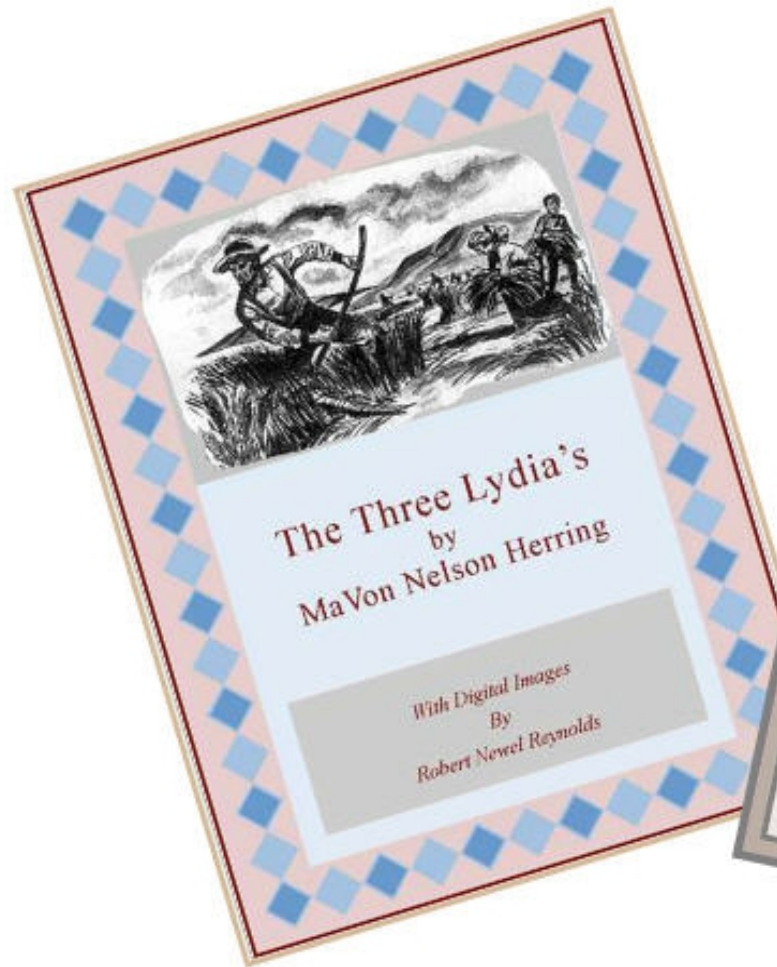


The Three Lydia's
Our Pioneer Heritage

The Three Lydias

Chronicles of Faith and Courage





In Loving Memory of Our
Pioneer Grandmothers

THE THREE LYDIA'S

A History of Three Courageous Pioneer Women

From Original Typescripts Compiled and Written

by

Mavon Nelson Herring
(1927 - 2012)



Edited and Produced
with digital images
by
Robert Newel Reynolds
June 2014
Rev. August 2016



Pioneer mother with children from U. S. Histories public domain images.

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To those who read these pages it is my prayerful desire that these stories of three courageous women will have an affect on your lives in a positive and uplifting way.

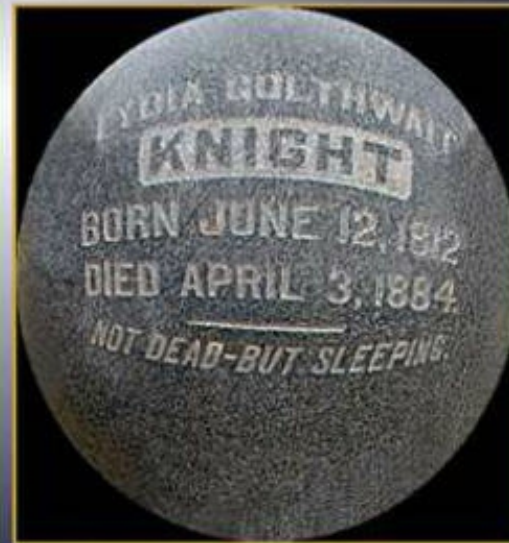
-- Mary MaVon Nelson Herring



St. George



Lydia Goldthwaite spent her last days in mortality worshiping in the temple. Her grave is only a shadow away.



Collage by Robert N. Reynolds depicting the St. George Temple and the grave memorial of Lydia Goldthwaite. The inset plaque carries the message as it exists on the granite memorial. The granite ball dates back over 100 years but was newly polished in 2010.

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Foreword

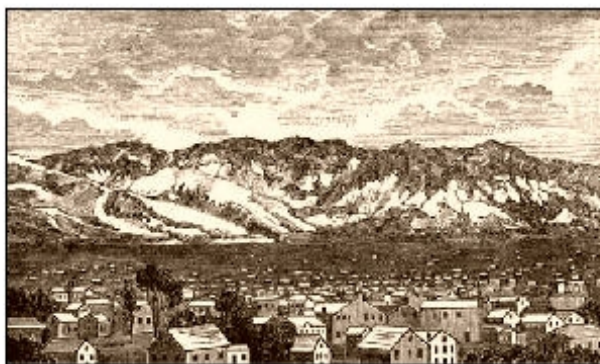
Sitting at a large round table at the Knight family reunion at Wheeler Farm in 2006, I placed a treasured 8x10 portrait of Lydia Knight Young, with her penetrating eyes, in front of me on the table. When the brother sitting next to me extended his hand and introduced himself as Carr Stolworthy from Fruitland, New Mexico he completed a family history circle that had started almost 100 years before. This meeting of two great-grandsons of Lydia Knight Young was not fortuitous. The portrait of Lydia had performed as a magnet, and its attracting power was just beginning that day. After the reunion, when Carr left to return to his home on the "Sunny San Juan," he took with him the Lydia portrait - a gift from this cousin with a grateful heart. Stopping in Manti to see his first cousin, Mavon Nelson Herring, Carr showed her the Lydia portrait. Excitedly, they carefully removed the backing and took the image to a local copy shop.

My acquaintance with Carr and his good wife, Willie soon produced a generous exchange of many treasured artifacts of family history. Before summer's end a door was opened to several more living descendants of Lydia Knight including that of Herring. As great-great-grandchildren of Newel and Lydia Goldthwaite Knight we shared a strong mutual respect and admiration for our common Mormon heritage.

The lives and examples of our maternal line through women named Lydia had captured our hearts and minds as we studied and accumulated written treasures of their history. To begin with, there was that 1883 edition of "Lydia Knight's History," the first book of the "Noble Women's Lives Series" by the remarkable Susa Young Gates, daughter of Brigham and Lucy Bigelow Young. Mavon had a treasured copy given to her by her mother, Luella. In my case, the book had always occupied a prominent place in my mother's home and she frequently referred to its pages with a differential and noticeable respect. My siblings and I had competed for its inheritance.



Mormon Pioneer wagons from U. S. Histories public domain images.



Early image of Salt Lake valley from U. S. Histories

Then, there were the stories of Lydia Goldthwaite's daughter, great-grandmother Lydia Knight Young, who faithfully accompanied her polygamist husband into old Mexico only to be abandoned and left there to die alone after the 1890 Manifesto. The thought of her unmarked grave somewhere there in a hostile land haunts even still. My grandfather Newel Knight Young had fondly written and published several articles in which he idealized his mother as well as documenting the difficulties she faced after the 1891 separation from her husband. Also significant were wonderfully written firsthand sketches by Mavon's aunts Wilma Stolworthy Hawkins and Pearl Stolworthy McGee.

Finally, there was the acclaimed life of Lydia Rosanna Young Stolworthy, my grandfather Newel's oldest sister and Mavon's grandmother. Aunt Lydia Rosanna had made an indelible impression on my mother when she, as a child refugee from the Mexican Revolution, stayed at her home on the San Juan River of northern New Mexico for several months way back in 1911-12. Like her mother before her Lydia Rosanna was immortalized in thoughtful sketches and remembrances written by several of her children.

The 2006 Knight family reunion was held on June 17. By the middle of September of that year Mavon and I had exchanged several artifacts of common family history. Upon reading a typescript she had produced entitled "The Three Lydias" I requested and received her permission to digitize the work. In the course of doing so I wrote an appropriate introduction, added several footnotes, and created and added image enhancements including several photo collages from my personal collection. The result of our mutual efforts was a PDF that has since been printed and distributed to a number of family members and interested parties. In accordance with our mutual agreement and my copyright the work has not been commercialized. We share the joy of grateful hearts in being able to further celebrate the lives of these honorable and courageous maternal forebears by this work. We recommend its study and reading by all descendants who desire to be uplifted by their noble heritage.

Robert Newel Reynolds
June 2014

Preface

This story is about three generations of noble and faithful women who lived their lives between 1812 and 1915. Each was named Lydia and each created a unique chapter of history by successfully living a different and extraordinary installment of the Mormon frontier life.

The work is remarkably framed in the “first person” by a faithful and loving granddaughter of the youngest Lydia. By using the accounts and writings of individuals who experienced the daily lives of “The Three Lydia’s” firsthand, Mavon Nelson Herring has created a personal perspective that enables us to fully appreciate their existence and contributions. In the book “Uncertain Sanctuary” Stewart and Ermalee Webb Udall wrote: “The more we examine the lives of our Mormon ancestors, the more we are impressed with the personal qualities and traits of character which made their work, and play, so inspiring. We cherish the faith which helped them overcome tragedies and adversities; we esteem the competence that enabled them to use their own hands to build homes, grow their own food, and create satisfying communities in newly-settled valleys; and we admire the affection and trust which gave a radiant cohesion to their lives.” (1) That is exactly what we glean from the lives of Lydia Goldthwaite, Lydia Knight, and Lydia Young.

Moreover, we are motivated by their examples of courage to deal positively with the realities of sacrifice, untoward death and poverty which marked their day, to the end that our own lives are improved. By using their examples we are enabled to broaden our sympathies and make our judgments more compassionate.

Each Lydia had her own peculiar set of challenges and yet, viewed as a whole, each of these noble women exhibited a remarkable similarity in how they responded to life—with loving kindness, incredible tenacity, and an extraordinary faith in the will of their Heavenly Father. Their lives had noteworthy parallels. All three were at times impoverished; all three experienced living as a plural wife, and two were denied the companionship of a providing husband at a critical junction. All three centered their lives on the welfare of their children; all three placed a high priority on the value of education. For these and many other reasons we empathize and find inspirational meaning in their existence; and through all three chapters we find reasons to recommit our own lives to a higher plane.

Robert Newel Reynolds
Littleton, Colorado
September 2006

Notes

1. *Uncertain Sanctuary, A Story of Mormon Pioneering in Mexico*, Estelle Webb Thomas, Westwater Press, Inc., Salt Lake City & Chicago, 1980, page 1.

Introduction

We start first with a reference and scripture about Lydia of Old; AD 53.



LYDIA A.D. 53

And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down and spake unto the women which resorted thither.

And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the City of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.

And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us.

Acts: 16:13-15

Lydia of the early Christian Church was the first Christian convert in Europe. She was a woman of immense strength. She was a good business woman and was a seller of purple....color chosen by royalty. She had a deep desire for the truth and recognized it when she heard Paul and Silas speak. Lydia was a spiritual woman and because of her worthy example, her household was also converted.

She and a small group of women were a great source of strength to Paul and Silas. Her home was open to them and she must have been eager to hear all the words that they taught. I can imagine them gathered around Paul and Silas drinking in the words of the gospel.

Chapter One

Lydia Goldthwaite (1812-1884)



The image of Lydia Goldthwaite, from which the above photo illustration was created, was made available at the 2006 Knight Family reunion in Salt Lake City. A copy of the original photo appears on page 208 of "Stand By My Servant Joseph" by William G. Hartley with the caption "Lydia Goldthwaite Bailey Knight in later years. Courtesy Darrell V. Knight."



Lydia Goldthwaite was also an early convert to the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. It seems that her parents were inspired in choosing this name for their little daughter. She and the Lydia of ancient times have so many of the same characteristics. The Church was organized on April 6, 1830 and Lydia was baptized in the fall of 1833. Lydia Goldthwaite Knight was a valiant and noble woman. I would like to write a quote that I found about her in the "History of Utah" by Whitney, Vol. 4, page 511. "Lydia was a remarkable character, endowed not only with sublime faith and rare spiritual gifts, but also with much native pluck and business ability. Her life reads like a dramatic poem, fraught with grand and beautiful lessons of courage, patience and implicit trust in God."

Her life is an outstanding example to those who followed. And now for her story.

Family Tree



Lydia GOLDTHWAITE

b: 9 Jun 1812 in Sutton, Massachusetts
 m: 23 Nov 1835 in Kirtland, Ohio
 d: 3 Apr 1884 in St George, Utah



Newel KNIGHT

b: 13 Sep 1800 in Marlboro, Vermont
 d: 11 Jan 1847 in Ponca Camp, Nebraska



Jesse G. GOLDTHWAITE

b: 23 Mar 1779 in Northbridge, Massachusetts
 m: 2 Oct 1808 in Northbridge, Massachusetts
 d: 1 Jul 1870 in Villenova, New York



Sally BURT

b: 30 November 1789 in Norton, Massachusetts
 d: 19 October 1869 in Balcom Corners, New York



Stephen GOLDTHWAITE

b: 21 Mar 1733 in Salem, Massachusetts
 m: ABT 1756 in Salem, Massachusetts
 d: 19 June 1812 in Northbridge, Massachusetts



Patience VERRY

b: 16 January 1736 in Salem, Massachusetts
 d: 9 February 1826 in Northbridge, Massachusetts



David BURT

b: 11 Jul 1759 in Norton, Massachusetts
 m: 1780 in Norton, Massachusetts
 d: 18 Mar 1832 in Sutton, Massachusetts



Silence Tilley (unknown) BURT

b: 2 August 1758 in Dedham, Massachusetts
 d: 24 March 1831 in Sutton, Massachusetts



Samuel GOLDTHWAITE

17 Oct 1703 - 8 May 1789
 m: 12 Jan 1726



Sarah READ

13 May 1703 - 9 May 1787



Joseph VERRY

1 October 1704 - 24 January 1743
 m: 13 Aug 1724



Ruth FOSTER

19 Jun 1694 - 23 Feb 1767



Bartholomew BURT

19 Sep 1717 - 14 Oct 1742
 m: 14 Oct 1742



Abigail ELLIS

6 Aug 1721 -



Tabitha BATTLE

25 Jun 1731 -

LYDIA GOLDTHWAITE - INDIVIDUAL TIMELINE



Lydia Goldthwaite was born on 9 Jun 1812 in Sutton, Worcester, Massachusetts, USA, and died on 3 Apr 1884 in St George, Washington, Utah, USA. She is the daughter of Jesse G. Goldthwaite and Sally Burt.

9 Jun 1812, Birth

Sutton, Worcester, Massachusetts

1828, Marriage to Calvin Bailey
New York

23 Nov 1835, Marriage to Newel Knight
Kirtland, Lake, Ohio

17 Apr 1846, Departure
Nauvoo, Ill

03 Oct 1850, Arrival
Great Salt Lake City

13 Aug 1851, Marriage to John Dalton
Great Salt Lake City, Utah

1860, Residence
Provo, Utah, Utah Territory

1864, Marriage to James McClellan
Payson, Utah, Utah

1880, Residence
Santa Clara, Washington, Utah

3 Apr 1884, Death
St George, Washington, Utah,

1810 1820 1830 1840 1850 1860 1870 1880



My name is Lydia, Lydia Goldthwaite. My parents were Jesse and Sally Burt Goldthwaite. I was born in Sutton, Massachusetts on June 9th, 1812. When I was 8 years old, my family moved to Villenova, New York, some fifteen miles from Lake Erie. I was the 3rd child of 12 children and I feel that I was very blessed to be born into a large and happy family. I had five sisters and six brothers. My father was a medium sized well built New Englander. He was prudent, industrious and was the possessor of a strong will. He was a moral and temperate man but he belonged to no denomination. My mother was a Presbyterian, and was a warm and energetic woman. Mother had a natural refinement about her.



Digital illustration of old barn on Piercc Road
in Sutton, Massachusetts



*The circle of trees gave a beauty to the view which
completed the home that we all loved so well.*



When I became a young lady of 15 years of age, my parents decided to send me to a boarding school in the village so that I could pursue a better education. I was studiously inclined and had a mind that was never satisfied. This was a happy carefree time in my life. Among the friends I made in the village was a young man whose name was Calvin Bailey...he was a stranger in the village and his smart, dapper way of speaking won him many friends. The girls in our crowd thought he was so nice and the fellows felt that he was great fun to be around. I also admired him and I was too young and innocent to realize that such smoothness often covers a wicked heart.

Going back to the farm for the summer, I found much happiness and enjoyed being with my family once more. I had a wonderful time going for rides with my brothers and hunting for nuts and wild flowers with my sisters. I enjoyed many quiet, happy talks with my mother and the lovely Sabbath evenings when Father would solemnly tell of the mysteries of God. All of these special times with my family were enjoyed but not appreciated as much as they should have been, and were more or less taken for granted.



A - Villenova; B - Pomfret; C - Lodi; D - New Albion, New York

The time passed swiftly and soon it was time to return to the school, reluctant to leave my family—yet anticipating renewing friendships that I had formed in the past year at school. The friendship I had felt for young Bailey soon ripened into mutual attachment. In the fall of 1828, we were married when I was 16 years old. (2)

For about three months all went well and then to my dismay, I found that Calvin was a heavy drinker and an abusive man. I spent long lonely hours of waiting, anxious to hear his stumbling footsteps and yet fearful of abuse, the bitter cursings thrown at me. I had some hopes of a better life but these became hopeless in the next night's waiting agony. I endured this in silence. We lived in Lodi some distance from my father's home and I was too ashamed to complain about this man I called husband.

On November 3, 1830, our first child was born. It was a little girl and we named her Rosanna. I loved this little girl but I was full of sorrow knowing what kind of a life she would have with her intemperate father. Calvin, through heavy drinking and poor management, disposed of our farm and made his family destitute. (3)

Notes

2. Susa Young Gates recorded 1828 in Lydia Knight's History, while Newel indicated 1829 in his journal, making her age 17. See Hartley, Stand By My Servant Joseph, pages 210-212, 523.

3. Most of this story is taken from the book "Lydia Knight's History" written by Susa Young Gates and published in 1883 and was the first book in "The Noble Women's Lives Series".



Image taken near Lodi, New York, looking west toward Seneca Lake.

In these dire circumstances, I gave birth to a son. He was named Edwin. He was born on February 12, 1832. The baby lived only a day and I, too, nearly died. Calvin then sold the family's furniture to pay for his drinking habit. He often threatened me and was cruel to little Rosanna. This dear little girl was all that made life endurable for me. I told no one of my sorrow and the things I was called upon to endure. I trusted in God and to Him alone did I pour out my grief and pain. (4)

Notes

4. "Newel Knight's Journal" page 52.

About two weeks after the birth of our son, Calvin arose one morning before day light and left without saying a word. He came back about one o'clock and said to me. "You must be ready to leave tomorrow morning to move to New Albion, which was about a hundred miles away from where we were living in Lodi. I had no idea that he was planning such a move. I told him that I was in no condition for such a journey as I was only able to sit up for half an hour at a time. His reply to me was that if I was so independent I could stay here but he would go and I would never see him again. He ate some dinner, dressed in his best clothes and went away. He had only been gone a short time when a man came and took away our cow. It gave good milk and was the main source of our living.

After three years my little daughter and I were alone, deserted by my husband, poor and almost friendless. The only option that I had was to return to my parent's home. This was a very hard thing for me to have to do. I have an independent spirit and hated to be in the position of having to ask for help. Swallowing my pride, I took little Rosanna by the hand and returned to my father's home. My dear parents welcomed us and wept with me in my sorrow. There was a time when Calvin came back and tried to get our little girl and threatened my life. Kind neighbors rescued us from him.





North shore of Lake Eric, 2006

More trials were soon to follow. One year passed and in January 1833....my little Rosanna became ill and she too, died. I was very sad and laughter had gone out of my life for a time. I tried to do my work well but tears were often in my eyes and my heart was full of sadness. (5)

My parents were very concerned and feared for me if something couldn't be found that would relieve my suffering spirit. In February, a former neighbor and friend came to visit the family. His name was Freeman Nickerson and he and his family had moved to a small village in Canada. It was decided that it might be beneficial to my health and sadness to have a change of scenery. Mother had told Mr. Nickerson my sad story and with tears in his eyes, he said. "Let me take her home with me and I'll warrant that my wife and I will bring back the roses to her cheeks, if kindness and comfort can do it."

After much consultation, it was arranged that when Mr. Nickerson returned to his home in Canada, I should go with him. We started out the last of February, and traveled by sleigh. He thought that by crossing the lake on the ice, it could save a hundred miles of travel. He was told that no one had ventured over that winter, but he was determined to try it. After one dangerous experience with thin ice giving way and Mr. Nickerson being in the freezing water, he was able to get out and found a way to go on. Once across the ice, warmed and rested in a hotel, we made it to his home in Mt. Pleasant, with no more incidents worthy of note.

Notes

5. Birth dates and location of Lydia's two children by Calvin Bailey are recorded in her Family Record Book in her own hand. On 23 Sept. 1877 Rosanna and Edwin were sealed to Newel and Lydia with Jesse and Lydia acting proxie, See FHL US/CAN Film [673305 item 15].

When we arrived at his home, his wife gave us a hearty welcome. The kind, thoughtful attention of this special couple started the healing process and I became rested and soothed. The complete mode of living, change of scenery and people had an effect on me, and I grew more resigned each day to my broken life.

The people who lived in this thriving little village were hospitable and kind. Most of them were Methodist. I was encouraged to take a Sunday school class and I was very interested in my labors in this direction.

Spring and summer came and passed away and soon fall was here. Few strangers visited this little village and life passed quietly by.

In the fall of 1833, a wagon load of people stopped by the Nickerson's gate. The visitors were the parents of Mr. Nickerson and his younger brother, Levi. Also with them were two strangers.

Rumors had reached this little village in Canada about a new prophet and a golden bible. We had wondered and commented about this interesting news. Freeman, for that was Mr. Nickerson's first name, had heard that his parents had joined this strange new church. He was disgusted with this information. His father, who was greatly impressed with this new religion had gone to Kirtland and prevailed upon the Prophet Joseph Smith to accompany him on a visit to his son's home in Canada. The visitors were welcomed, although Freeman privately told his father that he would welcome them for his sake but he would sooner have a nest of vipers in his home. They were served supper and every one was so tired we soon were in bed. The next day the visitors became acquainted with the village and went to see Freeman's new store. The visitors wisely kept quiet until invited to speak.

Their names were Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon. Mr. Nickerson felt that because of his own knowledge of the Bible, he could silence this so called Prophet. He invited the guests into the parlor after finishing supper, having first placed a copy of the Bible near at hand. He then asked them to speak freely and said that we would listen.

The Prophet began by relating instances from his own life and then told of the visits of the angel, finding the gold plates and of translating them. He then gave a most interesting account of the wonderful material in the Book of Mormon. He then bore a testimony of the restoration of the priesthood. He testified that God and His Son had conferred upon him the keys of the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthoods. He stated that the last dispensation had come, and the words of Jesus were now in force—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."



Photographs of LDS visitor center panels

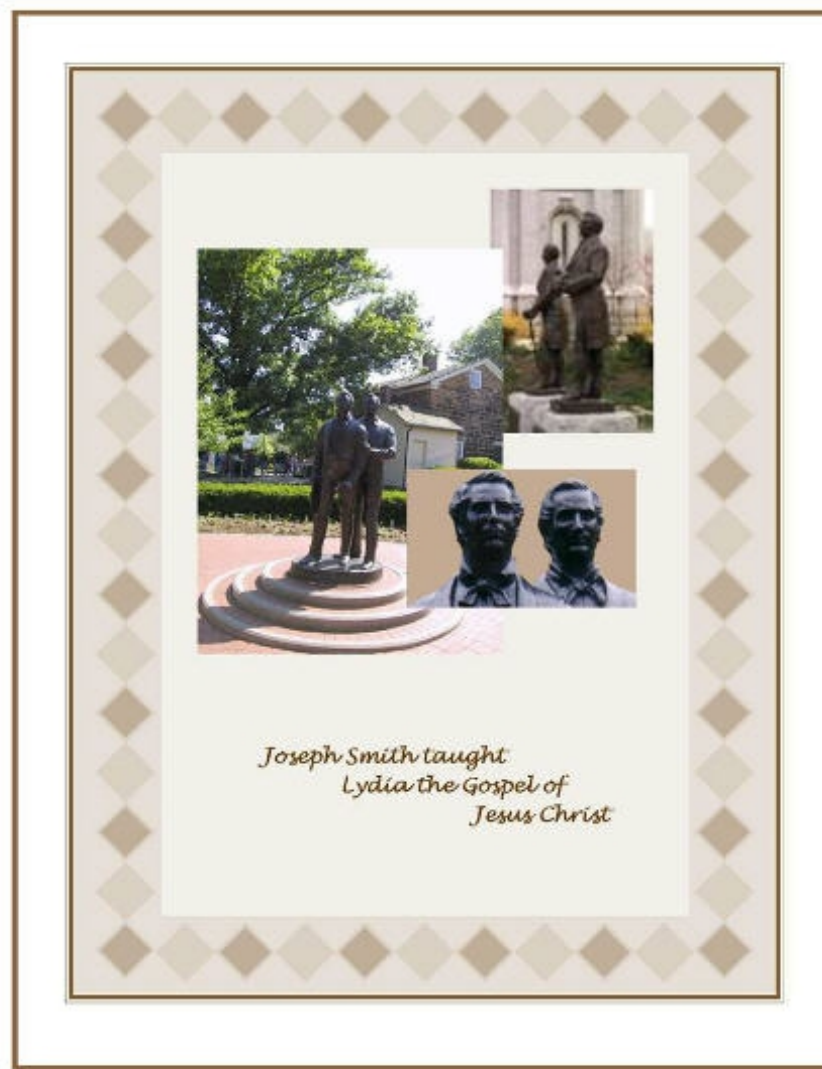
We were spell bound! Elder Rigdon spoke after the prophet ceased. He related some of his early experiences, and told those present that he had received a testimony for himself of the truth of what Joseph had said, and then exhorted all present to take the advice of the ancient Apostle James, and ask God, and the testimony would be given to each one; for God is the same as He was anciently, and has communicated His only gospel to men. "God," said Elder Rigdon "is no respecter of persons, but will give to all who ask of Him a knowledge of the things Joseph Smith has declared unto you, whether they are true or false, of God or of man."

Mr. Nickerson was quite willing to sit and listen, saying very little to interrupt or confound. When they first began to speak and would quote passages of scripture, he would speak up and try to confound them. But he soon realized that his attempts were futile.

After both men had finished speaking, many questions were asked by all present for information. The listeners were honest-hearted people and when truth is told to such, they are willing to accept and believe. Seldom have any petitions been sent up to heaven more fervent and earnest than were those of the inhabitants of the Nickerson home that night.

When Joseph Smith was speaking and bearing his testimony, I had been watching him intently. I saw his face become white and a shining glow seemed to beam from every feature. This impression plus his wonderful words truly made a powerful impact on me.

The heart of a *mather* is a deep abyss
at the bottom of which you will always find forgiveness.
-Honore de Balzac



*Joseph Smith taught
Lydia the Gospel of
Jesus Christ*

A collage by Robert N. Reynolds

More meetings were held, more beautiful principles of the gospel were taught. A golden stream of words poured forth from the prophet, many of which were 'Pearls of Great Price.' Great was the excitement that poured from the peaceful dwellers of Mt. Pleasant.

Following another day and another meeting, the prophet baptized twelve people and I was one of them, They also included the Nickerson household. I was so full of joy. I was also filled with a bright, peaceful influence and full of gratitude that God had spared me to hear and accept His glorious gospel. How often we wish and even pray for that which would be our greatest misfortune! I had thought of death and its rest with a longing heart, but now, why here was life, life eternal! My life was filled to the utmost with good works, joy, and happiness. That is one of the greatest charms of our holy religion. I knew whatever is, is always for the best if we are only true and pure. I went into the water with a light step and a happy heart! I was so filled with the Holy Ghost that while standing in the water after I was baptized I had to cry out loud. "Glory to God in the highest! Thanks be to His holy name that I have lived to see this day and be a partaker of this great blessing."

In the evening, the new members of the Church gathered in the Nickerson home for confirmation. God bestowed His Spirit very freely and the Prophet gave much valuable instruction to us. Two more people came and requested baptism at a meeting the next day. This was taken care of and a branch of the Church was organized. Freeman Nickerson was ordained as the presiding elder.

The evening of this day, which was the seventh day that the Prophet had been there, the family was gathered around the wide, old fashioned fire-place in the parlor listening to the Prophet's words and we were all full of rejoicing.



1 Corinthians 14:21-25

21 In the law it is written, With men of other tongues and other lips will I speak unto this people; and yet for all that will they not hear me, saith the Lord.

22 Wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not: but prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe.

23 If therefore the whole church be come together into one place, and all speak with tongues, and there come in those that are unlearned, or unbelievers, will they not say that ye are mad?

24 But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all:

25 And thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth.

Moses Nickerson, Freeman's brother said, "I would be so glad if some one who has been baptized could receive the gift of tongues as the ancient saints did and speak to us." "If one of you will rise up and open your mouth it shall be filled, and you shall speak in tongues," replied the Prophet. Everyone then turned as by a common instinct to me and said with one voice, "Sister Lydia rise up."

I was suddenly enveloped as with a flame, and I was unable to stay seated. I arose and my mouth was filled with the praises of God and His glory. The spirit of tongues came upon me and later those present said that I was clothed in a shining light, so bright that all who were present saw it with great distinctness above the light of the fireplace and candles.

The visitors made preparation to leave on the following day which was a Tuesday. That morning while the team was being hitched up, Joseph seemed to be in deep thought. Finally, he spoke up and said: "I have been pondering on Sister Lydia's lonely condition, and wondering why it is that she has passed through so much sorrow and affliction and thus is separated from her relatives. I now understand it. The Lord has suffered it even as He allowed Joseph of old to be afflicted, who was sold by his brethren into a far country, and through this became a savior to his father's house. Even so shall it be with her, the hand of the Lord will overrule it for good and her father's family."

Turning to me he continued: "Sister Lydia, great are your blessings. The Lord, your Savior, loves you and will overrule all your past sorrows and afflictions for good unto you. Let your heart be comforted. You are of the blood of Israel descended through the loins of Ephraim. You shall yet be a savior to your father's house. Therefore be comforted, and let your heart rejoice, for the Lord has a great work for you to do. Be faithful and endure unto the end and all will be well." Needless to say, I was very pleased and comforted by these kind words.

Immediately after this, the elder Nickersons and the two men who had arrived with them but were no longer strange to us set out on their journey home; leaving behind many warm and faithful friends.

I remained with the Nickersons until the summer of 1834, when I decided to return to my father's home in western New York. The gospel was so beautiful in my eyes and I felt all that was needed, for my parents to share in my joy, was to simply tell them my story. However, father and mother, though dear and kind could not comprehend the truth. They felt that I had dishonored myself by uniting with these disgraceful Mormons.

I truly tried my best to get them to listen to the great truths I had learned but no argument had any effect on them. Mother was a strict Presbyterian and father, although he professed no religion, was a conscientious and moral man. They refused to accept my views even for one moment. On the other hand, the principles I had embraced were far too precious to give up even for my mother and father whom I tenderly loved.

While my parents gave me sympathy and pity, they showered derision upon this despised religion. I grew restless and unhappy in this atmosphere and decided that I had to leave and go to Kirtland, the gathering place of the Saints. Seeing that I was determined, they kindly gave me an ample amount to be able to go to this destination that I had chosen. They wanted me to be comfortable and respectable so in the spring of 1835, I once more started out on a journey.

I traveled to Kirtland with a Mr. and Mrs. Knight. Leaving his wife and myself at the hotel, Mr. Knight went out and soon returned with his brother Vincent, who was a resident of Kirtland. On being introduced to me, he said: "Sister the Prophet is in bondage because of the persecutions of the wicked. If you have any means to give, it would be beneficial to him. "Oh yes," I said "here is all that I have. I only wish it were more," and I emptied my purse, containing perhaps fifty dollars, into his hands. He fervently exclaimed, "Thank God, this will release and set the Prophet free." I was now without any means to procure a meal or a night's lodging. However a sweet spirit whispered to me that "all would be well."

As evening came, Vincent Knight returned and brought the welcome news that Joseph was now at liberty. I was full of joy that I had been the humble means of helping the Prophet. After talking for some time, Vincent said to me "Now sister, if you think you can be comfortable and happy with my family,

you are welcome to a home there. You shall be a sister to my wife and myself."

Here the promise of the spirit was beautifully verified. For six months I lived a pleasant life beneath this good man's roof.

In the fall of 1835, the Prophet's brother Hyrum, asked me to come to his home and assist his wife. He promised me that I should receive all the care and thought as if I were really at home. It was while living in Hyrum's pleasant home that I became acquainted with one of the brethren who was boarding there. He was in Kirtland to work on the temple. His name was Newel Knight (although he wasn't related to the other Knight families that I had lived and traveled with). This young man was tall, had light brown hair, keen blue eyes and a very energetic and determined manner.

One day while Sister Smith and I were busy at work, she remarked. "Brother Knight is a widower; he lost his wife last fall. She was a delicate woman and the many trials and persecutions she suffered were too much for her frail body and when her baby was but two days old she died. The baby lived but a few hours. He has a little boy living with his aunt, Newel's sister. Poor fellow, he is very lonely."

I went on with my work, making no reply, although my heart ached for him. I, too, knew loneliness and sorrow. Friendly interest was all I could give this man who had so plainly shown his interest in me. One day as we sat alone in the family room, Newel said to me kindly, very gently: "Lydia, you seem very lonely as well as myself. Why can we not comfort each other?"



I had to tell him that I was not free. I had not the slightest knowledge of where my husband was or whether he was alive or dead. Then I left the room because I did not want to do anything that would bring shame on me or deprive me of the salvation that I was seeking to obtain. Newel tried to show me that legally I was free. It had been three whole years since I had been deserted without any help or support. I could not accept the freedom that the law allowed.



Hyrum and Jerusha Smith's home in Kirtland, Ohio, ca. 1900. This nonextant home is traditionally identified as the site of the Newel Knight and Lydia Bailey wedding. Courtesy Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints Library-Archives, Independence, Missouri (reference #D765.4).

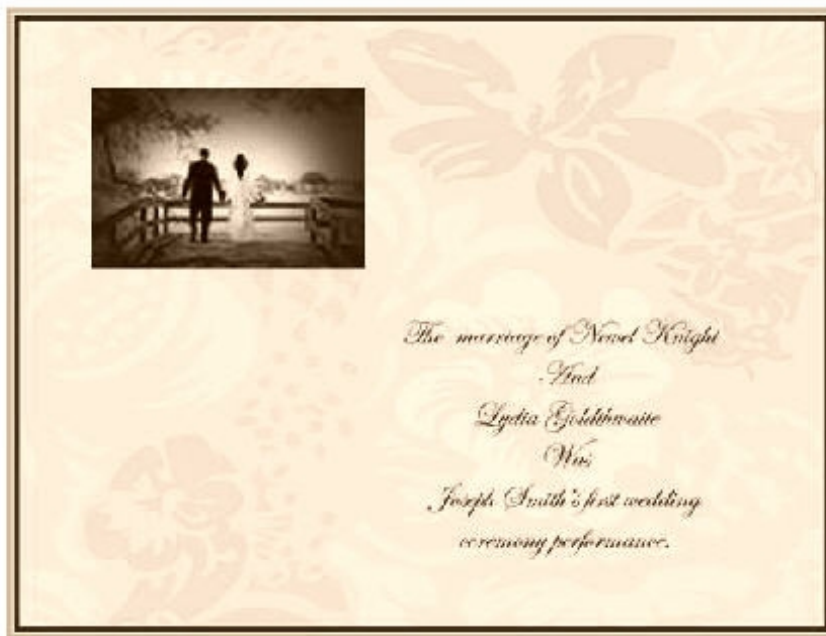


Unknown to me Newel fasted and prayed for three days and nights and then sought the advice of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Joseph also prayed about it and the reply came that I was free to marry and added that the union of Newel and myself would be pleasing to the Lord. Now full of joy, Newel sought me out and communicated the word he had received. When I heard the Prophet's answer, I fell to my knees and poured out my soul in thanksgiving to God. I then told Newel that I agreed to marry him. After receiving my answer, Newel was suddenly ready to eat after fasting for days and having no desire for food until learning the will of the Lord and that we had made a covenant to each other. (6)

Because of Joseph Smith's instructions, Newel and I decided to marry as soon as possible. Hyrum and Jerusha offered to provide the wedding feast and advised that it should be the next evening. We readily agreed. Newel rode on horseback for nine miles to obtain a marriage license from the county clerk. We had discussed with each other the wish that Joseph Smith could be the one to perform the ceremony but we had told only the Lord of this desire. Because Hyrum Smith was inviting the wedding guests, Newel asked him to ask Brother Brunson to perform the wedding (Of the saints, only Seymour Brunson had a license to legally perform marriages in Ohio). When Hyrum stopped off to invite Joseph and Emma to be guests at the wedding, Hyrum mentioned his intention to ask Brunson to perform the ceremony. Joseph objected, "Stop, I will marry them myself." This was good news to Newel and me: It seemed that the Lord had granted unto us the desires of our hearts."

November 24, 1835 was a snowy, freezing cold night and despite this, guests filled the room. When Joseph and Emma arrived, they found the guests had arrived and everything was ready. When Newel and I sat down, the ceremony began.

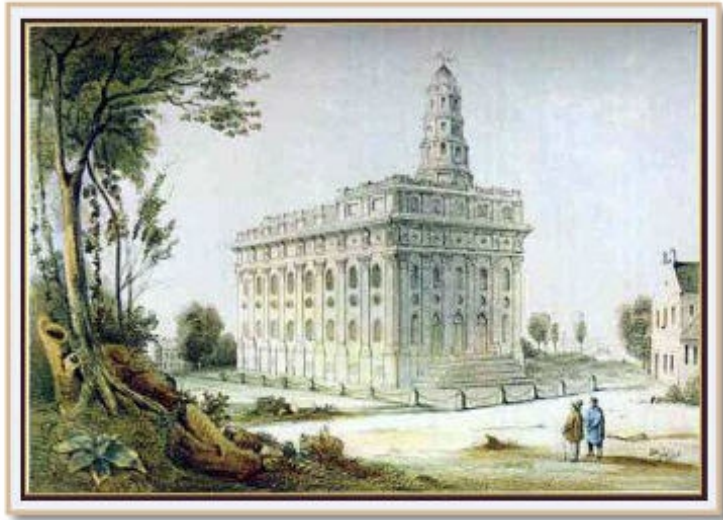
Joseph asked us to stand and hold hands. He then made some remarks about the subject of marriage, indicating it was an institution of heaven, first solemnized in the Garden of Eden by God himself, by the authority of everlasting priesthood. Using a ceremony original to him but one closely following the Church's newly published "Article on Marriage," he called us by name and asked us to covenant to be each other's companions during our lives, and discharge the duties of husband and wife and blessed us that like Adam and Eve we would multiply and replenish the earth. He promised us long life and prosperity. Newel was thirty-five years old and I was twenty-three.



Notes

6. *BYU Studies*, Volume 39, Number 4, 2000. "Newel and Lydia Bailey Knight's Kirtland Love Story and Historic Wedding" By William G. Hartley, pages 14-17.

We were the first couple married by the Prophet Joseph Smith and later, on January 19, 1846, we were sealed for time and all eternity in the Nauvoo, Illinois Temple. (7)



Nauvoo temple illustration from Henry Lewis' *Das Illustringte Mississipithal* owned by Minnisota Historical Society.

Hyrum invited us to remain there with them in their home for the winter so we gladly accepted his kind offer and spent several busy, happy months in this pleasant home.

How glorious it was to live in Kirtland during those brief winter months receiving the news of revelation upon revelation as it flowed from the prophetic lips of Joseph Smith. More wondrous experiences were to follow when the Kirtland Temple was dedicated. What a privilege it was to witness the glorious things that happened during that period of time. Feeling the glory of God like a burning fire, knowing that angels were

present and many other heavenly beings; even the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Oh what glorious blessings that we shared. After experiencing these wondrous events, Newel and I climbed the stairs to a quiet corner on the third floor and knelt together in prayer. Thanking our Father in Heaven for the blessings we had witnessed in being there during those impressive poignant events that took place in that Holy Building.



Kirtland temple photograph by John Weese.

Notes

7. New FamilySearch LDS ordinance data.



Kirtland Temple

Lydia was present when
The spiritual experiences
happened in the
Kirtland Temple
1836

Shortly afterward Newel was released from his labors on the temple and we were free to leave Kirtland to return to Newel's home in Missouri. All that Newel had received for his labors on the temple, he freely donated to the cause of God. We were discussing what we should do, having given all we had to the church. We had the faith that our needs would be taken care of and they were. Brother Joseph asked us if we were able to outfit ourselves for our journey. Newel had to admit that we were rather short of any means at this time. Joseph told us that he hadn't forgotten how I had helped him in his own time of need. He left and returned a short time later, giving Newel double the sum that I had so willingly given to him.

The Patriarch Hyrum Smith was also a fine man full of the spirit and worthy in all ways to be the beloved brother of the prophet of the Restoration. Hyrum had great love for his fellow man as well as his very special family. Their father, Patriarch Joseph Smith, Senior, gave me a patriarchal blessing before I left Kirtland. I was to recall many times in my life the promises given me in that blessing.

I was blessed that I would be the mother of many children. And I should teach them righteousness, and I would have the power to keep them from the power of the destroyer and that my heart would not be pained because of the loss of my children, for the Lord shall watch over them and keep them. I was told that I had been afflicted much in the past days and my heart has been pained, but I should be comforted. Many tears had fallen from my eyes and I have wept much but the Lord loves me and has given me a kind and loving companion for my comfort. And our souls shall be knit together and nothing shall dissolve them. Neither distress nor death shall separate us. Many times I would remember the blessings I had been promised and

The Kirtland Temple was dedicated 27 March 1836 by
Joseph Smith, Jr.

I called the promises of the Lord unto me.

The Colesville Branch had moved as a group to Jackson County, Missouri. Newel Knight presided over the Branch. He was called to this position by revelation. They had been driven out of Jackson County in the fall of 1833 and settled in Clay County and this was now to be my home, too. Newel's father, Joseph Knight, two of his brothers, and three sisters were also living there. Polly Peck, Newel's aged mother was buried near the Big Blue River in Jackson County. Polly was very ill when they started this journey but she wanted to be in Zion, even if it meant being buried there. Newel packed lumber to take with them so they would have the material to make her coffin. Polly was the first Saint to be buried in Zion.

On Thursday, April 7th 1836, we were ready to start our journey to Missouri. Brother Hyrum Smith loaned us a wagon and horses to use until we reached the Ohio River, where we intended to take passage on a steamer. The roads were very muddy and it rained hard in the afternoon. We stopped before night, at a sectarian priest's who treated us very kindly until it was mentioned that we were Mormons. This gentleman then informed us that had it not been raining so hard, he would have put us out of his house. He put us into the kitchen where we spent the night and early next morning, Newel paid our bill and bade this sectarian host adieu. We traveled several miles, before we came to a house where we were given breakfast and treated kindly. Soon after resuming our journey we found ourselves in deep water for the road was flooded. As we attempted to cross a bridge the logs rolled from under the horses and Newel was barely able to rescue them by detaching them from the wagon. He then got me on one of the horses and took me across to dry land. We finally arrived at Liverpool where we had to wait a few days for a steamer. Brother Hill took the team and wagon back to Brother Hyrum as planned.

We had a safe passage on the steamer, but not a very comfortable one, and landed in Clay County on May 6th. We first visited with uncle Ezekiel Peck and spent the night with him. Next day we called on Newel's father and found him in good health and spirits. We then went to Clark Slade's where Newel had left his little son Samuel with his Aunt Esther. (8)

We enjoyed several days of visiting and then we tried to settle down to a daily routine. Our immediate family consisted of Newel's aged Aunt Esther Culver, who remained with us, requiring our tender care until her death which occurred the following fall. Newel's little son, Samuel was added to our small family, and I soon came to love him as my own. In December, our first child was born, a daughter whom we named Sally.

In February 1838, we moved up to Far West. On the 4th of July 1838, a large group of Saints gathered together to celebrate the holiday and even more important, we planned to lay the corner stone of a temple. The attempt to erect a temple aroused the bitterest feelings of our enemies. Mobs assembled and threats were heard; a storm of feelings as well as blackened clouds swept over the area. Lightening flashed to the earth and with a sudden crash - the liberty pole fell - peal of thunder shook the earth. The ghastly scenes that had occurred in Jackson County would soon be repeated against our lovely homes and farms in Far West. Hatred was felt by our enemies against the solid unity of the Mormon people. Once again it was Satan against Christ.

About the middle of October, word came that a mob was assembled outside of Far West threatening to burn the town. I spent the night trying to place my household items where they would not burn if the mob carried out their threats to burn our city. In the dark, a knock came on my door. Two of the brethren

Notes

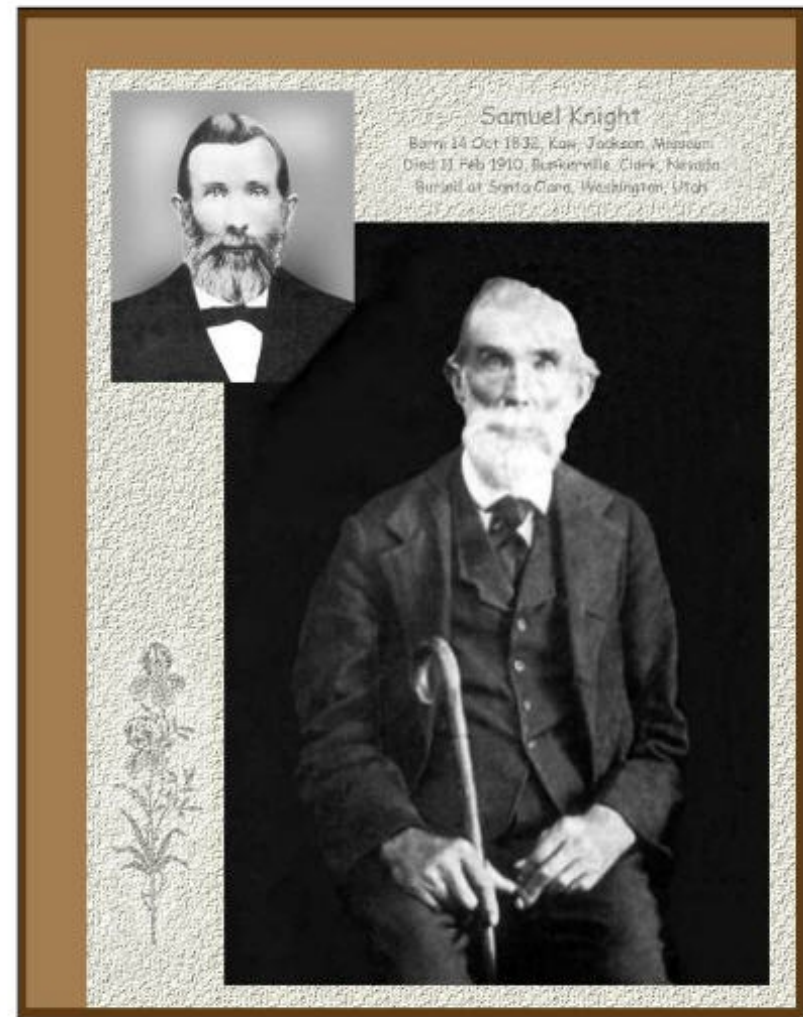
8. "Newel Knight's Journal" pages 54 and 55.

were there, asking for refuge from the murderous mob. I hid them in a store room, knowing that if they were found in my house, I too would be murdered. When daylight finally came I dressed my little ones and tried to resume my daily chores.

There isn't time to tell you my entire story; the awful persecutions continued in Missouri becoming, if possible even more wicked than they had been in Jackson County. It was very hard to be calm and to keep our hearts filled with humble prayers, asking God to turn aside their wicked purposes. Governor Boggs had issued an extermination order. Newel told me to pray as I had never prayed before. Our beloved prophet had been betrayed and taken prisoner.

The sounds of the mob were awful. These were bitter days for the Saints. I spent the night, listening to the piercing, shrieking yells of the blood thirsty mob. I also spent the night praying one long anxious prayer. Morning came and Newel returned long enough to tell me that the Patriarch and Brother Amasa Lyman had also been taken prisoners. He hastily snatched up his rifle and rushed to the square, where the signal drum was beating long and loud. Upon arriving there he was commanded by General Lucas to give up his arms. Newel complied, full of righteous indignation, but was helpless to resist. The other brethren were also disarmed. When all the men were assembled, they were forced to sign a deed of trust, at the point of a bayonet to give all that they possessed to Gen. Lucas to defray the expenses of this unholy war.

The men of the town were placed under guard, the mob swarmed over the town, pillaging, foraging, insulting women and abusing little children. Stock were shot down and left to rot in the streets. Houses were searched and anything of value was taken and anyone who dared to object was threatened with murder.



Samuel Knight

**Collage is rendition from a public domain and a family image. Samuel was but six years old when he with his family departed Far West on February 18, 1839, leaving farm and houses "for the benefit of a legalized mob."
Hartley, "Stand By My Servant Joseph," page 298.**



The Far West Temple Site in 1959 before it was improved by the LDS church.
Elder Robert Newel Reynolds, 2nd Councilor, Central States Mission
in photo at the cornerstone. Image is from Reynolds'
mission collection converted from a 35mm slide.

Three ruffians came to my door demanding to know whether I had any men in the house. I told them that my husband was a prisoner down at the public square. They asked if I had any arms in the house and I told them my husband had taken his rifle with him when he left the house. My children started to cry as they were very frightened. I told the men to go away and to stop scaring my little ones. Abruptly, they turned away and left my house, leaving me trembling as I whispered to my children "God Rules."

The next morning the sun arose on a scene of desolation. Hundreds of homeless beings huddled together as best they could, sorrowing and sad but still full of the testimony that Jesus would be their comforter and helper. Many were without food, but those who had shared with those who had not.

The Prophet and leaders were gone, but ways must be found to get out of the state. Only a few short months were given in which to leave our desolate homes and fields.

Newel set to work to try and assist the homeless ones and feed the poor. To this labor he devoted himself through the winter. In February he determined to go with the rest of his brethren who were leaving the state. We didn't know how this could be accomplished. The mob had killed all of our stock but one cow. Newel arranged with a man to take the cow and in return, take us as far as the Mississippi river. We made hasty preparations and in the cold winter snow, we started on our journey. It was winter; snow sometimes reached the wagon hubs. We had 200 miles to travel.

The first of May, we reached the river. Crossing the Mississippi, we felt free. We were destitute and poor but we felt free to live as our consciences prompted us, without fear of the mobs or persecution.

What a picture to behold, this first settling of the place that would afterward be called Nauvoo; the grass green but damp and



"Leaving Missouri" by C.C.A. Christensen
C.C.A. Christensen died in 1912. Image in the public domain.
from Wikimedia Commons.

moist, a few houses but mostly tents, bush wickiups and crude shelters of every description dotting the grassy plain.

Brigham Young had taken charge of this moving host, and the poor were carefully provided for and moved, through the indomitable energies of Brother Brigham. The Prophet Joseph was still a prisoner at Liberty jail. All this responsibility rested on the President of the Twelve.

A few weeks passed and we came to know that the air which rose from this swampy land was deadly. Fevers of all kinds were striking the old, sick or infirm and the little children also. Great numbers of men and women, who had been strong through all kinds of hardships, lay down and succumbed to this terrible disease. So many were ill there was hardly any strong enough to bury the dead. Even Joseph, when he escaped from his enemies,



Nauvoo, Illinois, 1859, by Johannes Schroeder (1859, oil on metal, 10" x 13").

soon lay prostrate in his house, and even his yard was filled with the sick, dying and the dead. At last the invincible Prophet rallied from this blow and rising up by the power of God, he commenced going about healing the sick.

Hundreds were healed and as they were healed, the brethren would arise and follow the Prophet, continuing this glorious work of healing and restoring faith and hope among the people.

I had managed to take care of my own ailing child and those of my neighbors who were the most helpless even though my health was far from good. I struggled to continue until September then my body being so weakened from the heavy work I had been doing that I, too, became ill with this dreadful fever. One day, I asked Newel to take a handkerchief to the Prophet and ask him to bless it that I might be healed. Newel hated to add to Joseph's burdens knowing how worn out he was. Finally that night, seeing how ill I had become, Newel took the handkerchief and left the house.

He was gone about a half hour and when he returned he laid a handkerchief on my head and said "There, Lydia is a handkerchief." I felt no relief and in fact became worse. One day Newel, seeing that I was all but gone hurried away. When he returned he said "Oh Lydia, the handkerchief I brought before was not from the Prophet, but this one is from Joseph and he says "your Heavenly Father shall heal you, and you shall be restored to health and life." As the handkerchief was bound around my brow, the spirit of healing poured over me. I closed my eyes in restful, blessed sleep. About midnight I awoke and knew that I had been healed by faith. That day, I arose and dressed and went about my normal duties. I found Samuel well and full of a desire to help. Sally, who was three was also well and was toddling about the house at her baby play. The baby James was very ill. Newel was also ill at this time as well as Newel's niece Harriet who was living with us. I went from one to the other giving the simple remedies that I had. Neighbors, would say to me, you can not keep that baby, why do you cling to him so? I replied, "Father Smith said in my blessing that my heart should not be pained with the loss of my children. I cannot let him go because I feel it is not the Lord's will that I should part with him."

Little James lay like a breathing skeleton. I must do something or he would not live. Newel told me that I had done everything possible and I should let him go. The next morning the Prophet was passing by the house. I ran to him asking him to come see the baby. He came in and was shocked to see his condition. The prophet said, "I will tell you one more thing to do and if that does not save him, you will have to give him up.

Send for Father George W. Harris; take some warm water and soap and wash your child from his head to the soles of his feet; then have Father Harris anoint him with holy consecrated oil from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and I think your child shall live." I hurried to obey his words, and when the blessing was over I was full of joy at seeing this little one revive and be healed.

On Thursday morning, Joseph came to check and was pleased to see him restored to health. As he was leaving, he said "Sister Lydia, should your child have a relapse, you do the same thing that was done before."

That evening, the disease seemed to return and immediately I sent for Father Harris and he was not home, I spent the night anxiously watching. In the morning I called in two of the brethren and they repeated the former ceremony of washing and anointing the baby. As the brethren's hands rested upon his head, a light shown down upon him like a brilliant sunbeam. The light faded as they ceased, and the child was completely restored to health from that moment.

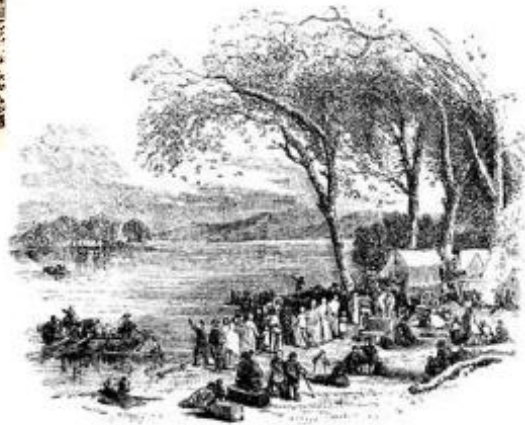
That summer Joseph told Newel that it was his mission to build a mill and to accomplish it as soon as possible. He started to do this at once. He also built a log cabin for us and we were very happy there. In October, a little son was born to us. We named him Joseph after Newel's father. Two years later in October another little son was born to us and we named him Newel. It was a happy and pleasant time.



Crossing the plains



Haun's Mill



Green River crossing



Deseret



In the spring of 1844, persecution raged high against the leaders of the Church. Mobs once again began to gather and to commit depredations. In the midst of these persecutions a little girl was born to us on the 6th of June 1844. We named her Lydia. I was just recovering my strength from this birth when our beloved Prophet was murdered along with the Patriarch. They were brought back to Nauvoo for burial but I was still so weak and overcome with grief that I could not attend the services for them.

Mourning, deep and serious, filled the city. Every heart was filled with grief and woe. But over all "brooded" the Spirit of

Christ. We received our endowments in the Nauvoo Temple, but because of steady persecutions we prepared once more to leave our home. We left Nauvoo on the 17th of April, 1846, leaving behind us the mill, house, barn and all of our possessions to any of the mob who might chance to come first.

After four weeks travel, the company reached Mt. Pisgah, where we found many of the Saints resting and recruiting their teams. We spent several weeks there and then the march was taken up. Two weeks of slow traveling brought the company to Council Bluffs, where another halt was called for rest and recuperation.



Ten Ponca Indian scouts posed on horseback wearing traditional headdress at the top of a hill. Published by H.H. Clarke, 1892-1930.

The provisions we had brought with us were becoming low so Newel went down into Missouri and found work that allowed him to purchase enough supplies to last us a year. We, along with the rest of the company, were camped in a pleasant place across the Missouri River. We were waiting for the arrival of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, who were coming to organize this company.

In a few days the Presidency arrived and the plan was given on the day they arrived. "We shall organize you into groups of fifty families with a Captain over each group. Then you will be further divided into companies of ten, also presided over by Captains. This will insure order and careful management."

Other instructions were given to provide the utmost safety and our welfare if we but followed these orders. Three companies ventured out. Later, further counsel was received from President Brigham Young that we should find a good place to winter and not attempt to reach the mountains this year. And thus the three companies united and the captains then sought for a suitable place to winter. The group decided to take the offer of eight Ponca Indian chiefs and go north, eleven wagon days, to where grass and water was in abundance. The red men were helpful and friendly and we were comfortable with log cabins and stables.

I felt calm and happy and was really looking forward to the time when we could have peace and a permanent home together for ourselves and our family at the end of our long journey.

One night in January, Newel's voice woke me with the news that he had a severe pain in his side. I brought the remedies that I had but they brought no relief to him. Finally, the voice of my companion, one I loved more than life itself whispered to me. "Lydia, it is necessary for me to go. Joseph wants me. It is needful that a messenger be sent with the true conditions of the Saints. Don't grieve too much, for you will be protected. I

couldn't bear the thought of being alone in this desolate country with seven children and a babe on the way. "Please Newel, don't leave us." I begged but he was suffering so that I couldn't bear it so I gathered our children around him and prayed that if it was the Lord's will for him to go that his spirit might go in peace. The prayer was hardly over and he was gone. With one loving look into my eyes, his spirit fled.

On the 11th day of January, Newel was buried. No lumber could be had for his coffin so I told them to take one of the wagon boxes. It was extremely cold that day and some of the brethren had frozen hands and feet as they dug the grave and performed these last offices of love for their honored Captain and brother. It was almost unbearable to look out into the snow and watch those men bearing away my beloved companion. As I grew calmer I was able to say in my heart... "God Rules."

On the 4th of February, Brother Miller returned. He had been to Winter Quarters for provisions. He also brought tidings that a revelation had been received showing the order of the organization of Saints. He also brought the joyful news that Brother Erastus Snow and E. T. Benson were coming to Ponca to organize the Saints according to the pattern in the revelation.

I returned from the meeting full of sad thoughts. How could I prepare myself and my family to return to Winter Quarters and from there to take a journey of a thousand miles into the Rocky Mountains? The burden seemed too heavy to bear and I cried out in my pain... 'Oh Newel, why hast thou left me?' As I spoke, he stood by my side, with a lovely smile on his face and said: "Be calm, let not sorrow overcome you. It was necessary that I should go. I was needed behind the veil to represent the true conditions of this camp and people. You cannot fully comprehend it now, but the time will come when you shall know why I left you and our little ones. Therefore, dry up your tears, be patient, I will go



Monument to Newel Knight at Ponca Camp, Niobrara, Nebraska erected by his son Jesse Knight in 1908. Collage created from photos courtesy of Ray Knight family.

before you and protect you in your journeying. You and your little ones shall never perish for lack of food. If necessary, I will send the ravens of the valley to feed you. You shall not perish for want of bread." I turned again to where my husband had stood, and he was gone. This experience gave me great comfort, and my spirits were revived and strengthened by the promises he made. This also reminded me of the promise made in my patriarchal blessing that in death, we would not be separated.

The Ponca Tribe

In the fall of 1846, the three advance companies of Mormon pioneers accepted the offer of the friendly Ponca Indians to spend the winter at their encampment located at the confluence of the Niobrara and Missouri rivers. The Mormons were not the first white men to venture into this abundant land. Forty-two years previous, the Lewis and Clark expedition had traveled to the exact location of Ponca Camp. They recording in their daily journals an abundance of deer, elk, bison, strange looking goats and plentiful kinds of wild fruits in the river thickets. Making their way upstream against a chilly wind on September 3, 1804, they camped at the mouth of the Niobrara River. The next day William Clark hiked three miles up the Niobrara to visit the Ponca Indian village. Unfortunately, the Indians were away on a buffalo hunt.

Looking at the aerial view on the adjacent page, one can easily imagine that William Clark most likely visited and walked on the very ground where Lydia and Newel's company of pioneers built their log fort and where Newel died that cold winter day in January, 1847.

From several websites devoted to Ponca Indian history we learn that the Ponca tribe lived near the mouth of the Niobrara River

claiming the country westward along that river and the streams flowing into it. These three tribes, Otoe, Omaha and Ponca were closely related and spoke languages much alike. Their traditions tell that they came from the southeast up the Missouri and had been in this region only a few hundred years. All three belonged to the great Sioux family of Indians and were relatives of the Sioux nation living northwest of them. The Otoe and Omaha tribes numbered about 3,000 each and the Ponca between 1,000 and 2,000.

The Ponca were never a large tribe. The tribe's probable size in 1780 was estimated at 800. By 1804, largely because of smallpox, their numbers dwindled to around 200. By 1829, their population had increased to 600 and by 1842, to about 800. Because of a government treaty mistake, in 1879 the Ponca were forcibly removed from their homeland in northeastern Nebraska and marched to Indian Territory in Oklahoma. Many died along the way. After court battles and other contests with the federal government the Ponca were rewarded with at least partial reinstatement to some of their lands in Nebraska—over 26,000 acres. Today, "The Ponca Tribe of Nebraska" is Federally recognized, well organized and thriving with headquarters at Niobrara, Nebraska.





Aerial view of location of Ponca Camp where Newel died at the confluence of the Niobrara and Missouri rivers.

The Newel Knight Memorial

Among others of the Saints who died at the Ponca village, in Nebraska, was Newel Knight.

In 1901 Newel's son, Jesse Knight sent Isaac Riddle to Nebraska to try and locate Newel Knight's burial place and two granite mill-burrs Newel had chiseled in the winter of 1846-47. Riddle, at age 16, had been with the original party, but he found only ashes from the cabin fireplaces.

In 1907, Jesse Knight, and other members of the family took further steps to locate the place of his death and in 1908 erected there a monument. It consists of a beautiful pillar of granite about 14 feet high and 9 feet square at the base, surrounded by an Iron fence. On one side of the monument is the inscription: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteous sake," and on another the following: "Newel Knight Born Sept. 18, 1800. Died Jan. 17, 1847. Member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Erected in loving appreciation of our Father. Who died during the hardships of the Mormon Exodus from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. On the west side is inscribed: Others who died in Ponca in the years 1846-47: Mr. Corvall, Mrs. Corvall, Lucy Bronson, Ann Boyer, Mrs. Rufus Pack, Mrs. Spicer Crandall, Mrs. Newel Drake, Mrs. Dame, Gardurous Noble, Benjamin F. Mayers."

The cost of the monument was about \$1,500. Members of the Brimhall and Knight families furnished the *Deseret News* with the following account of the placing of the monument in honor of those who died at Ponca:

"June 5 1907, Jesse Knight, George H. Brimhall, Jennie B. Knight, and Inez K. Allen started on a trip to find the last resting place of Newel Knight (father of Jesse and Samuel), and others who died in the winter of 1846 while camped at Ponca. We went by train to Niobrara, Nebraska, which is a small but ancient looking settlement, on the border of the Ponca reservation. In Niobrara, the people can, through tradition, direct one to the "Mormon settlement of long ago." A ride by team of about three miles brought us to the old fort. The spot where each log cabin was marked by the rock foundations on which they stood. These foundations are almost level with the ground and partly overgrown with grass, still they are easily traced in regularity, forming a real fort with inner court which all of the cabins were built to face. This no doubt gave a feeling of security from Indians. The camp was on a slight elevation from the Niobrara River. Even the steps cut in the bank and bedded with rocks for carrying water from stream, are still in evidence.

Samuel who was 13 years of age at his fathers death, retained vivid recollections of the event. He was at this time crippled with rheumatism, but with clear mind and heart full of strange emotions, as he wandered over familiar scenes in search of the actual burial place of his father. He recalled the extreme cold of that January day; the coffin made from an old wagon box; remembered the brethren freezing their fingers and toes while digging his fathers grave. Also, he remembered that his father was hauled a little distance in a wagon. May be time had tended to shorten distance in his mind; anyway, Samuel finally said in tears that he was not sure of the spot.

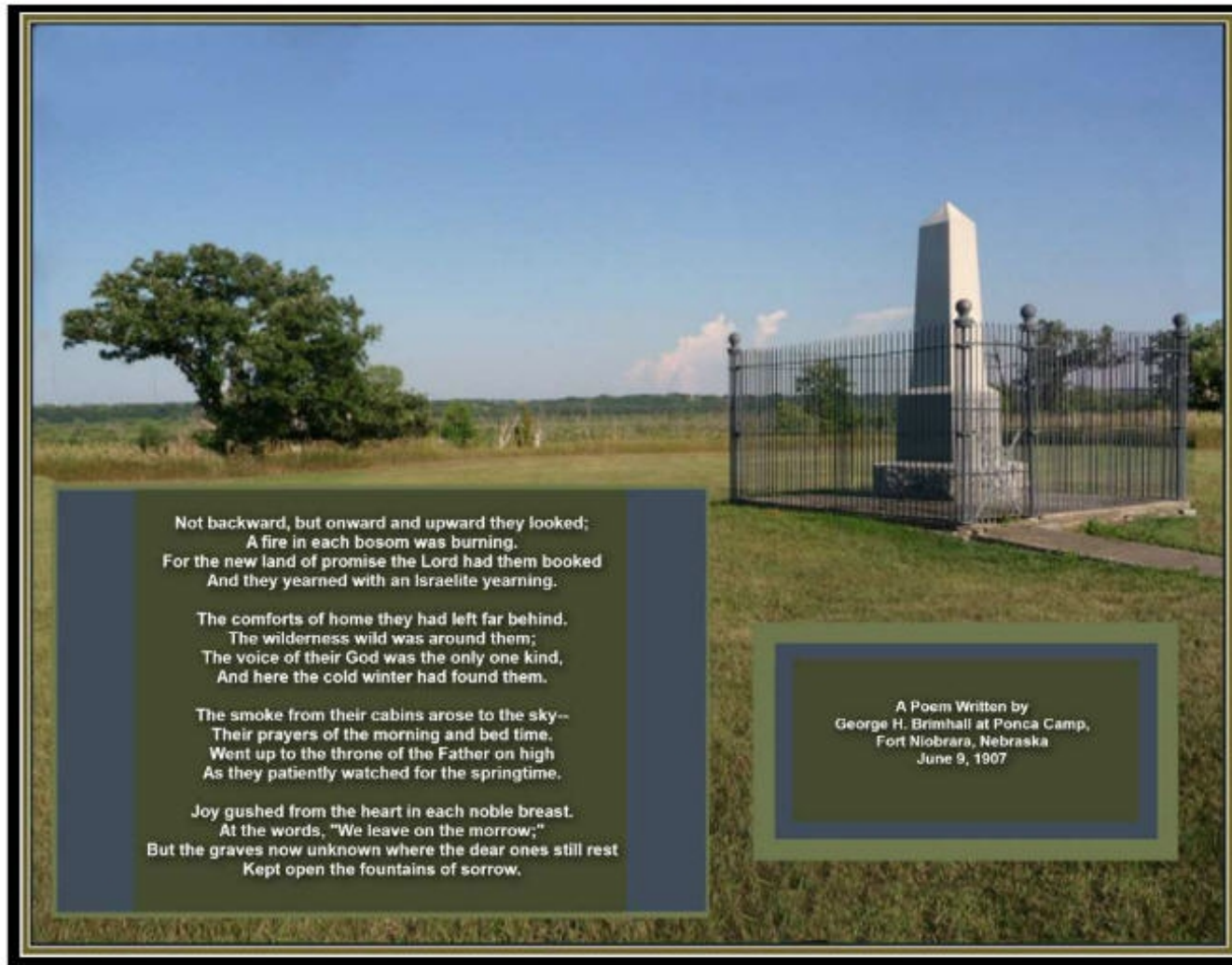
An Indian chief who had lived there ever since that memorable winter was consulted and walked all around with the party, but he could not locate the actual burial ground. It is not strange that 60 years of storm and sunshine should have obliterated the spot. The rolling hills for miles were covered with grass. The river seemed to take much the same course. Birds sang, coyotes howled, and Indians roamed the hills in much the same way they did in that year of 1846—that year when the mother of seven (guarding under her heart one unborn) said a last farewell to a husband and father of her household. He alone who marks the sparrow's fall can compensate the suffering and the anguish of that sad winter. Those who lost their lives for the gospel's sake were excelled in faith and courage only by those who yet lived for the same cause.

As the burial ground could not be located exactly and the place where the cabins stood was clear, it was decided to erect the monument there. A peaceable agreement was made with the Indians for about one rod square of ground. Then after some difficulty, a government title was also obtained. An iron fence now encloses the spot.

The following names of those who died there also appeared on the monument:

Newel Knight, Brother Freemer, Mr. Cavol, Mrs. Cavol, Lucy Brunson, Ann Boyce, Mrs. Rufus Pack, Mrs. Spicer Crandall, Mrs. Newel Drake, Mrs. Dame, Gardurout Noble, Benjamin F. Mayers, Putney's twin babies, Dalton Baby, Green Baby, Toolman Baby."

Deseret Evening News Article of Saturday, 25 March 1916



Not backward, but onward and upward they looked;
A fire in each bosom was burning.
For the new land of promise the Lord had them booked
And they yearned with an Israelite yearning.

The comforts of home they had left far behind.
The wilderness wild was around them;
The voice of their God was the only one kind,
And here the cold winter had found them.

The smoke from their cabins arose to the sky--
Their prayers of the morning and bed time.
Went up to the throne of the Father on high
As they patiently watched for the springtime.

Joy gushed from the heart in each noble breast.
At the words, "We leave on the morrow;"
But the graves now unknown where the dear ones still rest
Kept open the fountains of sorrow.

A Poem Written by
George H. Brimhall at Ponca Camp,
Fort Niobrara, Nebraska
June 9, 1907

A collage of the Ponca Memorial Monument with the George H. Brimhall Poem by Robert N. Reynolds

In April, we were given the word to move. The camp was organized for traveling and we commenced our return journey to Winter Quarters. I started out with my family and effects in two wagons drawn by three yoke of oxen. They were driven by Samuel, who was 13 years old and James, who was nine.

Upon reaching Winter Quarters the brethren put up a log cabin for us and with the help of my nine year old son, James, we raised a good garden. With milk from our cow, we were very comfortable. Responding to council I reluctantly sent thirteen year old Samuel with one of the companies to the valley before we were prepared to go. I feared that his mother's relatives might take him from us after the death of his father and I could not bear to lose him, for he was as dear to me as my own sons. (9)

On the 26th of August, 1847 a little boy was born to me. I named him Hyrum Helaman. When the baby was a week old, a severe rain storm came up. It poured down into the cabin with much violence. Despite the efforts of my daughter Sally to keep us dry, we became soaked and we finally decided to huddle together in the bed and trust in God. He had never failed to hear our prayers. We asked him to watch over us through the night. We awoke in the morning, soaked to the skin but we were all right. (10)

Notes

9. The following spring Lydia was also counseled to loan her oxen and wagons on the promise that she would later be given help to travel west when she was in a better position to do so.

10. One year was spent by Lydia in this place at Winter Quarters, which was also called Ponca Camp after the former one. In the Spring of 1848, the Ponca Camp was advised to move east across the river to Pottowattamie which place was named Kanessville. Here, Lydia's new abode would be described as "half cave and half hut."



Looking west into Kanessville with the river beyond. A Steel Engraving from "Route From Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley," Illustrated With Steel Engravings and Wood C/uts From Sketches Made By Frederick Piercy ... Edited by James Linforth. Liverpool: Published by Franklin D. Richards, 1855.

In the Spring of '49, the waters as usual rose very high. One day, I saw with horror, my little toddler Hyrum Helaman fall into the river. I jumped in after him and managed to grab him and pull him out of the water. (11)

Notes

11. Letter from Lydia to Susa Young Gates, August 30, 1883, Lydia Knight papers, Harold B. Lee Library, BYU. Also, see Hartley, Stand By My Servant Joseph, Item 16, p. 545.

When I held his lifeless little body in my arms, I thought once again of the promise in my blessing that I would be the mother of many children and my heart should not be pained because of the loss of my children. My faith was strong, I sent for Brothers Stone and Mendenhall, who came and laid their hands on the lifeless child and prayed that his life be restored; he began to breathe and he lived to grow up to be a man. Here I must say that in all the scenes of sickness, and the hard times we had, the words of the blessing have been fulfilled and my children all lived to be men and women.



Kanesville, Iowa 1849

We struggled to get along and somehow we managed to do fairly well. By the spring of 1850, I felt that I must make every possible effort to go to the valley. I told the Lord all my troubles and asked him to give me wisdom and open up a way for I felt the time had come. I sold my little place and somehow put

together an outfit and laid in all the provisions that I could manage. I had done all I knew how to do for my family and for the journey and now I would put my trust in God. I was thankful for the many kind acts done for me and my family while on this long journey. We traveled in Bishop Hunter's company. He had been given the mission of helping some of the poor and the widows to get to the valley. We reached the valley with grateful hearts that our long journey was over and we were here where we had long wanted to be.

We were reunited with Samuel and we were so happy to be together again. After resting a few days at the home of Newel's sister, we chose our lot and with the help of my sons, we started building an adobe house. I taught school for a while and then decided to accept an offer for a plural marriage to a man by the name of John Dalton. My children and I lived out in the country on a dairy farm. We worked long hard hours that turned into long hard days. My health and strength were not strong enough to continue in this situation. One little girl was born into this relationship. I named her Artimesia. With much relief I was released from this marriage.

I want to tell an experience that I had with my son, Jesse. He had some experiences in his youth that made him become inactive in the church. I worried about it after he was married and had a family of his own and often tried to talk to him about it. On my last visit to his home in Payson, Jesse said to me, "Mother, how is it you are not preaching to me as you usually do?" I told him "Jesse, I have prayed in the Temple for my children many times and on one occasion the Lord made known to me that I was not to worry about you anymore; that you would one day understand for yourself." Jesse told me that I must be mistaken because he was farther away from the church than he had ever been before. I replied, "I don't care what you say, I know that one day you will see the Gospel for yourself,

and I never intend to argue with you about religion again."

About three years after this visit, Jesse's home became a place of much sickness and sorrow for a water well had been contaminated from the poison of a dead rat. The children were afflicted with raging fevers. Jennie, who was two years old, became ill with the fever and the Doctor told them that in his opinion nothing could be done to save her. Jesse's wife asked for the elders to come and give her a blessing, even though Jesse said he had no faith in the Church. She was given a blessing and immediately she was restored to consciousness and life. From that moment Jesse's life changed. He had seen the power of God made manifest and he remembered my words to him. He asked for forgiveness for the many careless and indifferent habits he had formed and promised that he would do his best to serve his Heavenly Father. (12)

I taught school for a while and as time passed I met a good family man who was a widower with two daughters. The girls were ages eleven and thirteen. My heart yearned for these motherless girls and after much serious thought I accepted an earthly companion and married James McClellan. After a few years in Payson, he was called to go to "Dixie" and we moved to Santa Clara and soon were very comfortable. President Young called me to act as one of the workers in the St. George Temple.

Notes

12. This experience is in the book "The Jesse Knight Family" on page 33. In time Jesse was able to help the church in many ways with the money from a gold, silver and lead mine he was guided to by the Spirit. He did much good with the money entrusted to him by the Lord. He built a new home for his sister Lydia in Colonia Dublan, Mexico and helped many with their education.



JESSE KNIGHT (1845-1921)

Sixth child of Lydia Goldthwaite and Newel Knight, Jesse became famous for his mining and business successes but, most notably, for his generosity to his church and those he loved.

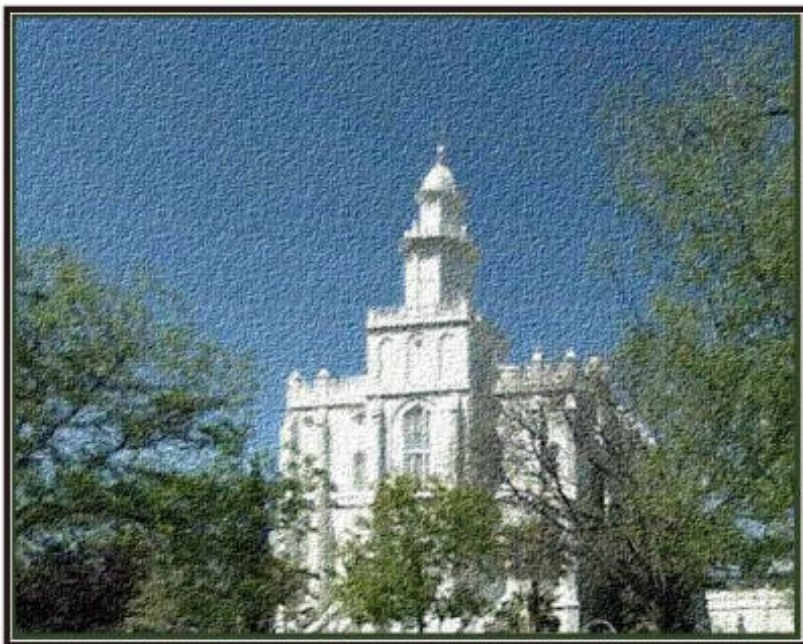
-- Photo from ancestry.com by 2nd great-grandson Jesse Knight

In the fall of 1877, I entered the sacred walls as one of the regular attendants.

On February 10, 1881, James died. We had a good companionship for many years and now I was alone again. My work in the temple was so uplifting and pleasant it kept me from being lonely. In 1882, I moved to St. George to be closer to

the temple. My posterity is numerous. When I counted I had upwards of eighty children, grand children and great grand children. I was able to fulfill the promise made to me by Joseph Smith in Canada that I would be a savior in my father's house and was able to do endowments for 700 names of family and friends.

The last day of my life was spent in the temple. I returned home in the late afternoon, contented but weary. I became ill about 8:30 and after one short hour I was to pass through the veil. I was finally to be reunited with my loved ones. My work on earth was completed. I had endured to the end. Oh Happy Day, All is well. This is part of my story of the 71 years I lived on the earth and I know that GOD Rules on earth as well as in Heaven.



What a fitting tribute to her life that she was able to spend her last days in such a beautiful and peaceful setting.



Lydia Goldthwaite Grave Memorial restored in 2010 thru help of many descendants. Mavon Nelson Herring started fund raising campaign in 2009. Photo courtesy James Knight. Original monument erected by Jesse Knight.

End of Chapter One Narrative

Children of:
LYDIA GOLDTHWAITE



**Rosanna
BAILEY**
B: 3 Nov
1830
D: 11 Jun
1833



**Edwin
BAILEY**
B: 12 Feb
1832
D: 12 Feb
1832



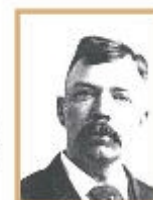
**Sally
KNIGHT**
B: 1 Dec 1836
D: 1 Oct 1916



**James
Philander
KNIGHT**
B: 29 Apr 1838
D: 14 Jun 1909



**Joseph Ether
KNIGHT**
B: 18 Oct 1840
D: 27 Jun 1878



**Newel
KNIGHT JR.**
B: 14 Oct 1842
D: 23 May 1907



**Hyrum
Helaman
KNIGHT**
B: 26 Aug
1847
D: 8 Jul
1880



**Artemesia
"Misha"
DALTON**
B: 22 Jun
1852
D: 22 Jun
1922



**Jesse
KNIGHT**
B: 6 Sep 1845
D: 14 Mar
1921



**Lydia
KNIGHT**
B: 6 Jun 1844
D: 8 May 1905

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Newel's Grave Memorial

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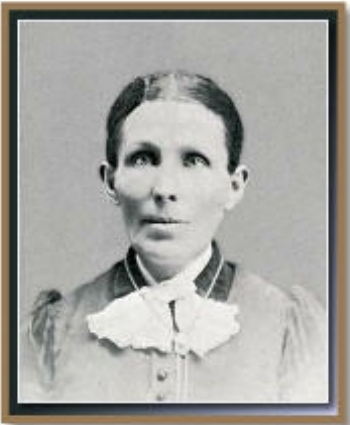
Lydia

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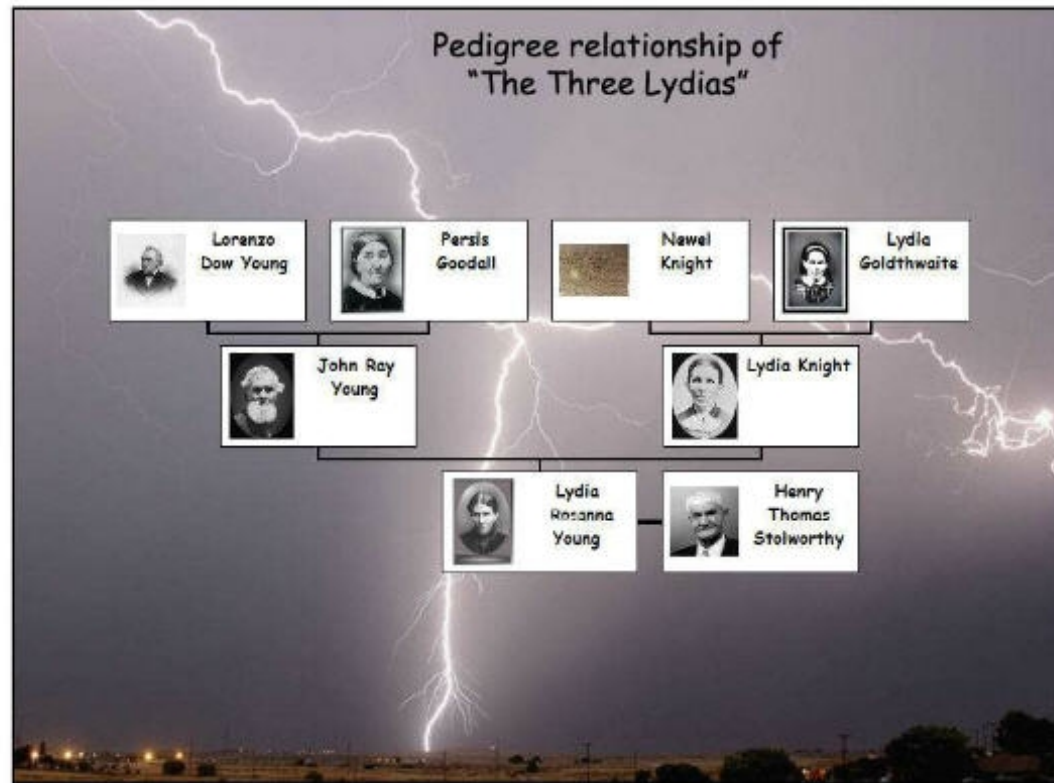
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Newel Jr.



Chapter Two

LYDIA KNIGHT (1844 -1905)

When persecutions raged in Missouri and it became necessary to leave, my parents fled to Illinois to a place that would in time become the beautiful city of Nauvoo. Time passed as it always does and here in this sacred city on June 6, 1844, I was born...just a few weeks before my parent's dear friend, and the beloved

Prophet of the restored Church of Jesus Christ and his loyal and wonderful brother, were murdered in cold blood, by cowards in dark painted faces. My father helped take care of them in a secret burial but my mother was not strong from my recent birth and wasn't able to attend the services for them.

Persecutions intensified and my parents and their little family prepared once again to leave their home and property. The temple had been finished enough for them to receive their endowments. I was two years old when we left Nauvoo on April 16, 1846 in two wagons with six oxen and two cows.

I thought it was exciting to sleep and play in the covered wagons. I was too young to realize the impact of leaving Nauvoo or the danger that had existed from the mobs of dangerous and wicked men. My mother watched over me and the other children as we played by open camp fires, moving wagons and other dangers.

The journey was slow but we children were content as long as we had food to eat and our families around us. We had crossed the big old Mississippi River and stopped at times to take care of our needs, to rest or to re-supply our provisions.

Friendly Ponca Indians invited us to spend the winter on their lands in northern Nebraska, eleven wagon days from Winter Quarters. There on the Missouri River they said there was plenty of grass and water to feed the stock. Since this seemed a wise choice my family and others took them up on their offer.

In January my mother called us to her because my father was very ill. She had used all the remedies available and nothing seemed to help him. We watched wide eyed and frightened. Father was in so much pain and finally Mother couldn't stand to watch him suffer so, she called us children to kneel with her around his bed to pray that God's will would be done. The prayer was scarcely over when my dear father passed peacefully away.

My mother was devastated when my father died but she did her best for her young family. There were seven of us, plus a baby on the way. I often could hear her going about the cabin saying, "The Lord's will be done, He doeth all things well," or "God rules."



Lydia Knight Young

In April of that year, we moved with the others to Winter Quarters to live. As we started the journey, I was still too young to remember very much but in August - a little baby brother was born and I loved babies so he was a joy to me. We were living in a log cabin and had a garden made by mother and Samuel and James, my older brothers. The cabin had no door or windows and only a partial roof. When it rained it soaked our bed and all of us thoroughly, but my mother told us to trust in God and none of us became ill even though it was miserable to be so wet.

Even the new baby was all right. Mother always asked God to watch over us and we all felt that He did.

Mother was asked by President Brigham Young to let someone more able to go west than she was, being a widow with a family and a tiny baby, to take her wagons and oxen to help them travel to the valley. She agreed to do this because she and my father had made a covenant that all they possessed would be used to help those who needed help to make the journey. She told President Young that they were at his disposal. She was told that they would be returned and be there when she was more able to make the trip.

Our family then moved to Pottawattamie on the east side of the Missouri River. We were once more without a roof to shelter us. After some search, we found a half cave, half hut. The sides were logs and the back was the side of a hill on the banks of a creek. It was cold in winter, sultry in summer but we lived there for a year.

Even in the midst of these difficult problems, my mother taught us to trust the Lord and to be happy and that in His own due time, He would help us get to the valley. After a year in this uncomfortable abode, Mother learned that the widow Ensign was leaving. Mother offered what money she had, plus clothing and all other items she could ill afford to spare and she was able to buy the cabin. It would keep out the rain and it was a clean place for us to dwell. With a prayer of gratitude to God, we moved in and were happy with such improved surroundings.

Now we children could go to school and Mother took in washings and other work to provide necessities for our family. I was still too young to realize what a valiant mother I had. Surely angels helped watch over us and mother worked very hard.

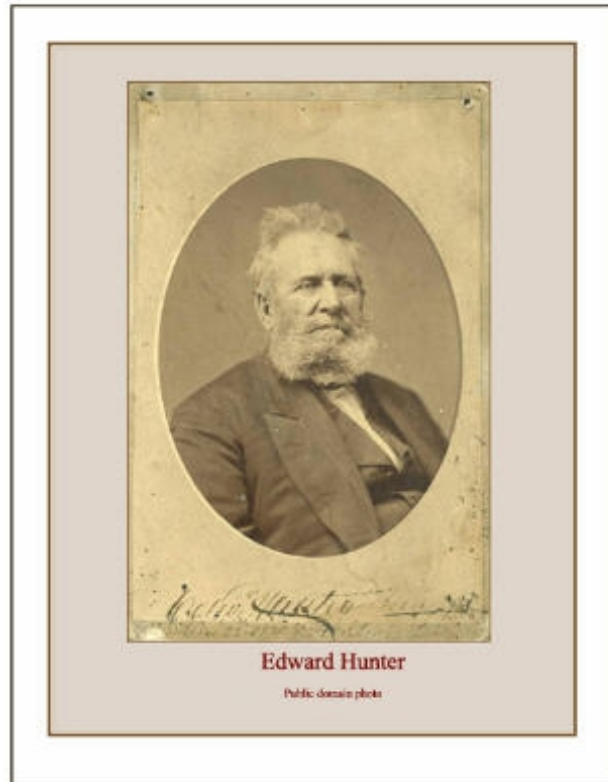
During the harvest, the brethren kindly harvested our wheat for us. The winters of '49 and '50 passed by peacefully. Mother had always taught us at home and now we were in school

and it gave her more time to prepare. She now felt a great desire to emigrate to the valley. Mother told us, "Our wagons have been returned in poor condition but between the two, we can make one good strong wagon." Bishop Hunter told her that Brigham Young had asked him to see that we get to come this season and will give us the use of two yoke of oxen. By selling the oxen that had been returned to us and the cabin and with twenty-five dollars a kind man had given us, we were able to prepare for the journey. Mother received corn for the cabin and we children spent many days parching it after which it was taken to the mill and ground. President Young told mother it was the best way to prepare it. Mother also kept some corn un-parched. She bought a hundred pound sack of flour so we had seven or eight hundred pounds of flour and meal altogether. We added a few pounds of dried fish, some soap, and 8 to 10 pounds of sugar, a few precious matches and a little soda. These were our grocery supplies. Our medicine chest consisted of a bottle of consecrated oil.

We each had one pair of shoes and a stout homemade suit or dress with a better one for Sunday. Mother had a good shawl and warm wraps for each of us children.

In the wagon a little stove was set up to keep us warm and there was a little rocking chair for mother to sit in. We had a good supply of bedding. Even our few supplies didn't leave much room for the family. James was twelve now and he walked most of the way and drove the oxen. Samuel was the son of our father and his first wife Sally. Mother had raised him since he was a small child and loved him as her own son. Mother had sent Samuel on with a group who were going before us because his mother's people wanted to keep him with them and they were not members of the Church. She wanted to keep him with Newel's family and hers. Joseph, Newel and Sally walked a great part of the way. A place had to be found for us three smaller

children, Jesse, myself, and Hyrum Helaman. Mother arranged to use our cows and oxen to pull our wagon and help pull another wagon in exchange for bringing some of our supplies in it. So we were as ready for the journey as hard work, sacrifice and prayer could make us.



The middle of June 1850 found us gathered, organized and ready to start. Bishop Hunter was the presiding Captain. He was given the charge to bring widows and some of the poorer saints in this company. As was the custom, the party was divided into companies of one hundred; then subdivided into fifties and

again into companies of ten. Jesse Haven was the Captain of the company of ten that our family was in.

Sometimes Mother would let Jesse and me run and play as we traveled across the waving green grass of the prairie, watching us carefully so we wouldn't get left behind, or get into any other danger if she could help it.

We did a lot of singing as we rode along to keep us occupied and we watched the beauty of the countryside. Sometimes we children caught butterflies or saw wild animals. Sometimes we found berries to pick as we camped for the night. We grew tired of the steady plodding and the heat and dust and we would go to sleep sitting by our mother's feet.

One day there was a stampede but just as the wagons neared a precipice which dropped twenty-five feet down to the river, a horseman was able to stop the lead wagon ten feet from the edge and we were saved from a watery grave. Mother and we children thanked God for His deliverance, praying that we might not be in such danger again.

Another stampede occurred but it was at night when the wagons were drawn into a circle. The cattle corralled inside broke out and ruined one wagon but some men on horses got in front of the herd and brought them back to camp.

Sabbath day, the train remained in camp, holding services and praising God, giving the animals, as well as ourselves, a chance to rest from the week's journey and toil.

Sometimes a halt would be made for a few days so that the women could wash, and iron and patch our clothes. When this happened, the young men went hunting for rabbits, deer and sometimes even a buffalo. Everything was equally divided among the members of the camp.

Bishop Hunter was a kind man and often as we neared the journey's end - he would ride along for a moment, saying in his quaint abrupt fashion, "Fine boy! Cattle look well, old cattle,

didn't expect them to see the valley, look better than when they started" and then he would ride out of hearing.

Our food lasted well; Mother would sometimes make a little mush or Johnny cakes. The cows gave milk, night and morning. When there was no fire, we would have warm milk on parched meal and we would eat it with thankfulness. Sometimes, the 'strippin' was taken at night and put in the churn in the wagon. Then at night there would be a little pat of butter for our breakfast, churned by the jolting ride of the wagon all day.

Days, weeks and months passed by, and at last, around the first of October, the train entered Emigration Canyon. What a joyful cry came from the weary travelers as the mouth of the canyon was reached. A general halt was called, and a universal prayer of praise and thanksgiving ascended to that father who had established the Saints in the tops of the mountains.

On the third of October, 1850, the company reached the city; then called Great Salt Lake City. We were enthusiastically welcomed by friends. Mother was impressed by the comfortable homes and all that had been accomplished in the three years the Saints had been in the valley.

We inquired the way to father's sister, Elizabeth's home. She had married Joseph W. Johnson and we received a warm welcome from them. Samuel was there with his uncle and aunt and he greeted mother with much rejoicing. They immediately began planning for a home for our family.

On the fourth day after our arrival, Mother directed Samuel and James to yoke up the oxen and the cows and for the last time for many months, we traveled in a wagon. Mother called a halt at a vacant lot that is now in the first ward. She asked the boys if they thought they could make adobes. They said they could and they worked for Uncle Joseph in exchange for his help in laying up the walls of a two room house. Mother had drawn out three window sashes from the wagon, much to the joy of the boys. We would have three windows.

By the beginning of December the house was ready to be occupied. There was a huge fireplace in the big room and a heavy shake door which, when over hung with a stout blanket, kept out the cold. When we were settled, it was the most comfortable we had been since leaving Nauvoo.

Mother decided to start a school as soon as we were settled in our little home. I was able to attend school taught by my dear mother. When moving to our little home, mother had put all the cows but one out on the range. The one cow left at home stood out in the open air, staked a little way from the house. One morning in December, we awoke to find ourselves surrounded by mountains of snow. "Oh, the cow" mother said as she sprang from her bed. "Boys, something has to be done!"

Hurriedly dressing, she went to the door, and there stood the faithful beast, cold and shivering and we had not a spear of food to give her. "Boys, take this blanket" said my mother taking a heavy blanket from her bed. "and go to see Brother Drake, who lives in the second ward. I knew him in the Ponca camp and something whispers to me that he will let us have some food to feed the cow. Tell him I would like to get enough of some kind of food to last until this storm is over. This blanket is a good, almost new one and should be worth part of a load." The boys hurried down to Brother Drake's and in a little while we were pleased and surprised to see them returning with the wagon, which was well loaded with feed for the poor cow.

You may be sure mother thanked and blessed her kind friend; the boys went to work and made a pen of poles which they had hauled for wood and soon "Bossie" was in a warm sheltered place.

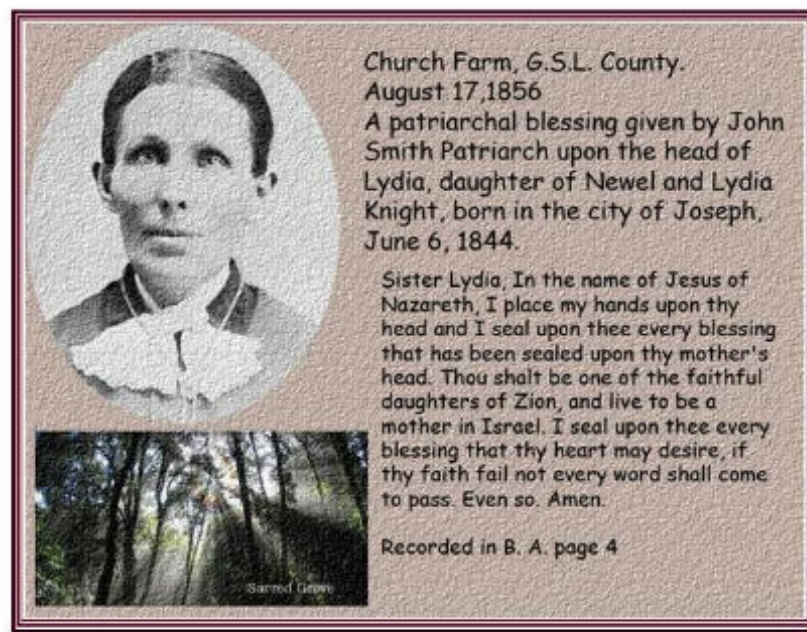
In a few days, Mother was able to churn, getting just about a pound of butter. When it was worked over, she said to us children who had watched the process with much interest. "Now children,

what shall we do? Here is just about a pound of butter; we may not be able to get the tenth from the cow, and shall we pay this first pound for tithing, or shall we eat it and trust to luck to get the tenth pound?" "Pay this for tithing" we all answered together. "We can do without, mother, until you churn again." So the butter was taken to the tithing office and that winter, Mother paid tithing on forty pounds of butter. Mother had a firm rule to pay the tithing first instead of the tenth of everything.

In the fall of 1851, a friend of mother's by the name of John Dalton, offered to become her protector for this life. His first wife lived in a comfortable home in the city. He had a dairy farm 6 miles from town where no one was living. She hadn't thought to remarry since the death of my father Newel. It had taken all her energy to take care of us. The boys had to go away from home to find work and the responsibility of taking care of all of us was great.

Mother believed in the principle of celestial marriage and had received a testimony of it from the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. To live on a farm would probably be the best life for all of us so mother accepted the proposition. We moved in September 1851. It proved too hard for her physical strength and she was released from the marriage. Mother said "I do believe it is a principle that if not abused, will purify and exalt those that enter into it with purity of purpose. Later mother was given a divorce by Brigham Young.

After returning to her home, she began again to teach the ward school. Later, she bought a place in Provo and we were living there when I met a special young man, by the name of John Ray Young. He had fulfilled a four year mission for the church in the Sandwich Islands. I found him to be a very interesting person. He was married to a young woman by the name of Albina Terry Young. He asked me to be his second wife. I, like my mother, had a testimony that plural marriage could be



Church Farm, G.S.L. County.
August 17, 1856
A patriarchal blessing given by John Smith Patriarch upon the head of Lydia, daughter of Newel and Lydia Knight, born in the city of Joseph, June 6, 1844.

Sister Lydia, In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I place my hands upon thy head and I seal upon thee every blessing that has been sealed upon thy mother's head. Thou shalt be one of the faithful daughters of Zion, and live to be a mother in Israel. I seal upon thee every blessing that thy heart may desire, if thy faith fail not every word shall come to pass. Even so. Amen.

Recorded in B. A. page 4

Lydia's Patriarchal Blessing

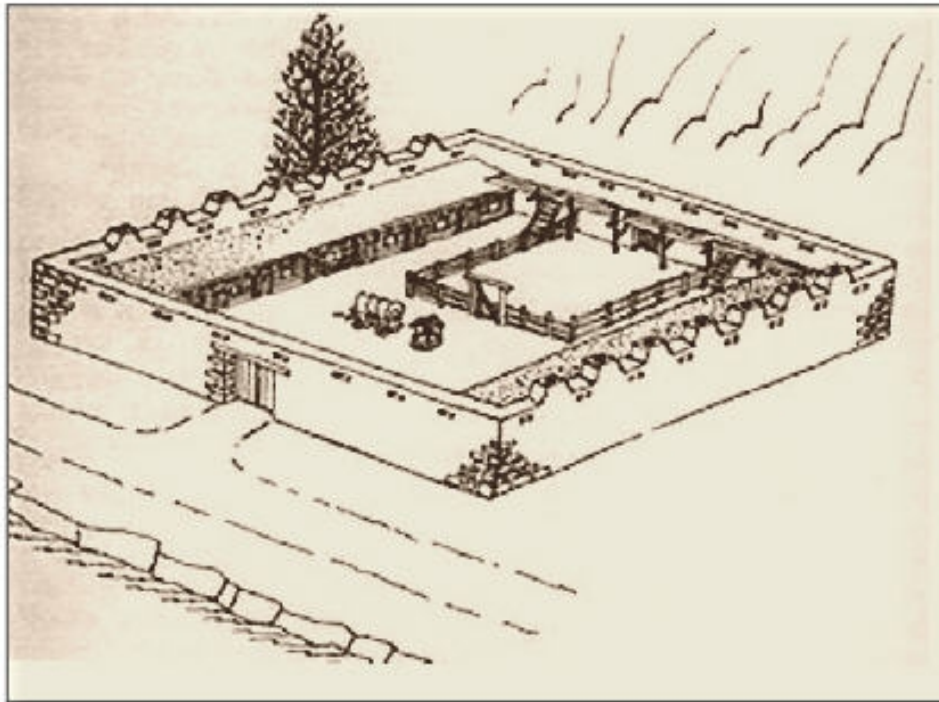
good if lived in a righteous manner and I accepted his proposal. We were married on January 1, 1861. We first lived on a ranch in Payson, Utah County. A lasting love and friendship between me and Albina began to grow at once. John R. was an energetic and restless man and was full of enthusiasm for every new settlement.

In the fall he was called to go to "Dixie". We bought an Indian farm situated on the creek just below the old mission fort in Santa Clara. John R. worked hard during the days fencing with timber that grew on the place. The long evenings he spent grubbing the heavy sage and squaw brush while Albina and I would pile the brush and burn it and keep the fires up so he could see to work. We were all ambitious to make a good home and the only capital we had was our strong arms and our will to succeed.

Just as John R. completed the fence and had several acres ready for plowing, the big flood came like a thief in the night. A ten to fifteen foot high wall of water struck the west side of the fort, a rock structure two hundred feet square, in which several families were living. The flood and havoc it created was tremendous. First care was to rescue the women and children. Ira Hatch's home was in the southwest corner of the fort, it fell into the flood, and everything he owned was swept away. Jacob Hamblin nearly lost his life but was saved by John R., Joseph and Samuel Knight. The old town and fort were washed away. A new town was laid out, under the direction of Erastus Snow. (13)



John R. Young



A reconstruction of Fort Clara, 1855-1862

Notes

13. *Memoirs of John R. Young, Utah Pioneer 1847*, written by himself, page 118. Much of the history preceding this story is from "The History of Lydia Knight Young" written by a granddaughter Pearl S. McGee and from the book "Lydia Knight's History" published in 1883 from the Noble Women's Lives series, by the Juvenile Instructors Office.

During the damp weather - John R. and Albina's little son, John Terry caught croup and after days of suffering, died. He was sorrowfully missed and mourned by all of us.

We, as sister wives, were often left to provide for and protect our children as best we could. Our early homes were tents or dug outs. We kept them as neat and clean as we could make them.

In 1862, John R. was called by his Bishop to take his ox teams and go to Omaha, Nebraska to get a cotton gin and ginner to take to Dixie to use in raising cotton. I was staying at my mother's home in Provo when our first baby, Lydia Rosanna, was born on October 28, 1862. John R. gave my mother a cook stove for her kindness to me and our little daughter. A mother's love is a very special kind of love, as I came to understand while staying with my dear mother and having a little daughter of my own.

John R. made two trips to some distant camp along the pioneer trail to bring some poor families to the Salt Lake Valley and was Captain of the wagon train both times. He was gone for six months at a time and our families suffered from hunger and cold in spite of all Albina and I could do. Through all the hardships I had tried hard to not complain for I had a firm determination to live the gospel and I had the faith it took to do it. We tried to support John R. in the calls that were given to him to the best of our ability, with a cheerful attitude.

John R. rented some land and planted a few acres of grain and some vegetables but before the crop was harvested, he was called to serve in the Black Hawk Indian war. His duty was to furnish military protection for the families from Long Valley and Kanab. He was then called to labor as a missionary among the Indians; trying to bring peace between them and the white settlers.

In April 1868 I gave birth to twin boys. I named them Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith but to my deep sorrow, they only lived

a few weeks.

I loved to work with my hands and kept busy spinning, knitting, and braiding straw when I could find the straw. My mother, who had now moved to Santa Clara, tried to raise silk worms. Huge mulberry trees shaded her home and fed the worms. I knit a pair of silk mitts and a shawl from the silk reeled by my mother.

United Order Woolen Factory

Built in the spring of 1882, the woolen factory was in operation until 1890. It was built under the direction of the United Order Board, Thomas Chamberlain, Bishop and President of the Board.

The machinery was run by waterpower. Yarn, batting and cloth were made with the best wool selected for the yarn. More yarn was made than cloth. Three thousand one hundred and sixty-four yards of cloth were woven during 1889. The women's clothes were made mostly of linsey, which is part wool and part cotton. Most of the women's wedding dresses during the Order were made of cloth woven in the factory. The men's suits were made of all wool. Very little cotton cloth was made here.

On the lower floor were four looms along the south side with warping bars in the northwest corner. This left a large space for meetings and dances. On the second floor were carding machines along the south side, spinners along the north and four or five looms for making sheets. The third floor held the picker, called the devil, which picked the wool to pieces.

The original building was located 300 feet northeast of this marker.

No. 451 1990 Orderville Camp

In 1873 and 1874, President Brigham Young visited Dixie and taught the principle of the United Order. I accepted the principle gladly and was baptized into the order at Orderville. I was a faithful member for seven years. This was a time in my life when I was able to find peace, love and security. I was called to work in the millinery department. I learned to do fancy braiding with straws, both colored and natural and to use flowers and feathers

to trim the hats for the women and girls. It gave me a chance to use some artistic ability that I seemed to naturally have.

While in Orderville a frail little girl was born on Christmas Day in 1875. She was named Persis Vilate after John R's mother.

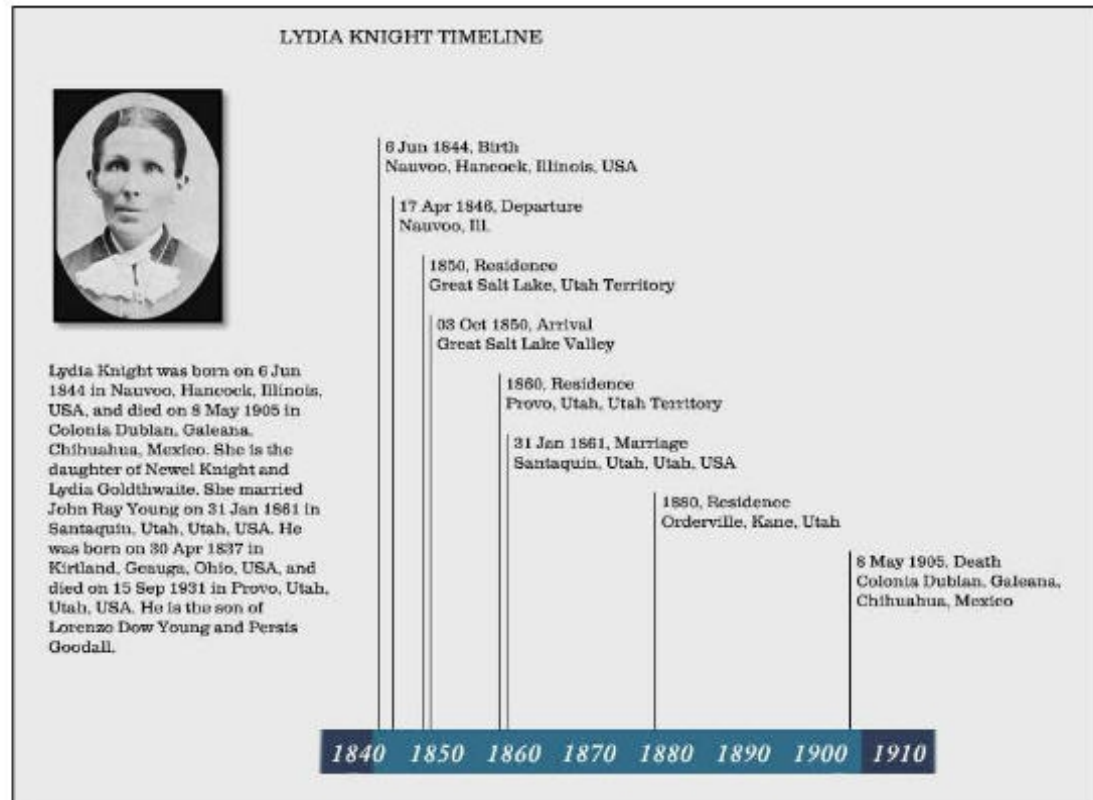
In the Spring of 1877, John R. was called on a mission to England. I remained in the security of the United Order. I could work at my appointed job and know we would be free from hunger and want. On August 21, 1877, I gave birth to my son Newel Knight Young. He was named for my father and he grew up to be such a comfort to me.

The Indian missionary, Ira Hatch was a close family friend. In 1873 his second wife, Sarah Dyson died leaving four small children. I often took these motherless little ones into my home and cared for them as my own while their father served as a colonizer in northern Arizona and on missions to the Indian people. I kept them until Ira Hatch married again in 1882.

I wrote the following letter to John R. while he was on his mission in England:

"Dear Husband: The day's work is done, the children are sweetly sleeping, and the nine o'clock bugle (curfew) is sounding, 'Hard times, come again no more!"

If I knew hard times would come no more to you, while you are in that land of poverty and wretchedness, I should be very thankful. I have been treated with much kindness by the brethren and sisters here in Orderville. Neither I, nor mine, have suffered for food or clothing.



I am striving diligently to overcome selfishness, and I am gaining ground a little. I feel that if there are any more needy than I am, who are laboring faithfully in the order, let them be served first.

I cannot accomplish as much work as I should like to, but I do all that I can. I am making hats, and have charge of the hat department. My babe

is as nice a boy as anybody ever had; and the Lord knows it is my desire to bring him up in such a way that he will be an honor to his parents. Vilate is very delicate; I do not feel easy about her, but I do hope and pray that she will be spared to us.

May the blessings of the Lord be with you, is the prayer of your affectionate wife, Lydia K. Young"

John R remained on this mission for two years. While living in the United Order, two more sons were born to us. Their names were Howard Spencer and Edward Webb Young – both named after choice friends and leaders in our community.

While at Orderville there was an incident in the life of my son Newel that had an influence on his faith in God. He was a young child of five years at the time and needed new shoes as he was barefooted. Early snows were heavy and even though I was working early and late to provide for the needs of my little family of four, Newel coaxed and complained and I had to tell him that I could not get him any shoes. I told him "When you say your prayers morning and night - ask the Lord to send you some shoes or to open up the way for us to get them for you." Each time Newel prayed, he asked for shoes and in about three days, he got a glorious answer to his prayers.

Vilate was returning home from school one afternoon and she came rushing into the house shouting "Uncle Guernsey has come! Uncle Guernsey is here!" (14)

Newel scampered out to Uncle Guernsey's wagon that had just stopped at our door, not minding the snow on his bare feet. Uncle Guernsey said "What have we here—a barefooted boy in all this snow? Climb up here and see what I have for you." Newel was up on the wagon and by his side in a flash. Uncle Guernsey handed him, what do you think? Boots!!! Can you believe it was boots? Almost breathless with joy, Newel ran to me exclaiming. "See how good Heavenly Father is to me. I asked Him for shoes and He sent me red topped boots." He was the happiest little boy, who now had a slight acquaintance with his Heavenly Father and his goodness. Newel's faith in prayer and in the goodness of our Father in Heaven had begun in this his early childhood, and it would last him a lifetime.

After the death of President Brigham Young, there was a period of dissatisfaction on the part of some individuals, and they began to draw away from the United Order. John R. was one of them. I had a loyal and determined nature and I felt that as long as the Order existed, we were duty bound to stay in it. The years I had lived in the order were the only time in my life that I was at peace and felt secure for myself and my little family. This meant a temporary separation from my husband. Later on, under President Erastes Snow, the order was broken up and all members were honorably released from their obligation to it. John R. and I were again reunited.

The next few years were years of persecution of the polygamist families and are often referred to as "The Crusade." The men were forced to live in what was called the under-ground and

Notes

14. "Some of Life's Discoveries" By Newel K. Young. Printed by L.D. S. Dept. of Education. This little book was given to Mavon by her Uncle Newel personally when she was a young girl, living in Richfield, Utah. He was teaching Seminary there. Note: Uncle Guernsey was Joseph Gurnsey Brown, husband of John R's sister Harriet Maria Young Brown.

LYDIA KNIGHT - Family Group Record					
Lydia Knight Birth: 6 Jun 1844 in Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois, USA Death: 8 May 1905 in Colonia Dublan, Galeana, Chihuahua, Mexico Other Spouses: Parents: Newel Knight & Lydia Goldthwaite			John Ray Young Birth: 30 Apr 1837 in Kirtland, Geauga, Ohio, USA Death: 15 Sep 1931 in Provo, Utah, Utah, USA Other Spouses: Albina Terry, Tamar Jane Black, Catherine Cole Parents: Lorenzo Dow Young & Pervis Goodall		
<i>Marriage</i> : 31 Jan 1861 in Santaquin, Utah, Utah					
CHILDREN	SEX	BIRTH	SPOUSE	MARRIAGE	DEATH
Lydia Rosanna Young	F	28 Oct 1862 in Provo, Utah, Utah, USA	Henry Thomas Stolworthy	4 May 1918	29 Dec 1915 in Kirtland, San Juan, New Mexico, USA
Joseph Smith Young	M	5 Apr 1868 in Washington, Washington, Utah, USA			21 May 1868 in Washington, Washington, Utah, USA
Hyrum Smith Young	M	5 Apr 1868 in Washington, Washington, Utah, USA			24 May 1868 in Washington, Washington, Utah, USA
Pervis Vilate Young	F	25 Dec 1875 in Orderville, Kane, Utah, USA	Eugene Delos Buchanan	12 Mar 1902 in Mantu, Sanpete, Utah, USA	16 Mar 1893 in Lyman, Wayne, Utah, USA
Newel Knight Young	M	21 August 1877 in Orderville, Kane, Utah, USA	Castina Maria Buchanan	19 Nov 1900 in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico	15 August 1956 in Long Beach, Los Angeles, California, USA
Howard Spencer Young	M	30 Oct 1880 in Orderville, Kane, Utah, USA	Alice Davis Hawkins	6 Jun 1907 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	6 Mar 1912 in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico
Edward Webb Young	M	24 May 1882 in Orderville, Kane, Utah, USA	Gladys Lovina Wilson	26 Dec 1900 in Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico	22 Jan 1928 in Hurricane, Washington, Utah, USA

Lydia Knight Young Family Group Record.

we plural wives lived in daily fear of being found by United States Officers. We were afraid to tell our names to strangers and some men lost their lives. We lived again with poverty, fear and sickness. I tried hard to be cheerful and brave. John R. decided to take his families to Old Mexico. He felt we would have more peace there...feel more secure. The Church decided to make some settlements in Mexico, where men could take their families and again live normal lives.

My family consisted of my three sons, Newel, Howard and Edward, and daughter Vilate. Lydia Rosanna had married Henry Thomas Stolworthy in December 1879 in the Saint

George temple and moved to Huntington, Utah with him. They now had five small children.

The entire trip from Utah to Old Mexico in the fall of 1890 was made by wagon, over deserts and mountains and we were often hungry and thirsty. It was a long tedious journey full of hardships. When we crossed the border, we felt happy and free from the persecutors. John R. left me and my family in Colonia Dublan and then took his third wife Tamar and her four boys, William Lorenzo age 15, Samuel Claridge age 13, Thomas Robertson age 10, and Martin Ray age 5, to live at Pacheco where Tamar had several of her family living, including her father,


William Morley Black . Once again I tried to provide well for my children and often toiled beyond my strength. I always tried to find a way to deal with life each day. Some days were far more difficult than others.




Oldest photo known of Lydia Knight Young and her three sons. Standing from left: Howard Spencer, Edward Webb and Newel Knight Young

In Mexico, my daughter Vilate married a widower, Eugene DeLoss Buchanan on the 30th of October, 1991. Eugene had first married the oldest daughter of John R. and Tamar, but Harriet Amy had died at Mancos, Colorado on the 11th of April, 1990. Eugene then came to Dublan with his father, and after a short courtship he fell in love with Vilate.

Family
LYDIA KNIGHT AND JOHN RAY YOUNG




Lydia Knight
b: 6 Jun 1844
m: 31 Jan 1861
d: 8 May 1905




John Ray Young
b: 30 Apr 1837
d: 15 Sep 1931


Children




Lydia Rosanna Young




Joseph Smith Young




Hyrum Smith Young




Vilate Young



Newel Knight Young

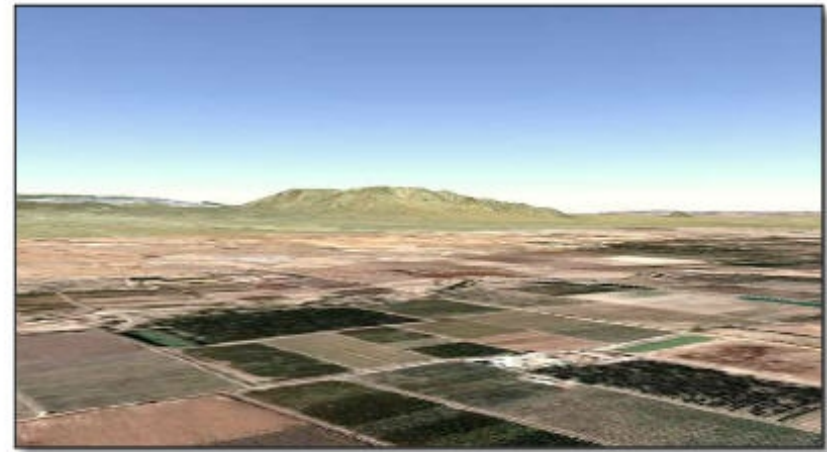


Howard Spencer Young



Edward Webb Young

At the time of Vilate and Eugene's wedding I fell very ill with pneumonia and nearly died. Fortunately, I had made dear friends in this new community so Brother Anson Call kindly took me into his home where two of his wives cared for me while I was so ill. Only one person was allowed in my room to care for me. One day a dear friend, Sister Elizabeth Farr, came to the door of the room to check on me. She later told me "Lydia, you was lying there so frail and white and looked like a heavenly angel; at that time there was a heavenly feeling in the room as though angels were watching over you." The whole community was praying for me and the Lord heard their prayers and I passed the crisis and then slowly regained my strength. The Lord continued to bless me and I lived to raise my boys in the love of the gospel. Life was a constant struggle for me and



**View looking west from Colonia Dublan in 2011.
The high elevation hill is known as El Pajarito.**



Old Mormon home in Colonia Dublan, 2011

my little family. It took all I could do to poorly feed and clothe them. First we lived in a small Mexican home.

Life was far from easy but I had many friends and I tried to spend many hours in service to the town and its people. My truest friends wrote the following of my years in Dublan:

Sister Lydia K. Young was our first school teacher in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico. The school was held in one room of Heleman Pratt's home; and we found her to be a very loving and kind teacher. She also taught in Sunday School and was called to be First Counselor in the Relief Society when it was first organized in 1891. She was also the first President of the Primary when the Dublan Ward was organized in February of 1891, and Elizabeth Farr was called to be the secretary. She was very kind and gentle and the children dearly loved her. They always remembered the example she set for them.

The kind words and deeds she said and did will always remain in their hearts. To know her was to love her; and she was dearly loved by old and young alike. Many trials came her way while trying to establish a new home in a strange country among strange people, but there were no complaints from her. She was never too tired or too busy to help anyone in need.

One day while I was visiting her and talking about our Primary work, some way our talk became more personal and she said to me, "When my call comes to go I would like you to ask them to sing, 'Oh My Father' and then have the children sing, 'Hark, Hark, 'Tis Children's Voices.'

Not long after this she was taken ill and died. She was always faithful and true to the Gospel teachings, and tried valiantly to live each and every commandment given by the Lord. She was always thrifty; had her own garden, cows and chickens. Always when we called to see her there would be a cool drink of buttermilk waiting for us. I loved her dearly and still miss her kind companionship (Elizabeth Farr).

My oldest living son, Newel, grew up to be such a comfort to me. He said that for his first fourteen years he didn't really know me. Later he became an educator and author teaching in our church schools and seminaries. He wrote thus:

During my fifteenth year my eyes were opened, and I began to understand the wonderful little woman God had given me as a mother. This blessed discovery began in the very hour when I thought she had died. At that moment I realized that I was responsible in some degree for my younger brothers, and I promised the Lord that I would be good to my mother and care for her if He would spare her life on earth to care for her boys.

From this time on I wanted to make my mother happy by being true to her and worthy of her. My associations with my mother from this day until she died are a sacred memory to me and a chastening benediction

in my life.

This promise to the Lord did not suddenly transform me. In most ways I was the same boy that I had been before. I still had a temper, selfish inclinations, and wayward impulses as before but the purpose and effort of my heart were all changed. I had lost former desires and an old love of pleasure that used to satisfy me was gone.

As soon as I began to concern myself with her pleasure and become interested in her interests, I discovered how much she was concerned and interested in me. I realized how blind and ungrateful I had been!

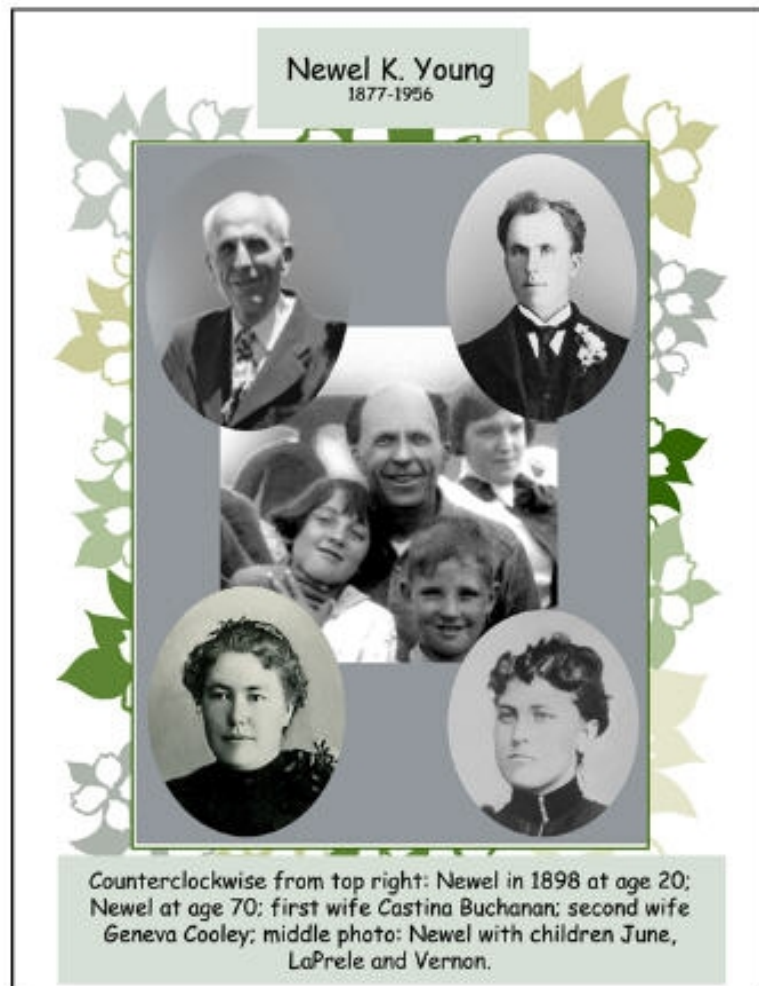
The old shack in which we had lived all the years of my boyhood was not a fit place for people to call home. But that little hut is hallowed in my feelings and to me is a holy place because I lived in it with my mother. We bought a little adobe room with a dirt floor and a mud roof. We put a lumber floor on it. We also secured a little room made of rough one inch boards nailed on a frame of two-by-fours, and two-by-sixes. We set this lumber room against the adobe; we entered the lumber room from the outside and entered the other room from it. In the lumber room we had a kitchen stove, our kitchen table and the bed for us three boys. We ate in this room when we did not have company. In the adobe room was our better table for study; we also ate in there when we had company and on birthdays and other special events. The sewing machine, a very few chairs, a book cupboard and mother's bed furnished our living room. The walls in this room were not plastered. It was 'Desereted.' In other words it was papered with the Deseret News.

Many of my most precious hours were spent in this room; it was here that some of the most telling lessons of my life were learned. It was here that mother and I read and studied together, planned together, sorrowed and rejoiced; cried and laughed together; we lived over the memories in the past and the future in imaginations and anticipation.

In my mother I found a wisdom that was seldom at fault; a patience, unwearied; a trust unyielding; a boundless love, an indomitable faith in God. My mother had been sorely tried but was unfaltering.

Oh! her faith in God our Father! How wonderful it was. One

could not know well that little woman, so simple and plain, without knowing that when she approached, God listened! I came to be able to bear witness to the truth of these words: 'Faith cannot be unanswered. (15)



Collage by Newel's grandson, Robert N. Reynolds from inherited family photos.

Now, back to my story.

In the spring of 1884, my mother, who was Lydia Goldthwaite Bailey Knight Dalton McClellan, was living in St. George, Utah. She wasn't feeling as well as usual and asked us to come spend the summer with her. She wanted me to be there to help her with the housekeeping and to take care of the fruit so mother could continue to do her regular work in the temple each day. We were happy to be able to go visit with her.



From a painting of Lydia Goldthwaite.
Artist unknown.

My children had never had the opportunity of knowing their grandmother. We had always lived so far away from each other, my family in Orderville and mother in St. George.

Notes

15. Newel K. Young, *Some of Life's Discoveries, My Mother*, Pages 96, 97, 98, 1927.

She was so interested in each of us and was so good and kind to us that the boys loved her almost immediately and felt so much at home there.

Mother was so dedicated to her work in the temple that we could feel her special spirit and felt that she was very wonderful. Every morning after she told us a cheery goodbye -we would watch her go briskly through the shady trees and rose bushes; plucking a flower here and there, out of the gate and up the steps of the big carriage that carried her and her friends to their daily duties in the temple of the Lord. Then every afternoon we waited eagerly for her return.

One morning, I urged my mother to stay at home as she wasn't feeling as well as usual, but she said "No, they are depending on me so I will go and do my work. I am all right." She came home after her usual work in the temple, apparently well. She was more tired than usual so she lay down to rest. At eight o'clock she was suddenly very sick and died one hour later.

It was hard to lose her, just as we had come to feel at home and to feel her love for the grandchildren who had come to love her. I had so looked forward to the summer with my dear mother. I knew that she was in a better place and she would be with my father again, who had died crossing the plains. She left a lasting impression on the children. Vilate was ten years old, Newel was eight, Howard was five and Edward was three. She left a lasting impression on our minds and hearts. It wasn't so much what she said but who she was. I knew mother was well and happy. We knew that heaven is near and God was good to her and to all of us in our sorrow. After mother's funeral we returned to our home in Orderville. (16)

A Trip from Mexico with Mixed Blessings

After their marriage in October 1891, Vilate and Eugene

returned to Lyman, Utah where he found work. On July 20, 1892 they sealed their marriage in the Manti temple. On January 11, 1893 Vilate gave birth to a son they named Archie Deloss Buchanan. Vilate died two months later on March 16 from complications of her childbirth. She was so young.



Lyman, Utah Cemetery overlooking John R. Young's homestead.

I returned to Utah for a brief visit and was in Salt Lake City to attend the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple on Saturday, April 15, 1893. Wilford Woodruff gave the dedicatory prayer. It was a spiritual experience to attend the dedication such a short time after loosing my dear daughter. I was grateful to be there.

Notes

16. Newel K. Young, *Some of Life's Discoveries, Our Father's Way*, pages 152-153.



Original pass document handed down through son Newel.
In possession of Robert N. Reynolds.

In the Spring of 1899, my daughter, Lydia Rosanna and five of her younger children came to visit in the company of my son Newel. They traveled by train because Lydia was not well enough to travel by wagon. My friends came to help me welcome them and it was so special to be able to visit with these beloved family members so seldom seen and enjoyed. My brother, Jesse Knight, had heard about my small poor home and he bought me a comfortable brick house. My family helped me move into it. I now had a home I could be proud of and how happy I was to have it..

My granddaughter, Pearl, was eleven years old at the time of her visit to Dublan. Later she wrote of our visit:

I remember the flowers, trees and shrubs outside of Grandmother's house. Inside it was clean and neat. Many things had been made by her hands. She taught us how to braid wheat straw; some of them were

brightly colored and soaked in warm water. She had many sizes and shapes of wooden blocks that the braid was put over after it was sewed together. This was done when it was still damp and when it was dry it was the same shape and size as the wood block. She also taught us to make horse hair flowers and to knit and crochet.

We were there for her fifty fourth birthday. The ward joined in a celebration. She was the President of the Primary Association. We had home made ice cream, the first grandmother had eaten as well as many of us children. What a treat!

Later I met several people who knew my dear grandmother in Mexico. They loved her for her sweet friendly ways and admired her for living her religion, and for her love and devotion to her family. She was Aunt Lydia to everyone who knew her well. Her sons and daughters were faithful Latter-Day-Saints. They honored her and blessed her memory by being true and faithful workers. (17)



Notes

17. History of Lydia Knight Young by Pearl McGee, Pearl Vilate Stolworthy was number five of fourteen children born to Lydia Rosanna Young and HenryThomas Stolworthy. She married Joseph Carr McGee in Salt Lake City on February 10, 1909. They had five children. This account of her grandmother's history is given here as she wrote it except it has been run through our modern spell-checker. Pearl did not date her account.

Epilogue

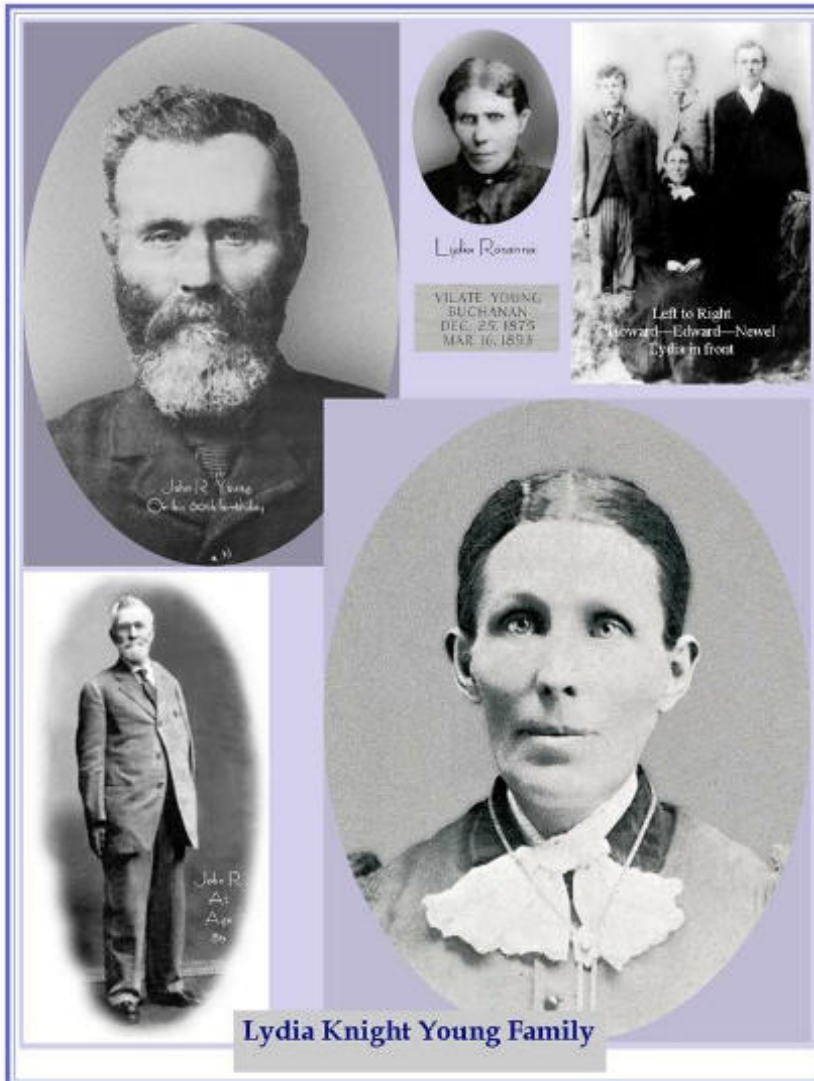
Through all the trials, danger, suffering and hardships, Lydia Knight Young found a way. Her courage was never failing, her faith banished doubt and conquered fear. She loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ with all her heart. She truly endured to the end. What greater thing could she have done! She was daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, friend and was full of love for all righteousness and for all who played a part in her life.

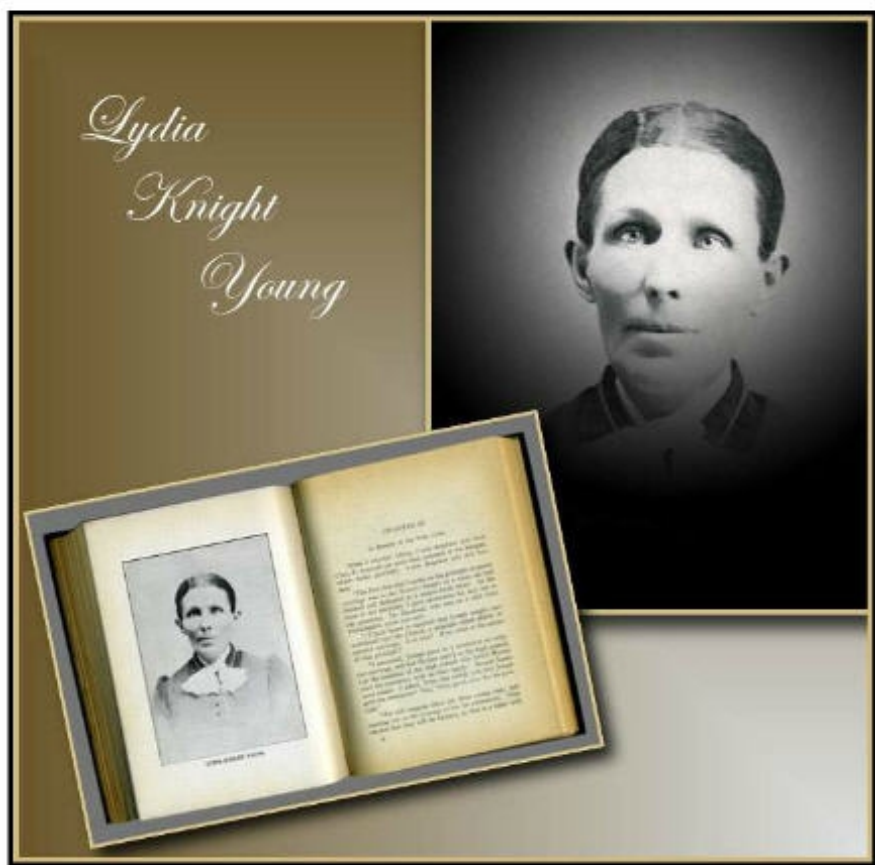
Her husband, John R. Young wrote of her:

By nature she was proud spirited, and ambitious to appear well. She therefore toiled beyond her strength, which hastened her to an early grave. I can affirm, conscientiously, that Lydia died a martyr for the Gospel. She was a noble woman and under favorable conditions would have been a leader in church activities. A love of the Gospel was born with her, and many of her sorrows are traceable to her zeal in spiritual matters.

Granddaughter Wilma Stolworthy Hawkins wrote:

Letters to our family came often from grandmother telling of her peace and happiness in her new home but finally word came that she was ill. Then one day when we went after the mail, there was a letter edged in black. We, children had never seen a letter like that but when mother saw it, she began to cry. Grandmother was dead, the letter said, but it also told of the great love that was shown Grandmother at her funeral. All of the children brought flowers so some of the sisters had taken them and spelled out her name with them.





Lydia Knight Young died the 8th of May, 1905 and was buried in Colonia Dublan, state of Chihuahua, Mexico. She was sixty one years old.

Pure hearts in a pure home
are always
in whispering distance of Heaven.

– David O McKay

Life is real, Life is earnest,
And the grave is not it's goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.

– Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

But blessed are they who are faithful and
endure,

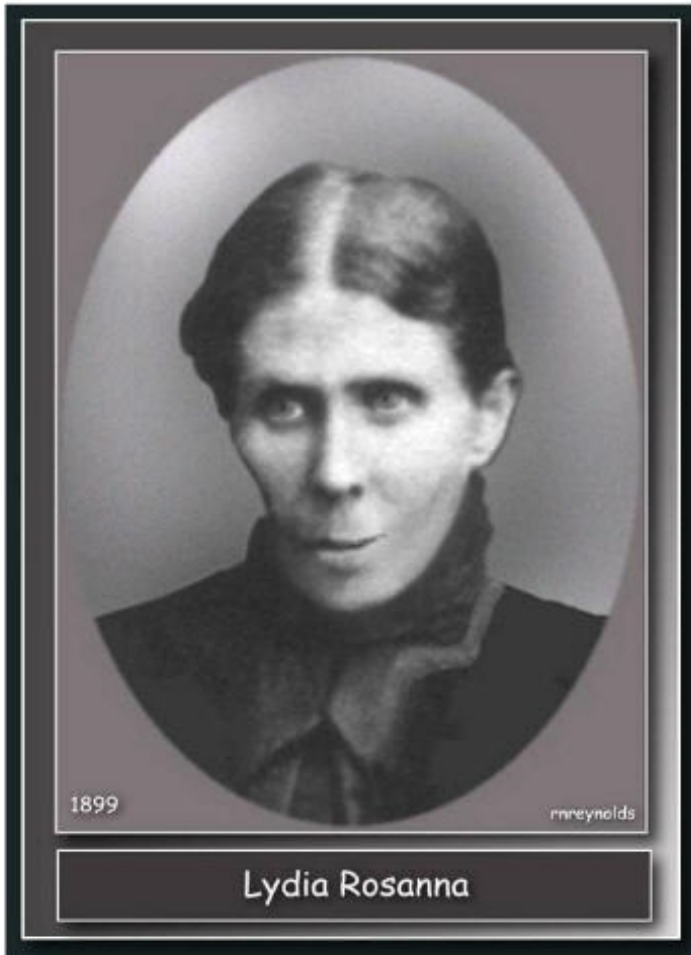
whether in life or in death,
for they shall inherit eternal life.

D & C 50: 5

End of Chapter Two

Chapter Three

LYDIA ROSANNA YOUNG (1862 - 1915)



I arrived in this world on October 28th, 1862 in unusual but not uncommon circumstances. (18) My mother, Lydia was staying with her mother in Provo while my father John R. Young was off on one of his many missions. He had been called to drive an ox team to Omaha, Nebraska to get some cotton gins and spinning jennies for the Clara Ward. When I was born he was away and when father returned from this mission, he was thrilled to find his new baby girl. They named me Lydia Rosanna and I was the third Lydia in a row, my mother and my grandmother being the first and second.

My father's first wife, Albina, had boys and father said he always wanted a daughter. He was a restless man and was anxious to get back to Southern Utah to join Albina and their family. (19) Father, mother and their new baby were soon on their way going south to Santa Clara.



Notes

18. Information for this chapter, except as noted, is from a biography on Lydia Roseanna Young Stolworthy written by daughter Wilma Stolworthy Hawkins. Lydia did not keep a journal or diary, but each of her daughters were excellent writers.

19. Albina's first son, John Terry, died on 22 February 1862 and her second son, Frank Albion was almost two when Lydia Roseanna was born on 28 October 1862.

In 1863, Father was again called to go back east and help gather the poor to Utah. When he returned, he found Albina and Mother with their families living in a one room adobe house, that my mother's brother, Samuel, had built for them. Somehow they had managed to survive. I was too young to pay much attention as long as I was reasonably fed and I could see my mother near by.

In March 1864, father was called on his second mission to the Sandwich Islands. Again these loyal women were alone responsible to obtain their necessities of life. In 1865, father returned to his families because he was constantly worried about their welfare. I was two and a half years old, had large blue eyes and golden hair. The Indians called me "Casshua", meaning corn silk. Although I was mother's only child for a few years, I had Albina's boys to play with and "Aunt Bina" was a second mother to me.

On April 5th, 1868, twin boys were born to my mother. They were named Joseph and Hyrum but lived only a very short time. Both mother and I mourned the deaths of these precious little boys. Misunderstanding also crept in and for a time Mother and I lived separate from the rest of the family. (20)

In the winter of 1873-74, President Brigham Young taught the people of Dixie the principle of the United Order and urged them to enter in to it. He called his nephew, and my father, John R. Young, to move to Long Valley and there help with organizing the order, beginning in the Kanab area.

A bit of history is in order here:

"As peace had been restored in southern Utah between the Navajo Indians and the whites, Brigham Young counseled the saints on the Muddy to re-settle in Long Valley. Guided by John R. Young, these desert-tested men, women, and children, to the number of about 300, proceeded to Long Valley, arriving about March 1st 1871, taking possession of the abandoned cabins and dugouts at Winsor and Berryville, and re-naming the towns

respectively Mt. Carmel and Glendale. These weary pilgrims from the desert must have rejoiced and offered thanks to Heaven, when they beheld the verdant hills and pine clad mountains of Long Valley where they were destined to make interesting history." (21)

Father recorded in his Memoirs:

I received a written appointment, signed by Brigham Young and George A. Smith, authorizing and instructing me to visit our southeastern frontier settlements and organize them into working companies in the United Order; the object being to enable them to become self-sustaining by encouraging home production.

With Bishop Levi Stewart I visited and organized the Pabreah branch. I also organized working companies at Glendale and Mt. Carmel in Long Valley. I was sustained as president of the working companies in Kanab, while Levi Stewart was sustained as bishop of the ward. This was wrong in principle, and led to division, retarding the growth of the ward.

In 1876 Bishop Stewart and I were released from our positions, and L. John Nuttall of Provo was sent to preside. I was disheartened at the way things had gone, and believing that my days of usefulness at Kanab was ended, I returned to Long Valley, and associated myself with Orderville United Order (Memoirs, p 154).

Notes

20. In Wilma's biography of her mother she wrote: "Grandmother left no diary or written record of these years so we know little of what happened. Mother did tell me once that Grandfather sometimes came to see her mother, but he always left her in tears, so Mother resented his visits. She said that she used to hide behind the door so she wouldn't have to kiss her father goodbye, and when he was gone she would try to comfort her mother."

21. Utah Historical Quarterly. "The Orderville United Order of Zion" Page 143, 144. Later Rosanna married Henry Thomas Stolworthy, one of the group from the "Muddy Mission".

At Orderville, father had a great desire to have his family reunited and prevailed upon mother to join him there. Soon after we arrived, amazingly, at this very time in early 1877, with a mindset bordering on chagrin and discouragement, father accepted a call to serve his third mission for the church – this time to England. Feeling sadness at leaving his family in tough circumstances, including two pregnant wives, he recorded in his journal:

On the 20th of April I started for England, in company with Elder Samuel Claridge. We left home in a snow storm. The brethren of Orderville, having given me a pair of carriage horses, I sold them to my Brother William G. and thereby purchased a good outfit. Our company of missionaries traveled in care of Apostle Joseph F. Smith, going by rail to New York, then by cabin passage, first-class steamer, to Liverpool. The journey both by land and sea was pleasant and interesting. (22)

At Orderville, Mother had been placed in charge of the Millinery Department and had the responsibility of making the hats for the people in the order. I was eleven years old at this time and I was kept busy helping to braid the straw for the hats mother made or helping in the big community kitchen. It was a busy, happy time there in Orderville.

One day I was thrilled to receive a letter from my missionary Father from far away England. In those days it was quite an event to receive a letter.



Notes

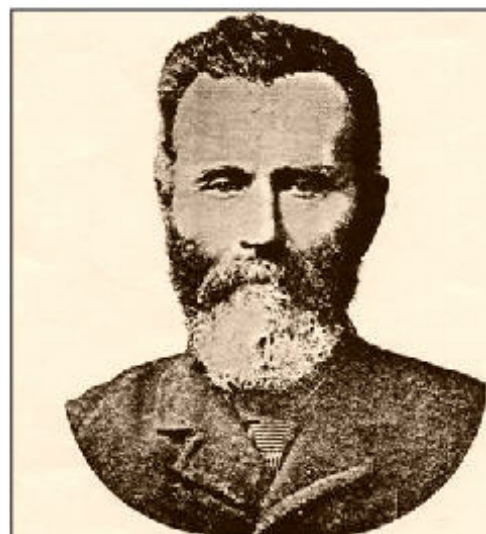
22. Third wife, Tamar, gave birth to Samuel Claridge Young on 24 April, 1877; Second wife, Lydia, gave birth to Newel Knight Young four months later, on 21 August, 1877.

Here is part of what my letter said:

You are now growing into a young woman, cultivate good taste for reading. Write as much as you can. Be sure never to walk out nights alone. Guard your chastity and your virtue as you would your life. Robbed of that you are robbed indeed.

In the beautiful morning of life, guard your feet from paths of wantonness and keep the lamp of prudence burning in your heart. So shall you end your days in peace.

Your father, John R. Young.



John R. Young, son of Lorenzo Dow Young, played a controversial role in the Kanab United Order. Utah State Historical Society collection, gift of Salt Lake Tribune.

***Kanab United Order: The
President's
Nephew and the Bishop***

BY P.T. BELLY

During my formative years I was sent to live with my Young family relatives in Salt Lake City where I attended Brigham Young's family school. This gave me the opportunity to study music.

On Christmas Day 1875, mother gave birth to another baby girl, who was named Persis Vilate after our grandmother Persis Goodall Young. I was very happy to have a baby sister and I never tired of tending the baby. At eleven I was old enough now to be a real help to our mother, who was still in charge of the millinery department of the order.

As I grew older a young man, a cowboy in the order became interested in me. He later told me about the first time he had seen me. He, with other cowboys were driving cows into the corral. I, with other girls was watching them. I became frightened and climbed on the fence. Tom had noticed the young girl who was dressed with such great care, even to the much be-ruffled pantaloons, which were showing beneath my dress. Henry Thomas Stolworthy was his name.

Later, I met Tom formally and the next few years were spent in attending school, parties and having a good time. These activities were sandwiched in between many hours of hard work.



NOTE: Tom was the son of Thomas and Matilda Jinkerson Stolworthy. They too, had spent long years pioneering on the Muddy and in the Southern Utah area. They had come at last to join the United Order at Orderville. The family had five girls and young Tom. He had grown up in the great outdoors and had little formal schooling.



Thomas and Matilda Stolworthy

Thomas and Matilda had joined the church in England. They had been the only members of their families to join and their families both disowned them for becoming members of this new religion. On the 27th of November in 1854, they boarded the ship Clara Wheeler sailing for America to disembark at New Orleans. They sailed up the Mississippi River to St Louis. They spent 6 months there preparing for the journey across the plains. Joining the Isaac Allred Company the long journey was completed in 1855. (23)

Matilda had given birth to and lost three baby boys in England. She had given birth to and lost a baby girl in St. Louis. When they arrived in the valley, they were sent to help settle in Cache Valley. Here Matilda had another baby girl. They named her Liza Cache but a year later, she too passed away. Having given birth to five babies, none of which had survived longer than a year, it seems like they had left a trail of tears. They had a baby girl in Parowan, they named her Elizabeth. Thomas and Matilda next had a log cabin in Salt Lake City where the Union Pacific Depot now stands. This is where the story that follows, took place. Baby Elizabeth was very sick. A neighbor lady had come to keep the worried mother company. The neighbor lady was speaking softly to the weeping mother telling her that "God is good; he can heal your baby." Matilda didn't doubt the goodness of God but for some reason he had taken her other babies. She couldn't really listen to these comforting words.

Suddenly the door opened, it was snowing hard outside and the ground was covered with snow. A strange man stood there. His hair was white and long and he had a flowing white beard. He seemed old and yet his step was firm and vigorous. He closed the door softly and came forward, putting out his hand. He said "I called in to see your sick baby." He went to the crib and bent

Notes

23. From the book "Treasures of Truth" History of Henry Thomas Stolworthy. Dictated by Henry Thomas Stolworthy; written by Lucy S. Burnham, a daughter.

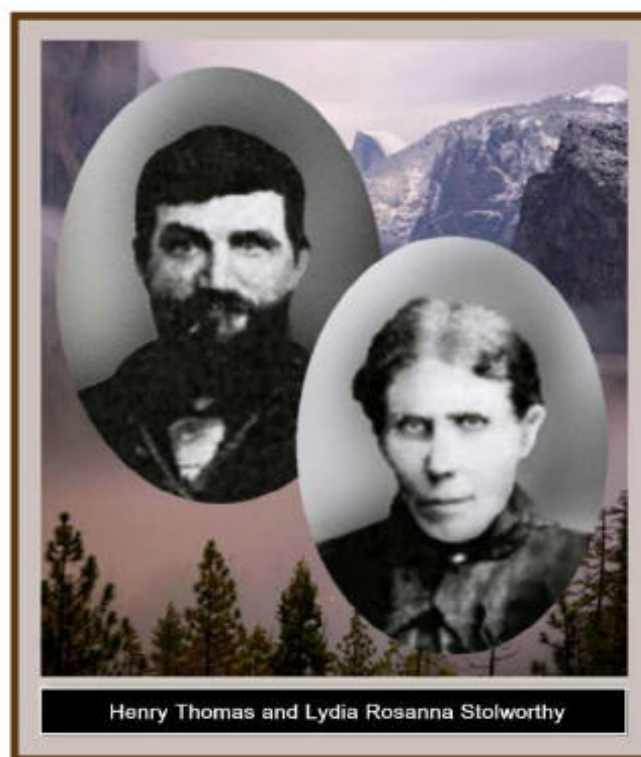
low, putting his hands on the baby's head speaking softly words that the mother couldn't understand. He then said to Matilda "Sister Stolworthy, you have known great sorrow and bereavement. Your little girl will live and you will yet raise a family." Saying "Peace be in this house", he went out closing the door softly behind him. With wonder after checking her baby, she said "My baby has been healed!" His words were fulfilled and Matilda was to have the five girls and Tom who lived to maturity. When she told Brigham Young of the experience, he told her that he felt it was one of the three Nephites, who had come to bless their little home... Who needed a visit more than this mother who had lost so many of her children?

In August 1877, a baby boy was born to my mother. He was named Newel Knight, after his grandfather. These were busy days indeed, playing the role of baby tender, and being courted by the fun loving Tom.

My father didn't approve of my interest in young Tom. He had other plans for me, but I was very much in love and did not listen to his plans or his objection. One day, my mother sent me down to the spring to get a bucket of water. Tom was watching for me, and joined me there. It was there that he told me he loved me and asked me to marry him.

Early in December of 1879, Tom and I and four other couples, left Orderville in covered wagons for St. George. Here in the St. George Temple on December 12th, 1879 we were united for time and eternity.

Our first summers were spent out in the mountains where a dairy farm for the Order was operated. Some of our happiest days were spent there. We were not alone as several young people were assigned this same duty. Lasting friendships were formed here that lasted all of our lives. In the Order, there were no rich or poor, all worked and shared alike, and out of that sharing grew a close friendship that resembled family life.



October 30th, 1880 another baby boy was born to my mother. He was named Howard Spencer. So my time was divided between helping mother care for her little family and being a wife.

In 1881, Tom was made foreman of the O. U. D. Cattle Company. We were very happy over this promotion as we were expecting our first baby. At this time I had a serious sickness which I will let Tom tell about:

"One night while attending a Board Meeting I felt that all was not right with my wife so I hurried home. As I neared the house a very uneasy feeling came over me, and my hair fairly seemed to stand on ends, for as I stepped on my doorstep, a strange man confronted me. Some power told me that it was an evil spirit. I looked him in the eyes, rebuking him in the name of Jesus Christ, and ordering him from the home. As I did so his eyes wavered and he stepped aside and went on down the path to the gate. I stepped quietly into the house so as not to waken Lydia."

"In a few minutes, Lydia began to struggle and gasp for breath. I asked her what was the matter and she answered, "Someone is choking me, help me, Tom! " I took her in my arms, holding her close to me for a strange evil influence filled the room. She lay quiet and seemingly exhausted for a moment and then began to struggle again. I slipped from the bed to my knees and rebuked this evil influence from our home; doing it in the name of Jesus Christ. As I did so some power caught me by the hair of the head and almost lifted me from my knees."

"I rebuked the evil power again and though I did not see any one, I was conscious of someone leaving the room and at once the foul sickening atmosphere left the room, and a cool breeze took its place reviving the fainting girl. When Lydia was able to speak, she said two men had come into the room while I was gone and they had told her that Aunt Lib was dead and that they would take her in the same manner when the baby was born. We heard later that Aunt Lib had died about this time."

"Lydia, I said, don't worry about what these men told you for they made the mistake of boasting of their intentions. I hold the Holy Priesthood and with the help of our Heavenly Father, we will frustrate their plans."

"Friday, March 22nd, 1881 a baby girl was born to Lydia whom we named Matilda. Happiness and gratitude filled our hearts. Lydia seemed to be resting so I went to break the good news to her anxiously waiting sister and brothers; but before I had hardly left the house I was called back to find Lydia in a dead faint. When she could speak, she said that the two men, who had threatened her life, had come into the house as I left and said they had come to get her."

"Fearing their powers I stayed by her bedside until Sunday noon, and then as she was resting her mother suggested that I get some rest. All right, I agreed, I will run over to Mother's for a minute. My mother lived but a short distance away, but I had hardly reached her home when a neighbor lady came running over to say that Lydia was dying. Lydia's mother had called some Elders and they administered to her, rebuking the evil spirits from the home. She was immediately brought back to consciousness."

"After this second experience either her father or I stayed by her bedside until she was well enough to resist this evil influence." (24)



Notes

24. Quoted material from "Treasures of Truth" by Henry Thomas Stolworthy.

In the spring of 1882, on the 10th of March, Tom was sealed to Johanna Elizabeth Covington, in the St. George Temple. She thus became his plural wife and the beginning of our many joys, as well as future challenges together.



Trouble was brewing in the Order, too. For twelve years we had lived the United Order. It had proved a great success both financially and spiritually. At the close of the twelve years, a message was brought from the Presidency of the Church. It stated that it was no longer required of the members to live the United Order. When the people understood that it was not required of the members, an uneasy spirit began to dominate them, so the Order was discontinued and the breaking up caused some hard feelings and confusion.

I had put three cows in the Order; but when the family left, I got only one. I did not think this was right and told my father so. He said, "Never mind, Lydia, you did your part and the Lord will bless your one cow and she will do more good than three cows."

This literally came true after the family moved from Orderville to Huntington. Feed became scarce and all the cows had to be turned out to feed except Old Honey, my cow. Tom hauled straw from Farron, over thirty miles away and paid ten dollars a ton for it. Old Honey ate it as though it were the best of hay and gave enough milk to feed the many mouths of our family. Often a pail of milk was sent to a sick neighbor.

A second daughter, Lucy Rosanna was born to us in August, 1883. About this time Tom left us in Orderville and went to drive some cattle to Colorado. He was gone from home all summer. On his way back, he visited a new area just being settled. He liked the location of this new territory; and it seemed that he and his family might find peace there from the frequent raids of the Federal Officers.

At this time, the government was hunting those who had taken plural wives. It seemed to Tom that Huntington was so isolated that there would be little trouble there. He bought a small home and returned to Orderville to bring his families.

For many years Hanna and I had lived in the same small home. This made polygamy much harder to live. Polygamy was indeed a hard schoolmaster. Few there were who could live up to it and its constant demands. Tom, being young, no doubt made many mistakes and I know that Hanna and I were sorely tried at times. There were many times that Tom was tired and weary of the heavy load he was carrying.

Tom gave both families a love and devotion that everyone of his children appreciated. No matter how many babies joined our family group, he loved each one with a devotion rarely found, even in small families.

Tom returned to Orderville and told Hanna and me his plans. I knew that this new move would make many changes in my life. I had always lived near my mother and had her love, interest, and care. We had never been separated for many days at a time.

In these early days, Orderville and Huntington were far apart. The trip had to be made by wagon and was over almost impassible roads. I had two little girls, Tillie and Lucy. Hanna had given birth to two little boys, but they only lived a few days. So our little family of five bade goodbye to family and friends and patiently made our way to our new home.

Life was much harder than we had expected it to be. Provisions had to be hauled long distances. A homestead was taken up. A small log cabin was made livable, but it was built of rough logs and was mud chinked with a mud roof. Ditches were dug, fences made, corrals built and a living was wrung out of the sterile soil.

Many were the stories told by the folks around our fireside of those first hard years. Eggs were scarce and seldom enjoyed by the family. However, one day I had saved two eggs to send with Tom and Tillie for their lunch. Tillie could hardly wait for



The Historic Stolworthy Family Homestead at Huntington, Utah

the time to come when she could eat the precious egg. A neighbor had been helping Tom and was asked to share their lunch. Tom, without thinking, gave the neighbor Tillie's egg. She ate her dinner in keen disappointment, but she had been schooled in hardships and she bravely made no fuss. Only when she was at home did she cry out her disappointment to me.



To show how the early settlers of Huntington lived, I shall copy parts of a story written by Tillie for the Daughter's of the Utah Pioneers.

One Christmas When Lorenzo D. Young Played Santa Claus

My father Thomas Stolworthy, and seven or eight young cowboys rode away to find a new home. They found a valley lying in the shape of a horse shoe almost surrounded by high mountains. It had a wonderful climate; there was plenty of land and water, with only a few families living on the banks of the mountain stream. The men took up homesteads on the vacant land and built three log houses.

They then returned to Orderville and loaded up their wagons for pioneering again. All farm implements were put on one wagon, extra food and provisions on another. They had planned to take enough provisions for a year. The wagons were loaded with flour, dried fruit, molasses, jerked meats, beans, corn and all kinds of seeds. There were several kegs of butter they had saved while they were at the dairy. The butter was put in kegs while fresh and were filled with salty brine, and then a tight lid was put on. When the butter was used it would be put in water over night and worked good to get the salt out of it. It seemed the best butter ever when eaten. This group of people finally arrived at Huntington.

One time about a week before Christmas, a man came to Huntington with six head of oxen. He tried to buy feed for them, but there was no feed to be found. One morning, father found all six head of oxen in our corn fodder. They had destroyed it all. Father was very angry and mother cried. The man did not have any money to pay for the feed. He said he was leaving but he had a forty gallon barrel of molasses that

we could have. When he left, I heard Father and mother talking. Father said, "Don't give up. I will go to Emery and buy a load of straw and the Lord can bless the straw as though it were the best of hay or corn." When he got back the cow did eat the straw and gave milk for the little family.

Can you imagine Christmas under such circumstances? Mother would listen to us children prattling about Christmas and what they would like Santa to bring. Everyone had prayed at her knee that Santa would find her. The men were busy making cradles for the dolls. The women made big rag dolls with button eyes and yarn for hair. The day before Christmas, we kiddies were told to go play and not to come in the house and bother. We did, and when we were running, we would smell something real good as one of the mothers would come out and run home with something very nice under her apron. The mothers rolled, cut, and baked ginger bread dolls, all sizes. They were made with enough precious white flour to hold them together.

On that Christmas morning there were the rag dolls in cradles, gingerbread dolls, and great stacks of molasses candy. Father went outdoors and there in the doorway sat a big bundle in a big new rocking chair. He picked mother up kind set her in the chair. In the bundle were forty yards of gray linsey, a bundle of floss, forty yards of factory, ten pounds of sugar, some dried fruits, six papers of tea, a lot of nuts, ten pounds of store candy. Just think, there were lumps of clear candy with flowers through it, striped candy, little lumps that looked like little cakes, two white candy bird nests with little eggs and a little blue bird. They were the most beautiful things we had ever seen.

Then there were two boxes with our names on them. When we opened them there were two dolls all dressed, one with dark

hair and a pink dress, the other one had light hair and a blue dress. They could open and shut their eyes. They were the first dolls we had ever seen. There was a letter from Great Grandfather Lorenzo D. Young saying: "Dear Lydia, I cannot help worrying about you way off there, wondering if you are cold and hungry. When Brother Aliphant was going through Huntington to his home, I hired him to take a few things for you for Christmas. Hoping you have a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." (Signed) Lorenzo D. Young

Now I will tell you how we enjoyed that Christmas. I will begin with the gray linsey, as of course the factory was used later for under wear, sheets and pillow cases. Grandfather Stolorow got a new suit of linsey and we could not understand why Mother cried as she cut down grandfather's coat and vest and made them smaller for father. Father put his arms around her and said, "Never mind, it will be much warmer and better, and I can hardly wait to try it on."

Mother and Aunt Hanna made them each a dress, cut princess style. My sister and I each had two slips to wear under our aprons, also two new Sunday dresses. All the women and children were barefoot, so Sister Marshall cut and sewed the tops for shoes. Brother Marshall tanned a horse hide and put soles on the shoes.

But you will say, "Did you eat all that candy alone?" We did not. Inside of an hour on that Christmas Day, a cup of white sugar, some dried fruit, a spoonful of tea, some nuts, and two pieces of candy for each child were in every home in the valley. The candy was too pretty to eat, so we children just sat and looked at it, and tried to see who could keep it the longest.

After we had been to each home, Mother called my sister and me to her and said, "How would you like to take your bird nests to John and Delight?" They were two children who had been

badly burned and were still in bed. She said, "You have your dolls and you can run and play." You will never know how badly we wanted to keep the bird nests. We looked at them and then at Mother so sweet and sad, and away we went. Never will I forget, as long as I live, the look of joy in those children's eyes as we put the nests in their hands. The weeping mother hugged us and kissed us, although she could not speak.

That was the Happiest Christmas of our lives. Surely God had heard our prayers and whispered to great grandfather of our needs. Lorenzo D. Young was grandfather to every child in that little town for ever after.

Here is another story of life in Huntington as written by Lucy.

RED LETTER DAYS

Humble and full of poverty as our lives were, there were Red Letter Days that can never be forgotten.

First was Christmas, and in spite of our poverty and lack of money, Mother always managed to have some small gift for us. Pine trees were plentiful near our farm in Huntington; yet we children scorned the idea of a Christmas tree. However, the mantle of our great fireplace was fairly covered with stockings of varied sizes, hanging limply from nails.

Did I say limply? The stocking's emptiness fairly yawned in our faces Christmas Eve; but true to our staunch faith in Santa Claus they fairly bulged Christmas morning. Our stockings were filled, but not with expensive gifts. Right down in the toe of the stockings was sure to be an orange or an apple, then some

nuts and a few lumps of homemade candy. Then came a doll with a china head and a rather ungainly homemade body, wearing a dress that strangely matched one of our own; but if we wondered about this we wisely kept quiet. We did not want to be disillusioned although our suspicions were often aroused by our gifts.

Always Christmas was a joyous one in our home with a good dinner and plenty of time to play and enjoy our toys.

May Day was another lovely day. On this day, we braided the May Pole with red, white and blue stripes of cloth. Six boys and six girls were chosen to braid the poles. The girls were dressed in white and the boys wore white blouses and dark knee britches.

One day I was chosen to be one of the six girls. How proud I was in my white dress and white stockings. We wore no shoes. How daintily we waltzed as we wove the strings over and under; careful not to get our strings tangled; holding them firmly woven to the bottom.

There was a program given by the children after the braiding of the May Pole. In the afternoon there was a children's dance. We shivered with excitement as some boy made his way toward us. We danced very well in those days even for children. We were never allowed to waltz because that would have been shocking indeed.

Mother's birthday was on October 28th. Matilda and I wanted to give her a party and a gift all our own. I was eight years old. We told father of our plans and got his approval. He let us glean several large bundles of grain and kept them separate from his own. He had them threshed and sacked. He sold them at the prevailing price. We had earned three dollars and we bought mother some shoes and material for a dress. The day before her birthday we got father to take her into town. We cleaned the house and popped some corn and made

molasses candy. We put the new shoes and the material on a chair. The guests began to arrive; all with a big pan of refreshments under their arms. We were just nicely seated when father and mother returned. Mother was very much surprised and what a nice time they all seemed to have. Mother cried softly after the guests were gone. We crowded around her anxious to see if she liked the shoes and the material. "its lovely material," she said, "but the best part of it is that my girls worked for it." She did not make the dress up, although we pleaded with her to do so.

Christmas came and over our stockings hung a dress for Chastie and me. The dresses were made of the material we had given mother, when we tried to tell her she shouldn't have done this, she said, "I won't need a new dress this winter, and I knew it would make you girls a lovely dress." She wore the shoes and we wore the dresses and how we loved them."

It took courage to be an early pioneer woman living under such hard pioneer conditions and constantly facing motherhood. On August 8th, 1885 another baby girl was born to us. She was named Mary Elizabeth and we called her Mamie. She was not a strong baby and the food did not agree with her. She died a year later in September. This was my first taste of real sorrow. It was hard because I was expecting again and was not well. On November 25th 1886 another baby girl arrived. She was named Lydia Albina for my mother and Aunt Bina. We always called her Allie.

August 6, 1888, a tiny baby girl was born and was named Pearl Vilate. Three years passed and on Pearl's third birthday, August 6th 1891 Hazel was born. Can you imagine how busy I was with my little family of girls?

Once again I knew that I was to become a mother. My plans this time were for a boy and I decided to name him William. The 24th of July came and I was not well but I helped to gather

the family together to make a trip into town. We had a long day of celebrating. Soon after reaching our home, Tom had to re-hitch the team and drive back into town for Grandmother Stolworthy who was a midwife. She had welcomed most of the other grandchildren into the world.

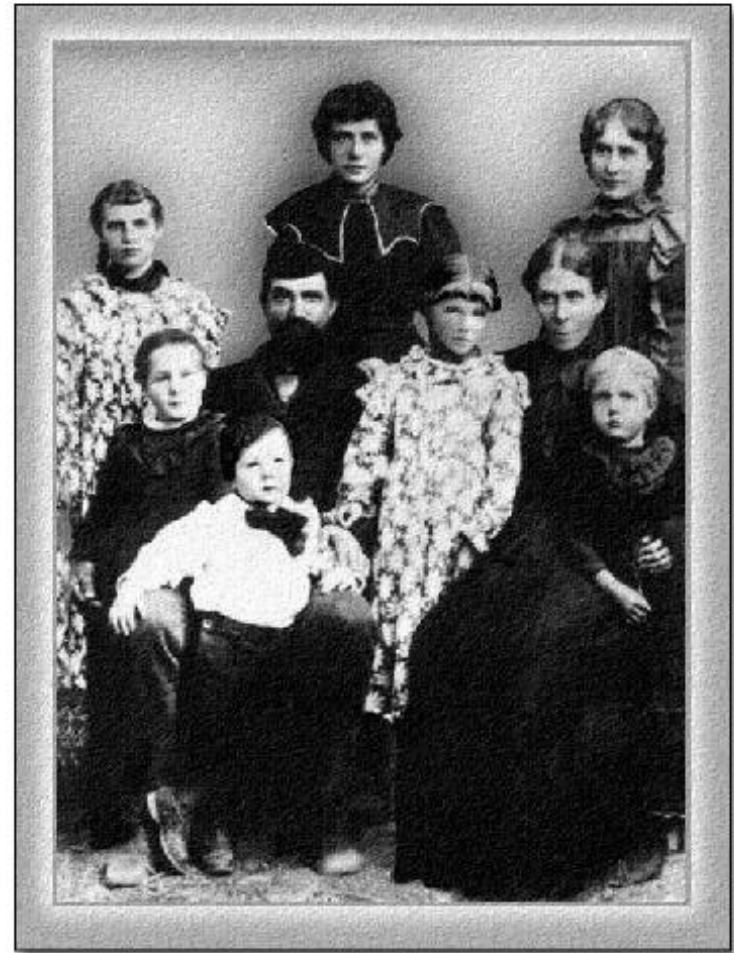
Very few pioneer women had doctors to help with the birth of their children. I brought each of my children into this world with the help of a midwife. No ether or sedatives were available to ease the pain. I suffered the pain necessary to bring each little life into this world. Each precious little life!

For three days I tried to postpone the birth of the expected baby, but on July 27th, 1893 - my seventh baby girl was born. When I was told that it was another little girl, I in my weakness remarked that I didn't want to see the little stink. She was named Wilma as a compromise for a little boy who was to have been named William.

Less than two years later I knew that I was to have another baby, I was not well and was often blue and discouraged. One day I saw my brother Silas coming. I was prompted to ask him to administer to me, but I put the thought from me. Silas and I had been very close and he was worried about me. He was prompted to give me a blessing and promised me a baby boy. When I didn't ask for a blessing, he did not press the matter. Six weeks later on April 3, 1895 - a red headed baby boy was born to me. When Silas was told about the arrival of the baby, he remarked, "I saw him six weeks ago." We named this little boy Jesse Henry.

The older girls could hardly believe the good news. At first they thought their grandmother was just fooling them. He was a lovely baby with his red hair and blue eyes. Even as a small child he seemed to sense the comfort his presence gave me. The next few years were filled with sickness, pain and sorrow. Jesse

would spend hours playing by my bed and I never got tired having him there.



Tom and Lydia's family at Huntington, 1898.
Back row from left: Albina, Lucy, Matilda
Middle row: Hazel, Tom, Pearl, Lydia
Front: Jesse, Wilma.

In August 1896, I gave birth to little Howard Ray. Huntington had an epidemic of yellow jaundice. Nearly every baby in the town died and Howard was among them. In December 1898, twin boys were born to me. They were named Newel and Knolton. Baby Newel died the day after Christmas and Knolton on January 7th, 1899. This was probably our saddest Christmas with both babies near death and I was heart broken and ill. I felt for a time that God wasn't just and that there was no mercy anywhere. Tom was the only thing that saved my reason with his tender care.

Four little graves in a row, speak most eloquently of these heart breaking years. During this time Tillie and Lucy assumed most of the care of the house and the big little family. Tillie was a second mother to the younger children. Lucy said, "We worked hard, got up early and did the washing and tried to do the work before we went to school."

All these years we had lived in the log cabin with no conveniences of any kind. It must have been crowded with our little family of children and ourselves. The farm was becoming less productive than at first.

Tom became so worried about me that he decided to sell the farm and move to Old Mexico, where my mother lived. There were other troubles too. The Federal Officers who were hunting for the men who had more than one wife, were after Tom. Often they made unexpected raids on the town of Huntington. One time a man Tom had befriended, turned against him and led the officers to our home.

They came late one night and arrested Tom. I was not well, but I asked if I could go out to the wood pile for some wood to rebuild the fire. They looked at me and probably thought that I could not go very far; so they gave their permission to leave the house, I managed to run over to the closest house, give the warning that the officers were at our house and run back home

again. I reached the house just as they were getting suspicious and gathering a few sticks of wood, stumbled into the house. I told them that I believed I had fainted and was so near to it again, that they believed me. They must have realized what I had done later because they found no other men at home as they went to make their other arrests. The neighbor had mounted a horse and given the alarm to the other homes.

Huntington was no longer a place of refuge, so Tom felt justified in moving. The home in town where Hannah was living was sold, so she and her family moved out on the farm near us. There was a brief period of hectic sewing, patching, packing and planning.

My brother Newel K. Young, had been teaching school at Lyman, Utah and was returning to Mexico. This offered an opportunity for me to go visit my mother. I was not well enough to travel by wagon that long distance to Mexico. The rest of the family would follow in a few weeks by wagon.

Tom took us to Price where we boarded the train. This was our first sight of a train and when it came clanging and puffing up, we were all frightened. It looked like a huge monster to my children; that was coming to take them away from their father. Tom was telling each of us goodbye but he took Jesse up and carried him on the train. Jesse had been crying lustily because he was very frightened. All too soon the conductor was crying "All aboard." Tom gave us all a last kiss and jumped off the train and we were on our way.

Trains in those days had none of the luxurious accommodations of today. The seats were little and narrow. There were no berths. We had to sleep as best we could. We carried our food in a big basket. Travel at best was an ordeal for the travelers.

We stopped on the border of Mexico and the United States for a few days. The only place we could find to stay was in a

Mexican house. Finally we were allowed to board the train and start the last lap of our trip. The train going down to Dublan was even more primitive than the one we had been traveling on. There was only one passenger car. We had to ride in the same car with the Mexican passengers and they kept me persistently worried with their fascinated attention to Jesse and his bright red hair.

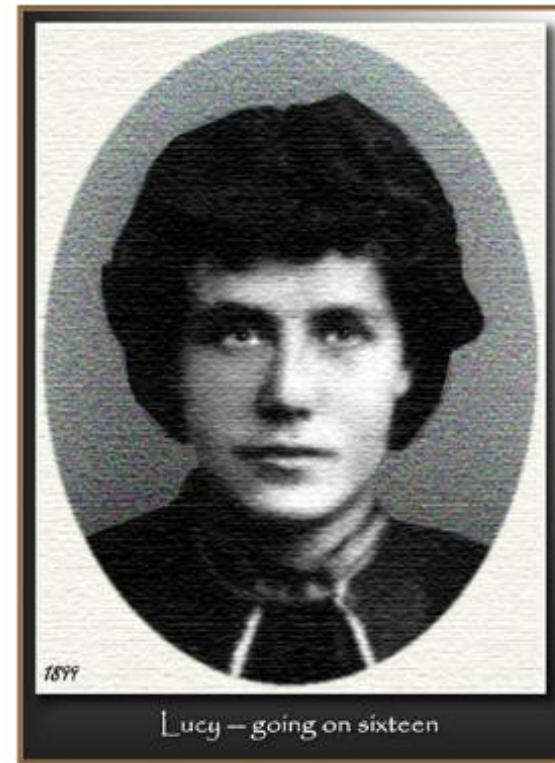
We finally reached Dublan where my mother lived. When the train stopped at the station; the whole town was there to welcome us. So much had happened to both my mother and myself since we had parted in Orderville. I had lost five babies and had seen months of sickness. Mother had gone through long years of neglect and separation from her husband. We were just so happy to be together again and these experiences were forgotten by both of us.

Mother was living in a small adobe house when we arrived in Dublan. Her brother, Jesse Knight bought her a new home and we helped her move into it. For the first time in her life, she had a home that she could be proud of.

I could see how hard it was to make a living in Mexico, so I wrote Tom telling him she thought it would not be wise to move there. He received the letter while he was visiting my father in Fruitland, New Mexico.

Tom had sold the farm in Huntington and had loaded what he could onto three wagons and started out to make a new home some place where he and his family could find peace. Tom drove one wagon and Lucy and Chastie the other two.

Ace Palmer, his wife Lue and their family had joined Tom in the search for a new home. When my letter arrived they decided to buy a home on the San Juan river. Both men liked the looks of the valley and many of the settlers living there had lived in southern Utah and were their friends. Uncle Ace and Tom found and bought an eighty acre farm called the "Moss Farm".



Here they unloaded their wagons and began the building of a new home.

There had been another sad experience in leaving Huntington. Tillie had lived there practically all of her life. She was a young lady with many friends. She felt it was unfair to ask her to leave them, especially her boy friend Ether Staker. A few days before the family left, Tillie was married and stayed in Huntington. Tillie and I never saw each other again. Neither of us realized that the parting at the time would be so final. I always grieved that we were separated from Tillie and her family. Tillie and Ether later moved even farther away up into Idaho.

There was a three room adobe house on the farm bought by Tom and Uncle Ace. Into this house both families moved, until the Palmers could build a new home, on the hill a short distance away. (25)

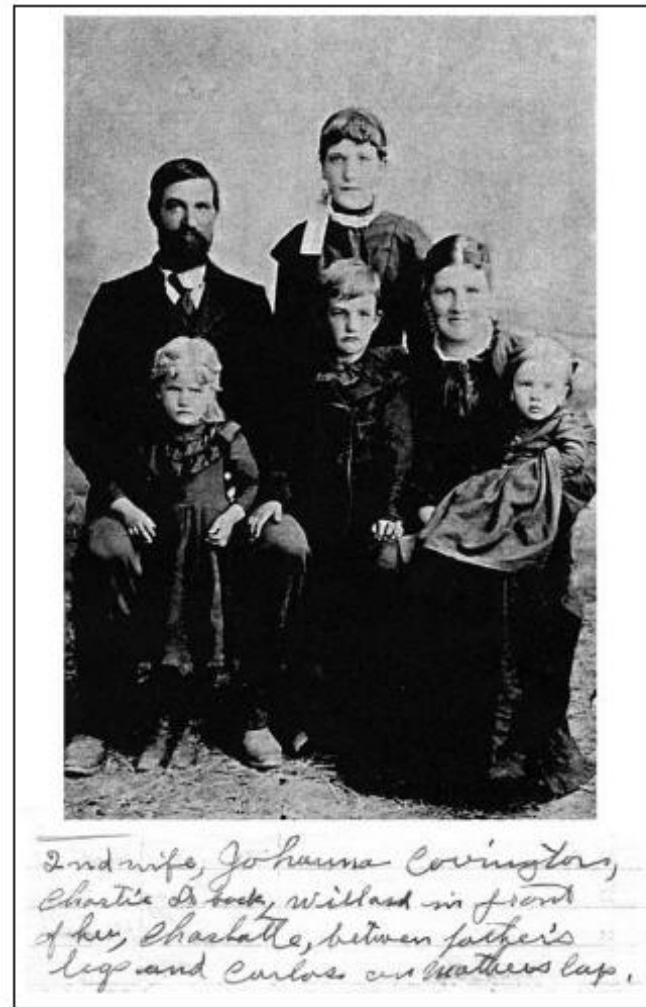
Hannah became seriously ill at this time. She had a miscarriage and dropsy set in. Sister Della Allen, a practical nurse, took Hannah into her home and nursed and cared for her. The knowledge of medicine was so limited that little could be done for her. She grew steadily worse and on September 30th, 1899; she passed away leaving her husband and four children. They were Chastie, Willard, Lottie and Carlos. Tom wrote in his book that Hannah was a martyr to the principle of plural marriage.

Several of the last years of Hannah's life had been spent hiding from the U. S. Deputies. They were constantly looking for the plural wives of the men wanted for polygamy. Tom took her to Mancos, Colorado, where she lived for a few months but Mancos was too far away and Tom soon brought her back. She lived with her mother in Orderville for awhile but that was not safe for her or Tom so she returned to Huntington. Hannah suffered untold mental agony for fear she would be found and forced to testify against her husband, causing him to be put in jail.

When Tom was away, as he often was on a freighting trip, she and her children would come out to the farm to stay with us. We would all watch the road leading from the highway to our farm for a sight of his wagon. When the children would see him coming, they would hurry to tell Hannah and me and away we

Notes

25. Lucy or Aunt Lou was Tom's sister. She married Asael Palmer, first cousin to mother. They remained very close to each other though the years.



*2nd wife, Johanna Covington,
Charlie & Lottie, Willard in front
of her, Charlotte, between father's
leg and Carlos on mother's lap.*

Tom and Hannah's family in 1898

would all go to meet him. Hannah and I usually had a young baby to carry so the children would hurry ahead to meet him. He would stop and one by one he would lift them onto the wagon, give each of the children a hearty kiss and then drive on

to meet his wives. When he would reach us he would get out and one of the girls would drive the wagon on. Tom, with an arm around each of his girls as he called us would walk back to the house. What a happy evening we would have. Everything was good now that Tom was back home. I must have noticed Hannah standing with Carlos in her arms because when I think of her that is how I see her.

Hannah was a lovely wife and I loved her as a sister wife. We were all greatly grieved when the news came of her death. This news meant that our vacation was over. We must say goodbye to my mother and join Tom in our new home.



Early day image of Newel K. Young,
the school teacher,

Our trip to visit Colonia Dublan was a good experience for all of us. My health had improved and we all had known the love and care of a devoted mother and grandmother. It was hard to say goodbye to her but we were anxious to see husband and father and our new home.

We had to make the trip home alone with no Uncle Newel. He was great help in crossing the border and would entertain us with stories. We could only go as far as Gallup on the train. Tom was to meet us there with his team and wagon. His trip over the dreary reservation took longer than he had expected. When the train pulled into the station there was no one to meet us. I was frantic. What could I do? I finally found a room we could stay in for a few days. All we could do was wait and pray. One day a wagon stopped in front of the house where we were staying. It was some men selling apples. One of the men was Tom and we were soon loaded into one of the wagons and early the next morning we started for home.

This trip was different and new to us. In order to reach our home we had to cross the Navajo Reservation. All along the way we would see Indians riding their ponies or a group of women herding their sheep. The children were afraid because they had never seen an Indian before and they had heard such scary stories about them. It took us several days to plod our way slowly across that desert waste.

Finally in the distance, we saw a large rock like a ship anchored in the sea of sand. Tom told us it was called Shiprock and that our new home was not so far away from it. The weary miles dragged on, until we finally came to a place where we could ford a river. We had never seen a really large river before and we were worried when we were told that we must cross it. We finally came to a place where we could ford the river and safely cross it. We could see a road still going on and on. We finally came to the top of a big sand hill and saw nestled below,

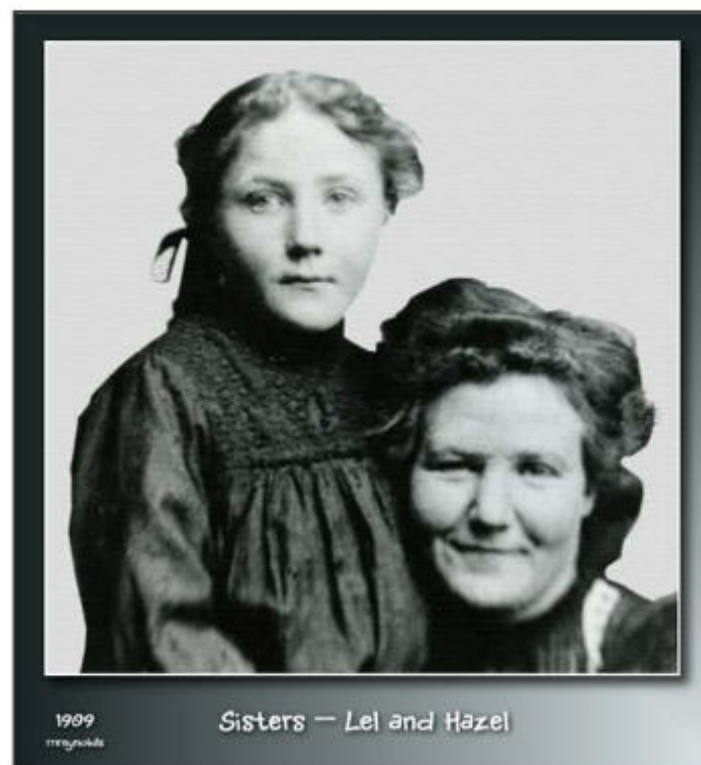
the three room adobe house, surrounded by large cottonwood trees. Tom told us that this was our new home.

I had hopes for a new home that would house my family in comfort. Here was a new home that was typically Mexican, built with adobes, with a mud roof. Inside it had wood floors and a board ceiling and was plastered and white washed. When I had my first glimpse of our home I didn't know this. On the north was a front room and a bedroom with a large fireplace between them. The front room had two fairly large windows, one at the north and one facing east. The bedroom was small with a window on the north and a hole in the west wall. In the early days in the valley, Mr. Moss, who owned the home, had used this room as a Post Office.

In those early frontier days it was not safe to let a man come inside for his mail, as he might stage a hold-up, so the mail was handed out through this small peep hole and later the children even staged mock battles from it. It was a small source of irritation to me. In cold weather it was almost impossible to keep out the flies as we had no screen to cover it. The kitchen was a long narrow room, and the heat from the cook stove never penetrated to the far end of the room. There was no door connecting the kitchen from the front room, so we always had to step outside to go from one room to the other. In cold weather this was especially disagreeable. It was a blessing that I could not see all of these defects as I looked down on this small home that must house my own and Hannah's family.

When I saw the motherless children waiting for my care, I promised myself that I would be a good mother to them. I am told that I was. People who did not know our two families didn't know which were my own. There was the same as three pair of twins under the age of eight, and the four older girls, besides Tom and myself. This was quite a family to be sheltered in these three small rooms. Winters were the hardest but

somehow we managed and summers were easier. Each spring Tom would build a shed over the space between the kitchen and the front room. This made a cool sleeping room for the summer and long fall nights. We did much of our work in this shady cool retreat during the summers, too.



We had been in New Mexico less than a year when Luella was born, July 17, 1900. She was a sweet baby girl with red hair and blue eyes. She was welcomed by the whole family and we all adored her. I remember Tom would call out in the mornings, "the first one up can tend the baby." There would be a mad scramble and one of the children would be victorious

and glory in their victory.

I didn't have a fear of contagious diseases and always urged Tom to go visit and administer in these homes if he was called by the Bishop to do so. We depended so much more on the Elders in those days. We had to depend on the Lord in our sickness. I don't remember any of us catching a disease because of Tom's visits where there was sickness. I always felt that as Tom is doing his duty no harm can come to us.

There was always so much work to be done each day. All the water that we had to use had to be hauled from the river or ditch in barrels. Sometimes we even had to carry water in buckets to do our washing in. We would trudge along, our shoulders stooped with the weight of the buckets.



wooden bucket and lantern

The washing had to be done on the washboard. Clothes were heavy and hard to handle. We would all take turns scrubbing but I tried to do the lion's share when I was able to. Ironing was done with the old heavy sad irons that had to be heated on the

kitchen stove. As the iron cooled—another trip to the stove for a hot iron and back to the ironing board. Ironing was a real task and consumed many of our precious hours.



The family bathtub

There were huge batches of bread to be mixed and baked. The meals had to be cooked, from scratch of course. Dishes had to be washed. Floors were bare and had to be scrubbed with a scrub brush on our knees with plenty of lye and soap added to the water so they would be white.

Even though I had poor health, I tried to make our home a place where courage, loyalty, happiness, and faith were strong; it was a sanctuary of peace. We knelt both morning and evening in humble supplication to our Father in Heaven. We expected so much from Him. Food, clothing, protection, and restored hearth were some of the blessings we ask of Him. We sometimes ask Him to temper the winds and the rains to our needs and always took as a blessing the radiant sunshine He sent; without His help we could not have lived.

We had a big fireplace around which much of our family life revolved. Many times I was worn out from the long hard days and would lie down on the bed in the front room to rest. Tom

would take over, he would seat himself in the one big rocking chair; and then Lottie and Wilma would perch on one leg, with Jesse and Carlos on the other. Luella would cuddle down on his lap; then with a smile of contentment on his face, he would rock and sing all of our favorite hymns. When sleep would start to make eyelids heavy, we would kneel together and thank our Heavenly Father for the days care. The contented children would crawl into bed somewhere and dream of happy days like the one just ended.


In this way, time passed by. There were days when, because of sickness the children were banished from the big front room. Twice tiny babies were born to me, only to breathe a few breaths of life and then lie still and cold. One of these times, I was so ill that I wasn't sure that I would make it. It was then that the elders of the Church came silently in and knelt around my bed and pleaded with the Lord to spare me to my family for a little longer. Aunt Nora Young, like an angel of mercy came to our aid, and nursed me for weeks until I could gain fresh strength and could slowly begin to mend again.

The old San Juan River had for many years been cutting away at its banks and was coming nearer and nearer to the old farm house. There had been nights in the years past when it's bed had been so swollen with floods; that we, with other families, had slept at the little old school house. Sometimes we had stayed at Lue's and Asael's home on the hill.

Finally, Tom decided to buy a home in town. He wanted me to have a home that could offer some comfort. We left the old home behind but didn't sell it. Lucy and Roy lived there for a few months. It was left vacant until a big flood came and the waters of the river surrounded it and the sturdy walls melted and tumbled in.

Our old home had four walls to keep out the wind, a roof to keep out the rain; floors to keep out cold, yes, but it had far more than that! It had the laugh of a baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father, warmth of loving hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, and comradeship.

Henry Thomas Stolworthy Home at Kirtland, N.M.



*Home of Henry Thomas Stolworthy
abt. 1909 Kirtland New Mex.*

*Lived right across from the Church.
So General & others often stayed here -
the whole weekend.*

*Melvin Ballard was here - and it was
for losing the peaches and cream - & being
when the sun was coming up - HAVE DARK
day and in the world today
in being in the world today - large little house &
was built by the Stolworths.*

This old home served as an Oasis for the Newel K. Young family in 1911 after leaving Mexico during the Revolution. Here they pitched a tent and cleaned out an outbuilding suitable for short term residence where Tina gave birth to her son George.

Our home was our first school and our first church. It was here that we learned what was right, good, and kind. It was here

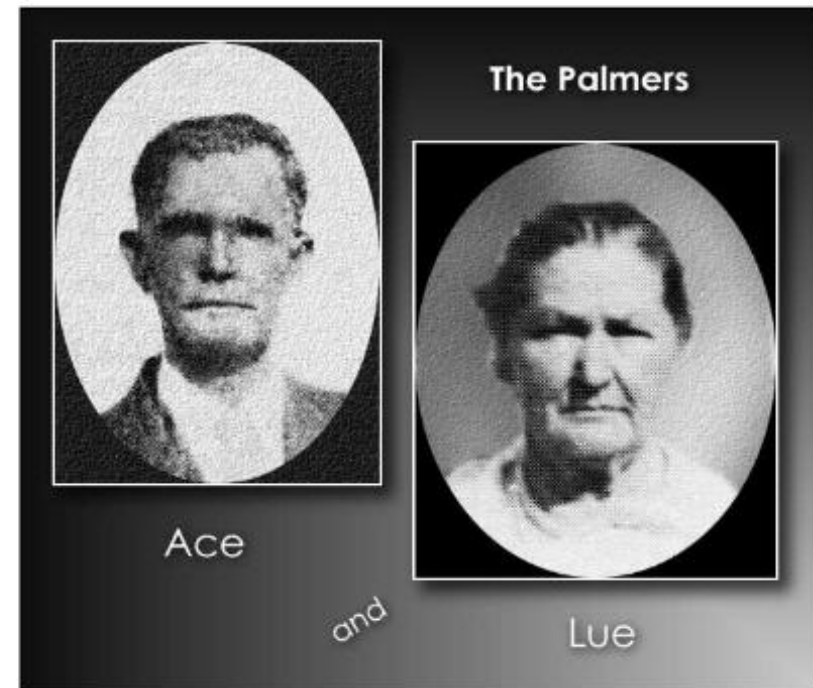
that we went for comfort when we were hurt or sick. Joy was shared and sorrow eased. Tom and I were respected and loved. Children were wanted. The simplest food was good enough for kings because it had been earned. In this home, even the kettle sang from happiness. God bless our little home.

Lue Palmer was perhaps the dearest friend I ever had. As two young girls we had met in Orderville. Lue was Tom's younger sister and had been called to help at the dairy when Tom was there as the head of the O.U.D. Cattle Company. It was natural that we should be very close during those busy days. Later, Lue married Asael Palmer, he was my cousin and we continued to work at the dairy.

A few years after we moved to Huntington, Lue and Ace bought a farm near our home and our two families became almost like one. The children being of corresponding ages meant that they always knew where to go to find a playmate or a place to play where they were always sure of being welcome.

Lue was our nurse if any of us were ill. In all my many illnesses, it was to Lue we turned to for help. She always came when I needed help; whether it was a birth or a death. She would help prepare the little bodies for burial and stood by to comfort in the hard days that followed until I could find enough courage to go on living. I had many memories of her being there when I needed a friend.

When we left Huntington the ties had become so strong between the two families that Lue and Ace decided to cast their lot with us and go to a new country and find a new home. It was Lue who helped me start a small primary. Together we would trudge the mile or two to the small school house where our meetings were held. Sometimes a kind coal trucker would stop and give us all a ride home in his wagon; and then marvel that we all got off at the same house. They didn't know that under the hill nestled another small house.

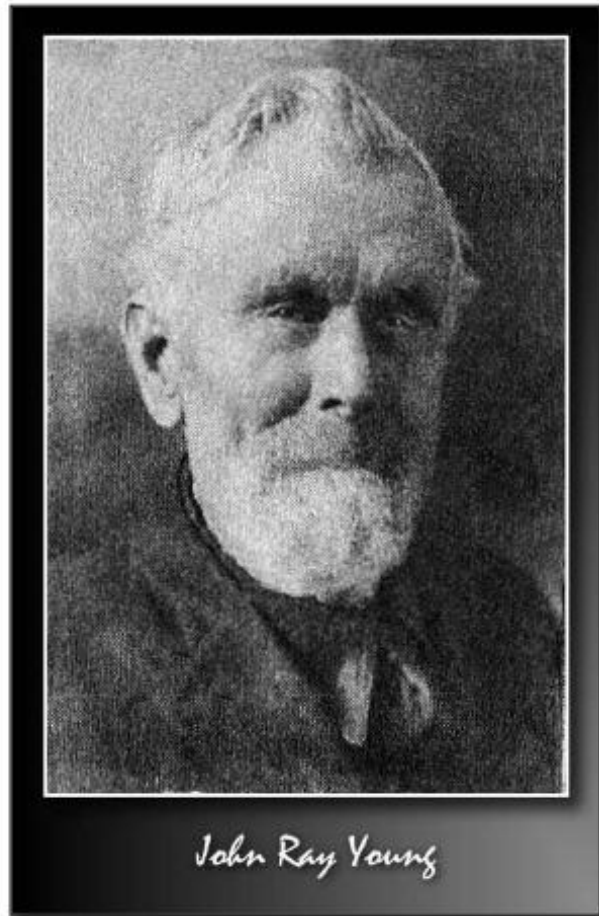


Lue and I worked together to give Tom a surprise party on one of his birthdays. We smuggled cake and pies up to Lue's house. After the chores were done, I coaxed Tom to go with me to see his sister. The guests were already there seated in the front room and as Tom entered they shouted "Surprise!" It was a nice party and he was very pleased.

During the long years, I never remember having a quarrel between Lue and myself. The children had the usual quarrels but we never took sides or entered into the disagreement in any way.

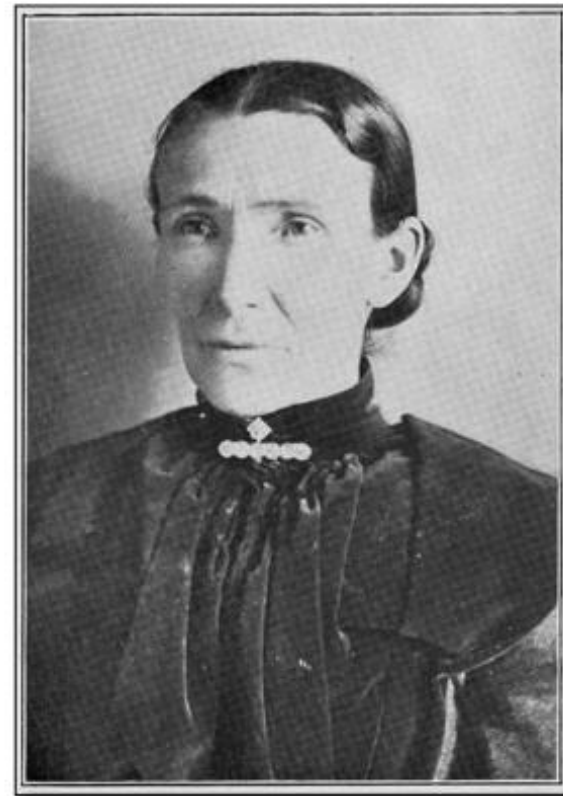
I had never known the love of a real sister. Lue was both a sister and a friend. All through our lives we shared our joys and

sorrows, as well as our worldly goods.



I had never lived near my father until we moved to the San Juan. My father had always loved me but there were misunderstandings between him and my mother that tended to separate my father and me. Now that he lived near he did many little kind acts that helped erase the memories of those other years. I found it good to forget the past hurts and receive instead

my father's love. One day he drove up to our house and came in carrying a big rocking chair as a gift to me. I was very happy to have him remember me and I spent many hours propped up in it; when I was too tired of my bed. The chair added much to our families' lives. Nights the baby slept in it, and evenings Tom sat and rocked the children in it as he sang our favorite songs.



Father's wife, Aunt Tamar, was very kind to us as a family. Many times we went to their house for our Sunday dinner. This saved us a long ride back to our farm. When did she find the time to take care of her family and still feed the many

visitors that frequented their home? Father was never happier than when he was host to his many friends. Thinking back, I cannot remember ever seeing Tamar sit down and have a meal with him.

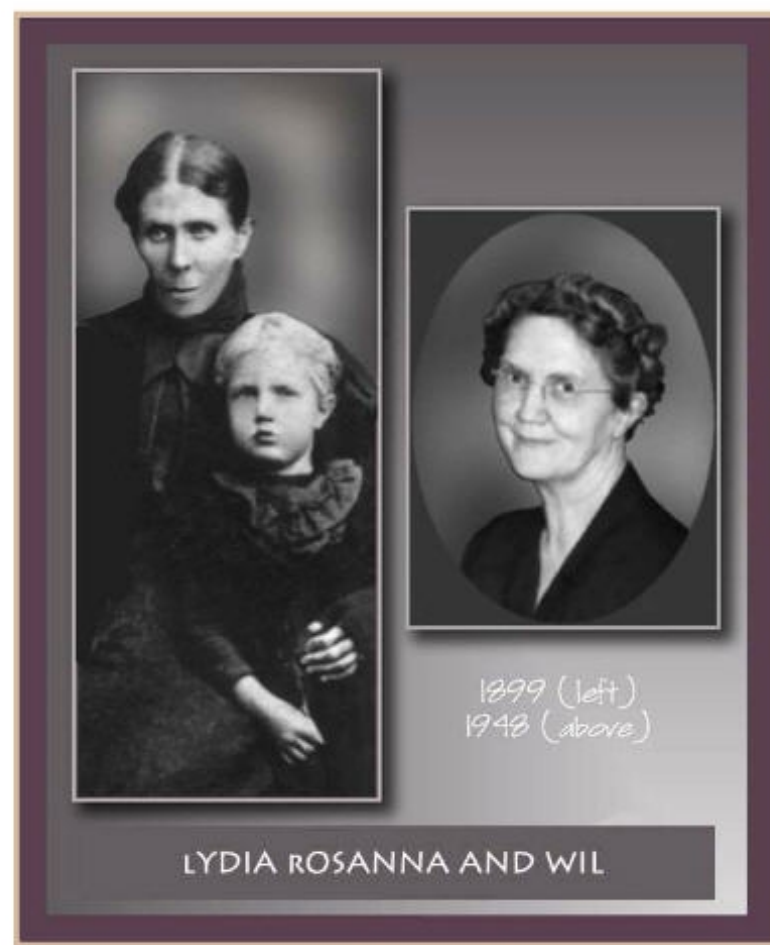
Years passed by - Lucy, Allie, Pearl, Hazel, and Jesse all married and moved into their own homes. Wilma was teaching school and Luella was still in school.

My health had been failing for years but the winter of 1915, I was never well. Early in December I had the flu and my heart began to fail. I could hardly walk across the floor without it beating so hard I could hardly speak. I finally gave up and went to bed. Each day the family could tell that I was growing weaker and weaker. Wilma was teaching school and had to be away from home for hours at a time. When Tom could not be home -she would run over during recess and check on me.

Wilma will continue my story:

Finally the week before Christmas holidays, mother was so ill that the school board let me discontinue school to care for her. The girls were good to come and stay but they each had their families of little children and she was so weak that she could not stand the noise of the children. Christmas was always a very important day at our house so we went ahead making the usual preparations. Mother had been sick so many times and then recovered, that we could not imagine her leaving us.

Christmas Day came. Early in the morning the grandchildren had made the habit of coming down to show grandma and grandpa their presents. This made Christmas a happy day for us, even though there were no small children in the house. However this Christmas mother paid no attention to them. She seemed to be in a sort of a stupor. We tried to arouse her interest but she failed to respond. Disappointed, the kiddies left for their separate home. Fear for the first time entered our hearts, for we knew now that she was seriously ill. The grandchildren



"Billie" and her Mom

were her one interest. She loved each one and was never tired of caring for them or doing nice little things for each one.

The next few days came and went with each of us realizing more each hour that her time was short. The last day as the children came in she told them each goodbye. She said that she was going sometime

during the night. Her mother was coming for her. A night or so before, she had told Luella and I that her mother had been to see her. She said that grandmother had been given the privilege of choosing a new spirit to be born to one of mother's children. As soon as this was taken care of; she would be back to take Mother home with her.

Early in the evening, she became restless and seemed in more pain. We called Dr. Smith. He came down and gave her a hypo and she quieted down. Gradually her breathing became slower and slower until at the last, we could hardly tell when she left us. All of us, except Tillie and Allie, were with her when her valiant spirit took its flight on December 29, 1915.

The neighbors came and helped prepare her body for burial. In those days we made the clothing and took complete charge of the body until the burial took place. Willard insisted on buying her a lovely casket. It helped a lot to lay her away in a beautiful bed. She had so little blood left in her body that there was no rigid stiffness present and she lay there like she was sleeping.

The funeral was sad. The only stove smoked until all the windows had to be opened for awhile. The church was cold. Beautiful tributes were paid to her life here on earth. It was a bleak winter snowy day that we buried this special little wife and mother.

We were grateful indeed for our faith in the gospel and the knowledge it gives us that we will all meet again.



Death is a graduation from this life.

FULFILLMENT

".... Let her own works praise her in the gates."
Proverbs 31:31



Kirtland, New Mexico Cemetery



In a grassy field 'neath giant cottonwood trees
A little log cabin still stands
No signs left to tell of the lives lived there
Yet there was a scene I could see.

I knew of the babies born and loved,
The sorrow of little ones lost.
The husband and wife so stalwart and true.
And their children abiding there.

I could feel their love for each other and home.
Humble and small it might be.
Over a hundred years ago...
There in the cottonwood trees.

The cabin still stands though old and worn,
Stalwart as those who lived there.
Grandpa and Grandma, their daughters and son,
Who made up their family.

I'm grateful it stands there tho old and worn,
I'm glad for the feelings it brings.
As I look at the cabin, once home, loved and new.
There in the cottonwood trees.

By MaVon N. Herring

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Old photograph of John R. Young home in Fruitland, New Mexico on page 97 courtesy of the late Martin Ray Young.

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Photo by Jodi Reynolds Nichol
On Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake

APPENDIX



A patriarchal blessing by Joseph Smith Sr. Rutland, Ohio, April 3rd, 1836 for Lydia Knight who was born in Sutton, Worcester County, Mass. June 9th, 1812

Sister Knight, In the name of Jesus, I lay my hands upon thy head and ask my Heavenly Father to give me wisdom and power to pronounce such things as shall be according to the mind of the Holy Spirit. I also ask God to prepare thee to receive blessings, and to pour them into thy soul, even a fullness, and to give thee wisdom to abide all things that shall come upon thee, and bless thee in thy outgoings, and in thy incomings. And I seal a father's blessing upon thee, and for thy posterity. For thou shalt be a mother of many children, and thou shalt teach them righteousness,

and have power to keep them from the power of the destroyer, and thy heart shall not be pained because of the loss of thy children for the Lord shall watch over them and keep them, and they shall be raised up for glory and be an ornament in the church. Thou hast been afflicted much in thy past days, and thy heart has been pained, many tears have fallen from thy eyes and thou hast wept much, but thou shalt be comforted for thy sorrows are over. The Lord loves thee and has given thee a kind and loving companion for thy comfort, and your souls shall be knit together, and nothing shall be able to dissolve them, neither distress, nor death shall separate you. You shall be preserved in life and go safely and speedily to the land of Zion. Thou shalt have a good passage, and receive an inheritance in Jackson County. Thou shalt also see thy friends in Zion, thy brothers and sisters, and rejoice with them in the Glory of God. Angels shall minister unto thee, thy heart shall be comforted, thou shalt stand to see Israel gathered from their dispersion, the ten tribes come from the North country, the heavens rent, and the Son of man come in the clouds of heaven with all the glory of his Father, and thou shalt rise to meet him, and reign with him a thousand years, and thy offspring with thee. Great are thy blessings. I confirm blessings for thee in common with thy husband, blessings of the earth and all things which thou needest for thy comfort, and thou shalt be a mother in Israel, and thou shalt relieve the wants of the oppressed, and minister to the needy. All needful blessings are thine. I seal them upon thee, and I seal thee up unto eternal life in the name of Jesus, Amen

Sylvester Smith, Scribe

Lydia Goldthwaite Knight Home in Santa Clara, Utah



Ma Von Nelson Herring, great-great-granddaughter of Lydia Goldthwaite Knight, took this photo of Lydia's home in Santa Clara, Utah

In about 1951.

Some years later Ma Von returned, only to find a vacant lot!

APPENDIX continued



A patriarchal blessing upon the head of Lydia Rosanna Stolworthy, daughter of John R. Young and Lydia Knight Young, born October 28th 1852 at Provo, Utah. Given at Huntington, Utah, January 16th 1899 by Franklin Wheeler Young.



Lydia
Rosanna
Young
Stolworthy

Patriarchal Blessing

Sister Lydia I lay my hands upon your head and by the authority conferred upon me bless you and I pray the God of our fathers, yea the God of Jacob do thou love in mercy upon this handmaiden and first of all heal her body, Thou knowest O Lord, how long she has suffered and thou knowest the integrity of her heart, therefore I pray thee O Lord to heal her of all her afflictions and make her well from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and give her a new heart, a happy cheerful heart full of sunshine devoid of shadow. I humbly ask these blessings O Lord in the name of Jesus Christ, now Sister Lydia exercise faith, cheerfully to receive this blessing and go to the Lord in earnest prayer and ask Him to grant you this blessing and strive diligently to forget your troubles and look only upon the bright side of life, and seek for pleasure in the sweet voices of your daughters and you shall find consolation, and the Lord will comfort your heart by dreams at night and by visions at high-noon and thou shalt have joy in your labors. Carefully train your children in their infancy and you shall have joy in your posterity, and you will be surprised what a happy contented blessed woman thou shalt be, for thou art of the house of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings promised the daughters of Ephraim. If thou wilt seek it thou shalt find great comfort in the temple, the House of the Lord. And thou shalt live to accomplish much good, and your children will bless your memory. Now O Lord have respect to the words of my mouth for her sake, for her parents sake and for her good parents sake, what did not they suffer to establish Thy cause and Thy Church in the last days. Now therefore O Lord do Thou reward her for their suffering for her integrity and her faithfulness, and give her rich measures in this life and in the life to come. Glory and exaltation on a throne of scarlet white and gold by the side of her Lord in the midst of her family and their descendants a countless number. There to be crowned with life everlasting a fitting reward for all her sufferings and patience and faithfulness in this life of sorrow and affliction. Allet which I seal upon you Lydia. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen
Reported by Mattie Young



The John R. Young family home in Fruitland, New Mexico in about 1893. L-R: Martin Ray, John R., Tamar, May Young Roberts, (possibly Howard Roberts), Thomas Robertson, and Samuel Claridge.

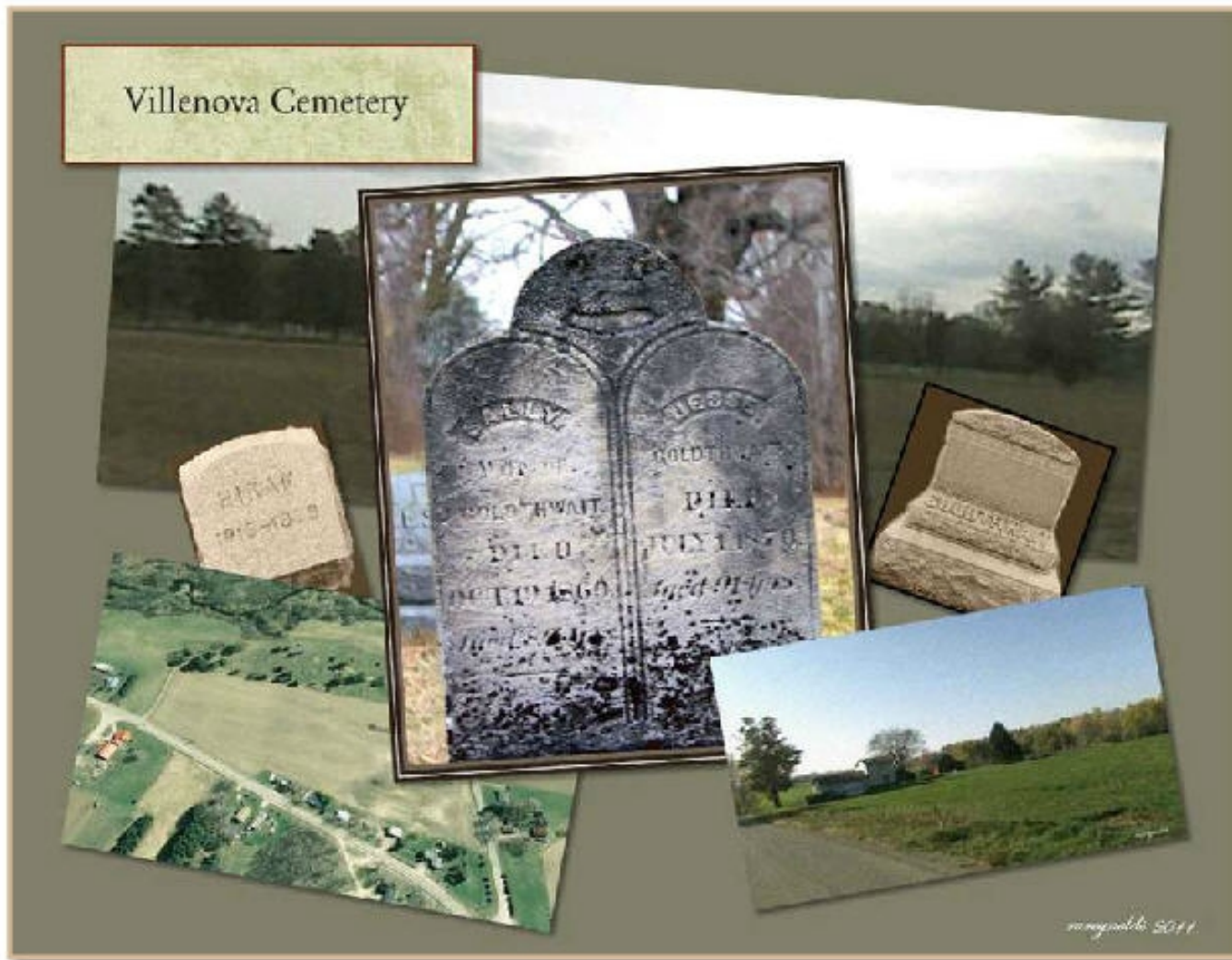
DEDICATION



This special edition of *The Three Lydias* is dedicated to the memory of my great-grandmother, Lydia Knight Young, who accompanied her husband to Old Mexico in 1890 to find refuge from U. S. government persecution of their plural lifestyle. There she was left by her well-meaning husband to die alone in 1905, and receive as her reward an unmarked grave somewhere in Colonia Dublan in the State of Chihuahua.

Robert Newel Reynolds

Villanova Cemetery



This work is also dedicated to the memory of Sally Burt and Jesse G. Goldthwaite who were the parents, grandparents and great-grandparents of The Three Lydias whose lives and trials are presented in this book. May they be together and rejoice forever. This collage depicts the final resting place in Villanova Cemetery of Sally and Jesse and their son, Hiram. A collage from personal images of Robert N. Reynolds.

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