

LOUISA SPONGBERG PETERSON

Written by Albenia P. Bodily (her daughter)

Mother always loved the better things in life. She loved to read and tried to educate herself as much as possible. Her parents let her go to Ogden and live with her uncle and aunt while attending school.

Her home was always clean and she made everybody welcome. She loved to give of herself and her home. She often said that it was better to give than to receive. She called on her relatives and friends often and continually helped her parents brighten their lives. Mother helped care for the sick when possible and also helped when death came to the community. She nursed her father for some time until he passed away at 83 years of age. She lived 3/4 of a mile away from her own parents and would help them wash and put up fruit and other tasks. She suffered very much from headaches, but she always did her share for the others.

She gave more information pertaining to the history of Franklin and Preston than any other one person. She had a wonderful memory her whole life. She died when her youngest son was only 13 years old.

Written by Ona Crockett Edgley (her granddaughter)

Louisa was born to Charles and Jacobena Spongberg in Franklin, Idaho, in the winter of 1865. Her parents had come from Denmark in 1857. Her mother walked most of the way across the plains and was barefoot most of the time. The trip had been hard and food was scarce. Her father mended wagons by setting tires and making shoes for horses and oxen. He helped guard camp against Indians and wild animals.

Louisa was the fifth of eight children. She learned to work at all of the tasks of the pioneers. Her father was a blacksmith and farmer. Her mother spun and wove cloth and carpets. They all helped each other all they were able. Her education consisted of what she was able to get in a one room log schoolhouse in Franklin. When she was fourteen she herded cattle for a neighbor. She drove them in the morning from Worm creek to Bear River. In the evening she drove them home. It was seven miles each way.

Louisa saved her small wages and attended high school in Ogden for two years. She lived with an uncle and aunt. She qualified to teach school while she was in high school. For a short time she taught in the old schoolhouse she had attended as a child in Franklin. She loved to read and tried to put into practice all the lovely things about which she read. She was always interested in educating and developing herself and her children.

When Louisa was seventeen she married Soren Peterson. Soren lived on a neighboring farm and was twenty-two. This couple had their wedding dance in the one room school house that was on their farm. This building was later moved into the town of Preston as a historical relic and it now sits behind the City Hall (1992).

Louisa and Soren began their lives together in a two room log house with a shingled roof. Soren had built this house. It was located one and one half miles east of Preston on Soren's farm. As they were blessed with their babies other rooms were added until they were able to build a spacious two story house in 1889. This new house was one of the nicer ones in the valley at that time.

Louisa never complained of the hardships she endured as a pioneer. Her mind was so filled with thoughts and deeds for others. She called on the sick often and attended all of the funerals. She traveled many miles to help in times of sickness and death. She was among the first to join the Daughters of the Pioneers organization in Franklin county. She was its first historian. She was a valuable help in making their history book because of her remarkable memory on dates and facts.

Louisa and Soren gave their ten living children every available educational advantage. Seven were talented in music. They were all good students and active in school and civic affairs.

Louisa's parents had always lived near her. Her mother died in 1909. Her father was living in her home when he passed away in 1913 at the age of 87.

Louisa died in the LDS hospital in Salt Lake City after a long bout with cancer at the age of 59. All who knew her mourned her passing. To know her was to love her. She was loved for that deep lovingness resting within her tender brooding eyes, the quiet questionings, sweet replies, and her patient brows that knew no bitter nod. Her death was a great sorrow to her beloved companion, Soren.