AFTER THE TRIAL OF YOUR FAITH

The Story of Edmund & Mary Ann Richardson

Jeff Richins
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"I have a desire to leave a record of those scenes and events through which I have passed.

That my children, down to my latest posterity, may read what their ancestors were willing to suffer, and did suffer, patiently for the gospel’s sake.

And I wish them to understand too, that what I now word is the history of hundreds of others, who have passed through like scenes for the same cause.

I also desire them to know that it was in obedience to the true and living God, and with assurances of an eternal reward – an exaltation in His kingdom – that we suffered these things.

I hope, too, that it will inspire my posterity with fortitude to stand firm and faithful to the truth, and be willing to suffer, and sacrifice all things that they may be required to pass through for the sake of the kingdom of God."

— Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford, widow of Aaron Jackson, who died in the Martin Handcart Company
To Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson, for their Abrahamic sacrifice and gift to us.
Mary Ann Darrow
1818-1872
Preface

This is not our home. Though we may live and work a hundred years to sink roots deep, to acquire the security we treasure, to build a monument of proof that we matter... we are only tenants—here only as long as the lease on life is paid, gone the moment it expires. We are the workmanship of God, children who knew and loved their Father long before venturing to this temporary existence. He calls to us. Every one of us! We all hear the call, but we have forgotten His voice. We have forgotten home. It takes different ears. It takes listening with the heart.

This is a story of normal people, in this normal world who recognize the voice. Is it a hunch? Is it intuition? And how is it discerned? It is like babies learning to walk—with believing and experimenting and falling, until it slowly becomes part of them.

Though I have added scenes and dialog for story flow, this is a true story— one that centers on the lives of Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson; the choices and sacrifices they faced. Because of those choices and sacrifices, I am... I live and love and struggle and grow. My father is the grandson of their son, Charles Edmund Richardson.

There is a delicate part of the story that is so sacred that I have been hesitant to share before an unknown audience, for fear of ridicule and scorn. Not for myself, as I can’t hear such prattle where I am, but rather for my great-great grandparents, as they are in a place where they can hear it. The shallow and simple-minded will see only a scandal, the delight of gossip. However, I see ordinary people who face and accept extraordinary trials with tremendous strength. I see people who, like Abraham of old, willingly lay their all on the altar of faith. I see people who once
they set their hand to the plow, don't look back and don't quit even when the going nears unbearable, but rather see it through to the end.

In spite of my hesitation, I feel to cast these beautiful pearls before the readers. Some will condemn the pearls and grind them into the sty. But others will see the hand of God working in the lives of Edmund and Mary Ann, and maybe recognize His hand working in their own. That is my desire—that we may be inspired and take heart when God will put each of us through our own refiner's fire. May we heed the call that beckons us to walk through our fears, and to take those mighty steps!

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my wife, Denise, for her work with me on this book as my primary cheerleader, coach, and editor. I'm even grateful to her, now in retrospect, for sending me "back to the old drawing board" a thousand times.

Thanks also to my slave nephew, Ty Richins, on whom I have piled the work of editing and book layout, for the countless late night hours in this preparation. Also to OraLyn Richardson for last minute editing. ("Sure OraLyn, take all the time you need. We just need it by Thursday.") And to Aunt Beverly Porter who has supported me with contacts, means, and with faith.

A special thanks to Aunts Annie Richardson Johnson and Elva Richardson Shumway. Their great work as authors, when information was less-readily available, has been a foundation and inspiration to me. I was worried that I might step on their toes in this writing, but I have felt their love and their assistance.
So many other people have helped me with research, constructive feedback, and encouragement that I am hesitant to name, for fear that I will leave names unacknowledged. But they know who they are, and I am grateful and indebted to them.

I would also acknowledge the Spirit in this writing. I feel humble at my ineptness and grateful at His assistance. You will likely see the places where I struggle awkwardly to tell a story, and then the places where the Spirit kindly asked me to move over and take a little break so the story could be told right.

And lastly, I want to thank my forefather and mother for their sacrifice and their love. May we all honor our founding fathers and founding mothers with the goodness of our lives.

Jeff Richins
Main Characters and ages as they are introduced:

**Edmund Richardson** (32) Father, Presbyterian deacon, wheelwright, and carpenter.

**Mary Ann Darrow** (30) Wife of Edmund Richardson

**Emma Lynette** Daughter, born Oct. 1841

**George Alvin** Son, born Sept. 4, 1846

Those traveling with Richardsons on the Oregon Trail:

**Reverend George Whitworth** (34) Presbyterian Minister and wagon master responsible for company traveling across the Oregon Trail to begin a colony near the Puget Sound.

**John Carson** (25) Carpenter and brother-in-law to the Richardsons

**Emma L. Darrow** (28) Wife of John Carson and sister of Mary Ann Richardson

**Harriet Darrow** (59) Mother of Emma Carson and Mary Ann Richardson, traveling with Carsons to Oregon.

Early settlers of Manti who are prominent in this book:

**Isaac Morley** (63) Ecclesiastical leader of group called to settle the San Pete Valley in 1849.

**Hannah Finch** (37) One of the wives of Isaac Morley

**Edwin Whiting** (40) One of the vanguard group called to settle Manti; becomes close friends with the Richardsons.

**Elizabeth Tillotson** (35) First wife of Edwin Whiting

**Almira Mecham** (25) Second wife of Edwin Whiting

**Mary Elizabeth Cox** (23) Third wife of Edwin Whiting and sister of Frederick Walter Cox.

**Orville S. Cox** (35) One of the vanguard group called to settle Manti; brother of Frederick Walter Cox.

**Elvira Pamela Mills** (29) Wife of Orville Cox

**Adelia Cox** Daughter, born 1 Dec 1841

**Nelson Higgins** Military leader of the Vanguard group and first sheriff of Manti.
George Peacock  First judge and postmaster of Manti  
John Lowry Sr.  Bishop of Manti  
Frederick Walter Cox  (41) Father, missionary, and early settler of Manti.  
  Emeline Whiting  (36) First wife of F. Walter Cox; sister of Edwin Whiting  
  Jemima Losee  (30) Second wife of F. Walter Cox  
  Cordelia Morley  (30) Third wife of F. Walter Cox, daughter of Isaac Morley.  
William Morley Black  (27) Miller; later married Emma Richardson  
  Margaret Black  (24) Wife of William Morley Black. Took the Richardsons into her home when they arrived in Manti.  

There are other wives and children in these families, but only those that are prominent in this book are included.

Other prominent characters of note in this book:  
Chief Walker  (42) War Chief of the Ute Indians; Baptized by Isaac Morley; Led war against Mormons  
Jim Bridger  (49) Mountain Man; Trapper; Owner of Fort Bridger Trading Post.  
Ralph Thompson  (42) Convert from England; baptized Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson  
Amos Warren  (23) Indian interpreter, took an active part in the early Indian wars; first of settlers in Springerville.  
Archibald Gardner  (39) Built some of the first mills in the Salt Lake area; hired Edmund to work on Jordan River mill.  
John Smith  (72) Fifth presiding patriarch of the Church; Uncle to the prophet Joseph Smith  

Though too numerous to list here, there are many other actual people in history who are mentioned by name in this book. Jake Butterfield, Gus Dodge, John Pitney, James Allred, Tom Clark, Martin Wood, Freeborn DeMille, Tabinaw, Aropeen, Diantha Billings, J edediah Grant, George Crossman Jr., and many others were real people who took part in the events described in the story.
Chapter One

Mount Holly, Vermont – 1848

Seven-year-old Emma Lynette Richardson sprang back in frustration from the table and threw down her needlework. “I can’t do it!” she exclaimed, blinking back the tears. “I just can’t!”

Surprised, Mary Ann glanced up from her own stitch-work and masked a smile at her daughter’s frustration. She set her sewing down and moved to the table. “What do you mean you ‘can’t do it’?” She fingered her daughter’s patch of cloth. “You’re doing it! It’s looking better.”

Exasperated, Emma eyed her work with contempt. “It looks terrible!”

Mary Ann stepped to the cupboard and pulled out another swatch. “This is what you did last month,” she pointed out. “See, you’re already doing so much better.”

Emma tried not to show the surprise in her face. “Well, yeah... But it’s still ugly. Just a bunch of lines and ‘X’s and stuff. It’s dumb!”

Mary Ann smiled and sat her daughter back down at the table. “It doesn’t look like much right now.” She stepped again to the cupboard and brought back a fold of cloth. “But lots of times, the seemingly pointless things we do are part of a bigger design.”
She unfolded the cloth and Emma gasped. “It’s beautiful, Mama!”

Mary Ann pulled Emma’s work next to her own finished product and pointed to an obscure corner. “Does this look familiar?”

Emma examined with wonder, “That’s the part I’m working on?”

Mary Ann smiled. “Don’t get frustrated just because you can’t see the end from the beginning. I know it feels awkward at first, but don’t give up. It isn’t until later that you can start to see how it all fits together.”

She went back to her chair and watched her daughter, fueled with new vision, return to her needlework. Emma again began the tedious stitching, her tongue sticking unconsciously out of the side of her mouth. These were good lessons for her daughter.

Edmund Richardson watched the interaction between his wife and daughter and shook his head. She was so good at teaching! If it had been him, he would have... Well, patience, he admitted, was not his strong point.

He decided that his gift was energy. He was blessed to be able to work hard. And even when he wasn’t working, he still had to be doing something. So tonight he kept his hands busy whittling on some soft pine. It allowed him to think and to work his magic on two-year-old George at the same time. He could always settle this rambunctious little fellow down by pulling out his whittling knife. George knew a toy waited inside the block of wood, he just had to sit and watch it unfold to see what it would be.¹

Suddenly, the window exploded inward with a loud crash, sending shards of glass flying everywhere, some of it onto Emma’s lap. The blast was so startling and chaotic that it took a second or two for Edmund to realize what had happened. But the brick lying in the middle of the floor made it obvious.

He jumped to the door and flung it open, hoping to get a view of the culprit. From the doorway he made out a shadowy
figure running into the heavy Vermont woods, but shortly the form was completely swallowed up into the night. He listened in vain for footsteps.

Turning back, he saw George, frightened and crying, and Mary Ann huddled over Emma. He quickly picked up his son and stepped to his daughter, pieces of glass crunching and snapping under his feet. Emma was crying, horrified at the blood trickling down her arm, but her mother was calming her and applying a washcloth to the small wound.

Mary Ann was still shaken, but looked up calmly to her husband. “It’s just a small cut. The glass was sharp, so the bleeding makes it look worse than it really is.”

Still holding his boy, Edmund went to the brick. On it was a piece of paper, tied with a string. He picked up the brick and turned the note over, and read: “… he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.”

His jaw was tense, but he crumpled the paper slowly in his hand, deliberately keeping his anger in check. He looked to his daughter. “You all right, Em?”

Emma Lynette nodded, trying to be brave. “Who was it? Why did they do that?”

Edmund hugged her and tried to think how to explain something like this. “Emma, some people are very angry that we left the Baptist Church to join the Presbyterian Church. Maybe they want to scare us back into their church. I don’t know.”

Emma was frightened and perplexed. “Can we go live with Grandpa and Grandma Richardson? Wouldn’t it be safer there?”

Mary Ann smiled painfully, and stroked her daughter’s hair. “Emma, they’re not any happier about our decision than the people who broke our window.”

Disbelief flashed across her face. “Grandpa would never break our window!”

“You’re right, Emma, he wouldn’t do that,” Edmund agreed. “But he’s still very angry. He won’t speak with us.”

Emma couldn’t understand the implications. “What are we going to do?”
Edmund glanced to Mary Ann before resting his eyes on his daughter. "We're going to move, Em. We're going to go where Grandma Darrow is."

Emma looked to her mother's face for confirmation. Mary Ann nodded, "Do you remember my mother?"

Emma furrowed her brow, searching her memories. "I think so."²

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_Erie Canal, New York – 1848_

Mary Ann sat on a trunk aboard the canal boat and brushed Emma's blonde hair. Any possible tangle had surely been brushed out long ago, but she enjoyed the connection it provided with her daughter. Emma, and the rest of the family for that matter, had been affected by the stress of the move, and even more by its necessity. Now, after a week of travel on jarring roads, this peaceful, even boring ride on a horse-drawn flatboat was a welcome reprieve.³

It was a chilly evening—the kind that stings ears and pinches color into cheeks, but remains entirely comfortable with a coat. The sparkle of a light frost just beginning to settle on the banks of the Erie canal reflected even more of the immense, full moon that seemed to be hanging just above the trees.

There were few other passengers on the barge, and they were huddled under the small shed at the rear of the boat, as if that would shield them from the chill. These boats were not built with the comfort of passengers in mind. Their purpose was to haul cargo. Travelers did what they could to arrange for their own comfort. The Richardsons found a space among some crates near the front to call home for the next few days.

Edmund sat against a large box holding his sleeping son tucked under a blanket, and thought about the last three weeks of packing, leaving and traveling. It had been a whirlwind time, and
a painful memory. "So, what do you think about what my father
said? Are we running away from our problems?"

Mary Ann slowed in brushing Emma’s hair as she
considered the question. "I don’t know. Do you think we’re
running from problems, or facing new ones?"

Edmund raised an eyebrow. "Probably both."

She guessed he was right. "So what choice did we have?
Should we betray our convictions to keep family and friends
happy, or be true to the step that God has called us to make?"

Edmund considered that. Mary Ann could always see to
the root of the problem—the principle of the thing. It was never
a question of "what should we do?" To her it was a matter of
finding what is right—there was no other choice, no matter the
cost.

"I think we’ve got our roles mixed up," Edmund finally
said.

Mary Ann was confused. "What do you mean?"

Edmund smiled. "You’re like Lot and I’m like his wife.
You figure out what’s right and you charge forward... no looking
back. But me? The way I keep looking back and second
guessing myself, I’d have turned into a pillar of salt a thousand
times."

She laughed, "But I like salt!"

Edmund chuckled at that and leaned his head back against
the crate and closed his eyes.

Mary Ann wrapped a blanket around Emma and laid down
with her. In the bright moonlight she watched her husband,
sizing him up. He didn’t give himself enough credit, she thought.
He was a 100-percenter. Whatever he set about to do, he jumped
in with both feet: his work, his family, his faith.

He was of average size—medium height and build. Some
would even describe his build as wiry, which was well enough
because, like wire, he was thinner than some, but deceptively
strong and tough, both in physical strength and endurance. He
wore no beard, but in fact, shaved almost daily. His appearance
and his strength, along with his quiet manner, gave him an amiable, confident countenance.

She closed her eyes and wondered, with so many men of low character everywhere, what did she do to deserve this good man?

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**Shumway Springs, Sanpete Valley, Utah – Nov. 19, 1849**

Leaders of the Sanpete mission, the first colonizing effort south of Utah Valley, were gathered next to Isaac Morley’s wagon. As the horses and oxen of this wagon train watered at a warm spring, discussion on the fate of the mission became spirited. Some wanted to set up permanent camp near this spring, and others wanted to turn southwest and leave the valley completely.

Cold rain sliced through Isaac Morley’s shirt and trousers, drawing away any body heat he might have worked up trudging through the mud. The only heat he felt at all, was under his collar. “Yes, I agree, brethren, this is a perfectly good spot. I just don’t feel this is the right spot. I still feel that our destination is at the base of that hill.”

Seth Taft was frustrated and raised his voice accordingly. “You’ve got some notion in your skull about that hill, and now your pride won’t let you see that there’s better land outside of this valley. This is only a long narrow canyon, and not even a jack rabbit could survive its desert soil.”

Charles Shumway disagreed. “I think we should stay right here!” He pointed all around. “Look at this place! Nice spring, great land for cultivation... what more do you want?”

Isaac held their glare. “The will of the Lord in this mission.”

Jacob Butterfield threw his hands up and rocked his head in exasperation. “The Lord don’t give a hoot whether we set
up camp here, or by your precious hill, or on top of yonder mountain! I’ll tell you! For the last three weeks we’ve built roads in the mud, and we’ve trudged through the mud, and our women have driven the teams through the mud. I’m done! And there’s a lot of us that feel the same way. Let’s take a vote.”

Isaac worked to keep himself calm. “We’ve been called of God. We’ve worked so hard to get ninety-nine percent of the way. Will you quit now when the end of the journey is in sight, and but three or four miles away? Brethren, you do what you want. But I’m going on to that hill even if only ten men follow me.”

With that Isaac slowly turned and sloshed back to his wagon, goading the oxen on southward. Edwin Whiting pulled his wagon in immediately behind Isaac Morley’s, followed by Nels Higgins, the military leader of the group. Soon all the wagons were moving, including the Butterfield wagon at the rear, its steaming driver glumly cooling off in the rain.

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*Manti, Sanpete Valley, Utah – November 22, 1849*

Isaac Morley held the reins tightly, and inched his horse forward. As the animal pulled, a heavy log rolled slowly up a ramp made of long poles. These poles leaned against the half-built rear wall of his cabin, now almost six feet high. He fought the urge to hurry, feeling frantic to get cabins built before the winter storms arrived.

“Just a little bit more. Easy now...” Edwin Whiting called as he positioned the log with a PV stick, a log-handling tool consisting of a long handle fitted with a steel hook.

The log precariously crested the edge of the ramp and plopped down awkwardly, settling into the grooves cut into the top logs of the side walls.
“That’s good!” Edwin yelled. “Give me some slack.” He climbed up and positioned the log better into the notches, effectively interlocking the walls.

Isaac unhitched the straps from the horse, and tied the reins to some scrub brush. He walked around the house and joined Edwin and Orville Cox who were surveying the next log. “One more along this back wall ought to do it, huh?”

Isaac rubbed the back of his neck. “Yes, I’ll be glad when it’s done. I hate setting these top logs. They’re dangerous.”

Edwin shrugged, “Maybe we should stop right now. We’ll keep it low so you can whack your head every morning. That’ll wake you up.”

Isaac chuckled. “You’re a whole lot better at working than talking.” He stamped his feet in the snow, trying to get the blood circulating better. He pointed towards the creek. “Jake Butterfield, and four or five other families are still camped in their wagon boxes where we stopped that first night. I wonder if they’ll ever move over to the hill. The nights are getting bitter cold.”

Edwin looked toward the wagon boxes. “I think they’re still mad that we were sent here. They want to be up and ready to go the minute the Lord finally comes around to seeing it their way.”

“We’re here until we’re called somewhere else,” Isaac growled with frustration. “There’s plenty of hill left to burrow into. Those dugouts are a whole lot warmer than their wagon boxes.”

Orville shrugged, “Well, they can’t say that you didn’t warn them.”

Isaac wagged his head. “That still won’t make me feel any better if their families freeze to death.”

“I’m sure when they get cold enough they’ll be willing to follow your advice.” Orville let the matter drop, and changed the subject. “I’ve got some other concerns. Brother Brigham’s motto with the Indians is that it’s better to feed them than to fight them.” But I’m afraid we’ll have nothing to feed them, or ourselves,
before long. Our supplies are dropping pretty fast with so many Lamanites to feed.”

Isaac agreed. “We’ve been talking about that in council. We’re sending a few wagons back to Salt Lake for more grain. Jerome Bradley is heading up a group of men that will be getting ready to leave as soon as possible.”

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Cannelton, Indiana – January, 1850

Edmund Richardson walked home briskly from the cotton mill he was helping to build. The damp cold seemed to penetrate through his coat so that it didn’t matter how many layers he wore. He only lived a couple of miles away, but the freezing temperatures made it seem much further.

He decided he liked it here in Cannelton, Indiana. Though it was quite different from Vermont, opportunities here were flourishing. He had a good job and the future looked bright. The trek west had taken his family at first to Ohio. But after several months, he responded to ads in newspapers, calling for skilled construction workers in southern Indiana. It had been a good move.

He was glad when he finally saw the light of home shining in the darkness. Stepping in the door, a wave of warmth and aroma welcomed him inside. The fireplace was blazing and supper was almost on the table.

Three-year-old George bounded into his arms and began chattering, nose-to-nose, all about the excitement of the day.

“All right, you little cocklebur,” Mary Ann teased as she pried her son off of Edmund. “Let your father get a little breath.”

Edmund tussled the little guy’s hair, and then kissed Mary Ann and Emma. Stepping to the fireplace, he gladly shed his coat and boots, and basked in the heat. This was the first time all day that he had felt comfortable.
“How was work, Papa?” Emma asked. Edmund rubbed his feet. “Cold... but good.” He accepted some hot coffee from his wife. “We got most of the rafters up today. I imagine we’ll have the whole roof on next month. They want to have the mill up and running early next year.”

Mary Ann was interested. “I hope I’ll be able to get a job then.”

Edmund stepped to the washbasin and washed his hands. “Oh, I’m sure there won’t be any problem there. And they’ll be paying mill workers good money.”

Emma’s eyes were wide. “Can I work there?”

Edmund smiled. “Maybe when you’re a little older.”

He pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket. “But here’s what sounds interesting to me. They’re selling five and ten acre lots for grape farming. Maybe we can get ourselves set up with a little farm and build a house.”

Sanpete Valley, Utah – January, 1850

Edwin Whiting rested a moment and leaned on his shovel, the handle pressing against his cheek. “I think we’re done.”

Orville Cox gladly stopped shoveling snow. “Good. Because I think I’m done for.” Nodding toward the windrow he commented, “There should be enough grass for the cattle tomorrow.”

Edwin took a breath. “Maybe there’s a blessing that the cows are dying so fast. We’re having to find feed for fewer cows.”

Orville smirked. “Well, I guess that’s one way to look at it. That, and the fact that the Indians are happy with all the meat.”

Both men threw their shovels over their shoulders and began the walk back home. Every day the men and the boys spent time hauling firewood or clearing snow. The cattle in the
Sanpete Valley were freezing and starving to death because of the bitterly cold temperatures, and the three feet of snow that blanketed the valley. The only hope they had of bringing any cows at all through the winter was to scrape away the snow into windrows enough to expose a little of the withered grass lying beneath. 

Edwin glanced back at their work and caught a glimpse of something in the distance. Thinking that it might be another wolf, he peered into the dusk to get a better view. "What is that?" he wondered out loud.

Orville turned and saw it too. After a few moments he exclaimed, "I think it's a man!"

As they made their way back toward the man, they could see he was an Indian, almost drunken with exhaustion. They made their way to him through the unbroken snow, and saw that his leather leggings were tattered and bloody. "It's Tabinaw!" Edwin realized. "Chief Walker's brother."

He almost fell into their arms, happy to lean on the men. After a minute, he caught his breath and spoke through numb lips. "Naked white man. Sleep in snow. Ver cold. Maybe dead."

Edwin was confused. "Where?"

Tabinaw pointed back toward the north with his lips and mumbled, "Maybe one day."

Orville took the Ute's arm and draped it over his shoulder to bear some of his weight. "Let's get you to Father Morley's house."

Hannah Morley was surprised at the scene at her door. Edwin Whiting and Orville Cox supported an Indian who appeared frozen and gaunt. She quickly invited the three men inside, and called for Isaac. "Here, set him down by the fire. I'll get him something warm to eat."

"What happened?" Isaac asked as he removed Tabinaw's tattered moccasins to check his toes for frostbite.

Orville was pulling off his coat. "The story we got is that he was traveling back with Jerome Bradley's supply wagons, and they got snowed in somewhere on Salt Creek. So Tabinaw, here
and one of the men, I think Gus Dodge, began walking here for help. Gus must have given out somewhere about five or ten miles back.”

Hannah returned with a bowl of stew. “Why are his legs bloody?”

Edwin examined the shredded leggings. “The cold has formed a hard crust on top of the snow. So as they walked they continually broke through the crust, and the ice cut their pants to ribbons.”

Isaac turned to Edwin. “Go call together the men. We need to get someone out there on snow shoes to bring Gus in, as well as figure out what to do with the brethren at Salt Creek.”

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_Cannelton, Indiana – February, 1850_

“You do know that we can’t afford to pay extra blessings for working overtime, don’t you?”

The teasing voice so startled Edmund Richardson that he nearly dropped his pencil. He turned and shook his head at Reverend George Whitworth standing in the doorway. “You do know that you could cause a heart attack, scaring me like that, don’t you?”

The reverend laughed. “Maybe I should wear a bell so that you can hear me coming.” He pointed toward the window. “I saw the light burning, and thought I’d come see who was sneaking around here in the church.”

Edmund, a newly ordained deacon, fingered the pages of the ledger book. “I meant to get to this earlier in the week, but we’ve been putting in a lot of hours at the mill. I want to get these books caught up before the board meeting.”

Reverend Whitworth watched him curiously for a minute. “So, do you like keeping the books?”
Edmund tried to mask his frustration with a shrug. “Actually, it’s a struggle. I’d rather be working with my hands than with numbers. But I don’t suppose the Lord’s too concerned about our ‘druthers’.”

The reverend considered that. “You know, we can probably get someone else to keep the books. There are...”

Edmund cut him off with a wave of his hand. “No, if this is what God wants me to be doing and learning right now, then I want to do it. I believe that the more faithful we are to God, the more light and truth he gives us.” He scratched his head and pointed at the books. “And right now, I need all the light I can get!”

“Well,” Reverend Whitworth smiled, “I’ll have another couple of lanterns brought in. In the meantime, why don’t you head on home and put in some overtime with those kids. The books can wait.” He turned to leave, and then stopped. “Edmund, I want to let you know what an asset you are to the board. We appreciate you and your family.”

As the reverend walked out, Edmund cocked an eyebrow at the compliment. “Wow!” he thought, “That was certainly good enough for a few more minutes of work!”

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References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 47

“As the children listened to their father’s stories and watched, he whittled a Noah’s ark and many pairs of animals for it. Also many other things were whittled and the boys zealously searched the shavings for any discarded articles.”

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2 Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 1

“Here [in Mount Holly, Vermont], myself and wife were united with the Presbyterian Church. Since my family were of the Baptist Church, ill feelings and persecutions arose and grew to such extent that I could no longer live in peace. Therefore I moved to Cannelton, Perry County, Indiana.”

Author’s note: No specifics are mentioned as to the nature of the persecution, only that it was plenty enough to make them leave their home in Vermont and travel to Indiana.

3 Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 2, p. 1

“When I was seven years old, my parents turned their faces westward. We came by canal boat to Buffalo County, New York, then by steamer across Lake Erie to Cleveland, Ohio, and again by canal to Portsmouth, Ohio, where we stayed six months. Then we traveled down the Ohio river by steamboat to Cannalton, Perry County, Indiana, where we lived about five years. My father, mother, and myself worked in a cotton factory a good deal of the time.”

4 Albert Antrei, High, Dry, and Offside, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), pp. 28-29

“Nothing was plentiful. What they weren’t short on they didn’t have at all. Nothing was plentiful, that is, except for what they called their ‘faith.’ Their wagons had to be bursting at the seams with that, and maybe that was one reason they didn’t miss a lot of other things that just wouldn’t fit into their boxes and wagonbeds.

“…All through the Salt Creek Canyon the men did all of the shovel-and-shoulder work, and while they did, their women picked up the reins or the bullwhip. They may have thought their men didn’t notice, but they did. George Washington Bradley did, anyway. He told many years later how his Betsy held the reins
of his strong team in one hand while holding on to her infant son with her other arm, and regulated the behavior of a two-year-old son with her feet. Several more of her children were under the wagon’s canvas, and she hollered at them from time to time about one thing or another. She wasn’t a ‘liberated’ woman, but she gee-hawed with considerable authority.”

5 Antrei, p. 27

“It is said: Brother Brigham sought out Brethren Isaac Morley, Seth Taft, and Charles Shumway at church conference time in October. After that, the ‘Call’ went out, and in those days whenever the ‘Call’ went out it vibrated the logs and timbers of all the two-year-old cabins in the valley. Two hundred and twenty-four men, women and children answered it....”

6 Adelia Cox Sidwell, Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti, (1889) p. 3

“Arriving on the nineteenth of November...another council was held...several being desirous of continuing the journey as far south as...Gunnison. But Father Morley...[said] in his usual terse and predictive manner, ‘This is our God appointed abiding place; and stay I will, though but ten men remain with me.’”

7 Antrei, p. 37

“The first log house they built was for the patriarch and his family, and they got this up by December 1. It was probably not an architectural prize. ....it had a dirt floor, but it was dry and snug, and on the day it was completed the ten or eleven Morley children had friends over to celebrate, including Adelia Cox, who lived until she was almost 100 years old to report it. The new logs, she said, were white and clean, and the shavings, bark, and chips from them helped warm the party by the fireplace.”

“The settlers commenced making themselves shelters to live in. A few of them began to build log houses, others made dugouts, while still others were content to live in their wagons for awhile. Fearing that winter would be upon them before they would be able to provide sufficient protection elsewhere, Father Morley advised them to move to the south side of the hill. Those who had shelters completed when the first snow began to fall considered themselves lucky indeed, while those who were still camped on the creek with their wagon boxes set up on end with covers stretched across them soon discovered that their temporary refuges were entirely inadequate to protect them from the winter storms. They were now willing to follow the advice of their leader and prepare themselves dugouts in ‘Temple Hill’.”

9 Hunter, p.292

“Brother Brigham felt deeply the numerous injustices which had been heaped upon the natives by the settlers of the United States. In his own words:

“We [the white people] shoot them down as we would a dog. Now, this is all wrong, and not in harmony with the spirit of Christianity. In only one instance, that of William Penn, has Christian treatment been accorded them. But even aside from the aspect of Christian duty, I am satisfied that it will be cheaper to feed them, than to fight them.” (Cited in Memoirs of John R Young, Utah Pioneer of 1847, p. 55)

10 Michael Rutherford, www.perrycountyindiana.org/history/cannelton

“The Cotton Mill was built in 1849-1851 and was once the largest industrial building in Indiana. It was ...280 foot [by] 60 foot deep, and five stories high... The basic 372 looms probably occupied the entire second floor. The additional number to total 440-450 was probably installed in the basement.”

“The wages paid in the cotton mill average weekly: men, $6; women, $4.40, and children, $2.25. The wages of common laborers are about $1.00 per day, and stonecutters, masons,
carpenters, and other mechanics earn from $1.25 to $3.00 per day."

"The climate and soil of this district are peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of the grape. The Coal Company are very desirous to encourage this branch of industry, and will sell five and ten acre lots for this purpose on a credit of four, five and six years..." (Taken from: The Cannelton Economist)

11 Sidwell, p.5

"The major portion [of the cattle] that were brought to the valley had died of starvation and cold but, stiff and stark in death, they were undoubtedly more serviceable to the settlers than they would have been living; probably saving the lives of the colonists by keeping the Indians in good humor, as they utilized all the carcasses for food, and considering the white people princes of generosity, in giving them all the beef."

12 Hunter, p.245

"The winter of 1849-50, one of the coldest in Utah’s early history, was felt severely by these frontiersmen. Snow began falling shortly after they had arrived and continued to fall until by mid-winter it had reached a depth of three feet on the level. The weather remained bitterly cold... The men and the boys would shovel snow from the grass all day for the sustenance of their starving beasts. The horns of their animals were sharpened by filing to enable them to protect themselves more effectively against the ravenous attacks of coyotes and wolves. Of 250 head of cattle, only one hundred survived."

13 Hunter, p.246

"Shortly before Christmas Morley sent twelve men back to the Mormon headquarters for supplies. The company arrived in Salt Creek Canyon in January, 1850, but, unfortunately, heavy snows prevented them from continuing farther.

"To the great surprise of the colonists, [Tabinaw] arrived in their settlement with the startling news that "a white man was lying beyond Sanpitch at the foot of the west hills, in a nude,
exhausted and almost dying condition.” Immediately a relief party on snowshoes was sent across the valley to his rescue. Upon reaching him, the rescue party learned that he and the Indian had been sent for help by the returning supply party which was imprisoned by the snow at the forks of Salt Creek Canyon. The white man reported the snow on the divide to be from eight to ten feet deep on the level and twenty feet in the hollows and drifts. The constant breaking through the crust of snow had worn his clothing to shreds. With his clothes in tatters, barefooted, and totally snow blind, he was borne by the relief party to the settlement.”

14 Antrei, p. 43

“...George Bradley (Jerome’s father) and Dan Funk strapped on some snowshoes, and pulling a sled... departed as soon as possible for Salt Creek... In due time they made it to the camp on Salt Creek, where everybody was in good shape... They decided the wagons and their animals would have to remain in place until most of the snow had melted... Two or three men could remain with the wagons and live out of them, and it was believed the oxen could survive by pawing down to grass along Salt Creek.”

15 Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle) p. 1

“...I lived five years [in Cannelton, Indiana], spending much time and money building up and promoting what I believed to be religion. As I was trustee, much of the work fell upon my shoulders. In a word, I was like Paul, a Pharisee, living according to rigid sectarianism, but still seeking for light and truth.”
Chapter Two

Manti – March 12, 1850

Edwin Whiting leaned heavily on his shovel for a much-needed breather. He looked down the length of the ditch he was helping to dig, and was impressed.

All the men and boys were called to work on the ditch so that it would be ready when the time came to flow water to the fields. They had been working on it for many days and had not accomplished much until yesterday—the ground being a rocky hardpan and still near-frozen. Jezreel Shoemaker had run his plow down the ditch line several times, but scarcely scratched the surface. The work had gone slowly, by pick and crowbar.

But yesterday, Orville Cox had changed everything. He stood and watched the men work for some time, not offering any help. Several of the men had begun to grumble at Orville’s laziness. Edwin knew Orville well enough to know that he was not lazy, but who knew what was going on in that mind of his? After a while, Orville turned and walked away, without offering any reason or even excuse.

Sometime later, Orville returned with eight span of oxen, dragging a huge log. When he reached the ditch line, he stopped and prepared his “ripper.” Near the end of the log was a heavy branch jutting out and forward, cut off at about two feet long. He had bored a hole through the log directly in front of the branch, and slid a crowbar through the hole and along the branch—effectively giving his ripper, (the branch), a steel point.
He also had holes bored in each side of the log, into which he drove heavy oak stakes for handles. He directed eight men to hold the handles level so that the ripper would remain down into the earth.

Edwin smiled as he remembered the shock on the faces of the men. As the strong oxen began to pull, the ripper sunk in the earth and broke the ground in a deep furrow. After running up and down the ditch several times, the dirt was loose and came up easily.

All those grumbling men just stood watching with mouths agape. Edwin supposed they had a different opinion of his friend.\(^2\)

As his mind was thus occupied he heard a shout of alarm. Looking around he saw a large band of Indians, maybe 30 or 40, walking their horses up the road from the south. He instantly thought of his rifle, leaning uselessly against some brush about 50 yards down the ditch. He berated himself for being so lax about carrying it with him. He began walking calmly toward his rifle, but realized the Utes would arrive at the ditch before he could get back to his gun. Without hesitation he continued his stride, knowing that if they wanted to attack, he could reach no safe place in time anyway.

Riding at the front of the column of warriors, Chief Walker carried a powerful presence. It was obvious that he was the driving force behind the ferocity of the band. He looked different than many of the warriors. Walker’s grandmother was of Spanish descent, and so his facial features appeared almost European when compared to his tribesmen.

It was obvious this was no social call. The warriors all carried weapons at the ready. While a few had rifles, most carried bows. Relations with the Utes had been fairly good until recently. Isaac Morley, who was normally Walker’s greatest friend, was now his enemy. Two weeks ago Isaac had intervened in Walker’s affairs, stopping him from killing his aged mother. He had reprimanded the Ute Chief and now Walker was angry.\(^3\)
Though every Mormon rifle was readied, the Indians walked their horses quickly and calmly toward the ditch. But shortly before reaching it, and Edwin, they turned abruptly to the east. His heart pounding furiously, Edwin covered the short distance to his gun, grateful for its security. He realized the security was minimal, because the time it would take to reload after his first shot would leave him vulnerable. But at least he didn't feel as naked as before. He joined several armed brethren following behind Walker's band, prepared for trouble.

The Indians marched directly to Isaac Morley's cabin and halted, waiting quietly for Isaac. The outnumbered Mormons took up strategic defensive positions against a possible attack. If Walker tried anything sudden, his men would take heavy losses in the first volley, as they were blatantly exposed.

Presently, Isaac Morley came bustling up the road from where he had been working on a neighbor's cabin. He walked bravely up to the Ute chief, and Walker slid off his horse to face the aging Mormon leader.

"Walker, my brother," Morley addressed the war chief, "what is the matter?"

Walker did not return the salutation. "Walkara's squaw ver lonely. Walkara's squaw want papoose. You give Morley's papoose and all will be right."

Isaac was visibly shaken. "I can't do that, my brother. Take bread or beef instead of my papoose. If I do, then Morley's wife will be very lonely."

Walker was firm. "Walkara no care for Morley's squaw. I want Morley's papoose. You will give Walkara the papoose, or Walkara will kill all the Mormonee in Sanpete."

Father Morley couldn't believe his ears. "Please, no!" he cried, "Don't do this, my brother. If you will leave my papoose with his mother and do no harm to the settlers in Sanpete, you may take my life if I have offended you."

Careless of Morley's tears, Walker demanded, "I do not care for your life. You give me papoose. Walkara has 600 warriors in mountains to kill the Mormonee."
As they locked eyes, Isaac’s filled with tears and Walker’s with anger, but neither flinched. At last Isaac turned and, with heavy heart, walked in the house.

Seeing the Indians outside, but hearing nothing of what was being spoken, Hannah Morley huddled the children under the table. She was confused when Isaac walked calmly in the door. “What is going on? What does Walker want?”

Without responding, Isaac picked up his one-year-old son, a beautiful child with dark curly hair and laughing brown eyes, and walked outside. Before he could step off the porch, Hannah sprang out the door and grabbed her husband violently. Wild with fury, she screamed, “No! You will not take my baby. You will not give him to that Savage!”

“Hannah,” Isaac’s voice was firm, “we have no choice.” She glared at her husband and then at Chief Walker. Through gritted teeth she threatened, “Over my dead body.” Isaac’s voice soothed. “Then that’s how it will be—for all of us. Including the baby.”

Hannah looked at her husband with confusion. “What are you talking about?”

Isaac said quietly, “If we don’t give him our baby, he will kill everyone in Manti.” He let her consider his words. “It is better to lose one child than to have him, and our whole family, and all of the Saints here slaughtered.”

She began sobbing and rushed at Walker, grabbing him by the shoulders. “Take me!” she cried. “Take me and leave the child. Please!”

For once, Walker seemed taken aback. Quickly recovering, he replied firmly, “Walkara’s squaw no want one more squaw. Walkara’s squaw want papoose.” He brushed her aside and snatched the baby from Morley’s arms. Then, agile as a cat, he jumped on his horse and rode away with his warriors close behind.

Hannah Morley, racked with pain only a mother can feel, lay down in the dirt and bawled in great, uncontrollable sobs. Isaac fell to his knees and cried, “Oh Father, oh my Father…”
Edwin Whiting became aware of his own tension. He realized that he had watched the horrifying scene through the sights of his rifle, his finger dangerously curled around the trigger. He looked around and saw that he wasn’t alone in this stance. He lowered his gun and allowed himself to exhale.

Manti – March 13, 1850

Elvira Cox walked with Mary Elizabeth Whiting toward Hannah Morley’s house to offer some kind of support and comfort, hoping to carry some small part of her grief.

“Do you suppose the child is still alive?” Elvira wondered out loud as she walked.

Mary Elizabeth scrunched her lip and slightly shrugged a shoulder. “I don’t know. Father Morley is really trying to have faith, but Edwin doesn’t think there’s much hope.”

Elvira turned to her. “But what do you think?”

Mary Elizabeth kept her eyes on the ground as she walked. “I don’t know. Maybe it’s just the woman in me. But I feel… I want to think that he’s still alive.”

Elvira agreed, “Me too. I keep hoping….”

A cry from the watchman interrupted the conversation. Within seconds a flurry of militia activity prompted the two women to run the remaining distance to the Morley home. Harriet Morley saw them coming and opened the door for them. They rushed inside and went to the window to see what was happening. Panting heavily, partly from their short sprint and partly from fear of the unknown, they watched men with rifles ready. But shortly the men relaxed their stance, and even lowered their guns.

“What’s going on?” Mary Elizabeth puffed.

No one answered as they all gathered at the window, craning sideways trying to glimpse what seemed to be holding
the attention of the militia. Suddenly Harriet gasped and grabbed Hannah, pulling her to the side of the window. Hannah’s eyes widened and she raised a hand to her mouth, unable to breathe. In a second, the scene was obvious to all.

Chief Walker, flanked by his wife and his brother, Arapeen, and three braves, rode slowly up to the house wearing a broad grin and leading a spotted pony. Tied to the back of the pony was a small, curly haired boy dressed in buckskins, his face painted white with red stripes, and wearing a small headband touting a single feather.

Hannah rushed for the door, knocking over a chair, and clawed at the latch. Opening the door, she ran toward the child, but stopped short as Walker slid off his horse. He walked to the pony and unstrapped the child and handed him to Hannah. She burst into tears and laughter and almost danced as she held the baby tightly in her arms.

“Walkara bring papoose home,” Walker said gently. “All is right.”

Isaac dropped his rifle to the ground as he walked from the side of the house. He hugged his wife as she held the baby. “Why have you brought him back to us?”

Walker replied, “Your squaw feel bad. We bring him back.”

Quietly, Walker’s wife approached Hannah. “Papoose sleep tight in my arms all night.”

Walker handed Isaac the reins. “You keep pony for papoose. All is right.” He watched the scene with a smile and said flatly, “Walkara ready to baptize.”

Isaac Morley was shocked again. “You are? Now?”

Walker nodded and repeated himself. “Walkara ready to baptize. We go to water.” With that, he began walking with his brother toward City Creek.

As they walked away, the women and men all gathered around the Morleys. Everyone was perplexed at what had just taken place. Isaac shook his head, as he started to figure it all out. “It was a test. I can’t believe that he was just testing us!”

Orville Cox was perplexed. “What do you mean?”
Isaac took a deep breath. “If we would have sent our militia out after him, then Walker would have known we couldn’t be trusted. But since we didn’t…”

Orville considered the idea. “You may be right. But I don’t think that Walker was the only one testing us. I think that the Lord is well pleased with your faith.”

Isaac smiled. “Would you all join me at the creek in admitting a new soul into the Kingdom of God?”

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*Cannelton, Indiana – April, 1850*

As church ended with a hymn and a prayer, the small Presbyterian congregation slowly began to disperse. Most found friends to visit with, not eager to leave. As it looked like Mary Ann Richardson would be talking with her mother for a while, Edmund wandered over toward his brother in-law to ask a question about his farm. But before he made it through the milling parishioners, he heard his name being called. Looking around, it was Reverend Whitworth, signaling him over where he and another man were visiting.

“I enjoyed the sermon, Reverend,” he said as he shook hands with the pastor.

Reverend Whitworth smiled. “Thank you, Brother Richardson. It was a subject that we all need to work on… especially me.” Edmund could tell he had something on his mind, so he waited patiently.

The Reverend put a hand on Edmund’s arm. “Edmund… How tied to this place are you? Indiana, I mean.”

Edmund shifted his weight. He wondered where this was going. “Well other than the fact that I’ve bought a farm and a home, and my wife has firmly attached herself to her mother’s apron strings again, and my children are being spoiled rotten by their Aunt and Grandma… Other than that, not at all. Why?”
Reverend Whitworth rolled his head back and laughed. “Well, I guess that answers that!”

Edmund eyed his pastor quizzically. “What do you mean?”

The Reverend waved it off. “I was just feeling you out about an idea I’ve been toying with. But I understand your situation.”

Now Edmund’s curiosity was fully piqued. “All right. What do you have up your sleeve?”

A smile played on Reverend Whitworth’s lips. “It’s bigger than I could ever fit up my sleeve.” He thought about how to present it, and decided to dive right in. “Have you ever considered going to Oregon?”

Edmund rocked back. This was something that had never crossed his mind. “Oregon? What’s in Oregon?”


Edmund was clearly stunned. “You’re not a farmer. What are you thinking of?”

The pastor cleared his throat. “I’ve been keeping tabs on a Methodist Church that recently went there. The place is in dire need of religion, and their church is flourishing. I was thinking that maybe a group of us could go and start a colony of our own, and build up the Presbyterian Church there. I would like to start a school… get some Christian education going. The possibilities are endless!”

Edmund said nothing. His mind was swirling.

“Don’t rule it out,” the Reverend counseled. “I’m not going to do this anytime soon. Just chew on it for a while and see how you feel.”
Manti – May, 1850

Elvira Cox and Mary Elizabeth Whiting walked from their new home sites toward their old dugouts admiring a spectacular sunset. After so much cold for so long, this warm evening was remarkably pleasant. It felt wonderful to take an evening stroll and be so comfortable.

“Well, it’s coming along,” Elvira said encouragingly.

Mary Elizabeth, still caught up in the evening sky, looked at her friend blankly. “What’s coming along?”

“Your cabin,” Elvira smiled.

“Oh, sorry,” Mary Elizabeth laughed at herself. “It’s just that sky! It’s so...” She brought her mind back to the conversation. “Yes, the walls are going up, but it sure seems painfully slow. You’d better be careful, if your house is finished too much before ours, I just might bring the kids and camp out on your floor.”


Mary Elizabeth nodded with wide eyes. “Oh, it’s cozy all right. I’m about sick and tired of cozy right now.”

Elvira added, “And mud, and snow, and barely being able to stand up inside. Yes, I’m good and ready for a regular cabin too. You know, when we...” She was interrupted by a scream and was almost bowled over by her friend as she jumped sideways. It took just a moment to realize the cause of the alarm. A rattlesnake lay coiled near the path, it’s tail buzzing a warning.

Jumping back she asked, “Are you all right?”

Mary Elizabeth held her hand over her pounding heart. “Yes. Just nearly scared me to death, that’s all. There’s a shovel at my dugout, let’s go get it and come back.”

As they began walking swiftly towards the hill, they heard another cry of alarm and saw young Mary Lowry, still hobbling from a broken ankle, throwing a rock at what appeared to be another snake. Another voice, from the direction of the dugouts,
hollering about a rattlesnake caught their attention. It was six-year-old Albert Whiting.

As the women began running towards the hill another serpent was stretched out on the path, but coiled at the sound of their approach. Carefully skirting around that one, they nearly stepped on another. They were everywhere!

As quickly as they could, they got to their children and armed themselves with a shovel and a long stick. By this time, people all over the hill had taken up the fight.

Orville came jogging carefully, up to the base of the hill. “Are you all right? Did anyone get bit?”

Elvira was glad to see him. “No. Everyone’s fine. Where did all these snakes come from?”

Orville looked around, bewildered. “I don’t know. There must be a den near this hill somewhere, because most of them seem to be in this area. Why don’t you take the kids and go to the cabins. And be careful!” He looked around into the gathering dusk. “We’re going to need some torches.”

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*Cannelton, Indiana – October, 1851*

Mary Ann Richardson smiled at her husband pouring over a map spread across the table. “Can’t stop thinking about it, huh?”

Edmund’s eyes followed the waterways leading from Indiana to Oregon. “It’s huge! Almost three thousand miles.... And two thirds of that is by wagon!”

Mary Ann stepped next to Edmund and leaned on him. “I thought you decided against going to Oregon—that we’ve got a pretty good situation right here.”

Edmund smirked at her gentle ribbing. “Yeah... But I just keep wondering.”

Mary Ann became serious. “You’re feeling a call, aren’t you?”
He waved it off. “No, it’s not anything like that. I’m just curious, that’s all.”

Mary Ann sat down with him. “All right, let’s pretend we were going to go to Oregon. What would it take? What would we need?”

Edmund ran through a mental checklist. “Well, the real journey would start at Independence or St. Joseph, Missouri. So we would need to prepare as much as we could ahead of time, and then ship it there by river boat. I could build a sturdy wagon here and ship it in pieces.”

“I could weave the cover,” Mary Ann added.

Edmund nodded slowly. “We would need to save a fair amount of money. We would need supplies, shipping, and boat passage to Missouri... We’d have to buy the oxen there in Missouri.” He never took his eyes from the map. “We’re making good money, and we could sell the farm...”

Mary Ann was surprised at his plans. “You’ve really thought this through. I’d say there’s more than a little curiosity there.” She looked into his eyes, studying him.

Edmund felt a little uncomfortable under her scrutiny. He smiled at her. “Don’t you give me that look. I know what those eyes of yours can do.”

Mary Ann barely acknowledged his teasing. “I think God is preparing your mind, or perhaps our minds. My thoughts have been along similar lines. I keep wondering if my mother and sister might be interested in going.”

Edmund just stared at her. Up to now he hadn’t verbalized any of these thoughts—they were just that, thoughts. And he certainly didn’t think his wife would be entertaining these kinds of ideas. “This would be a big decision. Oregon is no Sunday afternoon ride, it’s a one-shot deal. A person would most likely never return. We would need to know God’s will.”

Mary Ann took his hand. “If God wants us to go to Oregon, I’m sure we will be given to know.”

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29
The heavy hinges on the gates of the stone fort screeched in protest as they opened to allow the small procession inside. Sheriff Nels Higgins entered first, his horse worn and sporting salt lines of dried sweat. He was followed by prisoners Pedro León and seven of his men, all somber and full of hate. Behind them rode members of the militia, each carrying rifles resting on their laps. The fatigue on their faces was obvious.

Judge George Peacock walked up to the party as the horses came to a stop and the militia dismounted. “Well, what do you know? What a surprise to see you again so soon, Mr. León. I trust that our brethren have made your little journey as comfortable as possible.”

Pedro León spoke smoothly in fluent English. “Yes, Señor. It has been the vacation of a lifetime.”

George studied the man before him for a minute. “Now, explain something for me. If I were in the Territory of New Mexico and I were caught breaking the law there, how could I expect to be treated?”

León saw where this was headed and answered without emotion. “Señor, we would put you up in the finest hotel.”

George smiled at that. “We’ll see what can be arranged.” He changed the subject. “Mr. León, you are well aware that slave trafficking is against the law in the Territory of Utah. Less than a month ago Governor Young explained to you that your license to trade was invalid. We are no longer part of New Mexico Territory. If you are within the Territory of Utah, you are bound by its laws.”

León, still on his horse, stared down at the big man before him and then spoke coolly. “What if I become a Mormon? Can I then buy slaves?”

George cocked his head back, curious at this new twist. “Why would you think that?”
The slave trader shrugged. “Your Mormon king has made it legal for Mormons to buy slaves from the Utes, but illegal for Mexicans to do so.”

Judge Peacock considered the man’s shrewdness warily. “If we buy Indian children, they cannot be slaves. They are to be adopted and raised up as our own children in our families.”

León nodded in mock understanding. “And you don’t make them work, like a slave is worked.”

Peacock was tiring of this little game. “They are educated and taught to work, just as any loving parent teaches their children to work.”

“Well, Señor,” Pedro raised an eyebrow, “I provide a service in helping to match these poor Indian orphans with loving families in California and Mexico.”

Disgusted, George Peacock shook his head. “Who are you trying to convince? Me, or yourself?

León leaned forward, closing the gap between himself and Peacock. “You Mormons want peace with the Indians, yet you steal their lands, you kill their deer, you won’t trade what they want, and now you outlaw their only way to make money.” He stared coldly into the judge’s eyes. “Who will tell Chief Walker this new law? Who will explain to him that he must find new employment? Will you or shall I?”

References

1 Albert Antrei, *High, Dry, and Offside*, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), p. 61

“All that was lacking was manual labor, and these were people who prayed for miracles with shovels in their hands. They asked God for strength and faith, and that was [what] they received from Him. The key to miracles, they seem to have
decided, is shaped much like a shovel, or a lever of some kind, well-lubricated with elbow-grease."

2 Adelia B. Cox, *Sketch of Orville Southerland Cox*, (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers), p. 11-12

"…Cox looked at us working and sweating, and never offered to lift a finger. No sir, never don a tap; just looked and then without saying a word, he turned around and walked off. Yes sir, walked off! Well of all the mad bunch of men you ever saw, I guess we was about the maddest. Of course, we didn’t swear; we was Mormons and the Bishop was there, but we watched him go and one of the men says, "Well, I didn’t think Cox was that kind of a feller." His going discouraged the rest of us, just took the heart out of us. But of course we plugged away pretendin’ to work the rest of the day…

"We weren’t all there when here came Cox…

"Great Scott, ye oter seen the gravel fly, and ye oter herd us fellers laugh and holler! Well, sir, he plowed up and down that ditch line four or five times and that ditch was made, practically made. All that the rest of us had to do was to shovel out the loose stuff; he done more in half a day than all the rest of us could a done in six weeks.

"Why didn’t he tell his plans the first thing, so we wouldn’t be so discouraged, and hate him so? Why, cause he knew it wouldn’t do a might of good to talk. He wasn’t the Bishop; and even if he had been, plans like that would sure be hooted at by half the fellers. No, sree! His way was the best. Just shut up and do, and when a bunch of men see a thing a workin’ they believe; yes sir, seein’ is believin’.”

Author’s note: This incident probably happened later, in Fairview, as the story of the “Pig Plow” was told by an old settler of Fairview, Pappas Brady.
"During the latter part of February 1850, there occurred an incident which threatened to sever the close friendship between Chief Walker and Isaac Morley. The story has been preserved by Isaac Morley Allen, a grandson of Father Morley. The conflict arose over a tribal custom which Morley found unacceptable.

"Chief Walker’s mother, Tishum Igh, was a small wrinkled old woman, who had reached an age when she was no longer productive, and had to be cared for by the rest of the starving tribe. According to tribal custom, she must die to make way for others. A common practice among the Utes was to lasso the oldest squaws in the tribe, and then lock them up to starve to death. On this particular occasion, Walker decided to kill his mother in order to end her suffering more quickly.

"The chief brutally attacked her with his fists and a knife, each blow landing soundly on her skull, any one of which might have ended a person’s life; but Tishum Igh was a leathery tough old woman who had weathered many a hardship, and was stronger than the average soul. She managed to make good her escape by slipping from her son’s grasp and hid in the bulrushes of Sanpitch Swamp for several days.

"Father Morley found her there and tried to get her to come stay with him, but she would not; she did, however, accept some ‘tiegup’ (food normally obtained by persistent begging) from him on which to subsist. Morley went directly to Chief Walker’s wickiup and counseled him to take his old mother back and care for her. Walker sat in grim silence, his arms folded stubbornly...

"‘You know nothing of the customs of my people,’ Walker said sternly. ‘Do you think only Mormons know what is best?’ Stubbornly then, he would speak no more, and Morley left. A few days later Tishum Igh crawled back to the wickiups where Walker let her eke out a tentative existence.”
4 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), pp. 20-21

5 Ibid; See also: Boren, p.32

Kerry Boren describes when Walker returned the child:

"Now Walker had another surprise in store for Morley; he announced that he was ready to be baptized for the remission of his sins, and had convinced his brother Arapeen and others to do likewise.

"On 13 March 1850, Chief Walker and his brother Arapeen waded into the ice-choked waters of City Creek and submitted to immersion under the trusted hands of Isaac Morley."

6 Adelia Cox Sidwell, Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti, (1889) p. 7-8

"Just after sunset...a weird hissing and rattling was heard... and the very earth seemed writhing with great gaunt spotted-backed rattlesnakes. They had come from caves situated above us in the ledge of rock that had been our shelter and shield, from the piercing northern blast of winter. They invaded our homes with as little compunction as the plague of Egypt did the Palace of the Pharaoh. They arrogated themselves the privilege of occupying our beds and cupboards (pantries we had none). The male portion of the community turned out en masse with torches to enable them with more safety to prosecute the war of extermination, and the slaughter continued until the wee small hours... The number killed that first night (was estimated) as near three hundred."

7 Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 2, p. 1

"...my father and a Reverend Whitworth, a Presbyterian minister (father was a Presbyterian deacon) decided to go to Oregon, as there was much talk of the great possibilities in the
far away, new country. My father, being a wheelwright as well as carpenter, and in fact, being a master at most all trades, made our wagon to cross the plains, and shipped it in sections to St. Joseph, Missouri, that being the place chosen to start from.

"Mother wove the cloth for the wagon cover in the factory, then my father oiled it to make it waterproof and shipped it with the wagon."

8 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, pp. 1 & 3

"During [Mary Ann's] young womanhood a man who had become violently insane in the town where she lived, obtained a long sharp knife, and brandishing it, defied a large posse of men to enter the room where he had taken refuge. The neighbors, knowing her capabilities, sent for my mother who came to the door of the maniac’s lair and looked at him. For a few seconds he avoided looking at her; but when his gaze finally met hers, she looked steadily into his eyes for a minute, when he dropped his hands, his knife falling to the floor and, still looking into her eyes allowed the men to tie him without further opposition.

"Also one of my father's brothers, named Dan, occasionally became insane and whenever she came into the room where he was, at a look from her he always became tractable."


"When the Mormons first came to Utah they found very few children among many of the weaker tribes of the Great Basin. They soon learned that Mexicans and bands of Utes had repeatedly made raids upon various groups of Indians for the purpose of taking their children to California or Mexico to be sold into slavery. Sometimes the Indians even sold their [own] women and children into slavery for firearms and horses. Chief
Walker and his warriors reaped their share of profits from this slave trade.

"Governor Young, who was also Indian agent for the Utah Territory, decided to put a stop to such traffic in human beings. He and his people did what they could to prevent raids upon the weaker tribes of Indians. Brigham felt that if any of the natives desired to sell their children, it would be best for good Mormon families to purchase them and educate and Christianize them. Therefore, in 1852:

'He caused an act to be passed by the Utah Legislature legislating the enforced apprenticeship of Indian children. This act permitted the families to take over Indian children from Indian parents who were determined to sell them to the Mexicans.' (See: Gates and Widtsoe, The Life Story of Brigham Young, p. 137)

"He advised [the Mormon People] to buy up the Lamanite children, as fast as they could, and educate them and teach them the Gospel, so that not many generations would pass ere they would become a white and delightsome people. He remarked that the Lord could not have devised a better plan, than to have put the Saints where they were, in order to accomplish the redemption of the Lamanites." (See Deseret News, June 28, 1851)

10 Albert Antrei, High, Dry, and Offside, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), pp. 69-70; See also: Paul Bailey, Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains, (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, California, 1954) pp. 124-125
Chapter Three

*Oregon Trail, Nebraska – June 15, 1853*

The sun was high in the morning sky as wagons rumbled slowly westward, eyes ever toward Oregon. These oxen-drawn covered wagons were just twelve of thousands that had already passed this way and thousands more to come. ¹ By 1853, the migration westward to Oregon, Utah, and California had turned the Oregon Trail from a ribbon of ruts to a veritable highway of dust, mud, and rocks—all winding westward.

The trail certainly wasn’t like Edmund Richardson had imagined it. He was used to the security of the endless trees and rolling hills of Vermont and Indiana. But this country on the Oregon Trail was foreign. Two thousand miles of openness—incessant prairie, vast herds of bison, immense rivers, the interminable trail—all added to the feeling of vulnerability. Everything seemed big and daunting.

He had traded their home and farm for a dream, and now distance increasingly broadened the gap. Here he was walking alongside oxen, exactly in the middle of nowhere, slowly heading for the ever-elusive Promised Land.

Edmund started from his reverie as his wife, Mary Ann, stepped up along side of him and took his hand. “So, where are you?” she asked.

“What do you mean?”

She quizzed him again. “Are you here in Nebraska or back in Indiana?”
Edmund smiled and retorted, "You read me like a book. Remind me never to try to lie to you."

"Oh, I will," she promised with a smile.

Mary Ann was comfortable with the silence as Edmund walked a ways collecting his thoughts. The rhythmic sound of plodding hooves and the creaking wagon was soothing. She watched her husband with admiration. The constant stress and hardships of months on the trail, through every imaginable condition tended to strip away any facades a person might have. What was revealed was the naked, real self. Mary Ann recognized that her husband's real self was no different than his normal self: solid—firm in his faith and reliable in his tasks.

Edmund cleared his throat. "I just hope I haven't dragged you across the continent for nothing."

"What do you mean, 'for nothing'?" she countered. "Look at all the fun we're having!"

Not really in the mood for jesting, he continued, "What if I've committed us to the biggest mistake of our lives? There's no turning back now. I'm afraid I might have acted hastily in bringing us out here."

"It wasn't you who made the decision," she reminded. "It was us! It was a joint decision. God called us to go, and so we're going. It is certainly no mistake if He is the one who called us."

Edmund was skeptical. "But are you sure? Was God's spirit speaking to us? Or were we caught up in the excitement of the 'Oregon-or-Bust' spirit? Maybe it was wanderlust. Or maybe it was just a bowl of undercooked beans! I don't know, I thought at the time that it was God's will." He licked his lips and tasted dust. "Maybe instead of 'Take the Oregon Trail', the Lord was really telling us to 'Bake Vermont quail'!"

Mary Ann laughed at that, but Edmund continued walking. "I just worry that I might have confused the issue with my own selfish interests."

Mary Ann considered what he was saying. "And, what if we weren't called to go to Oregon? Are we doing such a bad thing? We're going with Reverend Whitworth to start a colony
and build a church. Surely the Lord will bless our efforts.”
She paused as a hot puff of wind stirred her bonnet. “But I still
remember the Spirit’s call, and I think you do too. Right now is a
time to walk in the dark and have faith that the light will come.”
Then smiling, “Besides, what else would you rather be doing on a
warm summer day?”

He smiled back, somehow feeling less burdened. Her
strength was amazing. While he had heard other women in
the group complain and bicker, Mary Ann had never grumbled
(which, he had to admit, was more than he could say for himself).
The more he was around other ladies, the happier he was that he
had this courageous woman.

Mary Ann carried a quiet dignity about her. She was
genuine. Never one to put on false pretenses, she was blatantly
open as to who she was. This integrity naturally drew people to
her, allowing them the same privilege of being themselves.

Edmund thought back to the lovely brunette he had met
and married. Years and the toil of frontier survival were trying to
steal the outer beauty, but they only added to her inner charm. It
was hard to tell where her prettiness stopped and her inner beauty
took over, putting anyone who took a moment to observe her
countenance at awe. The passage of time had only increased her
attractiveness to him.

He gave her hand a squeeze and walked on pensively.

Fort Bridger, Wyoming – June, 1853

“Walker, my old friend!” crooned Jim Bridger from the
doorway of his trading post. “It’s so good to see you! Come on
inside, and bring your men too. You look powerful thirsty.” He
stepped inside without waiting for an answer. He was glad to
see the Indians—he had a score to settle with the Mormons, and
Chief Walker was just the one to help him do it.
Chief Walker grinned and dismounted with a wave to his small party to follow. Stepping inside, they were greeted by cool shade and the tantalizing scent of alcohol. They found the mountain man busily opening whiskey bottles and offering one to each man.

Chief Walker knew that Bridger wanted something—there was always something attached to free drinks—but he didn’t care. As the liquor flowed, Bridger talked casually about the latest news that might be of any interest to Walker. After a while he asked, “Have you seen the Mormon trading post and the Mormon ferries?”

Walker was only mildly interested in Bridger’s constant talk.

“Up on the Green River,” he continued. “Now the trail people no longer want to trade with me, because they trade with the Mormons first.”

Walker, still focused on the bottle in his hands, said carelessly, “What is that to me?”

The Ute chief was playing right into Bridger’s hand. “If the people don’t trade with me, then I can’t buy horses from you. Where will you trade now?”

Walker could see where this was going. “Maybe I trade with the Mormons.”

Bridger leaned back on his chair. “But will the Mormons trade what you want? Will they sell you whiskey and guns?”

Walker said nothing. His head was foggy and he knew Bridger was stirring him up.

“How’s your slave trade these days?” Bridger asked coolly. Walker could feel his anger rising. “Ver bad.”

The mountain man raised an eyebrow and nodded slowly. “The Mexicans can’t buy slaves in Utah. The Mormons made a law. And you can’t go to California or Mexico because the people want to kill the great Ute horse thief. What will you sell for money?”

Walker was still quiet, but Bridger could see he was following him. “The Mormons have stolen your lands, but
maybe you can ask them for a little piece of ground where you can scratch the dirt like a squaw and grow vegetables.”

Walker slammed his fist down on the table, startling his men out of their numbness, and walked immediately out the door.

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South Platte River, Nebraska – June 16, 1853

The Oregon Trail stuck close to rivers, the lifeblood of the land. Either by coincidence, or more likely Providence, the wagons could follow the waterways almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This was both a blessing and a curse. It would have been impossible for the migration to occur without the sustaining water for both man and beast. But the rivers became obstacles when it was time to cross. A strange feeling of awe oppressed the observer as he considered outwitting the unforgiving river.

The small wagon train packed up camp and started making preparations for crossing the South Platte. They had reached the point where the Platte forked. The North Platte continued west by northwest, leading its travelers upstream toward Oregon, and the South Platte veered slowly west by southwest, leading its travelers in the direction of Santa Fe. Though they had crossed rivers several times before, their apprehension was undiminished by their experience. If nothing else, prior crossings had given the group a very healthy respect for the power of the wide river.

Mary Ann Richardson began securing the wagon and the children while Edmund yoked their four remaining oxen together. Eleven-year-old Emma poked her head out the canvas. “Papa, why ya yoking Ollie up? He don’t look too good.” Edmund stepped back and surveyed the animals. The lead pair was solid and dependable, whereas the two in the rear were lame and weak. He patted Ollie on the side. “Well, Em, we’re going to need every bit of pulling power and stability we’ve got.”
Six-year-old George grinned and said, “Well maybe you ought to hook up ol’ Speck instead of Ollie. At least she looks like she’ll make it across.”

Emma elbowed George and retorted, “Speck’s a milk cow! She ain’t no ox. She don’t know how to pull a wagon!”

George rolled his eyes. “I was just kidding.”

“You were not! You just didn’t know!” she countered.

“All right you two, that’s enough of that,” Edmund interrupted.

The apple certainly doesn’t fall too far from the tree, he thought. George was light-hearted, never too concerned about the situation, a breath of fresh air—like Mary Ann. Emma, on the other hand, tended to be more serious, maybe even a little too serious—like himself.

Edmund noticed John Pitney walking toward the wagon, so he busied himself with adjusting the harnesses. He wasn’t really in the mood to deal with this self-appointed trail boss today. John Pitney wasn’t a bad guy, he was just blunt. He said what was on his mind without weighing or worrying about what people thought.

“So...”, Pitney started in, “You gonna need more time to get ready? Seems like we’re always waiting on you.”

“We’re ready,” Edmund answered quietly, not looking up. He was well aware of the poor shape of his team. He wished that he had better oxen but there was nothing he could do about it now.

Pitney continued, “Ya know we might just want to...”

“I said we’re ready!” Edmund interrupted. It was said as quietly as before, but with an intensity that surprised Pitney. He stammered on for a second, and then finally retorted, “I was just seeing how you were doing”. He turned on his heel and began barking orders at Thad Bell to go scout the crossing.

Seething, Edmund looked up and caught Mary Ann’s eyes. Instantly he was ashamed. “I know, I know. I shouldn’t let him get to me. He’s a good man down inside. Way down! But he bought his mouth from the backside of a donkey.”

He looked up to see George with saucer eyes and Emma pretending to be concerned about a missing button on her sleeve.

A call came from behind Edmund, “Hi, Mister Richardson.” He turned to see Thad Bell riding up on his horse.

“Man! Whose cat did I kick?” Edmund asked himself. If it wasn’t one thing, then it was another.

“Pardon me?” Thad was assigned to scout river crossings, but Edmund noted that he was spending more time scouting out his daughter than any rivers.

“Never mind. This just isn’t my day!” Edmund muttered as he walked around the oxen. He knew his frustration level was high today. He would do well to mind his temper. Edmund busied himself with the wagon hoping Thad would take the hint and leave him alone.

Undaunted, Thad smiled and tried again. “Anything I can do to help?”

As polite as he could muster, Edmund answered, “No. I think we’re quite all right, thank you.”

Thad, and his brother Francis, were traveling with Reverend Whitworth. Francis had performed well in driving one of the Reverend’s wagons, and Thad was in charge of the cattle. He rode the Reverend’s horse, the only one in the wagon train, and so assumed the unofficial duty as scout. He was a tall, gangly fifteen-year-old but despite his awkward appearance, he was actually quite agile. He fancied himself a cowboy like the Mexican vaqueros he’d heard of in Texas and California, so he was always practicing with a lasso.

Edmund sensed a slight hesitation from Thad. As he looked up, he noticed Emma’s blush from Thad’s eyes. He reflected on the peculiar glances he had caught between them over the last few weeks.

Emma was crossing that awkward threshold between young girl and young woman. She was pretty with a round face and just learning that she was becoming more than a little girl.
Apparently Thad was figuring this out too. Now, as he rode off, Edmund found his eyes following Thad too, studying him. Might be something to keep in mind, he thought.

The muddy water of the Platte constantly changed the river, making a crossing treacherous, and uncertain. When Thad finally reached the opposite side and started back, John Pitney started his team into the water. The oxen, too, were aware of the dangers involved and balked at entering the swift current. Encouragement from the whip coaxed the animals into the water. After the first pair entered, the rest became confident and followed along.

Edmund watched, as one by one, the wagons before him slowly dropped down into the river and struggled across against the current. He tried to keep an eye out for places where the wagons bumped and jarred, indications of holes or obstructions.

He felt someone step next to him. His brother in-law, John Carson, watched with the same scrutiny. “Looks like there’s a sticky spot about two-thirds the way across.”

Edmund nodded. “Yeah, I see it. But do we angle upstream or downstream to avoid it?”

John didn’t answer—any conjecture was just that. “Tell you what,” he finally proposed. “Why don’t I help you across, and then once we get over, we can both come back and get my rig.”

Edmund liked that idea. “Deal! That high water’s making me nervous.”

Soon it was Edmund’s turn and he coaxed his own oxen down into the water. Walking alongside, he felt the cold water wrap around his waist and he caught his breath until the initial shock was gone.

Mary Ann watched with eerie fascination as the wheels slipped down into the brown water, completely disappearing except for the top of the steel rim. Even though they had raised
the wagon box, the wagon plowed through the water, creating the sensation of floating in a boat.

The swift water would try to lift the upstream side of the wagon and push it down stream, therefore, the river was always approached angling upstream so that the water could sweep around the wagon, instead of pushing it sideways.

Edmund continued alongside his oxen, constantly talking to them and goading them when necessary. Every step taken was deliberate and firmly planted in order to push against the current.

About fifty feet from the shore, Clark Hay’s team ahead began struggling with quicksand. Recognizing the danger, Edmund yelled to his brother in-law. “John, keep the team going! I’m going to go help Clark.”

Edmund splashed ahead and began pushing on the tailgate of the wagon. Nothing budged, so he moved to a wheel, pushing hard to help it turn. Soon he was joined by John Pitney, who came rushing up yelling orders. “Get your bag-o-bones oxen moving, Hay! We’re going to roll this thing if you don’t.”

If Pitney’s idiotic command was good for anything at all, it was to infuriate everyone to work harder, Edmund thought. They were already doing all they could.

Thad Bell also saw the predicament and brought his horse on an awkward run, spraying muddy water everywhere, and swinging his rope. His practice paid off as he threw a loop around the horns of one of the struggling oxen, dallied the rope around the saddle horn, and reined the horse around to pull. With the aid of the horse and four men now pushing on the wagon, the ox bellowed and lunged, finally breaking itself and the wagon free.

Just as the wagon began lurching forward, Edmund looked back toward his own wagon at the sound of a cry. His oxen, principally the weaker ones, had begun faltering under the constant pressure of the water and allowed the flow to push them downstream. Soon the wagon was broadside to the river with the front axle jackknifing downstream as the animals fought for footing. Horror knotted Edmund’s stomach as he watched
the off-balanced wagon slowly topple over into the current. A
glimpse of his daughter’s face flashed up just before the canvas
dipped into the water, her terrified eyes pleading for help.

Time seemed to freeze as the wagon and its contents
 sluggishly tumbled with the current. The panicking oxen
frantically scrambled toward the riverbank as the wagon dragged
them backwards downstream, its canvas top catching the flow of
water as a ship’s sail catches the wind. Finally, mercifully, the
canvas snagged on a heavy willow root, allowing the oxen to gain
their footing.

Scarcely had the wagon stopped when Edmund reached
Mary Ann, who was frantically searching for something. “It’s
Emma! I can’t find Emma!” Mary Ann shrieked.

“Where is George?” Edmund called over the rush of the
water.

John Carson yelled, “He got out, he’s up on the bank!”

George had been swept clear of the wagon and was able
to paddle to the shore. But Emma was either trapped inside
the overturned wagon or somewhere downstream. Most of the
people who had already finished the crossing, ran downstream to
search for Emma or items floating away.

Unable to see below the murky water, Edmund ran his
hands along the remaining contents of the wagon. At last he
felt a leg and found Emma pinned between a large trunk and the
tailgate of the wagon. “I’ve found her!” he yelled. “Help me pull
her out!” He shoved the trunk and wrenched her out of the wagon
and hauled her, with John’s help, up onto the bank.

John laid his niece down and leaned close to her lips,
searching for a hint of breath. “She’s not breathing. We’ve got to
get the water out of her lungs!” He stretched her arms out over
her head while Edmund began pumping her stomach. There was
no response.

People gathered around, dumbfounded, not knowing what
to do or say. Reverend Whitworth’s wife Mary, a no-nonsense
woman, came bustling up and scattered the small crowd like
chickens. “Stop gawking! Go make yourselves useful.” She
handed Edmund a bottle of camphor and elbowed in to continue pumping Emma’s stomach.

John Pitney peered over the concerned crowd and commented, “Well, it looks like she’s dead.”

Instantly Edmund was livid. It unsettled him so much that he dropped the open camphor bottle. The pungent tonic splashed on Emma’s face, shocking her enough to make her cough violently. The encouraging sign prompted many hands to eagerly pound her back in attempt to help her.

Emma sat up to cough and began sobbing out of fright, reaching for her father. “Oh Papa, I sure wanted you to save me!” He scooped her up in his arms and rocked her back and forth. At this moment she was not a maturing young woman—she was still his little girl and he found himself sobbing with her.

Holding his wet daughter, Edmund reflected on all the “bad luck” of the trip and compared it to the blessing of the day. He recognized his pride and poured out his heart to God in thanks and repentance. Oh, how grateful he was for his little family! 6

The focus of the group turned to rescuing the oxen and wagon. Men and women waded in and lifted the wagon back on its wheels while others hooked up more oxen to assist the fatigued animals. Ollie had drowned and was floating in the water, still yoked to the others.

Before long the wagon, oxen, and the majority of the belongings were hauled up onto dry land and spread out to dry in the hot sun. Foodstuffs were all gone or ruined. Some of the clothing and bedding was recovered, but wet and mud-stained. Tools and cookware were still being sought and sometimes found by wading barefoot in the river. All personal items such as books, keepsakes, and toys were lost or destroyed.

The men waded back across to help the three remaining wagons. John and Emma Carson’s wagon had little problem with
the crossing, but Reverend Whitworth’s second wagon nearly ended up in the same mess as Edmund’s. The men were well aware of the danger, though, and acted quickly to keep the oxen going. The Reverend rearranged the load on his third wagon before attempting the crossing, and then managed without incident.

Much of the rest of the day was spent repairing the Richardson wagon, which had taken a beating. The left rear wheel was damaged, but salvageable. A spoke was broken and two more were split.

For the second time that day, the willow tree at the edge of the river became a savior as Edmund and John Carson were able to obtain fairly straight splints from its branches. They cut long strips of hide from the dead ox and wound them tightly around the splints and damaged spokes. Over the next few days, as the sun and heat began to dry the rawhide, it would shrink and become very tight, making the splint strong and secure. They shifted the weight of the load forward, away from the damaged wheel.

They also splinted the broken drawbar and cracked rear axle. The canvas had been torn completely off, the bows were mangled, the water barrel had been crushed and the left sideboards were broken.

Edmund surveyed the motley scene. When the wagon train started in Missouri, his had been the finest rig. Now it looked more like the aftermath of some ancient battle. His eyes drifted over to Mary Ann and George washing bedding and drying clothes while Emma rested in the warm sun. She was weak but her dancing eyes were bright with life. Edmund decided it was more than a fair deal. He would trade a thousand wagons for the safety of his family.
Walker War – Springville, Utah – July 17, 1853

Eliza Ivie hummed as she sprinkled water on the dirt floor of her cabin. The water served both to keep the dust down and to hard-pack the floor. As she turned to refill her cup she was startled to find an Indian woman standing quietly in the open doorway. No matter how often Indians came to trade or beg, she could never get used to the Indian culture of entering someone’s house without knocking.

The woman presented three large trout and signed that she wished to trade them for some flour. “One minute,” Eliza said to the woman, realizing even as she spoke that the woman understood no English. “Let me ask my husband.” She went outside and called to her husband. “James, there’s an Indian woman in the house and wants to trade some fish for flour.”

James was about chest deep in the well he was digging and was grateful for a breather. He crawled out of the hole and brushed himself off and mopped his brow. “I don’t know... Flour is hard to come by right now.”

Following his wife into the house he saw the three fish the woman held on a forked willow. “Wow! They look mighty good to me! Why don’t you go ahead and offer three pints of flour for them... if she wants to trade that way.” He took a drink of the water Eliza was using to wet the floor and then headed back to the well.

Eliza measured off three pints of flour and pointed to it. “We have very little flour. Do you want to trade?” The woman looked back and forth at the fish and the flour and hesitantly agreed. Eliza put the flour in a small cloth, tied it with a string, and handed it to the woman. As she accepted the fish she looked up to see two Ute Indians at the door.

One of the men stayed outside the door and the other, who appeared to be the woman’s husband, walked inside. He leaned his old rifle against the doorjamb and stepped to the woman to inspect her barter. He looked at the small bundle of flour and then at the three fish. He began to yell at her in the Ute tongue and then backhanded her across the room.
Eliza screamed and jumped back, shocked at the violent tirade. The man stepped to the squaw and hit her with two fierce blows to the face, crumpling her to the floor. Disgusted at her weakness, he began venomously kicking her ribs and stamping her abdomen as she curled up, trying to protect herself.

Still screaming, Eliza looked up to see her husband rushing in the door. Quickly assessing the brutality, he grabbed the incensed Ute and shoved him heavily into the wall near the open door. The dazed Indian jumped to his rifle and tried to point it towards the white man.

James saw the danger and jumped at the Indian. He grabbed the muzzle of the gun, and held it away from his body. For a few tense seconds both men struggled with the gun, each trying to overpower the other, until it broke with a loud crack. They stumbled backwards from each other, the Indian retaining the stock and James holding the muzzle.

The Indian rushed again at the white man. Gritting his teeth, James brought the barrel of the rifle down heavily on the Ute’s head, dropping him instantly to the ground.

Mr. Ivie stood above the Indian panting, trying to catch his breath. He caught a movement out of the corner of his eye and, spinning around, he saw the unconscious man’s companion pulling back his bow and releasing an arrow. He felt a sharp tug at the shoulder of his buckskin shirt as the arrow passed through, narrowly missing his flesh. Infuriated, he leapt at the man and brought down a crushing blow, driving him to the ground near his companion.

Just then he felt his head explode as the squaw, whom he had saved, attacked him from behind, hitting him squarely with a piece of firewood on his cheek and upper lip. He shook his head to clear his vision and again used the barrel of the gun to lay her out.

He looked, with one eye, at another Indian who had accompanied the others but had remained uninvolved. This man, an older Ute, made sign that he wanted no part in the action.
Joseph Kelly, a neighbor to the Ivies, came running up. “Are you all right?” But without waiting for an answer, ran inside to see if all was well. He saw Eliza Ivie standing in the corner, wide-eyed and trembling, but otherwise unhurt. Seeing the bucket of water Eliza had been using for the floor, he carried it outside and splashed it on the prostrate trio to try to revive them.

He then gave the bucket to the older Indian. “Go get more water for your friends.” The Indian took the bucket and ran, but not in the direction of water, rather towards the foothills.

Joseph turned to James Ivie. “He’s running to Chief Walkara. There’ll be trouble for sure.”

James, still breathing hard, stared at the three Indians on the ground before him. “You think this wasn’t trouble already?” Then looking to his neighbor, he said, “You’d better go get Bishop Johnson.”

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References

1 Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 2, p. 1

“We had to wait six weeks in St. [Joseph, Missouri] for the rest of the company, my grandmother, Harriet (Burbank) Darrow, my Aunt Emma (Darrow) Carson, and her husband John Carson, with baby Frank Carson. Uncle John made his wagon, and mother wove the cover. We started out on the first of April 1853 with eleven other wagons. It took us three months to cross the plains.”

"...The slave trade in Indians was well established many years before the Mormons entered Ute territory. What had once been a localized traffic in human misery had grown into a thriving business through the encouragement of Spanish and Mexican traders...

"[Walker] demanded tribute from small tribes and bands he visited periodically with his warriors... Sometimes the poorer bands... were not able to supply enough buckskins, blankets, or meat to satisfy him. Walker then took their women and children and sold them into slavery... His tribe's prosperity had been built largely upon three occupations: hunting, horse stealing, and slave trading. With the coming of the Mormons each of these means of livelihood had been successively threatened. Hunting became more difficult because the growing white population competed with the Indians for game. Next, Brigham Young had condemned horse stealing. Now slavery had been outlawed, and the Ute nation was shaken to its economic foundations."


"Early in the spring of 1853, W. A. Hickman, a Utah attorney, left Salt Lake City with a good supply of merchandise with a view to establish a trading post on... the Green River, a favored position which gave him opportunity to intercept all emigration before it reached Fort Bridger. During that summer he claimed to have cleared about $9,000 in three months time.

"In the winter of 1852-1853, the Utah territorial legislature granted a charter to Messrs. McDonald, Thompson, and Hawley, of Salt Lake City, to operate the emigrant ferries on Green River. Naturally the mountaineers, including Jim Bridger, resented the act of certain Utah interests in hornying into the lucrative business, as they had for many years operated the ferries. They had no intentions of turning their prosperous business over to the Mormons, so they enforced their rights with their guns... When the Mormon traders returned to Utah that Fall (1853) they
reported that James Bridger was selling powder and lead to the Indians and inciting them to kill the Saints.”

4 George F. Whitworth Papers, Whitworth College Archives, Spokane, Washington

Wednesday June 15
“Started about 7. Reached South Fork of Platte about ½ past two. Found the stream high, so as to require the Waggon Beds to be raised. Camped on the river.”

Thursday June 16
“Got our waggons ready, examined the Ford & started over a little after 10—had to Wade the river and drive. Mr. Hay’s team & mine crossed first successfully. Richardson’s team upset just as their waggon was going into the river. The next trip my family waggon nearly upset. Had to unload & place things on upper bottom & passed over safely.” [sic]

5 Karl M. Donaldson, Jr., The Edmund Richardson Story and The 1853 Diary of the Reverend George F. Whitworth, p.2.

“Using Whitworth’s diary, the U.S. Census and other sources, it has been possible to construct a list of most of those who traveled with Rev. Whitworth, as follows (ages given are approximate, as of 1853):

George F. Whitworth (37) [Clergyman], Mary E. (35), James E. (13), Fredrick H. (7), John M. (5), Clara (2), Sara Thomson (76), (plus two nieces Thomson and two young men, brothers, surname Bell)

Edmund Richardson (37) [Carpenter], Mary Ann (35), Emma L. (11), George A. (7)

John Carson (37) [Carpenter], Emma L. (28), Frank A. (1), Harriet Darrow (59)

Clark Hay (36) [Blacksmith], Caroline B. (31), Eveline (4), Ida (2)

John Pitney (41) [Carpenter], Elizabeth (38), M.J. (daughter) (17), Mary E. (15), Sarah A. (13), Joel A. (11), William M.C. (4)
“From the diary (July 9) it appears that west of Fort Laramie some ‘new-comers’ joined the company, one of whom may have been a Mr. Post and his family.”

Author’s note: As specific names and character traits are often not provided, I have taken the liberty of attaching personalities to known wagon train members for story flow. I have given names to the Bell brothers as Thad and Francis.

6 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 4

“When some teams ahead of him became involved in the quicksand, Edmund rushed to their assistance, leaving his wagon in the care of others. Soon his team yielded to the rush of the water and his wagon overturned, submerging all its contents. Mrs. Richardson was helped out and George paddled to shore where he called, ‘Our wagon is tipped over!’ When Emma Lynette was missed their frantic search sent Edmund and several of the men swimming to the overturned wagon where they found her trapped between the wagon cover and the load. After all efforts to resuscitate her failed, a bystander remarked, ‘Well, I guess she is dead.’ This so agitated Edmund that he dropped the camphor bottle he held, spilling its contents into the little girl’s face and she was revived, perhaps because she was more smothered than drowned.”
That trouble would follow was a certainty. In the code of the frontier to kill a raiding Indian, or even to lay one low in a fair fight, skirmish or open battle would not of necessity bring reprisal, but to finish off an Indian on the very doorsteps of a white man’s house was something else—especially if that Indian were a Ute belonging to the band of the already angered Walkara.

“On the outskirts of [Payson] Arrapeen (Walkara’s brother) spied the first man to be seen carrying a gun. Alexander Keele, doing guard duty. With a blood-chilling battle howl, and a shout for the Mormons at the gate that the war was on and would last until the whites were all exterminated, the Indian rifles spoke, and Keele fell dead at his post.”
Chapter Four

South Pass, Wyoming – July 25, 1853

Beads of sweat trickled down Edmund’s face into his eyes, and dripped off his chin. His hatband and shirt had long become saturated, without the slightest movement of air for relief from the heat. Without a breeze, there was only dust. Powdered earth billowed up with the plodding of each person, animal, and wagon wheel in the train. It hung in the air and mixed with sweat to form a thin cake of mud on clothes, skin, and teeth.

Being the last wagon afforded the unique experience of wallowing. The lead wagons churned dirt to powder and mud to slurry. Before the lead wagon swept a panorama of prairie, wildlife, and landmarks—hope. But the view from the last wagon offered little more than dust, the backsides of animals, and the backsides of wagons. Thirst chokes the last, just as vision empowers the first.

Edmund walked beside his oxen, coaxing them gently on. Resting his hand on their sides not only encouraged the oxen, but also told him how they were faring. He was amazed at the endurance of these animals, despite their gaunt condition. These two were the last of his original six oxen, and now they too, were breaking down. The hot July sun had withered the little forage left by earlier wagon trains, and the animals were slowly dying from starvation and exhaustion. Edmund passed an attempt-at-faith glance back to Mary Ann who was walking with the children.
Theirs were not the first oxen to die on this trek. Carcasses of horses and cattle, along with the carcasses of wagons and cast-off furniture, littered the trail. The Oregon Trail had a way of changing travelers' priorities from comforts to bare necessities. Many a freight-hauler made handsome profits picking up discarded luxuries from the wayside, and selling them back to the settlers at the end of the trail.

He had to abandon their wagon near Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The repairs made on the banks of the North Platte had lasted for a while, but the constant jarring over rough terrain had finally dismantled the whole wagon. They reallocated their essential belongings among the other wagons in the train, and continued on with Mary Ann's sister and brother-in-law, Emma and John Carson.

Edmund was grateful, but humiliated for having to burden his friends and in-laws. Dependence, to the fiercely independent, was like salt in the wounds of affliction. The idea of sapping off of the benevolence of others grated on his spirit. But as much as Edmund disliked accepting help, there was no other choice.

When the wagon train reached Independence Rock, Wyoming, Edmund purchased another wagon. It was in poor condition, and it cost twice as much as a good one in Missouri, but considering his predicament, it was more than he should expect, and he was grateful for it. He would have gladly bought some poor oxen, too, but he found none for sale.

The trek west had been difficult thus far, but now they were in trouble. They were now just past South Pass, Wyoming, the halfway point on the Oregon Trail. A thousand miles to go! When they camped that night, Edmund and Mary Ann discussed the events of the last few weeks, the gravity of their situation, and what options were available. There was no possibility the remaining two oxen could pull the load all the way to Oregon. Even though Edmund was exhausted, sleep did not come easy to him that night.
Kinney Cutoff, Wyoming – July 26, 1853

At the end of his early morning sentry duty, John Carson awoke the members of the small train for the beginning of another day on the trail. Edmund rose with the dilemma immediately before him. It was as if he had not slept at all. He reached to awaken Mary Ann, but thought he might let her sleep a few more minutes. He stirred the smoldering buffalo chips to bring the fire back to life, and then splashed water on his face.

Normally he would send George to bring in the oxen, but this morning he was worried about the sick ox, and thought he should bring it in himself. In the gray predawn he walked to the hollow where they hobbled the oxen the night before. He talked softly to the animals to apprise them of his coming. Then his eyes were drawn to a dark form off to the side, lying awkwardly. As he approached, his fears were confirmed when he recognized the lifeless body of his ox. He removed the cuff-like hobbles from the front legs of the animal, and carried them back to camp.

Edmund sat for a few minutes, staring at the smoldering fire. Finally, he got up to fan the flames, and put some coffee on to boil. He roused his family and began the day’s preparations as normal. It was already light when thirteen-year-old James Whitworth came running, “Mr. Richardson! Mr. Richardson! I think your ox is dead!”

Mary Ann’s eyes grew wide as Edmund held up the hobbles. “Yes, James, I think you’re right.” He shrugged at the question in her eyes. “He didn’t look real well last night, but I didn’t expect this.”

Several people approached the Richardson wagon, but John Pitney was the first to speak. “I feel real bad,” he commented with feigned sympathy, “but we can’t wait on you no more.”

Edmund was too drained to even react. “Yeah, John, whatever…."

Harriet Darrow, Mary Ann’s mother, approached with the others and asked, “What are you going to do? Maybe we can lend you an ox.”
“No, Mother Darrow,” Edmund replied, “you’ve already lost two and you’re going to need all you’ve got to make it to Oregon. We’re only half way there. No... Mary Ann and I talked last night, and we know we’re not going to be able to make it to Oregon this year. This just clinched it. It’s late July and you need to make up some time in order to get there before winter.”

“Well, what are you going to do?” Harriet repeated.

Edmund paused. “Just up ahead is the Kinney Cutoff where our wagon train turns northwest toward Oregon. But the main trail heads southwest to Salt Lake City...” He let the words sink in.2

“You’re not really thinking of going down there, are you?” Harriet gasped.

Mary Ann interjected, “Well, we were. But this dead ox presents another problem.”

In his eagerness to be overly helpful, John Pitney almost blubbered out, “Maybe you can use your milk cow.”

For once Edmund agreed with him. “Yeah, that might work.”

Harriet wouldn’t hear it. “But that’s a couple hundred miles! You’d be alone!”

A flood of comments from different people now gathering joined in. “That’s Ute country, and they’re on the warpath.” “Salt Lake is full of Mormons! I don’t know which is more dangerous, the Utes or the Mormons!” “And them Mormons is devil worshipers... they got horns, ya know. My brother seen ‘em. He said they sacrifice virgins and then throw ‘em in the Salt Lake.”

“Hogwash!” someone interrupted. It was Reverend Whitworth. “What are you? Witch burners from Salem? You believe every story you hear? Horns, indeed! The Mormons have some vile doctrines, but they’re not witches.

“Tell you what you do,” he continued. “Go down there and set up camp near enough to be protected from the Indians, but far enough to protect yourself from the Mormons.”3
Edmund nodded, "That's what we were thinking. I might be able to find work in order to buy the oxen and supplies we'll need to come to Oregon next spring."

"I still don't like it!" Harriet protested.

Mary Ann hugged her mother. "Do you have any better ideas, Mama?"

After a minute, Harriet shook her head. "No, I guess you're right. How about if we take the children?"

"No, Mother, we're a family. We need to do this together."

Edmund and John Carson put Speck, the family milk cow, in the yoke with their last ox. She fought it for a minute, but shortly settled into her new role. They moved the drawbar and linchpin over on the yoke so that the greater portion of the load was shifted to the ox to save the strength of the cow.

As good-byes and wishes for good luck were offered, Emma peeked over her mother's shoulder and caught the eyes she was looking for. Thad Bell busied himself with the latigo on his saddle, but looked earnestly toward Emma. Since he started seeing her as pretty instead of freckle-faced, he had hardly said five words to her. Before he noticed the change, he often chatted amiably with her, but now he couldn't think of one word to say that didn't sound foolish.

Emma hesitantly waved a couple of fingers at him. He almost dislodged his hat trying to wave back. He tried to convince himself to talk with her, but just then the call was sounded to move out, and it was too late.

Harriet walked ahead with the Richardsons the remaining two miles to the Kinney Cutoff, wanting to spend the last few hours with her family. At the turnoff, she hugged her daughter and grandchildren. "Why do I get the feeling that I'll never see you again?" she finally said with a distressed voice.
Mary Ann attempted to be cheerful. “We’ll be in Oregon next summer, Mother. We’ll be fine. Write to us so we’ll know where you are, and tell us all about it.”

Harriet acted as if she hadn’t even heard her daughter. Turning to her granddaughter, she said, “Oh Emma, you’re becoming such a lovely young woman. Be faithful to God. He has something great in store for you. But I feel he has a trial for you first. Keep your eye on the prize.”

Then she turned and kissed George. “Georgie, you’re looking more like your Grandpa every day. You’re turning into a fine young man. I love you both so much.”

“We love you too, Grandma,” they assured her. Grandmas always get blubbery, George thought.

Harriet Darrow watched and waved as the Richardsons began limping along the trail south to Salt Lake. As she waited for the wagon train to catch up with her, she found a large rock to sit on, and cried.

Soon distance separated the two groups. The Richardsons found themselves peering back towards the North until nothing could be seen of the wagon train but a small cloud of dust shimmering in the July heat. Never had they felt so alone, or so vulnerable. No one felt like speaking. All was quiet except for the creaking and rattling of the wagon, and the plodding of hooves on the hard ground. Up ahead, the endless prairie and the ominous thunderheads building over them, appeared foreboding.

Emma broke the silence. “Papa, is God mad at us?”

That pulled Edmund out of his thoughts. “I don’t think so, Em. Why do you ask?” He could already see where this was coming from, as he had doubts plaguing him as well.

Emma felt frustrated. “It seems like we keep having bad luck, and you say there is no such thing as luck. If this is part of God’s plan, then He must be against us. I mean, we were going
"Parting Ways"

Whitworth Camp continues on the Oregon Trail via the Kinney Cutoff. Richardsons travel south to Salt Lake along the Mormon Trail.

Base Map Source: National Park Service
© Ty Richins, 2003
to start a church, right? But the whole way we keep having problems—more than anyone else, at least. And now we’re not even going to Oregon.”

Edmund mulled it over before answering. “I don’t know, Em. I don’t know what the Lord’s plan is for us. Sometimes I get frustrated too. It does seem like we’re getting more stumbling blocks than stepping stones, doesn’t it? Maybe it’s a test.” Then with a wink he said, “Maybe He wants us to go convert the Mormons”.

“Convert ‘em?” Emma was aghast. “I just hope they don’t kill us! Papa, I’m scared. I’m scared of the Mormons. I’m scared of the Indians. I’m scared that we’ll be all alone....”

Edmund put his arm around his daughter. “I’m scared too, Emma. I just don’t know what else we can do. We’ve got to trust that the Lord sees the big picture, and that He’s watching over us.”

Camping alone that first night was intimidating. They’d crossed the Green River on the Lombard ferry and traveled fourteen miles alone, but the wide-open night sky underscored their loneliness and vulnerability. No one felt much like talking, but Mary Ann opened her Bible and began to read. She read out loud from where she’d left off in Matthew, and a spirit of calmness blanketed the camp. Somehow the beatitudes of Christ brought solace.

Walker War—Spring City, Utah – July 29, 1853

Though it was but ten o’clock, the summer heat was already starting to rise. The congregation entered a small log school building for Sunday services and the usual buzz of conversation died quickly as Brother James Allred stood to welcome the Saints and announce the program.
Suddenly a howl from outside the walls of the fort was heard, followed by a multitude of demonic voices yelling and screeching. It took a moment for the startled worshipers to realize what was happening.

James Allred called above the noise. “It’s Walker’s band! Women and children stay down. Brethren, get your guns and man the walls!” Following the command, the men ran outside and to their homes to grab their rifles.

Because Chief Walker was on the warpath, the people of Spring City had finally heeded the counsel of Brigham Young to “fort up.” In the last few days, the log cabins had been dismantled, and rebuilt into a large square to effect a fort. Walls had been built between the homes with portholes set every few feet for defensive positions. Now they were grateful for following the counsel.  

Outside, about fifty Utes, with painted faces surrounded the fort and raced their horses back and fourth, making themselves difficult targets for the rifles of the Mormon defenders. But this chaotic riding also greatly limited their own accuracy. The Indians jeered and taunted the fort inmates, challenging them to come out of their cowardly fort and fight like men. For an hour the Indians assaulted the fort, working their horses to a lather.

While the fort was being attacked, another large band of Utes swooped down on the boys that had been sent to herd the animals, firing at them and yelling wildly.

The herders had been enjoying some shade while allowing their own hobbled horses to graze along with the rest of the horses and the cattle. At the commencement of the attack, the boys scattered into the trees for protection against the hail of wildly-shot arrows and bullets. In the pandemonium of the charging Indians, the cattle and horses stampeded toward the canyon that led into the nearby mountains.

The majority of the Indians drove the panicked animals while a number stayed behind to keep the teenage cowboys pinned in the trees. Two of the boys, seeing their hobbled horses a short distance away, attempted to sneak over to their mounts,
but they were quickly convinced otherwise by the whiz of angry bullets above their heads.

When the animals were safely up the canyon, the remaining Utes, both those surrounding the fort, and those pinning down the herders, retreated up the canyon, leaving the Mormons alone.

The boys ventured out of their protection and walked back to the fort. As they approached the fort, the doors were thrown open wide and distraught parents came running out, overjoyed to see them alive.

When everyone was safely inside, Martin Wood asked, “Now what do we do?”

James Allred, the leader of this small body of Saints, ran his fingers heavily through his hair. “I’m not sure. We need to go for help, but all the horses are gone.” Then after a minute, he offered, “Maybe we ought to let the Lord in on our problem.”

“Good idea,” someone said as the men in the gathering began to remove their hats. Brother Allred dropped to his knees in the dirt, and offered a simple prayer. “Our loving Father in Heaven. We know that Thou art aware of our problems. We are grateful for our lives, and the lives of our sons.”

He paused a few seconds. “Father, we’re in a predicament now. We are trapped in this fort without our animals. We pray for thy power of deliverance. Wilt thou deliver us out of the hands of our enemies? For this we pray in the name of our Redeemer, amen.”

As he finished his prayer, Brother Allred got up and pronounced. “Brethren and Sisters, I don’t think we’re going to be safe here for long. We need to move to the stone fort at Manti. Stone forts don’t burn.”

It was obvious the thought of burning walls had not occurred to many people. “But how are we going to do that?” Martin Wood asked with frustration. “That’s fifteen miles from here, and we have no means of transportation!”

James Allred took a deep breath. “I don’t know. I just know that we have to do our part, and the Lord will take care of the rest.”
More humble, Brother Wood asked, "What is our part?"
The leader glanced around and shrugged. "We can at least pack our things so that we can be ready.

A half-hour later, the nervous group was startled by the cry of the watchman. They quickly looked to see the watchman dancing and laughing on his perch. "Open the gate!" he called. "Open the gate!"

Confused, a couple of men ran to open the gate and were surprised to see two of the hobbled horses awkwardly lumbering toward the fort. The men ran, hooting and laughing, to the horses and smothered them with attention.

Removing the hobbles, the men led the horses quickly into the fort where they received a hero’s welcome. James Allred turned to the boys who’s saddles were still on the horses. "Boys, we need you to ride like the wind to Manti and tell them what has happened. Ask them to send us help. The Lord will protect you. We’ll be praying for you."

Both boys were young, but took their jobs seriously. They hugged their mothers, and then climbed on the horses, and spurred them toward Manti.

No one slept that night. They packed and prayed and prepared their homes for abandonment. At daybreak, a call was heard from the watchmen to open the gates. As they were opened, the Saints of Spring City cheered the arrival of their rescue squad. Three freight wagons pulled by twelve yoke of oxen rolled into the fort, each with six mounted guards in the van, and six in the rear.

That Monday, the wagons were loaded with the precious few belongings remaining, and prepared for an escape that night. At dusk the loaded wagons began their retreat for the safety of Fort Manti.
Mormon Trail, Wyoming – July 31, 1853

Mary Ann and Edmund walked ahead of the wagon, content to let George handle the team. “How do you feel?” Edmund queried. “About our detour to Salt Lake, I mean.”

Mary Ann reached to run her fingers through some pale sagebrush. “I’m not sure. I’m sad to leave my mother, but somehow I feel light—as though a huge weight has been lifted.”

Edmund agreed, “I know what you mean! It’s strange that even though this is altering our plans, at least for this year, I feel good about it. I mean, I still have concerns about the Indians and the Mormons. I worry about the wagon and the animals. And we are alone in the middle of nowhere... but I feel like it’s all going to turn out all right.”

“I feel that way too, Papa.” It was Emma.

They turned to find her walking just behind them. Mary Ann slowed and took her hand. “I thought you wanted to ride in the wagon for a while.”

“I did for a ways, but I got bored. You were talking about going to Salt Lake. I was sad at first, but these last few days... I don’t know. I’m even a little bit excited.”

Mary Ann considered her feelings. “I believe God is in this detour.”

References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 5

“One after another, Edmund’s oxen died and his wagon completely broke down and had to be abandoned. His load was
divided among the different outfits and the family rode with the Carson folks.

"...To relieve the situation, Edmund bought a new wagon at Independence Rock, Wyoming, and all went well until the party reached the Big Sandy River where Edmund's best ox died."

2 George F. Whitworth Papers, Whitworth College Archives, Spokane, Washington

Monday July 25

"Left camp a little after 6. Drove down Big Sandy, Striking Salt Lake Road nearly two miles from where it crosses the creek, & some 7 or 8 miles from where we started..."

Tuesday July 26

"Mr. Richardson's ox died last night with murrain. The cattle were drove of to better grass & were late starting on our way. Took the right hand road at B. Sandy, up the hill. Road good to Green River. Descent to river easy. Mr. R left us to put into Salt Lake to winter owing to the weakness of his team."

Author's note: There is a slight discrepancy in the reference material concerning this parting—whether it is the Kinney Cutoff or the Sublet Cutoff. I have used the Kinney Cutoff taken from Karl Donaldson's explanation of the Whitworth Journal.

3 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 3

"I have often heard my mother tell of their fear of the dreadful Mormons. When the oxen died at the Big Sandy River, and they knew that it would be utterly impossible to continue the journey to Oregon until another spring, they were almost overcome with the dread of having to associate even so little with the people they knew to live in Salt Lake City. But the Indians were still more dreadful so they knew it was their only hope of life.

"When they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, they decided to go over west of the Jordan River which had the advantage of being
apart from the bulk of the people and with few neighbors, but near enough for the protection from the Indians.”

4 Johnson and Shumway, p. 6

“Speck, the family milch cow, was made a permanent member of the team.”


“This fort was completed July 28, 1853. The day after the fort was completed, about four hundred Indian warriors of the Walker band made a raid on the settlement and drove off about two hundred head of cattle and thirty head of horses.”


“It subsequently transpired that the allied bands of marauding Indians had driven the stock only a few miles distance—up into Joe’s Valley, where they camped and a very animated altercation as to the division of the spoil took place. While they were thus quarreling a milch cow that had left a young calf in the fort would occasionally elude their vigilance, and return to their starving offspring; and as each animal with distended udder, was descried approaching the dismantled fort, they were greeted with enthusiastic ardor, caps were flung in the air and the watchers were nearly consumed with breathless expectation, until it could be determined whether it was ‘Allred’s old Brindle’ or Mart Wood’s ‘Old Speck.’ That was the men’s greeting, but more than one of the returning lost ones was greeted by the women and children with tender caresses, and sometimes tears of joy…

“The men returned armed and in sufficient force for safety to irrigate the growing grain, a part of the force standing guard while the others labored.”
Chapter Five

Mormon Trail — August 1853

The trail west-by-southwest to Salt Lake offered no change in landscape—the monotony of the Wyoming prairie was interminable. It was almost two weeks of crossing flats and swells and occasional low hills. And even from the little hilltops, the only thing visible was more prairie.

At last, to the south, a faint blue range of mountains running east and west became visible in the distance, and from there the trail headed almost due west, skirting along the northern slope of the Uintah Mountains. Even though the mountain range was distant, the change in the landscape brought hope.

“You see that Emma?” Edmund pointed up ahead. “I think that’s Fort Bridger. What do you say we camp there for the night?”

“Sounds good to me.” Emma agreed. “Camping alone every night scares me. I’ll be glad to be at a fort for a night.”

It took two hours to reach the fort, and another to set up camp and care for the animals. Finally, Edmund gave in to the pleadings of his children to go to the trading post.

The Richardson family stepped from the bright sunlight into the dimly lit store, and stood for a minute to let their eyes adjust. All around the walls were skins of animals in various stages of tanning, the rancid odors mixing with the smell of tobacco smoke. Barrels of wheat and flour supported planks to effect a counter. The only shelves in the room sported a variety of liquor bottles.
A man smoking a homemade pipe and sitting on a rickety chair in the corner of the room watched the family. When Edmund noticed him, he asked, “Do you have any feed grain for sale?”

“Got some oats out back,” came the gruff reply. Jim Bridger was tough looking, befitting the mountain man he was. He wore a short beard, almost more white than gray, that accentuated the hard lines on his face. He pulled a long draught on his homemade pipe. “Sorry looking rig ya got there.”

Embarrassed, Edmund opened his mouth to explain, but was cut off by more remarks from the strange man. “I thought you Mormons traveled in packs.”

Edmund was momentarily confused. He wasn’t used to store keepers treating their customers with contempt. He would have walked out immediately, but he desperately needed grain for his “sorry” team, and where else was he going to get it?

That was the problem, Edmund thought, this man could be as rude as he wanted to be—he was a one-act show. You either bought what you needed from him, or you went without.

But it was George that retorted angrily, “We ain’t no Mormons!”

The expression on Bridger’s face turned instantly from disdain to surprise, and then skepticism. “But you’re headed to Salt Lake?”

Edmund couldn’t tell if it was a question or a statement. He was wary of this man’s motives. “We were on our way to Oregon until we lost most of our team. Do you have any oxen for sale?”

Jim Bridger frowned, “Can’t help you there… Sold the last of what I had almost a month ago.” His attitude was noticeably less aggressive. “Wish I could help you though, I hate to see anyone have to put up in Salt Lake.”

Edmund was curious. “Why do you say that?”

The mountain man shrugged. “You know, they seemed like nice enough folks when they first came through. Rather strange, maybe, but amiable-like. I even sat down with their king,
Brigham Young, and helped them out with the information I knew about the Salt Lake basin.”

He drew another deep lungful of smoke and let it slowly tumble out his mouth as he spoke. “But they come out here, just like they did everywhere they’ve been, and start throwing their weight around. You get several thousands of ‘em together, all building up their ‘kingdom’ and following every word that spills out of their king’s mouth as if he were the Almighty himself, and pretty soon they control everything. They force everyone around to either concur with them or move away.” He swore under his breath. “Their sheriffs are Mormons, their judges, juries, lawyers... their whole government is Mormon! If you’re not with them, then you must be again’ them, they figure.”

He continued his venting. “They do the same with the Indians. They sweet-talk the Utes and give them worthless gifts and tell them they love them. They want to be brothers with them, they say. Then they turn around and steal their lands and take their best hunting and fishing grounds. Well, Chief Walker has had enough, I tell you. He’s gone and declared war on the Mormons.”

George was entranced. “Who’s Chief Walker?”

Bridger laughed. He liked this young pup—outspoken and curious. “Chief Walker, or Walkara as the Utes call him, is the main chief over all the Ute tribes. He and I used to be great friends until the Mormons coddled him and lied to him about me. But Walker is finding out who his real friends are. I’ve warned him about the Mormons. So if you’re heading to Salt Lake, I’ll pass along that same warning to you. Just watch yourself. You can’t trust ‘em.”

As they walked back to their camp for the evening, Mary Ann listened to George and Emma discussing what they had just heard from the famous Jim Bridger. Finally she interrupted them. “I think there are a lot of people we can’t trust out here. And I think that the Mormons and the Indians aren’t the only ones.”
Wasatch Mountains, Utah – August 1853

The wide, open prairie gave way, first to canyon lands, and then to mountains. The trail dropped down into the base of a long southwestward canyon, which ran almost perfectly straight for about eleven miles before dumping into a pretty little valley at the eastern base of the towering Wasatch Mountains.

After camping there, the Richardsons began a long climb up the canyon on the eastern slope of the mountains. The road was well marked, and apparently well traveled, though it was rocky and rough. The wagon jarred back and forth as it followed the rocky trail and crossed a small stream several times. The trail was steep enough to put a heavy strain on the mismatched team, so everyone helped push the wagon. As they topped what seemed to be the crest of the mountain, a breathtaking vista of a small valley and the real mountains came into view.

Years earlier this had been dubbed “Heartbreak Ridge,” and with good reason. After so much strain to traverse the long climb, it was truly disheartening to realize this was merely a foothill compared to the mountains looming ahead.

“I don’t know if we can make it, Papa.” Emma was overwhelmed.

Edmund mopped his brow with the back of his sleeve as he assessed the trail before him. “You think we can make it down this hill, Emma?”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Of course we can make it down. It’s the up part that I’m worried about.”

Edmund put his arm around his daughter. “All right, we’ll make it down this hill, and then we’ll set a goal from there. We’ll just do it a little at a time.”
Near Parley’s Park, Utah – August 18, 1853

It had been three weeks since the Kinney Cutoff and the country seemed more hostile than ever. Two nights ago Edmund spent the better part of the night guarding his nervous family and petrified animals against a bear that circled their camp.¹ The few people they met on the trail had warned of Indian problems, so Edmund went nowhere without his rifle.

The elation of the Spirit confirming their decision had long since disappeared. It had “carried” them for a time, then set them back on their feet before leaving them feeling completely alone. Except for the witness of God they had felt those first few days, Edmund would have guessed they had gone completely against God’s will. The feeling was aloneness... emptiness. There was no choice now, but to press onward.

That night the Richardsons camped at the edge of a stand of Piñon trees. Around midnight Edmund was awakened by Emma’s cries, “Papa, I hear horses coming.” Everyone jumped out of their blankets, and scattered into the brush and trees, just as they had practiced. Edmund stepped into the shadows with his rifle and waited for the approaching riders. Shortly he recognized the sound of a wagon, and called his family back.

“Halloo the camp!” called a rider.

“You’re welcome in our camp, friend.” Edmund called back.

After climbing down from their horses and wagon, a large group of men entered the camp and, upon seeing Mary Ann and the kids coming in from the trees, immediately doffed their hats. Nodding to each, one of the men greeted, “Sir, ma’am, children... Sorry to bother you. We saw your campfire and wondered if we could lop on with you. My name is Ralph Thompson.”²

Edmund shook his hand, “How do you do? I’m Edmund Richardson and this is my wife, Mary Ann, and my children Emma and George.” Although all the men were rough looking, there was also something disarming about their demeanor.

“We’re a posse from Salt Lake,” Ralph explained, “and we’re looking for a couple of young men who were attacked by
Indians. There were four of our men cutting logs when they were attacked. Two of them were able to cut the harnesses of a couple of the horses and escape to Salt Lake. The other two are still missing."

Emma stepped to her father, almost unconsciously, for a sense of protection. The idea that Indians had attacked and killed someone nearby was frightening.

The men talked among themselves about the best course of action until Mary Ann interrupted them. "You gentlemen could probably use some coffee. I can have a pot ready in a few minutes."

"And you're welcome to camp with us tonight." Edmund added. He welcomed the idea of increased numbers through the night.

Ralph smiled wearily. "We'll probably pass on the coffee, ma'am. But this looks like a good place to get some shut-eye."

The men left to take care of their horses and then returned to the fire and talked quietly among themselves.

During a lull in the talk, Mary Ann remarked to Mr. Thompson, "So, you're from Salt Lake City? That's an interesting accent you have there..."

Ralph was taller than average and carried a dignified, peaceful presence about him. His sideburns were trimmed in a Greek style, extending well below his jawbone. His manner of speech added to his genteel air. "My British accent betrays me once again." Ralph smiled and continued, "Well, most recently we're from Salt Lake—at least, most of us are—except for Amos Warren here." Ralph gestured toward a quiet, younger man sitting on his haunches away from the fire, "He hails from Springville, about sixty miles south of Salt Lake. He just happened to be visiting his new in-laws in Salt Lake and we thought it best to 'save' him from them, so we brought him along. Besides he can speak 'Ute'."

George's eyes grew wide. "Ya ever fought Injuns?"
Mary Ann tugged his ear lobe, and softly reprimanded him, "That’ll be enough out of you." Turning to Amos, she apologized. "I’m sorry, Mr. Warren."

The men chuckled, and Amos Warren almost blushed. "That’s quite all right. Boys are meant to be impetuous. But to answer your question, I reckon I have been involved in a skirmish or two." A brief silence of expectation passed as Amos willed the topic to change.

"You call fighting Walker a skirmish?" A tall, thin man chortled as he rolled his eyes. "Amos just got back a few days ago from fighting under Captain Peter Conover against a band of Chief Walker’s renegades in Manti. Yeah, I’d say Amos has seen a skirmish or two." 4

This time Amos took the topic change into his own hands. "So what are you all doing here by yourselves? This isn’t exactly the best time to be traveling alone. Walker’s on the warpath, ya know."

Edmund had asked himself the same question a thousand times. "It’s a long story. We broke down this side of South Pass, and we’re limping into Salt Lake. Are there supplies there?"

"You might find what you need." Amos didn’t sound very encouraging. "Although, supplies are a limited commodity around here. We’re a long way from anywhere, you may have noticed."

"We noticed," Edmund agreed. "How much farther is it to Salt Lake? We caught a glimpse of the valley from the pass, but..."

"You’re almost there," Amos assured. "Just finish this last tough climb over Little Mountain and follow the canyon, and then the valley will open up. You’ll be there tomorrow or the next day for sure."

Ralph Thompson looked at his pocket watch. "I see that it already is tomorrow. I’m sorry that we kept you up. We’ll hit the sack if you don’t mind."
"Is that them behind us? Is that the posse?" George pointed to horses rounding the bend below them. Recognizing the horses and the wagon, Edmund answered, "Yes, I believe so."

"What time did they get up?"

"They left about 4:30, about half an hour before I woke you up"

"Wow!" George exclaimed. "They didn’t get much sleep, did they?"

"No, I don’t suppose so," Edmund agreed. "They were pretty worried about their friends."

George looked to his father. "Do you think they’ll go on to Salt Lake with us?"

"I doubt it, Son." Edmund surveyed his mismatched team struggling up the steep grade. "We’re traveling pretty slow, and they probably need to get back home."

After a short silence George asked, "Do you think they’re Mormons?"

Not sure where this was headed, Edmund answered, "They’re from Salt Lake—I imagine they are."

"They don’t seem too mean," George reasoned. Mary Ann smiled and narrowed her gaze at him. "Well, let’s just not do anything to provoke them, all right?"

"I’m not going to say anything," George defended. "Besides, I didn’t see no horns on ‘em."

Emma chimed in, "You’re gonna get ol’ Speck’s horns if ya don’t be quiet!"

Everyone laughed except George, who just huffed. It was only about 10:00, but the posse had already completed its mission. That could mean either very good news, or very bad. From the somber faces it certainly must be the latter.

"Good morning," Edmund called out as the group neared. The salutation was returned, but without enthusiasm.
Emma was apprehensive at the depressed mood of the men. As Amos Warren rode up on his horse, she ventured a question. "You didn't find your friends?"

Amos countered with a nod. "We did find them. We saw the wreckage of their wagon first, and then we found the bodies stripped a couple hundred yards away." He dismounted and walked to the buckboard. He pulled back the cedar boughs and the blankets that were placed to protect the bodies from the August sun. "They shot them right through the heart."

Although Mary Ann declined the sight, Edmund surveyed the horrific scene. Immediately an image came into his mind. In an instant he saw, from the perspective as if he were high on a hill, a solitary wagon with a small family walking beside it, slowly wending their way across the open plain. He saw their dust, their campfires, their aloneness, all broadcasting their complete vulnerability and naivete, if not stupidity, for a hundred and fifty miles and three weeks. Enemies lurked everywhere. The darkness of hell encroached and threatened the little family.

Dark thoughts flooded his mind. What were they doing here? How easily these two men could have been his family of four. What would they have done with a woman and a pretty young girl? The thought was revolting. Fear, and then anger, gripped his stomach. How could God have led them to sacrifice all, and then abandon them half-way? Where was God in all of this?

Then, as if in answer to his silent challenge, he observed more clearly that light surrounded the family, fending off the gathering darkness. They had walked amidst the darkness with the light of God! A warm wave of peace washed through his soul, drowning the fear and flooding his mind with scriptural assurance. "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Tears from months of frustration and hardship filled Edmund's eyes. His family was not insignificant. He was not nothing. God was aware of them. Then another thought from
Isaiah presented itself: “Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands;”

“Papa, you all right?” Edmund could feel Emma’s hand on his elbow. The gratitude overflowing his heart caused him to forget the gruesome sight before him, else he would have shielded his daughter from the view, but it was too late.

As Emma peered into the bed of the buckboard, color drained from her face. She felt the world start to spin crazily around her, making her nauseous. She held to the wagon with one hand to steady herself, and covered her mouth with the other. She felt her eyes roll back...

When she awoke, she was immediately aware that she was surrounded by everyone. She was resting in her mother’s arms as her father wiped her face with a wet cloth. Amos, red-faced, apologized profusely, “I’m so sorry, Miss. I didn’t mean to make you sick. I didn’t mean to do anything like that. I was just….”

Emma was too embarrassed to even look up. “It’s all right, Mr. Warren.” Edmund reassured, “No harm done. It just makes us a little less naive about the dangers.”

Amos, with hat in hand, apologized again as he backed toward his horse. “I’m real sorry. We need to be going.”

The sound of hooves on stones and the wagon rattling up the rocky road soon faded as the posse wound up the canyon.

Edmund reached out his hand to his daughter. “Do you feel like walking, Em?”

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“This is the Place” Hill – August 20, 1853

Edmund walked behind the wagon, pushing it up the small hill out of what the posse had called Emigration Canyon. Peering around the back of the wagon, he could see that the small climb
was giving way to the top of the rise. He walked around to catch up with Mary Ann, hoping this little hill was the last one.

As the summit played out, he heard Mary Ann gasp at the view of the tremendous basin stretched out before her. At the northern end of the valley, and stretching far into the west, was what had to be the Great Salt Lake. The mid morning sun played on its surface, illuminating its immensity, even though mountains blocked the view of all but the southern-most portion of the lake. Livestock were grazing all over the valley. Hundreds of wagons, farm machinery, and riders were navigating the patchwork of cultivated fields, roads, and the city of Salt Lake that spread across the immediate valley. The activity and the development was a stark contrast to the nothingness of the last thousand miles. It was breathtaking!

"It’s a city!" Emma exclaimed. "I was expecting maybe a fort and some houses, or something."

Mary Ann felt an unexpected tear roll down her cheek. The sight was so compelling she felt like crying. Instead, she just laughed out loud and grabbed George to dance a little jig. He was slightly embarrassed but was also caught up in the excitement. In a minute Mary Ann slid under Edmund’s arm, and with him drank in the view before them.

From this vantage point, they surveyed the valley. It appeared the bulk of the city was situated at the northern end of the valley, laid out in large, orderly blocks. While there was some cultivation scattered in the town proper, the larger fields of green appeared to be on the outskirts of the city, mostly on the south. Their eyes drifted southward to take in the smattering of small communities and individual houses—less populated land, but more cultivated. Edmund thought that area a good destination for his family.

George was perplexed. "Why is it so green in the fields and in town when everything else down there is brown and gray?"

The wonder of the vista had kept Edmund from examining that aspect. He squinted and noticed a network of canals and ditches carrying water all over the place. "Apparently they
irrigate the place. See those lines that look like little streams? They must take water out of the creeks and divert it down ditches to water all the fields and even the trees in town. People do it for gardens all the time, but this! I would imagine there are thousands of acres of farms down there. Unbelievable!

It took little motivation to coax the animals down the rough, but well-traveled road into the valley. Early afternoon found the Richardsons following a road that skirted south of the main part of Salt Lake City, but close enough to observe the city clearly.

The beauty and orderliness of the town was amazing. Fences, mostly of sun dried brick, and young trees, both fruit and shade, lined both sides of the street. The blocks had been painstakingly surveyed, and were large and perfectly square, except at places where creeks or canals passed through. Stout bridges were built over these waterways.

The streets were wide—unusually wide compared to any towns back east. A stagecoach with a full team could easily turn around in the middle of them. The houses were generally small, and made of the same sun-baked brick as the fences, though there were also several log cabins, and some built of rock. They were peculiarly well spaced, allowing each home its own large garden spot and, in some cases, orchards or barns. Every garden was in full production in corn, potatoes, and assorted vegetables.

Edmund supposed that though the larger farms of wheat and other grains remained on the outskirts of town, each family gardened to take care of themselves, or starve. They were a thousand arduous miles in any direction from any commercial center and therefore must make or grow anything they needed or wanted. He saw several homes and shops opened up for business as blacksmiths, mechanics, leatherworks, or whatever, but each place also had its own garden. It appeared that whatever profession a person followed, he was also of necessity a farmer. The order and industry of this agrarian people had built a veritable oasis in the middle of the desert.6

The Richardsons passed by the bustling city saying very little, but seeing very much. Continuing southwest soon brought
them into less populated country. They traveled several miles before the setting sun and their comfort-level convinced them to stop.

“This looks like a good spot. What do you think?” Mary Ann surveyed the location. “Just like Reverend Whitworth said—away from those people but still close enough for protection from the Indians.”

“It’ll do.” Edmund nodded, “We’ve got the creek right here, and enough brush for firewood. We’d best be setting up camp before night fall.”

As they set up camp they chatted about the day’s events. “How long have they been here?” Emma asked.


Mary Ann pondered all she’d seen today. “Six years. Can you imagine? I never expected this… I guess I didn’t know what to expect. Can you believe how beautiful they’ve made the place in just six years?”

“And laid out too!” Edmund agreed. “I mean, it’s nothing like the haphazard sprawl of the western towns like St. Joseph. These people are strange, but they’re also industrious, that’s for sure!”

“Uh, Mama?” George was dragging in some brush for the fire. “Papa? Someone’s coming!”

They all looked up and saw a barefoot boy on a young horse entering the other side of the river to cross. George whispered, “He’s heading right for us.”

“Hello the camp!” The boy was now splashing out of the shallow river.

Edmund called back, “Come on in.”

The boy dismounted, “My ma saw you settin’ camp and said you was probably tired and sent me with this pail of milk. It’s still warm. I just milked the cow.”

Mary Ann cocked an eyebrow at Edmund as she accepted the milk. “Thank you so much, and tell your mother ‘thank you’
"The Milk of Kindness"
too. This is very kind. Our cow dried up a couple months ago. Here, let me pour it into our pail so you can take yours back.”

As the boy rode back the way he had come, Mary Ann quietly commented, “Strange... I’d always heard they were mean. We haven’t even settled an hour.”

Never did warm milk taste so good. Suddenly she began to feel the day’s fatigue in every muscle.

References

1 Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 1

“I kept on to the Big Sandy River, however, when my best ox died, I was obliged to leave friends and everyone I ever saw and turn toward Salt Lake City, on account of the state of my team. We were 27 days going 160 miles. We were all alone all the time except when we met someone now and then. We saw the bodies of men that had been murdered by Indians, and were surrounded by grizzly bears when we camped on the side of the mountain at night. But the hand of God was over us and we arrived in Salt Lake City.”


Author’s note: As no names of posse members are provided, I have taken the liberty of using names of Ralph Thompson and Amos Warren—people that later touch the lives of Edmund and Mary Ann.
On the seventeenth of August, a party of four men were hauling lumber from Snyder’s mill near Parley’s Park, and had arrived just east of Big Mountain, over which the road then led, when they were fired upon by a party of ambushed Indians. John Dixon and John Quayle were instantly killed, and John Hoagland was wounded in the fleshy part of the arm. The latter and John Knight cut loose a pair of horses upon which they escaped to the city, leaving the dead and four horses and two mules in possession of the Indians. A detachment of forty men, with a proper complement of officers, was sent out to recover the bodies and scour the country east of Salt Lake and Provo. The bodies of Dixon and Quayle were unmitigated. The detachment does not appear to have been successful in finding any Indians.”

Adelia Cox Sidwell, Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti, (1889) p.14

“On the 23rd P. W. Conover’s company of militia was sent out from Provo to protect the weaker settlements and had an engagement with the Indians near Pleasant Creek in which six Indians were killed.”

Author’s note: Another source indicates that a platoon of ten men from Springville (including Amos Warren) joined a company from Provo to go to the aid of the fort at Manti. “They went with a little bread and onions in their haversacks as their only food.” (See: A Brief History of Springville, Utah, Don Carlos Johnson, Printed by William F. Gibson, Springville, September, 1900, p.21)

Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 2, p. 1

“At midnight a posse of men from Salt Lake City came over the mountain and we lent them everything we could to ‘lop’ [rest] on until morning. Then they went around the hill and up Parley’s
Park after the bodies of two boys the Indians had killed the day before. The boys killed were John [Quayle—20 years old] and John [Dixon]. About ten o’clock the posse came back with the bodies. They had laid them in a wagon box and put green brush over them. The posse showed us where both young men had been shot right through the heart. To see them thus and us traveling alone through hostile country made us feel rather shaky. But we were protected through safe and sound.”


7 Johnson and Shumway, p. 7

“Before supper was ready a barefoot boy forded the now shallow Jordan River on a pony, dismounted at their camp and graciously offered a pail of fresh milk. He explained that his mother had seen their campfire and thought that it might be refreshing to weary travelers. The Richardsons called this gift ‘the milk of kindness’ but thought it strange that it would come from the malicious Mormons.”
Chapter Six

West Jordan, Utah – August 22, 1853

“Have you ever worked a grist mill before?” The stocky man identified by other workers as Mr. Gardner paused to wipe his brow with the sleeve of his shirt, but found little dry sleeve to use.

“Not much,” Edmund admitted with his hat in his hand. “I’m mostly a wheelwright and a carpenter.”

His interest piqued, Mr. Gardner turned to look at Edmund. After sizing up the stranger for a few seconds, Mr. Gardner set down his hammer, and stepped down from the plank he was using as a scaffold. “A carpenter, eh? Plenty of work for a carpenter around here.” He reached out his hand. “I’m Archibald Gardner.”

Edmund accepted the handshake. “Pleased to meet you. I’m Edmund Richardson.”

“You’re new here,” Archibald said flatly.

Edmund wondered what he meant by that. “Yes sir, we arrived here a couple of days ago.”

Archibald was feeling him out. “Oh? Where are you from?”

Edmund felt a little uncomfortable with the probing. “Vermont and Indiana mostly.” By the satisfied look on Archibald’s face, Edmund must have confirmed something he’d already ascertained. Edmund just wondered if that was good or bad.
Archibald pointed towards the site. "I'm building a grist mill here, and I'd like to have it ready by Christmas. I've got three other mills in the valley, but we still can't keep up with the crops. Those men over there on the fresnos, or scrapers, are building the pond we'll use to power the mill." Edmund watched as a man worked his horse-drawn fresno scraping a layer of dirt from the bottom of the pond and dragging it up the dike.

"And those men," Archibald pointed about a quarter mile away, "are building the canal that will feed the pond. We'll borrow water from the Jordan, and then spit it right back in."

"Looks like a good site. Pretty ambitious to have it ready by year's end." Edmund tried not to make it sound too much like buttering up.

"Well, Edmund Richardson, why don't you bring your tools and start tomorrow? At the end of the day I'll pay you what I think your work is worth. Then if I'm happy and if you're happy we can talk about the future."

Edmund smiled at this man's frankness. "That sounds fair enough to me."

Archibald extended his hand again. "All right, we'll see you tomorrow."

Most of the workers had gone home for the day, and with them, most of the hubbub and noise, which gave Edmund a little time to reflect as he cleaned up his work area. It had been a pretty good day, for the most part. It was nice to be working with his hands, and he preferred doing something constructive to the monotony of traveling over the last four months. The men he worked with, which he assumed were mostly Mormons, seemed like regular, decent people, again defying the descriptions and warnings he had received. He had heard very little cursing, and no vulgar stories common to construction sites. They seemed friendly enough, even though he could tell they were a little
skeptical of him—but no more than any newcomer. Not bad for the first day on the job!

It was apparent that Mr. Gardner cared about quality construction. From the water wheel to the hoppers feeding the burr stones, to the sifters and chutes, he accepted no shoddy work.

Edmund surveyed the mill. It was a large building, three times the size of any barn. Tremendous beams supported the water wheel and grist stone, with the structure built around them. This was the heart of the mill. The water wheel was already in place and mechanics were in the process of connecting it to the drive shaft.

He was fascinated at the maze of the mechanical apparatus to be driven by water falling over the wheel. The main gears driving the burr stones were tremendous, as were the stones themselves. But off the shaft driving those gears, were pulleys and belts and shafts that drove shakers and sifters and elevators. The flour elevator was made of a heavy, vertically-mounted belt fitted with trays, every few inches, which caught the fresh-ground flour and carried it up to the sifters.

The sifters were a series of graduated screens that classified the flour into different grades of fineness and quality. From there the flour was sent down separate chutes to be bagged. It was a wonderful system, but Edmund couldn’t help but think of all the moving parts that were both nightmares for maintenance, and potential points of failure.

Edmund heard steps descending the stairs he had built that day. Archibald Gardner inspected his work and seemed pleased with the construction. “It’s nice to walk down stairs instead of scaffolding for once,” he commented. “I think this handrail will last longer than the mill!”

Edmund brushed sawdust off his sleeves. “I don’t like sloppy handrails. They’re worse than no handrails at all.”

Archibald nodded and changed the subject. “So, have you found a place to live?”
“Not yet. We’ve set up camp down the river, but I’m not sure folks want us camping there for the winter.”

Archibald mopped the sweat under the brow of his hat. “You know, Edmund, I’m not a rich man. And a lot of my capital has gone into this mill. But I like your work and you seem to be a good man. Does a dollar and a half a day, plus a house to live in, sound fair enough to you? It’s not much more than a log cabin and a little run down, but it’s got a good roof and fireplace. It’s a couple miles to the north…”

Edmund was shocked at the offer. A dollar fifty a day was decent money back east, but he certainly didn’t expect that here. And a place to live in through the winter! What an answer to prayer! He reached out, offering his hand, “Mr. Gardner, that’s more than fair to me.”

Archibald shook his hand. “Great! The place is empty right now. You’re welcome to move in whenever it’s convenient for you.” He picked up a piece of scrap lumber and drew directions to the house.

When Edmund arrived back in camp, he went directly to where the ox and the cow were staked out and started yoking them roughly to the wagon.

“You all right?” Mary Ann queried cautiously. “How was work?”

Not answering, Edmund grumbled and walked around camp grabbing everything and throwing it haphazardly into the wagon. “We’re packing up!” he barked in a huff.

Emma had rarely seen her father angry and timidly asked, “What’s the matter, Papa?”

Edmund retorted, “They said we can’t stay here. We have to go someplace else.” He held up his hand to halt the volley of questions about to spring forth. “I don’t want to talk about it right now!”
Within ten minutes they were walking alongside the wagon, moving north along the road. They passed several farms and arrived at a small house. Edmund stopped the wagon and pointed in mock exasperation, "This is where they are making us stay!"

Emma and George were utterly confused, but when their mother smiled and picked up a stick, and began chasing their hooting father around the wagon, they began to figure it out. Edmund stopped short, took away the stick from Mary Ann, and swept her into his arms. "A dollar fifty a day and this house to stay in for the winter!" He laughed, "Can you believe it?"

As George raced inside to explore, Emma walked up to her parents and said, "Mama, maybe you ought to tell Papa your news."

This time it was Edmund that was caught off guard. "What news?" He had been so preoccupied with his little trickery that he had not realized he might not have the last laugh.

Mary Ann started to walk away and teased him, "Oh, never mind. Your father is too angry to be interested."

Edmund grabbed her around the waist, "All right, you! I'm listening. Spit it out!"

Mary Ann smiled and said, "Did you see that big white building on the way back from the grist mill?"

"Yes... so?"

"It's a carding mill. I start work there tomorrow."

Edmund squeezed her again and kissed her. He was bewildered. "Too much good news for one day. What's the catch?"

Mary Ann shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, but let's not question it. What a blessing!"

They walked inside and looked around. It was nothing fancy, but compared to their mobile home of the last few months this was truly a godsend. It was much more than the run-down cabin he had in mind. This far removed from civilization, plank floors and tight-closing window shutters were a luxury.

It felt wonderful to move out of the wagon and into a home. Not that they had a lot of possessions to unpack. They carried
only the essentials—clothing, bedding, food, tools, etc... and some of that had been ruined in the wreck on the Platte River. To be out of the wagon gave them a more settled feeling. It was equally nice to pen the cattle in a corral instead of hobbling them every night.

Edmund gathered his family around, and knelt and offered a prayer of thanks.

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West Jordan – September 2, 1853

Edmund reflected on the two weeks since they had arrived in the Salt Lake Valley as he washed up for lunch. When he first hired on with Archibald Gardner he kept himself aloof as much as possible, and had quietly done his work. After a few days he was as accepted among the crew as anyone else, and he found himself enjoying their association.

As he reflected, he recalled teaching this principle to Emma and George when they moved into the house, and began associating with the other children in the area. He had asked them, “Do you remember when we bought that cow with the big horns back in Indiana?”

They remembered, all right. “Do you mean Miss Bossy?”

“Yes, that was her. When she first joined the herd she was the boss and started shoving all the other cows around, remember? Well, then what happened?”

George answered, “After a while the other cows didn’t like her and would gang up on her.”

“That’s right,” Edmund said, “but then, do you remember when we got Speck? When she went into the herd she kind of stayed to herself and let the other cows push her around. And then after a while she was accepted and even later became the boss of the herd. And she was the leader all across the plains, wasn’t she?
“Well, it’s kind of the same way with people,” Edmund continued. “When you first start meeting these children around here, just kind of be quiet and let them pick on you some. Then after a while you’ll be great friends with them.”

It worked as well for the children as it had for him. They made quick friends, and he was satisfied they seemed to be content with their new surroundings.

He thought of the preconceived prejudices about these people he held when they first arrived, and how wrong he had been. After a few days of working on the grist mill, one of his coworkers invited his family over for supper. He and Mary Ann were both afraid they might offend the family, as they and everyone else around were Mormon, and their family was not, but upon accepting the invitation, he found the coworker’s family to be warm, and surprisingly “normal.” A few days later they were invited to supper by one of Mary Ann’s coworkers. They, too, were nice people, and they did not seem to be the fanatics he had been warned to expect. 3

And now, working with these men who seemed normal and decent, he could see he had been far too judgmental. They were friendly and upstanding—he had never been around a construction site where so little profanity was used. What a refreshing change to actually enjoy the lunchtime conversation and stories of a construction crew! When the talk was not about Indian problems, or other current happenings, it was about humorous experiences that had happened to different people.

Edmund walked around to the north side of the mill to join the men at the “lunchroom”—so designated because it was the only place around that had shade. As he sat on the ground with his lunch of jerky and fried mush patties, Mr. Gardner, who often ate lunch with the men, and usually had some of the better stories, was well into another tale. “…Then I took a paddle boat up the Mississippi and got off at St. Louis. As I was walking down the gangplank I heard a cracking sound. I figured I’d probably eaten just a little too well on the boat—and I guess it probably didn’t help that I was carrying a millstone under each
arm. A second later the whole gangplank broke in half and I found myself in the Mississippi. When I came up the first time I yelled to the men on the dock, ‘Throw me a rope!’ But they had no rope. Then when I came up the second time I yelled, ‘Throw me a rope or I’ll have to drop one of these stones!’”

Everyone laughed at that one, and before long someone was trying to top his story. Soon lunchtime was over and the men went back to work.

Mr. Gardner walked with Edmund back inside the mill and made small talk about the doors that Edmund was working on. Finally he changed the subject. “Edmund, I don’t know how you feel about religion, but you’d surely be welcome to come to church with us on Sunday.” Edmund’s face remained unreadable, so Mr. Gardner continued. “Did you see that log building near the lumber mill where I sent you with Tom a couple days ago? That’s our church and it starts at 10:00, if you are interested.”

Edmund’s face flushed and he quickly looked down at his work and muttered, “Sure. Uh, thanks for the invitation. Let me talk with Mary Ann about it.” He immediately felt foolish about his response, but didn’t really know what else to say.

“No problem.” Archibald felt like he had pushed too hard. “If you can make it, we’d be glad to have you. And if you’ve got something else going on, then that’s fine too. Well, I’d better get back to work.”

As Mr. Gardner walked away, Edmund stewed about what he should have said, “No thanks, I’ve got to take care of the animals.” “Thanks anyway, but I’ve got to clean my fingernails that day.” “No thanks, I’m not really in the mood to sacrifice virgins on the altar and throw them in the lake.” He knew he was being ridiculous, but he should have said anything besides, “Sure, thanks for the invitation.” Now what was he going to do? Offend them by not going to church, or offend them by not converting to Mormonism?

He fretted about it the rest of the afternoon, and all the way home. When he told Mary Ann about the invitation she inwardly winced. She set aside the bread dough she was kneading. “I was
afraid something like this might happen.” She leaned on the table. “So what do we do now?”

Edmund plopped down at the table and shrugged, “I don’t know. I guess the only thing we can do is go and be cordial. But we don’t want to give them any reason to think we’re interested.”

Mary Ann wiped her hands on her apron and joined her husband at the table. “I guess you’re right. And it might be interesting to see what they believe. I never took stock in the crazy things that people said the Mormons believed, but I guess we’ll see for ourselves.”

West Jordan Ward, Utah – September 4, 1853

Edmund led his family into the back of the one-room log building used as a church. They found a seat near the back on rough-hewn log benches and sat down. They arrived late on purpose to discourage any busybody from thinking they were eager to join up with the Mormons. At least they had come! Edmund thought the most prudent way to make it through the next six months was to be sociable, but distant.

A hymn was just being finished as they settled in, and now everyone was participating in communion. The bread, an emblem of the body of Christ, was broken, blessed, and passed among the congregation. Strange, the man’s prayer talked about taking upon them name the of Jesus Christ! Edmund’s glance at Mary Ann communicated as well as any words could convey, “They’re Christians?” It was obvious she was just as surprised. When the plate of bread reached them, each took a small piece so as not to offend anyone. That is, everyone but George, who grabbed three pieces, and stuffed them in his mouth before his mother could give him a withering look.

Soon water was blessed as the emblem of the blood of Christ, and passed around. Well, that seemed a bit unusual,
but wine was probably not very abundant here in the middle of nowhere. The silence was also strange, and would have felt uncomfortable, except that it was broken intermittently by fussing babies.

At last the pastor stood and introduced a traveling preacher who apparently was some kind of president or Elder, considering the title with which the pastor referred to the man. He was not a big man, but nevertheless, had a commanding presence.

"Brothers and Sisters," he began, "I would like to take for my text some of my notes from the Lectures on Faith given in the School of the Elders. We were taught that three things are necessary for any rational and intelligent being to exercise faith in God unto life and salvation. First, the idea that He actually exists. Second, a correct idea of His character, perfections, and attributes. And third, an actual knowledge that the course of life which you are pursuing is according to His will."

"I want to concentrate my words today on the first— the idea that God exists. We all believe in God, don’t we? There is in us the idea that He exists. Where does this idea come from?" He opened his Bible, "We are taught in Hebrews 11 that faith is the essence, or as Brother Joseph translated, ‘the assurance’, of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. We know that once we actually see the object of our faith, or when our faith becomes so strong that we ‘see,’ it becomes knowledge rather than mere faith. It becomes a foundation upon which we can build more faith.

"In other words, in order for us to believe anything, it is necessary to first have a piece of knowledge planted in our minds, which becomes the seed of a new faith. Therefore, the seeds of the knowledge of God—His character, perfections, and attributes—had to first be given to us in order to believe and have faith in Him.

"And where does this knowledge come from? From those who have seen Him and known Him, of course! The prophets! Adam walked and talked with God and was schooled by Him.” The speaker smiled, “Talk about a ‘school of the prophets!’ I’ll
bet that Adam wasn’t spitting tobacco in that class, huh?” The congregation chuckled, leaving Edmund feeling like he had somehow missed the punch line. 6

“And Moses! Don’t you think that he could tell us a thing or two about the nature of God? And Enoch! The Brother of Jared! What about Jesus, the greatest prophet, and God’s own Son? What descriptions they could have given about the attributes of our Heavenly Father!

“But are we left alone now? Is God not still the same today, yesterday, and forever? For He said, ‘Surely the Lord God will do nothing save He reveal it to his servants the prophets.’ I testify that He still reveals himself to, and leads His church by prophets. He revealed Himself to the prophet Joseph Smith—just 33 years ago. And He has....”

Edmund and Mary Ann looked at each other in shock. Nothing the speaker had said seemed out of line up to that last statement. But God revealing Himself? And prophets? In these days? The idea was either preposterous, or it made some kind of strange sense.

The speaker paused, “The prophet Amos and the Apostle Paul both foretold the apostasy that would occur before the Second Coming when the apostles and prophets would be killed and the priesthood authority would be taken from the earth. And after that apostasy was to transpire, Jesus promised that all things would be restored.

“And how would God restore all things? Would He use a bunch of well-intentioned, upstanding men to get together and vote on how to reform the apostate religion?” He paused, and then answered his own question. “As great as the democracy in this country is, God is not a democracy.

“I once bought a beautiful German grandfather clock that had taken a fall during a move. The man I bought it from had tried repairing the works with the best patches he could come up with, and it even worked sometimes! But only if you stood on one foot and held your mouth just right.”
Edmund was too engrossed to catch the jest. This was his life this preacher was talking about.

“But I ordered a new set of works from Germany and waited almost a year for its arrival. When the new works came in, I slowly rebuilt the clock, piece by piece, taking care to restore it to its original condition. It was magnificent! Many of you have seen it. And I’m sure some gentile back in Nauvoo is thoroughly enjoying it, even as we speak!”

As the congregation faintly chuckled, Mary Ann noted the pained humor, and the empathy of an all-too-familiar experience among several people.

“Christ, the greatest prophet, did not try to reform the apostate Pharisees or Saducesses, rather, he established his own church with a prophet (himself) and apostles and priesthood authority. Likewise, he did not choose to reform today’s apostate churches, but rather called a prophet and apostles and restored priesthood authority through angels—resurrected beings who held that power.”

Edmund’s mind was reeling with the implications of this man’s radical doctrine. If it was true, then could everything he had worked for, and sacrificed be in vain? How humiliating! No! It just could not be right! Even if this guy’s words were false, could he ever think of the reformation the same way again? Who were these devilish Mormons anyway?! It was foolish to even have come to this meeting!

He stared blankly at a knothole in the floor, feeling genuinely confused. This man was speaking with conviction about completely foreign ideas and doctrine, and his logic made uncomfortable sense. “A restoration of the true church rather than a reformation of an apostate church. Whew!” Edmund muttered to himself, “That is bold doctrine. Or brazen!”

Edmund thought of his own experience. He had been on his way to help start a new church—or rather to reform a church that had started as a reformation of another church, and so on. And probably like him, the earlier reformers had the loftiest of
intentions and ideals. Which well-meaning reformer had come the closest to Christ’s original church, and who says so?

“A literal restoration of Christ’s church!” He began mumbling to himself again, “And angels bringing authority! Prophets and apostles! Everyone knows there are no more angels and prophets and apostles, don’t they?!” It was all so outlandish!

The preacher continued on, but Edmund could not focus on what he was saying. After a minute he silently asked himself, “If Jesus were to personally come today… How would He set up his church?” His own answer to the question made him more uncomfortable. Christ would probably set it up just like He did in His own day—like these people claimed.

Edmund scooted his family, almost stumbling over their feet, out the door toward home as soon as the benediction was offered. So much was going through his mind, and he was not in the mood to hang around and explain his befuddled feelings—especially since he had no explanation!

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After a few minutes of walking in awkward silence, Mary Ann turned to George and asked, “So, what did you think of the meeting?” George was pitching rocks and huffed, “Boring! Just boring talking and singing.”

Mary Ann laughed out loud. It was amazing that she could be so filled, and her son could be so bored by the same experience. He was definitely all boy! Mary Ann put her arm around Emma’s waist, “And how about you, Emma? Were you ‘bored’ too?”

“No,” she responded, “I thought it was kind of interesting.” A grin stole across her face, “I thought that boy two rows ahead of us was interesting too!”

Mary Ann laughed again and gave her daughter a swat on the backside. Emma giggled and jumped in surprise, bumping into her father. Edmund, relieved to enjoy a little levity, grabbed
her in mock anger and threw her over his shoulder, and laughed as he spun her around. He put her down and retorted, "Well, that alone is good enough reason to never go back!"

Emma elbowed him, "Oh, Papa!"

"Ya oughtn’t be so mean to your pa!" The voice startled all the Richardsons. They had not heard the rider approaching from behind. The boy that Emma had noticed in church was sitting bareback astride a large palomino, and grinning. Emma blushed deeply. How long had he been there?

"I’m sorry, I was just funnin’ ya," he apologized. "Since I was a-horseback, Brother Thompson asked me to catch up to you and invite you for supper tonight."

Mary Ann and Edmund glanced at each other, communicating through eyes, "Should we?" At last Edmund slightly shrugged one shoulder and turned to the boy, "Sure, that would be nice. Where does he live?"

"May I be excused?" George was anxious to go outside. "All right, take your bowl to the wash tub. Are you going to the creek?" Mary Ann could read him like a book.

"Yes ma’am." George shuffled his bare feet.

Mary Ann smiled, "Well, don’t get dirty. And take Emma with you. But only for a little while. We’re going to supper at the Thompson’s this evening."

Emma scooted her chair back and took her plates to the wash tub. "All right. We’ll be back in a little while."

Finally alone, Mary Ann took Edmund’s hand. "So, what do you think?"

Edmund dunked his last piece of bread into his milk. Feigning innocence he asked, "About what?"

Mary Ann rolled her eyes. "About what! You know ‘about what’! What do you think about their church?"
Edmund stared at his cup and slowly shook his head. "I never expected anything like that. I didn't expect them to have communion, or to be Christians. I guess I didn't even expect them to believe in the Bible. Our Bible, at least. I heard they had some 'Gold Bible' or something."

Mary Ann nodded, "And did you catch the part about reformation?"

Edmund turned to her, "How could I miss it? He was talking about our life! But a complete restoration? And angels?"

"Yes, it all sounds strange. But what do you feel?" she probed.

Edmund was defensive, "Mary Ann, I know where you're headed. I had a lot of feelings in that meeting. But you know that you can't trust emotion. Emotion can deceive you. In the moment you can feel all giddy about something, but emotion will go away."

"That's true," Mary Ann agreed. "But I'm not asking you what emotions you felt. I'm asking you what you 'feel' now. What do you feel... sense... know? In your heart of hearts. What 'feels' right? Is there truth? Is it right?"

Edmund looked out the open window and considered what Mary Ann was saying. Finally he said, "I think I'm afraid of the implications if it is true. Because if it is, then everything we've done and worked for has been wrong."

Mary Ann shrugged, "Or steps. We've been making steps all our lives and maybe the Lord just knocked us onto the right detour when we needed it. We had our own ideas of what the 'end,' or our 'purpose,' was supposed to be. Maybe they turned into blinders. Maybe they focused us so much on an imagined blessing that it prevented us from seeing the real, greater blessings on a different path."

Edmund leaned on his elbow and mused over this idea. He already felt that God was in this detour, but he had not expected this. He thought he might convert some of the Mormons. Now who was converting whom? "Maybe you're right. It all sounds so foreign, and even wrong, but somehow it seems to sit right
with me. The scripture talks about knowing the vine by its fruit. Let’s go ahead and taste it—we’ll let God tell us if the fruit is good or not.”

Mary Ann smiled, “Scary, isn’t it?”
Edmund nodded in agreement.

As the Richardson family walked up to the Thompson home, Ralph Thompson stepped out to meet them. “Welcome. Please come in.”

All of the Richardsons recognized him at the same time. “You’re the man from the posse!” George exclaimed.

Ralph smiled and extended his hand, “Yes. I saw you in church today and I tried to get over and greet you, but someone stopped me for a minute and then you’d already left.”

Edmund shook his hand and apologized, “We... didn’t really want to bother anyone.”

“No bother at all.” Ralph said with a wave of his hand. His rich British accent was very easy on the ears. “I’m glad you came. It was nice to see you in better circumstances than the last time I saw you. I was a little preoccupied then. Come on in and sit a bit.”

Edmund removed his hat, and reminded George to do the same as they followed Mary Ann and Emma inside. It was a small, but comfortable home, and it was surprisingly cool inside. Like many people, the Thompsons did their cooking outside during the summer so that as little heat as possible was generated from within. The home had a sod roof, which, although often inconvenient, at least worked as a good insulator—keeping in much of the prior night’s cool air.

“These are my twins, Margaret and Annie,” Ralph indicated as each girl was introduced. “They’re thirteen. And this is Eleanor Jane. She’s eleven... Probably about your age, Emma—if
I remember right, you’re almost twelve? And George, you look like you’re about nine or ten?”

George, swelling with pride, quietly corrected him. “No, I turned seven today.”

“Well, happy birthday then!” Ralph tussled his hair and gestured toward the table. “Why don’t you all have a seat. The girls are just about ready with supper.”

As they sat down at the table on the plank benches, Edmund asked, “So, how long have you been here?”

Ralph reckoned, “I guess right at a year now. As a matter of fact we arrived last September.”

“You built this house and your barn in a year? What… in your spare time?” Edmund was impressed.

Ralph chuckled, “Well, it’s nothing fancy... And some friends from church helped me raise it, but it’s kept us busy. The girls have been a huge help—they’ve learned a lot, isn’t that right girls?”

Margaret and Annie had finished and were sitting down at the table. “I guess so.” Annie said bashfully.

Ralph reached over and squeezed her hand. “Let’s offer a blessing on the food. Eleanor, will you bless the food?”

Eleanor huffed, “But I did it last time!” But after a stern glance she acquiesced in mock graciousness. “Thank you, father.”

Mary Ann smiled at Edmund—the scene was far too familiar.

The dinner conversation was pleasant, with much of it centering on similar experiences of the trek across the plains. Soon the topic turned to Ralph’s accent and his native home. He began to be more serious as he recounted why he left England. “You’ve got to understand why I sacrificed so much to come here. In the fall of 1837 a couple of chaps, named Isaac Russell and John Snyder, with boorish American accents, came to our town in Alston, England. They claimed that the true church of Jesus Christ had been restored through a prophet of God.”

Ralph shrugged. “I might have dismissed it, but the Holy Spirit began pesterling me. Wasn’t this what I was looking for?
Had I not prayed that Christ would reestablish His church, as He did in the days of the apostles? Finally I decide to talk with them. They told me of a young man, named Joseph Smith, receiving a revelation from God. They said that later an angel appeared to him and gave him an ancient book written upon golden plates, and also a way with which to translate it. When he translated it, he published it as ‘The Book of Mormon.’ They even suckered me into buying a copy from them.” Ralph smiled, “I bought it partly out of curiosity, but mostly to get rid of them.”

All four Richardsons sat wide-eyed and silent at the table. This was a whole new side of the Mormons they were living with! Did they all believe this story? Edmund’s skepticism slipped out of his mouth. “Prophets, and revelations, and angels,” he fumbled with his thoughts, “It’s all so....”

Ralph finished Edmund’s sentence. “Extraordinary?”
Edmund nodded. “Well, I guess that’s one way to put it.”
Ralph smiled. “Believe me, I understand what you’re thinking.” He continued, “But I decided to read the book and find out for myself. When I finished, I got on my knees and begged God to testify if it was true, or if it was from the devil.”

He leaned on his elbows. “You know what I got? Well, I didn’t get a revelation, if that’s what you’re thinking. I didn’t get an angel.” He recalled the experience. “What I got was an assurance. And not exactly that day either. It definitely started that day, but it was small at first. As the days passed, God planted the assurance deeper into my heart until, after a time, I could say that I not only believed, but I knew, that this gospel was true! An assurance! From that day to this, I’ve only grown more and more sure.”

Ralph unconsciously played with his fork. “My wife and I got baptized about a month later, and then three years after that, about 40 of us sailed on the Britannia for America. We were the first group of Latter-day Saints from England. We finally joined up with the body of the Saints in Nauvoo, Illinois.” His face lightened up. “I got to meet the prophet! A prophet of God! How many people have lived, and then died wishing there was a
prophet like Moses or Jeremiah on the earth? And this prophet knew me, and loved me, and carried my twins on his shoulders! Edmund and Mary Ann, I know he was a prophet. Not because he was nice to me, but because the Holy Spirit has given me to know."

He straightened in his chair. "We left our beloved home and families in England. We have been persecuted and driven with the Saints. We’ve had our prophet murdered. I’ve lost my wife, my sons John and William, and my daughters Mary and Elizabeth. Would to God that it hadn’t all happened! But does it cause me to doubt in the Restored Gospel or in my Savoir? Never! The assurance from the Holy Ghost is rooted too deep. I thank God that He has guided my life!"

Ralph sat back and the ensuing silence made him immediately aware how intense he’d been. He flushed and sheepishly said, "I guess I got a little carried away. Sorry."

Edmund didn’t even hear the apology. "Do you have a Book of Mormon that I can borrow?"

Ralph smiled again. "I’ve got one you can have!"

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Walker War – Between Manti and Nephi – October 1, 1853

Twelve-year-old Adelia Cox helped her mother, Elvira, clean up breakfast and pack the dishes into the wagon for another day’s travel. The small wagon train would soon be moving out, headed toward Salt Lake for Conference.

Adelia was perplexed, "I thought Brother Nelson was supposed to meet us here at Canal Creek. Didn’t they leave before us?"

Adelia’s father, Orville Cox, shrugged. "Yes, they left the day before yesterday. Bishop Lowry and Father Morley advised them to camp here and wait for us, but it looks like their tracks continue on. Brother Luke has three sons that have just arrived
with a company of European immigrants. Maybe he’s just excited to meet up with them before conference.”

Adelia wondered out loud, “How many are there in Brother Nelson’s group?”

Orville bumped his hat up to scratch his head. “There’s only four: Brother Nelson, William Luke, William Reed, and Tom Clark. They’re pretty heavily loaded with grain, and since we have horse teams, I’m sure we’ll catch up with them before long.”

Adelia couldn’t believe it. “There’s only four? I thought we weren’t supposed to go anywhere in small groups.”

Orville tried to hide his own uneasiness. “I imagine they’ll be just fine.”

Shortly before noon, George Peacock stood in his stirrups and peered ahead. As part of the vanguard of the twelve wagons, he held up his hand to signal a halt. “I think there’s trouble ahead.”

While Brother Peacock led the vanguard at a trot to investigate, the men of the train readied themselves for problems. The vanguard returned at a gallop and George Peacock reported, “It’s Brother Luke’s group. They’ve been attacked by Utes. Let’s all move forward together.”

As the little train approached Uintah Springs, two wagons, or what was left of the wagons, became visible. About a hundred yards before they reached the wreckage, Elvira Cox let out a gasp. Just off the road, lay the body of William Reed. He had apparently begun running back towards Manti when a bullet brought an end to his flight.

Adelia poked her head out of the cover, and immediately wished she had not. Before her, on the ground, was her father’s friend, mutilated and scalped. Her stomach began to heave, and she fought unsuccessfully to keep it under control.

George Peacock halted the wagon train and directed loads to be redistributed among the wagons to make room for the body. Brother Reed’s body was wrapped in a blanket and loaded into a wagon. The train then advanced the remaining hundred yards to
the grisly wreckage. The wagons sat awkwardly on the ground with their wheels torn off, and their bows stripped of their covers. The sacks of wheat were ripped open and dumped all over the ground.

George Peacock pointed to the other side of the wagons. “Over there are the bodies of Luke and Nelson. You brethren load them up, and a few of us will make a circle to see if we can find Tom.”

After a short, unsuccessful hunt, the searchers returned. George Peacock and Tom Clark were half brothers, and Peacock was having a hard time keeping his emotions in check. “We can’t find him right off. Maybe he got away; that kid can run! Let’s get moving and try to make it to Nephi before dark.”

Suddenly a savage cry was heard and a large group of Indians topped the small rise above Uintah Springs and raced through the cedars towards the little wagon train. “Prepare for attack!” George called out.

Full of fright, the women and children quickly sought cover in the wagon beds and the men took up positions of defense and readied their rifles. The Utes veered to the right and left and dashed through the cedar trees taunting and jeering the Mormons. They waved blankets, and articles of clothing they had taken as spoil.

After some time, a single arrow was shot into the pile of wheat as a signaled threat of future attacks, and the Indians rode off. The shaken group of conference-goers cautiously resumed their journey to Nephi.
References


   “Mary Ann soon found work in West Jordan at Gaunt’s Carding mill situated a quarter mile north of Archibald Gardner’s flour mill where Edmund worked. (Gardner built 32 mills.)
   “...Probably the Richardsons lived in one of the houses the Gardners furnished for the families of their hired help.”

3 Johnson and Shumway, p.10

   “The Richardsons first association with their Mormon neighbors came about when one invited them to his home for supper. They were fearful lest their host might be offended with persons professing other than the Mormon religion. They recalled the persecutions they had previously suffered at the hands of their own people when they left the Baptist church and joined the Presbyterians. However, the invitation was accepted.”

4 Johnson and Shumway, p.10

5 N.B. Lundwall, Compiler, *Lectures on Faith*, (Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah), Lecture 3:3-5

6 Brigham Young sermon of February 8, 1868, *Journal of Discourses*, (Liverpool, 1854-1886), XII, 158

   “The first school of the prophets was held in a small room situated over the Prophet Joseph’s kitchen.... in which the Prophet received Revelation and in which he instructed his brethren. The brethren came to that place for hundreds of miles to attend school in a little room probably no larger than eleven by fourteen. When they assembled together in this room after
breakfast, the first (thing) they did was to light their pipes, and while smoking, talk about the great things of the kingdom, and spit all over the room, and as soon as the pipe was out of their mouths a large chew of tobacco would then be taken. Often when the Prophet entered the room to give the school instructions he would find himself in a cloud of tobacco smoke. This, and the complaints of his wife at having to clean so filthy a floor, made the Prophet think upon the matter, and he inquired of the Lord relating to the conduct of the Elders in using tobacco, and the Revelation known as the Word of Wisdom was the result of his inquiry.”

7 Darrin Lythgoe citing Zitelle McClellan Snarr, *History of Ralph Thompson*, please see Appendix.


“The writer will never forget the ghastly sight...

“Arriving at Salt Creek (Nephi), no joyful tiding greeted [our] ears. An express was immediately dispatched to Manti with orders to keep on the west side of Sanpitch River and look for the missing man, as Judge Peacock, who was his half brother, still thought it possible he might have made his escape in that direction, saying ‘He was a splendid runner and long winded’... His body was afterward discovered where it had been buried beneath the grain which the murderers, in their haste had emptied over it. His remains were brought to Manti and interred in the cemetery while the others found a resting place at Salt Creek.

“... How numerous are the instances of disaster—even unto death, that had followed disobedience to the counsels of the Priesthood. We old veterans of the church have learned this through many necessary lessons of life. It is this foresight, this power manifested in even the minutest and seemingly unimportant events of life that give our people the name abroad, of slavish submission to the power of the church, not that I would insinuate or say, that every man who bears the Priesthood, and
has a name among us, has honored that Priesthood or is worthy of implicit obedience; but it is not safe to despise the counsels of those placed in authority. I would as leave thrust my right hand into the fire as disobey my bishop or President, or refuse to perform a duty assigned me so long as they are striving to honor the power conferred upon them by a still higher power.”
Chapter Seven

Jordan River — October 2, 1853

“Brother Edmund Richardson, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.” With that, Ralph Thompson lowered Edmund into the chilly waters of Jordan River, and then raised him back up. As rivulets of water coursed down his face, Edmund looked up at Mary Ann and beamed. Never had he felt he was doing anything so right as he did at this moment. He embraced his new friend. “Thank you so much for sharing this gospel with me.”

Edmund waded toward the shore, but stayed knee-deep in the water and reached up to help Mary Ann. The ripples in the crystal clear pool caused his feet and legs to appear distorted. Though his feet were becoming numb with cold, Edmund waited there while Ralph once again pronounced those sacred words, and then lowered Mary Ann into the water. She, too, came up smiling, filled with gratitude. She held onto Ralph’s arm as they waded on the slippery creek bottom until she reached Edmund. As the three reached the shore, Archibald Gardner offered a hand to help Mary Ann, Edmund, and then Ralph out of the water. Hazel Gardner wrapped a blanket around each as a shield against the brisk October breeze. Edmund squeezed Archibald’s hand and smiled, “Thank you for inviting me to church. I’d have probably never gone if my boss didn’t force me.”

Archibald laughed, “Well, you’re a very obedient employee, then.”
Edmund quipped, "If I'm that good, then maybe we should talk about a raise."

"I said you were obedient, I didn't say you were good." Archibald bantered back. "Besides, now that you're already baptized, I reckon I can cut your wages in half!"

Mary Ann, and those within earshot, laughed at the ribbing. This kind of interchange had become common between the two men. Since they'd developed a mutual respect for each other's integrity and skills, they were free to maintain a balance of professionalism and good-natured teasing.

Bishop John Robinson cut in, offering a hand. "Welcome to the West Jordan Ward. Why don't we head on over to the church for the confirmation before you two drive the Spirit completely away? Besides, it's warm there." Everyone laughed again, and began the short walk to the church building.

Mary Ann reflected on the day as they walked home. What a magnificent day! The icy, pure, clear water seemed to match the witness she had received that she, too, was pure and spotless before the Lord. The warmth and friendliness of the church was a perfect atmosphere for the fire of the Holy Spirit that burned within her as she was confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A baptism of water, and of fire... so this is what the scriptures spoke of! To top off the whole day, the sun had just set behind the mountains, and the heavens were ablaze with orange and purple hues—as if to confirm that a loving Heavenly Father was indeed pleased with the covenant she had made.

As they walked, Mary Ann glanced back to Emma, trying to discern her feelings. The events, feelings, and the witness of the Spirit throughout the day had been glorious. She wished her children were experiencing the same things, but they had not yet arrived at the same convictions. George, at seven, would soon be old enough to be baptized, but was so disinterested in anything spiritual that Mary Ann wondered if he would be ready when the time came. Emma, starting the awkward transition into young
womanhood, was struggling with the idea of a new faith, and new direction. Mary Ann slowed down and fell in step with her daughter and asked, “How are you doing?”

Emma stared at the road under her feet. “I don’t know. I’m not sure what to think.” She rubbed her temples, confused at her own feelings. “So what does this mean? Does this mean that we’re not going to Oregon now?”

Mary Ann put her arm around Emma’s waist. “I don’t know, Em.” She collected her thoughts, “And like you, I’m not sure what this means either. God doesn’t very often show His children the end from the beginning. He usually just lights up enough of the road to see a step or two ahead.” Mary Ann thought about their detour. “He sent us West for a purpose, but we weren’t sure what that purpose was. We felt it was a religious purpose, we thought it was to start a church, but certainly we couldn’t have envisioned this. I don’t think it was a coincidence that we were having ‘bad luck’ on the trail and finally broke down completely right at the Kinney Cutoff. I don’t think it was a coincidence that problems with our wagon and team ended there and we were protected into Salt Lake.”

Emma’s hair hung down in her face, and Mary Ann pulled it back and tucked it behind her ear. She continued, “Still, that’s not what convinced me, Emma. That was just God in His matchless power, working little miracles in our lives to put us in a position to teach us more truth. What convinced your father and me was the Holy Ghost as we read the Book of Mormon, testifying that this scripture was true.”

Emma exploded out of her silence, “But, how do you know? How do you know that it was God and not the devil? Reverend Whitworth said that the devil can appear as an angel of light. How can you be sure? You thought the Baptists were wrong and the Presbyterians were right. Now you think the Presbyterians are wrong and the Mormons are right. What if we went to Oregon and found another church that was more right than the Mormon Church?”
Mary Ann exhaled a breath that she had not realized she was holding. “You’re right. We did leave the Baptist church because we saw that another church fell more in line with the doctrine we believed. But never have I received the witness of the Holy Ghost like this. If Mormon doctrine was to pray to a fence post, I’d still probably join them, as long as the Spirit testified to me. But the doctrine is pure! Emma, this is the true church of Christ. I do know that.”

Emma still walked in silence. Mary Ann felt she was preaching too much. “Emma, people can deceive you. Books can mislead you. Parents can teach you wrong. But the Holy Spirit cannot lie. And He has testified to my soul, and to your father’s soul, that these things- that this church- is true.”

They were approaching the house now, and Edmund and George were already inside lighting the lamps, and working on building a fire in the cook stove. Emma was shivering from the chill, and from her emotions, but she did not want to go in yet. She did not want her father teaming up with her mother against her. “How? How do you know that? I’ve read some of the Book of Mormon. It’s a nice book. These are nice people. But how come you got a ‘witness’ and I didn’t? What is a ‘witness’ anyway? How do you know?”

In the fading dusk, Mary Ann thought about what Emma was saying, and slowed her walk. “I... I’m not really sure how to explain it. It’s just been given me to know that this church is true. Really know. Like I know I’m standing here with you. Like I know I love you. Emma, I can’t prove to you that I love you. I just do! It’s something that just is!” She reached up and rubbed the back of her neck and mumbled, “This isn’t coming out right, is it? I don’t know how to explain it.”

Emma was in tears, “But what about Grandma? And Aunt Em? What about the Whitworths, and the rest of our friends? Are we just going to forget about them?”

Mary Ann put her arm around her. “We’ll never forget them. Your Grandma is my mother. I love her too, and I miss her. I’d love to share this gospel with her. I hope we can go in
the spring time and visit her, and maybe even bring her back with us here.”

Emma nodded as a tear rolled off her cheek. Mary Ann squeezed her and pulled her toward the house. “Let’s go on in. We’re going to freeze out here.”

West Jordan – October 20, 1853

Removing his hat as he closed the door behind himself, Edmund saw Emma working at the cook stove and called, “Hi, Em. Look at you with your apron, and putting food on the table! I pity the young man that will someday be your husband!”

Emma saw the smile, but still wanted to know where her father was heading with this. “What do you mean?”

Edmund gave his daughter a kiss. “He’ll get so fat that you won’t be able to roll him out the door.”

Emma rolled her eyes and wagged her head and went back to what she was doing, but she caught the compliment.

Edmund hugged her. “I sure appreciate how you’ve taken over the home chores since your mother and I are both working. You’ve had to take on a lot of responsibility and you’re growing up to be quite a young woman.” He smiled and dipped his finger in the stew for a taste. “Every time I come in starving and smell supper on the stove, I’m reminded of the great job you’re doing.”

Emma lightly slapped her father’s hand, like she had seen her mother do a hundred times.

“Where’s George?” Edmund queried as he pulled off his coat.

Emma, with her hands full, motioned toward the corral with her elbow. “He’s in the shed. One of the new milk cows, the black one, is giving him fits. Mama went out to help him.”
He started to put his coat back on when the door opened and Mary Ann and George walked in with a half-filled pail of milk.

George set the pail down on the counter, and plopped onto the bench at the table. "If that cow kicks the bucket over one more time, I'm gonna make her 'kick the bucket!' Why do I have to do all the work, anyway?"

Mary Ann feigned sympathy. "You poor child! Here, sit down and rest your weary bones. Emma, quickly, come rub your brother's overworked shoulders, and maybe bring him a cool drink."

Sheepish, George rolled his eyes. "I didn't mean that. It's just.... Never mind!"

Mary Ann smiled, and enveloped him in a hug. "I'm just teasing you. I used to complain about working when I was little too. Maybe I'd even do it now, but I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good." 3

Edmund dipped his hands in the wash basin and called to George. "You going to wash your hands or do we have to spoon-feed you?"

George grumbled, but complied.

As everyone sat down at the table, Edmund turned to George. "So how would it make you feel if I sold the cow?" He watched the faces of his family as his question pulled just the expressions he anticipated.

"Really?" George was instantly animated.

Edmund had everyone's full attention. "I did some horse tradin' today."

"You traded the cow for a horse?" George was incredulous. Edmund smiled as he sat down to the table, "No, that was just an expression. I just helped a couple people meet some needs."

Mary Ann lowered her eyes at him. "All right. What did you do?"
“One of the guys at work....” He corrected himself, “One of the brethren at work needed some money pretty bad so he sold me ten cows at a great price.”

George’s jaw went slack. “Ten! We don’t have room for ten more cows in our corral.”

Edmund smiled again, and rested his forearms on the table. “You’re right. So I went to a man that I met at Brother Gardner’s sawmill, and traded him the cows for a vacant lot just about a mile north of here. I offered him ten, but we finally settled on eleven. So, you may have to give up one of your milk cows, George. I’ll let you pick which one.”

The table was electrified. “Where is the lot? When can we go see it? When can we get rid of the cow?”

“We’ll take her over to the man’s house on Saturday, and on the way back I’ll show you the lot.” Edmund conjectured, “I imagine we won’t get too much done on it before the snows fly this year, but come spring we can start building a house of our own.”

George was excited. “Is it by a creek? Will we still have to filter our water through the charcoal?”

Edmund shook his head and smiled at his son—always first-things-first for George. “No, it’s not by a creek, but there’s a ditch nearby so we can grow a garden. Hey! What are we doing? Emma’s stew is getting cold! George, would you offer a prayer?”

Salt Lake City – October 23, 1853

Mary Ann straightened her dress out and wished she owned a nicer one as Edmund knocked on the door. They were uncertain what to expect. Bishop Robinson had explained patriarchal blessings, but it was all still pretty new to them. Not long ago they were baptized, and there was so much to try to understand about this new gospel, and new culture.
The door slowly swung in and a slightly stooped, almost feeble man welcomed them inside. “You must be the Richardsonsons.” The Patriarch extended his hand, “I’m John Smith and this is my wife, Clarissa. Please come in and have a seat.” He pulled a couple chairs from the kitchen table and placed them near the fireplace, before motioning them to take a seat.

The genuine warmth and goodness that seemed to flow from this man and his wife took Mary Ann by surprise. She had met a lot of remarkable people in the past two months, but these people emanated true goodness. It was as if they were so full of integrity that moving around caused it to slosh and spill out onto others. Though they had never met, it seemed like she had known them forever.

Mary Ann guessed Brother Smith to be in his early seventies. His white hair and white beard complimented his countenance of wisdom and kindness. Though his eyes were dimming, there was a regal spirit about him that fairly shone, silently shouting that this was indeed a man of God! As the Patriarch held a chair for his wife at the table, Mary Ann noted how gentle he was with her.

Clarissa was probably in her sixties, but appeared much older than that. Her bright eyes proclaimed a sharp mind that appeared trapped within an aging, slowing body. She, too, beamed with a countenance that belied her earth-bound existence. What a noble couple these two made, Mary Ann mused.

Edmund and Mary Ann sat on the offered chairs near the fire, and Clarissa remained at the table with some paper. Patriarch Smith pulled another chair around to sit directly in front of the Richardsonsons, almost knee-to-knee. He gave each a penetrating look, “So, why don’t you tell me about yourselves.”

Edmund cleared his throat and told him about their children and where they were from originally. He briefly recounted the experiences of the trek, including the problems they had had, and finally their detour to Salt Lake. He explained how they were fellowshipped and how their testimony had grown. Lastly, he told of the spirit they had feasted on at their baptism. What a
life-altering chain of events God had wrought in their lives in but a few short months!

   Brother Smith took their hands in his and asked Mary Ann, “And do you feel the same?” At Mary Ann’s nod, he smiled, “I was going to ask you to bear your testimonies to me, but you have already done that. God bless you both.”

   He released their hands and scooted back in his chair. “Has your bishop explained about patriarchal blessings?”

   Mary Ann again nodded, “Yes, but we’re still pretty new to all this.”

   He ran a hand through his thinning, white hair. “Let me tell you how I feel about Patriarchal Blessings. My brother, Joseph Smith Sr., was the first Patriarch called in this dispensation. Brigham Young said when he was a recent convert to the church, he asked my brother to give him a patriarchal blessing. Joseph Sr. handed him some paper and said, ‘Sit down, and write every good thing you can think of in heaven and on earth, and I will sign my name to them, and they will be your patriarchal blessings. If you only live for them, they shall all come upon you, and more.’”

   Brother Smith continued. “I’m not going to ask you to do that, but I just want you to know that your blessings aren’t limited to the formal patriarchal blessings that I shall pronounce upon you. God, our Father, has promised all that He has if we will remain true.”

   “Now, since you’re both new at this, why don’t we start with you.” He winked at Mary Ann, “Then by the time we get to your husband, he’ll be an expert at it.” He nodded his chin toward his wife. “Sister Smith will be writing down the blessing so it can be recorded.”

   The Patriarch got up from his seat and stepped behind the chair. “Here. Please have a seat right here. Mary, please tell Clarissa your full name, your parents’ names, and then where and when you were born.”

   Mary Ann moved to the chair and answered, “My full name is Mary Ann Darrow Richardson. My parents are Stephen
and Harriet Darrow, and I was borne on February 28th, 1818 in Washington County, New York.”

Sister Smith nodded as she finished writing down the information. The Patriarch patted Mary Ann’s shoulders, and then placed both hands upon her head. He closed his eyes and spoke slowly and clearly. “Sister Mary Ann Richardson, beloved of the Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ I place my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Father’s blessing because you have obeyed the gospel.” He paused after each line to allow time for his wife to transcribe. “I seal upon you all the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenant. The Spirit of the Lord hath ‘felt after’ you. He will never leave nor forsake you. You shall have power to heal the sick in your house and drive the destroyer from your abodes.”

Mary Ann considered what was being promised. What a wonderful blessing, to be so far out in the wilderness and to have the power to heal her family! But to drive the destroyer from her house? What does that mean? Would that be the angel of death that “passed over” the children of Israel? Or was that the devil? If so, what greater blessing than to drive Satan away with the power of God!

Brother Smith continued, “Your table shall be supplied with the best fruits of the earth. Your children shall grow up about your table healthy and fair, become very numerous and mighty in the priesthood.”

“Numerous and mighty?” wondered Mary Ann. “Numerous doesn’t mean two. Maybe he’s talking about grandchildren and so on. What does that mean?”

The Patriarch finished up, “You are of the blood and lineage of Joseph who was sold into Egypt. No power on earth shall take this blessing from you. Even so, Amen.”

Moving his hands to her shoulders again, he leaned over, smiling, to look at Mary Ann, but she did not look up. She was buried in thought, “God, the Creator of the planets and universe, knows me. And cares about me, Mary Ann. Personally! He ‘hath felt after’ me. Thank God that He allowed me to sense and
follow that ‘feeling after!’ Beloved of the Lord, indeed!’ She sat
time, absorbed in the wonder of it all.

Brother Smith put his hand on her shoulder, startling her
out of her reverie. She flashed an embarrassed smile, took the
patriarch’s outstretched hand, and accepted a hug as she stood up.

Then, to Edmund he said, “All right, young man. Your

Mary Ann moved back to her chair, and Edmund took
the seat. “My name is Edmund Richardson, son of Calvin and
Mindwell Richardson. I was born on February 13, 1816 in
Rutland County, Vermont.”

Making sure that Clarissa was ready, Brother Smith laid
his hands on Edmund’s head. “Brother Edmund Richardson, in
the name of Jesus Christ, I place my hands upon your head and
confer upon you a father’s blessing because you have obeyed the
gospel with a pure intent of heart and a desire to keep in the right
way.”

Mary Ann was glad she could witness her husband’s
blessing. She was proud of Edmund, and silently affirmed that he
indeed had pure intent of heart and desire to do the right.

“You are entitled to all the blessings of the New and
Everlasting Covenant and all the priesthood that was sealed upon
the sons of Joseph which I now seal upon you and your posterity
to abide with you forever. You have been led in a mysterious
manner and have found the way to salvation. God hath overruled
your movements and you knew it not.” Mary Ann smiled at
the confirmation from a Mouthpiece of God on what they had
already perceived from the Spirit—that God was truly in this
detour.

“He hath designed you to be a mighty man in the House
of Israel making you acquainted with all the mysteries of the
Redeemer’s Kingdom, giving you power to heal the sick and to
raise the dead, if necessary.”

Mary Ann was shocked as she listened! What a tremendous
promise! But maybe she already knew that. Maybe he had
already demonstrated that gift. Was it the camphor that revived

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Emma on the Platte, or was it the power of God? What else could it be?

"You shall be blessed in your family with health, peace and plenty and the joys of salvation shall accompany you. Your children shall become mighty in the earth, spread upon the mountains like Jacob and extend their dominions to the ends of the earth. You shall live, if you desire it, to see the end of wickedness, stand upon the earth with your Redeemer, enjoy all the blessings and glories of His kingdom with all your father's house. Even so, Amen." 7

As the patriarch lifted his hands, Edmund rose and returned to sit with his wife. Brother Smith stepped to the table and watched as his wife finished up her work. "These blessings will be recorded on the records of the church, but if you can wait a little while, Clarissa will make a copy for you to take home."

Mary Ann walked to the table and put her hand on Clarissa's shoulder. "If you have another pencil, I can help you with one of them."

"There, in the cupboard is one. That would be nice." Her voice was wobbly but her spirit was strong. She smiled, "I'll let you do your husband's. It's longer."

As Mary Ann retrieved the pencil and sat down with Sister Smith to begin the small task, Edmund sat and talked with Brother Smith by the fire. Edmund was amazed that he was sitting with such a great man. "So, your nephew was the prophet Joseph?" He didn't mean it to sound like a question; it just came out that way.

"Yes," the patriarch admitted, "what a wonderful life I've been given! I just can't understand why God has been so good to me. To have had such extraordinary wives, and unwavering children, and to have lived in this new, last dispensation, and to be associated with Joseph! You know, the proper order of things is that your nephews are supposed to learn from you, but I've learned more from him than I could teach in a hundred lifetimes."

Edmund rested his elbow on his knee. "What an opportunity! Ever since I was baptized, I've been reading
everything I can get my hands on. It’s like I can’t get enough! I want to learn more. So, I guess I’m a little envious at people who knew Brother Joseph.”

The patriarch got up and walked to his shelf and picked out a worn book and returned to his seat. “Do you recognize this?” Edmund took the book in his hand and glanced through it. “Yes, it’s the Doctrine and Covenants. I have one of my own. I haven’t read it all yet... I kind of skip around.”

“Take a look at the first part,” John suggested. Edmund flipped opened the book. Towards the front was a section entitled “Lectures on Faith.” He cocked his head back a little. “I guess I haven’t read this part yet.”

John took the book back and thumbed through the lectures. “In Kirtland, Joseph taught a school—a series of lectures. He called it the ‘School of the Elders’. For much of it, we met above the Whitmer store. It was some of the best teaching I’ve ever had. A few of these lectures were recorded in almost text style and put into the Doctrine and Covenants. It’s called the ‘Lectures on Faith’. If you like to read, you might want to take a look at this.”

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Walker War – Manti – November 1, 1853

William Morley Black watched numbly as the level of wheat in the hopper lowered sluggishly. He stepped down and adjusted the weir to maintain a steady trickle of grain into the path of the heavy burr stones. These wheel-like stones rolled slowly under the power of a large water wheel, crushing and grinding the wheat. Out of habit, William ran his fingers through the course flour that exited the stones.

He was drained. He and Martin Wood had spent the last two weeks taking shifts to keep Manti’s grist mill running around the clock, and now the fatigue was catching up to him.
He thought about the events of the last month since Brother Nelson and his group were killed on their way to conference. The Indians had been true to their promise of further violence. Just days after the attack, John Warner and William Mills had been killed while working this very mill. Brother Mills had taken his team a short distance for firewood while John Warner filled the hopper with wheat. When the hopper was full, he went to join his companion in a nearby grove, and while they were loading wood, they were attacked and killed by Chief Walker’s warriors.

After that, a heavy guard was placed around the mill for protection, and now he and Martin were assigned to mill enough of this year’s harvest to supply the people with flour.

“That’s the last of it!” Martin called, startling William out of his thoughts. Martin sat down wearily on the stool to sew up the final bag of flour.

William stretched his lower back, and then dusted the flour off his sleeve. “I’ll divert the water out of the chute to stop the wheel.” He pulled on his coat, and reached for his hat. “I think I’ll call in the guards when I’m done with the water. We could use their help loading these sacks.”

Martin sized up the sacks of wheat flour stacked near the entrance. “Well, this is the bag we’ve been looking for—the last one! I wish Brother Warner was here to see this. He would be satisfied.”

William nodded, “Yeah, but I’m sure he’s in a place where he don’t much care about sacks of flour.”

Brother Wood agreed, “You’re probably right.” A thought occurred to him. “What’ll we do about the mill? Do we just leave it unguarded?”

Brother Black glanced around at the mill. “Bishop Lowry suggested we dismantle the mill and bring it down into town. So maybe we can rest a day or so, and then get a crew up here to start taking it apart.”
George sat at the table and whittled on a stick. He wished he could whittle like his father did, who in a matter of an hour could create any animal you wanted him to make. His mind was not really into it—he was just whittling because he was bored. His father was teaching a lesson out of that “Lectures on Faith” book again, and since it was too dark and cold to play outside, he was stuck inside listening to it. He wrinkled up his nose. “It’s lecturing, all right!” he thought. “Long, boring, and you have to be quiet!”

Emma listened at times with interest, and at other times not only was she disinterested, but even argumentative. As a pre-teen she experimented with how far the line between questioning and rebellion could be pushed. Her parents did not tolerate rebellion, so she pushed “questioning” as far as she could. Emma was still disconcerted about her parents’ abrupt conversion, and its resulting life-altering consequences. While her brother had found plenty of friends to pal around with, she was not really interested in developing close ties with anyone. She did not like it here; therefore she did not like the people here. She resisted anything that might cause her to drop her guard and experience a new life.

Mary Ann considered the stages her children were in. George was all boy—active and impetuous. He was not inclined to the spiritual side of life, but what seven-year-old boy was? He was learning to work and learning to stick to a task. These were two very important lessons in life. Sometimes it was frustrating teaching him those skills, almost a battle, but sometimes George would surprise her by cheerfully finishing his chores without bellyaching. She realized there was some hope for him after all.

Although she was worried about Emma and her recent skeptical disposition, Mary Ann believed it was just a phase she was going through, and a fairly normal phase at that. It was similar to the awkward time when a child does not want to crawl anymore, but is still too wobbly at walking to get where she wants to go. Emma was beginning to take steps to make life her own.
These steps were frightening and frustrating at times, but often exhilarating. But all of these steps were necessary. Mary Ann had hoped it would not come so soon, but Emma was maturing rapidly for her age. She was learning the lessons of work, and was becoming dependable and capable around the house. Young womanhood was beginning to root out the child in her.

Mary Ann seemed to be less concerned about Emma’s skepticism than Edmund. She knew this was a hard time for Emma. Life had changed drastically for her in the last year. Between this new environment, and all the changes her body was going through in her transition to womanhood, it was a wonder Emma was doing as well as she was. Mary Ann felt that, given time, the newness and strangeness of these recent changes would wear off, and things would return to normal for Emma. The question was, would it happen before they all went crazy?

Mary Ann turned her attention back to Edmund who was flipping back a few pages in the book. “So, remember we read that ‘three things are necessary in order that any rational and intelligent being may exercise faith in God, unto life and salvation.’ First, we talked about the idea that God actually exists. Secondly, we talked about the correct idea of His character and attributes. And now I want to discuss the third thing, which is an actual knowledge that the course of life which someone is pursuing is according to God’s will.”

Emma perked up. All the stuff her father had been talking about before was neither very new, nor very interesting. But “knowing” you are doing the right thing is one of the things she had been questioning her parents on for some time. “How can you know? How can you say you know for sure? Reverend Whitworth always said that faith is something you believe in, but you can’t see.”

Edmund nodded, “And he was right! But do you remember what we talked about the other night? You’ve got to have some kind of foundation, or base of knowledge upon which to build faith. Well, then that faith eventually grows so strong that it actually becomes knowledge. So you build faith on a
‘knowledge,’ and then that faith begets more knowledge, and so on.”

He turned to George and asked, “Son, can you please go out and milk the ox?”

George rolled his eyes, “You can’t get milk from the ox; he’s a steer!”

Edmund said, “You know that, don’t you? But if you ‘know’ that a milk cow produces milk, then you can have faith that you can walk out there and milk her. But, now that you’ve done it a thousand times, do you have faith that you can milk a cow, or do you know it?”

George shrugged, “I guess I know it.”

Edmund continued, “It says here in the sixth lecture, and it makes sense, that unless we have an actual knowledge that our course is according to the will of God, that we will grow weary and faint because of all the persecution and hardships.” Seeing a blank stare, he continued. “For example, if you thought that a divine fence post told us to walk all the way across the plains, you would have been very skeptical by about the night of that first big rainstorm when we got drenched and nearly froze.”

George laughed out loud, “Oh, Mighty Fence Post! We worship you!”

Emma elbowed him, but Edmund continued, “That’s what I mean. If we didn’t know that it was God that was moving us across the plains—if we thought it was George’s ‘mighty fence post’, then pretty soon the blisters, and the rain, and the heat, and the wreck, would have worn us down, and we would have quit. Even if we ‘thought’ or ‘believed’ that God was calling us, the trek would have been too hard. But when you know it’s God’s will, then nothing is too hard. Since we knew that this is what God wanted, we were able to get past all those hard things.”

Emma was exasperated. “What do you mean ‘we knew that this is what God wanted’? We had no idea that ‘this’ is where we would end up! How could we ‘know’ it? I thought that we knew we were going to Oregon!”
Mary Ann was surprised at Emma’s intensity, but she knew that her daughter’s frustration had been building up for a long time. “Sweetheart, we really felt called to make this trek West. I think your father means that we could even say that we knew it was God’s will. But often our plans are not God’s plans. Our plans of going to Oregon were off track of His plans.” Mary Ann stroked her hair. “I don’t think it was a coincidence that out of a 2,000-mile trip our ox died four miles from the turnoff to Salt Lake. But that’s not how I know this church is the true church of Christ.”

Emma was quieter now, “Then how do you know, Mama?”

Edmund opened the Bible to Ephesians. “Em, the way we know the Church is true, and the way you know that your course in life is according to God’s will, are the same. It’s the Holy Ghost that tells you. Here, read verses thirteen and fourteen of chapter one. It’s talking about our inheritance with Christ.”

Emma slid the Bible closer to the lantern and read, “In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise, Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory.” She pushed the scripture back and said, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Edmund explained, “Let’s say you’re going to buy a house and a farm for a thousand dollars. You make the deal, and then you put some earnest money down. In other words, you give the seller, let’s say, 75 dollars to hold the property for you for a few weeks until you can get the rest of the money—until the redemption of the purchased possession. Your earnest is the promise that it will be yours as long as you keep your end of the bargain. The seller can’t back out of the deal.”

He rhetorically asked, “So how can we know we’re on the right path that leads to the Celestial Kingdom? By our down payment! The Holy Ghost will tell you all things that you must do. So, if you’re enjoying the fruits of the Spirit, if the Holy
Ghost is working in your life, then you know you’re on the right path. That’s the earnest of the Spirit."

Emma felt like her parents were explaining everything except what she needed to know. “But how do you know when the Spirit is with you?”

Mary Ann tried to think of a way to describe it. “The presence of the Holy Ghost feels like love. Remember when you used to climb on grandma’s lap and she would rock you? How did it feel?”

As Emma thought back, her mother offered suggestions. “Didn’t you feel secure in her arms, like everything was all right? You knew that she loved you completely, no matter what you did, huh?”

Mary Ann rested her elbows on the table. “Do you remember the peace we felt those first few days when we turned off toward Salt Lake? We should have been scared, or angry, or depressed. The Spirit was comforting us, and letting us know that we were doing right. The Lord was pleased with our path, and with our efforts.”

Sensing that Emma had had enough, Mary Ann stood up and announced, “All right, that’s plenty for tonight. Does anyone want some bread and milk before bedtime?” She could tell that Edmund wanted to keep going, but he would have to do that some other time.

“I want some!” George came alive for the first time.

West Jordan – November 27, 1853

The Richardsons filed into church, and immediately felt the warmth of the building. The biting chill of late November was left outside, and the warmth of a stove and friends, and the Spirit enveloped and welcomed them inside. Mary Ann was grateful for whoever it was that had come early to build the fire.
Newfound friends greeted them as they walked in, and made their way to an empty bench next to the Gardner family.

Archibald reached over his daughter to shake Edmund's hand. Quietly he said, "My wife wants to throw a housewarming party, or dance for the mill when it's finished. It'll probably be sometime around Christmas. You game for that?"

Mary Ann overheard and interrupted, "Actually, Edmund will probably be busy babysitting that night, but tell your wife that I'll come party with her."

Archibald smiled, "Sounds good. I'll tell her."

Bishop John Robinson opened the meeting with a welcome to all, and a special thanks to the young men who got up early to warm the building. A murmur of agreement rippled through the congregation. He announced the hymn, and the invocation, asking that the prayer invite the Spirit to be particularly in attendance this day.

People shot quizzical looks to each other, which met with shrugs.

An opening hymn was sung, and the invocation given, and then the Bishop Robinson stood to make an announcement. "Brothers and Sisters, I have a letter signed by the First Presidency to read to you today, please bear with me as I read part of it."

He donned his spectacles, and read; "Dear Bishop Robinson. With the recent Indian problems concerning the Sanpete Valley, it has become necessary to send additional support to the valiant Saints of Manti."

An ominous feeling swept the room, all except for the Richardsons who were still confused about what was going on.

The bishop continued reading, "We have taken the matter in serious prayer to the Lord and feel to call the following families out of your ward on a mission to move to Manti, and report to Brother Isaac Morley: the Michaelson family, the Edmund Richardson family, and the John Crawford family."

A pained relief was felt among the congregation, except for those who were called. Edmund was stunned. Looking at
his family, it was obvious that they were in the same state of shock. He knew the Crawfords, but the Michaelsons were, as yet, unfamiliar. They were not difficult to pick out, however, as a sister on the right side of the little chapel was weeping.

The letter went on; “These families will join a company of others under the direction of Captain John Crawford. We admonish them to put their affairs in order with haste, as we wish the company to leave within two weeks. We pray the Lord’s choicest blessings upon these families as they faithfully serve on the Lord’s errand.”

Bishop Robinson closed the letter. “And it is signed by the First Presidency: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards.” He pulled another piece of paper out—one that was creased and worn. “I was apprised of this calling yesterday and as I considered it, I remembered a quote by Apostle Erastus Snow that I felt was appropriate. If you will please permit me to read it, he says;

‘I feel to speak encouragingly to my brethren,’ (and I would add sisters,) ‘so far as our removal from this to the southern part of the Territory is concerned. I feel to go body and spirit, with my heart and soul, and I sincerely hope that my brethren will do the same; for so long as we strive to promote the interests of Zion at home or abroad, we shall be happy and prosperous; and what seems to be a temporary leaving and losing of present comforts that we have gathered around us, will be like bread cast upon the waters, which after many days shall be gathered like seed that brings forth much fruit...will accomplish more good for the Territory and enjoy much more happiness than we could by staying here.’”

The bishop removed his spectacles and wavered a few moments, deciding what to say. “I love the Crawfords, I love the Richardsons, and I love the Michaelsons, and I miss them already. I am grateful they have contributed to our ward, and I’m sure they will be a great blessing to the saints in Manti. I would like to propose a vote of thanks, and a vote of love, for these wonderful families. All in favor say ‘Aye’.” A reverent, but
hearty, "Aye" resounded through the room with more than one wet cheek among the saints.

Bishop Robinson announced a hymn and the passing of the sacrament, and then sat down. The congregation began to sing, but Edmund was too dazed to remember much of the rest of the service. A hundred things bounced through his mind. A mental list of what needed to be done within the next two weeks began to grow. He would have to sell their recently purchased lot, obtain good oxen, probably a better wagon and supplies.

He leaned over to his soon-to-be-ex-boss and whispered, "Where is Manti, anyway?"

Archibald indicated to his right and said under his breath, "It's about a hundred and fifty miles south of here."

Edmund nodded, and after a minute leaned over again. "No offense, but I'm thinking we'll have to turn down your Christmas party invitation." Archibald gave him a wincing smile, and nodded back.

After the meeting was over, the Richardsons made their way towards the door, receiving lots of handshakes and hugs, but no one really knew what to say. As they walked home Mary Ann huddled with Emma against the cold.

"We're going to do it, aren't we?" Emma shook her head.

Mary Ann shrugged slightly, "I imagine so." She could see where this was going.

"So, we're not going to Oregon in the spring, are we?" Emma felt more disgusted than disappointed. Mary Ann didn't answer, so Emma shot another question. "We'll never see Grandma again, will we?"

After another few moments of silence, she kicked a rock off the road to punish it for being in her path. "I knew it! I just knew it. Your religion...your church...is ruining my life! I thought we were already in the middle of nowhere, but now they're dragging us into the middle of the middle of nowhere. And in the middle of winter! And in the middle of Indian country, and in the middle of the Walker war! We'll never see Grandma, or Aunt Em."
Emma looked over toward her mother to continue her tirade, but saw that tears were rolling down her cheeks. This surprised her! She said nothing more, but walked for a ways in silence. She had not considered that she was not the only one missing her grandma right now. Maybe her mother was afraid of Indians, too. Maybe she was less than excited about moving on, as well.

She felt hot tears running down her own cheeks. “I don’t want to go, Mama.”

Mary Ann squeezed her, “I don’t want to go either, Em.” Then after a moment she said, “But the Lord does.”

Emma smiled through her tears, “Well, then let Him go!”

Mary Ann burst out with a short laugh, and then hugged her daughter. “I think He’s already there. He’s inviting us to come unto Him.”

Emma did not feel like arguing anymore. “I hope you’re right, Mama.”

References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 10; See also Historical Department, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Record of members 1852-1923, Reel 7544, West Jordan Ward - Pt 1

Author’s note: Baptism Records show that Edmund and Mary Ann were both baptized by Ralph Thompson on October 2, 1853. Their confirmations took place almost two weeks later, on October 13, 1853. Edmund was confirmed by John Harker, then First Counselor in the bishopric. Mary Ann was confirmed by Matthew Gaunt, her employer.
In this story, I have placed the baptism and confirmation on the same date.


“The early West Jordan settlers met for their religious services in what is now Taylorsville/Bennion. They were organized into an LDS Ward which comprised of forty-eight square miles of the valley on January 19, 1852. John Robinson was the first bishop, with John Harker and Reese Williams as his counselors. In October of the following year, the ward membership was 361. Bishop Robinson later moved to Ogden, and John Harker succeeded him as bishop.

“[Five years later,] Archibald Gardner was ordained bishop of the West Jordan Ward.”

3 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in *Name It* (Predecessor to *The Shuttle*), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 1

“Once when I gave a trivial excuse for not doing some duty, [my mother] told me, “I once knew a little girl who habitually soaped her hands so that when her mother asked her to do something she could reply, ‘My hands are soapy, I can’t.’” After looking at her thoughtfully a moment I asked, “Ma, was that little girl you?” A smile was her answer. I have often thought what a queer beginning that was to the wonderfully industrious life she always led in after life.”

4 Johnson and Shumway, pp. 8-12

“Probably the Richardsons lived in one of the houses the [Gardners] furnished for the families of their hired help. Their household and drinking water was hauled in barrels and purified by letting it pass from an elevated barrel over a charcoal filter into a lower barrel. Thus treated, the water was clear and clean if kept well covered.
“...Edmund had traded some cattle for a lot in Salt Lake City, and had planned to build a home there. But... they changed their plans when they received this call from their prophet.”

5 *Journal of Discourses*, VIII, p. 55

6 Johnson and Shumway, p. 10; See also Mary Richardson, Recorded in Book (G), p. 550, No. 1431, John L. Smith, recorder.

7 Johnson and Shumway, p. 11; See also Edmund Richardson, Recorded in Book (G), p. 549, No. 1430, John L. Smith, recorder.

8 Richard Van Wagoner, Steven Walker, and Allen Roberts, *The 'Lectures on Faith'": A Case Study in Decanonization*

   “The ‘Lectures on Faith,’ (1834-35) seven lessons on theology and doctrine prepared for the ‘School of the Elders’ in Kirtland, Ohio, were canonized in the 1835 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants by official vote of the Church...

   “Eighty-six years later, upon recommendation of a committee of apostles, the Lectures were deleted from the 1921 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants.”

9 William Morley Black, *Journal*, (1826-1915)

   “...The wants of the people required the running of the mill and no one else understood the business. Martin Wood and myself were called to run it night and day until the people were supplied with flour, so we could pull down the mill and move it to town. Two men were put on guard in the day time and twelve men at night, and this continued until the first of November, when grinding ceased and we quit guarding entirely to rest a few days and then pull the mill down, but the Indians were evidently watching us, for on the 6th of November the mill was burned and everything pertaining to it was lost.”

10 *The History of John Crawford*, (Journal read by Elizabeth Crawford Thompson in D.U.P., March 1912)
“When the Walker War broke out in the spring of 1853, [John Crawford] was one of a company of thirty-five called by Gov. Young to go to Manti to strengthen and support the settlement. They were instructed to sell all their property, so they would have nothing to return to. This party was gathered near the town of Salt Lake City and Mr. Crawford was made Capt. They arrived at Manti in the latter part of Dec. 1853 and found the snow 18 inches deep.”


“When a new colony was to be founded, its membership was selected by Brigham Young.... [T]he majority of the settlers sent to various sites in the Great Basin went with the understanding that their mission was to remain and build up that part of the Basin. No matter how isolated or unpromising the district, the Saints accepted the call as coming from God.

“Sometimes Brigham named each family which was to assist in establishing a certain colony, and at other times he merely appointed a leader and gave him authority to select a given number of families. Isaac Morley was appointed to establish Manti and told to choose his colonists...”

**Authors note:** There is no indication in the reference material as to how they were called—only that they accepted it. It was common at that time to receive a call to move or to go on a mission right from the pulpit and without warning. As the Crawfords and the Michaelsons are mentioned as having made this winter trek with the Richardsons, I have placed them, in this story, as being called from West Jordan Ward.

12 Hunter, p.58; See also James G. Bleak, *Annals*, p. 100

13 Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in *Name It* (Predecessor to *The Shuttle*), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 2, p. 2
"[Brigham Young] sent word to the Bishops of different places, to call a number of men to go and help settle [Sanpete]. My father was one of those called. He had just traded some of his stock for a lot in Salt Lake City, but he sacrificed that and started in the dead of winter, with a very poor team, and very little else, for Sanpete County. That broke me all up again, as I had never wanted to stay in Utah, and my father had promised repeatedly before he was converted that he would take [us] to Oregon in the spring."
Chapter Eight

Utah Valley — December 9, 1853

“What mountain is that? It’s tremendous!” Edmund had been awestruck by it since they entered Utah Valley yesterday afternoon. But now, as they skirted its base on the second day on their trip to Manti, the mountain seemed more immense than ever.

Edwin Whiting laughed, recollecting his own feelings the first time he passed by here four years earlier. “That’s Mount Timpanogos. It’s a bit intimidating, isn’t it?”

Intimidating was a good word for it. It was as if some colossal pagan god stood there with arms folded, dominating and threatening, just waiting for one wrong move. Edmund repeated the strange word, “Timpanogos.”

“The Indians call it the father of mountains,” Edwin commented.

Mary Ann let her eyes run over the range of mountains that lined the valley like a bulwark. “Do you ever get used to these mountains?”

“I don’t think you ever get used to them,” Edwin admitted. “You don’t think about them much after a while, but it’s pretty hard for flat-landers to ever think they’re normal. Manti feels even more closed in than this. The mountains aren’t as big, but the Sanpete Valley is narrower.”

Edwin Whiting was not part of this wagon train originally. He showed up the morning they moved out. He was from Manti, but had traveled up to Salt Lake with several other wagons to
trade shingles made in Manti for much needed supplies. When he found that a party was heading for Manti, he had discharged his business quickly in order to return back to Manti as soon as possible, leaving his companions to visit with relatives in Salt Lake before their return. Problems at home with the Utes were flaring up almost daily, and he felt nervous being away from his family.

The wagon train had stopped to make camp on this second night of the trek. Edwin Whiting hobbled his oxen, and was walking around to the different camps to meet the people that would soon be his neighbors.

Edmund coaxed the campfire with some more snow-covered wood and turned to Brother Whiting. “Since you’re obviously not eating with your family, you’d be welcome to eat with us.” Edmund threw a quick “Is-that-all right?” glance toward Mary Ann.

She grinned and nodded, rolling her eyes. Of course it was all right, and even if it was not, what could she say about it now?

Edwin accepted the invitation. “I think you could talk me into that. I get pretty tired of my own cooking. I need to go scrape some snow away to expose feed for my team, but I’ll be back in a half hour or so.”

Edmund nodded and buttoned his coat; he needed to get to his own chores before it got too dark. The sun had already dropped behind the hills on the western side of Utah Valley, but it still shone brilliantly on Mt. Timpanogos. As the sun set, he could feel the temperature plummet.

Edmund called, “Come on, George. You need to get that cow milked, and I need to clear some snow.”

“But Papa, it’s so cold,” George complained. “I haven’t felt warm all day. My feet are freezing.”

Edmund felt for him. “I know, Son. Let’s hurry and get our chores done. Then we can have some hot stew, and climb in bed.”

George grumbled something almost inaudible and headed for the milk bucket.
When Edmund returned from tending to the animals, George was sitting with his feet by the fire holding the still-steaming bucket of milk between his knees. Edmund asked, “You all right, Son?”

George nodded, “Yeah, I’m getting warm.”

Emma had been helping her mother with dinner, but was now pulling bunk boards out of the wagon. She placed them on cross-members hung by chains under the axles of the wagon. These hangers supported the bunk boards, forming a swinging, dry platform for her and George to sleep on. Edmund arrived in time to pull the last one out, and help her situate it and the bedding. “How are you doing, Em?”

Emma shook her head. “Great, Papa, just great! We’ve just traveled thirteen miles, in a foot of snow, in the dead of winter, in the freezing cold, because some guy wrote a letter telling us to go into the middle of nowhere in Indian country. Now I get to eat a little, and then sleep on a board so we can get up and do it all over again and again. And how are you, Father?”

Edmund was surprised by the outburst, and was almost tempted to laugh at the suddenness of it all. “So, I get the feeling, and I may be wrong about this, that you are not having a good time. Is that right?”

Emma threw up her hands in exasperation. “Whatever gave you that idea?”

Edmund tried to console her. “Emma, I….”

She interrupted him, “You’re just so sure that God has ‘called’ us to do this. Well, I’m not so sure! Why would He send us out in the middle of the winter in a foot of snow? Couldn’t He have sent us a couple months ago or even a few months from now if He wants us to go so badly?”

Edmund shrugged, “I don’t know, Em. The Lord doesn’t often ask us to do things that are convenient—just like the chores that we ask you and George to do aren’t convenient. But look how you are growing! You are becoming a talented, hard-working, dependable, young woman. Maybe that’s what the Lord is doing with us. Maybe He’s growing us, developing us,
until someday He can tell us, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

With the wind taken out of her sails of frustration, Emma nodded, "Yeah, maybe." She reluctantly took her father's extended hand and walked back to the fire.

Mary Ann perceived that Emma was less tense, and she glanced Edmund a thank you. "The stew is almost done. Why don't you two get warm by the fire?"

Edmund whispered to Emma, "Now there's a chore that is convenient!"

She elbowed him, not yet ready to smile.

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_Springville – December 10, 1853_

The wagon train arrived in Springville late in the afternoon, and made camp near the fort and church. Bishop Johnson of Springville invited the company inside the church to relax. Those who desired to bring in their bedding and sleep inside the church by the fire could do so, provided they had the building ready for meetings in the morning. Several people liked the idea of sleeping indoors, and everyone welcomed the chance to relax and warm up inside. So after dinner and chores, the evening was spent singing and playing a volley of games. It was an enjoyable and comfortable reprieve after the past three days of trudging through deep snow.

After the festivities, many of the children, including Emma and George, and enough of the adults to oversee the young ones, brought in their bedding and slept by the fire. Mary Ann and Edmund walked back to their wagon in the clear, crisp air. A half-moon shone brightly against the snow, illuminating the surroundings and the towering mountains above Springville. Edmund stirred the coals of the cook fire and added more fuel, and soon they warmed to a cozy campfire.
“Halloo the camp!” Edmund looked up to see Edwin Whiting coming through the snow, and waved him in. “Some night, huh!”

“Sure enough!” He stepped to the fire. “Your kids sleeping in the church?”

Edmund nodded, “That warm fire is pretty easy to get used to. I presume they’re spoiled already.”

“That, or smarter than the rest of us!” Mary Ann interjected as she brought another chair to the fire for their guest.

Edwin smiled, “And that may be right, too!” He changed the subject. “Have you gotten to know many of the others in the train?”

Mary Ann shrugged a little. “We already knew a couple families that came from our ward. And we’ve become acquainted with three or four other families, but some of the others don’t speak much English. They seem nice enough, but it’s kind of hard to get to know them.”

“That’s true,” Edwin agreed. “They’re Scandinavians. Mostly from Denmark, I believe. They arrived in Salt Lake just about two weeks ago—hardly got a chance to catch their breath. They’re a very faithful lot. And courageous! How would it be to emigrate to a foreign land, with a foreign tongue, buy an outfit without feeling swindled, and then travel a thousand miles across a hostile, untamed land? And then pick up at a prophet’s voice and travel on into Indian country! They will be greatly blessed, I’m sure.”

A puff of steam punctuated each word and breath into the cold night. Edmund pulled out his knife and started whittling. “So, how long have you lived in Manti?”

Edwin moved his feet closer to the fire. “About four years—I guess that makes me one of the old-timers,” he said wryly.¹

“What about the Indians down there?” Mary Ann’s concern was obvious. Her nervousness about the Indians grew every day. “We’ve never really dealt with them, except a little on the trek West.”
Edwin replied mirthfully, “I reckon that you’ll be experts at it before long. Manti’s in the heart of Indian country. We didn’t have too many problems until earlier this year. We mostly had to put up with a lot of begging for food, and a little stealing. And we could usually work things out by talking with them and giving them food. President Young is always preaching it’s easier to feed them than to fight them.”

He pulled his coat a little tighter around himself. “But this summer Chief Walker went on the rampage, and since then we’ve been doing our talking with powder and ball. The only things they respect are courage and manpower. That’s one reason we’re grateful that you all are coming down. We surely can use your help.”

Edmund asked, “So how did the relations go from talking to shooting?”

Brother Whiting explained, “I think there’s been resentment on both sides smoldering for a while, but a couple of things really fanned the flames. For one thing, Jim Bridger and his mountain-men friends have been stirring the Indians up against us. They’ve been giving them whiskey and guns—generally a bad combination.”

He continued, “And then President Young has done all he can to cut off the slave trade to the Mexicans. It’s the right thing to do, but it has really infuriated them.”

Mary Ann swallowed. “We’ve been hearing about atrocities that Walker has been committing almost weekly.”

Edwin nodded, “He preys on the vulnerable. He mostly attacks lone individuals or small groups, but he’s got enough warriors to take on whole communities if he wants to.” Noticing the expression on Mary Ann’s face, Brother Whiting scratched his jaw and took in a long breath. “I probably shouldn’t have mentioned all of that. It’s a frightening subject for a lot of people.”

“And it’s not frightening to you?” Mary Ann was incredulous.
Edwin raised an eyebrow and nodded, “Oh, it’s scary enough. That’s why I’m traveling back with you all—because I don’t want to spend any more time away from my family than I have to. But some people become paralyzed by the fear, whether it’s from the Indians, or the winters, or the struggle for survival, or even the ‘nothingness’ of our forgotten little valley. I believe the saying that fear and faith cannot exist together. A few people have become so discouraged and frustrated that they’ve left.”

He continued, “But I believe that God has called us to go, and that He has not called us to fail. He’s sent us to the ‘nethermost part of the vineyard’ where we are forgotten by the world, and maybe even by much of the Church. He’s commanded us to become fruitful. So we take our little talent, and try to make it two, or ten! This gospel is not for the faint-hearted. Sanpete is not for the faint-hearted!”

A deep shiver ran down Mary Ann’s back, bringing her almost involuntarily to her feet. But it wasn’t from the cold. Slightly embarrassed, she quickly recovered, “It’s getting late and chilly. I think I’ll go to bed. Good night.” She walked to the back of the wagon and climbed in.

As she fumbled in the dark of the wagon, she was astounded, and humbled. In one minute of casual talk from this simple, honest man, she had been preached a sermon that both cut her to the soul, and given her inspiration at the same time! She realized that Satan had found a small niche in her heart where he could place a little seed of fear, and she, herself, had carefully nurtured that seed until it threatened her very faith. Above the numbing cold of the night, was a spiritual numbness of her doubt.

Mary Ann recognized the place of fear where Satan had taken her ever so subtly. She could see that faith was driven out with the encroachment of that fear. It had been a choice! Her choice! Fear had presented itself before her, and she chose to listen to it, rather than cast it out. Fear, and its master, was the enemy of her faith. “Oh ye fiend!” she whispered, “I discharge you in the name of my Savior, Jesus Christ.”
She quietly intoned a humble prayer, "Oh, Father, please forgive me! I forgot Thy matchless power. I forgot the miracles Thou hast wrought in our lives. I forgot that Thou wast in this detour. Please purge my heart of fear, and fill it with faith." Instantly, the Spirit of God flooded her heart with love, and her mind with the words of Paul to Timothy, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Recognizing the peace of the Comforter, another scripture came to mind, "...after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise, Which is the earnest of our inheritance." Tears rolled forth, spilling down her cheek, as she recalled her husband’s words regarding its meaning, "If you’re enjoying the fruits of the Spirit, if the Holy Ghost is working in your life, then you know you’re on the right path. That’s the earnest of the Spirit." She smiled, and wiped her eyes and face with the blanket she was holding, "Thank You, Father."

Near Nephi, Utah – December 14, 1853

The trek those first few days, down to Provo and Springville, and then on through Utah Valley, went fairly well, averaging twelve miles a day. The snow began to diminish the farther south they went, and on Tuesday, the second day out of Springville, the weather turned surprisingly warm and balmy. Though it was much more comfortable, the melting snow turned the road to mud, making for difficult and slow travel. John Crawford, the captain of the wagon train, pushed the teams and the people hard and seemed agitated at the desperately slow pace.

That night as Brother Crawford made the rounds to see how people were doing, Edmund parried the typical "How are you all
doing?” question with an observation and question of his own. “You seem a little edgy lately. Everything all right?”

John pulled his shoulder back in a half shrug and half apology. “I’m just trying to get as many miles behind us as possible. I’m afraid we’re in for a doozie.”

Edmund looked at him quizzically. “A doozie?”

Brother Crawford pointed toward the moon. “I think we’ve got a storm coming in a day or two, and a big one!”

Edmund didn’t catch his inference. “What do you mean? Why do you think that?”

He pointed once again to the moon. “Do you see the moon’s halo- the ring around the moon? See how close it is to the moon? That means a storm is coming soon. The tighter the ring, the closer the storm.”

Edmund furrowed his brow in disbelief. “But it was beautiful, even warm today.”

John nodded, “Unseasonably warm! It’s like she’s buttering you up with a little kiss before she sucker-punches you. And did you notice how the animals, and even the people, seemed kinda edgy?” He smiled, “Besides just me, I mean.”

Edmund reflected a moment. “I guess, now that you mention it...” He wasn’t sure what to think about Brother Crawford’s forecasting, but he sure seemed convinced of a storm.

“Keep an eye on the animals tomorrow—they’ll tell you a lot about the weather.” John rubbed the back of his neck. “Well, we’d better turn in. I imagine morning will come pretty early.”

John Crawford wasn’t kidding. At 3:00 a.m. the guards sounded the wake up call as they’d been directed, an hour and a half earlier than usual. Edmund thought that if people weren’t grouchy yesterday, they were sure going to be offside today. Amidst a fair amount of grumbling, the train headed out at five, well before the predawn gray, with only the setting moon for light. This day, too, was warm and the train made good time. Only patches of snow dotted the ground and the road was fairly dry. They took a late lunch at 2:00 p.m. about four miles before
the small settlement of Nephi where they found good feed for
the animals, but by 3:30 Captain Crawford was pushing them on
again.

Edmund was curious about the prediction of a storm and
watched for oddities. For most of the day the air was warm and
still, and people and animals were notably quiet, but after lunch
a warm breeze began blowing, which quickly grew stronger.
The train passed through Nephi, and traveled three miles up
Salt Creek Canyon where they camped. Captain Crawford gave
instructions to secure the camp, with orders to give special
attention to the animals. Dinner was hurried, and everyone
retreated to their wagons to escape the gale. No guards were
posted—any enemies would be hunkered down out of the
howling storm as well.

Edmund remarked to Mary Ann as he drew closed the back
of the wagon cover, “He was right! It’s starting to snow just like
Brother Crawford said.” Then turning to the children, “It may be
a little uncomfortable sleeping with all four of us in here tonight,
but probably better than sleeping under the wagon, huh?” They
heartily agreed.

Sometime around midnight the wind died down, but the
heavy snowfall continued throughout the night. When the
Richardsons awoke it was not yet dawn, but nearly two feet of
snow covered the ground. George rounded up some firewood
while Edmund checked on the animals. When they got back in
camp and started building a fire, they were startled by a loud call,
“Oyez, oyez, yoke-up, yoke-up!” It was Edwin Whiting coming
into camp with another armload of wood.

“Oh, yes?” Edmund queried.

“No, oyez, oyez!” Edwin corrected. “When we were on
our first trip to Sanpete in ‘49, Captain Nels Higgins would yell
that every morning. He said that ‘oyez’ was French for ‘Now
hear this,’ although I’m not so sure of that. But whatever it really
meant, it did the job—it certainly rousted us out of bed.”

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Edmund smirked and called out, “Well then, oyez, oyez, wake up, Mary Ann and Emma!”

“We heard you. We’re awake!” Emma retorted, “We’re just waiting for you to build us a fire.”

Travel became extremely difficult as they continued up Salt Creek Canyon. It kept snowing and by the second night after Nephi, the snow mounded four feet deep in places. Men took turns tramping down snow on the road. Then they double-teamed the lead wagon using eight span of oxen to break the trail for the following wagons. Progress was slow and painstaking.

Snow had to be scraped away from brush to allow the oxen to feed. Their strength and endurance decreased with the scarcity of feed, further slowing the journey.

On Sunday they traveled but a few miles, and then rested. That night Edwin Whiting came into the Richardson camp for dinner. He had a standing invitation to eat with them, and at first he felt a little reluctant. But now, a week and a half into the trip, he joked about having to mind Mary Ann and clean up his plate.

George returned from leading the milk cow to a patch of brush near the creek, and complained, “If we were only going to go half a day, then why did we stop here? That opening about a mile back looked like a much better place to camp. Less snow, more brush for feed, closer to the water…”

Edwin shook his head, “Nah, I’m with Brother Crawford. There are some bad memories back there.”

George was instantly intrigued, “What kind of bad memories?”

Edwin wished that he hadn’t brought it up with the kids around. Now he was uncertain whether to tell them, or dance around the subject. But they would find out soon enough, and so he opted for the truth. “Four of my good friends were attacked and killed by Indians there, just a couple of months ago.”

George remembered, “Was that when those guys were going to conference and got killed?”

Edwin nodded. “You’ve heard about it.”
George felt important carrying on this conversation. “Everybody’s heard about it. I can see why you hate the Indians so much!”

Brother Whiting visibly winced. “Hate’s a pretty strong word, George. I don’t know that I hate them. They just happen to be our enemies right now. They’ve done some terrible things to us, but some of the white people have done some pretty bad things to them too. It just all needs to stop.”

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_Pine Creek – December 22, 1853_

Edwin Whiting sat down and warmed himself by the fire. He had just come back from helping the Michaelsons.

“How’s Brother Michaelson?,” Mary Ann asked worriedly.

“Not too good. His toes are black and dead—they’re frozen. I’m afraid they’ll have to be amputated.”

Emma gasped, “You mean cut off? Who’ll do it? Is there a doctor?”

Edwin nodded slightly, “Yes, there’s a doctor in Manti. Although I don’t care much for him personally, I guess he’s a pretty good doctor.”

Emma was horrified, “How did his toes get so bad?”

Brother Whiting explained. “He hasn’t been taking care of himself enough. He’s been taking extra shifts in breaking the trail and standing guard. He said his feet grew numb the day after the snow started and he never got them to thaw out after that. They have him in one of the dugouts getting warmed up. He needs it, but the thawing causes a lot of pain.”

Edmund asked, “What is this place?”

“They call it Pine Creek,” Edwin explained. “Isaac Behunin and his family settled it, and spent last winter here. But a couple of months ago they moved back to Manti because of the Indian
troubles. I think when things settle down a bit they’ll be moving back here. They want to call the place Ephraim.”

George seemed impatient, “So how much further to Manti?”

Edwin tussled his hair. “We’re almost there—about seven more miles. We’ll get there tomorrow. Are you going to be able to handle it?”

George huffed, “Yeah, I guess so.”

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**Manti – December 23, 1853**

It was dark when the wagon train pulled into Manti. They had struggled all day to make the scant seven miles from Pine Creek to Manti. The oxen were weak from lack of forage, the travelers were exhausted, and the snow had to be tramped almost all the way into Manti. What a welcome sight it was to see the walls of the “Little Stone Fort” illuminated by the dim light of a quarter moon!

Edmund had been tramping with others, but stepped aside to wait for his own wagon. As they pulled alongside, he announced wearily, “We’re here.”

Emma looked at her mother, and then at the small fort. “We’re where?”

Edmund smiled up to her in the wagon. “We’re home.”

Emma took a long breath and shook her head, a sarcastic smile playing at her lips. “I’m trying to have faith, Papa, but I still think we got off the ‘right path’ back about Wyoming.”

Edmund smiled again. “I wish I had the strength to argue with you.”

Manti residents poured out of their cabins to welcome and care for the weary travelers. Young men were quickly sent to take over the job of caring for the animals, leaving all the wagons within the walls of the fort until morning. Bishop Lowry asked
who would offer to take the newcomers in, and nearly every house was opened to them.\textsuperscript{6}

A nice young woman with two children, introducing herself as Sister Black, offered her home to the Richardsons. She apologized that she was unable to provide better accommodations as it was only a one-room cabin, but Mary Ann assured her a warm, dry corner of the floor would be heavenly compared to the past two weeks of living in the cramped quarters of their drafty wagon. They removed from the wagon only their bedding and those things they would need for the night. They ate some bread and milk, and happily collapsed on the floor.

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\textbf{References}

\begin{enumerate}
\item Clare B. Christensen, \textit{Before & After Mt. Pisgah}, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979), p. 194

\begin{quote}
"President Young called for volunteers [to settle the Sanpete Valley] and about fifty families responded to the call …Upon Edwin Whiting’s arrival in Salt Lake Valley, he and family were asked to go [to Manti with the vanguard group] also. Within a week after Edwin’s arrival the journey southward began."
\end{quote}

\textbf{Author’s note:} Edwin Whiting was not among this group, with the Richardsons, heading down to Manti in December 1853. We know that a close relationship between the Richardsons and the Whitings developed over time, so I have included him in this trek in order to begin that relationship and, more especially, to acquaint the Richardsons and the reader with some of the history of Manti.

\item Albert Antrei, \textit{High, Dry, and Offside}, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), pp.29-30
\end{enumerate}
“...There was a small band of Sanpete Indians that said they wanted to be friends. They came and went as they pleased for a long time. The first of Sept., I think it was, it was ascertained that they were stealing and surmised that they were spies or that they were acting falsely. Let that be as it may, there was a council held and at the same time there was eight Indians in camp with their wives & decision of the council was to kill the Indians and imprison the squaws. The Indians were persuaded to go with some soldiers outside the limits of the town and started for that purpose when, in front of my house, they mistrusted something, I suppose, for they started to run. The firing then commenced. At that they all broke to run, but were all killed. I have no comments to make, but will only say, that it was a sad affair as the sequel will show. Shortly after, there was a company of wagons with horse team started for Salt Lake the night previous, there were 3 ox teams started, loaded with wheat and contrary to counsel, when they got to the head of the valley (near Fountain Green), they camped and went to bed. When we came up the next day, we found them all massacred, some were killed in their bed badly hacked up and they left others start to run and were killed while others were found buried in the wheat in the wagons. There were four killed.” [Excerpts from The Personal Journal of Albert Smith (1804-1893) Unpublished.]


“Isaac Behunin and his family were the first to live on Pine Creek in 1852. Though he claimed forty acres and built a dugout where he and his [family] spent the winter... he moved to Manti in late 1853 for protection against the Indians.

“In February 1854 James Allred left the fort at Manti with approximately fifteen families, including Isaac Behunin and family, and moved... to Pine Creek. ...The groups started a fort and named the place Fort Ephraim.”
Christensen, pp.217-222

William A. Cox told about the [Little Stone Fort] as follows:

“They built the fort eight feet high... The walls were two and a half feet thick at the base and two feet thick at the top. There were two places called bastions, one on the northwest corner, and one on the southeast corner. These bastions had portholes so placed to enable one inside to see all sides of the outside walls. They also had two cannons which they could shoot through the portholes. On the inside of the walls were built living rooms. Each room had one window and one door, and the roofs were all built slanting into the center of the fort. Some of the roofs were covered with slabs and some with poles, they were covered with straw and dirt on top of that. Sometimes the snow would melt and forget to run off as the builders intended it would. It would wet sacks of flour and cornmeal, or some sick mother’s bed so that she would have to hold a parasol over her head. There was only one entrance into the fort—a large gate twelve foot wide... Father Cox built in the southwest corner two sixteen foot rooms for a family of three wives and thirteen children.”

Emerett Cox told how the children felt during that time:

“I was always thankful to hear the clang when the old gate was shut behind us. And how we would enjoy the security of that same gate and those high rock walls when we cuddled down and slept on the floor while wintry winds roared over the old fort.”

Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), pp.16-17

“Of this trip Emma Lynette Richardson wrote:

‘We started in the dead of winter 1853-4, which was a very bad winter. Snow four feet deep and still snowing in Salt Creek Canyon (Nephi Canyon). And cold! We had scant clothing and scant everything else except snow. One man by the name of Michaelson froze his feet so badly that he lost part of them through tramping snow and breaking roads so that the teams could get through. We were about two weeks going from West
Jordan to Manti, some 140 miles. We camped in Ephraim one night and got into Manti the next night after dark. Seven miles!

“When Bishop Lowry asked who could take the new people in, practically every house was thrown open. Perhaps it would be better to say every ‘room’ was thrown open, for as Emma said, ‘Very few families had more than one room and we moved right in with Sister Margaret Black (and family) in a room in the old log fort.’”
Chapter Nine

Manti – December 24, 1853

Sunlight flooded and then fled the small cabin as the door opened and closed quietly. A young boy entered the room, waddling with the weight of a pail of steaming milk. Edmund woke with a start and sat up, spending several blurry moments trying to remember where he was. The boy quietly apologized, “Sorry, Mister. I didn’t mean to wake ya. Ma told me to be real quiet or she’d skin me alive.”

Edmund rubbed his eyes and smiled. “Well, maybe I can plead your case for you. What time is it, anyway?”

The boy pulled a face, “I dunno. I suppose nigh on to nine o’clock or so.”

Edmund’s eyes grew wide. “Whoa! I haven’t slept in this late for years.”

“I think you probably needed it.” It was Sister Black. The room was so dimly lit that he had not seen her working at the table. “You’ve had a rough couple of weeks. You certainly deserve the luxury of sleeping in some. Go on back to sleep if you’d like.”

Edmund waved his hand, “No, I’m up. I need to get up and find out what’s going on.”

Sister Black cocked her head and grinned, “I don’t know as how you’re going to do that, unless you’re going to walk around in your underwear.” She let him search for his clothes a moment. “I took the liberty of washing your family’s clothes after you went to sleep last night, and then put them by the fire here to dry.”
They’re almost dry, but in the mean time, just lay back down and get yourself some more rest.”

He shook his head in disbelief. “Yes ma’am! And thank you.” His body seemed more than willing to comply with the command.

When the Richardsons finally did arise, they found warm, dry, clean clothes and shoes courtesy of Sister Black. She also had hot cracked wheat on the table for them. Mary Ann was baffled at the kind acts of service rendered them. She had felt imposing enough just barging in on this kind family, but now she was doubly indebted. “Thank you, again, for your hospitality. You are so kind.”

Sister Black brushed the thanks aside, “It’s really my pleasure. When we arrived here a little over a year ago, my family and I were taken in and provided for. I’m just grateful to be able to return blessing for blessing. Besides, it’s Christmas Eve!”

She changed the subject, “By the way. I don’t think we ever got a proper introduction. I’m Margaret Black, and you’ve already met Martin, he’s almost six… and this is Martha, who just turned four.” Martha smiled shyly.

Mary Ann smiled back at Martha. “I’m Mary Ann Richardson, and this is Edmund. Emma Lynette over there recently turned twelve, and George, here, is seven.”

George asked impetuously, “And how old are you?”

Mary Ann gave George a little swat, “George Alvin! You don’t ask ladies how old they are.”

Margaret laughed. “That’s quite all right. For George’s sake, I’m twenty-four.” Then smiling at Mary Ann, she said with sincerity, “It’s nice to meet you all, and it’s nice to have you here with us. I don’t know what the plans are, but you’re welcome to stay ‘til things get settled out.”

After breakfast Edmund took George to check on the oxen and the wagon. Mary Ann and Emma joined Margaret in washing the dishes. Afterwards, they helped her make butter
from the combined cream of three or four milkings, each taking
turns at the churn. It was enjoyable to not be traveling, but rather
sitting and visiting while doing menial chores.

After talking briefly about the events of the trip, Margaret
asked, “So where are you from? I mean before Salt Lake.”

Mary Ann handed the churn over to Emma. “Indiana and
Vermont, mostly. And New York before that.”

“So, how long have you been members of the church?”
Margaret was curious.

Mary Ann chuckled, “I guess my answer tells a lot more
than just where we’re from, huh? Edmund and I were baptized in
October.” She put her hand on her daughter’s. “Emma’s not quite
ready to be baptized yet. She wants to be sure before she makes
that kind of covenant.”

Margaret listened in fascination as Mary Ann explained
about the troubles on the trek to Oregon, the detour to Salt Lake,
and finally their conversion. “And you probably thought that Salt
Lake was the middle of nowhere, didn’t you? Well, I imagine
you’ve got a whole new perspective about what the middle of
nowhere really is.”

All three laughed heartily. It felt wonderful to laugh.
Emma realized that it had been a long time since she had felt this
way.

Mary Ann turned the tables, “And how about you? Where
are you from? You said you came here just last year…”

“I’m from South Canton, Ohio.” Margaret said. “My
husband, Bill, baptized me on the way out West last year. So I’m
new to all this too.”

Emma was surprised. “Your husband?”

Margaret explained, “Yes, he’s in Nephi working at the grist
mill there. Did you see the mill as you went through? Anyway,
he was helping John Warner work his mill here in Manti, but
Brother Warner and William Mills were attacked and killed by
Indians. After that, my husband and Martin Wood took over and
milled the remaining harvest.”
Mary Ann interjected with a question. "Your husband worked the mill right after two men were killed there? Wasn't that scary?"

"Oh, it was scary enough, but they set up a heavy guard around the mill, night and day, so Bill and Brother Wood could be protected against attack. They worked long hours, and finally finished on the first of November. When they finished, they took a break a few days before pulling the whole mill down into town. The Indians must have been watching because they set fire to the mill and burned it to the ground."

Margaret continued, "So without a mill here, Bill moved over to Nephi to work on Brother Hamilton’s mill."

Emma was perplexed. "Why didn’t you move over there with him?"

Margaret looked down. "I guess I wasn’t quite ready. I buried the second of my twin babies about a month before he had to leave and I just couldn’t leave them so soon. I’m doing better now, so I imagine that when things settle down with the Indians, I’ll move over there with him."

Emma was embarrassed. "I... I’m sorry."

Margaret smiled at Emma. "It’s quite all right. It takes time to heal the heart."

Mary Ann spoke to change the subject. "So, without a mill now, how do you grind your wheat?"

"Well," Margaret shrugged, "We’ve still got a little flour left. And we could always take more wheat to the Nephi mill, but no one really likes traveling with Walker on the rampage out there."

Emma perked up. "We’ve got a large coffee mill that people could use for grinding."

Margaret raised an eyebrow. "Great! Maybe we’ll put it to work today and then pass it on to others."

Mary Ann took in the whole situation. "We’ve been hearing about the Indian war here. It’s got to be nerve-wracking, isn’t it?"

"Certainly!" Margaret agreed. "That’s one of the reasons that it’s nice to have you here. It’s frightening being here without
my husband. So the added numbers makes me feel more comfortable.

"Here, let me take a turn." She tipped the churn to drain off the buttermilk into a bowl.

Emma thought for a moment, "So was he already a Mormon and you weren't?"

Margaret nodded, "Yes. It's a long story. But if you don't mind...." She was slightly embarrassed. "Look at me, yacking on and on like I haven't had anyone to talk to."

Emma laughed, "Well you haven't, but now you do! Go on, you've got me interested now!"

"All right, but it's your fault, remember." Margaret laughed as well. "In '49 Bill left me and the kids with my folks and took a job working teams heading for the gold rush. And kind of like you, he stopped in Salt Lake, and became interested in the gospel. The next year, in February, he ended up coming down to Sanpete, and Isaac Morley took him under his wing. He grew to love Father Morley so much that he changed his name to William Morley Black." 2

Margaret seemed a little uncomfortable in telling the next part, but continued on. "He wrote me often, but a lot of folks, including my parents, were sure we would never see him again. Bill worked for Father Morley a couple years building a gristmill, and learned a lot about the gospel from him, and eventually he was baptized. Part of what he learned about was the doctrine of plural marriage. After about a year, he married Amy Jane Washburn as a plural wife."

Emma was aghast. "Did you know about her?"

"No," Margaret admitted. "She knew about me, but I was still unaware of the whole situation. I didn't even know he'd been baptized in the Mormon Church. That was in the Spring of '51, and the following winter, when the work on the grist mill was done, he came back to Ohio to get me."

Margaret fairly beamed at this part of the story. "It was so good to see him! He'd gotten hurt shortly before he arrived, and so he was forced to just hang around while he recuperated. It was
like a second honeymoon! Three years was a long time and we were able to get to know each other all over again.

"About the time he could work without limping, the subject of Mormonism came up. My parents hated the Mormons, and were bad-mouthing them fiercely. Then, all of a sudden, the fact that he'd joined the Mormon Church popped out of his mouth. You could have heard a pin drop!"

Emma was glued to the story, "What happened?"

"My mother proceeded to rip all over him, screaming and abusing him with everything she could think of. Bill answered all her claims and accusations calmly and mildly, but that seemed to only make her more angry. My father was more quiet about it all, but told him that he was no longer welcome under his roof."

Emma asked, "What about you? How did you feel?"

Margaret slowly shook her head. "That was the longest night of my life. We went to our room and talked, and argued, and cried, and fought. He bore his testimony, but I was in no mood to hear it, and you can imagine that the Holy Ghost couldn't be present in that atmosphere anyway. Finally, as daylight approached, he told me, 'Margaret, you are my wife, and I love you, but I love God better. I am going to harness my horses, and leave your father's roof. If you want to go with me, have your things ready, otherwise I will take Martin, and leave you Martha, and bid you good-bye.' And he walked out the door."³

Emma's eyes were wide. "What did you do? I mean, obviously you're here, but tell us what you did!"

Margaret recalled, "It was one of those 'hang in the balance' moments. I loved Bill and belonged with him, but I felt deceived. I loved my parents, but didn't belong there anymore. I even cried to God to tell me what to do, but the heavens were silent. I guess I knew what I was supposed to do. When he pulled up to the door, I had all the bedding and clothes packed. We loaded the kids, and wrapped them up in a blanket, and left my parents' house without saying good-bye. Even the weather seemed in on
the whole fight—we left in one of the worst blizzards I’ve ever seen. We stayed at my girlfriend’s house until we could travel.”

Emma stared at this amazing woman. “And then what?”

Margaret continued, “Well, we went to Illinois to visit Bill’s family, and then we took a job driving a wagon for a blind man to Utah. Somewhere along the way my heart softened to the gospel, and even to the doctrine of plural marriage. When I found out he was also married to another woman, though, I about lost it again, but Heavenly Father helped me through that too. Eventually I accepted both the gospel and these new doctrines, and got baptized.”

Emma was incredulous. “How could you do that? How could you forgive him and join a church that makes you share your husband? How could that be right?”

Margaret looked into her eyes and saw a reflection of herself. The churn was forgotten and Margaret put her hand on Emma’s. “Emma, I don’t know you very well, and you don’t know me. But I get the feeling that you and I are a lot alike. I struggled with it all just like I think you are. But you’ll find out that I’m not a pushover. I’ve got too much of my mother’s fire in me to be walked on. You may think my husband sweet-talked me into joining some crazy religion, leaving my parents, and becoming part of his ‘harem’ or something. But it’s not true.”

Margaret smiled and added, “He’s not smart enough to be able to talk me into doing anything I don’t want to do.”

Emma smiled back as Margaret continued, “There’s not a man alive smart enough to do that. Bill taught me the principles of the gospel, a lot of which made sense, and some of which surely didn’t. From there I had to find out for myself. To me, it had to be either all true or all false. No picking and choosing what sounded good, and discarding the rest. If it was true, then Joseph Smith was truly a prophet, and the Book or Mormon was true, and Brigham Young has to be a prophet of God now. But if any of the three were false, then they were all false. So who is the only one
who couldn’t lie to me, and could tell me for sure if it was all true or not?”

She left the question hanging, and Emma answered, “God?”

Margaret nodded, “Yes, our Heavenly Father. So I pleaded to know. I asked Him whether I should embrace it all as His great plan, or reject it all as a fraud.”

Emma was impatient, “And what did He say?”

Margaret shook her head slightly, “I don’t know that He said anything. I wish that I could say a voice called to me out of heaven, but it didn’t. I just know that over the next few days, and even weeks, of studying and praying, I began to know for myself that it was true. It was like light illuminating my mind, causing me to see things clearly. Even the distasteful things seemed less unpalatable in their proper perspective. I became convinced by the Holy Spirit that it was true.”

Margaret lowered her eyes. “It’s still not easy for me. I struggle with some principles every day. When we got to Salt Lake, Bill was detained for a time on business, so he sent us down to Sanpete with some of his friends. How do you think I felt going farther into the middle of nowhere, not knowing a solitary soul, recently baptized, and I’m going to go live with the other wife of my husband?”

Emma’s eyes got wide, and she involuntarily felt her gag reflex tickle. “I can’t believe you did it!”

“It was frightening,” Margaret admitted. “But everyone, especially Amy Jane, accepted me and loved me. And now, except for Bill, I probably love Amy more than anyone in the world—she’s like a close sister. But it’s still hard for me to share my husband. There will always be things that we have a hard time with... I guess the gospel wasn’t made to be easy. But if you know it’s true, you can make it through.”

Margaret searched her eyes again. “Don’t give up, Emma. You’ll find out. You’ll know. And once you do, you’ll know that it’s all true—and you’ll have faith to live it. Be patient with yourself—there’s no hurry.”
Emma was amazed at how candid Sister Black was. She felt her sultry attitude begin to soften as she listened to, and became acquainted with this good woman.

After several seconds of silence Margaret looked at Mary Ann, and noticing the gratitude in her eyes, she smiled and took up the churn again. "Look at us, just gabbing away. We should invent a way to churn butter with our jaws, and then we could do it twice as fast."

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Edmund found where the oxen had been penned, and yoked his team to the wagon. As he brought it around to Sister Black's cabin, another wagon, pulled by a team of horses, came down the street. Edwin Whiting, riding with another man, called out, "Brother Richardson, you up to getting a load of firewood with us? We could use the help."

"Sure," Edmund responded, "Let me take care of my oxen and I'll be ready."

Edwin replied, "Great, grab your axe and your rifle, and we'll be by in about a half hour to pick you up."

When they arrived, it was a full entourage. There were about twelve men in three wagons and two on horseback. Edmund climbed up and sat in the back along with another man. Edwin, riding shotgun, turned and introduced them, "Brethren, this is Edmund Richardson." Nodding to the other man in back, he continued, "That is Orville Cox; and our coachman, here, is his brother, Walter Cox." After some hand shaking, Edwin answered the question in Edmund's eyes. "These days we don't go anywhere without a crew and guards." Edmund gave an understanding expression. "I guess that makes sense."

Edwin smiled, "Brother Walker is teaching us a lot of things that make sense."

They traveled south of town through the snow and then eastward up a wide canyon. As they entered the mouth of the
canyon Edmund’s eyes fixed on the ghostly sight of a burned structure, the charred timbers visible even through the heavy snow. “What’s that?”

Orville indicated with his chin, “That was John Warner’s mill.” Edmund listened as he explained the events of the murders and the subsequent arson. It made him grateful for the guards riding alongside the wagons.

After a little while they climbed into a good stand of piñon pine. When they arrived, the men got out to work, and the horsemen climbed up either side of the canyon and perched on the overlooking ridges. There was plenty of dead wood among the pines, and soon axes were swinging at a steady pace. Rifles were leaned against nearby trees—never very far away.

Soon the penetrating chill gave way to sweat, and the men shed their coats as they chopped the wood, and loaded the wagon. When they took a short breather, Orville Cox mused wryly, “I’ve been thinking about how efficient piñon is as a source of heat. Not only does it heat your home and your cook stove, but it also heats you up when you chop and load it, then when you unload and stack it, and then once again when you haul it in the house. And sometimes, just thinking about how fast it burns, and knowing that you’ll shortly have to go get some more, you get angry enough that it heats you up one more time.”

After a short laughter from the group, Walter Cox quipped back, “I think you think too much, and that makes you talk too much. Let’s get back to work before they get us confused with the Relief Society.” At that, Orville laughed the loudest, and the crew went back to work.

In about two hours the wagons were loaded heavily, and the group made their way back down the canyon. Only the drivers and guards rode, everyone else walked.

The north canyon wall was a sharp ridge that eclipsed any view of the valley below. Emerging from the canyon, Edmund got his first real view of the valley. It was a relatively narrow valley, maybe five miles wide at Manti, but very long and broadening as it traveled northward. The hills and plateaus
on the west side of the valley were no match for the huge mountains they were now exiting, but they were still big enough to effectively separate this little valley from the rest of the Great Basin. The isolation of the valley made for a tremendous natural corral for the thousands of horses that Chief Walker stole on a regular basis from California and Mexico. It had good pasture, and was easily maintained.

The town his family was to now call home was little more than a small cluster of homes, nestled in and around the small fort under a thick layer of sparkling, white snow. Each home sent a thin trail of smoke curling into the sky. Occasional wagon tracks extended out from this hub like spokes of some great wheel. Meandering in the midst of this scene was a drunken creek, with its dark banks staggering through the valley and passing by the fort. Edmund decided that even though he was sick and tired of the snow, the scene before him was quite picturesque.

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December 25, 1853

Edmund partook of the sacrament as it was passed to the congregation. He knew he should be more focused on the importance of the ordinance, but the cramped condition of the small meetinghouse were distracting. The benches were filled to overflowing, requiring many of the men and older boys to stand along the back and sides of the room.

After the sacrament was administered, Bishop Lowry stood and opened the meeting. “Brothers and sisters, we would like to wish a Merry Christmas and welcome our new body of saints who’ve just arrived from Salt Lake City and beyond. I imagine that after your arduous trip, many of you may feel that you’ve reached the end of the world. But I want to assure you that I,
myself, have checked and the earth does not drop off sharply at the edge of town.”

A chuckle rippled through the congregation, but Edmund noticed that the Scandinavian segment of the population either did not catch the humor, or understand the language.

“I would like to report,” the bishop continued, “on Brother Michaelson’s welfare. Though he has lost parts of his feet and is still in considerable pain, he is in good spirits. I would ask you to remember him in your prayers.”

Bishop Lowry then announced the program and turned the time over to the speakers. After a fine sermon was given and a hymn was sung, Isaac Morley, as the concluding speaker, approached the pulpit and scanned the audience. Though he was not much more than average height and build, there was strength in his demeanor that made him appear larger than he was. Even the effects of his sixty years did little to dim his countenance.

“Brothers and sisters, I, too, would like to welcome all of our new saints to Sanpete. I see that you’ve found your seating conditions, and probably your housing accommodations, rather cozy. We’d like to express our appreciation for all those who, though already crowded, heeded the call of our bishop to open up your homes to our new brothers and sisters. I guess you could say that we are becoming a very close-knit group.”

Smiles crossed the room at the apt description. He continued, “And this is the topic I would like to speak about today. In Winter Quarters, Brigham Young received a revelation showing him the organization of the Kingdom of God as one great family. We call ourselves brothers and sisters, and rightly so, as we are all sons and daughters of our Father in Heaven. But by that same definition, we are also siblings with the Missouri and Illinois mobs. Surely there is a greater call for true brothers and sisters—a call to one great family. We have just partaken of the sacrament in which we renewed our covenant to take upon ourselves the name of Christ. I would submit that this appellation calls us to treat each other with respect, and with love, and with self-sacrifice.
Manti, Utah
- 1850s -

Key
(Pioneer street name)
① Edwin Whiting home
② John Warner home
③ F. W. Cox “Big House”
④ Orville S. Cox home
⑤ Edmund Richardson home

Base Map Source: Albert Antrei, High, Dry, and Offside, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), p. iii
"When your little sons are milking the cows, and your daughters are weaving, and your older children are caring for their siblings, there is the spirit of family. Mother, father, and children, all doing their part to carry their fair share of the load, so the family can succeed. Well, this is not only the manner we should live as a family of Saints, but also the only way we can survive in this land.

"But the vision isn’t about surviving. It is about thriving! It’s about building the Kingdom of God! And the way a family succeeds, and the way the Kingdom thrives, are the same. It is every person, every brother and sister, doing their part to build it in a cooperative effort. The individual interests of self tear down the family, whereas the interests of the whole uplift not only the family, but the individuals as well. That’s why I’m so appreciative of the attitudes of our Saints in opening up their homes for our new Sanpeters.

"I suppose that many will want to build homes, and barns, and farms of their own for their families. That is good, and that is necessary. But the Lord says, ‘Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.’ And right now the Kingdom is in need of greater unity, and greater safety. As all, I am sure, are aware, we have had terrible atrocities committed against our loved ones. Brother Walkara has declared his war on the Saints, and we have suffered tragic casualties.

"It may not seem like it, but we are winning the war. Like President Young said, Walker is hemmed in. He dare not go to California to steal horses anymore, for there are soldiers guarding the passes and valleys. He can’t go to the north or the east for the Shoshone and the Arapaho will gladly kill him. He is at war with his best friends. The Saints, however, spurred by danger, have grown stronger, more united, more experienced at meeting and containing these marauding Utes. 5

"Our prophet has told us time after time to mind after our safety, to be prepared in the event of such a problem as this. But we have been slothful in heeding the words of the prophet, and
have paid the price. Brother Brigham said: ‘I went to every settlement and attempted to encourage them to fort but failed to accomplish anything toward getting them to obey the word of the Lord on this matter…. Walker found that the people cared nothing for God, nor the instructions of Brother Brigham and Brother George A. Smith, so Walker said, ‘I wonder if you will mind me,’ and in less than one solitary week he had more than three hundred families on the move; houses were thrown down in every direction, and I presume one hundred thousand dollars worth of property wasted.’”

Isaac drew a breath. “The prophet is counseling all communities to build forts. Even Salt Lake City is building a huge wall.7 Brothers and Sisters, we have now received great additions to our numbers, which will bless us immensely in strength, and in hands to do the work of the Lord. But these increased numbers will require increased elbowroom. We built our little stone fort two years ago, in ‘51, and then the bigger log fort this year, but we are still unable to protect our possessions and ourselves. Now with largely increased numbers, we propose to build a large, safe fort, taking in several city blocks, that our families and property may be protected.”

A murmur of whispers rippled through the congregation. Many were in favor of the idea, but others complained of the never-ending raising of forts.

Father Morley continued, knowing his next words would cause even more complaints. “We invite all who have interest, to join in the planning of this fort. It will take a great work. Just like when many of us were asked to give a tithe and a double tithe of our time to the building up of the Nauvoo temple, the Saints of Manti will be asked to consecrate two days in ten to the building up of our safety net here.”

He waited a moment to allow a second wave of whispered comments to dissipate. “We realize that this will be a sacrifice. It is not easy. But I remind you of the definition of sacrifice—giving up something good, for something much better. Is not giving up some of our time and sweat worth the blessing of
protecting our wives and children? I fear that Brother Walker could fetch a handsome price in selling a little white slave.”

Father Morley lowered his voice a little, “And, as many of you are aware, there is discussion about moving the Council House into the walls of the big fort. I will not go into further details about that, but you are also welcome to be part of that discussion too.”

With feeling, he brought his talk to a close. “Brothers and Sisters, we are not called to the work of the Lord to idly speak the lovely words of salvation. But, rather, we are called to the work! The Lord is eager to bless the Saints as we work to bless ourselves. May we ever be found worthy to call ourselves Saints! In His holy name, Amen.”

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December 31, 1853

Mary Ann and Edmund walked in the late December cold with Margaret towards the home of Isaac Morley. The children followed close behind them, with Emma carrying Martha, who had become very attached to her new big sister, and the boys dragging sticks in the snow.

Mary Ann commented, “It sure is nice of the Morleys to invite us for New Year’s eve dinner.”

Margaret agreed, “Yes, they are wonderful. Since they had already taken my husband under their wing, they have automatically adopted me as their daughter in-law. They have been so good to me.”

They approached the Morley home and knocked on the door. Mary Elizabeth Whiting opened it and invited them inside. “Happy New Year! Well, almost. Come inside out of the cold.”

Edmund and Mary Ann recognized her from Edwin’s introduction after church. She had a pleasant countenance that made them feel welcome immediately. They thanked her as they
walked inside, feeling the immediate warmth of friendship and a blazing fireplace. Edwin Whiting greeted them, hugging Margaret and shaking hands with the Richardsons and the children.

Bending down to Martin’s level, Mary Elizabeth pointed to the open door of a bedroom and said, “Martin, why don’t you take George and Martha and go play games with the other children?” And then to Emma, she said, “Dinner’s almost ready. Why don’t you help the girls set the tables? Come on, I’ll introduce you to them.”

Mary Ann and Edmund both still felt a little uncomfortable as outsiders in this full house. They had met a few of them at church, but there had been so many names that it was all a blur. Eliza Whiting, holding a fussy baby, crossed the room and offered her hand as she introduced herself. “Welcome. I’m Eliza. You must be the Richardsons. I’ve heard a lot about you. Aren’t you the ones that broke your compass and got lost on the way to Oregon?”

Mary Ann feigned surprise as she shook her hand. “What? This isn’t Oregon?”

Edmund poked a thumb toward Edwin Whiting. “My guess is that you’ve been listening to his tall tales.”

Eliza winked, “Yes, but I always take what Edwin says with a grain of salt.”

Edwin laughed good-naturedly and said, “Take your coats off, and I’ll introduce you to everybody.”

Edwin helped Margaret and Mary Ann off with their coats and hung them on the already overloaded pegs, and spoke as Edmund hung his. “You’ve obviously met my wife, but let me make a formal introduction. This is my first wife, Elizabeth, but you can call her Eliza to avoid confusion with Mary Elizabeth, my third wife.” Eliza was simple and reserved in her appearance and manner and her gentle smiling eyes had a disarming effect, melting away any feelings of uneasiness.

“My second wife, Almira, is at home.” Edwin explained, “She’s tending a new four-day-old.”
Edwin led the Richardsons to the fireplace where most of the adults congregated. "Everybody, this is Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson. They’re the ones that felt sorry for me and took me into their camp and fed me on the trip down. I had to put on my pitiful face, but it was worth it. Mary Ann’s cooking is surely better than my own."

Mary Ann flushed just a little, and Eliza chimed in. "I would certainly hope so! I’ve eaten your cooking before."

Edwin shook his finger at his wife amidst a good round of laughter, and Emeline Cox joined in the fun. "And you lived to tell about it?"

He rolled his eyes at his own expense. "Whew! You all are brutal tonight! This," he introduced, "is my usually sweet sister, Emeline, and her husband Frederick Walter Cox." Mary Ann and Edmund shook hands with the family as Edwin continued to introduce them. "And these are Walter’s other two wives, Jemima and Cordelia—Cordelia is Father Morley’s daughter."

Mary Ann was paying little attention to the names being introduced—she was too enamored with the baby in his mother’s arms next to her. Cordelia saw the love and offered her child to Mary Ann.

Mary Ann smiled, "Do you mind?" As she accepted the baby into her arms she said, "It’s been so long since my baby was this little. This is so fun! Oh, I’m sorry for interrupting; I guess I got a little sidetracked."

Edmund was overwhelmed. "Well, it’s good to meet you all. We met some of you at church and now again tonight, but it will take a while for me to remember your names. Let alone how the three families are related."

Walter interjected, "Actually, there are more than just three. You already met my brother, Orville. And then my sister, Harriet, who is in there with the kids, is married to Isaac."

"Wow!" Edmund turned to Father Morley. "When you spoke Sunday about Brigham Young’s vision of ‘one great family,’ I thought it was just figurative!"
Everyone enjoyed a good laugh. "There will be a test at midnight," Cordelia said.
Mary Ann winced, "I hope not."
She was interrupted by a call to the table and children pouring out of the bedroom. Hannah had them all line up to wash their hands in the basin, and then set them around the "child" table. After Father Morley offered a blessing on the food, the women helped the children with their plates.

Soon they were settled and conversation around the tables commenced. Topics ranging from the weather to recent events were discussed in two or three different groups. Edmund and Mary Ann ate quietly and listened to the talk, trying to keep the names and the stories straight in their minds. After a while, during a lull in the conversations, Edmund asked, "So, how are you all connected? I mean, how did you all get together in the first place?"

Walter Cox leaned his forearms on the table. "Well, do you want the whole story or the short version?"

Emeline Cox put her hand on Walter's. "They probably want to go home sometime tonight. You'd better stick with the short version."

Walter was mostly finished with his meal and he played with his glass as he explained. "Basically, Edwin's brother, Charles, and I became good friends in Ohio when I was lumberjacking and he was building chairs. He introduced me to his sister, Emeline, but she had some other beau on the line, so I just waited patiently." He smiled and said, "At some point, my competitor took leave of his senses and jilted Emeline, so I slipped in and took over the onerous job of courting her."

Walter took an elbow to the ribs, but continued, "Anyway, about then we met a certain Mormon Elder, named Isaac Morley, and he taught us the gospel. We were convinced of the truthfulness of the church and were baptized. Shortly afterwards we went to Kirtland and were married by Joseph Smith in September of '35. Then after a couple years we all went to Far West, Missouri and that's where we met up with the Morleys."
again. They kept trying to get rid of us, but we just kept hanging around.’’

Edmund looked over to see Isaac rolling his eyes.

Walter nibbled a piece of molasses candy. “When we were forced to leave Far West a year later in ’38, we crossed the Mississippi into Illinois, and pitched our tents in the woods and built some cabins. Pretty soon we had a branch, and Isaac, Edwin and I served in the Branch Presidency together. Later we became a stake, and since Isaac was the very best Stake President in town, they named the settlement after him.”

“I was the only Stake President in town,” growled Isaac. Mary Ann was curious. “They named it Isaac?” Walter shook his head. “No, Yelrome.”
She furrowed her brow. “Yelrome?”
Father Morley shook his head. “I guess they think I’m a backwards kind of guy.”

Mary Ann took a second to figure it out. “All right. I get it. It’s Morley spelled backwards!”

“Anyway,” Walter concluded, “that’s how we all got together.” Then with a smirk, “And we even used to like the Morleys until they dragged us down here to Manti! Now we’ll never forgive them.”

Isaac Morley laughed. “You’re just lucky we like you so much!”

Soon the conversation shifted, and Edwin cornered Isaac. “I’ve been hearing rumors about you moving to Salt Lake. What’s going on?”

Isaac raised his eyebrows and nodded. “I imagine it’s a little more than just rumor. When I was up there in October, Brigham Young asked me to take a more active part on the Territorial Legislature. I asked Brother Brigham if he thought I was getting too old for my duties down here, but he assured me that they don’t turn old workhorses out to pasture. He said he doesn’t want me worrying about the small stuff, but rather to become more involved with the territorial government. There are legal problems with the Mexican slave trade and with Jim Bridger
that we need to work out. He also hopes I can help with ending the Walker War.”

Edwin rubbed the back of his neck. “So, you’re going to move to Salt Lake then?”

Isaac glanced at his wives. “I imagine so. At least temporarily. President Young has a house ready for us. But we’ll probably spend our time between here and there. I envision maybe half and half. He also wants me to take some of the weight off of John Smith as Church Patriarch. He’s getting pretty feeble.”

Mary Elizabeth Whiting sensed that this was a touchy subject, so she stood up and started gathering dishes and taking them to the sink. Mary Ann followed her lead and began cleaning up the children’s table. The children had quickly tired of the conversation, and had drifted back to the room where they had been playing before supper.

When they returned home with Margaret Black, Edmund stoked the fire to take the chill out of the cabin. When the flames were roaring, they all wrapped blankets around themselves and circled their chairs around the fireplace to wait for the heat to warm more than just the immediate area. Martha was getting sleepy, and chose her mother’s lap over Emma’s.

Margaret asked Emma, “Did you have fun?”

Emma voiced what her parents had been thinking, but were wise enough to keep to themselves, “Yeah, but it was kind of strange.”

Margaret cocked her head. “What was odd to you? All the new people?”

“Well, a little bit.” Emma admitted. “But mostly all the polygamy.”

Margaret smiled curiously. “Plural marriage? What was so strange about it?”
Mary Ann threw her daughter a little glare, but Emma didn’t catch it. “I mean, all three of those men had more wives than one. And the wives were there, all together, and it didn’t even seem to bother them. It was just odd to see so many polygamists.”

Margaret let out a hearty laugh. “Emma, I’m in a plural marriage. Am I odd too?”

Suddenly Emma realized where her mouth had gotten her. “No. No, I didn’t mean that.”

Margaret laughed again. “It’s all right, Emma. I thought it was odd the first time I saw the interaction of polygamous families too.”

Emma was still back-peddling. “I mean. I knew you were a plural wife. And I knew Brother Whiting had plural wives. I’ve known several people that were polygamous, but... I guess I never saw them really together. I guess I didn’t think that they would like it. The ladies didn’t seem like they were jealous or anything. It seemed like they were... normal.”

Once again Margaret laughed as she put her arm around Emma. “Oh, Emma. You are so much like me. I had the same feelings. But we’re all pretty normal. Just regular people, trying to live a principle that a prophet of God has given us. Sometimes we’re valiant, and sometimes we don’t do so good.”

Emma was embarrassed. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to....”

“That’s all right, Emma.” Margaret pulled a lock of hair away from Emma’s face. “You know, when I was a teenager, there was a Negro family that lived near us. We hated them. The boys at school would beat their kids up, and break the windows of their house. They were so poor and dumb, and their skin was so filthy black. They were disgusting.”

Emma was absorbed in Margaret’s story. “Then one day I thought it would be funny to throw eggs at their house. My mother caught me, and marched me by the ear to their home. She made me apologize and scrub their whole house. Well, they had a girl about my age and she picked up a rag and helped me with
the scrubbing. I guess you can imagine the end of the story. I
got to know her and pretty soon we became good friends."

Margaret faced Emma squarely. "Emma, once I realized
that they were not ‘its’, but rather people, even very good people,
then I began to see with different eyes. They were so kind to me
and to others. They taught me how to have fun without putting
others down. My friend’s black skin was not ugly to me anymore,
but actually very lovely."

Then Margaret asked a question meant for Emma, but that
stung Mary Ann. "Emma, who changed?"

Emma considered the question. She thought she should
feel guilty, but she didn’t. She felt liberated. For once she saw
a way out of her bitter feelings. Feelings towards the Church,
feelings towards Manti, feelings towards her parents dragging her
here. Maybe she could change herself! "How did you do it?" she
queried.

Margaret saw the light in her eyes and smiled. "I stopped
fighting the love."

She let Emma think a minute. "Emma, the principle
of plural marriage is hard to take. It seems so ‘strange,’ so
disgusting, so wrong. I know—I was where you are not all
that long ago! And if you’re looking for it, you can find blatant
examples of men, and women, who misuse and abuse any gift
or commandment from God. And if those are the examples you
want to believe, then of course it’s all going to seem wrong.

"But what you saw tonight was a wonderful example of the
principle of plural marriage. The wives get along and love each
other. The husbands treat their wives with respect and love. The
children are happy and enjoy a multitude of siblings and cousins
and love! I, too, am blessed with that kind of marriage. It’s not
easy for me, and I still struggle sometimes. But then, I haven’t
really found very many of God’s commandments that are easy.
God is our Father, and he wants us to grow. So he gives us only
that which is for our greatest good, and eternal happiness."

Then Margaret winked, "Even though we might not be very
excited about it at the time."
Margaret looked down at Martha, Martin, and George who were all fast asleep. "Now look what you've done. You got me yacking again, and now I've bored everyone to death. Looks like it's bedtime."

Mary Ann stared into the fire while everyone else got up to put the kids to bed. Margaret's words had been aimed at helping Emma, but Mary Ann realized she needed the help as well... and some repentance.

References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 17

"With the grist mill gone, flour was at a premium that winter, so Edmund put his little iron coffee mill to work. He fastened it to one end of a foot-long scantling upon which the operator sat to hold the mill down while turning handle. Emma said the little grinder was passed around the neighborhood and was kept busy all winter. She said the boiled whole wheat was very good to eat as cereal and also tasted good when fried."

2 William Morley Black, Journal, Please see Appendix.

3 Albert Antrei, High, Dry, and Offside, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), p. 211; See also William Morley Black, Journal


"Shortly after he succeeded Joseph Smith as President of the Church in 1847, Brigham received a revelation in Winter"
Quarters that showed the organization of the kingdom of God as one great family. The revelation has not been incorporated into the Church’s Doctrine and Covenants, but it was precious to Brigham, and he often referred to it in sermons.”


7 Bailey, p. 146

“As Saints feverishly labored to erect walls and battlements about their towns, Utah began to take on the aspects and appearance of walled and barricaded medieval Europe. Even Salt Lake City was hard at work on its own great wall—six miles of the immense structure having been finished by December.”

8 Clare B. Christensen, *Before and After Mt. Pisgah*, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979) pp.85-87, 65

“[In 1835] Isaac Morley and Calvin Beebe were called to leave their families in Clay County, Missouri and return to Kirtland, Ohio. They were called to travel without purse or script and preach the gospel on the way… [It is assumed] that it was while Isaac Morley was on his mission in Ohio, that he met F. Walter Cox.”

9 Christensen, pp.100-101, 113

“Hyrum Smith came to Morley Settlement that October (1840)... On the 23rd, a stake of the church was organized. It was called Lima Stake. Patriarch Isaac Morley was made president, with John Murdock 1st counselor and F. Walter Cox, 2nd counselor.”
Chapter Ten

Manti – May 1, 1854

Emma walked home from school with Adelia Cox, talking and laughing about the day’s events. Looking up, Emma was surprised to see a wagon at Sister Black’s house being loaded by her father and another man. “Who’s that?” she wondered out loud.

“That’s Brother Black.” Adelia answered.

Emma looked closer. He wasn’t necessarily short, but not tall either. He was powerfully built, with broad shoulders and a barrel chest perfectly suited for the heavy work of a miller. “He’s not at all like I expected him to be.”

Adelia furrowed her brow. “What did you expect?”

Emma chuckled, “I don’t know. With the name of Black, I guess I pictured him black hair and taller or something. But he’s got red hair!” At Adelia’s laugh, Emma defended herself. “I mean, Margaret is so pretty with dark hair, I just thought…. Oh, never mind!”

Adelia laughed again, so Emma changed the subject. “I wonder why they’re loading Margaret’s trunk?”

Adelia wondered too. “Maybe she’s moving to Nephi with Brother Black.”

The thought struck Emma with force. She knew that someday that would happen, but that was always someday.

The girls walked quickly into the house and saw Margaret packing dishes. “You’re leaving.” Emma meant it to be a question, but it came out as a statement.
Margaret put the plate she was wrapping down on the table. “Yes, it’s time.”

Emma did not expect the sinking feeling she was experiencing. She had not realized how attached she had become to Margaret. She was so easy to talk to in sorting out the emotions and frustrations she sometimes felt. Margaret helped her realize she was normal—a regular girl quickly transitioning into young womanhood.

Margaret read Emma’s face and took her in her arms. “Emma, you’re going to be just fine. You’ve got a wonderful heart, and the Lord is raising you to be a great woman. Here, why don’t you help me with these dishes... You too Adelia.”

Emma was glad to do something with her hands—she did not want to get emotional. As she wrapped the plates and glasses she noticed her mother was also packing, but not Margaret’s things. It was their own things. “What are you doing, Mama?” she asked.

“We’re moving too.” Mary Ann saw the perplexed look on Emma’s face. “We’re moving in with the Crawfords.”

Emma swallowed, “How come?”

Mary Ann explained, “Brother Black just signed a five-year lease on the Nephi mill. So they need to sell this place in order to buy a home in Nephi. It will all work out just fine.”

Emma nodded and continued to pack, trying to act like she believed it would all be just fine.

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*Chicken Creek, Utah – May 7, 1854*

Orrin Porter Rockwell and George W. Bean trotted their horses up to Brigham Young’s carriage as the driver pulled the team to a halt atop a rise above Chicken Creek. Brigham stepped out of the carriage, enjoying the opportunity to stretch his legs.
The two men stepped down from their horses and shook the prophet's hand. "We gave Walker the presents you sent, and he seems happy with them," Bean reported.

The President accepted the report with a smile. "Good to hear. Was Walker more careful with his knife this time?"

Porter Rockwell laughed at the memory. A month ago he and George Bean had been sent with a whole wagon of presents to help prepare for this peace talk with the war chief. While flashing his knife around, Walker had boasted at length about his great victories, and the way his enemies shuddered at his very name, and about the power still within him to wreak vengeance upon any who might wrong him.

Rockwell and Bean had accepted all this as the face-saving blustering of a proud, but defeated war chief. In the middle of Walker's exuberance, he accidentally slashed his fellow clan-chief's cheek. Beaver-Ad became immediately furious, and soon the two chiefs were trying to kill each other.¹

It took both Bean and Rockwell along with several Utes to pull the two apart and settle them down. They finally smoked the peace pipe between them, and settled on a formal peace agreement with Brigham Young at Chicken Creek within a moon.

Now Brigham Young was here, and the three men surveyed the scene before them. Approximately eighty wickiups were scattered along the creek in preparation for the grand council with the Mormon chief. Women were working on the carcasses of four oxen the Mormon leader sent as a gift.

Brigham took a deep breath. "Let's go talk with the great Walkara."

The entourage arrived in the Ute camp, and Anson Call, the Indian interpreter, made his way to Walker's lodge. He was invited inside and squatted respectfully quiet for a time. Finally he spoke in the Ute tongue. "Brigham Young has arrived, and invites you to meet in his carriage."
Walker was offended. "Brigham Young is a chief. Walkara is a great chief! If the Mormon chief wants to speak with the great Walkara, he must come to my lodge."

Anson quickly recognized the breach of protocol, and excused himself to go speak with his leader. Brigham Young understood the chief's request and followed Anson back to Walker's lodge, accompanied by several of the Brethren.

When they entered, Walker was still surly and spoke to the interpreter. "Walkara has not the spirit for a talk. Maybe come back in one hour." Accordingly, the Mormon leaders left.

At the appointed time, the Mormon leaders returned. Brigham Young could tell that something was wrong. "What's the matter, my friend? Are you sick?"

Walker was less surly, but still uneasy. He motioned towards a child in the arms of his young mother sitting in the corner of the lodge. "My child is very sick." At that he swung a violent fist at his wife, and began to beat her.

The Mormon men were momentarily stunned at the chief's vicious actions, and then President Young grabbed Walker and reprimanded him. "Stop it! Don't ever treat a woman that way! Why are you beating your wife?"

Neck muscles bulging, Walkara answered through the interpreter. "I do not want my son to suffer alone. I am not ready to talk with you. I won't talk with you until I know if the child will live or die. Do not leave Chicken Creek until I know if he will live or die." He waited for the translation, and then set his jaw. "If he dies, someone must die with him. I don't know whether it will be a Ute or a Mormon. Also some horses. The child must have someone to accompany him and horses to ride."

Brigham Young and Anson Call stepped to the child and administered to him. He blessed the little boy with health and strength, and then turned to Walker. "In a while, I will return to your lodge, and the child will be better."

An hour later, the Mormon leaders returned again and Walker seemed to be in better spirits. He pointed to the little boy
in the arms of his now-bruised mother. "The child is much better. I think he will live. We can now talk a good peace." 2

Suddenly the air rang with the sounds of gunshots. The Indians outside had taken their cue and fired wildly into the air to honor the two great chiefs. Drums began beating and chanting songs were heard throughout the camp.

Chief Walker, flanked by Arapeen and several of his subchiefs, invited the Mormon leaders to sit. Brigham Young handed out many presents of blankets, shirts, ammunition and other things. 3 The men talked for some time, and a date was set up for a formal peace agreement.

Manti – July 1854

George was excited. He didn't really know what a saleratus party was, but it had to be better than the monotony of hoeing the garden, or helping his father on the wall. The Whitings and the Coxes had invited the Richardsons to go to the alkali flats to gather saleratus.

When the wagons finally came to pick them up, George hurried his parents and sister out to meet them. He dipped the burlap-wrapped canteen into the water barrel one last time and tied it along with others already hanging underneath the wagon to keep the water cool in the shade.

The four wagons were fitted with planks along each side of the back to serve as benches with a natural segregation of adults in the front two wagons and the children in the others. Edmund and Mary Ann climbed in opposite the Whitings while George and Emma joined their friends Adelia Cox and Edwin Lucian Whiting in the last wagon.

Soon Manti was behind them and the social was in full swing, with the kids laughing and singing, and the adults conversing pleasantly. In no time at all Mary Ann had one of the
babies in her arms. Soon the warmth of the mid-July morning, and the rattling of the wagons lulled the baby to sleep.

Suddenly the horses pulling the front wagon shied hard to the left and 19-year old William Whiting jerked them under control. He handed the reins to his sister and hopped down, grabbing a shovel from the back. "Rattlesnake," he grunted. He quickly killed the serpent, and the party continued on its way.

Mary Elizabeth Whiting shuddered, "I used to get a lot less worked up about rattlesnakes, before the Temple Hill snakes."

Mary Ann had heard about the prophecy that a temple would be built on Manti's hill, but she had no idea what Mary Elizabeth was talking about concerning snakes. "What do you mean?"

Mary Elizabeth was surprised. "I thought everyone knew about that!" Seeing the blank look on Mary Ann's face, she continued. "Oh, maybe not. Well, during our first winter in Manti we built dugouts in the base of the hill, but Chief Walker told Father Morley that it was a 'heap bad place.' We never understood what he was talking about until it started warming up in the spring. One evening we suddenly noticed rattlesnakes everywhere. Hundreds of them! You could hear the rattles every way you turned. Since it was near dusk, the brethren armed themselves with pine-knot torches and shovels and began killing them. One of the brethren killed thirty in a matter of a few minutes. All in all, that first night they killed over three hundred!"

Mary Ann was incredulous. "Three hundred?" she repeated.

Mary Elizabeth nodded and continued. "The next morning we found snakes in our cupboards, our laundry..." Indicating towards her sister wife, she laughed, "Eliza even woke up with one coiled at the foot of her bed, fast asleep."

Eliza Whiting leaned forward and cut in, "You can bet he didn't sleep for long, as loud as I screamed."

Edmund chuckled at the picture in his mind. "So, apparently they didn't get them all the first night, huh?"
Mary Elizabeth shook her head. “No, the killing went on for the next few evenings.”

Mary Ann had her hand on her lips. “Did anyone get bit? Any of the children?”

Mary Elizabeth Whiting shook her head again. “Amazingly, or rather, providentially, no. With so much activity and with kids around, it truly was a miracle no one was bit.”

Edmund rested an elbow on his knee. “What did you do with all those dead snakes?”

Mary Elizabeth didn’t answer, just pointed a thumb toward her husband. Edwin Whiting smiled, “The Indians were very happy to eat them, so we tried them too.”

Eliza quipped, “Not we! You!” She pointed to her son, William, who was smiling back from the buckboard seat. “And you! And some of the other men ate them. We didn’t!”

Edwin laughed, “And how were they, William?”

William turned back again and grinned. “Not bad, with salt.”

Eliza shook her head. “The Lord curses Satan and makes him into a serpent, and you think he tastes good with salt!”

Everyone laughed this time, and soon the conversation drifted to other topics.

When they arrived at the saleratus beds the horses were tied to some low cedar trees and everyone piled out to start gathering the crusty, white alkali. Emma and George watched to see how it was done, until Adelia Cox saw their quandary and showed them how to gather the saleratus. “You take your shingle and carefully scoop this white stuff into little mounds and then later my father or someone will come and shovel it up into sacks.”

“What’s it for?” George was less than excited.

Adelia shrugged, “It’s kind of like the baking soda we used to buy in the stores of Nauvoo, only there are no stores here. My mom uses it for lots of stuff like making biscuits and soap, and for scouring wool. Here, try scooping it up!”

“All right.” George grumbled.
They worked for a couple of hours until the picnic was called. This was not only a call to eat, but also a signal to play afterwards. The children raced to the picnic tree, and then left as soon as they had eaten, off to explore the strange world near the alkali flats.

While they played, the adults sat on blankets under the tree and talked. Edmund sat cross-legged, whittling on a stick, and surveyed the little group as people chatted. Orville Cox, a congenial man of average height and powerful shoulders befitting the blacksmith and lumberjack he was, sat against the tree with his wives, Elvira and Mary.

Walter Cox lay on his side, propped up by his elbow, toying with a ladybug on his hand. He was taller than his brother, and while a little larger build than most men, he was not as stocky as his brother. He was quieter than Orville—more given to thought. He was often sought out by others for counsel. Next to him sat one of his wives, Emeline—a lady who in this harsh environment still carried herself with class, but had no fear of hard work. Also near Walter was another wife, Cordelia. As a daughter of Isaac Morley, it was only natural she possess some attributes of her father, including steadiness and a strong will. Walter’s other wife, Jemima, was at the wagon changing a diaper. She was more quiet, aloof, but sweet and full of love and service for others.

Edmund’s eyes shifted to Edwin Whiting, who sat leaning on his arm, towards the rear of the blanket, always content to let others be out front. He was an amiable man, respected by everyone, but with a peculiar humility of one who has no idea of how well-liked and talented he really is. He was kind-hearted and helpful to others, almost to a fault. Sometimes people took advantage of his generosity, but the law of the harvest (reaping where you’ve sown) eventually yielded him goodness and strength of character. Edmund considered Edwin’s wives, and thought if the saying was true about every good man being supported by a great woman, it was no wonder that Edwin was of such high caliber.
In the half year since he’d been in Manti, Edmund had developed a great respect for these people. These were the salt of the earth, solid and strong in a wavering world. He almost felt embarrassed to be among them, like he was a charity case for them or something.

During a lull in the conversation Edmund asked Orville Cox, “I remember Walter telling us that the Coxes and Whitings and Morleys all got together in Far West. So, were you there too?”

Orville brushed away a fly. “Yeah, except I missed the worst of Far West. I got there just after the militia and the mob made the Mormons turn over their guns, and then sacked the town.”

Walter interjected, “We should have never given up our guns. They promised us if we would lay down our weapons and leave the country we would not be harmed. But when we did, they had nothing to fear, so they were free to do what ever they wanted. And they did.”

Orville picked up where Walter left off. “Yes, they threw Walter in jail for a day and Father Morley went to prison in Richmond with Joseph Smith for three weeks. I was new to Missouri, and was looking for my brother. Everywhere I went, I heard talk of those evil ‘Mormons.’ Everyone was rejoicing that they now had the leaders of this gang of robbers, thieves, murderers, and traitors to the United States government in prison. They told me the Mormons had rebelled against the government and fortified their city, and defied the state militia.”

Orville leaned forward. “I met a man and told him about what I’d heard, and asked him if he knew anything more about the Mormons. He said, ‘Why yes, I know something about them. Would you like to go to their city and see it?’ I assured him that I would, so he led the way. After quite a walk we came in sight of Far West and he said, ‘There is the Mormon city and there are the fortifications.’ I asked him, ‘What fortifications?’ And he said, ‘Those few wagons loaded with timber, and the pile of lumber and logs.’ Well, I laughed harder than I had in a long
time. I told him that if the other stories were as far stretched as the fortification story was, then I would surely like to get to know more about the Mormons." 8

Orville continued, "That's when I found out that Walt was one of them, and it wasn't too long before I became one of those thievin', murderous traitors to the United States, too." He laughed at the thought of it. "The mobs drove us out of Missouri, and we had to start over in Illinois. And just about the time we got a few nice communities established, mobbers were after us again. One day while most of us men were out, a mob came to torch Yelrome."

He nodded toward his sister in-law. "A couple of the mobbers came with torches and told Emeline to get what she wanted out of her house in a hurry. She helped her sick boy, Fred, out to a nearby tree and laid him on a blanket along with her three other kids. Then she started taking things out of the house. She was in a family way, and she was having trouble with the cupboard, so she asked the mobbers if they wouldn't help her carry it. One of them shook his head, but the other guy finally helped her pull it out, and then they set fire to the house."

Then Orville pointed to Eliza Whiting, "After a while it began to rain, and Eliza sat on a pile of wet bedding holding young Emily Jane in her arms. The little girl didn't understand what was going on and clapped her hands in glee at the flames."

Orville caught Elvira's cautioning look, and decided to finish his story. "That evening when we got in, we had to figure out what to do. Walter thought he'd try his hand at campfire cooking, so he cooked dinner on the embers of his own home. The next day we went to Nauvoo." 9

Edmund was amazed. "I can't believe all you went through!"

Walter Cox stood up and smiled, "If Orville would do as much working as he does yacking, we'd probably have a load already. We'd better gather the children and wrap this up."

Edmund got up with the rest and went back to the saleratus, but he was overwhelmed by what he had just heard. Orville had
related the stories, not as a victim, but rather as a simple matter of fact. Edmund had heard the stories about the terrible persecution of the Saints, but now they were becoming real to him. Hearing it from, and being friends with the people who went through the travesty, brought the experiences to life. It bridged the gap of talking about historical events to personalizing the experiences and feelings of real people in tragic circumstances.

These people were remarkable—all the people in Manti, for that matter. For the gospel’s sake they had built up homes and farms and communities, only to be driven out again and again. They had suffered beatings and burnings at the hands of mobs. They had lost children and wives in shabby tents through miserable winters. They had built grand temples, only to leave them in the hands of filthy mobs. And in the middle of all this, the men had left their families to serve missions.

Edmund thought, “How can I even count myself among these faithful Saints?” He recalled the words of Joseph Smith in the Lectures on Faith: “It is in vain for persons to fancy to themselves that they… can be heirs with them who have offered their all in sacrifice… unless they, in like manner, offer unto God the same sacrifice.”

Truly, these tremendous people could sit in confidence with Abraham and the prophets, and partake of the same blessings. He was humbled, but vowed to be uncomplaining and more diligent in what he was asked to do. Maybe he could at least be faithful in what the Lord was giving him to do now. He could do nothing about what he had or had not done in the past, but he could definitely be faithful now—and every “now” to come.

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Manti – August 5, 1854

Mary Ann and Emma walked along the length of the immense fort wall in the stifling August heat. Though they
had watched the walls grow from the ground up, they were still daunting. A fort that enclosed nine city blocks with walls twelve feet high, three feet thick at the bottom and two feet thick at the top was a formidable barricade.

Mary Ann disliked the fort's eclectic style of construction, but she decided the walls were more for protection than aesthetics. Different ideas about what material was the strongest, fastest, and most economical to build had been employed. While most of it was being built with rock, some preferred using adobe and still others opted for the Spanish style—making a frame of wood and filling it with mud.11

She and Emma carried empty baskets from the lunch they had provided for Edmund's crew. Tuesday was their day to feed Edmund and the five men he worked with building a section of the fort's eastern wall. The brethren working on the fort were divided into crews of six or eight—enough hands to get the work done, but not so many that people would get in each other's way. The crews were under military rule with a bugle signaling roll call and the start of work. Orders were given each morning and reports were expected each night.

To make such a meal on scant provisions was no simple task, but the appreciation of a hot meal by the tired men made it worthwhile. Mary Ann and Emma both enjoyed hearing the conversation between the men. Emma had asked why they continued to build the fort now that the Walker War was over. The answer evolved into a spirited discussion that kept the men entertained, between bites, for half an hour. The consensus was that nobody trusted the crafty Ute chief, and they had even less confidence in his brother, Arapeen. While they had both been baptized, no one believed that a thousand years of culture, and traditions would be completely changed.

It had only been about three months since Walker and his brother had smoked the peace pipe with Brigham Young in Juab County. The pain and ill feelings on both sides were still too fresh to believe that everyone could now happily go about their business without further problems. These men were close friends
with good, faithful men who had been ambushed and brutally murdered, leaving widows and fatherless children.

And now, even after the official end of the Walker War, livestock were still being stolen, and there were reports of sporadic attacks on lone travelers and isolated homes. There was no chance the settlers would begin trusting Walker any time soon.

Mary Ann thought of the men in their backbreaking work. She thought of Nehemiah in the Bible, when he and a group of men returned to Jerusalem from Babylon and began rebuilding the city walls. The account said that they worked with one hand and carried a sword with the other. These men were like those valiant men with Nehemiah. They often worked six days a week (much more than the tithe originally called for) building rock walls while keeping their guns at arm's-length in case of emergency. In addition, they pulled guard duty in four-hour shifts through the night, depriving their bodies of much-needed rest, and further depleting their strength.12

Mary Ann looked up and saw Emeline Cox also returning with an empty basket. She and Emma waited for Emeline, and greeted her as she approached. “Good afternoon, Emeline.”

“Well, hello!” Emeline returned the greeting. “Hot enough for you two?”

As Emeline approached, Mary Ann and Emma fell in step with her. “Plenty!” Emma said. “Sure makes you forget how cold and miserable the winter was, huh?”

Emeline agreed, “Funny how a little time and different circumstances can change some of our perspectives on life, isn’t it?”

Emma missed the philosophical meaning of what Emeline said. “Yeah, I guess.”

Mary Ann indicated toward Emeline’s basket. “You have Tuesday lunches too?”

“Actually,” Emeline explained, “Walter works on a larger crew so our rotation is…. “ She stopped short. “Whose horse is that?”
The alarm in her voice startled Mary Ann and Emma. It took a second to ascertain the cause of Emeline’s apprehension. Tied to a young tree in front of Bishop Lowry’s cabin was a beautiful white horse with only a strip of rawhide tied through its mouth for reins, and a single feather hanging in its mane.

For a moment the three women stood there, unsure what to do, but as they began to back away, the door of the cabin flew open and Chief Walker strode out, walking furiously. He quickly pulled the slipknot to untie the horse, and sprang up on its back. For a second he stopped and glared at the open door, as if trying to decide what to do. Then he whirled his horse around and charged past the three women, and left Manti at a dead run.

The women ran into the house to see if everyone was all right, and found Mary Lowry, the bishop’s twenty-year-old daughter, and her 76-year-old grandmother, Sarah Wilcox, hugging each other, both white with fear. In the old woman’s hand was a cast iron frying pan.

Emeline asked, “Are you all right?” Then noticing a heavy, bone-handled knife, its blade sunk deep into the table before them, she asked, “What happened?”

Mary Lowry, breathing shallow and her face flushed, swallowed and tried to steady her knees. “Chief Walker came in and asked me to marry him. He promised that I would never have to haul water or chop wood or do any common chores like his other wives did. And then he said I could live in a cabin instead of a windy tipi or wickiup. He told me of his love and again asked me to marry him.”

Emma was aghast, “What did you do?”

Mary admitted, “I didn’t know what to do! I tried to think of an excuse. I finally lied to him. I told him I was honored that he would ask me, but that I was already married. For a second he was surprised and then he got mad. He drew his knife and angrily drove it into the table and demanded to know who my husband was.”

Emma was trembling with the intensity of the story. “Who did you tell him you were married to?”
Mary Lowry flushed again. “I told him it was George Peacock. He has asked me to marry him several times, and so he’s the first one I thought of.”

Sarah Wilcox interjected, “I was amazed! Mary said his name so calmly, and when she did, it was like someone threw ice water on Walker. Everyone knows and respects George Peacock. Then Walker turned and marched out of the house.”

Emma was petrified, “What are you going to do?”

Emeline was serious, “I suggest you talk to Brother Peacock right away. Walker is no fool. He’ll find out the truth sooner or later.”

Sarah Wilcox agreed. “I think you just made up your mind about George’s proposals.”

Mary Lowry nodded her head, the realization of her bold, but dangerous actions sinking in. “I suppose you’re right.” She sat down, trying to think.

Mary Ann turned toward the open door. “Emma, come with me. We’ll go get Bishop Lowry. I know where he is working.”

Emeline suggested, “Do you want me to go get Brother Peacock?”

Without waiting for Mary’s answer, Sarah Wilcox commanded, “Yes. Right away.”

That afternoon, on August 5, 1854, Isaac Morley performed the marriage of Mary Lowry to George Peacock. Very early the next morning, George and Mary Peacock left with full escort for Salt Lake City for a honeymoon, but mostly to go somewhere safe from Walker’s vengeance when he discovered the truth. 13
References


3 Roberts, Vol. 4:35

"An incident occurred at this very meeting (the peace meeting on Chicken Creek), which though apparently of little moment, had its ill effect not been at once retrieved, might have led to more trouble. The two parties sat facing each other from opposite sides of a teepee in which the council was held, and the presents brought by the governor were being distributed. Among the gifts was quite a quantity of tobacco. This, General Wells was asked to dispense to the assembled braves. He did so taking the sack which contained it and tossing to each of the warriors a plug of the compressed weed so delightful to the senses of most savages, and, it may be added, of most civilized men as well. The general’s action, though not meant to offend, was very displeasing to the dignified Ute chiefstain. His eyes blazed with anger, and he refused to lift his piece of tobacco from where it lay. Some one directed his attention to it, whereupon he remarked that he was not a dog to have a present thrown at him, like a bone to a cur. General Wells good-naturedly made amends for his oversight, and taking a new plug of tobacco presented it to Walker with a polite bow. The chief’s anger was at once dispelled, and the proceedings continued amicably to the close. Walker remarked on this occasion that Governor Young was a big chief, but that he was a big chief, too, and illustrated the principle of their equality by holding up both his thumbs, one as high as the other."

“The extermination continued for several evenings before the crisis ended. Since rattlesnakes travel during the early evening, it was not uncommon for the colonists to awaken in the morning to find a rattlesnake curled on the foot of the bed or in a cupboard... While horses and cattle were bitten, not one settler was poisoned by the invading horde.”

5 Marie Jensen Whiting & Marcus L. Smith, *Edwin Whiting and his Family*, (Springville, Utah, 1999), p. 56

“When Manti was first settled in 1849, Orville S. and Elvira P. Cox were with the first settlers. He built a dugout log cabin in the south side of what is now Temple Hill and made his family, a wife and three children, fairly comfortable for those times.

“In the spring of 1850, when the weather was pleasant, the mother formed the habit of setting Orville Jr., two and a half years old, on the stone doorstep and giving him a cup of bread and milk for his supper.

“After a short while the child seemed to be in poor health and they could not tell why he was sick. They worried because naturally children grow sturdy and strong with spring weather.

“One evening as he ate, she noticed him take a spoon full of bread and milk from his cup and stoop over and hold it down for a moment before eating it; then another spoonful was held down, and another and another.

“‘Whatever is the child doing to hold each bite down that way before he eats it?’ she asked herself. Then quickly she moved positions so that she could see his spoon as he held it down. On the ground was a large rattlesnake that drank the milk from the spoon, and when the milk was gone the little boy ate the soaked bread left in the spoon.

“The mother realized the cause for the child’s failing health. Enough poison was left in the spoon from the snake’s mouth to impair the child’s health, but not enough to kill him.
“Of course the snake was immediately killed, but others might come for milk, so the little one never again ate his supper on the doorstep.” (See: Cox, Phrasia and Ephraim C. Day, Orv Shares His Supper)

6 Johnson and Shumway, pp.21-22

“Another gift of the country was saleratus which came in the southern bottom lands. As rain water ran down the hills it dissolved the alkali (sodium carbonate) from the surfeited soil. Then as the water evaporated, the soda so deposited, would appear in loose, snow-like layers over the land’s surface….

“Saleratus (a form of baking soda) was a necessity to those pioneers. They used it for cooking, washing clothes, scrubbing floors, making soap, scouring wool, polishing tinware, knives and forks. To prepare it for use in cooking, water was poured over a few spoonfuls, then allowed to settle. This was leavening for fine hot biscuits. Today saleratus is known as washing soda.”

7 Clare B. Christensen, Before and After Mt. Pisgah, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979) p.91

“Cordelia Morley said that her father was taken prisoner at the [Far West] temple grounds. Upon his request, he was allowed to bid his family good-bye. Two of the mob armed with guns went with him to his home. He told his family that he didn’t know why he was being taken or what was to be done with him or how long he should be gone. Said Cordelia, ‘He planned a little for mother how to do, then kissed her good-bye and said, ‘Be brave’; he kissed us children also.’ She said that he was led away amid their sobs. They hurried him to the others they had taken prisoners. They drove their prisoners fifty miles through mud and water like so many hogs going to slaughter. They put their captives in Richmond jail. Morley slept on a hard cold floor for three weeks with nothing to eat but water and corn bread. At the end of three weeks he was tried. As nothing could be found against him, he was set free to return home as best he could. Cordelia said that when he returned he was very badly used up,
his face was swollen until he looked unnatural. F. Walter Cox was also taken to prison. He was held but one night.”

8 Christensen, p.92

9 Christensen, pp.115-116

10 N.B. Lundwall, Compiler, Lectures on Faith, (Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah), Lecture 6:7

11 Centennial Committee, Song of a Century, (Centennial Committee, Manti, Utah, 1849-1949), p. 37

“The Big Fort was built in the summer of 1854. In its construction each man was to give a specified number of days work each week. It was built mostly of rock, though part of it was built in the old Spanish style, by making a frame of wood and filling this with mud, and some of it was built of large adobes. It was twelve feet high, three feet wide at the bottom, and two feet wide at the top.”

12 Adelia Cox Sidwell, Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti, (1889) p.16

“The poor men! Standing guard nights and working days with unabated ardor, and constantly praising and thanking kind Providence who gave them strength and patience to labor, the men did all that was required of them with undaunted courage and cheerfulness.”

“That night Miss Lowry and Judge Peacock, who was already married to her sister, became man and wife. After the wedding, the couple fled to Great Salt Lake City. To pacify Walker, Brigham Young sent him some fat beef cattle. There were people who said, ‘The beef poultice healed Chief Walker’s heart.’

“Although spurned once, the war chief was not one to abandon his quest. There were other women who attracted him, among them the young widow of John Warner who had been killed by Walker’s warriors near Manti less than a year before. Eunice was bitter against the Indians who had not only robbed her of a husband but deprived her unborn child of a father. Shortly after her husband’s murder, Indians had come to her home. One carried Warner’s gun, another was wearing his necktie, and a third had his pocket rule and pen knife. The Indians displayed these items to Eunice’s father and mother who were seated at the dinner table. When Eunice saw the objects, she hysterically picked up a butcher knife and started for the Indians but her father managed to restrain her. Not long after this experience her son was born.”

“Eunice Warner declared: ‘Soon after my son was born, Walker came to our house one day. He said he intended, when I got around again, to have me for his wife. He told my father and mother his intentions. They did not let me know anything about it until he came several times to see me; when they told me it almost frightened me to death. I was obliged to keep in hiding from him for about six weeks, in fact until the good news came one morning that Walker was dead...’” (See Gottfredson, *Indian Depredations in Utah*, p. 78)
Chapter Eleven

Manti – January 1855

Mary Ann’s heart was full. Standing in the snow, surrounded by good friends, she watched Edmund baptize her daughter in the freezing waters of City Creek. This had been a surprise since Emma didn’t seem to be inching any closer to this kind of choice since Margaret Black had gone—it was a rather spontaneous decision on Emma’s part. And although Emma certainly could have picked more convenient weather than January offered, her parents were not about to try to talk her into postponing.1

Emma came up from the water sputtering from the breathtaking chill, and waded quickly to the blanket her mother held ready. Mary Elizabeth Whiting offered Edmund a blanket as he climbed out of the water and the little group made their way back to the cabin.

While Emma and Edmund changed into dry clothes, Mary Ann stood by the fireplace and considered the last two and a half years. What a drastic change had taken place in their lives! “Thank God for the detour,” she silently praised her Father. If the trek across the plains had been easy and uneventful, they would now be somewhere in Oregon, or probably Washington. Life might have been easier, and more comfortable, and less trying there, but also shallower, and emptier, never having partaken of the sweet fruit of the tree of life—always nibbling, but never feasting.

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She thought about the cycles of life, how sometimes we are in the valleys, with no more vision than a step ahead. Those are the frustrating times, with no understanding of why things are happening, and no view of a way out. Progress in the valleys seems painfully slow, almost imperceptible. But, just as certainly as dark nights eventually give way to the light of day, the deep valleys inevitably submit themselves to the peaks. It is the climb out of those valleys up into the mountains that, while difficult, provides the understanding. From the tops of the peaks the view is beautiful. The problems and trials of the valleys below are seen as necessary and important steps for growth and accomplishment. It is not until the peaks are attained that the purpose of the valleys becomes visible.

Mary Ann felt she was standing on a little mountain, grateful for the vista before her. From here she could see the hand of God, shaping their lives, and placing them among stalwart Saints for the greatest opportunity to build a firm foundation in this new life. It was probably a blessing to be stuck in the middle of a harsh country and situation, if for no other reason than the need to cling to and work with some of the best of the best people on earth.

She considered her daughter. Along with the obvious physical changes, maturity was also changing her spiritually. Emma was learning to recognize promptings and becoming more believing. That was another thing that she wondered about ever happening.

Mary Elizabeth Whiting interrupted her reverie. “You look happy.”

Mary Ann smiled, “I am happy. And I’m relieved too. I was starting to wonder if this day was ever going to come.” She changed the subject. “Have you heard anything from Edwin lately? How’s his mission going?”

“We got a letter a couple of days ago,” Mary Elizabeth admitted, “but it was far too short. Getting him to write is like pulling teeth.”
Mary Ann rolled her eyes and nodded. "Men are terrible at writing letters. They never give you enough details. Where is he now?"

"He's in Ohio." Mary Elizabeth answered. "He mentioned that they're running into some opposition there. He said they were accosted by some Spirit Rappers." At the question on Mary Ann's face, she explained. "This group of spiritualists claimed that Edwin and his companion, Brother Edwards, had come to Ohio to obtain more wives. When he assured them that he was just preaching the gospel, they told him that they could divine how many wives they each had. Through their incantations they pronounced that Edwin had ten wives and Brother Edwards had twelve. He said that, of course, they were wrong, but he could feel a definite power of darkness there."²

Mary Elizabeth quieted herself as Emma came out of the room, her hair still wet, but dressed in dry clothes, to be confirmed a member of the Church.

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*Salt Lake City – January 29, 1855*

Isaac and Hannah Morley walked in a light snowfall towards Heber C. Kimball's house when they saw two Ute Indians trotting their horses up the street. They stopped and let the braves approach, greeting them when Isaac recognized them.

Without returning the greeting, one of them spoke in heavy accent to Isaac. "Walkara sick. Maybe Walkara die. You come. You pray."

Isaac was shocked. Chief Walker was dying? He seemed so young and strong. After a slight hesitation, he said, "All right. Let me go get my wagon and some provisions."

Hannah was shocked too, but at Isaac's reaction. "You're not really going with them, are you?"
Isaac nodded and shrugged. "I promised him I would dedicate his grave."

Hannah was incredulous. "But you know their tradition. They kill family members or friends to accompany them on their journey to the world of the spirits! They'd love to get a hold of you—they think you have big medicine."

Isaac lowered his eyes and considered her words. "I don't think they will. Besides, if I don't keep my promise, they'll lose trust and maybe begin the fighting all over again."

Hannah threw up her hands. "You're 70 years old! If the Indians don't kill you, the trip and the cold surely will!"

Isaac knew this was something he had to do. "I believe the Lord will preserve my life, but even if I'm wrong, I don't have too many years left in me anyway." He gave his wife a reassuring hug, then turned towards his house with the two braves trailing along behind him, leaving his wife shaking her head in disbelief.

By the time Isaac made the hard three-day journey to Meadow Creek, Chief Walker had died and the funeral procession had already taken place. Isaac was escorted to the wickiup of Arapeen, Walker's brother and successor. He entered the drafty hut and sat near the fire, remaining silent for a respectful four or five minutes.

As he sat there in the silence, he wondered, as did all of Utah, at the stability of the Indian situation with this new leader. Though Walker was never a stable person, Arapeen was known to be a hot-head.

In a few minutes, Arapeen broke the silence. "It is good that you have come to pray to Towats, the Great Spirit."

Isaac nodded and replied, "I came as soon as I heard that Walkara was sick. I am sorry that he has died."

Arapeen stared into the flames. "Yesterday Arapeen is angry at the Mormonee and want to make war. But I feel much sick, and in sickness, the spirit of Walkara come to visit Arapeen. He say to no kill the Mormonee—that the Mormonee are good people. I say no, the Mormonee steal our lands. Walkara say
they not Ute lands. They not Mormonee lands. But all lands are of Towats—that Great Spirit who made all the lands.”

Arapeen seemed entranced by the fire, but continued. “Arapeen good. No make war with the Mormonee.”

Isaac offered a silent prayer of thanks before speaking. “It is good, Arapeen. We want to be brothers with the Utes.”

Arapeen nodded. “We go before the sun sleeps. You pray for Walkara!” Isaac was exhausted from the long journey covered so quickly, but made no objection to Arapeen.

The new chief barked orders to someone and shortly a saddled horse was brought for Isaac. Within minutes they were climbing the low foothills, and then the steep mountains above Meadow Creek.

Isaac looked around at the men that accompanied him. Arapeen, the hot-headed brother of Chief Walker, and six of his most trusted warriors. He knew if they wanted to kill him there was little he could do about it. He kept a fervent prayer in his heart.

After a hard climb, they reached a massive rockslide and Arapeen made sign to dismount—they would make the last hundred yards on foot. Leaving the horses with one of the warriors, they slowly picked their way in utter silence towards an outcropping of rock.

The going was slow. The rocks under their feet were loose, and covered with snow. Isaac had trouble catching his breath in the thin air and on the steep ascent, and stopped to rest every few feet. He was far too old to be making a climb like this.

As they approached the outcropping, in the dim twilight he saw the stiff carcasses of several horses dotting the hillside. These must be the horses Walker would use on his journey to the world of the spirits, he thought. One or more of Walker’s wives was probably buried here with him, too.

Soon they arrived at a large pile of rocks just below the outcropping, and Arapeen, still silent, signed this was the grave of the great Walkara. Isaac removed his hat and knelt on the rocks to pray. Arapeen and his warriors looked at each other
uncomfortably, and following the chief’s lead, they each knelt awkwardly to the ground.

“Our Father in Heaven,” Isaac began, “we come before thee…”

He stopped short. An eerie wail was emanating from the rocks. He looked quickly around to find the source of the sound. It was coming from some well-placed rocks just above Walker’s grave. It was children crying! They had buried children alive, leaving holes in the wall for air and for the sound of their cries to frighten away the evil spirits. This was horrible! He had heard of the custom, but had dismissed it as sensationalistic… until now!

These little slave children were slowly starving and freezing to death! What could he do? He realized that if anyone rescued them, and interfered with the sacred rites of the Ute people, it would spark an immediate war.

Resigning himself to doing only what he could do, he gathered himself and began his prayer anew.³

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_Manti – February 4, 1855_

Edmund and several other men sat around Isaac Morley’s fireplace as he related the events of the last few days. The men sat spellbound at his story of the sacred Ute rites he had witnessed and helped perform.

After dedicating Chief Walker’s grave, he had taken a side trip to Manti to take care of some business for a few days before returning to Salt Lake. He was exhausted, but enjoyed the warmth of being with his Manti friends.

When Isaac finished his story, Edmund shook his head at the strange customs of the Indians, and at the peculiar character of Chief Walker. He was relieved at the news of Walker’s death, and he was sure that most of Utah felt likewise. He mentioned as
much to Father Morley. "I'll bet you're happy to have this chapter of your life closed."

Isaac understood Edmund's feelings, but he felt differently than most. He ruminated over a way to show a different side of his Lamanite friend. "You know, when Walker was younger, he had a dream. His spirit went to heaven but the Lord told him that he must return. Among other things, he was told that a group of white men was to come, and that he must treat them kindly. After that, his spirit came back to his body and he quickly recovered."  

Isaac looked at Edmund. "Now, if the Lord knew Walker and his inconstant character and even his violent future," Isaac paused, "then why would He send Walker back to earth?"

Edmund blinked and furrowed his brow. "I'm not sure. Maybe to afflict us and keep us humble?"

Isaac smiled. "Well, maybe you're right. And maybe that was part of it. But I think there was more to it than that. How do you think things would be for us if Walker had died back then?"

Edmund didn't see where Isaac was taking this. "It seems to me like things would be a lot better."

Isaac seemed to change the direction of conversation. "Walker was the most war-like of Chief Moonch's sons, so he became his natural successor and the people followed him. As he matured he became a very cunning warrior and thief. So much so, that he became one of the most hated and feared men in a thousand miles. He raided and stole horses from as far as California and Mexico. He conquered enemy tribes and sold the captives as slaves."

All of this seemed to confirm Edmund's estimation of Walker, but Isaac came back to his earlier question. "The Lord knew that Walker had a work to do, so He sent him back to earth. Why?"

He answered his own rhetorical question. "Because God was preparing a place for the Saints! Do you think we could have survived even a year against the Shoshones and the Utes and the Arapaho that all surround us? And how about the other tribes like the Pahvants and the Paiutes and the Piedes? What do they
all do when Walker isn’t around keeping them in check? They begin stealing and attacking, don’t they? They’re all afraid of the great Walker! Chief Walker was a friend to the Mormons and would deal fiercely against any tribes that molested us.”

Still sitting, Isaac leaned forward on his walking cane. “Was he unstable and violent? Of course! But I think it took someone like that to live the dual life he found himself trying to live. You see, the Lord told him to treat us kindly, and I even taught and baptized him. He spent the rest of his life trying to walk the line between knowing what he should do and acting as he felt he must. Between filling the life of a good Mormon and retaining the confidence and control of his impulsive and fierce people.”

Edmund was confused. “But, what about the war and all the attacks? He was brutal!”

Isaac readily agreed. “Yes he was. And he will have to answer for his acts. But he didn’t want the war like his warriors wanted it. And once it began, I think that he alone knew how impossible it was to win. But his people clamored for it. In their eyes, we had overrun and stolen their lands. We had cut off their slave trade—their main source of income. We hoarded every drop of water. And for a solution, we tell them to change a thousand years of culture and tradition and religion. This war was a desperate fight to hold on to the old ways and fight off this new, engulfing invasion.”

He continued. “I think the reason that the Walker war ended as it did, was because of the war within the chief’s own soul. Even though the Mormons had encroached upon their lands, we had always treated them with love and compassion. Except for a few minor incidents, there was nothing that the ‘Hawk of the Mountains’ could pin down as reasons for fighting the only friends he had. The more he fought us, the less I think his war felt right.”

Isaac rubbed his cheek. “Walker was the fulcrum between God’s civilized kingdom and the many savage nations that surround us. I think he was a tool in the Lord’s hands as He built the kingdom.”
Edmund pondered what he had just heard. This was a completely foreign idea—something he had never even considered as a possibility.

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Manti—Early Summer 1855

Edmund took his eleven o’clock water turn and let water down the ditch to his wheat field. He had been assigned this field as his stewardship, and had worked hard to grub the sagebrush and prepare the land for planting. But now it all seemed worth it as he took pride in the beautiful, ankle-high carpet of green before him. He shoveled the rows open, and then stopped to mop his brow with his sleeve.

A movement caught his eye and he strained to see what had attracted his attention. At first Edmund dismissed the dark movement as the shadow of some cloud floating overhead, but a quick glance told him the sky was clear blue. Throwing his shovel over his shoulder, he walked down the rows of wheat toward the approaching darkness covering the ground.

By the time he reached the bottom of the field he could see that the darkness was active, alive. As it slowly crept toward him he recognized it as grasshoppers—hordes of the insects. The sound was like rapids in a river. They were light in color, but the immense number of them made the ground appear dark.  

They came out of the sagebrush and into the wheat field below his, and he watched as the young grain was engulfed and devoured. The teeming mass was so vigorous and active that it was like a slow grass fire, consuming all in its path and leaving nothing but stubble.  

Edmund ran to the onslaught and began pounding the earth with his shovel, smashing scores of the insects with each stroke. But it was like trying to bail a sinking ship with a thimble. Grasshoppers jumped and flew everywhere, climbing up his
pants, fluttering around his face, crawling down his shirt. By
now the swarm had consumed half his neighbor’s field. Soon he
became exhausted with his frantic thrashing and had to retreat.

He escaped ahead of the grasshoppers and panted while he
shook out his shirt, trying to think what to do. He looked out and
saw many other people engaged in the same futile battle he had
just emerged from. This would take everybody.

As he jogged toward town he saw the people were forming
a line and advancing into the insects beating the ground with
shovels, boards, and rugs. Edmund took his place at the end
of the line and again began attacking. Women were screaming
and whipping the ground, as well as slapping themselves as
grasshoppers crawled up their legs.

After almost an hour, the adrenaline of the fight wore off,
and the heat of the day took its toll. Some people began passing
out with fatigue, and others just dropped their tools and watched
as the flood poured on through. They had killed thousands, but
what was that compared to hundreds of millions?

All afternoon long they fought, experimenting with every
imaginable weapon. They tried using fire, rolling logs, and
driving the hordes into irrigation ditches to drown them, and had
some success with each.

At last, evening came and everyone fell into their beds,
exhausted. In the morning they emerged from their homes to
renew the fight. For several days the battle continued with people
devising new ideas for killing grasshoppers. 9

Then one morning the people awoke to find the insects were
largely gone, as suddenly as they had appeared. But in their wake
was a path of destruction across the whole valley. Trees were
stripped of their leaves. Fields were crushed except for random
sprigs of crippled wheat, trying desperately to stand up. Gardens
were trampled, with nothing left alive except the pumpkin plants,
which seemed relatively unscathed. A fishy odor tainted the air.

“What are we going to do?” It was George. “There’s
nothing left anywhere.”
Edmund put his hand on George’s shoulder. “I don’t know, Son. The crops are ruined. I guess we’ll have to buy wheat from other towns this winter.”

“But, what if the grasshoppers got them too?” George was worried.

Edmund did not think that could be the case. “We’ll be all right, George.”

Edmund and his family walked quietly to church. When they stepped under the bowery, they immediately felt the coolness of the shade. The first time someone had mentioned the “bowery,” he had no idea what they were talking about, but once he arrived at the church, it was obvious. The bowery, or “boughery,” was like a shed that had a roof but no sides. It was about forty feet wide and about sixty feet long, running east and west parallel with the church. Sturdy cedar posts held up a lashed roof framework of lodgepole pines. Pine boughs and sagebrush branches were piled to a depth of almost two feet on top of stringers to block the summer heat. It would obviously not help in any rain, but it was quite pleasant now. The grasshoppers had attacked the bowery somewhat, but as the boughs were mostly dried and brown, there was relatively little damage.

At the close of sacrament meeting, Bishop Lowry stood at the front of the congregation in the bowery. “Brothers and Sisters, I need not tell you what a trying week this has been. We all valiantly fought, side by side, to rebuke the devourer, but the devourer whipped us handily. I wish I had good news for you, but we have received word that Manti was not the only town hit by the plague of grasshoppers. Almost all of the communities were overrun.”

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The bishop continued, "The prophet advised us to not plant this year, but to let the ground fallow as a Sabbath. The brethren have also often counseled to save up seven year's storage of wheat against the possibility of famine or pestilence. Did we not learn anything from the crickets in '48? But none of us have listened, from the north to the south. Much of this scourge, then, comes at our own hand in not heeding the prophet of God."

"Now he is advising us to ration our food against the winter. I ask you, will we heed him now? I believe our very lives depend on it. Can I have a show of hands of the Saints who will do as he counsels?"

Humbly, every hand was raised to the air. Bishop Lowry, satisfied with the commitment, advised the congregation. "We are being asked to consecrate our wheat. Please render all your wheat that it may be tallied. A portion of it will be set aside as seed grain. This winter will be hard enough to make it through, but if we eat our seed wheat, then we will surely die without a crop next year. After we've set aside the seed, we will divide the rest out evenly to everyone so that no one will be disadvantaged. There are widows and families of men on missions that need to be cared for."

"Go home and take stock of whatever else you have. Figure out how much food you have and divide it by the months, weeks and days until we can reasonably begin a harvest next year."

He gripped the podium. "I don't mean to be negative, and I'm not trying to scare you. Every one of us understands the gravity of the situation. But we cannot let fear rule us. Fear comes from the real enemy, the real devourer. Faith comes from God. We will be all right. Let us continue our work. The fort is near completion and we are already at work moving the council house within the walls of the fort. I encourage you noble sisters to continue working on the domestic industries. Make clothing for the winter, have quilting bees, develop new talents. Working together will lift our spirits and give us courage. Satan laughs when we fear, or feel discouraged, but we will not humor him."
Work is the antidote for discouragement. It takes our minds off of ourselves, and becomes a consecration to our God.

"May He support us through this, I pray in His Son's name, Amen." 15

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**Manti - Summer 1855**

Mary Ann wished she had brought another blanket for padding as the wagon bumped and jarred up the rocky road along City Creek. When they started out there was amiable conversation among the group sitting in the wagon box, but the creaking and rattling of the wagon bouncing along the rough road soon drowned out the talk. Unconsciously, Mary Ann licked her lips and tasted the dust that slowly swirled around the air.

The canyon widened and a slight, but welcome breeze could be felt drifting down the mountain. Emma, sitting in the back, breathed in the fresh air and felt the scent drawing her up towards the slope. In a few minutes the wagons stopped, and Mary Ann and Emma stepped down with their pails, waving goodbye to Edmund and Orville Cox and the other men who were on their way up the canyon to get more logs for construction of the Council House. They would catch a ride home with them on their return trip.

Soon Mary Ann and Emma were busy picking through a thick patch of serviceberries. The reddish-orange berries were about the size of peas, so it took a lot of berries to fill a pail, but they were easily harvested from the five-foot high bushes.

Serviceberries were excellent as far as wild berries go, and having had very little fruit since leaving Illinois three years ago gave them a craving for it. A few orchards in Salt Lake were producing, but little of that ever reached Manti. And locally, several fruit trees were growing, but were almost always attacked by late frosts.
More important than the craving for fruit, the berries helped stave off hunger. The small rations of daily food were both inadequate and monotonous. Several times a week Mary Ann joined others in cutting greens from surrounding grasses and weeds to boil for nourishment, and now they had to walk further and further from town to find them.

Now that serviceberries had come in season, the people flocked to the hills for a delicious break from other foods. And now, due to their popularity, they could only be found higher in the hills.

Mary Ann and Emma picked for several hours, taking occasional breaks, and sometimes chatting about whatever subject came up to pass the time and the monotony of their harvest. As Mary Ann picked the small fruit, she occasionally ate one or two to enjoy their sweetness, and she noticed that Emma tasted her fair share too. Not paying attention, Mary Ann popped an under-ripe berry in her mouth and bit into it. The strong, bitter flavor burst in her mouth, and she found that she was unable to spit it out fast enough. The sourness made her shudder.

Emma laughed out loud. “A little tart, Mama?”

“Whew!” Mary Ann exclaimed. “I guess I’d better pay more attention to my picking, huh?”

Emma laughed again. “I just ate one like that, and was hoping you would share in my experience.”

Mary Ann smiled and crinkled her nose. “Thanks a lot!”

Emma, still chuckling, waved her off and went back to picking.

As she ate several good ones to clear the bitter taste out of her mouth, Mary Ann thought how sometimes bitter and sweet life could be. It had only been eight months since Emma’s baptism, that she was enjoying the sweetness of life. But that seemed so long ago! The problems and trials were now becoming increasingly bitter.

The plague of grasshoppers had turned a potentially prosperous year into a disastrous one all over Utah in little more than a few days. Because of that, people were seriously rationing
their food to prevent complete starvation, and this seemed to bring out the best and worst in people. She was amazed how some people turned inward and hoarded all they had, almost to the point of obsession, whereas others were careful, but still shared with others in need.

Another thing that was becoming more bitter was the Indian problem. It was true that the Walker War was over, but things had gotten worse since Chief Walker’s death. His brother Arapeen had taken over as chief of the tribe, and proved to be more violent than Walker. Just last month Arapeen and his braves dragged the old ones of the tribe to death, because they were considered no longer productive. 16

Suddenly the peacefulness was broken by a shrill cry that startled both women. It took a moment for them to realize what was happening. Looking around, they saw two Ute Indians running at them and hollering wildly.

Emma screamed and dropped her pail and began to run, but her mother grabbed her arm and yanked her to a stop. “Emma!” she commanded, “Stand your ground!”

Her eyes were wild with fear, but she recognized the firmness in her mother’s face and obeyed. Mary Ann, still holding Emma’s arm, resumed her picking as if nothing had happened. Emma followed her mother’s lead and picked berries as calmly as possible. The Indians approached the women, but Mary Ann ignored them.

The Utes seemed confused. After an interminable moment, the lead man turned without saying a word, and walked away with the other following shortly behind him.

When they were out of sight into the trees, Mary Ann turned and wrapped her arms around her daughter, and Emma began to cry with her. When Emma gained a little composure, she felt her mother trembling and was perplexed. “How… Why did you do that?”

Mary Ann ran her hand down her face to both wipe her eyes and calm her nerves. She took a deep breath. “I decided on our trip down to Manti, that if I was ever in a situation like
this where I was without defense, the only option I had was to be brave. There was no way we could outrun them, and they respect courage.”

Emma’s eyes were wide. “Well, you certainly were courageous, but now you’re trembling!” Mary Ann put her hand on her pounding heart. “I was scared to death, but I couldn’t let them know that.” Emma asked, “Why did they charge us?” Mary Ann conjectured, “I think they were trying to scare us away to steal our berries.” After a minute she said, “I’ll be glad when the men return from logging!” 17

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Manti – August 1855

Cool air from an outside breeze puffed in the open door of the house, offering a welcome reprieve from the stifling heat of the cook stove. A pleasant scent of rain wafted in with the breeze, replacing the acrid smell of the boiling fats and lye. Rain would be so welcome after the drought this past year. As Mary Ann savored the freshness of the air and the thought of rain, she suddenly remembered her laundry hanging out on the clothesline. She stepped to the door and saw the sky black with storm clouds.

Without worrying about shoes, she ran to the clothesline and quickly began taking down the almost-dry laundry. Large drops from the heavy clouds spattered her back and head as she feverishly filled her arms. Finally, with a full armload, she ran for the house, shielding her face against the gusts that peppered her with rain and sand.

With her arms full of laundry, she bumped the flat iron with her elbow and knocked it down. The edge landed squarely on her big toe. Crying out, she fell onto the floor of the house, the laundry padding her fall. Sharp pain seared through her foot as she sat up to examine the wound. A half-inch-wide cut bled
profusely out of the fleshy end of her toe. She could not tell how deep the cut went, or if the bone was broken; only that if the knuckle flexed at all it sent a shock of pain through the foot and up her calf. Grabbing a clean rag she wrapped it around her foot and scooted to the bed to lie down.

After the rain moved on, Mary Elizabeth Whiting walked in to visit, and stopped short when she saw the laundry scattered on the floor. It took a moment for her eyes to adjust to the dimly lit cabin, and as she took in the half-done batch of soap sitting on the lukewarm stove, she heard Mary Ann’s voice from her bed. “I guess I left a mess, didn’t I?”

Confused, Mary Elizabeth saw the whiteness in Mary Ann’s face and went quickly to her bed. “What’s happened?” And then seeing her wrapped foot, “What’s the matter?”

Mary Ann sat up and nodded towards her foot. “I knocked the flat iron onto my toe. I’ve bled it out, but I can’t tell how bad it is. Can you check it for me?”

Mary Elizabeth tentatively unwrapped the foot and immediately felt queasy when she saw the wound. “We ought to take you to Doctor Adams and have him check it out.”

Mary Ann narrowed her eyes. “That quack? I wouldn’t have that sleazy man touch my foot. I’d probably catch some disease.”

Mary Elizabeth countered, “Whether the rumors are true or not, he’s still a good doctor.”

Mary Ann shook her head. “I’ll be all right. If you could just take a look at it and then help me wrap it better, it’ll be just fine.”

Mary Elizabeth took a deep breath and tentatively examined her friend’s foot. Feeling queasy, she fanned herself and wrapped the foot. “If Edmund were back from Salt Lake, he’d make you go to the doctor.”

Mary Ann lay back in her bed. “Hopefully I’ll be all healed by the time he gets back from peddling saleratus.”
Mary Elizabeth stood and sized up the strewn laundry and half-done soap. “You’ll do anything to get out of household chores, won’t you?”

Mary Ann let out a short laugh. “I guess I’m just lazy that way.”

References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, *Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny*, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 18

2 Clare B. Christensen, *Before and After Mt. Pisgah*, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979) pp.241-242


“Morley wrote in his journal:

‘There were tears in Walker’s eyes. He was ill, and thought we might never see one another again. I told him that Towats would never allow brothers to be parted, and that should either of us die, or us both, we would meet again in the Lord’s Heaven. He seemed pleased and comforted at that. “When Walker die,” he said, “my brother Morley will speak to Towats when I am buried?” I told him I would. We parted with an embrace, which thing is not customary with Walker. He is the most unforgettable man I have ever known.’

“...On 29 January 1855, after a protracted illness, Chief Walker died at his camp on Meadow Creek in Millard County. His body was tied to the back of his favorite white horse and was escorted by a long procession of mourning, wailing, gourd-rattling Utes up Meadow Creek to the top of the mountain....
“Shortly after Walker’s death, said Arapeen, as he had been preparing for war against the Mormons, he had experienced a sudden weakness which had sent him to his bed of buffalo robes. There came to him then, he said, a vision of his dead brother who told him not to make war with the Mormons.…

“…It was early in February when Isaac Morley set out up Meadow Creek accompanied by Arapeen and a few of the subchiefs…. Father Morley knelt in the snow and began to pray…. Afterwards, Morley wrote in his journal:

‘Never has my heart been rended more than when I heard the pathetic crying of those children, and could do nothing to alleviate their suffering, nor secure their release. According to Indian custom, they must frighten away the evil spirits and protect the soul of the chief. To remove them or rescue them from starvation and freezing would have precipitated another war and the annihilation of the settlers. I could do nothing in the end but ease my troubled conscience with the knowledge that the deaths of the two children would save the lives of dozens or hundreds of our people, and I was comforted in my belief that their tender sacrifice would ensure their eternal salvation. So I left them there, in the hands of the Lord, and in the company of my dead Ute brother, Chief Walker of Sanpete.’”

Author’s note: Traditionally, the place where Chief Walker was buried is located on the mountainside, directly above the town of Meadow, Utah. Residents of Meadow refer to the formation of rocks as “the pig.” Plainly visible from the town, and the passing freeway, is a huge rock slide in the shape of the profile of a pig.

4 Paul Bailey, Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains, (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, California, 1954) pp. 96-97

“…When [Walkara] was twenty-five years of age [he had a dream]. In it he had died, and his soul had gone to the great Towats. …he was told of white people who would come into the land of his fathers. That they would be his friends, and he must treat them kindly.”
5 Bailey, pp. 153-155

"[Walkara] refused to shoulder blame for the bloodshed of the past year... Through the interpreter he made plain the pressures for hostilities which his hot-blooded and younger chieftains made upon him as war chief of the nation. He reviewed his own record of peaceful relations with the white man... But the task of riding two horses had been too much even for the great Walkara."

6 Bailey, p. 148

"Walkara's war dragged on until winter. The Hawk, flailing savagely in his cage, only grew weaker, more bloody, and more bruised. Mormons, on the other hand, spurred by danger, grew stronger, more united, more experienced at meeting and containing the marauding and raiding Utes. Any struggle so one-sided must eventually come to an end."


"Often [the grasshoppers] fill the air for many miles of extent, so that an inexperienced eye can scarcely distinguish their appearance from that of a shower of rain or the smoke of prairie fire... To a person standing in one of these swarms as they pass over and around him, the air becomes sensibly darkened, and the sound produced by their wings resembles that of the passage of a train of cars on a railroad when standing two or three hundred yards from the track. The Mormon settlements have suffered more from the ravages of these insects than probably all other causes combined."

8 Christensen, p.224

"A plague arrived that spring [1855]. Like the crickets of seven years earlier, a horde of grasshoppers descended on the crops and many fields were left as bare as if nothing had been planted."

10 Albert Antrei, High, Dry, and Offside, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), p.91

11 Roberts, Vol. 4: 109

“All the farms south of this city,” writes Brigham Young, in 1855, “are nearly a desert... Myriads of grasshoppers, like snowflakes in a storm, occasionally fill the air over the city, as far as the eye can reach, and they are liable to alight wherever they can distinguish good feed. A great portion of them, however, alight in the Great Salt Lake, which appears green at a distance, and the shore is lined with their dead, from one inch to two feet thick, and which smell exactly like fish.”


“Perhaps many feel a little sober because our bread is cut off, but I am glad of it, because it will be a warning to us, and teach us to lay it up in future, as we have been told. How many times have you been told to store up your wheat against the hard times that are coming upon the nations of the earth? When we first came into these valleys our President told us to lay up stores of all kinds of grain, that the earth might rest once in seven years. The earth is determined to rest, and it is right that it should. It only requires a few grasshoppers to make the earth rest, they can soon clear it. This is the seventh year, did you ever think of it?”

13 Remarks by Elder George A. Smith, Journal of Discourses, XII, p. 138

“A few years ago President Young gave counsel to the people of the Territory—most of whom agreed to it—to lay by seven years provisions.... I am aware that some of our brethren thought this counsel extravagant; they considered that it could not be necessary to lay up such a quantity of bread; and some of them, instead of getting out lumber and making good substantial bins for the preservation of their wheat, turned out their means for
teams, and freighted their bread to the north, to the east, and to the west; and not only so, but in many instances they gave it away, if they could only get half price for hauling it. Hundreds and thousands of sacks of flour have been hauled away, when it should have been stored up here against a day of want. I feel just as keenly on this matter now as when this counsel was given, and a little more so, for the army of the Lord—the grasshoppers—may have awakened my mind to the importance of the subject."

14 Johnson and Shumway, p. 22

“So serious was the situation that the wheat supply was pooled and then divided among the families according to number and ages. All were instructed to adhere strictly to the stipulated rations in order to insure a wheat supply until food could be raised.”

15 President Joseph F. Smith, Editor of Improvement Era; Editor’s Table, *Improvement Era*, 1907, Vol. X. January 1907. No. 3

“Many of the people felt downcast, they saw no show for a harvest and cogitations ran high and fast. On the Sabbath day, we were all in meeting, and all needed encouragement but who was there to give it? The year 1854 produced a light harvest, scarcely a family had a bushel of wheat more than would last them until harvest again. Our crops were now mowed down. The scrub oaks were stripped of their leaves, all vegetation was gone. Who was there that had the courage to say, ‘There is a silvery lining behind this dark cloud?’

“At length an aged veteran of Nauvoo arose and commenced to talk…. He commenced to exhort the people to have faith in God, who delivered Israel of old; spoke of the quails that came at the right time, of the cruse of oil, also of the raven feeding Elijah, and then began to prophesy. He said that God would provide, and that none would die of starvation.”

16 Christensen, p.225
“It could have been in the year 1855 that some of the older Indians were tied to a horse and dragged over the ground until they were almost dead. They were left to be eaten by the wild animals. Arrapene had a deep pit made. He placed his mother in it with but one piece of dried venison to eat. He then, took the tribe into the mountains to hunt and gather wild fruit, leaving his mother to starve. The settlers at Manti rescued her from the pit and sent her to Springville where she spent the remaining years of her life in hiding from her tribe.”

17 Johnson and Shumway, p. 20

18 Antrei, p. 114

“[Manti] had a doctor,... but he was buried, too. In his case, it was ‘lead poisoning,’ an acute condition he acquired when he paid a little too much attention to M. D. Hambleton’s wife and got shot for it. There is no record of where they buried the doctor, either, but this forgetfulness seems to have been deliberate. In Manti in the early 1850s adultery was a grievous matter, and husbands especially had a tendency to take it deadly-serious, one might say.”

Author’s note: I don’t know the name of the doctor. Adelia Cox Sidwell speaks warmly of a “Dr. Richards” that was sent down by Brigham Young and donated much time and services to the community, so I doubt that he is the same doctor mentioned in this footnote. I have chosen the name Dr. Adams to avoid defaming Dr. Richards.
Chapter Twelve

Manti – September 1855

“All right. You can say it!” Mary Ann turned herself in the chair to try to find a more comfortable position, but the throbbing wouldn’t ease.

Mary Elizabeth Whiting was washing Mary Ann’s dishes. She had stopped by every day to check on Mary Ann since she hurt her foot. “I can say what?”

Mary Ann pursed her lips sheepishly. “You can say, ‘I told you so.’ I’m ready to take you up on your offer to go to the doctor.”

Mary Elizabeth dried her hands and put them on her hips. Wagging her head she said wryly, “Well, it’s about time.” She turned to George. “You grab Brother Michaelson’s crutches and I’ll get your mother ready before she changes her mind.”

Dr. Adams’ place was six blocks away but Mary Ann did well enough, though she was tired when they arrived. Mary Elizabeth had considered having George hitch up the wagon, but thought that climbing into it might be harder than the walk.

Upon knocking, Dr. Adams invited Mary Ann and Mary Elizabeth inside while he quickly straightened a few scattered dishes and clothes. “Welcome, Mary and…”

“Mrs. Richardson.” Mary Ann filled in the name emphasizing the “Mrs.”
"Yes," Dr. Adams recognized the intonation, "Mrs. Richardson." He turned his attention to Mary Elizabeth and asked, "Is your husband still gone on his mission?"

Mary Elizabeth stepped aside to divert the attention to Mary Ann's problem. "Yes, he'll be home soon." Soon actually meant next year, but the doctor didn't need to know that. Changing the subject, she indicated towards Mary Ann's foot. "Mrs. Richardson hurt her foot. Can you look at it?"

Somewhat annoyed to have to shift his attention, he said, "Sure, sure. Why don't you sit on the table and we'll have a look?"

As Mary Ann sat on the table and brought her foot up on top, she considered the man before her. He was a lean man, of average height, and always wore a clean, white shirt and bow tie that seemed to accentuate his slim frame. His coal-black hair was kept oiled and combed straight back, always in perfect order. He was clean-shaven except for a thin mustache that he waxed, believing it made him look distinguished. But in actuality, his most distinguishing features were a protruding Adam's apple and a hooked nose, which made him appear as a bird of prey.

It was rumored that he sometimes acted less-than professional with his female clients, so Mary Ann was glad that Mary Elizabeth had accompanied her. If for nothing else, with another person there as witness, she would not be a character in the stories going around.

The doctor's office consisted of one side of his cabin sporting a bare table and a small cabinet, over-stuffed with medicine bottles. For light he utilized the only window of the cabin and coal oil lamps. Mary Ann thought that the place could use a good cleaning, especially for a doctor's office.

Sharp pain shooting from her toe into her foot brought her mind immediately to the present. The doctor poked and prodded the injury for a minute and pronounced, "Your toe has proud flesh."

"What is that?" Mary Elizabeth asked.

Mary Ann asked, "What can we do for that?"
He cocked his head. "There's not a lot that can be done for it, except for amputation." At seeing the shock in both women's eyes, he explained. "Without cutting off the toe, it will get worse and eventually infect the whole foot."

Mary Ann looked down to her foot and considered this new reality. "What do you charge for something like that?"

Dr. Adams said, matter-of-factly, "I'll do it for 100 dollars."

The cost shocked both women as much as the necessity of amputation. Mary Ann couldn't believe her ears. "A hundred dollars?! You've got to be joking. I would pay $25, or maybe even $50... Where am I supposed to come up with that kind of money?"

Dr. Adams folded his arms. "Believe me, when the pain gets bad enough, you'll find a way."

Mary Elizabeth was incredulous. "You are a scoundrel! You are a wretch! I can't believe you would take advantage of someone's pain like that."

Dr. Adams shrugged one shoulder and cocked his head. "I have to make a living, and that's my normal price."

Mary Ann swung her foot down, grabbed the crutches, and hobbled out as fast as she could, with her friend right behind her. Neither one said anything all the way home, both stewing and getting angrier about what had just happened. As they approached the house, Mary Elizabeth vented. "The audacity of that man! I'll bet he wouldn't have treated a man like that. I wish your husband were back. Maybe we ought to get one of my brothers, Walter or Orville, to go with us."

"Yeah, maybe..." Mary Ann did not really register what her friend had said. Her furious mind was working on something else. "You go on inside. I need to stop by the privy."

Mary Elizabeth agreed and stepped inside the house while Mary Ann slowly hobbled on the crutches around the corner and to the shed. Fumbling through the toolbox, she found one of Edmund's chisels and a heavy hammer. Hopping over to the chopping block, she rested her infected foot on top. She knew
she had to do this while she was still angry, or she would never have the nerve.

Carefully she laid the chisel at the knuckle of her big toe and prepared to strike. She began to tremble at the thought and stood up straight to take a breath and calm her nerves. She wiped her eyes of tears to clear her vision and tried to block the sound of her pounding heart in her ears.

She needed to be angry! That was the only way. She envisioned Dr. Adams, again with his arms folded and looking oh, so sure of himself. She thought, “I can’t pay that much to have my toe amputated. A hundred dollars... I’ll show you a hundred dollars!” Quickly she again placed the chisel on the toe and slammed down the hammer, an uncontrollable yelp escaping her gritted teeth. Her head began to swim and the world tilted sideways. Falling backwards, she let herself tumble into a heap.  

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*Manti – Spring 1856*

Young Walt Cox watched intently as his mother, Elvira, carefully browned the crust of yesterday’s bread and then took the pan off the stove. He followed her to the table as she ground it to crumbs and doled it out sparingly—two spoonfuls to each member of the family.  

“Mama, I’m still hungry!” Walt tried to make it sound like he was not on the verge of crying.

His father, Orville, placed his hand on his shoulder. “I know son. We’re all still hungry. But our ration is a pound of flour each, and that has to last us all day.”  

Walt lowered his eyes. “How much longer do we have to do this?”

Orville squeezed him with a hug. “Until we can get some gardens or crops producing. But it’s still March, son. We’ve got a while to go.”

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Walt turned aside and opened his mouth wide to help blink back the tears.

“Papa?” It was 14-year-old Adelia. “Walt can have some of mine.”

Elvira Cox hugged her daughter. “That’s sweet, Adelia. I appreciate your willingness to sacrifice for your brother. But we all need to eat our share so we can stay as healthy as possible.” Then changing the subject, “Why don’t you all finish getting dressed and get started on your chores.”

Walt was working hard at tying his shoes when a knock came to the door and he raced to be the first to answer it. “Hi, Brother Thomas. Come in.”

Brother Thomas didn’t enter, but stood outside with his hat in his hand. “Is your father home?”

Orville stepped to the door at the serious tone of his voice. “Brother Thomas, is there something wrong?”

Brother Thomas cleared his throat and tried to speak, but no words would come. Looking down at his feet, he cleared his throat one more time. “Brother Cox, we… my family and I… We’re out of food. We haven’t eaten since the day before yesterday.”

Orville was confused. “What happened to your flour?”

Brother Thomas glanced up at his eyes, but then lowered them immediately. “We haven’t been real good about sticking to our rations. My kids were so hungry and….” His voice trailed off.

A hot flash of emotion washed over Orville. “Haven’t been real good?” Orville repeated incredulously. “Brother Thomas, we’ve got three or four months to go before we’ll have anything from our gardens or fields! How could you?” He stopped himself, ashamed at his railings. He took a deep breath and calmed himself. He thought for a moment what the Savior would do, and felt himself begin to humble.
After an uncomfortable minute of silence, he called to his wife. “Elvira, would you please divide the remaining flour in half and give it to Brother Thomas, for his family?”

All eyes immediately fixed on Orville, and it seemed no one could breathe, including Brother Thomas.

“No!” he protested. “I don’t want to take half your supply. Just a little bit, please!”

Orville shook his head. “If we do that, you’ll be in the same straits in a few days. No one else is any better off, we’re all in the same predicament.”

Soon Elvira and twelve-year-old Almer brought two heavy sacks of flour. Orville turned to Almer. “Go with Brother Thomas and help him carry his flour home.”

Brother Thomas was speechless. He felt humiliated to have to ask for help on account of his slothfulness. But he was also grateful for the food, and aghast that someone would give half of everything he had left. Tears streamed down his face as he took the bag and walked towards his home with Orville’s son.

But Brother Thomas wasn’t the only one with tears. Walt could not believe what his father had just done. Though only a child, he considered himself too big to cry, but he could not help it. He felt like he was starving on two spoonfuls of crumbs for breakfast, how could he make it on one? All that day hunger pangs gnawed at his consciousness, never letting him think about anything else.

Walt Cox walked toward the corral, dragging his feet with each step. He had been sad yesterday when his father had given away half their food, and then later he had felt angry—it just wasn’t fair! But today he was hopeful. Last night his father had prayed and told Heavenly Father about their problem, and asked for deliverance. So Walt felt sure that Heavenly Father was
going to bless them, and could not wait to see what was going to happen.

At the corral, he stopped and opened the gate. It was his job to take the sheep to pasture every day and he hated it. It seemed to him that he had to do more work than his older sisters. The twenty-one sheep poured out of the corral and happily trotted down the road toward the north, a habit engrained all winter. Walt followed along behind, always searching for pigweed, or redroot, that he could eat—though he usually had to get a few miles out of town to find any that hadn’t already been harvested by the people.

As he drove the sheep past Temple Hill he noticed green sprigs blanketing the ground near the western base of the hill. Leaving the sheep to nibble near City Creek, he walked over to the hill, hoping to find some pigweed. There were weeds all right, but it did not look quite like pigweed. He picked a leafy stem and tasted a leaf. It tasted good! Better than pigweed. The leaves and the stems all tasted good. After eating several of the small plants, he picked an armful and ran home leaving the sheep to graze along the creek.

“Mama!” Walt yelled as he barged through the door.
“Mama, try this!”

Elvira Cox tasted the leaves. “Where did you find this? This is good!” All the children gathered around to taste the leaves.

“I found it at Temple Hill,” he reported.

Elvira put some water to boil on the still-hot stove, and before long the greens were cooking, giving off a mild aroma. Adding a little salt she dished the few greens out to the children and herself. To a starving stomach, the taste was heavenly. She decided that even if she was not so hungry, it would still be good.

“How much is there?” she asked Walt.

“There’s a bunch!” he exclaimed.

Elvira gathered some baskets. “Well, let’s go get some more. Adelia, why don’t you run to Uncle Walter’s house and tell them about it.”
Word soon spread and people all over town came to try the new weed. They carefully cut the weeds off above the roots in hopes that some of it might grow back over time. There was enough that everyone was able to get some before it was all harvested. Walt was proud of his discovery, but was also a little sad because now it was all gone.

The next morning he arose early and quickly dressed to check on his discovery. His parents tried to prepare him for the fact that plants take time to grow, but he was sure that this was an answer to his father’s prayer. Jogging north with his mother’s basket, he arrived at Temple Hill and, just as he expected, the ground was again covered with the leafy weed. He quickly gathered a basket full and rushed back home.

Elvira Cox was getting the younger ones dressed when Walt walked in with another basketful of the weeds. She was shocked, and it showed.

Walt beamed. “It’s just like yesterday. There’s tons of weeds!”

Elvira shook her head in disbelief. “Manna weed!”

“Huh?” Adelia wondered what her mother was talking about.

Elvira stared at the basket of greens. “We didn’t believe that God would perform a miracle. But Walt did. This is kind of like the manna that Heavenly Father sent to feed the Israelites every morning.”

Adelia was amazed. “Maybe we ought to thank Him.”

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_Manti – Spring 1856_

The ladies and girls began arriving at 9:00, and for once, George was glad that he had to work with his father. At first, building on their own house was exciting, but in a few short hours of peeling bark off roof beams, and pulling on the crosscut
saw in the snow, he was looking for any excuse he could find to get out of the job. It was tiring work in the best conditions, but laboring with the scant rations they were subsisting on was exhausting.

But the thought of having to listen to a bunch of ladies yacking on and on about sewing and babies, and whatever it is that they talk about, was ample motivation for George to get his chores done quickly.

“Am I done yet, Mama?” George was exasperated.

Mary Ann smiled at his dramatic and impatient pose, as if he had borne the weight of all chore world on his back. “You poor, overworked child!” she teased. “Wouldn’t you like to stay and visit with the ladies that are coming?” At the horrified look on his face, she playfully spanked his backside and pointed towards the door. “Yes, you’re done; that’s enough firewood. Get on out of here.”

Leaving in a hurry, he almost ran into Elvira Cox as he rushed out the door. “Good morning, George. You seem to be in a hurry.”

George felt his face flush. “Uh... yes’m.” Unable to think of anything to say, he walked quickly away.

“Come in, Elvira.” Mary Ann greeted her. “And hello to you, Adelia. Why don’t you help Emma, over there, with the carding.”

Elvira Cox hugged her, and looked around. “We appreciate you and the Sharp’s letting us barge in on you. But this seemed like the logical place. This is one of the largest homes in town.”

Mary Ann eyed the size and nodded in agreement. “I’m not sure if John Warner was building a house or a dance hall, but it certainly is a lot more comfortable for two families than the Chase’s house where we were staying.”

Elvira smiled at the idea of a dance hall, and then pointed to Mary Ann’s weaving loom. “Besides, you have the best loom in town.”

Mary Ann waved it off, but could hardly contain her pride in this new loom. Edmund had been building it for some time
and finished it just a month ago. She had been weaving cloth nonstop ever since.  

Elvira had set up this work party, not only to make cloth for the needy, but to uplift and encourage the Sisters. Work also helped keep their minds off being hungry.

Before long, nine or ten women and as many girls had arrived and were working and talking about whatever subject came up. Truly, work was made light with many hands, but it was also made pleasant.

The girls generally took care of the carding and warping. Though Emma Richardson and Adelia Cox enjoyed the association and acceptance among the women these days, they took the responsibility of showing the younger girls how to prepare the wool for spinning. The wool had already been washed clean of dirt and lanolin, the natural oils in wool.
“I wish we had a carding machine.” Emma mourned. “It would be so much easier than these hand carders.” She showed the paddle, mounted with its hundreds of tiny metal teeth, to the younger girls.

One of them remarked, “It looks kind of like a hair brush!” Emma shrugged, “Yeah, I guess so. But the bristles are short and sharp, so be careful.” Then she raked the paddle through the wadded wool a few times and showed how the fibers were beginning to line up in the same direction. “See how we’re pulling the wool from this big tangled mess into nice, strait lines? It kind of looks like a long, fluffy sash, huh?” The little girls nodded and tried, not very successfully, to follow Emma’s lead. “Just keep practicing,” she encouraged, “it takes a little getting used to.”

After they had gotten a good length of wool carded, Emma took it to Mary Elizabeth, who showed the girls how to spin it. She lightly tugged at the tip of Emma’s “sash” of fibers and twisted it to the size of a thread and tied it to a large bobbin. “All right now, somebody pump the treadles for me with your feet.” As the treadles were pumped, the large wheel began to turn slowly. Using a thin leather band for a belt, this wheel drove a small pair of arms that spun the bobbin very fast. “See how the thin fibers get twisted around and around until they look like thread?” The girls were fascinated. “I just lightly pinch the wool, feeding just enough of the fibers to keep the thread as thin as I want.”

The girls watched as Mary Elizabeth spun the thread onto the bobbin, slowly loading it up. When she was finished, she called Adelia. “Why don’t you show the girls what comes next?” Adelia took the thread, and the girls followed her to the warping board. “You see this frame on the wall?”

“Is that a picture frame?” It was Adelia’s little sister.

“No, but I guess it kind of looks like one, huh? This one has these pegs sticking out, eight on each side... It’s called a warping board.” Adelia tied the thread onto the bottom-right peg, and began pulling the thread from side to side around one peg at
a time, climbing slowly until she reached the top. Then crossing
the thread, she brought it back down in the same pattern.

"Why do you do that?" another girl asked.

Adelia explained, "We get exactly ten yards of thread for
each pass. We do this over and over until we have enough to
load the loom. Once we cut the two ends, all the threads will
be exactly the same length." She let each of the girls take turns
doing it.

Most of the women kept themselves busy on spinning
wheels while Mary Ann and Emeline Cox worked on looms.
Mary Ann felt bad at first for interrupting conversation every
fifteen or twenty seconds as the looms clanged, but it did not
seem to bother anyone, and soon it was ignored in deference to
the uplifting conversation.9

Though they all loved their husbands, the women drew
great strength and encouragement from sharing and laughing and
even crying with other women in similar circumstances. They
talked about things that were light and fulfilling, and things that
were discouraging and hard to bear—conversations that were
awkward with men and never really came across right. Surely the
Relief Society was God-inspired, bringing both relief to mankind
and solace to women working together.

During a lull in the conversation Mary Ann considered
asking a question that had never really set right with her, and had
been especially burning on her mind lately. Freeborn DeMille
had asked for Emma's hand in marriage as a plural wife. Several
things about it bothered her—some of them legitimate concerns
and some of them were her own biases.

One of these biases was the idea of plural marriage itself.
At the confirmation of the Spirit, she had accepted the gospel in
its entirety—all of the principles and ordinances. Including the
ones that were harder than others! She was just grateful that she
wasn't required to live this one. She accepted that others lived
it, and even found that the people she loved and respected the
most were ones that were living the "principle," as it was known.
There even seemed to be a difference in the depth and quality of
people who lived the principle over those who did not. Oh, there were some definite exceptions on both sides, but generally it was discernable that those who lived the "higher law" lived a higher life. And Mary Ann was humbled and grateful that she could live among these good people, but she did not want to have to partake of the same fruit.

She cleared her throat. "So how do you all feel about plural marriage?" She recognized immediately how foolish that sounded—most of the women here were in plural marriages. Spinning wheels slowed; no one was sure how to answer her question. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Emma was intently listening. A little red-faced, she smiled awkwardly at herself. "I mean... I guess what I'm really trying to figure out is how I feel about plural marriage."

Eyes around the room softened as they empathized with Mary Ann in sorting this out. Every one of the women had struggled through it. Mary Elizabeth asked her, "How do you feel about it?"

Mary Ann shrugged. "I don't really know. I know the church is true—it's been given to me to know that. So I know that plural marriage must be a correct principle or the Lord wouldn't have restored it through the Prophet Joseph. I know also that, since this is the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, it was necessary that all principles and ordinances of the past dispensations be restored. And I can even see, logically, how it could make sense with so many more Latter-Day Saint women than men... But I can't...." She searched for the words. "I guess I can agree that it's right, but I just can't see the good."

After an uncomfortable silence, Jemima Cox offered a positive perspective on the subject. "There are actually a lot of good things about plural marriage from a woman's point of view. One of which is the spirit of cooperation among the sister-wives. We all have different strengths and talents, and we can lean on each other for help."

Jemima continued, "For example, one may be gifted in working with little children, another might be a great homemaker,
and yet another might be talented in sewing or something. Their children are my children, and I know mine will be treated right and loved by them. When one of us is sick, or in a family way, another can act as nurse or care for the children. And when Walter was called away on missions or assignments, there were three of us working together to raise our children, strengthening each other, and supporting our families. It can be a tremendous blessing that way.”

Emeline Cox brushed a stray lock of dark brown hair out of her eyes with her wrist as her hands were full of thread. “What Jemima is saying is right, but it’s even more than that. I love the bond I have with my sister-wives. A husband can be insensitive and hard to talk to,” she smiled, “and even dense sometimes, but I can always talk with my sisters about my feelings. I may be frustrated, or happy, or whatever, and I know they’ll understand and laugh with me, or cry with me.”

She continued, “When I buried children at Mt. Pisgah, I had loving sisters that grieved with me, and understood the way a woman feels. Walter was heart-broken and mourned, but he was bearing such a heavy burden with feeding and building houses for us, and for many others, so that is the way he dealt with the loss. But I couldn’t just work it off. I had to talk about it and explain my feelings, and cry on shoulders to work through my grieving. I couldn’t have done it without my sister-wives.”

Mary Ann thought about that. “I understand what you are saying, and I can see those benefits. But do the advantages outweigh the disadvantages? I mean, having to share your husband, the jealousies and squabbles amongst some wives, the ridicule and persecutions of the world....”

Mary Elizabeth Whiting put her thread down and looked at Mary Ann. “You’re right, Mary Ann, for every positive thing that someone can say about the principle, someone else can come up with ten negatives. Sister Washburn, for example, has seen both sides. She was involved in a negative plural marriage and now a very positive one. But even in the bad plural marriages, you can’t judge the principle by the actions of some people.”
Mary Ann nodded. “I know, but…. ” Her voice trailed off. Mary Elizabeth watched Mary Ann for a moment, trying to read her. “What are you looking for?”

That was a good question, Mary Ann thought. She tried to nail down what it was that she was looking to find. “I think I’m trying to see the beauty of the principle. I’ve learned that every commandment, every restriction, every institution that God gives us is for our benefit and edification.” Counting them off on her fingers she listed a few. “The Ten Commandments, Sabbath worship, the Word of Wisdom, even serving others. They’re all designed to exalt us, to build us up, so that we can become better, nobler, in this life, as well as the next.”

Mary Elizabeth rested her elbow on her wheel. “That’s true. We know that blessings are predicated upon obedience to God’s commandments, but the blessings attached to some laws are more obvious than others. We can see that obedience to ‘Thou shalt not steal’ keeps us free from jail and develops community trust and harmony. And the Word of Wisdom protects our health and keeps our ‘temples’ undefiled so that the Spirit of God may dwell freely.”

Mary Elizabeth continued, “But sometimes the purposes of God don’t become apparent until after we obey his requirements. Tithing, for example, is a law that seems illogical. Isn’t God all-powerful and couldn’t he just send bricks of gold to the prophet? But what faith would that develop? The Lord takes already-poor people and says, ‘Prove me now herewith.’ He challenges us to challenge Him. But the blessings don’t come and aren’t even visible until we’ve obeyed. And then is when the windows of heaven are opened.”

She fumbled through her bag and pulled out a small ledger book and flipped pages until she found what she was looking for. “I love this quote from Joseph Smith. ‘Whatever God requires is right, no matter what it is, although we may not see the reason thereof till long after the events transpire.’”

Mary Elizabeth closed her little book. “The principle of plural marriage is that way. When the Lord, through his prophet,
commands *against* plural marriage, like He did at the time in the Book of Mormon, no amount of advantages can *ever* make it right. Likewise, when God requires it, as He has done in past dispensations, and now in this one, the disadvantages don’t make it wrong. You can’t know of its beauty until you’ve taken the Lord up on his challenge to try Him.”

Mary Elizabeth looked at Cordelia Cox and smiled. “Even then it’s not easy. Isn’t that right, Cordelia?”

Cordelia nodded back wincingly. “It was the hardest thing I’d ever done. But once I knew that this was the right path, that this is what the Lord wanted me to do, then I was able to let my resistance go. I’ve been able to stop fighting it and actually recognize the blessings of the experience.”

Mary Elizabeth turned back to Mary Ann. “It’s a trial of faith. Until a person tries their faith, they can’t comprehend the love that is shared. It’s like this: When you were first married, it might have seemed that bringing a baby into your family would only divide the love between you and your husband. But instead of dividing, the love multiplied, didn’t it? And each additional child multiplies the love even more. You can argue with someone about the advantages and disadvantages of having a child all day long. But until you’ve actually had one, you can’t possibly understand the blessing of children. It’s after you’ve made the sacrifice that you discover what motherhood is all about.”

She continued, “And like trying to explain the feelings of motherhood to a person who has never had a child, you cannot comprehend the blessings of celestial marriage until you have entered into the covenant. There is a spirit of love, and a spirit of strength, and the Spirit of the Lord present when you heed a prompting and sacrifice without seeing the end from the beginning.”

When Mary Elizabeth stopped speaking the room was quiet. A little embarrassed at her own intensity, she quipped, “I guess that maybe I ought to slow down and take a breath every once in a while, huh?”
All the women and girls laughed with Mary Elizabeth and resumed their work. Mary Ann worked her loom, but her mind was far away.

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\textit{Manti – August 1856}

Jemima Cox was carrying two buckets of water from City Creek towards her home when she saw a Ute Indian walking down the street. Suspiciously, she watched him turn into Mary Ann Richardson’s house.

Like most homes during the summer, Sister Richardson had left her door and window wide open to take advantage of any summer breeze that might puff through. That, and the smell of fresh biscuits wafting out, must have appeared to be an invitation for the hungry Indian. Not that Indians needed an invitation—the cultural tradition of doors and knocking was completely foreign to them.

Feeling panicky, Jemima looked around to find anyone to call for help. Seeing no one, she set down her buckets and ran to the Richardson's yard and looked through the open door.

"You give bread," the Indian was demanding in fairly good English.

Mary Ann nodded, "Yes. I'll give you some. Let me get you one or two."

"No!" he commanded, "You give all!"

Mary Ann shook her head. "No, I'll give you some. But I have to feed my family."

The man reached to take the whole pan but Mary Ann stepped in front of the loaves. Enraged, the Ute pulled out a large knife and brandished it towards her throat. Mary Ann narrowed her eyes at him and slowly stepped backwards. The Indian reveled in his easy prey and reached again for the pan of biscuits.
With his eyes averted, she grabbed the fireplace poker and shoved it near his face. For an interminable few seconds, the two glowered threateningly at each other. Jemima watched with her mouth open, unable to move.

Finally the Indian stepped back and sheathed his knife. “Brave squaw!” he said matter-of-factly and then walked out the door, barely taking notice of Jemima. She couldn’t believe what she just witnessed and felt her head begin to swim.

Jemima Cox felt like she was coming out of a fog. Distantly she heard her name. “Jemima! Jemima! Are you all right?” She opened her eyes to see Mary Elizabeth Whiting kneeling over her, fanning her.

“You just take it easy.” Mary Elizabeth was saying. She called inside the house. “Mary Ann! Can you bring me some water? Jemima has fainted from this August heat!”

Jemima felt flushed, but more from embarrassment than having fainted. She accepted the water that Mary Ann brought her. “It wasn’t the heat,” she countered dizzily. She took a sip of the water and then stopped short. She smiled and wagged her finger at Mary Ann. “How come I’m the one that fainted and you’re the one bringing me water!”

References

1 Brad Jackman, DVM, MS, Diplomate ACVS, surgeon at Pioneer Hospital located in Oakdale, Calif.

“Proud flesh is an excessive growth of granulation tissue that has the appearance of cauliflower. It usually develops over an open wound, and most often occurs in areas of excessive tension and motion.
“The best treatment of proud flesh is prevention, and the best prevention is performing a primary closure (suturing) of the wound immediately, or as soon as possible, after the wound occurs.... If proud flesh does occur... surgical removal of the exuberant granulation tissue generally provides the best results.”


“At one time Mary Ann developed proud flesh in her big toe but refused to pay the $100 the doctor wanted to charge for the amputation he said was necessary. As she left he promised her that she would be back ready to pay the amount. Upon reaching home she did the operation herself by placing a chisel on the toe and striking it smartly with a flatiron. The astonished doctor lost his $100 fee.”

3 Johnson and Shumway, p. 22

“Toward spring, as an added precaution, Sister Pamela (Elvira), wife of Orville Cox, sliced her bread, rebrowned it in the oven and ground it to crumbs. Each morning she doled out two spoonfuls of crumbs to each family member.”

4 Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in *Name It* (Predecessor to *The Shuttle*), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 2, p. 2

“During the Grasshopper war my mother had all our provisions weighed and made calculations of how much we could use each day and have it last until harvest. I think it was one pound of flour each per day and other things accordingly.”

5 Johnson and Shumway, pp. 22-23

**Author’s note:** No name of the neighbor who came begging is mentioned, so I have given him the name of Brother Thomas.
Johnson and Shumway, p. 23

“Every day the greens were carefully cut to the ground. Each morning they had grown enough for another day’s cutting and the people gave thanks to the Lord for the ‘manna weed.’ They also marveled that during the long season appetites continued to relish the greens and stomachs to tolerate them. However, when the spring gardens produced abundantly, the ‘green manna’ disappeared and was never known to grow there again.

“Walt confessed that all his life thereafter, he searched unsuccessfully for some of those ‘manna weeds’ with their own special flavor.”

Author’s note: The story is told about Orville Cox’s son Walt, but since he was just three years old at the time, it was probably an older brother that discovered the weeds.

Emma Lynette Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle) p. 2

“…we lived with John Crawford and his wife and the next year moved into John Warner’s house (he had been killed by Indians). It was big for those times, big enough to dance in.”

Johnson and Shumway, p. 23

“About this time Edmund made a loom to accompany the spinning wheel he had finished for Mary Ann. Operating the two was work for several hands, but expert and ambitious Mary Ann succeeded well with her two. After the wool was scoured (the oil washed out), it was hand picked to remove all dirt, straw or burrs, and at the same time was sorted into four grades. The first grade was used in making fine flannel for dresses. The second for linsey, sheets and underwear. The next grade was used for jeans or heavy cloth and the last was carded into small batts by hand and used for making quilts….

“At her loom Mary Ann wove flannels, linseys, jerseys, birdseye, and later, bedspreads. She seldom left the loom at night until she had done three dollars worth of weaving. She also wove silk for which she had raised silk worms and spun the thread.
“But she was not alone in her task. Other women sat at their loom and other children, like Emma, would spool and wind bobbins, card wool and forget to be children. Work was glorified by their high purpose of life and its monotony was relieved by working-bees and socialized recreation.”

9 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 3

10 Clare B. Christensen, Before and After Mt. Pisgah, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979) pp. 183-185

“An ordinance was passed in Mills County, [Iowa] against polygamy... F. Walter Cox began to suffer persecution. In the fall, he was summoned into court. He was told that it was not lawful for him to keep his two younger wives... He said, “I will never desert those two girls, so help me!” Seeing his firmness, they agreed to leave him unmolested if he would move Cordelia and Jemima out of Mills County... The only place that he was able to find was a deserted cabin [25 miles away].

“In compliance to his agreement... he loaded his wagon with provisions and some household things and hitched his team of oxen to it. Into the wagon were bundled Jemima, Cordelia and their five children, three years old and under....

“February passed. Walter Cox had promised to return but had been delayed. Jemima’s time had arrived. They needed help. Night came upon them. There was no one to go to but God. Cordelia said, ‘When it was bedtime we knelt down in humble prayer.’ Soon a knock came at the door. They asked who was there. A woman’s voice answered, ‘a friend.’ They opened the door and a strange woman entered. She was fully prepared with all the necessary things. There in the lonely cabin in the night of February 29th, 1852, Ester Philena Cox was born to Jemima. When the ‘kind woman’ had finished taking care of the new born babe and the mother, she departed. When F. Walter Cox arrived about three days later, all was well. He searched and inquired
about the neighborhood to find the woman who had befriended them, but no one knew of a woman of that description.

"There are some experiences in life almost too sacred to tell"—those were the words of the writer’s mother when she told the story to him."

Sketch of the Life of Flora Clarinda Gleason Washburn, p. 3

"...[Flora Washburn] received her endowments in the Nauvoo Temple and was married there to B. F. Johnson. On the way, before reaching Winter Quarters, B. F. Johnson lagged behind and let Mother travel on with the company they had started with. She expected every hour that he and the rest of his family would overtake them; but Mr. B. F. Johnson had decided that he wanted another wife and continued to stay behind to do the courting.

"Mother arrived at Winter Quarters...but the winter was on and some were not yet provided for. Abraham Washburn began building a chimney in a house so Mother could have a shelter from the cold and storms; but before the chimney was completed, on the 15th of January, 1847, her first child was born while she was still living in her wagon.

"...During the spring of 1848 Mother traveled on with one of the companies to Salt Lake City. She drove her own mule team the entire distance from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City and never saw B. F. Johnson from the time he first lagged behind until long after her arrival in Utah.

"...Mother became alienated from her husband on account of his conduct. She laid her case before President Brigham Young. Johnson at first refused to sign the divorce and sent it back to Salt Lake unsigned, but President Young said, ‘I will see that he does sign it,’ and he did."

Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, p.256

Author’s note: Whatever God requires is right! There have been times when plural marriage was right. And when it was right, “the principle” was a higher law, and carried with it great
blessings. But when the Lord, through his prophet, commands against it, then there is no "right" about it. We now live in a time when the Lord commands against plural marriage—one commandment I personally find very easy and glad to obey.

13 Christensen, p.184

"The practice of plural marriage was new to the Latter-day Saints (1851-52). Few were thoroughly convinced of its truthfulness. Fewer still, had a burning testimony of it. Among those not sure, was Cordelia. One night she went to bed gloomy and depressed to the extent that she felt it was for her children only that she cared to live. She cried herself to sleep. She dreamed that there was to be a meeting and she went to it. The congregation was large. President Young spoke. He said that there would be a spirit go around the congregation to whisper comfort in the ear of everyone. Cordelia said, "It came to me—that spirit—and said to me, ‘don’t ever change your marriage conditions or wish it otherwise, for you are better off (as you are) than thousands of others’." It had been promised in her patriarchal blessing that, "The Lord by the power of His Spirit shall whisper unto thee comforting words." That dream was such a comfort to Cordelia that she never afterward had a doubt that plural marriage was right."

14 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle) p. 2

Author’s note: The name of the neighbor witnessing the event is not mentioned. I have used the name of Jemima Cox in this case.
Chapter Thirteen

Manti – October 1856

Jedediah Grant’s fist crashed down on the pulpit, startling several in the front rows. “There are too many who like intoxicating drinks, tobacco, filth, dirt and meanness. Some like to break the Sabbath, to brand another’s ox, which they find on the range, and to occasionally steal a little; there are some here who will steal, when they have an opportunity.

“I wish to inform the new-comers that if they want to find the finest and best men in the world they are here; and if they want to find the meanest, most pusillanimous curses that the world can produce, we have them here. We have here some of the miserable cusses that ever the Almighty frowned upon, for it takes an apostate Mormon to be a mean devil.

“I desire to see men reform in their acts, and not say ‘let our neighbors be converted,’ but let them say, in the name of Israel’s God, ‘the reformation shall be carried into our houses, to our children, and we will take it home with us, and will gird on our armor, and go ahead in the cause of God,’ for this is what we are sent here for.”

Edmund stared at the floor. He could feel his ears, hot and red. He could not tell if he felt angry at this last hour of haranguing, or humbled from it, or just embarrassed by it. Strong language! They were proclaiming from the rooftops things that he would not want his children even hearing in private.

Just before the meeting began, Edwin Whiting leaned over to Edmund and whispered, “I don’t think we’re going to like this.
I hear they’ve been preaching reformation from Kaysville on down.” Edmund was confused at his friend’s words at first, but now he understood perfectly.

President Grant continued his accusations. “Some here keep their children too dirty for admission into a district school where I was raised; and in some houses the towels look as though they had passed Noah’s ark, or had been used by some of the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the knives and forks have the appearance of having been rusting since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.2

“When a man is wrong and will turn around and do right, I love him better than I did before. We do not feel like casting you off, like casting you into the mire. Get out of the mud and may the Lord bless you. I had rather bless ten men than curse one. I am not led to curse, but I am led to chastise iniquity, to bring to light that which is wrong among the people; but I do not want to curse them.

“I am not of that class that believes in shrinking; if there is a fight on hand, give me a share of it. I am naturally good-natured, but when the indignation of the Almighty is in me I say to all, ‘stand aside and let the Lord Jesus Christ come in here; He shall be heir of the earth; the truth shall triumph, the Priesthood and Christ shall reign.’

“When you are right we will cease to chastise, we will cease to rebuke; we will cease throwing the arrows of the Almighty through you, we will cease telling you to surrender, to repent of all your sins. But until you do this, we will continue to throw the arrows of God through you, to hurl the darts of heaven upon you and the power of God in your midst; and we will storm the bulwarks of hell, and we will march against you in the strength of God of Israel. We expect to triumph; and in the name of Jesus Christ, we do not mean to surrender to evil.”3

With that, Jedediah Grant closed his sermon and sat down. The audience sat dazed. An uncomfortable silence passed until the music director, suddenly remembering that this was her cue, jumped to her feet to begin the closing hymn.
After the meeting the congregation filed out of church quietly and headed home. The normal after-meeting social chatter was all but missing. There had been plenty of excitement, prior to the stake conference, that the First Presidency was coming to visit. But not anymore. As he and Mary Ann walked home, Edmund wished that it was all over, but President Young had called an afternoon session to begin at 2:00 p.m. This was going to be a long day.

"Wow, that was something!" said Mary Ann, breaking the silence.

Edmund blew out a breath. "I'll say! I've never heard preaching like that, even from the fire and brimstone preachers in Vermont. With the prophet coming to speak, I was hoping to be built up—not beat up."

Mary Ann nodded ruefully. "Maybe he's got to tear us down to build us up."

Edmund thought about that. "I suppose you're right. But part of me is just a little bit miffed. The Lord sends us out here in the middle of nowhere and tells us to build the Kingdom. So we do! From the dust we build homes and cities and forts and chapels. Since we had nothing to eat, we clear ground and dig ditches and plant fields. And then to cover our bodies, we shear wool and spin thread and weave cloth to make clothes. We eke out a living in this desolate wilderness. We fight Indians and grasshoppers and hunger." He ticked each point off on his fingers.

"Many of these Saints have buried loved ones here. They've suffered at the hands of mobbers in Missouri and Illinois. At a call from the prophet, they immediately drop everything and leave their families to go on missions. They enter into that most difficult principle of plural marriage. We've given up everything for the service of God, and now we're told that we're the vilest of sinners." 4

Mary Ann was surprised at this level of frustration, uncommon to Edmund, but he continued, more passively now. "That's one part of me—I guess my natural, prideful side. But the more humble part of me, the part that God is trying to
develop, recognizes my weakness. That side of me knows my
sin, and calls me to heed the prophet and repent.”

Mary Ann watched her husband as she walked with him.
Her heart swelled with love and admiration at his struggle. “So,
who’s going to win this battle between the natural man and the
new creature?”

Edmund eyed his wife thoughtfully. “I guess we’ll watch
and see. We’ve got front row seats. I guess it’s a good thing they
had asked us to fast—maybe it will give the ‘new creature’ a head
start.”

In the afternoon session of conference, President Heber
C. Kimball spoke at length, comparing the Saints to the peoples
of the Book of Mormon. He read from the twelfth chapter of
the Book of Helaman, and then summed it up. “They were led
into a land away from their enemies, and the Lord blessed them
exceedingly; yet the only way that He could keep them within
due and proper bounds, so that they would live their religion, so
that they would be humble before their Maker and their God, was
to let afflictions come upon them.”

Brother Kimball put his scriptures down. “When we read
the Book of Mormon, we are led to contrast the proceedings
of the former day Saints on this continent with the travels and
course of this people; and to reflect that many of us have been
rooted up and driven some five or six times, and that last of all
we are driven here into the valleys of the mountains, a thousand
miles from everybody, where God has let us come to worship
Him, to carry out His designs.

“Are not this people running into pride? Are they not filled
with discord, contention, broils, and animosity? Have they not
forgotten their God and their covenants? Let us rise up as a
people and turn unto the Lord our God with full purpose of heart,
and peradventure, our sins may be remitted and forgiven, and blotted out.” 5

He raised his hand. “There is a Reformation proposed; it has already commenced in the north, and the people there are repenting, that is, they say they repent; and many have gone forward and been baptized for the remission of their sins. But, brethren and sisters, you may go forward and be baptized, and may say you repent, and receive the laying on of hands, and if you do not repent and lay aside your wickedness, you will go to hell. I tell you that there is nothing that will turn away the wrath of God and the chastenings that are to come on this people, if they do not repent indeed; now mark my words.” 6

Heber C. Kimball talked further on the signs of God’s indignation. He asked the people how well they ate last winter, and told them that if they thought that droughts and plagues of ravaging insects were just unfortunate coincidences, then they deceived themselves. 7

Finally he closed his talk and deferred the pulpit to his leader. Brigham Young stood at the rostrum and scanned the audience slowly, meeting each eye with a penetrating gaze. At last he spoke. “My dear brothers and sisters. I feel to call upon this congregation to know whether any of them, or whether all of them, wish salvation. If they do, I have the gospel of salvation for them; and I call upon the people to know whether they are the friends of God, or only of themselves individually.

“I do not know of any better way to get an expression from the people, as to whether they wish the gospel preached to them than to have the brethren and sisters, those who so wish and desire, manifest it by rising upon their feet. You will observe those who do not rise.”

The congregation all responded by standing up. Satisfied, the Prophet continued. “Take your seats again. You have manifested that you want to be Saints, and I am happy for the privilege of talking to such people.

“When this meeting is over, I will take you into the waters of baptism, if you repent of your sins. If you will covenant to live
your religion and be Saints of the Most High, you shall have that privilege, and I will have the honor of baptizing you in the font, or of seeing that it is done.

“Well, I just say, my brethren and sisters, a separation must take place; you must part with your sins, or the righteous must be separated from the ungodly. We need a reformation in the midst of this people; we need a thorough reform for I know that very many are in a dozy condition with regard to their religion; I know this as well as I should if you were now to doze and go to sleep before my eyes.

“You are losing the spirit of the gospel, is there any cause for it? No, only that which there is in the world. You have the weakness of human nature to contend with, and you suffer that weakness to decoy you away from the truth, to the side of the adversary; but now is the time to awake, before the time of burning.”

Edmund waited with Mary Ann for their turn to be rebaptized as a renewal of their original baptismal covenants. He reflected on the things he had heard and experienced today. They had gone to the meeting feeling good about things, anxious to hear the word of the Lord from the prophet. Now he felt guilty—God’s word was sometimes stinging.

At first his pride was hurt. But then President Grant had read off the catechism—a list of questions for self-evaluation. Some of them were easy to answer, like ‘Have you committed murder or adultery?’ But then it got to more personal questions; Do you preside in your house as a servant of God? Have you ever lied or coveted? Edmund was sure the Lord was not interested in answers like “not too often,” or “very seldom.” In God’s eyes, you’re either a sinner or you are not, clean or unclean. Edmund knew that he was unclean. It was painful to recognize his own sins and shortcomings—they were blatant
before him. He was grateful for this opportunity to repent and start anew.

But President Young had talked about more than just repentance. He preached the Law of Consecration and about tithes and offerings. He told about two handcart companies who were, at this very time, caught out in Wyoming in these early snows and reported that at General Conference, two weeks ago, he had sent relief parties from Salt Lake to go rescue the stranded Saints. 11

He mentioned that though Manti was too far away to help in the rescue efforts, the Sanpete Saints could live the Law of Consecration or donate to the Perpetual Emigration fund. He explained that this fund had been established in order to help impoverished Saints back East and in Europe to emigrate to Zion. The idea was that they, upon arrival in Utah, would work and earn the money to repay the funds they had used. This way it would roll over and help someone else in need.

The Spirit had touched Edmund and he wanted to do what he could. When the meeting ended, he had walked home and pulled their small savings. He felt it was a paltry sacrifice compared to the physical and financial burden many others were carrying, but this was all they had.

Soon it was their turn to speak with the prophet. Edmund felt a little nervous as he reached out to shake hands. "President Young, I'm Edmund Richardson, and this is my wife Mary Ann."

Brigham Young smiled genuinely. "Brother and Sister Richardson, have you a desire to be rebaptized? Do you wish to have your sins remitted?"

Edmund cleared his throat. "Yes, we do. But, I don't know if I'm worthy."

Brother Brigham looked him squarely in the eye. "Are there things that you should confess before church authorities or others?"

Edmund swallowed. "Well, no... I guess not. But God knows my pride, and He knows the sins I struggle with every day, over and over."
The prophet's gaze softened. "Well then, of course you're not worthy!" Edmund's heart sank, but the prophet continued. "Some of the Quorum of the Twelve have felt the same way!" But how can you become worthy before Christ without renewing your covenants with Him? It is only through His atonement, through the blood of the Lamb, that you can become worthy. So I suggest you take him up on his offer to make you whole."

Edmund felt hope surging up within him as he thought of the implications. "You know... you're right!"

Brigham Young smiled, and teased. "Well, I'm glad you agree."

Edmund laughed sheepishly. "I didn't mean it that way." Changing the subject, he said, "Mary Ann and I would like to offer something for the Perpetual Emigration fund." He pulled a number of bills and coins out of his pocket. "A hundred and sixty eight dollars... It's not much, but it's all we have."

President Young considered Edmund and Mary Ann for a time. "King Benjamin teaches that you can never 'get one up' on the Lord. As soon as you do something good, something right, He immediately blesses you. I have a feeling you will be surprised at the blessings of the Lord."

Edmund wondered at the words of the prophet as he stepped into the icy water of City Creek for rebaptism.  

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*Salt Creek Canyon – February 3, 1857*

The heavily laden wagon train rumbled slowly down to the mouth of Salt Creek Canyon. Twenty teams pulling loads of flour and grain emerged from the canyon, and the view changed abruptly from canyon walls to the broad Nephi valley. The little town, with scores of chimneys advertising their warmth, was a welcome sight on this early February afternoon. Edmund rode
with Edwin Whiting on the third freight wagon loaded with tithing flour headed for Salt Lake.  

Edmund mused about the grain in his wagon. This last year’s crop was not very good, and wheat would still be rationed, but the prior year’s drought and grasshopper problems made this harvest seem grand. After suffering a hungry winter, people were grateful for any harvest. That gratitude, coupled with the message and effects of the recent Reformation, had brought about changes in attitude among the people. Everyone seemed more inclined to acknowledge the hand of God in all things, and to try more perfectly to live His laws. If nothing else, these wagons of tithing grain, even in these times of little prosperity, demonstrated before the Lord their willingness to obey, and their desire for the opening of the windows of heaven.

“What did you think of testimony meeting the other night?” Edwin queried, interrupting Edmund’s thoughts.

Edmund recollected the meeting. “I don’t know. I guess I enjoyed most of it. The Spirit seemed strong there, at least for most of the meeting. But it kind of got strange toward the end, I thought.”

Edwin probed, “What do you mean?”

Edmund raised an eyebrow and shrugged. “Seems like most of the testimonies were humble and powerful. People just grateful for the blessings of the Lord. I think there has been a spirit of peace and forgiveness present that has needed to happen for a long time.”

Edwin kept pressing. “All right, so what did you think was strange? The speaking in tongues?”

Edmund could tell his friend was getting at something. “Well, yes, prophesying and the gift of tongues don’t really happen much and so it seemed strange, except that the Holy Ghost was there—I was sure of it.” He thought back on the meeting. “But it was when those two brethren at the end tried whipping the congregation into a frenzy. I suppose they were trying to keep the gifts of the Spirit going. That’s when I felt the Spirit leave.”

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Edwin nodded. It was as if Edmund confirmed what he was fishing for. “I felt the same thing. On my mission back in Ohio, the Spirit Rappers would try to drum up the Spirit with excitement and dancing, as if it were something they could turn on and off at will. Sometimes feeling the Spirit can be exciting, but I’ve usually found the Spirit to be like Paul says, full of love and peace and gentleness.”

Edmund agreed. “I think the Reformation has brought out good qualities in a lot of people, and maybe some lesser qualities in others.”

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_Manti – July 24, 1857_

Mary Ann and Emma sat in the shade of the bowery, enjoying the relief from the July sun. Several other small groups were scattered among the rough-cut benches of the open-air meeting hall, quietly talking and passing time between festivities.

The 24th of July celebration, thus far, had been grand. It had started out with a salute of small arms, under the Command of Captain Gifford, atop Temple Hill. That was followed by a parade, complete with a marching band, and the town dignitaries, all serenading the citizens. This was a summons for all to gather at the bowery next to the Council House where they were addressed by the Stake President.

A decade! People had argued good-naturedly all day whether it seemed like just yesterday since the Saints first entered the Salt Lake Valley, or whether it was forever ago. Mary Ann agreed that it must have been a lifetime ago, especially since it had only been four years since her family had come. There had been so many changes in that time. She said as much to Emma.

“I’ll say!” Emma concurred, “it’s got to be forever. This last year alone has been an eternity!”

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Mary Ann smiled and stroked her daughter’s hair. “Emma, my first year of marriage was hard too. I was independent like you, and it took us both a while to adjust to each other. But it’s gotten better and better.”

Emma did not think the comparison was fair. “But were you the second wife in a polygamous marriage?”

Mary Ann winced inwardly. “No. You’ve got a point.” She didn’t know what to say.

After an awkward silence, Emma asked, “So, do you really think it’ll get better?”

Mary Ann tucked a stray lock of Emma’s hair behind her ear. “Of course it will get better! You’re just at the bottom of the cycle right now.”

“How?” Emma wondered. “What do you mean?”

Mary Ann held her hand. “There are always ups and downs. Sometimes you’re on glorious mountain tops and sometimes you’re down in dark valleys.”

Emma rolled her eyes. “Great! So I’ve just got more of these cycles to look forward to, huh?”

“It’s not bad,” Mary Ann explained, “it’s just not easy. These cycles are a progression. Do you remember when you first learned ciphering? First you learned to count and add and then you learned subtraction and then your multiplication tables and so on. Each time you began feeling comfortable with one concept, your teacher threw another one at you. But that’s how you learned and grew.”

Emma smirked, “So I’m supposed to be excited about being in the lows?”

Mary Ann smiled and shook her head. “I don’t know anyone who’s excited about the valleys. But if you understand what those valleys are for, then they don’t seem so meaningless and hard. You can try to open your eyes to see what Heavenly Father is trying to teach you.”

Emma was interested. “What are they for then?”
Mary Ann hoped she could convey what she felt. "I think the valleys help us climb the mountains, and then the view from the mountains help us make it through the valleys."

Emma was confused. Her mother was talking in circles. But Mary Ann continued. "I think the purposes for the valleys are to humble us, so God can get our ‘selves’, our ideas of who we think we are, out of the way. Each valley serves to strip us of some of our natural selves—to rid us of our self-built shanties so God can build a grand temple."

Mary Ann waited a second for it to sink in. "Once we get our natural selves out of God’s way, He can build us into what He wants, so we can make the hard climb up the next mountain. We become better people and greater children of God. Then when we get on top, we can look back and see God’s hand in our journey up the mountain. And that builds our faith for the next valley."

Emma thought about that for a little while. "Where are you?"

Mary Ann considered the question. "I’m definitely on the mountain top! I can look back and see the struggles of the valley and the hard climb up the mountain. We’re having a bountiful year. We’re not starving anymore. We’re in our own home at last. We have wonderful friends. We have the fullness of the gospel. Your father and I were sealed by President Young a few months ago..." 

Mary Ann placed her hand on Emma’s belly and teased. "And in a few months I’m going to be a grandma."

Emma was embarrassed but smiled broadly, pushing away her mother’s hand. "But if you’re on the mountain top, then you know what’s coming next."

Mary Ann smiled back knowingly. "I realize that next comes the valley, and I’m not looking forward to it. But I’m sure enjoying this little respite and the beautiful view now."
References


2 Searle, p. 59; See *Journal of Discourses*, IV, pp. 73-74

3 Searle, p. 79; See *Journal of Discourses*, IV, pp. 85-87

**Author's note:** The talks given are word for word excerpts from talks given up and down the Wasatch Front during the Reformation.

4 Searle, p. 18

"Many of the Saints in Utah had sacrificed a great deal for the sake of the Kingdom. They had left property and loved ones behind and had endured the bitter persecutions of Missouri and Illinois. They had willingly undertaken the long journey to Utah and had tried to do their duty in making the desert blossom as a rose. After these tests of their faith they thought it strange that they should now be called upon to effect a great reformation. The Deseret News carried the following editorial at the onset of the Reformation to explain the need and purpose of the movement and dispel some of the objections:

‘To the world it may seem strange that reformation is needed where there are none to molest us in our religion, in a country throughout whose broad borders there is not a single brothel, grogshop, or gambling hall; where murders, assassinations, highway robberies, arson, husband and wife killing and other high crimes are unknown to our court records; and where even one lawyer could not make a living, at fair rates, by attending to the whole of the small amount of litigation among this numerous people. And, perhaps, some saints
have deemed reform uncalled for at present, not being sufficiently faithful to all times see afar off.

‘But we are of like passions with other people, and when commodious buildings are multiplied, when numerous fields are enclosed and the comforts and luxuries of life accumulate around us, we are prone to slacken the faith and energy engaged in producing them, and to measurably forget our indebtedness for the peculiar privileges and blessings in our possession. Prosperity and ease tempt to remissness in duty, to neglect of secret and family prayer, to unlawful indulgence of thought, word and act, to laying aside weapon after weapon and shield after shield of the gospel armor, until there is little or no defense against the assaults of the adversary. Hence the necessity for reformation, and we rejoice that the people are so zealous in a work of so much importance.’” (See Deseret News, October 22, 1856.)

5 Searle, p. 21

6 Searle, p. 21; See Deseret News, October 8, 1856

“Warnings were given by Brigham Young and Jedediah Grant, the other members of the First Presidency. They believed that there were many trials ahead for the Saints, and if they would claim the blessings of the Lord during these trying times, they would have to purge out the wickedness among them. Later events established the prophetic insight of these warnings for within a year of these utterances the Saints were sorely tested by food shortages, the Mountain Meadows massacre, Indian troubles, and an army of the United States that marched against them.”

"The chastening Young had reference to, at least in part, was a series of natural disasters... In April 1855, grasshoppers caused extensive damage to crops. Even worse, a severe drought accompanied the grasshopper invasion. Further damage to the community was brought about by canyon fires that destroyed valuable stands of timber. And finally, as harsh winter... destroyed much of the Church cattle stock.

"The effect of such natural afflictions upon the Latter-day Saint community was devastating. Church members were short on foodstuffs, poverty was widespread, and, for some, begging and hoarding became habitual. Money was next to useless and could not buy flour or meal..."

**Author's note:** I am unaware of the identity of the visiting authorities preaching the Reformation in Manti. The First Presidency did much of the preaching up and down the Wasatch Front, but they also sent apostles and others to carry the message and effect the reformations. In this book, I am using the First Presidency as the preachers, in order to use text from some of their recorded sermons.

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8 Searle, p. 31; See *Journal of Discourses*, IV, p. 43

9 Searle, p. 31; See *Journal of Discourses*, IV, p. 51

10 Searle, p. 63

"During the Reformation the Church members were urged to demonstrate their repentance and desire to renew all their religious obligations and covenants by receiving the ordinances of rebaptism and reconfirmation so named because they were a repetition of the baptism and confirmation received by each member upon his entrance into the Church. Rebaptisms of this type should not be confused with the rebaptisms of persons..."
who came back into the Church after apostatizing or being excommunicated.

"The proposition was joyfully and very generally accepted by the saints. This procedure, however, must not be regarded as casting any doubt upon the validity of their original baptisms, or repudiation of it as a sacrament. It was only to make more solemn the renewal of covenants with God." (See Roberts, II, 286-287)

11 Searle, p. 40

"...Now in the Month of October 6th 1856 Conference the First presidency made a Call for 40 teems as their first Business of Conference for to goe Back on the Road to assist the hand cart company...Now the teems was mad[e] up to the Call & Conference Continued But from that time forth the First presidency Commenced Crying repent repentance and the arrows of the almighty was then hurled to Every heart through out the territory..." [sic] (See George Laub, Diary, MSS [Copied by the B.Y.U. Library, 1948], p. 95)

12 Searle, p. 73

"Some of the very best men in the Church felt their unworthiness and shrank from responsibilities which they imagined others could fulfill better than they. President Woodruff records at this time that he and Lorenzo Snow called upon President Young and offered to surrender their apostleship. They had received it at his hands and were willing to give it up in favor of any one that the President might think more competent and more worthy. President Young expressed his perfect satisfaction with them and his confidence in their integrity and labors, and gave them every assurance of his love and blessing." (Neff, pp. 553-554. Quoting Matthias F. Cowley, Wilford Woodruff [Salt Lake City, 1909]).

"...I was rebaptized during the reformation of 1856 and in 1857 I paid $168.00 into the emigration fund. Thus far my faith has been firm in Mormonism. I know it is true and am satisfied to remain in it; which I pray may ever be the case." (See Edmund Richardson, *Journal*)

Albert Antrei, *High, Dry, and Offside*, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), p. 191; See also Albert Antrei and Allen Roberts, *History of Sanpete County*, (Sanpete County Commission, 1999), p. 72

"February 1, 1857 – This month there were upwards of twenty teams that went to Salt Lake with loads of tithing grain... (See Albert Smith’s Journal, (1804-1893)).

"In 1857... Sanpeters sent a caravan consisting of 1,562 pounds of lead plus foodstuffs including 1,940 bushels of flour, 1,196 bushels of oats, and 21 bushels of barley."

Searle, p. 54

"In this reformation, I began to weigh myself in the scales of righteousness and soon found myself wanting in many respects, and saw more the necessity of forgiving my enemies than I ever did before and came fully to the determination to root out every prejudice in my heart against them if any there was remaining, and hold no feelings against them but of the best kind." (See Joel Hills Johnson, *Diary*, MSS BYU Library, p. 56.)

Searle, p. 76

Searle, p. 42

"The congregation seemed lighted up with the Holy Ghost; they prophesied, spoke in tongues, had the interpretation thereof, and the blessings of the Almighty God rested upon them." (See *Deseret News*, October 29, 1856)
18 Searle, p. 76

"Among the first that arrived at our place [Fort Supply, Wyoming] in the spring was one man... full of a wild fire spirit... I accepted it as the proper [Reformation] spirit to be in possession of. [I] felt sorry that we were so far behind our brethren of the Salt Lake Valley. [I] commenced struggling by prayer for the purpose of coming into possession of the same spirit. But my exertion in that direction seemed to be removing me farther from my desired object. I fasted and prayed—the effects of which was a Spirit of meekness, humility, and charitableness. [I] had no desire to injure even a worm of the dust. At the same time [I] became convinced that the Spirit that [the man] was in possession of... was not the correct one....

"[I] expressed my feelings] and thereby brought down his wrath... upon myself. He pronounced numerous curses upon me, all of which I endured for a season.... The proceedings became tiresome to me, and concluding that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, I commenced to retaliate... He expressed it as his opinion, that my case religiously was hopeless, and that I would never be rebaptized... [I] looked him squarely in the eyes, and advancing up close to him, informed him that I would last longer in this church and kingdom than he would. Within two years he took one of his wives and went to the States, leaving two of his wives to look out for themselves." (See Henry Weeks Sanderson, Diary, MSS (Copied by the BYU Library, 1944), p. 95.)

**Author's note:** I have corrected spelling and sentence structure for ease of reading.

19 Johnson and Shumway, p. 25

"The marshal formed the procession as follows: The presidency of the stake; the High Council; the mayor of the city; the city council; committee of arrangements; 12 young men dressed in white shirts, black pants, straw hats and red scarves; 12 young ladies dressed in white; Fathers in Israel; Female Relief Society; Mothers in Israel, young men; young ladies; boys and girls. Each company carried banners with suitable mottos."
“Following the procession, according to a Deseret News article, ‘they... returned to Temple Block and were very appropriately addressed by President Wareham. At two o’clock in the afternoon they again assembled in the Council House.’ The newspaper article said that music, toasts and singing were given at intervals.”

20 Johnson and Shumway, p. 25

“On April 20, 1857, Edmund and Mary Ann stood in the [Stake] President’s office [in Manti] and listened to the Lord, by the voice of His Prophet, seal them, ‘man and wife for time and all eternity!’ The entire room seemed charged with the Spirit of the Holy Ghost! Never again would life be the same! Now their relationship as husband and wife spanned the power of the grave and love became even more sacred.”
Chapter Fourteen

*Manti – January 5, 1858*

Edmund and Mary Ann sat on chairs outside the president’s office in a small building used for stake offices and the High Council. This office was normally occupied by the Stake President, but just as the best bed in the house is offered in deference to a guest, Stake President Chapman gladly tendered the use of his office to the President of the Church.

Edmund had built these chairs and his eyes went, almost involuntarily, to a sizable chip in the seat of his chair. He couldn’t believe that! Edmund stopped his thinking. He rolled his eyes at himself for feeling irked at whoever felt the need to practice whittling on his workmanship. Moving his leg to cover it up, he thought, “Out of sight, out of mind.”

“Are you nervous?” Mary Ann queried.

Edmund considered the question. He shouldn’t be nervous, but it was hard to deny the butterflies in his stomach. Their last meeting with the prophet had been a great experience. “I don’t know. Maybe just a little,” he admitted. “It isn’t every day that you ask the prophet of God for an interview.”

An unexpected burst of laughter escaped Mary Ann’s lips, betraying her own apprehension. She touched her finger to her lips to regain her composure. “I guess I didn’t think of it quite that way.” The levity was relieving.

Mary Ann put her hand on his. “Do you think we should have brought Emma and George?”
Edmund shook his head. "No, let's see what President Young says and then set up a time."

The door to the office opened, cutting him off mid-sentence, and Titus and Diantha Billings stepped out, talking and shaking hands with Brigham Young.

Edmund straightened in his seat and took a deep breath. Wiping his sweaty palms on his pant legs, he stood up, offering a hand to Mary Ann.

As the prophet said goodbye to the Billings, he turned and stepped toward the Richardson, extending his hand. "Brother and Sister Richardson, it's good to see you again."

Mary Ann smiled and lightly shook his hand. "It's nice to see you, President. It's good to have you in Manti with us."

Edmund also shook his hand but could think of no other greeting than, "Brother Brigham...."

The prophet smiled genuinely and invited them into the office, offering a couple of chairs by the table he used as a desk. As they sat down, Brigham Young scooted the table a little to the side and pulled his chair directly in front of them.

He smiled warmly again, sensing Edmund's nervousness. "How's your family?"

Edmund nodded, "They're doing fine. In fact, that's the reason we wanted to talk to you."

President Young quipped, "You like to get right down to business, don't you? I figured that this was more than a social call. So, how can I help you."

Mary Ann explained, "You remember that you sealed our marriage last spring." As President Young nodded in recollection, Mary Ann continued, "Well, we wondered if we could have our children sealed to us."

President Young understood. "Yes, that can be done. But I wouldn't worry about that right now. That can be accomplished in the Endowment House in Salt Lake the next time you're in the area. That's the more proper place for such ordinances." That made sense to the Richardson.
He stroked his well-trimmed beard and continued. "In the meantime, any children born to you now will be born under the covenant and are automatically sealed to you."

Mary Ann's eyes darted to her husband and Edmund's dropped to the floor. He couldn't believe how fast the visit went from cordial to miserable. He stared intently at a pine knot in the plank floor, feeling hot blood flush his face and ears, his heart pounding furiously.

Brigham Young immediately sensed the drastic mood change, but was content to let silence do its work of sorting out thoughts and feelings.

Edmund's breathing shallowed as he tried to figure out what to do. Must he confess his humiliating mistake to this prophet of God—declaring before heaven and earth what a fool he was?

Maybe he should just agree with President Young and thank him for his time and leave. Yes, that was right. A wrong choice made years ago, years before he had heard of the fullness of the gospel, had nothing to do with this priesthood leader now. What was done, was done, and nothing could change it now. He, and Mary Ann of course, had already reaped the consequences of their decision—and they would continue to pay dearly for the rest of their lives. So why invite more pain than what already tortured them?

The silence was deafening. He looked to his wife, but she just stared back into his eyes, knowing that this was something he had to do. He looked to Brother Brigham, but he waited patiently for whatever it was that Edmund was working through.

Edmund abruptly stood to leave. As he reached to thank the prophet with a handshake, an ominous wave of darkness and guilt washed over him. He turned and walked to the window and leaned heavily with both hands against the sill. Outside, the sun reflected brightly on the snow. Birds, walking near the road in their irregular patterns on the ground, fluttered away as a group of young boys, all bundled up in the January cold, ran by rolling hoops. But Edmund saw none of that. His mind was in another place.
Why would God not relieve him of this weight? The torture of a thousand unanswered prayers for forgiveness seemed to swallow him, “Oh Father,” he prayed silently, “Cans’t Thou ever forgive me?”

Words entered his mind—subtly as if disguised as thought, but unmistakable as if shouted from a pulpit. “I can forgive you, my son, and I can restore unto you that which was lost. Will you accept this gift?”

Instantly his eyes brimmed with an unexpected flood of tears. He opened his mouth wide in a vain attempt to confine the tears to his eyes, but they spilled uncontrollably down his face, leaving a salty souvenir of their shame on his lips. He didn’t understand what the “gift” was, but he knew exactly what he had to do. Wiping his face with his sleeve, he turned to face the prophet of God. “President Young, I have something to tell you.” He swallowed before continuing. “Before we learned of and joined this church, we were members of another faith and another society. We were taught that it was not right to have more than two children.”

Edmund stopped and gathered his courage. He ran his fingers heavily through his hair and then exhaled long breath. “I submitted myself to a surgeon who took away my ability to have any more children. At the time I thought I was doing right, but I have regretted it ten thousand times since then. This gospel teaches of the sacred honor of raising a righteous posterity unto the Lord, and I have purposely subverted His plan for me... for us. Surely Satan laughs at us, and sneers at God.” He dropped his eyes to the floor.

After an unbearable silence, Mary Ann stood next to her husband. What a terrible task he had to perform, but she knew that this was a step that repentance exacted of him. Her heart filled with love and admiration at the simultaneous strength and humility it took to confess his weakness before the man he respected most.

Trembling, Mary Ann cleared her throat. “President Young, this is a subject that Edmund and I have discussed many times.
I wish to ask, can he ever be restored so as to have posterity in eternity? Will we be deprived of our sealing and our endowments by remaining together? We were both promised them in our patriarchal blessings. Do I do wrong, as I have been several times told, by spending my life in such a way? Do I have a chance for exaltation with my husband? I am determined, God being my helper, to live for a place in the celestial kingdom. I do not wish to make any change, unless it is the will of God.”

Brigham Young also stood and looked into their eyes, but remained silent, offering a quick prayer for inspiration. He considered the couple before him. He did not know them well, but what he did know, he admired. They had barely been baptized when they were called to Manti in the midst of the Walker War. They had fulfilled every assignment given them. They had offered a sizeable donation to the Perpetual Emigration Fund at a time when they had little. He remembered the presence of the Spirit as he sealed them as a couple last spring. What good, solid Saints they had become. Their greatest desire was for exaltation in the celestial kingdom.

The prophet peered long into their eyes and spoke to them. “Our Heavenly Father loves you so much, and He is well pleased with you. And you are right—Satan does mock and laugh at the treachery he has done against you. Brother and Sister Richardson, the teachings and work of the devil have taken away your posterity. But the teachings and authority of Christ can restore it, if you are willing to make great sacrifices for it.”

Mary Ann caught her breath. How could it be? She looked at Edmund, who seemed just as shocked. But of course! Any sacrifice would be worth it.

President Young could see the wonder in their eyes, but he knew his next words would be painful. “Edmund, you will need to give Mary Ann a civil divorce and allow her to have a civil marriage with another man. Any issue from such a marriage would belong to you because you and Mary Ann are sealed for eternity. This is possible only because the Lord has restored polygamy in time to help you.”
Mary Ann and Edmund were stunned. Instinctively, Edmund pulled his wife closer to him, and a little behind him, almost as if to protect her from an encroachment. He wagged his head as the prophet's words sunk in. Careless of the position of this man, Edmund backed away and said, "This is ridiculous! I could never do that. This is not a gift, it's a curse! No sir, we won't do that."

Brigham Young nodded, and replied, "I understand."

Edmund and Mary Ann excused themselves and walked home without a word but with their minds reeling. When they came in the house George noticed something wrong right away. "Are you all right, Pa? You look sick."

"Actually," Edmund replied, "neither of us is feeling well. How would you feel about finishing your chores and then going over to David's house, and maybe spend the night?"

"Really?" George was surprised. He usually had to beg for permission for a sleep-over with his friend.

George grabbed the milk bucket, and was gone in a matter of seconds, fearful that his parents would start feeling better and change their minds.

Edmund picked up the harness that he had been working on earlier and Mary Ann began cleaning the already-tidy kitchen. Each worked intently and quietly, hoping the tasks would take their minds off the words of the prophet.

When George returned with a near-full bucket of milk, Mary Ann put her coat back on and said, "Don't worry about straining the milk. I'll do it in a minute. Come on, I'll go with you to make sure a sleep-over is all right with David's mother." George wondered at their peculiar "sickness", but didn't want to mention anything.

Edmund donned his coat and went outside to chop firewood. As he worked into the early winter evening he began
to sweat, and even after taking off his coat he still felt hot, which was fine, as it matched his mood perfectly. Soon it became too dark to work so he went inside, packing an armful of the cordwood he had chopped.

He hung up his coat and sat at the table, rubbing the back of his neck. Mary Ann, who had returned from her walk about a half-hour before, came and took over the job of massaging his neck. She asked, “Are you hungry?”

Edmund shook his head, “No, I guess I don’t really feel like eating.”

Mary Ann sat down to the table with him. “I feel the same. Nothing sounds good.” Taking his hand she asked, “How do you feel?”

Edmund smiled with his lips, but not with his eyes. “I think you know how I feel. I feel frustrated, confused, angry. Yes, it would be nice to have more children. And yes, I wish we could go back eight years and change things. But there’s no way that I could give you away to someone else. I just couldn’t do it. It seems so… so wrong!”

Mary Ann blew out a long breath. “I feel the same. To accept another man in your place would be…” she paused trying to come up with a word that described her feelings…repulsive?.. inconceivable! She shook her head. “It’s not even an alternative as far as I’m concerned. Besides, I know several women who have only one or two children—that’s all the Lord gave them. Will they be held accountable for the children they were unable to have? And by the same token, should we feel guilty if we are unable to have more children? We made a poor choice, we’ve repented, and now we are in the same position as other families that are unable to have more children—disappointed and even sad sometimes, but grateful for the children that we do have.”

Edmund nodded slowly, “I think you’re right. I think we have been blessed plenty.”

Silence filled the room for several minutes as they each went into a reverie. Edmund was a little chagrined as he thought of his conduct before the prophet. He rolled his eyes at himself,
and hoped that someday he could apologize. As he thought about the events of the afternoon with President Young, his mind went back to the words that he had... heard... perceived... felt.... How did they come, anyway? But however they came, they were as clear now as they were then. "I can forgive you, my son, and I can restore unto you that which was lost. Will you accept this gift?" What gift was it? The gift of forgiveness? The gift of restoration? And restoration of what? Restoration of cleanliness before God, or restoration of... of fatherhood? His mind began to swirl again.

Mary Ann interrupted his thought process with an observation. "The only thing that makes me nervous is that if we’re in complete agreement, if our feelings are mutual, then why is it still bothering us?" She considered it for a couple of quiet minutes and then continued, "President Young is a prophet; could this really be what the Lord wants us to do?"

Edmund felt tense, fighting the words of the Spirit. "Heavenly Father is a God of cause and effect. We make choices and then we deal with the consequences. That’s just the way it is!"

Mary Ann countered, "What about repentance? Can’t there be forgiveness?"

Edmund charged on, "Of course there can be forgiveness! A guy can get forgiveness for cutting off his hand, but he still has to live with the stump and the scar."

Mary Ann’s voice was quiet, "But what if the hand could be restored to full functionality through a painful surgery?" Edmund dropped his eyes to the table and said nothing.

Mary Ann followed up her thought, "It might still retain the ugly scar, but wouldn’t the beautiful use of the hand be worth it? Maybe it’s fear that’s bothering us. Maybe we’re afraid of the painful operation. Maybe we’re afraid of the ugly scar that people would see and make unkind judgements."

Edmund retorted, "Maybe we’re afraid we’ll die on the operating table!"
She understood his comment. Could a marriage survive this? The thought was frightening.

Edmund, more humbly, said, "What you said, though, is right. If we are so sure of our decision, why are we still agonizing over it all?"

Mary Ann thought about it and offered a point, "Maybe the prophet is saying that if more children is what we really want, then here is a way for it to happen. Maybe he was giving us the option to weigh out what is important and then make a decision on what we feel is right. Personally, having more children isn’t that important to me."

Edmund heard what she was saying, but he could not tell if she was trying to convince him, or to convince herself. He teased her, "Mary Ann, this is me you’re talking to! You can’t fool me. You love babies. I’ve seen you holding every baby you can get your hands on. It almost pains you to have to give the child back to the mother. That little five-month-old Whiting baby seems to have your heart particularly wound around its finger. And then…." He stopped short as he noticed her pain. "I’m sorry, Sweetheart. I was just teasing."

Mary Ann smiled and almost laughed through her tears. She wiped her nose and her eyes with a dish towel. "I didn’t realize it was that obvious. I hope you don’t feel guilty when I hold babies. I didn’t mean that children aren’t important. It’s just that it’s not worth what we would have to sacrifice."

Edmund stepped to the fireplace and squatted down, stirring the coals in the fireplace, his mind gnawing on what she said. "It would be an overwhelming sacrifice, wouldn’t it?!" He threw a couple more logs onto the fire and stared into the flames as sparks popped in random directions. "And how did Father Morley define sacrifice?"

She thought about his question, and her eyes opened wide. "No, Edmund, that’s not what I meant and you know it!"

He waved it off. "I know, but that’s what I think of when the word sacrifice comes up. ‘Giving up something good for
something far better.' So which is the good, and which is the better?"

Mary Ann said nothing, but began weighing out the options in her mind. Both alternatives carried heavy prices. On the one hand was the horrific cost of giving up Edmund and becoming the wife of another man for convenience' sake. The thought of sharing the most personal, the most sacred, the most intimate expressions of herself with another man was revolting to her. She shuddered at the price.

But on the other hand, was the thought of giving up a gift that God desired to give them any less terrible? Her arms ached to hold another baby of her own. If she was holding her own child right now, was there anything in the world she would not do, or give up, or sacrifice for it? She would gladly die to protect the child, just like any mother would. But what if there was a child waiting, already given to her by Heavenly Father, and lacked only the opportunity of conception? Would she off-handedly reject the child, just because it was not in her arms? That price to pay would be just as dreadful.

Mary Ann rubbed her temples. "I've got a headache and a heartache. I don't feel so good. I think I'll go to bed."

She retired to bed and tried to sleep. Edmund stayed by the fire for almost an hour, trying to reason it all out in his mind. He wished he had not made his mistake, but it was too late now. And now an option was presented to him, but it was not really an option at all. There was no way they could do it. None whatsoever! So why did it keep pestering him?

At last he stoked the fire and went to bed but he found that his rest was fitful and sleep evaded him. Divergent images flooded his troubled mind. Pictures of Mary Ann lovingly holding a baby. Images of his wife with another man. Scenes of a full, happy family, and then visions of intense loneliness. They only served to frustrate him, causing sleep to elude him even further. Finally he got up to stoke the fire again and noticed that it was 1:30 a.m.
“You can’t sleep either, huh?” Mary Ann’s voice startled him.

He came back to bed and sat down. “No, I guess I’ve got a lot on my mind.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” Mary Ann agreed. “We’ve made our decision, but we haven’t found the peace we’ve sought. It’s bothering us for a reason. A few minutes ago it occurred to me that we’ve left something out of the equation.”

“Oh?” Edmund could not imagine anything he had not already thought of a hundred times. “What did we leave out?”

“The Spirit!” Mary Ann exclaimed. “We never asked our Father in Heaven what He desires of us.”

Edmund drooped his shoulders. “I guess you’re right.” Mary Ann saw a smile play on his lips when he continued. “But then again, I’m not sure I want to know what He desires of us.”

She smiled and took his hand. “Why don’t we pray?”

He nodded, and knelt by the bed. Mary Ann knelt next to him, and slipped her hand into his.

“Our beloved Heavenly Father,” Edmund prayed. “We come humbly before thee and ask for forgiveness and help. We’ve been proud-hearted and thoughtless of thee in this decision. Please forgive us and help us understand thy will.

“Father, we have been to thy prophet seeking a blessing. But instead of a blessing of comfort, he has, rather, placed before us a trial... a choice—the alternatives of which offer a walk through sacrifice either way. Either we risk our marriage and give up ourselves and turn away from everything that thou hast already given us, or we risk losing a great gift that you may have in store for us, which could cause us regret forever.

“But we need to know, Father. Art Thou in this, or was President Young just offering the most prudent advise he could think of? If this is just an option of convenience, we would thank thee for the offer and gladly turn it down. But if it be thy will that we give each other up; if thou wantest us to do this... Father, we humbly accept thy will.”
Edmund felt Mary Ann squeeze his hand. "Oh God, thou hast been so good to us. We have learned to trust thee. In the past, thou hast turned our discouragement and our confusion and our detour into a blessing, greater than we could ever have imagined. We have found the true gospel and have been sealed by the hand of thy prophet. We know that thou knowest what is best for us, even when we can’t see the end from the beginning."

Edmund felt the enemy, fear, creeping into his heart, trying to block his next words. But he walked through the fear. "Father, we would ask that thou wouldst spare us from this trial, from a separation. But we also seek to follow thy Son. Therefore we humbly submit ourselves to thy will. If thou wantest us, Father, to turn away from all that thou hast given us, and if thou wantest me to give away my virtuous wife to another and split up our family... thy will be done, and we will try to be faithful, and we will try to understand."

He stopped, as he could say nothing more. The Spirit filled the room and rested heavily upon the couple. It seemed to enter every point of their bodies, and rush to fill their hearts with love, and with light—dispelling the darkness of the room and the darkness of the fear. It was as if a thousand angels cheered their submission to the will of God. Edmund felt he could scarcely breathe. He opened his eyes, so real was the presence of the Spirit that he felt sure he would be able to see his Savior standing there, but his eyes beheld only his wife, who was weeping with joy.

Edmund did not close his prayer. They both just stayed on their knees, basking in the love of God. When they got off their knees, they sat on the edge of the bed. Edmund felt so full, and so drained at the same time. Finally he said, “I’m not sure what I’ve just done.”

Mary Ann smiled at him, “What do you mean?”

“That wasn’t me,” he said. “I didn’t mean to pray that. It just kind of came out.”

“It was beautiful,” said Mary Ann.
Edmund stared at the odd shadows cast from the light of the fireplace. “I think we know what we’ve got to do. And I feel that any deviation from the path we’ve been given will take from us the light and knowledge we’ve been given; we would turn our backs on God.”

He thought of the consequences of this choice. “I think I’ve just committed us to a walk through fire. And I’m afraid we’ll be walking alone.”

The Spirit filled Mary Ann’s heart again and she began sobbing. When she regained some composure, she said, “We may not be together, and it may be fiery, but I feel confident that we will not be alone.”

Though Edmund felt full of the Spirit, he sensed the emptiness of solitude looming before him. He held her close, and kissed her tenderly. “What am I going to do without you. You are my strength.”

She buried her head into his shirt, “God will be our strength,” Mary Ann replied. “I love you so much.” She kissed him back.

Sunlight streamed through the front window, the only window with glass, when Edmund awoke. He sat up, and immediately felt the chill on his back. The fire was dead except for a few gray coals. He dressed quickly, and knelt at the fireplace, blowing the coals to life and adding kindling. Mary Ann opened her eyes, but waited until the fire was burning well before venturing out of the covers. Soon Edmund had a roaring fire that began to heat up their small house.

With the blanket wrapped around her against the cold, Mary Ann quietly approached him from behind and slipped her arms around his chest. He squeezed her arm, and she asked, “How are you feeling?”
He shrugged, "I don't know. I feel ...at peace. I feel like it's all going to be all right. I shouldn't, but I just do!"

She laid her head on his back and said, "I had a dream last night."

He turned around in her arms and said, "You did? What kind of dream?"

Mary Ann thought, "I'm not sure. I'd be nervous to call it a prophecy, but it was strong enough to seem like one."

Edmund exclaimed, "I did too! Tell me your dream, you little prophetess."

Her eyes played with the teasing, and then they almost shone as she described the dream. "I dreamed of three children. One was a red-haired boy with freckles, another was a baby, a girl I think, with splendid locks of blond, curly hair, and the third was a little Indian baby with ebony black hair. I realized that they were mine and they were the most beautiful children in the world. I sat in a rocking chair and held both babies so close, and the little boy played happily at my feet. And then you walked in the room, and the little boy looked at you, studying you, and then walked to you, stretching his little arms for you to pick him up. My heart was so full of love that it felt like it overflowed and spilled all over us, filling the room with the love of our Savior. Maybe it was just a dream, but it felt so real. Like I was seeing a future scene."

Edmund was excited, "Three children? A boy and a girl? And what about the Indian baby?"

Mary Ann smiled back. "I think the second was a girl. It was hard to tell as it was just a baby, and I was infatuated with the curly locks of blond hair. And I don't know if the Indian baby was a boy or a girl."

Edmund released her, and pulled up a chair next to the fireplace and sat down. He put his arm around her waist, and sat her down on his lap. Mary Ann smiled, "All right, Joseph, in your coat of many colors. What was your dream?"

He laughed and lightly spanked her. "I guess I had that one coming, huh? In my dream, we had already departed this life and
we were in heaven. I was shown our posterity. I was amazed at how many there were... hundreds, even thousands! They were good people, men and women and children. The sense I got was that they were honorable, solid people, all working in their own areas of life to build and uplift—so that the world was better for their lives. So many were valiant in the testimony of their Lord, like a small army of goodness that the Lord loved, and Satan hated. Then I saw generations honoring us, you and me, for the step we are taking, by virtue of their noble lives. I can’t really describe it, but that’s how I perceived it.”

He let her wonder at the dreams. “Mary Ann, we have a great blessing in store for us. But I think that often, great blessings come at great cost. I think we now know what is the ‘good’ we will be giving up for the ‘so much better’. Right now we are full of the Spirit and faith. But I just hope I’m faithful when we have to walk on our own.”

Mary Ann suggested, “Maybe we ought to pray for the help we’re going to need.”

Edmund wondered why he had not thought of that. They knelt at the chair by the fire and Mary Ann poured out their mutual feelings and their thanks for the visions they had seen. She prayed for the strength to walk the path before them. She also acknowledged the wisdom of her Heavenly Father in the timing of the visions—that He had waited until they had made the decision on faith before blessing them with a vista point, and that the vista was necessary before they stepped off into the abyss of the trial.

Edmund was amazed at the depth of his wife—how she could see things in their proper perspective. For him it was always after the experience that he could look back and see God’s hand in his life. But Mary Ann seemed to see it going into the experience.

She closed her prayer and asked, “Are you hungry now?”

“Starved!” he replied. “Feels like it’s been days since I ate.”
She agreed, "It was a long, hard night, wasn't it? Why don't you build me a fire in the cook stove and I'll make some flapjacks?"

Edmund prepared some kindling, and then carefully transferred a burning stick from the fireplace to the stove. As it began to warm up, Mary Ann mixed batter for the flapjacks and Edmund stewed over the future. "So, now what do we do?"

She replied, "I guess we need to go talk to President Young."

"Well, yeah, I guess that's true," he agreed. "I believe I have an apology to make."

Mary Ann giggled, "I can't believe you called the prophet's counsel ridiculous!"

He shook his head at himself, and chuckled. "I think that I'm having a hard time believing it myself."

After breakfast they walked back to Brigham Young's office. As they walked, trepidation began to mount. They now had the conviction and encouragement of the Spirit, but it was still a frightening trip to make. Mary Ann felt it was akin to the early Christians walking into the lion's den. She smiled at the imagery, as Brigham Young was sometimes called the Lion of the Lord.

Soon they found themselves at the door of the President's office. Edmund drew a deep breath and knocked on the door. He leaned over to his wife, "I hope we haven't come too early." Footsteps could be heard and President Young opened the door. He was carrying a book, his finger stuck between the pages to mark his place. He pulled off his reading spectacles and smiled, "Brother and Sister Richardson. Please come in."

They shuffled into the room, and Edmund immediately began apologizing for his conduct the day before. President Young held up a hand to stop him, "No need to explain. I see
it all in your countenances. I trust you didn’t have a very good night’s sleep?”

Edmund and Mary Ann grinned at each other. This man read them like the book in his hand. “It was kind of a late night.” Mary Ann admitted.

Brother Brigham, more serious now, followed up his prior comment. “And I’m confident that the Spirit has been working with you, or you wouldn’t be here.”

They both nodded in agreement, but with emphasis. Brother Brigham continued, “I commend you for your integrity, and your humility in heeding the voice of the Spirit. Our Heavenly Father is well pleased with you.”

He peered into their eyes for an uncomfortable minute. Edmund tried to match his gaze, but at length swallowed, and spoke to shift the discomfort. “I need to apologize for referring to your counsel as ridiculous yesterday.”

Brigham Young chuckled, “First of all, it’s not my idea. And second of all, if ridiculous was the worst thing I was called, I would be ecstatic.” He walked to his table and took a pen and paper. “Truth is,” he continued, “I’ve been called things that would make the devil himself blush.” He scratched some words on the paper, and then stood, handing it to Mary Ann. “Here are the names of three stalwart, honorable, polygamous men. I believe that you know them. Why don’t you choose a name that you feel would best carry out the purposes of the Lord concerning you.”

Mary Ann had felt pretty strong up to this point, but now her heart threatened to pound out of her chest, and her stomach felt like it was tied in knots. She looked at the paper and recognized all three names at a glance. “I can’t do this!” she cried to Edmund.

He held her and comforted her. “The Lord will not leave us to walk alone, Mary Ann.”

She steeled herself, and gave him the list. These were, he had to agree, some of the best men they knew.
She pointed to the name at the top of the list. “How do you feel about him?”

Neck muscles bulging like steel cords, he tensely nodded an approval. As he did, Mary Ann felt the peace of the Spirit confirm her decision.

Edmund handed the paper back to Brigham Young. “We feel right about the top name.”

President Young smiled. “Fredrick Walter Cox. That is an excellent choice. He is one of the greatest men in the kingdom of God. He would be my first choice for you, too.”

A thought washed over Mary Ann, and suddenly she felt mortified. What was she doing to her friends? This was not only a sore trial for her and Edmund, but would she now unshoulder some of her burden onto them? Would she have them risk their good name to the gossip that so easily prevails in small towns? She voiced her fears, “But what if he doesn’t agree to this? I’m sure he won’t want this any more than we want this. I mean, he is a great friend of ours. And his wife, Emeline, is one of my dearest friends. This could cause a terrible rift between us! She is like a sister to me.”

Brigham Young interrupted her, and took her hand. “Mary Ann, this is not your problem. This is not Brother Cox’s problem. This is God’s problem. You are doing so well to trust Him to this point. Trust Him just a little bit more.”

She took a deep breath, and nodded her head. He was right. The prophet was right. She thought of her dream, and remembered that God had a plan.

Brother Brigham hugged her. “Oh, you valiant daughter of God! How He is pleased with your faith!” Mary Ann hugged him back, and her tears wet his coat. She held him for a moment, and then went to the arms of her husband. “Thank you, President.”

Brigham Young shook Edmund’s hand. “Why don’t you two go home and spend some time together, and make some plans about what you’re going to do. I’ll talk with Brother Cox.”
Eleven-year-old Albert Whiting knocked on the door of his aunt’s house and walked on in without waiting for an answer. That was normal protocol among the cousins. “Uncle Walter!” he called out. He saw his aunt in the kitchen, “Aunt Emeline, is Uncle Walter here?”

“Yes,” she answered, “he’ll be right back. He went out back with your cousin Edwin to chop some wood.” She saw him eye the fresh bread on the table. “My guess is that you would like a bite of that.”

Albert licked his lips, “Well, uh, yes’m. But I got an important message for Uncle Walter.

As Emeline cut a slice of bread she asked, “Oh? What is it?”

Albert watched as she spread butter on his slice. “President Young wants to see him right away.”

She stopped short, the butter only half spread. “The Prophet wants to see him?”

“Yes’m,” he confirmed. “I was walking down the street and President Young came out of the Stake Office, and asked me if I knew Fredrick Walter Cox. When I told him that he was my uncle, he asked me to go fetch him.”

Emeline finished buttering the bread and handed it to him. “You better go out and get him.”

“Yes’m, and thanks for the bread.” He took a bite and walked out the back door.

Brigham Young answered the knock on the door and invited Walter in and offered him a seat. “How are you doing, Brother Cox?”
Walter sat rather uncomfortably in his chair. “I was doing just fine. At least until about 20 minutes ago. I imagine you can understand how someone feels when they get summoned by the prophet in the middle of the morning.”

The prophet laughed out loud. “Yes, I can imagine. I had the same thing happen to me on several occasions with Brother Joseph.” This didn’t seem to offer any comfort to Walter. Brigham Young got serious and leaned forward on the table, closing the distance between the two men. “Walter, you’ve been a faithful, loyal brother and friend for many years. I know, and the Lord knows, how trustworthy and dependable you are. That’s why I’m giving you a… a calling. Actually, I hesitate to say it’s a calling because it’s not a church calling, although the Spirit has definitely indicated your name in this.”

Walter was already uncomfortable, and things were sounding worse by the minute. He felt like he was being set up for a sucker-punch.

President Young continued, “Brother Cox, I’m calling you to take another wife.” Walter furrowed his brow—this was something that he surely had not expected. He thought about protesting on the grounds that he had so many wives already, but his four hardly compared to the number that Brigham had, so he said nothing.

Brigham Young watched his reaction and went on, “I want you to take Mary Ann Richardson to wife.”

Now Walter protested vehemently. “Edmund’s wife? You want me to take her away from him? Oh, no! There’s no way! I could never!”

The leader held up a hand. “Let me explain, please!” Walter squirmed in his seat, but quieted himself at the president’s request.

Brother Brigham took a breath. “Thank you. Due to some wrong choices they made before they were baptized, Edmund cannot have any more offspring. But Mary Ann is capable and they both desire more children. As I talked with them, the Lord opened my eyes and showed me the way for His purposes with
them to be accomplished. I am to give them a civil divorce and marry her, for time only, to a righteous man. Any issue from that marriage would belong to Edmund, as he and Mary Ann are already sealed for eternity. Then after a time, I can give you a civil divorce, and marry her back to Edmund.”

Walter sat with his mouth open—he could not believe what he was hearing. He stood up abruptly, almost knocking his chair over. “President Young, I’ve never turned down a calling. At your word I stayed behind three years in Mt. Pisgah to assist the Saints heading West. I buried children in that miserable land. You’ve called me on missions, and I left my family and served faithfully. You sent me to this valley and I gladly went. I have the utmost respect for you, and have been faithful to exactness in every duty, but this…” He shook his head, in shock at the prophet’s request. “This is just not right. Will you please find someone else?”

“Your name,” the prophet explained, “was given to me by the Spirit. And then it was given to two other witnesses—the Richardsons.”

Walter was torn between his love and respect for the prophet, and his sense of morality. Once he received the assurance from the Spirit that this man was, indeed, a prophet of God, he had always unquestionably obeyed and followed his counsel. But now, his sense of right and wrong made him question. “I’m sorry, Brother Brigham. I have great respect for you, and the Richardsons, but this is asking too much. Good day, President.” With that he donned his hat and left.

Emeline immediately recognized her husband’s agony when he walked in the door and wisely kept silent. Walter changed his clothes, putting on a heavy coat and boots, and walked outside. He walked west of town toward the Gunnison plateau. Soon he found himself climbing up the hills of the plateau, trudging
through the snow. But the walking helped him think. "There is
no way!" he repeated to himself. He still could not believe what
President Young had proposed. Was that what marriage was
reduced to... a mere convenience? "Well, I'm not playing this
game!" he said out loud between breaths. He had steeled himself
for another mission call, but he had never expected this.

After nearly two hours of tramping through snow, Walter
realized how exhausted he was. It took him a good deal of time
to return home. It had been good to walk and think, but he did
not feel any closer to the peace he sought. He walked in the
house and melted into his chair by the fire. He removed his coat
and boots, and set his cold feet on the hearth.

Emeline waited for a while and asked, "So, do you feel like
talking?"

"Not really," he replied, "but I suppose I ought to let you
know what President Young wanted." He related his experience
with the prophet, and his disgust over the proposed arrangement.

When he was finished, Emeline stared into space for a few
minutes, soaking it all in. She could hardly believe what she just
heard! Would God really require such a sacrifice? She had never
heard of anything like that. And why Walter? But it was not just
Walter—it involved the whole Cox family. More specifically, she
began to realize, it involved her personally. Maybe, she admitted,
there were selfish reasons why this sounded so irrational.

Emeline humbled her heart and thought about how Mary
Ann must be feeling—how she must be torn. On the one hand,
the idea must be preposterous, but on the other hand, the Lord
was offering a great blessing. Surely this must be difficult for
her, and Edmund, for that matter. Far worse than it could ever be
for Walter. And surely they would not have agreed to this, unless
they had the blessing of the Spirit.

She turned to her husband. "Walter, would you deny her
the opportunity to have children? I mean, I know it would be
hard on all of us, but it sounds like the Lord has a plan, a logical
plan, for making recompense for the weakness of his children.
Would you stand in the Lord's way, and reject the chance to be
involved, ever so slightly, in His atoning sacrifice? We are called to be saviors on Mt. Zion. What better way to help be a savior than to be an instrument in the Lord’s hand in compensating for a mistake committed by a wonderful man and woman?”

Walter was dumbfounded.

Emeline’s words about saviors on Mt. Zion bothered him for the rest of the day and into the night. He slept fitfully that night, and near morning he had a dream. He was at the foot of a great mountain, Mt. Zion he presumed. The Lord whispered to him that a man was in peril on the cliff, and asked him to go rescue the man.

Walter took a rope and began the arduous climb. After a time he glimpsed the man on a precarious ledge, a yawning chasm gaping below. He thought the man foolish to have gotten himself there in the first place. As he approached the man, he saw that it was his friend, Edmund Richardson! His attitude quickly shifted from condescension to compassion. He secured himself firmly on a higher, safer shelf and lowered the rope to his stranded friend.

Edmund caught hold of the rope and began to climb. Walter feared he would be unable to carry the extra weight, but found Edmund surprisingly light—or actually, he felt himself being strengthened. As he pulled Edmund to safety, they fell into each other’s arms and wept.

Soon Walter found himself climbing on up the mountain alone, drawn to the summit by an unexplained beckoning. As the crest came into sight, he momentarily took his eyes off the rock wall before him and slipped. As he fell, he caught hold of a small crevice and clinging there, unable to move, he cried out to God.

In the ensuing silence he heard a voice—it was his friend, Edmund! He was unable to help him personally, but rather prayed for him. He heard, and even felt with great power,
Edmund praying, "Oh God on high. Wilt thou consider thy son Fredrick Walter? Wilt thou look upon his righteousness and his faith in thee? He has done so much good, and has even rescued me in my hour of need. Wilt thou by the grace of thy Holy Son, overlook his weakness before thee, and deliver him to thy safety?"

With that, a strong wind lifted him effortlessly to the crest and into the open arms of... it was his Savior!

Walter awoke and sat up with a start, panting and tears streaming down his face. Emeline also woke and asked, "Are you all right?"

When he came to the realization of where he was, he wiped his face and hugged his wife. "Oh, I have so much to repent of. I have been selfish and thoughtless of the Lord." He explained the dream to his wife and said, "I think I need to visit with the prophet."

"Right now?" She looked out the window. "The sun's not even up yet."

A little sheepish, he replied, "Well, I guess I can wait a while."

He considered her feelings. "How about you? Are you all right with this?"

She took a breath. "Well, no plural marriage is easy, and this one will have some stressful circumstances, but I already love Mary Ann. She's already like a sister. Making her a sister-wife won't be a hard transition. You'd better talk with the other wives, though."

He smiled, "If there's one thing I've learned, it is to be open with all of you. I find I get myself in trouble if there are any perceived secrets around."

She laughed, "You're slow, but you are learning."

He shook his head. "And I want to take on one more of you vicious creatures?"

She teased back, "So, do you want some breakfast, or do you want to go hungry today?"
He surrendered. “All right, I hear you.” Then more serious, he queried, “After I talk with Brother Brigham, will you go with me to talk to the Richardsons?”

She hugged him, “I would be honored.”

Mary Ann answered a knock on the door, and was more than surprised to see Walter and Emeline Cox standing at her door. Her eyes dropped involuntarily to the floor. She had not thought about how she would react when she saw them next, but she became instantly embarrassed. “About what?” she wondered. Then answering her own thought, she knew. About the imposition they were putting on their friends’ lives. About the humiliating circumstances of their own lives, which were now common knowledge. About the delicate and sacred issue of bringing children into the world being treated as matters of convenience.

Emeline read her shame and stepped forward, enveloping her in her arms. “Oh, Mary Ann, what you must be going through!”

An unexpected volley of tears spilled forth as Mary Ann hugged her friend. In a few moments, she gained control of herself, and let go of Emeline. Wiping her eyes, she invited them in. “Won’t you come in and sit down?” Edmund shook hands with them, and they all sat down at the table.

“President Young talked to me yesterday,” Walter began. “He told me of the situation and asked if I would be a participant, but I flatly refused. I didn’t want any part of this. It just didn’t seem right. But since then, Emeline and the Spirit have been working on me.”

Emeline smiled, “ Mostly the Spirit, Dear.”

Walter nodded, “Yes ma’am.” All four laughed at his mock compliance. It felt good to laugh.
“Actually,” he admitted, “the Spirit was quite rough with me yesterday. But last night I had a peculiar dream, and I awoke knowing that this thing was not only right, but also sacred. I am very certain that the end result will not be only a blessing for you, as you might think, but also for us.”

Mary Ann felt tremendous relief at his words, and was grateful to the Spirit. “We felt the same way the day before yesterday. Edmund even told the prophet his counsel was ridiculous!” Everyone laughed again, and Mary Ann continued, “But both of us had dreams, too, convincing us that this was the will of our Heavenly Father. We’ve been praying that you would be inspired. We’re so grateful that the Lord has spoken to you. I was so afraid to involve you in this as it could easily have ruined our friendship.” Feeling the need for one more assurance, she asked Emeline, “So, you are all right with this?”

Emeline gave her a gracious nod. “I felt it was right the moment Walter told me of it. We’ve talked with the other sister-wives, and I think they all understand. We know that it won’t be easy, but all of us already love you.”

Again Mary Ann was relieved.

Walter pinched his lower lip in thought. “So, how do you propose we work this out?”

Edmund cleared his throat. “We’ve been thinking through some of this. It’s been a wild couple of days. This is going to be a field day for small-town gossip. So to minimize that potential, and for the sake of my own sanity, I’m going to move to Salt Lake or somewhere to look for work. Mary Ann can stay in our own home, and I’ll send money to provide for her and George.”

Walter cocked his head, “Whew! That sounds tough, but I see your point. That would probably be best. Except, Brother Brigham said that it needs to happen soon... like tomorrow.” He watched their surprised expression. “He’s leaving the next day for Parowan.”

“Wow!” Edmund responded. “President Young isn’t one to put things off is he?”

“Never,” Walter agreed.
Edmund took a long breath. “Well then, tomorrow it is! No sense prolonging the agony by easing into freezing water. Might as well just dive on in, head first!”

After a moment of silence, Emeline placed her hand on Mary Ann’s. “The Spirit will help us through this.”

“The Spirit is already at work,” Mary Ann acknowledged.

“Do you mind if I share something that I was shown?”

Emeline was intensely interested. “Please do!”

Mary Ann opened up the Doctrine & Covenants that was lying on the table, and found her page. “This is in Section 58, starting at the third verse: ‘Ye cannot behold with your natural eyes, for the present time, the design of your God concerning those things which shall come hereafter, and the glory which shall follow after much tribulation.

“For after much tribulation come the blessings. Wherefore the day cometh that ye shall be crowned with much glory; the hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand.

‘Remember this, which I tell you before, that you may lay it to heart, and receive that which is to follow.

‘Behold, verily I say unto you, for this cause I have sent you—that you might be obedient, and that your hearts might be prepared to bear testimony of the things which are to come;

‘And also that you might be honored in laying the foundation, and in bearing record of the land upon which the Zion of God shall stand...’”

Mary Ann closed the book, feeling the power of those words.

“That is beautiful!” Emeline chimed. “I don’t think I ever considered that passage before.”

Mary Ann explained, “Last night I opened it up and the words seemed to jump right off the page at me. I felt a confirmation that these words were for all of us now, as much as they were for the Saints twenty-six years ago.”

Emeline smiled, “I believe you will be honored in laying this foundation.”
The line that stuck with Walter, though, seemed to be the same line that left Edmund less than thrilled the night before. "After much tribulation." Walter reflected. "I guess that starts tomorrow, doesn't it?"

Edmund countered ruefully, "I think it started two days ago. It just begins in earnest tomorrow."

"I imagine so. Well, we'd better go," Walter announced. "I'm sure you have plenty to do before tomorrow. Do you want me to confirm with President Young?"

Edmund shrugged, "That would be fine, if you don't mind. We need to sit down and talk with George and Emma. They don't know anything about this."

Walter stood to go. "All right, I'll schedule it with President Young then. How does tomorrow afternoon sound?"

Edmund thought about it for a moment. "You know, if it's all right, I'd rather have the marriage be in the morning. I think I'd like to be well on my way to Salt Lake by tomorrow night."

Walter lowered his eyes, "I understand. I'll clear it with Brother Brigham."  

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**Ephraim – January 9, 1858**

Edmund threw another log on the fire, and stared into the flames. It was the ninth of January, and the night was bitterly cold. The snow on the ground was thin and patchy, and the road had been good. It took him only four hours to travel the seven miles from Manti to Ephraim—the very road that had taken fourteen hours on the move to Manti five years earlier. The light snow was a blessing.

He camped just outside of Ephraim, though he would have certainly been welcome to stay with friends. He just did not feel he could handle chatty conversation on the night he had given up
his wife and family. He was in the mood to be alone. He sensed
the temptation to feel sorry for himself, and did little to fight it.

He thought of the bittersweet experience of marrying off
his wife to another man. The sweet was in the Spirit of the Lord
that seemed almost smothering, offering one more witness that
they really were doing the right thing, regardless of the torment.
The bitter was everything else. To take leave of Mary Ann and
George and Emma for an undetermined time... even years, felt
like a knife to his soul.

He appreciated that Mary Ann had only hugged Walter
at the close of the simple ceremony. He shuddered to think of
how a kiss would have torn him. But the tight embrace, and the
stolen kiss that Edmund enjoyed at their parting seemed woefully
inadequate.

Mesmerized by the flames of his campfire, he thought of
his children. He was surprised how well Emma and George
had taken it. Emma understood the situation, but was having
problems in her own plural marriage, and worried about her
mother. George thought it was all kind of “odd”, but seemed
much more concerned about his father going away than he was
about his mother marrying Brother Cox. Edmund told him to
think of it as if his father was going on a mission. That seemed
to help him, as several of his friends’ fathers had gone away on
missions.

Actually, he wished that the prophet had called him on a
mission, and sent him to another continent, a world away. At
least he would have something to occupy his mind. As it was, it
already seemed forever ago.

Edmund looked at his wagon. That was it, now. A lifetime
of working, improving, building up... and this was all that was
left to show for it. A wagon, some tools, and a yoke of oxen.

He felt stripped. Stripped of everything! Stripped of his
wife and children, of the home he had built with his own hands,
the friendships they had developed with some of the greatest
of people... everything he had worked for. He had established
a reputation of integrity and honor. Now, once again he was
traveling toward Salt Lake with nothing. Less than nothing! At least before he had his family. Now he was denied even that! Nothing to show for all that he had accomplished. Nothing to show who he was. Naked!

This morning he had everything. Tonight he had nothing. He was nothing. He had never thought how painful nothingness was. He had always taken pride in what he had built—both literally and figuratively. He felt proud in what he had become. Now, in one fell swoop, he had become nothing. What a fool he was!

Edmund could feel himself sinking. He had willingly entertained self-pity, and now it was rampant. Darkness seemed to gather around. The bitterness of the cup from which he was drinking seemed to overwhelm him. How could the Spirit that had carried him so powerfully before, now abandon him in the encroaching night?

“Oh God!” he cried. “Wilt thou free me from the darkness?” A light seemed to emerge in the fog of his mind. Suddenly he realized the source of the darkness. It was the Devourer! The author of darkness! Edmund felt himself take small courage. “Satan!” he said boldly as he stood forth. “I command you, in the name of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, to depart. You leave me alone, and you leave my family alone. In His name, Amen.”

He stood there panting. The darkness was gone. It was still night, but the real darkness had cowered away at the approach of the Light.

References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 27

3 Unpublished letter to Brigham Young and its reply.

**Author's note:** These letters are dated just prior to Mary Ann and Edmund's sealing in May 1857. I am including part of the text here to shed more light on the feelings they felt and the choices they struggled with.

4 Johnson and Shumway, pp. 27-29; See also Clare B. Christensen, *Before and After Mt. Pisgah*, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979) pp.233-234

Of this event, their son, Charles Edmund Richardson later wrote in his diary, "It took three visions and a religion to reconcile others to my coming."

**Author's note:** The details of the three dreams are not known—only that each of them had such an impact as to convince the three skeptical participants, Mary Ann, Edmund, and Walter Cox that it wasn't just a wild idea that Brigham Young pulled off the top of his head, but that it was indeed the will of God.

Though I have added conversations, scenes, and the content of the dreams for story flow, the events pertaining to this chapter are true. I have tried to portray the feelings and the enormity of the first few days of 1858, but I'm sure that only those involved—including the Cox family, the Richardson, and the Savior—can accurately express them.

This is the delicate part of the story that I mentioned in the introduction as being sacred. We, the children of these noble parents, admire the strength and the truly Abrahamic sacrifice they endured. We invite the reader to celebrate, with us, their heroism.
Chapter Fifteen

Nevada Mines – October 1858

Edmund swung his single jack heavily, driving a stout stake into the rocky hillside. The handle felt slippery in his sweaty hands so he gripped it tightly. Finishing, he arched his back, relieving the dull throb, and mopped his brow. He could not believe how balmy it was for late October. After catching a few seconds of breath, he measured and cut a brace and secured it to the slurry trough his crew had built that day.

It was quitting time ten minutes ago, but Edmund made it a habit to “always give a little more than you bargained for.” With the other men gone, he hefted his tools, and walked slowly down the road. He reflected on the drastically different surroundings compared to that of a year ago. The Nevada mines offered a culture and environment so diametrically opposed to the lifestyle of Manti that it would almost be funny, if it was not so painful.¹

People here were valueless—caring for nothing but money, the bottle, and fleshy desires. Goodness was mocked, virtues were scorched, and even human life was snuffed out like cheap tobacco at the slightest provocation. While several men had families down in the camps, the thought of bringing Mary Ann and their children into a world like this was revolting. Women here were as brusque as the men, taking pride in their loose tongues and morals.
Land use here was also drastically different. Whereas agriculture-based communities like Manti sought to clear the land and develop it into beautiful fields and orderly towns, these mining towns sprawled in unorganized, haphazard directions at the base of pockmarked mountains. Miners held little regard for the land, except for what they could steal from it—abusing it until its virtues were gone, and then abandoning the ugly heaps as scarred, worthless trash.

In fact, the only commonality he could see was the ardor with which people worked. In Manti they worked ceaselessly developing the land, building homes, and farming—all with a common desire to build Zion and improve their lives. Miners, too, worked furiously, but under the ever-watching eye of the foreman, who delighted in immediately sacking perceived loafers, thus intimidating all employees.

This was a hard land with hard people, but it suited Edmund’s purposes for the time. The pay was good, and the work was hard enough to keep his mind off of himself. He kept quiet, letting his skills in carpentry speak for him. People eyed him suspiciously, and harassed him at first, his aversion to alcohol advertising his religion. But findings by the camp snoop of his recent divorce, and regular alimony payments left his coworkers perplexed at this “Mormon,” and Edmund was content to let their imaginations run until they soon forgot about him.

Half sliding down the steep path that shortcut the switchbacks of the road, he reached the bottom of the slope and then crossed the lumberyard to the guard shack. He pulled his brass token out of his pocket and handed it to the guard on his way out the gate.

“Richardson!” the guard called out contemptuously as Edmund walked out the gate. Irritated, he stepped back to the filthy shack, dingy brown and reeking with the accumulation of years of tobacco smoke and sweat. The portly guard spat a stream of tobacco juice on the floor, and then held out a letter. As Edmund reached to take it, the guard snatched it back with an
almost toothless sneer to ensure that Edmund was aware of his disdain. Edmund only stared at him.

Waiting a long moment, the guard let out a foul belch, and handed Edmund the envelope. He slowly took it and walked out the gate. Truly, this was a different place from Manti.

Glancing at the letter, he recognized the handwriting immediately, though there was no return address. He walked to his tent, sat on the cot, and quickly opened the envelope.

Dear Edmund,

Oh, that I could express the feelings of my heart! What a paradox I have experienced! Before yesterday, I could borrow the words of Alma the Younger—How exquisite has been my pain and sorrow. My heart has been so heavy with loneliness for you. But God has filled my heart and my arms with love.

Our son, born yesterday on October 13, 1858, will be named Charles Edmund Richardson. He is a beautiful child and, as in the dream, he has darling red hair. What a blessing the Lord has given us in our loneliness!

As he was born, I felt as if the Lord was placing him from His arms into mine. I know that the veil is thin for all births, but I could feel our Heavenly Father smiling down on us, pleased with our sacrifice. We knew what the “good” was; I know now what the “better” is. I wish you could be here to see him, but please know that God is working a wonderful miracle.

I must confess something you may think silly at this point. I have heard that a child in the womb develops particularly those faculties that his mother emphasizes while carrying him. So, the entire time that I carried this baby, I read every book that I could get a hold of. I want his mind to develop with intelligence.

This little boy has also come with a healthy set of lungs, when he’s hungry. I wouldn’t be surprised if you could hear him hollering from where you are. Emma came to see her new little brother and she brought little Orrin with her, but he became frightened when Charles Edmund went to wailing for his supper.
Orrin is ten months old now and is a happy little thing, though lately he has been sickly. But Emma is a good mother and will surely nurse him back to health. He is the light in Emma’s life.

I wish I could say the same for Emma’s husband, Freeborn. Emma never seems happy with him. Freeborn’s other wife doesn’t much care for Emma, I believe. I keep praying that things will get better there.

I must go. Please know that I love you very much.

Mary Ann

With this wonderful and welcome news, Edmund quickly took out another envelope and filled in the address. He had been working out details on the purchase of a home and property in Springville, Utah, and now he felt happy to accept the terms. He wrote a note to close the deal on the home. Mary Ann had blessed him with a marvelous gift; well, he would have a surprise of his own!  

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Manti – February 1859

Mary Ann felt warm tears wet her shoulder as she held her daughter tightly. Emma’s body convulsed involuntarily with sobs born of a heart fully broken. Unable to catch her breath, she leaned heavily on her mother, and wept the pent-up emotions she had locked so deep inside.

She had been so stalwart through the funeral! People had remarked how courageous she had been. If only they could see her now!

Mary Ann let her weep, and encouraged it even. She knew instinctively that Emma needed this more than any of the well-meaning “he’s in a better place” speeches that people had tried to console her with. What Emma needed was to hear “I’m so sorry”
and have someone to cry with—and Mary Ann did just that. After all, this was her little grandson she mourned.

“Why?!” Emma asked when she was finally able to breathe again. “Why would God take away the only joyful thing in my marriage? He knows how hard this has been! Is He punishing me for not loving my husband by taking away the only thing I do love?”

Mary Ann began to realize how deep this pain was rooted. “No, Em. I don’t know why little Orrin had to leave us. He was sick, that’s all. Our Heavenly Father isn’t trying to punish you, He longs to heal you.”

Emma flashed angrily, “He sure has a funny way of doing it!”

Mary Ann held her tightly again, her own pain close to the surface.

After a long time, Emma pulled back and spoke. “I’m going to divorce Freeborn.”

“Emma!” Mary Ann was stunned. “Are... are you sure? Sweetheart, this death of your baby is a terrible thing to have to endure. Your feelings of mourning and frustration and deep loss... they’re all very normal! It’s natural to be angry and hurt. You’re blue right now from your loss, but your heart will heal. Give yourself the perspective of time.”

Emma averted her eyes. “I’m sorry Mama. I can’t go back to that relationship. It’s just too painful!” Emma continued, “Besides, I don’t love Freeborn; I never have. I thought that after time I would, but I never will. I just want to start all over.”

Mary Ann didn’t know what to say. She hoped that after a few days Emma would think more clearly, but she was afraid that her daughter’s mind was already made up.
William Whiting, eldest son of Edwin Whiting, rode lazily through town, uncomfortable astride the bony back of the draft horse, but not enough to want to walk to the field. It was his job to plow the lower ten acres, and he was in no hurry to get started.

A commotion from behind caught his attention and he turned to see the army men trotting their horses up the street in double file. It was the same detachment of Johnston’s army that was harassing the towns folk yesterday. He kicked his horse swiftly to get out of the way, but the old horse barely increased his speed to a fast walk. The dragoons thought the scene hilarious and filed past him, one rank on each side. As they trotted by, each man took opportunity to shove the young man, laughing and cursing at him.

After the cavalry was past him, William reined up his still-plodding horse and took stock of himself. Humiliated and harried, he was glad the men were still trotting away down the street. Then, to his astonishment, he watched as a pair in the rear of the detachment turned their horses around and charged full speed towards him. Again he was unable to move his horse at any speed, and the two men reined in hard at the young man. Leveling his revolver, one shouted in his face. “Halt, you Mormon scum, or I’ll shoot!”

Wide-eyed, William pulled up his horse and stammered, not knowing what to say. The two men, Joseph Allen and George Crossman Jr., shouted obscenities, threatening to kill him.

The ruckus attracted several people who approached the trio. Crossman waved his gun at them. “Stand back, you thieving, murdering, Mormon snakes. We are U. S. Deputy Marshals and are here to hang every foul Mormon bishop and president. And when we’re done with them we’ll lynch a bunch more for good measure.”

With that, the pair wheeled their horses and, with a hoot, began charging up and down the street. They went to Bishop Snow’s house and demanded the bishop at the top of their voices. “Old Jack Mormon! Come on out, you filthy vermin. Bring us
something to drink and send out your daughters. We’re here to arrest you all.”

Edwin Whiting, the town mayor, and Mr. Beach, the city marshal, approached the two dragoons in attempt to diffuse the situation. Edwin spoke softly to them. “Officers, the bishop is not at home and his family is sick. Let’s just all cool down and everyone can go about their business. No one wants to get hurt.”

Furiously, Allen drew his pistol and leveled it at the mayor. Cursing God, he bellowed, “I’ll shoot you!” Edwin jumped sideways to try to escape the line of fire.

Crossman saw his companion’s intent. “What are you doing?” He reached across and grabbed the muzzle, deflecting the shot upwards. A flash of gunpowder exploded out of the pistol burning Crossman’s arm and cheek, the ball harmlessly striking the bishop’s house.

For several seconds the two soldiers glared at each other furiously, and then almost at once, they rocked their heads back and laughed uproariously. Spurring their horses, they galloped down the street shooting at onlookers on both sides of the street. Fortunately, either out of poor aim, or probably on purpose, no one was hit.

They reined their horses and Allen shouted. “Three cheers for Judge Cradlenbaugh! And three groans for Cummings, the lousy old Jack Mormon.” Again they laughed and wheeled their horses, leaving Manti on a run. 3

Mayor Edwin Whiting listened as the people vented their frustrations to the city council. An emergency town council meeting had been called and the citizens of Manti were demanding justice.

“We can’t just let them get away with it!” one man insisted. “If they would have caught the bishop yesterday, they would have
lynched him. They about killed Brother Whiting! They want Mormon blood.”

Another echoed his sentiments. “There should be blood all right! But at Mormon hands, not from our bodies. I say we call up the militia and defend ourselves. I’ll betcha Arapeen and his warriors would be glad to help us.”

A tall man in the rear stood and tried an appeal to reason. “I think a better course of action is to arrest them and try them. We certainly have enough witnesses. Let’s allow due process of the law we uphold to punish them.”

Mayor Whiting had heard enough. “Brothers and Sisters,” he stood and raised his hand to call order. “I understand your feelings. I know the want for justice, and even revenge. But many here act as if this was the first harassment or injustice we’ve ever received.”

He scanned the crowd. “Maybe there are some here who have not lost homes and property to the torches of the mobbers. I suppose some of you haven’t seen women and children murdered with impunity. Haven’t many of us been driven out of Far West and Nauvoo? I lost two brothers to mob violence, leaving their families widows and orphans. And Walter Cox, here, was standing next to Ed Durfee when he was murdered.”

Edwin pressed the issue. “Did it do any good at all when some of our brethren, the Danites, took retribution in their own hands in Missouri? No, it just made everything worse! It just gave the government justification to exterminate us.”

The mayor leaned on the table before him. “From hard-learned past experience, if we were to retaliate, or even arrest these characters, every newspaper in the country would declare the Mormons in rebellion—that we’re resisting U.S. Marshals while in the attempt to discharge their duties. The last thing the government needs is justification to send even more troops out here.”

Edwin straightened up. “This is not a matter of government agents persecuting religion. This is just a continuation of the War in Heaven. It is principalities of darkness lashing out against the
Kingdom of God. The battle that the devil has won today is very small. A little fear, a little intimidation, but no casualties... no gains. The only way he can increase his power, is by our anger, by our retaliation, by offering him our hearts.”

Before sitting down, he said, “I suggest we rethink our redress.”

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Emeline Cox examined ten-month-old Charles Edmund Richardson as Mary Ann tried to cool him off with damp rags. He was listless and puffy, a fever raging over his little body and getting worse by the hour. Lacking the strength, he no longer cried, but whimpered with each labored breath. “Mary Ann, he needs a blessing now. We can’t wait for Walter to get back from Ephraim. Let’s get Father Morley.”

“He’s back?” Mary Ann was surprised, but hopeful.

Emeline nodded as she took the damp rag from Mary Ann. “Yes, I saw him arrive on his buckboard about an hour ago.”

Mary Ann turned to George. “Son, please go and get Father Morley!” Mary Ann picked up the baby, feeling a little panicky. “I hope Father Morley’s not too tired.”

Soon they saw Isaac and Hannah Morley following George quickly down the street and Emeline invited them inside. The Morleys spent most of their time in Salt Lake these days due to his work on the Territorial Legislature, and his calling as a Patriarch, so normally this would have been time spent in a happy reunion. But instead Emeline blurted out, “Thank you, Father Morley, for coming!”

Isaac recognized the urgency in Emeline’s voice and stepped through the door. “I’m here. What’s wrong?”

Mary Ann was frightened. “My baby is sick. I think he’s got brain fever. I’m afraid I’m going to lose him.” Isaac felt his
fevered head while Mary Ann continued. "Can you please give him a blessing?"

Isaac took the baby and watched as the child rolled his eyes. He held the baby forth as if to hand him back to his mother. Mary reached for her baby but Father Morley didn't release him to her. Looking at Charles Edmund, he said, "The devil stands with outstretched arms to get him off the earth because of the good that he will be the instrument in accomplishing."

Mary Ann was taken aback at his words. They sounded like words of his calling as Patriarch. She had thought of this fight for health as a physical battle rather than a spiritual battle.

Isaac placed the baby in her arms, and pulled a small bottle of consecrated oil out of his pocket. Anointing his little head, Isaac rebuked the Devourer in the Lord's name and then gave Charles Edmund a blessing, praying that knowledge would be given as to how to heal the child.

After he closed the simple blessing he turned to his wife. "Hannah, go get my sister, Diantha."

Diantha Billings gathered her things and accompanied Hannah back to her house. She always felt apprehensive when she was called out in her duties as a nurse. Everyone looked to her with complete confidence. It was frightening. She found herself leaning heavily on the Lord, and so far He had not failed her.

Examining little Charles Edmund she had to agree with Mary Ann's diagnosis, surely it was brain fever. Diantha had little confidence the child would live, but she did not want Mary Ann to know that. She said a silent prayer, and turned her attention to the child. "We've got to get the fever away from his brain, or it will kill him."

Mary Ann was open to any suggestion. "All right, but how do we do that?"
Diantha took a deep breath. “We need to blister his neck and back to draw the inflammation and fever away from his brain. But that might kill him too.”

Mary Ann stared blankly at the floor. “I’m not going to lose this child. I’ve seen him in a dream.” Then trying to steel her faith, she said, “Let’s do our part, so the Lord can do His.”

Diantha nodded. “All right... I’ll need some boiling water.”

When the kettle was brought to a boil, Diantha asked for a heavy cup or mug and set it down inside the steaming water. She looked at the delirious child, and wondered if she could do this. “I’ll need you to strip him down to his waist and lay him face down on a blanket or something.”

Emeline laid down a folded blanket as padding for the baby while Mary Ann pulled his clothes off.

Diantha fished the steaming, empty cup out of the water and held it with a rag. She tightened her lips to toughen her heart. “I sure wish Dr. Adams were here,” she lamented.

With that, she placed the empty, scalding cup, top down, at the base of his little neck. As the cup cooled, it would draw a slight vacuum, helping to form a large blister. The baby, who had been too weak to cry, suddenly found the power to scream!

Tears ran down Mary Ann’s face as she held the baby still, and Emeline felt immediately nauseous. Diantha gritted her teeth and repeated the procedure, reheating the cup and drawing a blister on each shoulder.

Hannah Morley could take it no longer, and stepped outside to cry aloud. Isaac, with tears in his own eyes, placed a heavy, comforting hand on Mary Ann’s shoulder to support her.

Perspiration beaded on Diantha’s brow as she finished. The baby was still crying, but his strength was fading. Now that it was over, she let herself soften and cry.

After a minute to compose herself, Diantha wiped her eyes and said to Mary Ann, “When he regains a little strength, he needs to nurse.”

Mary Ann protested, “But I’ve already weaned him. I have no milk.”
Diantha was firm. "He needs to nurse! Carry him on a pillow and take him to Sister Jensen, or one of the other Danish sisters. He's got to have the nourishment!" ⁶

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Nevada – October 1859

Edmund rested against an over-stuffed bag in the back of the mail wagon heading west, back to the mines. He tried to sleep to pass the time, but the road was rough, and his mind was full of the events of the week. He pulled an envelope out of his shirt pocket and reread the letter he had received on the previous Monday:

Dearest Edmund,

This is a quick letter and short notice, I hope you get it in time. President Young has been inviting couples and families whose sealings were performed outside the Nauvoo temple or the Endowment House to come to that sacred building and renew their marriage covenants in the proper place. ⁷

Walter is planning a trip for that purpose with his wife, Lydia, and invites you to meet us at Salt Lake so that you and I can renew our covenants. We plan on being in Salt Lake at the Endowment House on October 17.

I realize you will not have time to answer this letter before that date. I hope to see you there.

All my love, Mary Ann

Out of the dismal gray skies of seemingly perpetual aloneness had pierced a bright ray of sunshine. One day he was building a support structure for the roasting furnace—mundane work that offered nothing more than a paycheck—and the next he was on his way to Salt Lake to see Mary Ann and his new son. He shook his head slowly, amazed at God's timing and
His concern for a lonely carpenter. He had needed this ray of sunshine, this breath of hope.

Edmund reflected on the thrill of sitting in the antechamber of the Endowment House and seeing Mary Ann walk through the door holding a handsome little boy. What a spectacular sight that was! Mary Ann in a beautiful, new woolen dress, obviously of her own weaving, holding a sleeping one-year-old Charles Edmund. From her letters, he expected the baby would look sickly, but he was so healthy and happy! That vision alone, he felt, would carry him through the months to come.

And the spirit of that simple ceremony! He had become so accustomed to the coarseness and the spirit of darkness of the mines, that the sweet, gentle spirit prevailing in the Endowment House and emanating from the good people surrounding him was stark, almost shocking in contrast. He had felt like an old, dried-out sponge thrown into a stream of water—trying to suck in every drop of the Spirit, but only able to contain so much, the rest flowing happily on by.

It had ended all too soon. He kissed his little son goodbye, and watched them leave again. That was easier than he had expected it to be. He noted again that whenever the Spirit carried him, he could handle things. It was when the Spirit let him walk on his own two feet that he stumbled along.

Taking an extra day, he had gone to Springville to check and make repairs on the home he had purchased. Mary Ann knew nothing of this home, and he wanted it kept that way until they were reunited. At the mines he lived as frugally as possible to be able to send money to Mary Ann, and pay for this home, and the pay was good enough that he was paying it off rapidly. On days off he built furniture for his home, or would take a “miner’s holiday” to work a claim of his own.

These thoughts brought him back to reality. It had been a wonderful week, but now he was heading back to the “den of iniquity,” as he liked to call it. He prayed that the Spirit would remain with him.
“Come in,” Mary Ann called in answer to the knock on the door.

Emeline Cox opened the door, and stepped inside. “Hi! Are you ready?”

Mary Ann was just pulling bread out of the oven. “Almost. I need to get these loaves out of the pans and grease them. Give me a couple minutes.”

“No problem,” Emeline replied as she set her basket on the table and went to Charles Edmund. She picked him up, and sat at the table to play with the cute little redhead. “So, Mary Ann, how are you doing these days?”

Mary Ann rolled the hot loaves out of the pans onto the table to let them cool. “I’m doing fine.”

Emeline watched her for a second, busily wiping a thin film of grease on the crust. “Are you really? You seem... discontent.”

Mary Ann stopped mid-loaf. Maybe discontent was a good word for her feelings. “Oh, I’m just not very patient sometimes.”

Charles Edmund began wriggling to get down on the floor, so Emeline gently set him down to go play. “It’s pretty normal to get frustrated when things are out of your hands, and they seem to take forever.”

Again Mary Ann stopped what she was doing. She sat down and smiled. “You know me too well, don’t you?”

Emeline laughed lightly. “I know what it’s like. I’ve been there.”

Mary Ann fiddled with the grease rag in her hands. “I just don’t understand! I was so sure that there were more children coming to us. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I should just be content with the blessing I’ve been given. I try to patiently wait on the Lord, but He seems to be taking His time.”
Feeling like the floodgates of her frustration had opened, and now unconcerned about closing them, Mary Ann continued. "I'm trying to live right. I'm doing what I'm supposed to be doing. It's going on two years since Charles Edmund was born. I even weaned him early. Why does the Lord delay?"

Emeline considered her argument. "Is there a rush?"

Mary Ann thought for a second. "Well, no, I guess not. I just...."

Emeline recognized herself in Mary Ann. "I struggled with the similar frustrations at Mt. Pisgah, in Iowa. I'd already lost two children in that miserable place, and then, when everyone was heading out in '49 to Utah, President Young asked Walter to remain there for a year or two to help other people prepare for the trek. I thought I was going to go crazy! But it all worked out somehow."

After a few moments, Emeline continued. "I guess what I'm trying to say is to stop trying so hard to make it happen. Let it happen. You've done your part, now let the Lord do His part."

Mary Ann was silent, considering what Emeline had just said.

After a little bit, Emeline changed the subject. "Well, we'd better get going. The men are going to be complaining if we make them wait for lunch too long."

They talked lightly on the way to where Walter and the crew were working on the Cox "big house," but Mary Ann's mind was far away. She knew she needed to change her attitude.

As they approached the house, Emeline suddenly gasped, and caught her breath. She saw Walter staring at the roof with his arm halting Emeline and Mary Ann, as if to keep them quiet.

Glancing up, Mary Ann saw what was so terrifying. Nine-year-old Sarah Ann Cox was walking on the rafters of the tall, two-story house. She stepped lightly from rafter to rafter like she had seen one of the men doing. Walter did not yell to her, or want anyone to say anything that might break her concentration. Since none of the floors were finished, a misstep would send her hurling the three stories to the basement rock floor.
She happily hopped to each rafter until she finally reached the chimney where the ladder was. When she was safely on the ladder, Walter climbed quickly up the ladder and took her in his arms. “Now Sary Ann, don’t ever do that again. You’ve done it this time, but don’t ever do it again.” Sarah Ann was wide-eyed, not understanding her father’s obvious fright and breathlessness. Mary Ann and Emeline both exhaled a deep sigh of relief.

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*Nevada Mines – Summer 1860*

“Did ya hear that Hank died this morning?” one of the mining crew asked nonchalantly as he ate some jerky and cheese for lunch.

For Edmund, the words were deflating. “Oh, no! What happened?”

The miner took a drink of stale water and wiped his mouth with the back of his sleeve. “Collapse in the Number 2 shaft,” he said flatly. “By the time they dug him out he was already dead.”

Edmund’s appetite for lunch was suddenly gone. “That’s terrible! He was such a decent guy.”

Another man shrugged, “Yep. Happens to all the nice guys. Speaking of which, you might oughta watch yourself! See, I ain’t got nothin’ to worry about. If’n ya act like the south side of a north-bound jackass, then God won’t take ya and the devil, he don’t want ya.” He let out a long, wheezy laugh at his own joke, convinced that he was hilarious.

Edmund was almost relieved that the death was due to a mining accident. While mining was very dangerous, most of the deaths he was aware of since he arrived here happened in the saloons after work. The combination of liquor and belligerent men was deadly, quite literally.

All afternoon he thought about his friend. It made him sick to lose one of the few men he respected in this place. It
all seemed so senseless! This whole detour seemed senseless! Killing time just to kill time until....

He caught himself, and took a deep breath. "That's enough of the negative thoughts," he chided himself. He had already seen one of the blessings of his loneliness—a son of his own name. He had to just continue to trust that there were more blessings to come, and that it would be worth it all.

References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, *Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny*, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), pp. 51, 54

**Author's note:** We are not sure where Edmund worked during this time (1858). It has been assumed that he worked at the Tintic mines at present day Eureka, Utah, since he worked there in later life. This is probably not the case since ore was not discovered at Tintic until December 13, 1869. (See: Philip F. Notarianni, *Faith, Hope, & Prosperity: The Tintic Mining District*, (Tintic Historical Society, Eureka, Utah, 1982, pp. vii & 14))

Annie Johnson gives reference to Edmund later working in the mines in Nevada. Since there were a few mines operating in Nevada during the mid 1850's, I have placed Edmund, in this story, working there.
2 Johnson and Shumway, p. 32

“It was a time of relief and rejoicing when he received this message from Mary Ann. ‘Our son, born October 13, 1858 will be named Charles Edmund Richardson.’ Like Adam and Eve, they could say, ‘We have gotten a man from the Lord.’ With this added incentive, Edmund closed the deal for a four acre lot containing an orchard, garden spot and a home in Springville, Utah. This he kept as a surprise for Mary Ann.”


4 Farrin & Enola Johnson Mangelson, Unpublished biography of Frederick Walter Cox.

5 Whiting & Smith, pp. 65-67; op cit. Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, March 11, 1859

“I am well aware some will be ready to ask the question: Why not arrest by civil process and hold them to answer for their offenses? I answer: one horror of the dilemma was as dangerous as the other, as all [past] experience shows, and either course would have been construed into resistance to U.S. Officers, and every paltry newspaper in Christendom would have come out with double caps with exclamations enough to form a small regiment: ‘Another outbreak among the Mormons!!! Rebellion in Utah!!! Resistance to U.S. Marshals, while in the attempt to discharge their duties,’ etc., etc.

“This, the authorities declared, in a meeting, this evening, of the City Council (Mayor Presiding) to be their only reason for not arresting them. We in this country for some time, flattered ourselves that we were out of the reach of civilization but find, alas, our hopes are groundless, and we are at last compelled to take lessons in the science. Will any ask after learning of such
proceedings why persons elude the grasp of Officers, if not guilty of crimes? Will any consider the conduct of Mormon officials in hiding themselves from such blood-thirsty characters as evidence of their guilt? If so, let the Government see that such men are appointed who will not disgrace the name of man and who have sterling principle and sound sense of justice, rather than a desire to gratify their own personal malice and enmity and see if persons will not be forthcoming to meet the charges against them."

6 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 3

“My mother weaned me at nine months of age, but soon after I began to be afflicted with one disease after another, including putrid sore throat (as diphtheria was then called); summer complaint; and whooping cough—ending in brain fever. When this last ailment afflicted me, Father Morley was called in. After looking at me gazing upwards in my delirium, he said, ‘The devil stands with outstretched arms to get him off the earth because of the good that he will be the instrument in accomplishing’.

“Diantha Billings, who was a nurse, said to my mother that the only thing that would save me, and that, of itself, might kill me, was to blister my back and shoulders enough to draw the inflammation from my brain. Accordingly, a large blister was created on my back and shoulders which did draw the heat from my brain but also left me so weak that for some time I was carried around on pillows to obtain nurse from the neighbor women, who, being Danish, were generally well supplied. By this means I pulled through.”

7 Johnson and Shumway, pp. 32, 37

“When Charles Edmund was a year and four days old, October 17, 1859, Edmund and Mary Ann met at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, received their endowments and had their
sealing repeated as the prophet had said any couple desiring to be sealed in the Endowment House could do...

"...[Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson] were sealed for time and eternity in the president’s office, as were many others, and they were invited to come back, if they wished and have their sealing done again in the proper spirit of the building built for that purpose. [Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson] went back..., others did not, but the first sealing date is valid."

8 Clare B. Christensen, *Before and After Mt. Pisgah*, (Salt Lake City, Utah, 1979) p.239
Mary Ann rocked her new little miracle slowly and lovingly. Sullivan Calvin Richardson was now two weeks old, and his skin was beautiful and healthy. Like many newborns he had developed a slight rash after a few days, but now that was cleared up and he was more perfect than she could ever imagine.

He was blonde as she had expected, but he was a "he," a thing she had not planned for. She was sure the baby would be a girl, so she had prepared for the birth by singing and reading poetry. The initial shock of a baby boy quickly wore off, and her heart was filled with love for this new gift. 1 The Lord certainly had a sense of humor.

The door burst open and George came running in. "Ma, Chief Arapeen and his Utes have set up camp again by Temple Hill, and they're having some kind of victory celebration. They've got a bunch of Indian prisoners, and they're dancing and carrying on. Can we go watch?"

"Certainly not!" Mary Ann was appalled. "They're always so cruel to their captives. We don't need to watch those kinds of things."

George argued with his mother. "But everyone's going. The Indians have a lot of captive babies and children, and people are buying them. They say that Arapeen will kill them if he can't sell them." 2

Mary Ann was surprised that she was surprised any more at the traditions of the Indians. Looking around the room, her eyes
landed on two blankets that had recently come off her loom. “All right... Let’s take those blankets, and I’ve got a couple pairs of leather gloves that I just finished. We’ll stop by and see if one of the Cox girls will watch the little ones.”

As Mary Ann and George approached the gathering, she stepped next to Mary Elizabeth Whiting who watched the barbarous festivity before her with contempt. “Walker did the same thing the first year we were here, but it was much bigger than this. He had about 700 of his warriors and surrounded Manti on three sides for about two weeks.”

It was almost sundown and the victory celebration was in full swing. Mary Ann had heard the drums from her home, and by now they were more irritating than interesting. She felt sick as she watched the Shoshone captives compelled to dance and sing around the great bonfire. The women, all with shaven heads, were often forced to carry the scalps of their own husbands. Sometimes one of the captive women would begin to cry, and the Ute warriors would viciously beat her and mock her.

Mary Elizabeth took her elbow and moved over to the captive children. Mary Ann’s heart was broken as she saw their condition. The children were tethered around the neck like animals, and were gaunt and crying. She wondered how long it had been since they had eaten. She noticed one young boy stretching his rope to eat some sprigs of grass poking through the patchy snow.

She was horrified. Off to her left were two baby boys lying naked on a bare patch of ground screaming. She had seen enough. She motioned to the brave that guarded the children. Realizing that he probably could not understand her words, she spoke slowly and used gestures to make a trade. “I give you these blankets and gloves for two babies.”

The brave handled the blankets, and tried on one of the gloves. He obviously liked them, but was firm in his sign. He held up one finger and pointed to the babies.
Mary Ann was disappointed, but Sister Sorensen stepped up and said, “I’ll buy the other one.” The Indian rifled through her goods, and nodded to close the deal. The women picked up the crying babies and tried to warm them the best they could. As she walked away she saw other women bartering for the release of children.

Mary Ann glanced back once more at the awful scene, and immediately wished she had not. It was just one more indelible impression on her mind that she would never forget. How could people treat other people that way? She felt sick. 

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Manti – February 1861

Edmund prodded his oxen as they walked past Temple Hill. Oxen had their advantages over horses and mules in several ways, but speed was not one. Oxen had two speeds, slow and plodding. These last seven miles from Ephraim had seemed interminable.

But finally he was in Manti, and the familiar sights and smells were intoxicating. It was almost sundown and the ring of an axe chopping firewood could be heard above the crunching of last night’s snow beneath his feet, and the creaking of the wagon.

Edmund returning home
He breathed in the smell of cedar smoke and dinner cooking from scores of fireplaces and cook stoves, and exhaled a clucking sound to urge his lumbering oxen a little faster.

Some things had changed over the last three years—he noticed several new homes and some new fields—but for the most part, Manti was still the same... home. After his long, self-imposed exile to the filth and cutthroat world of the mines, Edmund felt tremendous peace walking into this community that he loved.

The streets were empty, which he was glad for. He preferred not to meet anyone he knew just yet. Arriving at the home he had built, Edmund quietly unhitched the team, and put them in the small corral around back. As he approached the door, he suddenly felt awkward. Should he knock, or just walk right in? He opted for the former, and rapped lightly on the door.

When George answered the door, it took him a moment to realize who stood at the threshold. Likewise, Edmund was shocked at the growth of his son—three years made a tremendous difference at this age. He was now fifteen, and maturity was performing its work.

"Hello son," Edmund opened his arms.

George’s eyes grew wide. “Papa!” he exclaimed and jumped into his father’s arms.

Mary Ann had been helping two-year-old Charles Edmund with his dinner when she heard the interchange, and glancing up, caught her breath. She knew Edmund would be here any day, but still she could not believe her eyes. How long she had waited for this moment, and now it seemed strange that it was happening.

Edmund released George, stepped across the room, and swept Mary Ann into his arms. He kissed her tentatively at first, then fervently. He had not felt anything so tender, or tasted anything so sweet for years, and never had he appreciated that expression of love more.

In a moment she felt her soft lips tighten into a broad smile, and she lightly pushed him back. “I have someone I want you to meet.” She went to the layette and picked up a beautiful, fat
baby with curly, blonde ringlets of hair. Her eyes shining, she presented the infant to Edmund. "This is Mr. Sullivan Calvin Richardson." Then whispering to the child’s ear, "This is your father."

Edmund took Sullivan, and held him up with outstretched arms, and marveled at the beauty of this perfect baby. Feelings of overpowering gratitude welled up from deep inside him. He could not believe God would bless him with such a magnificent child.

As he was lost in wonder, Mary Ann brought little Charles Edmund to him. Unfamiliarity caused the toddler to burrow deeper into his mother’s arms. Edmund smiled, and touched his auburn hair, "That’s all right, Son. I’ll let you get to know me better."

Mary Ann turned to George. "Can you bring your father’s other surprise?"

George grinned, and went to his mother’s bed and clumsily picked up the sleeping Indian baby, and brought him to Edmund. "This here’s Samuel."

Mary Ann laughed at Edmund’s perplexed look. "Arapeen brought a group of captive Shoshones, and threatened to kill the children if we didn’t buy them. So I bought little Samuel. We have one more son."

Edmund looked around at his sons. How could it be? How could God, who controls the universe, and watches over untold billions, care so much about him? He felt so unworthy. Familiar words entered his mind. "I can forgive you, my Son, and I can restore unto you that which was lost. Will you accept this gift?"

Tears flowed freely down his weathered face. "Oh Father," he prayed out loud, "thank you for my family."

Edmund knocked on the door and Mary Ann fiddled nervously with her bonnet.

They heard a chair scoot on the floor, and then footsteps. Brigham Young opened the door, and a shaft of light from the bright room flooded the ground at their feet. Recognizing
who was standing at his door, he smiled. "Brother and Sister Richardson. It's so good to see you. Please come in."

Mary Ann and Edmund stepped into the small office, and stood near the desk. Closing the door, the prophet did not offer them a seat, but rather came up and stood before them, almost uncomfortably close. For several seconds he said nothing, but gazed into their eyes. Smiling, he said, "I'll bet I know why you're here."

Edmund smiled back. "I suppose you do, President."

Then, more serious, the prophet asked, "What have you learned in all this?"

Edmund was momentarily stunned, his mind blank. Taking a minute, he thought back on the last three years. Words still fresh in his mind, he swallowed. "I guess what I've learned is that God has the power to restore." He paused, trying to put it into better words. "The Lord can cleanse what is stained, and He can restore what is lost. I think that His business is to take what is broken, and make it whole. That... that's what I've learned."

Brigham Young searched Edmund's soul and was contented at this brother's depth, and understanding. In a moment he turned to Mary Ann. "And what has the Lord taught you through all of this?"

"I think..." Mary Ann tried to check her smile, but her heart was so full. "I've learned to trust God." She thought of her children at home. "I think the greatest blessings we can imagine, pale in comparison with what our Heavenly Father wants to give us." She paused, amazed once again at her Father's love. "We can't see the design of our God... His plan. But even when we're in the middle of the trial, we can know that He will give a good gift, not a stone."

Brigham Young probed into their eyes for some time, and then recounted, "Brother Joseph taught us that a religion that does not require the sacrifice of all things never has power sufficient to produce the faith necessary unto life and salvation. He taught us that it is in vain for persons to fancy to themselves that they
are heirs with those who have offered their all in sacrifice, unless they, in like manner, offer unto Him the same sacrifice."

Standing in front of his desk, the prophet put his right hand on Edmund’s shoulder and his left hand on Mary Ann’s. “My faithful brother and sister. Oh, how the Father loves you! Your sacrifice has been like Abraham of old, who offered up his all to God, sparing not even his beloved son. But for you, there was not a ram in the thicket. You were called to see the sacrifice through. Our Father in Heaven has stretched you till your heartstrings felt to break. He has proved you.”

Mary Ann and Edmund were speechless as the Spirit immediately testified that these words were true. Brigham Young continued, “But have Edmund and Mary Ann shown God what kind of people they are? No, God has shown Edmund and Mary Ann what kind of people they are. He has searched your heart, and you are not found lacking.”

Unabashed tears streamed down the faces of the couple standing before the prophet as he continued. “Our Savior recognizes and accepts this tremendous sacrifice. But you will find out that this is not a sacrifice, rather a blessing that will return a multitude of blessings, again and again, eternities without end.”

He smiled at the couple before him. “Now Edmund, I want you to face Mary Ann and take her by the hand.”

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*Manti – Early March 1861*

Mary Ann held Samuel while Edmund dug a small grave. It was bitterly cold outside, but Mary Ann seemed not to notice—she was numb, but it was not from the temperature. Everything seemed hollow.

How could she go from such a high to this low in just two weeks? To lose her little Lamanite child was heart-rending.
What about her dream? When Charles Edmund was so sick, she had complete faith that he would be healed because she had already seen him in her dream. And so she was sure that little Samuel would be healed from his fever and convulsions, as well.

She had done her part to make the vision come true. She had sacrificed, and brought two of the children into the world. And then when an opportunity had presented itself, she was able to purchase Samuel’s freedom. Surely this would fulfill the dream she had.

But then the Lord had only allowed her to keep the child a few weeks. Just as she began falling in love with him, he had passed away in sickness. Why would the Lord whet her appetite with love, and then take that love away? It was so painful, and confusing.

Standing in the hole he had dug, Edmund reached for the baby in Mary Ann’s arms. Reluctantly she handed the child to him, and he placed it tenderly in the ground, making sure the blanket was tucked well around him. After offering a quiet prayer, he carefully began to fill the grave.

Manti — Late March 1861

Walter Cox’s “big house” was still unfinished, but it was far enough along to hold all the related families. It was a little tight for dancing, but that did not stop anyone. It had been years since Mary Ann had danced the Shottish, and it was still just as fun, though she did not remember it being so tiring. When the song was over she was ready to take a break.

Between the crowded room, and the dancing, and the roaring fireplace, the room felt hot and stuffy. Mary Ann wandered over to the open front door, and stepped out on the porch to cool off. Leaning against the doorjamb, she caught her
breath, and watched the dancers. She tapped her foot to the tune of the fiddler. What a wonderful party this was! 

Mary Ann’s eyes slowly swept the room. She felt like more of an observer than a participant—as if she were perched on a ledge somewhere, taking it all in. She loved watching the interaction of the families while dancing and talking. Little girls were in heaven dancing with their big brothers, or cousins, and little boys chased each other through the group. She watched with sweet feelings as the older girls took turns holding her baby. There were happy sounds of laughter and fiddle music drifting up to her imaginary perch, and she could almost taste the aroma of the pies and cinnamon rolls being brought out. How could she leave this?

When Edmund had “surprised” her with news of the house he had purchased in Springville, she was less than enthusiastic. This was their home! This is where they had sacrificed so much, and worked so hard. These were the people that treated her like family when they first arrived, and had now actually become family. This place was part of her. Lately, she had come to know that this move to Springville was right, that this was what they were supposed to be doing. But it still tore her heart to do it.

A little introspection told her that she must be feeling some of what Edmund said that he felt when he left Manti at their separation. He had felt stripped of everything he loved, and even who he was. She thought she had understood his pain, but she never could have imagined this. Now it was she that was leaving the community she loved and the people she had grown so close to.

She had become “someone” here. When they first came, they knew so little about the gospel and the Kingdom of God. But the Lord had put them through experiences to build them, and change them into different people. She had built a reputation of faithfulness and fearlessness, an image that people respected.

She jerked back at the thought of that word. Image. Maybe she relied too much on the image she had built—the one that told others, and more importantly, herself who she
was. Was that what she was mourning? The death of her image? Her reputation? Was she lamenting the idea of losing her “somebody,” and becoming a “nobody” again? Maybe God wanted her to rely on His approbation, and become who He wanted.

“What are you thinking?” Mary Elizabeth’s words startled her.

A little flustered, Mary Ann took a moment to reply. “This is such a wonderful going-away party. Thank you for putting it together for us.”

Mary Elizabeth rolled her eyes, and smiled. “Yes, it is a fun party, and you are welcome. But that’s not what you were thinking. You’re feeling sorry for yourself, aren’t you?”

Mary Ann looked into her eyes sheepishly. “I think you know me too well.”

Mary Elizabeth laughed. “That’s all right. I’m feeling a little sorry for myself too.” She watched the fun inside for a minute, and then changed the subject. “Did you ever find the beauty?”

Mary Ann was confused. “What are you talking about?”

“You were looking for the beauty of the principle of plural marriage,” Mary Elizabeth answered. “You said that every commandment that God gives us is for our benefit and edification. We tried to explain it, but it was like trying to explain the beauty of motherhood to someone who had never had a child. Well, you’ve certainly taken the Lord up on His challenge to ‘prove’ Him—in ways that we’ve never had to do! So, did you ever find the beauty of the principle?”

Mary Ann considered the question. She stared into the room, and marveled at the love that filled it. Her eyes immediately went to her baby being held by Emily Cox, and then to her boy, Charles Edmund, playing on the floor with his little cousin. Her heart was full. These were two of the greatest gifts she had ever received.
She looked at the Cox and Whiting children. They were all part of her. The young ones called her ‘Aunt Mary Ann’. Her children were brothers and cousins to all of these.

Mary Ann’s eyes fell on Walter Cox. She loved him too—in a different way than she loved Edmund—but a genuine love nonetheless. What a great man!

Her eyes went to Emeline and Cordelia, and the other women in the room, and then back to her friend Mary Elizabeth. She smiled through the emotion of her genuine love for these women. Though she might never see her mother, or sister in Washington again, the love she felt with her sisters here filled the void. They had all accepted her, and loved her, and sacrificed with her. Her children were their children.

So much love! It was as if the love from so many streams combined to form a great river. Suddenly, the Spirit overwhelmed her, testifying to her that this is what it was all about. Mary Ann wiped her cheeks. “In some ways, these last three years have been the hardest thing I’ve ever done. But as hard as it was, I was carried by the Spirit, and by the companionship, and by the love.”

She swept the room once more in a glance. “But look what the Lord has given me through this! What an immeasurable blessing!” Then, eyes shining, she hugged Mary Elizabeth. “Yes, I can see the beauty.”

Edmund and Mary Ann sat at the table and talked quietly with Emeline, Cordelia, and Walter Cox. The guests of the party were gone, the house had been straightened up, and Jemima Cox was up putting the last of the children to bed.

Mary Ann smiled at her own children, all fast asleep from the excitement of the evening and the late hour. George was sprawled on a rug in front of the fire. Next to him was little Charles Edmund, awkwardly sleeping in a half-crawl, with his knees under him and his cheek on the floor. Her baby, Sullie, was sleeping comfortably in the arms of Emeline Cox, who gazed down at the child and fingered his ringlets of hair.
She studied Emeline’s eyes, and wondered what she was thinking. Thus far, the conversation seemed stilted, almost purposely shallow. Everyone was hesitant to broach the real reason for tonight’s party.

With his fork, Edmund played with the last crumbs of cake on his plate. Finally, he cleared his throat. “I’m not really sure how to say ‘thank you and goodbye.’ We can’t very well just wave and say, ‘Hey, it’s been great. See ya later!’” He smiled awkwardly and then dropped his eyes as it faded. “You don’t know how grateful I am to all of you.” He sought for a way to express his feelings. “Three years ago I left my family and all that I cared for in the hands of God. I knew it was a sacrifice, but I had hope that He would make it all worth it.”

Edmund looked at his wife. “And Mary Ann stayed behind at the request of the Lord, and sacrificed and bore children. But He has blessed us so much in return. It has been hard, but our reward has been great. I can look around and see God’s recompense to us. He has repaid us more than we could possibly measure.”

He breathed deeply and let his eyes rest on each of the Coxes. “I believe that your sacrifice has been no less than ours. But I’m not so sure that you’ve been compensated. I feel like it’s been a one-way deal, like it’s all about us. You have blessed us in so many ways. I just wish there was something we could give back in return.”

Walter Cox sat with his elbows on the table, his chin resting on his hands, and thought about what Edmund was saying. After a few moments he dropped his hands and leaned forward. “You think the Lord has not blessed us in this sacrifice?”

He stood and walked to the sleeping little redhead by the fireplace and gently picked him up. Charles Edmund started from his slumber, but quickly settled into the arms of Walter and fell off to sleep. Looking at the child, he said, “Mt. Pisgah was a hard place for us. We loved and lost children in those damp winters. But do we wish they were never born? Of course not!
Our lives were enriched in the short time we had them, and our love continues still.”

Never taking his eyes from the little boy, Walter continued, “I have held more love in my arms than most men can ever dream of.” He felt his eyes watering. “You are not the only ones that have been blessed.” He reached and caressed the cheek of the baby in Emeline’s arms. “Oh no… you are not the only ones.”

Springville – April 1861

Mary Ann lay wide-awake in bed, staring into the darkness. She should be exhausted after such a big day, but her mind was anxious. She did not know why. She had been feeling rather sick the last few days, but other than that, it seemed like everything else had fallen into place.

They had arrived in Springville early that afternoon, and Edmund presented her with their new home. It was far more than she expected. It was situated in a nice location, and had multiple rooms, a blessing after living for so long in one-room cabins. On the four acre lot there was a nice garden spot, a place to build a barn, and a wonderful fruit orchard. Surely this was a dream come true!

As she carried Sullie, walking and gaping around the house, Edmund had pointed out his plans for the place, including building a barn and maybe a bakery or tannery. When they entered the house, George and little Charles Edmund were already inside. She looked around and was aghast. Not only was this house and land overwhelming, but Charles Edmund was playing with a beautiful cradle, rocking it back and forth! To complete the surprise, her husband had built several items of furniture. In the front room were the cradle, a table and chairs, and a fine chest of drawers.
She wondered at it all. This hard-earned home, this beautiful furniture, these two baby boys. They were all symbols of Edmund’s sacrifice and loneliness. She thought of the conditions he must have endured, not a day of it passing by without thinking of and sacrificing for his family. He was surviving on the faith that his God was as mighty in recompense as He was exacting in obedience. She could see in her husband’s face that he was not disappointed—his faith had not been in vain.

They spent the rest of the afternoon moving their belongings into the home. Even though she had not felt well enough to do much of the work herself, it had still been enjoyable to move into her new home.

But now her mind was filled with more than just the excitement of the day’s events. Something troubled her but she did not know what it was. Was it Emma? No, she seemed to be doing better these days in her new marriage to William Morley Black. Maybe it was the death of their little Indian boy that troubled her. She was uncertain.

But something was wrong. She was having trouble sorting her thoughts. Everything should be just fine, but something seemed ominous. Was there danger? She slowly and deliberately sat up, waiting for a minute to let the room stop spinning, and went to her children to check on them. They were sleeping fine.

Mary Ann stumbled back to bed and tried to rest, but that seemed more elusive than ever. She could tell that her fever was rising, and quickly. The pain that had been nagging throughout her body these last few days was becoming intense. She had a foreboding feeling that maybe she was dying.

She turned her face to the wall. “Oh Father, please no!” she prayed desperately. “Please let me raise my little children—at least until they are old enough to care for themselves. Then I will be resigned to your call.”

Slowly the pain and fever began to dissipate. 9
April 1861

Amos Warren slowly made his way towards the Clay Beds on an uncommonly warm April morning. The air was still cold in the shadows of trees, but the warmth of the sunshine on his back was relaxing. There was a fresh scent of the newness of spring wafting in the air. In the last three or four days the trees and brush seemed to be exploding with leaves.

He had been tracking some stray cattle, and sign was becoming more and more scarce. Suddenly the ears on his horse perked up, trained on something ahead that Amos was unaware of. Urging his horse on, he warily kept to the trees and shadows as much as possible. Soon he heard voices in the distance and began to recognize words in the Goshute tongue. He stopped his horse, and spent several minutes studying his back trail, looking for any possible escape routes that he might need to utilize.

Drawing closer, he heard laughter, and occasional oaths and curses. He was fluent in several Indian dialects, and he decided that the English tongue did not corner the market on filthy language.

Amos walked his horse closer to the source of the voices, careful to keep a large growth of brush, with its heavy foliage, between himself and the Goshutes. Stopping next to the brush, he stood on his horse’s back, and carefully peered through the top branches of the brush.

Through the leaves, he could see a small Indian camp. Directly in front of him were four, or possibly five, Indian braves, two of them rather young, laughing and taking turns shooting arrows as if they were target practicing. He thought it peculiar until he heard the babble of a small child.

His heart stopped as he craned his neck to catch a view of their “target”. Several paces before the archers was a baby Indian girl, sitting unwittingly and happily on the breast of her dead mother.

At that instant an arrow sank through her throat, its force rocking the child back. She would have tumbled off her perch
except that another arrow immediately pierced into her thigh, lodging itself into the body of the dead woman. Eyes full of shock, the child screamed and grabbed at the shaft and the fletching feathers protruding from her throat.

Horrified, Amos dropped heavily into the saddle, and dug his spurs into the buckskin’s sides without taking time to find his stirrups. The startled animal crashed full force through the huge bush, nearly unseating its enraged rider.

As the raving pair exploded through the brush, Amos sprang from his horse, hitting the ground running and grabbed the arm of the next archer. The unsuspecting Indians piled backwards in shock, two of them tripping and tumbling in their haste. It was not until this point that Amos realized he had no idea what he was going to do, but his fury had left him little concern about that. In fluent Goshute he demanded, “Why are you killing that little child?”

One brave, a tall, broad-shouldered man, shrugged. “The woman is the squaw of our chief who died yesterday. It was her duty to accompany her husband on his journey to the world of the spirits. And now the spirit of our chief and Towats, the Great Spirit, are pleased.”

Amos was aware of their custom, “But it is not necessary that the child die!”

The tall man answered again. “She is an heir to the chief, and will someday demand his riches.”

Amos saw the real reason behind the killings—Get rid of the rightful heirs, and the “riches” become theirs. He thought quickly, “Let me buy her, as a slave!”

The Indians glanced between themselves. Amos continued, pointing to the old buffalo robe tied on the back of his saddle. “I will give you this buffalo robe, and some things from my haversack for the life of the child.”

They watched as Amos walked to his horse and pulled a few assorted things from his haversack. He tossed a shaver and a small mirror and some beef jerky on the ground at their feet and then untied the buffalo robe, letting it drop. The Indians could
hardly believe their luck! The brat would probably die anyway, and this crazy white man was paying them to dispose of her! But to save face, the tall spokesman said, “You must promise that she will never return to claim the wealth.”

Amos rolled his eyes inwardly. “Done. Take your things, and I will take the child.” He moved his horse toward the wailing child and watched as the five men scrambled and fought over the trinkets.

Examining the wounds, he carefully broke the shafts of the arrows and removed them from the screaming baby. He took the spare shirt that he always packed in his haversack, ripped it into bandages, and dressed the wounds the best he could. Finally he picked her up, and climbed back onto his buckskin, and headed slowly for home.10

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**Springville – April 1861**

Mary Ann ran her fingers through the cool soil of her flowerbed, breathing in its early spring freshness. She loved the smell of the newly-turned earth. She glanced over and smiled at little Charles Edmund, imitating his mother, and enjoying the dirt as well. Sullie seemed just as content in his layette in the doorway. Mary Ann decided that she loved her new home in Springville.

Finishing up with the last of the flower seed she had purchased, she was startled at the sound of an approaching horse. She turned, and took a moment to recognize the man astride the buckskin. “Mr. Warren?” Her eyes dropped to the bundle in his arms wrapped in his coat. “What... What is that?”

Amos Warren sat with his leg crossed over the pommel of his saddle, and rested the child on his leg. The baby had cried in pain for over an hour, but had finally succumbed to exhaustion,
and had slept the last couple hours. “It’s a little Indian girl. I bought her, and I’m looking for a home for her.”

Mary Ann’s mind went to the little Indian boy she had recently buried, and the empty place in her heart he had left. “I’d love to have her! I’ll gladly reimburse you for what you paid.”

Amos looked skeptically at her. “I’m not sure you want her. She’s been wounded, and needs some attention. I’m not even sure she’s going to make it.”

Instantly her feelings changed to concern. “Let’s see her.” She carefully took the baby from Amos’ arms, and immediately the child awoke, and began to scream out of pain and fear. Amos slid off his horse, and gingerly untied the bloody rags from the baby’s thigh and neck.

Mary Ann was aghast at the wounds, and felt a wave of nausea wash over her. She steeled herself to keep her stomach settled. “You go get the doctor, and I’ll clean her up.”

As Amos rode off, Mary Ann took the panicked baby inside, and laid her on a blanket on the table. Her screams frightened Mary Ann’s two little boys, and soon she had three distraught babies. She was flustered momentarily at the desire to comfort her children, and care for this one—all needing her attention. It took a second to clear her head, and she decided that this little girl’s needs were the priority. She talked soothingly to her little boys as she gently cleaned the wounds of the little girl.

As she worked amidst the crying, her Scandinavian neighbor knocked on the doorjamb and walked in. Eyes full of compassion, she said, in heavy accent, “I take boys. You fix girl.”

Mary Ann felt truly grateful at this answer to an unoffered prayer. “Thank you.”

Her neighbor picked up the two little boys and stepped out the door. This offered Mary Ann the luxury of concentrating fully on the little Indian girl.

Before long, Amos returned with the doctor. He quickly introduced himself and went to work on the child, examining the neck wound for some time.
He shook his head. “It’s a miracle she’s alive. There are so many vitals in her tiny neck that only appear to be slightly damaged, or untouched altogether.” Turning his attention to the baby’s thigh, he found several slivers from the broken arrow shaft and dug them out. From his bag, he pulled out a bottle of alcohol and said, “You’d better hold her. We’ve got to kill any infection in the wounds.”

After cleaning the wounds, he retrieved some sutures, and went to work. At last he straightened up, and said to Mary Ann, “You’ll need to clean the wounds every day. I think this little girl’s got a chance.”

Mary Ann’s rocking chair creaked rhythmically as she gently rocked two babies on her lap, both quiet now. The little Indian girl, who she called Kate Aldura, had devoured a small bowl of gruel hungrily. Soon the combination of a full belly, and the exhaustion of a traumatic day, weighed heavily on her eyelids and she fell asleep, secure in her new mother’s arms.

With a stranger in his spot, Sullie had felt less than secure, and shortly Mary Ann found herself rocking them both. She looked down and felt her love overflow. She smiled at the contrast of the little blonde head with its bouquet of curls, and the shiny ebony head with its straight hair. Little Charles Edmund, with his red hair, seemed to complete the contrast as he played quietly on the floor.

The door opened up, and Edmund stepped inside, home from work for the evening. Charles Edmund looked up from his toy, and studied his father for a moment before walking toward him with his arms outstretched. Edmund was too stunned at the two babies in Mary Ann’s arms to move.

Suddenly, as Mary Ann watched all of this, a vision, or maybe the memory of a vision, opened up in her mind. It was
her dream! She had seen exactly this in her dream three years ago, before her separation with Edmund!

This was the child! It was this little girl she had seen in her dream rather than Samuel! She realized that with little Samuel, she had tried to “do her part,” and help God fulfill His promise. But were any of these three her doing? Very little!

Had it not been for the Lord, Charles Edmund would not have survived his illness, and he would not be here. She had weaned him at nine months, too early for his own health, just to make herself available to conceive again. But the Lord saw fit to wait and send Sullie in His own due time, not on her timetable.

And now this little girl! Out of the clear blue sky she had come into her life. A gift! All three were gifts from God! Nothing she had earned, nothing she did “her part” for, but rather, just simple, divine, glorious gifts from her loving Father in Heaven. “Oh, Thank you, Father!” she whispered.

Tears spilled down her cheeks as her heart filled with emotion. How could God love her so much? The words of the scripture entered her mind: “Ye cannot behold with your natural eyes, for the present time, the design of your God concerning those things which shall come hereafter, and the glory which shall follow after much tribulation. For after much tribulation come the blessings.”

With her arms so full of love, she could do nothing but bask in its light.
References

1 Annie R. Johnson and Elva R. Shumway, *Charles Edmund Richardson, Man of Destiny*, (Publication Services, Tempe, Ariz., 1982), p. 34

“A little more than two years of further loneliness for the parents followed young Edmund’s birth, but the wait was more than rewarded on January 26, 1861, with the arrival of... Sullivan Calvin. Mary Ann had hoped for a daughter, and had prepared for her birth by spending much time in pursuit of music, poetry, and fine art, believing, as did many of that day, that the child would be inclined in these directions by such pursuits. They may have been disappointed in the sex of their offspring, but certainly not in his artistic bent. His blonde hair grew in long curly ringlets and he learned music, poetry and other uplifting arts with grace and ease and seemed never to forget any poem or song, once learned. If young Edmund’s inclination to tools and practical affairs pleased his doting father, Sullie’s artistic temperament must have been a deep satisfaction to his mother.”

2 Elizabeth Wood Kane, *Twelve Mormon Homes*, (Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, Utah), pp. 13-14

“In the early days of the settlement [Provo]... Charles Decker came there by appointment to ‘trade’ with the great Ute chief Wah-ker or Wakarra.

“When Wah-ker announced that he was coming with his band to trade, the Mormons hastened to buy what they must and get rid of their dangerous friend; as in a neighborless country-house the women hasten to buy, from the boisterous drunken peddler, wares enough to relieve them of his presence.

“The Mormons were not allowed to buy Indian children for slaves. Believing them to be Lamanites, fellow-descendants of Israel... like themselves, though under a curse, they felt bound to adopt them into their families and treat them like their own
children. Therefore, it was a costly purchase that Wah-ker invited them to make; and on this occasion, Decker and his comrades bought what the Indians had brought of other wares, such as dressed skins and ponies and Mexican saddles, but declined the human goods.

"Wah-ker then produced a shivering little four-year-old girl, whom he insisted on their buying. He asked an extravagant price, 'because he had brought her so far; away from the Santa Clara country.' Her 'board' could not have cost the hero much, for he used to picket his little captives 'to a stake by a rope around their necks,' and for days at a time they had literally nothing to eat more than was afforded them by 'the run of their teeth' among the undergrowth within the length of their tether.

"The Mormons were willing to pay a rifle, and even to throw in a blanket to boot, but explained that they honestly had no more goods with them than were left on the trading ground. On this Wah-ker became enraged, and seizing the child by her feet, whirled her in the air, dashed her down, and then as she lay quivering out her life, he snatched his hatchet from his belt and chopped her into five pieces. 'Now, you can have her at no price,' he said.

"...[Decker tried] to jump out of his wagon and rush on Wah-ker, but his friends held him—held his arms, till he came to himself and cooled down. What could four men do against two hundred and fifty?"

3 Adelia Cox Sidwell, Reminiscences of Early Days in Manti, (1889); See also Albert Antrei, High, Dry, and Offside, (Manti City Corporation, 1995), pp. 62-63

"For two weeks thy held their feasts and war-dances, in honor of their victory; the prisoners all having their heads closely shaven were easily designated by the settlers who frequently went out to observe and admire the savage pageantry, which was exhibited by a barbarous refinement of cruelty... These savages compelled the poor captive squaws to sing, dance and bear aloft a pole from which depended the painted scalps of perhaps
their nearest male relative; and oft times in excess of grief, the monotony of their song and dances were broken with tears and sobs as they bent beneath their ghastly burden, shouts of derision and mirth met these human weaknesses.”


5 Johnson and Shumway, p. 34

“Shortly after Sullie’s birth, Chief [Arapeen] returned to Manti and staged another victory celebration. Horrified at the cruelties heaped upon his numerous child captives, many Manti families ransomed one or two and took them into their homes. Mary Ann emptied her loom to buy a little baby boy and immediately gave him a place in her heart… (The Indian baby’s life ended not long [after the remarriage] in fever and convulsions.)”

Author’s note: No name for the Indian baby boy is mentioned. I have given him the name Samuel in this story.

6 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), February 13, 1945, Vol. 1, Number 1, p. 2, See also Johnson and Shumway, p. 48

“Dozens of times [my father] has taken me in his arms telling me how he thanked the Lord for me. Once I awoke in the night finding myself in his arms, his tears falling on my face. At my inquiry as to what was wrong he answered, ‘Nothing is wrong my son, I am only pouring out my gratitude to the Lord for the gift of you.’”

7 Johnson and Shumway, p. 34

8 Ibid.

“Before leaving Manti, the Richardsons attended a dancing party in their honor given by Fredrick Walter Cox and his family. It was held in the unfinished ‘Cox Big House’.”
9 Charles Edmund Richardson Journal, Reprinted in Name It (Predecessor to The Shuttle), p. 3-4

“When my brother Sullie and I were very small tots, Ma had a very severe illness. When it seemed to her she could not live longer, she turned her face to the wall and almost frantically prayed the Father to let her live until her three children could care for themselves, promising that then she would be resigned to His call. In telling about it later she said she immediately began to recover. She said she expected another call just as soon as we boys could care for ourselves.”

10 Johnson and Shumway, pp. 41-42

“Amos bought the baby for an old buffalo robe and enough other things to amount to about seven or eight dollars. He then had to promise the child would never return to claim the wealth which rightly belonged to her.

“Carefully Amos removed the arrow from the baby’s neck and feeling that Ma would make a good mother for her, brought the baby to us. Ma paid him the amount he had paid the Indians. It was so long before the wounds healed that I well remember the one in her neck. Ma loved her as her own daughter and called her Kate Aldura Richardson. She gave her the same loving care as Charles Edmund and I had.”
Epilogue

In 1820 a little stone was cut without hands and began rolling down a mountain. It started so small that the world scarcely noticed, let alone cared. But the Adversary cared. He hated the little stone and sought to crush it. The stone contained within it the power of God. As it tumbled, it slowly gained momentum and even magnitude and power until, one day, even the great and the mighty took notice. Soon it grew so great that it filled the whole earth.

That is the way with exponentially. Though there are exceptions, the powers of God and goodness work quietly and patiently and almost imperceptibly along the X-axis of time. The world despises the tedium and time spent in building an edifice by first digging and laying a foundation of stone. It prefers erecting the quick, flashy walls of a circus tent with its accompanying side shows. It marvels at the huge center pole and the heavy ropes holding the canopy up. But just as quickly as it is enamored by the glitz, it loses interest and looks to the next showy, shallow thrill.

All this time the building of the Kingdom of God rises steadily, stalwartly out of the dust until its prominence and magnificence become obvious to all. The foundation is firm. The walls are steadfast. The lofty spires are strong and beautiful. This is no facade—the interior is as solid and as beautiful and as full as the exterior—more so even. Now the Y-axis of greatness, nobility, and power is sky-rocketing, even approaching infinity.

The story of the Richardsons is not exceptional, but typical of the peculiar people that turn their lives over to God. Probably
Edmund & Mary Ann Richardson
Descendants as of August 2003

Total number of known* descendents: 9,009

Descendents (spouses are included in totals):
Emma Lynette* & Charles Conover: 358
Charles Edmund & Sarah Louisa Adams: 2,091
Charles Edmund & Sarah Matilda Rogers: 347
Charles Edmund & Caroline Rebecca Jacobson: 1,943
Charles Edmund & Daisie Stout: 633
Sullivan Calvin & Martha Irena Curtis: 1,334
Sullivan Calvin & Amy Teresa Leavitt: 2,293

* Descendency information unavailable for the following of Emma’s children:
Mary Zerelda Conover & Amos Hatfield
Adelbert Conover & Susan Ann Boyack
a thousand times a thousand stories can be told of individuals and families who have struggled to overcome weaknesses and trials, finally to pass on a legacy of faithfulness to their posterity. But the tale is not yet told. There are so many chapters being written right now, and so many more to be written in the future that only the Writer has conceived.

It is the story of families and of lives and of character that, like building a temple of God, are built slowly and surely. The ground must be cleared and stripped of brush and self-built shanties in order that a strong foundation may be dug and laid to support a grand structure. The work is slow and painstaking but the edifice great.

Edmund and Mary Ann Richardson never saw the edifice completed in this life. They lived only long enough to see the foundation laid and catch a glimpse of the rising walls--enough to know it was worth it. They could only have faith in the fulfillment of their blessing. “Your children shall become mighty in the earth, spread upon the mountains like Jacob and extend their dominions to the ends of the earth.”

Just as the ordinary Saint in 1830 could not have anticipated the enormity of the stone today, and just as the Richardsons in 1853 could not have imagined the magnitude or the caliber of their posterity, it is certain that we cannot envision the exponential effect of our struggles and sacrifices, both small and Abrahamic, today. “Ye cannot behold with your natural eyes, for the present time, the design of your God concerning those things which shall come hereafter, and the glory which shall follow after much tribulation. For after much tribulation come the blessings.” God will work, in the Kingdom, in our families, and in our personal lives and character, a marvelous work and a wonder!
Appendix:

Selected Biographical Sketches
Chief Walker of the Utes

Chief Walker was the leader of the Ute Indians. His cunning and fearlessness made him one of the most hated and feared men in the West. Born in 1808, he was one of several sons born to Chief Moonch. As the most warlike of the sons, Walker assumed leadership of the tribe after his father’s death.

Around 1839, Walker received a dream from Towats, the Great Spirit. Towats told him that he was to be a great leader. He was also given a new name, Yah-Keerah, and was told that a new people with high hats would come to the mountains. He was to treat them kindly, as they were a favored people of Towats. As Yah-Keerah, (his name pronounced by the white men as “Walkara,” and finally “Walker”) waited for Towats’ plan to unfold, he began to establish himself as a great warrior and horse thief.

In 1847, about eight years after his dream from Towats, a large train of “rolling wickiups” entered the Salt Lake Valley. Reports of this new people soon reached Walker’s ears and he wondered if this could be the High-Hats of his dream. He waited patiently for the chief of the “Mormonee” to visit him.

After many months Walker became angry that the white leader never sought out the leader of the mighty Ute nation. Walker began to form a plan of attack in his mind, but Sowiette, his elder brother and political chief of the Utes, opposed Walker’s plan to exterminate the Saints.

“The council was divided; firebrands on one side, older and wiser heads on the other. At length the controversy ran so high, and the implication of cowardice having been cast at the old peace chief, Sowiette in his indignation and royal wrath took his riding whip and flogged the war chief Walker to make him behave himself.” (Conway B. Sonne, World of Wakara, The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, 1962, p. 51)
After his initial anger at being snubbed, Walker left Utah for raids in California to steal horses. When he returned, he had a new attitude. With his new peaceful feelings toward the Mormons he began to see opportunities for trade, food in the winter, and education for his people, all in his own back yard.

Walker’s feelings changed again, however, after talking with Jim Bridger. The mountain man, who began a guarded friendship with the Utes, now openly hated them and used this opportunity to stir up hostilities with the Mormons. He convinced Chief Walker that the Mormons had moved in to kill the Utes and take their lands.

After talking with Walker, Jim Bridger sent word to the Mormons, warning them that the Utes were on the warpath. This would assure hostile feelings on both sides.

To effect a complete massacre, Walker allied himself with several of the neighboring tribes, including his old enemy, the Snakes (Shoshone), who were all willing to share in shedding blood of the white man.

Just as the plans were to all come together, Walker’s neighboring Utes were attacked by the Arapahos and a plains war was on. None of the neighboring tribes would be of any help. At the same time, Walker found that Bridger’s tale of Mormon killings was without foundation. It is interesting to see the hand of Providence working in behalf of the Saints. Unknowingly, the Kingdom of God, just establishing itself in the tops of the mountains, was spared in its infancy.

In June of 1849, Walker was ready to smoke a permanent peace with the Mormons. Afterwards, he invited the Mormons to settle in his valley, the valley of Sanpete.

Walker’s fickle mind vacillated often between good will toward the Saints, and the desire to rid the lands of the new intruders.

Isaac Morley gave him this tribute in his journal, “Chief Joseph Walker is one of the most extraordinary of men...We have become quite good friends, and I judge him to be a man of his word in all matters of honor....”

Chief Walker died on January 29, 1855, after a protracted illness, at his camp on Meadow Creek, Millard County, Utah.
Reverend George F. Whitworth

George Frederick Whitworth was a missionary, educator, and public servant. He organized and led a wagon train across the Oregon Trail to Puget Sound, starting out with just 35 members in his company. He dealt with the problems of floods, disease, and Indian intimidation. After his arrival in Oregon, he proceeded to Washington Territory, where he began a fruitful ministry. Whitworth was a talented and versatile leader in frontier society.

15 Mar 1816  Born in Boston, England. He came to the United States with his parents when twelve years old.

1838  Graduated at Hanover College and later that year married Mary E. Thomson.

1847  Graduated from New Albany Theological Seminary, was ordained by the presbytery of New Albany, and began his ministry southern Indiana, and nearby Hawesville, Kentucky.

10 May 1853  Led a wagon train of five families from St. Joseph, Missouri to the Puget Sound with the design to establish churches, schools, and eventually to found a Christian college.

Jan 1854  After helping organize the First Presbyterian Church in Portland, Oregon, Whitworth proceeded to Olympia, Washington, where he organized at least fifteen churches in the Northwest.

1883  Founded Sumner Academy in Sumner, Washington. In February 1890, the school was incorporated as Whitworth College, and eventually moved to Spokane, Washington.

1907  Died at the age of 91.

Source: George F. Whitworth Papers, Whitworth College Archives, Spokane, Washington.
Ralph Thompson

Ralph Thompson was born and baptized in England. He came to America for the sake of his belief in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and arrived in Nauvoo about the time of the persecutions of the Saints. Ralph was faithful and true to the church and it has been said that he contributed considerable means with which to buy glass for the Nauvoo Temple. His testimony states, "We do not say the Latter-day Saints are perfect, but we do say the principles of the Gospel and the Laws of God are perfect and will lead unto perfection those who obey them." During his entire life he lived an upright man, true to his integrity as a Saint, always ready to defend and sustain the interests of the Kingdom of God.

April 12, 1811 Born to William & Mary Thompson in Aycliff, England.

9 April 1837 Married Ann Bentley.

8 Sept 1837 Baptized in Alston, England. He eventually left England to join Saints in West.

March 1845 Ralph bought an outfit and prepared to move West with the first company of pioneers, but at the request of Brigham Young, Ralph turned his whole outfit over to be used by some widow or poor family.

14 June 1849 Ralph's wife, Ann, and four-year-old son died of cholera. Their baby died about a month later. That same year his daughter, Mary, also passed away.

6 Sept 1866 Set apart as 1st counselor in Bishopric of the 5th & 6th Wards of Salt Lake City. In 1868 these wards were organized into a co-operative silk producing society.

8 Feb 1872 Passed away at his home in Salt Lake City.

Source: http://www.lythgoes.net/genealogy/history/RalphThompson.php
Archibald Gardner

Archibald Gardner was born in Scotland in 1814. He immigrated with his family to Canada where he built his first mill. There Archibald heard the missionaries and was converted to the LDS faith. Soon thereafter, he and his family immigrated to the United States and joined the Mormon pioneers on their journey to Salt Lake. Gardner was one of the original settlers of Utah in 1847 when the first wave of pioneers arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley. In 1849 the Gardner brothers built a grist mill in Millcreek Canyon. Archibald also developed the West Jordan Canal and other irrigation canals. He built over 36 flour, saw, and grist mills in his lifetime. The Gardner family included 11 wives, 48 children, and 270 grandchildren.

2 Sept 1814 Born in Kilsythe, Scotland to Margaret and Robert Gardner Sr.
Spring 1823 Emigrated to Canada
17 July 1836 Built his first mill and ground his first grist.
19 Feb 1839 Married first wife, Margaret Livingston
April 1845 Joined the LDS church. Immigrated to the United States with his family about a year later due to religious persecutions.
1 Oct 1847 The Gardner family arrived in Salt Lake. One baby was born and three children had died en route.
21 Dec 1853 A house warming was held for the first West Jordan flour mill. Logs were hauled by horse teams from Brigham Canyon, and a two and one-half mile canal was dug.
17 June 1858 Ordained as Bishop of the West Jordan Ward, serving in this position for 33 years.
8 Feb 1902 Died at the age of 87 in Salt Lake City, Utah.
Edwin Whiting

Edwin Whiting was a builder and a nurturer. He joined the Mormon church in 1838 and sustained much persecution for the gospel's sake. He left his home in Missouri amidst threats of violence, was burned out of Yelrome, fled Nauvoo, spent three years living in almost destitute circumstances at Mt. Pisgah, and pioneered in the Manti and Springville settlements where he became mayor and a member of the Legislative Assembly of Utah. These positions he filled with honor. Edwin was well known as a successful fruit grower and brought the first of a number of varieties of fruit to Utah. It was said of him, "Edwin Whiting's life was typical of the trees he planted – straight and fine and stately.

9 Sept 1809 Born in Massachusetts to Elisha & Sally Whiting.
June 1838 Moved to Far West, Missouri and baptized two months later by Thomas B. Marsh. Driven out of Far West in November. Established camp at Yelrome.
11 Sept 1845 Driven out of Yelrome. Relocated to Nauvoo.
27 Jan 1846 Edwin sealed to first wife, Elizabeth, and married Almira Meacham, and Mary Elizabeth Cox in the Nauvoo temple. Prepared to leave for Mt. Pisgah.
April 1849 Left Mt. Pisgah; later joined Isaac Morley's company and helped to establish a settlement in Manti.
Aug 1854 - 56 Served a mission to Ohio; married Hannah Brown on 8 October 1856
April 1857 Became mayor of Manti. Marries Mary Ann Washburn on September 14.
1861 Moved to Springville; becomes well known as a successful fruit grower.
8 Dec 1890 Died at his home in Mapleton at the age of 81.
Isaac Morley

"Father Morley," as he was familiarly called, was among the first converts when Oliver Cowdery passed through Ohio in the latter part of 1830. At that time he was the owner of a good farm and considerable property, which he devoted to the establishment of the latter-day work. The Morley Farm became a gathering place for early members of the church as they arrived in Kirtland. The prophet Joseph Smith and Emma lived with the Morleys for about two months while a small home was being built on the farm for them. (D&C 41:7) The Morley Farm was also the location of the fourth General Conference of the Church held on June 3, 1831 where the heavens were opened and Joseph Smith and others saw the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ. "After witnessing this manifestation of power, members of the conference left the meeting with a greater knowledge of the divinity of the Father, His Son, and the Church."

Isaac Morley labored diligently as first counselor to Edward Partridge for nine years. After serving a mission to the Eastern States, Joseph Smith the prophet wrote, "Behold I am well pleased with my servant Isaac Morley and my servant Edward Partridge, because of the integrity of their hearts in laboring in my vineyard, for the salvation of the souls of men." Morley saw much persecution in his lifetime being driven out of his home in Far West, Yelrome, and Nauvoo. He was in charge of the company which settled the Sanpete Valley. He encouraged them by telling them that it would be one of the best settlements in the mountains. He lived to see Sanpete Valley dotted with thriving villages and termed the granary of Utah.

11 Mar 1786  Born in Montague, Massachusetts to Thomas E. Morley and Editha Marsh.

20 June 1812  Married Lucy Gunn
3 June 1831  Ordained a High Priest by Lyman Wight and set apart as a counselor to Bishop Edward Partridge. He was also called by revelation to go with Ezra Booth to preach in Missouri. (D&C 52:23)

1835  Mission to the Eastern States in company with Bishop Partridge.

7 Nov 1837  Ordained Patriarch of Far West under the hands of Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Hyrum Smith. Remained in Far West until the extermination order from Governor Boggs. He was one of the 56 citizens taken and marched to Richmond jail to await trial.

24 Nov 1838  Discharged by Judge Austin King after a mock-trial. Establishes the settlement of Yelrome.

1844  Married Hannah Finch and Abigail Snow

Fall 1845  Driven from his home in Yelrome to Nauvoo after his home and property were destroyed by mobs.

22 Jan 1846  Married Harriet Cox and Hannah Libby

18 Oct 1846  While in Winter Quarters, he lost a son, Joseph, and also his first wife, Lucy, who died on January 3, 1848. He emigrates to the Salt Lake Valley in the summer of 1848.

Fall 1849  Took charge of the company which settled the Sanpete Valley.

1851  Held a seat in the legislative council of Utah Territory, as a councilor from Sanpete County, to which office he was re-elected in 1853 and 1855. He devoted the last ten years of his life exclusively to the duties of his calling as Patriarch, conferring blessings upon thousands of the Saints.

24 June 1865  Died in Sanpete County, Utah at the age of 79.
William Morley Black

William “Red Bill” Black was highly involved in the building and management of grist mills, beginning in Manti in 1850. A teamster on his way to the gold fields of California in 1849, he stopped in Utah long enough to participate in the 24th of July festivities where he listened to Brigham Young preach. He was convinced that there was something significant for his life with the Mormons and bade goodbye to the gold-diggers.

Black moved frequently after he arrived in Manti, in and out of the Territory, building up and running mills everywhere he went. He aided in the construction the mill in Manti and many others all over southern Utah and the Colonies in Mexico. William Morley Black is historically significant because of his skills in mill building, a craft of great importance to newly established pioneer communities.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11 Feb 1826</td>
<td>Born to John and Mary Black in Vermillion, Ohio.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5 Sept 1847</td>
<td>Married 1st wife, Margaret Banks.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb 1850</td>
<td>Arrived in Manti and taken in by Father Morley. Aided in the building of the first grist mill in Manti.</td>
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<tr>
<td>13 Mar 1851</td>
<td>Married Amy Jane Washburn in Manti, Utah.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nov 1853</td>
<td>Moved to Nephi to work after the mill in Manti was burned down by Indians during the Walker War.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1859</td>
<td>Married Emma Lynette Richardson, but marriage ended after the death of their two sons in 1865.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Moved to Mexico with his families to avoid arrest for practicing polygamy, but returned in 1912 after 25 years due to political upheavals in that country.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 June 1915</td>
<td>Passed away in Blanding, Utah at the age of 89.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Orville S. Cox

Orville Southerland Cox was a frontiersman, lumberman, and a splendid blacksmith. He was part of the Vanguard group of pioneers to settle Manti in 1849. He served as first counselor to Bishop Lowry for many years, and was captain of the militia under Major Higgins.

Orville was faithful, and full of love and zeal. He was in attendance at the meeting where Sidney Rigdon asked the Saints to appoint him as guardian; Orville testified he saw Brigham Young change to appear like Joseph, and heard his voice take on the prophet's tone. After that manifestation he never doubted the rightful leadership of the Church was vested in the Twelve Apostles.

Orville Cox was always among the first group of saints in a new area where the hardest work was required. If he advanced the cause one iota, no matter what the cost to himself, he considered himself successful.

25 Nov 1814    Born in Plymouth, NY to Jonathan & Lucinda Cox
3 Oct 1839     Married to Elvira P. Mills by Lyman Wight
6 Oct 1839     Baptized by Joseph Smith in Nauvoo, Illinois
1846           After being driven from Nauvoo, he settled at Mt. Pisgah, and served as counselor to Lorenzo Snow.
19 Nov 1849    Among first to enter San Pete Valley; labored faithfully ten years to establish Manti before moving to Fairview, Utah.
1865           Moved to Nevada after Lorenzo Snow requested he assist in surveying and making irrigation ditches; returned to Utah seven years later.
1875           Helped establish Orderville, where he labored twelve years unselfishly living the "Order."
4 July 1888    Passed away in Fairview, Utah at the age of 73.
Frederick Walter Cox

F.W. Cox was a great man with a mild and kindly disposition. He was baptized in 1834 by Thomas B. Marsh, and endured much persecution for the sake of the church, being jailed and driven from his home in Far West and Yelrome. Once a mobber aimed his gun at Cox, but a strange feeling came over him and he could not pull the trigger. Cox acknowledged the power of the Almighty in his escape, and knew his work was not yet finished.

Cox served several missions, was a member of the City Council, and held the office of Treasurer of Sanpete County for many years. One could not fail to note he was a natural leader. His advice and counsel was sought in all affairs of life. He truly lived by the words penned to his family just a few days before he died: “Keep the spirit of this work in your hearts...round up your shoulders and let your firmness be to the death. So shall you find comfort and satisfaction in this life and eternal reward in the future.”

20 Jan 1812   Born to Jonathan and Lucinda Cox in Plymouth, NY.
16 Sept 1835  Married to Emeline Whiting in Kirtland, Ohio by Joseph Smith. Later moved to Far West, Missouri.
19 May 1839   Ordained a Seventy at age 27. Eventually driven from Missouri and helped establish a camp at Yelrome.
10 Sept 1845  Armed mob enters Yelrome and sets fire to house and chair shop; Walter moves his family to Nauvoo.
27 Jan 1846   Sealed to Emeline in the Nauvoo temple. Also married Cordelia Morley and Jemima Losee. They left Nauvoo in March 1846 for Mt. Pisgah, Iowa.
18 Aug 1846   Walter and Emeline’s two girls, Louisa and Eliza, died of sickness in the camp. Brigham Young assigned him the job of inspecting wagons.
15 Jan 1851  Walter is required by the court in Mills, Iowa to move his plural wives out of the county. Jemima’s baby was born before Walter’s return.

28 Sept 1852  Arrived with his family in the Salt Lake Valley, but only stayed one week before proceeding to Manti.

17 April 1863  Called on mission to England, serving for 27 months and returning home in the fall of 1865.

Fall 1876  Called as a special missionary to the Indians.

14 April 1879  Officiated in laying the northwest cornerstone of the Manti Temple as president of the High Priest Quorum.

5 June 1879  Passed away in Manti, Utah after a sawmill accident.

**Amos Warren**

Amos Sweet Warren was one of the youngest of the men who came first to settle Springville. He took an active part in all the early Indian wars and other arduous labors of subduing a new country. His services were of value at times as an Indian interpreter, whose dialect he could speak like a native. He followed the occupation of blacksmith and beekeeper. He resided in Springville until the time of his death.

10 June 1831  Born of Zenos Warren and Sarah Grace Sweet in Hartland, New York.

1 Jan 1853  Married Abigail Childs in Springville, Utah.

23 July 1853  Among the men called to go to the aid of the fort in Manti with Captain Whipple’s company from Provo.

11 Oct 1909  Died at the age of 78 in Springville, Utah.