

Stories of Faith and Courage



**A collection from the members
of Benson Ward**



*Music I heard with you was more
than music, and bread I broke with you
was more than bread. -- Conrad Aiken--*



Someone once said (*I wish I knew who it was*), "A wise man learns from experience. A wiser man learns from the experience of others." This booklet is what it was intended to be--an informal compilation of stories that are meaningful to each submitter. They are true stories, and I admire the courage you have to share them so freely. **I thank each of you!** *A special thanks also needs to go to Rosalee Thain and Jim Schaub for sharing some of their photography with us.* I have included the stories and pictures and articles as they were given to me for that is the way that they are most meaningful. I have edited very little, partly from lack of ability, but mostly because I wanted the personality of the story teller to shine through the story.

It is my suspicion that there were many more stories that were going to be submitted, but just never made it; and I also suspect that as one reads the stories included here, it will bring to mind other personal experiences. Please use this as a workbook where you can jot down your own thoughts and memories as they come to you. I have not tried to fill up all the white on these pages with a lot of "cute" to add interest. Life is what is interesting and you have room here to add your own bits of wisdom gleaned from living.

May each of us continue to be blessed throughout our lives. As we part from the old and look forward to the new, may we continue to share the love and wisdom we have been given, and go into the future with renewed *faith* and *courage*.

Barta E. Reese--1998



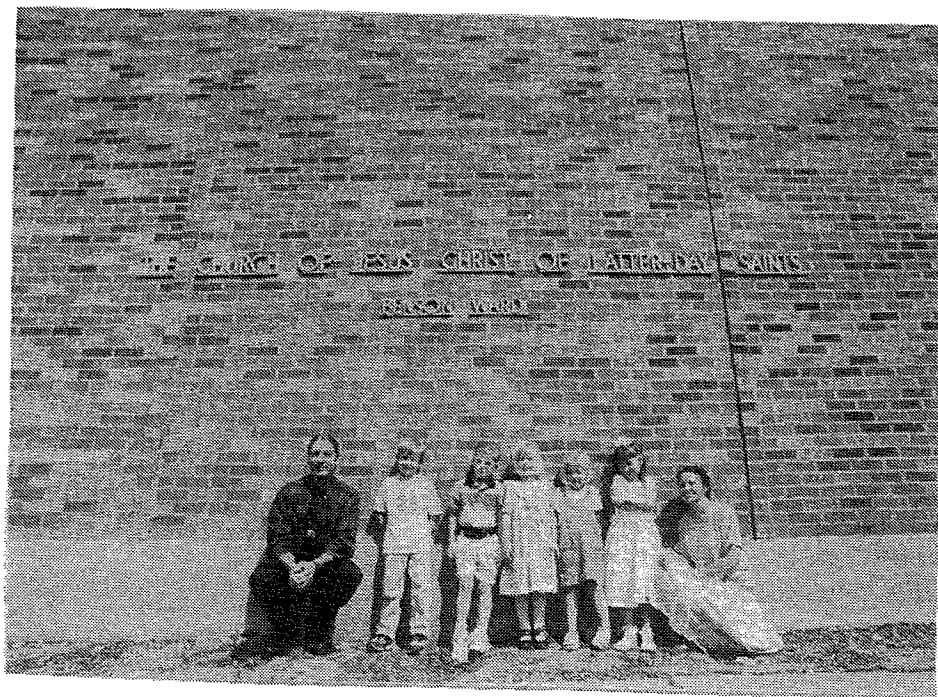
Personal
Comfort &
Growth

After ten years of serving in the Primary, Jim and I found ourselves on the "adult" side of the ward. Trying to adjust and feeling very homesick, I discovered the lessons of life we had learned, especially from the last five years of teaching four-year-olds. At the request of the editor, I submit those lessons, which also illustrate why we miss Primary:

Ten Things I Learned From Four-Year-Olds

1. Church is *way* too long.
2. Food wields a lot of power.
3. Hold to the rope if you go outside.
4. Take turns talking.
5. Everyone should feel like a princess (a lesson from Lexie Reese).
6. *Always* be kind to everyone and everything.
7. There aren't answers for every question.
8. Sometimes forget the lesson.
9. The gospel is best in its simplest form.
10. Heavenly Father loves me.

—Lori Schaub



TO BE FORGIVEN, ONE MUST FORGIVE

Compilers note: This story was submitted anonymously, with the explanation that it was such a personal experience that he/she even hesitated to share it. However, with the feeling that it might help another individual who is struggling with forgiveness, also, it is shared here for you.

"I would like to share an experience with you about forgiveness. While on my mission, I served diligently except one certain day. "The day had not started out well, and by the time my companion and I rode our bikes a good 20 or more miles to the village we were tiring--we found ourselves tired and rather silly. We were discussing the funny things about our mission and the people; and were not acting like representatives of the Lord. We stood on top of an apartment building which was about 20 stories high and spit into the wind.

"After goofing off for awhile, we decided we had better get back to work. We knocked on a door and something silly came over me and I introduced myself as 'The Wind.' My companion looked at me and laughed, but acted appropriately. We were asked in and given a drink. I had a terrible case of giggles. I couldn't stop giggling. It would stop for a few minutes and then I would giggle again. I knew this was not how a representative of the Lord should act. We couldn't teach a discussion--which I'm sure the lady would have listened to. She was so sweet and kind to us even though she had no idea why we were laughing. We had to dismiss ourselves and leave so I could get hold of myself and we never went back.

"I carried with me a lot of guilt from that day's experience. This happened about 16 years ago. Two and a half years ago, I came to a time in my life when I was feeling the need to repent of my wrong doings and this experience was something I desperately wanted to be forgiven of. I was on my knees and my heart was aching as I thought of this lady who may have accepted the Gospel--but because of my sin she didn't have the opportunity. I was so full of remorse, and I had studied repentance and knew I could not restore what I had done. I could not go back overseas. And even if I did, I would never be able to find her. I could not right my wrongs, and did not know how I could ever be forgiven.

"As I cried unto the Lord seeking forgiveness somehow--through His Grace, I hoped--a small voice came into my head and my heart and quietly said, 'How can I forgive you, when you cannot forgive that man?' I immediately knew who the man was; for in my heart I had carried anger and bitterness towards a young man who had hurt me terribly when I was a small child. I had read the scripture in 3 Nephi 13:14-15 earlier while studying the scriptures; and I finally knew that I had to forgive this man and then I too, could be forgiven. Our forgiveness depends upon our willingness to forgive others.

"It took a little more time, and then in a Priesthood blessing (by a man who had no idea of my struggle), came the words, 'your sins are forgiven you; and that day I felt as white and pure as the day I was baptized. Now when I am tempted to carry the poison of anger, revenge, or bitterness towards another, I remember my experience and know that if I want to be forgiven of the Lord or others--then I must always forgive.

"We should make a commitment to forgive all offenses as they are happening, or at least to forgive daily. Through sincere prayer the Lord will help us keep this commitment,

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy;"

When we moved to Benson three years ago, we thought we were here because your peaceful rural community was the kind of place we like to live. However, since that time we have discovered a more powerful reason.....and this is why I am writing this story.

My cousins, James and Evelyn Baird, from Manti, Utah, have been deeply involved in searching out our family history for many years. They had traced one of the family lines back into the Devon and Somerset areas in England, but were frustrated by the fact they were unable to find much information beyond the 1800's. They had discovered in their research that members of both their families had met and married and as a result they were both researching this same line. Jim had been weakened by cancer and was very ill, but had placed a large recliner in front of his computer and would work on his genealogy records whenever he had the strength. One night about 2:00 AM he retired to his bed in much pain and feeling very discouraged. As he was drifting off to sleep he asked himself, "Why me? Why do I need to do this work when I don't feel well?" He was startled to hear the voice of his father-in-law, my uncle, A.R. Whiting, who had died in 1960, telling him, "Jim, I will tell you why one more time, but after this pay attention to your dreams!"

He was then shown an immense group of thousands of people in the spirit world. He understood them to be ancestors. They were dressed well, but conservatively and obviously ready and waiting for something. Some were relaxed and singing hymns, others were reading scriptures and having gospel discussions. There seemed to be barricades along the perimeters and here he saw many anxiously walking to and fro.

To one side was a small group of men having a conversation. The group included his father, grandfather, great-grandfather and his father-in-law along with others, some of whom he recognized. His grandfather spoke of the missionary work they had all been doing and then asked, "What are we to do? These people have all been taught and converted, but now they are holding us responsible for their lack of progress." His great-grandfather responded that they needed to see that the temple ordinances are done for them, to which his grandfather asked "But how? Do you have any ideas." His great-grandfather then stated "Jimmy will do it."

Jim's father then spoke up saying, "Right now Jim has more than he can handle and is very discouraged. He will need help." His great-grandfather answered "it will never be easier than now" and turning to A. R. Whiting asked if the records were ready, to which he received an affirmative reply and also a promise that Brother Whiting's daughter Evelyn would help Jim with this work.

During the following months many miraculous events took place that convinced them that they were indeed receiving help from the other side. The librarian of the Manti City Library made available to the local Family History Center some books that had been locked in a cabinet in the basement for many years. These included a book of Devonshire wills published in 1898, plus several volumes of parish registers some going back as far as 1400. One of the volumes crucial to their lineage was missing and their daughter accidentally discovered this very volume in the library at BYU. From another source they

were given access to an index of Somerset christenings and marriages, arranged alphabetically by surname.

As a result Jim and Evelyn have extracted more than 16,000 names from these sources. As soon as the names are TempleReady, we as family members are taking them to our various temples throughout the world to begin the process of performing the temple ordinances. The vast multitude he saw that night are quickly being freed to progress beyond the barricades.

When we took our first disk to the Logan Temple, we were told that we were lucky to live in Benson because the people here are so willing to help with family names. Since that time we have discovered what a blessing it is that this is where we chose to live. Benson members have done the ordinances for hundreds of our names. We are so grateful for your help and want you to know the story of how these names came to be. Jim's story is one that needs to be shared because of the urgency of getting this work completed, not just for our family, but yours too. Thanks again, Benson, for helping us with our small part. Benson is indeed a great place to live!

-by Inez Bingham

On September 22, 1962 our sixth child, a son, was born. As was the custom with us, we never decided on a name for our children until after they were here. We tried various names on them to see which one seemed to fit their personalities, so they were not blessed until we had settled on a name and decided that was the one that fit them.

I remember the morning I gave David a name and a blessing. When I came home Sharlene was quite upset with me because the blessing didn't include the normal things that most blessings include, such as being married in the temple, going on a mission, etc.

Prior to the blessing we had prayed that we might receive the inspiration we needed for this ordinance. I remember the occasion, because that's the only one of our children that members of Sharlene's family were present for the blessing. Her father and brother Clark were there.

There were four major parts of the blessing he was given. One was that he would have a cheerful countenance. The second one was that he would be blessed with the spirit of obedience. Another was that he would be a strong influence for good on his companions. The fourth was that he be appointed a guardian angel who would protect him until his mission in life was completed.

I guess my wife was justifiably concerned as to why these things weren't included. I had no answer for her, except that I felt that was the blessing intended for him.

To show how some of these things were fulfilled, he really was a cheerful person, not only with his siblings but also with his companions and he did have a strong influence on them. If he suggested that the group do things, they usually all went ahead and did it. There is nothing that I am aware of that was of a harmful or derogatory nature. To show about his spirit of obedience, in his eighth year he had developed a terrific love for basketball and decided he wanted to be a pro when he grew up. There were other boys in the neighborhood, some considerably older than he was, who had basketball standards in their yards. He went to their places to play with them. I said, "David, I know some of these boys are using bad language. If I find out that you start doing it too I'll just have to stop you from going over there. Periodically I'd check on him to see how he was doing. Finally, he said: "Dad, I think I've got it whipped." When he got angry he would say, "Dang!" That was about the strongest word he had.

I didn't think much more of it until in June of 1972. David had been really careful learning how to drive tractors, and I suppose of all the kids he was the most cautious and careful. Unfortunately I let him take a tractor that was too big for him to handle properly. He pulled over to let a car go by in the opposite direction, hit a bump and the tractor overturned and pinned him in a canal full of water.

We hadn't thought much about his blessing because we didn't write it down. It wasn't until after his passing that one night I remember I couldn't sleep. I got up and asked Sharlene, "Which child was it that received this particular blessing?" She remembered that it was David. Then it became apparent that he was given the blessing that was intended for him. Even though he wasn't quite ten years old when he was taken, apparently the mission he was sent here to do was completed. I guess the Lord had a greater mission for him somewhere else.

By Wayne R. Cardon

In July of 1984 our daughter-in-law, Kate, prematurely went into labor and was taken to the hospital in the middle of the night. The next morning was Sunday and when we went to church we hadn't heard the status of what was going on. As we entered the church I told my wife, Sharlene, I felt a strong impression that I needed to go to the hospital. Since she had an assignment she didn't go with me.

As I entered the room to inquire where she was the nurse came to me and said, "I'm sure glad you're here. The baby has been born and we don't think he will be able to live. Unless the Mother and Father have definite feelings about what to do, the procedure is to put them in the trash."

I went in to talk to Paul and Kate. Paul and I gave the baby a name and a blessing. He was still struggling for life but his lungs were not developed enough to keep breathing and after the blessing it was only a short time before he passed away.

Instead of going in the trash he was prepared for burial and a wonderful graveside service was held. He now has a lovely spot in the cemetery where the family can go and visit. He is considered one of the family just as though he were alive.

If it hadn't been for the promptings of the spirit that Sunday morning, I never would have gone.

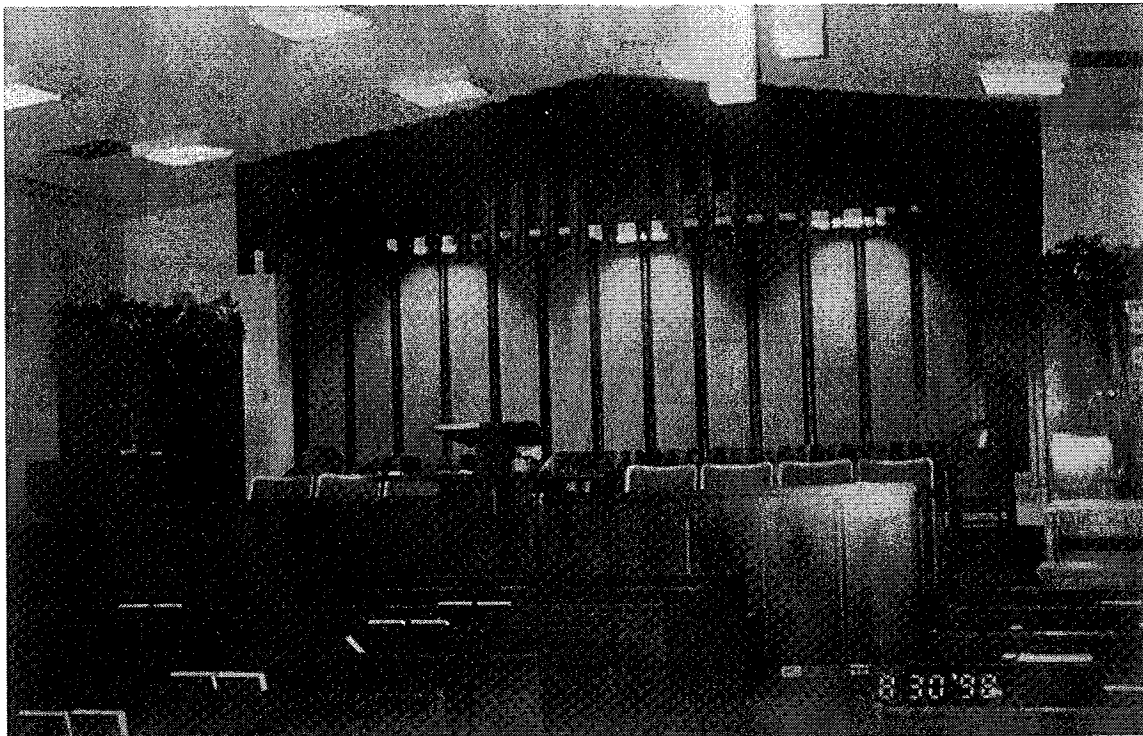
By Wayne R. Cardon

Some of the greatest spiritual experiences of my life took place during my mother's short illness and her death, Easter morning 1997. When I first learned my Mother had cancer, I felt impressed that she would not live very long. I prayed fervently that she would not have to suffer the painful end stages of cancer. Over the ensuing months, I found out that this was the same initial reaction that my father and all my sisters and brother experienced.

One evening in January, I had the privilege of doing initiatory work at the temple. While waiting for my turn to move forward, I was pondering about my mother's illness as it was on my mind constantly. The temple worker actually reminded me of my grandma, my mother's mother. I had lived next door to grandma while growing up and had a very tender relationship with her up until her death in 1987. This temple worker was built like my grandma--she was shorter than me, her shoulders were rounded, but most of all, her hands looked exactly like grandma's. As I watched her hands, I turned my attention heavenward and silently questioned, "Grandma, grandma! What, are you doing right now?" I was enveloped in a warm and tender feeling as the thought came to my mind, "I'm preparing to meet my little girl, to be reunited with her." As the tears of my impending loss came, so too, did the peace of knowing it would be a joyful reunion.

I shared this experience with my father shortly before my mother passed away. It had the same effect on him as he began to tear, yet be filled with peace. As he shared it with my siblings, it turned out that everyone of us had similar confirmations and experiences in our own way. When my mother passed away on Easter morning, we all watched the Tabernacle Choir broadcast together. The program, of course, centered on Christ's death and resurrection which was a timely subject for what we were experiencing. The final number performed by the choir was "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." The tears began to flow as we all concluded that this was our final confirmation that our mother too, still lives and is happily preparing a place for us to follow someday.

Alice Cowley



BONNIE FISHER

Jeff and Lisa were married on December 1, 1987 in Hopewell, Virginia. At that time Lisa was a member of the Catholic Church. I received this letter on August 18, 1992. Lisa was baptized on September 13, 1992. Jeff and Lisa and John Lawrence, their son, were sealed March 12, 1994 in the Logan Temple. We are very happy to have Lisa in our family.

Dear Mom,

It's almost midnight, but I couldn't sleep so I thought I would share some of my thoughts with you. We have finished the 4th lesson with the missionaries tonight and will have the 5th & 6th on Sunday. By the time you get this you will know that I am going to be baptized into the Church while we are home. I never thought I would feel like this. I always figured I would join, but I thought that I would do it for Jeff and I never thought that I would truly believe in my heart that the BOOK OF MORMON was true. I thought wrong. Ever since Jeff and I got married, I've said that I felt that God would let me know when the time was right. In that I was partially right. I knew that God has definitely been steering me toward the Church, but I can't pinpoint a date or time as to when my thinking changed. I've asked if the BOOK OF MORMON was true so many times that I've lost count, but I wasn't ready. I would start reading, but it was always with the intent to find fault rather than truth. I questioned the validity of Joseph Smith and his vision. I cried every time we went to Sacrament Meeting. All of these were signs that I just wasn't ready.

I'm thankful to Heavenly Father for being patient. I'm thankful that He never gave up on me.

Love always,

Lisa

Avalanche

It was a beautiful winter morning that my husband Eric and I ventured out into the mountains above Cache Valley to do some early season, backcountry snowboarding. The winter snow so far had been very sparse so when we woke up that morning and discovered that the mountains had been covered with a deep, white blanket of new powder, our hearts began to race.

We realized that the potential for avalanches that day would most likely be high. We made a call to the Avalanche Forecast Center and our thoughts were confirmed. The report stated that the conditions were in fact dangerous. So we left our home feeling a little disappointed that we would be unable to venture onto the steep, untracked powder bowls that we both love to ride.

We arrived at Tony Grove that morning and were both more than eager to get on the mountain and make some tracks. The sun reflected off the white world around us as we trudged through the two feet of new snow.

As we neared Tony Grove Lake, we noticed a very distinct path that flowed down one of the upper bowls on the mountain. Both of us felt a little tinge of anxiety run through us when we realized that it was an avalanche that had cleared the snow off of nearly half of a mile of the mountain. We both remarked about the dangerous condition of the snowpack and once again resolved that we would stay off of the steep terrain and stay on the safe slopes.

As we hiked through the snow-covered campgrounds we passed several snow-lovers who were out enjoying the new bounty. As we passed them, we warned them about the avalanche danger and asked them to spread the word.

As we continued our ascent of the mountain, we stopped to assess the surrounding hillsides. We spotted a short, gentle slope and decided it would be ideal for snowboarding. Both of us came to the conclusion that the hill looked safe and that time was wasting.

Eric began breaking a trail through the nearly waist deep powder up the mountainside. As we slowly made our way up the mountain with our snowboards under our arms, I began to feel the excitement again. I couldn't wait to get to the top of that hill, strap on my board, and track up the place.

just as those thoughts were running through my mind I heard a noise that sounded like rolling thunder. I looked up just in time to see the entire face of the mountain crack open and begin to slide toward us and the only thing I could think to do was run. I heard Eric yelling for help at the top of his voice and remembered the group of young men that we just talked to. I also began yelling for help as I turned my body down the mountain. I tried to run down the hill unsuccessfully in the waist-deep snow. Two steps after I began I felt the heavy blow of the avalanche in the middle of my back. I could run no farther. The slide pushed me forward so I was face down in the billowing river of white. It's funny, the things you think about when you're placed in a life-threatening situation. I guess it's probably my mom's fault for bugging me all those years about wearing clean underwear and shaving my legs before I went snowboarding, just in case I did get in an accident. I didn't want anyone to find my dead or injured body with unshaved legs! As the avalanche continued down the hill and began to slow I suddenly remembered something that I learned in an avalanche safety class. MAKE AN AIR POCKET! I quickly moved my mitten-covered hands toward my face just as the slide came to a stop. The heavy snow felt like cement as it crushed my body and packed in around me. My arms were trapped under me but I had still been able to make a very small air pocket in front of my mouth. I knew that I was trapped. I struggled and tried to free myself but the snow weighed down so heavily on my back and chest that I could barely take a short breath. My mind was clean. My thoughts were very clear and surprisingly calm and rational. I thought, "Don't panic. Don't waste your air supply. Just relax and stay calm and someone will get you out of here." Never once did the thought of dying cross my mind. I knew that I would be safe and that I would be out of there soon. Seconds later I heard that wonderful voice that I married. Eric was yelling my name...and I could hear him loud and clear. I thought to myself, "If I can hear him, he

can hear me.” I started yelling. I cried out two or three times before the snow started filling my mouth.

Not more than a minute after the avalanche came to a stop, and just before my air ran out, I felt the gloved hands of my sweetheart digging the snow off of my head. It wasn't until Eric uncovered the rest of my body that I realized how far under the snow I was. He had, on his first attempt, dug directly to my head, which was buried under four feet of packed snow.

Eric had narrowly escaped being buried himself. He was able to stay almost entirely on top of the slide until it came to a stop. He then found himself buried up to his neck in snow but was able to dig himself out. It took us nearly two hours of digging to find our snowboards.

Every day I reflect on this experience, and every day I thank my Heavenly Father for preserving my life and my husband's. I know with a surety that the Spirit was with us that day. I know, without a doubt in my mind, that Eric was guided in the right direction and told what to do. I know that I was comforted and calmed when I was facing a grim situation. I know that Heavenly Father has a work for me to do here on this earth that is important.

The more I live life and think about how fragile it is, the more grateful I become that I have here and now. I am so thankful to my Father in Heaven for giving me a second chance on life. I am truly grateful for the gospel in my life and I know that without the guidance we received that beautiful day, we would not be here to share our story.

Amy Watterson Flygare

An Answer to My Prayer

by Glen Hobbs

On May 8, 1958, it being Mother's Day, my wife, Beth, sons Gary, Dennis, and the 6-year old twins DelRay and Renae went to Wellsville to see Grandma Cooper. I, being one of the directors on the Benson Irrigation Company, did not go to Wellsville because we had a group of men to start cleaning the canal the next morning. I went out to see just where to have them start cleaning and to see what work had to be done.

I drove my pickup out on the Meridian Line Road where Fred and Linda Stevens built there new home. There is a bridge across the canal and about 25 feet west of the bridge is an old cement backup or headgate. The sides are four feet high and eight feet long. There is a 2" x 8" plank to walk on. I have walked across it several times in my life. What I did not know was that one wall had caved in and some neighbors had pulled it back in place with a tractor. They had placed the plank as a brace so that it would not fall back into the canal. I stepped on the plank to cross. It fell. One end was on the opposite side resting on the other cement bank. The other end down in the canal. I fell in the canal on my back with my right leg on top of the plank with the wall of cement on top of my other leg. I was in a very serious predicament. There was about six inches of cold water. I was also lying in a lot of mud. My first thoughts were to try to get my leg free. I finally reached my pitch fork that I had brought with me. I used it as a lever to pry the cement off my leg. I broke the handle in three pieces trying to pry it off my leg. It was no use. It weighed approximately two ton. I fought and struggled trying to free myself for an hour. It was useless. I was exhausted, muddly, and cold. It was about 2 p.m., and I knew that Beth and the kids would not be home until 5:30 or 6:00 p.m. I did not know what to do. I prayed to my Father in Heaven like I had never prayed before. I asked Him to please help me.

At 2:15 p.m. Ephraim Falslev, his father-in-law, Henry Kidman, and their wives were headed to Preston to view a home Ephraim was building. They just passed the Meridian Road, or the road out to Stevens, when Mr. Kidman asked Ephraim how his fall grain was out south. Ephraim said that he had not been out to see. He turned around and came out the road. When they crossed the bridge, I let out a yell I think they could of heard me in Logan. They stopped and found me in the canal. It was lucky the county had just replaced new planks on the bridge. They each grabbed one of the old planks and pried the cement enough so that I could squeeze my leg out from under the cement. My leg was black and blue from my ankle to my hip. They wanted to take me to the hospital, but I rubbed my leg until I got some feeling in it. The blood circulation was cut off entirely. I told them that I would be all right. I hobbled to my pickup and drove home, cleaned up, and got into bed. Then the trouble started. I started to chill terribly and went into shock.

Ephraim came back down to see how I was. He saw my condition and called my wife. Her and the kids came right home. She was frightened to see the shape I was in. She said that we had to break the chill. She filled the tub with warm water, and I got into it for about fifteen minutes. It stopped the chill, but when I got out, I passed out completely. Beth thought I had died. She called the doctor. While she was on the phone, I regained consciousness. The doctor said to bring me into the hospital. He gave me some shots and pills. I asked him what would of happened if I would have remained in that condition for another three or four hours. He said that I could have lost my leg for the blood was starting to clot. He wanted to keep me in the hospital, but I told him that I had to haul milk the next morning.

You can never tell me that the Lord does not answer prayers!

JaNae Johnson--

I was baby-sitting my baby sister and I had to go down stairs to get something. When I got to the bottom of the stairs, I felt like I should go back up stairs and check on Emily. I went back up just as she was about to eat a leaf from one of our house plants.

Kelby and Sherilyn Johnson--

My mom was taking me and my younger brother and sister to church. On the way, I had a feeling to tell my mother to stop the car. She was in a hurry as we were about to be late and could see no reason to stop the car in the middle of the road. Then, she also had the prompting that she needed to stop the car completely right at the yield sign, south of the church house, which she did, even though she planned to turn right. We stopped, well back from the intersection, just as a double-trailer milk truck came around the blind corner at Ruby Rees' house and crossed into our lane. As soon as the driver saw us, he hit the brakes and skidded to a stop with the tires of his back trailer less than five feet from the center of the front of our car. I am glad that we heeded the warning of the Holy Ghost.

Kimber Johnson--

One day, I was preparing the yard to plant grass with the tractor. Knowing how much my young son, Kelby, loves tractors, I decided to give him a ride. As I worked I frequently checked the roto tiller behind me. As I did so, Kelby slipped from between my knees to the ground. The tractor wheel was upon him before I could get it stopped. Quickly reversing the tractor the weight was taken off his small body. Kelby was unconscious and pale. In my panic I grabbed him up in my arms and ran for the house to call 911. Once in the house, Kelby became conscious and historical. He was uncontrollable in the ambulance and emergency room which made it impossible to get the necessary x-rays to check his condition. The doctors felt it was necessary to life-flight him to Primary Children's Hospital where they had faster x-ray equipment. They knew he had broken ribs and were concerned that there could be serious damage to his heart and especially his spleen. There was also concern that he had a punctured lung so it was necessary for the helicopter to fly low over the mountains to prevent it from collapsing. Dad, came to the hospital to assist in giving him a blessing before he was flown out. The blessing promised that they would find no more injuries and that he would heal quickly.

Primary Children's Hospital confirmed seven broken ribs but nothing else. The doctors said that he would swell considerably by the next day, probably to the point of closing his eyes and that he could develop paralysis within the next four days. He was amazed to find that Kelby had actually improved by the next day and when no paralysis developed he was allowed to return home with the impossible orders of keeping the active, almost three-year-old quiet for the next four weeks. The next day, Kelby was doing somersaults off of the couch with no apparent discomfort.

Braydon Johnson--

Early in the spring, Kimber Johnson, was about to go up in the field behind his home to check the wheel lines. Two year old Braydon wanted to go along, but his father told him to stay home. Undaunted by the refusal, Braydon went to the closet, found two moon boots of different sizes and put them on. He managed to open a door and was on his way up the field to follow his dad.

He was soon missed and the family started looking; thinking he had to be somewhere in the house. Having no success in the house the search soon expanded out-of-doors with their father who had returned from the field by this time, without seeing Braydon. The ditch and road were checked first. Neighbors noticed and quickly joined the search. Concern grew as dusk approached and a thunderstorm threatened. Both parents knelt in private locations to ask for the Lord's direction and his protection for Braydon and felt comforted that all would be well.

Tara Blau then told us she had seen a child walking up the field about 45 minutes earlier. Kimber and Frank Snow quickly followed the lead. About ten minutes later, Frank Snow climbed up on a fence to look just as Braydon came up on a swell, still running away from the house. By the time Kimber reached him he had crossed five barbed wire fences and traveled approximately 3/4 of a mile and he was still running and crying so loud he didn't hear anyone calling. We are so grateful for the Lord's direction and his protection for Braydon. We are also grateful for the concern and help from our many wonderful neighbors.

Kimber Johnson--

One day when Sheryl was not at home, Kimber left the older children to watch the younger ones while he picked beans in the garden. Some time later, Kelby came out and told Kimber that he had dropped a bottle of jam and it had broken. He was told to return to the house and keep everyone away from it and that Kimber would come in and clean it up as soon as he finished the last few feet of beans. A couple of minutes later, Kimber was prompted to run into the house. He was tempted to quickly finish his job first then wisely decided he couldn't do that and followed the prompting. As he entered the house he discovered 18-month-old Jessica with a piece of glass covered with jam that she was about to put in her mouth.

Moral of the story, obey quickly without questioning.

Kimber Johnson--

When Kimber reached the age of 12 and was about to be ordained a deacon, he became ill as he was getting ready to go to church preventing him from attending. After church, his dad came home and told him that Satan was trying to keep him from receiving the priesthood. He also told him that the same thing would happen next week, but that Kimber should go ahead and go and that when he got inside the church he would not feel sick anymore. Sure enough the following week he felt sick again, but heeding his father's counsel, he went anyway. As he walked up the sidewalk to the church doors the feeling intensified, but as soon as he entered it left.

Lee William Johnson--

We were heading up Logan Canyon to have a picnic and were looking for a place to stop and eat. We just past Gueneviere Park when the spirit told me to pull off. We pulled off and Flora said, "You know there is no place to eat here." I replied, "I know it but I was told to pull off." As we pulled off a van from New Mexico passed us from behind and went on up the road. We backed out and followed it making a curve in the road to the North. As we started the curve back to the East the van had been struck head on by a car coming down the canyon on wrong side of the road. We pulled up behind the van. I jumped out and went up to the van. Another vehicle coming from the other way had stopped. The lady driving the van was running up and down the road saying, "My poor husband!" We proceeded to help the gentleman out of the car as he passed out. We propped his feet up and shut the door. The young man in the other vehicle was screaming, "Can anybody stop bleeding?" because his passenger had been thrown through the windshield and was bleeding from the face. At that time we decided to leave because there were plenty of people to help direct traffic.

The next day I talked to the ambulance driver, Clinton Thomas, and asked him about 'my poor husband'. He said he was a minister from New Mexico and she was a Nun. They had been posing as man and wife. Everybody came out of the hospital good.

Lee William Johnson--

One night Flora, myself and the family were headed to Logan. As we passed the airport road the fog was very dense. I was prompted to slow down and stop. Flora said, "What are you stopping for? I don't see anything." I said, "Do you want to see what is ahead of us?" And she said, "Yes." So, I slowly pulled the car toward the railroad track and we were within a half a car length of the train before you could see it rushing by in the fog. Flora said, "Now I know why you stopped." If we hadn't stopped the car behind us, at the rate of speed he was going, would also have hit the train.

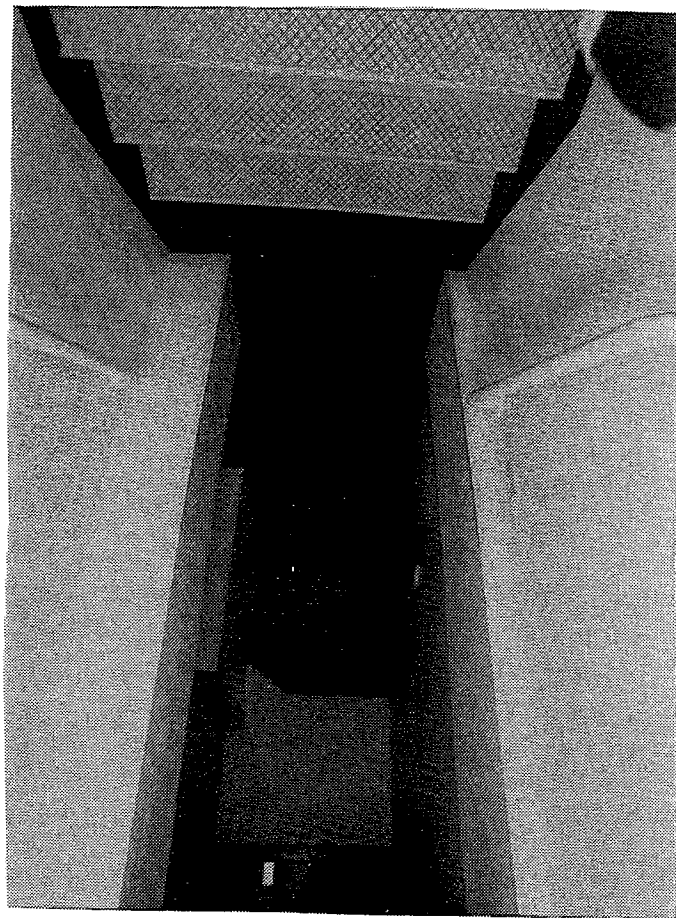
Lee William Johnson--

Father and I had been to Ogden to the Temple and I came out to help do the milking and put the equipment together. Norval, my brother, was out feeding the cattle. I finished putting the milk equipment together and stepped out of the milk house door to see a large cloud of hay dust in the stack yard. I ran out and ran around the stack, picking a fork up on the way around. Not seeing Norval any where around I started to dig in the pile of hay that was 20 feet square and 4 feet deep. I dug to the ground and found nothing. A voice said, "Dig over farther." I dug over approximately five feet farther and dug down about two feet when the voice said, "Set the fork back." I set the fork back and reached down in the hay and lifted Norval out. He was not breathing at this time. I cleaned the hay out of his mouth and went to give him mouth to mouth when he let a gasp out and started to breath. I went to the house to call the ambulance and when Dad, Mother and I went back he was conscious. The ambulance came and took him to the hospital where he had two fractured discs and one vertebra. One week later he was home.

Lee Johnson--

In 1985, I flew to Lima, Peru, to pick up my son, Kevin, from his mission. We toured up to the ruins in Machu Picchu. The airport at Cusco is 10,500 feet above sea level. No planes are allowed to fly out after 11:30 a.m. because the air is too thin to take off after that time. When we flew back to Lima from the ruins we left at 9:30 a.m. The 727 was fully loaded and we took off immediately from the runway.

Two years later, Kevin and I went back on a Temple Tour to South America. We went up to Machu Picchu again, but, when we flew out of Cusco, it was 11:30 before we left and the 727 was only half loaded. We traveled the full length of the runway before we were airborne. We skimmed along over the hills at 400-500 feet, not gaining any altitude. A big mountain was coming up fast. The women on the plane stood up and started screaming. The still small voice told me to stand up and to tell them to shut up and sit down. The pilot was doing the best he can. When they sat down and were quiet the plane immediately gained altitude and went over the mountain.

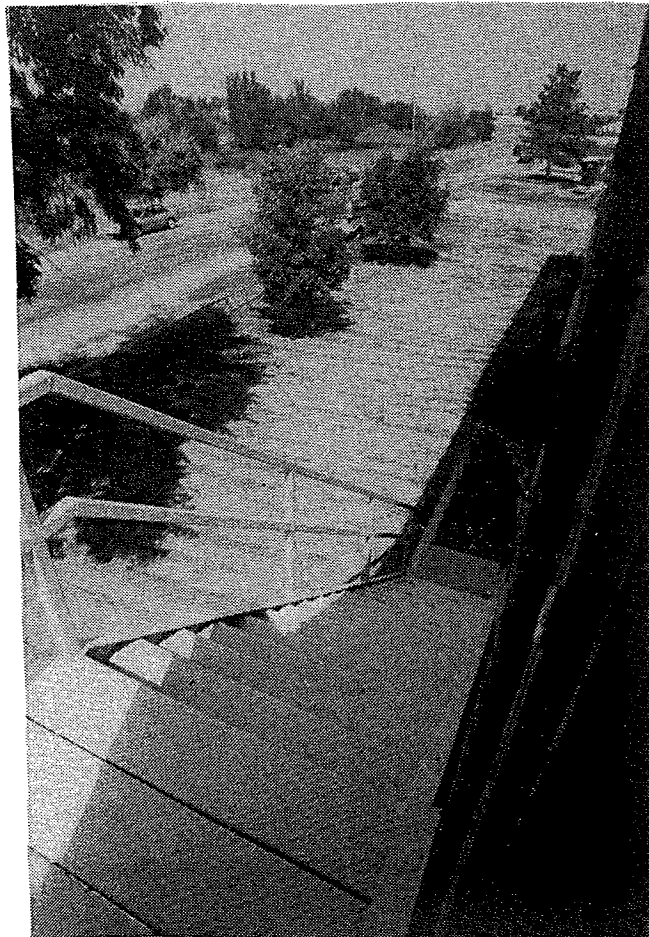


JEWELL LARSEN

When Anita was almost 22 months old, she fell head first into a deep hole filled with water. The boys had dug and filled it to soften the earth so that they could put a post in really deep and make a teeter-totter.

I was at work, and Mont with the two younger boys, had gone up to the water ditch. JoNell was tending the kids and was in the kitchen. Nedra came along and saw Anita's legs sticking up and went in to tell JoNell, who promptly rushed out and pulled her out. By then she wasn't breathing and there was no pulse.

At that moment, Mont and the boys pulled in and were told what had happened. Mont quickly applied mouth to mouth resuscitation and soon she was breathing on her own and her heart was beating again. The boys had wanted to go to Roy's store, and quite often he would take them, but this time he had the most urgent feeling that he should get back home, so he did. We were all very happy that the Spirit had warned him, and that he had listened and obeyed.



CALVIN MAUGHAN

One evening while I was relaxing the telephone rang. It was one of the Elder's Quorum presidency wanting to know if I would go with him to the hospital to administer to the ones that wanted a special blessing.

We had a prayer before entering the hospital and then we went to the front desk inquiring if anyone was in need of a blessing. In just seconds the lights started to flash on.

As we went to the patients' rooms to give the blessings we heard someone breathing heavy down the hall. When we got to this room his wife met us at the door. We asked her what she desired. She told us that they were not members of the L.D.S. Church, but had slight contact with the missionaries in Washington. They had always had a great feeling when they came in contact with them.

As we entered the room we saw the patient in a fetal position breathing extremely heavy. His wife told us that it had been seven to ten days since he had been able to have a restful night. He had a sever condition of asthma. We were asked if we would please give him a blessing.

As we laid our hands upon his head and gave him a blessing he relaxed and went to sleep.

We know that it was the power of the Priesthood that enabled him to have a peaceful night.

I know that the Lord answers prayers.

Submitted by Heidi Rees
1997

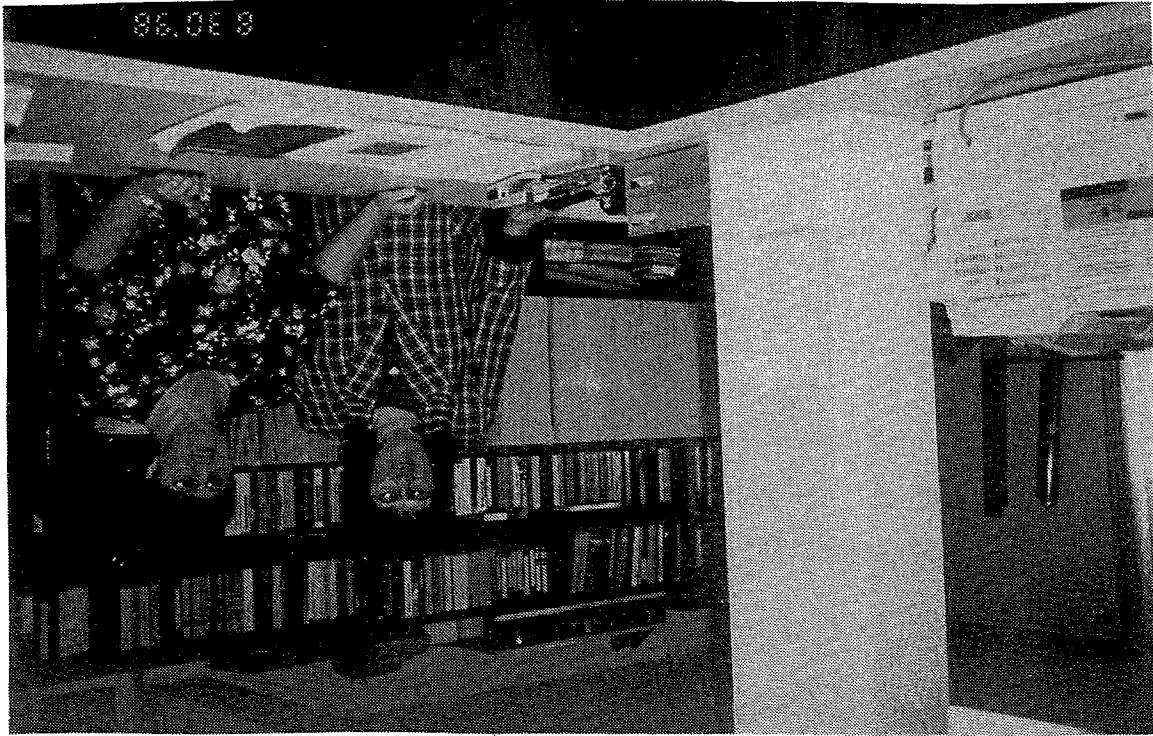
In 1986, I was privileged to be a participant in The Hill Cumorah Pageant. For 2 weeks, we lived as full time missionaries as we prepared for the pageant.

This particular year it was one of the rainiest years they had ever had. Everything was so green and beautiful, but it was horribly humid.

As the practice days edged toward the performance, there was a worry of being rained out. It was awful. I think it rained everyday that we were there. As the first night of the performance arrived, it was really raining. A group of us had been in Palmyra putting on a program for the citizens there. We were all under a pavilion performing, the rain had let up a little bit and people were able to enjoy the songs presented.

As we were leaving Palmyra, the rain again began to fall. I have never seen it rain like this in Utah before. As we reached the Hill Cumorah, the time drew near for the performance. It wasn't raining there, but was on it's way. The benches were filled with people from New York and many more states. As the program began, a friend of mine told me to look up into sky. When I looked up, it was like a bowl was put over the audience and us cast members to keep it from raining on us. It was a modern day miracle. When the program was over, it began to rain profusely. It never rained on us during one performance when the audience was there. On Mondays they didn't perform, but we did a dress rehearsal and we got rained on.

This is a testimony to me, that the Lord will not let anything stop the spreading of the Gospel throughout the world.



The new MIA year had just begun. It may even have been the first night. The boys my age had advanced into the Explorer class. Back then Primary was held on Monday afternoon and Mutual classes on Tuesday night instead of on Sunday as they are now. The classrooms had mostly wooden benches instead of chairs. After opening exercises in the chapel, we met in the class room where the clerk's office is now. Some of us weren't giving our undivided attention to Wayne R. Cardon's lesson. That night, Jay Dee Reese and Richard Seamons, who were older, took it upon themselves to help me be quiet and pay attention. I didn't appreciate their help. They came over and sat on either side of me and held me by the arms and wouldn't let me go. I felt humiliated and so angry that I thought I would quit going to mutual. Later, I realized that if I quit going, my parents would want to know why. Not wanting to admit that I had been noisy in class, I swallowed my pride, didn't mention how I felt that evening, and continued to go to mutual. I am thankful that I chose to keep going and gradually overcome some of my immaturity.

KENTON H. REESE

Jay Ricks

In May (1997) we took our family to several Mormon trail sites in Wyoming. It was humbling to see the kind of country that a lot of our ancestors walked through, some in the dead of winter. Most sites were accessible only by gravel road, with some in poor condition as was the case in getting to Rock Creek. The road was washed out about a mile from the site and being determined to get there, Ben and I decided to walk to it. When we finally reached the site we could see the stream of water running through the middle of the grassy hollow and the rock bluffs off to the far side, a deep drift of snow above the creek still remained from winter, from a distance it was easy to imagine the members of the Willie Handcart Company huddled against the cold and wind. A really strong feeling of reverence was felt by both of us as we fell silent upon entering the area. We went to the marker by the circular grave and read the names of the 13 people buried there and then to the other side of the hollow to the 2 other graves.

When we read about what had taken place there, the Spirit bore witness of the sacrifice and faith of the people who had suffered and died in that company of saints so long ago and what a proud heritage we have as members of the church.

When I was in Spain on my mission, we had a spiritual experience. My district leader at the time was Elder Hutchings and his companion, Elder Ojeda lived about 1/2 mile from our apartment, it was customary for my companion and myself to go over there daily, usually in the morning. One morning when we arrived, Elder Ojeda was laying on the couch with a towel wrapped around him. Elder Hutchings related what had happened just moments before we got there. In Spain, in most buildings, there is no central heating, so portable propane heaters are used on cold winter mornings as a result quite a few people are asphyxiated because they go into a room and close the door tight to stay warm and are overcome by carbon monoxide. This is what Elder Ojeda had done while taking a shower. Elder Hutchings was studying at the time in the kitchen, he said that he stood up for some reason and an unseen force literally pushed him down the hall way and into the bathroom, he found Elder Ojeda unconscious on the floor, Elder Hutchings carried him out and put him on the couch to recover, which he did. Without a question Elder Ojeda's life was spared that day. The Lord does watch over his servants

ELAINE MORTIMER RICKS

DURING THE MONTH OF JULY IN 1995, OUR FAMILY FOUND THAT OUR OLDEST SON TODD, HAD CONTACTED APLASTIC ANEMIA. HE WAS TOLD THAT HE ONLY HAD A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE. WHAT A SHOCK TO US, TO REALIZE THAT OUR SON, A ONCE HEALTHY, ROBUST AND ENERGETIC BOY WAS NOW FRAIL AND GETTING MORE SO EACH DAY.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN RAISED IN A STRONG LDS FAMILY, WHO HAS ALWAYS DEPENDED ON THE PRIESTHOOD AND ITS POWER. TODD WAS GIVEN SEVERAL BLESSINGS DURING THE NEXT 5 MONTHS OF HIS LIFE. I BELIEVED VERY STRONGLY IN MY HEART, THAT AS HIS MOTHER AND THROUGH MY FAITH, THAT I COULD MOVE MOUNTAINS, AND HE COULD BE MADE WELL. I READ, SEARCHED BOOKS, LEARNED ALL I COULD ABOUT HIS DISEASE. HE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL, AND BACK HOME MANY TIMES. I PRAYED AND PRAYED. I READ IN THE SCRIPTURES AN ANSWER TO ONE OF THESE PRAYERS WHERE I WAS TOLD TO HAVE PATIENCE. PATIENCE FOR WHAT I HAD NOT KNOWN. HOWEVER, ONE PARTICULARLY HARD DAY AS I WAS PRAYING, I REALIZED THAT THE LORD HAS A SPECIFIC PLAN FOR EACH OF US, AND I HAD TO HAVE THE FAITH TO TELL HIM THAT, "HIS WILL BE DONE." THIS WAS PARTICULARLY HARD, BECAUSE I WAS FOR THE FIRST TIME ACKNOWLEDGING THAT TODD MAY BE DYING AND IF IT WAS THE LORD'S PLAN FOR TODD AT THIS TIME, HE WOULD DIE, NO MATTER WHAT WE DID-NO MATTER HOW HARD WE PRAYED FOR HIM TO LIVE. WE HAD TO PUT ALL OUR FAITH AND TRUST IN THE LORD AND SAY, "THY WILL BE DONE." WE WERE GUIDED TO A DOCTOR WHO HELPED A LITTLE, BUT THE APLASTIC ANEMIA TURNED INTO FULL BLOWN LEUKEMIA IN NOVEMBER, AND WITHIN TWO WEEKS, THE LORD HAD CALLED TODD HOME. I WAS VERY PRIVILEGED TO HAVE BEEN AT MY SON'S BEDSIDE ON NOV. 27, 1995 AS HIS SPIRIT PASSED THROUGH THE VEIL. I KNOW THAT IT WAS THE LORD'S WILL AND PLAN FOR TODD. IT WAS A GREAT BUILDING OF MY TESTIMONY. MY FAITH AND TRUST IN THE LORD AND HIS PLAN FOR EACH OF US WAS STRENGTHENED. I KNOW MY FATHER IN HEAVEN LIVES, AND THAT OUR ELDER BROTHER JESUS CHRIST LOVES EACH ONE OF US.

1/31/98

NATHAN W. RICKS

MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS ABOUT EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD, I REMEMBER ONE UNUSUALLY COLD WINTER. AS ALWAYS, ANY FREE MOMENT, AWAY FROM OUR DAILY CHORES, MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS WERE ON THE RIVER BOTTOM ICE, IN FRONT OF HOWARD JOHNSON'S, PLAYING HOCKEY AND ICE SKATING.

THIS PARTICULAR, COLD, SATURDAY MORNING I WAS PLAYING HOCKEY WITH SIDNEY CARDON, MARLIN CARDON, LINDA IZATT, JAN IZATT, TIM RICKS, MICHAEL RICKS, DAVID BALLS, JERRY YONKER, AND MYSELF, NATHAN RICKS. I DON'T REMEMBER WHO WAS ON WHICH TEAM, HOWEVER, I DO REMEMBER THAT THE TEAM LINDA IZATT WAS ON WERE BEATING. I SOON TIRED OF THE ACTIVITY AND SKATED A WAY FROM THE GAME TOWARD THE EAST, NEAR THE RIVER CHANNEL, JUST IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE (HAZEL AND JOEL RICKS). ONCE I WAS OUT, AWAY FROM THE IMMEDIATE NOISE OF THE GAME, A "STILL, SMALL VOICE" DIRECTED ME TO SKATE ON THE RIVER CHANNEL ICE. IT HAD BEEN FROZEN EARLIER IN THE SEASON; AT GROUND LEVEL THEN HAD BEEN RAISED UP BY HIGH WATER FOR A SHORT TIME, THEN THE WATER DROPPED AGAIN, LEAVING A ONE FOOT GAP BETWEEN THE GROUND THAT SEPARATED THE RIVER FROM THE CHANNEL. AS I DREW CLOSER, I THOUGHT I HEARD THE CRY OF A SMALL BOY. I FOLLOWED THE SOUND, BUT I COULD NOT SEE ANYONE. I FINALLY STOPPED, WHERE THE CRIES WERE LOUDEST, LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN, I SAW EIGHT SMALL FINGERS GRIPPING THE EDGE OF THE RAISED ICE, BETWEEN THE CHANNEL AND THE ICED OVER GROUND. I REACHED DOWN TO FIND CRAIG BALLS, AT THE OTHER END OF THOSE FINGERS. AS I REMOVED HIM FROM THE FLOWING WATER OF THE CHANNEL, UNDER THE ICE, HE WAS VERY COLD AND WET FROM HIS KNEES DOWN. CRAIG WAS AT THIS TIME FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OLD. HE HAD GONE DOWN, OVER THE HILL AND CROSSED THE CHANNEL ICE ON HIS WAY TO MEET UP WITH HIS OLDER BROTHER, DAVID, AT THE HOCKEY GAME AND HAD APPARENTLY SLIPPED BENEATH THE ICE.

I'M STILL AMAZED THAT I WAS ABLE TO HEAR THE SPIRIT OF THE HOLY GHOST, AND THEN FOLLOWED THOSE PROMPTINGS. THIS WAS THE VERY FIRST TIME I REMEMBER HEARING THAT "STILL, SMALL VOICE." MY JOY WAS FULL AND MY HEART WAS RACING AS I HELPED HIM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL AND WATCHED AS HE MADE IT SAFELY INTO HIS HOUSE.

I THEN RETURNED TO THE HOCKEY GAME, REALIZING THAT I KNEW THAT THE "STILL, SMALL VOICE" HAD BEEN THE "HOLY GHOST."

1/31/98

Wynona Maughan Steele

I would like to share two incidents with you. I always believed God could protect us and that he would if it should be. However, I never thought he loved me that much. Why, I don't know.

Back in the mid 1970's Clyde, my husband, spent several weeks in the hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah. (This illness was an on going thing for years.) I would go down to see him every weekend and in the middle of the week. This was done after eight hours of work and taking care of our two girls. Our son was married by then. My mom and dad took care of the girls while I went. I would stay as late as possible and then drive home alone. After several weeks of this the doctor questioned me as to whether I should be doing this. I told him that God would take care of us and that Clyde would get so down if I did not come to see him.

This particular night, I had stayed later than usual because Clyde did not seem to want to let me go. I prayed for strength and help for Clyde and started home. At the time the freeway was only completed to the north end of Ogden. There was a traffic light and cross roads just north of Roy several miles where you turned off and come on to Logan on the old road. This night I was listening to the radio and watching for the turn off to Sunset where Charles, our son, lived. I was going to stop there for awhile and then go on. That was the last thing I remembered until bright lights startled me. I realized it was the big sign at the end of the street where we had to turn off. I got off the freeway and straightened out on the other road headed for home and stopped!

I realized there was no traffic around me. Where did it go? I had traveled several miles without driving the car myself. Everything was okay with me and the car and I had hurt no one else. I immediately thanked God with all my heart because I know without a doubt He had sent someone to drive the car for me.

Some months later, when I was about to the end of my rope so to speak, God once again come to my aid. I could not sleep and had not done so for weeks. I felt like the weight I carried was becoming to much. I had been told it was stress--depression.

This particular night. My husband had finally gone to sleep on the couch in the front room. The two girls were in bed and sound asleep. I was in bed trying to sleep but the morning was fast coming. We had said our prayers before retiring but I needed to talk with my Father in Heaven, so I knelt by my bed and poured my heart out and asked for guidance and help. As I said "amen" I collapsed on the floor crying so hard. I could not stop. Then slowly this warm feeling come over me. I quieted down and stopped crying, but I did not want to move because I felt so safe, warm and loved at that moment. I finally did get up and go to bed and had the best nights rest of my life.

I truly know I have a Father in Heaven who cares and who will comfort and help me here when I need it.

Stories of Faith/Courage

The Holy Ghost has many times been unmistakably present in my life. As a little girl being prompted to attend Saturday Primary and Sunday church meetings when we had no car meant riding a bus into town and transferring to another bus to get within walking distance. Also as a 16 yr. old girl my Sunday school teacher, Sister Adele Hellewell, contracted cancer and let it be known to her class that she would be calling on each of us to give the lesson in her absence. We were all apprehensive to teacher one another, but the Holy Ghost was always near. As a 27 yr. old young woman I had been pondering for a few days regarding the name of a needed counselor in the Primary Presidency. I submitted the name of a sister who was good with children and on a list of recommended sisters. An uneasy feeling began to grow within me until I counseled with the Lord more fervently to help me know His wishes. Almost immediately after kneeling in prayer I went to the phone and asked Brother Duncan, the Bishop's counselor, to call instead a young woman whose name I did not know but I could describe her to him. When Brother Duncan arrived at Sister Gail Kidder's home her husband told her she had a visitor. She said she knew who it was and she was to be called as a counselor in the Primary Presidency. On another occasion, a counselor in an Idaho bishopric has a brother who is retarded. I was asked if I might take him to the school he attended and pick him up after the end of my workday. We, Quentin and I, were about the same age, 40 yrs. old, although his intelligence was that of a two or three yr. old. I didn't think it fair to ask me when it was a time in my life with so many cares (having a full time job, a two and 17 yr. old son and also a 19 yr. old missionary, I was the 'breadwinner', homemaker, mother and Relief Society Teacher). I felt 'put upon' but I hesitantly agreed. To this day I look back on the joy of my one to two hours with Quentin each day. The new songs he had learned and sang to me and we sang together, the pictures he drew for me, the hugs, the kindnesses and pleasantries for which I will always be grateful to my Heavenly Father for showing me another way to give compassion and be obedient to the prompting of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost does direct us in our choices and decisions when we listen.

Lori Thain

WINFRED TILLMAN

In October of 1937, in the little town of Ramah, New Mexico, a fourth little girl was born to parents Louis and Myrtle. They named her Lorrain and prior to her birth, three other pretty little girls had come into their home; so all now welcomed the new arrival. Two boys, also came, but sadly both only lived a few hours and they were buried in the family cemetery plot at Ramah.

When Lorrain was about 12 years old, Louis and Myrtle moved their family to Farmington, New Mexico, where many remaining years were spent. Ramah Valley roots were not forgotten, however.

In 1956 Win came to Farmington from far away Florida. Lorrain, by now in her nineteenth year saw something in him that Win did not initially see in her. After courtship became earnest, Win's "perception" was heightened, however, and plans for a temple wedding began. The wedding took place in the Salt Lake Temple on October 22, 1956.

Over the ensuing 41 year companionship, Ramah was not forgotten. Louis and Myrtle passed on, and also an Aunt Inez, who lived with Win and Lorrain for awhile and died while living with them. All were duly transported to Ramah, where friends and relatives gathered to perform the last acts of service for them, in this life. That appealed to Win and he and Lorrain talked about it. There remained two more burial spots in the family plot and it appeared that the other three girls, by reason of marriage and living in other locales, would not make use of the remaining spots. Lorrain indicated she would like to be buried alongside her honorable parents and the two little infant brothers, she never really knew. Win thought that he, too, would like to be placed there in this little valley setting.

In September of 1997 the fulfillment of these talks became a reality. Lorrain was taken in an automobile accident while on a trip to Huntsville, Alabama. Win was in a second vehicle, a moving van, in which a son, Roger, was moving his family's belongings to the Huntsville area. Lorrain was killed instantly and Win was now faced with carrying out her wishes.

It was necessary for Win to now get back to Benson, Utah where he and Lorrain lived, to make funeral arrangements for her.

The flight back from Tulsa, Oklahoma was routed from Tulsa to Phoenix and from Phoenix to Salt Lake City, Utah. Unknown to Win, the flight would take him directly over Ramah Valley on the way to Phoenix.

While Win had no question about carrying out Lorrain's wishes to be buried in Ramah, the logistics of transporting her body and a caravan of cars carrying family members almost 600 miles, presented some conflicting emotions. As the plane left Tulsa, Oklahoma, Win was seated by a window where a view of the land below unfolded in a seemingly slow panorama. At first only clouds were visible and no land features could be seen. At 600 plus m.p.h., however, the plane was soon over New Mexico, on the eastern border. The pilot came on the intercom and stated

that we could see Santa Fe to our right. Win looked out the window and by now the clouds had mostly gone away and indeed Santa Fe was visible some distance to the North. The pilot continued, "We will be over Albuquerque in about five minutes." Soon the sprawling city became visible below, through yet wispy cloud cover.

Win thought, "Now, if we are on the course that it appears, I should be able to see Ramah and it's reservoir if the clouds do not hide it."

As the plane passed over Grants and Blue Water, recognizable landmarks, the feeling grew; and he uttered a silent supplication to the effect: "Heavenly Father, if this be right, cause that I will be able to see the little valley clearly, as we pass over or near it." The wispy clouds remained below at this point. Then in a few minutes, all clouds were gone and standing out, as in a band of light from East to West, there lay the little valley below. The few blocks of homes were clearly visible and the large reservoir, in the hills above the town, was in bright sunlight. A short distance further the wispy clouds moved back again. But no longer were there any questions about even logistics. Ramah Cemetery was indeed the place for Lorrain; and Win when his time is at hand.



HEATHERS FALL

In the summer of 1995 Heather, who was 7 at the time, fell from a zip line at her grandparents home in Logan. That is a cable that was hung high in a tree across the yard to the top of basketball standard and has a handle you hang on and slide down to the other end. We watched in horror as she started and got only about 5 feet and the rope caught on the ladder and jerked her loose and she tumbled about 15 feet to the ground. It appeared to us that she had fallen on her head and neck so we were very worried. She hit the ground so hard that she got a black eye and had tremendous abdominal pain and we feared that she had ruptured her spleen. I gave her a blessing and then we took her to the hospital.

At the hospital she was in a great deal of pain and her blood pressure was dropping. The doctor showed us the x-rays and the spleen was in many pieces. They informed us that the only option was surgery to remove the spleen. It is so hard to see someone you love so much suffer in that much pain. As Betsy and I watched we both said that we would gladly have changed places with her if we could. I went into the restroom to pray because I felt so helpless. I found out later that Betsy had also done the same. I prayed and pleaded with my whole soul that extra help would be sent. I will never forget the feeling of peace that came over me as I left that room. I didn't know if she would need surgery or not but the feeling of peace and assurance that come over me was very real and comforting. I knew that everything was going to be fine.

My father arrived sometime later and we administered to her. The doctor again told us that he would have to do surgery and we asked if there wasn't any other option. He noticed that her blood pressure was beginning to stabilize so he decided to call Primary Childrens Hospital. They told him that if her blood pressure was stable that we should life flight her there and that they would try to save her spleen. You can live without a spleen but they indicated that in younger children they would prefer to save it if they could.

It was difficult when the helicopter arrived and they put her in to go. She was very brave and seemed to be taking it better than the rest of the family. They did a marvelous job over the next 5 days and watched her very carefully. The doctor said that her spleen was damaged as bad as any that they had ever tried to save. He said that her spleen had the consistency of cottage cheese but over the next several days it did begin to mend. She was in the hospital for 5 days and they sent us home. That was much quicker than they expected but we know that help from on high was given.

We had the opportunity to attend a sacrament meeting in the hospital on Sunday. As I walked in they asked if I would administer to the sacrament. As I sat at the table and watched the people come in my heart was very touched. I watched children with no hair in cancer treatment come in. Others were carried in by their parents. Some came in by wheelchair. Most pushed I.V. stands. I could see in the eyes of the parents the concern and worry. I felt deep compassion. The sacrament had special meaning to me that day. I felt the love of the Savior.

We learned many other things while in the hospital those 5 days. There were people there with much more serious problems than ours. The love and compassion we felt while there was overwhelming. We learned much from that experience as a family but I will especially never forget the peace that came as I pleaded with the Lord for something that was completely out of my control. I know that the Lord hears our prayers and understands our feelings. He does answer our prayers, not always so quickly but in due time. I also know of the power of the priesthood and the blessings that come as we share in that great power. We have had several other experiences as a family with other children in similar challenges. The Lord does love us and watch over us.

Jerry M. Toombs





Missionary
Experiences

TROY C. BALLARD

One of the most memorable Christmases I remember was in 1971.

Elder Paul Kaiser and I arrived on Missions together , in November. We were sent to open the Trail British Columbia Branch, which had been closed for several months.

The Branch was constructing a chapel of their own at the time.

In the middle of December, we were introduced by a brother to a young mother and her three daughters. She had been separated from her husband. We taught her the first discussion, and afterwards she bore her testimony, with tears in her eyes, and said that she knew she would be baptized! We were glad to oblige!

In talking to her brother afterwards, I said "Why don't you ask her if she would like to be baptized on Christmas day." He did. She was so happy she cried. Arrangements were made.

The new chapel was framed in, but nothing inside had been finished. The front was only a cement hole in the floor. We had no hot water! We had to carry some from a neighbor's house, but it was still cold!

The service was held. That was the day I will never forget.

Next to marriage and family, I regard my mission as the best thing I ever did.

In 1948 I was serving a mission in Uruguay. I went there when there were no members of the church. There were no organized discussions. We just tried the best we could to meet people and teach them the best we knew how about the gospel.

My companion and I had met a lady named Isadora La Porte de Sanchez. As I recall, her husband had left her and she was somewhat handicapped. She had one arm that wasn't right and a bad limp. But, she had a cheerful countenance. We had visited her a number of times, and were on quite good terms with her. She became ill, was taken to the hospital, and was diagnosed as having uterine cancer. It has never been my philosophy to solicit blessings, which I suppose I should have done. I wondered, since she wasn't a member of the church, whether I should have even done it anyway. We had two sister missionaries from Argentina who were really dynamic missionaries. Sister Vogler came to me and said, "What's the matter? Why didn't you offer her a blessing?" I said, "Well, I don't know. She didn't ask." She said, "Well, she wants a blessing. I have talked to her, and she wants a blessing."

In those days, of course, we didn't read too much about cures for cancer. I remember going into the hospital and giving her a blessing. It wasn't long after until she recovered. Shortly after that she became a member of the church, and remained faithful until she passed away several years later.

By Wayne R. Cardon

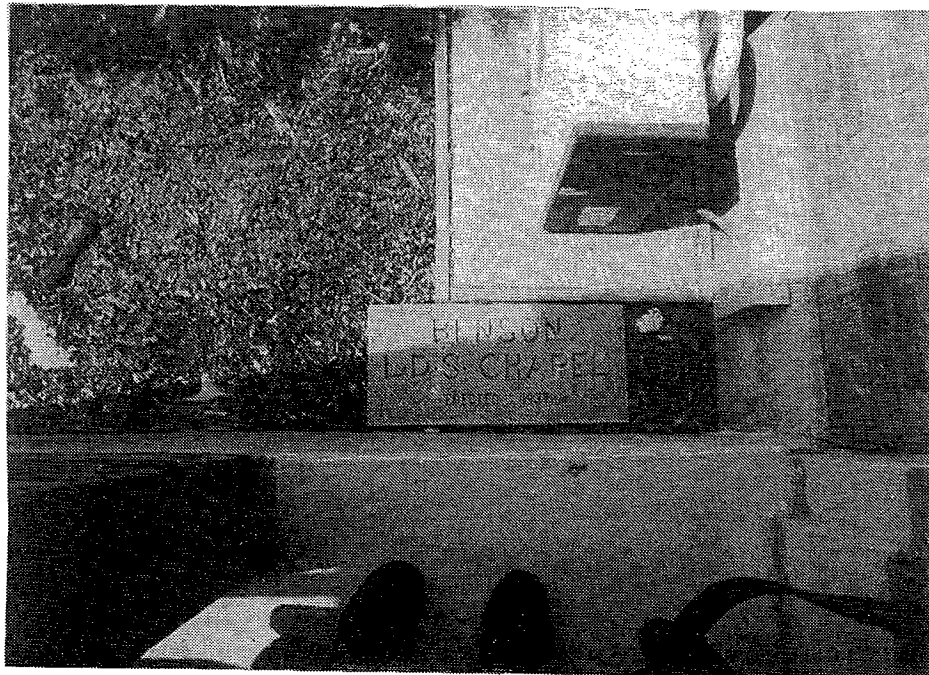
When I was nineteen years old, I was serving a mission in upstate New York. It was hard at first being away from home, but the members were so good to us. I became very close to one family called the Jacksons. They were always helping us and inviting us over for dinner. We really learned to love and appreciate them.

I was soon transferred from the area I was in, but I still stayed in touch with the Jackson family. One Sunday at church, my old missionary companion was there to see me and to let me know that Brother Jackson was in a very bad accident. He was working on Corn Silage and was about thirty-five feet in the air. Something went wrong and he was knocked to the ground, because the cement bucket, or something like it, fell and hit him on the head. He was rushed to the hospital where he was put in Intensive Care and was critically injured. The doctor told the family to get things in order for him, because he would not live.

I was so hurt to think that such a good man should have such a horrible thing happen to him and his family. I remember after church that I went home to our apartment and being alone with my Father in Heaven. I prayed so hard, and asked to know why this happened and that Brother Jackson would be all right. Then one of the most beautiful things happened. I was literally spoken to. I knew that Brother Jackson was going to be all right. I received a witness and I could not doubt it. That night I called the family and told them what I experienced. Brother Jackson did recover and lived many more good years.

That was the first time I had really received such a powerful witness. I knew God loves his children and he does communicate with them. Ever since that day, my prayers are more meaningful to me, because our Father in Heaven does listen to us and wants to be close to us, if we let him. I know as surely as life, God does live, that he does hear us, and answers our prayers.

Bishop DelRay Hobbs



MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE

From November 1994 to November 1995 Calvin and I were serving as missionaries in the Rochester, New York, Mission. During that time we were a "Site Couple" at Palmyra, New York. This was a *great* experience for both of us and we each had many faith promoting incidents. I would like to relate one of the many that I had.

A young lady that was very inactive was traveling on Stafford Road past the Joseph Smith Home. While she had traveled past the home many times before, this time was to be different. She was prompted to stop at the home and come in--thinking to herself, "Why? I've passed many times and I haven't had this feeling." She didn't listen, but the farther away she drove the stronger the prompting was. Again, the question "why" came to her mind. Turning around, she then obeyed the prompting and came into the home.

The first thing she said to me was, "I don't want to hear the Joseph Smith Story, I'm late for my doctor's appointment. Take me just on a small tour."

I told her I would be happy to. As we approached the stairs going up to the bedrooms she became very nervous and different. We continued and just before we came back down the stairs she held my hand tight and cried. There was a moment of silence, then she asked, "Did you feel that?"

Indeed, we both knew what it was, and with our arms around each other we went down the stairs to the front door where, before leaving, she said: "Tell me the Joseph Smith story and I need to have the full time missionaries come to give me the lessons so that I can be reactivated. I now know why I had such a strong prompting to come here. Thanks for being here for me."

I know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet and that the *BOOK OF MORMON* is the word of God. I am thankful each day for the many blessings that I receive from my Heavenly Father. I pray that we all may listen to these small promptings and we will be guided to do what is right.

I am so grateful that Calvin and I can serve our Heavenly Father and have had the opportunity of serving in many different ways.

LaRae Maughan

A FAITH PROMOTING EXPERIENCE

After arriving at De Moines, Iowa, my first assignment in the Northern States Mission, I was unpacking my suit case and some of my clothes were lying on the bed when the district president came in to take my companion and me out to a class.

When the pres. saw my rather bright green dress laying on the bed, he said, "Sister Johnson, you aren't going to wear that dress in the missionfield, are you?"

I must have said, "No, I guess I'm not."

I thought he really meant it, but found out later that he was only kidding.

The next morning I packed up the dress along with a felt jacket and sent it home. My companion mailed it as she went into town for groceries. She brought me the insurance slip, but as I hadn't had any need for insurance slips before, I didn't keep it.

As time went on I wrote to Mother about the dress, but she never received. So, as my companion and I were going by the post office we stopped in to see if we could find any trace of the package having been sent. The man at the post office was very nice. He looked in his big book for some time, but could find no record of it. He even told us we could come in when we had time and continue to look. We did so, but could find no trace of it.

After praying about it, I had this dream: "I went into a much smaller post office. There was a big marble table in the outer part. I went up to the man at the window and asked him if he had a record of the package having been sent on a certain date. He looked it up in his book and said, "Yes, I have a record of it." He soon traced it up and it wasn't long before I received a check from the post office as the package had been lost."

The next morning I asked my companion if there was another post office in town. She had been out six months longer than I, and had been in Des Moines for some time.

She said, "Well, there is a little branch over on the other side of town, but I wouldn't have gone there."

Although, we always stopped at the main post office; I was so insistent that we went across town to the other post office. We went in and everything happened exactly as it did in my dream. The same marble table, the same man at the window, the same conversation, and it wasn't long before I received a check for the dress.

My companion had gone to the open market to get the groceries (which she finally remembered) and had mailed the package while there, instead of getting off the streetcar at the main post office.

This was an added testimony to me.

Submitted by: Orfa Smith

FAITH PROMOTING INSTANCE

When leaving for my mission to the Northern States, Sept. 7, 1928, I went directly to Chicago, to the Mission Home. The next day I was transferred back a days journey over the same route to Des Moines, Iowa. About one year later, October 10, 1929, I was transferred from the Iowa district to the Southern Indiana District. My plans were to go through Chicago, stopping at the Mission Home over night. Through misunderstanding, thinking I was coming the next day, the Elders failed to meet me at the station. Having been there before I knew I was to take an elevated train to the Mission Home, but had forgotten which train. Therefore going to the Bureau of Information and stating my desire to go to 2555 North Sawyer, I was given the name of the train that was to take me there.

I went out on the platform where crowds of people were waiting for their trains--which were whizzing by every few minutes. After waiting about ten minutes and watching for the train that was to take me to my destination; a young man, kindly appearing, neatly and well-dressed, stepped up to me, and asked me where I was going and which train I was taking. It would seem rather a foolish thing for me to tell the stranger, being alone in the city of Chicago and knowing nothing about it. But the thought flashed through my mind, "He must be a missionary, and if I tell him where I am going he'll recognize me and probably be going to the Mission Home himself." So I told him the address and the name of the train I had been told to take. He said, "No, that train won't take you to Sawyer Avenue. It goes just opposite, to the other side of the city. You take the Logan Square Train." As soon as he said this he was gone, but at the words "Logan Square," I knew he was right. I remembered having taken that train before, and now it was coming. I got on without a doubt in my mind, with a peaceful, thankful spirit that someone had happened to direct me aright. I arrived at the Mission Home just in time to go with the missionaries on a wonderful sight seeing trip. At the Bureau of Information they had given me the name of the wrong train to take.

Since that time, this incident has meant more to me. It has developed into a strong testimony. I am thoroughly convinced that this personage whom I had the privilege of meeting in time of need was one of the Tree Nephites whose desire was to remain here upon the earth, to do good wherever possible, guiding and directing mankind aright and to be an instrument in the hand of God to fulfill his purposes upon the earth.

Submitted by: Orta Smith



War

(Compiler's note: One of the greatest atrocities of war is the hatred for our fellow human beings that it spawns. First there is a lust for power, then an act of aggression, then retribution for the aggression. Fear and mistrust are born and we become too well acquainted with the word "enemy." In this atmosphere individuals, even nations of individuals, find themselves doing to others things that in peace time would be abhorrent to them. The need to prevail over the "enemy" eventually evolves into a sickness from which recovery is very painful and difficult. Those who suffer at the hands of this "sickness" also have a very painful recovery. Forgiveness is the path, but it is very challenging and long.

What follows is an account of just such a path. It is excerpts from an account given by four young men who were captured, tortured and imprisoned by the Japanese during World War II. Their story is both very interesting and provocative. It is included here in the hopes that those of us who are harboring in our own hearts bitterness and mistrust because of wrongs committed by another, though they be minor in comparison, will also find our path to recovery.)

In summery: As the B-25 bomber lifted into the air on the morning of April 18, 1942 the crew realized that they were part of a dangerous mission, but little did they realize that the flight was the beginning of a three and a half year ordeal for them. They were part of the famous Doolittle Tokyo raid, and although their bombing run was successful, the air craft ran out of fuel in the stormy weather and so they had a crash landing in the water near the China Coast. Although most survived the landing, the years that followed and the treatment that they received during those years, was a terrible trial of endurance for eight of the airmen involved in the raid.

Eventually, these eight brave men became prisoners of war in Japan. As such they suffered horrible tortures, starvation, bitter cold, rats, harassment of every kind, and disease without medical treatment. One of the worst tortures they endured was isolation--from each other and almost everything else good in the world. It is a tribute to their indomitable spirit and to their ingenuity that they survived such treatment. They took advantage of every opportunity that they had to communicate with each other, including tapping out messages in Morse code on the walls of their cells. At one time they even established a "tin-cup news service" as they called it. They would scratch brief messages on the bottom of a tin cup, and as it was passed from cell to cell at various times they would gain bits of information in this way until, eventually, it was discovered by the guards and stopped. When, occasionally, they did have the opportunity to see each other they would talk.

Capt. Chase J. Nielsen, writes of such occasions, "We talked plenty. We used to talk about football and baseball and things we'd done in our lives, and we talked about food. Brother, how we talked about food. We'd plan meals we'd order if we ever got out--thick, juicy, steaks and plenty of pie and ice cream.

"And we talked a lot, too, about God and religion. We never tried to hold any religious services but we talked a lot about God at a time like that.

"When you are living a normal life you sometimes are too busy for religion, but we had plenty of time. And we developed the feeling that God was awfully important."

Another, horrible nightmare for the prisoners was watching one of their fellow airmen slowly die because of mistreatment and no medical attention. They were even taunted by the guards over his death.

Another prisoner wrote, "We were terribly low after Meder's death. All of us were more or less sick most of the time and we began to think a lot about death.

"During our exercise periods we talked about it and wondered why Meder had to be taken. Our only consolation was that it had to be the will of God.

"Brooding over Meder's death developed even to a greater degree our interest in religion and an after life; indeed, in the basic realities of life. But we had so little chance to talk with each other that we were confused in our thoughts most of the time.

"We kept telling each other how wonderful it would be if we had something to read--anything to read--anything. Finally we got permission from the guards to write a note to the commandant.

"In it we pointed out that our condition was pretty bad, and we were cold and hungry all of the time, and we asked for him to show a little mercy and give us something to read.

"He sent us four books; The Son of God, by Karl Adams; The Unknown God, by Alfred Knowles; A book of poetry by Thomas Campbell, and The Holy Bible.

"Those books were an enormous inspiration to us. We passed them back and forth and virtually memorized them. And out of that concentrated reading we developed our prison philosophy.

"We decided that we had no hatred for our guards, vicious as they were. They were ignorant and mean, but perhaps--we thought--there was some good in them. The only way to develop that goodness would be understanding and education--not by brutally mistreating them as they were doing us.

"The officers were different. They were educated men. They gave the orders for punishment. They must be punished in return. But the retribution must be just. They should not be beaten as we were. They should be tried in a court of justice and disciplined as we do our own criminals.

"We began, after our reading, to realize in a dim sort of way what it meant to be free men, to value the heritage of the United States.

"We knew that our soldiers wouldn't beat prisoners as we had been beaten, even upon orders from an officer. Our soldiers have minds of their own.

"The basic decision at which we arrived was love, not hate, is the road to peace among men. That is why we decided that religion is so important in the lives of men because it teaches love."

Sgt. De Shazer writes: "That is why I decided to become a Japanese missionary when I am released from the army. I believe firmly that I received a call from God..

"You can smile if you want to, but it made sense to me then, and it still does. So I'm going to a missionary school for training and then I'm going to return to Japan and spend the rest of my life teaching the importance of love among men. That is the only way sure to eliminate the thought of war from the Japanese people... In fact, I'm sorry for the guards that I fought back with as much as I did. I believe you lower yourself to their level when you use the same tactics as they do." (He did spend nearly thirty years in Japan)

Eventually the four men who survived prison camp did return home to the United States, but they harbor no bitterness because of their time in captivity, and they along with others who were part of the Doolittle raid have established a scholarship fund as well as participated in other humanitarian activities. These are men who truly appreciate this great country and all that it has to offer.

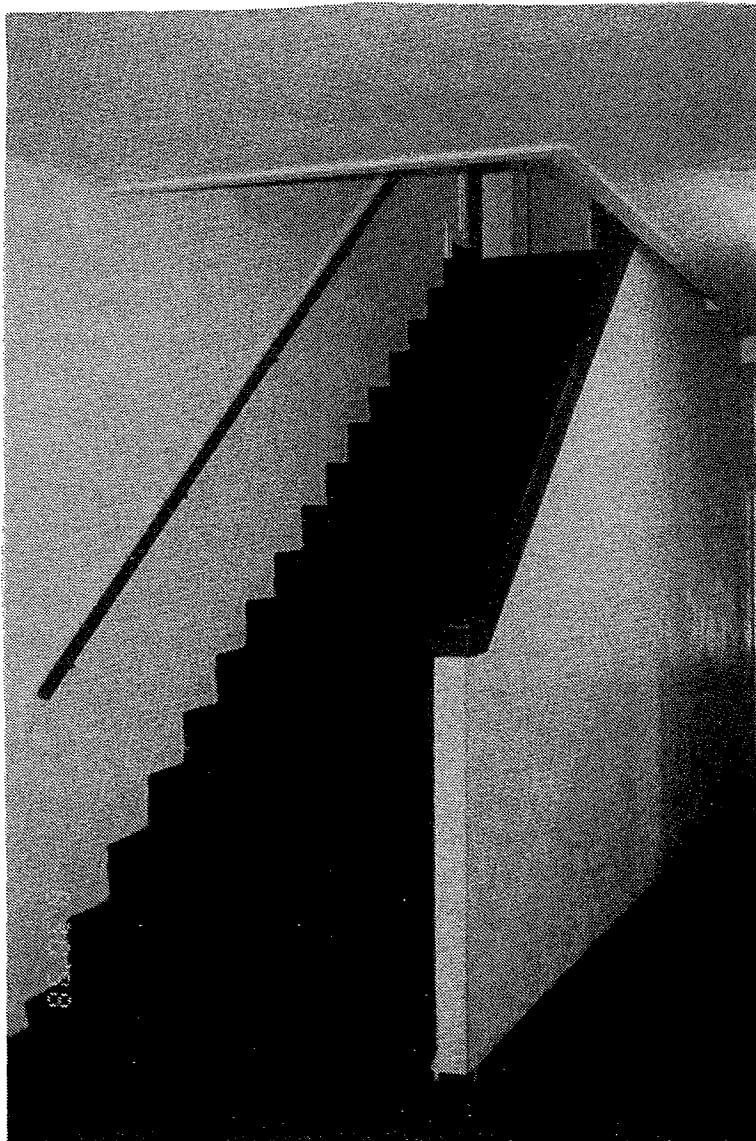
Here are some statistics about the Doolittle raiders. Sixteen aircraft carrying 80 men were

part of the raid on that stormy April morning. One aircraft was able to land safely, fifteen of the planes were lost. Of the eighty men--three died from injuries sustained in the crash landings, sixty-nine were able to make it back to safety with the help of friendly Chinese guerrillas, and eight were captured and imprisoned by the Japanese. Of the eight who were captured by the Japanese, three were executed, one died from illness and mistreatment, and four returned home after forty months of capture.

In 1965 a book titled *FOUR CAME HOME*, written by Carroll V. Glines, was published detailing the imprisonment of these brave young men. This little bit of their story is included here with the permission of Lt. Col. Chase J. Nielsen.

One of Lt. Col Nielsen's favorite philosophies is "It isn't what fate does to you that counts, it's what you do with your fate."

Submitted by Howard Johnson



I remembered the valley. Only days before, our unit, consisting of a half track vehicle, with an automatic weapon's turret mounted there on and attached to a 105 mm Howitzer artillery unit, for ground support, in case of an enemy air attack, had halted and set up position along side the narrow road and watched as hundreds of men, vehicles, and tanks with tiger shark paintings on them leapfrogged ahead of us. Shortly after they passed our position, the road made a turn and dipped down into a long narrow defile which hid them from our view.

Then we followed, as units behind us moved up and assumed our "cover" position. The leapfrog movement accelerated as the North Korean Resistance, seemingly melted away. The distances between stops increased and the amount of time in "cover" positions decreased. Our final stop was about seven miles from the Yalu River, the border between North Korea and China. We had gone through much of a hauntingly, beautiful and yet sparsely settled land too beautiful for war's devastation, but war is often no respecter of beauty.

At the last stop, we had only been there for three hours or so. It was in the fall, and a harvested corn field served as our location. Several shocks of corn stalks dotted the area. One of our fellow soldiers, prompted by a nature call, approached one of the shocks in an effort to partially conceal himself from view of others, was startled by a small Korean man in the blue uniform of the North Korean army, who bolted from the interior of the corn shock where he had been hiding and ran in fear of what this army of Americans would do to him. Had he walked out with his arms in the air, I'm sure he would have only been taken prisoner, but he ran, refusing to stop for fear of the unknown. He was stopped by bullets.

This event had scarcely happened when a flurry of activity began to take place in the 105 mm gun battery. Three of the six guns were spun around and pointed to the area behind us. Soon the word came for us to get ready to move out to the south, where as we had been headed north.

The next three days were hectic as the Allied armies began movement back toward the 38th parallel. All hedges broke loose. The ceaseless thunder of big guns by day and the lightning like muzzle flashers by night, seemingly never ended. Large anti-aircraft guns, which had been used for long distance shelling, were pressed into service, seemingly firing almost straight up as short range artillery.

Only this morning we passed back through the valley and moved on a short distance before stopping to eat. We had scarcely done so when the word came down for our m-16 vehicle to join a rescue column going back north to help a unit, which had been out-flanked by Chinese soldiers who had poured across the Yalu River over a million strong on our approach to the border and rapidly pursued our withdrawal and threatened to cut us off to our rear.

One of our infantry units, behind us in our withdrawal, had been cut off and now a column of infantry and armored vehicles were being sent to help them escape.

As we started to pull out, over the radio in the half track, came the sound of shouts and gunfire and for the first time, fear tugged at my heart. As we reentered the valley, columns of infantry walking alongside, we were greeted by intense fire. A large tank was immediately in front of us and stopped to return fire. We could not proceed ourselves and came to a stand still. The quad 50 machine gun turret in the back began a murderous fire. Then an explosion in the

back. I was in the driving seat. Stinging pain accompanied flying shrapnel pieces which tore at shoulder, fingers and between the eyes. A large dent appeared in the armored door to my left.

A young infantry man, in fear, had climbed aboard our vehicle and had climbed down into the now deserted right front seat. The explosion had knocked the power unit from the gun turret. A fire from the gasoline in the power unit threatened store ammunition in the vehicle.

With no more operational function of the turret and damage to the gear train of the vehicle in which it could not move, the crew had left the vehicle. I told the young man that he'd best get out and turned to the task of extracting myself from my seat. I did not see him get out, but as I crawled over the middle console and dove out of the right hand door, he lay beneath me on the ground with several bullet holes through his head.

When the shrapnel had hit me between the eyes I thought, "Is this it? Is my mother going to receive another such telegram?" I was with her one day earlier during World War II, when with trembling hands she had received and opened one of those telegrams, which read, "We regret to inform you." In this case, another son had been seriously wounded; and fear was written on her face.

As we scrambled around outside the vehicle with tracer bullets seemingly everywhere overhead, with only a sage brush like cover, fear of what would be the outcome raised its head. I had a carbine type weapon, but it jammed and my torn and bleeding fingers could not free it up. I handed it to a fellow crew man who attempted to use it.

The word came that the trapped unit yet ahead of us had gotten out of the trap and for our unit to withdraw. The turret cover on the tank opened and a man beckoned for us to climb on. We clambered onto the cat walk area on top of the tank and it proceeded to push the abandoned half track out of the way and we began to move out. The fellow crewman who held my rifle in his hands suddenly seemed to toss it away. Later I learned that a bullet had struck it knocking it from his hand. I held a hand grenade and huddled against the armored sides of the tank. I was on the one side alone, the others riding on the other side. I learned later that they had experienced further hostile fire from that side. From my side, if any came, I was not aware of it.

The End

I know to this day that it was not meant for my father to be killed during the war. As life has gone on and I have been from the outside. My father has touched a many soul in his lifetime that needed to be touched. The Lord needed him, as we needed him, to do a great many more things in his life. I am grateful to the Lord for letting him live and him being able to be my father. I have been truly blessed because of this good man.

All day long we had waited in our train on a siding, waited until the tracks were cleared and once again we could be taken on our way. We were "guests" of the German High Command. Two days before, about dusk, we had been assembled, searched, had our coats removed so we had little clothing. I had wooden shoes, light burlap type trousers provided by our captors, and a British Field Jacket. My shirt had been taken from me about two weeks earlier, along with my GI shoes, my trousers, and coat - so the Germans could equip their soldiers as Americans for their offensive, and the resulting Battle of the Bulge.

We were cold when we were put in the box cars - 50 men to the car - and crowded, very crowded. There was snow on the ground; the weather freezing. We were searched for knives or any other tool whereby we might escape from the car, and then started on our journey. We didn't know where we were going, nor did we know how long we would be traveling. Some of us had powdered milk, the rest of our food having been taken from us. Most of us had nothing, It was Christmas Eve. We had endured two days of suffering - and also two nights - terrible nights. All night long we would have to keep getting up and exercising ourselves so we wouldn't freeze. Two nights and little sleep. Our tempers were short, our strength, what we had left, going. When we tried to sleep, we put our heads to the outside wall of the car. Two long columns were formed; one on each side of the car, and one big mass of feet. The cars were narrow. Our feet overlapped from the knees down, and men would complain when someone else wouldn't remove his shoes. I used my wooden shoes for a pillow. My feet were warm. I had worn everything I had owned - three pairs of socks. Our upper sides and lower sides, when we were laying down, however, were cold. We laid closely together, as closely

THE CHRISTMAS I REMEMBER BEST

as we could, so we could all lay down at once. Then someone along the way would want to turn over. We practiced our democratic training. We voted whether we turned over or not. If the vote was for turning, those opposed expressed their opinion, using freely all the army words they had ever heard. If the vote was against, then those favoring turning had their chance to speak. Up and down, turning, all night long, for two nights.

Finally we felt the engine connect to our car, and on this Christmas Eve of 1944, we started again to travel. We all seemed to feel better when we were traveling, for it meant we would eventually reach our destination. We feared, however, planes strafing our cars, or being bombed in a rail yard, if we stopped. We learned later that our British friends did this to the train behind us, killing 87 of our buddies.

All night long, we stood up, exercised to get our blood circulating, and laid down trying to get some sleep, and suffered. We discussed home, and food, and loved ones, and other Christmases. Throughout the night groups could be heard discussing, reminiscing over better days. Finally dawn came, and we felt that being today was Christmas, surely we would be stopped, put in a warm building, and fed - something - anything - and we would be so thankful. We had been given water once each day since boarding the train, but no food. We were terribly hungry, and thirsty. Throughout the morning, every time we stopped in a town, we thought - surely this is the place where they will take us off the train, and feed us, and let us get warm. Later on, in the afternoon, we started losing hope. We still hoped for warmth and food, but surely food, or even water.

It was the middle of the afternoon, and we had again stopped in a rail yard. I had found in my jacket a steel bit, and with it we removed some nails and opened a small six inch panel. We saw some people outside, and another locomotive. We tried to make our wants known, and held out to them the tin can we used as a cup. An elderly man came over and took the can, and

filled it with water from the engine, and gave it to us. We quickly took the cup, and nine of us had one swallow of water. We passed it to him again, but he refused to help us. Some German soldiers were approaching, we closed the window and waited - for surely they must be coming to let us out of the car - or bring us food, or water. Nothing happened! Our train started to move. Later on, dusk came, and the blackness of night. Once again we laid down, snuggling each other for warmth - not yet believing that we were not to be fed, nor given warmth, or water, on this Christmas Day.

Later, how much later I do not know, someone started singing, silent Night, Holy Night. We all joined in. We lacked musical harmony, but the spirit was wonderful. We were suddenly warm inside. We were hungry, and we were thirsty, and our bodies cold - for three days. But we had kept Christmas - we had sung a song - a Christmas song that originated in this war-torn country, a song we had known and loved, so long ago, when we were free, when we knew other Christmases. We had experienced the true spirit of Christmas, we were united in spirit, and we showed our love for one another. Not a harsh word was spoken all night long, on that Christmas night, so long ago, so far away.

Submitted by Lori Y. Schaub who is the daughter of the storyteller, Clyde K. Yeates.



Our
Heritage

Rose Marsh Butler

She looks so beautiful
Lying there,
And yet so still,
So far away,
All the love she's given,
Is it gone now,
Or will it live on
In her children,
Her grandchildren?
Can I help it live on?
I think of her courage,
Her faith,
Her love.

Is that what she has given me?
Perhaps that is what makes me strong
When I think of her;
Do I have a piece of the courage
She built as a child,
When she left her family
And came to America?
Do I have any part of the faith
She had.

Believing that God would preserve
Her family
While her husband was gone on missions;
Surely I have a large portion
Of the love
She gave so freely
To all she knew.
If only I can share it
As she would want me to,
And not bury it in the sand
Afraid to lose it.
"Farewell, Grandma;
When we meet again
May I be able to give you
Double
That which you have given me."

Rosalee Thain, 1976

Together

Lee & D'On Reese

I started to make separate accounts of faith and courage for each of these great individuals. I soon realized their lives have been shared far longer than they were ever apart. Their opportunities, challenges, and adversity have been approached with oneness and support for one another. Theirs is a union of love and support for each other.

Dad was raised on the family dairy farm where he and mom still live. He is the second youngest of five children. Mom was also raised in Benson, the second oldest of nine children. Mom's parents divorced when she was a young girl. Being the oldest daughter, she had to learn heavy responsibility at a young age. Those experiences as a young girl helped her prepare for the opportunities and challenges that she and dad would face.

Dad and Mom married early in their lives, and dad was excited to start his basketball team of sons. While they were expecting their first born, mom was stricken with the German Measles. Consequently, their first born son (Norman) was born without the ability to speak or hear. In those days, they did not have many resources in Cache Valley for children with special needs. Norman had to attend school in Ogden. Year after year it was, trip after trip, and, mile after mile, travelling to Ogden so Norman to attend school. Mom was involved in the PTA, which required even more trips. Dad's father died from a farm accident, leaving dad to care for many of the daily farm chores by himself. This meant that dad had to milk the cows while mom took Norman to school many times. I never remember hearing either of my parents complain about what they had to do, they simply did it with love.

When dad served in the Bishopric he would have to attend meetings in the evening. If there was hay that needed baling, dad would get everything ready to go, and then mom would take us boys out to the field. We were small enough that two of us could fit in the tractor seat. There the two of us would take turns at the wheel of the tractor as we baled the hay. Dad would then come and trade us off when he finished his meetings, only to have to get up early in the morning to get the chores done.

We used to grow sugar beets, which have to be thinned and hoed. Dad and mom would always save one field so that us boys could learn how to thin and hoe beets. They didn't simply send us to the field, but mom would take us each day and thin and hoe right along side of us, while dad was irrigating or doing other farm work.

They have shared the easy and hard times with each of their children, always there to cheer and to give comfort. When their fourth son (Terry) was stricken with a serious illness, he was living in Salt Lake. Once again, mom would make several trips each week to help Terry while dad worked on the farm.

Raising six children takes faith and courage for any one. Our parents have taught us with love and by example. They have taught us to work, to love, to have faith, and to care for others. They have taught us to be grateful for our blessings, and to recognize they come from a loving Heavenly Father.

Submitted by Bishop Wayne L. Reese

ELIZABETH ROBINSON TELFORD

Elizabeth Robinson Telford was born in 1836 in England. She was the 9th child in a family of 10 children—three girls and seven boys. When she was eighteen years old, she was baptized into the church; and two years later she and her brother Solomon began their long journey to Utah.

They sailed from England to Boston, then traveled to Iowa City, by way of Chicago. In Iowa City they waited for about three weeks while their handcart was being made. Then on July 28, 1856 they started west with the Martin Handcart Company. They walked the 400 miles to Omaha, Nebraska, and left Omaha in September to walk the remaining 1,031 miles to Salt Lake City. The hardship suffered by the members of the Martin Company is well documented and has been described by historians as one of the saddest in the history of the West. Elizabeth Telford, however, reported that they were "cheerful, and true to the spirit of our noble pioneers."

Each person in the handcart company was only allowed to take 14 pounds of personal effects including clothes and bedding. As the saints grew weaker they were forced to discard even part of that, so that in the coldest weather they had very little to shield them against the elements. Their provisions also gave out so that they were reduced from one pound of flour per day to just two spoonfuls, one in the morning and another in the evening, which they made into gruel. They had no other food. They reportedly "only killed one buffalo on the plains, and didn't even see a rabbit."

Severe winter storms came early to further complicate the journey for these travel weary saints. Besides the misery of being cold and hungry, they had to wade all the streams and rivers. After crossing the Platte River on October 19th eleven company members were buried in one grave. It was snowing and bitter cold. The river was full of blocks of ice. Many were already dying from cold and hunger. Elizabeth reported that the water came up under her arms as she waded across, and that her clothes were frozen on her every night.

As winter advanced and President Young learned of the suffering of the handcart companies, he sent relief trains to meet them. Sixteen wagons with provisions were sent out from Salt Lake City... They found the Martin Company near the Sweet Water on October 29th in a deplorable condition. They had lost 56 by death since leaving the Platte River nine days before. Most of their bedding had been abandoned on the road as they were too weak to haul it.

A few days later they made the last crossing of the Sweet Water. The crossing of this river was a terrible ordeal to the weary travelers. It was intensely cold. The river was wide and the ice was three or four inches thick. The river was deep and about 40 yards across. As many were unable to wade the river themselves, three men of the rescue party waded back and forth for hours helping the handcarts through and carrying the women and children. One of the men offered to carry Elizabeth across, but she said that she would wade the river if he would carry her brother Solomon. She knew that he was too ill and that he would die in the water if he tried to make it on his own. She started to wade across, but another man came and insisted on carrying her. This was very fortunate as she was not strong enough to have made it across. Her brother Solomon died that night.

As the immigrants approached the mountains Elizabeth was suffering so much from fatigue that she felt like it was impossible to go any farther, and it was only the thought of her parents in faraway England and the grief they would suffer when they received the message that she, as well as her brother, had died, that made it possible for her to go on. Otherwise, she would have "laid down in the snow and died."

Because of Elizabeth's exhausted condition and because her feet were frozen so badly that she could no longer keep up with the company, she started out one morning far in advance of the others to avoid being left behind. They soon caught up with her, however, and continued to pass her one by one. She was too proud and shy to ask for a ride. So she plodded resolutely on until all but one wagon had

passed by her, and as it started to pass by her, she summoned the courage to call to the driver, Anson Call, and asked him to give her a ride. He said that his team was too weary to take her up the hill, but she could ride when he reached the summit. He was very much surprised that she hadn't been given a ride sooner. She managed, only by a supreme effort, to reach the top of the hill. Then Mr. Call had to carry her and put her in the wagon. During the afternoon while Elizabeth was riding along the trail with Mr. Call, she spent the time mending his coat which was badly tattered. She welcomed this opportunity to pay him for the ride he was giving her.

When they reached the camp that night it was impossible to Elizabeth to get out of the wagon, or to take a step, so she was carried to the camp fire where her boots were cut off, and her feet wrapped in gunny sacks. Her feet were so black from the continued freezing that it was feared they must be amputated to the knees. She would not consent to this, however, and her recovery was due only to her great faith and the persistent care that she received. Even under those adverse conditions her feet were carefully bathed in warm water every night and morning.

Elizabeth with other emigrants of the Martin Handcart Company arrived in Salt Lake City on Sunday, November 30, 1856, just as the Sabbath meeting was out. When she saw that cheerful, happy throng of pioneers, so clean and neatly dressed and compared them with her own group in their pitiful tattered clothing--hungry, bedraggled and frost bitten, she could no longer restrain her tears. These were the first tears she had shed on that long tragic pilgrimage across the plains.

Brigham Young was so moved by the plight of the handcart pioneers that, as he watched them roll into the valley, he also wept. His 10-year-old daughter said that she had never seen him cry before. (*The Gathering, Maurine Jensen Proctor and Scot Facer Proctor, Deseret Book Company, 1996, page 195.*)

After Elizabeth's arrival in Utah, she lived with the family of Anson Call in Bountiful until she married the following March to John Telford. They were the parents of nine children, six of whom they were able to raise to adulthood. Elizabeth died at 74 years of age. Her granddaughter, Effie Lenore Wisner, wrote the following of her:

"Elizabeth Robinson Telford was a woman of fine character, supreme faith and courage. She was broad minded, scrupulously honest and truthful. She was unselfish and conscientious to a fault, and had a wonderful sense of justice. She was educated and refined...quiet, modest and unassuming in her manner. She was of a highly spiritual nature and very reverent...Elizabeth was a lover of nature in all her moods and seasons. She loved animals, especially fine horses. She loved to read good books and was interested in all the cultural things of life. Her old fashioned flower garden was a joy to all who knew her...She was a good neighbor and a generous and loyal friend. She despised a liar or a trouble maker, and couldn't tolerate anything vulgar, mean, or petty."

Submitted by: Lois W. Ballard

MARGARET McNEIL BALLARD

Margaret was born in Tranent, Scotland in 1846. When she was about a year old, her father joined the Church. She was baptized when she was 8; and she was 10, when the family began their journey to Zion.

When the family left their homeland there were mixed emotions for them. On the one hand, they were excited about the prospects of being one with the saints in a more hospitable place for Mormons. On the other hand there was sadness for loved ones left behind and some of the hard feelings harbored toward them. She recorded the following about their leaving Scotland and the six week ocean voyage.

"Before we left, my mother took us to say good-bye to our grandmother, my mother's mother, Margaret Martin Reid, but she would not come to the door or let us in. My aunt came to the door and said Grandmother didn't want to see us for we had broken her heart because we had joined the Mormon Church. Mother took us by the hand and we went home. Mother cried all the way home.

"During this time (on the ocean) we had many hardships to endure, but through it all we were greatly blessed. Because of my mother's condition (she had just given birth to a baby boy), and my being the oldest member of the family and being blessed with health, I had to share the responsibility with my father of taking care of the rest of the family who suffered greatly with sea sickness...I was the cook for the family and sometimes experienced trouble in preparing our porridge which was about all we had to eat. I was but ten years old and somewhat of a venturesome spirit, and through this perhaps met many more difficulties than I would have done otherwise. However, I was protected from accident and blessed with health the entire trip."

The McNeil family finally arrived in the United States and eventually made their way to Winter Quarters. Margaret's father was asked to help establish Genoa which was a settlement 100 west of Winter Quarters that would be a temporary settlement for the benefit of the immigrating Saints. There they would help the Saints and they themselves make preparation to join the Saints in Utah.

"When we were all ready to start on our journey westward, my father's team of five-year old unbroken oxen ran away, and we were delayed. We had never seen oxen before...The company had gone on ahead, and as my mother was anxious for me to go with them she strapped my little brother James on my back with a shawl. He was only four years old and still quite sick with the measles, but I took him since Mother had all she could do to care for the other children. I hurried and caught up with the company traveling with them all day. That night a kind lady helped me take my brother off my back. I sat up and held him on my lap with the shawl wrapped around him, alone, all night. He was a little better the next morning. The people in the camp were very good to us and gave us a little fried bacon and some bread for breakfast.

"We traveled this way for about a week, my brother and I not seeing our mother during this time. Each morning one of the men would write a note and put it in the slit of a willow stuck into the ground to tell how we were getting along. In this way mother knew that we were all right."

Margaret arrived in Genoa ahead of the company, thus becoming the first female resident of the present city of Genoa. Margaret and her family stayed in that community for two years. When the time came for them to cross the plains to Utah, Margaret was given the responsibility of the family cow. she would leave early in the morning so that it could graze the grasses. The company would catch up to her and pass her and then she would bring up the cow behind, often joining them in camp long after dark.

"One night our cow ran away from camp and I was sent out to bring her back. I was bare

footed and not watching where I was going. All of a sudden I began to feel that I was walking on something soft and looked down to see what it could be. I found to my horror that I was standing in a bed of snakes, large ones and small ones. At the sight of them I became so weak that I could scarcely move. All I could think of was to pray. The Lord blessed and watched out for me so that I was protected from many similar experiences.

"While crossing the plains my mother's health was very poor so I tried to assist her as much as I could. Every morning I would get up early and get breakfast for the family and milk the cow so that I could hurry and drive her ahead of the company...The cow furnished us our chief source of food, and it was, therefore, important to see that she was fed as well as circumstances allowed.

"Being alone much of the time I had to get across the rivers as best as I could. Our cow was a Jersey and had a long tail. When it became necessary to cross the rivers I would wind the end of her tail around my hand and swim across with her.

"I was always very careful to watch for every bit of wood I could find on the way. Our fuel consisted mostly of 'buffalo chips,' and each morning I would gather a large apron full of them for the camp fires on which we cooked our meals. At the end of each day's journey I milked my cow and helped prepare our supper after which I gladly fell asleep wherever my bed happened to be.

When the company reached the Sweet Water River they were confronted with a terrible snow storm. They were almost without food and their circumstances very poor. Margaret's father was advised to go through Weber Canyon to Ogden rather than Salt Lake. He was told that the journey was a little bit shorter and easier. He was also advised to work in Ogden and then move up to Cache Valley and take up land there. Margaret wrote:

"We started our journey alone and had a very hard time of it. Our food gave out and we had nothing but milk and wild rose berries to eat. We arrived in Ogden on the 4th day of October, 1859 after a journey of 1,035 miles from Woodrifer. Although each day was filled with hardship and hunger, we thanked our Heavenly Father for His protecting care--care that made our trip easier to endure. I walked every step of the way across the plains, drove my cow, and a large part of the way carried my little brother, James, on my back.

"Across the field from where we were (near to the settlement) was a little home and out in the yard was a big pile of squash. We were so famished that my mother sent me over to beg for squash, for we did not have a cent of money, and some of the children were very weak for want of food. I knocked at the door and an old lady came and said, 'Come in, come in. I knew you were coming and have been told to give you food.' She gave me a large loaf of fresh bread and said to tell my mother that she would come over soon. It was not long until she did come and brought us a nicely cooked dinner, something we had not had for a long time. This woman was surely inspired of the Lord to help us and we were grateful for her kindness. Bread never tasted so good before or since."

Margaret's family did continue to Cache Valley where they settled. Later she met and married Henry Ballard and together they raised a family to the Lord. What a rich legacy of perseverance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ she has given her posterity.

submitted by Lois W. Ballard

February, 1970

Kent (who was not quite 6 years old) woke up Tuesday morning with an ear ache. He cried for about 2½ hours. I gave him aspirin, put drops in his ear, and applied a heat pad. Finally he said, "What can you do for my ear, Mama?, It hurts so bad!" I told him I had done about all I could think of. He said, "Pray then." So I did. (Perhaps he didn't think it was a very eloquent prayer, because he said, "Sometimes Jesus prayed all day".)

Within just a few minutes he was asleep. When he woke up, the pain was gone. In fact, he felt so good and wanted to go to Relief Society so bad, that we went. We had a testimony meeting after the lesson, and I bore my testimony-----We knew that Heavenly Father heard our prayers and helped Kent. Such faith! See what HE can do for you, if you'll just ask HIM! Kent's mother, Alice S. Cardon

My mother Lucy, was born in England, daughter of George and Alice Jackson. The missionaries taught the Jackson family about the gospel of Jesus Christ. They became converted, and became members of the Church in 1897. Those days, the thing to do was to come to "Zion"-----to Utah in America-----which was the center of the Church.

Elder Frank Lee from Hyde Park, Utah, was serving as a missionary in England, and he knew that the Jackson family wanted to come to America. Upon his release, he offered to let part of the family stay with him and his wife in Hyde Park until the rest of the family could save enough money for ship fare. Because the Jacksons knew that they would never be able to afford to all come to America at the same time, and because they only had enough money for one half-fare, they consented to let Lucy, who was just 10 years old, come to America with Elder Lee.

The family bid goodbye to Lucy as she boarded the big ship, not knowing when or if they would ever see her again in this life. Lucy became so seasick on the ship that for a few days she thought she was going to die. Then she hoped she would die----- she was so seasick and homesick.

They were on the ocean for three weeks. Her seasickness finally left, and the latter part of the voyage was not so bad. They traveled to Salt Lake City by train, and finally to Hyde Park, where Lucy made her home with Br. and Sister Lee and their three young daughters. Many nights Lucy cried herself to sleep because she was so homesick.

Another woman offered Lucy 50¢ a week to come and live with her. Lucy thought maybe she could save her money and send it to England to help hurry the time when her family could come to America. When she went to live with this woman, Lucy really earned her money! She tended the little children, carried water from the well, did the washing, fixed meals and washed dishes, and waited on the woman who was bedfast after the birth of a new baby. Lucy realized what a mistake she had made by leaving the Lee's home.

Over the next few years, as the Jackson's were able to, they sent others of their daughters to America. After four years, Lucy's father came, leaving his wife and the three youngest children in England, until he would be able to send for them. It was nine years before Lucy's mother was finally able to join the rest of the family in Hyde Park. What a joyous reunion! But their joy was only brief, for Lucy's mother had a cancerous sore on her face, which steadily grew worse, and after the family had only been together three years, Lucy's mother died, and they were separated again!

All these years of sacrifice and loneliness, and trials, because they knew that the Church was true and wanted to be with the Saints in Zion! How grateful we should be for our heritage!

By Alice S. Cardon

At the request of our church leaders, I am attempting to write about an incident in the lives of either myself or family that will prove to be faith promoting to those who might have occasion to review it.

I have had many and varied experiences during more than 50 years serving in various assignments in Benson Ward and in stakes of the church either as an officer or missionary .

However, I wish to relate something about my ancestors on the paternal side of my father, Hyrum Michael Cardon . My great grandfather, Philippe Cardon was born in the high mountain valleys of northern Italy, his family having been driven there from southern France because of their Protestant beliefs and their opposition to the doctrines and power emanating from Rome. For centuries they had been persecuted and driven from their homes because of their religious beliefs and their fiercely independent nature . Higher and higher into the alpine valleys of the Alps they were driven, until, their backs to the wall, so to speak, they of necessity had to defend themselves and eke out a subsistence living from the land . The terrible sufferings and atrocities which they were forced to endure are well documented by historians throughout the world .

They belonged to group of people known as the Waldenses, martyrs for Christianity since the time of Christ.

In about the year 1840, the sister of Grand Father John Paul Cardon whose name was Mary Magdelain Cardon had a dream or vision . She was just a young girl of six or seven when this event took place, and which later proved to be the means whereby the family was introduced to and became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

She relates the dream as follows : " It seemed to me that I was a young lady instead of a small child . I thought that I was out by my father's vineyard on a small piece of meadow taking care of my father's cows so that they would not wander into the vineyard. I thought I was seated on the grass reading a Sunday School book, and as I raised my eyes I saw three men standing before me. I dropped my eyes instantly, as they were strangers to me . I felt somewhat alarmed, and as I raised my eyes again and looked them in the face, one of the strangers said unto me, "'Fear not, for we are the servants of God and have come from afar to bring unto you and all who desire to be saved in the kingdom of heaven, a message. We are sent to reveal the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is re-established upon the earth never again to be taken away from the earth. "' These three strangers spoke to me of many things which would come to pass in the future . They handed me two small books and asked me to read them carefully and said that if I would obey the commandments of God, I would be saved. They said that the day was not far off when my parents and family would embrace the gospel of Christ. They said many other things about our departure from our home and our journey to Zion, and then they disappeared " .

She awoke and felt very weak and strange. She walked into the kitchen where her mother was preparing breakfast, but was not sure what she should tell her mother. Soon her father came in to breakfast. As he took her on his knee to find out what was wrong, she told him about her dream or vision. Being very young, she forgot about the incident, but her parents didn't.

In 1849 Elders Lorenzo Snow, George T.H. Stenhouse and Elder Toronto were sent to Italy to open up the mission. The first place they stopped, they were not permitted to preach and in fact were driven away. Seeking refuge in the mountains, they prayed to God that He would open up the way for them to deliver their message. They were assured through the Spirit that their prayers would be answered. A few days later, when great grandfather Phillippe came home he had heard about these three strangers. He said that these strangers were preaching the same doctrine that his little girl had told him about when she had her dream several years before. He became so excited that he left his work, put on his best clothes and went in search of these strangers. He arrived at a place where they were preaching on Sunday morning. He immediately invited them to come to his home and make that their headquarters. On that journey He related to them the experience of his young daughter.

When they arrived home, the Elders inquired about Mary and were informed that she was out in the meadow tending the cattle. It seemed that when they arrived at the place she was, it was the same place she had witnessed in her dream. She was reading from her Sunday School book as in her dream and when she was introduced to them they took from their pockets two small books and said the same things to her that she remembered from her dream.

The family soon joined the church, and a few years later in 1854 they left for the Salt Lake Valley. Many of their friends also accepted the truth, and there became a nucleus of the church in that small valley. In the interim, however, they were persecuted for their beliefs by the same people who had been persecuted with them by the powers from Rome. They were fortunate enough to dispose of their property for enough money to bring all of Phillippe's family and a family of their friends to America and Salt Lake City, where they all remained faithful and were some of the early pioneers of Weber and Cache Valley.

This incident has provided a great legacy for our family, and testifies to us that the Lord does hear the earnest prayers of those who are seeking for the truth. Sometimes those prayers are answered in ways that are miraculous to those of us who hear of them later.

Submitted by Kenneth R. Cardon

HENRY BALLARD'S RIVER TRIP
THE "SALUDA" EXPLODES

When the company that Henry emigrated with arrived at New Orleans Henry "bound himself out" to work for a company for two years to pay back his passage across the ocean and across the plains.

At New Orleans the company from the Kennebec was put on an old craft of a boat called the "Pride of the West." It might have been entitled to that name in an early day but not then. It was chained together to keep it from falling to pieces. They had to travel near the edge of the river all the way to St. Louis—they were afraid of the deep water. This trip took them nearly two weeks.

They stayed at St. Louis for two days and then they were put on another old worn out steam boat call the "Saluda" bound for Council Bluffs.

They left St. Louis on the first day of April with about seventy-five or eighty Later-day Saints on the boat—all going to Council Bluffs, the gathering place of the Saints.

In three days they reached the town of Lexington. Here the water was running very swift. The captain and the fireman did their best to make headway but after trying several hours they gave up and crossed to the other side of the river where there were no houses and tied up the boat for the night.

The next day they found the river full of floating ice, large blocks from two feet thick and two rods long (a rod is about 16 feet) and larger so they could not move. They were tied up here for over a week. Then they crossed back to Lexington.

The ice was not floating quite so badly by that time but a large piece struck the paddle wheels and broke them. This delayed the company for the captain had to stop another day to get the wheels fixed.

It was more than a week after they left St. Louis before the boat was able to make another start.

It was Friday morning, April 9th--Good Friday, Easter time when the Saluda was ready to start again on its voyage.

Henry had been placed in charge of the May family to look after them, their food and comforts, for the father, George May and his oldest son, had left the boat with others to buy and drive stock to the Bluffs for the journey across the plains.

Henry was sleeping on the side of the boat by the boilers with another young man. Upon learning the boat was about ready to move

on he got up and went ashore and bought some provisions for the family.

When he returned they sat down on the boxes to eat breakfast together. Of this story Henry wrote in his journal: "I was in the act of taking a drink from a tin cup when the boilers of the boat blew up, blowing about half of the boat away, killing and wounding about fifty of the saints and wounding many more. I was blown about two rods (about 30 feet) under a bunk where there was a man with part of his head blown off. I was stunned and made senseless for about half an hour with a hole cut in my head near the brain. The sensation which I had while in this position was, I thought I was floating down the river upon broken pieces of wood. I finally saw daylight through a doorway which was a door by the paddle wheels. A man ran past me and I followed him and jumped off the boat into the water, on the side next to the land. This part of the boat did not sink.

"When I got off I could not stand up. I lay down on a board on the shore of the river for sometime. While laying there the blood was streaming down my face from the wound in my head."

Henry was gratefully relieved when he learned that none of the May family had been killed and but one injured. Harriet May received a severe burn on her ankle but soon got well.

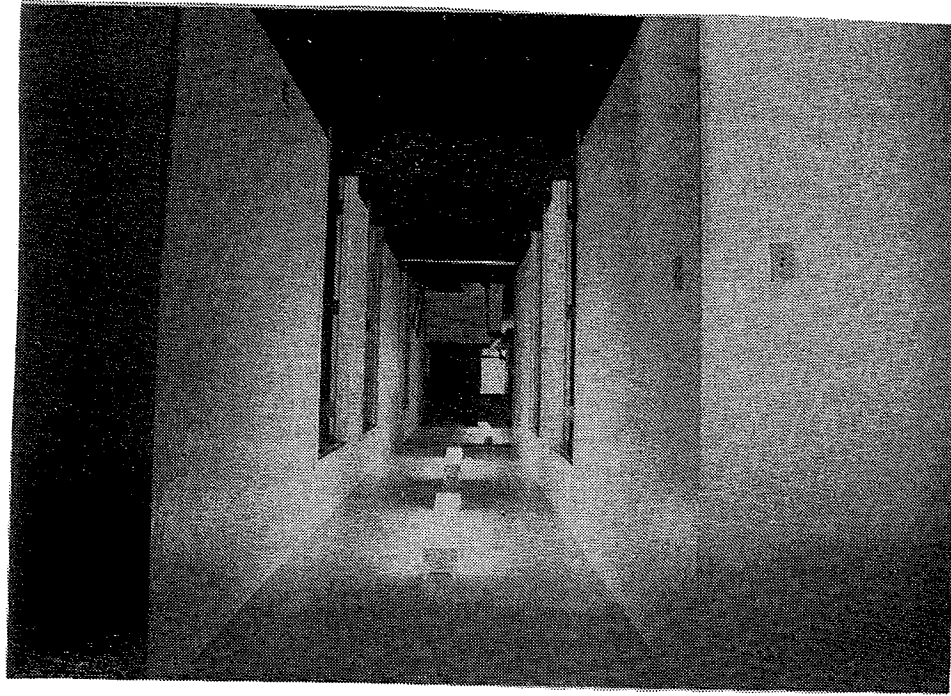
After a time when Henry recovered a little he went back onto the boat to see if he could find his dogs or any of his things. The dogs were blown away with the blast and were killed.

Henry wrote: "I found the bread which I had in my hand, also my knife, covered with blood, and the tin cup that I had to my mouth when the explosion happened, mashed flat as a dollar."

Henry lost one box of clothing entirely and one other box was found in mud and water in the bottom of the boat. Someone helped him get the box out and then opened it. Nearly everything was spoiled--all Henry owned was the wet clothes he had on his back and one other shirt and just one sock--no hat, no coat and no money to buy anything for himself or the family he was to look after.

Henry wrote: "The Lord raised up kind friends who were strangers to me and they gave me money to buy food for the family to last till we got to Council Bluffs."

People who saw the explosion said the boat sank within ten minutes and it was heard all over the city of Lexington. The newspaper wrote: "What a horrible scene, twenty-four dead were found and twice that many more with limbs broken and torn off; many badly scared, wives and mothers frantic at the loss of husbands and children, sorrowing orphans searching among the dead and dying for their parents, and parents for their children."



Submitted by LaRae Falslev

How thankful we are that Henry's life was spared and how good our Father in Heaven was to both Henry and to us.

Many accepted this kind offer and boarded the Isabell. Among them was Henry and the May family. Those who remained were the wounded too sick to travel and some of their relatives and friends who stayed to help take care of them. No one knows to this day just how many lives were lost with this terrible accident.

Captain Miller of the "Isabell," a boat just below stream when the accident happened, came to the scene of the disaster very soon and was generous in helping the people of the Saluda. He offered free passage to the Bluffs with provisions to all who wished to go and were able to travel.

The people of Lexington were very good to these unfortunate Saints and provided homes and food for all who were not able to continue on their journey. They cared for the orphans and buried the dead and did everything they could do to help the suffering.

Besides all these many were blown into the middle of the river and never recovered. Some were blown on the land side, quite a distance, and some killed by flying timbers. The captain of the boat, Captain Bell, was blown up a steep hill, also the iron safe with the boat's papers in it. The safe was blown to bits and killed the captain.

The Pioneer Guillaume Couture
By Mary Mather Falslev*, a Benson resident (January, 1998)

When one is asked to recount a pioneer story for an LDS audience, the first thing that comes to mind is a tale of an ancestor crossing the Great Plains to settle the Salt Lake Valley. These are often stories of fairly recent immigrants, most likely English or Scandinavian converts who came to Nauvoo or Missouri in the late 1830's or the early 1840's. Let's not forget, however, that there were earlier pioneers who arrived in America as much as a full two hundred years before that. Without these earlier pioneers who braved that unknown sea to wrest the unmapped land from the remnant people of Old Jerusalem, there would be no Nauvoo or Missouri.

This story is about the ancestor of a Benson resident who was born Mary Thérèse Young*, the granddaughter of a Québécois who descended from one Guillaume Couture, hero of both the Seneca and Huron Indians and the earliest white settlers of New France, or present day Canada. In 1640, Guillaume Couture was a young heir to a modest estate in Rouen, Normandy, France. By his early twenties, his Christian faith was so strong that he made up his mind to serve the Lord by becoming a Jesuit *donné* in the Catholic Church.

The Jesuits were the clergy who believed in the writings of an Italian monk from the 1200's, Joachim di Fiore. Fiore believed that the Second Coming of Christ would not take place until the remnant tribes of Israel were taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Jesuits, 300 years later, believed that the natives who peopled the North and South American continents were the remnants of the tribes of Israel. Because of this belief, the Jesuits were among the first to explore the Americas and learn the languages of its native people.

A Jesuit *donné*, the role Guillaume chose, was a lay brother, not a priest in this Catholic order of clergy. In order to become a *donné*, a man would have to donate all of his property to the Jesuit order. Then he would remain celibate, and usually for his entire life, he served as an attendant to a Jesuit priest or several priests, performing many routine housekeeping chores and porter duties to the Jesuits who were serving as missionaries in the New World. In return, the Jesuits promised to provide for the *donné* as long as he remained among them. Unlike a priest, a *donné*'s vows were not for life, unless that was his choice.

Guillaume Couture cleverly ceded his estate in France to his uncle, mother, and sister before joining the Jesuits. A reliable historical record of the time mentions Guillaume and indicates that the Jesuits were not happy to later discover he no longer had any property to contribute. He was dispatched to New France to an area we now know as Quebec in Canada and also as upstate New York. At this time, there were less than 500 white men in all of Canada.

He was among the party of Jesuits led by Father Isaac Jogues who converted a Huron chief and who were later captured by the feared Mohawk/Iroquois tribe in 1642. Couture fought bravely, but escaped with the Huron chief when his companions were subdued and captured. Overtaken by guilt and concern for their beloved companions, Couture and the chief changed their minds and returned from the woods to offer themselves as captives with their companions. Father Jogues blessed him for this and told him that even though they would suffer for Christ, his courage would live on forever. Couture felt courage emanate from his body. No doubt, this was an outpouring of the Spirit of Christ.

For thirteen days, the unfed captives were dragged through the woods to a series of Mohawk villages. They stopped at night but were tortured around the campfire each time. They were beaten with switches and clubs. Sleep was impossible due to the plague of mosquitoes, hordes of deer flies, and worms in their open wounds.

When the captives were brought to the first Mohawk village, they were made to walk between two lines of natives who beat and whipped them. Then they were stripped of all their clothing and tied to a raised platform for more torture. The native people mocked the first white men ever to come to their village. The fingers of the captives were chewed to the bone or chewed off entirely. The Mohawks tore the fingernails from any remaining fingers. Couture's fingers remained intact longer than any of his companions' fingernails did. When the natives discovered this, one of his thumbs was sliced and yanked at so hard, that one of his nerves was pulled out of his arm clear up from his elbow. Open wounds were poked with sticks. In fact, a native thrust a long stick up Couture's wound to his elbow. Hot, glowing coals from fires were tossed upon the captives.

Each day, they traveled to another Iroquois village and were put through the same torture and humiliation. Yet, in the midst of the tribulation, the captives called upon God in prayer and asked for mercy for their captors. Father Jogues escaped with the help of the Dutch and made his way back to France. He returned a few years later for another mission to the natives where he suffered the same fate, only dying this time. All of Couture's other fellow captives were burned at the stake. Some of them were dissected alive before the fires finally put them out of their misery. Guillaume Couture was given to a Seneca/Iroquois tribe as a slave. His wounds healed, and he learned their language. A family in the tribe adopted him, and in 1645 he was sent as a translator to a peace treaty conference with the French in the fort city of Trois Rivières.

Couture negotiated the treaty successfully and returned to the tribe with the news. He was released back among his countrymen where he asked to be released from his vows as a domé. He became the first land owner on the south side of the St. Lawrence River at a place we now know as Lauzon near the city of Quebec. He married an immigrant from France, Anne Emard, in 1649. Couture served on and off as a translator and mediator for the French to the Indian tribes after that. He also went to Albany, New Netherlands as a French emissary to the Dutch. He led the expedition that explored the Hudson Bay and claimed its southern shore for France. Toward the end of his life, he was elected by his fellow settlers to serve as the commander of their local militia and as their liaison to the colonial government. This role was both military and legal, as an advocate for redress and grievance. He was later appointed judge of the Seigneurie, which was much like a county in our present day. In 1701, this great pioneer, faithful Christian missionary, and father of ten died at the age of 84.

The Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ was not yet on the earth in this great hero's time. Yet, he was faithful to the Gospel as it was known then. He sacrificed a comfortable life in France, retained no personal possessions, and embarked on a mission to bring Christianity to the descendants of Lehi of old Jerusalem. His captive companions were canonized as The American Martyrs and made saints by the Catholic Church, an honor accorded few. Because Couture lived beyond his captivity, he was not given this same honor.

Couture's modern posterity, who have the fullness of the Gospel, know that his subsequent life as a father and husband and as a citizen-leader of New France was important in preparing this land for the establishment of the Restored Gospel. It was just as important as his work among his companion-Jesuits in the wilderness. It is because of pioneers such as these that the American continent was prepared for the Restoration of the Fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Without their courage, we would not have had a place to build a Nauvoo, a refuge in the Salt Lake Valley, or a New Jerusalem in the heart of the New World. Indeed, there would have been no LDS pioneers who were free to cross the plains to Utah where Couture's courage will forever be remembered in the heart of one of his descendant who joined the Church and married Larry Falslev, the son of Danish convert and 20th century immigrant.

Ezekiel Johnson was Lee and Norvel Johnson's great, great grandpa. He was never baptized even though his family was.

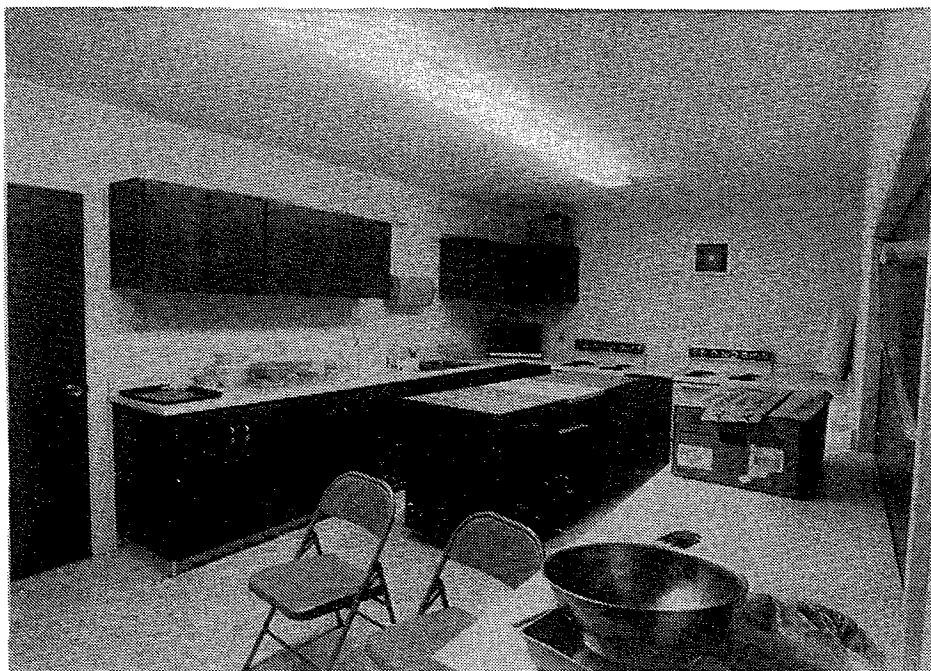
On one occasion it was reported that a company of soldiers, under a captain, was marching on Nauvoo to compel the Saints to leave the city at once, even before the time set by the agreement of the commissioners who made the treaty of expulsion. Ezekiel heard of this treachery on the part of the mob, and his anger knew no bounds. He swore by all the powers of good and evil that those soldiers should not come into the city of Nauvoo that night. Acting on his word which he was never known to break, accompanied by his ever present companion, 'Old Bess', a small double barreled shot, he met the men just as they were entering the city. He stepped behind a tree until the Captain came close to him. Cocking both barrels of his gun he stepped out in front of the Captain and ordered, 'Hault, hands up.' The Captain at once saw his disadvantage and with hands high in the air, ordered, 'Hault, attention.' Ezekiel said they must cross his dead body before they entered further into the city, and to make no argument but go. The Captain, realizing his helpless position, ordered 'about face and march.' They did, until they were out of sight. They again entered the city on a side street, where Ezekiel again covered the Captain as before. He told him that he would shoot him on the spot if he tried to say one word of explanation, and if he tried to enter the city, he would shoot him from behind a tree without further warning. The mob seemed to believe what he said, for they went into quarters outside the city limits for the night.

This delay gave the Saints time to prepare for the surprise that was intended by the soldiers who, after a conference held with the leading men of Nauvoo the next morning, decided to return home without firing a gun.

Because of this episode, Ezekiel became a marked man by the mob who later whipped him so brutally that after a period of suffering he died from the effect.

He knew the gospel was true and had asked for baptism of which his sudden death deprived him, leaving all his work for his children.

(Submitted by Lee Johnson)



Clarence Hulet--

When Sherilyn Johnson's father, Clarence, was a boy it was his duty to tend the family's flock of sheep as they grazed on a narrow neck of desert land between irrigated farm land. He was aware that the grass was drying up and also knew that most of the barbed-wire fence would not keep the sheep from the lush alfalfa. The sheep had a good grazing spread which largely

accounted for the problem which was about to develop. The object was to not let the sheep graze too close to the alfalfa, and for this experienced 10-year-old herder, this would not be a problem! As the south end of the flock approached the field, he confidently drove them back with lots of noise and herded rocks. However, the far north end of the herd, about an eighth of a mile away, was now approaching too close to the field to be safe. He ran to that end, quickly and easily

getting them back, but to his great concern, the south end of the herd was now closer to the field than they were at the beginning. He raced back to the original seat of the problem just in time, but was now aware that the situation was desperate, as the sheep at the far end of the flock would soon enter the field. Away he raced again, back and forth, shouting, clapping, throwing rocks, using every strategy of an experienced herder until he was nearly exhausted. The sheep were now grazing the field quite at will.

The farmer would be very angry because of the damage to his field, his dad would be very unhappy because of the problem created with his neighbor. He thought he done everything he could do. Then he remembered "There is still one thing I can do, I can pray." Immediately he dropped to his knees among the grazing sheep. With child-like faith he explained his problem and asked, "Please help me. What can I do to get the sheep out?" In an instant, words came to his mind as clearly as any conversation he had ever heard. "Bark like a dog." Quickly he rose to his feet and gave an inspired bark. Instantly every sheep in the flock simultaneously stampeded in one mass movement from the field.

As a humble herder took his sheep home that night, he remembered the lesson and has ever since cherished the experience of that day.

EXPERIENCES OF ZEKE JOHNSON

now 85 -- 1954

(approximately great uncle to Lee and Norval Johnson)

I have been requested to relate an experience I had in 1908 or 1909 in San Juan County. I was just making a home in Blanding and the whole county there was covered with trees and sagebrush. I was working hard to clear the ground to plant a few acres of corn. We had five acres cleared and started to plant the corn. My little boy, Roy 7 or 8 years old, was there to help me plant the corn. I'd plow around the piece and then he'd plant the furrow with corn. Then I'd cover it and plow again. While I was plowing on that piece of ground, I discovered there were ancient houses and that there is the remnants of them.

As I was plowing around, I noticed that my plow had turned out the skeleton of a small child. The skull and the backbone; most of the bones of course were decayed and gone. Part of the skeleton was there, so I stepped immediately as my plow had passed it a little. I turned and looked back against the bar of the plow between the handles. As I was looking at that little skeleton that I had just plowed out and wondering. All of a sudden, to my surprise I was the bones begin to wiggle and they began to change position and to take on different color and within a minute there lay a beautiful skeleton. It was a perfect little skeleton.

Then I was the inner parts of the natural body coming in -- the entrails, etc. I saw the flesh coming on and I saw the skin come on the body when the inner parts of the body were complete. A beautiful head of hair adorned the top of the head; and in about a half a minute after the hair was on the head, it had a beautiful crystal decoration in the hair. It was combed beautifully and parted on one side. In about a half a minute after the hair was on the head, the child raised up on her feet. She was lying a little on her left side with her back towards me. Because of this, I wasn't able to discern the sex of the child, but as she raised up, a beautiful robe came down over her left shoulder and I saw it must be a girl.

She looked at me and I looked at her; and for a quarter of a minute we just looked at each other smiling. Then my ambition was to get hold of her. I said, "Oh you beautiful child," and I reached as if I would embrace her and she disappeared.

That was all I saw and I stood there and I wondered and I thought for a few minutes. My little boy was wondering why I was there because he was down at the other end of the row anxious to come and plant the corn. Now, I couldn't tell that story to anyone because it was so mysterious to me and such. Why should I have seen a miraculous experience? I couldn't feature a human being in such a condition as to accidentally plow that little body out and see it come alive. A body of a child about five to seven years old, I'd say.

I couldn't tell that story to anyone until finally one day I met a dear friend of mine, Stake Patriarch Wayne H Redd of Blanding. He stopped me on the street and said, "Zeke, you have had an experience on this mesa you won't tell. I want you to tell it to me." Well, I told it to him. Then he had me tell it to other friends and since then I have told it in four temples in the United States and at many meeting houses at many socials, fast meetings, and at conference times.

I wondered, and it worried me for years, as to why I was allowed to see it--a common man like me - uneducated. Why was I, just a common man, allowed to see such a marvelous manifestation of God's power?

One day as I was walking alone with my hoe on my shoulder going to hoe some corn, something said, "Stop under the shade of that tree for a few minutes and rest." This just came to me and I thought I would, so I stopped there and this was given to me.

It was in answer to my prayer. I prayed incessantly for an answer as to why I was privileged to see that resurrection. I was told why. When the child was buried there, it was either in time of war with the different tribes or it was winter time when the ground was frozen and they had no tools to dig deep graves. If it were during time of war they couldn't possibly take time to dig a deep grave. They just planted that little body as deep as they could under the circumstances. When it was done, the sorrowing mother knew that it was such a little shallow grave, that in her sorrow she cried out to the little group that was present, "That little shallow grave. The first beast that comes along will smell her body and will dig her up and scatter her to the four winds. Her bones will be scattered all over these flats." There just happened to be a man present holding the priesthood (a Nephite or a Jaredite, I don't know which because they had both been in this country. I've been in their houses and know it.) This man said, "Sister, calm your sorrows. Whenever that little body is disturbed, the Lord will call her up and she will live. Since that time, I have taken great comfort, great cheer and consolation and satisfaction, with praise in my heart and soul, until I haven't the words to express it, that it was I that uncovered that little body.

Thank you for listening to me. I just can't tell this without crying.
Zeke Johnson
son of Joel Hills Johnson

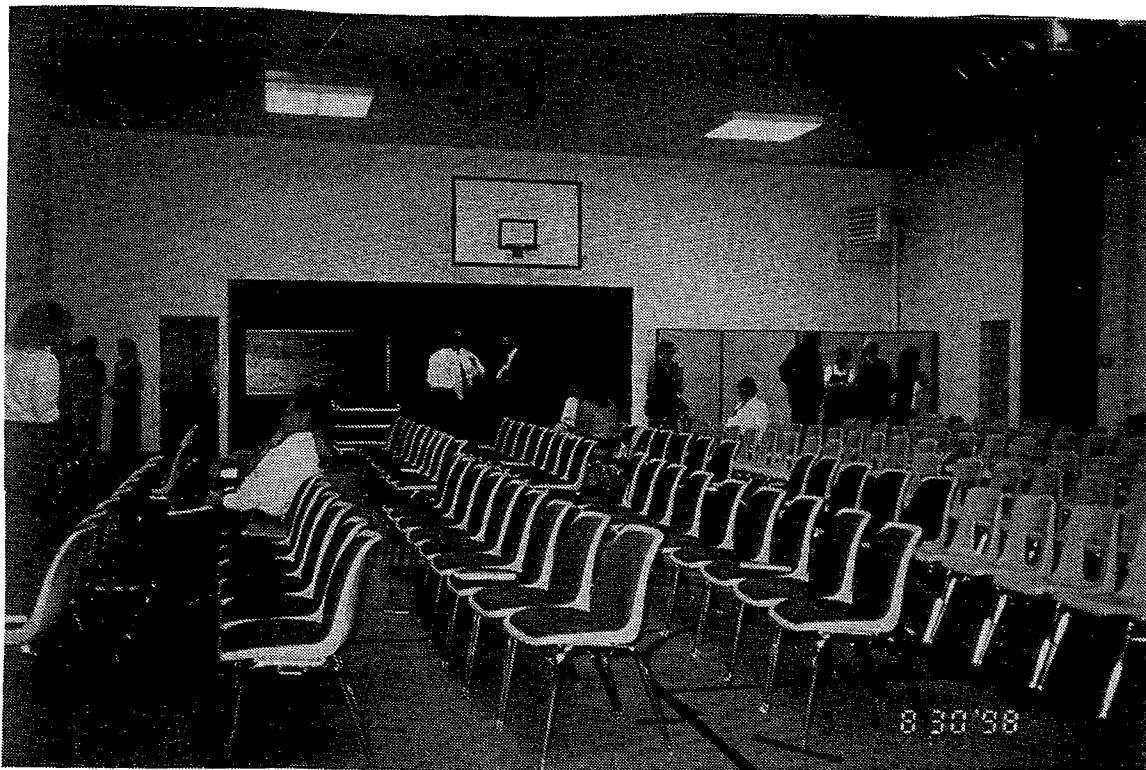
Submitted by Heidi Rees
In memory of Lorraine Tillman
1997

I remember the many stories that mom had told of growing up in Ramah, NM. Ramah was much like the Benson community. Most everyone was related in some way or another and the Bishop was in charge of the affairs of the town. Any disputes or decisions would be settled by the bishop.

One particular story that comes to mind is one of my very favorite. Mom recalls as she was a little girl playing in her yard one day, a stranger had approached her asking for some food to eat. Mom ran into her home and called for her mother to come to the door. My grandma was a bit skeptical to let the man in because nobody knew who he was. He just seemingly came out of nowhere. Grandma gave him some milk and a piece of pie and the man sat on the front porch to eat. Mom remembered his beautiful blue eyes. She said she had never seen eyes as blue as his was. She said that he also had flowing white hair and carried a knapsack over his shoulder.

As the man finished the pie, he thanked my mom and grandma for the food and went on his way. As he left the front gate of the yard, mom said that grandma told her to run to the fence and see which direction the man was going, because of him being a stranger in a town where everyone was related.

Mom said that as she got to the fence, the man had disappeared just as mysteriously as he had appeared. Grandma had always told us that she really felt that he was one of three Nephites.



Submitted by Heidi Rees
In memory of Louis Wayne Clawson
(My Mother's Father)
1997

Grandpa tells of a story when he was a missionary for the church. He and his companion were in an area where they would just as soon run the missionaries out on a rail than they would to let them preach to them.

He said that one day he and his companion happened upon a bunch of men that were playing with a Ouija board. The men were quite angry with my grandfather and his companion. Grandpa told them that if they let him ask the Ouija board three questions then they would quit bothering them and the men agreed.

The first question that grandpa asked was, "Is The Book of Mormon True?" The Ouija board said yes.

The second question that grandpa asked was, "Is Joseph Smith a true prophet of God?" Again the Ouija board said yes.

The third question that grandpa asked was, "Is The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints the only true church on the earth?" The Ouija board said yes.

Grandpa said that after that, they got up and left. They had made their point. As they were walking down the street, a man came up to them in a wagon and told them to get in. He told them that there was a mob forming to come and get them. Grandpa and his companion got in the wagon and headed out of town, they came to a fork in the road and the man let them off and told them which road to take and told them to not look back. Grandpa said that he turned around to thank the man, and he had disappeared.

Grandpa would always tell us that even Satan himself cannot deny the truthfulness of the gospel.

My grandfather was a great pillar of strength to me. He influenced my life for good every time that we met.

EDWARD KILLACK ROBERTS

Edward was 14 years old and he loved his family, but he wanted to be on the Lord's side too, and so he had a problem. His folks for some reason had decided to leave the Church and had moved from Nauvoo, Illinois to Keokuk, Iowa. Edward was unhappy for he longed to return to Nauvoo as he wanted to be a Mormon. So the time came when he felt he must be a man and stand up for what he believed.

He left his family and walked from Keokuk to Montrose, Iowa a distance of about 13 miles. It was dark when he arrived. He was tired and hungry and lonely as he looked across the Mississippi River. I suspect that he felt a great deal of apprehension too. Had he done the right thing? How was he to cross that huge river and return to the Lord's people? Would he ever see his family again? Would they forgive him?

He felt that it wasn't a very manly thing to do, but all of the frustrations of the moment overwhelmed him, and he sat down on the bank of the river and sobbed.

Two men approached him in the dark and asked him what his problem was.

He said, "I want to get to Nauvoo. I want to be a Mormon."

The men told him that they would help him get to Nauvoo, for they had a boat and were going to cross themselves.

Years later when Edward would tell this story, his eyes would shine as he would ask, "And do you know who one of those men was? It was Joseph Smith the prophet of the living God!"

Edward crossed the river. Later he came to Utah, married, and raised a family to the Lord; but he never heard from any of his family again.

Edward Killack Roberts was my great-great grandfather.

Submitted by Barta C. Reese

My Grandmother, Jennie Ricks Young was born and spent her life, living in Benson. She was the eleventh child of Margaret Gordon and William Ricks. By the time that Jennie was born her brothers and sisters were married and had families of their own. Grandma spend most of her younger years helping her widowed Mother and helping her brothers and sisters with their children.

While on a trip to Salt Lake City with her best friend Etta Kidman, (Shanna Cowley's Grandmother) to visit a friend that was in the hospital, my Grandmother met the man sharing the same hospital room with Etta's friend. His name was Will Young and he had broken his back working in the coalmines in Eureka, Utah. They exchanged addresses and they started writing to each other, trying not to let anyone know about it. My Grandmother would hurry to the mailboxes at the corner street by their home to get the mail before anyone would find her letters. They went to Idaho, to Will's sisters place and got married so no one would know. Jennie was twenty-five years old and Will was twenty-eight.

The thing that Jennie and Will wanted most in life was a large family, but it didn't look like that was about to happen. After they had been married seven years Jennie had been taking care of her brothers and their families when they had the dreaded flu of 1918. A lot of people died at that time including one of Jennie's sister-in-laws. Jennie finally came down with the flu and the doctor said that she would never live. Her brother Ed came to the house and gave her a blessing and said that she would live and that her and Will would raise a large family.

The following year, in early October of 1919, Will's sister called and said that her and her husband had been trying to adopt a baby and had put their names in at two different adoption agencies. Seven months earlier one of the adoption agencies had called and had a baby boy for them and now the other adoption agency had called and had a baby girl. They didn't feel like they could take care of two babies that close in age, so they wanted to know if Will and Jennie wanted the little girl. Will took Jennie to Cache Junction to catch the train to go to Blackfoot, Idaho to get the baby. When Jennie arrived home with the baby they was so excited. Jennie never got up once in the night that Will didn't get up with her to help her get the baby fed. Jennie was 33 and Will was 36 at this time.

There was never a more loved baby than their daughter, Bernice. She also loved them dearly and when Bernice started having children, Will and Jennie was right there to help raise all nine of them. Will died at age 81 and Jennie died at age 82, both at home surrounded by the family that they loved and helped raise.

Submitted by: D'On Reese

This story is taken from the life history of my Grandmother Elizabeth Steele Reese.

On May 8, 1889 I married Andrew J. Reese in the Logan temple. Two years after our marriage we bought the farm where (Rick Reese) Foster now lives. We lived in a little log house that had been moved in from the Summerhays. (Where Rick's garage is now)

We had three little kids, when my husband was called to the Southern States Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He left home on June 5, 1899, and returned home June 7, 1901. When he was called, Grandpa Reese thought that he should stay home until we had a better home in which to live, but I said, "No, he must go when he is called." He spent two years in the mission field.

We got along fine while he was gone. The children were too little to help much, so two of my brothers came down from Idaho and went to school and helped me in the winter. A.V. Reese run our land while my husband was away. He stacked the hay in the stack yard, so the boys and I had to haul it into the barn. During this time I would get up in the mornings and milk twelve or fourteen cows and have them in the pasture by the time my neighbors were up. I paid \$417.00 for the land that we had purchased, and when my husband come home from his mission we did not owe a cent to anyone.

The children and I would go down to the bend and collect driftwood for kindling. Father killed my pigs and got my coal for the winter, and when that was gone I paid A.V. Reese on dollar per ton to haul the rest that I needed.

When my husband came home we started thinking about building us a new home. We had lived in the old log house with a frame room built on it, for ten years. In 1904 our dream of building us a new home was realized. (This is the home where Rick and VaLoy Reese now live) While the house was being built I cooked for the carpenters; I boarded the schoolteachers for years to help earn the money to furnish the home. We planted trees and a garden, raised chickens and pigs, cows and sheep.

We had a good time at ward parties and dances. They would allow us one waltz, one polka and one Scottish dance, all of the rest of the dances had to be square dances.

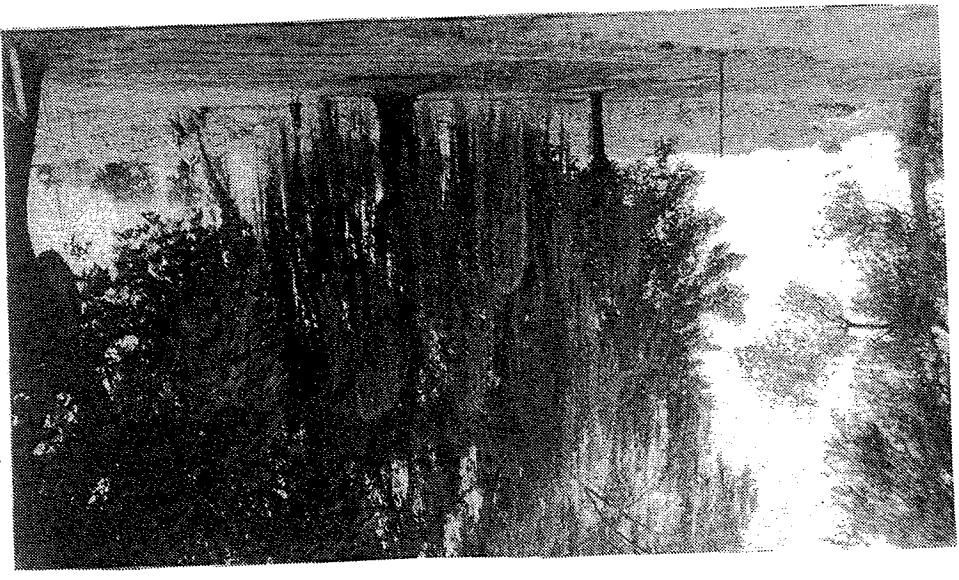
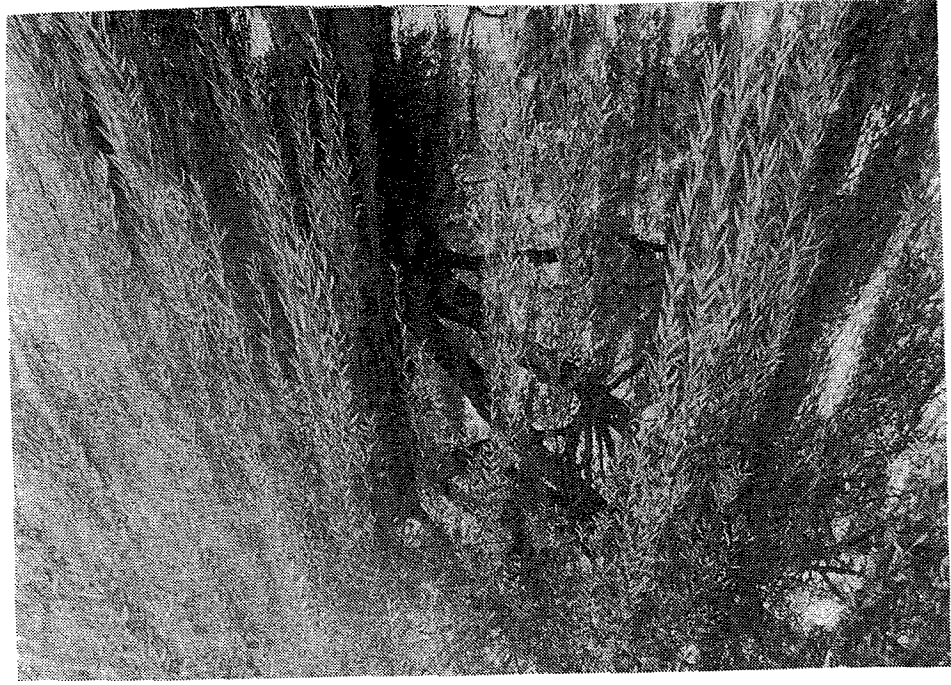
Over the years we sent children on missions, to war and to college. As the children were growing up I spent a lot of time helping the doctors and the midwives with the sick. It seems as though when anyone would have sickness in the family they would always send for me. A lot of the time they would send for me instead of the doctor.

One particular morning I was called away from my breakfast in a great hurry. I ran most of the way to the Jessie T. Rees home where Jessie T. was out waving for me to hurry. I didn't have hardly enough time to get my breath before I delivered two bouncing babies, a boy and a girl. (Kate Watterson and Keith Reese, Jay's father) When the doctor arrived I had him check the babies over to see that they were okay, when he got back to Logan he told of what a fine pair of twins that he had delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Jessie T. Rees. I took care of the mother and babies for two weeks, I done all of the work and the doctor got all of the pay.

Later in Libby's life, after her husband passed away she moved to Logan where she lived for many years. She pieced, by hand, quilt tops for all of her grandchildren. While sitting in her chair one evening, a scene came before her where she saw her grandson, Norman Funk who was at that time serving in the military, grab his side and fall to the ground. She then arouse from her chair and went to the calendar and marked

the date and the time that she had seen this. Several weeks later her daughter and son-in-law, Angus and Sarah Funk, received word that their son Norman had been killed in action in the military on the very day that Libby had marked on her calendar. Libby lived until the age of 87, where she passed away in the home in Benson, that they had built.

Submitted by: W. Lee Reese



WYNONA PEAR SAUNDERS MAUGHAN'S VISITORS
as told by Wynona M. Steele

Shortly after my dad died my mom had a special spiritual experience I would like to share with you as she did me.

I came home from work in the evening and was preparing supper for her and my husband as usual. When I came in the house I felt a different feeling than normal but could not say what. I decided it was because Mother seemed especially at peace and happy.

It had been several months since Dad had left us. Mother was legally blind and very hard of hearing. Her diabetes had affected her legs and she did not do a lot of getting around except at home. Her days were very lonely. She was alone most of the time.

My mom loved people especially children. She told me more than once she wished "the kids" would come to see her.

While I was cooking supper this particular evening I asked her what had happened during the day. If anyone had been to see her. She was quiet for a while, then she said, "I hope you don't think I have gone crazy but I did have visitors. No I better not--you will just laugh at me."

I told her no and she finally told me that she had been very lonely that afternoon. She was crying and had asked God to help her. As she sat there with her eyes closed, she said she felt the presence of people. So she opened her eyes to see who was there. Normally things would have just been shadows, but she said she could see the beautiful faces of the children. She went on to tell me that the kids sat all around her, on the floor by her feet, and on the arm of her chair--just a circle of happy smiling faces. They played, talked, and laughed with her until she dozed off. When she woke up they were gone.

I know God sent them to help Mother at a time when she so desperately needed them.

(3Nephi 17:20-25, Moroni 7:25, & 10:8, 14) This incident caused me to do some extra studying. After reading the above scriptures and others, my testimony of the ministering of angels and God's promises grew so very much.

Wynona Maughan Steele--1998

HANNAH HUMPHRY'S WHEELER

This is the story of my great-great grandmother, Hannah Humphrys. She was born December 28, 1846 in England. Although Hannah's father's people were of the richer class, he was disowned by his family because he "married beneath his rank." Both parents had to work hard to support the family. He worked as a common laborer, and she did laundry by hand for the well-to-do.

Hannah's parents were converted to the Church through some missionaries from Utah. The family attended the meetings faithfully and in due time were baptized. Because of the bitterness that abounded in the area against the Mormons, the children were baptized at night in a pond near their home.

Although it was quite an undertaking to leave their home, friends, and relatives and cross the ocean with a family, Hannah's father became anxious to take his family to Utah. He was given a patriarchal blessing in which he was promised that he would take his family safely to Zion, in spite of all the hardships, trials, and privations they would have to pass through. Hannah's oldest sister was taken from the family by her paternal grandmother who refused to give her back to her parents. It grieved the family very much to have to leave 16 year old Ann behind.

The family sailed from Liverpool in the spring of 1856. It took six weeks crossing the Atlantic landing in New York. After a short time there, they took the train to Iowa, where they had a handcart made in preparation to continue their journey across the plains, and they joined in the Willihandcart company leaving Winter Quarters late in the season.

As they began their journey they were very happy and sang, but some distance from Winter Quarters the company met some missionaries from Salt Lake City. A meeting was held, and in the meeting the missionaries told of the long distance they must travel and the many mountain ranges they must cross. They advised the saints to return to Winter Quarters and to stay there until Spring. They said that if they continued many would freeze their hands and feet and that many would lose their lives. Hannah said that prospect was hard for them to imagine as at the time, it was so hot they could hardly stand it. The captain refused to take the advice, however, and the company pushed on. The progress was slow, and in time the weather did become cold and stormy. They were all tired and many were ill. But, in spite of their hardships, they continued to sing their church songs at night and thanked God for his blessings to them.

Indians were a problem at times as well. Brigham Young had promised the saints that if they were kind to the Indians, they would not be harmed. Hannah's father had two shiny black oil cloth bags hanging on the back of his handcart, in which they carried their clothes. The Indians wanted these bags, so her father traded the bags for a sack of dried buffalo meat. Hannah said that it was the "best" meat.

As time went on food became scarce, flour was rationed to one tablespoonful for each person per meal. Hannah's two brothers would kill ducks and rabbits whenever they could to help out. (Hannah felt that they would have starved if it hadn't been for the boys.) Her mother would

boil the meat, take part of the flour and make gravy and some cakes of the rest of the flour and some water, then bake them on the campfire for the children to eat on the way. There was a widow with two children in the company. The children were sick, and so Hannah's father would always give a bowl of gravy to them each time they had some.

The weather became bitter cold as they were going up the South Pass, and the snow was deep. When they arrived at Rock Creek in Wyoming, they camped early. The children were all crying with cold, and many had their hands, feet, and ears frozen. Hannah's older sister, Mary, had her foot frozen, and at this place her toe came off at the first joint. She was unable to walk all that winter. The men would shovel the snow away and make a large campfire, the beds were made on top of the snow. Some of the men kept fire all night. But due to cold and exposure 13 men were frozen to death. Two who helped dig the graves died also; and so 15 were buried in one grave side by side with a blanket spread over them. Of this company of 404 persons, 77 perished before help arrived. The survivors reached Salt Lake City on November 9, 1856.

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, the family stayed in a school house. The saints were very kind to them, bringing bread and butter for them to eat. Their stomachs, however, were so shrunken through hunger, that one half slice of bread was all they could eat. Hannah's father traded their handcart for a sack of flour.

The Humphrys family made their home in North Ogden. Hannah never had the privilege of attending school, and could neither read nor write. She was a hard worker, however, and did housework for others in North Ogden to help the family. She married George Walton Wheeler on August 6, 1861, and they raised a large family together. They made their home in the Ogden area until April, 1875 when they came to Cache Valley and settled in Lewiston.

When Hannah was 22 years old, a cousin of her father's came from Iowa to North Ogden to preach the Josephite, or Reorganized Church. In time he persuaded her father and mother to return to Iowa with him. Two of Hannah's siblings also left with them. She never saw her parents again.

Not with standing her lack of education, Hannah had many talents and a great faith. She made candles, knit stockings and mittens, and made all of the family's clothing by hand. (She didn't have a sewing machine until after she already had ten children.) When she was 84 she fell and broke her hip. Through her faith, determination, and perseverance, she got out of bed and was able to walk around the house without a cane. She was a widow for 24 years.

Hannah Humphrys Wheeler died as she had live, **full of faith**. She had a life full of hardships and trials, nevertheless; she taught her family a great lesson by living that life full of service to others.

Submitted by Myrna Tarbet

Stories of Faith/Courage

My grandfather, Marvin Paul Thain (Daddy Marvin), and grandmother, Emma Beuler Thain (Auntie), were always a source of inspiration to me. They had earned my trust and respect from the time of my earliest memories. Never did they deviate from the righteous values, principles, beliefs and faith that they exemplified and taught. Never did I need to question or wonder about the righteousness of their judgments or choices. I always knew that whatever decisions were made or actions taken would always be done with careful contemplation of all circumstances and done in the best interest of all concerned without favor or prejudice. There was never question about their faith in God, their love and devotion to each other, nor about their desire to offer their best for other family members or friends whether it be their time and attention, their sustenance or their material possessions.

They had no doubt learned well many of the important priorities of this life on earth from teachings, trials and experiences in their own lives. One of the special 'trials of faith' in their lives was not known by me until Auntie's passing at which time a close friend (Agatha Ballard Alder) and a few others who had heard Auntie bear testimony on rare and sacred occasions had related it to us. This 'trial of faith' accompanied the birth of their youngest child, Emma, who died shortly after birth. We also found in Marvin and Emma's Book Of Remembrance a number of letters of correspondence between Benson Ward Bishop H. W. Ballard and Liverpool England Mission President James E. Talmage which substantiated and correlated with the trial of faith as related to us. This trial occurred while Marvin was serving on a mission in England and while Emma was home with three children and expecting a fourth. It seems that extreme complications had occurred with this fourth pregnancy which had placed the lives of both mother and child in serious danger where she had become unconscious with albumin and was rushed to the hospital. She delivered the child which died a few hours after birth but she remained unconscious and near the point of death for three weeks. She related a 'near death' experience during this time where she visited the other side of the veil into the spirit world which was very beautiful and very moving with beautiful gardens. She recalled being given a choice to stay or to return to her mortal self. In the course of pondering this decision she saw kneeling in prayer in a grove of trees, Marvin, who while serving in England was expressing his love and devotion for her and appealing for her mortal well being. It was this act that caused her to choose to return to her mortal self and to eventually recover from this very trying earthly experience.

There was always positive conviction expressed by Marvin and Emma about faith in God and in His Plan of Salvation with a pre-existence, a mortal habitation and experience, and an eventual return to a glorious spiritual paradise. I have no doubts that they have reunited in paradise and will earn reward in the presence of our Father-in-Heaven.

K. Paul Thain

FROM DENMARK WITH FAITH

Gertrude could feel her hope fade away. And now she was lying there simply waiting to die. Surely that would be her fate, so few survived the dreaded cholera. It had already claimed her two sons who were now buried in an unmarked pit with so many other victims. They were so young, Carl was still a baby, and now they were gone.

She thought about the journey over from Denmark on the sailing ship "Jesse Munn". It had been a long hard journey and many had died, including her husband's mother. Actually she had been a mother to Gertrude, too, since her own family had disowned her and even refused to speak to her since she had joined those "horrid Mormons".

She looked around at the six other patients in the tent. Then she saw the bucket of water. It was used to wipe their brow and moisten their lips, but not to drink, for cholera victims were forbidden both food and drink. But the thought came to her, "If only I could get a drink of that water, I believe I could get well." She looked around, the attendants were gone for the moment. She said a prayer for strength and painfully began to struggle.

Inch by inch she dragged herself toward the bucket. "I must bear the pain quietly, if someone hears me I'll be stopped." Finally the bucket was within reach and she drank. The other patients begged her to give them a drink. How she longed to help them, but she hadn't the strength.

She had been right, from that moment on she began to improve while the others in the tent were dying. Within a few days she was released and returned to her husband and daughter only to face more grief. Shortly after her return, Christen, her husband, was taken ill. He kissed his wife and little Anne Marie goodbye and told them to be of good cheer. But they were never to see him again. Cholera, once again, had taken its toll.

Gertrude stood with little Anne Marie looking at the company of wagons ready to continue the journey through a strange country whose language she didn't understand, across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains to Zion. She thought of all that had happened and wondered what would lie ahead. Then she thought of her husband and knew he would want her to go on.

So, even though all their money and possessions had been lost or stolen, she relied on the Lord and the help of friends, and thus continued her journey with faith that all would be well in Zion.

This is the story of my great great grandmother Gertrude Marie Pederson Kjer.

Written by Rosalee Thain 1983

Stefanie Thain's story of Faith/Courage

My Grandma Annie Heggie was born in a dugout in Clarkston, Cache County, Utah on November 20, 1865, the first 'white' child to be born in the settlement. The night of her birth a terrific storm almost caved in the dirt roof of the shelter. She was born to Andrew Walker Heggie from Parish Forgen Fife, Scotland and Annie Thompson Stewart from Parish Bellie Anthrum, Ireland.

On a few occasions, my great great grandmother, Annie Heggie Jardine, visited Martin Harris, Sr., one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon. As a reminder, Martin Harris, Sr. saw and handled the original gold plates on which the Book of Mormon was written and again beheld them when brought down to earth by an angel from heaven. He witnessed the engravings on them and bore record of its truthfulness. He was responsible for losing the 116 page manuscript translated from the first part of the Book of Mormon, called the 'Book of Lehi'. On one of Grandma Annie's visits to Martin Harris, Sr. (when 10 years old) she had been requested to deliver him a piece of mail, a water notice, at the home of his son, Martin Harris, Jr. where he was staying. "It was there I saw Martin Harris rolled up in a quilt setting in a rocking chair while his daughter-in-law and her mother made his bed. He was a little old man as white as snow. He was 92 years old when I saw him. He passed away two or three days after I saw him on July 10, 1875 and was laid to rest in Clarkston Cemetery."³

I have had the opportunity to play various parts in the Martin Harris Pageant but I was especially privileged to play the part of my great great grandmother for two of the past several years. Grandma Annie had a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel and remained faithful and obedient till her death at the age of 97.

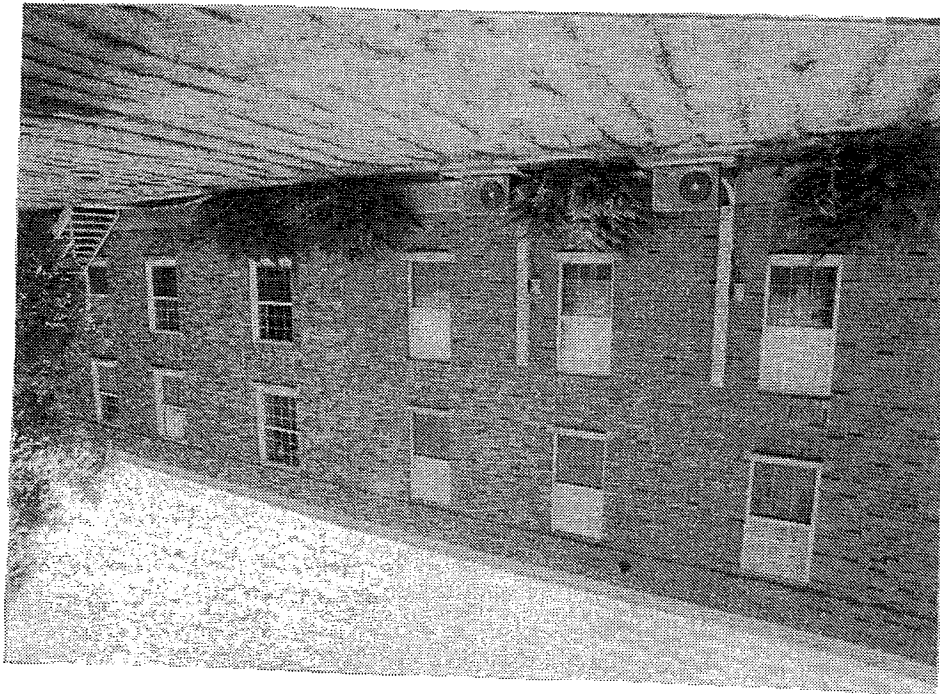
Although I have many years ahead to further strengthen my testimony, I too know the gospel is true and I have a desire to endure in faith as my Grandma Annie.

Stefanie Thain

1 The Man Who Knew, Rhet James

2 The Book of Mormon-The Testimony of Three Witnesses

3 Personal record of Annie Heggie Jardine

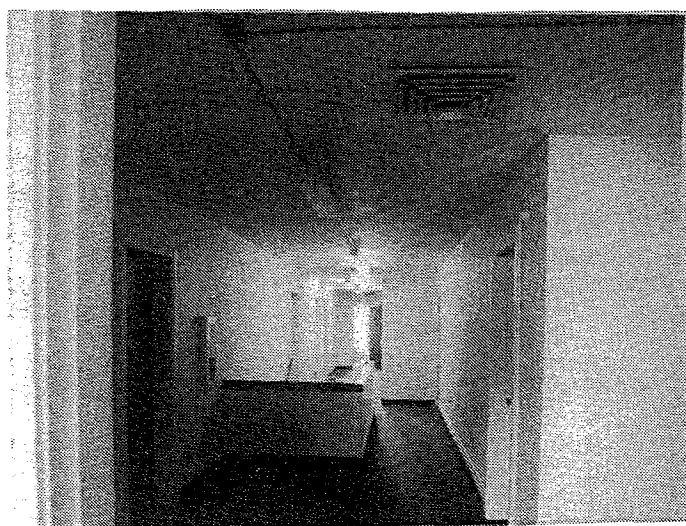


Shane Thain's Story of Faith/Courage

Many stories of our ancestor's faith and courage can build our testimonies. It is so with my great great grandfather, Alvin Nichols, 1819-1899. He was the fifth child in a family of 13 children. Grandfather was 15 years old and the first in his devout Baptist family to be baptized a member of the LDS church. He emigrated from Leeds County in Canada to New York on foot then traveled with John E. Page's Company to Missouri. He, with other saints, journeyed to seek out town sites where new communities could be built. As a result of this effort, Hawn's Hill, Gallatin, Millport, DeWitt, Adam-Ondi-Ahman and other town sites were laid out for settlement. Grandfather was one of the saints who survived the trials and privations at DeWitt. He went through the twenty-one day siege. Although the founding fathers had issued the Declaration of Independence and written the Constitution, the law of our country's frontier was not sufficiently strong to guarantee religious freedom and the right to own property by all people. He joined the main body of the church in Nauvoo and became personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. On one occasion there when he was crossing over a stile he was met by a number of men in a mobbing party. They carried guns and bayonets. They asked him concerning the whereabouts of the prophet. He stated he did not know. They struck him with their guns, severely bruising his body and leaving him with three broken ribs. He later traveled to Council Bluffs and was ordained a Bishop by Apostle Ezra T. Benson, and presided over the Indian Creek Branch of the Church.

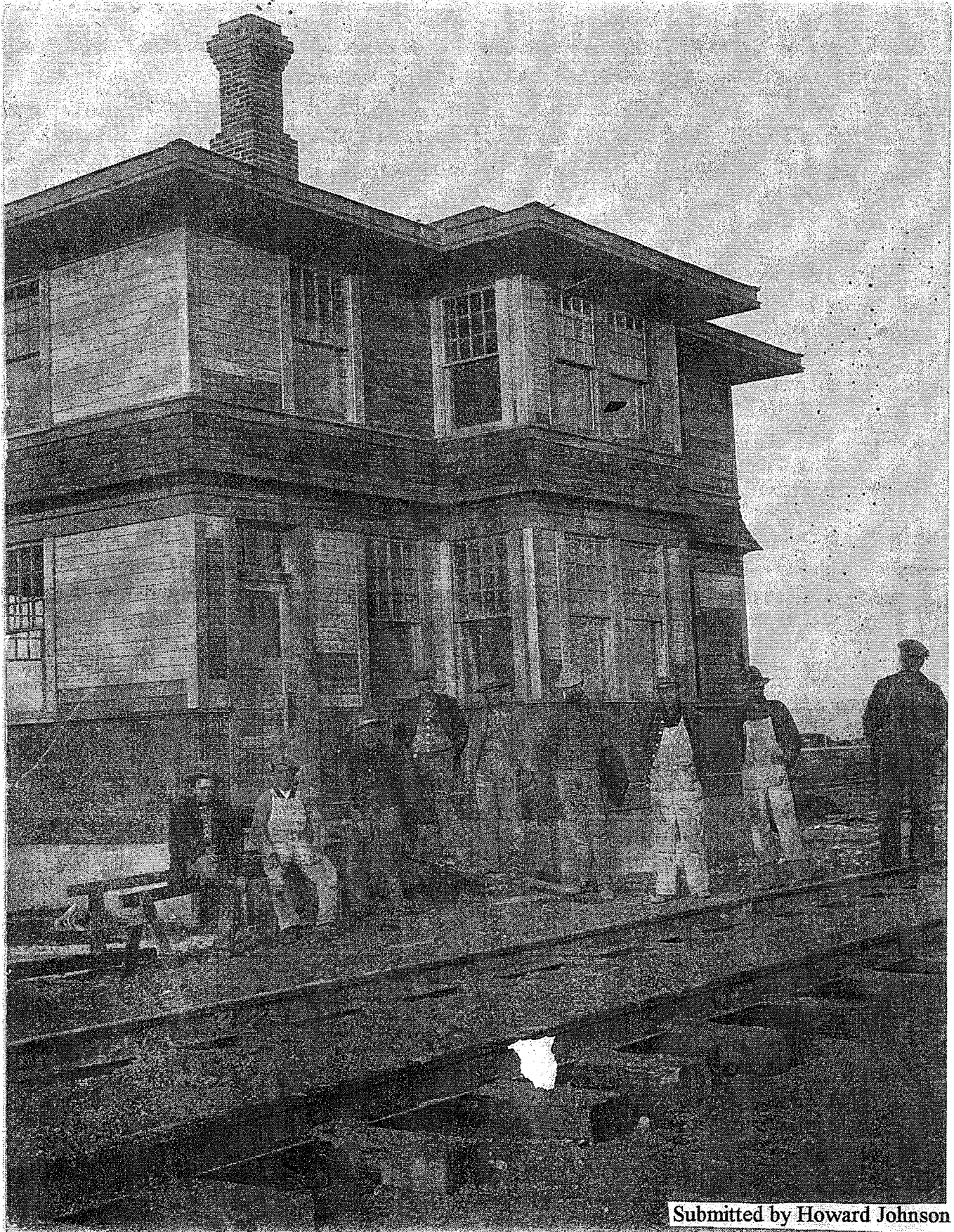
Grandfather and about 250 emigrants left Kaneshville, Iowa for Utah under the leadership of Captain John B. Walker. This company arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in October 1852. He was set apart as Bishop of the Brigham Ward by the Presiding Bishop of the Church, Edward Hunter, in 1857. For 40 years Alvin Nichols served as a bishop in three wards of the church. In 1892, President Lorenzo Snow ordained Grandfather a Patriarch of Box Elder Stake. In 1866 with William S. Godby he built a toll bridge to cross the Bear River (at Collinston) and Malad River. He was a city councilman under three different mayors; was employed as the local agent for the Union Pacific Railroad Company and was present when the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory Point on May 10, 1869; and was named as an incorporator with others of the Co-op Movement, sometimes referred to as the United Order Movement in Brigham City. He was also appointed as District Governmental Indian Agent (during the early years the Indians called Grandfather, "Ankabaumby" meaning 'red head', but in later years called him Bishop). Grandfather had three wives and 28 children. I'm grateful for his life, his endurance, self-motivation and integrity. Grandfather's example lives for me to perpetuate the legacy he has left for his descendents.

Shane Thain





Growing
Up
in Benson



Submitted by Howard Johnson

Old
Station in Benson
down across
from
Dead
Room

GROWING UP IN BENSON as told by Carrie Lewis

Carrie was born in Benson and has lived most of her life here. Her parents came from Denmark in 1905, and Carrie remembers hearing her mother tell about how hard it was to leave her homeland. Carrie's mother's last memory as she left Denmark was of her mother (Carrie's grandmother) fainting on the dock as the ship left.

Carrie has many fond, and some not so fond, memories of the way things were in the Benson of her childhood. She used to swim in the river down below her house (near Pitcher's), and the water was clear and good. She also remembers Indians coming around. The children would run and hide when they came. Carrie's mother pretended that she wasn't afraid of them, although Carrie knew that she really was afraid, and she would feed them.

Because you had to make your own entertainment, Carrie says that you had to learn to get along with and enjoy your neighbors. However, the main mode of transportation was your own two feet, and so they did a lot of walking. Carrie and her friends seemed to always like to gather on Izatt's corner where they would play their games right in the road.

Sometimes Carrie would help the Maughans herd cows down across the river. She did not have a horse to ride as some of the others had, but she could ride one of the cows occasionally. One such ride turned out to be very embarrassing for Carrie. As she was riding along on the cow it suddenly put its head down to eat something, and poor Carrie slid right off. It wouldn't have been so bad except that Carrie's dress was caught on the cow's horns, and when the cow brought her head up, Carrie's dress went up with it. Several of the kids who were on horses nearby laughed and thought it was a good joke on Carrie, but it was a little while before she could appreciate the humor in it.

When Carrie was young there were two schools in Benson and she went to the little red school that was down by Zona Ball's house. She walked to school. She remembers walking through snow up to her knees some winters. After they got to school they would sit around the big pot belly stove to keep warm and to dry off. Sometimes that seemed to take most of the day. If the weather was good they would play games outside. A couple of the games she remembers were called "prisoner's base," and "run sheepie run."

The little red school housed grades one through eight, and two teachers each had four grades at a time. Some of the kids that Carrie went to school with were Gilbert Saunders, Ida Maughan, and Orlando Atkinson. Three of the teachers that she remembers were J. W. Seamons, Jesse T. Rees, and Geneva Lee.

The students of the little red school got work "vacations" during the fall. They got out of school to help with the sugar beet harvest and to help harvest apples. Carrie says that they would pick apples by the box car load. Carrie's family had a large apple orchard. They would pick the apples and place them in a large drive in cellar where they would sort them and wrap them to

prepare them for shipping.

Hard work was a way of life for the youth in Benson in those days. Carrie used to herd cows and pigs in their pastures east of Kimber and Tim Johnson's homes through to the meridian road (2400 West). She vividly remembers that a couple of the hazards of that job were sink holes and coyotes. There were a lot of coyotes around then, and we would sure get on the horse in a hurry when we saw coyotes.

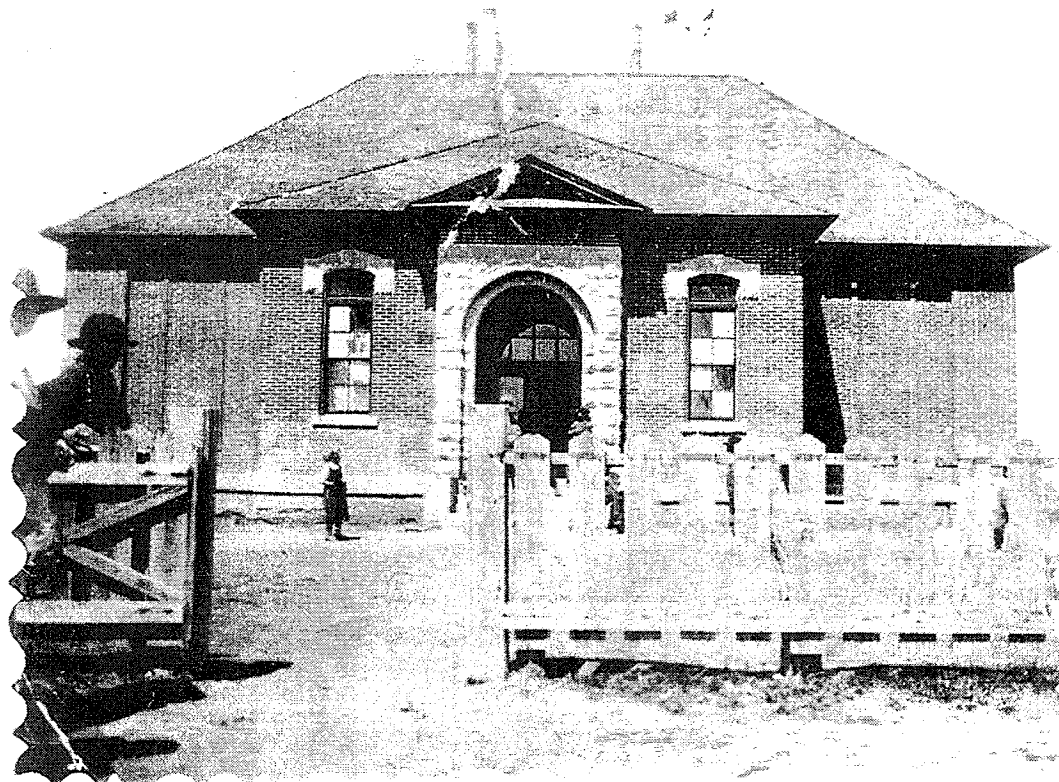
Haying was a lot of hard work. Carrie remembers the horse drawn mowers and rakes. The hay would be raked into mounds and then tossed onto the wagons while someone would tromp the hay on the wagon. It would then be hauled in and stacked. Carrie also used to harrow with four head of horses. She would stand on a plank and guide the team.

One red letter day that Carrie remembers was the day that her Dad got his first car. She was ten or twelve at the time and thought it was a pretty great thing. Carrie also remembers when they didn't have electricity or indoor plumbing on that side of town--so she considers that a great blessing also.

Courting was usually pretty close to home. Carrie met Russell when he used to come out to Benson to stay with his sister who was married to Golden Barrett. He would come up and help her milk cows.

Carrie and her sisters used to sing together and have performed all over the valley, and she continues to share her musical abilities to this day.

Carrie has four children, eighteen grandchildren, thirty-two great grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren.



GROWING UP IN BENSON by Ruth Reese Dahle

I was born in Benson, Utah November 2, 1914. My parents were William G. Reese and Karen (Carrie) Anderson Reese.

Growing up in Benson has been one of the highlights of my life. People from the city used to make fun of us when we said we were from Benson, but not one of us would have traded places with them.

I started school at Riverside (The Riverside school stood where the Kenton Reese home is today), and my first grade teacher was my sister Andrea. Of course, all the children called her Miss Reese but me. I couldn't understand why I should call my sister Miss Reese. I'm sure I gave her a rough time and one day she sent me home, which was just across the street (the Arvel Reese home). I went home crying to mother and when she found out why I was sent home, instead of taking my side she sent me right back to school and told me that from then on I was to call her Miss Reese, it was a wonderful lesson.

Riverside School was just two rooms with a hall in between. In what was called the little room was grades First through Fourth and in the big room Fifth through Eighth. On top of the school was a large bell which we were all given the opportunity of ringing. We considered this a very special privilege and were excited when it was our turn.

We were taught by devoted teachers, reading, writing and arithmetic along with honesty, consideration for others and discipline. An example of this was when we were still in the little room, if we were caught doing things we shouldn't, such as whispering, passing notes, etc., the teacher would send us into the big room where Jessie T. Rees was the teacher and also the Principle. A kinder man would be hard to find, but as small children we were frightened of him and our greatest fear was to be sent to his room. I admit two of us had to go once and we made sure it didn't happen again, as we had to sit for one hour with our arms folded and not talk (which was hard for us to do).

When I was still in the little room we used to have what we called peanut busts. Each of us would bring ten cents, which in those days was quite a bit of money, and with the money buy as many unshelled peanuts as it would buy. We would divide them equally among all of us, and then at a designated time we would throw them at the teacher. That would be the end of class for that day. Each of us were assigned something to bring for a lunch and all of us, including our teacher, would go down to what was called The Bend (in the river bottoms west of the school); and have a picnic and play games then return home tired but happy.

When I was in the fourth grade, our teacher was Margaret (Maggie) Reese. She told us that every Friday after afternoon recess she would treat all of us to a stick of gum and that really was a treat. "But," she said, "If any of you are caught during the week chewing gum, you will have to furnish the treat." When the Watkins man would come, he would always give Mother a package of gum and she would give us a stick. Thinking I wouldn't get caught I made the mistake of taking it to school and, of course, Miss Reese caught me chewing the gum. She said, "Well Ruth you are to furnish the gum on Friday." How was I ever going to tell my mother of my fate? But I knew I had no choice, and being the wonderful, understanding mother she was, somehow got the gum for me. I made sure it didn't happen again.

Both in school and church we were given the opportunity of being in many plays and Road Shows. One play in school was "Cyclone Sally," and I was given the part of Cyclone Sally. Lorin Smith was our teacher at that time. In primary, under the direction of Carrie A. Reese, we put on "The Dream of Fairyland," along with many others, but this one stands out in my mind the most. In Mutual for the Road Show one year under the direction of Ann Thain, she taught us the Pony Dance. Oh, the hours of practice it took to learn that, but what a wonderful time we had. We not only took first place in the Road Show, but also put it on at North Cache High School.

One winter day when I was in the eighth grade our teacher arranged for a bob sleigh and took us into Logan where we went through the milk factory, the newspaper plant, the flour mill and others. Then we had our lunch, and afterwards we all went to the show. What a fun wonderful day that was.

One year my sister, Norma, contacted the school board and got permission for Bernea Reese, Barbara Reese, Norma, and myself to clean Riverside School before the starting of the school year. We were so excited because each of us would earn \$6.25, and that was a lot of money then. Well, poor Norma came down with the mumps and couldn't help. She always felt cheated as she was the one who got the job for us.

One event everyone looked forward to once a year was the "Old Folks Party" as it was called. I think this was one time nearly everyone who was old enough turned out. The tables were beautifully decorated and a most delicious dinner was served with a program following, and a dance at night. A few of us high school girls from Benson were asked to serve and help with dishes, etc. How thrilled we were to be asked to help, we were given permission at the school to miss that day.

When my sister, Norma, got married in 1930 after being the Sunday School organist for five years, I was asked to take her place. This I did for five years until I was married. I felt very privileged to serve in this capacity, and learned to have the greatest respect for Marius J. Falslev and Otto Beutler who were the choristers. They were so very kind and patient with me.

We used to have Indians come around every summer begging for food, and they were never turned away--also occasionally a tramp, as they were called in those days; but worst of all were the gypsies. They would camp across the road West of us on Alvin Clark's property where they would stay for 4 or 5 days. Mother was really nervous when they were there as they would steal anything they could, even children, if possible; so Mother never let us out of the house alone until after they left.

We really looked forward to Mutual night. (This was before I was old enough to go.) After Mutual, families could go and they would have a movie. Of course, then it was a silent movie. First it would show the picture then on the screen flash what the actors said. We thought this was wonderful. Sometimes the reel would break or had to be rewound, but this didn't matter; we still enjoyed the movie. One in particular I have never forgotten was "Not One to Spare." It was a sad movie, and I don't think there were very many that didn't have tears in their eyes.

These are just a few of the things I remember about growing up in Benson. All my life I have been thankful I was given that privilege. Nowhere in the world could I have found better friends, their parents, or teachers--not only in school, but in Primary, Mutual, Religion classes, and Sunday School. In my opinion all the people in Benson were **THE GREATEST**.

Did you know?.....
...that Benson used to consist of two wards, the Upper Benson Ward and the Lower Benson Ward and they were always trying to outdo each other. In fact the rivalry went so far that Upper Benson didn't court Lower Benson and vice versa, except one poor fellow who got his buggy rigged as a result.

...that Benson once hosted a train station and mercantile store? The mercantile was run by Margaret Barrett and was located in front of Claud Ricks' home. The train depot was across the street. When the train stopped at the station, it was a common thing for people to get off to shop at the mercantile. Bensonites could take the train to Logan or when the circus train came through the children loved to run down to the station to see the animals as they went by. The train station was a two story building with the station in the main floor and an apartment for those that ran the station upstairs. Golden Barrett ran the station at one time. Two beet dumps were there for the Benson farmers to dump their sugar beets to be loaded onto the train. When the station was closed the building was split and moved. The top half went to Logan and the bottom half is in Hyde Park.

...that Benson once had two post offices. One was the small building next to Jeff and Andra Kunzler's home which later served as a home. But the other, located just south of Larry Munk's home was longer lived. It was run by the Matthews and was called the King Post Office. It also had a grocery and candy store where "penny" candy could be purchased.

...that Benson has always been big on education? There were four one-room log cabins built to serve as schools. One of these was where Jerry Wisser lives, another was on South of Merlin Saunders' home surrounded by large poplar trees, and another was built on George Tarbet's property and later moved to where Kenton Reese now lives. This log building was replaced in 1894 with a two-room brick building sporting the bell from the Methodist church and was called the Riverside School. The Red Brick School House, another two-room school was built in 1897, East of Zona Ball's home (across the street from DeRay Hobbs). At first there were four grades in each of the rooms and later it was reduced to three, teaching grades 1-6 with two teachers. Having separate schools for upper and lower Benson divided the community, so, in 1935, the Benson Central School was built where the parking lot of the church is now, to house all of Benson's students. This school had three rooms and three teachers for six grades, central heating from a coal furnace and clean modern rest rooms! It even had a lunch room for hot lunches! When the Cache County Elementary schools were consolidated in 1968, the children were bussed to Summit Elementary and the Benson school was used to house the Cache Instructional Workshop for the handicapped.

...that Benson was once home to a commercial baseball team complete with striped uniforms. Some people didn't think Benson would be able to do anything, but those good old farm boys played all over the valley and won everything!

...that at one time there were no bridges in Benson so people were helped across the river by two ferries. One was located near LaMont Larson's home and was run by old man Joe Ricks. The other was by Ballard's and was manned by David Reese.

Did you know?....

....that Caroling in the old days was a bit more romantic than in modern times. A team of horses were hitched to the deep bed hay wagon with a great set of bells on each. Then the wagon was filled with 25-30 happy carolers who prepared for the brisk night by heating bricks in the coal stove and then wrapped them to keep their feet warm. The bells from the team could be heard across the community. What a beautiful, wonderful sound. A little excitement was often had when the whole load tipped over. The evening was topped off by arriving at a prearranged home for hot chocolate or chili or such. What a fun memory.

...that the average price of a good home fifty years ago was about \$3,000? What a change to the current average of \$100,000 or so. However, somethings haven't changed, just like then, the banks still own everything!

...that before Cutler Dam was built there was a lot of dry ground in the bottoms. Even the Bear River was much smaller than it is now. Boys would often build huts from willows and there was even some farming done where there is only water and marsh now. In those days, the Indians would make their camps in the bottoms. They would row across the slew and come up looking for food from those living in the area, who would often feed them.

....that back in the days of the Benson train station, the high light for the children of Benson was when the circus train came through. It always stopped at the Benson station and they got to get a look at the animals.

Owen Watterson liked to use the tracks for his own transportation. He would take the tires off his car and then drive his car down the tracks to Logan.

Before Benson was settled this area was known as the herd grounds. During the summer, young boys would take turns coming down to herd the livestock, cattle and horses under the direction of a supervisor. There was a variety of game in the river bottoms and small bands of Indians would often camp there to hunt. They did not oppose hunting cattle etc. so it was necessary to keep the herds safe from the Indians as well.

....that years ago, there were not many dairy farms in Benson. Sugar beets were the main source of income. They required a lot of hard labor. In the spring they had to be thinned, then hoed in the summer and topped in the fall. School was let out for a two week beet vacation so the kids could go to the fields to top the beets. It required a long knife with a hook on the end. The hook was jabbed into the beet to pull it from the ground, then the knife was used to cut off the top. It was a back breaking job and more than one thumb was lost in the effort. Once topped, the beets were put in wind rows then pitched into trucks which hauled them to one of the two beet dumps located between Arvel and Charles Reese and by Claude Ricks. From there, trains took them to one of the three sugar factories in the area located in Amalga (which is now the Cache Valley Dairy), Tremonton, or Lewiston.

Did you know?....
...that there was once a large apple orchard in Benson owned by the Marius Falslev family. It covered the area from Hartvigsen's down to Charlie Butler's on the corner and down almost to Hyer's and consisted of some 200 to 300 trees. The orchard was neatly surrounded by a hedge fence. The family, consisting of four girls and three boys did all the work. They climbed the trees or used ladders with fruit bags strapped over their shoulders. The bags had an open bottom which looped up and hooked near the top to keep the fruit from falling out. After the bag was full the hook was unlatched and the apples gently emptied into a box. After picking, the apples were taken to a drive-in cellar with the horse and wagon where they were sorted, wiped and wrapped to prepare them for shipping on the train in low box cars. It took a hard three weeks to finish the apples. They really knew how to work in those days.

...that going to Logan was not as simple around the turn of the century as it is now. It took about two hours for the horse and buggy to make the trip over the rutted dirt roads. Hay was taken along to feed the horse while it waited at the tying post in the parking lot.

Town consisted of a drug store, a cafe, a bank and a mercantile which sold everything from groceries to farm tools. It was named 'The Golden Rule' and was located where 'Low Cost' is now.

When goods were selected each person had to stand in line for the clerks to total the cost, put the goods and the money into a basket and pull a lever. This raised the basket on a line up to the office which was located in a balcony. The office would make change and a receipt, wrap up the goods and return the basket to the waiting customer. After the day's shopping it was the long ride home. The round trip usually consumed an entire day and was made about twice a month.

Special thanks to Sheryln Johnson who reprinted these little "Did You Know" articles that have been in past issues of the "Benson News Letter" so that they could be included here.



PICTURESQUE AREA

Benson At First Was Herd Ground

BY MRS. ARVEL REESE
Herald Journal
Benson Correspondent

Before Benson was settled, this part of the country was used as a herd ground, in fact, the land west of Newton and as far north as Weston, was used for grazing of livestock, cattle and horses.

At that time there were many wild animals and game to be found all through the river "bottoms". Small bands of Indians frequently camped along the river. In the late sixties Joel Ricks of Logan operated a ferry across Bear River in the south west part of Benson close to where the Logan river joins the Bear river. He was also homesteading a large tract of land.

His youngest son, who was also named Joel (the father of Mrs. J. Kari Wood) would come with his father to Benson and in a row-boat he would wander all over the river and sloughs exploring. William Ricks was an elder son of the first Joel Ricks and many of his children are still living in Benson (J. W. Wallace and Hugh Ricks and Jennie Young). Alec Ricks' father, Louis, was also a son of the elder Joel Ricks. Later on David Reese operated a ferry about where the Louis Ricks home now stands.

J. Falslev took his place. Ward Clerks were Alma V. Reese and J. Vern Adams.

H. W. Ballard Sustained

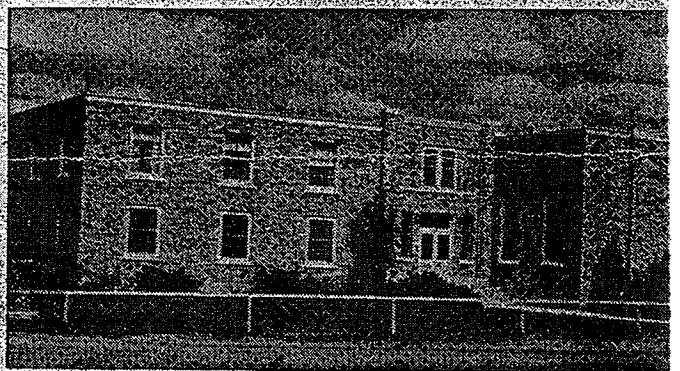
On February 27, 1921 Henry H. Ballard was sustained as Bishop with Sylvan Peterson and Lionel Munk as counselors and J. Vern Adams as ward clerk. Later Marvin P. Thain became a counselor taking Sylvan Peterson's place and Foster S. Reese became the ward clerk.

In October 1941 Cyril K. Munk became the new bishop with Melvin Ballard and Arvel C. Reese as his counselors and A. Alton Hoffman as ward clerk. During this time Joseph C. Parson and R. L. Ballard also served as counselors.

In July, 1951, Roy C. Thain became the new bishop with Gordon Ricks and Foster S. Reese as counselors and Kenneth Cardon as ward clerk.

First Teachers

The first meeting house and school house was located west of where the Willard Saunders home now stands. A school was also conducted where the George Cowley home and the George Tarbet homes now stand. The first early teachers were Mrs. John (Sophrina) Rees, George Thomas (who later became the president of the University, of



FIRST PRESIDING Elder of Benson Ward was George Thom upper left. Jesse T. Rees, upper right, taught school 40 years in Benson. The recently built Benson Ward chapel is in center and the old lower school at bottom.

Charles and Sarah Reese. Alec Hyrum Cardon, son of Paul Ricks who is now 84, has lived in Benson most of his life. He and his wife Alice live on some of the original Ricks land. Jesse T. Rees came to Benson when he was seven years old in 1879. Mrs. Alma V. (Rhoda Woolf) Reese has lived here most of her life. Mrs. A. J. (Libbie) Reese daughter of Lemuel Steele spent most of her life here also. Mrs. W. G.

home. On one occasion the Indians gave chase and nearly succeeded in taking the horses from the herders.

In 1870, George Thomas and Charles Reese each homesteaded a quarter section in the eastern part of Benson and the following spring, May, 1871, they moved their families there. Cyrus Clark homesteaded farther north along Bear River and the Alvin Clark farm is part of his grandfather's homestead. Bert Reese owns the farm and the home of his grandfather, Charles Reese, and the George Cowley farm is a part of the Thomas homestead.

First Settlers

The first settlers in the south west part were Alma Harris and family and Jonathan, Ezra and William Ricks. The Ricks' homesteaded land and also took care of church cattle and other cattle for people living in Logan. Part of the Harris log cabin is just west of the Joseph Cowley home. Part of the Harris log cabin is just west of the Joseph Cowley home. John and Marie T. Toombs and others.

John and Marie Davidson were very active in church work and did much for the amusement and entertainment of the young people in the nineties. Their home was located just north east of the Joseph Cowley home.

Post-Office

James and Martina Hobbs took care of the first post office in Benson. Their home was located on the Bert Ricks farm. John Mathews, some time later took care of the King postoffice in upper Benson.

Irrigation Water

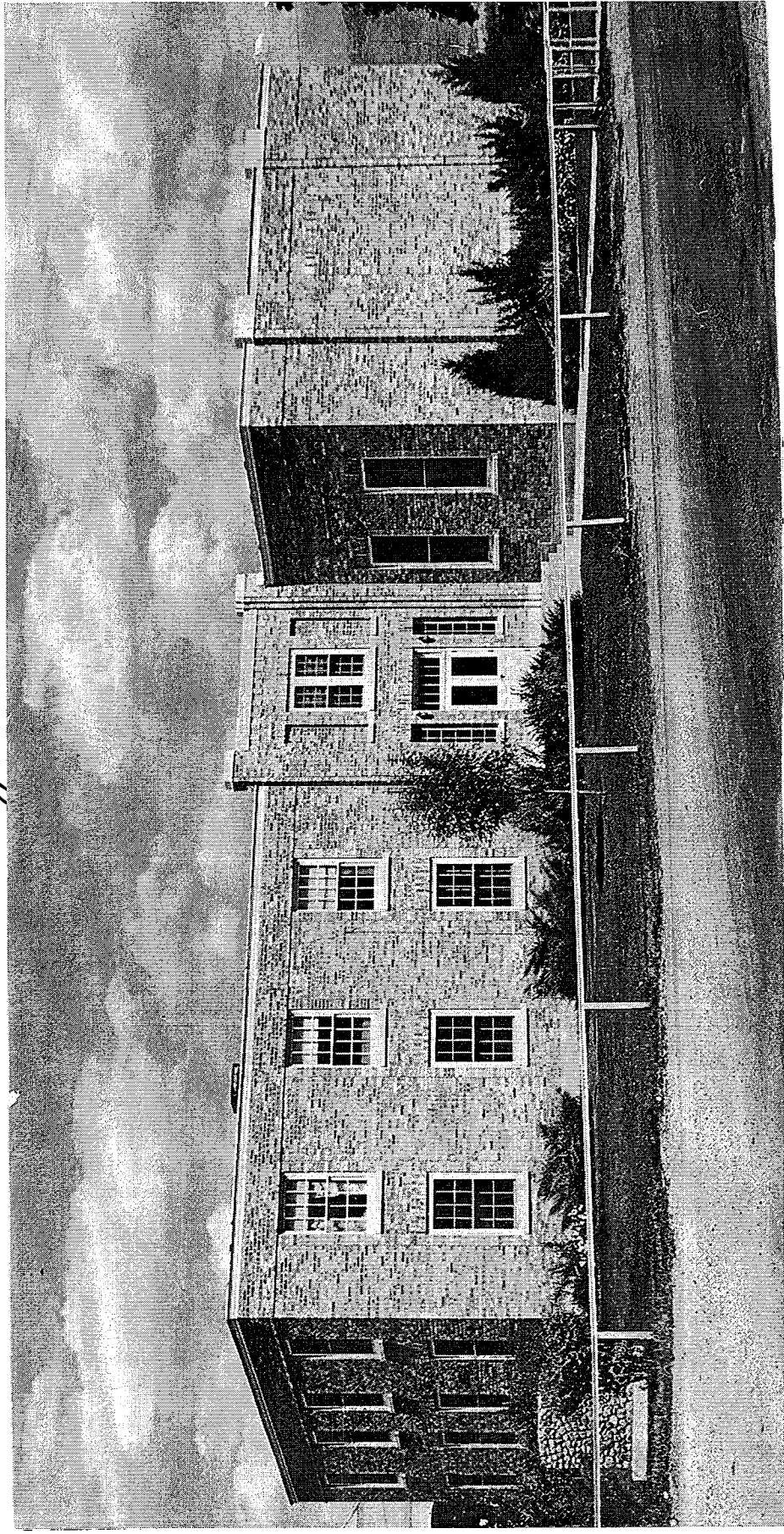
Grain and hay were the principal crops of the early settlers. Cattle raising has been quite an industry. Irrigation water was hard to obtain for the early settlers. A canal was dug and water brought from the Logan river to irrigate the east and south west land. Water was also brought from the Smithfield springs. Since 1917 when electricity was brought into Benson people began to install pumps along Bear River. Irrigation water has been plentiful for the fertile land. Farmers have been able to grow sugar beets, corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, etc., successfully.

Oldest Residents

Two of the men who were born in Benson and spent their entire lives here are J. W. Ricks born in March 1875 son of William and Margaret Ricks, and Alma V. Reese born in May 1875, son of

Helen Munk found this old xerox copy of a newspaper article about Benson. It was put together and xeroxed by the author in an interesting manner to conserve paper. Part may even have been cut off in the copying, so use your imagination and enjoy.

*What lies behind us and what lies before us
are tiny matters*



compared to what lies within us.

--Oliver Wendell Holmes--