

Finding Home
Nauvoo, Illinois,
WALF Trek Final Program
September 19, 2003

Introduction (Narrator):

We've come to the end of a long and rewarding pilgrimage. We've honored those of our kin, for whom death interrupted their striving to reach a mortal home. We've remembered them, and told their stories. We've been inspired by their lives and dedicated their resting places.

Tonight, let's take a look into the lives of those whose mortal journey required more of them. We will hear from one member of each of the surviving families, except in the case of Jeremiah II, and because his became such a large family and their settlements so disparate, we have included three.

Those who did find home in the great American west, surely deserve our reverent consideration. Theirs was perhaps the greatest challenge of all

READER 1.

GEORGE LEAVITT:

Well, you've done a good thing here, honoring those who didn't make it home. I appreciate it. They appreciate it.

My name is George Leavitt. I'm one of those who did successfully make the whole journey. My father, my brother, my grandmother, died at Twelve Mile Grove. We buried them there and moved on.

You might find it hard to understand, but there were times when some of us wondered if those who found their eternal home on the way, were the fortunate ones.

It was hard to know just when we were home. We thought Nauvoo would be the place. But then the troubles started again. I was called to go up the Mississippi River to get lumber to build and repair our wagons, because we knew we'd have to start out again.

I was almost 18. My brother had gone back, so it was up to me to care for my mother and my sisters. We started west. I left them at Winter Quarters, the winter of 1846, and went up to St. Joseph to find work and earn the means for us to go on in the spring.

In 1847, we started across. We came in the company with my sister, Charlotte and Simon Baker, her new husband, his 8 children, and Charlotte expecting their first. We were in Bates Noble's hundred and Jedediah M. Grant's Fifty. We reached the

valley that October. It had been a little more than ten years from the time we left Hatley.

I built a cabin in the North Fort and lived there with my mother and sisters until I got a lot in the Third Ward.

In the summer of 1848 I went back to help the companies across. In the winter and the spring I went after the Indians in the Provo Valley that had been stealing our cattle.

In the summer of 1849, I went back again to help the wagon trains across.

We moved into the house I built in the Third Ward. We had just moved in and my mother died. She was 54 years old. The search for home had worn her out.

That same fall I was called to go to Parowan, and I went with the George A. Smith company. I took my sister Emmeline along with me. We reached the Beaver River on Christmas Day and Parowan on New Years Day. We found iron ore and considerable coal and I stayed there until fall. But that wasn't to be my home.

I came back to Centerville and rented Owen Duel's place and farmed and stayed there. In 1852, I married Janet Brinkerhoff. My sister, Emmeline, married William Reed Smith in 53, and Louisa married Horton David Haight, in 54. Both my sisters had found home in Davis County, Utah

But for me, calls kept coming. I was called to go south again. This time to the Muddy Mission. Oh that was a sorrowful time for us. We lost 4 children there, 2 girls and 2 boys.

On our return we stayed one summer in Beaver, and then made our way north to Mendon, in Cache County where I served as Bishop. We stayed there two years and then moved to Lewiston. It was 1888. I had started from Hatley in 1837. Finally I reached home.

I've thought about the crooked course of our striving to find home. It required all that we could possibly give. But in the end, as I look back, I know that struggle for the truth is always worth giving ones life to. And we were engaged in building the Kingdom of God.

READER 2.

ROXANNA LEAVITT FLETCHER HUNTSMAN SNOW:

My name is Roxanna. I suppose I'm one of the "older generation" of Sarah Shannon Leavitt's grandchildren, who began this journey with her. The trials I passed through on the way to our new home, seem almost too dramatic to be true. But they are true.

In the course of our coming, I lost my father, I buried two husbands, inherited 8 children, not including two of my sisters and my younger brother. I bore two babies of my own. We endured the murder of our prophet, and were driven by malicious mobs from the home we'd hoped would shelter us forever. All this before I was 22 years old.

I named my first baby girl Salena, in memory of my sister still back in Hatley. Our separation was always an underlying hurt in my heart. I found comfort in the company of my siblings, Flavilla and Lucy and John, for we had been orphaned and cast adrift together, so to speak, and we found strength in each other. Flavilla married Orrin Day Farlin, and we traveled along with them.

By 1853, we had come as far as Council Point, about four miles from Kaneshville. Here we hoped to assemble with a company coming on to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Here we lost another family member, when Flavilla's little Orliwa died. She was 19 months old and we mourned with all our hearts to bury this beautiful child.

We joined up with Captain John Tidwell's company, and worked getting our wagons ready for the trip over the Rocky Mountains. We had to dispose of much of our property, which we had considered essential, but the country would be more difficult than any we had passed through, and our draft animals could only pull so much.

We had two wagons and I drove one. It was hard work but probably better than walking. My two little girls and Flavilla were in my wagon. Orrin drove the wagon with all our goods.

Imagine our amazement and our joy when we got to Fort Bridger and found our brother John had come out to help us on in. John's coming made us feel, for the first time that we were truly coming home.

The next spring I married, as a plural wife, Brother William Snow. He was a kind man. He had already married two of my cousins, and I am sure the brethren were taking notice that I was a widow with two children.

I had learned well to share, and now sharing a husband was one more test of character. I think I measured up.

We established ourselves at Lehi, in log houses clustered together for protection in the Indian War. I taught the children in the settlement to read and write. I bore another little girl, Melissa Leavitt Snow. But oh it was a time of severe hardship. Pestilence descended on our crops, and the weather was bitter cold. We could only sustain ourselves on the most meager fare. Pig-weed greens and sego root are not much nourishment for a woman struggling to nurse a child.

John Leavitt Snow, my only son was born in 1857, so he was 14 by the time Brother Snow moved us to St George. After a time, it seemed my teaching was more needed in the north, so I lived there again, teaching, as long as I could.

As the end nears, the memory of the hardships and the sorrows fade. I feel to rejoice. I have lived to obey the sound of the Everlasting Gospel. We were sustained along our paths. The reward is glorious and bright.

READER 3.

LUCINDA LEAVITT BROWN:

I was 12 years old when we left Hatley. The journey began as a pleasant adventure. I ran alongside the wagon and played with my cousins. All of us knew we were going to Zion. What we didn't know was that it would take a very long time.

I was 35 years old when we reached the Salt Lake Valley. During those years I had seen my sister, Cinderilla and my brother Thomas John, pass away. My father, John Leavitt, died. I had married Benjamin Franklin Brown and we had buried our baby, Barney Alfred, alongside my father in Cambria. I had helped to bury my mother, Lucy Rowell Leavitt. The journey had used up almost a third of my life.

When my husband and I reached Ogden and took up land and built our three-room adobe house, we were sure we had, at last, come home.

Two more babies came to us. Benjamin Franklin Brown Jr., and Orilla E, named for my sister. Now we had four living children and life held promise. Benjamin worked at building the railroad. He was very adept at shoemaking and he earned some money at that trade.

But then, in what seemed a very short time of well-being, Benjamin Franklin died. We were devastated, the children and I. We weren't really sure what we were going to do.

Then, four short months after Franklin passed away, my brother, John Quincy's wife, Malinda died and left his three little ones motherless. We moved down to Farmington and lived in John Quincy's house, which now bulged with 7 children.

My brother Lyman Leavitt had been called to the Muddy Mission and when John Quincy married again, Lyman suggested that we come down there to be with them. He built a small room onto his house that our sister, Phoebe, and I could share with my four children.

Oh those were hard times. It was so terribly hot and the earth was parched for want of water. We were parched for want of water. But we struggled and worked to establish the place, for this was a mission, you see. We had been called to create a

settlement there. Then we found out that we were to be taxed by Nevada, and we had no money to pay. So we were homeless again.

All of us traveled north to Santa Clara, where our cousins had homes. They took us in, while Lyman and my Charles scouted for a place to live. They found an abandoned fort in Long Valley and we moved there. We got a crop in, and it was coming. But then so did the crickets.

So we left that place and tried staying in Kanosh, and then in Fillmore. Orilla found work in Woods Cross, so we all moved there for a time. It was here that Benjamin Franklin Jr. found and married, Phylotte Pack.

Then we learned of a place where settlement was just beginning. It was a new place, and people were just starting to settle there. It was high in the mountains and very remote. The Indians there were poor, but friendly. We decided to go.

We settled in Loa, Wayne, Co, Utah in 1888. We soon understood why it had been so long to settle. It was harsh country, but beautiful. The seasons were short and it was hard to get a crop. We would never be prosperous in the sense of material wealth. But we were finally home.

I learned that home is illusive, but the sense of being there is necessary to the human spirit. I give thanks for the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for in that light I see that with all our wanderings here, we will at last be home, encircled in the arms of His Love.

READER 4.

DUDLEY LEAVITT:

Good Evening, my name is Dudley Leavitt. I am the son of Jeremiah and Sarah Sturtevant Leavitt. The stories from my family are equally dramatic. I'd say everyone who made the journey from Hatley to Home has a story to tell.

My mother and father were among the most fervent believers. Our party consisted of my mother and father and seven children. I was seven years old when we left Hatley. Two of my sisters were born along the way. Betsy Jane at Twelve Mile Grove and Sarah Priscilla at Nauvoo.

Nauvoo was a time of great enrichment for us. We had lost cousins and uncles and aunts, but our family had stayed intact until after we were driven from our homes. We helped with the Temple, and my parents received their temple blessings. We suffered the loss of the Prophet and Hyrum and mourned mightily for that travesty. I saw the mantle of Joseph fall upon Brigham Young and we knew he was the Prophet to follow. We stayed faithful.

Our losses all came after Nauvoo. By the time we reached the Valley, my father and three of his children were gone. The hardest thing for me was to have our father go. I was with him there at Bonaparte. I sat beside his bed while he sang, “Come Let Us Anew,” as long as he had breath. Then he asked Jeremiah’s wife, Eliza to sing.

My mother is an uncommon woman, but after my father died and we lost Lydia and Louisa and Wire. I thought she might not survive the sorrow. But she was resolute: we would go on to Zion.

We had a place to come to when we got into the valley. Lemuel had built a cabin for us at Duel Settlement. Lots of our relatives were there, and we felt gathered in again. But we needed to look further, for farm land to sustain us. So we moved again, this time to Pine Canyon, east of Tooele. We would have gladly stayed there, but the Indian wars made living too dangerous, so we moved into the fort.

Our mother’s dream of living in civilization was not to be realized. The Church had established the Indian Mission in the southern end of the territory, and we were among the first called. Since the call was for forty years, there was no thought of leaving anyone behind.

The mission that was to last the rest of our lives, began. Eventually, my brothers, their wives and children, my wives and children and my mother would be part of answering the call.

Floods washed away our newly built shelters. Drought destroyed our crops. The challenge of “the principle”, often tested our spiritual mettle. But through it all our testimonies never slackened and we became strong.

We struggled to bring enlightenment and practical help to the native people all across the area. We were blessed with protection and some success.

My mother lived at Gunlock with my brother, Jeremiah. He cared for her with great tenderness. Home, for me, had always been wherever my mother was. Then home became where my wife was. And since I had five wives, I had places in Gunlock, Mountain Meadows, Hebron and Santa Clara.

I believed in the United Order. There was a good hope of getting it re-established. So I moved all my families down river, and we made our homes there, at Bunkerville

The Principle was not for the weak, the lazy, nor the thinly committed. We lived it the best we could. My wives and my children got along with each other, and we added strength to the Kingdom.

I knew in the end, why it was my father sang that song as his life ebbed out: It was an expression of his faith. It is an expression of my faith.

“Come let us anew our journey pursue...Roll round with the year and never stand still till the Master appear... Oh that each in the day of His coming may say, I have fought my way through; I have finished the work thou didst give me to do”

READER 5.

THOMAS ROWELL LEAVITT:

My name is Thomas Rowell.¹ I am the youngest of the sons of Jeremiah and Sarah Sturtevant Leavitt. I don't remember anything about Hatley, because I was three when we left. But I remember the excitement of getting to the Salt Lake Valley. I was sixteen then, almost a man. I was fired by the adventure of a new place with new possibilities.

I loved being with my brother Lemuel, and when he was sent to explore the north I was along. For me it was the discovery of home. I loved the Cache country, with its beautiful valleys and flowing rivers. I could never forget the vision of the newly established community of Wellsville, and determined that I wanted to settle there.

In 1855, my brother, Dudley, responded to a call to the far southern edge of the territory, to labor as a missionary to the Indians with Brother Jacob Hamblin. It separated our family by harsh and arduous distance. But two years later my brothers, Lemuel and Jeremiah, received mission calls and their families joined Dudley and Jacob. My mother went with them. In March of that year I had married Ann Eliza Jenkins and we were building a house on our farm in Wellsville. My sisters, Mary Amelia and Betsey Jane with their husband Wm. Haynes Hamblin, were our neighbors. In September Jacob Hamblin brought our youngest sister Priscilla to Salt Lake City for their marriage in the Endowment House. We were not surprised when the call came for us to join them in their work.

From the mild climate of Wellsville to the barren country of the Santa Clara, was a hard requirement for us all. Our house was barely finished, but we left it. In early 1858, we took our tiny daughter, Ann Eliza Leavitt, and traveling with the William Hamblin family, we went to join the effort to take the Gospel to the Lamanite peoples, scattered through the southwest. With our coming, all the members of our father's family were united there.

The next four years are a patchwork in my memory. Crops grew in this country with miraculous speed. But floods could destroy a whole settlement over night. The work with the Indians was discouraging and dangerous. We learned to speak the language of the Paiutes. We journeyed into the desert in every direction. We sought out the Piedes, the Iyats, the Moquis and the Navajos. We taught them a little of the Gospel and baptized a few, but mostly we helped them improve their methods of growing food. Some of them were friendly, but others stole our horses, our cattles

¹Details spoken by Thomas Rowell Leavitt are from his biography written by his granddaughter, and from various Jacob Hamblin histories.

and our produce. Again and again our lives were preserved by the hand of a merciful God.

I had responded to the counsel of the brethren and had taken Antoinette Davenport as a second wife. She lived in our Wellsville home while Ann Eliza stayed with me in Santa Clara. By 1863, it had become clear that Ann Eliza's health was failing. The heat and harshness of the country and the stresses of the assignment were wearing her away. To save her life, we would have to leave the mission. We returned north, to Wellsville.

Federal marshals often appeared, searching for me. They wanted all polygamists in jail. Much of the time I had to hide away and couldn't be of help to my family. Those were anguishing times. I knew my wives needed me. Children were born almost every year, and I had to keep on the run to avoid being thrown into prison. Ann Eliza and Antoinette cherished each other. They supported and helped each other through the difficulties of our lives.

I was hiding from the searching lawmen, when tragedy struck our home. Antoinette died giving birth to her tenth child. Oh what anguish filled our lives. Ann Eliza moved to the farm and became the mother to nineteen children, with only the oldest ones to help her. I could creep into town for a few hours, and then someone would spread the word and I'd be on the run again.

After three years, I married Harriet Martha Dowdle and brought her home to help with the mothering. It only added fuel to the fury of the marshals.

It was time to find a new place where persecutions would not rage. I joined Charles Ora Card's expedition bound for the new settlement over the border into Canada. I took Harriet and four of the children and made the 800 mile journey into a new country.

Once again we started over to make a home. We cleared prairie land, and built a house, and encouraged the children to come and establish themselves here in this beautiful place. Of twenty two of our children who lived, twenty eventually came to Buffalo Flats to make their homes.

Thus my family returned to settle the western part of the land our grandparents had left half a century earlier. They had left Canada to find the gospel. We came now to build the kingdom in the opposite side of that land with a strong posterity of Latter-day Saints.

With all the troubles and the sorrows, there is peace in knowing that we gave our hearts to living the laws of God. Ultimately the greater joy transcends the mortal trials. Ultimately we find home.

READER 6.

SARAH PRISCILLA LEAVITT HAMBLIN:

My name is Sarah Priscilla. I am the youngest of my mothers seven daughters. Betsy and Mary Amelia are my older sisters. Only the three of us were with our mother as we came into the valley. The others had all died along the way. We came in August of 1850. We hoped that it was the end of our journey and our troubles, but much more was to be required of us.

In October of that year, Mary Amelia married William Haines Hamblin. Betsy later became his second wife. When Jacob asked for me to become his second wife, I accepted, then all three of us were Hamblins.²

Our move to the Santa Clara country was the opening scene of a whole new drama of hardship and trials. When the floods came, that terrifying time in 1861, they washed away our homes, our gardens, our ditches and our dam. Again and again we had to start over, but we somehow survived.

I came into Jacob's home and immediately loved his first wife, Rachel. She needed my youth and strength, for she was not well. She loved me and I loved her.

Jacob and William and Dudley, indeed all the men were consumed with their mission to bring the gospel to the Indians. They were gone weeks and weeks at a time, and we women learned to do almost anything a man can do.

William moved his families from Gunlock to Clover Valley, hoping they could prosper in peace, but the Indians became more hostile. Then, tragically, William died. Betsy and Mary Amelia had eleven children still at home; the eldest 16 and the youngest two. Seven months later, Betsy gave birth to little Sarah Priscilla, named after me.

Jacob had been called to settle Kanab, and we worried about leaving my sisters, alone with all those children and no husband and father to care for them. They felt compelled to join us, for we had all been together in this mission and they wanted to complete their husband's calling.

From late in 1874 through 1877, we settled in Kanab and tried to live the United Order. Our struggle to keep the children fed and sheltered, never eased. Jacob had been directed to go to Arizona to arrange for the settlement there. So we prepared to find still another home.

² Mary Amelia's story is extracted from [Sarah Priscilla Leavitt Hamblin](#), by Colleen Carnahan, [Betsy Hamblin History](#) by Josephine Alger Pursley, The Autobiography of Eliza Olive Hamblin Mangum, some details from [Dudley Leavitt Pioneer to Southern Utah](#) by Juanita Brooks, and varied bits of information from the collection of Nada Williamson.

But first we needed our ordinances and our families sealed together. The Temple in St. George had just been dedicated. We made the long trip back to St. George. We were there for a month, working in the temple. It was the last time any of us saw our mother or any of our family. Mother died the next April, just a few days before our brother Jeremiah died.

Then we began our journey into the wilderness. And it was wilderness. Though we had braved trials on our journeys, we had never seen anything to equal Arizona. The Apaches were more fierce than the Paiutes had been, and outlaw raids were frequent. We were always watchful, and fearful much of the time. But we were also blessed and protected. We survived hazardous crossings of the Colorado. We endured heavy snows in the mountains and were preserved in our treks through the parched deserts. Jacob was away most of the time. We three sisters depended on each other. We nursed each other in our sicknesses. we cared for our families, as they grew large and strong in the taming of this land.

We settled again and again, wherever there was sustenance, and wherever Jacob was directed to go. First to Springerville, then Nutrioso, then to Pleasanton, just over the border into New Mexico. In Pleasanton, Jacob died.

We were bereft to be without our strong leader, our husband and friend. New Mexico wanted no Mormons in their state. So our property was foreclosed and we were searching again for home.

I lived 41 years after Jacob died. Betsy lived as a widow for 45 years, and Mary Amelia for 21. In the end we could only rejoice that under the care of a merciful God, we had finished our mission.

With God's help, we made the barren land blossom. With God's help we found there, our home.

READER 7.

MARIETTA CHAMBERLAIN:

I often wonder how our family would be different if we had just come on west together with the rest of the family who joined the Saints.

I am Marietta Chamberlain. My father was Franklin, my mother, Rebecca Leavitt Chamberlain. Father was an imposing figure of a man. He was very charitable and always willing to help others. People were drawn to him. But he just couldn't quite follow someone else's lead. He always thought of himself as the leader, and usually other people followed him.

He loved my mother's family. He was especially respectful to Grandmother Sarah Shannon Leavitt. I didn't ever know if he led our family on the long journey out of

Hatley, because he knew Grandmother Leavitt wanted to do it, or if he sort of believed, or if he just looked for new adventure.

I was only four years old when we left, but I can remember, that Grandmother rode in the wagon with me and my little brother. Papa seemed to be in charge all the time.

The years in 12 Mile Grove were hard years, but happy years. We suffered some sickness. We lost Grandmother Leavitt. I've wondered if she hadn't died, if Papa would have gone all the way west, just to be sure she got there.

But as it was, Illinois became our home. At least it became the home for my mother and father. One by one, the others of us came west. Even Oliver went to California after considerable business success in Illinois.

My parents suffered some significant sorrows. The death of Sally Ann was a difficult blow. Mother had felt that it was the right thing, to let her go to Nauvoo with our aunts. She so loved her cousins. My father never did recover from her death.

Anna and Jedediah Scott married and stayed at Oak Lawn for a few years, until four of their children were born. But then they headed for California.

By that time Father was so well established and had so much property that he couldn't leave Illinois.

My mother always longed to be with the rest of her family. But she stayed at Oak Lawn as long as father was alive. She came out once to visit, and received her blessings in the old Endowment House. And when father passed away, she came to live with me for her last year.

There is a phrase in the Book of Mormon that describes our society of Leavitt cousins. It says that the prophet Alma commanded his people that they should live together, "having no contention among them, their hearts knit together in unity and love towards one another." That's how it was with us. When Aunt Betsy's son, John Adams, married Uncle John and Aunt Lucy's daughter, Flavilla, we all rejoiced, because we had all been such close friends for all our lives. Then, when their twins were born and Flavilla died with one of the twins, we all mourned our loss. We all sorrowed together.

John and I married soon, for little Flavilla, needed a mother, and I loved her as my own. When she had children of her own, she named her Marietta after me. I've always thought it spoke well of the way we lived, truly, with our hearts knitted together in unity and love toward one another.

I have sorrowed that my mother did not enjoy the blessing of our society. But at the end she was here in our midst. And I suppose that in the very end, we will all find home in the very same place.

READER 8.

SALLY ADAMS SNOW:

My name is Sally Adams Snow. I married William Snow as his first plural wife. My father and mother, James and Betsy Leavitt Adams were in agreement that I should marry William, for they were firm in the faith and believed the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith and so did I.

William was 19 years older than I. He had married my cousin, Lydia, when his first wife died. Then when Lydia died, I was there to be the mother to the two little girls left by the passing of their mothers.

Home for us was a long and circuitous journey. We found home, finally, high in the mountains of Southern Utah. The hamlet of Pine Valley became our place of peace, our home.

But the way home was not direct, nor easy, nor smooth. Before we reached there, William had buried two wives, and a little son. My beloved mother had died from the plague of sickness that took so many of our friends at Council Bluffs.. We had lived through a famine and the threat of a great army coming upon us.

But we reached the Valley, having survived with the help of a loving God.

Six daughters were born to us, and finally one son. William married three more wives who all bore children. One, Roxanna Leavitt Huntsman was my first cousin, as Lydia had been.

Our family was large and our lives somewhat complicated, for William served in the Legislature, at the same time he served as bishop of the Pine Valley Ward.

We grew everything we ate, and we made everything we wore. We were never still for very long. When William was busy with his legislative duties, I went along with him to visit with our daughters and their families. When William ministered to the sick and the needy of the ward, I went along or sent food or whatever necessity was missing in the homes he visited.

We were hardly prepared for William to leave us at age 73, though in terms of activity and effort, he might have been 103, for he had lived enough, and served enough for the lives of two men. Our posterity settled throughout the American west, they helped to build their communities, and they helped to build Zion.

Life as a widow continued for me for 15 years more. Time to reflect upon the joys and vicissitudes of mortality, but also to consider with great anticipation, the blessing of coming home. And always and forever, I reflected upon the blessings of having known the truth and lived its precepts. I rejoice to the last of my days that I had known the Prophet and had obeyed his counsel.

READER 9.

JOSEPH FISH:

My name is Joseph. I represent the children of Horace and Hannah Leavitt Fish, for we are the seventh generation. Hannah Leavitt was the youngest of Jeremiah and Sarah Shannon's children. Like all the others, finding home was a long process for us. But we were unique, in the fact that we all made it to the Valley. We didn't lose any of our family. We had serious accidents and close calls, but all of us made it here. But we were aware that many of our friends did not reach the homes they'd dreamed of. Our father stopped counting, when he had counted 1000 graves along the way. We sang, "Come Come Ye Saints," to keep up our spirits.

Three of the children in our family as we made our way west.. I was born at Twelve Mile Grove. Anna Marie was born in Nauvoo and Franklin was born at Council Bluffs. It took us a long time to reach Zion.

Two of my sisters married while we lived in Nauvoo. Julia married Edward Washington Thompson, and Sarah married John Calvin Lazelle Smith. Both of them came into the valley ahead of us. When our company approached the valley Sarah and John Calvin were waiting to meet us, with their new baby boy in their arms.

They took us to Deuel Settlement where they had taken up land. They divided their land with us and we built a cabin and began to feel at home.

But, of course, we were not home yet. Just when spring had come, John CL and Sarah were called to help in the settling of Parowan, in the far southern reaches of the territory. The next year we were called to come there too, and Julia and Edward Thompson came south too. They settled in Beaver and we came on to begin building Parowan.

My father went right to work establishing a sawmill, so we literally did help to build the place. Julia and Edward Washington Thompson built a flour mill in Beaver and they saved a lot of people over the next ten hard years.

We had to live ever on the alert, for Indian troubles often beset us. Sometimes our relationships with Indians were friendly, sometimes they stole our animals and crops.

My sister Sarah rescued a seven year old Paiute girl from her Navajo kidnappers and she became a member of our family. We called her Janet and she later married Dudley Leavitt and reared a large and noble family.

Father's four unmarried children married while we lived in Parowan. When, in 1870, my father died, my mother's health rapidly diminished. Hannah Leavitt Fish died two years after my father.

Before my mother died, she wrote these words:

“As I look back upon the events of the past three fourths of a century, I seem to awake almost as from a dream. The transformation of the country can hardly be realized. Everything is changed. Instead of a boundless desert, dotted here and there with small openings, large and well cultivated fields are presented, with a very limited reservation of woodland for fuel; and on or near the sites of the primitive log cabins, elegant residences, with corresponding outbuildings, have arisen. The whistling of the railway locomotive and the clicking of the telegraph are heard.

Truly this has been an age of progress! If the possibility of these improvement had been suggested in our younger days, we should probably have said, with on of old: “Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, then might these things be!”

I am now nearing the close of my earthly pilgrimage, and by the Mercy of God, through the merits of my Redeemer, am looking forward to a glorious and happy immortality beyond the grave.

Thus the youngest of the children of Jeremiah and Sarah Shannon Leavitt, had reached home. The journey from Hatley to Home successfully completed.