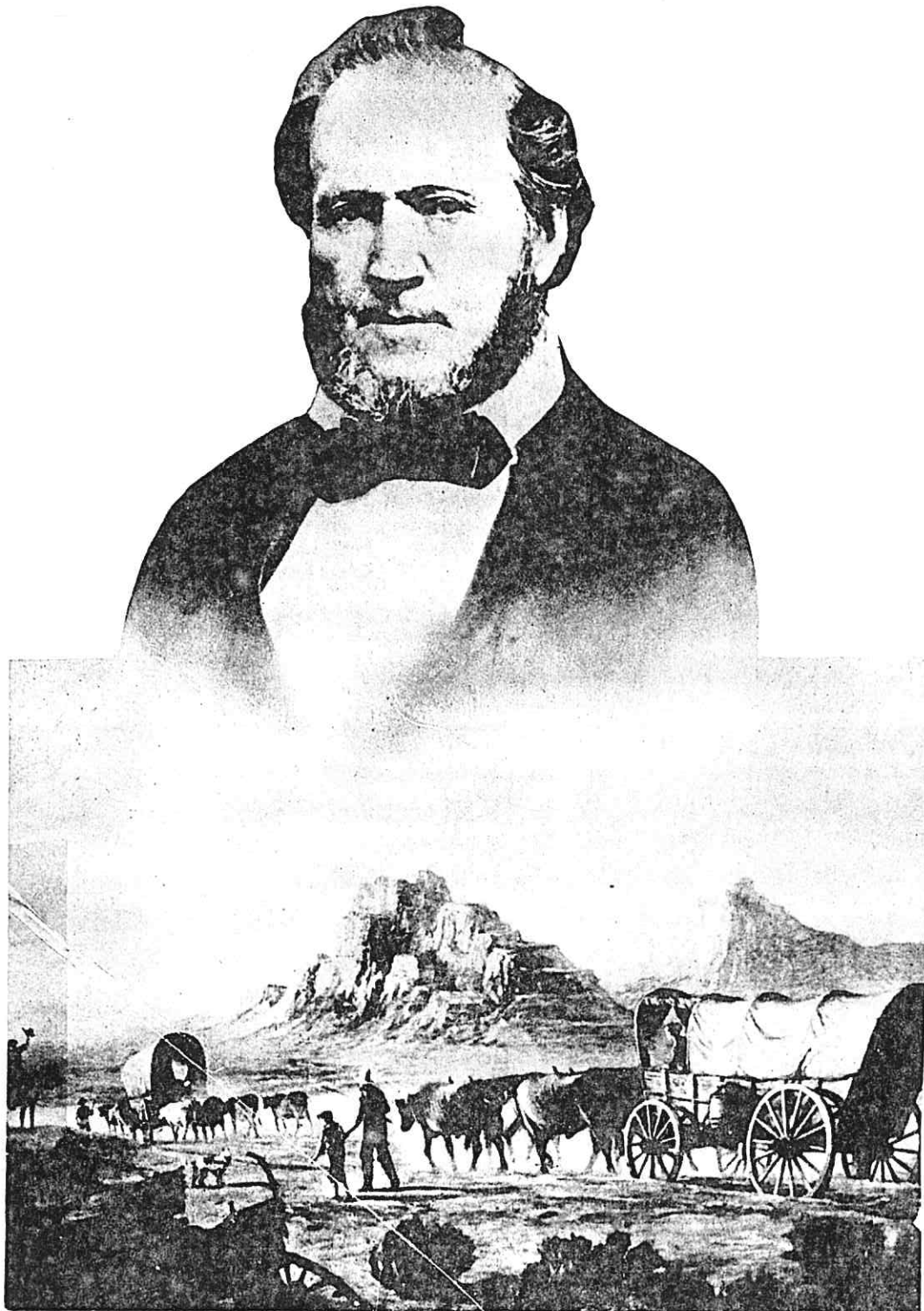


Stories For our
Grandchildren
about their
Pioneering and
Colonizing -
Ancestors -

July 24 + July 26
1977

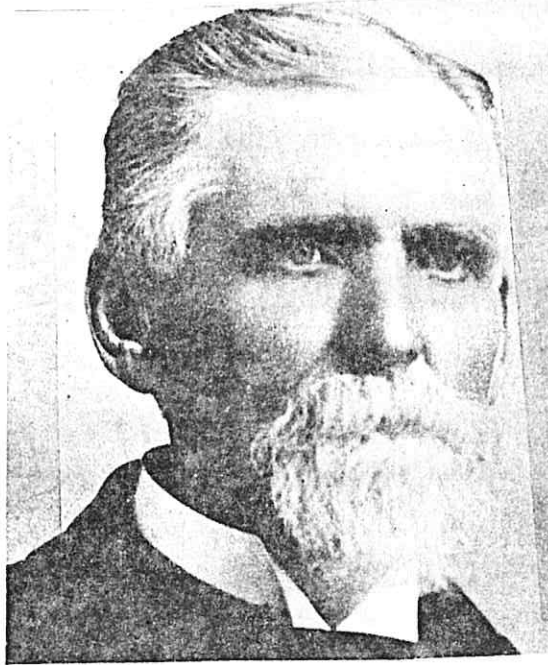
in partial Fulfillment of a promise
to dear Angela -



Four days after the arrival of the Pioneers on the barren site of what is now Salt Lake City, President Brigham Young, ..stuck the point of his cane into the parched soil, and exclaimed: "Here we will build the Temple of our God."

Later he told the people: "There is one thing I desire for this people more than anything else on this earth - more than gold, silver, houses, lands, and the riches of this world. It is that they would live so as to know the Father and the Son and to know the will of God concerning them and be filled with the Holy Ghost and have the visions of eternity opened to them." (J.D. #3, p. 224)

Where better than in the Temple?



Beloved Stake
President 25 years,
Mayor of Fillmore,
etc.

When Ira Nathaniel Hinckley was 15 years old he went to Nauvoo where he often heard the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum speak in the grove west of the Temple there. How he thrilled with the glorious message! His son, Apostle Alonzo A. Hinckley, said it was from his father that "I first felt the thrill of a man's testimony..testifying of the divinity of the Prophet, and that testimony went into my heart to stay."

As Ira and his brother Arza made plans to go West with the Saints, across the plains, he took time out to also build a complete wagon for his uncle who was ill. He started the journey with his uncle's family but at the end of a day the uncle died. Ira dug the grave and buried him and then continued on with his Aunt, to Winter Quarters where he built a house for her and her new baby.

Ira and his wife and baby joined a wagon train of fifty-four wagons led by the wife's father Captain David Evans. His lovely young wife died and was buried on the prairie on the south side of the Platt River. He then wrote on a marker for her grave: "Eliza Jane Evans Hinckley, Beloved Wife of Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, age twenty-one" and continued on with his eleven-month old baby Eliza. It was a three months' journey to the New Zion.

Here he met and married a new mother for his baby, the ceremony being performed by Brigham Young who called Ira to take charge of a company of men to protect the mail from the Indians. Some distance from Fort Bridger some

Indians joined them and were invited to spend the night. In the morning Ira went out with some of the Indians to bring in the horses. While bringing them in, one of the Indians rode his horse in front of Ira's horse in an attempt to shut him out and perhaps make off with all the horses but Ira kicked the Indian's horse out of the way. This enraged the Indian and he left hurriedly ~~left~~ for his bow and arrows. When he returned in his warlike attitude the horses were in the corral and his temper had cooled. He was told to dismount and take his horses. After being told three times he reluctantly obeyed.

Brigham Young called Ira and family to build Cove Fort and live there. This was to afford protection from Indians to telegraph and mail and travelers. When this call came Ira first took care of the messenger, carefully read the letter from Brigham Young and after the messenger had a good meal he was told: "Say to the President I will be there on the appointed day with conveyance prepared to go."

Relating to his father and Cove Fort, Edwin S. Hinckley, a son, tells this: "'I was going to Orderville to speak at a school commencement exercise; Outside it was snowing and raining like everything. I stopped at a small place noted for serving good dinners. After finishing dinner I reached for my purse but found I had lost it. I offered to pay by check but the lady, very much provoked, refused the check, apologies or promises. Just then her husband came in and they told him about it. 'Are you a son of Ira N. Hinckley?' he asked.

"I told him I was and he said to his wife, 'Give this young man the best you have in the house and don't ask any questions.' And to me he said: 'Give me your hand and then go sit down by the kitchen range. I will put up your horse and feed him.' Of course I thot it strange. Later we sat near the warm stove while the storm raged and he told me this story.

"He said, 'Well, I think your father was the best man that ever lived. When I was just a young man I lived in Dixie and my folks used to send me out with loads of fruit. On one trip when I was about four miles south of Cove Fort my wagon broke down and it was cold and stormy. Your father and mother took me in and gave me comfort. I told my story and your father said that was nothing. In the morning he had a man take his wagon and team and unload everything from mine and sent me on to Salem with his wagon. When I got back there my wagon was all fixed up and he said I was just as welcome to it as sunshine. Any man that will do that could not have a bad son.'"



Rachel Ann Mayer (Brimhall - mother of George Henry Brimhall) was baptized with her parents' family in Indiana and then moved to Nauvoo where they joined a group of saints who were starting across the plains, assigned to Heber C. Kimball's group. When Brother Kimball was ill, George Mayer was asked to take charge. Rachel Ann suffered uncomplainingly all the privations of those days and was happy to take her position as teamstress in their long trek. Her father wrote in his journal: "Rachel Ann, my oldest daughter, drove the team with one yoke of large oxen on the wagon that the family rode in. She has become a first-rate teamstress and Berg and Buck are very obedient to her commands."

One day while enroute one of the young steers got unyoked as they were going up a big hill. Her father followed it and while he was gone Rachel Ann wanted to pass his wagon. In doing so she took the hind wheel off her wagon, stripping the spoke from the hub. Her father writes: "I took the load out and put it in the other wagon. We then drove till noon after I put a slider under the axletree. We drove on again till evening."

I went and cut a small ash tree and split out 14 spokes. Then I asked Miller whether we couldn't stop next morning till I could spoke my wheel and Miller said: "We must move on." But in the morning it commenced to rain and I commenced working at my wheel and prayed to God that it would rain until I got my wheel done and when I got the tire on the wheel and put the wheel on the wagon, it stopped raining and when the camp moved off my wheel was done. Miller was astonished when he saw that I had made it in so short a time. It was then nine o'clock. I told him that I thanked God that He sent the rain and stopped the camp. The Indians were friendly and wanted to trade with us for clothing. But there were some who were full of tricks. They shot one of my cows with an arrow. The herdsman drove her to camp and I butchered her and dried the meat."



In spite of her reassurance that all would be well, Fay was still concerned about leaving his lovely bride all alone in the three-room log cabin he had proudly built for them. Sina promised Fay she would do just as he said: Carefully lock the door, load her gun (she was an excellent marksman (woman) and put it under her pillow

in case there was instant need for it. He regretted he had to be gone all night and there were no close neighbors but pioneering was that way! He kissed her goodbye

But to his delight he was able to complete his business promptly and by midnight he was back to his home. He knocked on the door. No answer! He knocked louder - no answer! Fears did not mount - yet. He took out his key and opened the door - forcefully moving the dresser she had obediently put in front of it. He walked to the bed. She was sound asleep! He smiled with relief and then chuckled - Carefully he slipped the loaded gun out from under her pillow - She slept on! He undressed and slipped into the other side of the bed - after saying his prayers. Oh Sina - what will you say when you wake and discover what happened. And you were so sure you were safe --He smiled again thinking of her consternation when she awakened.

But --when Sina awoke the next morning - she laughed with him - and then confessed - "Fay, dear, - I didn't need to lock the door, nor put the dresser against it - nor load the gun - nor anything else - All I've ever needed to do to be perfectly safe, is just kneel down and pray to my Heavenly Father and ask Him to protect me, to watch over me, and feel grateful that I know He will - and He always does -- Where is greater protection?"
* * * *

In his book Fay records: A few days after our marriage, we went to Canada where the Knight family was building a sugar factory --we were among the original colonizers of the new town of Raymond. Our two children mentioned in Sina's patriarchal blessing were born in our first three-room home (which I built) without aid of a doctor or midwife.

BUT BEFORE SINA AND FAY BECOME "COLONIZERS" --in their own words:

"I had a happy childhood..Jane and I played with our dolls and cousins. There were trips by team to the canyons. Father had a cutter and delighted in gliding over the snow with us children beside him. We loved the jingle of the sleigh bells. We did not yearn for too much in a material way. We felt like father knew best in all things and was one of the workers with our Heavenly Father and we were clothed "as the lilies of the valley." Our mother left us early in our lives but we were cared for by other mothers and a watchful father....Father sold a cow to buy cloth for my sister Jane's graduating dress and she taught school and purchased cloth for the pretty one I had."



Sina and her sister, Jennie

Sina was known at the B.Y.A. as "the little divine". Because she loved everyone, everyone loved her. The students elected her to be Queen of the May.



Sina as Queen of the May

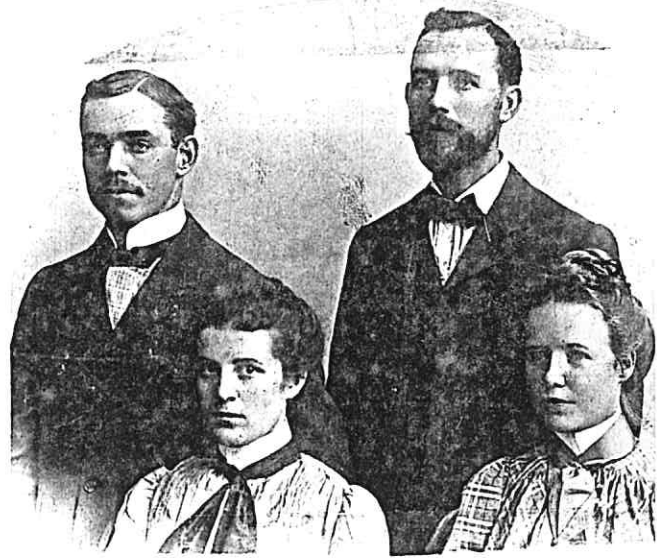
"My life companion and I met at the B.Y.U. The summer after my graduation he left for his New Zealand Mission. We corresponded steadily and each gave "a promise true"- After teaching grade school for three years in Springville and Spanish Fork I met my missionary in London, England....On the last night before our meeting as I lay alone in bed in the Mission Home in Liverpool, I felt in full the significance of the time, the



Sina as
a
schoolteacher

place and purpose of my being there. It seemed that a heaviness mixed with anticipation and anxiety was almost to overcome me. I arose from my bed and offered a second prayer to my Heavenly Father to give me that peace and surety that I had when, with a prayerful heart, I had sought council when the great decision was to be made and I was permitted to make it. I asked Him to tell me beyond any doubt whether or not we were for each other. The answer came unmistakably that it was all right and also that the path we should tread should not be all roses. I slept with satisfaction born of gratitude and joyfully the next day met my future husband with a knowledge that has never known the shadow of a doubt since."

"Fay and President Ezra Stevenson, in returning from their missions were completing a circuit of the globe. Clara, Fay's sister, was a London missionary at this time. We four visited Europe and the 1900 "Century of Progress" World Fair at Paris. We knew it was something more than the work



of man alone that had wrought upon the quickened beginnings of this new century then in progress. We knew that in 1820 in answer to the sincere prayer of faith offered in a grove in secret by a boy in his 15th year, desiring to know which of all the religious sects was true, a new revelation of light and truth came to the world.

Our future was full of hope..May 15, 1901 we entered the Salt Lake Temple. Father said to the brother at the desk: 'Here is a young couple come to start a Kingdom.'

"The festivities that completed the day surrounded by our families and friends form now sweet memories. The wedding dress made by Sister Jennie with its ruffled skirt, with its fifty yards of baby ribbon, was folded away

with the delicate silk shawl, a gift (purchased in Egypt and given instead of a wedding ring) from my missionary sweetheart until it should be used as a christening shawl when our babies came, and then again gratefully stored for our Golden Wedding Day." (Sina)

"Sina and I came from Canada to Provo for our permanent home to share life with our parents and loved ones under the Stars and Stripes and hoping to have our children educated in the B.Y.U. These hopes outweighed the mere accumulation of money. We feel the move and hopes have been justified in the lives of our posterity."....

"Through the remainder of George H. Brimhall's life, scarcely a week passed without him dropping in on us always with vitalizing and stimulating conversation..without fail he left us uplifted and anxious for the return visits. His closeness, love and interest in us and our children was a tremendous help and factor for good in rearing our large family during their formative years. (The Holbrook grandparents had moved to Salt Lake). I and our children owe him an unending debt of gratitude for his daughter, my wonderful wife and their truly great mother. I have always loved him as another father. I remember well my father taking me, when in my early teens, to hear a sermon by George H. Brimhall in the Provo Stake Tabernacle. His clear-cut remarks and vivid illustrations on choosing the right and mastering our self-control remained a goal for life. He was the most impressive teacher I have known."

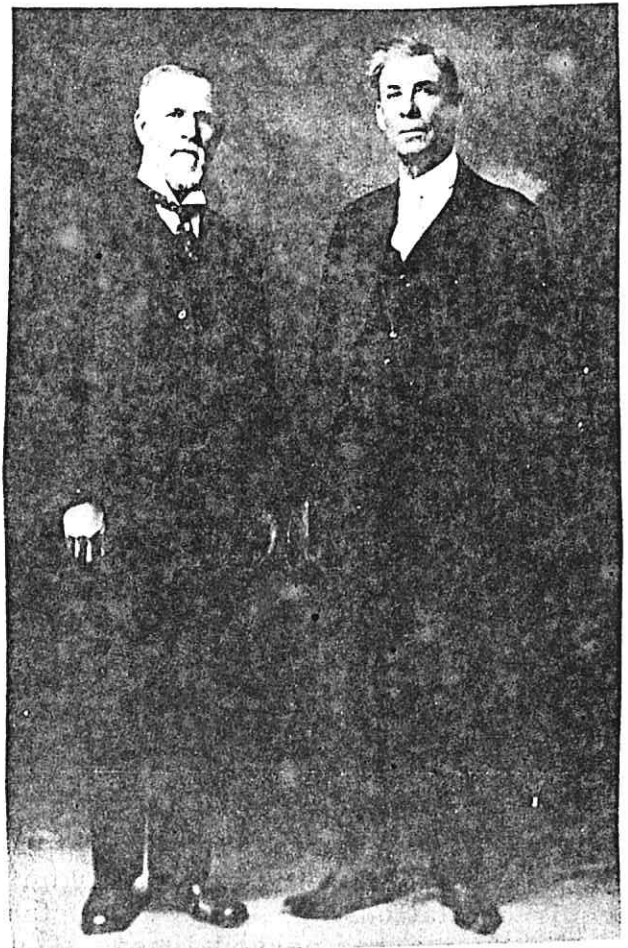
(Fay)



Honeymoon Home built by
Fay at Raymond
Birthplace, Raymond and Rachel

"Father's business acumen, along with his integrity, were quickly recognized after coming to Provo. He was elected and served two terms as Mayor. In the first term he turned his salary to maintain the few city street lights in Provo and during the second term, mainly thru his efforts, the city water was extended to the Provo cemetery...He told me he had never accepted a penny for civic or Church services since his marriage." .."In 1901 L. Holbrook was set apart as Second Counselor to President David John..in the Utah Stake when it included all of Utah County...On many occasions they entertained the visiting authorities." (Fay)

"During father's many years as President of the B.Y.U. he felt the strength of trustee Lafayette Holbrook. One day the Board had their picture taken. Father then said to this special Board member, 'Now let us have our pictures taken together for our grandchildren.' No doubt this picture will find a place in their Books of Remembrance. Edwin S. Hinckley was not only a teacher at the "Y" but an assistant to father in many of the years of his presidency." (Sina)



Lafayette Holbrook George H. Brinhall

The Board of Trustees for B.Y.A. and for B.Y.U. later, was first comprised of local leaders then the General Authorities made up the Board.

OUR FOLKS AT PONCA VILLAGE

The winter was very cold. The pioneers --spent their Christmas at a Ponca Indian Village out in Nebraska. A band of Indians on horseback came, led by White Eagle, their chief, and invited the rescue party to spend "ten sleeps away to the North" --With the approval of Brigham Young they accompanied White Eagle and his men and found hospitality in the domain of their dark-skinned friends in whose veins also ran the blood of Israel.:

The 31 of our folks there were George and Ann Yost Mayer and 6 children; Lucian Nobel and 5 children; Chandler and Eunice Dunning Holbrook and 5 children; Newel and Lydia Knight and 7 children.-- Men were ages 39 to 46 and the ladies were 34-36 - all God-fearing saints..olinging to the hoped-for goal promised in the Valleys of the Mountains. Rachel Ann Mayer, 17, and the two Noble sisters, 15, chummed and dreamed dreams of romance as girls always do.

Of course there was suffering to share --Their captain Newell Knight, left them and was buried at Ponca; the Mayer family grieved when their only son of 4 years left them and was buried. Their Indian friends wept with those whose tears were many but...here are some lines penned by a son of Rachel Ann:

Not backward, but onward and upward they looked;
A fire in each bosom was burning.
For the new land of promise the Lord had them booked
And they yearned with an Israelite yearning.

The comforts of home they had left far behind.
The wilderness wild was around them;
The voice of their God was the only one kind,
And here the cold winter had found them.

The smoke from their cabins arose to the sky--
Their prayers of the morning and bed time,
Went up to the throne of the Father on high
As they patiently watched for the springtime.

"Grandmother Rachel Ann Brimhall I knew rather intimately. Sina lived with her and helped her with the housework during the two years she taught school in Spanish Fork prior to our marriage. This was sufficient occasion for my many visits to the grandmother's home. She was another of those strong pioneer women who sacrificed much for her religion and a heritage in Utah. It was there I first discovered she had known both my Holbrook and Hinckley grandparents in the Ponca Indian Village intimately and favorably. She was sincerely interested in her grandmother's love affairs. Fortunately in her I had a true and warm friend who guarded my ^{daughter's} interests during my missionary absence. To know her was to admire and love her for her fine qualities and strength of character...She remains an inspiration in my cherished memories." (Father L.H. Holbrook's book)

It was July 26, 1961 about 2 a.m. while I was standing vigil by our beloved mother's bedside, alone, that she slipped from this life to the next, prepared to go and happy. The reunion on that side of the veil must have been happy indeed, and on this side, not sad, just grateful. What a sacred and treasured experience for me that was.

I have often thought since - why was the life of my mother such a glorious success? Why did all who knew her love and desire to emulate her? Why is she the motherhood ideal of all her daughters? To me, some of the reasons are:

1. She loved the Lord with all her heart, and his work, and she loved her family and all and put those two loves together in a never-fail formula.
2. She lived with a sincere, constant prayer on her lips and in her heart - she was always in tune with the Holy Spirit and knew and followed that guidance. She seemed an unexcelled authority on scriptures --they thrilled her-inspired her
3. She was always happy - even though she had tragedies come to her they were accepted in the light of her faith - opportunities to prove herself worthy - recognized as being "testings" - but one could always see thru the dark, the real light and it was always there. She interpreted life in the "light of the Gospel" -and helped others at all times, to do the same.
4. She was completely selfless --very reluctant to even mention her own needs or problems (and some were deep and severe)-but she knew others had theirs too. Her desire was always to help others --which she always did greatly.
5. Mother always saw the good in others and spoke only of that -never of their faults - We felt mother believed in us implicitly-that if we had need to make changes, of course we would--her deep and real confidence in us brot the only possible result --we became what she expected and knew we would become.

As her father wrote of her mother, so we acclaim her: "

" ALL RADIANCE NOW OVER YONDER
SHE SITS ON THE THRONE OF HER WORTH
AND SMILES IN THE MIDST OF HER SPLENDOR
WITH A LOVE THAT REACHES TO EARTH."

Jennie H. Groberg

A MIRACLE

(Recorded in her own dear handwriting by Alsina B. Holbrook)

"In the year 1923 our son Raymond B. left for a mission in July. After he had gone we were all very lonely so we decided to go on the Timpanogas Hike. We called for Rachel at Mutual Isle where she was staying for a few days. We slept at Aspen Grove.

Early the next morning father took Rachel, Blaine, Jennie, Mary and Ruth for the climb to the top of Timpanogas. He wanted to take Elizabeth and Jean but I felt the climb would be too much. So Elizabeth, Jean, Helen, Vera and Elaine walked with me a short way along the trail. We now and then paused at the running brooks to drink. Little Jean seemed rather meditative and walked close beside me, often holding my hand or skirt. Once she looked up at me and said, "Mama, why are we so cross at our house; they are not at Philip's?" I was startled for I had not realized that the friction manifest in the morning's preparations for breakfast, hike, etc., had so affected her sensitive nature. I said, "We must try and not be cross any more."

We walked around camp also. Lofeliness, or an unexpressed apprehension seemed to walk with us.

Uncle Will and Aunt Jennie Knight invited us to ride to Spring Dell with them. On our way down we stopped in the river bottom and ate watermelon on the rocks. On arriving at the Dell, the children ran for the swings. I remained in the car with the baby. Very soon Elizabeth ran to me exclaiming to come quick and said something about Jean. I could not get her message clear. I ran, and what I now remember was Aunt Jennie and I supporting Jean and trying to bring life back for to all appearance it was extinguished. How we plead with God to restore her, her eyes expressionless and still did not see. We screamed for Uncle Will (Knight) to come from the daisy patch he was admiring, a few rods away. He came and placing his hands upon her head blessed her. Then, picking

her up in his arms, carried her toward his mother's home, only a rod or so.

As he was about to enter the gate Jean called "mama,"

Oh yes, the doors of heaven were wide open for her spirit did return to her stricken body. Every part of me had a prayer of "thank - you" and "pleading" as I took her in my arms and felt her body move. Even her cry of pain was a solace. The pain grew less.

Uncle Will drove us to our home in Provo. I held her on a pillow in my lap, on the front seat beside him. A constant call went from my soul to the Great Physician as my eyes were riveted on her awakened countenance.

We stopped long enough at our place in Provo to ask our neighbor, Brother J.M. Jensen, to come to the car and assist Uncle Will in administering to her. He brought his oil and they did so. We then went to Dr. Carroll's office. She clung to me as we ascended the stairs. He told us her skull was fractured at the base and to report any trouble with her eyes; he thought she would mend all right. We took her home and put her to bed. Aunt Jennie and Uncle Will went home.

The children were all a part of it - no noise. Tiptoeing up the stairs for something, I returned and opening the bed-room door adjoining the one where Jean lay, I saw Elizabeth with the three little girls kneeling by the bed. She was having each one say a prayer for Jean.

It was late afternoon when her father, ~~younger~~ brother and older sisters returned from the hike. It was hard for them to realize our darling had been taken and then restored to us.

Our prayers continued and were continually answered. Jean recovered and was well enough to play around and go to Sunday School.

Then one day, we were canning tomatoes. Toward evening she noticed I had refused to sit down and answer the call of baby Elaine to "take me", -for soon she said, "Mama, do to me what you wouldn't do for Elaine."

I told the girls to turn off the gas, that we wouldn't bottle any more today." I took Jean up and sat on the kitchen porch and rocked her.

When her father came home from the City, where he had been for the day, he said to lay her down on the bed. I recall how I hated to lay her down. She grew very ill. All that the Dr. could do, all our pleadings to our Father in Heaven became only consolation, those with authority from on high laid their hands upon her head for her restoration, but the Father knew best and we bowed to His will. She went away and now awaits ~~us~~ "over there."

On his mission, her big brother answered our telegram "Let us all so live that we can go where Jean is." Her other brother stood at the foot of her bed and, shaking with grief, did not then tell us that he knew that in a year he was to join her. Rachel said, on her return from Idaho to the funeral, "I am sure now that Jean was to go." Jennie, Mary, Ruth, all gave of their solace, born of broken hearts and struggling faith.

Helen, Vera, and Elaine gave a measure of cheer but the Father of us all supported us all as our precious jewel was carried out of our home."

(Alsina B. Holbrook, August 7, 1942.

Note: The standard of the swing, Jean was swinging in, broke away from its grounding and struck her on the head causing the fracture. One Dr. said he thot death was not caused from the fall but from a germ which attacked later her weakened condition causing mēningitis."

"Note: After my little daughter nearly eight years old, died, I was very weak and it took me a long while to recover even though I knew our Father in Heaven could have left her with us if He had felt it best. One day my father invited me to go to Salt Lake City with him just for the ride. While returning home to Provo he told me the above event in my life (following in this record)- He said he did not know why my life had been so miraculously spared unless it was because I was to be the mother of the eleven children the Lord had blessed me with." Alsina B. Holbrook, written August 5, 1942 - Here is the event:

"When I was an infant I contracted diptheria. There was no antitoxin-there were few doctors in the State and none in the town of Spanish Fork where I

was born. One morning while suffering with this then dread disease, my mother saw me choking. She picked me up and while trying to help me get my breath, rushed with me in her arms to the door, calling frantically for my father who was plowing in the garden near the house. He read the distress in mother's look and voice, left his horse standing and hurried into the house. He took the consecrated oil, anointed my head and blessed me. He said I should live and gave great promises to me. Then, lest his faith should weaken, he rushed out of the house. Just then my grandmother, who lived across the road, hurried over, having heard mother's call. She took a spoon and placing it on my tongue, pressed, and a large lump from my throat dropped onto the floor." Alsina B. Holbrook