



*Joseph Smith, Jr.,
Family Reunion*

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LUCY MACK SMITH - FAITH IN THE FAMILY

Jaynann M. Payne

It is a great honor to be here and I feel very humble to be asked to speak to you on your own grandmother, Lucy Mack Smith, but I do love her as my own. She has had a tremendous influence upon my life and that of my family. We have been reading her History about three nights a week in the evenings.

I love Lucy Mack Smith as I do my own grandmother and I know I shall meet her someday. I have felt her spirit and presence when I needed inspiration to write her story.

I know that her example of faith in the family has made our lives more meaningful. She has been an inspiration to my family. We all have strong testimonies of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his great family.

I love you all and want to get to know you and share your spirit and faith. Will you accept my humble offering in the spirit in which it is given?

"And say to Mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs--with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind."

From "The Mother of Washington"
by Mrs. L. N. Sigourney

As the sun slanted down in bright shafts of light from the cloud overhead and spotlighted green fields and the woods beyond, Lucy pondered the significance of the magnificent vision of the Father and Son which young Joseph had just related to her. It seemed so appropriate that the Savior should come again in the spring after winter's sleep. Her soul thrilled with joy and anticipation. For significant spiritual experiences were not new to Lucy, nor to her husband Joseph Sr. Lucy recalled her own father, Solomon Mack, testifying of answered prayers. She remembered her sister Lovisa's vision of Christ and her miraculous healing. Her beloved husband, Joseph, had been blessed with numerous visions and dreams of spiritual import. Lucy herself had knelt in a grove to plead with the Lord that her husband would find the truth and had received a beautiful vision that brought peace to her soul. And when she lay dying from consumption at the age of twenty-seven, her prayer of faith to be healed was answered by a vision of the Savior and his assurance that she would live to care for her family. All these experiences were prelude to the appearance of the Father and Jesus Christ to her son. At last her spiritual yearnings were being fulfilled. Every particle of her being cried: "Yes, it is true!"

"How quickly she rallied to the boy by her side in his struggles for light, and how she threw her life into the chanel of his when the angel's message came! Every hope and fear was engulfed in a great wave of enthusiasm, that never lessened, for the triumph of truth and the upbuilding of the church of God. Well fitted to be mother of men destined to be leaders in a religious movement such as she saw her sons leading, her courage and zeal, her unwavering faith sustained (them) and her splendid determination was like a reservoir of strength to them."¹

Lucy Mack Smith was a woman for all seasons. Through sunlight and shadow her faith in the family was of eternal scope. It showed itself in the trusting love she had for her parents and brothers and sisters; in the respect and honor she showed her beloved husband; the inspiring way she nurtured the tender faith of her own children, especially young Joseph; her faith in herself as capable homemaker and mother; the faith to hold family nights that were unforgettable; her compassionate service to the Saints and her fellow-men; the powerful testimony she bore of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon; and finally her faith in her eternal family that brought the only comfort possible in that darkest hour as she leaned over the biers of her dearest ones hewn down as martyrs. Her faith verified that they had indeed "overcome the world by love" and that a loving and merciful Father had taken them to himself that they might have rest.

Lucy's faith, like a prism, showed multi-colored lights from every facet of her life. She, like Mary, also proclaimed: "My soul did magnify the Lord and my spirit rejoiced in God my Savior."²

FAITH IN HER PARENTS

The Lord had prepared Lucy through her intelligent and devoted mother, Lydia Gates Mack, and her honest and intrepid father, Solomon Mack, to become the culmination of her ancestors faith in the eternal family and the commencement of the revelation of God's great plan of salvation.

"She was not a large woman, but her own valuation of manhood and womanhood, and their wonderful opportunities, coupled with an approachable and softened dignity, placed her on a little elevation that even those who remember her but slightly, recall. Her eyes were keen, clear and blue, and even in old age, did not require glasses."³

Lucy was born July 8th, 1775, just after the battles of Lexington and Concord. She was a child of the Revolution and loved to hear her father, Solomon, tell of his adventures fighting in the French and Indian Wars and the Revolution. His stratagems to frighten the Indians in an ambush, and his daring rescue of a wounded comrade during battle are chronicled by Lucy, who was a "very daring and philanthropic spirit herself."⁴

From her father came her love of liberty and country. "She felt the quickening pulse of the nation newly baptized with freedom, and it thrilled her with a love for humanity and faith in God."⁵ From her father also came the power of command and decision. Solomon was gone on sailing and business expeditions from the time Lucy was about nine until she was nearly seventeen, and he had returned "impoverished to an impoverished family."⁶ But even though they lacked material possessions, and wilderness conditions precluded an education for her children, Lydia Gates Mack provided a rich spiritual and cultural atmosphere for her family.

Lucy's mother Lydia had been a school teacher from a wealthy and cultured family before her marriage to Solomon Mack. This was a great blessing, for with Solomon's absences from the family, to fight in the Revolution and to earn a living, the great responsibility for her children's temporal, intellectual and spiritual welfare devolved upon Lydia Mack. She taught them not only school subjects but called them together both morning and evening to

pray; they were taught to love each other and to honor and love God. Solomon says of his wife:

"In 1761 we moved to the town of Marlow. . . only four families resided within forty miles. Here I was thrown into a situation to appreciate more fully the talents and virtues of my excellent wife; for, as our children were deprived of schools, she assumed the charge of their education, and performed the duties of an instructress as none, save a mother, is capable of. Precepts accompanied with examples such as hers, were calculated to make impressions on the minds of the young, never to be forgotten."⁷

Her appreciation and love of her mother is reflected in the poignant scene of parting in 1816, as the Smith family decided to move from Vermont to Palmyra, New York. Lucy says: "I was here to take leave of that pious and affectionate parent to whom I was indebted for all the religious instructions as well as most of the educational privileges which I had ever received."⁸ Her mother asked her to continue faithful in the service of God so that she may have the privilege of being reunited with her after death, for she had a premonition that they would never meet again.

Lucy inherited her mother's self-reliance, refinement and great gift of language. She wrote valuable diaries, letters and biographies in a day of frontier life when there was little time for writing. Her History of Joseph Smith relates not only brief biographies of her parents, brothers, sisters, as well as the Prophet and her own family, but it is an exciting, witty, poignant and spiritually thrilling literary gem, shining in the dusty archives of history. A warm family relationship is evident from her account.

"Nurtured in a home where love, kindness, justice, and devotion to God reigned, by parents who from sturdy ancestors . . . had inherited imperishable ideals of right-doing, honor, courage, and faith, Lucy could not but bring to womanhood's years an estimable combination of family traits."⁹

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

As she was the youngest of eight children with four older brothers and three older sisters, Lucy was dearly loved but not spoiled for she had gladly accepted the burden of nursing her two older sisters, Lovisa and Lovina, during their illnesses, from the time she was thirteen until their deaths when she was nineteen. Both of her sisters, who were in their late twenties, had tuberculosis or consumption, as it was called. An experience that tremendously impressed Lucy, but left her with many unanswered questions, was Lovisa's miraculous healing. After two years of sickness, she seemed to sink into a death coma for three days, but at two a.m. she had called for Lovina and said: "The Lord had healed me, both soul and body--raise me up and give me my clothes, I wish to get up!"¹⁰ Lovisa had received a vision of the Savior, and a charge to return to life and warn the people of the accountability before the Lord. After this Lucy cared for Lovina day and night and mentions carrying her emaciated sister like a child in her arms. Both sisters died within months of each other in 1794, and left Lucy lonely and melancholy, for the severe religious creeds of the day gave her no comfort nor peace of mind.

Her spiritual needs went unfulfilled. So when her brother, Stephen, seeing her depression, invited Lucy to come to Tunbridge and live with him for awhile, she accepted and was grateful for new surroundings and faces. Here she met Joseph Smith, Sr. and her grief had been assuaged by the tall gentle-voiced young man. After a year's acquaintance, they were married on January 24, 1796 at Tunbridge.

Lucy's bright blue eyes widened in surprise as she heard the conversation turn to a wedding gift for her. John Mudgett, her brother Stephen's business partner, said:

"Lucy ought to have something worth naming, and I will give her just as much as you will."

"Done," said Stephen, "I will give her five hundred dollars in cash!"

"Good," said John, "and I will give her five hundred dollars more!"¹¹

The prospect of a one thousand dollar dowry to furnish her own home made Lucy feel very important and loved. It was a huge sum of money in 1796, for land could be bought for a dollar an acre,¹² so her wedding gift represented great buying power as well as the generous love of her family. Since her strong, handsome Joseph was already a very successful farmer, Lucy wisely kept her dowry for the future.

They thanked Stephen and John and after a visit with her parents in nearby Gilsum, N. H., they returned to Tunbridge. As she and Joseph said goodbye to her mother and father, little did Lucy realize as a twenty-year-old bride that she would soon become the mother of a Prophet of the living God! That her faith would bear fruit in the mind of her thoughtful young boy who would prayerfully open the heavens and bless all nations of the earth. Her questions would be answered, her spiritual yearnings would be fulfilled by a "man who would do more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world. . ." Her son Joseph!¹³

FAITH TO BE HEALED

Joseph and Lucy prospered on their farm for about six years and Lucy gave birth to Alvin in 1798 and Hyrum in 1800. Then in 1802 they moved to Randolph and opened a mercantile establishment. It was here that Lucy, now twenty-seven years old, caught a cold that developed into TB after weeks of fever and coughing. Joseph was grief-stricken as the doctors all said she would die. Lucy prayed with all the fervor of her soul and made a covenant with God that if he would let her live she would serve him. She heard a voice say: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Let your heart be comforted; ye believe in God, believe also in me."¹⁴

Her mother leaned over the bed just as Lucy's speech returned and in amazement said: "Lucy, you are better!" She replied: "Yes, mother, the Lord will let me live, if I am faithful to the promise which I made to him, to be a comfort to my mother, my husband and my children."¹⁵ Following this significant experience, Lucy hungered for more spiritual knowledge, but upon visiting several different churches and various ministers to hear the "Word of Life," she became disgusted. Her comments are prophetic:

". . . but after hearing him (the minister) though, I returned home, convinced that he neither understood nor appreciated the subject upon which he spoke, and I said in my heart, that there was not then upon earth the religion which I sought. I, therefore, determined to examine my Bible and, taking Jesus and His disciples for my guide, to endeavor to obtain from God that which man could neither give nor take away . . . the Bible, I intended should be my guide to life and salvation."¹⁶

Two other examples of Mother Smith's faith in the power of healing are noteworthy. Typhus fever raged through Lebanon, New Hampshire, in 1813, and all eight of her children got it. Sophronia, who was ten, was critically ill for eighty-nine days and the doctors despaired of her life. When she stopped breathing altogether, Lucy grabbed her and paced the floor praying fervently. Those present told Lucy: "It is all of no use; you are certainly crazy, your child is dead."¹⁷ But Sophronia gasped for breath and lived as her mother's prayers were answered.

Joseph, Jr. was eight when the typhus infection settled in his leg and he had to undergo three excruciating operations on his leg. Who is not moved by the events Lucy described? The surgeons desired to amputate; she objected; cords were brought to bind Joseph; Joseph refused; Joseph rejected the liquor as an anesthetic; and he desired to have his father hold him. Joseph implored:

"Mother, I want you to leave the room, for I know you cannot bear to see me suffer so; father can stand it, but you have carried me so much, and watched over me so long, you are almost worn out." Then looking up into my face, his eyes swimming in tears, he continued: "Now mother, promise me that you will not stay, will you? The Lord will help me, and I shall get through with it."¹⁸

"When the third piece (of bone) was taken away, I burst into the room again--and oh. . . what a spectacle for a mother's eye! The wound torn open, the blood still gushing from it, and the bed literally covered with blood, Joseph was pale as a corpse, and large drops of sweat were rolling down his face, whilst upon every feature was depicted the utmost agony!"¹⁹

Joseph recovered quickly after the operation, but as a result he was lame for several years and walked with a slight limp the rest of his life.

FAITH IN HERSELF AS A WOMAN AND HOMEMAKER

Lucy Mack Smith had faith in herself as a woman and homemaker. Her unique combination of traits seemed paradoxical--she was impulsive and determined, yet she relied upon the promptings of the spirit, to temper and give authority to what she did and said. When an unscrupulous Caleb Howard teamster tried to steal her horses, wagon and all their possessions as they were moving to Palmyra, Lucy showed her spunk by confronting him in the inn in front of all the travelers present (for Joseph had gone on to Palmyra several weeks previously):

"Gentlemen and Ladies, please give your attention for a moment. Now, as sure as there is a God in heaven, that team, as well as the goods, belong to my husband, and this man intends to take them from me, . . . leaving me with eight children, without the means of proceeding on my journey."

Then to the thieving driver she said:

"Sir, I now forbid you touching the team, or driving it one step further. You can go about your business; I have no sue for you!"²⁰

Although Lucy was a loving and amiable woman, she couldn't tolerate injustice for long. Her description of one of the Nauvoo apostates is priceless:

"They then called upon one Levi Williams, who was a bitter enemy to us, whenever he was sufficiently sober to know his own sentiments, for he was a drunken, ignorant, illiterate brute that never had a particle of character or influence, until he began to call mob meetings to drive the 'Mormon's' out."

They arrived at Palmyra safely but with "barely two cents in cash."

In spite of destitute circumstances, Lucy's faith in her own capabilities and those of the family produced amazing results that first year in Palmyra. With the spectre of crop failures and business reverses plaguing them since their marriage, Joseph and Lucy had moved eight times before arriving in New York. Now in Palmyra they industriously cleared thirty of the hundred acres they were buying and built a log house. Lucy brought in enough money painting oil cloth coverings to provide food and furniture.

After two years, Alvin drew the plans for a new home that would be comfortable for his parents in "advanced life." Lucy was forty-five at the time with baby Lucy only two years old. She loved her new home and it was almost completed in November, 1823, when Alvin got a stomach ailment and died after an incompetent physician treated him with calomel. On his deathbed Alvin counseled Hyrum to finish the house; Joseph to be faithful and obtain the plates; and for all the children to be kind to their father and mother. The whole family and neighbors grieved at his death for Alvin was only twenty-five and was loved by everyone. Lucy's enjoyment of her new home was short-lived for unscrupulous men cheated the Smiths out of their developed farm and home. Her poignant feelings were revealed to Oliver Cowdery as they were preparing to leave in the spring of 1829.

"Now Oliver, see what a comfortable home we have had here, what pains each child . . . has taken to provide for us everything necessary to make old age comfortable and long life desirable. Here, especially, I look upon the handiwork of my beloved Alvin, who even upon his deathbed, charged his brothers to finish his work. . . Indeed, there is scarcely anything which I here see that has not passed through the hands of that faithful boy, and afterwards by his brothers . . . All these tender recollections render our present trial doubly severe, for these dear relics must now pass into the hands of wicked men, who fear not God and regard not men. And upon what righteous principle has all this been brought about? Have they ever lifted a finger to earn any part of

that which they now claim? I tell you they have not! Yet I now give up all this for the sake of Christ and salvation, and I pray God to help me to do so without a murmur or a tear. In the strength of God, I say, from this time forth, I will not cast one longing look upon anything which I now leave behind me."²¹

Then she informed Oliver that he would have to board somewhere else. But Oliver loved Lucy and Joseph so much he exclaimed; "Mother, let me stay with you, for I can live in any log hut where you and father live, but I cannot leave you, so do not mention it."²²

FAITH IN HER HUSBAND

Lucy was interested in religion from an early age and searched passionately for the truth. "How often in her youth, when almost carried into excesses of religious excitement, did the gentle, but sometimes suddenly firm, spirit of her adored husband meet her soul with some cooling, cautioned word."²³

After Joseph Smith, Sr. had become disenchanted with attending any church meetings because of the warring and discordant atmosphere, Lucy became depressed and prayed that her husband would find the true gospel and accept it. She received a beautiful dream that brought reassurance that Joseph would hear and accept the pure and undefiled gospel of the Son of God at some future time. Joseph also had seven or eight interesting dreams and visions, which Lucy accepted and found very significant. She honored her husband as the head of her home long before he held the priesthood and became the first latter-day Patriarch. Eliza R. Snow described Joseph Smith, Sr. as follows:

"Of a fine physique, he was more than ordinarily prepossessing in personal appearance. His kind, affable, dignified and unassuming manner naturally inspired strangers with feelings of love and reverence. To me he was the veritable personification of my idea of the ancient Father Abraham . . . Such a man was worthy of being the father of the first Prophet of the last dispensation; while his amiable and affectionate consort, Mother Lucy Smith, was as worthy of being the mother."²⁴

The love of Lucy and Joseph had been refined and ennobled in the fiery crucible of trial and persecution. Upon his deathbed Joseph pays an unforgettable tribute to his true love:

"Mother, do you not know, that you are one of the most singular women in the world?"

"No," I replied, "I do not."

"Well, I do," he continued, "you have brought up my children for me by the fireside, and when I was gone from home, you comforted them too. You have brought up all my children, and could always comfort them when I could not. We have often wished that we might both die at the same time, but you must not desire to die when I do, for you must stay to comfort the children when I am gone. So do not mourn, but try to be comforted. Your last days shall

be your best days, as to being driven, for you shall have more power over your enemies than you have had. Again I say, be comforted."²⁵

As her beloved Joseph closed his eyes in death on September 14, 1840, the future for Lucy seemed "lonesome and trackless" and she could not imagine a more dreadful calamity nor greater grief. How ironic her words were, for during the next four years she would suffer the deaths of four sons, four grandchildren, two daughters-in-law.

FAITH IN HER CHILDREN

The brightest side in her prism of faith was as a mother. Lucy nurtured the budding faith of each of her children by teaching them to read and love the Bible, to pray and to honor God. She raised nine of her eleven children to adulthood. When young Joseph at fourteen, related the glorious appearance of God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, to her, Lucy believed with all her heart. Her soul rejoiced in the gradual day-to-day unfolding of the restoration of the true gospel she had so long awaited. She was justifiably proud of the mission and achievements of her son and family. Her descriptions of Joseph's schooling by the Angel Moroni are revealing:

"Furthermore, the angel told him . . . that the time had not yet come for the plates to be brought forth in the world; that he could not take them from the place wherein they were deposited until he had learned to keep the commandments of God--not only till he was willing but able to do it."²⁶

Lucy led the whole family in prayer each day for young Joseph to be instructed in his duty and protected from the snares of Satan. She was patient, encouraging and perceptive while Joseph was suffering through those eight long years of tested growth until the Angel Moroni finally entrusted the plates and the work of the restoration to him.

NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FAMILY NIGHTS

Alvin suggested that everyone rise earlier so the farm work could be finished before sunset and that Mother Lucy have supper early so they could all gather around and listen to the Prophet Joseph. The family rejoiced that God was about to light their lives with a more perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation.

"From this time forth, Joseph continued to receive instructions from the Lord, and we continued to get the children together every evening for the purpose of listening while he gave us a relation of the same. I presume our family presented an aspect as singular as any that ever lived upon the face of of the earth--all seated in a circle, father, mother, sons and daughters, and giving the most profound attention to a boy, eighteen years of age. . . .

"During our evening conversations, Joseph would occasionally give us some of the most amusing recitals that could be imagined. He would describe the ancient inhabitants of this continent, their dress, mode of traveling, and the animals

upon which they rode; their cities, their buildings, with every particular; their mode of warfare; and also their religious worship. This he would do with as much ease, seemingly, as if he had spent his whole life among them."²⁷

Lucy longed to know more of the ancient peoples whose record Joseph was translating. And when finally she saw and read the Book of Mormon she meditated upon all the frustrations and anxiety they had suffered for years and she felt that the "heavens were moved in our behalf and that angels . . . were watching over us." She could truly say: "My soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Savior."²⁸

She loved the Book of Mormon and bore a powerful testimony to its truthfulness to all who would listen. Once a man called out from a crowd of several hundred: "Is the Book of Mormon true?" She replied for the whole world to hear:

"That book was brought forth by the power of God, and translated by the gift of the Holy Ghost; and, if I could make my voice sound as loud as the trumpet of Michael, the Archangel, I would declare the truth from land to land, and from sea to sea, and the echo should reach every isle, until every member of the family of Adam should be left without excuse. For I do testify that God has revealed himself to man again in these last days, and set his hand to gather his people upon a goodly land, and, if they obey his commandments, it shall be unto them for an inheritance"²⁹

FAITH TO PRAY

A woman of great empathy and compassion, Lucy displayed prayerful concern over the Prophet and her family long before they were hunted and persecuted. She seemed intuitively to know when her children needed her prayers most. Hyrum gives us a graphic picture of a cholera epidemic in Missouri in 1834 when he and Joseph were stricken as they attempted to administer to the ill. Feeling they were going to die without ever seeing their families again, they prayed desperately. Hyrum received the answer:

"Joseph, we shall return to our families. I have had an open vision, in which I saw mother kneeling under an apple tree; and she is even now asking God, in tears, to spare our lives, that she may again behold us in the flesh. The Spirit testifies, that her prayers, united with ours, will be answered.

"Oh, my mother!" said Joseph, "how often have your prayers been the means of assisting us when the shadows of death encompassed us."³⁰

Mother Lucy later corroborated Hyrum's vision in detail. And her prayers of faith extended to many others. After her baptism she became a great missionary especially to her own family. She visited her relatives and wrote them letters explaining the gospel. Solomon, her brother, joined the church as a result of her letters and interest.³¹

Another of her prayers was answered when Joseph revealed the work of salvation for the dead and she was assured that Alvin could obtain the blessings of baptism and temple work vicariously. He had died just a few weeks following the appearance of the Angel Moroni in 1823.

AN EXEMPLARY MOTHER-IN-LAW

After Alvin's death, Hyrum married Jerusha Barden in 1826 and Joseph met Emma Hale, a beautiful dark-eyed brunette, whom he married January 18, 1827. Lucy was delighted for Joseph because he had been lonely without Alvin. She loved her daughter-in-law and she was an exemplary mother-in-law. She said of Emma:

"I have never seen a woman in my life who would endure every species of fatigue and hardship, from month to month, and from year to year, with that unflinching courage, zeal and patience, which she has ever done; for I know that which she has had to endure--she has been tossed upon the ocean of uncertainty--she has breasted the storms of persecution, and buffeted the rage of men and devils, which would have borne down almost any other woman."³²

After the martyrdom left both women bereft, it is a great tribute to Emma that Lucy spent her last years living with her, and Emma faithfully cared for her until her death in 1856. Lucy loved her grandchildren and when Joseph and Emma lost four children in childbirth, it grieved Lucy as if they had been her own.

FAITH IN HER FELLOWMEN

All who loved God were made welcome in Lucy's home. Many nights she and Joseph Sr. offered every bed in their home to the visiting brethren, while they slept on a single blanket on the floor, and Joseph and Emma also shared the floor with nothing but their cloaks for bedding.

Oliver Cowdery called Lucy "Mother" and she treated him like a son, giving him her faith and encouragement in the work of translation.

Her faith and love were extended to Martin Harris, weak though he was, and in spite of the trouble and heartache his breach of trust brought upon the Prophet and his family.

Although Lucy was a loving and amiable woman, she could chastise with fire when the occasion demanded. Her great devotion to the cause of the Lord and her fine sense of justice made her an authoritative figure.

Her leadership qualities were put to the test in the early spring of 1831. The Saints had been commanded to move to Kirkland from the Palmyra area. Most of Lucy's family had gone on ahead in January, and Lucy was chosen to lead a company of eighty Saints from the Waterloo branch with only her two young sons, William and Don Carlos, to assist her. The trip down the Erie Canal by flatboat had taken five days and was a nightmare, for most of the Saints had not provided adequate food for themselves and the exposure to the harsh weather has hard on the women and children. When they arrived in Buffalo, a group of Colesville branch was also there waiting to find boat passage to Kirkland. The harbor was ice-locked and the Mormons were stranded. The Colesville brethren informed Lucy's group that they must not tell anyone that they were Mormons or they wouldn't find a boat or lodging. Lucy spoke up boldly: "I shall tell people precisely who I am, and if you are shamed of Christ, you must not expect to be prospered; and I shall wonder if we do not get to Kirkland before you!"³³ This was a prophetic statement for through

Lucy's faith and prayers, she found passage for her group and they did arrive in Kirkland before the Colesville branch. As her beloved Saints with feet of clay waited upon the deck of their ship arguing, complaining loudly, and the young girls were flirting and laughing with total strangers, all to the amusement of the onlookers, William rushed up to his mother and said: "Mother, do see the confusion yonder; won't you go and put a stop to it!"

Lucy was not tall but she straightened up regally and with fire in her icy blue eyes she walked right into the noise and confusion. Her voice rang out with authority:

"Brethren and sister, we call ourselves Saints, and profess to have come out from the world for the purpose of serving God at the expense of all earthly things; and will you, at the very onset, subject the cause of Christ to ridicule by your own unwise and improper conduct? You profess to put your trust in God, then how can you feel to murmur and complain as you do! You are even more unreasonable than the children of Israel were; for here are my sisters pining for their rocking chairs, and brethren from whom I expected firmness and energy, declare that they positively believe they shall starve to death before they get to the end of their journey. And why is it so? Have any of you lacked? Have not I set food before you every day, and made you, who had not provided for yourselves, as welcome as my own children? WHERE IS YOUR FAITH? Where is your confidence in God? . . . Now brethren and sisters, if you will all of you raise your desires to heaven, that the ice may be broken up, and we be set at liberty, as sure as the Lord lives, it will be done."³⁴

Only moments later, Lucy's faith was rewarded as the ice parted and they sailed into Lake Erie. The boat was so loaded that the bystanders were certain it would sink. In fact they went to the newspaper office and published the news that the Mormon boat had sunk with all on board. When Lucy and the Saints arrived in Fairport, they were amused to read in the papers the news of their own deaths.

Joseph and Samuel had been warned in a dream to meet the company fearing that some disaster had befallen them and they knew that the hardship would endanger their mother's life. The reunion with her sons and family a few hours later was poignant indeed.

Lucy's tremendous faith bore fruit in the many gifts of the spirit she evidenced throughout her life: prophecy, testimony, faith to be healed, discernment of spirits, and wisdom and knowledge. Her prophecies astounded both Saints and enemies alike. The pastor of the Presbyterian church in Pontiac, Michigan, upon being introduced to Lucy, said scoffingly: "And you are the mother of that poor, foolish, silly boy, Joe Smith, who pretended to translate the Book of Mormon." She looked him straight in the eye and replied: "I am, sir, the mother of Joseph Smith; but why do you apply to him such epithets as those?"

"Because," said Reverend Rubbles, "that he should imagine he was going to break down all other churches with that simple 'Mormon' book."

"Did you ever read that book?" Lucy asked.

"No, it is beneath my notice," he retorted.

Lucy then bore her testimony that "that book contains the everlasting gospel. . . and was written for the salvation of your soul, by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost."

"Pooh," he replied, "nonsense--I am not afraid of any member of my church being led astray by such stuff; they have too much intelligence."

Lucy spoke with the emphasis of the spirit of prophecy: "Now, Mr. Ruggles, mark my words--as true as God lives, before three years we will have more than one-third of your church; and sir, whether you believe it or not, we will take the very deacon, too!"³⁵

The Reverend Mr. Ruggles' sneering expression changed rapidly and well it might as within two months Joseph sent Jared Carter as a missionary to Michigan upon Lucy's advice. Jared converted seventy of the Reverend's best members, and his deacon, Samuel Bent, was baptized in January 1833, to become a stalwart in the Mormon Church!

FAITH IN HER ETERNAL FAMILY³⁶

Joseph paid tribute to his mother during the dark days of persecution in 1842: "My mother also is one of the noblest and best of all women. May God grant to prolong her days and mine, that we may live to enjoy each other's society long, yet in the enjoyment of liberty, and to breathe the free air."³⁷

Her family was Lucy's treasure and she merited the prophetic tribute which her beloved husband gave to her on his deathbed:

"Mother, do you not know, that you are the mother of as great a family as ever lived upon the earth? The world loves its own, but it does not love us. It hates us because we are not of the world; therefore, all its malice is poured out upon us, and they seek to take away our lives. When I look upon my children, and realize that although they were raised up to do the Lord's work, yet they must pass through scenes of trouble and affliction as long as they live upon the earth; and I dread to leave them surrounded by enemies."³⁸

And after those enemies, like wolves, had slaughtered the precious lambs of her fold, her faith in God and her eternal family brought the only peace and comfort possible.

"At last came that rose-scented day in June, 1844, when every other sorrow and indignity sank into nothingness. She had them take her to the great sunlighted dining-room, to the side of her two murdered sons, Hyrum and Joseph. Ah, she did not falter even here. She proclaimed afterwards, 'My heart was thrilled with grief, and indignation, the blood curdled in my veins.' But she was self-poised and strong even there, in her old age, with bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh lying cold and silent before her."³⁹

Lucy stood transfixed by the horror of the moment. She cried out in agony: "My God, My God, why has thou forsaken this family!" A voice replied: "I have taken them to myself, that they might have rest."

She looked upon their smiling peaceful faces, she seemed almost to hear them say: "Mother, weep not for us, we have overcome the world by love; we carried to them the gospel, that their souls might be saved; they slew us for our testimony, and thus placed us beyond their power; their ascendancy is for a moment, ours is an eternal triumph."⁴⁰

Both Joseph Sr. and Don Carlos died from the effects of the persecution in 1840 and 1841 respectively. Then Samuel was chased by the mobs on his way to Carthage to rescue Joseph and Hyrum. After years of exposure and persecution, that hard ride on his beautiful black horse for many hours was too much and he died just a month after Joseph and Hyrum. In four years Lucy lost four sons, her husband, four grandchildren and two daughters-in-law! Yet bitterness or self-pity were never part of her nature.

At the last conference of the Church held in Nauvoo in October, 1845, Mother Lucy Smith was honored by the General Authorities who asked her if she wished to say a few words.

"She commenced by saying that she was truly glad that the Lord had let her see so large a congregation. . . There were comparatively few in the assembly who were acquainted with her family. She was the mother of eleven children, seven of whom were boys. She raised them in the fear and love of God, and never was there a more obedient family."

She warned parents that they were accountable for their children's conduct; advised them to give them books and work to keep them from idleness; warned all to be full of love, goodness and kindness, and never do in secret, what they would not do in the presence of millions."

When she asked whether the congregation considered her a mother in Israel, she was thrilled to hear five thousand voices answer "YES!" Then she related the history, hardships, trials and persecutions of her family in the eighteen years since Joseph had obtained the Book of Mormon. She moved the audience to tears with descriptions of the scenes when her sons had been dragged from their homes and condemned to be shot, or spent months in filthy dungeons on false charges. As all efforts to seek redress legally were futile, Joseph had said that he would lay them before the highest court in heaven. No heart is untouched as Lucy continues: "Little did I then think he was so soon to leave us, to take the case up himself. And don't you think this case is now being tried?"

"I feel as though God was vexing this nation a little, here and there, and I feel that the Lord will let Brother Brigham take the people away. Here. . . in this city, lay my dead: my husband and children; and if so be the rest of my children go with you, and would to God they may all go, they will not go without me; and if I go, I want my bones brought back in case I die away, and deposited with my husband and children."⁴¹

President Young then pledged himself and the congregation to do Mother Smith's bidding. But Lucy was too infirm and old to make the hard trek west.

Lucy Mack Smith died on May 14, 1856, in the Mansion House in Nauvoo, at the age of eighty-one. The Prophet Joseph blessed his mother in these words:

"And blessed is my mother, for she is a mother in Israel, and shall be a partaker with my father in all his patriarchal blessings . . . Blessed is my mother for her soul is ever filled with benevolence and philanthropy, and notwithstanding her age, she shall yet receive strength and be comforted in the midst of her house, and thus saith the Lord, she shall have eternal life."⁴²

Her example has relevance and inspiration for the members of her family today. Faith to honor our ancestors through genealogy; Faith to teach our children to love and honor God; Faith to honor our husbands and the priesthood; Faith to hold "never-to-be-forgotten" family nights; Faith in ourselves as parents and homemakers; Faith to endure trials and tribulations with steadfastness to the gospel of Truth; Faith to give all that we have to help build our eternal family; Faith to bear our solemn witness of God's truths to our families and fellowmen everywhere; and Faith to lead those souls of infinite worth, by example and precept, back to their eternal Father and Family.

The family is the most important relationship there is in this life.

"It is easy for us to love people in a faraway country because they make no demands on us. One really tests the principle of love when he is third in line to brush his teeth in a busy family bathroom! What I admire about the Church is its insistence that you and I face up to the principle of love where it really can be tested--in our homes!" -Brother Neal Maxwell

It is a tough, nitty-gritty job loving and raising twelve children. It hasn't been easy and we have had temporary failures and tribulations along with the successes, but Faith in the Family and a complete dependence upon the Lord brings us comfort and help.

INVESTMENT

Today I watched the rosebush bear her bud
And at the moment I wished
The sweet mythe were true
That I could pluck you my child
From some green vine
But now as you breathe
Through flesh that was mine
Gently in the small circle of my arms
I see the wisdom of Investment.

The easy gift is
Easy to forget
But what is bought
With coin of pain
Is dearly kept.

Carol Lynn Pearson

At the Mrs. America Pageant several years ago, I discovered three important things. First, that my husband and family meant so much more to me than the honors of men. Second, Mrs. America was rather a commercial money-making project for the owner of the pageant. Third, happiness is being second runner-up to Mrs. America and never having to relinquish the titles of Mother and Homemaker, for my place was at home with my husband and family and not traveling all over the country flipping pancakes and advertising clothes and stoves for someone else! The only crown I want is an eternal one set with twelve precious children and one prince of a husband to be by my side forever.

I know that Jesus Christ lives today. He has given me a personal witness just as I have a witness that Joseph Smith was his Latter-Day Prophet.

I love all of you and ask the Lord to bless you and help you to honor and follow the example of Faith in the Family that was set by your marvelous Grandmother, Lucy Mack Smith.

I know God lives and He loves you and cares deeply about this great family. We are all his children and the Lord wants us to love each other as He loves us and I pray that we will do this. I bear this testimony in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

FOOTNOTES

1 ^{p.} 409 (VES)	11 ^{p.} 32 (HJS)	21 ^{p.} 141 (HJS)	31 ^{p.} 543-45 (SMLIT)
2 ^{p.} 160 (HJS)	12 ^{p.} 204 (NEH)	22 ^{p.} 141 (HJS)	32 ^{p.} 191 (HJS)
3 ^{p.} 406 (VES)	13 ^{D. & C.} 135:3	23 ^{p.} 409 (VES)	33 ^{p.} 199 (HJS)
4 ^{p.} 28 (NEH)	14 ^{p.} 34 (HJS)	24 ^{p.} 47 (WM)	34 ^{p.} 203-204 (HJS)
5 ^{p.} 406 (VES)	15 ^{p.} 34 (HJS)	25 ^{p.} 313 (HJS)	35 ^{p.} 215-216 (HJS)
6 ^{p.} 18 (NEH)	16 ^{p.} 36 (HJS)	26 ^{p.} 81 (HJS)	36 ^{p.} 1X 215-216 (HJS)
7 ^{p.} 6 (HJS)	17 ^{p.} 52 (HJS)	27 ^{p.} 83 (HJS)	37 ^{p.} 26 (DHC Vol. V)
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9 ^{p.} 4 (AA-JH)	19 ^{p.} 58 (HJS)	29 ^{p.} 204 (HJS)	39 ^{p.} 411 (VES)
10 ^{p.} 13 (HJS)	20 ^{p.} 63 (HJS)	30 ^{p.} 229 (HJS)	40 ^{p.} 324-325 (HJS)

FOOTNOTES KEY

NEH - New England Heritage of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Richard L. Anderson
 VES (R.L.D.S.) - Journal of History, articles by Vida E. Smith
 HJS - History of the Prophet Joseph Smith by Lucy Mack Smith, ed. Preston Nibley
 WM - Women of Mormondon by Edward Tullidge
 AA-JH (R.L.D.S.) - Journal of History, articles by Audentia Anderson
 SMLIT - Scrapbook of Mormon Literature, ed. Ben E. Rich
 DHC - Documentary History of Church (L.D.S.)

BROTHERS OF JOSEPH: PROPHETS WITHOUT POWER

Paul M. Edwards

Joseph Smith had a message. Reduced to its simplest terms it was that men should love one another. And, as Snoopy so often says, the theological implications of this alone are staggering. Such love is a divine message, but it is also a human burden. The family of Joseph Smith carried the weight, the tensions, and the personal crises that the awareness of such a burden implies. Remember, if you will, that Lucy was, in addition to being wife and mother, also woman and as such had her private dream, cares, subtleties and humor, all of which often became subservient--but were not suppressed. Joseph Sr. also gave the final years of his life in the visionary expectations of his son. He too--obviously--was a dreamer, a visionary, a poet whose song was sung in the generations to come. But he was not lost in the son; only eclipsed as he sought the expression of his own response to the world he loved.

And the brothers--oh to be a brother in the shadow of great men. Think of yourselves for a moment. You are all aware in your secret places, of the trials--as well as the joys--of being born from the loins of greatness into the role of supported, helper, affirmer, and prophet without power. "They also serve who stand and wait," we are told, but they tend to get a little nervous about it. Think about being a brother (or a sister) for a moment. It is not without some reason that Greek word for brother--*adelphos*--has taken on other meanings. It was a brother about which Jonathan Swift wrote:

What poet would not grieve to see
his brother write as well as he.

Cain and Able, the Brothers Grimm and perhaps Harpo, Groucho and Chico Marx, and perhaps the other Smith brothers are about the only brothers who were able to reach fame and/or fortune simultaneously. Have you ever heard of the brother of Paul Revere, Walter Cronkite, or George McGovern? Are you aware of the contribution of Ian Fleming's brother Peter; Lyndon Baines Johnson's brother Josephia, or George Washington's brothers Butler, Lawrence, or Augustine?

Most men would not choose to be a brother and a few men would, if given the chance, choose to be the brother of the prophet. This is not said with criticism, certainly with no malice, but with some little insight that the role of prophet without power--and usually without honor--is not an easy role. And being a brother is not necessarily a bed of roses.

We are interested here with the male siblings of Joseph Smith, prophet and founder of the Mormon Movement. These siblings shared with their more famous brother the development of a movement which, as Richard Armour has put it, "became Saints later than everyone else and thus are known as the latter-day saints."

The parents, Joseph Smith and Lucy Mack, were married in January in 1796. Lucy Mack, who was some 20 or 21 years of age at the time, had been born in Cheshire County during her country's appeal to arms. Of New Hampshire stock she brought a background, so well described by Richard Anderson, which

was to be pronounced in its influence on Joseph the Prophet. The father of the family, Joseph Sr., was born into the Massachusettes of 1771, the decendent of long and relevant parentage which brought to completion the "heritage of New England."

As was the nature of their times the Smith's moved throughout the New Hampshire, Vermont and New York countryside in search of good crops, financial and cultural roots, and finally selected Palmyra where the family story was to become a religious saga. It was from here that Lucy, who was many things and very much a person, was to be remembered primarily as the mother of Joseph; where her sons and daughters became known as the brothers and sisters.

The senior Smith had ten, or was it eleven, children. There were probably three girls who are themselves the subject of a brief account here today. Of the boys really very little is known. Most histories of church and accounts of the events of those limited years of Joseph hardly contain enough of the brothers to index. The official histories of the related institutions list many references to the brothers indicating a wide participation, but they are amazingly uninformative concerning these young persons who grew within the shadow of Joseph's vision.

We can discover, for example, that Alvin died young. And it is always added, "before the house was built." We can learn from the message of the movement that Hyrum and Joseph appeared as ego and alter-ego and that Hyrum shared most of his brother's trials, and did in fact fall with him in Carthage. We know William was an independent sort who finally joined with the Reorganization in 1878; and that Don Carlos worked on the Times and Seasons in a dark building "near the river." But the brothers usually appear in such a way as to have no beginnings and no ends save their births and deaths; almost as if they lived in limbo awaiting some opportunity to be recorded by their brother's side.

We know some things because we know of the nature of family and we can learn if willing to read the family as a family. We know that Smiths do not easily rest in the background of events; we know that the same firm character that drove Joseph on in the fact of every adversity also drove Hyrum; and that Don Carlos shared his emotions as William did his stubbornness. We are told that it was a happy family but we also know that it was strong-willed family and the disagreements of siblings were exaggerated by the seriousness of their concerns. We know that to a child they considered the position of the brother and supported him in varying degrees. Yet we also know that on occasion the brothers were in open opposition to Joseph and one, William, pretty much made a career in playing the devil's advocate--carrying this opposition on even while working within the direction of the prophet's son Joseph III.

We know from the records and reminiscence that they were large men. The Smiths' have always been large men. Yet Don Carlos was weak in body and Samuel Harrison fought a life long battle against fatigue; and sickness was a family affair. The family seemed plagued with diseases and sickness that would have disillusioned Job.

They were brothers sharing the same environment and the same family relationship that gave their more famous member his sensitivity to direction. They did not rise from barren ground so that Joseph might have the full

vestage of their roots, but as men in a generation to which a message was entrusted. Tolstoy tells us that men of history--the great men--are often confused figures of their age and that their greatness is thrust upon them by events and by eons. That it is not, as they themselves often believe and others proclaim, the product of their own particular greatness. This, of course, in no way diminishes the creative nature of individualized man, or the idealistic contribution a man's sensitivities make to his generation, but it does give pause to wonder--as I suggest the brothers may have wondered--why Joseph of all the brothers was called upon to carry this burden and to be the bearer of this promise.

Why Joseph when Don Carlos obviously shared, if he did not exceed his sensitivity and creativeness? William was far more involved in the practical character of keeping a kingdom alive? Hyrum so shadowed Joseph's times and deeds that it is difficult to view one from the other. The vast New England heritage, was William's and Samuel's as well; the family concerns and training that led Joseph to seek divine direction, were also Alvin's. The stuff men are made of--the material from which prophets are formed--called them all. What vision did Joseph seek that was not leading Hyrum; what call for meaning in a disordered world drove Joseph that was not also driving William; what need for the expression of human concern and involvement in God's work taunted Joseph to his knees that had not already called Alvin to pray for insight or led Don Carlos to over-extension and thus exhaustion? But Joseph was chosen. The arguments concerning why, by whom, and for what, are the arguments of theologians and denominationalists, of which I am neither. Yet it was from his particular view that he gave birth to a belief that has enriched the people, freed some hearts, and brought God's purposes closer to mind.

Joseph's brothers were his environment, his companions, and his army. There was first of all the elusive record of Elvin, born 1797 just a year after the marriage of his parents. Many accounts, including Lucy Mack Smith's own account, list only the seven boys and three girls. However in the December 9 entry for 1834, in the patriarchal blessing book, Joseph Senior makes reference to the fact that there were three empty seats among the family that might well have been filled. Then he speaks of the "untimely birth" of a son, going on to say "my next son, Alvin, was taken, etc." indicating a first son to whom the name Elvin is sometimes associated. Lucy in one public talk indicates that she was the mother of 11 children and lists seven boys leaving the suggestion that this first born was a girl. In addition, though it is certainly no proof, I am told there is a copy of the geneological survey for Lucy and Joseph in the historian's office in Salt Lake City which lists the birth of an unnamed daughter in 1797. There are enough references that the searcher cannot help but wonder and few enough that no one--certainly not I--wants to make any claims.

Then there was Alvin, remembered usually as the first born, a child of Tunbridge, Vermont and a firm and contributing member of the early family. Born on the 11th of February, 1799, he was a "good son" and was remembered as an active and enthusiastic member of the family. He was a responsible fellow who considered it his job to help with the developing family. Sensitive to their economic plight, he worked with his father on the several farms they nurtured, and came with him to Palmyra, New York, as they began to clear acres. Lucy reported that he was a youth of "singular goodness of disposition--kind and amiable--." The family lived for awhile in a log cabin, but expecting permanency, they undertook to build a farm house. Alvin considered this his responsibility and proceeded to create "a nice pleasant

room for father and mother to sit." During the summer of 1824 he and his two younger brothers, Hyrum and Joseph, began construction on what is known as the frame dwelling.

There was not time to finish however, for on the 15th of November of that year Alvin became ill. His disease was described as bilious colic and one doctor who attended prescribed a dose of Calomel--that is mercury chloride--which was taken. This common remedy for stomach upset needed to be taken carefully, however, and Alvin took far too much. It quickly formed a lump in his stomach which acted as a blockage for his intestines. Despite all that was done, it could not be moved and gangrene set in around the blockage, causing his death within four days. His final concerns were with the home for his parents. He instructed Hyrum that the boys should complete the house as soon as possible. Speaking of his parents he instructed his brothers, "do not let them work hard as they are now in old age." To Joseph in whom he placed great trust, he admonished faithfulness.

It was Hyrum who, closest in the sibling relationship, was the one who seems to have shared with Joseph the means of the vision as well as the potentials of it. He was the brother who could and would work closely with Joseph in the development of the church. Hyrum was born at the turn of the century at Tunbridge on February 9, 1800. He attended the Academy at Hanover for a while in 1811, learning the basics, then worked with his father. He was baptised, along with his Mother and his brother Samuel into the Presbyterian Church and was very active in religious searching. On the 2nd of November, 1826, he married Jerusha Barden at Manchester, New York.

Following Joseph's light he was baptised in Seneca Lake, New York, in June of 1829. Committing himself to the work he signed as one of eight witnesses to the Book of Mormon. He was ordained to the High Council in September of 1834, and was called as a councilor to the President by the Far West Conference on November 7, 1837. He became Presiding Patriarch of "all the Church" in January of 1841, following the death of his father. He was, his mother said, "rather remarkable for his tenderness and sympathy."

On returning from Missouri on the business of the Church he learned his wife had died in Kirtland leaving their children Louina, Mary, John, Hyrum, Jerusha, and Sara, the last less than 15 days old. In December of 1841, he married Mary Fielding, the British born daughter of Joseph and Rachel Fielding.

Hyrum shared not only his brother's dream but his brother's persecution. He was sentenced to be shot in November of 1838, jailed for treason in the same year, ran and hid, and stood and fought, and whatever the occasions required. He was constantly involved in the plans Joseph developed, particularly in Nauvoo. He served as a member of the City Council; was on the committee whose responsibility it was to oversee the construction of the Temple, and he actually turned the first earth himself. He was selected to the committee to establish rules of behavior in the "House of the Lord." He served as a member of the First Presidency, on the Council of Fifty and was an agent for the Nauvoo Agricultural and Mechanical Association. He went East with his brother William in 1841, to gather bills of exchange for the payment of the Hotchkiss Loan. In January of 1841, Joseph had named Hyrum "Prophet and Revelator" for what must have been political reasons, but Hyrum did not seem to have taken the role too seriously, and Joseph certainly did not.

Hyrum suffered the same financial reverses the rest were facing as the work consumed more of their personal lives. With Joseph and Samuel he declared insolvency and filed for bankruptcy in April of 1842; one of his few "assets" being his stock in the Nauvoo Hotel Association.

And, as usual, Hyrum was with his brother when events in Nauvoo once again led them to jail, this time at Carthage and thus he experienced death of his brother on June 27, 1844. His widow, Mary Fielding Smith, followed Brigham Young westward, taking the children, Joseph and Martha. There she remarried and lived until September of 1852. Their son, Joseph, was later President of the Latter-day Saint Church in Utah.

Following in order of the male siblings was Joseph--the martyr of whom so much is known and so much written though I am still convinced no man knows his history! But since we all think we know him, I will go on.

Samuel Harrison Smith was also born in Turnbridge, Vermont, coming into the world on March 13, 1808. He was baptised in May of 1829, and became actively involved in the missions of the church. He was ordained as a member of the High Council in Kirtland on February 17, 1834. Shortly after, on the 13th of August, he married Boston born Mary Baily. They had three daughters, Susanna, Mary, and Lucy and one son, Samuel H. B.

Very much concerned with the vision Joseph was expressing, he served as one of the eight witnesses and as a major force in Kirtland and Far West. In Nauvoo he was elected as one of the city's four aldermen under the new charter of 1841, and as Assistant Aids-de-camp to Lt. General Joseph Smith of the Nauvoo Legion. Shortly after their arrival in Nauvoo, his wife Mary died of exposure and he married Levira Clark. Active in the mission field, he was the one who brought the message to, and converted Brigham Young's sister and her husband.

He was in the Carthage area when the mob attacked the jail and while trying to return to Nauvoo he was chased by a mob. After a long and apparently hair-raising chase he managed to escape them, but he was so sickened by the affair that he was an easy target for disease. He became ill and died on July 30, 1844. "His spirit forsook its earthly tabernacle" wrote Lucy, "and went to join his brothers and all the ancient martyrs in the Paradise of God." His widow and their children, Levira, Louisa, Lucy and J.C., followed the movement westward.

Ephriam was the name given to the new son who lived only 11 days in March of 1810.

William, the dissenter, was born in Royalton, Vermont on the 13th of March 1811. Lucy seemed partial to the 13th. First a Methodist, he joined his brother and was baptised into the church by Oliver Cowdrey in June of 1830. He married Caroline Grant, the daughter of Joshua and Thalia Grant, on Valentine's day of 1833. Two years later, on the 15th of February, 1835, he was called into the Quorum of Twelve, a position he held throughout Joseph's lifetime.

Always a dissenter and often in direct disagreement with Joseph, he was challenged on several occasions by the Conferences and, on one occasion in May of 1839, suspended from functioning in the office. While he was readmitted within weeks, he was nevertheless often suspected and on more than one occasion he and the prophet disagreed publicly.

An active man, he was founder and first editor of the Wasp which made its first appearance April 13, 1842. This was a weekly paper devoted to art, science, literature, trade, commerce, and general news. He served as a representative from Hancock County to the Illinois State Legislature and during the Winter of 1842-43 was instrumental in blocking attempts to repeal the Nauvoo City Charter. He served as the mainstay of the seven man delegation appointed to raise money for the Temple.

William was on a mission in the East when his brothers were killed and had barely returned to Nauvoo in the Spring of 1845 when his wife Caroline died. He shortly married Eliza Sanborn who was sixteen year his junior.

William was in opposition to the developments within the Church after Joseph's death and felt he should be a major part of the redirection that was necessary. Many reasons are given, and they are lost in the denominations, but his attempts to redirect the priesthood through a series of conferences met with little success.

Shortly after the death of his brothers he disassociated himself from the movement and served for awhile as a preacher in a baptist church either in Pennsylvania or New York. His basic Mormon beliefs however, led him to a point where he was about to be tried for heresy by his parishioners and he decided to return to the Mormon fold. He followed James Jesse Strang to Wisconsin and stayed there awhile but finally broke with him. He joined with Isaac Sheen in an attempt to renew the fellowship in Covington, Kentucky but this failed as well. He then tried Binghamton (Lee County, Illinois, near Amboy). This group flourished for awhile and a number gathered briefly. William then moved on to Iowa where he settled near Elkader, in Clayton County, and entered commerce. He did a little part-time preaching there and continued, somewhat indirectly, his pressure for his own claims. In 1849, he wrote to the Committee on Territories of the United States voicing strong opposition to Utah being admitted as a state.

Apparently relations with young Joseph (III) were better because they were in communication from 1856 on. In that year a documented case of William's indiscretion was given to Joseph and William hearing of it demanded that the evidence be returned to him. In talking this out, the two apparently resolved many if not all of their problems and came to a mutual respect. When the War between the States broke out, William responded by offering himself for enlistment in the cause of the Union. This was difficult because of his age but the Iowa Historical Society records indicate he misrepresented his age by ten years and served with the 126th Illinois Infantry, for three years. Following this he enlisted in the Veterans Corps (GAR) and served an additional four years. He was offered a chaplaincy of his regiment but decided instead to remain in the ranks.

In 1878, the Reorganization met in Plano, Illinois and Joseph III invited William to attend. Though differences remained, he associated himself with that movement there. In recognition of his apostolic calling, he was affirmed as a member of the Melchizedek priesthood and entered the high priest quorum.

His second wife, Eliza, died in 1889, leaving two sons and a daughter. Shortly thereafter he married Ida (of whom very little is known) who was to outlive him by nearly thirty years. William died on November 13, 1893, at Osterdock, Clayton County, Iowa, the last of the first family. The generation of the prophet was gone.

The last of the Smith brothers, Don Carlos, was born on the 25th of March 1816, and was baptised in June of 1830. Very active in the church he was ordained the First President of the High Priests Quorum on February 15, 1836. He married Agnes Coolbirth of Scarboro, Maine on the 30th of July 1835, while at Kirtland, Ohio. He undertook several missions for the young church and was in Tennessee when violence broke out in Adam-ondi-ahman and Far West.

By profession a printer, he had lost most of his equipment when he left Missouri. In Nauvoo, in the basement of an old warehouse near the river he and his business partner, Ebenezer Robinson, established the Times and Seasons. There were innumerable delays, including a long illness for both Don Carlos and Ebenezer, but finally in November 1839, it was printed. Finally a new shop was built with a hay story above the shop to house the families.

When the Nauvoo Legion was organized, Don, already a Lt. Colonel in the Hancock County Militia, was appointed as a Brigadier General of the Second Cohort the legion's foot troops. He also served as a councilor of the city of Nauvoo after the first election February 1, 1841.

On the 1st of August, 1841, Don became sick and grew steadily worse until he died on August 7. The diagnosis was "quick consumption" but fever was spreading in the area and would take several of the Smiths' including his young name sake, Don Carlos, the youngest of Joseph. Don Carlos left his wife and three daughters, Agnes, Sophronia C., and Josephine D., who moved west with Brigham Young. One daughter, Ina D. Coolbirth, was poet laureate of California, where she died in February of 1928.

These were the brothers, men of vision, soil in which the buds of hope took root; called and searching for the light but with feet upon the ground, walking the dusty road that men must walk. Echoing the words of Joseph but mellowing them, re-directing them, giving to them their own peculiar visions. This, of course, is the call of all brothers and sisters--to accept the voice within them and in their own vision to love one another.

EMMA HALE SMITH

Truman G. Madsen

Brothers and Sisters, some of you will wonder how I am entitled to be here at all. I can tell you that I feel myself adopted to the Smiths for many reasons. One is that I had "refrigerator rights" in the home of Brother Willard R. Smith who is here from the Hyrum Smith family. I lived only a block from his home and lived as many hours in his basement as in my own, and came to comprehend the depth of love that is somehow in the very blood of this family. I have since come to know and admire Patriarch J. Winter Smith and Brother J. Byron Smith. This morning, for the first time in my life, I shook hands with President Wallace Smith about whom I have heard much of admiration and praise. So I come on shirt tails, but they're wide and good ones.

May I say also by way of prologue that as I have recently re-read everything available to me on the life of Emma Smith, I have been impressed again with two certainties. First, that she truly and deeply, and to the end, loved the Prophet Joseph Smith. And second, he truly and to the end loved her. This is the beginning and end of what I have to say this morning.

To begin with then, just a brief word-portrait of the woman. All of you, I think, have seen the paintings of the Prophet and Emma that are now in the Auditorium. They reward careful study. Some might insist that they are primitive in the sense that they are anything but photographic. Yet one can see in her painting, among other things, that Emma Hale was a woman of clear complexion, dark hair, marked features, and as the painting shows, immaculate dress, suggesting her concern for cleanliness and detail. Her hands also are singular, very sensitive hands that have learned from early discipline, as other records show, the skills of sewing and homemaking arts. She was in maturity a beautiful woman, and one year older than the Prophet Joseph. Many years after her marriage to the Prophet, and in fact after his death, her son Joseph, III asked her the circumstances of her marriage to the Prophet. They are familiar to you. But just an outline: She visited (leaving home quite unaware that she would return to it married) the home of Josiah Stool in Harmony, Pennsylvania and the Prophet at that time was laboring in search of silver. At first meeting, Emma was drawn to the Prophet and he to her. One can ask in retrospect how much hinged on that simple attraction!¹ The Prophet himself had expressed a desire to his mother about marriage. It is clear he believed with his whole soul that more than his own decision of love but the inspiration of the Almighty led him to Emma Hale. One wonders if he knew of her early religiousness. It is recorded, for example that Isaac Hale, who at the time was in no way a Christian, but a Diest (which technically means that the Creator is no longer involved in his creation, but is a kind of Absentee Landlord) was walking in the woods one day and overheard his daughter, Emma, then approximately 7 years old, in prayer. She was beseeching the Lord for her father. The force of that prayer entered his heart and generated faith in Christ. It is interesting that the Prophet taught years later that every man who has a calling to minister to the inhabitants of the world was ordained to that very calling in the grand council before the world was. Sister Emma, in the last year of the Prophet's life, records a desire that she could yet perform all the work she covenanted to perform in the spirit world, suggesting that she understood that she too was foreappointed.

¹Saints Herald, Vol. 26, No. 12, p. 19.

Isaac Hale rigidly opposed the marriage of his daughter to this youngster whom they considered a ne'er do well and visionary. Apparently the prospect especially violated their feelings because they were persons of means and culture and had high expectations for Emma. But the opposition which was not without its softer moments, did not dissuade her. She said she preferred to marry Joseph to all other men on the earth. They were married January 18, 1827, and for three years were somewhat itinerant, living for awhile with the Prophet's parents in Manchester, then in a small cabin at Harmony.

May I now relate some of the phrases of a remarkable blessing. Parts of the Smith family blessings are contained in this family brochure. But the Prophet's father, Joseph Smith, Sr., whom we honor here, gave to Emma, his daughter-in-law, a patriarchal blessing at Kirtland in 1834. This is contained with other blessings of the Smith family, the record in the handwriting of Oliver Cowdery. The blessing sheds light both on Emma's past and her future. It begins by speaking of her as "blessed of the Lord" and proceeds to bless her, acknowledging that her "whole soul has been drawn out in prayer" in behalf of her husband, and that she has grieved for her father's house and longed for their salvation. He promises her that in due time they will receive the gospel, but only "by affliction." The Lord blesses her that she will have the capacity to rejoice and rejoice in her husband and that no one will be able to take away that power. He blesses her that though she has lost three other children that she shall yet "bring forth" other children to "the joy and satisfaction of her soul." He admonishes her to remember the condescension (and that's his exact word) of God in permitting her to be with the Prophet Joseph when he went to the hill and recovered the Nephite record. She is promised "many days," and that she shall rejoice in the glory that shall come upon the Prophet. All this he said to her in 1834.

Now let us return to the struggles of Harmony. Daniel Ludlow has examined what we have of the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon. Nineteen pages of it are in the handwriting of Emma Smith. During this period she was under the immediate scrutiny and criticism of her family, the Hales. They were difficult. One of the things they constantly threw up was that she was laboring for the Prophet in translating. But if so, why had she not seen the plates? That was rather troublesome. As she learned in Manchester, even many of the original Smith family did not have that privilege. But once back in Harmony, the taunts intensified. There was a period of family forbearance due, we assume, to first hand association with Joseph. But then the Hales listened to the poisonous conversation of "Uncle Max," as he is known, a Methodist, and they hardened.

Remember one of the questions asked over and over. "Is not Joe Smith a wife stealer?" You remember his reply. As the parents of the blind boy healed by Christ in the temple answered sceptics by replying "Ask him. He is of age!" so the Prophet said of Emma, "Ask her, she was of age." She married him with her mature eyes open. And they were worthy of each other. Davis has remarked that though the Prophet missed the treasure of silver he found a greater treasure. But, the opposition became so intense that, in one of the stories, the thought is underlined that Emma might well have crumbled had it not been for a revelation--Section 24 of the Utah Doctrine and Covenants, Section 25 in the Reorganized Version. In that she is told "Murmur not because of the things which thou hast not seen for they are withheld from thee and from the world, which is wisdom in me." (verse 4) Many special promises were given in connection with Joseph: that she is to receive under his hand the gift of the Holy Ghost

(verse 4)--(this was after her baptism, but before her confirmation) that she would expound scriptures and that she would make a selection of sacred hymns for the blessing of the members of the Church. Each of those promises in turn was fulfilled.

In imagination we may picture the meeting they held, just the Prophet and Emma, and Newell Knight and his wife in a small cabin at Harmony. The Prophet made their own pure wine from the grape of the vine and with a little bread they held a sacrament service. They partook together and then he confirmed Emma and conferred upon her the Holy Ghost. He says in his journal that it was a time of great rejoicing; that the Spirit was poured out upon them; that their hearts were filled.¹ This was August, 1830. It was two months later in this setting that Mother Smith wrote of Emma's "unflinching courage, zeal and patience."

A letter from the Prophet written two years later from New York reflects the bond that had by now grown between them. New York is a place so filled with so many things that one can be easily distracted from thought of home. Just the opposite with Joseph! Age 26 (and shortly after the birth of Joseph III), he writes of the grandeur of the New York buildings, but comments that with few exceptions, iniquity is printed on the countenances of the people. Then this paragraph:

"I returned to my room to meditate and calm my mind. But behold, the thoughts of home, of Emma and Julia rushed upon my mind like a flood and I could wish for moments to be with them. My breast is filled with all the feelings and tenderness of a parent and a husband and could I be with you I would tell you many things." He goes on to say, "I feel for you. I know your state and that others do not. But you must comfort yourself knowing that God is your friend in heaven and that you have one true and living friend on earth, your husband."

Well, she leaned upon and loved the Prophet, and yet on the other hand she upheld and sustained him. Let me now introduce a few moments that give us a vivid understanding of what she had to bear. One of the phrases of the revelation to her was "Go with him at the time of his going." (D&C 24:6) Many were the times of his going. But how could she go great distances? In the total seventeen and a half years of their marriage, Emma, as you know, had nine pregnancies, almost never in a home she could call her own. It means also that she had to face not just the burden of her own household but being the wife of the Prophet and all together responsibility for so many things. He writes, "She had to be the one to bear for all." The visitor, the curious, the sick, the homeless, the recently-arrived convert, the dignitary, the sheriff and constable. That burden was often in his absence for he was called away--forced away--and even when nearby was often in a kind of 24-hour alert, present but in hiding.

Three examples illustrate: There was the loss of her twins at the Hiram Johnson home. S. Dilworth Young has written of that time with poetic compassion. Here was a mother, devastated after all the suffering of those

¹DHC, Vol. I, p. 108.

nine months, and two stillbirths. Then within days the newborn Murdock twins, left motherless, are placed beside her in the bed. The ache, the hurt of her heart and soul were answered. She was able to nurse them and love them. To how many others was she adopted mother?

Emma's Hebraic hunger for children shows up in the practice, during one period, of borrowing a little girl each morning and then returning her later in the day. On one occasion the mother, wondering if the Prophet would really know the difference, dressed and prepared a twin sister and handed her to him. He started out the door and then stopped and said, "No, this is not my little Mary." She smiled and said, "That's right. I just wanted to know," and handed him the familiar child.

Another glimpse: While the Prophet was in Liberty Jail embittered William McLelland came to Emma's home with another man and entered by force. Emma asked him why. "Because I can," he snapped. He ransacked and plundered, even took the Prophet's jewelry, such as there was, and all the bedclothing. Shortly Emma received word that Joseph, in that barren dungeon, was shivering in the cold of midwinter and needed blankets. She wept because she did not have even one blanket to send him.

The third glimpse is in Nauvoo. Eight negroes, if I have the story correctly, had joined the church nearly a thousand miles away from Illinois and now had gathered, wanting to be with the saints, traveling in the most abject circumstances, stripped of the vast vestiges of luggage, only with the clothing on their back. They knocked at Emma's door. The Prophet and Emma took them all in. Within a few days they had been placed and employment had been found. One girl, whose name was Jane, remained. And as the Prophet came downstairs one day she was crying. "What's the matter," he said. She replied, "I have got no home." "Emma," Joseph said, and Emma came down. "She says she has no home. Don't you think she's got a home here?" And Emma replied, "If she wants to stay here." And so Jane stayed, I think some four years with them-- not as a slave, not as a servant, but as a member of the family. Her testimony of the love of Joseph and Emma still rings true. (Young Woman's Journal, Vol. 16, p. 552)

Thus guests came for a day and stayed for a year, and Emma bore the brunt. She was not just hospitable and helpful, but born to congenial sharing. There is a scene as you know, involving William Phelps when she was serving and the Prophet described Emma as "kind and provident." "You know, I keep asking Emma for just some bread and milk. She loads the table with so many good things it takes my appetite." And Phelps said, "You ought to be like Napoleon Bonaparte. You ought to have a small table that will hold only as much as you want." And Emma replied, "Joseph is a bigger man than Napoleon. He can never eat without his friends." And to that the Prophet said, "Emma, that's the wisest thing I ever heard you say." Wise because true. Admirable because Christ-like.

One has to reckon also with the sheer psychological burdens of life with Joseph. One can speak of some costs as calculable, and without nervendings. Suspense, anxiety, dread are something else. Time and again Emma saw Joseph subpoenaed, saw him threatened, attacked, arrested, dragged away, and listened to rumor's thousand tongues. There were times when she was told he would not come back alive, times when they threatened to kill him within fifteen minutes. But again and again the Prophet returned. Perhaps Emma had come to think of him as almost invincible. But if you can picture a woman with two babes in arms

and two children clinging to her skirts in the dead winter, traveling desperately from Missouri to Quincy, Illinois, you will know only one scene of the many when her own life was in jeopardy. How could she sustain a man who called down such wrath?

Is there first-hand evidence of her feelings? And of her maternal endurance? Dr. Richard L. Anderson who spoke to you last night and Dr. Robert K. Thomas who is a student of literature will co-edit a book shortly with several of Emma's letters. A few sentences will tell you more than any description of mine.

Kirtland, May 3, 1837: This is the year of the failure of the bank.

"The situation of your business is such as is very difficult for me to do anything of any consequence. Partnership matters give everybody such an unaccountable right to every particle of property. . ."

She goes on to say she's unable even to get to the wheat or money he left her for bread.

"Brother Parish has been very anxious for some time to get the little mare. I do not know but it would be your will to have him have her, but I have been so treated that I have come to the determination not to let any man or woman have anything whatever without being well assured that it goes to your own advantage."

She was trudging on as his best representative and struggling with the question of whom to trust.

And then this, May of 1837:

There was a young man with Brother Baldwin and father's folks took him in while Brother Baldwin was gone. And he is here yet and is very sick with the measles, which makes much confusion and trouble for me--and is also the subject of much fear and anxiety unto me, as you know that neither of your little boys have ever had them. (meaning measles) I wish it could be possible for you to be at home when they are sick. You must remember them, for they all remember you, and I could hardly pacify Julia and Joseph when they found out you were not coming home soon. Brother Robinson must tell the rest as he is waiting, so adieu my dear Joseph."

Just one more. This is from Quincy, March, 1839:

"Having an opportunity to send by friend, I make an attempt to write. But I shall not attempt to write my feelings altogether [this is while the Prophet is in jail at Liberty] for the situation in which you are--the walls, bars and bolts, rolling rivers, running streams, rising hills, sinking valleys, and spreading prairies that separate us and the cruel injustice that first cast you into prison and still holds you there, with many other considerations places my feelings as far beyond expression. [And now you perceive something of the literary gift that Emma transmitted to her family.] Were it not for conscious innocence

and the direct interposition of devine mercy, I am very sure I never should have been able to have endured the scenes of suffering that I have passed through." "But (she continues) I still live and am yet willing to suffer more if it is the will of high heaven that I should for your sake."

That is an authentic wife; and that is genuine literature.

Such a mind she had, and such understanding. In the last year of the Prophet's life, 1844, she apparently asked him to give her a blessing. It was understood that he would if he could, but then the pressures--he was often in hiding, practically in exile--led him to say to her, "Emma, write the promises you would most seek in your heart. Write them down, and I will sign them and that will be your blessing from me." We have that document and it is revelatory not simply of the Emma we have seen up to this point, but the Emma at that point--in the final crisis--in what the Prophet himself called "the seventh trouble." And one needn't look deeply to see that these requests express or reveal something of the Prophet's insight as well as her own. They had become intertwined. For example, she starts by saying, "First of all, I would crave the richest of heaven's blessings, wisdom from my Heavenly Father." (The Prophet had said, "I desire the wisdom and learning of heaven alone.") "So that whatever I might do or say, I could not look back at the close of the day with regrets nor neglect the performance of any act that would bring a blessing." She was a perfectionist. Then this: "I desire the Spirit of God to know and understand myself." (The Prophet had said in April Conference that very year, "If men do not comprehend the character of God they do not comprehend themselves.") Then she added "That I might be able to overcome whatever of tradition or nature that would not tend to my exaltation in the eternal worlds." (The Prophet had said, you recall, that in order to obtain an heirship with Christ one must "put away all his false traditions.") As for nature, she later says that she would wish to overcome "the curse that was pronounced upon the daughters of Eve." (For the Prophet, again, that curse is somehow upon the earth, a fall from an original paradisaical state and was in process of slow removal. The nature of the earth with the nature of man would be literally transformed and changed.) "I desire a fruitful, active mind that I may be able to comprehend the designs of God, when revealed through his servants without doubting." (She had heard the Prophet testify of Christ's admonition "Look unto me in every thought. Doubt not, fear not.") She yearned, I'm sure, to win over the doubts and fears that all of us face. "I desire the spirit of discernment which is one of the promised blessings of the Holy Ghost. I desire prudence that I may not, through ambition, abuse my body and cause it to become prematurely old and careworn but that I may wear a cheerful countenance." Marvelous request. (She must have known the prophetic promise of the renewing of body and about "a glad heart and a cheerful countenance.") Under the burdens she bore, the sicknesses she endured, and the care of others she faced, she may have felt prematurely old. Some have said that the Prophet lived a thousand years in 38. If so, what of his wife? She prays that she might honor and respect her husband and ever have his confidence and act in unison with him. Then she says, "Finally, I desire that whatever be my lot through life, I may be enabled to acknowledge the hand of God in all things." Here is the echo of the classic line (in Section 59), "In nothing doth man offend God, or against nothing is His wrath kindled, save those who confess not His hand in all things." "All things" is an inclusive phrase; so was her faith.

Thus we have something from her own hand of the mind and the spirit and the aspiration of Emma Smith.

There are a few fragments in our literature of how she appeared to others. Glimpses, first impressions, anecdotes. There is, for example, a comment of convert William H. Walker, made after he came to the Smith household a kind of an orphan. He knocked at the door, but then he overheard. They were having a devotional (we've learned that they did this three times daily). Emma led them in singing, the family and the guests, and then had family prayer. "I thought," he said, "I had never heard such heavenly music."¹ Or again, the recollections of one of the brethren who had been in his saddle five days and nights trying to help the Prophet in 1842. And eight miles outside of Nauvoo as they ride in, exhausted, there is Emma, on horseback, bringing the Prophet a change of clothing. He speaks of Emma's endurance and nobility. There there was a comment of a man (Bolton) who came upstream on the "Maid of Iowa" and then shortly departed. As the boat pulled away, he could see the Prophet standing there holding one of his children, perhaps Alexander, perhaps Frederick, and he wept, this man, saying "I shall not see his like again." He felt the Prophet's familial love tangibly just looking at him from the ship. There is a comment of one of the Partridge sisters that Emma was "regal," meaning almost queen-like. There is a comment of a dentist who apparently boarded at the home when it was a clinic and a ward and a hotel. He had never known such satisfaction in the presence of human beings as he had within the Smith family.

We have the recollection of Benjamin F. Johnson that one Sunday he sat in the Prophet's household and down the stairs came his children, freshly dressed from their mother. And the Prophet embraced them all together and said, "Benjamin, look at these children. How could I help loving their mother; if necessary I would go to hell for such a woman."²

And then there are the glimpses provided by the sisters of Emma Smith in the Relief Society in which she was the "elect lady." (The Prophet apparently explained that that phrase meant she had been foreappointed to this leadership position--none more gifted in compassionate service.) Would we not expect--even among the saintly--some envy in their private journals? Yet many of them left comments--some fifty years later. They marveled. Emily Dow Partridge says in the last entry I can find (this is as late as 1883), "She was a good woman. Let Emma come up and stand in her place. Let the Lord be with her." Now that expresses something. Any impression that can last that long is real and deep.

So we come to the last days when the Prophet is forced back to Carthage at the Governor's insistence. The first insight as to how deeply he felt for his family is that for them he gave up his wish to speak one last time to the saints (he had even alerted Porter Rockwell to blow the horn that would gather the saints together to the Temple area). He spent most of his last remaining hours in Nauvoo with them. If we can trust the journal of Edwin Rushton, the morning he and Hyrum mounted their horses and began the journey, the Prophet stood at the door and three times said "Emma, can you train your sons to walk in their father's footsteps?" All three times she replied, "Oh, Joseph, you are coming back." She had that faith, as did Hyrum, that all would go well. The Prophet in contrast felt strongly he would not return alive. Then, after those three farewell scenes, and nearing Carthage, they turned around by

¹It took her five years to perfect her collection of hymns.

²"Emma, the wife of his youth, to me, appeared the queen of his heart and of his home." p. 3.

request to return to Nauvoo in order to surrender the State-held arms. Again the Prophet returned to his home. This time John Taylor and his wife, Leonora, were present and overheard the conversation. The Prophet, who did not relish that solitary journey, plead with Emma to come with him. But she was nearly five months pregnant with David Hyrum and was also concerned about contracting the "ague" as they call it. (something close, I suspect to what we mean when we speak of chills and fever). He plead with her anyway, come anyway, even at that risk. She felt she just could not leave. As he turned away, according to Leonora Taylor, he said "Well, if they do not hang me I don't care how I die."

You have all read his final letters to her, dictated to Willard Richards by candlelight. He speaks of the "last extremity;" he tried to imply that he didn't expect it to arise, spoke of his right to defend his brethren and himself, spoke of her as his dear and beloved Emma.

Now comes the shrill voice of Porter Rockwell on the night, late night, apparently, of June 27th. "They killed them. They killed them. They killed Joseph and Hyrum!" The next day as she entered the room where Joseph and Hyrum lay in state, she fainted--some accounts say five times. There was in that hour a most bleak sense of alienation and separation of her life. So shocking. If Mother Smith had known in the early days of her life that five of her family, namely Alvin, her husband Joseph, Sr., Don Carlos, Joseph, Hyrum, and Samuel--that makes six, would actually die in the cause; if Emma, too, had known how often she would stand at the graveside, could they have endured? Perhaps that is one link in their lasting love for each other. Emma had lost her husband still in the bloom of life, called by his enemies "Old Joe Smith," and he was only thirty-eight--the final crushing blow. She rallied, she concerned herself with her children first and foremost, she clung to their security and protection; and thus, let us be clear, kept the most vital of her covenants. And that is unanswerable testimony of her lasting feeling for the Prophet.

Of the long and many days' affliction left, I forbear. There is a recollection of her son, Alexander, which I should like to quote:

Just before she passed away she called, "Joseph, Joseph," I thought she meant my brother. He was in the room, and I spoke to him, and said, Joseph, mother wants you. I was at the head of the bed. My mother raised right up, lifted her left hand as high as she could raise it, and called, "Joseph." I put my left arm under her shoulders, took her hand in mine, saying, Mother, what is it, laid her hand on her bosom, and she was dead; she had passed away.

And when I talked of her calling, Sr. Revel, who was with us during our sickness, said, "Don't you understand that?" "No," I replied, "I do not." "Well, a short time before she died she had a vision which she related to me. She said that your father came to her and said to her, Emma, come with me, it is time for you to come with me. And as she related it she said, I put on my bonnet and my shawl and went with him; I did not think that it was anything unusual. I went with him into a mansion, a beautiful mansion, and he showed me through the different apartments of that beautiful mansion. And one room was the nursery. In that nursery was a babe in the cradle.

She said, I knew my babe, my Don Carlos that was taken away from me. She sprang forward, caught the child up in her arms, and wept with joy over the child. When she recovered sufficiently she turned to Joseph, and said, Where are the rest of my children? He said to her, Emma, be patient, and you shall have all of your children.

How much of Emma was in Joseph and how much of Joseph in Emma!

Brothers and Sisters, I am not a Smith. But in my soul there burns a testimony that the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has been poured down upon the earth through this family. In my soul is a testimony that there is no family in the history of the earth who have been more rich in their inheritance of the Christ-like capacity to forgive men, even the most vicious of men; and to overcome this world, even the most depraved and difficult part of this world; and to hold on to each other in the bonds of eternal love. I have witnessed and been blessed by this love in my own life. I am grateful to have reviewed the life of one woman who bore unbearable things to the end. And pray that her example may inspire all of us to do as did the Prophet--to love her. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

THE TRAGEDY OF DAVID H. SMITH

F. Mark McKiernan

The September 7, 1904, Saints Herald carried a message of sorrow, the death of David H. Smith. The obituary writer expressed sympathy for the sufferings endured by the man who decades before was called the "Sweet Singer of Israel." David Hyrum Smith was the posthumous son of the martyred Mormon Prophet; David too had become a religious leader, a member of the First Presidency, a counselor to his brother Joseph. He had been the foremost artist, poet, and author of hymns in the early Reorganization. David was one of the best-loved men of the infant religious organization. However, since 1877, he had been a patient at the Northern Illinois Hospital for the Insane at Elgin, and there he died.

David H. Smith has largely been neglected by the historians of the Restoration movements with the exception of Paul Edwards' article in BYU Studies.¹ David Smith should be given his rightful place in history as a religious leader, author, and artist. His years of confinement should be examined in terms of twentieth century medical knowledge in the belief that the stigma of insanity might be removed from his name.

The Nauvoo in which David Smith grew up was a town filled with empty buildings, and those that were occupied were filled by men who did not build them; in short, a city of shattered dreams. His painting of the unfinished Nauvoo House expressed his realization of a different kind of Nauvoo than the kingdom on the Mississippi over which his father had once dominated. But David was his mother's child, and he was raised in post-Mormon Nauvoo. Born on November 17, 1844, he would become one of the Mormons who would not go west. His education was rudimentary, but his talent and powers of observation were superb.

The story of young David is very much the story of Nauvoo in the 1850's and 1860's; Nauvoo was simply a Mississippi river town whose greatness had passed her by. It was there a young boy painted buildings erected in a more energetic time. Down the river from his home he found a secluded place overlooking the Mississippi where a stream cascaded over the limestone to form a pool within the protective shade of large oak trees. This place is known as David's Chamber, and it is the subject of one of his finest nature paintings.

His oil paintings with their vivid colors were about the things he loved: nature, with its fascinating flowers and sea shells, the city of Nauvoo with its Mormon architecture, his mother, and a plump girl in a red dress by the name of Rosland Newberry. His paintings were more photographic than impressionistic; thus, he left a detailed knowledge of Mormon Nauvoo for future generations.

His poems never have been fully collected nor published, but his major work Hesperis did appear in 1875. These poems were taken from his journal during the years before his confinement. They illustrate his concerns: his love for life, his exultation in the beauty of his Master's handiwork in nature, a great love for his family, and his sense of religious mission.

She said, I knew my babe, my Don Carlos that was taken away from me. She sprang forward, caught the child up in her arms, and wept with joy over the child. When she recovered sufficiently she turned to Joseph, and said, Where are the rest of my children? He said to her, Emma, be patient, and you shall have all of your children.

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A journal entry dated August 12, 1872 reads:

Oh I miss you gentle friend
And my soul cries out for thee
When shall my weary waiting end
That brings you near to me

When I wander on the hills
To enjoy the flooding light
Still I miss you: Were you there
Even the sunshine were more bright

Throughout David's later works there is the ever-present awareness that he is falling apart. He wrote from Iowa in January, 1872:

I will not falter in the toil, nor pause;
Only, my spirit somehow understands
This mournful truth--I am not what I was.

David's religious yearnings and faith were best expressed in the hymns that he wrote and sang. The struggling congregations of the tiny Reorganization were thrilled when the fifth son of the Prophet raised his tenor voice and sang his hymns for them. In October of 1863 he stood during a prayer meeting at Manti, Iowa, and sang "The Pebble Has Dropped in the Water."

Let us shake off the coals from our garments
And arise in the strength of our Lord
Let us break off the yoke of our bondage
And be free of the joys of the world
For the pebble has dropped in the water
And the waves circle round with the shock
Shall we anchor our barks in the center
Or drift out and be wrecked on the rocks

They called him with great affection the "Sweet Singer of Israel." They loved him, and he returned this emotion of Christian fellowship which is best expressed in one of the hymns most associated with his name.

You may value the friendship of youth and of age
And select for your comrades the noble and sage
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master the children of God

A hymn which seems to sum up his inner conflict of being called to perform the seemingly impossible is the haunting "Let Us Pray for One Another."

Let us pray for one another
For the day is fading fast
And the night is growing darker
while the scourage goes flaming past
We can see it in the darkness
Closing round our narrow way
And the snares are growing thicker
For each other let us pray

If David had died in 1875 he probably would have been remembered as a talented young man cut down in his prime; the Sweet Singer of Israel. However, he did not die until August 29, 1904, and the stigma of insanity robbed him of his rightful place in history. His sufferings in confinement for 27 years were a horror story all their own.

This was a man whose poetry expressed a great deal of homesickness on his missions to Utah and the Pacific slope. His sketch of his wife Clara in his journal illustrated how he saw her and how much he loved her. This sensitive, brilliant, compassionate, and very ill man was forced by necessity to spend nearly three decades in a most cruel type of confinement, a 19th century asylum for the insane. The obituary writer called it "a fate more cruel than death." Each day David had periods when his mind was clear, but yet he often lost his powers of reason. The plight of being sane even for short periods of time while being forced to remain in such an institution, uphemistically called a hospital, must have been a fate more cruel than death.

It is the author's opinion that by 20th century medical standards David would not have been considered insane, but rather chronically ill with functional hypoglycemia, which is a malfunction of the pancreas. The symptoms that at the time of his confinement were considered manifestations of Classic Mania are also those symptoms endured by individuals who have too much insulin in their bloodstream due to hypoglycemia. The effect of a hypoglycemia attack is similar to an insulin shock reaction experienced by a diabetic.

This type of speculation concerning the illness of a person long since dead is similar to several studies regarding other historic characters: Woodrow Wilson, Sigmund Freud, and George III of England. It is based on the concept that a man's physical condition, particularly a serious illness, affects his actions. Anything which influences the behavior of public men is germane to the study of history. This type of history, by its nature, often suffers from a lack of adequate medical information having been recorded.

The only way to prove whether David had hypoglycemia would be to administer a six-hour glucose tolerance test, which would measure his blood sugar curve. He died in 1904, and the disease was not discovered until two decades later. It cannot be proven that he had hypoglycemia; however, given his journal entries it will be most difficult to prove that he did not have this disease.² It is at best a hypothesis. Any study of this neglected man should shed light on his contributions and his tragedy.

The stigma that has accompanied insanity has always been very real in America. This fear in the 1870's was akin to the mournful cry of lepers--unclean, unclean. However, the Tomas Eagleton affair illustrates that misunderstanding concerning mental illness has not abated with time.

David's tragedy struck at the hearts of those who knew him. He was prayed for in mass meetings, congregations fasted that he might be healed, the elders came and administered to him; but nothing improved his malady. The obituary writer of the Herald summed up the frustrations of the people when he wrote:

Great hopes were entertained by many that sooner or later there would be an interposition of Divine Providence

which would release Bro. David from his trouble and permit him to assume the position in the church for which he was so eminently qualified. This hope was not shared by his brother, President Smith, who seemed to foresee but one ending, which would be the final release of death.

Joseph Smith III attributed his brother's illness to a high fever he contracted in Utah because he had never been the same since. However, such brain damage would not allow for the periods of brilliance and creativity that David illustrated later, even while at Elgin.

The obituary writer summed up the feelings of David's many friends when he wrote: "the causes leading to such a condition will probably not be known until the great judgment day." It is the purpose of this paper to probe that "condition" to see if the causes can be known before the Day of Judgment. David Smith's death certificate states that the immediate cause of death was Diabetes Mellitus, and that chronic mania was a contributory cause. Earlier medical records also indicated that he had diabetes; however, it is very doubtful that anyone could have lived over two decades with active diabetes without insulin. David was visited several times by well-wishers, and they reported on his condition. Their testimony was that he was calm and his mind was clear after a meal, but then he drifted off. His speech was affected and he had become absent minded. When he ate he got better. If he had diabetes he would have eaten and gotten worse not better. This is a very definite symptom of low and not high blood sugar.

It is not the purpose of this paper to go through the macabre symptoms of a very ill man, David Smith, in minute detail. Historic figures as well as living human beings deserve the right not to be humiliated by a lack of privacy when it serves no constructive purpose. Suffice it to say that David recorded in his journal most of the classic symptoms of hypoglycemia.

He was committed to the asylum because he was a custodial case, and of that condition there can be no doubt regardless of the cause of his affliction. David returned from his mission to Utah in March, 1870, because he was incapacitated by illness. This malady, as it was called, continued to be present but somewhat controlled until July 1874 when it was admitted that David was mentally ill. In 1876, after residing with Alexander on his farm, it was considered that David was more of a responsibility than the family could manage. He was committed January 17, 1877.³

There have been many interpretations concerning David's illness and the reasons for his hospitalization. The bitterness between the two rival factions of Mormonism spilled over into this tragedy of the Smith family. Joseph was accused by some Mormons of having his brother committed because he was a pretender to the presidency. A variation was that David was declared insane because he was going to become a Mormon. These are the "conspiracy theories." They are unfounded. Some individuals of the Reorganization believed that David was poisoned by the Mormons when he was in Utah. Joseph, to his credit, refused to believe this slanderous story. It too is unfounded.

Some believed that David was under too great a personal pressure to achieve things for his faith, and this was compounded by the fact that his

missions to Utah were failures. According to this argument his mind snapped due to tension which was self-made. The theory is a good one, but it is not provable. There is little doubt that David suffered from stress and tension of his own making; yet, this could support the hypoglycemia thesis. Tension is enough to cause the pancreas to malfunction if one suffers from functional hypoglycemia.

The life of David Smith ended in tragedy. If his condition were caused by hypoglycemia the tragedy is all the greater. Because a handful of nuts, an apple, and another slice of meat would probably have been enough to control his low blood sugar. How much greater his contribution could have been had he been sound in body and mind. Even so, a wealth of poems, hymns, sketches, and oil paintings remain hitherto neglected and unknown. When one reads Hesperus or sings the mournful hymn "The Unknown Grave," one can glimpse the intertwining threads of brilliance and tragedy that composed the life tapestry of the Sweet Singer of Israel.

¹Paul Edwards, "The Sweet Singer of Israel: David Hyrum Smith," BYU Studies, Vol. 12, No. 2, pp. 171-184.

²David Smith's journal is part of a private collection belonging to his grandson Lynn Smith.

³F. Mark McKiernan has a collection of medical records concerning David Smith.

THE THREE SISTERS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH
SOPHRONIA, KATHERINE, AND LUCY

Lynn E. Smith

We Pay Our Tribute to Joseph and Lucy

To honor the family of Joseph and Lucy is to become aware of our heritage in them. Behind the drama of their lives can be seen the divine influences that shaped their destiny and the divine resources that strengthened and sustained them in their frustrations. In spite of hardship, travail, reverses and tragedy they achieved a level of personal and family living epochal in stature and worthy of our emulation.

They left us no extensive land holdings or silver treasure hoard. They left us a heritage of far greater merit than financial wealth. The divine influences and resources operative in their lives are available to us, to you and to me, as we face the circumstances and frustrations of our own lives. Just as the covenants and promises of God to Abraham, to Isaac, to Jacob and to Joseph were extended to their seed from generation to generation, so also are the covenants and promises experienced by this family available to us today. Joseph (Sr) is indeed the Patriarch of our clan and Lucy is our Matriarch.

Introduction:

Research into history is indeed a fascinating enterprise. After extensive and meticulous search, bits of information regarding time, person, place and event collected at random accumulate. With study these bits of information like bits of colored ceramics begin to assume a form and pattern. Suddenly the matrix of data, like a mosaic fashioned from bits of colored tile blossoms forth and history becomes full blown, colorful, dynamic, intriguing.

In a study of the Joseph Smith Sr. and Lucy Mack family with special attention focused upon the women-folk, certain aspects of the historical process become recognizable. First, we observe, history tends to record the acts of men and second, the women-folk go relatively unnoticed and unrewarded by recognition. It is our intention to study the records of the Smith family so that we might better understand the role of its women-folk. This study has brought me the realization that the role of the women-folk of the Smith family is not one of passive supportivity but rather one of dynamic sharing in and of shaping of the events of history. The role of the women-folk in shaping the destiny of the family, of Joseph Jr. and of the church was indeed a positive and dynamic role.

Recognizing the need for additional research on the topic assigned to me, I present this paper, inviting those having additional information to feel free to share their knowledge. I also express my regret that the time available to me does not permit me to give full exposition of all the knowledge that has been available to me. I have therefore selected certain episodes in the experiences of the family that will best acquaint you with the family and the role of the three sisters of Joseph the prophet and their influence upon his destiny.

I would want you to be aware that I am a preacher (first) and a historian (second). I am interested in people, and families and in the dynamics of life

and environment that enable an individual to more adequately achieve the potential resident within him. I hope that my research technique will be adequate but more than this, I hope that I will be able to help you to become more aware of the divine and spiritual forces at work in the lives of those we honor this day.

The Three Sisters of Joseph the Prophet.

Joseph had three sisters,¹ Sophronia, Katherine and Lucy. Sophronia was born May 18, 1803 in Tunbridge, Vermont. Alvin and Hyrum were older than she. Joseph, Jr., and Samuel, Ephraim and William came next but Ephraim lived only eleven days. Katherine was born July 8, 1812 in Lebanon. Then Don Carlos came to the family and finally Lucy was born, July 18, 1821 in Palmyra, New York. Each of the three sisters received of the staunch, hardworking, New England characteristics of her mother, Lucy. Each was much like her mother yet each was an individual in her own right. Mary Salisbury Hancock, granddaughter of Katherine, reports:

"These young ladies were reared according to the strict standards of the era of the early republic. Their mother, Lucy Mack Smith, saw that there was no frivolity in their lives. They knew nothing of the easy, flirtatious way of life fashionable among the young people in some parts of the United States. They were Puritans and actual descendants of that devoted and God-fearing little band of Pilgrims who landed upon Plymouth Rock from the "Mayflower" in 1620. Their simple lives were one round of duty and devotion. They did the necessary work of the household, spending their time spinning, weaving, sewing and knitting. Their warm, substantial linsey-woolsey dresses were processed and completed by their own hands from the raw materials raised from their rocky New England farm."²

The New England and Religious Nature of the Smith Family.

The story of the Smith family can best be appreciated when one is fully aware of the quality of the religious life shared in mutuality by all of its members. In their parental homes of New England origin, both Joseph and Lucy had been taught to believe in God, in the divinity of His Son, Jesus the Christ, and in the Bible. To them the Bible was both education and entertainment. More than this the Bible functioned as a handbook for living. The genius of the Lucy Mack and Joseph Smith, Sr. family lies in the fact that the union of their religious natures produced a family environment through which the purposes of God could be achieved.

Sophronia's Illness.

The family moved from Royalton, Vermont to Lebanon, New Hampshire in 1811. William was born March 13, 1811, at Royalton, so he was less than a year old when the family moved. Shortly after the family moved a typhus fever epidemic raged through Lebanon. Sophronia, age 8, was first to take sick. Hyrum, age 11, attending an academy at Hanover, was next to come down with the typhus and went home to the family. Then Alvin, age 12, the oldest took sick, and one by one the other children took sick and became bedfast. Joseph, Jr., age 6, at the time, was sick for two weeks. Samuel was three years old and William was just a baby. Sophronia's illness was more severe than the others.

Lucy in her book Joseph Smith the Prophet and His Progenitors, tells the story:

"Sophronia had a heavy siege. The physician attended upon her eighty-nine days, giving her medicine all the while; but on the ninetieth day, he said she was so far gone, it was not for her to receive any benefit from medicine, and for this cause he discontinued his attendance upon her. The ensuing night, she lay altogether motionless, with her eyes wide open, and with that peculiar aspect which bespeaks the near approach of death. As she thus lay, I gazed upon her as a mother looks upon the last shade of life in a darling child. In this moment of distraction, my husband and myself clasped our hands, fell upon our knees by the bedside, and poured out our grief to God, in prayer and supplication, beseeching him to spare our child yet a little longer."

"Did the Lord hear our petition? Yes, he most assuredly did, and before we rose to our feet, he gave us a testimony that she should recover. When we first arose from prayer, our child had, to all appearance, ceased breathing. I caught a blanket, threw it around her, then, taking her in my arms, commenced pacing the floor. Those present remonstrated against my doing as I did, saying, 'Mrs. Smith, it is all of no use; you are certainly crazy, your child is dead.' Notwithstanding, I would not, for a moment, relinquish the hope of again seeing her breathe and live."

"At length she sobbed. I still pressed her to my breast, and continued to walk the floor. She sobbed again, then looked up into my face, and commenced breathing quite freely. My soul was satisfied, but my strength was gone. I laid my daughter on the bed, and sunk by her side, completely overpowered by the intensity of my feelings."

From this time forward Sophronia continued mending, until she entirely recovered.³

Throughout this experience Joseph Jr. is a participant in the family. He witnessed the result of faith and the intervention of divine providence at a time of great family need. Can you see through the lattice of the matrix of historical data to apprehend the role that Sophronia, his older sister, her illness, his mother's faith, the evident miracle of Sophronia's recovery, played in the development of a young lad preparing him for the divinely imposed destiny later to be placed upon his shoulders?

Katherine and Sophronia Hide the Plates of the Book of Mormon.

History records the surge of religious fervor that swept through the New England States in the early 1800's. The spiritual experiences of Joseph Jr. are also a matter of record. Joseph in a most open manner shared his every experience and enlightenment with family and friends. Even his enemies knew his every move.

The year 1827 was an eventful year for the family. On January 18, Joseph Jr. married ~~Emma~~ Hale and together they moved in with his father's family. On September 22, Joseph at last received the plates to begin his labor of trans-

lation. The family had shared with Joseph the excitement of anticipation of this event. Sophronia, now twenty-four, and Katherine, fifteen, were caught up in the excitement and dangers that ensued.

When Joseph was bringing the plates home from their hiding place, he was followed by some men who were determined to take the plates from him. Hearing an unusual commotion outside the house, Katherine opened the door and Joseph thrust a bundle into her arms, saying, "Take these quickly and hide them."⁴ He then dashed on into the darkness of the night. Katherine took the bundle, ran to her bedroom, threw back the covers, replaced the bedding and both Katherine and Sophronia climbed into bed and pretended to be asleep. The mob returned, searched the house but did not disturb the girls who seemed to be asleep.

The family functioned as a close knit cooperative unit. Everyone shared in the daily work load of farming and family enterprise. The girls shared in the excitement and dangers thrust upon the family because of the work that Joseph was called to do,

"Sophronia, the eldest of Joseph's sisters, grew into a tall and delicate-looking young lady with soft brown hair and big dark-brown eyes that seemed to look into one's very soul. She was serious, modest, and shy. Her contribution toward the building of a new home was what she knew best, the work of keeping up the house. Her hands were never idle as she busied herself with knitting or sewing or with the general housework."⁵

Calvin Stoddard, a young man well-educated and of exemplary habits, being interested in the Bible, visited often with the family. He also became interested in Sophronia. On December 2, 1827 he and Sophronia were married and moved to a home not far distant.

When the year 1827 drew to a close Katherine, being the oldest girl left in the family assumed much of the household work formerly accomplished by Sophronia. Working side by side with her mother she grew to be much like her.

The Family Gathers to Kirtland.

When the church was organized in 1830, the members of the family were among the first to join by entering the waters of baptism. Following the instruction of revelation to the church and its members, the family moved to Kirtland, Ohio. By this time the family of Joseph, Sr. had grown to be more than a single family. It was a family complex with close association between its various family units.

Sophronia and her husband Calvin moved to Kirtland to share in the work of the family and of the church. On January 5 of 1831, the Stoddard home in Kirtland was the scene of a wedding joining Katherine, the second daughter of Joseph and Lucy, to Wilkins Jenkins Salisbury. The marriage was performed by Sidney Rigdon.

Katherine and Sophronia soon took their place among the church women of Kirtland and organized them into groups to meet at certain locations where looms had been set up. They worked together, carding, spinning and knitting to make clothing for the men who worked building the temple.

The family of Sophronia and Calvin grew. On March 22, 1820, Eunice was born, and on April 12, 1832, Maria was born. Lucy, Sophronia's youngest sister, assisted in the Stoddard home in the care of little Maria, making it possible for Sophronia to continue in her work with the women of the church.

The family of Katherine also grew. Elizabeth was born April 9, 1832. Lucy, named after her grandmother, was born October 3, 1834, and Solomon was born September 18, 1835.

In the spring of 1836, Mary Duty Smith, the widowed mother of Joseph Sr. arrived in Kirtland. The story of this family reunion is recorded in the Journal of Elias Smith.

"The meeting between the grandmother and her prophet-descendant and his brother was most touching. Joseph blessed her and said she was the most honored woman on earth. She had desired to see all her children and grandchildren before she died, which with one exception was providentially granted her."

"Went to Fairport with Joseph and Hyrum after grandmother. Found her well and as smart as I have ever seen her for ten years. The day was fine after the rain of the preceding evening, and everything seemed to welcome her to this country. Joseph brought her in his carriage from Fairport, and Hyrum and some other brethren from Kirtland moved the brethren to Kirtland, where they all arrived safe toward evening. Grandmother was overjoyed at meeting her children, grandchildren, etc., in this place, whom she had not seen for many years, and many of them she had never had the satisfaction of beholding."

"The next day after her arrival at the house of the Prophet, where she was welcomed with every manifestation of kindness and affection, her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren--all who were residents of Kirtland, and two of her sons, who arrived with her--came together to enjoy with her a social family meeting. And a happy one it was--a season of pure reciprocal conviviality, in which her buoyancy of spirit greatly augmented the general joy. Let the reader imagine for a moment this aged matron, surrounded by her four sons, Joseph, Asael, Silas and John, all of them, as well as several of her grandsons, upwards of six feet in height, with a score of great-grandchildren of various sizes intermixed."⁶

Mary Duty had completely accepted the testimony of her grandson. She told Lucy, "I am going to have your Joseph (Jr.) baptize me and my Joseph (the patriarch) bless me."

Her wish to see her children and grandchildren had providentially been granted. She died quietly on May 27, 1836, and was buried in the grave yard north of the temple, her stone marked M.S.

For the sisters the years at Kirtland were happy years, busy years, eventful years, but tragedy was again experienced by the family. Shortly after the death of the grandmother, Sophronia's husband, Calvin, took sick with consumption. Sophronia spent her time caring for him and was unable to continue her work with Katherine and the other women. On November 19, 1836, Calvin died, leaving Sophronia with the care of three small children.

The Smith Family in Far West.

The story of the families' migration to Missouri is recorded by Mary Salisbury Hancock, a granddaughter of Katherine Salisbury, in the article entitled, "The Three Sisters of the Prophet Joseph Smith."

"In the early part of 1838, Joseph and ~~Eliza~~ and their family with a company of about two hundred Saints left for Missouri. Another company of five hundred soon followed. They went with hope and belief and prayer in their hearts as they started on the long trek. The next group that left for Missouri consisted of the other Smith families with Don Carlos, the youngest son of Father Smith, as their leader. There was in this company, Father and Mother Smith, their daughter Lucy, Sophronia and her family, Katherine and Wilkins Salisbury and their family, another brother, William, and a few others--twenty-eight in all. Equipped with wagons, horses, cows, and considerable household goods, they started the first of May for Far West, Missouri, a distance of about eight hundred miles. The roads were deep with mud as they began their journey across Illinois. Some of their horses became lame or sick and two had to be left behind. Their wagons broke down, and disaster seemed to await them at every turn. After traveling about three hundred miles they discovered that their plans for financing the expedition were inadequate. They were now forced to sell their two cows and some of their household goods to secure money for food. Often they were forced to stop until their men could earn enough money to proceed. Some nights they pitched their tents in driving rain. The loads were so heavy that many of the men and women had to walk to lighten the wagons when the mud was deep."

"They finally reached the Mississippi River where they were ferried across. Here Katherine became ill on the west bank of the great river; no shelter could be found except in a forsaken negro hut. In this comfortless, broken-down place Katherine and Wilkins' son was born on June 7, 1838. Next morning they found a house where they could stay a few days. Wilkins and Sophronia stayed behind to care for her while the rest of the caravan moved on to a place called Huntsville. Eager to join the first group again, Wilkins secured a buggy and, being assured that Katherine was able to travel, they joined the others in a day or two. From there they continued their journey to Far West without difficulty."

"At Far West Joseph met them and moved them at once into a large rooming house which he had just purchased. The three sisters and their families were housed comfortably here. Samuel lived thirty miles away at Marrowbone; William located thirty miles in another direction, and Don Carlos with his little family moved across the Grand River about forty miles distant into one of the church settlements. They were all quite happy and soon recovered from the colds contracted on their long wet journey. But again their happiness was to be interrupted by enemies."⁷

The sisters entered into the familiar tasks of caring for family and home. Sophronia married a church man by the name of McLeery.

Storm clouds again gathered and the family was again forced to flee, making their way eastward to Quincy, Illinois.

Katherine, herself, wrote the story of their exodus.

"We reached the river, but to our despair there was no ferry that night. We made our beds on the snow, which was then about six inches deep. There we slept as did many other Saints who were waiting to cross the river. Upon awaking next morning we found our beds covered with a top blanket of snow. Our miseries were heightened by the fact that we could not succeed in our attempts to start a fire. Finally we were forced to give up and resign ourselves to waiting, cold and hungry, for the next ferry."

"Soon our eyes beheld a welcome sight--Samuel was coming toward us. He had persuaded a ferry man from Quincy to bring him over that morning and take us back to Quincy the same day. About sunset we arrived and found Samuel had rented a house for us."⁸

Joseph, the Patriarch, Blesses His Children in Nauvoo.

By 1840 the Smith families had settled in the area called Commerce with the exception of Katherine and her family who settled at Plymouth, 50 miles to the south. For the first time she was separated from her two sisters. On June 4, 1840, the family gathered to Commerce when Lucy, the youngest of the three sisters, married Arthur Milliken.

Joseph Smith, Sr. was broken in health by the hardships endured in the exodus from Missouri and on September 14, 1840, he died in Nauvoo. Like Jacob of the Old Testament, realizing that he had come to the end of his days, he called his children to him. With the dignity of a Patriarch to family and to the church, he blessed his children one by one. Katherine was not with the family, however he left his blessing for her. These blessings were recorded by the mother, Lucy. The blessings for each of the three sisters are as follows:

"To Sophronia he said:

'Sophronia, my oldest daughter, thou hadst sickness when thou wast young, and thy parents did cry over thee to have the Lord spare thy life. Thou didst see trouble and sorrow, but thy troubles shall be lessened, for thou has been faithful in helping thy Father and thy mother in the work of the Lord. And thou shalt be blessed, and the blessings of heaven shall rest down upon thee. Thy last days shall be thy best. Although thou shalt see trouble, sorrow, and mourning, thou shalt be comforted, and the Lord will lift thee up, and bless thee and thy family, and thou shalt live as long as thou desirest life. This dying blessing I pronounce and seal upon thy head, with thine other blessings, Even so. Amen.'

"After this he rested some time, and then said:

'Katherine has been a sorrowful child, trouble has she seen, the Lord has looked down upon her and seen her patience, and has heard her cries. She shall be comforted when her days of sorrow are ended; then shall the Lord look down upon her, and

she shall have the comforts of life, and the good things of this world; then shall she rise up, and defend her cause. She shall live to raise up her family; and in time her sufferings shall be over, for the day is coming when the patient shall receive their reward. Then she shall rise over her enemies, and shall have horses and land, and things around her to make her heart glad. I, in this dying blessing, confirm her patriarchal blessing upon her head, and she shall receive eternal life. Even so. Amen."

"To Lucy he said:

'Lucy, thou art my youngest child, my darling. And the Lord gave thee unto us to be a comfort and a blessing to us in our old age, therefore, thou must take good care of thy mother. Thou art innocent, and thy heart is right before the Lord. Thou hast been with us through all the persecution; thou hast seen nothing but persecution, sickness, and trouble, except when the Lord hath cheered our hearts. If thou wilt continue faithful thou shalt be blessed with a house and land; thou shalt have food and raiment, and no more be persecuted and driven, as thou hast hitherto been. Now continue faithful, and thou shalt live long and be blessed, and thou shalt receive a reward in heaven. This dying blessing, and also thy patriarchal blessing, I seal upon thy head in the name of Jesus. Even so. Amen.'"

The Tragedy at Carthage

The lives of the three sisters were greatly affected by the tragedy at Carthage. Their father had died in 1840, their brother Don Carlos in 1841, their brothers Hyrum and Joseph, Jr. were slain in 1844 by the mob in Carthage. Samuel, living in Iowa, on hearing of the death of his brothers, tried to make his way to Carthage. The mob recognized him and he was forced to flee. The exertion and exposure of his flight was too much and he died a couple of months later. Their only living brother was William.

On hearing of the death of her brothers in Carthage, Katherine left her children in the care of a church family and made her way to Carthage and then to Nauvoo. Her husband, Wilkins Salisbury, a Seventy, was away on a missionary journey. Her children were abandoned by the couple left in charge of them and after two days the children appealed to another neighbor for help.

Fear and tragedy stalked the streets but the three sisters courageously faced the tragedy that befell the family and the church. Their belief in God was unshaken, rather they found security and strength in their time of need. In the valley of the shadow of death they were comforted.

After the tragic death of Joseph and Hyrum, many of the Saints fled from the area, but the three sisters chose to stay near their mother Lucy and Emma the wife of the prophet. Through the years they with their families won the confidence of their neighbors. They became respected citizens where once they were persecuted.

Epilogue

The mother Lucy continued to live in Nauvoo with Emma and died at the Smith Mansion House in Nauvoo May 8, 1855 and was buried in the family burial ground beside her husband.

Sophronia with her family moved to Colchester, Illinois where she died at the home of her daughter Marie Wolley on August 28, 1876.

Lucy with her family also moved to Colchester, Illinois. After having a family of six children, she died on December 9, 1882 just a few months after Arthur, her husband, passed away.

Katherine and her family moved several times but were never far from Nauvoo. Four more children came to her family. Her husband died on November 27, 1855 at Plymouth, Illinois. Katherine was the last of the three sisters to die, at the age of 87 on February 2, 1900.

From Mary Salisbury Hancock we have the following description of two of the sisters of Joseph:

"I was only five years old and my brother, Herbert, six, when my Greataunt Sophronia died. She had lived thirty-three years. Through the intervening years, from my age of five up to the present, I have retained vividly one memory of Aunt Sophronia and Grandmother Katherine. It was on the occasion of a wedding which my mother and father wished to attend.

"They planned to leave my brother and me with Grandmother Katherine and Aunt Sophronia. This arrangement was readily acceptable at the time it was made, but not so later. Seeing me happily occupied with my blocks on the floor, my parents had slipped away. Disturbed by the void and the quiet atmosphere of the room, I looked up. There they were! Those two tall women dressed in black alpaca, hoop skirts reaching to the floor, lace neckerchiefs over their shoulders and clasped at their throats with great cameo brooches above which were the severely chiseled Smith features looking down on us. There were two outside doors in the room, and against each stood one of these black figures as though daring us to run out on them.

"Greataunt Lucy Smith Millikin we knew well. She with her husband and five children, often attended our cottage meetings. Her fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters were much older than we were and would playfully pick us up and laugh with us. Aunt Lucy lived to be 61 years old, dying in 1882.

"Having a firsthand knowledge of these things and of my ancestors, and being a lifelong resident of Hancock County, Illinois, I am one of the few left to contribute from this source material to this story."¹⁰

¹Lucy Smith, "Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith." Liverpool, 1853, pp. 40-41.

²Mary Salisbury Hancock, "The Three Sisters of the Prophet Joseph Smith." The Saints Herald, January 11, 1954, p. 10.

³Lucy Smith, op. cit., pp. 60, 61.

⁴Mary Salisbury Hancock, op. cit., p. 12.

⁵Ibid. P. 11.

⁶Elias Smith, "Journal" as quoted in Richard Loyd Anderson, "Joseph Smith's New England Heritage." pp. 114, 115.

⁷Mary Salisbury Hancock, "The Three Sisters." Saints Herald, January 18, 1954, p. 10.

⁸Ibid. p. 11.

⁹History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Reorganized) Vol. 2, pp. 464, 465.

¹⁰Mary Salisbury Hancock, "The Three Sisters." Saints Herald, January 11, 1954. p. 10.

JOSEPH SMITH, SR.: FAMILY AND CHURCH PATRIARCH

Richard Lloyd Anderson

Joseph Smith, Sr., is fully understood only against the background of his father. One could reach back indefinitely, as the New England lady who could not name her famous ancestors but reported that they had been descending for centuries. Related personal characteristics are realities in families, and one can frequently observe continuities from one generation to the next. On an exterior level, Joseph Smith, Sr., learned the trade of his father. Asael Smith is repeatedly named a cooper (a barrel-maker) in New England deeds. That illuminates the life of Joseph Smith, Sr., when the son earned money coopering in the prison yard at Canandaigua after legal harassment upon refusing to deny the Book of Mormon. There are other personal continuities from father to son here, for handing down his best qualities was an open goal of the father of Joseph Smith, Sr.

The name of Asael Smith connotes honesty and responsibility. He in turn was the son of Samuel Smith, an influential man in Topsfield, Massachusetts, who exercised local leadership through the Revolution. Samuel's oldest son (another Samuel) had priority to inherit his father's land, so Asael, the second son, learned his trade, and purchased a farm at Derryfield (present Manchester), New Hampshire. There he was town clerk for seven years, and his handwriting can be easily seen in the microfilm of his town record book, which includes the personal notations of the births of most of his children. Asael faced crossroads at the death of his father, taking the path of personal sacrifice. Everyone ultimately faces such crossroads, and I must remind myself that many apparent sacrifices are disguised opportunities for personal development through serving others. In Asael's case, his brother came from Massachusetts to explain that the obligations against his father's estate exceeded the assets, so he recommended settling the debts on a percentage basis. But Asael said simply that he would not allow his father's name to go down as an insolvent debtor. So he and his brother exchanged farms, and Asael moved to Topsfield to attempt the impossible. The post-war depression decreed minimal profits on farming, but for seven years he applied his total resources to his large family and reducing the debts of his father. Finally he sold the land to satisfy every creditor, and moved to Vermont with just about a hundred dollars, enough to buy timbered land there and start over in a log cabin.

The industry of Asael and his oldest sons, one of which was Joseph Smith, Sr., brought a reasonable prosperity in Vermont. But he considered his most valuable asset the wisdom of a well-spent life, and he gave this possession in equal shares to his wife and children--and all descendants after them. In 1799 Asael Smith penned "a few words of advice" to his family, an articulate eleven-page document encouraging them to follow his faith in God and in Christ by living as "scripture and sound reason" would dictate. His common sense stopped at giving superfluous advice, as he declined to counsel on marriage, believing that "God hath created the persons for each other, and that nature will find its own." Yet he stated simply what was central in his life. Speaking to his own sons and daughters about their children, he emphasized: "Make it your chiefest work to bring them up in the ways of virtue, that they may be useful in their generation." The audience today represents a major branch of Asael Smith's family, which has carried "the ways of virtue" five generations beyond him. There are some 2,000 names on the Hyrum Smith family mailing list, just one of the various branches of the Joseph Smith, Sr., family carrying out the active process of handing down the values of their ancestors and teaching virtue to new generations.

Before leaving the father of Joseph Smith, Sr., his feeling about family gatherings sets a tone for this important reunion. Talking of "yourselves within yourselves," he expressed a "last request and charge" that his children would share "an undivided bond of love." Asael felt strongly about the need of family association:

Visit as you may each other. Comfort, counsel, relieve, succor, help and admonish one another. And while your mother lives, meet her if possible once every year. When she is dead, pitch on some other place . . . (I) If you cannot meet, send to and hear from each other yearly and oftener if you can. And when you have neither father nor mother left, be so many fathers and mothers to each other, so you shall understand the blessing mentioned in the 133 Psalm.

Asael Smith's scripture could well be the theme of any family association: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

In sketching the life of Joseph Smith, Sr., I'm going to ask a number of questions that will help you feel closer to your ancestor who combined power with a sweet humility in seeking and serving God. First, what did he look like? We have no known photographs or contemporary paintings. Bill Whitaker's sketch in your family program goes far to capture the personality of Joseph Smith, Sr., though the artist's use of family models gives only an approximate appearance. Yet we can envision the first Joseph Smith through descriptions of those who knew him. William Henry Bigler reported: "He was like his son the Prophet, large but not fat, rather tall and big-boned and heavy muscled." His grandson Joseph III implies that the first Joseph was taller than his Prophet-son: "In stature he had no superior in the family. Not one of his sons excelled him in physical appearance." Thus the description of the official history that you have in the family program is confirmed--a man of 200 pounds, six feet two in height, "very straight and remarkably well proportioned."

How did the senior Joseph make a living? The scope of his activities is very interesting. In Vermont he was a farmer; he kept store; he ventured into the importing business; he taught school some winters; he had a cooper shop in New York and sold other things. In the 1820 census there are three adult males in the Joseph Smith family; two of them are listed in agriculture and one in manufacturing. Joseph Smith, Sr., undoubtedly was running the cooper shop, manufacturing brooms and barrels. The New York farm is fascinating. They contracted for 100 acres of timber and made it into a farm. They had a sugar operation; Lucy Smith says (in an unpublished manuscript) that they harvested 1,000 pounds of sugar every spring. But wheat was their main crop. They burned the felled trees and sold the ash as potash. As some of you know, some of their neighbors said that they were lazy, but that is the wrong adjective. That just doesn't fit the facts. William said that if you had wanted to find his brother Joseph, you couldn't even talk to him unless you walked around and watched him while he rolled logs. So Joseph Smith, Sr., established industry as the environment of his sons.

What was the personality of Joseph Smith, Sr.? Heber C. Kimball said, "Father Smith was one of the most cheerful men I ever saw." That means something, because Dr. Kimball's ancestor was well-known for his humor. Other contemporaries commented on the modesty and great faith of Joseph Smith, Sr.

Look at Paul. I teach New Testament, and I love the spirit of the apostle that could say that he was not worthy even to be called an apostle because he persecuted the church of God. And if you placed a period and closed the book then, you would assume that Paul disqualified himself for further activity. But if you open the book and finish the thought, it says, "but I labored more abundantly than they all." (1 Cor. 15) And there you have Joseph Smith, Sr., in that extract that was included in the presentation this morning and is in your program. In addressing his family in Kirtland, he said that his inadequacies had caused him grief. But one must finish the thought: "the Lord has often visited me in visions and in dreams." And that is a very powerful statement, for his wife's history describes seven of his dreams that were prophetic. I am sure that your family has the gift of spirituality. As a Latter-day Saint from Utah, I would also say that this is true of the family that stayed behind, as well as the family that went west.

What were the religious convictions of Joseph Smith, Sr.? They follow a sequence. He was first a seeker. He believed the Bible but not the theologies of his day. Like Asael Smith, he was a universalist. William Smith said about Joseph Smith, Sr.: "My Father's religious habits [were] strictly pious and moral." William then described his father's faith in the "universal restoration doctrine," meaning that all men would be raised to salvation, not just a few: this "brought him in contact with the advocates of the doctrine of endless misery. The belief in the ultimate and final redemption of all mankind to heaven and happiness brought down upon my father . . . opprobrium." But that didn't matter to him because he stood for the love of God even if it brought the hate of man upon him. There's something very appealing in that. Some who heard him were deeply impressed with the senior Joseph's conviction that all men could progress indefinitely. In 1860 Brigham Young recalled that Joseph Smith, Sr., the Patriarch, would typically say after giving a blessing: "If I have not promised blessings enough on your head and stated enough in the blessing I have given you, sit down and write every good thing you can think of . . . and put all into your blessing--and I will sign it and promise the whole to you, if you will only live for it." Now there's a man with unlimited faith in you, and I'm sure that that is especially true of his descendants.

What did he lack in his days when he believed that God would save all men? He lacked the knowledge of how. But Lucy tells of his final dream before the organization of the church. A messenger came to him and said, "I . . . have always found you strictly honest in all your dealings. Your measures are always heaped . . . [T]here is but one thing which you lack in order to secure your salvation." And in the dream Joseph, Sr., passionately sought this information. Then the messenger agreed to write it down. But suddenly the dream closed. And that was just before the Prophet received his visions, according to Lucy Smith. As we have seen, Joseph Smith, Sr., looked back to this period to say that "the Lord has often visited me in visions and in dreams." He had intimations of the coming restoration of the gospel.

What is the record of church service of Joseph Smith, Sr.? When he accepted the restored gospel, he found himself. Although previously skeptical of organized religion, he believed at once in his son's visions. He physically protected the Prophet during the translation of the plates and became a witness of the Book of Mormon after seeing and handling the plates. He then brought people into the church as a missionary to the northeastern United States and to his family. In 1833 he was called as patriarch to the church. There were other offices: member of the first High Council in 1834 and even counselor in the

First Presidency for a short time in 1836. But Mormon diaries show that his greatest impact on the church was through his blessings as patriarch. In a BYU master's thesis Ernest Skinner showed how prophetic many of those blessings were upon members of the church who came west. A young college student who attended blessing meetings in Kirtland, Ohio, was Lorenzo Snow, then a non-member and later a president of the L.D.S. church. His sister Eliza R. Snow had induced him to come from Oberlin College to study with the competent Hebrew instructor employed by the church for the missionaries. As she had hoped, he was exposed to Mormonism while studying Hebrew, and it was Joseph Smith, Sr., who impressed him most toward conversion. For Lorenzo felt the patriarch's strong inspiration and discerned the appropriateness of the instruction given to different people. Recalling first impressions, Lorenzo Snow later said: "I looked at Father Smith and silently asked myself the question: Can that man be a deceiver? His every appearance answered in the negative I had never seen age so prepossessing." The strong convictions of the senior Joseph attracted strong men to the church. The most influential Smith of the second generation in Utah was George A., cousin of the Prophet and counselor to Brigham Young. His uncle Joseph, the patriarch, visited Northern New York to meet initial ridicule of the Book of Mormon even from his immediate family, most of whom later believed. George A. Smith, then a bright and brash teen-ager, began to read the Book of Mormon with the purpose of gathering devastating objections against it. But the sequel was not as he expected. In his own words: "on the return of my Uncle Joseph, I undertook to argue with him upon the subject, but he so successfully removed my objections and enlightened my mind, that I never since ceased to advocate its divine authority." Other converts left records that show the unquestionable sincerity and deep convictions of Joseph Smith, Sr. His total loyalty to the restored church is itself a strong argument for the authenticity of the prophetic mission of his son.

This last issue makes a final question most significant. What was the home environment produced by Joseph and Lucy Mack Smith? Obviously the moral training of the Prophet came in the home of his parents, and his own integrity must be assessed in the light of his response to their early teachings. Only representative material can be given here, but the first issue stems from the fact that reliable children come from homes of healthy love without weak permissiveness. An unselfish love of family ran deep in Joseph Smith, Sr. One illustration is his wife's characterization of him as "a tender husband and father." The home also offered the discipline of hard work, combined with personal respect for differences. Joseph Smith's brother William adds instructive insights into the religious leadership of Joseph Smith, Sr. "We always had family prayer since I can remember." He described his father's reaching for his glasses as the signal for prayer: "and if we did not notice it, mother would say, 'William,' or whoever was the negligent one, 'get ready for prayer.'" Both parents led out in devotions of daily supplication and hymn-singing. Their joint ideals are stated in Lucy Smith's manuscript of 1845, where she recalls a social in Palmyra, New York, about 20 years earlier, when her sons were in their teens. Moving from the village, she lived in their first home on the farm, a log cabin, but she had been invited to a tea party with her friends of the village. As the conversation moved to the general success of the wives at the party, one suggested that they could all be satisfied if only they could get Lucy Smith out of her log cabin. Either because of the person or the subject, Lucy candidly discloses her defensiveness, as she quickly maintained that her real riches were greater than her possessions. She had sought, she explained, "to secure the confidence and affection of my husband, that we acting together in the education and instruction of our children," should show "parental tenderness" and have the reward of "seeing our children dignify their father's name

by an upright and honorable course of conduct in after life." The quality of the home of Joseph, Sr., and Lucy is impressive, including the quiet but firm leadership of the man who stood at the head of his household, now an extensive family.

All here share the spirit of the last promise of the Old Testament, that the heart of the fathers should turn to their children and the heart of the children to their fathers. I am not a Smith, but I honor your heritage today. I profoundly believe that just as John the Baptist and the Savior came out of the ordinary homes of Judea and Galilee in antiquity to establish a valued religion for their age and generation, that Joseph Smith was raised out of a colonial heritage of religious families, to strike out in new directions under God's leadership. And I think that his family largely answers the question of what to think of Joseph Smith. I honor his testimony because I honor his family. I believe them to be honest people. It was the unpublicized integrity of Joseph Smith, Sr., that brought about the career of Joseph Smith, Jr. No one can deny in history that the Smith family has intensely sought righteousness. That birthright has been a great blessing beyond the bounds of your family, but remains for you a special treasure and a challenge.

For quotations, see:

Preston Nibley, ed., History of Joseph Smith by His Mother. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Publishers, 1945.

Richard Lloyd Anderson, Joseph Smith's New England Heritage. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Publishers, 1945.

Richard Lloyd Anderson, "Joseph Smith's Home Environment," Ensign, July, 1971.