOHN S. STUCKI

SAMUEL STUCKI – Born January 18, 1824 in Signau, Bern, Switzerland; died March 6, 1910; married Magdalena Stettler.

MAGDALENA STETTLER (1st Wife) – Born March 15, 1823 in Biglen, Bern, Switzerland; died December 21, 1894; married Samuel Stucki.

BARBARA NUSSLI (2nd Wife) – Born……

ANNA MARY REBER (3rd Wife) – Born May 3, 1860 in Bern, Switzerland; died July 27, 1881; married Samuel Stucki, July 27, 1881 in St. George Temple.

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CHILDREN OF FIRST WIFE

JOHN S. STUCKI – Born December 13, 1850 in Heierstetten Bern, Switzerland; married by Apostle Erastus Snow in his house to Barbara Baumann December 10, 1875. Sealed August 17, 1877 in St. George Temple.

ANNA ELIZABETH STUCKI – Born June, 1853 in Biglen Bern, Switzerland; died June, 1853.

ANNA MARIA STUCKI REBER HAFEN – Born May 5, 1854 in Biglen Bern, Switzerland; married John G. Hafen in Salt Lake

City in 1873. First husband, Blickenstaufer; second husband, John G. Hafen)

FRIDALIN STUCKI – Born April, 1856 in Heierstetten, Switzerland; died April, 1856.

ROSINA BLICKENSTAUFER HAFEN – Born April 18, 1857 in Rohtenbach Bern, Switzerland.

CHRISTIAN STUCKI – Born October 7, 1859 in Rotenbach, Bern, Switzerland; married Mary Gubler.

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CHILDREN OF THIRD WIFE

MARY ELISABETH STUCKI – Born October 30, 1882 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married John Henry Tobler February 28, 1900 in St. George Temple.

ESTHER STUCKI – Born August 11, 1886 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; married Ensign Gubler September 22, 1909 in St. George Temple.

GRANDPARENTS OF JOHN S. STUCKI

JOHN STUCKI – Born August 31, 1800 in Rohtenbach Bern, Switzerland; died June 25, 1873; married Elisabetha Schenk.

ELISABETHA SCHENK STUCKI – Born April 26, 1789 in Langnau, Bern, Switzerland; died December 1, 1834; married John Stucki.

FIRST WIFE'S CHILDREN

ELISABETHA STUCKI – Born November 22, 1820 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland; died May 22, 1821.

SAMUEL STUCKI – Born January 18, 1824 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland; died March 6, 1910; married Magdalena Stettler, July 14, 1896.

ANNA ELIZABETH STUCKI – Born August 20, 1826 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland.

BARBARA STUCKI REBER – Born February 1, 1829 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland; married John Reber.

JOHN STUCKI – Born October 16, 1831 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland.

MAGDALENA STUCKI – Born October 20, 1833 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland.

MARIA MUTTI (2nd Wife).

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CHILD OF SECOND WIFE

LISETI STUCKI – Born March 27, 1859 in Rotenbach Bern, Switzerland.

JOHN S. STUCKI'S MOTHER'S PARENTS ON HER FATHER'S SIDE

JOHANNES STETTLER – Born December 25, 1787 in Biglen Bern, Switzerland; died 1853; married Elisabeth Burki

ELISABETH BURKI STETTLER – Born October 2, 1785 in Worb Bern, Switzerland; died 1870; married Johannes Stettler.

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CHILDREN

ANNA STETTLER – Born September 23, 1814 in Worb Bern, Switzerland; married Johannes Huthmacher.

ELISABETH STETTLER – Born December 18, 1816; married Johannes Schaffroth.

MAGDALENA STETTLER – Born March 15, 1823 in Biglen Bern, Switzerland; married Samuel Stucki.

KATHERINE STETTLER – Born July 4, 1821.

ROSINA STETTLER – Born April 15, 1825; died soon after 2 years old.

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ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE

CHRISTIAN STETTLER – Born December 4, 1753; died January 31, 1794; married Barbara Hubacher.

BARBARA HUBACHER – Born……; married Christian Stettler.

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BARBARA BAUMANN STUCKI'S IMMEDIATE ANCESTORS

Her parents are:

Father's name: John Martin Baumann

Mother's name: Marie Magdalena Schiess

Her grandparents names are:

Grandfather's name: Hans Ulrich Scheiss, born 1802.

Grandmother's name: Marie Magdalena Diem, born 1802.

(Grandparents had 14 children)

PARENTS OF BARBARA BAUMANN STUCKI

(John S. Stucki's First Wife)

JOHN MARTIN BAUMANN – Born May 12, 1829 in Schwellbrunn Appenzell, Switzerland; died March 3, 1913; married Maria Magdalena Schiess, September 4, 1854.

MARIA MAGDALENA SCHEISS – Born July 2, 1832 in Herisau, Appenzell, Switzerland; died April 3, 1909; married John Martin Baumann, September 4, 1854.

* * *

CHILDREN

BARBARA BAUMANN STUCKI – Born June 10, 1856 in Nassenberg, Appenzell, Switzerland; died March 22, 1922; married by Apostle Erastus Snow in his house, December 10, 1875 to John S. Stucki. Sealed August 17, 1877 in St. George Temple.

MARIA MAGDALENA BAUMANN – Born May 7, 1855 in Appenzell, Switzerland; died May 25, 1855.

A SON – Born June 13, 1857 in Appenzell, Switzerland; died June 18, 1857.

JOHN BAUMANN – Born July 12, 1859 in Appenzell, Switzerland; married Hulda Rohner but afterwards divorced.

ROBERT BAUMANN – Born October 27, 1862 in Appenzell, Switzerland; died September 13, 1864.

A SON (Born Dead) – July 10, 1870 in Appenzell, Switzerland.

A DAUGHTER (Born Dead) – October 8, 1872 in Appenzell, Switzerland.

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GRANDPARENTS OF BARBARA BAUMANN STUCKI

HANS MARTIN BAUMANN – Born December 11, 1803 in Schwellbrunn, Switzerland; died April 24, 1874; married Barbara Merz, January 8, 1828.

ANNA BARBARA MERZ – Born June 6, 1809 in Herisau, Switzerland; died August 14, 1809; married Hans Martin Baumann, January 8, 1828.

GRANDPARENTS ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE

HANS ULRICH SCHIESS – Married Maria Magdalena Deim.

MARIA MAGDALENA DIEM – Born July 12, 1801; died February 1, 1865; married Hans Ulrich Schiess.

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PARENTS OF KAROLINA HEIMBERG STUCKI

JOHANNES HEIMBERG – Born in Bern, Switzerland.

ANNA HEIMBERG HEIMBERG – Born in Bern, Switzerland.

* * *

CHILDREN

JOHANNES HEIMBERG – Born in Bern, Switzerland.

ANNA HEIMBERG – Born in Bern, Switzerland.

KATHERINE HEIMBERG – Born in Bern, Switzerland.

JACOB HEIMBERG – Born in Bern, Switzerland.

KAROLINA HEIMBERG – Born September 18, 1863 in Oberwyl Bern, Switzerland; died February 16, 1898 (second wife of John Stucki); married March 2, 1889 in Logan Temple.

ROSINA MAGDALENA HEIMBERG

FREDERICH HEIMBERG

ANNA HEIMBERG

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PARENTS OF LOUISE REICHENBACH STUCKI

(Third Wife of John Stucki)

JOHANNES REICHENBACH – Born April 15, 1816 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died March 29, 1850; married Maria Brand.

MARIA BRAND – Born December 3, 1820 in Lauwinen Bern, Switzerland; died March 27, 1891; married Johannes Reichenbach.

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MARIA REICHENBACH – Born June 16, 1824 in Sanen, Switzerland; died May 1920; married Christian Rufe, who was born October, 1832, in Getieg.

JOHANNES REICHENBACH – Born April 9, 1843 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died March 19, 1904; married Louise Schwitzgeble (born June 3, 1842; died March, 1918)

KATHARINA REICHENBACH – Born June 30, 1844 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died February 26, 1856.

KRISTINA REICHENBACH – Born June 13, 1845 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died June 2, 1899; married Christian Grundisch (born in Sanen in 1795; died October 1873.)

MARGRETHA REICHENBACH – Born April 2, 1848 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died April 1, 1920; married Joseph Blatter in 1845 (died May 4, 1928.)

LOUISE REICHENBACH – Born December 10, 1849 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died January 20, 1831; married John S. Stucki, October 13, 1922 in Logan Temple.

MARIA BRAND – Born December 1855 in Sanen Bern, Switzerland; died January 20, 1931.

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LOUISE REICHENBACH STUCKI'S GRANDPARENTS
ON HER FATHER'S SIDE

CHRISTIAN REICHENBACH – Born October 10, 1784 in Lausanen, Bern, Switzerland; died May 8, 1878; married Christini Reichenbach (Record No. 1495.)

CHRISTINI REICHENBACH – Born June 24, 1787 in Lausanen, Bern, Switzerland; died June 19, 1862; married Christian Reichenbach (Record no. 1454.)

ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE

JOHANNES BRAND – Born August 7, 1796 in Lausanen, Bern, Switzerland; died August 7, 1858; married Maria Perriten (No. 596 in Perriten Record.)

MARIA PERRITEN – Born September 29, 1793 in Lausanen, Bern, Switzerland; died December 9, 1871; married Johannes Brand.

PARENTS

I now continue with a brief account of my parents. As they felt the importance of living up to all the requirements of the Gospel, they also taught me to be faithful in all the duties in the Church of Christ. They were both hard working people. In the old country my father was mainly a turner and a farmer, but he had many kinds of tools so that he could do almost any kind of work. As they did not have much of anything to start with they bought themselves a little home with a few acres of land on which they could raise grain for bread, hay to feed a cow, what potatoes they needed, and timber to furnish them with wood. They also raised

flax and hemp and in the long winter evenings mother would be spinning.

While mother would be spinning flax and hemp in yarn for clothing, father would spend his long winter evenings making spinning wheels, sythe-snaths, hay rakes, and forks. When the right season came he would take cart loads to the market. In winter, when he could not work on the outside, he always found plenty of work to do and in a few years they got their home paid for. They raised nearly everything they needed themselves.

The yarn mother would spin in the long winter evenings would be taken to some weaver, from which cloth they made their clothing. They would raise a big fat pig each year which made lard for them to cook with. Although they did not know anything of the Gospel or of the Word of Wisdom I think they kept the Word of Wisdom quite well. My father used neither tobacco nor any kind of strong drink. They used some coffee, but as coffee was very dear they used it very sparingly. All the money they earned went towards paying for their home.

GRANDPARENTS

I will write also a few lines about our grandparents as far as I can remember them. As our parents were a good example to us children, so also were their parents to them. They were also intelligent, noble and hard working people, both on my father's and on my mother's side. Grandfather John Stucki was mainly a farmer and a turner, but he was also quite handy at any kind of wood and iron work. My grandmother Elisabetha Schenk Stucki was quite a religious woman and seemed to be inspired of the Lord to foretell things to come in the future. After we had come to this country I was wondering how it was that my parents and my father's brother John and his sister Barbara Reber, with their

families, became converted so quickly. After hearing the Gospel explained to them by Elder Jabez Woodward, by whom they were taught and converted to the Gospel, they were baptized and confirmed members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I was with my father in the field and I asked him how it was that they became converted so quickly. He said that his mother had told them her children were pretty much the cause of their becoming converted, as when they were children, his mother would often call them to hear and read to them from the Bible. She explained the scriptures to them the best she could.

ELDERS FORETOLD

She told them that none of the churches had the true Gospel, but that the time would come when men of God would come from the far off west that would have the true Gospel to preach. She told them that she would not live to see or to hear such men of God, but that they, her children, would live to see and hear such men of God proclaim the true Gospel. This was fulfilled just as she had told them. She died about five or six years before we heard of a Mormon elder. Her children remembered what she had told them, and heard the elder explain the Gospel – how it had been revealed from heaven again and that the holy priesthood had been bestowed upon men on the earth like in the days of the apostles and that the same signs follow the believer like in the days of the apostles. So what their mother had said had a good influence over them towards their becoming converted quickly as they could see that the elder's teachings agreed with the teachings of the Lord and the Apostles of old.

JOHN REBER'S EXPERIENCE

Before we heard anything of the Gospel in our part of Switzerland, my father, his brother and sisters had grown up and all married, except one. They were having families of small children. My aunt (father's sister Barbara) had married a young man by the name of John Reber, who afterwards became afflicted with rheumatism. My parents used to send me to their place on errands from time to time. As I was not yet of school age and it was quite a long way to their place, my aunt seemed to take great pleasure in giving me something good to eat. Like most children, I gladly accepted of it, and thus I had a chance to see Mr. Reber from time to time. I saw he was getting crippled hands and his back was pushed up into a high lump. It seemed to me the hump of his back was higher that his head and he could scarcely go from his bed to the table. This he managed to do with the aid of two short sticks, and then he would groan out loud.

They had a doctor to try to help him. Even with the help of the doctor, Mr. Reber kept getting worse until he had to give him up. They tried a second and a third doctor, and so on until they had seven different doctors, but they all had to give up and could give him no relief from his awful suffering.

Soon after the seventh doctor had given him up, my parents sent me there again on an errand. Then it was that my aunt said she could not give me anything. She said they had sold everything they could and had even to sell their last cow to pay doctor bills. They had hardly anything left to live on and could not hire any more doctors. She did not think there was anyone that could help him anymore and she did not know how in the world things were going to end with them and she cried aloud in sorrow.

Not long after that an old school friend of Reber's, having learned of his awful suffering, came from another town to visit him. He told Mr. Reber that a man had passed through town who claimed the true Gospel had again been revealed from Heaven

and that the same power and authority was again bestowed, of the Lord, upon men to preach the Gospel and to administer in all the ordinances thereof like it had been given to the Apostles of Christ. They claimed the power to lay on hands for the healing of the sick and to cast out evil spirits and that the same signs again followed the believer as in the days of the Apostles of olden times.

Reber's school friend said that he did not believe anything of the kind, but Mr. Reber asked his friend if he should get to see the man again to send him over as he would like to hear what the man had to say. Sometime later, an elder came to visit Mr. Reber. I think his name was Woodard. He appointed a meeting to be held in Reber's house, to which my grandmother's sons and daughters with their companions were invited, along with others.

Elder Woodard explained to them the Apostasy from the true Gospel of the primitive church of Christ and how the true Gospel needed to be, and now was, restored through heavenly messengers again, with the holy priesthood with all the gifts and blessings pertaining to the Gospel and the holy priesthood like they had in the Church of Christ. Remembering what their mother had told them when they were children, it did not take long for them to believe and become converted. The elder was just such a man of God as their mother had told them they would live to see, one who would have the true Gospel to preach. The elder set the time when they could be baptized, which happened to be a very cold, clear December night. They had to take axes with them to chop through the thick ice.

THE MIRACULOUS HEALING

They first gathered at Reber's place where the elder talked to them for a while. They had about a mile and a half to go from Reber's house to where the water was deep enough to be immersed

in, so my father and his brother each took turns carrying Mr. Reber until they had reached the place of baptism. After my parents and all the others were baptized, the elder also baptized the crippled-up Reber in that icy water. Then, he laid his hands upon him quickly and blessed him for the restoration of his health. My father and his brother took hold under his shoulders again to help him home, but Mr. Reber said he believed that he could walk home without help and would not need their help anymore. He then threw away his two short sticks which he had used for years and walked home without any help.

Two or three days later my parents sent me to their place on an errand again. When I was still quite away from the place, I saw a straight man come out and walk around the house. Having seen Reber walk nearly doubled up and hardly able to get from his bed to the table, even by using two short sticks, I thought it must be some other man. When I came into the house, my aunt asked me if I saw how straight Reber now walked. Then I asked, "Oh, *was* that Reber that came out of the house walking so straight?" She said, "Yes," with tears of joy running down her cheeks. Then she said that it was on the very same night when he was baptized that his crippled-up hands and back were all made as straight as any man's. She told me that she never would have believed before that that such a wonder could happen as had happened with her husband that night.

Everybody far and wide that had seen or heard of Reber's awful condition and how he had been suffering up to the time when he was baptized, and then saw how straight and healthy he was from that night on would say that a great wonder and miracle had happened. Anyone would think that such a wonderful happening would lead people to investigate the Gospel, but the devil always inspires someone to turn the people to make them disbelieve the truth. If I remember right, some minister told the

people that such things were not done anymore by the power of God and that this man must have done it through the power of the devil. That reminded me of how they accused the Savior of casting out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. Those that embraced the Gospel could see that the promise of the Lord became fulfilled when he spoke of the signs that should follow the believer in Mr. Reber's having been so suddenly healed from his awful suffering and crippled-up condition. It was a strong testimony to them forever after wards.

Oh, what a change came over the sad hearts of the Reber family between the time when they were in the deepest of sorrow. At the time I was sent to them the last before they heard anything of the Gospel, my aunt wept so bitterly after telling me that they had to sell their last cow and everything they had to pay the bill of the seventh doctor without any of the seven doctors having been able to give him any relief, that her husband had been getting worse and more crippled all the time, that she could see no earthly hope anymore, that her husband must lay and suffer until death would relieve him, that she with her children must be left in great poverty and distress. Thus the dark clouds of suffering, sorrow, and despair were weighing down upon their hearts so heavily and almost more than they felt able to endure compared to the time when a man of God such as their mother had foretold they would live to see and hear was sent to them.

Then it was that the beautiful morning dawned upon them for a brighter future when the elder brought to them the glad tidings of great joy – the saving Gospel message. Not only did he bring them relief from awful suffering, sorrow, and hopeless despair, but he was leading them into the light of the true and everlasting Gospel and unto that strait and narrow path which leads unto life eternal, away from the bondage of sin and death.

Thus, after the darkest clouds, came the brightest sunshine to cheer up their sad hearts forever.

As this has been wonderfully interesting to me, and as the old people who knew of these wonderful experiences have all passed to the other side without having written anything of these things, I thought that these wonderful things might also be interesting for their and my posterity to read in the future.

I am the only one living that say their suffering, sorrow, and distress. These things are yet quite fresh in my mind and it seems to me that I would not be doing right if I did not write these things down for our posterity so that they could also know what wonderful things God has done for their forefathers and mothers, that thereby their faith might be strengthened to trust in God by drawing near unto him in humble, secret prayer for deliverance in times of trouble and sorrow.

TWO HUNDRED YEAR OLD PROPHECY

Now, after these things, it seems to me not unfitting to write here a revelation given by one Lutus Gratent on April 19, 1917 in his *Hope of Zion*. This book, printed in 1739 in Basel, Switzerland, says,

> "The old, true Gospel and the gifts thereof are lost. False doctrine prevails in every church in all the land. All we can do is to exhort the people to fear God, shun evil and pray, pray, pray. Prayer of purity may cause an angel to visit a deep and distressed soul. But I tell you that God, in one hundred years, will again have spoken.
>
> "I see a little band of people led by a Prophet and faithful elders. They are persecuted, burned and murdered. But in the valley that lies on the shores of a great lake, there they will grow and make a beautiful land, have a Temple of magnificent splendor and also possess the old Priesthood, with Apostles, Prophets, Teachers and Deacons.

"From every nation will the believers be gathered by speedy messengers and God Almighty will speak to the disobedient nations with thundering and lightening, [*sic*] and distruction, [*sic*] such as never were heard of before."

G.M. Pickny copied this from the original found in a library in Basel, Switzerland, while on a mission in that country.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

I will now write a few lines of my childhood life and thoughts as I remember them.

Before my parents heard anything of the Gospel, my father had bought a home with a small farm surrounding it on a kind of mountain slope. We did not have neighbors close to us, so I very seldom had any of the neighbor children to play with. My parents taught me early to read, even before I was of school age. They would tell me on Sunday forenoons to read in the Bible and I have never forgotten how happy I used to feel when I would be sitting on a porch on a Sunday forenoon with the beautiful blooming fruit trees. I could hear the many Sunday School Church bells ringing from different directions as I sat there reading of the wonderful things which the Savior, the Apostles, and Prophets of old did, reading of the beautiful Temple of Solomon.

It all made me feel so happy that I could not find words to express my feelings, not even now. All I felt I lacked was that I might have lived in a time when the Savior was on the earth, or when the Apostles or Prophets were on the earth, that I might see and hear such holy men or visit a holy Temple of God.

The wishes of my childhood days have become pretty well fulfilled as not only have I had a chance to see and hear such men of God, but also to shake hands and talk with such as were apostles, prophets, patriarchs, and many holy men and women in

the houses of God. Not only that, but I have also had the holy priesthood bestowed upon me and had my three dear wives sealed to me, for time and all eternity, whom God has led to me through heavenly inspirations, visions, and wonderful dreams in answer to my humble, secret prayers and also in answer to their secret prayers.

I have not only had the chance to see and go into one, but three different Temples and to do the work for thousands of the dead and their salvation. I feel that I can never thank my Heavenly Father enough for the many wonderful gifts and blessings which I have received through the holy priesthood of God. I have received the same power that Peter, James, and John possessed – to bind on earth and it should be bound in heaven and to loose on earth and it should be loosed in heaven. I have had all my loved ones sealed to me for time and all eternity by such holy men of God and have had many other blessings of the Gospel that reach into all eternity.

FIRST TESTIMONY

I will also write some of the desires and experiences which I had after my parents had embraced the Gospel. Whenever the elders would come to hold a meeting in Reber's house, which was about a mile and a half from our home, I would ask my father if I could go with him to the meeting. He would say, "Oh, it's to awfully cold a night for you to go with me." Then I would say, "I think I can stand it," and tease him until he would let me go with him. It seemed to me that I felt good to see and hear that man through whom God had done such wonderful things. Among other things, he advised that every family should have a bottle of consecrated oil in its home and also that everyone should seek

through humble, secret prayer to get a testimony for themselves of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

I thought that I would like to receive a testimony for myself, so I went and prayed unto the Lord in secret in my childish way and asked God to give me a testimony. God did hear and answer my humble prayer.

Soon after, there came a dreadful disease to our part of the country that was fatal to most of the children that got it. It was mostly children about my age that had it. They only lived about a day or a day and a half and then died. I was very much afraid of it and hoped that I might not get it, but it came on to me all at once one day – almost as if it were thrown on me. I could not explain how I suffered. A little while after I took it, my father came home from the field. Seeing how terrible I was suffering, and having heard from the elder about the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, he took a bottle of oil which the elder had consecrated and anointed my head with it. He then laid his hands on my head and asked God to heal me and take away the disease. He also gave me a spoonful of the oil to take inwardly and when he took his hands from my head, the pain left at once. He told me to lie down. I soon went to sleep and a little later awoke feeling perfectly well. My humble, childish, secret prayer, asking for a testimony, was heard and answered. While many others had to suffer unto death, I received sudden relief from all my pain and my life was spared. That was the first time my father laid on hands – the first time I had hands laid on me, and I was healed by his administration.

Later on I was healed quite a few times from the greatest of suffering when he administered to me.

My parents were well thought of by everyone before they embraced the Gospel, but the people soon changed their feelings toward them. I remember my father saying that those who used

to come to him to do jobs ceased to come in and I remember well that when I went with my father to a night meeting that the mob came into the house and took the speaker by force out of the meeting. I never learned how they treated after they took him out. Satan was ready to try to hinder the work of the Lord with his lies, falsehoods, and persecution so as to prevent people from investigating the Gospel and embracing it. But it just helped to strengthen the faith of those who had embraced it, knowing that the Lord, his apostles and the prophets of old had also been persecuted.

EMIGRATION TO UTAH

I will now give a brief account of our experiences while emigrating in the year 1860 compared to now.

My parents, wishing to be well prepared with good clothing and bedding when they arrived at their destination, had enough new clothing and bedding made to fill two large boxes which my Father had made extra strong. These boxes were about the size of a large trunk. These they packed solid with good clothing and bedding besides what we could carry in our hands.

They were just beginning to build the first railroad ever known in Switzerland and I remember well that instead of nice cushioned seats and backs like they have now, they were flat, thick plank seats without any backs to them. They surely did get hard and tiresome in the long run. Other than this we got along fairly well until we came to what they called the North Sea.

There we were hurried down a step ladder into a tightly enclosed box ship covered on the bottom with straw. The stench that met us, coming up out of the hole where we had to go down, was enough to turn anyone sick.

The ship did not much more than get started when a severe storm came and sailors had to put a lid over the hole tightened with some kind of pitch. This closed out all the fresh are and the ship seemed as though going over waves like high hills. The people soon got awfully sick to their stomachs and there was no light in the ship all night. That was a terrible night for all the company never to be forgotten, but in the morning when the sea had calmed and we could get out into the fresh air and the beautiful sunshine it seemed to me almost like a resurrection from the dead.

While going across England to Liverpool it was quite interesting to see herds of cattle and sheep and quite large herds of swine now and then.

Our company was told to buy some cooking kettles and coffee cans to use on the ship. This we did, after which we were al hurried down into the sailing ship. After the ship started the people got their food, such as potatoes, beans, and peas, apportioned to them raw. In the ship there was a kitchen with a large stove and negro cooks, to whom they could bring the cooking kettles with the raw food to cook. I remember one time when the father got his kettle on the stove and came back to be with us, when he thought the food had plenty of time to be well cooked he found that his kettle had been taken off the stove without being cooked at all. Afterwards he thought it better to stay and see that it would not be set to one side as there seemed to be far too many passengers for the room on the cooking stove when they would like to get their food cooked.

We never had bread to eat, but some awfully hard "tack" that we could not eat without soaking in hot coffee for a long while first. I remember well one time when we were all very hungry after father had gone nearly all the forenoon trying to get our food cooked. At last he came back with it uncooked. He said that the

kitchen was so crowded with people all the time that the negroes got mad and drove the people out with sticks of wood. So we had to go hungry lots of the time during the two months and three days (if I remember right) it took to cross the ocean as the winds were against us a good part of the time and drove the ship backwards, sometimes for a few days. It seemed like there was no end to being on the water. We sure felt to rejoice when we got to see land again.

THE HANDCART JOURNEY

As father was not able to talk or understand a bit of English (traveling partly by land and partly on rivers), we could not always get what we needed so we were hungry again a good part of the time. At last we arrived at a place called Florence form where we were to start on our journey across the plains. There we learned that we had to cross the plains with the Martin Handcart Company* in 1860. So, instead of better times ahead of us, our hardships increased as my parents had three small children to haul in the handcart. There was no room for much else except a very little clothing and bedding and, as there were no team and wagon outfits except to haul about half enough provisions for the large handcart company. We were told that they could not take those large boxes that my parents had filled with their good clothing and bedding. They could not be put in the small handcart with three little children in it, so father went to see if he could find someone who could speak German as he wished to find someone that could interpret for him and then try to sell those boxes filled with good clothing for a little something. He could not find anyone to interpret and we had to leave them there without getting a cent for them. Later on, we needed the contents of the boxes in the

* Original text reads "Martain Handcart Company"

worst way for when we got to Salt Lake City, we were almost without clothing and bedding. If we could have brought them with us we would have been well supplied with clothing and bedding for a few years.

There were only four wagons with oxen to pull them to haul provisions for about fifty families (if I remember right.) Soon after we started, we were told we could only have half rations, that is, just half as much as is considered what an average person needs to live on. So, we had to do our traveling on just half enough to eat. My dear mother had a little baby to nurse and, only having half enough to eat and having to pull the handcart all day long, day after day, she soon got so weak and worn out that she could not help father anymore. Nor was she able to keep up with the company till evening without pulling on the handcart. Sometimes, when we camped she was so far behind the company we could not see anything of her for quite a while so that I was afraid she might not be able to get to the camp.

Father let mother have a bigger part of the half ration. This shortage of food, together with having the three children with everything else we had in the handcart, made it too heavy for him to pull alone. In this hungry and also nearly worn out condition, I have never forgotten how when I, a nine-year-old boy, would be so tired that I would wish I could sit down for just a few minutes (how much good it would do to me), but instead of that my dear, nearly worn out father would ask me if I could not push a little more on the handcart.

I will never forget how hungry I was all the time. One of the teamsters, seeing two buffaloes near the oxen, shot one of them and the meat was divided among the whole handcart company. My parents also got a small piece which my father put in the back end of the handcart. That was in the forepart of the week. He said that we would save it for our dinner next Sunday.

I was so very hungry all the time and the meat smelled so good to me while pushing at the handcart and, having a little pocketknife, I could not resist, but had to cut off a piece or two each half day. Although I was afraid of getting a severe whipping after cutting a little the first few times, I could not resist taking a little each half day. I would chew it so long it got perfectly tasteless. When Father went to get the meat on Sunday noon, he asked me if I had been cutting off some of the meat. I said, "Yes," and that I was so hungry that I could not let it alone. Then, instead of giving me the severe scolding and whipping, he did not say a word but started to wipe the tears from his eyes. As we had so little to eat, I wondered why they did not shoot more buffaloes when there were herds of many thousands traveling the opposite direction from which were traveling. I afterwards learned that it was awfully dangerous to shoot into a big herd as they were easily stampeded and, when stampeded, they would run over emigrants or anything in their way. The morning that the one was shot, there were only two separate from the herd near the oxen.

We were tired even in the mornings and hungry and weary. Still, we had to keep traveling on and on until we got to a ranch. Here, my father, with the rest of his money (except one dollar), bought a cow and some ropes to make a rope harness and a halter to hitch the cow to the cart. He hitched the cow to one side of the tongue of the cart and father and the cow made a team together. At first, the cow would not pull much, so father had to do most of the pulling. After a while, the cow started to pull pretty well. Not long after we had her broken to pull, a big band of Indians met us and caused other troubles. They had their tent poles tied in bunches with the little ends tied to the sides of the horses with great packs, back of the horses, tied on the long, dragging poles of buffalo hides with different kinds of ugly looking things which they dragged along close by the side of us. This

scared the cow so badly that she jumped and tore around till she got loose from father. Then she ran away with the handcart and three little children in it for quite a long ways. Then she got the handcart turned upside down with the three little children under it and the bows were all broken off. We were very much afraid that some of the children might have gotten their arms or legs broken or perhaps killed, but, to our great relief, we found that none of them was seriously hurt. My father and some of the other brethren ran as fast as they could to get the little children from under the handcart to see how they were.

Father fixed up the bows of the cart and made a different rope halter for the cow, thinking that perhaps he might better be able to hold the cow if the Indians should meet us again. A few days later, quite a large army of Indians met us again and, as they dragged their horrible packs right close by the side of the cow, whe took such awful side jumps that she got loose from father again and ran as fast as she could go until she turned the handcart upside down again. Again we were greatly relieved to find that not one of the three children was seriously hurt. Although the handcart had been turned upside down twice with the little children in it, God had wonderfully protected them from all harm. Now, my father, not knowing but what we might meet some more bands of Indians, was afraid to use the cow anymore.

As there were three young Danish men to one handcart, he went to see if he could get one of them to help pull our handcart and the other two to take the cow to pull their cart. By that time, the cow was quite a good puller and they kindly consented. So, one of the young men helped father one day and another the next day, and so on in turn. At this rate, we got along pretty well on the latter end of the journey except that dear mother got so sick it was almost impossible for her to walk the long distances each day. I began to be afraid that we might lose her before we could get to

the end of the journey, but two of the brethren laid their hands on her head and blessed her for the restoration of her health. After this she began to improve and got so that she was more able to walk.

Although we had to travel on half rations all the time, when we met those bands of Indians, the captain of our company had to give them quite a lot of provisions. I suppose that he did so because the Indians demanded it and would not let us go until he did so. They stopped our company and got what they wanted, then they let us go on in peace. Oh, how we longed for the time when we would get to the end of this tiresome and tedious journey that we might have a chance to rest up a little.

ARRIVAL IN SALT LAKE

If I remember right, we were nearly a week over two months crossing the plains and oh, how glad we were when we could see down into the Salt Lake Valley. How good it seemed to us when we could cease having to walk all day and when we could rest our weary, worn out bodies. We surely felt grateful to God for having preserved our lives through all the dangerous times so that we could enjoy life together.

Now I will give an account of our experiences after our arrival in Salt Lake city, which were not always the most joyful.

After we arrived, we were given a chance to live in one room of a two-roomed house which was about half a mile from town. The other room was occupied by a French family who had just arrived. They could not understand us nor could we understand them. There was no wood at this place, but the owner of the place showed father a field where sugar cane had been raised, saying that he might dig up some of the sugar cane roots to

use for firewood. It took an awful long time before they would burn well.

We had no provisions and, as father could neither speak nor understand any English, he took the last dollar and went into the city. He showed people the dollar and mentioned to them that he wanted to get something to eat. He brought home a little flour and potatoes, but they did not last long.

One day, he went to find someone who could interpret for him but failed to find anyone. He wanted to get some work as the one dollar's worth of flour and potatoes were soon used up. Father, having a handsaw file, went into the city and motioned to the people that he could file saws and that he would like to get something to eat for six persons by showing them that many fingers. As he could not speak the language, he could not make any charges, but just had to take what people were ready to give him for his work. It was a very little that he got from some of them so we had very little to live on for a long time until towards spring. Father then got a chance to work on a road for President Brigham Young in one of the canyons. From then on we could get enough flour and potatoes and sometimes a little of something else from the Tithing Office. So, we could have enough to eat of such food as we could get until the next fall.

We got a chance to live in a little house on a farm about a mile and a half further down beside the Jordan River, which belonged to a Bishop McCallister, if I rember correctly. As there were quite a lot of willows along the river, I could get plenty of willow wood for our use. My dear mother would go to Salt Lake every two weeks and pack a fifty pound sack of flour home on her back for the two miles, besides what other stuff she could get. We

got along pretty well that summer until in the fall when my parents were called to go to Dixie* with a lot of other Swiss people.

SAVED FROM DROWNING

I will now relate a wonderful experience which I had while were living near the Jordan bridge in the Spring of 1861 when I was ten years of age. Having sometimes seen boys come out to the river to catch fish on Sunday forenoons the same as on weekdays and, seeing some boys fishing one Sunday, I got a hook and line ready, but felt that perhaps I ought not to try it on Sunday. The thought came to me that those boys must be of good Latter-day Saint parents and, if their parents allowed their boys to catch fish on Sunday, it would not be more sinful for me than it was for them to try it for a little while.

I threw my line into the water while standing on a high bank. The bank caved in with me and let me down into the deep river. I did not know the least thing about swimming and the water took me along until I sank to the bottom. I thought that was the end of my life. Then I thought that it would still be possible for God to save my life, so, in my thought I prayed to God to save me. Just then a voice said to me, "Grab hold of that sticky clay in the bottom and crawl out." At the same time I found that I could cling to the clay and so I crawled toward the shore. I happened to crawl right toward where my mother was standing on the bank with a large, long stick to reach down to me. It seemed for a little while that I could not get my breath anymore after I got hold of the stick, but I made up my mind to cling to the stick with all my might as long as I could. After a little while I could start to

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* In this case, "Dixie" refers to southern Utah around the areas of the towns of St. George and Santa Clara.

breathe again. It surely is wonderful to me how the Lord heard the prayer of my thoughts deep down in the bottom of the river and that I was led right toward the spot where my mother was standing on the high river bank. She walked along the bank and, keeping my head above the water, led me down to the bridge where I could climb out, over a rough rock wall. Oh, how thankful I am to have had parents that taught me early in life to pray to God for his help in times of need. How thankful I am to my kind Heavenly Father for having heard my humble secret prayers, and protected me from great danger and death in so many dangerous times and places. He has made many things known to me through heavenly dreams and visions and by heavenly voices telling me things in answer to secret prayer. I often feel that I can never thank Him enough for all the many wonderful blessings with which He has blessed me. Trying to fish on Sunday has taught me a lesson for life (even though I was only ten years of age then) – to keep the Sabbath day holy.

Lots of times when I had hay partly dried, laying on the ground there came a stormy looking Sunday morning. I lived right by the side of one of the main field roads and would see some of the farmers hurry by with their hay wagons to get their hay and others with their hay rakes to rake their hay, but I never worked with my hay no matter how much it looked like we might have a bad storm on the Sabbath morning. I was lucky nearly always to get good hay. We sure were greatly blessed with plenty of everything if we did not do any work on Sunday and the Lord heard the prayer of a child's thoughts deep down inside the water and saved it.

THE CALL TO DIXIE

As I mentioned before, in the fall of 1861, my parents, with quite a large company of Swiss people, were called by President Brigham Young to help settle Dixie. As my father had no team and wagon, President Young requested the people in the settlements along the road to furnish teams and teamsters to haul us and others from town to town until we arrived at Dixie. When we arrived, there was some talk of having us stay either in Washington or in the valley where St. George now is, but neither place suited us very well. I, like the rest of the company, thought that we would also like to see the Santa Clara Valley as the valley had a lot of different kinds of timber and big brush growing in it. The road went close along what are called the South Hills until we got up to where the fort was straight north of us. There, the road took a sudden turn into a long straight lane which went directly toward the fort and gristmill at the north end of the valley. Along this lane, there were many nice fields and beautiful thrifty young fruit orchards on both sides. The valley, being thickly covered with willows, cottonwoods, black willows, and other large brush, made us think that it must be rich soil as well as a place where there were cleared fields. So, the company decided to stay in Santa Clara and the town was laid out and people were given their lots. They dedicated the lots with songs and dedicatory prayers while we camped near the old fort.

This was called the Dixie Mission. A lot of thrifty men settled in the valley of St. George soon after, but there was no one at that place at the time when we passed where the city of St. George and the Temple now are. The valley was soon settled after we passed by. As the Swiss Company consisted of mostly newcomers who could neither speak nor understand the English

language, President Brigham Young appointed a man by the name of Daniel Bonnelle, who could speak both English and German, to take charge of the Swiss Company. After the people had been given their lots, Daniel Bonnelle went with a bunch of good singers to dedicate the lots by singing and dedicatory prayers.

The main object of President Brigham Young in sending our people to Dixie was to raise cotton for the people to make clothing. (There was no money to be obtained for many years.) We also were to raise wine to be used for the sacrament of this people, although water was to be used until this people could have wine of their own making which was to be the pure juice of the vine. I had the chance to furnish the first wine for the holy sacrament in Santa Clara, which was a great pleasure for me to have the right to do.

As soon as we could get some cotton seed, we began to raise a little cotton. At first we would pick cotton from the seed by hand and spin it into yarn. Then a man by the name of James McClellan* (if I remember right) came to Santa Clara. He had enough money to buy a cotton gin. My father and his brother built a house for the cotton gin** and a water wheel to furnish power to run the cotton gin. Quite a few people got spinning wheels and others got looms to weave the yarn into cloth. There was time when, going through town in an evening, it seemed to me the spinning wheels were humming in nearly one third of the homes. Before that, people had no money to buy out of a store and, if they could have had the money, they would not have bought much for it, as calico was a dollar a yard and all other goods in like proportion. Some had to make clothes of wagon covers and tent cloth or go nearly naked. Thus, people were forced to make cloth

* Original text reads McClellen in the text and McClellan in the index.

** Original text reads "gin house." This has been replaced because nowadays, the term gin house sounds more like a drinking establishment.

to have something to put on or go naked. There were no shoes for a long time. I did not have any shoes for many years. The first pair of shoes I got were from Jacob Hamblin for herding sheep for two weeks. Men and women had to go barefoot and went to meeting barefooted.

When we first came to Santa Clara there were a great many Indians there. Jacob Hamblin, with Samuel Knight and others, had been called as Indian Missionaries some six or seven years before we came, to try to reform the Indians. They had built quite a large fort to protect themselves against the Indians and also a large stone corral with walls seven or eight feet high to protect their horses and cattle from being stolen in the night. Some of the Indians were quite thievish, even after Jacob Hamblin with the other missionaries preached to reform them.

Samuel Knight told me that Jacob Hamblin told the Indians that if they did not quit stealing the time would come when God would punish them with a bad disease and they would die off like diseased sheep. He said they were a little better for a while, but then kept getting worse again. In a few years after our arrival the disease did come upon them. They had their wigwams along the sides of the South Hill and the edge of the Santa Clara bench close to our town. They had the habit of burning their wigwams whenever anyone died. I remember that we could see wikiups burning every day for a while. I remember well one day when I went along what we called the South Ditch, I came to a place where there were four Indian men lying dead side by side and, as I went a little further up, there were two more lying dead there on the ground. They died off so fast that there were hardly any left in a short time and the white brethren went en masse one day to bury dead Indians. Although the Santa Clara Valley seemed to be almost alive with Indians, afterwards there were hardly any to be seen. The few that were left ceased their

stealing. Although the Indians lived on both sides of our town, none of the white people caught the disease.

Samuel Knight was one of the Indian Missionaries who went there first with Jacob Hamblin. He, Bishop Ensign, and I got a harvesting machine together. Brother Knight would often speak of experiences among the Indians. I remember him saying one time how awfully poor the Indians would get towards the spring of the year.

When their corn and other food supply would all be gone, there would only be Squawbrush and other berries and seeds of weeds for them to gather to live on. Jacob Hamblin told them to plant more corn so they could have more corn to last them to eat in the spring of the year. They told him there would not be water enough to raise more corn than they had been raising. He told them again to plant the corn and there would be water for it; this they did. When the corn got quite large and the water in the stream got very low and, not having any rain for a long time, their corn got awfully dry. So the Indians came to Brother Hamblin and said that he had told them to plant more corn and that there would be water for it and that now their corn was beginning to dry up. Brother Hamblin appointed a fast day and a prayer meeting to be held. He said that before the meeting there was no sign of clouds, but before the meeting came to a close there came a beautiful rain, so much that the Indian corn got well watered as well as the white people's crops.

Now as the young people perhaps might like to know where the old fort stood, I mention it as near as I remember. It stood about a fourth of a mile west of what is called the point, where Fritz Reber's hay bottomland now is and close to and on the north side of where the creek was then running. Just a few rods from the south wall of the fort stood Jacob Hamblin's grist mill

and there was a narrow foot bridge across the creek. The creek was then nearly level with the rest of the valley.

The first dam to get water into the present town of Santa Clara was made near the middle of what is called the point. They just moved big flat rocks down form the side of the point to build the dam. As we had no team then, I had to pack the wood we needed home on my back. I went below town for a short ways and the timber was so thick that I could hardly get through it. The creek was running to and fro through the timber almost like a snake and in some places it was so narrow that I could almost jump across it. That was before the big flood.

THE BIG FLOOD

The big flood washed away the fort and the grist mill, caused a deep washout down through the middle of the whole valley and made big changes. It was foretold by the Prophet Brigham Young, having forewarned them to move out of the Fort down to where the Santa Clara now is, telling them that there would be a large flood and wash them away if they did not move.

I remember well how it rained that winter (1862) – for about two weeks, nearly all the time, while it snowed on the Pinevalley Mountains. Father, having gone outside in the night, came back saying, "What a hot south wind there is blowing." This must have melted the freshly fallen snow. The earth having been heavily soaked, caused an awful, big flood to come down which covered the whole valley deep with water all at once and surrounded the fort so deep they had to stretch ropes from the fort to hold themselves while they carried women and children out, the water being too deep to wade through.

I was told that when Jacob Hamblin carried the last woman across, just as he got nearly to the end of the rope, the last

part of the fort fell and tore the rope loose. Someone quickly grabbed hold of the woman, but Brother Hamblin went down with the flood. Finally, an Indian threw in a rope which Hamblin caught and his life was saved. It was a very narrow escape for them. The prediction of the prophet was fulfilled as they did not have time to take any of their belongings (except that some saved a little bedding), and barely saved their lives while belongings went down with the flood. Oh, how much better it would have been for them if they had heeded the prophet's warning and moved away from there when he told them to, with all their household goods, than to have put it off until it was too late.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S PROPHECY

There is another wonderful thing which Brother Knight related to me of the Prophet Brigham Young when he came to visit them at Santa Clara one time. When he started on his way back, the road, as I said before, went along the South Hills and then around the lower point of the big black hill, and, when he had traveled a short distance past the black hill so he could see up the valley he said, "I see there a temple and a city of about ten thousand inhabitants."*

I could mention some other similar predictions of his that were afterwards fulfilled, but it seems to me it takes too long to right so much. What I have written shows to me, and should be a testimony to them who read and learn of these and other predictions which he has made, that he truly was a man and a prophet of God. Still, it seemed to me that he was a very humble man. I never have forgotten how once, when he came to Santa

* At the time of the revision of this edition, St. George, Utah had a population of around 68,000 and Washington County had a population of around 140,000.

Clara, the people made a big arch over the street of shrubs and flowers for him to pass under when entering into the main street.

Brother George Staheli, the leader of the Brass Band, was there with the brethren of his band by the arch, to play for the prophet and his company as they would be passing under the arch. As they did not come for a little while after they were ready, Brother Staheli asked me if I would run over to where the street makes a turn around the point of a hill, and if I saw them coming to come and tell him quickly how near they were. The prophet and his company met me right at the point of the hill and I want to say, although I was a small boy with patched clothes and barefooted, he took off his hat and with a kindly look bowed to me, which surely was a great surprise to me to have such a great man of God take his hat off and bow to such a boy as I then was, which is something I think I will never forget.

I just mentioned this so the readers of this Family History Journal may learn, that, although Brigham Young was one of the greatest of men, he was very humble.

ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

Now, I will relate a little more of my experience in regards to the St. George Temple. My father and I used to walk five miles or more to work on the road up the black hill which led to where the big black volcanic rocks for the foundation of the temple were obtained. I helped in the red rock quarry and then walked home five miles in the evening after our day's work.

One time when I was helping to dig for the foundation of the temple I remember well how we got down to a mirey mud and water. Then nearly everybody thought that a temple could not be build on that soft place. They quit work until they could send a letter to President Young by stage [coach]. There were to

telephones or telegraph lines to St. George in those days to explain to President Young the unfavorable condition for building the temple there. Then, like with the Salt Lake Temple, he wrote back, "That is the place for the temple." He also sent instructions for how they could make a high framework with a cannon which was filled with lead and when it got to the top of the framework it would come down with great force and drive the cobblerock into the earth until it would become so solid they could not drive anymore into the earth. So, now the temple stands perfectly solid.

I feel good to think that I have had a chance to work and donate for the building of that temple and to have been at the dedication and to have done temple work on the same day President Young did the first sealing of children to parents, when the first endowment work was performed in a temple in this Rocky Mountain country on the 11th of January, 1877 and that I, with the rest of my parents, children could be sealed to our dear parents on the 14th of March, 1878 to become one united family forever.

PIONEERING IN SANTA CLARA

I will now endeavor to write a brief account of our experience in settling the town of Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah, as I remember it from 1861 and on.

Late in the fall, as I have before mentioned, my parents with other Swiss people, mostly newcomers from Switzerland, were called to help settle Dixie. A man by the name of Daniel Bonelle, having been acquainted with both the Swiss (German) and English languages, was placed in charge of the Swiss Company while moving to Dixie. After we arrived at Santa Clara, the company remained camped by the fort for a few weeks while the new town site was divided into about one hundred lots (6 by 12

rods in size, if I remember right.) All men, whether married or single, could have a lot. After that was done, Daniel Bonelle, with quite a number of the brethren, went to dedicate the lots one by one – first singing a song and then one would offer a dedicatory prayer. After they had done so on a few lots they saw it would take too long to do so on each and every lot, so they held a dedicatory service for all the lots together, after which my father, as also others, went right to work making dugouts, covering them with bulrushes and dirt. The people soon started to move into these dugouts away from the old fort and it was a good thing they had moved away for it was not long after the last ones had moved until the big flood came. It took the fort and the grist mill and left a big gorge in the place of them, down through the valley.

As we had no team and nothing with which to get any lumber, father split some timber to make a bedstead for him and on the ground two ways to make a square bed for our mother and filled it with straw. For us children he laid a piece of a log on the ground two ways to make a square with the walls of the dugout and then covered the ground with straw without anything to put over the straw except a traveling mantel of father's to cover us. No pillows, but our clothes. I never have forgotten how the straws cut and pressed into my skin by morning so I would have to pick them out. The two large boxes of clothing and bedding which we had to leave at Florence, before starting to cross the plains, would sure have come in very useful then, as we were almost entirely without bedding and clothing. We had no money to buy anything for a good many years. If anyone had any money, they could not have gotten very much as calico was a dollar a yard and flour ten dollars a hundred, and everything else in proportion. We children had to go without shoes for a good many years. I never have forgotten the time we got a cow to milk, after a few years of living there without a cow or any milk. As we then had no feed to feed a

cow, we had to turn her out to pick her own living. When she did not come home, I had to go in the coldest of winter weather with my bare feet and wade the river when it had thick, slushy ice floating down it and the ground was also frozen hard. How I would run with I got out of the water to keep my wet feet from freezing to the frozen ground. Again, later on, the people of Santa Clara started a cowherd and each had to herd the cows in turn, a day for each cow. As my father had to team for many years, I often had to go and herd the cows for others for a day to get to use their teams for a day. The red sand would get so hot during the long, hot summer days that it would blister my bare feet. I would have to run from one bush to another to get my feet in the shade of the bushes to keep them from getting blistered.

I will try to explain the reason we did not have feed to feed a cow for many years, or any crops to live on ourselves. It was because my father had so much bad luck with his land and crops. Although he was a very hard worker, we had to remain in very poor circumstances for many years. At first, we got land that was full of mineral. In the old country, we did not know anything about mineral land. We grubbed it and leveled it with shovels and, with others, helped to build a canal. Then we had to work for others to get a team to plow our land. We had no wheat for seed, but borrowed some from Mr. Dodge, for which we had to promise to pay a peck on the bushel each year until it was paid. After father had sown it, not a kernel came up because the land was so strong with alkali we had nothing but the debt for the wheat. We tried other different crops for three years but not a thing would grow on that land, so we had to give up trying to raise anything there. Then, he got a chance to grub out and level two acres of timberland for a man. It was very hard to level. It took us a long time to grub out the timber and level it all by hand with shovels to make it good for watering. We planted it with corn and were to

have all the crop we could raise on it for two years for getting the land into good farming condition. It was very rich land and the corn grew beautifully and was starting to make ears. One day, my father sent me into the field to hoe out weeds. All at once the ground was shaded. I wondered if it was getting cloudy so I looked up and instead of clouds it was grasshoppers that darkened the sun. They were so think and so many that in two days they ate the crops all up. There was nothing green left in the valley after the grasshoppers left.

The next year, my father planted corn again. The grasshoppers came again and ate our corn and everybody's crops in about three days, so there was nothing green to be seen. Then the two years were up that father was to have all the crops that he could raise on the land and, although we had an awful lot of hard work to get the land in nice farming condition and had not had any crop from the land in the two years, the man would not let him have the use of the land any longer which seemed somewhat unjust to us.

The next spring father got a chance to buy a piece of timber and brush land which we grubbed and leveled with shovels. We planted it with corn. It was fine corn and was just about ripe when I said to my father one day after I had seen it that I believed we ought to harvest it. Father thought it should ripen a little more. A few days later there came a big thunderstorm which caused a big cloudburst in the hills and a flood came down and washed the corn and the land all away, leaving a deep washout instead and left no corn for us to use.

In those days many of the people got the chills and fever in Santa Clara and, as there was a deep slough by the side of the town-lots which had a few feet of foul water in it with a lot of bulrushes, decaying weeds and leaves, and waste matter from the

lower lots ran into it and there was no outlet to the slough as the big flood left a high sand knoll below it.

Father got the chills and fever which kept him sick for a whole year.

The following year there came a big flood again which took the town canal away and left a bank nearly twenty feet high some of the way. The brethren had to undermine that high bank to cause caves of the earth to come down to get earth in which to make a new canal and, while father was undermining one of those high banks, it unexpectedly caved in and covered him up quite deep. The other brethren dug him out as quickly as they could and found him still alive. He was mashed up so badly he could not stand to be taken home any other way than by four men, each having a hold of a corner of a blanket to carry him. A boy came running out to the field to me saying that if I wanted to see my father alive to hurry home and that he had been so awfully mashed and bruised that he was expected to die at any time and it was thought impossible for him to live. The wonderful power of God was made manifest in answer to prayers of the elders when they administered to him. He could not stand to do any hard work for a whole year. He could hardly bear to get on or off a wagon for a year after, so we only had a six by twelve rod lot and a piece of about one and one-quarter acre of land that we could [not]* raise anything on for many, even when the grasshoppers did not eat everything up.

I forgot to mention before that, when speaking of the chills and fever with which the people of Santa Clara and also my father were afflicted, the people began to wonder what the cause was and began to believe that the big slough might have been the cause of it, with so much decaying vegetation and the hot summer sun

* Original text omits "not" but the sentence seems to not make sense without it.

shining down onto it during the long days. At last they concluded this must be the cause of the continuation of the sickness. So the brethren turned out en masse to dig a long deep trench through that wide, high place and got most of that filthy water drained off. Brother John Staheli did a good thing by filling up the slough with earth and mate farming land of it and Santa Clara became a healthy place, the same as other towns.

HARDSHIPS AND HUNGER

I will now continue to write a little more of the hardships which my parents had. One year after the grasshoppers had eaten everything up, my father walked up to the northern settlements to earn something to live on through the winter. He could not get much wheat and took mostly potatoes for his work. He then walked home to get a team. He hired a team to get the potatoes and, as he had a big load coming to him, we felt glad to think that we would at least have plenty of potatoes to live on through the winter if not much else. On his way home, while camped at [Bellevue],* there came an awfully cold blizzard and, after he got home, while unloading the potatoes, we found them all frozen. That sure was another sad time for us, as it looked as though we would have to endure more starvation that winter again, and it seemed there was no end to bad luck and gloomy times for us. When we had nearly eaten up what little else we had left, father went to St. George to see if he could get some work to do. He got a chance to do a little carpenter work at the Tithing Office and that gave us a few provisions to live on for a part of the winter. So, we had many years of hard times. There were some spring seasons when we did not have a thing to eat except pigweeds cooked in water without anything more nourishing to go with them as we had no cow, no flour, and so seasoning of any kind, not even a bit of bread for the little children. When they would cry for some bread, mother would not have any to give, which seemed awfully hard for a mother suffering the pangs of hunger herself, and then to have to hear the little children cry for bread and have none to give them.

* Original text reads "Belvue." Bellevue is the correct spelling. This town, located in Washington County, Utah, has since been renamed Pintura.

Every day I had to gather the pigweeds. It seemed to me that I could not stand it much longer and live. After we did not have anything else but pigweed for a long time, I was also hungry and weak, although, being very small, I asked my father if he would let me go to see if I could not find someone, either in St. George or Washington, that would take me in to feed me for what work I could do, but I could not find anyone in St. George that would accept me that way. Then I went to Washington. There I thought I would take one street after the other and ask in every house. After asking in quite a good many houses, I found a good old Danish couple, by the name of Iverson, that took me in. I had a good living. Then I decided to take one street after the other to see if I could find someone that would take my sister, Mary Ann, in. She was about three and a half years younger than I.

I found a young couple with twin babies that took her in to help with the babies. So, she had a better living also.

Then I was still very much worried for my parents and the two other children that they might die of hunger and decided to search the town again to see if I could find anyone that would loan my father some flour. After asking in many houses, I found a man that promised to let my father have fifty pounds of flour. I sent father word that he could come to get that flour and he came. It caused tears to come to his eyes and, oh, how glad I was that those at home could also have something a little more nourishing to eat with the pigweeds to keep them from starving to death. I never have forgotten when, on a Sunday morning, I would go home the eleven or twelve miles to see how my folks were, and the good old lady would give me quite a big lunch of pancakes to take along for my dinner. How I used to rejoice to think that I could bring those pancakes to my little brother and sister so they could have a little better dinner on Sunday and I could eat the pigweeds instead of them. I knew how it was to be so awfully hungry. How anxious I

was for my folks at home that I might find something for my loved ones to live on. It reminded me a little of Joseph that was sold into Egypt, that he might save his father's house from starvation and, although it was not with much that I could help my parents, yet I do not think that all boys would do more or much better to help their parents out under such conditions that what, with the Lord's inspiration I have been able to do.

CONDITIONS IMPROVE

There were sometimes chances to get land near home for very little, but father did not have that little to get it for many years. Then, at last he got a chance to buy about five acres of very rough land which we grubbed off and leveled about an acre each year, by throwing the dirt with shovels. Then we also got a few acres of land up near where what was called the "Three Mile Place." There were a few years when there was plenty of water, so we started raising more and better crops and, after living in Dixie for about twelve years, we were at last able to have a team and some milk cows. Then better times began to dawn upon us.

After the people had a few better years, some of them began to build better homes and father got quite a lot of carpenter work to do. If left the farm work more for me to do.

I remember well that many had to go barefoot, and even men would go to the Sunday services in their bare feet. How glad I was when I got a chance to herd a herd of sheep two weeks for Jacob Hamblin for the first pair of shoes. After having gone barefoot for many years in Dixie, as there was no money to be had for a good many years, people had to go without store goods until Brigham Young got the cotton factory built in the town of Washington.

He got the people to raise more cotton to take to the factory to exchange for clothes. The people had to spin their cotton and wool. There were hardly any who could get wool to spin. Quite a few spun and others wove. Some still were almost without clothes and, before the people could get spinning wheels and looms to weave the people's yarn into cloth, many came near to having to go naked, and many had to be without shoes until the Seegmiller brothers started a tannery near St. George.

Then, times became quite a little better, except that we, the Santa Clara people, had lots of trouble from those who settled on the Santa Clara stream long after we did. When the water of the stream began to get low, the people above us would take out nearly all the water. The balance then left running would not reach us, so we could not have drinking water for a few days during the hot summer days. We either had to go down into the river bottom to get some seepage water, or take loads of barrels and go to the St. George city stream to get drinking water.

WATER SHORTAGE

Our gardens did not get any water for weeks, neither did our fields for months, nor did the St. George people (who had about 800 acres below Santa Clara) get any water. So, we could not realize much from our gardens and fields. Santa Clara people who had the first right to the water would send men to get the water turned down, requesting that those above us leave water running down for a certain number of days so we could get our gardens watered and have some water for culinary use; but the people above us got so that after a while they would take the water out into their ditches again, soon after the men went back home and the water would cease coming again.

As it was about twenty eight miles to the uppermost ranch, it got pretty late in the day by the time the men talked with all the people along the creek and got them to turn the water down for two or three days and, as it was so far from the upper ranches down to Santa Clara, it would take the small stream a long time to get down to us. Then, those people could take the water out soon again and do a lot of watering before it got to us, and our men would get up there again. One time, when Samuel Wittwer, Sr. and I were sent up to get the people to turn the water down, we requested that they leave it running for three days. Then, towards evening, they could see us going home. When we got onto Diamond Valley about half way home, I said to Brother Wittwer that I believed they would be filling their ditches again. As it was already getting dark, we decided to go back up in the night and stop at the Mortzley Ranch. We found their ditches full of water as we came down along the creek the next forenoon, just as we had expected. They were brought to court and fined. After that, they did not take the water the next morning again after they were told to leave it to come down for us.

We had a lot of trouble over the water for a good many years and a loss of crops when dry seasons came and the water had to be used in turn. One year springtime came before I could get a turn at the water to water my land to put some wheat and it seemed like the stream was getting lower all the time. Some people were beginning to think of having to move to some other place.

PROPHECY OF ERASTUS SNOW

During those times when the water had been and was so scarce, Apostle Erastus Snow came to Santa Clara with others and wanted the people of Santa Clara to give up their priority

water right to the stream, or to let all above or below us have an equal right to the water, according to what land they had under cultivation at that time, which the people of Santa Clara did not like to do because then they could not request those above to turn the water down in times of need. Then Apostle Erastus Snow said that if the people of Santa Clara would be willing to be brotherly and let all the people above and below us have an equal right to the water, he would promise us we would have more water in the future than in the past.

Then the people of Santa Clara, having faith in the Apostle's promise, consented. Oh, how wonderful it seemed to me. The Lord had respect for the words of the Apostle and fulfilled his promise by causing a big earthquake to come. This caused the big main spring to increase, as some of the people thought, by two thirds of its flow. I was told that new springs came up out of the earth where there had been no sign of water before, so neither I nor any other had to wait all winter to get a turn of water, but all could have all the water they wanted for their crops. After using all they wanted, there was still some running into the Virgin River some of the time.

The earthquake was so strong that it cracked some of the walls of houses and shook down some of the bricks from some chimneys and shook down a lot of rocks from the mountains and cliffs, so that the whole country was full of dust after the earthquake. It seemed wonderful to me to see how the stream had more than doubled itself after the earthquake. It seemed to me that the fulfillment of the Apostle Erastus Snow's saying was almost as wonderful to me as when Moses smote the rock to get water for the children of Israel to drink.

I am also reminded of how a poor family of saints in Switzerland had their crops wonderfully saved. They were living towards the upper end of a long valley while I was on my mission.

At one time, as I was going up the valley, I thought, what beautiful crops were growing in that valley. Then, a little later, the family of saints had also shown me what nice crops they had a little ways above their house. Then, when the crops would soon have been ready for harvesting, as I entered the valley I saw that the crops were mashed down and mixed up with the soil. It was like this for six miles around where this family of saints lived. I wondered if the poor family's crops were also destroyed. When I got there, they told me that, as the hailstorm came up, some hail stones as big as hen's eggs began to fall. They asked the Lord that he might still preserve their crops which were just a little further up the valley. Just then, there came a strong wind from the opposite direction and their crops remained unhurt.

All such things show us how wonderfully God will overrule for the good of some of his humble and faithful children in answer to their prayers. Even the elements to protect their crops for their temporal salvation when they seek to do his will and have faith and trust in him.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND MARRIAGE

Well, I will now write a little about choosing, or not daring to choose, a companion for life. I was so awfully timid and bashful that I would never dare to ask a girl to have me. So, I thought that I never could get married. Well, at the time when I was 23 and 24 years of age, the Prophet Brigham Young had two of his families living in St. George and I, with others, went to St. George to hear him preach. Among other things, he told the young people that they should get married and get themselves some land and then set out some fruit trees and grape vines and not think to wait to get comfortable homes first, but should help each other to make

a home. When they had helped each other to make their home, they would appreciate their home more.

About that time, a man named Riggs offered to sell me his one room frame house with a small lot and a little over two acres of land in what is called the South Field for six hundred dollars – one hundred to be paid each year. I thought I would risk buying it and try to work for the one hundred dollars to make my yearly payments which I succeeded in doing. So then, I had a little start towards a home. I thought I would carry out President Brigham Young's advice and went right to work to set out some trees and grape vines. On the 6th of April, which was the same day of the month as The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, was high time for planting fruits in Dixie.

There came a family to Santa Clara by the name of Wilson a few years later than we did. The husband and father died not long after they came. They had three sons and two daughters. The Wilson boys were more friendly to me than any of the other American boys. As they lived only about a block from us, I went to visit with them sometimes on a Sunday afternoon or evening. They were all quite friendly to me. The mother asked my why I didn't come to visit them more often and invited me to visit them more.

Her younger daughter by the name of Lenora (if I have spelled the name right), was a very smart and intelligent girl who taught the school of Santa Clara in the winter and a class of girls in the summer, teaching them to do all kinds of work. She was also quite a pretty girl; the people called her the belle of the town.

In those days, before the St. George Temple was built, if a man wanted to receive his endowment and have his wife sealed to him, he had to go to the endowment house in Salt Lake City, which trip from Santa Clara took about a month with a team. As my father went to get himself a second wife and was on his way

up, Miss Lenora Wilson met me on the sidewalk and asked if my father was on his way to Salt Lake City to get married again. I said, "Yes." She sure did surprise me when she asked me when I was going to take her on such a trip to Salt Lake City. I think I said that I had no home and felt unprepared as that was quite a long while before I knew of a chance to buy a home. I would not have needed to ask her then when she asked me that way. But I believe that it was in the wise plan of my kind Heavenly Father that it should be so – and for my best future good.

Well, now, also wishing to carry out President Young's advice in choosing a companion for life seemed to be something of great importance and, although being very bashful, I thought that I must try to make a start. There was a family with a daughter that I thought might make a pretty good wife for me. The parents had kindly invited be to come and spend evenings with them. There was going to be a dance one evening and I asked their daughter if she would come to the dance with me, to which she gladly consented.

Although I thought that she would make a good companion for me, I thought I would pray to the Lord in secret and ask Him that if she was the right person for me, He would cause that we might be led together and, if not, or if I could not have a happy life with her, that He would cause that we would be separated. After this some of her relatives who were on the road to apostasy got her turned against me by asking her why she wanted to go with such a religious fellow, saying I was too religious for her. A little later, when I went to spend an evening with the family, I did not much more than get there till she started to take off her shoes. So, that ended our association together. I thought then that that was meant to be the Lord's answer to my secret prayer and that she must not be the person for me to have been happy with.

There was a family who were our nearest neighbors and had, as I thought, quite a good girl. Her parents also invited me to come and spend evenings with them and were friendly to me and the girl would come and visit with us sometimes. I thought that I would ask her if she would come to a dance with me and she gladly consented, so I took her to a dance once.

I prayed to the Lord again in secret and asked Him that if she was a person with whom I could have a happy life, that He would cause that we might be led together and, if not, that He would cause that we should be separated before we fell in love too much with each other. Their lots and ours were side by side. Father's sister and her husband's house and lot joined at the bottom, and they were building a new house. My brother-in-law and Gottlieb Blickenstauffer were the masons. I was the mason tender.

He asked me if I was going to get married to that girl soon. I said, "No," that we had not even talked about that yet. Then he said he did not think she would make a very good housewife because her mother did about all the housework; that the girl worked with her father in the field mostly.

I said that I did not worry; that she would soon learn to do the housework, as she was a smart girl and willing to work. She happened to be in the lower end of their lot under the fruit trees and heard what she said. She went home and told her mother and her parents forbade her to keep company with me any longer. Then, one morning as I went down into our lot she also happened to be down in their lot, so I bade her a friendly good morning as usual. She answered so low I could hardly hear what she said. I then asked her if she was sick; she said, "No." Then I asked her if I had said or done anything to offend her; she said, "No." Then I thought that must be the Lord in answer to my humble, secret

prayer, and that she was not appointed to me, or was not such a person with whom I might have a happy life.

I never knew for about 14 years why she had turned against me. Then, after I returned from my mission, at one time, I was on my way to St. George and, as I was passing by their place, she called and asked me if she could ride to St. George with me. I said, "Yes." Then, while on the way she explained how it happened that she turned against me and said she had no ill feelings against me, but always thought well of me. It was only on account of her parents' having forbidden her to keep company with me. She got married and was divorced after she had one child and was living with her parents.

I have thanked my Heavenly Father many times that he heard and answered my secret prayers. Afterwards, He led such a good wife to me as I afterwards received of the Lord. A better wife I could never have wished for. We sure had a happy 46 years of life together.

THE BAUMANN FAMILY

In the spring of 1874, father, Christian, and his son, Samuel Wittwer, Samuel Reber, Lemuel Leavit, Jr., his brother Edward, and Bishop Ensign were called to go to the Virgin River bottoms three or four miles below St. George to work in the United Order. I was then appointed to do the peddling of our fruit in Santa Clara and to turn all the money into the company, or United Order. It was in that year that a brother named John Keller returned to his home in Santa Clara from his mission. He brought with him a family by the name of Baumann, who were weavers of fancy silk and other cloth, besides doing some farming. They had one son and a daughter. We, from Santa Clara, would go home on Saturday evening to spend Sundays with our folks at

home. One early Monday morning I saw the Baumann girl go down past our place with a big empty basket hanging on her back with something like the Indians use to carry their baskets. In a little while she came back from the field with a load of [lucerne]* to feed a cow. I thought she must be a girl that is not afraid of any kind of work.

In the fall, as we did not have very good luck with the crops, there was not food enough for the company to live on through the winter. They dissolved the United Order with very little to divide to each one.

The next spring, I bought my little home on the sixth of April. This was soon after the Baumann family arrived in Santa Clara from Switzerland. Their daughter got a chance (as she had been used to weaving in the old country) to weave in the Washington Factory. She earned provisions for her folks and also lumber and shingles so her folks could build themselves a little home.

I learned there were some men that went to visit her quite often. I had bought my place and was making trenches to lay in some long runners of grapevines and had built a nice bowery of cedar posts with nice straight poles over the top. While I was doing this, Brother Baumann came into my lot a couple of times and praised my work and said he wished his daughter could get a young man that worked and fixed things up so nice like I did. I said that, given what little I had seen of her and what I had heard of her, I thought she must be a pretty good girl, but that I did not wish to do wrong by getting in any other man's way.

The men that went to visit her were men that had wives living, so Brother Baumann said her mother walked twelve miles extra to warn her not to consent to such men and he did not want

* Original text reads "lucern." This is the same plant as alfalfa.

her to marry such a man and that I would not be getting in anyone's way as they would not allow her to marry them anyhow.

Then I went to pay her a visit in Washington. A little later, she came home to visit her parents and, having learned of it I thought I would visit with them. Before going I prayed in secret to God that, if she were the right person with whom I could live happily through life, and as I was still bashful, I prayed for a sign to be given me, that if she were appointed for me of God that he would cause her parents to make a start to bring us together and, if she were not the right person for me, that they would not make a start to bring us together.

That evening, I went to visit with them. Brother Baumann asked me how I felt about his daughter as there were so many men asking for their daughter, that they would like to know if I felt she was good enough for me. Thinking of the sign I had prayed for as soon as he began to speak of it, I said, "Yes, sure she is," and that I thought her much more than just good enough for me.

Then we were promised to each other that evening. We decided on the day when we were to get married.

First Marriage

I took her back to Washington that same evening on horseback. I just had time enough to get a load of salt from the Mody Salt Mine before getting married on the 10th of December, 1875. Oh, how happy I felt to know that, at last, I was led to the right person appointed for me of the Lord. I now felt that I had received the greatest gift of God that was possible for me to receive and that the riches of this earth were only shadows when compared to a good wife sealed to me for all eternity. Although it is now over fifty years since that time, I have always felt that I

could never thank my Heavenly Father enough for having heard and answered my secret, humble prayers and for having caused a separation between me and the first two girls and for having led such a good, noble person to me as Barbara Baumann was. With her I lived forty-six years of really happy life.

Just a few mornings before she was taken sick with pneumonia (from which she died), she seemed to be quite well and, as we awoke, we thanked God that we still had the privilege of enjoying life together and hoped that we might be blessed with the same privilege for a good while longer.

Then she said she could not endure it if I should be taken away from her and that she believed that she would die of sorrow.

I said that I felt much the same way. A few days after her death I got very sick also, so that I began to believe I would soon have the chance to be with her again and felt that I would like very much, if it was not for expecting to get records of her relatives and mine to do the Temple work for.

The fall before my dear wife's death, we came up from Dixie to Logan and Salt Lake to visit relatives and friends. We had given Julius Billeter several addresses of our parents and grandparents in order to get their records out for us.

I had a desire that I might be spared a little longer, to at least get some of the Temple work done, so some elders were sent for to lay hands on me and administer to me, after which I began to get better.

The Lord did spare my life to do that great work for the dead but I had gotten so low and weak that I could not sit up for long – let alone walk quite a few days.

It seemed to me that I would never regain strength to be able to do much.

Now, coming back to the time before we were married, I told her that I had nothing but the little one-room frame house

and a small lot, a little over two acres of land bought and was still owing most of it, willing hands to work, but no money to get anything for housekeeping.

We lived with my mother for over a year and, as father was still in rather poor circumstances, he did not seem to have money to buy anything so he consented for me to go off in the summer to earn the one hundred dollars which I had to pay for my home each year. Oh, how grateful I felt to her to accept of me while in such poor circumstances. My father, having had so much bad luck, did not have anything to give me, except two colts, one a two-year-old and the other a yearling. I had to go in debt to get a team. When we moved into our little home, we had no stove nor furniture. We borrowed dishes from her parents to use to cook with and to eat out of. My wife had to bake her bread in a fireplace in a borrowed camp kettle. She was quick to learn and soon got to making very good bread, after I showed her a little as I had seen others baking at cattle drives.

One acre of my land had a peach orchard on it and, as we raised some garden stuff, I went to the mining camp at Pioche to peddle my load there and bought a cook stove and various kinds of dishes with the money I got for my fruits and vegetables, which pleased my wife very much.

As father needed my help, I still worked for him until we had three little children. Then, as I could not get enough to dress my children like others, I said I would have to work for myself to make a living and get clothes for us all.

So, we started out for ourselves with what little land we had and by getting a little more land on shares, I thought I could get along the first year. We were very poor in the beginning and, as I had received no education, I though we would have to remain in very poor circumstances all our lives, so I thought I would do as the Lord said and try to gather some treasures in Heaven by

paying an honest tithe and donations for the poor and the building of temples and other church buildings. In short, by fulfilling all requirements made of me to the best of my ability, even if I had to remain in poor circumstances all my life.

Then I got a chance to take some land on shares for a few years. After a while, I got a chance to buy three acres of good land quite reasonably of one man, later one more of another, and a little later two more of another (all quite reasonably), in the best field in the valley. My crops grew so fine that my adjoining neighbors in the field would ask me what I did that my crops were so much better than theirs. I would tell them that I did not know of anything different that I did than what others did.

We were blessed of the Lord so that in a few years we were about as well fixed as most of the other people, having paid for our home, our team, and all other house and farm supplies. In about six years from that time the bishop, after settling tithing, told the people of Santa Clara that if they would pay an honest tithing, they would be blessed, as we were.

He told the people in what a poor condition we had started six years ago and that now I had paid the most tithing of anyone in Santa Clara that year. So I know that if we will seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and His righteousness, that all other things are added unto us, as the Lord said they would be. He has surely done so for us as poor, humble children of Him.

LOVE AT HOME

Now I will try to write a few words in regard to love in the home. What a happy life people can have by guarding against speaking any angry words to each other. I had to do quite a lot of peddling of fruit for my father and for the company that were

working in the United Order down at Price*. In different towns of our people, and in mining camps, I noticed the big difference there was in different homes. Some would be cross with each other and others seemed to be so lovely and kind with each other.

I remember well of meeting a very old couple who still seemed to be very loving and kind to each other. I also heard people say that married couples should guard against having the first quarrel and speaking the first angry word. As I was wishing very much that we might have a happy life together after we got married, I said to my wife (after having spoken to her of the above experience), that I hoped we could live together kind and loving like the old couple and enjoy life together as long as the Lord would permit us to live together. She said she also hoped we could. So I made up my mind that I would try hard to keep from every speaking the first angry word to her.

For quite a few years we had a very peaceful, happy life together until one day she got quite angry at me over some little mistake she thought I had made. Then I asked her, in a kind tone, if she was now getting tired of our peaceful and loving life together. She did not say another word. Then in the evening when I got home late (if I remember right) from ward teaching, I thought she would be sound asleep, but I found that she was quite restless. I asked her if she was ill. She then said, "No," that she was so sorry for having talked cross to me that day. She asked me if I would forgive her. I said, "Yes, I will forgive you." She asked me again if I could forgive her. I felt glad to think that she so sorely repented and I said, "Yes, gladly I forgive you." Then she asked the third time if I really could fully forgive her, and I said, "Yes, with all my heart," and for her not to be worried over it anymore. She never

* There is a town of Price, Utah, in the central part of the state. This likely refers to this town.

spoke another angry word as long as she lived nor I to her. So we surely did have a very happy life together for forty-six years, which was much too short a time for me or my wishes. Oh, never could I have wished for a better wife or mother to raise children.

I have thanked my Heavenly Father hundreds of times for having heard and answered my secret prayers and for having let such a good wife to me. The longer we lived together the dearer we loved each other. When she was called home, away from me, I got so lonesome that it sure seemed like a lone and dreary world to me.

It is good to think back to having been good and kind to each other while we were permitted to live together when one leaves the other and that we can hope for a happy meeting some future day, never having to part again.

TRIP TO THE NORTH

This reminds me of the time the Bishop heard of my dear wife having passed away. He came and put his arms around me and said, "Well, Brother Stucki, you have nothing to regret." And I did not have very much to regret, except having to be separated from her until we would meet each other on the other side. It makes me feel good yet to think of the good times we had together the fall before, on our trip as far north as Logan from Santa Clara, Dixie, visiting relatives and missionary friends (that is, elders and converts with whom I had become acquainted) who have embraced the Gospel through my labors.

I had been wishing to make such a trip for quite a few years with her, but, as we had lost our son Alfred through an automobile accident and another son had just narrowly escaped death and hearing of so many bad accidents, she never dared to go on such a trip. Then, when our son William came down from Salt

Lake to Santa Clara especially to take her with me on such a trip, she did not dare to refuse him. Then we spent about two and a half weeks having a very enjoyable time visiting with our folks along the route. Then, while on our way home she said that, in the future I would not have to coax her much to make another trip. But her next trip was to the Great Beyond on the 22nd of March, 1922 – never more to make such a trip with me.

Well, as she had lived such a pure and strictly honest life, I am sure that she has had a most happy meeting with her parents and our dear children who have gone on before her. A meeting never more to part.

LOUISE REICHENBACH WURSTEN AND FAMILY

While we were at Logan, we also visited Sister Louise Reichenbach Wursten and most of her sons and daughters who embraced the Gospel through the Lord's having blessed my labors with them. Although I talked much more with her husband Johannes Wursten than with her, I could not get him converted to the Gospel, but he got so that he consented for her to be baptized and she and her four sons and four daughters by him all embraced the Gospel.

Afterwards, he turned against her, telling falsehoods against her and the Mormons, spending his earnings in the saloons and leaving her to earn a living for her eight (mostly small) children.

I think it was about two years after I had returned from my mission that she wrote to me, telling me of her poor circumstances. Sometimes she did not have a thing to give her children for breakfast and had to send them to school without. Sometimes she did not know how or where to get anything for their dinner. She asked me if I could not send her some money to

help her towards her emigration money, so I donated some myself and got a little from some others. I sent about eighty-three dollars.* Then, after she had prayed to the Lord that He might open the way for her to get the rest of her emigration money, in different wonderful ways, the Lord helped her to get all she had to have to emigrate with her eight children.

She sent a letter ahead asking if I could come to Milford to get them with team and wagon, which was about 110 miles. We just then had a child so very sick that we were afraid that it might die any hour. I went around town to see if I could get someone to go to get them. As no pay could be expected, I could find no one willing to go, so I had to leave my wife with the sick child alone, because I knew the poor woman could not be left at the railroad station with eight quite small children along, unable to speak any English and without money. So, then I asked the Lord to bless the child, that it might soon be much better so it would not be so hard for its mother to take care of alone.

Then I went to get the poor family. The Lord did hear and answer my humble prayer for when I got back, the child was nearly well. So, we can see how, when we seek to do good, blessings will follow.

She lived in Santa Clara for about a year, then, as she could not find much work there, for herself or the boys, she then moved to Midway** where they lived for about two years. Then she became acquainted with a Paul Mier. Someone praised him saying what a good man he was, so she married him. They moved to Heber** where they lived for a couple of years. Then they moved to Bunkerville, Nevada, where they lived for about four

* Editors note: Eighty-three dollars at this time is about $1,900 in 2008, the time of this revision.

** Midway is a town southeast of Salt Lake City. Heber is nearby and is now known as Heber City.

years, except that they spent the last winter in the woods near Delamar, chopping and hauling wood to earn them money to buy a home and some land.

Leaving Bunkerville on the first of May, they arrived in Logan, Utah, on the third of June, where they remained and bought a home of their own.

They did not get along very well as he seemed to run down her sons before other people, so he left them the first year after they came to Logan and never returned to them. Then she sent a letter to President Joseph F. Smith, explaining how he had treated her and her family. After this, President Joseph F. Smith sent her a bill of divorcement.

After that, having learned the importance of being sealed to some good husband for time and all eternity, she prayed for many years to the Lord that he would lead her to some good husband. Then, when my wife and I came to Providence to visit her cousins, the Swiss people, and some of my missionary companions. We also visited Sister Wursten and her sons and daughters and their families.

When we visited Sister Wursten, we asked her how she was getting along. She then said she was getting along all right, that the had her home paid for and had the Temple work performed for nearly three and a half thousand people. About the only worry she had was that she had not yet been sealed to some good husband.

I told her to pray to the Lord to lead her to the right man. She said she had done so for many years. I then told her to keep on praying, that the Lord would answer her prayers when the right time came.

The following spring, my dear wife Barbara took sick with pneumonia and died on the 22nd of March, 1922. Soon after my dear wife had passed away, she appeared to Sister Wursten,

which opened the way for her and me to be led together in the near future.

One time when she was to get married and sealed to a man whom she thought was a pretty good man, they set the day. Then, just the night before, the sealing room in the Temple burned up so they could not get married and sealed.

Another time when she was going to get married, they went to the Courthouse one afternoon expecting to get married the next forenoon. As they were going up the Courthouse steps, she said that some of her children were not willing to be sealed to him at which he got angry, so they separated without getting their license. At other times, something else came in the way so she could not get to be sealed to any other man.

I got very sick, as I have mentioned before, after my dear wife Barbara passed away, so I could not even write for a long time, let alone do any work. After I god so I could write, I wrote to our relatives back East and also to Sister Wursten, and told her of my wife's having passed away.

She wrote to me saying that it was soon after my wife passed away that she appeared to her so that she saw her face as natural as she had seen it the Fall before when we visited her.

As we had given Julius Billeter quite a number of addresses to get out some records of our parents' and grandparents' lines to do the Temple work, we expected we would have a lot of Temple work to do. As my wife had passed away, I did not know how I would get much of the female part of the Temple work done. She wrote back saying that she would help me with the Temple work.

A few winters earlier, many people died from the flu and other sicknesses. I suppose that was partly the reason, together with old age (as she was then 72), that she wrote me again in the fall of the same year in which my wife passed away, saying she did

not wish to pass through another winter without being sealed to some good husband and that, as I had done more for her and her family that any other man living, she would give me the first chance for her to be sealed to me, if we could find out the will of the Lord whether or not we were appointed for each other.

Thinking of what the Savior said, that when two are divorced (if I remember right, without a cause), that if he married again he commits adultery, and it is the same with her. I prayed to the Lord to make it known to me whether I would be committing adultery if I should marry her. After this, I saw her in a dream in a beautiful condition, with her face nearly as white as snow. Then I knew that she was innocent and that I would not be committing wrong if I should marry her.

Then, I prayed to the Lord to find out whether we were appointed for each other. It was then shown to me plainly in different dreams, like visions, that we were appointed of the Lord for each other.

One of the was as follows – I was standing close to the western line of a beautiful field, about eight acres, which had been plowed and harrowed and made to look like the finest kind of garden ground. I thought what a beautiful harvest that would bring. Then all at once, there was a nice ditch from my feet clear across the field to the eastern line. The ditch seemed about two and a half feet wide on top and round at the bottom. Sister Louise Reichenbach Wursten was standing by the other end of the ditch on the eastern side of the field.

All at once the ditch was full of water as clear as crystals, running away from my feet, and the same way from her feet. It looked as though there was something that caused the water to look like waves bouncing over it, as the two streams were running towards each other and towards the center of the field as though the two streams were leaping for great joy, to meet each other, as

they glistened in the beautiful sunshine. As the two streams of water met in the center, they formed into one stream running smoothly, pleasantly southward. This was a good representation of the united, peaceful eight years of happy life we later had together. God called her home on the 20th of January, 1931.

It seemed to me that the eight acre field, in which the beautiful streams of water met and united together, also represented her eight children, which I thought would make a beautiful harvest. So also were her four sons and four daughters a rich harvest for us when they were sealed to us for all eternity, especially for me, as they all have a desire to live up to the requirements of the Gospel and to do good to mankind.

I felt I was the richest and most favored and blessed man of the Lord on the earth. I could not find words to express my thankfulness enough to my Heavenly Father for the great blessings he had blessed me with, especially as the children are so very good and kind to me.

I am also grateful to Him for my other two wives, Barbara Baumann and Karolina Heimberg, and their families, which wives God had also led to me through heavenly inspirations and whose children all keep the Word of Wisdom and have a desire to live up to the requirements of the Gospel and to do good.

Six of our sons and one daughter have fulfilled honorable missions. The other five sons have all expressed that they would also like to fulfill missions sometime soon.

Well, as it takes too long to write the other dreams which were just as wonderful to me as those I have mentioned, I will omit them, although they showed me as plainly that we were appointed for each other as those I have mentioned.

It seems wonderful to me that she had been praying for about seven years that she might get a chance to be sealed to some good husband. Then, as she did not have it shown to her who was

to be her husband, she prayed that it might be revealed to the man whom the Lord had appointed to become her husband. So, her prayers have been answered, with my own humble, secret prayers, in His having made His will known to me, that we were appointed for each other. It is also wonderful to me to think of the many times she was going to marry some man, and that every time something came to prevent them from doing so, until my dear wife had passed away, although my wife had been more healthful in her later years and she had been when younger. We thought she might have lived for many more years, but it looked, as one daughter said, as though mother had to pass away to make room for Sister Wursten to have a chance to get married and sealed to me, and that Sister Wursten had to wait to get sealed to me.

It makes me think of what the Lord has said, that he works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.

LOGAN TEMPLE WORK

Now, as I had already received quite a large record and was anxious to get started with the Temple work for that record, I hurried to get my farm work done that fall, in Santa Clara, so I could come to Logan where I would be close to the Temple.

Sister Wursten was an experienced hand in writing lists of names for baptisms and endowment work, and for sealing couples, and for sealing children to parents, and recording all the records.

I had not done any of that kind of work, although I had done quite a lot of Temple work in the St. George Temple, but I had a Temple record book in the Temple and clerks did that work for me. Sister Wursten offered to do that work, as well as work for the females of the records, as much as she had time for, so I gladly accepted her kind offer, and, as she took great pleasure in making

nice, clean records, I was very glad to let her do this work for me. Then, I left my old Santa Clara home where I had lived for 62 years, to come to Logan to do my Temple work where I did not have to travel 6 miles with team and buggy morning and evening.

Then, as the Lord had revealed to me that we were appointed for each other, on the second day after I arrived in Logan, we decided we might as well get married, as we knew the will of God and that He had led us together in such a wonderful way. She sent word to her son Adolph in Preston* and to her daughter Aldina in Daniels* and to her sons and daughters in Logan. The next morning early they were already to be sealed to their dear mother and to me. On that day, the 13th of October 1922, the mother was first sealed to me to be my wife, then the four sons and four daughters were sealed to us two together as our children forever. I felt so overjoyed that no man's tongue or pen could express the joy I felt in my heart, even now, when I wake at night, although my dear, last companion has been called to her Heavenly home. When I think of the good companions the Lord has led to me in such wonderful ways, it makes the tears flow from my eyes for joy to think of the peaceful, happy life I have had with them while they lived, and I am in hopes to have a good time with them forever, after we meet again. For them I often say to my Heavenly Father that I can never thank him enough.

I forgot to mention that while we were at the wedding dinner table, three of her sons spoke saying how glad they were that they, with their mother, were now sealed to me, as I had done more for them than any other man and deserved to have them sealed to me. This made me feel extremely good.

* Preston is a town in southeastern Idaho and Daniels likely refers to the town of Daniel, Utah, southeast of Salt Lake City.

I just mention these wonderful experiences for the purpose that, when any of our dear posterity read these things, they might also try to draw near to their Heavenly Father by serving him in every way, that they might also have their secret prayers answered in times of need and have faith in the Holy Priesthood and in God and have His will made known to them through dreams and heavenly visions, or by heavenly voices speaking to them to tell them what to do when in conditions that they are at a loss to know the will of the Lord.

Especially it is very important to pray to the Lord your god in making a choice of a companion for life and for all eternity. I know God knows best with whom you can have a most happy life forever. I would like to see all our posterity be happy like I was happy with my dear companions through God's answering my humble, secret prayers as you may learn by reading this Family History Journal.

I heard the Prophet Brigham Young say that every one could receive revelations for themselves to make known the will of God to them for their best good and for their future happiness if they would live worthy enough lives. I heard him say this when I was yet a small boy and my experience has been that his saying has become true in my life.

It is my belief that He wishes all His children to be made happy, if they would only pray and ask him to lead and guide them. He said that, if we ask, we shall receive and that, if we knock, it will be opened to us and that, if we seek, we shall find. It has been by experience that me makes good his promises.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

I will now write a little of an account of my missionary experiences as I remember them.

After my wife and I had been married over eleven years and had four children, I received a call from President Wilford Woodruff to go on a mission.

I thought, "How can I go on a mission and what use could I be on a mission as I have not even had a common school education?" I only had a chance to go to school enough to learn to read in the third reader, a little English, and no Swiss* except that I had learned to read a little at home. I thought of how foolish I would appear among a well educated people like those in Switzerland trying to do missionary work. That was one thing that made me feel unfit for such a work. Another was that I had been suffering from rheumatism for about two years so that I had to lay in bed much of the time on account of the dreadful suffering I had in my knees. Sometimes I could hardly get in and out of my bed. I had no money and was in debt about $200. So, for these reasons I felt I could not do any good. I believed that the President would surely release me from the call if I would mention all these things to him.

Then, I waited a few days as I hardly knew how to answer. At last I thought the Lord had wonderfully healed me a few times before from the greatest of suffering by others' laying hands on me and administering unto me. Although I felt that I was entirely unfit to be a missionary, I thought that I must trust in god and show my willingness before him to go and try.

In answering his letter I did not say anything about suffering from rheumatism or of being uneducated, but told him I

* Probably the German language

would be willing to go as soon as I could get money enough to take me to my field of labor. However, having a family of four little children and no income except a one-third rent from a little land I could hardly see how my dear wife could get along, even without sending me money and, with no one else to send me any, we came pretty near having to live by faith.

Then I prayed to the Lord in secret that he might open a way for me so I might obtain money to take me to my field of labor and to pay part of our debt.

About that time, two men who had an imported stallion lost their animal. I had raised a fine stallion, but did not know anything about these men nor of their having had such a horse, but, as I was going to take some dried peaches to Salt Lake City, I took my stallion and hitched him to one of the wagons, with the hope that I might get a chance to sell him.

A little while before we got to Parowan*, I heard one of the wagon wheels beginning to make a kind of rattling noise and, when I looked, it was about to fall to pieces – this on a nice, smooth road. I fixed it by braiding in some sticks. In Parowan, I went to a blacksmith to fix my wagon. As my stallion had not done much team work, he got to trembling in his shoulders. I asked the blacksmith if he knew of anything that would be good for that trembling in the horse's shoulder. He said that he did not, but that there were two men in town that kept imported horses and he gave me their tames, saying those men might know what would be good.

As soon as those men saw the horse, they walked all around him, taking a good look at him. Then they said they had just lost an imported stallion about two weeks before and asked me if I wanted to sell the horse. I told them, "Yes," as I had

* Parowan is a town in southern Utah, northeast of St. George.

received a call to go on a mission, but otherwise I had not intended to sell him. Then they asked me how much I wanted for him. I told them that I wanted $400 in cash and a good work horse. They offered me $200 in cash and a work hose and a nice mare which they would bring off the mountains when I came back. I told them I had offered the horse cheap and that I would not let him go for less that $300 in cash, a good work horse, and the mare, or else I would take the horse further on with me. They asked me where I was going to camp that night. I told them, "In the next town." Then they asked me how early we usually started in the morning. I told them that it was about when the sun came up. I thought their asking me those questions was a pretty good sign.

I borrowed the blacksmith's steelyards to weight out some fruit to pay him for fixing my wagon. Then, as my partner, Samuel Knight, was in a hurry to go on, I forgot to return the blacksmith his scales. I thought I would ride the stallion to return those scales in the morning early. As I got outside of town, I saw a big dust coming towards me, made by someone driving fast. When they met me, it was the two men who had looked at the horse the evening before with two others. They asked me where I was going. I told them, "To return the blacksmith's scales." Then they said for me to go back with them to where I was camped. While we were going back to my camp, the men would look back to see how nicely the horse traveled. When they first met me they said they would bring the blacksmith the scales. When we got back to my wagon, the four men took a good look at the horse, after which they took the horse for what I had offered them the evening before. They paid me $100 down and had a good work horse with them for me to go on with, and paid me $200 more on my way home, but I never got the mare. They said they could not find her.

It was wonderful to me that right after I had prayed to the Lord in secret, humble prayer, that those men in Parowan lost their imported stallion and how wonderfully I was led to those very men, of whom I knew nothing before, by my wagon wheel starting to break while on a good, smooth road and by my horse's getting such a trembling in his shoulders and by the blacksmith's directing me to those very men who had lost their imported horse and by my forgetting to return the scales, so the men could see what an active horse I had.

So, I got the money to partly pay my debt and to take me to my field of labor. That was one problem solved, of those which worried me when I received the call. Then, when I had received the money, I wrote to President Wilford Woodruff that I now had the money so I could get to my field of labor. He wrote and told me when to be in Salt Lake City, which was just a little before April Conference in 1886.

Blessed by John Henry Smith before Leaving for Mission

Before the apostles set me apart for my mission, I told them how I had been suffering for about two years from rheumatism and that I would like them to ask the Lord to bless me so I might not get into such a suffering, helpless condition when among strangers. Apostle John Henry Smith asked the Lord to bless me with good health that I might be able to travel according to my desires.

While on my mission I walked in snow and in wind and slush and had my pants freeze stiff before I could get to a stopping place and, since I have been home for 45 years and watered, sometimes in dark nights, and got my feet wet by stepping into the water and had to remain watering with my wet, cold feet; yet I

have never been bothered with rheumatism any more, from that time until now. I never was ill one hour during my whole mission of two years and two months.

Oh, I forgot to mention about our journey. There were 16 elders and two sisters crossing the ocean together. As soon as we got on the ship, the captain asked if there were any Mormons on the ship. When he was told that there were 18, he said, "Well, we are all right," and we had quite a good trip across. From Liverpool I was all alone the rest of the way to the city of Bern.

IN THE BERNE CONFERENCE

I arrived safely on the second of May. As son as I got there, I was appointed to labor as a traveling elder in the Berne Conference and did not have the most inviting experience to begin with as it happened to be in a time when someone from this country wrote a lot of falsehoods to the Swiss Government, telling them they should warn the people against these horrible Mormon deceivers, that they were men too lazy to work, were using the Bible to deceive the people, and how terribly the people were treated after they got here. They told them that when families got here they were broken up and the women and daughters were forced to marry polygamists and that the husbands had to work like slaves to support them and many other things. They said no one could send out a letter without first having the leading men examine it and that the people did not dare to write the truth about how people were treated. The government warned the people through the newspapers which also contained a lot of horrible lies about the Mormon people, which I will not take the time to write.

President Schoenfield was afraid that the government might banish all the Mormon missionaries any day. The

government at last gave President Schonfield a chance to speak for twenty minutes before the assembled Swiss Government, after which they let the missionaries remain and we did not hear any more threats to banish us.

At first, the President had an elderly brother go with me to make me acquainted with the Saints in the Berne Conference. The President wanted us to visit a young couple, who had first embraced the Gospel, but the young man had so far apostatized that he was not willing for his wife to have the *Stern*, the mission's church paper.

After walking about 24 miles before we got there, the woman said that her husband was working for a farmer about a mile from there. Just as we got there, three young men came to wash at a fountain trough. We inquired if one of them was the man we had come to see. He came to us, but as soon as he found out who we were, he walked away into a stable. We could not get a chance to talk with him. She said for us to sit down and that she would get some dinner ready for us. We thanked her but felt that her husband did not feel the best toward us, so we would not stay longer. Just then, as I looked out through the window, I saw three young men coming up the walk and the lady's husband came in a big rush, shook his fists in our faces and commanded us to get out as quickly as we could or see what we would get.

I told him that we were sent to do them good and that was what we came to do. If he did not want to accept of the good, we were willing to go. He kept swearing and shaking his fist our faces, telling us to get out as quickly as possible. I thought that he was not worthy to say good-bye to him and started to walk out. There was one big fellow standing in the door and another in the kitchen, though whom we had to go. My partner reached out his hand to say good-bye to the man in the door. Instead of reaching him his hand, the man struck him an awful blow in the face with

his fist and, as we went out through the kitchen door, they through buckets of water after us. We felt we could have relished a little dinner after having walked 24 miles, but that was what we got instead of a dinner. That was my first day of missionary experiences.

I felt glad to have a companion that had been in the mission field for quite a long time and thought I could learn from him to do missionary work, but got quite disappointed in that, for as soon as we got into people's houses, he would take out his day book and go to writing in his journal and would tell me to entertain the people and I soon learned to do all the talking myself. I guess that was good for me. It urged me to prepare myself to explain the principles of the Gospel better and more quickly.

THE LORD BLESSES THE FOOD AND CAUSES REJOICING AT PERSECUTIONS

After the first trip around the Berne Conference, President Schonfield said that it was mostly very poor Saints that we generally had to stop with and they surely were. Lots of times I did not get anything but potatoes with the jackets on, and such weak coffee there was hardly any taste to it. I felt quite hungry all the time so that it seemed something was gnawing at my insides. As those awful falsehoods had been published in the newspapers, it seemed like nearly everybody had the newspapers. I could neither give anyone any tracts to read nor speak to anyone about the Gospel. Just as soon as I wanted to speak about the Gospel, they would say, "Are you one of the horrible Mormon deceivers?" and swear at me and call me all kinds of names and order me away from their homes. Sometimes we met with poor Saints whose husbands and fathers complained that they could

hardly get any work. I stopped with families whose children were pale and weak.

Although I was hungry all the time and was just about out of money, I felt that I dare not ask my wife to send me money. Still when I went to such families again, I could not go without bringing them some bread so the poor children could have a little. It seemed to me that on account of the government's warning the people against us Mormon elders that I could not do a bit of good for a long time.

I used to hear people say how bad it was to have the blues. I would think it could not be so very bad, but I found out how bad it is when I was persecuted so much I could not talk with people about the Gospel nor give them anything to read. I just wandered around for nothing, as the people were also warned by their ministers on Sundays that they should not take anything to read nor listen to these "slick-tongued Mormon deceivers who pretend to be preachers of the Gospel, using the Bible to better deceive the people." As I could not seem to do any good at all and being hungry all the time, I got the blues so bad that I did not know what to do. I did not like to tell the president of the mission that I could not do any good so I sat down in a grove of timber one day, resting my head upon my hands, thinking what I should do. I decided that I would pray to God to bless me that I would not take the persecution so hard, and that He would bless the poor food for me, such as I was getting, that it might nourish me more so I might not have such hungry feelings all the time.

Oh, what a change came over me then! I just felt to rejoice in being persecuted, that I was counted worthy to pass through such things for the Gospel's sake, and be a follower of the Savior for the good of mankind. The poor food then nourished me well after that prayer, just as though it was the best kind of food.

A few days later people asked me how old I was. They said that I must be getting gray early. I was then only a little over thirty-six years old. When I looked into a glass, I saw that I was perfectly white as far as my fingers touched my chin, at the time I had the blues so bad when I was sitting in the grove before I prayed to the Lord, so the change after the prayer was just like the difference between day and night.

SUCCESSFUL LABORS

I began to have more success in my labors soon after that. President Schoenfield requested me on a Sunday morning to go to Semmentahl* to speak to the Saints in a meeting there.

A Brother Barefuss was there, who generally took charge of the meetings when there was no elder there. After meeting, Brother Barefuss wished me to go home with him. While on our way he said that he had sold his home and expected to emigrate in two weeks from that time. Now they were living with his wife's sister and family (the family of Welte.) I asked him if the Welte family were members of our church also. He said, "No," and that they felt quite bitter towards the Mormon elders. They showed it too, after I got there. They would hardly answer when I said good evening to them. I asked Brother Barefuss while on our way if he had tried to explain the Gospel to them. He said, "Yes," but that they did not want to listen to him. The families had supper together and I ate with them.

Then, as soon as Welte got through with supper, he went out and appeared no more that evening. His wife gathered up the dishes quickly, went into the kitchen, and slammed the door shut so that it nearly shook the house.

* This likely refers to an alpine valley known as Simmental in the Bernese Oberland in the south of the canton of Bern Switzerland.

Then, the family of Barefuss sat up to the table and wished me to talk with them upon the Gospel. I thought I would talk pretty loud and plain so that Mrs. Welte might hear. After a long time, Mrs. Welte came to the table also.

Two weeks later I had to bring the Barefusses their emigration papers. That evening, Mrs. Welte also came up to the table with the Barefuss family to listen to me. The evening happened to be a very stormy one and was not a suitable evening to go out, so Mr. Welte sat in one of the farthest corners leaning his head against the corner as if he were going to try to sleep. I thought I would talk loud and plain enough so that he could not go to sleep very well. After a while, he came up to the table also. The next morning, when I was going to leave, Mrs. Welte invited me to come to visit them again when the Barefusses would be gone.

After I had made my round all over the Berne Conference, I went to visit them again and, when I came, Mrs. Welte was so pleased to see me that she took hold of my hand with both her hands and gave my hand a good long shaking. That evening after supper, they hurried to sit up at the table to listen to me explain the Gospel some more. After I had spoken to them for quite a while, Mr. Welte said that they were now convinced that it was the true Gospel and the true plan of life and salvation and that they were now ready to be baptized. There was a little stream of water running down the steep mountain hollow just a little way from the house. He said he would put in a big dam across the stream so that when I or some other elder came, they could be baptized.

Frederick Theurer of Providence was then the President of the Berne Conference. I told him of the Welte family's being ready for baptism and where he could find them. He went straight to hunt them up and baptized them. So, although the family of

Welte seemed to be rather offish at first and seemed to embrace the Gospel by the Lord's having blessed my humble labors. So, they were the first fruits of my earnest prayers.

Appointed President of the Berne and Zentral Conferences

I was then just a traveling elder. Then, one day when I was traveling with Brother Theurer, he told me how very much there was for a conference president to do, as he was the conference president of the Berne Conference. Then, I thought that, being so uneducated, I could never fill the position of a conference president and hoped the mission president would never think of placing me in such a great responsibility as that. Then, when Frederick Theurer was released to go home, to my great surprise, I was already appointed to take his place as conference president of the Berne Conference.

There was a conference called the Zentral Conference which included the cantons Solothurn, Arran, Luzern, and Basel. This conference all the elders dreaded and would say that they did not care where they were sent if only it would not be the Zentral Conference, as it was such a bad conference for persecuting the elders. For many years, not a missionary escaped being imprisoned or paying heavy fines. Some had been nearly beaten to death. Having heard of these things so much, I also had a dread of that conference and hoped I might never be called there.

A short time after I was called to preside over the Berne Conference, one morning, as I was lying in bed awake, the door opened a little and a loud voice called in and said, "John, you are called on a mission." Then, I thought that I must not have labored faithfully enough, but still I could not have done much better.

A few days later, I found out why I was told, "John, you are called on a mission," when a family of saints opened the *Stern* for me to read therein. To my great surprise, it said that I was appointed president of that much dreaded Zentral Conference. It seemed almost like a heavy thunder bolt to me, yet I thought that, if I had to suffer, I would take it for the Lord's and the Gospel's sake.

I supposed that I would be released from the Berne Conference, but was again surprised to learn I had been appointed to preside over both conferences and I had thought I could never take the position of a conference president.

I will explain why I was called to be the conference president of the Zentral Conference so unexpectedly. There was an elder Losli in that conference. He was speaking in a meeting (if I remember right, the place was called Niderwyl*) and the police came and took him out of the meeting and took away his money and watch. Then, he was brought before the court after they had kept him in prison for sixteen days and given a fine of 300 francs and a franc was nearly as valuable then as a dollar in U.S. money. He was also to be imprisoned for 100 days.

He asked President Schoenfield what he should do and was told to take an appeal to the highest court of the land, the Bundesrat, which he did. As the president feared that the higest court might just sustain the local court, President Schoenfield released Brother Losli to go home. That was the reason I was called into that dreaded Zentral Conference so suddenly.

The Bundesrat did sustain the local court and he would have had to pay the 300 francs and be in prison for 100 days. After the Bundesrat had given its decision to sustain the local

* This could refer to the present day municipality of Niederwil in the Solothurn canton of Switzerland.

court, the police tried to find Brother Losli in the different cities and towns. They asked some saints in the city of Solothurn and, when they were told he was already nearly across the big waters, the police swore they would make the next one make up for it, which meant me. The president said he would not advise me to go and hold meetings with the saints and where this elder was taken by the police and I learned that they were inquiring for me. I thought that if I did not hold meetings with those saints and they should apostatize on account of not being visited anymore, the Lord would hold me guilty for it. I thought that I would trust in the Lord and risk holding meetings with the poor saints even if the police were trying to get me to make up for the other elder's escaping without paying the fine.

When I was making my first trip around the Zentral Conference, I went to those saints where elder Losli was taken to hold a meeting with them. I was standing right by a row of front windows, facing and close to the street, talking to the saints. One of the members said, "Here comes the police again." Then I asked the Lord in my thoughts that he might protect me. Then I stopped talking but remained standing by the window and something caused him to look the other way the whole time he was passing by. If he had turned his head once toward the house, he would have seen me standing there. The Lord surely wonderfully protected me for the first visit with those people and I held meetings there every time I made my trip around in the conference and got away safely each time.

I had some wonderful dreams when I first came into the Zentral Conference, through which it was shown to me that I did have quite a mission to perform there. There were some branches where some of the people were about to apostatize. They had ceased going to meetings so I had to visit them in their homes to

get to instruct them and show them the importance and benefit of living up to the requirements of the Gospel.

I had the two conferences to take care of until I got my release to go home, which was close to two years and although I passed police many times while they were inquiring for me, it seems that something blinded them, or the power of God prevented them some way from arresting me. Nor was I ever beaten. So, I was the first missionary for many years who had no trouble in the Zentral Conference, which is wonderful to me. I always felt so grateful to my kind Heavenly Father for having so wonderfully protected me the whole time of nearly two years.

One time, when I went to the office at Berne to do some reporting, President Schoenfield requested me to go up into Semmentahl. I left Berne on a Saturday noon and went to a family named Beautler near Tuhn.* I wanted to ask Brother Beautler to show me where the meeting place was the next day. It was about nine miles to the Peter Hofman place in Ringledingen.

We thought that we would just get there in time to start the meeting. As there were houses all along the road that looked very much alike, he missed the place. The saints had met together and, in looking out through the window, saw us coming up the road. There was a Sister Kunz there who said to the other members that I was the man who was going to speak to them that day. Then, when we passed by and walked on, the others told Sister Kunz that she was mistaken. She said she was not, that I, or we, would come back to them yet, although it was about forty minutes before we got back there. She kept on saying that we would be back.

* This could refer to the municipality of Thun in the canton of Berne in Switzerland.

She told us that, just the night before, she had seen me so plain in a dream that she knew me as soon as she saw me. When we got back there, she told them now they could see whether or not she was right, as it had been made known to her that I was the one that would speak to them that day.

At the meeting, there was a beautiful young widow, a very intelligent person, who had come there for the first time, out of curiosity, to see what we Mormons would do, or say, thinking that the Mormons could not get her to join them. But it was not long until she asked to be baptized. As Mrs., or then Sister Eimann (which was her name) was a fine dressmaker and had charge of the Sabbath School in the town of Erlenbach, it made quite a stir and much talk because such a person joined the Mormons. It was not long after that that she emigrated to Utah to be with the saints in this country [the United States], with her son and daughter. She went up into Idaho. Here were a little more fruits of my labors.

VISIT TO THE KUNZ FAMILY AND CONVERSION OF KAROLINA HEIMBERG

After that first meeting, the same Sister Kunz who had seen me in a dream the night before the meeting wished me to go home with her after the meeting. As I had already walked about eleven miles that day and it was raining very heavily, I at first hesitated whether to go with her or not as it was nine miles to walk to her home. She had walked the nine miles to come to the meeting and had the same to walk back to her home. She said that she thought that I could stand to go that far as well as she could, so I then accepted her kind invitation and went with her. On the way to her home, she said we would get to her home about the time her husband wound be doing the milking and that they

had asked a young lady to watch the children while he would be milking. I then asked her if that young lady was a member of our church. She said, "Oh, no," and that even though the elders from Zion had their main stopping place with the family that raised her from a little child (her parents had both died from consumption* while she was quite young, so they had raised her from a little child), they had told Sister Kunz that it was no use to try to talk to that person and that anyone could just as well talk to stump as she did not want to hear anything of Mormonism.

Sister Kunz said if I should wish to talk to that person, I would have to do so quickly as her folks were very strict with her and she would not dare be away from home very late. So, as I knew that, I felt that I should do my duty before the Lord and talk with her about the Gospel if I could.

Soon after I got there, I asked her if she had heard anything of out doctrine. She mumbled and said, "Yes, all I care to hear of it." But I kept on talking and explaining to her anyhow until Sister Kunz asked her and me to have supper with them. Before the others quite got through, I started to talk to her again, and Brother and Sister Kunz also soon came to sit up at the table and listen to me.

After having talked to them for quite a long time, I started to talk about the signs of the believers. Sister Kunz then said to this person that if she had faith she could be healed. I said, "Yes," and asked what was ailing her. Sister Kunz said this girl had such awful stomach trouble. Lots of times she did not know what she dared eat because nearly everything caused her terrible pain and distress. She also had quite a high swelling close to one of her

* Consumption, used in this way at this time period, usually refers to tuberculosis.

wrist joints which caused her lots of pain when she had to do hard work.

Then I said, "Yes, if a person has faith, they can be healed from all kinds of afflictions, but they must have faith that they will be healed," and that even the Lord could not do many wonders in His home country on account of their disbelief, but those who had faith were healed from all kinds of afflictions.

I said that if she should wish to have hands laid on her and be administered to, and should be healed, that she should then take it as a testimony that this is the true Gospel and the true plan by which we can be led back into the presence of our Heavenly Father and then she should not turn her back upon the Gospel.

Sister Kunz asked her if she believed she could be healed. She said she believed it was possible with God. I then said, "Yes, it is God that heals people in answer to his humble servants' prayers." Then, as it was getting late, she went home after I had administered to her.

The next morning, the Kunzes were wondering how this young lady was and said that they did not believe she could get baptized even if she should be healed and should wish to embrace the Gospel because there was no water deep enough to baptize for about seven or eight miles from there and the young lady's folks were so strict with her that they might not be willing for her to be gone so long to go so far.

I said that if it should be the will of the Lord that she should embrace the Gospel, He would provide a way. That day the Kunz family did not want to let me go. They wished to have me spend another evening with them when Brother Kunz could also be home from his work and that I might go to visit a family of Saints a few miles from there during the day. So, I stayed to spend another evening with them.

MIRACULOUS PREPARATION OF BAPTISMAL POOL

Zwischenfluh was a narrow valley between high mountains and it had a little stream of nice, clear water running down through the middle, like a little garden stream. The house of the Kunz family was about six rods to the right of that little stream and there was a nice, green meadow on the slant toward the stream from both sides. I went to spend the evening with them, to talk with them about the Gospel and, as it was a beautiful moonlit summer evening, they proposed that we go outside on the nice meadow. Then, after having talked with them for quite a while, all at once we got shaded by a cloud. When we looked up, a nice, round cloud had come before the moon and that cloud spread so fast that in a little while it started to thundering and the whole sky was covered with heavy clouds. It caused a cloudburst on the mountain on the opposite side of the stream from the Kunz house. A flood came down through a narrow hollow and we could hear the big rocks striking together in the flood while sitting in the house.

In a little while, the sky cleared again so we could not see a cloud around. Then, we went out to see what the flood had done. We saw that it had made a big dam across that little stream of water.

Seeing the big pond of water above the dam which the flood had made, I said to the Kunz family that, when that water gets clear, a prettier place could not be found to baptize than in that. Anyone could walk on the meadow grass to where the water was plenty deep enough for baptizing. (Remember the Kunz family said that this person to whom I had administered the evening before could not get baptized as deep enough water was too far away.) Then I said to them, that if that person (whose

name was Karolina Heimberg) should wish to embrace the Gospel, the Lord would provide a way so that she could get baptized. So then, as I had said in the evening of the same day, the Lord did provide a way by causing that dam to be made across the little stream of water.

The next day, I went over the mountain into upper Semmentahl where the President had told me to hold a meeting the following Sunday. When I arrived at that place on Saturday evening, there was a letter already from Miss Heimberg saying that she had been perfectly healed and asking me if I would not come over the mountain into the valley of Zwischenfluh and baptize her before making my trip around in the Conference.

I did go over the mountain to baptize her, for there was that beautiful clear pond of water only about six rods from the Kunz house which God had so wonderfully prepared just a week before to fulfill what His humble servant had said to the Kunz family in the morning of that same day. This was, and is, very wonderful to me to see what God will do for the good of one of his humble children.

I baptized her on the 30th of August, 1886. She was another joyful fruit of my labors through the Lord's having blessed my humble efforts, although it has been said by others that it was no use to try to talk to her about our doctrine.

A Dream About Karolina Heimberg

Later on, I had a dream in which I thought I was standing by the lot gate of my home talking with another man, and while I was talking with him, Miss Heimberg came by us and, as she entered the door of my house, I saw a shelf over the door, with four pots of beautiful flowers on the shelf.

I wondered if the dream might mean that she might sometime become my wife. I thought I would not let her or anyone else know what I had dreamed. Later on, she said that she had enough money to emigrate, but, as she did not know anyone in this country, she wondered if she could not stay with my wife until she could find some employment. I wrote to my wife and asked her if she would like to have her come to stay.

My wife wrote back and said, "Yes," that she would very much like to have her come and stay with her until I could come home, as she had four little children and some lots to take care of. The elders who had charge of the emigrants talked her into the notion of going into Idaho with them. She wrote to my wife and asked her if she would excuse her. My wife wrote back that she was willing to excuse her if she felt that it would suit her better to be in Idaho than in Santa Clara in Dixie. I thought that she would get plenty of chances to marry and I would not be likely to ever see her anymore, much less to have her become my wife.

After I returned home from my mission, she wrote to my wife again and my wife replied. I told my wife that she might tell her that I sent my kind regards also, but I told neither my wife not Miss Heimberg a word of the dream I had.

I never told her a word because, as she was up in Idaho, I thought she might get married anytime. One day, Bishop Bunker stopped his wagon in front of my house and said he had somebody for me.

When I went towards his wagon, to my great surprise, Sister Heimberg, whom I had not expected to see again, came out of his wagon. She said she could not resist the feeling that she must come down to Santa Clara in Dixie, to live with us.

She afterwards told me that many men, single and married, had asked her to be their wife or second wife. Every time she was asked, even if they seemed to be very nice young single

men, it seemed like a kind of sickening feeling came over her against them, so she could not consent to any man. All of this was wonderful that God caused my dream to be fulfilled without my having spoken or written to her about the dream I had about her uniting herself with me and my family.

It was on the 16th of October, 1888, that she arrived in Santa Clara. It was the time of danger, when the great persecution was going on against those with more than one wife and the marshals were going around hunting and arresting people all the time. At first, I did not know what to do as I thought it was a very dangerous time to take another wife. Yet I thought of the dream I had, and how wonderfully the Lord had inspired her to come and join me with my family. So, I went to pray to God in secret to find out what to do. Then, a voice said to me, "Whom should you fear more, God or man?" I thought that I should fear God more than man, and trust in God and do his will, and, as he had protected me in many times of danger, he could protect me again.

SECOND MARRIAGE

Although I tried to get married to her, as I thought in a secret way, still it was not long until a man told me that he heard the marshals read off the names of all those who had more than one wife and that my name was also on the list. Then, one time when I happened to be with my first wife, as we were ready to have dinner, two men came to the door and asked if they cold get some dinner. After they came in, they said that they were the men we hear so much about, Armstrong and Mageary.

At first, I thought they had come to arrest me. Then, something whispered to me to just treat them kindly. When they had their dinner, they asked what they were owing us. I said,

"Nothing," and that they were welcome to what we had and asked if they would like some nice fruit to eat on their way. I then took them down to my orchard and told them to help themselves to such as they liked best, as I then had a good variety. Then, they left me as a free man. They never asked me a question. In a few weeks, they came again and had dinner with us and some fruit to eat on their way, and again they left me a free man.

It was wonderful to have had something whisper to me what to do, and that they were influenced to let me go free while the marshals were arresting men as often as they could catch those who had more than one wife, putting them into prisons and before courts. Some had to pay heavy fines, while I was let go free by fearing God more than man and doing His will and trusting in Him rather than fearing man. Thus, we can see how wonderfully God can protect His humble children who do His will first and trust in Him. I feel that I can never thank God enough for His heavenly inspiration and His kind protecting care over me so many times in dangerous situations.

My wife Karolina was born of parents, both of whom passed away while they were yet quite young, from consumption and while Karolina was yet a little girl. She also took sick from consumption soon after her fourth son was born and passed away.

My first wife, Barbara Baumann Stucki, took three of the little boys in with her already big family and treated them just the same as her own children. So, they still had a good mother. My wife's parents took and raised the other boy whom we had named John Alfred. The four boys grew up, as my first wife's four boys did, to be peaceful, intelligent young men, all keeping the Word of Wisdom and all having been considered to worthy to be married in the Temple.

One morning, after John Alfred, one of Karolina's sons, had passed away due to an automobile accident, I was reminded of

the dream I had while yet on my mission. It seemed someone said to me, the four pots full of beautiful flowers represented the four sons, which Karolina had received of the Lord, and had she been permitted to see them grown up, she would have been proud of all of them. This is just a little more of the fruits of my missionary labors.

CONTINUING MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

Coming back from my first trip through Semmentahl, Zwischenfluh, and Saanen* Land, and continuing my journey into the Sahnen Land after leaving Zwischenfluh Valley where I met the then "Miss" Karolina Heimberg the first time and administered to her, I then met with the Wursten family, near Saanen.

To them I also explained the Gospel and, although I talked much more to Mr. Wursten than I did to his wife, I could not get him converted, while his wife soon became convinced that it was the true Gospel. At last he consented for her to be baptized. Afterwards, he turned quite bitter against her and left her alone to rustle a living for the eight quite small children.

Although she was a good dressmaker and a good hand to make men's clothes and any kind of work, people who gave her work before she embraced the Gospel ceased to give her work after she joined the Church. Having no other income, she was in such very poor circumstances that she had to send her children to school sometimes without any breakfast and did not know where she could get anything to give them to eat when they came home. She had to go through deep snow with a hand sled a long way to get wood and sometimes she got caught in snowstorms so she could hardly get home and would be nearly frozen to death.

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* Saanen is a municipality in the canton of Berne, Switzerland.

She said that at one time she had to go through such a bad blizzard she had to go home without any wood and was so near frozen that her little girl, Clara, had to help get her frozen clothes off so she could get to bed with her children, as she had no wood to make a fire to warm them otherwise.

No wonder she wrote to me to ask if I could send her some money to help towards her emigration expense. She, with her eight children, added nine more to the number of my converts. Through my first ten days' trip, with the blessings of God, thirteen persons were brought into the fold of Christ while going through the valleys of Semmentahl, Zwischenfluh, and Saanen Land.

JACOB SPORI

Later on, there was a man by the name of Jacob Spori, a very intelligent man who had embraced the Gospel in Semmentahl quite a few years before, but his wife would not embrace the Gospel, so he emigrated alone.

After he came to America, he worked on a railroad until he had earned quite a little sum of money. While working on the railroad, he converted seven men to the Gospel. Then, he was sent on a mission to Palestine and nearby countries.

While I was on my mission, he came back to Semmentahl, Switzerland, to his family and parents. It was then that I became acquainted with him and his folks. Although, as he said, he could speak, read, and write seven different languages, he seemed to be a very humble man, for every time I made my round of the Conference and stayed overnight with them, Brother Spori would take and oil my shoes after I had gone to bed. When we were at mealtime, he would start speaking about the Gospel to his folks and when his father-in-law would bring out some curious arguments, Brother Spori would say to me, "You explain it to

them," and he with his wife would go into another room. Then I would preach to them for quite a long time.

His wife did embrace the Gospel, and I believe her mother would have embraced the Gospel also, but her father did not seem willing that she should be baptized. Sometimes, Brother Spori would way he wished he had the patience to talk to people like I did. Sometimes, he would ask me to go with him of an evening to talk to some of his relatives about the Gospel.

One time, while oiling my shoes, he say they were getting holes in them and asked me if I would go with him, and it was a shoemaker he took me to. He told the shoemaker to take the measurement of my foot and make a pair of boots. I said I did not have the money to pay for them, but he told the shoemaker to make them anyway. A few weeks later, when I wanted to make part payment, he said they were paid for and he would not take a cent.

When he was going to emigrate with his family, he invited his relatives (and there were quite a lot of them) telling them that if they wished to do him a favor for the last time in his life to meet together at one certain family of relatives. He then asked another elder and me to go with him that evening. While on our way there, he said that he wanted to have the Gospel explained to them before leaving. I considered him to be a very good speaker as he had been on a mission for three and a half years and that he would do most of the speaking himself and perhaps have me and the other elder bear our testimonies to what he had said. He surely did surprise me when said for me to occupy the evening. Then, at last, he bore a short testimony that what I had said was the truth and did not ask the other elder to do any talking. Then, while we were going back home, he said more than once how glad he was that he had for once gotten the Gospel explained to his

relatives, that it seemed to him like a big load was removed from his back.

This time, Brother Spori had the pleasure of having his wife and children emigrate with him. His father-in-law had gotten so he said, "Everybody should read the *Stern*," (the church paper) and although he seemed to be a little more favorable towards the Gospel before I left for home, yet I believe he had too many nice homes, riches, and worldly honor to leave for the Gospel's sake. I believe that the Spori family's embracing the Gospel was also partly the fruits of my labors.

As I was walking with Frederick Theurer, who was then the President of the Berne Conference, he tole me how much work there was for a Conference President to do to keep record of the tithing, baptisms, confirmations, and everything from all the branches, and then to report everything at the office of the mission headquarters.

Then, when I heard Brother Theurer explain how much there was for a Conference President to do, I thought that I could never take the place of a Conference President. I also felt pretty sure the mission president would not think of placing such a position upon me. I thought that if ever they should do so, they would put me out again. Just a little later, when Brother f. Theurer received his release to return home, President Schoenfield told me, to my great surprise, that he wanted me to take Brother Theurer's place as the Conference President of the Berne conference. Then, as I remember, I told him that I thought, as I had no education, I was not qualified to do justice to such an important position. He thought I could. Then, I decided that I must try, and with the help of the Lord, do the best I could.

I then prayed to God to bless me that I might be able to do the work in such a way as would be pleasing and acceptable. This place I was then left to occupy until I received my release to go

home, and not only that, but, as mentioned previously, I was appointed President of the Zentral Conference until my release.

I mention some of these things to show how wonderfully the Lord can help anyone to fill positions that before seemed impossible for him to fill, by praying to Him in secret prayer, and by trusting in Him for His help and assistance and also protect one, even if enemies make threats of what they are going to do, like an experience I had at one time when I held a meeting in the Berner upper land in that part of the country where the people are pretty rough. Some elders had nearly been beaten to death and some others were held under water until they were nearly drowned.

PROTECTED AGAINST ENEMIES

One time after I had held a meeting in that part of the country, some of our enemies told some of the saints that, if we came there again, they would fix us so we wouldn't want to come back. Some of the saints sent a letter to a family of saints where they expected we would be, saying how our enemies swore they would fix us if we came there again and would baptize us until we were baptized enough forever. The saints said in their letter that they dared not ask us to come there again.

Brother Wells thought that we had better not risk going there again, so I told him that if I did not have it made known to me in a dream of the Lord, after praying to Him about it, that I would go there and hold a meeting with the saints, if I did not get a warning not to go there. So, then, as I did not get a warning I said to Brother Gershom Wells that, as I did not get a warning, I would go there whether he came with me or not. Then, he came with me anyhow.

It was a day's walk there through the town of Gundlischund and we arrived about dusk. We thought perhaps the people might not notice us going through the town, as we had to go through and above the town to get to the place where we could hold out meetings at the home of an old man by the name of Wismuller.

After we got the meeting started and I was talking to the saints, the mob gathered around the house and started to make noise and throw clubs and rocks against the house and on the roof.

While speaking to the saints, in my secret thoughts I asked the Lord to protect us from the enemy's doing us any harm.

Then, something said to me to speak loud and plain so that those on the outside of the house could also understand what I said, and, in my thoughts I asked the Lord to inspire me to speak such things that would make an impression for good on the mob.

Then, the noise soon ceased and I believe the mob remained listening. I remember saying that, when they came before God to be judged according to their works, then they would know and would have something to answer for in persecuting men who left their dear families for nothing else but to do their duty before the Lord and to do good to mankind.

When we left the place we did not notice anyone around and we stayed overnight in peace with some saints there. We were afterwards told who were the three leaders of the mob and I have since learned they all embraced the Gospel.

When I think of the wonderful protection of the Lord over me at so many different times my heart swells with thankfulness and gratitude to my Heavenly Father for his kind protection. I believe that those three leaders of the mob having embraced the Gospel may also be partly the fruits of my labors.

As I went into the office at Berne at the end of the month to make my report and deliver the tithing money which I had

gathered from the Saints al over the two conferences during the month, President Schoenfield said that he had received a letter from a Mrs. Baumgardner in which she said that a Mr. Aeschlimann told her that "the true gospel had again been revealed from heaven through heavenly messengers." Aeschlimann was not able to explain much to her but said if she would write to the office at Berne, Postgasse 36, that he thought a man would be sent who could explain it better. President Schoenfield told me to go and hunt those people who were about nine miles from the city of Berne.

When I got to the house, there was an elderly man and a large young man standing by a work bench. I asked them if that was the place where a Maria Baumgardner lived (as she had sent in her own given name instead of her husband's.) They said, "Yes, she is just back of the house, in the field." Then I went to where she was and told her that I had been sent from Berne in answer to the request that a man would be sent who was able to explain the newly revealed Gospel to them. She asked me to come into the house and rest a while, and offered to prepare a lunch for me, as I had come so far. Then, after I sat down I could hear the two men grumbling a little in an undertone of voice. I guess they wondered why I inquired for the man's wife instead of for him. So, I went to talk with them – to explain how it happened, why I came there, and for what purpose. Then, his wife called me to have lunch. I could still hear those men grumbling. I suppose they were talking about those falsehoods that were printed in the papers against us Mormons and the warning of the government against us.

I started to explain the Gospel to the man's wife by speaking loudly and in plain words to cause the men to understand what I was talking to her about in case they were listening on the outside so that they might learn I was talking of nothing but the true Gospel.

After a while, the lady asked be to have supper with them. After supper, the young man went out and did not appear anymore that evening. The old man sat in the back part of the room, while his wife sat up at the table saying she would like to have me explain more of our belief and faith and of the Gospel. Later, her husband came up to the table. Then, I talked to them until nearly midnight.

The next morning, when I bid them goodbye, the lady kindly invited me to visit them again. A little later, however, President Schoenfield received a letter from a Baumgardner family stating that they did not want anymore Mormons to come out their way. I did not go to visit them anymore, but I think it must have been the young man that wrote the letter to President Schoenfield because later on Mrs. Baumgardner wrote to him asking why no missionaries ever come to visit them. President Schoenfield then sent another elder to visit them, but this elder just stopped long enough to get a meal, telling them that he was in a hurry. Mrs. Baumgardner told me afterwards that he did not stop to talk with them about the Gospel.

A little later on, President Schoenfield received another letter from the Baumgardners, adking him why Mr. Stucki did not come to visit them anymore. So, when I came to the city of Berne again, to deliver the tithing money and to hand in my report, and was told of the letter by President Schoenfield, I went to visit them again.

The older folks seemed to be very pleased to see me again, but the young man walked out after he got through eating his supper. Afterwards, I could hear some men talking on the outside. The lady took hold of my hand with both of hers and told me how pleased she was to have me call again, and that she had been longing and wishing for me to visit them for a long time, as the

other elder did not seem to have time to talk with them of the Gospel.

I spend another long evening in explaining to them different principles of the Gospel of Christ, and how important it was for salvation.

The third time I went to visit them, the young man remained in the house after supper, because he had a lot of questions to ask me. Mrs. Baumgardner told me afterwards that a minister had told him to ask me the questions they thought that I would not be able to answer or explain. Mrs. Baumgardner afterwards said how glad she was that I could give such good explanations to all the questions with such wisdom.

And on the evening of my third visit with them, the older folks stated, before going to bed, that they now felt convinced that it was the true Gospel which I had been explaining to them, and that they were now ready to embrace it and be baptized. Soon after, they went to the city of Berne to attend a meeting at the office meeting room (a room where the people of the Berne Branch held their meetings every Sunday), and to be baptized in the River Aare.

The River Aare runs nearly two-thirds of the way around the City of Berne, the capital of Switzerland. The headwaters, I think, come from near the Gletchers Mountains in the Berner upperlands and run into Prieser Lake, from which comes quite a river which, if I remember right, runs for about 25 or 30 miles until it empties into the Lake Thun. From there it runs into the Bieler Lake and, flowing from there, forms a part of the River Rhine.

Coming back to the Baumgardner family, the young man who asked so many questions was raised by the Baumgardners from a little child. After my third visit with them, and after the

older people had embraced the Gospel, he too went with his parents to Berne to the meeting and was also baptized.

So these were more fruits of my labors, through our Heavenly Father's inspiring me to speak in such a way that my words made deep impressions in the people's hearts. There were quite a few people, I was told, to whom it was useless to talk, but when I got a chance to talk to them they embraced the Gospel. When I first received the call I thought that it was no use for me to go on a mission, being so uneducated and not naturally gifted to talk much. I thought that I could not convert anyone. And so I feel that it is only through my kind Heavenly Father's blessings that I have been able to do some good as a missionary.

Before I got my release, I received permission to go to visit my first wife's (Barbara Baumann) mother's sister in Herisan,* Canton Appenzell, her family, her Uncle Frederick Baumann, and other relatives. I had only a week's time and, as I had no money to take the train, I had to walk there and back – as I had during the whole time because of lack of money while on my mission. I had to walk about 300 miles to make my rounds of both Conferences. I had no on eto send me money except my dear wife Barbara – and she had four little children to take care of and support and no income except what little garden stuff she could raise and a little fruit from the lots which she sold to peddlers. I also had to go from west to east Switzerland on foot. It took a good part of the week's time to go there and back, so I did not have much time to explain the Gospel to them and so many relatives. But still, in that little time, one of the Meier daughters and her mother became converted to the Gospel. The daughter was

* Herisan likely refers to the municipality Herisau in the canton of Appenzell Ausserrhoden in northeastern Switzerland.

baptized soon afterwards, but the father would not allow the mother to be baptized. The daughter's name was Anna.

A little later Casper Gubler went on a mission. When he returned Miss Anna Meier emigrated with him. Soon after she got to Santa Clara, she became acquainted with and married Mr. John Gubler, Jr. She often went to the St. George Temple to do temple work for her relatives. She would tell people that it was through me that she embraced the Gospel. She has done quite a lot of temple work besides raising a nice, large family. She was some more fruit of my labors. The good work keeps going on and I feel good to see those who have embraced the Gospel through my missionary labors continue on in the good work.

MISSION COMPLETED

(A MANIFESTATION)

When I came back from visiting my wife's relatives, President Schoenfield informed me that, in two weeks, he wanted (with Brothers Haderli and John Staheli to help) to take charge of quite a large company of emigrants. This meant that I would only have two week's time to visit all the members and friends in two conferences.

After I got started on my hurried trip of two weeks, when before it took nearly a month to get around, I wondered if I had fulfilled a faithful enough mission before the Lord and if I had brought the number of souls into the fold of Christ that I should. I had a desire to know. My desire, from the beginning, was to fulfill a good and acceptable mission before the Lord, but I felt all the time I was too weak to do as good a work as I should.

Soon after that, while I was awake, the door opened a little in the room where I was in bed, and a loud voice called me by name, saying, "John, you will yet add four to the fold of Christ." Then, while traveling, I kept wondering who it could be of all those to whom I had been explaining the Gospel. I believed it would be fulfilled as the heavenly voice had told me, as things had been made known to me in like manner before. I still wondered if four more would make the number, which was the will of the Lord that I should bring into the fold of Christ, complete. Two mornings later, as I was lying awake, the door again opened a little and the loud voice called in to me again, saying, "John, four will make your number full." Oh, how it filled my heart with joy to think that the Lord would even make known to me that He accepted my mission as a completely fulfilled one.

Before the end of the two weeks, four persons, two whom I went to bid goodbye, said they could not say goodbye and see me leave without being baptized by me first. Thus, the word was fulfilled and I had the great joy and privilege to baptize four persons, and to know that that made the number full, and that mine would be an acceptable mission unto the Lord. But the honor all belongs to God who, through having blessed my labors, added nearly thirty persons to the fold.

There were very few elders for the large field of labor, and I guess I would have had to stay much longer but that my dear wife Barbara had been working too awfully hard to take care of the four little children and tending the lots to raise something to sell so she could get a little money for me. At last she got awfully sick with a nervous breakdown and she could neither do any more work nor write any more to me for a long time. Her mother had to write to me for her, for quite a long time before I was released, and I was afraid I might not get to see her alive anymore. The only thing that gave me any hope was a dream which I had before I went on my mission, in which I saw her being taken downstream in a big river of muddy water. I plunged into the river and narrowly got her out. So I was in hopes that I might yet have the chance to save her as in my dream.

I explained to President Schoenfield how awfully sick my wife was and that she had four little children that needed taking care of. He said that he could hardly spare me, but at last said he guessed he would have to let me go, although he did not know whom he could get to take my place, but, under such circumstances, he felt he must release me. But, if it were not for my wife's being so sick, I would have to stay a good while longer. He himself had been kept in the mission field for nearly five years.

RETURN VOYAGE

I got started with the company of emigrants and had quite a time crossing the North Sea, but soon got to Liverpool all right. When we got on board the ship, we found there were far too many third class passengers for the third class room, and not nearly enough second class passengers for the second class passenger room. So, the captain favored our people (that is, the Mormon people) by letting them have the second class passenger room with the second class passengers and the same kind of food and care although they had only paid for the third class fare. It made it much nicer for us to get much nicer beds and better food.

The captains of the different ships like to have our people cross the ocean with them because they are better behaved than some other people for one thing and because they feel there is more safety in having Mormon people with them in crossing the ocean. So, as President Schoenfield said to me, the different ship companies are all anxious to get our people to cross the ocean with them. So, I think that our captain favored our people to get their goodwill.

It seems that even the captains of the ships have begun to find out that there is some supreme power watching over the Latter-day Saints, which should add to and strengthen anyone's testimony. This was the case on the way going on our mission. After we had entered the ship at New York, the captain, as soon as he came on the ship, asked if there were any Mormons on board and, when he was told that there were sixteen men and two women, he said, "Well, then we are all right."

While I was going over Thuner Lake one time, I read in a paper that there were over one hundred sailing vessels and ten steamers lost in that one month and, at the same time, there was

a company of our people crossing the ocean, but we got word that they crossed all right.

After we got started, as the captain had been so good to us, I felt to ask the people to behave as well as they knew how to please the captain as much as we could. At first, while we had calm weather, the saints would get up on the deck and sing nice songs, but after the first two days, we had an awfully stormy sea nearly all the rest of the way. I got so seasick that, for a few days, I could not stand on my feet and nearly everybody else got awfully sick. We had such bad storms the captain said that he had not had such a stormy trip for 20 years.

Towards the last, the captain favored our people greatly again. In those days, United States law required all emigrants to go into the Castle Gardens* to be examined, so that if there were any infirm or old without a certain amount of money for them to answer the requirement of the law, they were sent back. Some young people who were members of our church were sent back while I was on my mission before we started with our company. Our captain was well pleased with us and, as we had some old people in our company, the captain favored us very much again by fixing it so that the Mormon people did not have to go to the Castle Gardens to be examined. A couple of days before we reached New York, the captain had the sailors stretch a chain across the deck of the ship and requested all the Mormon people to go on one side of the chain and all the other emigrants to go on the other side of the chain. Then he had our people go down into a large room where there were some clerks before whom they had to report their condition. Then, before we got to New York, he had another ship meet his ship. He said that all the Mormon people

* Castle Gardens refers to Castle Clinton (or Fort Clinton), an immigration station in what is now Battery Park in Manhattan. It predates Ellis Island.

could go over into the other ship, which would take us to Norfolk* so that our people would not have to go to Castle Gardens to be examined. So, our people did not have to undergo the examination like the other emigrants. Otherwise, perhaps some would have to be sent back.

Now, after we had had a few days of severe storms, I had a desire to go around to all the saints to see how they all were, but I was so seasick that I could not walk a step and I was so dizzy. When I got so that I could walk, I learned that nearly all had been very seasick. There was a very old English lady, who could not eat the food that was brought to her. She would ask me to go to the kitchen to get her some different food so that she could eat. She seemed to have plenty of money to pay for anything she wanted and, when she would give me a ten dollar bill to get what she wanted and when I wanted to give her the change, she would tell me to keep it. I told her that I did not wish anything for what I did, and for her to take good care of her money because she might need it very much yet.

After we landed, we missionaries had to buy provisions for the emigrants, and some of the saints were very particular about getting every cent of change. We tried to get the provisions a little cheaper by asking for, and getting, bargain prices by buying in quantity lots so as to save all the money for them we could. Then, the other elders got out of patience and said they would to the buying themselves. I nearly got out of patience myself, but I thought that as the saints could neither speak nor understand the English language I would continue to help them to the end of the journey as I knew the poor saints would get swindled out of some of their money if there was no one to help them.

* This likely refers to Norfolk County, Massachusetts.

The saints felt so good towards me that when we neared the end of the journey, they put some money together and made me a present of a five dollar bill. One family gave me their only picture of themselves. It made me feel good to see how well they felt towards me. The Lord has said that the measure you mete unto others, so shall it be measured to you again. Thus it was fulfilled in my behalf that time.

ARRIVAL HOME

Being anxious to get home as soon as possible on account of my dear wife' sickness, I took the first southbound train after I got into Salt Lake City and, when I got home, my dear wife was sick in bed. But, I felt very grateful and thankful to my Heavenly Father that he heard my prayers and preserved her life so that I could get to see her yet alive and at least relieve her from so much worry and care.

Through the Lord's hearing and answering my humble prayers, she soon began to improve again, so the dream which I had before I went on my mission became fulfilled and, as in my dream, I plunged into the big river of muddy water and narrowly saved her from drowning, represented by my rushing home to relieve her from heavy worry and care.

She sure did wonderfully well to take care of the four little children and two lots, send me money, pay the taxes, and pay for getting wood hauled and chopped. I think it would have been impossible for any woman to have done any more and hold out so long, or so well, without being as greatly blessed of the Lord as she was. Knowing the conditions at home, I was as saving as I knew how to be, doing all my traveling by walking. I never took a train, and never went into a hotel for a meal. When I would travel all day and pass a bakery, I would buy only two cents worth of bread.

Then, when I would get to some water, I would eat the bread and drink water with it, except at one time when I had a long day's walk, I came to a kind of boarding house, before going over the Mountain of Weissenstein,* and had some bread and milk.

It took quite a little money to pay for pamphlets and books, but the Lord blessed me with good health and strength so it was quite easy for me to walk long distances in a day. I remember that, one day I had walked over forty miles and I never felt ill one hour. Having had poor food with the poor saints most of the time, I never got rich enough food to make me ill.

This was from the time I had been so awfully hungry all the time from getting such poor food from the poor saints and prayed to the Lord to bless the food so that it would nourish me, that I might feel well fed and it was fulfilled, as I had prayed.

By the foregoing you, my dear children and children's children, will have learned how wonderfully the Lord has heard, and answered, my prayers by blessing me with what I had prayed for which you can receive also if you will pray for anything that is righteous with a desire to do the will of God first in all things – trusting in him for the blessing to follow. Oh, I always feel that I can never thank God enough for answering my many secret prayers and for the many wonderful blessings with which he has blessed me up to this time of my life, which is now over eighty years.

MORE PIONEER EXPERIENCES

I will now endeavor to write a little more of our pioneer experiences, and more particularly of my own, in Santa Clara, in the St. George Stake.

* Weissenstein is a mountain in the Jura range near Solothurn, Switzerland.

When the time came that my father became the owner of eight head of cattle, which were running out in the open range northwest of Santa Clara with everybody's cattle from St. George, Santa Clara, Pine Valley, Gurlock, Hebron, and Mountain Meadows, as we had no horses, like some others, we would take our bundles of bedding and provisions for a week or ten days on our backs and go on foot to the big cattle roundup.

One time, as we had not seen or heard of some of my father's cattle for nearly three years, I went with three others, with bundles on our backs, to see if any of our cattle would be brought in. Not one of my father's was brought in, although there were thousands of head of cattle from the Dixie country. We foot men would have to herd the cattle during the days to feed them while those who had horses would gather in more.

The summer following the big roundup, the oldest son, Robert, of the Wilson family wished me to go to hunt cattle with him. So, I went to see if I could get a horse to ride. I could not get a single horse except a little bay that bucked off all the packs when they packed him to follow Indians who had stolen horses. The little horse, with its mate, would run away with its owner's wagon until it would break up both wagon and harness, and not even bronco riders would ride the horse. This was the only horse I could get. Henry Hug said that I could ride the horse for free as long as I wished, so he would tame down a little. I asked the Lord that He would bless me in trying to ride the horse and my prayer was answered. I petted the horse a little, saddled him, and tied my bedding and provisions on as carefully as I could. Then I got on him carefully and rode him around in the mountain country for a week and the horse never made a jump with me. We found every head of cattle my father had. My prayer was answered, which was sure wonderful to me, and surprising to Henry Hug that I got along so well with the horse.

Robert Wilson was the oldest son of Sister Wilson. He was very well acquainted with the range. It was his younger sister, Leonora, that asked me (when my father was on his way to Salt Lake City to get married) when I was going to take her on such a trip. It surprised me. I did not think that she would think of asking a poor uneducated fellow like me such a question. But I felt that I needed to be better prepared for such an intelligent noble person as she was as then I had no home, and nothing to buy a home with. Then se got married before I got a chance to buy myself a little home.

After I got married, feeling that it would be too much for father to tend his land alone, as my younger brother was only about sixteen years of age, I kept on helping my father for over three years. Then, as I could not make any headway, and as my brother Christian was then nineteen years old, I thought that they could get along without me. So, I told my father I would have to start work for myself, with what little land I had bought. I tried to get some land to take on shares, but I could not get much land to tend the first year.

By taking some land on shares, and with our own two acres, we made a little start, and soon we could dress our children better. Then, in a few years, we got a chance to buy a few more acres of land in the best field in Santa Clara.

I pioneered in quite a few things. I used to have to chop up dry or half-dry cottonwood poles during the warm summer mornings, as we would haul home a lot of cottonwood in the winter and then chop enough in the mornings for the day. When we started to live by ourselves, I thought I would chop the wood in the cold winter weather, while it was green and easy to chop. It was not long until nearly everybody followed my example. I don't remember of anyone having chopped their wood before they needed it until I commenced to do so.

ORIGINATING HAY SHEDS

In the early days of Dixie, people thought they must have a barn to shelter their hay, and, as there were not many who could afford to build barns, we had to stack out hay in the open. Quite a lot of hay would get spoiled by the storms. I thought that if I just had a roof over my haystack that it would not spoil much hay if the storms did strike it on the sides. I got a young man by the name of Tragut Graff to haul some large cedar posts to make me a hay shed. I got my posts set up but did not have the means to get the lumber and shingles with, just then. One day, Casper Gubler came to my place and asked me what I was going to do with the big posts which I had set up. I told him and explained how I was going to build a hay shed to shield my hay from being spoiled on the top. He thought that was a good idea and went to work and built himself a hay shed right away, finishing his before I did mine. It was not long before there were hay sheds being built all over southern Utah. So, that was another thing I started which others soon followed. Before that I do not remember having seen a hay shed in all my traveling around the country.

FIRST CLAY ROADS

We used to have to work poll tax – each man, two days each year. As there were many sandy roads in Dixie, the road supervisor would have straw or chips hauled onto the deep sandy roads which made them better until the strong winds came. Then, it seemed the chips and straw just made a lodging place for the drifting sands. A couple of times I said to the road supervisor I believed if we would haul clay onto the sand that would make a good road. When it rained the clay would get solid and make a good hard road. He just laughed at the idea, asking if I thought

we could enough clay onto the sand to do any good. I told him we could, and when it was once put there it would always remain, and would not fill up with sand or rot to anything, so that it would not have to be hauled on repeatedly. One year I asked that he try it once and have a few loads of clay hauled on a little piece of the deepest sand. He did have just a little piece of deep sandy road covered, then after the first good rain it made a good, hard piece of road. I don't remember of anything but clay being hauled on our sandy roads after that. So that was another thing I got the people to start to do, which was a benefit to the people of that country.

PREVENTING TOMATOES FROM ROTTING

There was a time when Pioche* got to be quite a lively mining camp and tomatoes were bringing eight cents a pound at home. When the tomato vines lay flat on the ground lots of them would start to get rotten before they ripened, so one year I said to my wife that I was going to put a stick to every vine. We kept tying them up as they grew taller. Then, we got a good crop of tomatoes. When others say that, it was not long until they did the same thing. So, my new way of raising tomatoes benefited others also.

SECOND CROP

In Dixie, everybody left their land fallow after the small grain was harvested until the next sowing season. Then, the land would be plowed before sowing it again. The land seemed to get poorer all the time unless it received manure often. One year I thought I would experiment a little. I had a piece of land that was all equally good. I got half of it watered over and planted corn and

* This likely refers to the town of Pioche, in eastern Nevada.

squash. Then, I watered half of the corn and squash twice and the other half I did not water. The half which I had not watered had the better corn and squash. The other part, which I left unplowed until the winter had some weeds grow on it.

In the winter I plowed the whole piece of land all the same and sowed wheat on all of it equally. I supposed that that part on which I had raised a second crop would have the poorer wheat, but it was just the reverse. The wheat on the piece that I had raised a second crop was nearly a foot taller than on the other part and had much bigger heads on it. So, I learned that it was much better to plow the ground deep after harvest, especially when I left the wheat stubble pretty long, and raise a second crop of corn, sugarcane, or squash, than to let the land lay unplowed until the next seed time. So, I learned by experimenting that by leaving the wheat stubble pretty long, plowing deep, having the right condition of moisture, planting while plowing, and then harrowing quickly after planting rather than letting the surface dry, and then dragging a heavy pole or plank over it, standing on the plank, and then harrowing the ground again, that I could raise a good second crop after the wheat harvest in the same summer without ever having to water it. At the same time, it left the land in much better condition for a good crop for the following summer.

There was a farmers' convention held in St. George and I spoke of how I raised two crops on my land and had in good condition to keep on raising good crops. Then some of the brethren from other towns said, "Oh, yes, you might to that in Santa Clara. But if we were to do that we would soon have our land so poor we could not raise anything anymore." Then I told them to take a piece of land, all equally good, and plow it deep right after harvest, or just part of it, leaving the other part unplowed until they wanted to sow wheat again – like they had been doing – and raise a crop of corn on the plowed part of the

land and then see which would raise the best crop of small grain the following summer.

Then, when I went down to Dixie at around the end of August, 1929, I saw that they had nice corn growing where it formerly would be dry and unplowed stubble land in that time of the year. So, they must have found out that I was right, and that it is quite a little better for them to get two crops in a summer instead of but one, and still have the land in a better condition for a good crop for the following summer. So, I think my experimenting has been a benefit to others as well as myself. So, I have pioneered the raising of two crops in one summer, instead of just one, and that without having to water the second crop, if they work the ground properly. I give my Heavenly Father all the honor for all of these inspirations and I feel to thank Him with all my heart for what little good I could do.

DRY FARMING

In reading about dry farming in the more northern parts of the state, I got the idea that we could also do some dry farming in Dixie if we would take advantage of our climate and work it right. Everybody to whom I mentioned it would laugh and say, "The idea of your thinking that we could ever raise anything in Dixie with dry farming in this hot climate." I would tell them that I thought we could by plowing the ground in the winter and then by harrowing it after every considerable rain, then sow the wheat in the fall, so it could come up from the fall rains, and get the benefit for the winter and early spring rains. Then, I raised some quite nice wheat on that dry Clara Bench, although I did not always have time to harrow the ground when I should have done so. I raised some melons one year that weighed as much as thirty-seven pounds, that only got water once soon after the seeds had

come up and then never got watered any more all summer. By my experimenting to see what could be done by dry farming, I got dry farming started in Dixie. But, lots of people do not take time to plow the land in the right time to preserve the moisture for a future crop.

One time, when I went to Hurricane* to attend the June Conference the Hurricane people were then getting two of their big harvesters ready to harvest their dry farm grain, although nearly all men to whom I would mention it would think it a foolish idea that we could do dry farming in Dixie, yet some good did come from it after all.

When Governor Spry** came to St. George to hold a meeting with the people there, I, with others from Santa Clara, went to hear him. Before he closed, he said for the people not to hurry out as he wanted to shake hands with all the people there. The governor went to the door, and the stake president, Edward H. Snow, went with him. The stake president would tell the governor who the different people were and, when I came to them, President Edward H. Snow said, "This is John S. Stucki, the best farmer in Dixie." A little later, the governor sent me an invitation to attend a farmers' convention in Denver, Colorado.

So these are some of the fruits of my farming experiments in the Utah Dixie, but it was sure a great surprise to be introduced to the governor as the best farmer in Dixie.

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* Hurricane is a town east of St. George, Utah. A peculiarity is that the third syllable is pronounced as an unstressed vowel and not as a long a.

** William Spry, a Republican, was governor of Utah from 1909-1917.

Church Activities

I will now endeavor to write a little of my ward and church activities and labors.

I was called to go with two older brethren as a ward teacher, but soon had to go with one, when I was yet quite small. Although I was then only ordained to the office of a deacon, I had been appointed president of the deacons' quorum quite early and, when they ordained some others of my age to higher offices, the bishopric would say they did not know of anyone who could take my place as deacons' quorum president as I always saw that the meetinghouse was cleaned, wood chopped, and fires started when needed. So, they kept me as deacons' quorum president until I was nearly old enough to be ordained an elder. I was only a priest for a short time until I was ordained an elder. Then, after I was released from being the president of the deacon's quorum, it was not very long until they got a janitor to take care of the meetinghouse.

After I was married, I was sure kept very busy. Samuel Reber and I were the main ward teachers for many years. He had one side of the town and I had the other for quite a long time. When people were in trouble with their neighbors, we two were the ones called on almost always by the bishopric to help them get their difficulties settled, and that was quite often in early times.

We were nearly always successful in getting them to come together and shake hands with forgiveness and peace, but I remember one time that we could not get the two families to come together and make peace. They were brought before the bishopric, and they could not get them to be reconciled. They were then brought before the high council and they could not get them to make peace with each other, so it was dropped as the high council

did not think it was important enough to bother the First Presidency with.

As I said, I was one of the head teachers for many years and was sometimes given almost more to do than I was able to do justice to. There was a time that, besides being ward teacher I was road supervisor, pound keeper, water master for two different fields, and a Sunday School teacher all at the same time.

I was chosen into nearly all the committees and to take charge of the dances for the holidays for many years after I had returned from my mission.

When our meetinghouse was drawing near to completion, the bishop, John G. Hafen, asked some of the leading brethren of the ward to go to the meetinghouse with him to see what place would be most suitable to have the stand built in and what kind of a stand we wanted to have. Some thought it ought to be one of the sides of the building and some thought it should be in the front or in the south end.

I thought it would be most suitable in the north end, where the people would come in from the front and where the leading men could see the people come in. I thought the bishopric should have the pulpit in the center, the organ and choir on one side, and the sacrament table in front of the pulpit. Well, in short, as I proposed is the way it was then built and now is, so my plan seemed to suit some of the other leading men also.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

A few years after I had been married there was some talk of releasing the superintendent, John Keller, who was a very intelligent man, only he had a little fault. I had been thinking of a few men whom I thought the bishopric might choose from, but I did not have the least idea they would think of me to take his

place, and surely was surprised when I heard of their having appointed me as superintendent of the Santa Clara Sunday School, which position I occupied until I went on my mission to Switzerland.

I was also appointed to take a class of young men one time and teach them to read German and explain scriptures to them in that language for a few years in the Santa Clara Sunday School. When parents' classes were started, I was appointed assistant teacher to Bishop Edward R. Frei. I did not have to take charge of the class very often, as he was very punctual and nearly always there.

So, I have been associated with Sunday Schools ever since they were first organized until now that I am over eighty years of age, whenever I was at home and well enough to go there, and I expect to keep on going as long as I am able to get to the Sunday School, for the good I receive thereby and to set a good example for the younger people. I am so used to it that it would seem as though I had not had a Sunday if I could not be in Sunday School.

KARL G. MAESER APPOINTS RELIGION CLASS INSTRUCTOR

The time came when the leaders of the church felt the need of having religion classes organized for the young people of the church. Then, Karl G. Maeser came to organize the religion class in Santa Clara, after having come down through the settlements organizing religion classes on his way down.

I was thinking of different brethren whom I thought Brother Maeser might select as instructor for the religion class and thought, as the bishopric knew that I had no education, I would be one of the last ones they would think of for an instructor, and it surely was a great surprise to me again when my name was

presented to be the religion class instructor of our ward, when there wasn't another man in Santa Clara who had so little schooling as I had.

I asked Brother Maeser if he had any outlines to give on how to conduct and what instructions to give. He said, "No," except for one to take lead in prayer, and all the others to follow in concert and that some of the leading brethren would have toget together and prepare some outlines.

At first, I did not know how to conduct the class without any instructions or outlines. Then I prayed to the Lord in secret that he might inspire me as to what to do, after which the thought came to me to organize the Bible Testament and Book of Mormon classes and have the students take turns in reading. I told them if there was anything that any of them could not understand, for them to ask the teacher of their class to explain it to them and, if their teacher could not give the explanation, the teacher could bring it before the whole meeting before the class and anyone could have the chance to give the explanation. If no one offered to give the explanation, then I would try to give the explanation the best I could. I said we should all try to understand the scriptures we read.

Every evening, I gave one of the teachers a subject to speak about, either one of the principles of the Gospel or some other subject such as honesty, politeness, kindness, or some similar subject, for the following evening session to speak about before dismissing.

Not only the young people came, but also some of the parents met with us, so we had quite interesting times, for which I also feel to thank the Lord for His blessing in answer to my humble prayer, when I did not know what to do and in hearing and answering my humble, secret prayers so very many times when I was called to fill important positions, when beforehand

sometimes I would think that I would be among the last of men to be called to fill such positions and, in times when great danger threatened me, how wonderfully I was protected from all harm of my enemies.

HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

When I was a single young man, I used to think, because I was so bashful, that I would never dare ask anyone to have me. Then, after my humble, secret prayers, how wonderfully was my dear wife Barbara Baumann led to me as mentioned in the foregoing, then, my dear wife Karolina Heimberg, and then again how wonderfully my dear wife Louise Reichenbach was led to me though heavenly dreams, in answer to her and my secret prayers, with all of whom I could have a happy life.

The last of my dear wives was called home on the 20th of January, 1931. I do not believe, even if I could have read and understood the hearts and the thoughts of persons, that I could have found any better companions – even it I could have had my choice out of thousands – than what God led to me.

We have been separated in peace and in the best of feelings and love for each other and I believe that if I, with the help of the Lord, can be faithful and true, we will have a more happy meeting than language can express when we meet never more to part.

It makes me feel good when I think of what a cheerful "good night" she said to me, just a little while before she passed away, to awaken me by such a "good night, Papa," in such a kind tone. And now, my innermost wish is that the Lord might bless me so that I might be able to live to the end – to be worthy of them forever when I am called home forever.

At the funeral services for my first dear wife, Barbara Baumann Stucki, the bishop, Edward R. Frei, said that she was one of the greatest empire builders in this country, that is, with her husband.

She had to prepare provisions for our sons for over a winter or spring time, while they were working on the Santa Clara Bench Canal. Two of our sons worked on that canal nearly all winter before any others would make a start, as most of the men thought we could never get that canal built.

SANTA CLARA BENCH CANAL

Some men, when riding on the range, would pass by where our sons were working on the canal and tell them they were just throwing work away, that we could never get it built. They would come home on Saturday evenings feeling quite discouraged. I would tell them that I believed that if we once got a nice stretch of canal built, then others would start to take contracts and start to work also and then, when the others saw the progress our sons had made, more and more started to work.

At last we did get the canal built. With what work our sons did, we spent about $8,000 on the canal. Although we had done a lot of work and had hired men to work and had paid out quite a lot of money while building the canal, the following year I had to pay the Bank of St. George* $200.00 in interest on what we were still owing the bank, let alone the principal. Then, later on, Bishop E. R. Frei said that I had built nearly a seventh of that big canal, an undertaking for so few people of so little means to build over such rough country where it had to be built.

It is not much to be wondered at if some did not have faith that we could ever get it built. By my starting to build the canal, I

* Original text reads, "bank of St. George."

got others encouraged to work also, so I think I might have a little claim in pioneering to get a town started on the old Santa Clara bench, which was afterwards named after our worthy President Ivins* and offers a chance to some of our young people to make their homes there.

My dear wife Barbara Baumann Stucki had to do quite a lot towards helping in the building of that canal by mending the clothes and stockings for our sons while they were working on the canal and, by mending the clothes and stockings for all the rest of our big family, we did not have to buy these things new so often and could thereby save up more money to pay off our big canal debt sooner.

I do not think that Bishop Edward R. Frei said much out of the way when he said, at her funeral service, that she was one of the greatest empire builders in the country.

I think so myself, as she would take quite a big basket full of stockings after supper to mend, and mend them all before going to bed. When I would go with a load of fruit to sell, and be gone for about a week, I would tell her not to hoe out weeds and that I could soon get them out when I came back. But, when I returned, she would have the gardens as clean as they can be. When I would tell her that she should have left that work for me to do, she would say that she thought I could make another trip sooner while the fruit was yet in good shipping condition and bring in a little more money. She sure did her best toward getting the big canal debt paid off.

In these different ways, she surely became an empire builder with me, yet she was patient, loving and kind. I feel that I can never say enough good of her and that I cannot thank God

* This town is still known today as Ivins, Utah. It is located in Washington County.

enough for having led such a noble companion to me in such a wonderful way and that I could have 46 years of happy life with her.

I hope that my Heavenly Father will help me also to live worthy of her and my other good wives and the good family she has helped to raise with the blessings of the Lord.

RAISING CHILDREN

I am now reminded of the time when we had a family of beautiful little children of the Lord. How I felt my weakness to instruct them and raise them to become useful members in the church of Christ. How I had a desire to have more wisdom so I could raise them as would be pleasing unto the Lord. Feeling my weakness, I went on top of the hill by our house (where I had been used to going to have my secret prayers), to pray to the Lord that he might inspire us with wisdom so that we might be able to raise our children in the fear of the Lord, that they might grow up with a desire to become useful members in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* and to do good to mankind and thereby also gain eternal life in the presence of God.

Now, I fell that all honor belongs to my Heavenly Father for having blessed me and my dear wife with the good family we have received and over which I feel to rejoice in my old days.

LOUISE REICHENBACH

After my dear wife, Barbara, had passed away, my kind Heavenly Father, in a wonderful way, led a good soul of a wife with four good sons and four good daughters to me to be my wife forever and her children to be our children together. Her name

* Original text reads, "church of Jesus Christ."

was Louise Reichenbach. However, her first husband, John Wursten, had left her to rustle a living alone for a family of eight after she had embraced the Gospel. She said that she had quite a little property when they got married, but that he sold it and that she never could find out where all the money went. Then, after she came to this country, she married a Mr. Meier, who also left them. Then she explained this to President Joseph F. Smith, who sent her a divorce.

She was a woman of great courage and faith, or she would not have dared to emigrate with eight quite small children alone. She took great pleasure in doing temple work and kept her children all faithful workers in the church. She was very much like my first wife – loving, peaceful, and kind and I had eight years of really happy life with her also until she passed away and I have written in the foregoing in the wonderful way we were led together of the Lord in answer to her and my secret prayers. So, I have reaped a good harvest of my missionary work in two good souls of my converts, having been led to me in a wonderful way to become my wives through heavenly manifestations.

Through them I have been blessed with twelve children, and all are living yet, except one. It makes me feel to rejoice to think of the great blessings that I have had come to me of the Lord's having blessed my humble missionary labors and to know how the work has spread.

Her sons, Alfred and John, and her daughter, Katherine, have fulfilled missions and their mother has done the temple work for over four thousand people.

Then, to see some of my other converts also working in the Logan and St. George Temples makes me rejoice. I did not think, when I was first called to go on a mission, that it would or could ever end with so many wonderful experiences and such a rich harvest for me. What a great reward I would have missed if I had

not responded to the call on account of the reasons that I mentioned.

The Lord is able to cause the weak to accomplish good. My last dear wife took great pleasure in offering up all the means she had, even to selling her only milk cow, to pay for men's names in endowment work to be done for the salvation of the dead. After we were married, she said that she had no money nor anything left except her home, and that she lived on very plain food so as to save all the money she could to pay for temple work. Sometimes she would have three or four men do temple work for her whenever she could sell anything to get a few dollars. She had gotten entirely out of means but had the great satisfaction of having all her temple work done. That is, all she could do now and she seemed to fell to rejoice that she had spent all her means for a good cause, having gotten the temple work performed for about three and a half thousand persons before I came to Logan.

After we were married, she wrote the Stucki record into a temple record book (about 850 names), and she wrote out all of the sheets for baptism and endowment work and sheets for sealing couples and others for sealing children to parents of the Stucki, Baumann, and Diem records. Then, she recorded the work in the records after the work was done. She took great pains, and also pride, in making nice, clean records, which were sent to us by Julius Billeter. He has his main office in Schneebergstr 65, St. Gallen, Switzerland.* I thought I would write his name and address in this book so that if any of our posterity should need to write to Brother Billeter, they would know where to send the letters.

* The closest address I could find is Schneebergstrasse 65, 9000 St. Gallen, Switzerland.

She did the endowment work for over a half a thousand names on the above mentioned records and worked as long as she was able to do temple work. The last time she went to do temple work she fainted away and had to be carried out during the morning services. I think that she has as fully fulfilled her life's mission as it is possible for anyone to do and I think she had nothing to regret when she arrived on the other side. Her joy must have been full and complete when she came to meet the thousands of friends for whom she performed the temple work and her parents and all her loved ones. How they must have welcomed her when she met them. I am sure she will be one of those who will receive the blessings of which the Lord spoke, "Such as no eye hat seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man the great blessings which are in store for the faithful to receive" (see Isaiah 64:4; I Corinthians 2:9; and Doctrine and Covenants 133:45.)

I will here mention the names of the record that my dear wife and daughter Katherine have done the work for. Our daughter did most of the writing of the first four or five records and also quite a lot of the temple work. That is the Wursten, Reichenbach, Brand, Perreten, and Switzgebel records. Our other daughters and sons did some temple work on the first few records also, but my dear wife Louise did all the writing for the Stucki, Baumann, and Diem records, if I remember rightly.

My only and greatest desire and prayer is that my kind Heavenly Father might bless me that he might help me to be an earnest and faithful worker for the good and salvation of manking – for the living and for those who have gone behind the veil – that I might also gather treasures in heaven. This, nearly all my life,

has been my greatest desire. It always gives me joy if I can do anything to gladden the hearts of anyone.

So, when I was on my mission, I got my dear mother's "Stettler Record" which reached back to my eighth great-grandfather, and I got the work done in the St. George Temple. Also, quite a lot on my second dear wife's "Heimberg Record." So I had done much temple work in the St. George Temple, while living in Santa Clara, before I came to Logan.

REMOVAL TO LOGAN FOR TEMPLE WORK

I liked to live in Santa Clara so well that I used to think I would never want to leave it and, as long as my dear wife remained alive, I did not think of leaving. But, as she passed away on the 22nd of March, 1922, and the Louise Reichenbach (who was a convert of mine), who had her home in Logan, offered to help me with temple work. She lived close to the Logan Temple and I could walk and get there in time. While in Santa Clara, I was about six miles from the Temple and used a team and buggy to get there.

Through heavenly manifestations, we learned that the Lord had appointed us for each other. Also, as my dear wife had all her sons and daughters in Logan, she preferred to remain rather than to go down to my Santa Clara home.

So, now I have worked in the Logan Temple for over eight years steady except when I broke my collarbone and had to stay home for a few weeks and at this writing for over two months on account of having taken sick and having swollen feet and legs and also a bad sore on my right hip. I have not only worked steadily myself but have paid men to work for me in the St. George Temple.

In 1930, I paid for 182 men's names endowed for by others. I had, altogether, 1,091 endowments performed in the two years of 1929 and 1930. I have paid for temple work to be done by others in both the Logan and St. George Temples during the eight years while I have been working steady.

So, through the blessings of the Lord I can feel that I have been able to do a little good for the redemption of the dead, for which I feel very thankful to my Heavenly Father for, without His blessings, I could not have done so much temple work.

All the honor belongs to God, my Eternal Father, but I feel to rejoice over His having blessed be to accomplish so much.

I am now over eighty years of age and I cannot expect to be able to do much that would be of importance for you children and to our posterity to read about to build you up in our faith and to do good works in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ and towards the salvation of mankind that what I have written in the foregoing little Family History Journal.

I expect to try to be useful in doing good as long as I can for the good of mankind and to try to keep on gathering more treasures in heaven.

WORDS OF ADVICE AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Now I, John S. Stucki, am drawing near to bring my little Family History Journal to a close and of writing of the many wonderful life experiences with which my kind Heavenly Father has blessed me many times in my life in answer to my humble, secret prayers. Now I will write a few words by way of exhortation because I believe that, as I have been wonderfully blessed in answer to my humble, secret prayers, that you dear children can also in like manner be blessed of the Lord, if you will

pay an honest tithing, pay your debts when they become due, and donate freely for the poor and needy and for church buildings, seek to do the will of the Lord first and foremost in all things, having faith and trusting in God for the outcome, you can be sure that the rewards will come sometime for all the good you shall do, that He will be quick to hear and answer your humble, secret prayers. Inasmuch as you shall be praying for a good cause and are desirous to do the will of your Heavenly Father and seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and His righteousness, he has said that all other things should be added unto you (see Matthew 6:33.)

The wise man Solomon said, "I have been young and I have got to be old, but I have never seen the righteous forsaken no their seed crying for bread" (see Psalm 37:25.)* So, by seeking the Lord with good works and humble, secret prayers, I am sure that he will never forsake you but will hear your humble, secret prayers in times of need like he has done for me many times.

When I did not know what to do, the Lord has kindly made things known to me either through the whispering of His Holy Spirit or sometimes through dreams. Sometimes, when I had a dream that I thought must mean something to me, and I could not know what it meant, after asking the Lord to make it known to me, after going to sleep the interpretation was given me in another dream the same night.

Sometimes things were made known to me by heavenly voices speaking to me with loud words. So it would be made known to me in one way or another what was the will of the Lord, which was always for my best good and pleasing before the Lord.

While I was in the mission field, some of my enemies would make great threats of how awfully they were going to treat me if I ever came into their town again. Then, by my thinking

* Author is cited as David in the Old Testament

that I must do my duty before the Lord before all things and trust in Him for His protection and go and exhort the saints to faithfulness and then by praying to the Lord to protect me from all harm and by trusting in Him, how, while I was speaking to the saints, the mob came and gathered around the house and started to throw heavy things against the house and on the roof and make a loud noise on the outside. Then, a voice said to me, "Speak loud and plain so those on the outside can hear what you say also." So, I bore my testimony to them in earnest, loud, plain words. Then, after a while the noise ceased again. We were afterwards told who were the three leaders of the mob and I learned that all three leaders embraced the Gospel. So, we were not only protected by the Lord from all harm of enemies, but our labors brought good fruits by our enemies' being led to repent of their sins and being led to drink of the fountain of the waters of eternal life.

As I have had my prayers heard and answered many times, so also can you all have your humble, secret prayers heard and answered, with blessings upon your heads, our dear children and children's children, under like faithfulness, even to the latest generations, for it pleaseth the Lord to have His children draw near unto Him by keeping His commandments and in humble, secret prayer.

Never allow yourselves to become weak or neglectful in the service of the Lord and to mankind. Always remain true and faithful to the end. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but only to those who hold out faithful in their service to God, faithful to the end of their lives will eternal life be given, which is the greatest gift of God which we can gain unto ourselves only through continuous living up to the requirements of the Gospel and of those that are placed over us in the Holy Priesthood of God.

I wish to exhort you all to pray to God to bless you in all your undertakings, whether you go on a trip or whether you go to plant your crops. Ask His blessings upon the planted seed and ask Him to inspire you how to take the best care of it. If you buy a new wagon or machine, ask the Lord to bless them for the best good, that you might not have any bad luck while using them. If you get a new suit of clothes, ask His blessing upon it.

Especially in making a choice of a companion for life and all eternity, which is one of the most important things, you do need to pray to your Heavenly Father, for then I believe that He will lead you to some good soul with whom you can have a right happy life forever as I, after praying to the Lord in sincere and humble secret prayers, have had good souls led to me through heavenly manifestations with whom I have had a very peaceful, happy life. Better companions in every way I could never have wished for – with whom I expect I will have a happy meeting on the other side never more to part.

It is my firm belief that, as I have had my humble, secret prayers heard and answered, that He will hear and answer yours likewise and also lead you to good companions with whom you can have happy lives.

Now I will leave these few kind exhortations with you, dear children and posterity, even for later generations to read and ponder over. When you read these things in this little Family History Journal, read them carefully and I hope they may also encourage you to draw near to your Heavenly Father and, by pondering over these things, that your faith may also be strengthened to trust in God and through faith and good works also become worthy to receive revelations of His holy mind and will to lead and guide you all through your journey of life to the end.

My innermost and earnest desire and prayer is to God, the Eternal Father, in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ, that He may be with you all and bless you all, dear children and future posterity, with a rich portion of His Holy Spirit at all times which will lead you in that straight and narrow path which leads to life eternal and, when you read these things, that He may sanctify them for your eternal good, that you may remain true and faithful to the covenants you have made with God, your Eternal Father, to the end of your lives.

With the hope that we may all become worthy to receive the welcome words of our dear Lord, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord" (see Matthew 25:21, 23) that we may in the great and endless future have the privilege to rejoice in the Eternal Life all together.

This is the sincere desire and prayer of your loving father, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, amen.

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