LIFE OF CATHERINE WALKER

Written by her daughters, Anna R. Moyes and Lydia H. Rogerson.

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Catherine Walker was born in Vermont, May 20th, 1824. She was the eldest daughter of John Walker and Lydia Holmes. Her father was born June 20th, 1794, in the town of Woodbury, Conn., her Mother was born April 16th, 1800, and was married April 19th, 1819. Her Father was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ in 1832, her Mother two years later. They left Vermont in 1834, for the West, found a small branch of the Church in Ogdensburg, New York, who were preparing also to go West. Her Father was induced to remain with this branch until 1837, during the year of 1835 the children, who were eight years and upwards, were baptized by Elder Abraham Palmer. They were full of faith, having been taught to pray by their parents.

The family, with many others, passed through many trying scenes. Her father was wounded in the Hauns Mill Massacre. Notwithstanding all their trials, which were many, they did not falter in their faith, but started on their journey trusting in God. They passed through Kirtland just after the Saints had left for the far West. When they arrived in Caldwell County they were surrounded by a mob of about forty people, with blackened faces, they hooted and yelled, and looked more like demons than human beings. It was very early one December morning when this occurred. They ordered her Mother out into the deep snow, searched their wagons, took from them their arms and ammunition, pointed their guns at the children and cursed and swore in a most frightful manner. They continued their journey until they came to a settlement on Shocil Creek, five miles distance from Hauns Mill. Her Father, with others, went to the Mill to hold council with Brother Joseph Young as to what course was best to pursue under the circumstances. They were in a blacksmith shop when a mob appeared in sight, formed a line and commenced firing without giving any warning. The first shot fired, lodged in her Father's arm, he returned the shot, but
found it impossible to re-load. He then ran down the bank of the Creek, he
crouched under some lumber leaning against the bank, which afforded very
little, if any, protection; but in answer to prayer their eyes were blinded
and they passed by him, declaring "not another D--- Mormon was to be found."

It was two weeks before her Father was able to get to his family. He
had been helping others who were worse off than himself, doing the best he
could with his left hand. He had to hide from place to place and came near
losing his arm, which had been neglected while he had been trying to aid
others. Through the aid of a young officer, who had been forced to join
the Military to save his own life, the family had been led to a friendly
neighborhood where they found shelter from cold storms of Winter. This
was where her Father found his family.

They left the State of Missouri in 1838, went with the Saints to
Quincy, Illinois, and to Nauvoo in 1841. Her Father performed two missions
to the Eastern States, and emigrated with the Church in 1846 to Council
Bluffs. Her Mother took down with chills and fever in the summer of 41,
and lingered until January, 42, then passed away leaving a family of ten
in the depths of despair. Then her Father seemed to give way under this
heavy affliction. The Prophet came to their rescue, he said, "If you
remain here Brother Walker you will soon follow your Wife, you must have a
change of climate, you have just such a family as I could love, My home
shall be their home, I will adopt them as my own. For the present I would
advise you to sell your effects, place the little ones with some kind
friends, and the four eldest shall come to my house and be received and
treated as my own children, if I find the others are not contented, or not
treated right, I will bring them home and keep them until you return. So
My mother, her sister Lucy, and two brothers, William and Lorin were taken
to the Prophets home, where they remained until his death.
Shortly after the Father left, the little sister eight years of age was attacked with brain fever, they visited her many times and found that all was being done that was possible, but this did not relieve her suffering. So, the Prophet had the boys put a bed in the carriage, and he went with them, and told the family they must excuse him but he was under the greatest obligation to look after her welfare and had come to take her home where he could see to her himself. All was done that could be done for her by the Prophet and his wife, but she passed away in a few days. One after another were brought home until all the younger members of the family were there except the baby. Her brother William married Olive Hovey Farr, in the fall of 1845, and they took the children to live with them.

January 18, 1846, Mother married E. K. Fuller, who was a widower with three small children. Mother’s first child was born February 3rd, 1847 in Winter Quarters. She came to Utah in the Fall of 1847, she had five children, three boys and two girls. Unfortunately, it was not a happy marriage, they separated sometime in 56. At that time Mother had a young baby and very poor health, she got along as best she could with her family. She and her brother John were keeping a boarding house in Salt Lake City when she met William Rogers, and married him January 13th, 1859. My step-father then moved us to Nevada. Mother had three children by my step-father, two girls and one boy. We lived in Nevada until I was about five years old and then Mother with her family came back to Utah. My step-father never came to stay so my Mother was left again with a small family. By this time she had grown sons who bought a small home for her in Farmington, Davis County, Utah. But times were very hard and we had a hard time to get along. Mother used to work very hard, she had a nice little garden and orchard which she took care of herself. In those days we had no bottles or cans, and the fruit was all dried. At that time it was hard to get flour, so Mother made yeast and traded it for flour, people would
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send a small bucket about half full of flour for that much yeast. In that way Mother was able to help a lot, she would make five gallons of yeast every morning. Her home was well kept, we each had our little duties to perform and there was no quarreling about it. Peace and love were in our home.

Mother tried to instill in our minds the Golden Rule, to do unto others as we would like to be done by, and to tell the truth no matter what happened, she always said it was better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

We lived in Farmington until I was about eleven years old. The boys took up some land in West Weber, my oldest Brother married and took the home in Farmington, and Mother with the rest of the family moved to West Weber, where they made a new home.

I have seen my Mother sit and sew all night by candle light to finish some garment for her children to wear the next day. By the way, all the candles used were made by Mother. She passed through many trials. The children were all grown and married but one when Mother died, this had been her Life's desire, to live to raise her children. The first child she lost met his death by trying to save his fellow workman from drowning. This was a very hard blow for my Mother, he was her main support at that time, but she was always full of faith, courage and endurance, her life was one long sacrifice.

Mother took a pride in keeping the commandments of her God, she never murmured at the chastisement of his rod, she consoled herself in poverty and trouble when it came, and wealth to her like poverty, she worshipped God the same. She died in full faith of a glorious Resurrection. She passed away in Brigham City, August 31, 1885.

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Camp "O".
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