

PIONEER WOMEN OF FAITH AND FORTITUDE



NAME: Sophia Petronella *Jorgensen (Johnson) **Andreasen (Andersen)
BORN: 5 August 1862 at Stege, Praesto, Copenhagen, Denmark
DIED: 3 October 1944 at Bothwell, Utah
PARENTS: Hans Jorgensen and Marie Dorthea Brink Jorgensen

Arrived in the Salt Lake City Valley 25 September 1868 in the 28th emigrating oxen company led by Captain John G. Holman.

*Jorgensen was changed to Johnson
**Andreasen was changed to Andersen
SPOUSE: Andrew Carl Andreasen (Andersen)
BORN: 29 April 1859 at Odense, Denmark
DIED: 19 December 1908
MARRIED: 2 December 1880 in the Salt Lake Endowment House

HISTORY OF SOPHIA PETRONELLA JORGENSEN (JOHNSON) ANDREASEN (ANDERSEN)

Sophia Petronella Jorgensen was 05 August 1862 at Stege, Praesto, Copenhagen, Denmark, the third child and first daughter of Hans Jorgensen and Marie Dorthea Brink Jorgensen. Her mother was the first member of her family to join The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She was baptized 17 August 1861. She worked hard to convert her husband and he was baptized 20 November 1861. After they joined the LDS Church, Hans lost his job, their friends and relatives turned against them. They worked for seven years, Hans doing whatever work he could find, and Marie taking in washings to save enough money to go to Zion.

The Jorgensen Family consisted of Sophias' parents Hans (40) and Marie (34 going on 35), brother Lars (9), Sophia (5) and baby sister Josephine Marie (4 months old), leaving behind three young brothers that had died and were buried in Copenhagen, on 13 June 1868 joined a group of 630 emigrating Scandinavian Saints on the steamer "Hansia" for Hull, England. They arrived in Hull on 16 June 1868 and traveled from there to Liverpool, England by train. The group stayed in Liverpool for three days in various locations and were for the most part, treated most unkindly by the hotel keepers. On 19 June 1868 they were able to board the sailing ship "Emerald Isle" and were again insulted in every way imaginable by the crew.

It was the intention of the Elders over the Scandinavian Mission that beginning this year (1868) that emigrating Saints would cross the Atlantic on steamers, but the high price demanded for steamship passage made the fare prohibitive for the Scandinavian Saints and the voyage had to be made on sailing vessels.

The "Emerald Isle" sailed from Liverpool on 20 June 1868. On 26 June 1868 the vessel sailed into Queenstown harbor to take fresh water on board since the machine that was used to distill seawater for culinary purposes was broken down and could not be repaired quickly. The ship left Queenstown, Ireland on 29 June 1868 to cross the Atlantic Ocean. During the long trip the water taken on at Queenstown became very stagnant and was the cause of much illness among the Saints. There were 37 deaths occurred during the crossing. Many of these were caused by measles among the children but the stagnant water undoubtedly was the real cause of the heavy death rate. The mother of one little girl, that had died, gave Sophia her daughters' doll.

While the gift came from a broken hearted mother, nevertheless it provided Sophia with a cherished toy to fill the hours during the long ocean voyage.

In a quote from the “History of the Scandinavian Mission” it states: “No other company of emigrating Saints from Scandinavia are known to have met with such bad treatment as this one on board any ship in crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Fortunately, it was the last company of Scandinavian Saints, which crossed the Atlantic in a sailing vessel. From that time on steamers were employed in the transportation of the Saints.”

The “Emerald Isle” arrived at the entrance to New York harbor on 11 August 1868. They were taken off the sailing vessel and put on a steamer that took them up the Hudson River to Castle Garden where they found shelter in a warehouse. They were held in quarantine for three days awaiting the arrival of their personal possessions.

The Jorgensen family was once again on dry land and had survived the difficult crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. But they were tired and hungry; the children cried for food, they were virtually penniless. Sophia’s mother was trying to quiet the children when she found a paper bill. Not knowing what it was she was about to discard it when a young *girl traveling under the Jorgensen’s care said, “That looks like what everybody else is using to buy bread.” Sister Jorgensen could not believe this piece of paper was worth anything, nevertheless she sent the young girl to find a bakery. Soon she returned with her apron overflowing with buns and even had some change.

*(The identity of this young girl is not known but hopefully with more research her identity will be revealed. It is believed that she went to Sanpete County).

The Jorgensen family’s journey was not over yet the hardest part still ahead. On 17 August 1868 the group left New York by Union Pacific Railroad and the emigrants went to Niagara Falls, New York; Detroit, Michigan; Chicago, Illinois and on to Council Bluffs, Iowa arriving here 21 August 1868. On 22 August 1868 the Saints were taken by steamboat across the Missouri River. Here the Church oxen teams, wagons and supplies met the emigrants and took them to their camp on the Platte River about six miles from Benton, Wyoming where they remained until 31 August 1868 when the Scandinavian Saints took up the journey across the mountains by ox train to Zion. Captain John G. Holman was the wagon master over this

Scandinavian group of Saints that the Jorgensen family traveled with the 28th company. The crossing was made with oxen but the family walked the majority of the distance to lighten the load.

En route the emigrant group faced many hardships and dangers common to the pioneers. The journey across the vast, unsettled plains and mountains was long and tedious. To ensure safety against unfriendly Indians and natural dangers, leaders instructed those walking to stay close to the wagons.

Many of the company continued to be sick, raging among the Scandinavian emigrants, about thirty died between New York and Salt Lake City. Sophias' brother Lars was among the sick. The constant jolting of the wagon so nauseated him that his father had to carry him most of the way. It seemed unlikely, for some time, which he would live to reach Utah. Six month-old Josephine Marie was cross and tired all the time. Part of the time she had to be carried but mostly she rode in the wagon on the lap of the little girl traveling with the Jorgensens. Six-year-old Sophia walked most of the way tugging at her mother's skirt as they trudged over the dry, dusty miles. But the blessings of the Lord were with them and Sophia's mother's hopes and prayers were answered that she would have to have any of her family buried in a shallow grave before reaching Zion.

They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley 25 September 1868. This was the last oxen company to arrive in the valley thus ending the emigration of Latter Day Saints from Europe by sailing vessels and oxen teams.

Hans had planned to take his family to Sanpete where he had a relative. But upon his arrival in Salt Lake City he met a Bishop Nelson who persuaded him to come with him to sparsely populated Bear River City. At this time this little City was populated primarily by Danish emigrant Saints.

Life here was not easy and it was early fall when they arrived. Their first winter home, in their new homeland, was a dugout along the banks of the Bear River. The following summer Hans built a two-room adobe house in Bear River City. This seemed wonderful to the family after spending a gloomy winter in a dugout.

Baby sister Josephine Marie never regained her strength from the long tedious journey to

Utah. She was two years old when her condition worsened and in the dark of the night on 26 February 1870 Sophias' mother felt her little girl grow still, cold and her breathing ceased. She knew her baby was gone. There was no light in the home and Father Hans crossed the street to the Ipsens where he borrowed a light so his wife could wash and lay out the baby.

On 27 April 1870 a baby brother was born and named Hans Christian Jorgensen. He was eight days old when he passed away. In two short months the Jorgensen family buried two babies. Three more sisters were born to this union and lived to maturity. They were Caroline (Carrie) Matilda, Anina (Nina) and Mary Elvina (Maude or Aunt Mam).

Work was scarce in those early years. Father Hans worked for the Union Pacific Railroad to complete the transcontinental rail system at Promontory, Utah on 10 May 1869 the railroad was completed. Water was needed in Bear River City to help the crops and orchards survive. Hans helped dig a canal that brought water to the towns thirsty crops. This canal brought joy to the people of Bear River City. There joy was short lived as the Indians claimed the water in the canal was theirs. The government recognized their claim and returned the water to the Indians. Once again Bear River City was dry and the crops turned brown and the crops died. The settlers were ready to leave their land and search for new homes when President Brigham Young came to the little community and promised them that if they would stay they would once again see the water from the Bear River flow into their canals. The Jorgensen family stayed and President Young's promise came true. The irrigation water produced green fields, orchards, bounteous crops and plenty of shade trees to make Bear River City a lovely place to live.

Sophia grew up a happy child. She did her share of the work to help the family. Sophia had little formal education and never learned to read or write the English language. As she grew into her teens, she enjoyed the social life of the community: parties, dances, picnics and church activities. She also was a milkmaid milking cows at Hansen Dairy around Early Park. Which was one of the largest dairies in the west milking over 600 milk cows a day. As she enjoyed the sociability of those around her, she met a handsome young man and fell in love with Andrew Carl Andreasen. They were married 2 December 1880 in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. She was eighteen and he was twenty-one years of age.

Andrew was considered to be a fairly educated man for that day and age. He could read

and write. He played the violin and was a drummer in the Bear River City Brass Band. He was a good singer and actor and took part in the community entertainments. He was an excellent athlete, sportsman and was a good shot with a gun.

For the first few years of their marriage they made their home in Bear River City. Andrew was a butcher and ran a butcher shop there. But the spirit of pioneering was strong in the hearts of Sophia and Andrew. In 1888 they started homesteading land in Roeville, three miles west of Tremonton. For three years they spent their summers here clearing the land of sagebrush and rocks to make it usable as farmland.

The spirit of pioneering was strong in their hearts. In 1891, after they had been married ten years, they made their home in Rowville in the Point Look Out area near Lone Rock. Point Look Out got its name because it was here that the Scouts for the wagon trains going to California would come to "Look Out" over the Bear River Valley for any signs of Indians in the area. The Indians had also used Point Look Out to detect company. Here Andrew built a home for his family.

Here again Sophia knew the hardships of loneliness. She was the first white woman to settle in Roeville. Sophia, once again, experienced life without water for irrigating the crops, gardening or performing household chores. With the help of her children, she carried her washing down to Salt Creek, which was at the base of Point Look Out, about half of a mile from their home. Here they gathered sage to use for fuel, boiled the clothes to remove the germs and scrubbed the clothes on a board before being hung to dry on the nearby sagebrush.

In the spring of 1888 there was great anticipation that a canal would be developed to bring water through Bear River Canyon to the farms of the Bear River Valley. This water was needed to irrigate crops and provide water for other uses. John R. Bothwell was the overseer of building the canal. Water was delivered to the farmers in 1892 in Rowville. The community formerly known as Rowville was changed to Bothwell in honor of the canal builder.

Shortly after the completion of the canal the Andrew Anderson family erected a log cabin on the south side of the canal, about one-half mile west from their first home. This became their permanent home. About 1903, part of the house burned. The children were scattered among the homes of neighbors and relatives until the men of the community could donate time from their

chores to help add two more rooms to the damaged home. By this time two of Andrew's brothers had moved to Bothwell to homestead. They were Nels and Rasmus Anderson. After the damage was corrected the family was back together under one roof.

Even after the move closer to water, life was still not easy there were no comforts. Water had to be carried from the canal for household chores. Bare floors meant hard scrubbing; ironing required continually heating of the heavy irons on the woodstove; clothing was tediously stitched by hand, growing a garden and preparing for winter. She baked bread and cinnamon rolls, made her own butter and would trade extra eggs and butter for goods at the Foxley store. She had wild currents, cherry and peach trees. All illness was met with home remedies and faith. Sophia's fourteen children were born without a doctor, often without even the aid of a midwife.

In spite of heavy demands, Sophia made time to serve the church. She was called in 1899 to serve as the first President of the Bothwell Ward Relief Society, a position she held for about ten years. She loved the scriptures and having the Relief Society Magazine read to her. Her children would read her the scriptures and through them she learned to love Christ's teachings. She lived about two miles from the Meeting House and usually walked to the church carrying a small child in her arms and rest of her children walking by her side. In appreciation for her years of faithful service, the Relief Society following her release presented a rocking chair to her.

Sophia was true pioneer, but she was often afraid. Severe thunderstorms always frightened her, until she learned by self-will to conquer her fear. Sometimes when left alone with her little ones, the darkness of the night terrified her. Many times as the lonely night came on she would gather her small children and walk to a neighbors to await Andrew's return from work or a trip to Bear River City for supplies. But as the children became older they provided company for her and she gradually lost much of her fear.

For several years Andrew was the constable for the community. It was often his duty to apprehend some law-breaker and take him to Brigham City, the county seat. These were worried hours for Sophia. On one occasion, it was late when Andrew returned to Bothwell with his prisoner. There was of course, no jail so Andrew kept him at their home all night. Sophia couldn't sleep. A criminal was in her house and she feared that something might go wrong and harm come to some or all of them. A prayer of thankfulness came from her heart as the men left

for Brigham City with their prisoner, the next morning.

As more people came to the community, social life increased and there were often friendly and happy events with neighbors and friends. Quilting bees were always happy affairs, dances and church socials were looked forward to with anticipation.

There were also many amusing incidents in their own family life that brought laughter and glad memories to all of them. One Sophia liked to tell quite often:

She and Andrew had gone to Bear River City for supplies and to visit relatives. They took a couple of the youngest children with them and left the other five at home with Frances, the oldest child, in charge. During the day a bee stung one of the children, Sophia couldn't remember which particular child. Naturally, the child cried loud and long. Frances decided that called for action. She put the four children on the old gray mare, climbed up herself and started for Bear River City.

Miles from home; they met their parents returning to Bothwell. How surprised they were to see the old horse plodding along the dusty road with five bedraggled children aboard. How glad the children were to see their parents and to ride back with them in the wagon.

They were a happy, friendly, hospitable family. Many travelers and strangers as well as friends and relatives stopped by their home. They were always made welcome with a place to sleep and food. The best they had was shared by all and no one left their home hungry.

Just before Christmas in 1908, Andrew had an attack of appendicitis. No doctors were available and after several days of suffering it was thought the appendix had ruptured and he developed peritonitis. He passed away 19 December 1908 at the early age of forty-nine leaving Sophia with nine children still at home. The four oldest were married.

Sophia was forty-six when Andrew died and she felt her husband's death keenly and at times the responsibility seemed more than she could bear. The youngest child, Nina was but five years old. She faced trying to earn a living for her little family. For several years, after Andrew's death, she and the children worked as janitors at the Ward Meeting House.

The summer after Andrew died, her daughter Ella Cleophia Stokes who was expecting became very ill. Ella and her family lived in Canada. Sophia left her children and went to the bedside of her child with the intention to bring Ella back with her as soon as she was well enough

to travel.

When she was stronger, Sophia, Ella, and daughter, Ruby made the trip to Bothwell. Ella's baby, Lydia was born but Ella didn't regain her health. In July, only seven months following her husband's death, Sophia faced a second tragedy. In spite of a mother's tender care, Ella died. She left an infant daughter, but shortly after Ella's death, the baby, Lydia died too. Sophia's strong faith sustained her during this second sorrow.

She faced her burdens with resourcefulness, hard work and economy. There was no other course open to her. She had to meet each with the knowledge that she had much to do and that help and guidance would come from her Heavenly Father. She fought fear alone, as she stood by the bedside of a sick little one and watched some illness fight to take that child's life. God bless her and she won. She reared her children to sturdy adulthood and they loved her for it. She also taught her grandchildren to swim in the canal by letting them hold on to her skirts and yet she never learned to swim.

She was a woman rich in life's experiences. She had never known luxury; she had never known want; and usually she had sufficient for her immediate needs. She had seen the drab, lonely country yield green fields and rich harvests. She had seen the barren wilderness give way to town and city. But best of all, she had seen her own life grow into a complete fulfillment of her mission here upon the earth. In the glorious sunset of her own life, she saw her own line of posterity marching ever onward.

Sophia Petronella Jorgensen Andreasen was a pioneer--a woman who walked across the plains, settled a new territory and raised thirteen children. Her lifetime spanned part of two centuries - from a Danish childhood wherein she experienced the persecution that accompanied the families' conversion to the LDS Church. She experienced the coming of electricity with its many wonders, including the radio. She loved to listen to the radio through which she could hear what was going on in the world and the soap operas of the day. The telephone arrived and she could converse with others without having to go to their homes. The automobile was invented so she no longer had to walk to get where she wanted to go. The development of so many things that made life easier. She lived to send sons and grandsons go war to defend the very freedoms she came to this land to embrace. Sophia met each day with the knowledge that help and

guidance would come from her Heavenly Father and that faith would sustain her. She was known for her kind nature, innocence, faithfulness and never complained. Her legs were very large which didn't prevent her from doing anything she needed to accomplish. She was a great example of humanity. She and Andrew had a happy, loving marriage. Sophia's life spanned over eight decades. She died 3 October 1944 and is buried in the Bothwell Valley View Cemetery.

<u>CHILDREN</u>	<u>DATE OF BIRTH</u>
Mary Frances Andersen	16 August 1881
Andrew Moroni Andersen	27 September 1882
Eli Carl Andersen	6 June 1884
Ella Cleopha Andersen	29 October 1884
Alice Sophia Andersen (died in infancy)	11 April 1887
Lawerence LeRoy Andersen	27 July 1888
Hans Leo Andersen	27 February 1890
John Earl Andersen	4 December 1891
Fred Homer Andersen	27 January 1893
Edwin Ursel Andersen	25 October 1894
Hazel Caroline Andersen	6 April 1896
Richard David Andersen	25 May 1897
Annie Laura Andersen	17 October 1899
Nina Dorthea Andersen	10 June 1903

Sophia's Patriarchal Blessing

This blessing was given by Myron J. Richards, Patriarch. Sophia Jorgensen Anderson daughter of Hans Jorgensen and Mary Brink (Jorgensen), born 05 August 1862 at Uland?or Jutland? Or Jylland, Denmark.

Sister Anderson, I lay my hands upon your head and give unto a patriarchal blessing. You are of the lineage of Ephraim and numbered among the daughters of Zion.

Your sins have been forgiven you and stand approved of the Lord. He has accepted your sacrifices and counted them to your credit. It is your privilege to live until you are satisfied with life. The Lord has held you in remembrance and your guardian angel has had charge concerning

you and in as much as you will listen to his promptings you will be warned of danger and have power to avoid the same.

Your last days shall be your best days. You will see many wonderful changes take place and the power of God made manifest in your behalf. I seal you up against the power of the destroyer until the day of redemption and seal you up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection numbered among our Fathers' bright jewels. In the name of Jesus Christ Amen.

(signed) Myron J. Richards. Bothwell, Box Elder County, Utah; 06 June 1937.

DANISH PANCAKES (recipe taken from her daughter Mary Francis Stokes)

6 eggs well beaten dash nutmeg
3 cups milk ½ tsp salt
1 TBS sugar

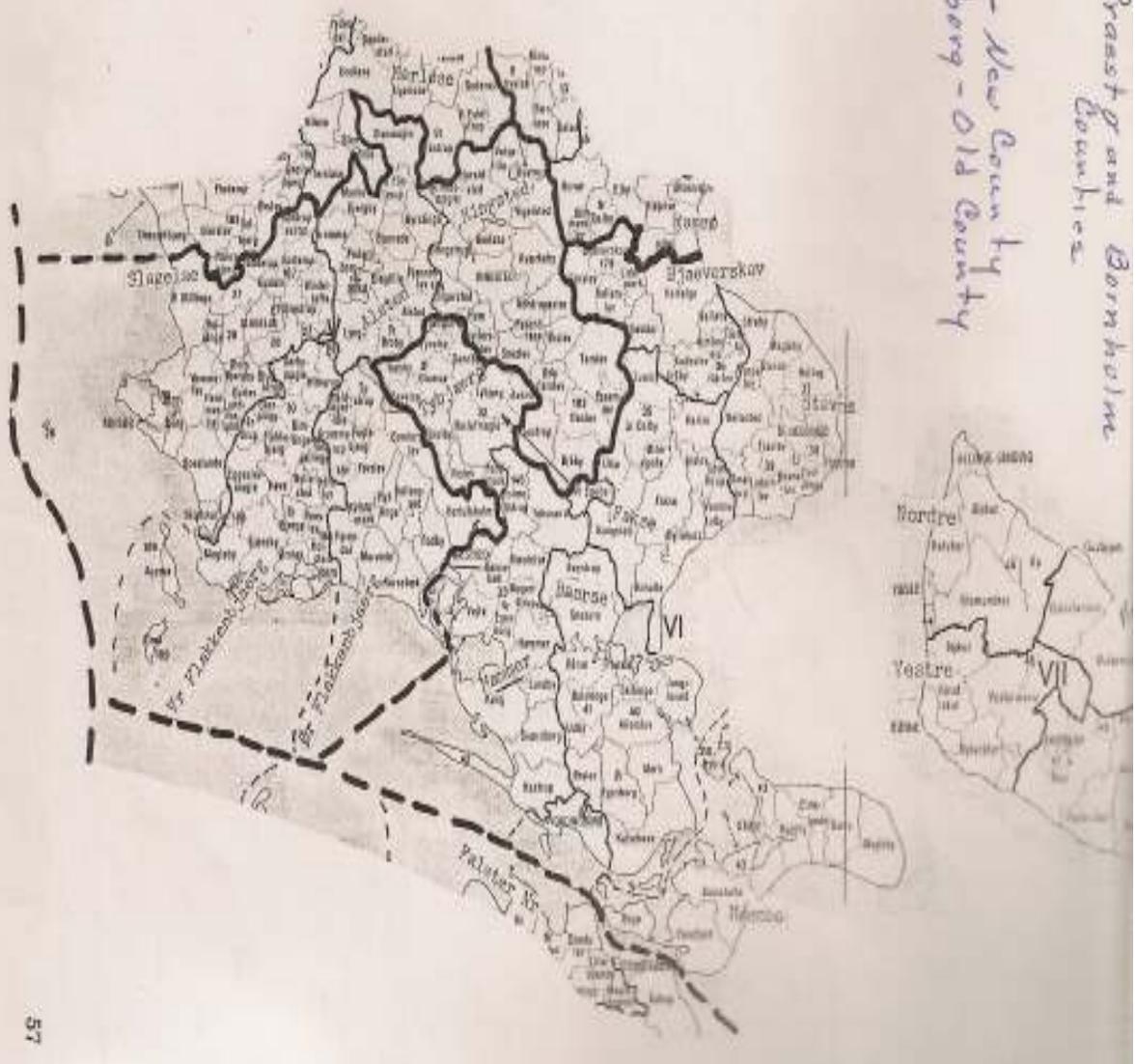
- Add enough flour to make thick batter.
- Cook on hot greased skillet.
- Spread thin.
- Turn when golden brown

Svendborg and Odense Counties
 Island of Fyn
 Denmark



Parish: Naestved
District: Hammer
County: Old-Vordingborg
New-Praestø

Sorø, Praestø and Bornholme
Counties
Praestø - New County
Vordingborg - Old County



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PASSENGER LIST FOR EMERALD ISLE 1868

JORGENSEN, Hans <1828> Emerald Isle 1868
Age: 40 Origin: Espe, Denmark Occ: Farmer
Note: SMR, p. 33; Copenhagen Conference; Customs, p.7.
JORGENSEN, Maria Dorthea <1834> Emerald Isle 1868
Age: 34 Origin: Stege, Denmark
JORGENSEN, Lauritz <1861> Emerald Isle 1868
Age: 7 Origin: Stege, Denmark

Emerald Isle

Date of Departure: 20 Jun 1868 Port of Departure: Liverpool, England
LDS Immigrants: 876 Church Leader: Hans Jensen Hals
Date of Arrival: 14 Aug 1868 Port of Arrival: New York, New York
Source(s): BMR, Book #1048, pp. 322-332,370 (FHL #025,692); Customs (FHL #175,654)

Emerald Isle

Ship: 1736 tons: 215' x 42' x 21'
Built: 1853 by Trufant & Drummond at Bath, Maine

A famous clipper packet, the full-rigged *Emerald Isle* carried a total of 1280 Mormons in three voyages across the Atlantic Ocean.

Described by her owners-Tapscott's Line-as a half clipper in model and a packet clipper in rig, the *Emerald Isle* hailed out of New York and was the largest vessel built at Bath, Maine, until the 1860s. She was somewhat full bodied, sharp, and heavily sparred. She was a three-decker but also had a forecabin deck with two large houses for a galley, storerooms, and crew's quarters and a small cabin abaft the main hatch. The first lower deck contained a steerage cabin with a double tier of staterooms on each side running forward to the main hatch. Each of these staterooms had eight berths. This graceful ship had a figurehead of a dog in the act of leaping. Her stern was half round with a carved moulding which had the Harp of Erin in the center, an American Eagle on the right, and a dog on the left. Underneath were written the mottoes on the Irish and American coat of arms-Erin-go-Bragh and E Pluribus Unum. The *Emerald Isle* was among the first vessels to have standing rigging of wire. In 1885 she was sailing under the Dutch flag and renamed *Berendina Oriria* out of Batavia.

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FUNERAL SERVICES FOR SOPHIA ANDERSON

Conducted by Bishop J. Leo Stokes
06 Oct 1944

BISHOP STOKES:

“If you will give us your attention this afternoon, we will start this service by Sister Vesta Jensen and Sister Maurine Toone, granddaughters of Sister Anderson, singing, “In the Garden” after which the opening prayer will be given by Maynard Summers.”

INVOCATION: Maynard Summers:

“Our Father in Heaven, this afternoon we as members and friends and relatives have assembled ourselves together to pay our sympathy and respect to one of Thy daughters and noble mothers who Thou has seen fit to call home.

We pray for Thy Holy Spirit to lead and direct this activity. That those who are on this program will be accompanied by Thy Spirit. We thank Thee for this dear sister and the examples of life she has set of us. We ask Thee to bless us here that we may be able to follow her examples and better our lives in the future. We pray Thee to bless her family. Bless them with Thy Holy Spirit. Bless them that the memory of their mother will always be an example to them.

Bless those who shall speak and those who shall sing, that it all may be done under Thy influence and Holy Spirit. Bless us that we may be able to feel and know the life that she led and the spirit she carried with her be with us this afternoon. Bless us with every blessing we stand in need of at this time and these blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.”

BISHOP STOKES:

“The program will go forward as I read: Violin solo by Bishop D.B. Green accompanied by Sister Quinney. The first speaker will be Bishop John L. Hunsaker, former Bishop of the Bothwell Ward. He will be followed by a solo by Clee Anderson, ‘That Wonderful Mother of Mine.’”

BISHOP HUNSAKER:

“I can say, my brothers and sisters that this is an honor to have the privilege of speaking

at this good woman's funeral.

My mother was the mother of fifteen children and there were nine boys and two girls that grew to womanhood and manhood. Sister Anderson had a family somewhat the same size. I have heard Brother Anderson say that it took 50 pounds of flour to feed his family in a week when they had potatoes, without potatoes it would only last five days. So you can see what Brother Anderson had to do.

I was called on a mission in 1889 and when I came home I made up my mind I was going to get a piece of land. I had a small piece in Honeyville, but it wasn't enough. Some of the settlers talked of coming here and so in 1891 I came and settled in Bothwell. Brother Anderson was here then. I don't know just how long he had been here before that.

When they came to this valley it was full of sagebrush and very dry. Imagine, if you can, going out and settling a desert. The only water we got we got it out of Salt Creek and we thought at that time it was pretty good water. The people did the best they could with the means they had on hand and it goes to show what can be done by a people that is willing to work and toil the land.

When Brother Anderson died it was quite a different condition and conditions have improved still more today. We see as we grow that we get stronger. Although in these days we had good times. We all enjoyed ourselves. We would all get together and have our gatherings and meetings and enjoy ourselves and be one big happy family. We seldom saw anyone in those days under the influence of liquor and we saw very little tobacco used by men. It is quite different today. As we travel around, we see tobacco used by men and women alike and sometimes the omens are the worst. You see them smoking right along with the men and sometimes two to his one.

As I listen to Conference this morning, I noticed that the talk was directed to the principles of prayer. They urged us to be more prayerful and humble and to do to our neighbors, as we would have them do to us. There is not enough of this going on in the world today.

I feel it is a privilege to be here in your midst. I have been laid up myself for the past five or six years and so I feel grateful to be able to be here today and see so many of the brothers and sisters that I saw twenty years ago. You know things change so fast. Nothing stays the same.

After my wife died, I took a short-term mission to the Southern States and I found there was a great difference in the country than when I saw it last. I found trees had been laid down and farms in their place. They had made a great change. People had torn down the old homes and built modern, up-to-date ones in their stead. They were constantly changing to make themselves more comfortable. And so we find the same conditions all over.

I pray the Lord to bless Sister Anderson and her family. She has been a good mother and devoted her life to the welfare of her children. She tried to live a good life here upon this earth. Her children were very dear to her and they have fulfilled her desire for them to grow up and be useful to man and in the church of God.

I pray the Lord to bless her children that they will always have her memory with them. Bless them so they can live to enjoy the spirit of the Lord. Bless them to live up to her teachings. If they do this, the world will be a better place than it is. I pray the Lord to bless us all and I do it in the name of Jesus, Amen.”

BISHOP STOKES:

“If this is out of order, we would like to ask the speakers not to speak longer than ten minutes. It will make these services too long if they take longer.

Bishop Milton Marble will be our next speaker. He will be followed by a solo by Vesta Jensen, ‘Lay My Head Beneath the Rose.’ Bishop James Walton will then speak.”

BISHOP MARBLE:

“I assure you, my brothers and sisters, I feel proud to participate on this program this afternoon.

When ever I am called upon to speak I always pray for the faith and blessings of you who are my listeners and I know that during the time I acted as Bishop of this ward the blessings of the Lord were give me thru the appeal of this mother whom we honor this afternoon.

I am honored to see in attendance today our former Bishop Hunsaker and Bishop Jorgenson. I am honored to see in attendance today the good Chaplain from Ogden. I believe that is what he is called, who spoke at my Uncle’s funeral just recently. I am honored to see in audience today many people who attended the funeral of my mother and father.

Yesterday, I attended a funeral of another pioneer who pioneered their way from

Kentucky and helped to settle this country and I never shall attend a funeral service but what I think how grand it is that people gather and offer their consolation to those who are called upon to mourn.

When I think of the experience I have had with Sister Anderson, her children and her grandchildren, I have the best of thought that can come to a man. It has been thru her and her children and grandchildren that my life has been enriched.

As I drove over the valley this morning checking machinery, the thought of pioneering struck me and I thought I would like to talk about pioneering today and dwell a little closely on that subject.

In a way, I was pioneering this morning when I drove from place to place looking at machinery. And I thought back to the days when this good sister walked into this valley with her husband and her family and the pioneering she had been thru.

Can you paint a picture with your mind, of the afternoon that she came to this valley in her wagon with her husband and children? Trotting along behind perhaps were some sheep and cattle. And can you picture when they reached Salt Creek how tears came to her eyes – not tears of disappointment or tears of unhappiness, but tears that came because of the heat of the day.

Can you picture them traveling from one country to another to look at different bridges? Can you picture them traveling all around to look at meeting houses so we might have the best in which to worship?

These are the things that came to my mind this morning of these pioneers who pioneered this culture that we might live and enjoy the blessings that we have at this present time.

This isn't different from the pioneering of Jesus. The Lord in Heaven did the same thing. We know it as the gospel of Jesus Christ. We believe they pioneered a philosophy for man where he might live a life upon the earth and help others. After they had pioneered this philosophy, they came forth and gave us a gospel of Jesus Christ. This gospel is the gospel of the abundant life – that by living it will lead us up to the righteous degree of glory.

And so this good sister has been one of those who had pioneered a culture and established on the earth a life where we can go back to our maker in the end. She had a full knowledge of the gospel.

She used to pat me on the back when I was Bishop of this ward and she used to not say very much but give a few kind words of encouragement that helped me go thru the week.

God bless her memory. God help her posterity that they can follow after her. They have hearts of gold, as did Sister Anderson. May God bless us all that we may remember those pioneers who have given us so much, I pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.”

BISHOP WALTON:

“I am grateful and very humble as I stand here before you this afternoon in these sacred services. Grateful I have been counted among the friends of this wonderful family and this wonderful mother that has given her life in the service of her family, her fellowmen and her God.

There is something very sacred about services for mother and none of us no matter how eloquent or humble we may be can reach the point where we can pay tribute to mother that we feel she deserves and I am sure that every person who occupies this position feels as I feel this afternoon that in the life of this good mother we are reminded of our own and how much owe her. Perhaps, too, how much too little we gave her in spite of the fact that these mothers want very very little.

Sister Anderson, in her life, has exemplified the highest ideals of Christian motherhood. She and her good husband listed to the commandments of God to multiply and replenish the earth and today her posterity numbers fourteen children, twelve who are here today, eighty-one grandchildren and one hundred sixteen great grandchildren. What a marvelous posterity! What a marvelous blessing! And I can see the Angels of Heaven and the Lord, her father, meeting and saying to her, ‘Thou has done well and been obedient to my commandments. Thou has filled the measure of your creation to a full and overflowing measure.’

We do not possess the ability to understand and appreciate the mission of mother. With God they are the ones who perpetuate the race and with Him and with His help, they reproduce children of men upon the earth. They must be very close to God in order to do it for the Lord said they would have much sorrow and much pain, but he would spare their life and bless them if they would keep this good and great commandment.

So I feel that his mother was able to keep the commandment of God and instilled in the hearts of her family the same desire, teaching by precept and example these things she instilled in

their hearts. In this she had been most successful and in this posterity who shall bless her, may she have the joy that comes only to those who have been willing to act and walk in obedience to this great commandment that God has given.

In the world today we see men and women who are not living up to this commandment. The percentage of the race stands at a balance of fifty-fifty, as many dying as are being born. We have shunned this responsibility. A responsibility that we need as oxen and wagon on the earth to make us grow. No one could be mother and not have an appreciation of the glory of God.

I pay tribute to this woman and I am glad I have been counted her friend and offer a prayer that I may be worthy of this friendship.

She has placed upon her sons the armor of moral and physical courage and now has passed on leaving them to follow in her footsteps. Her life has not been an easy one. For thirty-five years it has been her responsibility to be both mother and father. Her children in return have given her love, esteem, devotion and have grown up esteemed among their fellowmen. And so we are grateful we are fiends of one whose life has been so good and so full.

I have here a piece entitled, 'A Little Parable for Mother.' This expresses in my opinion the life of this wonderful woman and in so much more beautiful words than I could myself. I will ask your permission to read it as my sentiments to this good woman.

'The young Mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the way long?" She asked. And her guide said; "Yes. And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young Mother was happy and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children and gathered flowers for them along the way and bathed with them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them and life was good and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

The night came and storm and the path was dark and the children shock with fear and cold and the Mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle and the children said, "Oh, Mother; were not afraid, for you are near and no harm con come." And Mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came and there was a hill ahead and the children climbed and grew

weary and the Mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, “A little patience and we are there.” So the children climbed and when they reached the top they said, “We could not have done it without you, Mother.” And the Mother, when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars and said, “This is a better day than the last for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday, I gave them courage. Today, I have given them strength.”

And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth – clouds of war and hate and evil and the children groped and stumbled and the Mother said: “Look up. Lift your eyes to the light.” And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the Mother said, “This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God.”

And the days went on and the weeks and the months and the years and the Mother grew old and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong and walked with courage; and when the way was hard, they helped their Mother; and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide.

And the Mother said; I have reached the end of my journey; and now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone and their children after them.”

And the children said, “You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates.”

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone and the gates closed after her. And they said; “We can not see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presences.”

-Temple Bailey-

May God bless the memory of this good woman, her family and posterity that they may keep sacred her ideals and the memory she has given them. I humbly pray in the name of Jesus, Amen.”

BISHOP STOKES:

“Mrs. Lars Anderson from Black Pine will now sing, ‘Fact to Face,’ after which President C.E. Smith will speak. He will be followed by a clarinet solo by Jr. Anderson entitled, ‘Holy

City.’ He will be followed by Eleda Vee Smith Stokes who will read a tribute Hazel Stokes has written.”

PRESIDENT C.E. SMITH

“For a long time I have known members of this Anderson family. In fact, I can’t recall the time when I didn’t know some of them since I came to Box Elder County. With some members of the family, namely the third generation, I have become more intimately acquainted, having served them as an instructor at the Bear River High School. With the second generation, I have formed an acquaintance and I am most proud of all of them.

They are the people that have seemed to take an interest in the church and so I have become acquainted with them in that capacity. I have met them in social life and in business life at all times my acquaintances have the opportunity to form an acquaintance with this family.

They bear a good name and we are told that it should be with us our most coveted possession. You remember it was Shakespeare who commented on this in these words: ‘He who stead my purse steals trash. “Twas nine – ‘tis his – but he who filches from me my good name takes that which enriches him none but leaves me very poor indeed.’

My acquaintance with this Anderson family has convinced me thru years of experience that they hold high their good name. I can say that I know they have been an honest, God fearing people following the examples of their ancestors. They are friendly people – people it is a pleasure to be around.

Some one has said three words should be sacred on the human tongue – home, heaven and mother. Mother means children, one of life’s most scared possessions, gifts God placed in our homes. Mother means home, Mother means wife. Mother means a companion and then we are told that this good woman lived for years a widow.

Bishop Hunsaker just whispered to me that this woman served for years as a Relief Society President. Having had the experience I have had in the church, I know the meaning of that expression. One of those good, big hearted souls who gives of her time, her work and her means. It means making sacrifices to ease the suffering. It means speaking kind words to the low in spirit and all along the way. It means visiting the sick and afflicted and help to ease their pain. It means visiting the down hearted and spreading cheer. It means offering rest to the

weary. It means feeding the hungry. It means a great deal to us. A Relief Society President. A Relief Society Worker.

Then above all we have been told that this woman was a saint. A mother of fourteen children. My mother had twelve. I know something about the meaning of a large family. It means countless sacrifices to the parents.

I have said sometimes on occasions like these we should strive to erect a monument to the ancestors who gave us birth and life and opportunity. One monument we should erect and that is a monument to mother's memory.

Those of us who are of the second and third generation of Mormonism are fortunate. We came from a noble ancestry. Read the pages of history and find out for yourselves what kind of characters they were. They sacrificed appreciation in the life that we live.

The monument that we should attempt to raise to mother is the character within ourselves. There is no more fitting material than human nature. Marble will crumble, but that person that builds himself high ideals is building a quality of building material that will wear with grand luster forever. If we live will, we will erect a monument to mother's character. A character, seen or unseen, that mother might be proud of.

In my experiences, I am persuaded to believe that mothers' hearts throb with great joy when they see their children living to succeed in the development of their personality while carving out their career. And somehow I believe their most painful hour is when they see them go in the opposite direction.

If we live up to our opportunities we will see that no pain ever enters mother's heart. We would see that every joy and every happiness entered mother's heart because of our life and our conduct.

I appreciate the honor of being asked to take this small part of this program. It is an honor and a privilege. I am grateful for it.

I pray the blessings of heaven will be upon the family. May the memory of this great pioneer woman be cherished by us all. May that memory assist us to live a little better than we otherwise would. I pray in Jesus name, Amen.”

ELEDA VEE STOKES:

“This tribute was written for Sophia Anderson by her grandson’s wife, Hazel Stokes.

‘Like unto Naomi of Bible fame,
A young pioneer to this west land came.
Leaving her home and her friends afar,
This mother of men, this bright shining star.

To her bosom she took the wife of each son,
They praise her name for the good she has done.
They, too, are mothers on Zion’s bright shore,
They know her trials and thus love her more.

Before her God she has ever been meek,
As Ruth of old her daughters all seek.
The wisdom that she has gained through the years,
For she’s had her share of smiles and tears.

A home she has made in this desert wild,
Her counsel is wise, her rule is mild.
It seems that her course is divinely planned,
So God in His grace has guided her hand.

Show us the vision that has been your goal;
Where in lies your strength, brave pioneer soul,
To keep the path, your purpose keep clear?
Give us the courage to conquer our fear.

Poem of Andrew and Sophia's Life

Come all you kinfolk, gather near,
Here's a small sketch of history, lend me
your ear.

It won't take long but the facts are true,
With a bit of humor for me and you.

Andrew Andreasen was born 1859,
Men were struggling for freedom at this age
and time.

His father was Jergen Andreasen,
Kathryn Marie was his mother.
There were also besides himself five other
brothers.

His family came to America,
When Andrew was only eleven.
Seeking a kind of democracy,
That could make earth a bit of heaven.

Sophia was born in Denmark,
On August 5, 1862.
Her family sought America's shores,
Seeking freedom too.

Sophia's parents joined the church,
Putting her family in a lurch.
Her father was fired off the job,
Betrayed by friend and mob.

They both spanned the ocean by boat,
Andrew came west by rail.
Sophia wasn't so lucky,
She pushed a handcart across the trail.

If the young girls today had to push a cart,
They'd wonder where they were.
Chances are she wouldn't ride.
If someone were pushing her.

Both families were settled in Bear River,
In this village Sophia and Andrew spent
their youth.

Andrew's father was a carpenter,
Building furniture, house and roof.

Andrew was luckier than most immigrants,
For he had attended school.
He found with ever passing day,
His learning a helpful tool.

Sophia left Denmark when very small,
She'd been given no chance for education at
all.

Sophia learned neither to write or read,
Throughout her life she felt this need.

In Andrew's younger days, he drove a
freighter pulled by a team,
For a mighty long distance to me it seems.
He drove to Anaconda, Montana from
Corinne,
Hauling dynamite for mining crew and tin.

Andrew and Sophia were married,
December 2, 1880.
He was a 21 year old lad,
Sophia, 18, a sweet young lady.

In the Salt Lake Endowment House,
Sophia and Andrew took their vow.
That old sacred building,
Has been depleted now.

The lived in Bear River,
The first years of marriage.
Accumulating furniture,
A team and a carriage.

Then Andrew and Sophia moved to
Lookout,
Which is known as Bothwell now.
They homesteaded the land, built a cabin,
And go themselves a cow.

Andrew could read and he could write,
He could play the fiddle and he could recite.
He acted in shows and played the drums for
a band,
For that era of history, he was a talented and
educated man.

Whenever Sophia felt the need,
He'd bring some papers and books and to he
he'd read.

Andrew was a trader and he was a wheeler,
He was a butcher, he was a dealer.

He sheared the sheep,
He worked on the farm.
He was generous and kind,
With great wit and charm.

Sophia could cook, she could sew,
She made more quilts than anyone knows.
Sophia braided rugs and clothed a pack,
Cooked Danish pancakes by the stack.

She was most ambitious,
No one saw her shirk.
Those who really knew her best,
Knew how hard she'd worked.

Their first born, Francis, was born,
August 16, 1881.
September 2, 1882
They were blessed with Moni, their first son.

Eli Carl was born June 6, 1884,
Then October 29, 1885, Ella Cleopha was
left at the door.
Alice Sophia came into their home April 11,
1887,
But in only 4 short months returned again to
heaven.

On July 25, 1888, they were blessed with
Laurence LeRoy,
Then February 27, 1890, Hans Leo, another

boy.
John Earl arrived December 4, 1891,
Fred Homer January 27, 1893, totaling them
one half dozen sons.

Edwin Ersel was born,
October 25, 1894.
April 6, 1896 Hazel Caroline,
This made them daughter four.

The stork came often to this house,
For again May 5, 1897.
He flew Richard David in,
Adding one more to eleven.

A little package was left one evening late,
October 17, 1899, was Annie Laura's date.
On June 10, 1903,
Nina was added to the family tree.

Nina remained the baby,
The stork came by no more.
He'd filled every nook and corner,
There wasn't room for more.

He'd sandwiched them in,
Betwixed and between.
They numbered in all,
A mere fourteen.

In the Bothwell village,
Were built a church and a school.
Here the children got their learning,
And were taught the golden rule.

Mr. Foxley ran the country store,
Up by the old canal.
The kids traded an egg for candy,
If the hens were doing well.

There was a traveling wagon store,
Which brought around supplies.
Hugh Talman ran this business,
It surely made it nice.

When the kinfolks came,
They talked in Danish.
Nina and Annie deserved a beatin' and a
battin',
They sat around making, fun, talking a Pig
Latin.

Those were the day,
When Nina wore lace pantaloons.
Francis wore a bussel.
Hazel wore long ruffled slips,
When she walked they rustled.

Annie covered her legs,
With long black skirts.
And made eyes at the boys,
'Cause she liked to flirt.

Moni left Utah,
And went out West.
Shearing and trapping,
These trades he liked best.

Eli was a dreamer,
A planner and a schemer.
He dreamed a dream and made it come true,
Leaving a legacy few of us do.

Laurence lived the motto-
"Give the best you can."
Gaining position and honor,
As a 40 year government man.

John was a trapper,
Serious and shy.
He was a good,
All around guy.

Fred was a county road boss,
Served as bishop and farmer.
Dick a pro wrestler,
Sheep shearer and charmer.

Ed was wheeler,
A trader and dealer.
There's no doubt about it, he just had a way,
He could make folks believe night was day.

Ella died of consumption,
As a very young wife.
Leaving one daughter, Ruby,
When she left this life.

Hans was a trapper,
And a professional kisser.
When a lady passed by,
He never missed her.

Alice Sophia was sent here to earth,
But died 4 months after her birth.
Francis and Nina, Annie and Hazel,
Always had room for one more at their table.

In a great many cases,
This isn't so.
Folks wait to eat-
Till the company goes.

All four of these daughters,
Were generous, kind and true.
With warm and loving hearts,
Opened wide to you.

I've heard it said that some of our kin,
Drank up a bit of that old homemade gin.
I've heard it told by a reliable feller,
Our kin went right down in the processing
cellar.

I didn't see them,
So I can't say.
But maybe they'd tell us,
If we ask them today.

Some of the boys stood average,
Some of them stood tall.
They all loved hunting and horseshoe

pitching.
And every kind of ball.

The girls say, Annie played,
They taught classes too.
Francis sewed a pretty stitch,
Most things they could do.

One thing about them I have in mind,
As family they're generous, warm and kind.
Andrew died December 19, 1908, at age 49,
Leaving Sophia a family to raise, five years
old was Nin.

Sophia was strong, she was good,
She did what she had to-and what she
should.
Sophia knew hardships, heartaches and pain,
With little of earth's material gain.

She was Relief Society President at
Bothwell 12 of her years,
Soothing other's hardships and fears.
She died October 13, 1944, at age 82,
Hoping she'd left life better for her
descendant—me and you.

Most of us would love her more,
If we knew how much she'd wrought.
Most of us would better be,
If we practiced what she lived and taught.

Written by Della S. Keller
Granddaughter of Andrew and
Sophia Anderson