

The Autobiography of
Drusilla Dorris Hendricks

1800 – 1900

The Hendricks Family originated from Germany or Holland and were of the high Dutch. Three brothers landed somewhere in the New England States or New York in an early day of America's history. From there they wandered south to Kentucky. James Hendricks' father, Abraham, was too young to fight in the Revolutionary War, but three of his brothers did.



I am Drusilla Doris, wife of James. The first thing I remember was the earth shaking and my oldest brother, William and his wife running with me to my father's house. The second thing I recall was saying a prayer after my father. I was then about 5 years of age. He was a praying man and there was much talk about religion. My parents were Baptist, our neighbors were Methodist and Presbyterians, so I heard much contention on religion. Though I was a child I continued to pray after my father until I was 6 years of age. There were revivals among the different denominations and with them came the jerks and dancing. My father became disgusted but read and prayed the more until that kind of exercise ceased.

In my seventh year my father sent me to school for six months. I learned to read and write a very little, then my reading was confined to the Bible and Hymn Book until I could recite pages without looking at the book.

In the year 1817 my father moved a short distance to be near his married children, but not out of the country where I was born. Nothing of note happened to me until I was in my tenth year. Then there was some sickness in my father's family. I was sent on an errand to two or three places and waded a stream of water and took cold. I still had my places of prayer, but dare not pray after my father any longer. I thought he was a Christian, while I was a sinner, and when I went to my prayers I could say nothing but, "Lord, have mercy on me and save me from that awful place I have heard so much about." I was taken with a severe pain in my side and for

three days and nights they thought I would die. They sent for the doctor and my brothers and sisters. The doctor was a faith doctor and a Minister in the Baptist Church. The pain crossed to the right side and he succeeded, in keeping it there.

My friends all gave me up except my father and mother. I have heard my mother tell how she would go before the Lord and bury her face in the dust and beseech Him to spare my life. My father told the same thing. The doctor prayed in the family. He asked the Lord to spare my life and lend me to my parents in their old age. He also asked that I might become a mother in Israel, and do much good in my days. All of these things I never forgot. I lay in great pain. They had to move me in a sheet for I could not move myself. One evening, I think it must have been sunset, my mother came and asked me how I felt. I was sinking under the load I felt on me and I said, "Mother, raise me up." As she did so the light and glory of heaven seemed to fill the house. I praised the Lord in the name of Jesus. I quoted from Genesis to Revelations; my pain was gone. I felt light as a feather. I was so happy. My brothers and sisters came to bid me goodbye. My father came and said, "Drusilla, live to be baptized for the remission of your sins." I saw it as plain as when I heard the Gospel.

I began slowly to recover, but the pain settled in my right shoulder and on February 16, 1817, the doctor took out my collarbone and many pieces of bone came out after. I was kept under the influence of medicine for two years. The doctor called my disease a white swelling. My system began to be healthier and I began to play again. My sisters would say, "That isn't pretty for mama's little Christian." I had no idea I was making a profession of religion. I knew I felt happy and I praised the Lord, but I was like the scriptures where it says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth. But thou cans't not tell from whence it cometh or whether it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the spirit." I saw so many things so far from what the people talked of and preached about, I stood in still amazement.

For two years I could not work. My parents wanted me to read lest I should forget how. We had no variety of books, as we have now, so I had to read the Bible and Hymn Book. It was so strange to me that no one was doing as the Bible told them. When I would read John and Revelations, I would ask my father many questions as to when this and that would be fulfilled

and when the end would come, for I felt that it would be in my day. But he would put me off and say we had no business with these things. I have heard him say to mother, "What a mind that child has." I knew by that that he could not answer my questions. My mother often asked me if I did not want to be baptized into the Baptist Church. She would exhort me to faithfulness and for me to never mind what the girls said to me when they were teasing. The time went on until I was 15 years old during which time my brothers and sisters were all married and I was left alone with my parents. My mother taught me in all the branches of house wifery that she was capable of, for which I was always thankful.

In my eighteenth year, May 31, 1827, I was married to James Hendricks. James was born June 23, 1808 at Franklin, Simpson County Kentucky. He was the fourth son of Abraham and Charlotte Hendricks.

When I had to leave my parents, how hard was the parting, for I loved my parents. The distance was but one mile from my childhood home.

My first child was born May 10, 1828 and we called her Elizabeth. It was then my trouble began. I found that the responsibilities of motherhood were upon me. My husband came in and found me crying. He asked if he had neglected me, or said, or had done anything to hurt my feelings. I answered him no, but I was a mother and was not capable of doing a mothers duty. He wept with me and told me I was better prepared to be a mother than he was to be a father. We had many serious hours of prayer and conversation or so it appeared to me then, as I found it no small thing to be a mother. My health grew very bad.

One of my husband's brother's wives died. Then my husband traded his interests in the homestead for his brother's land. This was in the year 1828, and in the year 1829, the great hue and cry about the state of Missouri occurred. It surely was the Garden of Eden. His father's brothers and sisters and brothers-in-law all began to shape their affairs to go to that state. They were determined that we should go with them. I pled with my husband to stay till the death of my parents. He decided to do as I wished.

We had plenty to make us comfortable, but striped ourselves of property to buy the old

homestead back again. We then had more land than we could keep in cultivation. About this time our second child was born, November 6, 1829, and we called him William Dorris.

We toiled hard to get the things to make us comfortable and in the year 1832 we began to feel pretty comfortable, but in that year my father died. The property left to my mother was sold at public auction and she came to live with me. We used all our endeavors to make her happy. She often said to me, "Drusilla, do you know that you are more comfort to me than all the rest?" I asked her how that was and she answered, "Because you always ask me what I want for breakfast, or dinner, or how to do any kind of work." I had never thought of that before, nor had I forgot the principle of obedience planted within me. It was not to gain my mother's favor; it was to show the reverence I had for my mother since a child. She lived with us two and one-half years, and she was then called home to that God who gave her life in the year 1834. My third child had been born, August 2, 1832, we called her Catherine, and she was two years old the day my mother was buried.

On August 8, 1834, my husband went to the door, fainted and fell. He was too heavy for me and I could not get him to the bed until nearly night, when I went for a physician. He still grew worse and I sent for another doctor. He came and worked with him for almost four weeks and no one thought he would live. Then he began to improve slowly. We had joined the Baptist Church two years before. He had been under the conviction of sin when he had obtained forgiveness for sins and wanted to be baptized. We were no better satisfied than before. I found no answer for a good conscience for us. I felt for weeks that I would go crazy. Finally, I began dreaming and I knew there was reality in dreams. I had dreams mostly from my childhood up, and had seen many of my dreams literally fulfilled. Then my mother would call me "Joseph the Dreamer."

I will tell some of my dreams I had during the two years I was a Baptist. I read nearly all the time I could spare from my work. I found that none had the Gospel that is taught in the New Testament. I was sorely troubled. Then I dreamed I saw Jacob's ladder reaching into heaven. I saw men ascending and descending on it, there were seven steps and it had the appearance of a rainbow. The steps and the uprights, I thought, should be the communication between the

heaven and the earth.

About the time the stars fell, I dreamed again. I thought I went out and something drew my attention to the northwest. I saw a little spot filled with compass-flowers and they also had the color of the rainbow and there were, gathering from all parts of the sky, flowers into this bunch in the northwest. I stood still and gazed until the whole heavens were filled with flowers. I knew not then what it meant, but it made me feel happy and I have since that time seen that it meant the gathering of the saints. After that I dreamed that I saw the old dragon, the devil, and he covered the whole eastern horizon and his influence was felt over the whole earth. It was awful to look upon.

Soon after I had these dreams, the Mormon Elders came to the locality where I had a sister living. She and her husband and my husband's brother heard them there before they came to the settlement where we lived. My husband's brother came to me and wanted me and my sister to go and hear them preach. He said, "You have read so much that you can catch their errors in the scripture. I never heard men stick so close to the scriptures in my life, but it was not in accordance with my traditions and so I did not want to give up. I thought then, if I have traditions that are false I wish to get rid of them. In a few nights they came close by where we lived to preach. Samuel Hendricks came with his wife and would not take no for an answer. We must go and hear the Mormons preach. He sent for his large children to stay with my children so I could go. And as we went out of the gate I said, "What went ye out to see? A reed shaken by the wind?" and he answered, "Yea a Prophet and much more than a Prophet." We went on, the distance was about one mile and as we went we saw wagons standing around. I went unprejudiced.

They sang a song that suited the times and I never forgot the lines. The first part is as follows:

Come oh ye Americans, be thankful to God
For so many blessings and honors bestowed.
While so many nations in bondage have lain,

You have had the Glorious Gospel

To sound for you again.

The Elder read a chapter and began to explain. I asked myself why I had never seen it that way before. The answer came with the scripture. "How can you hear without a preacher, and how can he preach except he be sent?" Before he got through I believed and went home rejoicing. My brother-in-law was so mad he could not talk decent. I had a sister in the settlement where they first preached; she and her husband followed them up. Before we went home I went to the elder and asked questions, among the rest. I asked what was the difference in the baptism of the Baptist and those of the Latter Day Saints. He said he didn't know what comparison to make. But I will say where I had a little light as a Baptist when I was baptized with the Latter Day Saints. It was like a hogshead poured out on a drop. My sister and her husband went home with us. Her husband and mine had nothing to say. They were mute as mice.

We went to bed and I prayed to the Lord to give me a dream. I fell asleep and dreamed we were as the people in the days of John the Baptist. He had baptized the people, then when the Savior came with greater light if they did not embrace that, they fell away into outer darkness and so it was with us. We had been trying to serve God, but those elders brought the same light that Jesus had in the days of John the Baptist. And if we did not embrace it we would be in outer darkness. I asked my husband the next morning if I might be' baptized. He said he did not want to take the agency of anyone. I told him my dream and I quoted many scriptures in support of what they had preached. He went out among the neighbors and when he came back he had all manner of objections.

There was another appointment to preach the next night. We went. I had never seen discord in church before. When the Elders would point out the wicked and their portion the people would say aloud, "That is you." And when they would point out the righteous they had nothing to say. I watched every word and every move that passed the Elders, I was so rejoiced for the Bible seemed a new book to me. They told us what to do to be saved, and it was so plain and simple. I was never so happy in my life. When the meeting closed the people were divided

in opinions and some fairly raged. My husband walked up and asked the Elders some questions, and they removed all objections from his mind at the time. We went home rejoicing in the truth. When morning came things were overhauled and every slander that could be thought of was told my husband, and he came home as full of prejudice as he could be, which caused my heart to ache, for I saw the dividing line.

The Elders came to our house to talk with him again. They cleared his mind of all the objections he could raise. The Elders told my sister I was ready for baptism but my husband would have to have an overwhelming testimony or he would never be baptized. A month passed away and when my husband met with anyone who would defame the principles of the Elders he would defend them, and when they would defend he would defame. He soon found he could hold the best argument in defense of Mormonism, though he would not let me hear him speak in their favor. By this time he had said I should not be baptized without his consent and that he would not give it until he felt different. I knew it was no use to ask him. I could only go by myself and ask the Lord to enlighten his mind that he might see the truth, for if he did not I was undone. The Elders came again and again and removed all his objections, and then he would have to take a fresh start. By this time one of my sisters and some of the neighbors were baptized and they bore the same testimony as the Elders concerning the newness of light and the difference of the testimony in the Baptist and Latter Day Saint Church. I found that I had no enjoyment except with the saints. At the time I had three children and my heart felt that it would surely break. When I went to the Baptist Church, everyone would look down on me, as though I had committed the unpardonable sin. They prayed and preached about us going to the Mormon meetings. I had sisters there who seemed afraid of me. I went to them and tried to show my friendship but they unbraided me for running after the Mormons. They went on with their meetings and soon became very happy shouting and shaking hands and singing and my husband was one with them. I must say of all folly and foolishness I ever saw, I thought no wonder it was called Babylon. I could see no sense in anything they said or did it was so foolish.

The Bible seemed like an unsealed book, I could see fields of light and intelligence in it, but I could not be baptized into the Kingdom of God, I could not be saved. I went home determined not to loose sight of the light. I searched the scriptures to see if these things were so. The devil

and the people imagined vain things. There was another baptism and we had word to go to the water. I said to the hired girl that we would go. My husband asked if he should go along and I told him to do as he pleased. He got his hat and we started. We were a little in advance of him when his nose started to bleed. He had to stop. I knew it was the condition of his mind that caused his nose to bleed. I was glad to see it and I prayed that it might be for the good. We went on and I began to think he had gone back, but he came up while the Elder was talking and took a seat close by me. I watched him and the tears fell like raindrops from his eyes. It really made me glad to see him in that condition for I thought then there was hope of better times. When the baptizing was over, we all sat down on the ground, the Elder in the midst while he preached and explained the scriptures. We all wept, but my tears were for joy for my husband was melted to tears and was filled with love, but he wanted something so tangible that he could know for himself. He had said so much. He wanted to be sure before he made a move. The Elder told him to humble himself in mighty prayer and he should have the testimony that he wanted. The next night my sister and a Sister Lewis came to stay over night with us. Sister Lewis and my husband talked till nearly morning. I do not think he slept any that night. He got up and made a fire and put a couple of chickens in the barrel for me and then slipped away. Sister Lewis fell asleep. My sister and I got up and she went to see our brother-in-law, while I got breakfast and waited for my husband for I knew not where he had gone. When he came in he was preaching and praising God. My sister came back crying and almost broken hearted. She had been so abused by our brother-in-law. She also had a message for my husband from his brother, which was, "If he affords himself for baptism they would get 200 men and tie himself and the Elders and give them 200 lashes each and see if they would stand that for Christ's sake." They were all excited and I could get none of them to eat breakfast. I was calm as a summer's morning and sat down with my children and ate breakfast. The Elders had appointed another meeting at Brother John Butler's which was to be their last meeting in this neighborhood. The people were trying to raise a mob to drive them off.

The scriptures were now opened to my husband's view, and he called for his clothes to be baptized in. I then asked if I may be baptized and he answered that if I wished I could. I was in a hurry for fear something might hinder. We took our clothing and went to the meeting. The

house and yard were full of people. At the close of the services if any wished to be baptized they were to come forward and give them their hand. My husband gave them his hand and I followed him. He went to the water and the people all followed us. I shall never forget how I felt. The Elder asked if I was willing to serve God to the best of my ability. I answered yes. He then baptized me according to the pattern laid down by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, for the baptism of all those who wish to serve Him. I arose to walk in newness of life. That fear of death and hell were all gone from me. I was a new creature. Such a feeling of calmness pervaded me for months and my husband the same. No one came to harm the Elders or us. The Elders went home with us. I never closed my eyes that night for our talk concerning the ancient saints presented, as it were panoramic views before my eyes. I saw their persecutions, being cast into prison, or into the fiery furnace and how they had to wander in sheep and goatskins because the world was not worthy of them. I saw that if we did not endure the same persecutions we could not have the same blessings. I imagined my husband killed for the testimony he had received but I rejoiced in the Gospel and because I had made up my mind to serve the Lord to the best of my ability. We were baptized and confirmed in March 1835. Then a branch of the church was organized with 22 members and we had a meeting with the Elders to be instructed before they left us in regard to our duties. We all were grieved to part with the Elders, James Emmett and Peter Dustin. The privilege was given to any who desired to speak and some spoke in tongues while others interpreted what they said. Others spoke by the spirit of God in their own tongue and the same spirit. We loved one another and met often together and had good meetings.

It was now that persecutions began. My husband's people, except one brother, were in Jackson County, Missouri where the saints were driven from. This brother wrote to Missouri to ascertain the character of the saints and the answer soon came from the County Authorities and a brother, signed by over 20 other people pertaining to the character of the saints. We asked for the letters from Missouri that we might read them, then we invited Brother Butler to our home to read them, or hear them read, and desired to answer the letters while in our possession. As we sat down to read and write a young man came to get the letters. My husband said we had them for the night. The man went to the door and said there is a heavy storm coming and

wanted my husband to come and see, however he did not go. Then the man came back and sat down and again asked for the letters. He was then told he could not have them as we had them for the night. We would not give them up so he bade us goodnight and left. We thought there must be something up. In a few moments my husband went to the door and sat down on the steps. Then there came a valley of rocks hurled at his head. As quick as thought he stepped out into the darkness to listen to voices. He damned them and told them if they came again he would be ready for them. They threw again in the dark and then ran. He came in and we finished reading their letters. The letters from Missouri however did not prove anything to us.

Next morning everything stood on end. Pig troughs stood on top of the gates. Every old trumpery stood on end. The wagon was propped up with the tongue sticking straight in the air and a pile of rocks lay at the gate. We had no weapons of any kind so after breakfast my husband bought a gun and gave out the word that he was ready for them. The mob began to give themselves away a little at a time until we secured substantial proof against them. Then we had them arrested and made them pay for their mischief. During the trial they brought out the fact that the deacon of the Baptist Church had promised to pay their fine if they were caught, however he failed to do so when they were apprehended and proven guilty.

My husband's brother forbade his family to come to our house so we had no society except a few saints in the branch of the church. We went often to worship God and ask him to guide us in all we did. We were happy although the high and low scoffed at us. My husband was going on business right by my sister's door. I jumped on the horse behind him and went to see her. I was received very coldly. She was next older than I in the family and before this we never met or parted without crying. She told me to lay off my things and get a chair. After 10 or 15 minutes silence she began saying, "Drusilla, what in the name of God and our parents and everything else have you done?" I said, "Lovina what do you mean?" "Why, in going after the Mormons and being baptized by them." I said, "They preached the Gospel and I was baptized for the remission of my sins." She said she never wanted to come to our house again unless we came out of the devilishment and tried to get back into the Baptist Church. I told her that would never be. One of the neighbor women came in and began telling what she had heard. I paid no attention to her. She asked some smutty questions but I never let on as though I heard her, as

my sister was the only one I wanted to listen to. She told me all she wanted to come to my house for was mother and father who had been buried there. I said, "The same parents raised me that raised you." This verse came to me with the spirit of it. I repeated the words, "Then through fiery trials shall lay, my grace all sufficient shall be my supply, the flames shall not hurt thee, I only design thy dross to consume and they gold to refine."

I felt there was a personage with me, and I was not alone. I found I had to serve God for myself and not for another. I had one sister who was baptized before I was and she was persecuted the same as I so we then stayed at home and minded our own business.

In June we had a terrible storm. The next morning there was a great calm and everything looked as though it was praising God. We were so happy for we did so enjoy the spirit of the Gospel. While we were yet at breakfast my sister, she was my husband's brother's wife, came, although she had been forbidden to come to our house. They had so much news and lies gathered up she could not keep it any longer. They thought that she would have more influence with us than he would, because he had gnashed his teeth at me once for believing in the gift of tongues. He asked if I believed that any of the branch had the gift of tongues and I answered, yes. He then told us he would take us before the law for disgracing his children for I was their aunt and my husband was their uncle, and we believed in such nonsense. She told us some of the most notorious lies that her husband had told her. She was almost broken hearted. She had come on purpose to get us out of such a development. She wanted us to try to get back into the Baptist Church if we could. She said nothing to me but talked to my husband as though he would leave the Mormons I would be obligated to. She told him if I and my sister Tobitha had wanted a bad name she would rather we had joined a house of ill fame so we had remained virtuous than to join the Mormons. I said nothing. My husband walked the floor until he thought she had said enough, then he said, "If I were to leave the church with the testimony of its truth, I would look for nothing but the fiery indignation of God poured out upon me. For I know of its truth." She said, "Jim, I will venture to stand between you and all judgment that could come upon you if you and Drusilla would leave the Mormons." Then he bore his testimony in strong terms. It would take something of a different nature to lead us from the truth. My blood ran cold when she said she would stand between us and the judgments of God,

for I knew she could not answer for her own sins.

She went home as she came without any encouragement of our leaving the church. What she told us had come from within the Baptist Church and they were filled with a lying spirit. We talked over our conversation and it only served to open our eyes to the truth. One of our little band came in to spend the night with us. We talked, sang and prayed. Talked of the light of the Gospel and of dreams. I said I wished I could dream of something that would come to pass that would strengthen me in the Gospel and in dreams, so I went to bed praying that the Lord would give me a dream that would come to pass. I dreamed that the sister that had talked so to us the day before was sick with an awful disease and none were allowed to go to her but her two daughters. I said I would go to see her. I was told I would not be allowed to go there. It would do no good to try and go. Her head is as large as a half bushel and you would not know her. I thought I would go to the back of the house, but was not allowed to go in. In less than six months I saw this fulfilled to the letter. Her husband took the smallpox and she took the disease and died. I went to the very spot I dreamed of going to, so that the wind would blow from me to the house. My brother came from the city of Nashville and waited on them. He came to the door and told me how she was and said, "Drusilla, go back for you cannot see her. Her head is as large as half a bushel basket and you would not know her."

My husband went three times a day to see what they wanted and take it to them. Neighbors and relatives came to us to hear about them for no one would go within a half mile of their house. My husband's brother became very friendly and talked of going to Missouri with us, but when he got out among friends they soon turned his mind from it. My husband was security for him for \$500.00 but the worst enemies that the Mormons had in our neighborhood offered themselves as securities instead of my husband and we were very glad to be relieved.

My fourth child was born in November 1835, we named her Rebecca. We sold out during the winter, settled all our finances and got ready to start to Missouri in the spring of 1836. I had four sisters to leave, but only one to regret the leaving. She was a Latter Day Saint. We started on our journey in May 1836 in company with Mother Butler, The Butler, Thompson, and Kimball families. We journeyed without much trouble. In Illinois we were under the necessity

of buying a yoke of cattle. We stopped at Knights Ferry. Our men went to a little town and found where they could buy the cattle and they also found some Latter Day Saints. They were as glad as we were and they came back with our men and stayed two nights. They were Brother Clark and wife and Brother Layne and wife. We had never met them before, but was so glad to see a Latter Day Saint. We sang and praised God for the light we had received. We had a good time, but had to part in hopes that we would meet again.

We went on until we came to a little river. The name I have forgotten. Here the fish were so plentiful at times that the surface of the water was covered. It was decided to stop and lay in a supply. The fish were so large it was thought best to shoot them. They had fine success until the whole camp had a full supply. Then their guns would not go off. When they would hold them up of off the water they would go off but they could catch no more fish. My husband said, "The Lord is not pleased with them that kill flesh to waste it when there is not need." I knew that when he went hunting, he would not get more than we needed. We moved onto what was called Ocau River. Here we had to stop the wind was so high that the ferrymen refused to take us across the river. We made our selves as comfortable as we could while staying at this place. I had been in the habit of using snuff and was just out. I knew it was a disgusting habit and had heard the Word of Wisdom read. Also my husband desired that I discontinue its use. I went quite a way out of camp. I there pled with the Lord to take away the desire of snuff from me. And if He would do this it would be a sign to me that He had caused the revelation on the Word of Wisdom to be written. Then I went back to camp and forgot that I had ever used snuff for four days. I never wanted it again. I had tried to quit, but this time the Lord took the desire away from me and gave me proof of the Word of Wisdom.

We went on our way rejoicing until we reached Clay County, Missouri. We soon bought 50 acres of land. There were six families living on it. We went into the house of Jerome Benson. I put my beds upstairs. There were a number of Saints in the settlement that had been driven from Jackson County and we talked over their trials in the county, not knowing that the same fate waited us. It was not a week until my husband's father, brother and wife, and sister came to see us. They lived near Independence but had never heard the Gospel. They said that they took no part in the driving of the Saints from that county. Nothing would do but that we must go

home with them for a visit. The old gentleman said that James, meaning my husband, must go knowing that he would not be molested. We went home with them partly to satisfy them and partly to satisfy our own curiosity to see Independence, where the center Stake of Zion should be. My husband also wanted to see the rest of his sisters who were there. After crossing the Missouri we had an excellent view of the country. When within three miles of his sister's house the Baptist Minister overtook us.

Low and behold, it was the Rev. I. McCoy, that old Baptist preacher who was the head of the Jackson County mob along with Colonel Pitcher. He was going to Independence and he said he would tell the boys to be still and not molest us for my husband's father's sake. But he said he would not wonder if our wagon wheels were sunken in the millpond so we had better be careful. That made his father and brothers feel very bad, but James seemed very cheerful and showed no sign of alarm. We went with them uptown, but did not stay very long. We found that McCoy was making a mob, so we had best go. Father said he could not stand to see James abused. They intended to go with us as far as the river and they wept nearly all the way. It gave us an opportunity to explain the Gospel and we did not fail to embrace it. They went on with us until within four miles of our house, at which time they turned back with sorrowful hearts. We reached home all right. Our wagons, some five or six in number, had stirred up the mob spirit for fear the Mormons would come and take away their place and nation.

The mob was gathering within a half mile from where we stopped. The man we had bought our tract of land from, and had paid over the money to him, was a Baptist preacher. Of course when his flock required him to do anything, he had to do it. He first sent his wife to tell the brethren that they must give up the land for his church because they were not willing that it should belong to the Mormons. The brethren were not willing to give it up for they had drawn up agreements and made the first payment. They had given their note for the balance, and everything was done according to law, they were to have possession of the land. She made some threat if they did not give it up willingly that they would be forced to. We found that the mob was still gathering at this place.

Our men began to get ready to defend themselves. Lyman Wright stood the highest in the

Priesthood of anyone there and he was no coward. The next morning after the visit of the preacher's wife, there was 25 or 30 of the brethren there ready with their arms. I noticed that they went upstairs and came down without their firearms. Soon after I had to go upstairs for something. I was frightened. I sat on my bed and found the bed full of guns, pistols, and swords. The brethren stayed there for the mob said if they could get Lyman Wright they could get along with the rest of them. They would fight about 4pm. The landman rode up to the fence and four or five others stopped back four or five rods with broken horsewhips in their hands. Eight or ten of the brethren were in the yard. He inquired of the men who had made the purchase of the land; they came out and asked what he wanted. He said he wanted the land back, which he had sold and was going to have it, or he was going to do something terrible if they did not do as he said. He began to make threats. I was looking out of the window not a rod from them. Lyman Wright jumped over the fence and caught hold of his bridle and in less than half a minute there were 25 or 30 brethren around him. The man wilted, which was no surprise for Lyman Wright looked like he could tear him to pieces. He agreed to be rather decent but those four men never came up to the crowd. If the brethren had known what they had been doing they would not have left a grease spot of them, as they had caught one of the brethren alone and whipped him nearly to death. That is what had broken their horsewhips.

This was the commencement of the compromise in Clay County. We all gave up our land and agreed to go to Caldwell County. We were to be let along there, so we were glad to go. Our leading brethren worked day after day to accomplish this move. We were among the first to go, Brother Emmett and family went with us. We soon selected a place to build a cabin, and cut hay, for we had but little time to prepare for winter. We got about 12 tons of hay stacked very nice, but we looked out one evening and saw the prairie on fire. We knew it was as much as 3 miles away but the wind was driving directly to us. My husband said he would go out and fight it. I went with him two or three hundred yards but we had not time to fight back; the fire was upon us. We were forced to run for our lives. The grass was tall and the flames were high. When we reached the house the fire reached the stacks and burned them up. The house was filled with cinders but we saved it. Now we did not know what to do but we found a man, who had raised some corn and wanted to sell it. My husband gave him \$60.00 for 6 acres in his field.

We gathered and cribbed it. We were thus provided for the winter again.

I never lived happier in my life; I was always very sickly until now. I had quit taking snuff, tea and coffee, and I became healthy and strong. Before I could not walk half a mile, but now I could walk three miles and not tire, for we kept the Word of Wisdom. I can bear my testimony to the world; I could run and not be weary, walk and not faint. I received health to my navel and marrow to my bones and hidden treasures of knowledge. I often made myself feel like the old Nephite women while they were traveling in the wilderness, for they became strong like unto the men. We never missed a meeting for we loved the saints and had confidence in them. We read considerable, mainly the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. We had our children baptized when they were eight years old and in fact could hardly keep them waiting until they were old enough.

We entered land at the land office, paid our money and began to live as we supposed the saints should live. We bought some sheep and prepared to sustain ourselves. When we were driven we had to do the best we could to keep body and soul together. In the years 1836 to 1839 we did pretty well and on March 23, 1838 my fifth child was born and we called him Joseph Smith Hendricks.

The summer passed until August without any trouble. We had just three years of peace. The first of August our trouble began over the election. My husband had to stand guard for three months, as the mobs would gather on the outside of the settlements. The brethren had to be ready and on hand at the sounding of a base drum. At the taps on the drum my husband would be on his horse in a moment be it day or night, while my children and I were left to weep for that is what we did at such times. I was willing for him to go in defense of the Kingdom of God.

Our crops were nearly destroyed while he was on duty, but I gathered in all I could in his absence. This continued until October 24, 1838. The mob gathered on the south of us and sent out the word that they would burn everything they came to and that they already had two of our brethren as prisoners. The prairies were black with smoke. As we were watching the smoke Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, with others of the brethren came along going up on the

high places, trying to discover if possible what was going on. They came back by the door of our house and stopped for a moment. They thought the mob was burning the grass and outhouses to scare the inhabitants and make them flee so they could rob and plunder them of what they had. We had no chance to take care of our vegetables, so my husband said that we had better make the cabbage into crout. We went to work and finished it at 10pm. He asked me if I would go with him to get a stone to weight it down. I walked behind him and watched his form, for he always stood erect. The thought came to me that I might never see him so straight and erect again. He got the stone and I still walked behind him watching his form with these same thoughts and feelings in my heart and mind. I could not tell my feelings if I tried, so I said nothing. We had prayer and went to bed. I dreamed that something had befallen him and I was gathering him in my arms when Brother C. C. Rich called at the door for him and told him that he was wanted. They had word that the mob was on Crooked River, 10 miles south of us, and was a strong band. He said they had two of our brethren as prisoners and were doing all the damage that lay in their power. I got up and lit a fire for it was cold. He brought his horse to the door. I thought he was slower than usual. He told me where they were to meet. I got his over coat and put his pistols in the pockets and then got his sword and belted it on him. He bid me goodnight and got on his horse, I took his gun from the rack and handed it to him and said, "Don't get shot in the back." I had gotten used to his going so I went to bed and to sleep. Just about the time he was shot I was aroused from my sleep. I thought the yard was full of men and that they were shooting. I was on my feet before I knew what was doing. I went to the window at the back of the house, but all was still. I was afraid to open the door but I could hear nothing so ventured to open it. It was getting light enough that I could see a little. I went out and around the house but found there was no one there, I was then more scared than ever for I thought it was a token to me that they had had a battle. I got the children up and walked the floor and watched the road. I tried to work but could not; I tried to keep still but could not.

Finally I saw Brother Emmett coming through the timber. I watched him and saw that he did not stop at home but he hollered something about Brother Hendricks. I could not tell what it was but he was on an express to Far West. The children soon came over and told me that their father said that Brother Hendricks was shot. I went to the fields to give vent to my feelings and

while there I saw a man pass through the fields on horseback. It looked like he had a great roll of blankets. I went back to the house and found the children all crying. I went to the loom to try and weave to make the children think I did not believe the report about their father. I could not weave at all, but had set there a few minutes when I saw Mr. T. Snyder, who did not belong to the church but was a good man, get off his horse at the gate. I saw him wipe his eyes and knew that he was crying. He came to the door and said, "Mr. Hendricks wishes you to come to him." I asked him where, and he said to the widow McCalls and that he had come for me. I asked where and how he was shot. He thought he was shot in the hips.

There was a woman in the house that I had taken care of for weeks. I told her to do the best she could with the children and I mounted the horse behind Mr. Snyder. We had 4 miles to ride and upon reaching there we met 9 of the brethren that were wounded, they were pale as death. They were just going to get into the wagon to be taken to their homes. I went into the house. Sister Patten had just reached the bed where her husband lay, and I heard him say, "Ann, don't weep. I have kept the faith and my work is done." My husband lay within 3 feet of Brother Patten and I spoke to him but he could not move to speak to me. I tried to get him to move his feet but he could not. This was Thursday October 25, 1838. The next Tuesday was the battle of Hans Mill where men and boys were slaughtered and thrown down into a dry well out of which only one, Benjamin Lewis received a decent burial. There were three beds in the room in which my husband lay. In one, Brother David Patten and Brother Hodge in the other. Brother Hodge was the one shot in the hip. Brother O'Banion was on the floor begging for a bed and some of the sisters ran and got him one. My husband was shot in the neck where it cut off all feeling of the body. It is no use for me to try to tell how I felt for that is impossible. I could not have shed a tear if all had been dead before me. I went to work to try to get my husband to move a little, but he could not. I rubbed and steamed him but could get no circulation; he was dead from his neck down.

One of the brethren told me how he fell for he was close to him. After he had fallen, some of the brethren asked him which side he was on, for it was not yet light enough to see and all the answer he made was the watch word, "God and Liberty". On hearing this it melted me to tears and I felt better. Then I was told how many of the brethren were wounded and who they were

and was shown the weapons used and they were blood from hilt to point. It makes me chill to think of it. We stayed there until almost night, when one of the neighbors, Brother Winchester and wife came with a wagon. He had a bed in it and they took us to Far West. The brethren told me if I took him home that the mob would kill him before my eyes. I left my children in care of the man and his wife that I had been taking care of for two months, while they had been suffering from fever and ague. When the army came in they ran and left everything so the children had to go to the neighbors. A Brother Stanley and wife who came from the east the day before the battle, gathered up my children and stayed with them. Their kindness I shall always feel grateful for. We were compelled to stay at Far West until after the surrender. We then returned home. The mob had robbed the house of everything but the beds.

My husband could not yet move hand or foot. We had to settle our business matters and fix to get out of the state. I went to work and sold what I could and gave our land for money to buy two yoke of cattle. Finally we had to leave everything but what we could put into a small wagon. About the middle of January, Father Joseph and Father Marley with five or six others came and anointed and administered to my husband. They stood him on his feet and he stood by them holding to each arm. He began to work his shoulders. I continued to rub him with strong vinegar and salts and liniments. The brethren were leaving the state as fast as they could. We did not know how we could go until Brother I. Leaney who was shot and wounded at Hans Mill came to see us and said we should not be left behind. He had been shot through and through from both sides, the balls passing through his lungs, but he was miraculously healed. He had 27 bullet holes in his shirt. I counted them myself. He had 11 wounds to be dressed.

The enemy was still on the alert. One night they were hunting the danties about 9pm. It was very dark. The dog barked as if he were mad. I sat on the side of the bed where my husband lay. I was watching him and nursing my baby. My oldest son William said, "Mother the mob is coming." They were swearing at the dog. We had the door fastened. They told us to open the door or they would break it down. I asked who they were. They damned me and said it was none of my business and if I did not open the door they would break it down in one minute, so I told the children to open the door. I had a girl staying with us; she and the children were like a flock of chickens when they see a hawk flying around. One had a large bowie knife in one hand

and a pistol in the other. They came to the bed and told me to get up. They took the candle from the table, turned down the bedclothes, and asked what doctor I had. I told them I had none. Then they asked me a great many questions. They told me they wanted to search the house so one gave his pistol to another and took the candle. He told me to get up, as he wanted to look under the bed. I moved a very trifle higher on the bed, for I thought of a dream which I had about three months before James was shot. I dreamed that he lay on the bed sick and was almost gone, and 2 men came in to kill him. I told them they would half to kill me first. I thought they could not get me away from him, so they left him alone. The men I saw in my dreams and those of this mob looked as much alike as can be, so I was determined I would not move. They looked under my bed and said they were looking for Mr. Winchester. I told them to go to Illinois if they wanted to find him. They said his wife had been telling them that lie but they did not believe it.

After hunting under the beds and at the back of the house, they went upstairs. I had my meat up there to use on our journey. They finally concluded that Mr. Winchester was not there, so they came the second time to my husband's bed and turned down the bedclothes below his chest. I sat still on the side of the bed, for I was determined I would not leave him. They made him talk but he was so weak and pale. He looked more like he was dead than alive. They tuned around and asked me for water. I told them there was the pail and a cup but I would not get up. They drank. I had wood in for the night. They sat down on the wood to powder their pistols. One said, "All is ready." Each man put his finger on the trigger of his pistol and said, "Let us walk." I expected when they got back of the curtains they would fire at his head as he was bolstered up, but they stood about a minute and then went out. The mob had often sent me word that they were coming to help the Lord off with him, so I thought they had come for that purpose. I acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all of this.

The doctor came and wanted to take his case in hand, and that he knew he could do him good. He wanted to lift the bone in his neck that pressed the spinal marrow. He came a time or two, but I could not engage him. He said he would give me a receipt to make a liniment to rub him with to open the pores of the skin, He also gave some things to put in the liniment. By this time my husband could stand on his feet without help.

Brother Lainey brought one yoke of cattle, as we thought this would be sufficient to haul what we had. We then saved the money we had to buy out food and clothing. We started March 17, 1839 for Quincy, Illinois. The first of April, as soon as the brethren found we were there, secured a bottle of oil and consecrated it. Seven of them came with Father Joseph Smith as their head. We were camped out at the time and they got James on a chair and anointed and administered to him. They then assisted him to his feet and moved him between them for some thirty yards and back. We soon got into a room partly under ground and partly on top. The room was very close and he took sick and I had to lift him at least fifty times a day and in doing so I had to strain every nerve. We had the cattle, which had hauled us there but we could not sell them, so we hired them out. We had one small heifer that the mob did not take that gave us a little milk twice a day, but in less than two weeks there came a drove of cattle from Missouri and they drove her off with them. We were like Job of old. My husband was as sore for his blood cankered and he broke out in sores all over his body. You could not put a pin on him without putting it on a sore, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. In two weeks we had neither bread nor meat so we sent our oldest son, William, three miles out on the prairie to the man who had hired our cattle. I had one spoonful of sugar and one saucer full of corn meal. I made much of the meal and put the sugar on it and gave it to my children. That was the last of the eatables of any kind we had in the house or on the earth. We were in a strange land among strangers. The conflict began in my mind, your folks told you your husband would be killed and are you not sorry you did not listen to them. I said, "I am not. I did what was right and if I die I am glad I was baptized for the remission of my sins for I have a good conscience." After that a third person spoke. It was a still small voice this time saying, "Hold on for the Lord will provide." I said I would for I would trust Him and not grumble.

I went to work and washed everything and cleaned the house thoroughly as I said to myself, "If I die, I will die clean." Along in the afternoon Brother Rueben Allred came. He lived 50 miles away. He went to the bed where my husband lay and asked him if we had any prospect for bread at all. He received the answer that we had none. He asked me for a sack and then went to his wagon and brought in a sack of meal. He also made me a present of a washboard. He said, I 'felt that you were out of bread so I came by the mill today to get my

grinding done before I came here, and it made me late.”

I thanked him and he started home. In a few moments my son, William came in with only 50 cents. We thought he would get \$3.00, as that was what was due us for the hire of our cattle. The man had lost the cattle and wanted the boy to go and find them. I made the best of what we had for I took the money and went down to the river and purchased 6 pounds of pork, 2½ pounds of sugar and ½ bushel of potatoes. I had quite a supply and we were thankful, but could not take the honor to ourselves.

We lived sparingly for at least two weeks, but when that was gone we were in the same condition again for we had nothing. I felt awful, but the same voice that gave me comfort was to comfort me again, it said, “Hold on, the Lord will provide for His saints.” I said if He provided for us this time I should think He owed us for His children. I washed and cleaned as before. We were just finishing the door step when Brother Alexander Williams came up to my back with two bushels of meal on his shoulders. I looked up and said, “Brother Williams, I have just found out how the widow’s crust and barrel held out through the famine.” He asked how and I said, “Just as it was out, someone was sent to fill it.” He said he was so busy with his crop that he could hardly leave it but the spirit spoke with him saying, “Brother Hendrick’s family is suffering so I dropped everything and came by and had it ground lest you should not get it soon enough.” I soon baked a cake with the meal and we blessed it and we all partook of it and water also. Hunger makes sweet cakes without sugar. He told us that he had baptized the man and his wife that he was living with and that he was tending the farm and that he would come again. But when he wanted more corn, the man he was working for, whose name was Edwards, said to him, “You shall not work for me for corn and take it to the saints who have been driven and robbed. Tell me where you go and I will go myself.” So he came just as we were out. I remarked that the scriptures said in the mouths of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. The Doctrine and Covenants said it was the Lord’s duty to look after and provide for His saints, which has been proven true to me.

My husband by this time could turn on his elbows, turn his feet out of bed and begin to take things in one hand. I began to take in work, sewing and washing, but mostly washing as I could

make the most at that and I found that time on. I paid \$56.00 for house rent and got me two bedsteads, four chairs and five falling leaf tables. I kept one table and let Brother Lewis have one for moving us to Nauvoo. I sold two to Sister Emma Smith for provisions. We moved to Nauvoo in March. The brethren gave us a lot and threw together a log house. I hired a man to cover it and build a chimney. I and Sister Marinda Lewis chinked and plastered it. I hired the same man to plow and put in my lot and we raised a good garden. We got along until the next spring when my husband borrowed money and sent it to the mill and bought flour and sold it. So we lived on the profits. I began to make gingerbread and go out on public days. This showed that necessity is the mother of invention. I began to take boarders and we still had one yoke of cattle so my son, William took them and hauled rock for the Temple to pay our tithing. He also paid some for others in the same way and they paid us in somethings we needed. I boarded the carpenters and masons and paid them to put up a brick house for us. We bought the brick and paid the money for them. We still continued to keep boarders and had flour to sell. We finished our house in 1842 but we had harder times then, for persecution began to rage and we had hard times again.

I began another trade; that of making gloves and mittens, I had about 30 pair on hand. I still did washing for bread and molasses for my children. Flour was hard to get. I secured vegetables; I had cabbage, potatoes and turnips. The winter set in early November and it was very hard. I had to buy my wood. I had only corn meal for bread and very little of that and nothing to season our vegetables with, we could not eat then without salt. I was making a pair of gloves to pay for a load of wood; it was near 10pm. My husband asked me to lay aside my work and have prayer. I wanted to finish my gloves for I was almost through. My youngest child asked for a piece of bread. I told him I would give him one when I was through. I was soon ready for prayer and knelt down and my husband prayed same as usual and when he said Amen, I was so full I could not get off my knees. I began to pray and I told the Lord our situation and what had brought us to it and that I was willing to do all I could to make my family comfortable. I asked if He had anything in store for us to open our way for we had done all we could. When I was through I felt like I had poured out my whole sole to Him and I knew that we should have something. I had no doubt about it. My Joseph said, "Mother, you said

after you prayed you would give me some bread." I answered him that 'He that know the how to give good gifts to His children, the same will give good gifts to them.'

The second day after, there came in the afternoon, a knock at the door and my husband said, "Come in." A man came in and putting his hat under his arm and said, "Mr. Hendricks, you don't know me, my name is Shaw. I know you and your father and brothers and they are all honest men. I have a load of pork at the gate and I have come to sell it to you." My husband said, "I have no way of making any money so I cannot take it." He said, "I came to let you have it on credit for a time." My husband said he could not go in debt and would not take it. I stood in the door until he drove off. I then went upstairs and humbled myself before the Lord and asked Him if He had answered my prayers and sent that man to us in the first place. If He had would He hedge up his way that he would not be able to sell a pound of his pork and send him back to us, then I would know He sent him in answer to my prayers. Then I felt better again and so I went to my work. The next afternoon he came again and said, "You must take my pork for I have been all over this town and cannot sell a pound of it, and it is getting so sloppy I can scarce get around." He said he had come from McComb County on purpose to sell to you. I stepped in the bedroom and called to my husband. I told him to take the pork for the Lord had opened the way for us and if he closed it up the sin would be on him. He told the man he would take it. It was the best of corn fed pork. There was 1100 pounds of it at \$2.00 a pound, so we gave him a note for \$2200.00 payable in 12 months. I went to work and cut up the pork, saved the sausage meat and rendered up the lard. I took in boarders and in that way got our flour and groceries and we already had vegetables so we lived well and got the money to pay for the pork. Who could not see the hand of the Lord in this miracle, worked on natural principles?

In the year that the Prophet Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith were killed I was forced again to turn to something else as my family needed everything and had nothing. In the spring before the Prophet was killed I took a notion to go to St. Louis. I asked some of the brethren what they thought about it and they said they thought I had better stay home. My family was then living on a half bushel of meal a week and nothing else with it. We had lived that way for eight weeks. We were destitute of clothing. I went to Mother Whitney for I knew she had her endowments and I told her what I was thinking. I asked for her advice. She told me to go and

then blessed me. I went home and began to prepare to go. I had no money to take me there. On Sunday the boat came up the river and was to go down on Tuesday and I was to be ready. I prayed to the Lord and asked Him if it was right that I should go, that He would open the way for me to get the money necessary to take me there. On Monday morning a lawyer, who had been owing me for board for eighteen months, whom I had thought had left the country, came in and paid me the money, so I had money to pay my way. I took my second daughter with me and was gone eight weeks. I secured clothing until we were pretty comfortable besides sending home sugar and other comforts.

The Prophet was killed on Thursday June 27, 1844. I could well bear witness to the feelings of the brethren who were on missions at that time, for my feelings were such that I prayed the Lord to take them from me for it was more than I could stand. The load was much lighter according to my prayer, so I could attend to my business. Sister Booth and I came home together. We started on Friday June 28. We did not know that the Prophet was killed only by our feelings until we got about 6 miles and met another boat. They hailed each other and then we were told who was killed saying they had the hour and minute that they were killed. From the captain to the last hand on deck they came running to us with the news to see how we felt. We could not have felt worse. When we reached home everyone was in mourning.

It was not long before Sidney Rigdon called a meeting in order to present his claims to the presidency of the church. Some of the twelve had returned from their missions and the day their meeting was held and while it was in session Brigham Young, president of the Quorum of Apostles, and others slipped up to the stand but said nothing until Sidney Rigdon was through. The meeting was in a bowery. Then President Young began to speak. I jumped up to look and see if it was not Brother Joseph for surely it was his voice and gestures. Every Latter Day Saint could easily see upon whom the Priesthood descended for Brigham Young held the keys. Sidney Rigdon led off a few, but where are they now? They have dwindled away in unbelief and have come to naught.

President Young continued the work on the temple, gave the saints their washings and anointing in the House of the Lord and has led them to the tops of the mountains. But on the

way to the mountains, the government came after us and called for 500 of our best men to go and fight the Mexicans. In this they thought to prove our loyalty to the government after driving us from our homes three times in Missouri breaking three treaties with us, killed our husbands and children and confiscated our property and took our land, which we had paid money for to the government. No matter how much suffering we had to go through, we must either do it or be exterminated. Our sufferings cannot be told. Leaving our Prophet and some of our best men in prison we fled to Illinois and stayed there about seven years. It was there they killed our Prophet and Patriarch and drove us out again, this time from Illinois. We were on our way to the mountains when the United States officers came to our camp and told us their business. My oldest son, William was driving the team. He said they could go to hell and prove their loyalty there. We had to lift my husband out and in the wagon for he was still suffering from the effects of the wounds received from the hands of the mob in Missouri.

The church authorities began to preach and persuade the brethren to go and join for they knew if the battalion was not raised and sent to Mexico that extermination stood in our pathway at the hands of the United States Army. But the hand of the Lord was in it. I have seen it since.

I will relate the circumstances of my son William going in the army, which was called the Mormon Battalion. The brethren said the five hundred had to be made up in two weeks. They held meetings every day or two to get men inspired to go, but my son was all I had to depend on as his father was helpless and Joseph my other son being in his ninth year and my girls not very healthy. One would say to me, "Is not William going?" and I would answer, "No, he is not." Then another would ask, "Is not William going?" and when I would answer no they would say that they would not have their husband or son stay for anything. Then I would say a burned child dreads the fire. But when I was alone the whisperings of the spirit would say to me, "Are you afraid to trust in the God of Israel? Has He not been with you in all your trials? Has He not provided for your wants?"

It seemed so cruel of the government officials. My fury would come and I had no language to express my feelings. I was in a complete struggle. I held William back until the night the

dance was held at Mr. Pisgah. William went to the dance. Some of the brethren came and asked if we wanted to go to the dance, which was only five miles from our camp. We agreed and quickly got ready. I got my shawl and bonnet and went with them. When we reached there the band was playing the tune 'Sweet Home' and other tunes that were played on the top of the temple when we bid it adieu. This over powered me and I wept. I could not help it. I immediately looked around for my son and finally I saw him up in a tree that had been broken off in a hurricane. I commenced crying again, as my heart seemed so swollen. I thought it would burst. They began to dance and when I saw a brother lead his wife or daughter to dance I could not help but weep. So I spent that day in sorrow. When evening came we went to our camp. We had no home for we were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. One of Brother Heber C. Kimball's wives went with us. We sat up until near midnight. The girls sang and William played on the violin for none of us felt as though we could sleep and it was a long time before I went to sleep. The battalion was to march off the next morning. This is the last thing I thought of before I went to sleep and the first thing when I awoke. I thought, well you have got your boy, yet you are not happy and it seemed like a second person spoke and said, "How easy something might happen and you would say, 'Oh if I had let him go this would not have happened.'"

As soon as it was light William and I both got up. He said, "Mother, I will go after the cows." I watched him as he started through the tall heavy grass, wet with dew. I thought how easy something might happen for that was a sickly climate. I got ready to get breakfast and when I stepped upon the wagon tongue to get my flour, I was asked by the same spirit that had spoken to me before if I did not want the greatest glory and I answered with my natural voice, "Yes, I did." "Then how can you get it without making the greatest sacrifice?" I thought, Lord what lack I yet? And the voice said, "Let your son go in the battalion." I said that it was too late, they are to march off this morning. That spirit then left me with heartache. I got breakfast and called the girls and their father to come to the tent for prayers. William came in wet from the grass and we sat down around the board and my husband commenced asking the blessing on the food. Thomas Williams came shouting at the top of his voice saying, "Turn out men, turn out for we do not wish to press you, but we lack some men yet in the battalion." William raised

his eyes and looked me in the face. I knew then that he wanted to go.

I could not swallow one bite of breakfast but I waited on the rest, thinking I might never have my family all together again. I had no photograph of him but I took one in my mind and said to myself, "If I never see you again until the morning of the resurrection, I shall know you are my child." My husband took his cane and went to where the drum was beating. I went to milk the cows. Libbie went with Sister Kimball. Catherine went to the brook to wash some towels. I thought the cow would be shelter for me and I knelt down and told the Lord if he wanted my child to take him only spare his life and let him be restored to me and to the church. I felt it was all I could do. Then the voice that talked with me in the morning answered me saying, "It shall be done unto you as it was unto Abraham when he offered Isaac on the altar." I don't know whether I milked or not for I hurried to the tent. But William was not there. I looked into the wagon and found him sitting with his head in his hands. I said, "Do you want to go with the battalion, for if you do I have had a testimony that it is right for you to go." He answered me saying, "No and yes." He did not want to go as a pleasure trip but he said, "Mother I can do you as much good by going as by staying. The wages are small but it will help and will do as much good as I can do by staying for I would have to go to Missouri to get work. President Young said it was for the salvation of this people and I might as well have a hand in it as anyone. He also says we shall have nothing to fight but some wild beasts."

Then I said, "My son, I have held you back, but if you want to go I shall hold you no longer." He ran to his father and told him what I said and his father said, "We will see Brother Young." They had gone but a few steps when they met him. He said, "Here is my boy, if they will take him."

President Young told the clerk to put down his name and William came running back to me and said, "My name is down and I must be at the point in one hour." So I got his clothes and other notions that he would need. Catherine came from the brook and all the family came to take their leave of him. Catherine clung to him. I waited until I thought he must go, then I kissed him and gently pushed him from her arms and held to her. By this time his father had started to go with him and we stood watching them out of sight. I wondered if Abraham felt any worse than we did. I cannot tell the hardships we endured by William's going. We were

then at Council Bluffs. We crossed the river and camped again at what was called Settlers Park. We stayed there until the brethren secured their hay. There was not a wagon in the whole camp, but what had sickness in it. We again learned of the patience of Job.

I dreamed that we would yet see the day that we would be glad that our noses had been held on the grindstone all the day long. William was gone from us fifteen months. We reached the valley on October 4, 1847 and William reached there on the 14th of October. The night before he came I dreamed that I saw the temple in the Sale Lake Valley and it was just where it is now, but it was finished. The walls towered so high and were so white and so far superior to the Nauvoo Temple that they were not to be compared. The banisters around the top were so large and as white as the driven snow and Joseph Smith stood by the banister dressed in his Priestly-Garments and held in his hands a white leghorn hat with a white satin ribbon tied loosely around it. I saw the ring on his finger, it seemed as if I was close to him. I called my husband and children. They came out of the house on the porch. I said, "There is Joseph." He laughed and spoke. There were two doves, one from each side of him down to us and the children said they would get soiled if they should alight, so they caught them. I awoke and said to myself, what can it mean? And it came to me in a moment that when the Savior was baptized the spirit descended on him in a sign of a dove to show the acceptance of the Lord. My husband and son had offered their lives for the Kingdom of God. I then rejoiced in tribulation and knew I had joyfully taken the spoiling of my goods. I knew also that there was a God who watched over us and He would provide.

We were in Salt Lake Valley almost without clothes and but very little breadstuff. My son weighed the breadstuff the next day after he came home and said he wished we were back in the states. I told him I did not wish that but our Father would provide for us if we would put our trust in Him. We then killed an ox that we might have beef. I got all the tallow I could and it made three candles. William went to work and built us a house in the fort wall so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

About the middle of the winter my oldest daughter Elizabeth was married to a man named Fredrick Bambridge. When hard times came on and he had to irrigate he could not stand it so

he wanted his wife to go back to the states with him or to California. He said he did not think that the Lord required him to stay there without bread or to irrigate and he could not stand it. I told him we would have to stand up to the rack, hay or no hay and if he could not do it he would have to go but that he could not take my daughter, so he left.

We had no bread from the middle of May until the middle of July, only when Sister Adeline Benson would save from her rations until she would get enough for a meal for my family. Then she would bring it to us and say, "Have something good." We had plenty of milk and butter and had bought some of the best cheese I ever ate. We had meat nearly all the time so we were strong to go and fight the crickets! Rebecca and Joseph, my two youngest children, carried a bed cord, one at each end, walking in the irrigation ditches and dragging the cord over the heads of the grain, thus knocking the crickets off the grain. My husband, with William, would go through the corn rows by row and kill and drive them. In this doing we saved six acres of twenty that was planted and we saved 40 bushels of wheat from 8 acres of ground. We had our bread by faith and perseverance. In July we went over our wheat and with knives and scissors cut the ripest heads and spread them on the house tops to dry. When it would shell we beat it out on blankets, then ground it in hand mills. It made the sweetest bread I ever ate.

The people that drove us out of Missouri and Illinois thought we would starve and come to naught and thought we would be out of the United States. But the Lord did not intend that we should leave our beloved constitution for our Mormon Battalion redeemed the land on which we settled from Mexico and so we remained under our United States and our Stars and Stripes. The Lord intended to build his house in the tops of the mountains that all nations would flow unto it. I could take up much time and paper to write these things but that is not my purpose.

The next move we made was to Warm Springs to build a bathhouse. We built a log house first, then a large adobe house, then the bath house, which contained 12 rooms, 6 on each side and a large room in front. Then the warm water had to be brought about 1/3 of a mile in pipes and they had to be made of logs bored through the center length-wise, these were called pump logs, which required considerable labor.

The important changes that occurred during these three years I will give in short. During

these years we had six marriages, one death and four births, as well as our living to make, namely taking in boarders of which I was the principle actor.

I could not tell the hardships we passed through, while we were there. The property belonged to the church and we could not pay the rent, but while there we did pay \$547.00 and never cleared \$50.00 but this never tried my faith in the Gospel, but I learned many lessons. We built a large adobe house close by but never moved into it. We sold it and then we bought a small house in which we lived, adding rooms as we could until we were comfortable.

Rebecca's husband went back at last and stayed for one year. He thought he could live his religion there as well as here and wanted her to go with him if she desired he would come and fetch her. She wrote him that she would neither go with him, away from the church for in it were all her hopes. Then there were more trials awaiting me for my youngest child Joseph was married in his nineteenth year. This left me with my little grandson, James W. Bainbridge, to make a living. This was the third time I was left to make a living with a little boy nine years old. When his father was shot, William was left with me. Joseph was nine when William went to the Battalion and James was nine when Joseph was married. We had to dress and undress my husband. Still I worked in the garden and wove for a living. The people thought that William supplied us, but he did not and when we had dealings it was counted in dollars and cents. We were no detriment to our children.

My dear husband was called to be the Bishop of the 19th Ward. This was a great blessing to us even though it was very difficult for him in his condition. He served as Bishop for 9 years. He also served as a Justice of the Peace for sometime.

In 1858 when Johnston's army came we left our homes and again we held up our hands to follow Brigham Young into the wilderness if it was necessary. We went to Springville and waited there to see how things would turn. The Lord fought our battle and we returned home again. We made good gardens and the Lord blessed us. I wove, made gloves and rope and kept boarders to make a living but not without praying much unto the Lord to open my way and give me faith for this is the way I had to live. We paid our tithing all the time on what we made.

Joseph went to Cache Valley and then wanted us all to go together, so President Young said for us all to go and stay together. This was in 1860. My daughter, Rebecca, was again married to Samuel Roskelley on July 22, 1858. They and William T. VanNoy who married my daughter Catherine went with us and we settled in Richmond.

In the spring of 1863 Samuel was called to Smithfield and made bishop there. He presided over that ward in honor for 17 years. About this time my sons and sons-in-law embraced the principle of plural marriage. Then I had a double portion of preaching and praying to do. I hoped the day will come when their trials will be swallowed up in victory and the principle of plural marriage will be honored and husbands will honor their wives and children will honor their parents for that principle is glorious if carried out according to the commands of God in virtue and righteousness.

We did well until the grasshoppers came and destroyed our crops, then we had to struggle again. Still no woman ever was blessed more than I for my children were all around me except when on business and I have watched over my children as much since they were married as before.

My girls had poor health and if there was any sickness with any of the children, mother must come. My husband died at Richmond, Cache County, Utah on July 8, 1870. He was a martyr for the cause of truth. I do not think he ever doubted the truth of the Gospel for one minute. I never heard him murmur or speak against the authorities of the church and he always gave good advice to his family. He laid five months in his last illness. He often wanted the brethren to lay hands on him to ease him from pain, but I could not ask the Lord to spare his life any longer for I thought he had suffered long enough.

The children have multiplied to quite a number. They are all alive except Libbie who had married the second time to James Gammell in 1850 and gave birth to a girl. Thus leaving a boy and girl whom I raised, and now they are both married.

I had five children, sixty-three grandchildren and twenty-three great grand children. Counting ourselves that makes ninety-three. Seven deaths out of that number leaves eighty-six

now living. When we came to the Salt Lake Valley on October 4, 1847 we numbered seven. I am nearly sixty-seven years of age and nearly at the close of my life. What I have written is not a tithe of my life and what I have passed through, but I can bear my testimony to the truth of what I have written. The Gospel is true, I have rejoiced in it through all my trials, for the spirit of the Lord has buoyed me up or I should have failed. I am nervous and my hand shakes until I can hardly write. I am also a poor speller and a poor pen woman. I have made a very imperfect message, but in my weakness I can do no more.

Drusilla Hendricks

February 1904

Drusilla passed away in 1881 at Richmond, Cache County, Utah. She was a dedicated wife, mother and member of the Church.

This Autobiography of Drusilla Dorris Hendricks is published as she wrote it and as it has been preserved through family members.

Names, places, and dates have been verified with family genealogy information and records in possession of K. Oswald, and family history records in possession of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.