

**Story told by Omer Call to his children of the burning of
Cyril Call's home near Warsaw, Illinois in 1845**

(Composed by Esther Call Stewart when a young girl)

And now you want a story
One that Grandpa always tells
About the Mormon people
That's the one he knows so well.

I was once a little chatterer
With blue eyes and golden hair
I had all a small boy wanted
I was free from every care.

We lived wealthy in the city
Many friends and neighbors near,
Yes, our home was nicely furnished
And we thought our way was clear.

But we heard of the young boy prophet,
And the plates that he had found.
Father went to hear his preaching,
And he loved the very sound.

He at once believed the story,
Told us all he knew 'twas true,
And from that very moment,
Many friends we loved withdrew.

Now we could not understand it.
We were scoffed at in the street
And we felt so very lonely,
For a friend we'd never meet.

And one day we got a notice,
Father wasn't wanted more
In the office where he'd labored,
Many days and years before.

Now our home and all was taken,
And we knew not where to stay
So we got our team and wagon
And the city left that day.

We found land that was not taken
But 'twas covered o'er with sage.
And each one worked late and early
And our hands were all engaged.

Soon we had a little cabin
That we now could call our own,
And a place was plowed and furrowed
Where the small seeds could be sown.

So we worked and toiled all summer
No one ever thought to cheat
For he knew the fall was coming
And the food we'd need to eat.

Now the hardest time was over
And my brother Anson said
He would go from home to labor
And in that way earn his bread.

One night we sat round the fireplace,
Something like you children do
Only not so snug and cozy
For the country then was new.

We were startled, "someone's knocking,"
Whispered mother very low,
And my father stepping forward
Opened wide the rough made door.

And a large, well-dressed man entered
"Mr. Call, now have no fear,
You're a man we all think lots of,
You're a man we all need here."

"All you need to do is sign this
Or else, now say that you know
Joe Smith is not a prophet
And you do not need to go."

"For the mob will be upon you
It is furious with rage.
It takes all that lies before it.
Everything within its gaze."

"Do you see the burning dwellings?
In the distance out that way
This will be exactly like it,
In an hour, now come do say."

Father stamped his foot in anger,
"Let them come! I still will say
He's a prophet true and faithful
And I know it every day."

"Then my friend you'd better travel
For before five hours have gone
This house and all your ownings
Will be burnt down to the ground."

Then we gathered things around us,
For we knew he told us right
To the corn field we now journeyed
For a long and dreaded night.

Dear mother was weak and weary
And her bed we knelt around.
Breathlessly we shook and trembled
For well we heard a sound.

It was footsteps coming nearer
In the corn field now it came
Father, father was the calling
But he answered not the same.

Mother woke and heard the calling
She knew well it was her son Anson
And she spoke in tones of anguish,
"Answer him so he can come."

He was frightened and he murmured
In a tone so soft and slow,
"Are all here and out of danger?"
"Yes," my mother answered low.

"Oh, the mob with rage is furious
Lest, their curses can be heard.
See, our home in flames is rising
Like a full-fledged winged bird."

And we prayed and watched and waited
Breathlessly around the bed.
Till the flames died down in quiet
And my mother raised her head.

And then we stayed in the corn field
Until after dark next night
When we drove into Nauvoo
Ready for the westward flight

We found our friends all ready
To leave their homes for the west
Where we looked for, prayed for and found
it
Shelter, freedom and rest.