

My Fathers family background was a very historic and dramatic one, full of pioneer faith and courage. His father was baptized into the Mormon Church in 1840 and moved to the body of the church in Nauvoo the same year. During nob violence on the saints his cattle were stoldn, his house burned and his wife and children put out in the snow. His wife being ill with a new baby caught cold and died three dayes later. He left his children with saints and answered the call to the Mornon Battalion where he served as a Captain. Because of his trade as a cooper, his ability to speak the Indian language and his marksmanship as a hunter, he was called by President Brigham Young to help escort four different camps of Saints across the plains. It was on one of these trips that he met Cynthia Farrington Bowen, my grandmother. She had buried her husband on the plains with cholera. Grandfather assisted her and her little family to the valley. Leter they were married in Salt Lake on Feb. 15, 1849 by President Brigham Young.

Grandfather was a natural colonizer, a wise and prudent stockman. He understood people and was obedient to those in authority. Thus, he was called many times to help open new frontiers. The first call was to Ogden. They moved with their mixed family, five of grandfathers and four of grandmothers to Mound Fcrt now known as North Ogden. It was there on February 1, 1850 in a two room log cabin by the light of a braided rag candle dipped in tallow taken from a deer Grandfather had killed but a few hours previous that my father, Francillo Durfey Jr. first saw the light of day. Welcomd by nine brothers and sisters, never to have one of his very own, but bound together with ties of love, faith and sacrifice that only pioneer families knew best.

Fathers earliest recollection was the day he had to leave his first home. He was only five. His parents had been called along with other pioneers to go into the Northwest to establish what was known as the Salmon River Mission. They left May 19, 1855. For a boy from five to eight those were trying years, filled with fear of the Indians and confined in a small fort. I have heard my father tell many times how he would climb up on the Fort wall, look through

the gun holes and pray for his father's life during the Indian raids. He said, "It might have had a lasting effect upon my life had not my father gathered his family around him and explained that the Indians were not to blame. While the Missionaries were trying to make friends with them and teach them the Gospel, to the Indians they were only trespassing on their hunting ground."

On February 1, 1858 my fathers eighty birthday, grandfather cut a hole in the ice on the Lemhi River and baptized him, That birthday baptizing my father carried through his entire family of twelve children. Winter and summer. He cut a hole in the ice in Bear River February and another one on the twenty-ninth to baptize my two brothers. The ice was on the edge when it was my turn in March. When mother said, "Won't they take cold?" he said, "No one was hurt fulfilling the commandments of the Lord." As a result none of us have to wonder who baptized us and when, or who confirmed us and when for that was done as soon as we came out of the water. Family record keeping was much simpler in those days.

Getting back to my story. Because of the hostilities of the Indians; on the twenty-eight of March 1858 the whole company left Fort Lemhi. Their mission was closed and they returned to Ogden. Out of the thirty-five head of cattle my Grandfather trailed three hundred and thirty-three miles, he returned with only one cow whose young calf was to weak to travel. She escaped the Indians and came back for it. Once more they were back in Zion but their stay was of short duration.

The following year President Young again called for volunteers to help in the settling of Cache Valley. Grandfather answered the call. Three towns were settled in the autumn of 1859. Grandfather chose Providence for my fathers next home. He was nine at the time and it was his first opportunity to go to school. School was only held for two quarters in mid winter. Father was needed so badly with the cattle and with odd jobs around the cooper shop that his schooling was very limited. He often told us of his golden teenage years spent in beautiful Cache Valley.

In the different settlements they would dance all night, have breakfast at dawn and then go home to do their chores.

Father met and married a beautiful young girl from Willard named Margaret McQuarry. Grandfathers boys and girls were all married by this time and were in need of homes and land. As Cache Valley was pretty well all taken up it became necessary for them to seek new frontiers. So in the spring of 1868 grandfather moved with his family to the sight now known as Beaver Dam. At that time it was a cattlemans paradise. The hills were covered with beautiful mountain grass and the beaver had built a natural dam in the creek after which the village derived its name.

Father and his new bride remained in Providence where he had a job herding and feeding cattle for a cattle company. They were both young and happy, full of hopes and plans for the future. When the older boys homes were built and they were settled in them it was his turn. The afternoon of February 15, 1871 while he was cutting willows down on Logan river to build a fence he was prompted to get on his horse and ride as fast as he could to his fathers home in Beaver Dam. He was just mounting his horse when his brother came for him. When they arrived his father was critically ill. There was just time to request father to move in with his mother and take care of her the rest of her life.

Grandfathers death was the first real tragedy in Fathers life although there were many more to follow. As always when his burdens became to great, the Church was there to sustain him. He was ordained an Elder February 8, 1875 by Apostle Joseph F. Smith. Grandfathers dying request proved to be quite an assignment to all three of them. His mother and his young wife were so much alike in disposition and so far apart in years, both wanting to be the one that father was continually between the two acting as peacemaker.

In less than a year after his fathers death his wife gave birth to a baby girl. This happy event brought a need for grandmother and a deep joy to all of them but their happiness

was short lived. When the baby was two weeks old the mother took pneumonia and died leaving father at the age of twenty-one with an aged mother and a little baby to care for. He named the baby Margaret for her mother and called her Maggie. He cared for the baby nights and his mother took care of her daytimes. His burdens were great having been left by the death of his father to divide the estate satisfactorily with his brothers. I think this verse fits my fathers life perfectly.

"God grant me serenity to accept the things I cannot change. The courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference."

Thus his life followed an ordinary pattern for the next four or five years. In the meantime a cheese dairy was established on the hill above Collinston. Girls came from all the country around to milk cows. Everyone rented their cows and in return they got butter and cheese. This, of course, became a regular match making paradise for the young people. The boys gathered, they danced and made merry until the bell rang, then the boys went home and the girls went to bed and dreamed of wedding bells. These wedding bells rang true for Sara Ann Findley of Mendon and Francillo Durfey Jr. of Beaver Dam. They were married by Wilford Woodruff in the old Endowment House. The Endowment House was closed for enlarging when he married his first wife so Aunt Sara Ann stood for Aunt Margaret who was sealed first then she was sealed second.

Once more skies were clear and his life took on new meaning. Aunt Sara was mild and soft spoken. She understood and knew how to handle grandmother so they got along beautifully. In a year a little girl came to bless their home. They named her Ida. It was the joy of little Margaret's life to have a sister, she had lived with grownups for so long.

Scarlet fever, that was such a grim reaper of children in those days, took Ida when she was one year old. Margaret survived that, but three weeks later she died with membranous croup as it was called, leaving their home childless.

I have heard my father say many times that it was only faith and his testimony of the Gospel that made his sorrow bearable.

He was called and set apart as Presiding Elder of the Beaver Dam branch of the church. During the following years two baby girls were born to them. In 1880 the branch was discontinued and Beaver Dam was joined with the Deweyville Ward and father was chosen first counselor in the Bishopric.

Sometime later he was to meet the hardest test of his faith. All men holding church positions had been advised many times that it was their duty to practice plural marriage. Father just could not bring himself to it. He had seen so much unhappiness caused by men not living the law as the Lord intended it should be lived. He was so happy and content with his present life. He had fulfilled his Fathers request, had made his mothers life happy through her long illness and she had died in his arms in 1883. He was doing the work he loved best, working in the church, farming, raising cattle and caring for his beautiful horses along with his family. They were his pride and joy. Lorenzo Snow, at that time President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, wrote him a letter asking him and his wife to come to Stake Conference in Brigham City. The church authorities had a special message for them. Father went with a prayer in his heart that he would have the courage to do as they asked for he knew what it was. He was right in his premonitions. They ask him to accept the law of plural marriage and live it as required of men holding his office in the church. He ask for time for he and his wife to talk it over and come to a unanimous decision. On the way home Father said, "Well Sara what shall we do?" Her answer was "There is only one thing we can do, obey those in authority over us." After some meditation she said "If we can get Lucy, who was her younger sister to join us I think we can all live harmoniously together."

When Father asked Lucy, who was my mother, she said laughingly, " I think a great deal of you as a man and a brother-in-law, but that is all. Grandmother thought my father almost perfect. He had been kind and good to her

oldest daughter Sara and made her very happy, now if they wanted Lucy she would use her influence. Lucy was her baby and like all mothers she hated to part with her. So under the influence of her mother and the persuasion of her sister and the deep respect she had for my father, they were married in the Logan Temple November 1885. Mother was only seventeen. She said to me many times in trying to guide me through those troubled years of selecting a companion, "Choose wisely the man you trust with your future for on him depends your joy or sorrow. I didn't love your father when we were married. I admired and respected him very much. He was so kind, so good and devoted to all of us that I grew to love him with a deep and lasting devotion that has made for me a full and satisfying life."

Their family arrangements were that mother would remain in Mendon with her mother. That suited grandmother just fine. Mother and Aunt Sara loved each other dearly. They were just alike in disposition, kind, soft spoken, true ladies in every sense of the word. Father was a good provider and they were congenial and happy. Mothers first child and Aunt Sara's third child were born just two months apart. Fathers life was again running smoothly. There was peace and contentment in his heart and home.

Since the first anti-poligamy law was passed by congress in 1862. There was constant agitation throughout the United States and non-mormons in Utah to enforce the law. With the passing of President Erigham Young, John Taylor took a firm stand in the matter and gave no evidence that a change of policy would be made. As a result the agitation was renewed and in 1882 the Edmunds law was passed by Congress, which provided severe penalties for those who were convicted of plural marriage, or what was then called "unlawful co-habitation." Self government was forbidden the people of Utah. The Latter Day Saints who practised plural marriage were denied the right to vote. The highest leaders of the church were immediately sought by the Federal Officers and for eight years they spied on them and hounded them.

Father, living in a remote area and his family living under separate roofs, it was about three years before they were molested. When word came to father that he was being followed that was the cue for mother, she being the plural wife, to go into seclusion or on the underground as it was called. Thus it was necessary for mother to disappear in the night from her home in Mendon. Several days later brother and sister Williams of Star Valley had a guest, Sister Bostic and her little girl. When the grape vine warned, (communication was slow, but oh there were plenty of grape vines) off Sister Bostic would go again. This time to Clarkston or Greenville. They had plenty of friends in those days. All the doors of the saints were open to them and their welcome was warm and friendly.

One morning while Father and the family were having breakfast a knock came on the door, it was the Federal Officers. They asked father to declare his plural wife. He said, "Yes I have a plural wife, I will not deny her, neither will I run, I have not sinned against God or my country, if you want me take me. Just Grant me a few days to settle my affairs and I will go of my own accord." He felt the Lord had been good to him. His fall work was all done, his families were well provided for for the winter. So if his country felt he owed it a debt he was willing to pay with six months of his freedom. So in the autumn of 1888 he went to Salt Lake and entered the State Penitentiary. He held no malice toward anyone. His companions were among some of the most devoted men of the church who had sacrificed much for the faith they believed in. Many of them were learned men. Father saw opportunity for education he had been deprived of in his youth and determined to take advantage of it.

All the Mormons were given clemency, they were not confined with hardened criminals and were allowed special privileges. A school was organized under an eminent teacher and father enrolled. Father often said his misfortune proved a blessing. He studied hard for those six months and came out with a practical education. His teacher demanded correct spoken English. Father was an excellent reader, hard to beat in mathematics and a beautiful penman.

During these months my father was in the Penitentiary my brother Oak was born on February 29, in Greenville, now known as North Logan. Mother remained in seclusion until after the Manifesto was issued by President Woodruff in Oct. of 1890, then she returned to her home in Mendon where she lived until her mothers death.

Father was happy to be home again with his family. They were all well, the town had a warm welcoming party for him and he took up in church and civic affairs where he had left off. As he often said, "Every experience in life regardless of how tragic it may seem at the time, if properly applied enriches ones life."

The next few years were happy ones. Another little girl was added to Aunt Sara's family. Then trouble struck again. Every few years another epidemic of Scarlet Fever would break out. At this time all of Aunt Sara's children came down with it at once. The care of them and helping out with the neighbors children, as everyone did in those days, proved to much for her. She took pneumonia which at that time was almost always fatal. She was gone in five days. Dr. Arasby came out from Logan and stayed right there with her, but was unable to save her. Her young baby went at the same time with the fever. They were buried together. Grandmother was ill at the time and the shock proved to much for her and she passed away a few days later.

My mother moved over to Beaver Dam and took over the care of both families, five children in all. Her oldest was six and Aunt Sara's oldest was ten. In our home there were no half brothers and sisters. Mother had a way with children. She was gentle and kind. Aunt Sara's children loved her dearly. I have heard them say many times they never thought of her other than their mother although mother always kept the memory of their own mother fresh in their minds and taught them to call her Aunt Lucy. She often said, "When I looked into the eyes of those children I knew why, for what, and by whom my decision had been made."

, As was always the case when his sorrow was great, the church came to his rescue and gave him added responsibility. That took his mind from his own troubles, replacing them with service to others. Beaver Dam had grown until it justified a Ward of the church. So on the 29th of March, 1892 the Ward was organized and father was sustained as Bishop, a position he held for sixteen years. His counselors were Brother Joseph H. Watkins and Brother W. Elmer Loveland. During his administration the Beaver Ward Meeting house was built and dedicated in one year. He gave the land that now belongs to the Relief Society and the Cemetery to the Ward.

The following tribute was copied from the Ward Records; placed there as a memento along with his picture at the time of the close of his administration as Bishop. "He was a man of great faith, humble and obedient to those in authority. He had the gift of healing and went among his people ministering to the sick, staying at their bed sides all day or night as long as necessary under any conditions. The night was never too dark, the snow or mud too deep for him to go where duty called, where there was sickness, sorrow or distress. He was a kind loving husband and father. He taught the principles of the Gospel by example and precept and was ever proud to bear his testimony to its truthfulness. His memory will forever be held dear in the Ward."

When the Bear River Stake was organized in November 1908 he was released as Bishop and sustained as one of the first High Council of that Stake. I remember when the snow was so deep he couldn't go in the cutter or the bob sled, he would go on horseback. I can just see him now in his black overcoat with the velvet collar turned up around his neck, little black velvet ear muffs on his ears, high buckle overshoes, mounting his old Dan because he could buck the snow best and start off on his visits to the adjoining towns. Sometimes in a snow blizzard. The thought never entered his mind of not going. He always said, "If you are doing the Lords work he will prepare the way."

In 1910 father was made Patriarch of the Bear River Stake.

By this time his family consisted of twelve children living and four gone. He was a firm believer in education. In those days with transportation the way it was children had to board away from home upon the completion of grammar school. Large families had to make many sacrifices. Father wasn't well. Doctors didn't know what was the matter with him but he was determined that his children of High School age should have their chance, so he sent three over to the B.Y.C. The doctors finally diagnosed his trouble as sugar diabetes and told him he must quit work. This was a hard blow to him. Mother hadn't been well for a long time and Father had been very concerned for her. He had given her the best care possible. His decision was a hard one to make. He owned some good land and cattle and was for those times considered rather well off but he sacrificed almost all of his lifes accumulations to give his wife an easier life and better care and his family an opportunity for higher education. He rented his farm and cattle ranch and moved a family of nine to Logan. He enrolled three in the B.Y.C. and four in the Woodruff School. The remainder of his family were married.

Fathers health improved with diet and proper rest but mother grew worse. She was really ill for almost a year. He did everything possible for her, was always kind and gentle and her passing was a heart break for him for he loved her very much. Logan had lost its charm for him on her passing on December 12, 1916. Some weeks later he took the three youngest children and moved back to the farm to salvage as much of his property as he could. It was war time and the world was all to pieced as well as his life.

The girls that were not married or in high school, were teaching school. He and the three youngest children got along as best they could for a year when once more he found a companion and a mother for his children. And a mother she was in very deed. Eleanor Hendricks was her name. She had just lived a few doors from up in Logan and we all thought a great deal of her so it was not hard for us to accept her. She made a wonderful home for all of them and I am sure she and father were very happy.

He lived to see his entire family married except his youngest son and he was preparing to go on a mission. As I write this history and meditate on my fathers life I am deeply touched. How could anyone go through so much and maintain such a cheerful disposition. He was firm with us but in such a way that it never entered our head to question. If he and mother ever disagreed it was behind closed doors. It was father who got up with us in the night and we were never so ill that in our minds his prayers wouldn't heal. Obedience was a must in our home and came naturally. Father wouldn't allow quarreling among his children and mothers mild sweet manner and gentle voice rendered contention impossible. The evenings were a delightful time in our home. When evening work was done, we would all gather around father while he read to us mostly from the lives of the prophets stopping occasionally to weave in bits of his own and grandfathers lives as they had personally known those great men. I remember best his reading the lives of Parley P. Pratt and Wilford Woodruff. Then I remember "Added Upon" and the effect it had upon me even as a child. On these quiet nights as he read the most audible sound would be the clicking of Mothers knitting needles as she knit our stockings. Her hands were never idle.

As I close this history it seems only fitting that I close it as he closed each day. In my minds eyes I see the big oblong table that stood in the middle of the dining room floor where each morning and evening we all knelt in family prayer. I am grateful for my fathers life and proud of his accomplishments. He died August 13, 1926 at the age of seventy-six at Beaver Dam, Box Elder County. To his posterity he left a glorious heritage and an honored name.

God bless his memory.