

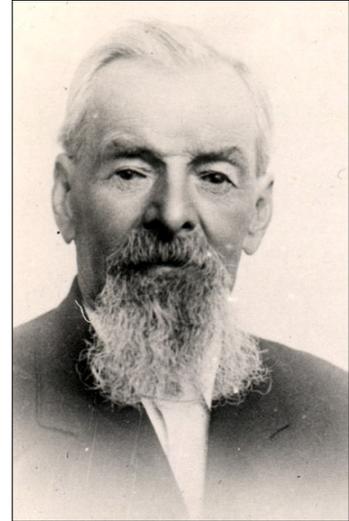
A life sketch of

Joseph Smith Hendricks

1838 – 1922

Joseph Smith Hendricks was the second son and youngest child of James Hendricks and Drusilla Dorris Hendricks. He was born in a moment of quiet between mob drivings and persecution where they had stopped to raise a crop at Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri on March 23, 1838.

A rare privilege was granted this small babe when he was taken in the arms of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who blessed him and gave him his own name. What a moment of joy this must have been to his proud parents, whose love for their Prophet was perhaps surpassed only by their love for the Lord.



The Hendricks Family did not enjoy peace for long. In August of that same year, trouble began for the Saints again. Mob violence grew; the crops were mostly destroyed. Joseph's father was called out in defense of some brethren who were held and beaten by the mob. This attack was called the Battle of Crooked River. Three men were killed and James was one of nine men who were wounded on October 24, 1838. James took a shot to the neck, as well as other places. This injury left him paralyzed.

The Hendricks Family, along with many others were driven from their homes and from the state. Drusilla with her little children and helpless companion were compelled to move on as best they could. Many times there was little or nothing in the house to eat and her heart ached when the children asked for bread, which she could not provide, however the Lord blessed them as he had many times before. They were supplied with enough to carry on.

After many months they arrived in Nauvoo. Here Joseph watched with his family and the other saints, the construction of the magnificent Nauvoo Temple. They were privileged on

many occasions to hear the words of the Prophet and Apostles. Joseph always retained in his mind a picture of the Prophet, riding his splendid white horse at the head of the Nauvoo Legion. He was six years old when the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were martyred.

He was with his mother in that momentous meeting when the mantle of Joseph the Prophet fell upon Brigham Young. He saw his mother quickly stand, as did many others and heard her exclaim, "Can it be Joseph?" She knew for a surety that it was his voice, but it was not Joseph, and those faithful saints knew their new leader, chosen of the Lord; it was Brigham Young.

In February 1846, this family with others of the Saints once more were driven from their homes and forced to cross the frozen river out of the state of Illinois and their city of Nauvoo, leaving their wondrous Temple.

The Saints, with what little of their possessions they could pack in a wagon or two, became wanderers once more. They left facing they knew not what, going they knew not where, but fulfilling prophecy as they turned their faces toward the west and the Rocky Mountains and the desert, which would blossom as a rose. Praying that mobs would be left behind, the weary, destitute and ill Saints were unaware that there was yet another obstacle to be placed before them... 'A Call To Arms'. Five hundred of their able bodied men were to leave their families in wagons on the trackless prairie to fight for their country, from which they were being driven out of. Joseph's father, still crippled from the bullet wound, could not answer this call. The duty then fell upon their oldest boy, William. This left Joseph to care for his wounded father, as well as drive and tend the ox team and take care of the other chores incident to traveling with a wagon train. The family entered the Salt Lake Valley on October 4, 1847. Ten days later the boy soldier William joined them,

The family built a home within the fort walls. Hunger stood at the door through that long winter. That spring, crops were planted and just when they held the promise of harvest, came the crickets. Joseph and Rebecca took the ends of a bed cord and drug it back and forth over the grain knocking the crickets off the precious wheat. William fought them off the corn to save what he could. Then came the miracle; seagulls to the rescue! The Lord had not forgotten

them.

The family built a 'bath house' at warm springs and managed this business for years.

Joseph was nineteen years old when he married Sariah Fidelia Pews, daughter of William and Caroline Calkins Pew. President Brigham Young married them on January 4, 1857. Caroline knew little of her, who had died when she was very young. Her mother had latter married John Harvey Tippetts, who Caroline had learned to love as a father.

In the winter and spring of the next year, came Johnston's Army. The Hendricks Family with others of Salt Lake fled southward leaving homes deserted and ready for the torch. This time the promise was kept. The soldiers marched straight through the city and camped on the opposite side of the Jordan River. Three days later they moved southward and founded Camp Floyd. Word was carried to the refugees that all was well and they returned to their homes. Two children were born to Joseph and Sariah in Salt Lake; Lillie who lived only a few weeks and Fidelia.

Once while at Richmond, an Indian, sick and cold, came to Joseph's home. There he was fed and cared for through the cold winter. In the spring, he went on his way. At a later time Joseph and his friends who made a freight wagon train were surrounded by a band of Indians. Surprised and greatly outnumbered these men had no time to plan any sort of defense. As these savage riders circled closer and closer, Joseph acted and stood up on his wagon to speak to the men. At once, the Indian leader shouted an order. The astonished red men halted and the wild cries ceased. The white men watched as the Indian made his way to the man standing high in the wagon. The Indian leader recognized the man who had fed and cared for him at a desperate time in his life. He turned to his followers, raised his hand high and called out, "Richmond Joe, Richmond Joe!" Friendly greetings were exchanged between the two men. Soon the Indians were off among the cliffs and hills, and the freighters went on their way rejoicing and thankful that they had escaped the terrible fate that had threatened the.

Three children were born in Richmond to Joseph and Sariah; Joseph Jr., Elizabeth and Inez, who died when she was about nine years old.

On October 10, 1864, in obedience to council and at a time when the church leaders practiced the same principle, Joseph married a second wife, Lucinda Bess. Lucinda was the daughter of Joel and Laura Richardson Bess. Joseph's second family grew to include eight children. Even after the church's manifesto regarding plural marriage brought an end to the practice, Joseph continued to care and love this family.

Sometime during 1877-78, the families moved northward to Oxford and Swan Lake. A siege of sickness came upon this little community and many families were bowed in grief and sorrow. Lola died, Libbie had typhoid fever, Inez and Laura were suffering with diphtheria, and Juel and Will were ill. One winter day, for about three hours, Laura lay so quiet it seemed she must have passed from this life. She aroused and told her mother she had been in the other world. She told her it was beautiful place that she had seen many of her relatives and she wanted to go back. At her mothers protest she said she must go and Inez too. Early in December, they passed away and were buried on the hillside.

Joseph contracted to help build the railroad through Idaho and Montana working with large groups of men. This he did for several years. Then came word that the Snake River Valley held promise and prosperity, and a bright future to those who would brave the hardships and struggle to conquer the desert as well as the cold bitter winter months.

The Hendricks Family were pioneers with courage who met the challenge and once more they moved northward to build and expand where there was room for their children and their grandchildren. They busied themselves homesteading farms and making sage country beautiful with fields of waving grain and hay.

At first their new home was called Springville, later it became Marysville. It was a valley between the North Fork of the Snake River and Fall River.

To build homes in the untamed country meant work, hard work and long hours, but with it came the joy of achievement, the satisfaction of a task well done. Trees were cut and brought to build homes first, then a meeting house and school. Then the land was plowed and crops were planted. Men and women, as well as children, worked long and hard and little by

little the sage gave way to growing crops. Homes were enlarged, high leaning pole fences marked ownership and pride of possession. Canals and ditches were dug providing water for the thirsty farms from the great network, which became the lifeline of the west.

A dugout was made down the Warm River hill where Joseph and others had a sawmill from which building materials were supplied. Sunday School had been held in the Hendricks home, but it soon became inadequate and a building was made for church. Water for the house was hauled from the river in barrels covered with clean canvas held in place by a hoop. Light was provided by coal oil lamps, sometimes candles. Part of the cupboard was kept for milk from which the cream was taken and butter was churned. Every wife kept a start of yeast in case something went wrong. If needed they would trade a cup of sugar or borrow the necessities from a neighbor.

For cooking, or heat in homes, church, schools or amusement wood was cut and hauled. Shining and polishing the kitchen stove was a major chore. A sack, the size of the bed was made and each spring and fall it was filled with clean, fresh straw. This served as a mattress. Sometimes it would be filled with feathers for extra warmth and softness. They called them ticks.

Quilting and rag-bees were a source of social activity. Neighbors would meet to visit and make quilts or sew carpet rags. The hostess would prepare a special dinner.

As the years passed, the church membership grew and Franklin D. Richards organized the Marysville Ward, Bannock Stake. The Bannock Stake Presidency consisted of James H. Wilson as president, Joseph S. Hendricks and John W. Hill as councilors. They served for 15 years.

When Joseph became too old to farm, he sold his farm and ran a livery stable and hauled mail with a little white team of horses. He also enjoyed riding his sorrel pony named Fremont.

There was fun and recreation mixed in with the hard work. Home talent plays, magic lantern pictures, dances and surprise parties were frequent activities enjoyed by all. It became almost a tradition that on the 24th of July, the community would go camping and fishing in the

hills on Warm River or on the Big Falls section of the North Fork River.

Christmas time to the Hale Family always meant Grandpa Hendricks' house. Another annual event was the Hendricks Family Reunion held March 23, which was the birthday of grandfather. He would lead in the singing and dancing. Stories were told too - stories of Church History, not as they had read it, but rather as they had seen it, lived it and played a part in its making. Stories would be related with such fervor and conviction that their hearers, adult and children alike, would thrill with the sprit of their testimonies.

Joseph and Sariah had a strong desire to do temple work. In 1914, they tried to find a home close to the Logan Temple, and settled on one in Lewiston. They traveled on the car line as often as they liked and were able to spend many hours in the temple.

Sariah died June 16, 1919 of pneumonia. Joseph lived with his children until he died January 18, 1922. They were both buried in Richmond, Utah. Joseph's second wife, who the family called Aunt Lucinda, died June 16, 1925 and was also buried in Richmond, Utah.

Not enough can be said of the sterling character of these pioneer parents. Those who were privileged to know them personally were every grateful to have rubbed shoulders with them and to have been taught by them and to have associated with them. Those who will come later can trust that they were a select group of faithful followers, who never wavered, but always stood for the truths that are the Gospels. It is our privilege to be a part of the heritage they gave us.

This Life Sketch of Joseph Smith Hendricks as written by his granddaughter, Mabel Fidelia Hale Knapp with additional information added from writings of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hale Hammond.

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.