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A statement pertaining to the life in the Johnson mansion was made by Sarah Melissa Holman Johnson who was noted far and wide for her healing ways with the sick and was much in demand as a nurse throughout Utah. She wrote: "I want to express my sentiments in relation to plural marriage. In it I find happiness, joy, peace, love and beauty. . . . Six wives of us, Melissa B., Mary Ann Hale, Harriett Holman, Sarah, Susan and myself have raised our families under the same roof, having separate rooms. Children of six mothers raised in the same doorway, most of them grown to young manhood and womanhood, are devotedly fond of each other as brothers and sisters, all of them intelligent and full of the spirit of the Gospel. We can have a dance, singing choir, theater or any social entertainment independent of any outside our own family!"

Mrs. Pomeroy also mentions a tribute once paid her father: A prominent government official from Washington visiting the Temple Normal when she was a student, said to her when she was introduced to him after the program in his honor, "So your father is Benjamin Franklin Johnson? Mr. Johnson is a walking encyclopedia. Never in my life have I met one better informed. He can talk intelligently on any subject, from the soil to the stars. Young lady, you should be proud of your heritage."

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I was born in Pomphret, Chautauqua Co., New York, on the 19th of Feb. 1823, son of Ezekiel Johnson and Julia Hills Johnson. They raised a family of sixteen children, nine sons and seven daughters. My mother was a devoted Presbyterian and raised her family in strict observance to the principles laid down in the Bible. She died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, a firm believer in the doctrines taught by Joseph Smith. She was loved and respected by all who knew her. During the winter of 1831 my brother, Joel, and a young man by the name of Almon W. Babbitt, came from Ohio and brought with them the Book of Mormon. Other Elders soon followed, and the result was that my mother and some of her children were baptized. . . .

A little previous to this time my oldest sister, Nancy, was thrown from a horse and broke her hip bone so near the joint that all the doctors nearby decided it could not be set, and told her she would never have the use of that limb again or be able to walk without crutches. When the Elders began to preach miracles, many people said, when Nancy is healed and throws away her crutches we will believe.

In the Spring of 1833, we moved to Kirtland, Ohio where the Saints were then gathering. Here we became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph and all the authorities of the Church, and here we witnessed the falling of the stars or meteors, on the

night of the 13th of November 1833. Friday, Aug. 2nd, 1833, in a revelation, the Lord commanded that a house be built to Him in the land of Zion by the tithing of His people, and my father's family was called by the Prophet to make and burn the brick to build the Temple, and in digging the basement a ledge of building stone would be found. This proved true and the Temple was built of stone, and the brick was sold to buy nails, glass and other finishings. Here I, with many others, attended the Hebrew School in the Temple.

On the 9th of April, 1836, I was baptized by Samuel Bent and confirmed by Joseph Smith, Sr. For several years my sister, Nancy, who had never walked a step without her crutches, was healed by the laying on of hands and never used her crutches afterwards. After a tedious illness, we buried four of our family, one of whom, Seth, accompanied the Prophet Joseph from Missouri in what was known as Zion's Camp. Their names were Nancy, Seth, David and Susan. Here we passed through all the hardships, trials and persecutions resulting in the expulsion of the Saints from Kirtland, Ohio.

In July 1838, we started for Missouri in what is known as the Kirtland Camp, consisting of all the poor still remaining at Kirtland, and all who were able and willing to help them. Our company consisted of 515, nearly all in poor circumstances, with sixty wagons. Our trip was a very hard and trying one, we were often without food, and there was much sickness in the camp. At Dayton, Ohio, we stopped for awhile to work on the National Turnpike and give the sick a chance to recover. While here, my mother and my brother, Joel Hills Johnson, and other kindred who lived in that city came to our aid. During our stay here threats were made that we should not pass through Mansfield alive, but when we were ready we started in close procession, the women driving teams and the men walking along side. On nearing the town, we were met by two horsemen who rode down on each side of our columns, seeming to be counting our wagons and forces as they passed along. After satisfying themselves they returned to the town where a large crowd had collected, firing cannons and beating drums and seemed to be much excited, but we passed through and were not molested. We afterward learned that the horsemen had given the crowd assembled a very exaggerated account of our numbers and armament. In Springfield, Illinois, a council was held and it was decided to leave the sick here for the present. My brothers, Joel, Joseph, and the rest of the family, except Benjamin, were detained to remain with them to take care of the sick.

In the Spring of 1839, we again started westward to gather with the Saints, but when we arrived within twenty miles of Commerce, later Nauvoo, it was thought best to remain there