

@TITLE = APPENDICES

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@TITLE = Background of Amy Maud Hulse

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Charles Wesley Hulse was a dyer and a farmer. He and his wife, Ann Smith, lived in a small town on the Wyoming-Nebraska state line known as Deep Creek or Willow Springs. Here they had a son whom they named Charles Wesley. He was born on the 22nd day of September, 1862.

Twenty days after his birth his sister died. Shortly thereafter the family began their trek across the plains.

The Hulse family traveled to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they settled. Two years later, on the 27th of November, 1864, they moved to Milville, Utah. Here Joseph was employed by the railroad company.

Eliza Ann Buckley, daughter of Edmund Buckley and Alice Green, was born the 27th of February, 1863, at Mossley, Lancashire, England. When Eliza was six weeks old, her folks immigrated to America. They settled in Bountiful, Utah, but later moved to Franklin, Idaho.

When Eliza got older, she worked between Franklin and Brigham City, Utah. While at Brigham City, she lived with her sister. While in Franklin, she lived with her step-sister, Elizabeth Hulse. On one of these visits, she met Joseph.

Joseph and Eliza fell in love and were married in the Logan Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 10th day of December, 1886. They made their home in Milville. A short time later they moved to Brigham City. Here they both worked in the woolen mills owned by Eliza Ann's father, Edmund Buckley.

Their first child, Amy Maud, was born in Brigham City, Utah, on the 28th day of October, 1887. Later they moved back to Milville where Joseph William and Wesley Warren were born.

Their next move was two miles southeast of Franklin. Here Joseph and Eliza worked in the woolen mills where knitted goods, blankets, and beds were made. While here Joseph did some farming. Two more children were born here -- Alice Ann and George Leroy.

The families attended church regularly and always had family prayers. Joseph taught Sunday School.

Church and school were held in a little frame school house. Maud, Will, Verile, and Warren walked a mile-and-a-quarter to school up Cherry Ville, now East Franklin. On Sundays Joseph took the family to church in a horse-drawn wagon.

They moved back to Milville where they lived across the street from the school. Joseph worked as a logger in the canyon during the summer. In the fall he worked on the header and thresher. Lavon, a son, was born to them while they lived here.

In 1903 they moved to Hyrum, Utah. Here Jennie and Kenneth Grant were born.

As the oldest girl, Maud kept house and tended the younger children while her Mother worked in the woolen mills. Maud's sister, Jennie, tells of Maud slapping her and Lavon because they walked on her clean floor before it was dry. Jennie and Lavon ran up to the woolen mills to tattle to their mother. She heard their story, gave them a spanking, and sent them home. Because the family moved so many times and because Maud was needed to do the household tasks and tend the children, she was only able to complete the third grade in school.

During Maud's spare time, she made doll dresses and doll hats. These she sold to her friends for an egg each. She learned the value of work and also the joy one receives from doing a job well.

At the age of eighteen, Maud married Niels Albert Johnson.

@TITLE = Background of Niels Albert Johnson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = James Johnson, son of John Peder Johnson and Ane Hansen, was born the 11th day of September, 1844, in Sengelose, Denmark.

James' parents and four younger brothers and one sister said goodbye to James, John, Emma, and Anna on May 25th, 1866, as they set sail for America. James was twenty-one at this time. John and Ane planned taking their daughter, Ane, with them when they left Denmark, but when they got to Copenhagen they found that through some misunderstanding only five children could accompany them to Zion instead of the six, as planned. Ane Margaret, just fourteen years old, was left behind with her sister Emma and her two older brothers.

Marie Kirstine Larsen, daughter of Christen Larsen and Inger Nielsen, was born on the 24th day of August, 1842, at Vandles, Copenhagen, Denmark. She and James were married about 1867.

Their first child was a girl, Ane C., who was born the 22nd day of February, 1868, at Fredrick Brough, Denmark.

Six years later, in 1872, James wrote to his parents and said he and his family were making preparations to join them in Utah. John immediately sent money so that his daughter, Ane, now twenty, could come with James.

James rejoiced to be united with his parents and his brothers and sister in Cottonwood, Utah. The family changed the name Johansen to Johnson.

Niels Albert, their last son, was born in Hyrum, Utah, on the 8th day of November, 1884. He grew up in Hyrum. He probably completed school through the 4th or 5th reader, a reader being higher than a grade is now. He was an excellent reader and had beautiful penmanship. His spelling was phoenitic, but could be deciphered.

Niels helped his father Jens in his store which was located on the northwest corner one block west of the cemetery. The towns people often brought butter, eggs, or other commodities into the store to trade for items they needed.

Niels' job was to form the butter in small wooden molds to make a pound of butter. The patrons could use the butter for bartering. As little money was available, food was bartered for other necessities.

Niels was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 7th September, 1893, by Alvin A. Allen. On the 7th of September he was confirmed by N. C. Christensen.

Niels knew how to care for horses and was an excellent trainer for sheepdogs. While at sheep camp, Niels had a "one-man" horse. He was traded a horse with a sore hoof from a fellow who had been doctoring the horse. Niels took over the doctoring and within a week the horse would lift up his hoof so Niels could care for the wound. If anyone else approached the horse, he would be kicked.

Niels loved nature, the beauties of the world, and the animals that roamed the hills. He never killed anything just to kill, only to protect his sheep or for food.

He had an immense love for his sheep dogs, and they felt the same love and devotion toward him. Many of his dogs loved only him and no one else could get near.

Sometime in early manhood Niels wooed and won Amy Maud Hulse. He tells the story how he met her: he was at the foot of hill approaching the main part of town driving his team of horses. As he approached the center of town, Maud was crossing a street. She turned to look at him, tripped, and fell. He said, "She truly fell for me."

On the 1st of November, 1905, Niels Albert Johnson and Amy Maud Hulse were married in

Logan, Cache County, Utah. in Logan, Utah.

Their first home was on Main Street across the street from where Niels had worked in the store for his father. At this time a mortuary stood there owned and operated by Christian Thompson, who was married to Niels' sister Annie (Ane Christine). Niels and Maud lived here until they had two children, Albert and Edith.

The night before Mary Pearl was born, Neils moved his family in with his mother who had been left a widow for over two years. This second home was one and a half blocks east or right across the street from the cemetery. It was here the family lived until about the end of August, 1950. Niels was ordained to the office of a Teacher in the Priesthood on the 30th of March, 1904, by C. C. Petersen and ordained to the office of an Elder on the 27th of April, 1919, by A. A. Allen. Three days later he received his Temple Endowment (30 April, 1919) in the Logan Temple. At this time his wife and seven children were sealed to them. This was a glorious occasion for the family.

To this union were born fourteen children -- ten girls and four boys.

@TITLE = Appendix C

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@CENTER = Funeral Services for Niels Albert Johnson

@CENTER = Held in the Hyrum Second Ward Chapel

@CENTER = On December 18, 1944

@TAB1 = Choir "Sometime We'll Understand"

@TAB1 = Invocation B. M. Thompson

@TAB1 = Choir "My Prayer"

@TAB1 = Speaker D. J. Allen

@TAB1 = Duet: Lee Nielsen and Lois Clawson "In the Garden"

@TAB1 = Speaker President Edwin Clawson

@TAB1 = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson "Variations"

@TAB1 = Speaker Leo Nielsen

@TAB1 = Male Quartet "The End of a Perfect Day"

@TAB1 = Garnel Larsen, Lee Nielsen, Grant Nielsen, Ivan L. Larsen

@TAB1 = Speaker Albert Nielsen

@TAB1 = Benediction Joseph F. Nielsen

@TAB1 = Dedication of the Grave Ernest Beutler

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@TITLE = Funeral Services for Niels Albert Johnson

@HEADER = Choir: "Sometime We'll Understand"

@HEADER = Invocation: B. M. Thompson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Father in Heaven, we bow our heads before Thee this afternoon and thank Thee for the privilege we have had of coming here, for the privilege of gathering here as friends, as relatives, children, and loved ones of this man who has been called from this sphere of action.

We bow our heads, our Father, to ask a blessing that Thy spirit will comfort and console his wife and his children and his grandchildren, that they may always remember him for the good things he did in life as a husband and father and grandfather and the sacrifices which he made for them. We pray, Father, especially at this time, for his son who is in the Armed Services defending right and truth, who

is on the battlefield. Wilt Thou give unto him a blessing when he shall learn of his father's death. Be there with Thy Holy Spirit to comfort and console him in his lonely hours.

Our Father, we ask Thy blessings upon all of us. Help all of us day by day, as we walk through this life, as we strive to be better. Help us that we may always see good in man. Help us that we may always hold high the good in everybody. Help us that we might always remember this man for what he did and what was honest and good.

Our Father, wilt Thou be with us in this service. Bless those who might speak, inspire them with words of comfort and peace that they might bring this family of sorrow a message that wilt lift them up in this sad hour. Be with us always, our Father. Bless us that we may always strive to serve Thee and keep Thy commandments. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Choir: "My Prayer"

@HEADER = Speaker: D. J. Allen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My brothers and sisters, I trust that the opening prayer might be answered in my behalf, that I might be able to say a few words on this occasion, and it will not detract from the Spirit of the Lord which is present.

I am honored in being asked by the family to say a few words this afternoon in behalf of my good neighbor, Niels Johnson.

It is a little over thirty years since we built our home next door to this family, and we have lived and associated with him since that time. I don't remember an unpleasant thing over that period of thirty years that has existed between their family and ours. I contribute this a great deal to the life of Niels. He is a man whom we have known as well as anyone, and I have known him as a man who lived for his family. He has been a man who has minded his own business and taken care of his own affairs. He has been an honest man. I don't think he has let any of his obligations lapse. He has lots of times borrowed a few dollars from his neighbors and friends, and he has said that the money would be returned, and it was. If Niels went away before that time, he told his wife that it was to be paid at such and such a day, and it was taken care of. He has never taken anything off of anyone. He has always been that way in dealing with his fellowman, and he has taught these traits of character to his children.

I hope and pray that the Lord will be present with Reed, who is overseas in the service of his country, when he gets the news of his father's death. It's going to be hard on Reed because he did think a great deal of his father. All of his children thought a great deal of him.

We have noticed this family and during the entire thirty years since the children have become old enough, they have gone to church. They have always come to every activity in the ward; they have been neat and clean in their appearance, and I will tell you this took an effort on the part of the father and mother. It has been admirable and beautiful to see this family go through their infancy. Niels has a lot to his credit, because he is a man who has worked hard all of his life. He has never felt that he could shirk. He felt that he wanted to give them everything a father could give, and he has given them all he could.

He has worked with his children since they were first able to work. He contracted beet fields, and he took his boys and girls with him, and he taught them the value of honest work. He worked side by side with them, and I don't believe there is a family that wouldn't want them to come back and do their work the next summer. He worked side by side with the children, and I know they enjoyed working with their father. They weeded the beets and picked the berries. Now, we can see that they are the very best citizens, among the highest type of people that we have.

Niels, in his later years, took to sheepherding. There is an art in that thing. Some people think

that this can be done by anyone. My neighbor Wally Petersen has told me how valuable Niels was. He kept the sheep on the best of feed, and Wally has told me that the lambs from Niels' herd was above average because he knew how to take care of sheep, which is a quality very few possess.

I want to relate just one incident. I went with Wally one afternoon to see one of his herds. They were short a number of sheep. He said that there were over 300 head of sheep short. The herder was a stranger, and he didn't know that these sheep were gone. They had strayed, and it took him two days to find these sheep in the brush country there. Wally said at the time, "If Niels Johnson had been herding the sheep, they wouldn't have strayed from the herd." He gave them the right kind of care. This is a wonderful trait of character for a man. A loss of that kind is serious as it involves a loss of a lot of money.

Niels has gone along with his family and has supported them with his two hands, and they have helped from the time if they were able. And they have certainly been a fine family. They have all thought a great deal of him. He has had lots of good characteristics in his life.

Several years ago he and I were called to work in the Mutual Improvement Association. I remember when Bishop Clawson called us and appointed us to that office. He said, "I'll work and do anything I can on the outside, but don't ever ask me to preside over a meeting."

Less than six weeks later Niels did preside over a meeting, and he did it well. He took an interest in it. We had several social affairs which Niels helped with at that time. He got a lot of joy and pleasure out of this work here in the ward. His children came naturally by his inheritance. They think just as much of their father as any children could do. It is a mighty fine family. I do not feel that I should say more at this time, but I hope and trust that the Spirit of the Lord will be with Maud and her children, that they will be able to stand up under this sorrow, and may the Lord bless you all, I pray, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

@HEADER = Duet: Lee Nielsen and Lois Clawson -- "In the Garden"

@HEADER = Speaker: President Edwin Clawson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = What a wonderful thing it would be if we could walk and talk with our Heavenly Father. As this young couple were singing to us, my mind went back when we had the opportunity. Niels has finished this mortal life and now will have the privilege of going back to that Father who gave us life and will have the opportunity of walking and talking with our Heavenly Father. I was very much pleased with the testimony of Brother D. J. Allen, a neighbor of the Johnson family. I don't know where we could get better information and more the truth than from those who live next door. I believe Donald spoke the truth.

I have had the opportunity of working in the church and out of the church with Brother Johnson and his family; so I'd say I'm in a position to testify today to you of some of the qualities that Niels Johnson and his good wife Maud and his children possess.

In all that we say and do, let us remember Brother Johnson and his entire family have depended upon the work of their hands. Some people have the privilege of having other things to assist them, and so taking everything into consideration, Brother Johnson and his family will be a success.

Brother Niels Johnson and his children have worked for me many years. I used to raise a number of acres of sugar beets. My first experience with these people was when they came and did all the hand work on those beets. Brother Johnson and his four girls and sometimes Albert would come into the field and do that work. After I had him one year, there wasn't a year went by but what I wanted the same family.

A rather outstanding quality of these people was that they would do better work when you

weren't there than when you were watching them. Niels, Maud, and every child have been taught to practice that thing; they need not have an overseer. When you tell these people what you want, it will be done. It was quite a hard matter to get these people to work for you. Why? Because so many people wanted them.

We also want to keep in mind that two missionaries have gone out. I remember it as if it were yesterday, and I want to tell you when I went into that home, I was nervous. My counselors -- Brother Joseph F. Nielsen and Leo Nielsen -- and I recognized their condition, and we almost hesitated thinking that it was too much to ask of the family, but we thought it was the wise thing to do, to give them the opportunity to send their boy. Maud came to the door and said, "Come in." Brother Niels said, "I know what you're here for. You want our boy Albert to go in the mission field. We'll see that he has sufficient money to keep him in the mission field." I was surprised, yet I was quite confident that they would accept. You people remember that this ward stood behind this young fellow 100 percent. I don't know of a missionary party held in this ward that received more than this young man.

Later Pearl was called as a missionary. Some of the members of the family assisted, that's true. If we as officers of the ward had withheld this opportunity from this family, it would have been a very serious thing.

Today we have two young men from this same family who are serving their country; this young man sitting here, and the boy who is over at the front. It is really surprising what these young men can do and what they will do. I want this family to realize that they still have two members working in the very same thing that this boy was working in before.

I also want to mention one other thing in this family. Brother Niels Johnson and his good wife followed the payment of their tithing. I don't believe there is a member of this family that hasn't gotten their name on the tithing record. I remember that there wasn't a month that this family didn't bring in their tithing. From the very time they were able to work, they recognized that they belonged to the Church, and they are still faithful and true to the Lord. So I want the members of this family to know that the Church appreciates your splendid work, and you will never lose anything by it. It will be outstanding to you all the days of your life.

Another outstanding thing of this family is that I don't believe that there was a day but what one or two automobiles weren't in front of the home. They like to come back. They like to visit with their mother and father. I'm trying to read between the lines that they love their home. They want to enjoy once more that wonderful influence of the mother and father. I want to say here that Maud has performed her work well. She is entitled to a great reward, and she will receive it as a mother of fourteen children. I'm sure there are many people who don't realize just what that means.

I'm going to read to you a thought I have when I think of the life of Maud in connection with Niels here. You know, sometimes these faithful people can go by. They live their lives and for the time being we don't recognize them. After they have gone, we realize that they performed a marvelous work. Then I read this statement, and I want to pass it on to you. It's taken from the book entitled, "This Day and Always."

@CENTER = The Making of a Man

@Double indent = But it isn't the nature of things for us suddenly to become something that we are not. A man is what he is because of what he has been. We have to live the part we want to play.

@Double indent = A man must begin to do what he would like to be -- if that's what he wants to be. He must travel the road that leads to the destination he has in mind -- if that is where he wants to go. Neither here nor hereafter shall we suddenly find ourselves becoming overnight something that we are

not, with qualities we have not earned, or enjoying a way of life we are not fitted for.

@Double indent = The traits of character which early become evident in a child are very persistent, and if you want to make a noble and useful man, you must begin by making a noble and useful boy. If you want to make a virtuous and lovely woman, you must begin by making a virtuous and lovely girl -- and it takes more than food and clothing and shelter, more than four walls and a roof and a name to do this thing.

When I read that, I thought of this family's qualities and their dependability. They are God-fearing, clean-living, and so I'm positive that the record of this family will live long after they have passed beyond.

I heard a man say the other day, and I think it's true -- in fact, I know it is -- whenever Niels received his check he would go to Maud and say, "Here, you use it." If Niels didn't come home, the check was sent to his wife. She was the one who handled the finances, and she has been a real successful woman.

I want to leave this testimony with you that I know that this was a man who possessed many good qualities. The trouble is that many of us could see his faults. We could see them, but you and I may have faults that are a whole lot worse. So as the scripture says, "It is high to be a judge." I would not pass judgment on any man or woman.

May our Heavenly Father bless Maud. May we realize and understand that some power higher than that of man controls our lives. Niels has finished his life and has been called home. It won't be long until you and I are called upon to pass through that same experience.

My testimony is that this is the truth, that God lives, that He is able to see and to hear, and that he will reward us for the good things we do. This I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson -- "Variations"

@HEADER = Speaker: Leo Nielsen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Dear Brothers and Sisters, I feel highly honored in being asked to say a few words here this afternoon. I don't believe in long sermons. I believe we have had a spiritual influence, and I can highly endorse every remark that has been said by Brother Clawson and Brother Allen. Having been acquainted with Niels all my life, and having been a personal friend, one can always depend on him anywhere, any time.

As I sat up in the choir, I wondered what could be more beautiful than the spirit of this meeting. How beautiful it is. What a wonderful feeling it is, and what a wonderful feeling there was when Sister Clawson was playing that beautiful selection on the piano. How artistically it was arranged, and what inspiration it added to the meeting.

I hope that the few remarks that I make will not deter or detract from this wonderful spirit. Many good things have been said about Brother Johnson, and I want to endorse them all.

Two or three years ago I was asked by the superintendent of the Sunday School to say a few remarks here in the ward as to the life of some great person, and also speak of their predecessors, their mother and father, and especially the mother. I thought the ward over and set them in the balance, and I selected Sister Maud Johnson, and I told of her mother, Sister Hulse. I used to live as neighbors to Sister Hulse, and she used to work for Tom Baron, who ran the woolen mills. Sister Hulse had a large family of children, and she would go to work every morning at the woolen mills and work all day. I have seen her come home at night so tired that she could hardly drag. Then she would prepare an evening meal and do her washing so that she could be back to work in the morning. I know how hard she worked to make a living in this life.

Some people have to do a lot more to make a living in this life. They have to use their hands. A lot of us use our heads more than our hands. This good woman used her hands. Then I went on and talked of the value of this good woman. Then I spoke on the life of Maud Johnson here in our ward. President Clawson has told you how faithful this family was and remarked how they paid their tithing.

When we think of the average family in the United States, most of them have one or two children; some of them only a dog, a cat, or a monkey, or something else instead of a child. Then think of a family of fourteen children, and the husband and wife, making sixteen. Multiply that by three, thinking of three meals a day, and then consider when you go into a restaurant today what it costs you, figuring one dollar a meal, three times a day, and just see what it costs. The enormous amount of money to be paid out had to come from somewhere. They didn't pay out that much money, but they used their heads so that they could possibly live and meet all these obligations that they had to meet here in life. These are a few things that have been running in my mind.

No person could do more than Brother and Sister Johnson could do, as Brother Clawson said, sending two in the mission field. Niels said that they were in better circumstances when he returned than when he left. The Lord opened up the way, and the money came from somewhere. It is just as many people have testified who have sent a boy in the mission field, the Lord has opened up the way, and He has told us in scriptures if we keep His commandments and the covenants He gave us we will receive the blessings He has in store for us. For the Lord has said: "I the Lord am bound when ye do what I say, but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." I want to tell you, brothers and sisters, this family has done what the Lord has said. They are entitled to a mansion on the other side because they have sent up material for the making of this great mansion. There is nothing that we can say that will exalt Brother Johnson in the Kingdom of Heaven. He has finished his mission. He has graduated from this life. The scripture says, "The glory of God is intelligence." And if we want to be glorified, we must gain that intelligence. We must send up material for that home on the other side that it might be ready for us. And if we do not obey the Lord, we have no promise. So let us live as we know the covenants requires, that we might merit the great blessings that are in store for the people of this land.

I pray that the Lord will be with Sister Johnson in her trials. There will be many times that she will feel that his spirit will be with her, and many times she will feel that she could just reach out and touch him. And these boys in the Service, God bless them. I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Male Quarter: "The End of a Perfect Day"

@HEADER = Speaker: Albert Nielsen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = My Brothers and Sisters, I feel it an honor to be asked by the members of the family to say a few words here this afternoon. I can endorse all that has been said here.

I happen to be the other member of the Mutual Presidency. Brother Johnson and I were at the head of the Mutual here at that time, and I can say that he did excellent work at that time. He said if we didn't call on him he would be willing to do the best he could; but Brother Johnson wasn't the kind of man to want to shirk any responsibilities, and when he saw that that was one of his responsibilities, he presided at the meeting and took charge just the same as any of the rest of us. He was that way.

He worked with me on the farm. He, Albert, and his girls -- all worked in the sugar beets. I never did have a better job of work done in my life than this Johnson family did in the sugar beets. In the hay or any other place that they worked, they did a splendid job.

Sometimes, it's true, we look at a man's faults and failures, and I wonder sometimes if we had

taken Niels's side, he might have been more prominent in the Church. I know that a great many times if we had put our arms around Brother Johnson, he might have done a lot better along some other line. Maybe we will be held responsible for not doing this.

I hope and pray that we can see more clearly, and I think when we get on the other side, we will be able to see more clearly than we do here. I know that there is a resurrection. I know that God lives and that this family will meet again, and I know they will love him as they did here on this earth.

As Brother Leo Nielsen said about feeding the family, I talked to Brother Johnson, and I know that he was thrifty, and he told me how much it cost to feed every member in the family. He knew just how much it took for that family. He knew this was a good way to figure. He also figured his tithing. His tithing was taken out first.

I have had a good many talks with him about other principles of the gospel. He understood the gospel a lot better than I did myself. He told me a lot of things that I believed valuable and that I have tried to put in my life.

I am happy to be acquainted with Brother Johnson and the Johnson family because I don't know where there is a nicer family anywhere in the world than the Johnson family. I pray that the blessings of the Lord will be with them, help them that they may continue as they have done in the past. This is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Benediction: Joseph F. Nielsen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Father in Heaven, we come before Thee at the close of these services. We thank Thee for the many blessings that have been bestowed upon us. We thank Thee for Thy spirit that has been here. We thank Thee for the words of counsel we have heard, and we ask that we might remember the things that have been spoken, that we might go forward and serve Thee better in the future than ever in the past.

We are thankful that we have had the privilege of knowing Brother Johnson and having had the chance to labor with him, that it has been a benefit to us. And we pray, Heavenly Father, that Thou wilt bless them, bless these children that they might continue in the work that their father and mother has taught them. We ask Thee to bless Sister Johnson. We know the many trials and the many things she has been through. We feel that she is worthy of Thy blessings. May Thy spirit rest upon her in her days of trial and loneliness that she may be called upon to go through.

Bless those sons of hers. We know that they will do their work well. We pray that Thy spirit will go with them. Keep them clean and pure in everything that they will be called upon to do.

Bless us as we go to the cemetery that we will be protected and that Thy spirit will be with us. We ask these blessings with all others Thou seest we need, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Dedication of the Grave: Ernest Beutler

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@TITLE = Appendix D

@Page Break =

@CENTER = Funeral Services for Amy Maud Hulse Johnson

@CENTER = Held in the Hyrum Second Ward Chapel

@CENTER = On 20th January 1945

@TAB1 = Song: Choir "Oh, My Father"

@TAB1 = Prayer Leo C. Nielson

@TAB1 = Song: Choir "The Beautiful Golden Gate"

@TAB1 = Speaker Sarah Ann Allen

@TAB1 = Speaker Alvin Allen  
@TAB1 = Song: Venice and Lee Nielson. "I've Done My Work"  
@TAB1 = Accompanied by Arlene Larsen  
@TAB1 = Speaker B. M. Thompson  
@TAB1 = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson "The Rosary"  
@TAB1 = Speaker President Edwin Clawson  
@TAB1 = Remarks Bishop Levi J. Anderson  
@TAB1 = Song: Choir "Sometime We'll Understand"  
@TAB1 = Prayer LaVon Larson  
@TAB1 = Dedication of Grave William Hulse

Original Transcribed by Shirley Clawson, Martha Nielson, Patricia Wood

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@CENTER = Funeral Services for Amy Maud Hulse Johnson

@HEADER = Song: Choir --"Oh, My Father"

@HEADER = Prayer: Leo C. Nielson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Heavenly and Eternal Father, we have met here this afternoon as friends, neighbors, and relatives of Sister Maud Johnson to pay honor and respect to her and her family here. Father in Heaven, we know of the good works that she has accomplished in this life. She has been faithful in all things Thou has declared unto Thy children to get into the Celestial Degree of Glory.

Bless us that we might have the inspiration of Thy mind and will today, that those who are called upon to speak may speak words of encouragement to the family of Sister Maud Johnson. We know of the good work she has accomplished in this life. She has kept Thy commandments; she has been honest; she had replenished the earth, which is the greatest thing mankind can accomplish here on earth.

She has been faithful in the services of Thy Church. She has attended to her sacrament meetings faithfully, her tithing, and all Thy commandments. She has gone to Thy Holy House here and been sealed to her husband for time and eternity.

Wilt Thou bless her with the greatest blessings that are given to the faithful and the mothers of Israel. Bless her with every gift and blessing that she has merited in life as we realize that we are to pass through a schooling. And, Father in Heaven, she has taken advantage of the opportunities in this respect.

We pray that Thou wilt bless this family present with us here; bless and encourage every one of them. Thou knowest the courage that is in their hearts. And in a special manner, wilt Thou bless her son Reed who is in the Armed Services of his country. Grant him the righteous desires of his heart.

We pray for every gift and blessing we stand in need of this day, and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Choir: "That Beautiful Golden Gate"

@HEADER = Speaker: Sarah Ann Allen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = With the passing of Sister Maud Johnson, the Relief Society of our ward has certainly lost a very much loved member and a dear, faithful friend. In thinking of her life and personality as we knew her, these lines from the Bible come to our minds. From Proverbs 31st Chapter, versus 10-20, we read:

@POEM = Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

@POEM = The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,  
so that he shall have no need of spoil.

@POEM = She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

@POEM = She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands...

@POEM = She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens...

@POEM = She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms...

@POEM = She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

@POEM = She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

@POEM = She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

@POEM = She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple...

@POEM = Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

@POEM = She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

@POEM = She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

@POEM = Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

@POEM = Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

We love her for the many blessings we learned from her life and her example. They were lessons of industry, thrift, of faith and trust, of dependability, of love for and service to all God's children. They were lessons of deep appreciation for little things done for her. Whenever help was needed, Mrs. Johnson was there. We knew that her responsibilities at home were heavy, but she never once said she didn't have time if we needed someone to help us make a quilt or spend the day at the Welfare House or if someone was in need.

She was a friend to all, humble and sincere. The most backward and humble among us found her a real companion; there was not one among us who did not love and admire her for what she was and did. Emerson says: "A friend is a person before whom I may be sincere and before whom I may think aloud."

Sister Johnson was such a friend.

The name of Sister Johnson will long be held in loving remembrance by her children and her children's children. All of you realize that motherhood doesn't come easy; we know it is a struggle. The family have all shared this struggle, and through this struggle has come the growth that has made them what they are today.

I have a little poem.

@POEM = The tree that never had to fight

@POEM = For sun and sky and air and light,

@POEM = That stood out in the open plain

@POEM = And always got his share of rain,

@POEM = Never became a forest king,

@POEM = But lived and died a scrubby thing.

@POEM = The man who never had to toil to live,

@POEM = Who never had to win his share

@POEM = Of sun and sky and light and air,

@POEM = Never became a manly man,

@POEM = But lived and died as he began.

@POEM =

@POEM = Good timber does not grow in ease,

@POEM = The stronger wind, the stronger trees,

@POEM = The farther sky, the greater length,

@POEM = The more storms, the more strength,

@POEM = By sun and cold, by rain and snow,

@POEM = In tree or many good timbers grow.

@POEM =

@POEM = Where thickest is the forest growth,

@POEM = We find the patriarchs of both,

@POEM = And they hold council with the stars

@POEM = Whose broken branches show the scars

@POEM = Of many winds and much of strife,

@POEM = This is the common law life.

"It is a wonderful thing, a mother. Others can love you, but only a mother understands you. She works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do, understands; and the blessedness of her peaceful presence is never fully realized until she is called away."

We will miss Sister Johnson; her family will miss her. But out of the days of our living we learn to know that all the circumstances of our life cannot be controlled. There are limits beyond which we cannot order our lives. We learn in the hour of despair that time and goodness of God have a way of erasing all burdens and healing all wounds. We learn that we save ourselves much bitterness if we can learn to say with that faith that is possible to all, "Thy will, oh Lord, not mine, be done."

Should the dark days come when we question the goodness of God, let us try to remember that He is the creator and that we are neither the end nor the beginning. Having learned to trust Him, we will find a peace that gives us courage to endure to the end.

@POEM = I cannot say -- and I will not say

@POEM = That she is dead; She is just away.

@POEM = With a cheery smile and a grasp of the hand

@POEM = She wandered off to a better land.

@POEM = And left us dreaming how very fair

@POEM = It needs must be, since She is there.

@POEM = But you, oh you, who so wildly yearn

@POEM = For the old time step, and the glad return,

@POEM = Think of her faring on as dead.

@POEM = In the loves of there, as loves of here,

@POEM = Think of her just the same I say,

@POEM = She is not dead, She is just away.

@HEADER = Speaker: Alvin Allen

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I appreciate the privilege of speaking at these services. I believe I have been as intimate with this family as anyone in the ward, as I have had every one of them in my employ. My work has been of such a nature that it required children of all ages. Their work with me has covered several years. I have never seen a time when I would not want them to come again. They are

dependable.

If I wanted to pay tribute to the whole family, I need only to recall the many eulogies paid them a little over a month ago when the funeral services were held for their father. Many fine qualities were named that were possessed by the father, mother, and children.

In speaking with some members of the family, they mentioned some things to use in my remarks at the funeral. When considering what text to use as a foundation of my remarks, four lines come to my mind. These lines were composed by a young lady of our Church while she was strapped to a bed in the L.D.S. Hospital at Salt Lake City. Her sickness kept her in bed for over a year. She was a poetess, and each day for a whole year she had the nurse take down as she dictated a gem of thought expressed in two lines -- maybe four, six, or eight lines. One that impressed me greatly was these four lines:

@POEM = Our moral attitude in life

@POEM = And ways of spending time

@POEM = Are shiny swamps in which we sink

@POEM = Or stones on which we climb.

I will not say anything about the actions and deeds in life which will draw us towards these many shiny swamps. I want to mention some of the stepping stones that Sister Maud used in climbing to heights -- her high ideals of the gospel plan. Faith was one of those stones. She believed in the restored gospel. She acted on the Savior's words: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Her faith led her to another stepping stone -- repentance. When she found that certain actions or modes were contrary to the high ideals of the gospel, she turned from these things. She believed that in order to possess another of these stones, the Holy Ghost, she tried to keep her mind and body in tune so it could enter and be a daily guide.

Her works showed that she had great faith in another of these stones leading to great heights, temple work. She was a firm believer in the words of Malachi, the prophet, that the Lord was to send Elijah, the prophet, and restore temple work. I looked over her temple work which covered several years and found she visited the temple on our stake temple mission days very often, doing endowments for one, two, and sometimes three each day, an average of about thirty names each year.

Maud believed that eternal progression was part of the great plan of salvation.

I want to ask all present, do you believe in eternal progression? When you look into the starry heavens, what do you see? Astronomers say there are millions of planets. Why all of these? Most people of the world today think this earth is the only one inhabited.

I love to read and think about one of our hymns.

@POEM = If you could hie to Kolob,

@POEM = In th' twinkling of an eye,

@POEM = And there continue onward,

@POEM = With that same speed to fly,

@POEM = Do you think that you could ever,

@POEM = Through all eternity,

@POEM = Find out the generations

@POEM = Where God began to be?

This indicates there are many gods. Yes, many gods and many planetary systems like the one this earth belongs to. Do you believe that saying of the Prophet Joseph Smith? (The words put in

verse form by President Lorenzo Snow.)

@POEM = As man is, God once was,

@POEM = As God is, man may become.

Eternal progression will bring God's children to these heights. Many who have lived on an earth like this one have attained to that condition in eternal life, that they have been given an earth to people with their own offspring.

We do not all reach the same degree of glory. The Savior said to his apostles: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may come also."

This statement applies to all of who live the gospel. We will get the degree of glory our works entitles us to enjoy. God's children, who prepare themselves, will receive the greatest gift God can bestow upon them, eternal life; and eternal life is "To know thee, the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent."

To attain these blessings we will not have smooth sailing. We could not appreciate sunshine if there were no stormy weather. A taste of the bitter makes the sweet seem sweeter.

On life's journey there will be tired feet, heart aches, weary and bewildered minds; but all in all, joys will outbalance the sorrows.

What should be our object in life? Let us consider a few scriptures for an answer. From Luke: a vain rich man hoarded up his wealth in strong vaults and barns and said to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

Paul to the Corinthian saints: If there is nothing after this life, why struggle against evil? Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die. Joshua had led Israel from the wilderness into the promised land of Palestine. Israel had begun to depart from the righteous path and take up with evil practices of the heathen nations about them. Joshua tried to reform them, and said, "Serve ye whom ye will; but for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

I ask the Lord to bless and comfort you who are called to mourn at this time. Do not brood too much. Your mother is right where she desired to be. When the doctor said she could not walk again, she told you children she hoped she could be taken as she did not want to be a burden to anyone. I pray that all of you and all of us may so order our lives and be given power over evil that we may say with Joshua, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. And I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Song: Venice and Lee Nielson -- "I've Done My Work"

@HEADER = Speaker: B. M. Thompson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Not many mothers have so great an honor as Aunt Maud by having thirteen children meet with tear-dimmed eyes and pay tribute to her as she had paid tribute to them. The one son who could make the complete family that she has had here in life of fourteen children is eight thousand miles away.

Today I don't know whether he knows this funeral is going on, but he had been informed through a cablegram of the death of his mother. When his last letter was received, it was written to her and came here about two days after she died. He hadn't yet found out his father had died. Reed is a representative of America in America's Armed Forces, fighting for freedom, fighting for rights of mothers who have children and to know that those children might grow up in a free land where they might love and be with each other.

I would like to have read Reed's last letter here this afternoon because it was a beautiful love letter. If you had read the beginning of it and the end and didn't know that he was her son, you might have thought that it was a letter to his sweetheart far away in America because he started his letter with My Darling Sweetheart and ended it the same way.

Along with the letter was a little clipping that he had taken from some newspaper and that was something he thought would make his mother feel better or make her better understand his feelings toward her, that it expressed his thoughts and his hopes.

Now, it is written in Army style and possibly isn't the most appropriate poem at a funeral service, but some members of the family thought it would be nice to read so that a part of Reed might be reflected into his mother's funeral service.

@POEM = CASE OF THE G I

@POEM = I go to sleep in a GI bed,

@POEM = On a GI pillow I rest my head;

@POEM = My blankets, they are GI, too;

@POEM = Then, GI sleep and think of you.

@POEM =

@POEM = A GI bugler wakes me up.

@POEM = I drink GI drinks in a GI cup.

@POEM = The powdered eggs are GI, too.

@POEM = But GI wish I were with you.

@POEM =

@POEM = At night my GI prayers I say.

@POEM = We'll have GI peace some day,

@POEM = And when this old war is through,

@POEM = This GI will return to you.

@POEM =

@POEM = Now GI stands for government issue

@POEM = But, my darling, GI miss you.

@POEM = GI hope you miss me, too,

@POEM = For GI love you, GI do.

Now, the letter he had written along with this was on the same plane showing how much he thought of and loved his mother. He wanted her to know that. I believe the other thirteen children, if we could read the letters they have written to their mother, would be just as loving and just as kind as that letter. They were not any more proud of their mother than she was of them. She was very proud of her fine big family, and we who have lived in this ward and grown up with them have reason, too, to be proud they have been a part of this ward because their contribution to this ward has been great.

There aren't many families who have contributed more to the helpful advancement of the ward than they have. They have been regular in attendance at Sunday School, Primary, Mutual, and Sacrament meetings. Not one or two, but many of them and usually nearly every member of the family have been out to Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. I am sure that the Bishop that is now presiding over the ward here is grateful for this family, for I am sure the ward bishops that have presided here, if they were to speak, and if they should speak, would say that they have really been a

helpful family.

Aunt Maud wasn't one who was boastful. She wasn't one who desired fine clothes for herself, but she always desired that her girls and her sons, if possible, should have the best, and I rather think that so far that their means provided that the best be given to them.

I think of an old scripture that we hear quoted often. I shan't quote it in full but a part of it. The 23rd Psalm, and also a little of the 24th. But the 23:

@POEM = The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want  
@POEM = He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
@POEM = he leadeth me beside the still waters.  
@POEM = He restoreth my soul;  
@POEM = he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for  
@POEM = his name's sake.  
@POEM = Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
@POEM = death,  
@POEM = I will fear no evil;  
@POEM = for thou art with me;  
@POEM = thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

At the death of Uncle Niels, Aunt Maud was quickly reconciled to the will of the Lord. She knew that the Lord giveth and the Lord taken away. And she fit herself into the Lord's plan by feeling that it was the will of the Lord. The boys and girls are going to miss their mother, that is true, but they should feel, at the same time, that their mother wouldn't want one of them to grieve over her passing. She wished them to adopt in their lives that "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

I couldn't help but think of her as being one of those who answer the ancient scripture in the 24th Psalm, where it says:

@POEM = The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;  
@POEM = the world, and they that dwell therein.  
@POEM = For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established  
@POEM = it upon the floods.  
@POEM = Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?  
@POEM = or who shall stand in his holy place?  
@POEM = He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;  
@POEM = who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,  
@POEM = nor sworn deceitfully.

I don't say this because she was my aunt, but I say it because I believe it; that she never swore deceitfully, nor did she lift up her soul unto vanity. She was humble; she was a kind, loving, sweet mother. I am sure that no son or daughter ever came into a home where they were more welcome than they were. And if they all came home on the same day, the more welcome they were. She had love and kindness and a welcome for all. Her home wasn't large, but her heart was. @POEM = These blessings I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ.

@HEADER = Piano Solo: Vinnie Clawson -- "The Rosary"

@HEADER = Speaker: President Edwin Clawson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = I would like to direct my thoughts in what I may say directly to the family here this afternoon. This is the service for their mother, and I am sure that they are more interested in this than any of us. Therefore, if the Lord will permit, I would like to mention some things that are very important in the lives of these sons and daughters. I could take a great deal of time in relating to you some of the things that have happened in the life of Maud and this splendid family. I believe you all realize that Maud was an outstanding mother.

During her time she raised this family, she never asked anything of this family but what she was willing to do herself. I would like to have you sons and daughters, when you settle down, to go over the instructions and life of your mother, and you will find that in every request that she made of you, she was willing to do herself. First of all, she wanted to be honest. She was honest with the Lord in fulfilling the requirement as she saw fit to do.

She asked you people to work, and I appreciate the fact that you are hard-working people. I don't think there is one of you that has worked any harder than your mother. Your mother was saving. She knew what a dollar meant. And I think you people know that.

Your mother was taught to have faith in her childhood, and she asked you people to have faith. And I want to remind you that your mother not only had faith but worked with it. I have been in your home on several occasions when it required faith to be healed. I remember now very definitely one of you was very, very sick; and I was called down to your home. We laid our hands upon your head and gave you a blessing. That was faith on your part. What did your mother do? Did she stop and say, "Will that faith make this person whole?" No. Maud, your mother, went on just the same as she had before, keeping care of your nourishment, and she sat up with you all night for several nights.

Do you think that faith alone is sufficient? The scriptures say that faith alone is not sufficient, but it also tells us that faith is a gift from God. And I want to tell you as sons and daughters that Maud had faith. In the passing of Maud, I am quite certain some of the members cannot understand and can't figure it out and possibly will take a long time before you find out why this mother was called.

I want to go over this last month. An accident happened; it could happen to you; it could happen to me this afternoon. We are mortal men and women. This mortal body is subject to the things pertaining to this earth. Maud couldn't walk again. I wonder if that isn't some consolation in knowing that she is out of suffering.

I saw my mother-in-law in bed for nearly five years, and I saw her suffer so much that some members of the family couldn't stand it and had to leave the room. Possibly it is the wisdom of God that Maud should be called. Do you realize that Maud loved her mother just as much as you loved her. And yet she had to go. Now you children, you children are taking upon yourselves as mothers and fathers, and it won't be long until possibly your children will be called upon to go through that same experience. I want to call your mind to the fact that even the Master, Jesus the Christ, although he had power over life, yet His mother saw him placed on the cross and there was allowed to suffer until he passed away. So you and I will be called upon sometime in life to go through a similar experience. It is natural, and it is that which God has outlined. We are born, and we must pass away.

Your mother, I believe, would have loved to be here with you as much as you would like to have her be here. But what about Niels? What about your father? What about those loved ones who are on the other side?

I wonder if there isn't rejoicing there this day. Maud, as valuable as she was, I believe can fit

into the program hereafter. Possibly I spoke to you here this afternoon as a man who has had experience of going on the other side. That is not true. But I have sufficient knowledge, and I think you have, that Maud here, whose body lies before us, can think just as clearly and act more wisely than she did a week ago. I say that because Maud is more whole today than she was before she left. This body was a blessing to her as long as she lived, but today Maud's spirit has separated from this body and gone on the other side.

I heard a little story not long ago -- you can take it for what it is worth. It went something like this. An Angel stole away from heaven and came here to earth. He visited the cities, the hamlets, the forests, the vales, and the beautiful gardens, and the flowers; and he was so taken up with what he saw that before he knew it, the sun was going down over the western hills. He looked at the beautiful flowers, and he plucked a beautiful rose and then several of them and made a beautiful bouquet. And then he thought, surely this is the most beautiful thing I can take back with me. And then he saw a child with a smile upon his face, and he thought, I will take that smile back. And then he happened to see the child's mother's love, and he decided, I will take that with me also. So he returned back, and before entering the Pearly Gates he looked at the roses; they had faded and wilted, so he cast them away. He looked at the smile, and it had vanished. Then he looked at the mother's love, and these are the words he said, "Here is the thing that I have found on earth that would keep its fragrance on the way to Heaven -- a mother's love. And so this afternoon I want to say to these children that Maud has not lost her love for you and cannot lose it.

I don't care where you go, as sons or as daughters in your several homes, you still have that most precious thing that God gave to mothers. And that is your mother's love. It will direct you in times of sorrow; she will be there. In time of temptation, she will be there to help you. I want you children to remember this is only a short mission for your mother. You, in turn, if you follow in the footsteps of your mother, she will finally come back and live with you again. I want to remind the family here of a few of the things which Maud has given you.

First of all, she taught you to honor Joseph Smith. He is a Prophet of God, one of the most wonderful things that could come into your lives.

Second, she taught you that Joseph Smith, the prophet, was called of God. That he actually saw God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ.

She taught you to respect your neighbors, your fellowmen. She taught you to honor the bishop of your ward. She taught you to respect the aged and those who are feeble. She taught the boys to honor the Priesthood, and I remember very definitely what Maud told me at one time when some of these boys were ordained in the Priesthood. She said, "I am asking these boys to go to sacrament meeting at least twice a month, and when they go, I am going with them."

In conclusion I want to read a little tribute to Maud entitled "Memories of Mother."

@POEM = As I sit in the peaceful twilight

@POEM = At the end of a busy day,

@POEM = My memories carries me backward

@POEM = Upon life's great highway;

@POEM = And then I think of childhood days

@POEM = When at my mother's knee

@POEM = I listened to sweet stories there

@POEM = That made life real to me.

@POEM =

@POEM = I'll ne'er forget that tender smile --  
@POEM = To me it seemed divine,  
@POEM = For there is nothing quite so dear  
@POEM = As thoughts mother mine;  
@POEM = I fancy I can hear her voice --  
@POEM = Its notes so sweet and clear,  
@POEM = As she would sing while at work  
@POEM = To bring her loved ones cheer.  
@POEM = @POEM =  
@POEM = And when I think of days of pain  
@POEM = When by her tender care  
@POEM = And through her loving sympathy  
@POEM = It seemed less hard to bear;  
@POEM = Then I recall the many times  
@POEM = When she would join our fun;  
@POEM = Alas, whose happy days were passed  
@POEM = When hardly well begun.

@POEM = And then came girlhood's happy hours,  
@POEM = Then next was womanhood  
@POEM = And when others seemed to care  
@POEM = She always understood;  
@POEM = And so from out the busy past  
@POEM = No other seems so near;  
@POEM = For no one else can take the place  
@POEM = Of that sweet mother dear.

I pray that the spirit of peace and strength and wisdom will be yours. Now, you young ladies here and you sons, don't grieve too much. God has blessed you with, and every person with, a power to shed tears. When you feel like it, have a good cry. When it is all over, collect your thoughts, reason it out, and God will bless you because of your splendid efforts.

This I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Remarks: Bishop Levi J. Anderson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = The Master, when he came into this world, said, "I came here that you might live more abundantly." I think Sister Johnson has partaken of that life and has had life more abundantly. She has raised a wonderful family. She has taught them the gospel and the right way of living. If we all could look over these records which are recorded in the books of this church, the life of Sister Johnson --we would see that she has filled a wonderful mission. I will remember Sister Johnson. I believe she was the first person in our ward that came into our home and offered assistance when my mother died. So I think she has lived a good life, raised a wonderful family. She has taught them the Gospel of Christ, that teaching that should bring them to an eternal life. I don't think they should grieve over their mother's passing. They should be thankful that she has been a wonderful mother and that memory should live with them all their lives. And they should give it to their children and their children's children. They have a wonderful mother.

I pray that the Lord will bless them with strength and courage and determination to live the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And I pray that this will be their lot, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

In behalf of the family, we want to thank you for your presence here this afternoon -- for the music, the songs, they have been beautifully presented -- and everything that has been done to help the family out. And they thank you from the bottom of their hearts.

@HEADER = Choir: "Sometime We'll Understand"

@HEADER = Prayer: LaVon Larson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Our Father in Heaven, we a few of Thy children bow our heads before Thee at this time in grateful appreciation and pay tribute to our loved ones. When it is time for us to depart from this life, wilt Thou help us to live the kind of lives that will reunite us with our loved ones. We are thankful for the example Mrs. Johnson has set of thrift, integrity, and industry. Wilt Thou bless the family, especially the sons and daughters who are called upon to mourn this day. May they look forward to that day when they may be reunited with their father and mother again. May they so live that they may be able to see them again. We humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

@HEADER = Dedication of Grave: William Hulse

@Page Break =

@TITLE = Appendix E

@CENTER = Excerpts from the Biographies of

@CENTER = Johan Peder Johansen

@CENTER = and

@CENTER = His Wife, Annie

@CENTER = Written by their Granddaughter Blanche J. Nielson

@FIRSTPARAGRAPH = Johan Peder Johansen, Sr., of Danish descent, was born in Norway in the year 1778. Just a few years after Johan's birth, France was engaged in a fight for liberty, and repercussions of the revolution were felt in all European countries. Mere boys were called into the conflict, most too young to bear the burdens and fatigue of such campaigns. Struggles raged throughout Johan's youth. He grew up with the dread of invasions, hunger, and poverty.

The Norwegians have been sailors since the dawn of history, and it was almost mandatory for all boys at an early age to go to sea. It can be assumed that Johan spent his time at sea during his boyhood. He had little, if any, opportunity to attend school, yet through varied experiences he became educated and well trained to meet life's battles.

It was in the neighboring country of Sweden that Johan's life companion, Ane Margete Sjelander, was born in the year 1784 in Skane. She, too, endured the sufferings of war. In fact, it was due to these wars that Johan and Ane Margete were unable to get married until he was 35 years old, and she 29. On September 30, 1813 -- a short time after Napoleon was banished to the Island of Elba -- Johan, now free from military duty, and Ane Sjelander were united in marriage at an Evangelical Lutheran church in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Because of the heavy taxes levied to meet the expenses of war, great suffering and hardships were experienced by the common people. Under these conditions, Johan and Ane made their first home on a small farm in the town of Sengelose in Copenhagen Amt (County), about ten miles out of Copenhagen City. This farm was owned by a lord, as was most of the land at this time. The lord lived in a large house in Copenhagen called a manor or castle; his towns, farm lands, meadows, and pastures were nearby. The lords were very strict with those living on their lands and demanded a large portion

of what they raised as taxes.

It was in Sengelose that Johan Peder Johansen, Jr., was born on April 1, 1818. There were three other children in the family: Charles born in 1814; Mary born in 1821, and Margaret Sophia born in 1824.

When Charly and Johan were mere lads they helped on the farm and worked with their father as turf diggers. Turf was a firm, smooth mat of dried grass underground, dug and used as a fuel in place of coal. The land was divided into three-acre farms which were too small to produce a living for a family -- many men and boys were hired as turf diggers by the king.

In the winter, a short time before Johan's twelfth birthday, his father was seriously injured in an accident. While driving to Copenhagen his horse became frightened and ran away; he was thrown out of the sleigh and lay for two hours in the snow before help came. When found, he was almost frozen. Although Johan Sr. was given the best of care, the exposure caused pneumonia and on May 15, 1830, he died at the age of 52. He was buried in a little church yard in Copenhagen.

By the time Johan Peder Johansen, Jr., was old enough to farm the land, every man was his own master and could live where he wished and raise the crop he liked. The lord who owned the land taxed the subjects only a small sum of money or produce as rent. Trade guilds were formed; men engaged in any kind of trade had to belong a guild. The guilds were much like the unions of today -- trade rules were made and officers chosen to see that the rules were obeyed.

Ane Margete, a widow only 46 years old, was left with four children to support. Charly, her oldest, was 16 and Margaret Sophia, her youngest, was just 6 years old. The mother worked very hard from early morning until late at night. With the help of the boys she raised flax, spun it, and wove linen to sell.

Ane was a devout Lutheran woman who taught her children to love God and keep His commandments. She was a loving mother -- all of the children were mindful of her even after they married and had their own homes.

In 1849, Mary, just 28 years old, suffered with dropsy and died leaving two small sons and her husband. One son later owned and operated a five-story office building in Copenhagen. In the early nineties he came to America in search of his pioneer relatives; unable to find them, he returned to Denmark.

Charly married young and became the father of five daughters, Hannah, Ane, Sophia, Maria, and Josephine. He lived in a village a short distance from Copenhagen where he was a railroad station master and also owned a grocery store. Later he became a railroad supervisor and was transferred to a railroad town a few miles out of Copenhagen. When he was away from home, his wife and daughter ran the store.

Johan gave up turf digging and worked as a contractor, building canals for irrigation purposes. As a young man Johan was always full of life and fun; he loved to play jokes and cause excitement. While building canals, Johan boarded and roomed at a place where several young girls were hired to do the housework and cooking. The men had to go through the girls' bedroom to get to their own sleeping room. One night as Johan went through the girls' bedroom, he put an eel into one of their beds. On going to bed, the girl felt something cold and slimy moving in the bed. On finding the eel, the girls became so frightened they all screamed. No one ever admitted having done such a thing.

At the age of 22 John Peder Johansen married Ane Hansen Anderson in a small Lutheran church in Copenhagen on February 11, 1940.

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Ane's father, Lord Hans Anderson, gave them a small dairy and produce farm three miles out of Copenhagen in the town of Margli on the Zealand Island. Here they raised garden produce, bought cows and sold butter and cheese. Twice a week Johan journeyed by wagon and team to market row in the Copenhagen harbor, where he sold his produce and dairy products; later the older boys helped him in this work.

In 1850 Johan and his family moved to the little village of Vridslosemagle and Johan became night crier in Copenhagen. Often to create a little excitement he would journey out to the church yard at midnight and crow loud and clear to frighten the people in reach of hearing. It was thought an ill omen for a rooster to crow at the hour of midnight. He never outgrew playing pranks on anyone he knew he could frighten.

\* \* \*

The Johansen family belonged to the Luthern Church, but when the Danish L.D.S. Mission was organized in Copenhagen under the direction of Elder Erastus Snow, Johan became very interested. He bought the Book of Mormon and read it through several times. It was easy for him to understand, and proved to be a shining light of guidance to Johan. He urged the rest of his family, including his wife, his mother, his brother Charley, and his sister Margaret Sophia, to read the book. They refused. With faith, Johan continued to read and study about the Gospel with a prayerful heart until, on September 18, 1853, he announced to his family that he was going to be baptized that day and become a member of what he termed the greatest church on earth. He was baptized in an irrigation ditch not far from his home by Olaf Pederson, a recent convert to the Church. He was confirmed October 19, 1853, by Elder O. P. Hansen. His membership in the Church greatly displeased his wife and the others in his family.

Johan was of strong character, a man of honor and principle, brave and fearless. Each day he prayed for guidance that Ane might be led to the truths of the Gospel. on March 17, 1854, six months after Johan was baptized, his fourth son was born. Johan's heart rejoiced. He wanted to have his son christened "Erastus," to name him for Elder Erastus Snow, but Ane, still not a member of the Church, refused to give him such a name. Her choice was Karl (Charles A.), which name he was given.

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The following year there were trials, sickness, and disappointments, but Johan had an abundance of faith and prayed often to the One he knew was near to help in time of need. He became a devout Latter-day Saint, and urged Ane to join the Church so they might be more united. Finally she consented and was baptized August 6, 1855, by Olaf P. Pederson and confirmed the same day.

Johan's prayers had been answered. Now his great desire was to leave the land of his birth and join the Saints in Utah, but Ane hesitated. Again Johan had to be patient a few more years. Johan always had a deep love and respect for his mother, now in her declining years. He begged that she, too, would join the Church and come to Zion. Although holding no harsh feeling toward Johan for being baptized, she was perfectly satisfied with life as it was. Yet many of her nights were sleepless for she knew that Johan, with his determined mind, would soon leave his native shores. But God did not will that Ane Margaret should live to see the sad day of parting.

A hard worker all her life, Ane Margaret was blessed with health and strength to bear life's burdens. In 1858, shortly after her 74th birthday, she went to visit her Johan, Ane, and their new baby, Joseph Smith Johnson. On returning to the home of her daughter Margret Sophia Jacobson suffered a stroke and never regained consciousness. She left this life 24 hours later; at her bedside were her daughter and two sons, Charly and Johan.

When Jacob Erastus, the youngest son, was three days old, the Johnson home burned to the ground. The mother and baby were carried to the home of a neighbor. It was about this time that Johan took a chance on a lottery in a foreign country and won one thousand dollars. With this money and the help of Ane's father, another house was built across the street from the former one.

Ane was ill much of the time after the birth of Jacob (April 23, 1862) and spent much of her time in her home instead of helping on the farm. Until then she had worked hard on the farm, while rearing her large family. Johan and Ane were now the parents of eleven children, two having died as babies. The two older boys, Johan and James, went to work in the Copenhagen harbor, and Emma did housework for other people. Ane, Charles, and Maren attended district school in Copenhagen for a short term.

All this time Johan was trying hard to get enough cash on hand to set sail for America. Already they had waited so long he knew the three older children would never leave Denmark. He still had very little money, but Elder Snow told him the Church would help him and his family to the Valley; there he could work and pay the loan. When Johan told his wife and three older children of this plan, they refused to leave. Elder Snow said: "Brother Johansen, make it a matter of prayer and all will be well; your wife will be ready to go, and the other members of your family will follow in a short time."

It was 1866 before the Johansen farm was sold and preparations were made to journey across the ocean to Zion. Johan's brother Charly and family were very sad to have this parting. They refused to join the Church and thought Johan was foolish to leave their farm and start out on such a long and needless journey.

Conference was held on the morning of May 21, 1866, at Copenhagen Church. After prayer, the Saints were told what they could take with them. The names of all the Saints expecting to migrate were recorded; on Page 5 of the Scandinavian Mission Report appears the name of Johan Peder Johansen, age 48, a farmer from Zeeland Island; Ane, 46, his wife; Karl, age 11; Karen Maren, age 9; Joseph S., age 8; Peder, age 6; and Jacob, age 4.

The 563 immigrants left the harbor in Copenhagen on a sailing vessel going to Hamberg, Germany, where they joined other immigrants who were to leave for New York City. Friends and relatives gathered at the harbor; there was much confusion and sorrow as the ship sailed out of the Copenhagen Harbor. President Widerborn went with the Saints to Hamberg.

At Hamberg, the Saints were checked and assigned to berths on the ship "Kenilworth." They were organized into 48 "messes," each "mess" composed of 16 to 20 members, with a leader for each group. The 684 souls to leave were from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

At 7:00 P.M. on the evening of May 25, 1866, after a dedicatory prayer by President Widerborn for the ship and all on board, the "Kenilworth" lifted anchor in the River Elbe and began its voyage across the German sea and out into the great Atlantic.

When just four miles out from Hamberg, the river was so low the ship was unable to pass over the bar without help. The route was around the north of Scotland; they sailed so close to the Norwegian shore that all could see the rocky cliffs. The winds were favorable for the first three weeks, and the ship made good headway. For the next five weeks there was a continual wind and a dense fog, making the voyage long and dreary.

Although not Mormons, Captain Brown and his crew were kind and considerate to the passengers. The sick were well cared for, but twelve died during the trip. One man, Jens Hanse, wilfully jumped overboard just when land was sighted. On July 16 the ship anchored off Staten Island and on the morning of July 17 the passengers went ashore at Castle Grove.

Elder Thomas Taylor was there to make arrangements to convey immigrants from New York to Wyoming, Nebraska. The owners of the railroad, hoping to profit at the expense of the Saints asked an unusually high price to take them westward. The Civil War had just ended, and Elder Taylor made a special trip to Boston to make arrangements for the Saints to go over a new route 700 miles longer but much less expensive.

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After supper at Garden Grove, the Saints began their journey on a large freight steamer to New Haven, Connecticut, arriving there July 18. They remained but a short time before journeying northward by train, passing through Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont to Montreal, Canada. From there they traveled alongside the St. Lawrence River in poor and dirty freight cars loaded with cattle. On the evening of July 20 the train was derailed near Port Hope on the banks of Lake Ontario, but not one immigrant was injured. The Saints ferried over the St. Clair River to Port Hudson, Michigan, where better cars were waiting to take them on to Chicago.

In Chicago the Johansen family stopped a few days seeking shelter from the scorching sun in a grove of trees. From there they travelled westward; a steamer took them across the Mississippi. The ride through Missouri was very disagreeable. People were at the station to insult them. On July 27th they reached St. Joseph, then sailed for two days up the Missouri River. Johan and his family suffered insults and abuse -- the wicked crew tried several times to sink the boat. On Sunday morning, July 29, they made camp at Wyoming, Nebraska. As a result of the long journey in the burning heat, Ane and many others were too ill to stand up.

Brigham Young had sent 450 teams and wagons to assist the poor immigrants across the plains. The Church wagons had waited a long time; the Saints should have arrived the first of July instead of the last. Preparations were hurriedly made so the Saints would arrive in Salt Lake City before winter.

On the morning of August 2nd, the Johansen family left Nebraska in Captain Joseph S. Rawlins Company. After spending two months on the sultry plains, they arrived at Public Square in Salt Lake City October 1st, weary and ill from the long, tedious journey.

The Johansens went to South Cottonwood where they lived with the C. F. Meyers family. There Johan built a one-room dugout for his family and established a homestead during that first year in Utah. The land in South Cottonwood at that time was like a wilderness covered with bunch grass and sage brush. Johan Johansen took up ten acres of ground in what was known as "the big field." A mud fence four feet high was built along the east side to keep out stray cattle. Each farmer within the "big field" planted and cared for his own land. Johan, with the help of his sons Charly and Joseph, cleared sage brush, dug ditches, and planted. Just when the crops were growing nicely, what seemed to be a dust storm proved to be grasshoppers. Men, women, and children tried deperately to rid the fields of the pests, but still it was the fourth spring before a good crop was raised. Before long this land proved to be valuable.

When the boys were older, Johan got a quarter section of land for them in Pleasant Green, paying one dollar per acre. Johan was a little slow in getting a small house and water on the ground, so his claim was jumped by another man. After a friendly talk, each decided to take eighty acres.

Johan could make almost anything, so he made most of their first furniture in Utah: two beds with rope "springs," a table, a cupboard, a bench, and several three-legged stools to be used for chairs. In the winter Johan wove baskets and made wash boards out of braided willows. He also mended shoes for his own family and for others.

Johan was unable to speak or understand the English language, so when shopping in Salt Lake City he would always take his daughter Mary with him to do the speaking. If he was unable to get what he wanted at a "Mormon store," he would go without it rather than disobey the church leaders and buy from a gentile.

No unnecessary work was ever done in the Johansen home on Sunday. Johan walked three miles to church because he said the horses needed to rest on the Sabbath as well as man.

In 1870 Johan build a one-room adobe house with a room in the attic, to replace the dirt-roof dugout. A great deal of hard work was required to provide for his family, yet Johan was never too tired to bring laughter, warmth, and sunshine into his home. With his jovial disposition he was able to drive away the darkest cloud.

For two years after coming to Utah Johan worked for Brigham Young during the winter months hauling logs from Cottonwood Canyon.

The Johansen home was always open to young and old; Johan and his good wife respected all ages. When the grandchildren came romping and shouting with happiness, Johan played with them like an over-grown, rosy cheeked boy himself.

Letters came often from loved ones across the sea. The four children in Demark, as well as Johan, Ane, and their five children in Utah, yearned to be united again. After six years of waiting and praying, Johan received a letter from his son, James, stating that he, his wife and four-year-old daughter Ane C. were making preparations to join them in Zion. On receiving this good news, Johan immediately sent money so that his daughter Ane, now 20 years old, could come with them.

In 1874 came the sad news from Denmark that Johan's sister Margaret Sophia, age 50, had died. Margaret, kind and considerate, had been left a widow in young womanhood with two sons to rear. She never remarried. Unable to leave home to work because of the boys, she converted her home into an orphanage, cooking, sewing, and mending for the homeless. She was loved as a mother by hundreds of children who were left in her care until they could be placed in suitable homes.

In 1874 a smallpox epidemic broke out among the soldiers in Copenhagen. Help was badly needed so Margaret volunteered to go as a nurse. Her sons begged her not to go, fearing she might fall prey to the dreadful disease. But she said, "Boys, I know when duty calls I must answer and do what I can to help the suffering." That was typical of the Christian spirit of Margaret Sophia. After working almost day and night for several weeks, fatigue wore down her resistance. She contracted smallpox and never recovered.

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In 1875 Johan sent for his daughter Emma. It was not until 1883 that the Johansen's eldest son Johan and his three motherless children arrived in Utah. What a happy reunion when all were together again.

The Johansen's last home in South Cottonwood was a three-room brick one. For 51 years Johan and Ane enjoyed life's blessings and hardships together. On June 3, 1891, Ane suffered a second stroke and died. Johan remained in the old home and farmed his land until a few years before his death.

Johan loved to dance, and to celebrate his 83rd anniversary he left his sick bed to dance a jig. His daughter Emma cared for him until a few months before his death when he was taken to the home of his daughter Annie Meyers at Riverton. It was here he passed into eternity August 28, 1901, at the age of 84. He was laid to rest in the Murray Cemetery.

Johan was a devout Christian all his life, always ready to lend a helping hand when it was needed. Bishop Joseph R. Rawlins, speaking at his funeral said, in part, "I have known this man for 52

years, and I have never heard one evil word spoken against him. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. His laughter and kindness radiated good will wherever he went. His loved ones, as well as his friends, will miss him, for in passing we mourn the loss of a real character who had an abiding faith in Jesus Christ and in his fellow men. Today he will clasp the hand of a devoted wife and together they shall journey on forever, for what is bound on earth shall be bound in heaven."

It was in Copenhagen one year later (1902) that Charles Johansen answered the call of the Master. He died at the age of 88 at the home of his daughter, his wife having preceded him in death. He was active until a few years before his death. He was station master and also managed his store business. Three of his five daughters survived him.

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