

Walker, Catherine 1824-
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LIFE OF CATHERINE WALKER

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

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LIFE OF CATHERINE WALKER.

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 18th, 1800, and was married April 18th, 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 Caldwin 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 Shoal 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.