

Family Group Record - 553

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Husband Peter Junius CHRISTOFFERSON-635			
Born	16 Feb 1843	Place Searsley, , Denmark	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place	Baptized
Died	3 Feb 1910	Place Lehi, , Utah	Endowed
Buried		Place	Sealed to parents
Married	13 Feb 1881	Place Saint George, Washington, Utah	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father Given name(s)		Last name	☐ Deceased
Husband's mother Given name(s)		Maiden name	☐ Deceased

Wife Sarah Hulda DEWITT-1558			
Born	26 May 1863	Place Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place	Baptized
Died	17 Nov 1904	Place Lehi, Utah	Endowed
Buried		Place	Sealed to parents
Wife's father		Abel Alexander DEWITT-24	MRIN: 19 ☒ Deceased
Wife's mother		Margaret Miller WATSON-25	☒ Deceased

Children	List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1	Sex F	Eudith Rebecca CHRISTOFFERSON-1600	
	Born	30 Mar 1882	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died	10 Nov 1960	Place Provo, Utah
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Raymond C. NELSON-1609	
	Married	19 May 1914	Place
			MRIN: 554
			Sealed to spouse

2	Sex M	Elnathan Junius CHRISTOFFERSON-1601	
	Born	27 Apr 1884	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died	7 Jun 1959	Place Lehi, Utah
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Mary Luella PETERSON-1610	
	Married	27 Sep 1909	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
			MRIN: 555
			Sealed to spouse

3	Sex M	Alexander De Witt CHRISTOFFERSON-1602	
	Born	5 Aug 1887	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died	8 Jun 1976	Place Provo, Utah
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Louisa VICKERY-1611	
	Married	26 Nov 1913	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
			MRIN: 556
			Sealed to spouse

Select **only one** of the following options. The option you select applies to all names on this form.

- ☐ **Option 1 -- Family File** Send all names to my family file at the _____ Temple.
I will provide proxies for: ☐ Baptism ☐ Endowment ☐ Sealing
The temple will assign proxies for ordinances not checked.
- ☐ **Option 2 -- Temple File** Send all names to any temple and assign proxies for all approved ordinances.
- ☐ **Option 3 -- Ancestral File** Send all names to the computerized Ancestral File for research purposes only, not for ordinances. I am including the required pedigree chart.

Your Name George D. & Gwenevere D. Hulse	
Address 1622 W. Argon	
Mesa, Arizona 85201	
Phone (602)964-3817	Date prepared 18 Aug 1996
Your relationship to the husband and wife on this form Husband _____ Wife _____	

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Husband Peter Junius CHRISTOFFERSON-635			
Wife Sarah Hulda DEWITT-1558			
Children List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	Sex F	Nena CHRISTOFFERSON-1603	
	Born	26 Oct 1889	Place Springerville, Apache, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died	13 Jun 1983	Place Salt Lake City, Utah
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Roy HARRIS-1612	
	Married	15 Apr 1914	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah
			MRIN: 557
			Sealed to spouse
5	Sex F	Erma CHRISTOFFERSON-1604	
	Born	16 Sep 1892	Place Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico
	Christened		Place
	Died	9 Sep 1973	Place Lake Worth, Fla
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Morton MORTENSEN-1613	
	Married	7 Dec 1944	Place Detroit, Michigan
			MRIN: 558
			Sealed to spouse
6	Sex F	Isabel CHRISTOFFERSON-1605	
	Born	19 Sep 1894	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died	13 Dec 1976	Place Santa Anna, Calif
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	George SPHAR-1614	
	Married	13 Sep 1913	Place Salt Lake City, Utah
			MRIN: 559
			Sealed to spouse
7	Sex M	Amos Malcolm CHRISTOFFERSON-1606	
	Born	29 Oct 1896	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died	4 Dec 1896	Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse		
	Married		Place
			Sealed to spouse
8	Sex M	David Ward CHRISTOFFERSON-1607	
	Born	1 Aug 1898	Place Woodruff, Navajo, Arizona
	Christened		Place
	Died		Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Rose Evelyn PFAFFENBERGER-1615	
	Married	14 Apr 1932	Place Fruita, Calif
			MRIN: 560
			Sealed to spouse
9	Sex M	Wallace CHRISTOFFERSON-1608	
	Born	10 Jan 1902	Place Lehi, Utah, Utah
	Christened		Place
	Died		Place
	Buried		Place
	Spouse	Ada BAKER-1616	
	Married	24 Mar 1934	Place Pocatello, Bannock, Idaho
			MRIN: 561
			Sealed to spouse



PETER JUNIUS CHRISTOFFERSON
16 Feb 1843 - 3 Feb 1910



SARAH HULDA DEWITT
26 Mar 1863 - 17 Nov 1904

SARAH HULDA DEWITT

In reflecting over the past, I see with the keen eyes of memory the home of my early childhood; and fancy I hear again the voice of my parents instructing me in the way of right. Our home, though humble, was the one I loved. Every nook and corner upon the old homestead, together with my childish rambles over it, come vividly before me now.

I was born in Big Cottonwood Ward, Salt Lake Co., Utah, March 26th 1863, daughter of Able Alexander DeWitt and Margaret Miller Watson, having 2 sisters, and 5 brothers. My earliest recollections are of the school room, and my teacher, J. B. Lewis. Though I should live to be more than an hundred years old, I could not forget him.

The most pleasant part of my childhood was spent in the schoolroom in the winter, and in rambling alone over fields and meadows in the summer, and it almost seemed to me that all the pleasures of childhood had fled when my father was called, by the priesthood, to take his family and move south. He had been called to help settle Arizona but as most of the company who were with him, found Arizona a barren desolate land and they concluded the white man could not live there. They were opposed by a few of the company, but it was necessary that a goodly number settle together so they would be able to protect themselves against the Indians, and as, the greater part of the company would not stay, all were compelled to return. So, my father returned to move us to the South part of Utah, where he had been counseled to locate during his absence in Arizona. My mother laid away one of her little daughters. This was a trial to me for many years.

We started on our journey to the South, November, 1874 and though I was happy at the thought of a journey and new scenes and was anxious to get started. Yet, I little realized then, that we were leaving the land I loved, no more to return. I wondered at the tears of sorrow my mother shed when parting with long tried and true friends, but now that years have past, I can look back and understand my mother's feelings.

Our journey was a long tedious one. When we reached the divide, we were unable to go farther, as the snow had fallen so heavily, as to make the roads impassable. Although snow bound, we were not wholly alone. We were at the ranch known by the name of Asays Ranch. The family were then living there. We occupied one of the houses, as there were several. These houses were built at the foot of a long hill. I remember father was obliged to make a path up this hill and out to the cedar, a distance of perhaps a half mile in order to get wood to burn. This path, once made, my sister Lucy and I thought we would have some fun, so we would take turns in pulling each other down the hill. This was repeated until the snow became packed and smooth, then both could slide without assistance. The Asay boys (young men however soon) discovered our enjoyment and made a sled large enough to hold three by sitting closely together, so my brother Alex joined us. The boys would pull the sled to the top, arrange us on it, then give it a start and we would go swiftly to the bottom of the hill. Occasionally, when descending, we and the sled, would turn somersaults, but we enjoyed it none the less. When father came with his wood and found us sliding down hill and not always able to keep right side up, he told us mother needed us in-doors. We knew what that meant and that

pleasure was at an end.

We continued on our journey on Christmas Day only traveling a distance of three miles because of deep snow. We reached our destination just as the sun was sinking in the west on New Years Day.

Father had, on his previous trip to Arizona, bought a home in Kanab and we found a bright fire waiting to receive us. A sister Blythe had heard of our coming and had made the empty house comfortable for us. Here, we had the privilege of learning the hardships and privations of frontier life and for the first two winters, I had the privilege of attending school. We were not blessed with all of the necessities of life, consequently can say but little of its comforts, as we were obliged to pass through the privations incident to a new country and frontier life. Father left us in our new home early in the spring of 1875 and returned to Salt Lake City to settle up his business matters having first, established us in the "United Order". This is an epoch of my life, however, that I shall pass over.

My heart yearned for the scenes and pleasures of my early childhood home, for, as I grew older our condition of poverty, was source of trial to me.

When my father returned from the North he brought home dry goods, shoes, flour, etc. all of which was promptly turned into the treasury of the "United Order. Our portion of these goods, was one suite for each of us. There were seven of us. Our dresses were of calico. Mine was light colored, white with a pretty green vine as a stripe in it. This cloth proved to be an excellent quality as it was all the "Sunday" dress I had for more than a year. If we had special meetings, entertainments, etc., I would be obliged to wash my dress every week. Winter and summer the one dress was all I had and strange to say, I never grew tired of it. It always looked new and bright when clean and ironed nicely. Such was our temporal condition while we lived in Southern Utah. I have often thought since then, if we were to become as impoverished spiritually as we do at times, temporally how very uncomfortable indeed, would be our condition. Though we suffered in winter for lack of proper clothing, yet, our hearts were warmed with the love and confidence and blessings of the Gospel, and our trust in the Lord. I do not think bodily afflictions are felt so keenly, when one relies upon the aid obtained from a Divine source.

I know the Lord helped me to feel satisfied with our circumstances. Though occasionally, I would get down hearted, but at such times, I found comfort in prayer and asking my Heavenly Father for strength. I felt that He was the only one who could assist us or upon whom we could rely. My parents were humble, prayerful people and I rejoiced in following their example. In the spring of 1879 my father was again called to move to Arizona. Our home and property was sold and we started on our journey the following winter. We reached Brigham City, the first settlement on the Little Colorado, on the 10th of January 1880 where we camped for six weeks to recruit teams and cattle.

I had driven an ox team all the way. I, many times, felt grieved for my two brothers who were both younger than myself and walked all the way and drove cattle. We continued our journey in March, reaching our destination on the 21st, having decided to make Springerville our home. We lived in tents and wagons until near Christmas, when we moved into our new log house. It seemed

now like life had begun anew. We truly appreciated what the Lord had blessed us with now. I did not stay with my parents long, as near the latter part of January, 1881 I started to the St. George Temple and was married there Feb. 13th (not as you marry now, my daughters, my husband already had a wife.) I hesitated, fasted, and prayed much, before taking this most important step in life and through this course that I had taken, I was favored of the Lord with a testimony of the truth of the principle, for which I was to endure so much.

In my return journey from St. George my reflections were many and serious. I knew I was nearing home with my husband, who had others to share his affections. That our home was one, and oh, how I wondered how that home would be. I knew it would be either happiness or misery, as we made it.

Realizing this as I did, and knowing the weaknesses of human nature, I felt my burden was great and I feared that I might fail in my endeavors.

But our home was peace and contentment for many years, my sister companion bearing with my failings, even as I had desired that I might bear. She was indeed a noble and generous companion.

I had married in the heart and heat of oppression and consequently, could not confess my marriage and after the first three years I lived a sort of underground life. This was hard for me to bear at times but I was aided by divine power and enabled to endure even the scathing rebukes and gossiping criticisms I received from even those who professed as did I, to belong to, believe and obey the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

On the 30th of March, 1882 my first child, a daughter, came to me to bless the lonely hours through which I was destined to pass. For several years, my time was occupied as clerk in a store this, perhaps, made my situation more public and on the 27th of April 1884, my first son came to me, (then I was published in the St. Johns Herald, a paper printed in that country where we then lived.) In June of the same year, it was rumored that indictments were out for several of our brethren who were called polygamists, my husband being one of the number. Accordingly, in the August following, five of these brethren — my husband included — were arrested by the U.S. Marshall and taken to Prescott, Arizona for trial. From that time until he was convicted, I shifted from place to place secretly, that I might not be required to appear in court. And because of the malice and injustice of the courts, it had been advised, that all who were in circumstances like myself, to keep out of reach. I parted with my husband about the last of July 1884. He started to Prescott, to stand his trial in October and received a sentence of three and a half years and labor in the Detroit, Michigan House of Correction, two of his companions receiving the same sentence. The others who pleaded guilty, received but six months in the Territorial Prison at Yuma, Arizona.

The sentence once passed, I was liberated from my jails of hiding and returned home to share with my companion and our children our present lonely condition. I had two children now, Eudith and Elnathan. Anne had seven, and we were left to battle with the world as best we might. We were often sorely tried and grieved over financial circumstances for, although, when our husbands was taken from us, we were flourishing financially, it was not long until every avenue seemed closed against us. Our land, on which we had previously raised our bread was now “jumped” by an outsider,

a wicked man. Thus was the "staff of life" taken from us.

We were thrown entirely upon the mercy of our Great and only Helper and were made to know the condition of those who would put their trust in the arm of flesh. We had but one source of aid and that was our Heavenly Father. We all did what our hands could find to do, and by economy, industry and earnest prayer, we did not suffer for the necessities of life and were comforted and assisted to endure the sore trials that had come upon us. Our husband bore his confinement bravely and with remarkable fortitude and our prayers, together with all the faithful saints of Zion did not ascend to God in vain.

They were pardoned on the 9th of October 1886 having spent twenty two months in the House of Correction. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, granting the pardon. They reached home on the 21st of October. The joy and gratitude of our hearts can never be expressed. But now a new sorrow was mine. The home that had sheltered me all my married life could shelter me no more.

I was soon settled in my own home but in looking back, it seems to me the chain that held us together as one family, was snapped asunder, — and in dividing homes, though we did not divide in feelings of friendship toward each other, — our own home interests were the first sought, till it was grown distinctly to be two homes instead of one.

In August of 1887, my third child was born we gave him the name of Alexander DeWitt. I had worked diligently all summer to make my new home beautiful and pleasant and through my great anxiety to accomplish much, I had overtaxed my strength and nearly succumbed to the call of death; but my desire to live and raise my children was so strong, and, I had also obtained a promise that I should live as long as I desired life, that I exerted all. The power I had and clung to, the promise made me and though faith, was again restored.

In the Autumn following, my husband was called to labor as a missionary among the Laminates in the Southern part of Arizona and northern Mexico, and left us the latter part of November. This was quite a trial to me as I was still weak in body and would have to depend on my own energies, but I was supported by the help and blessings of the Lord, still my condition, temporally, was not so good as when my husband was in Detroit.

I was obliged to keep myself more secluded from the outside world, and consequently, could not obtain sewing from them as I had previously done when without the assistance of my husband.

I was distressed at times, yet, was not forgotten by my Heavenly Father. In the summer of 1888 my husband received an honorable release from his mission. I joined him in August at Mesa City, Arizona, where we labored nearly ten months endeavoring to better our financial circumstances and pay off debts that had accumulated during the two years imprisonment. I will here state that several of these debts were unjust.

We had decided to sell our homes in Arizona and move to Old Mexico, where the persecuted

saints had found a resting place, and where we might again live as one family.

We sold our homes in Arizona in September 1889. Sister Anne returned to Utah to visit with her people taking with her all her children, but Joseph, her second living son. Her youngest child was somewhat crippled in his back and right ankle and she desired to give him medical treatment while in Utah. When she left home, Pearl, her fourth daughter, who had been sick for some time with typhoid fever, was still unable to sit up, though she rapidly recovered while traveling. While on the road others of her children had the fever and a week after they reached her people, Rachel, her second daughter died. When the sad news reached us we were indeed a sorrowful household for she had been, as it were, the pride and flower of the whole family, talented and beautiful, kind and loving.

To return to my story; my second daughter was born on the 29th of October 1889 her father gave her the name of Nena. We started our journey to Mexico the last of November. While I felt happy in the thought that we should enjoy freedom and liberty in the land of Mexico, there was also a sense of loneliness and displeasure at the thought of leaving the United States.

I shall never forget the feelings I experienced when we had crossed the line and were in another republic.

The custom House was our first lesson but not the last one I assure you. We learned our lessons willingly and soon became attached to our new home. In the Spring of 1890 Anne wrote that she did not wish to come to Mexico and requested Joseph to be sent to her. Joseph left us in October to return to his mother. I now felt like all I had lived, hoped, and longed for was denied me; that our home was broken up, our family scattered and happiness departed. We had all labored hard to clear the land and build, and now it seemed the hopes of the family being reunited, was blighted, but circumstances and conditions changed and the Lord knowing my heart, gave me comfort and joy.

We has soon became quite accustomed to the ways of Mexico, its laws, and people etc., and enjoyed freedom from persecution. The Saints had built good homes, and because of thrift, peace and industry they were favored by the Government and were prospering, temporally and spiritually.

My home was indeed a home. I was happy with my children. I could say to the whole world they were mine.

In the Spring of 1890 my husband went to Utah. While there, he made a home for the family there, and after making them quite comfortable, returned to Mexico in December. I had suffered somewhat for the necessaries of life. We had brought with us plenty of cows which were our living, as milk and butter always brought a good price, but our cows nearly all died from a disease prevalent among the cattle. I thus lost the use of those I was milking, which was my only support. However, the Lord was good to us so we managed to live until my husband's return to us in December. We were reduced to poverty now, but through untiring efforts, with the blessings of heaven, we were soon more comfortably situated.

On the 16th of September, Erma, my 5th child was born. I felt another comfort was added to my

home, although it was too, an added care. In the following April my husband left us again for an indefinite period and, having had such a trying experience during his previous absence, I naturally dreaded being left with the responsibility again, but I decided to make the best of matters. I had 3700 lb. of flour left me. My husband had been buying wheat and selling flour for the past year and had left me this amount of flour mentioned. I wondered after I was alone what course to take in order to procure the many little necessities that a family requires from day to day. I felt that I must help.

I went to Him for guidance and strength. I felt impressed to continue the sale of breadstuff as my husband left a wagon and team. It seemed to me a strange thing for a woman to undertake, but it seemed my only way. I began by selling the flour that had been left me, and with the money, bought wheat. It was necessary for me to travel a distance of 75 or 80 miles to obtain the wheat, so I took my oldest boy, then 10 years old, and my baby and started on my journey, in a real dangerous country. But, strange to say, though I was naturally timid, I had no fear whatever. We have many times camped miles from a living soul, so far as we knew, and slept all the night. When I look back upon those days, I tremble and shudder to think the way I did and joy in the preserving care my Heavenly Father had over me.

I remember when I was at home with kindly neighbors all around me, with the door open all through the summer I sometimes suffered with fear. I used to pile three or four chairs in two doors, as I could not sleep with them all closed, then I would put several tin pans among the chairs so that should stragglers, or coyotes more especially, try to come in -- the noise of the tin pans falling, would awaken me. I smile now, when I think of those times. Sometimes, I would have the company of some of the girls, all of whom were dear friends, and we often had amusing times when I began to pile up chairs and pans. But, that summer passed quite pleasantly except for "now and then" difficulties, but as we cannot always expect smooth sailing and I did not let those occasional difficulties trouble me much.

When my husband returned the following December, we were as comfortably situated as when he left us. But now a new trial was confronting me. My husband had come to sell our home and take us to Utah. This I felt I could never endure but, as he had fully made up his mind to go, I decided to say nothing of my own feelings and let matters take their course. Accordingly, our home was sold, and the money received, used to pay a debt of long standing. I was now left without a home and nothing but our land left us to secure another, yet, I was content in the thought that I had a husband who would provide all in his power and we would not suffer, as long as God gave him health and strength.

I had labored all the years I had lived in Diaz in the Y.L.M.I. associations the last few years being associated in the Stake Presidency as Stake Secretary and later a counselor and had made many friends. The girls and my co-laborers had become endeared to me, and my labors were to me labors of love. I felt that in leaving here I left all behind that was dear to me except my children and husband.

We left our home, yet not our home, about the 22 of February 1896 and had all our earthly possessions in a wagon that we sold for \$15.00 as soon as we reached Woodruff in Arizona. Here, my father and mother, three brothers and a sister lived. As we were out of provisions or money to

take us further on our journey to Utah, we decided to stop, and as soon as my husband could get a shelter of some kind for us, he would leave us here and go on to Utah alone, as he well knew how very much I disliked the idea of going to Utah to live. I will pass over the time I spent in this place and only say that my husband was continually thwarted in every plan he made to go on to Utah for nearly five years. Here, three more children were born to me, Isabel, Malcolm and Ward. My dear little Malcolm only blessed my life eleven short months and then the Lord saw fit to take him.

In all my sorrows and trials of life I look upon the days spent in Woodruff as the dark days of my life.

I will draw a curtain over them, as it were, and speak only of the labor, that gave me the only moments of happiness I experienced those seven years. Namely, my labor as Stake President of the Y.L.M.I.A. though, even in that labor I had sorrow, for in my home and elsewhere, every power of the Adversary seemed arrayed against me, to keep me from accomplishing my duties. What success I had was brought through much fasting and prayer and continued humility. I learned how thoroughly one must depend upon the Lord, and always carry with them a spirit of meekness, humility, and love. In all my sorrows and sore privations I enjoyed my labors among the young. Indeed, they were a boon, a blessing of untold value to me. I had a spirit of opposition to contend with for some time in these responsibilities, but it is marvelous, when I think of it now, how all these obstacles were finally overcome and in all my labors, my one true friend I found in brother L. H. Hatch. Though I had other good friends, yes, many, yet brother Hatch seemed like one to whom I could go, as a child to a father, a humble God fearing man, forgiving and kind and always ready to bless and encourage and his words were to me always prophetic. I could rely on his kindly counsel because he so loved God and His work that he lived near to Him and seemed divinely inspired.

I have never in my life said that I would not do a thing, but what that very thing was what I was compelled to do. I had fully decided I would never go to Utah to make a home. I could not brook the thought of taking my family among temptations of the world, they were never likely to know if I remained where I was. On this idea, husband and I widely differed and as I could not bring my mind to his way of thinking, the Utah move was now never mentioned. The husband left us in a comfortable home and started to Utah on the 3rd of April 1898. I really rejoiced that the Lord had opened the way so my husband could enjoy again the long craved journey for which he had worked so hard and desired so long. I had full confidence, with what property we had left us, I could be able to enjoy the necessities of life with the aid of my two boys who were now a wonderful help to me. But, the purposes of the Lord are not always known to us and our ways are not, the ways of the God. Instead of the blessings of prosperity I thought would be ours through our labors and prudence, we had accidents, sickness and privations, such as I had never experienced before. But I was brought to see the desires of the Lord in it all, though in a way I did not expect in the least. I had decided fully, unless we left Woodruff, we would starve or be at the mercy of the people. In fact, we were already in that condition so, after counseling with the children, we decided to sell out and move to Gila Country. Eudith having spent nine months in the Academy in Thatcher, felt we would do well there in a financial way and besides, have the advantages of better schools. After having decided that to move was our only way out of present difficulties, we wrote our condition, our plans and desires to the father in Utah, then, unitedly, prayed for the Lord to give him the inspiration of His spirit and

direct him in the reply he should make to us. I will never forget the feelings I experienced when the letter came. I felt sure he would willingly consent to our going where we pleased to go, so long as we were among the Latter-Day Saints. But contrary to anything I had ever thought, he said come to Utah, leaving no loop hole through which I might escape. Agreeable to his request, we were on the road in wagons in two weeks time. I will give here an account of the journey as well as I can remember it, as it is the event of our lives.

We left the home on the 21st of August 1900. I had but two regrets at leaving. The saddest was parting with the little grave on the hillside, only a mother can know what my sorrows were. The other as I looked back and saw my aged parents still standing where we had taken our farewell and looking after their daughter whom perhaps they might never see again in this life, well nigh broke my heart for a time. I longed to have them near me but could not. And it brought me sadness for the anxieties I had in regard to our lonely and very uncertain journey were now to be considered. I felt we were now entirely dependent upon the Lord, more than ever before, but we felt our dependence more because of the possible dangers that confronted us. I here give dates and places of encampments of each day's journey and you children can probably remember each day's events by this short outline of the journey which seems was, when all is considered, a pleasant none. We left home about 10 a.m. reached Holbrook at 1 o'clock and loaded grain to feed our animals to the ferry. We left Holbrook about 4 p.m. and camped on the South side of the river. On the 22, we camped at Shovel Creek. Here, nearly the whole camp enjoyed a swim.

23rd We reached Winslow at 2 p.m. the last settlement we would see until we reached the ferry and perhaps the last human being (except-Indians). Here, we bought a few necessary articles for the journey, a bottle of alcohol and calico, (black with a white figure) to make a bonnet. We traveled on 8 miles, camped. Our gray mare Fleet went back 3 miles.

24th We were delayed on account of the mare going back, and after starting, we got upon the wrong road and lost six miles, and though we were so anxious to make as many miles as possible on account of feed, yet, we felt the delay was providential. Our peculiar feelings led us to think had we been enable to pursue our journey without this difficulty, we would have been seriously molested. We camped that night on a large flat where not a spear of anything grew.

26th Left camp at 6:30 and at noon we were just over the crossing of the Little Colorado, watered and the first bend of the river, camped 4 miles from Black Falls. At the above mentioned crossing there were three or four persons living. We had some difficulty in getting through the sand and up the bank on the opposite side of the river.

27th. Our horses went back 3 miles looked bad when they came up we were troubled about it but we all gathered in one wagon and poured out our souls to our Heavenly Father for His aid. We usually united with Brother Wimmer and family for morning and evening prayer but in our hurry on account of the delay and scarcity of water along the road, we neglected the usual custom and left camp about 9 am. We nooned off the road by the river, dipping water for our animals from holes with little cups. The whole camp engaged in the business and were a muddy looking crowd when the teams were all watered. Camped for the night not far from the river at the foot of rocky hills.

28th Our teams went back about seven miles, which occasioned a very late start. The roads were very sandy, found water, but no feed. Camped at Moancopy Wash.

29th Started at 7 a.m. came to Willow Springs, watered, filled barrels drank all we could bought corn and melons off some Indians, drove 5 miles and camped. I was very sick all night.

30th 7 a.m. left camp. Had given what water we had to our animals except enough to keep the children from choking. We traveled all day, our teams suffered much. As the heat was intense and we found no water, we carried rocks in our mouths all day and up every little canyon at the left of the road and down the wash at the right, two of the boys searched for water but found none. Thus we journeyed the entire day unacquainted with the road except for the little guide Bro. Wimmer had received from a friend who had traveled over the road ten years before. We became fearful towards night that we would have to make a dry camp, but the teams traveled with more ease towards night and we were enabled to reach the Bitter Springs just as the sun went down, and though the water was so bad that it was perfectly green, yet, we were happy to find it, and as we dipped it up and stirred flour into each bucketful before giving it to the animals, an earnest silent prayer went up from my heart that no trouble would arise from drinking it, and we were even blessed as we had prayed. We went on about a mile and camped on a rocky hill. The wind blew. All the women folks made our beds close together and talked far into the night, mostly of those left behind, and that we were extremely thankful to be this far on our journey, and so blessed.

Sept. 1st Saturday. We did not stop to breakfast but started down the dug way and at every turn and bend my heart fairly thumped for, fear the boys might drive too near the edge and be hurled hundreds of feet below into the walled, raging river. I walked behind the wagons. Harvey Wimmer's team leading, then Brother Wimmer's, then Elnathan's, last Alex. I said not a word after starting, I had given the boys a little advice before starting and told them to not become excited, etc., and left all to the direction of our Heavenly Father. We arrived safely at the foot of the dug way and now at the side of the much dreaded river I prayed for strength to be able to even watch the teams cross over. The girls were the first taken over in the skiff by one of the ferryman.

Elnathan crossed four times to help with the teams. I watched in silence, but my heart beat loudly.. They insisted on me being taken with the little children in the skiff after the first two wagons had been taken over safely. Accordingly, I went and after getting over I looked back and saw Elnathan on the boat holding the horses and Alex all alone on the opposite holding his horses looking on it all. We were all safely over at 9 a.m. and after we breakfasted in honor of the occasion and all gathered at the same table and thanked the Lord for His kindly aid. We arrived at the Ferry mens home about 1 p.m. This being Saturday, Br. Wimer had his broken wheel repaired. We bought fruit and enjoyed the afternoon under the tree shade. I counseled with the children in the evening in regard to pursuing our journey on the Sabbath Day. We concluded that as the Lord had so abundantly blessed us upon our journey thus far, we would try in future to keep the Sabbath Day, so with this decision, we all retired, though I felt that in order to be firm in this decision I would need the help of the Lord to aid me. I felt sure I would have an unpleasant ordeal to pass through in the morning. And I was not mistaken, though it soon passed over and we parted as friends with Brother Wimmer and family. But, I shall never forget when I watched those wagons out of sight the feeling of

loneliness that came over me and the burden of responsibility, that I now realized Brother Wimmer had been carrying for me. Yet, I felt the course I had taken was correct and one I had been inspired to take, and I felt that I could more conscientiously claim the protection and directing care of my Father in Heaven. The boys were quite anxious to take a walk up the river and look around over the country. I consented to let them go, provided they be careful of not going into too great danger and return early, that I would not be too worried, and with many other admonitions such as anxious mothers give. They left me and accompanied the young men who lived at the Ferry when they reached the crossing they concluded they would enjoy a boat ride. Accordingly all got into the boat and allowed Alex to do the rowing a thing I feared would occur before they left me. But I felt that I must not forbid it lest the young men would over persuade him and for his disobedience might meet with some accident, so during their absence I spent my time in prayer for their safety and my heart leaped for joy when I saw them coming even earlier than I had expected. The young Ferryman stated that Alex would make a famous boatman.

Edith also, went boat riding and had a very pleasant day. I observed the fast and though the rain poured down all night I rested well and we were all refreshed for the day, though I did not sleep.

Monday 3rd Started earlier than usual without breakfast after traveling about five miles breakfasted, our horses seemed very much refreshed which rewarded us for the Sabbath "lay over". We nooned about 3 p.m. at Badger Creek, 10 miles from where we ate breakfast, we received occasional showers all day, roads were heavy. After traveling another six miles we camped where we found a little feed for our horses. After eating supper and dedicating our all to the Lord for his care we went to bed, a little helpless family out on the wild prairie in a strange land, but rested and slept very well.

Tues. 4th Left camp about 7 a.m. Sun bright but a cold wind was blowing, all well and happy, traveled to "Jacobs Pools," watered, came on a few miles, nooned, traveled to Houserock. Filled barrels, watered, traveled five miles camped on a great prairie.

Wed. 5th Left camp before sunrise traveled five miles breakfasted. While I was washing babies face near the fire and Elnathan was feeding the horses they became quarrelsome over their grain and one of them expecting to be punished for his behavior, ran, frightening the other, and all ran over me and the baby throwing us clear over the fire. The baby escaped without a scratch but I really thought we were both killed. Even after we started on our journey I was not quite sure that I was alive. Though I escaped with only a few scratches on the hands and a lame wrist. We nooned on the Buckskin mountain, traveled on ½ mile past the Navajo Well. Horses were very thirsty but we could not drink the water, feed more scarce than usual.

Thurs. 6th Left camp early found water for the horses in a wash. Reached Kanab at 1 p.m. drove to B. Youngs and put up. All old friends were pleased to see me. Many whom I had not seen since my marriage. All insisted that we should stay a week but one day was all I could afford.

Fri. 7th Visited with friends. Had a splendid time. Borrowed \$50.00 off Wm. Lewis who also gave me all the grapes I wanted to carry along. Also gave me an order on the Mercantile Co. in Panguitch and went security for several dollars at the Kanab Co-op Store. All of this I paid promptly as I had

agreed.

Sat. 8th Left Kanab about 9 a.m. nooned at Head Waters. Came on six miles camped. The whole days journey was over the roughest road I had ever seen. The boys horses were very tired. Had company with a young man by the name of Potter.

9th Sunday Traveled over the mountain and nooned at a McDonalds. Bought milk for dinner and washed out a few pieces in a clear stream of water near which we nooned. We only went one mile farther as it was Sunday. Camped at Seamons. Cost for horse feed \$2.50. Rained all night.

10th Monday Late start, roads muddy. Nooned at a ranch. Camped at Hillsdale paid 90 cents for feed.

11th Tuesday. Reached Panquitch at noon. The most forbidding place I was ever in. No gardens or trees. Pigs running loose. Shabby fences, dirty streets and everything else compared, though I here found a man who befriended me and loaned us when in need then wished us God Speed on our way. May he together with William Lewis of Kanab never have less and may God bless them in all their labors, spiritually - financially. After traveling ten miles more we camped at a ranch.

12th Wednesday and Thursday. Left camp early without breakfast ate bread and cheese while moving. Nooned in Circle Valley Canyon near a ranch. Felt very nervous and unsafe all the while we were stopping. Write a card to Ma. We tried to get out of the valley before camping time but as we were unable to do so we camped near a ranch at the extreme of Circle Valley where we bought and fed the horses wild hay, our journey had been hard on them the day before and they could not set the wild hay. One horse looked so bad and seemed so weak that we felt we could not take him farther, so we went to the ranchman and asked him what he could do for us. He kindly took our horse and gave us a fat able one instead for which we knelt in prayer and thanked the Lord for His care and blessing over us on our journey alone. We traveled eleven miles wind blowing like fury. Bought hay for noon, the woman at the ranch charged us 10 cents but when we went to pay her she wanted 20 cents she also charged us 10 cents for a pint of yeast. We continued our journey to a little village at the foot of a mountain where we inquired about the road, the next village, horse feed, etc. We were told four or five miles farther on that was just the distance we wished to go, so we pulled up the mountain but darkness soon came on. We missed the place we were looking for and traveled on, on, on, over hills, mountain, dug ways, and dangerous places where we would fear to go by daylight, yet in this dark night, without a guide, we came and we shall always thank our faithful horse Dock, acting with almost human sense in going over that awful road that awful night. For God was over all, and through this special blessing, we were guided to a ranch miles farther than we had intended to go. At "Monkey Town."

14th Friday Late start. Before we reached Monroe our new horse seemed quite lame. We felt very downhearted but I felt to ask the Lord to heal the horse as I was helpless and dependent. We did not know what to do, but after seeking the Lord, Elna was impressed that all the trouble with the horse was tender feet so when we reached Monroe we got him shod and had no farther trouble, we reached Richfield about sundown and camped in a yard belonging to a family by the name of Jensen where

we spent a very pleasant evening. They were kind indeed. Here we baked bread enough to last the rest of the journey.

15th Saturday Started early, came to Salina, nooned near river. Boys went in swimming. Warm sultry day, camped out 5 miles at a ranch where we bought hay of a woman who seemed to think we were oddities, from the way she gazed at us.

16th Sunday Left early, nooned at a hill four miles from Fayette. Traveled late, wind blowing, camped at Little Salt Creek, bought water. Erma's Birthday.

17th Monday Early start, nooned a mile north of Nephi. Went to Moab and camped in a camp house, ran in debt for horse feed \$1.50 baked bread. Slept cold, suffered.

18th Tues. Started early rejoicing that two more days would end our journey. Came through Payson nooned near Spanish Fork. Met Pearl Wilson and Bro. Haymore. Came on to within three miles of Provo, camped in a yard and bought feed, the people were very kind, sent us out both butter and milk. We slept very well, considering our excitement over being so near our journey's end.

19th Isabel's birthday. We were up early and soon on our way .. We missed nothing that could be seen from a covered wagon, though my thoughts were running back over the journey and dwelling on the kindly care Providence had over us to bring us safely and so quickly through. We reached American Fork about 2 p.m. We all saw at the same time, a span of mules and buggy cross the street about 3 blocks ahead of us. Instantly, we all looked at one another and said "That's Pa" though we had never seen the outfit before. Elnathan took the "Fleet" mare out of the team and followed the outfit and sure enough we found "Pa". The two boys followed with the wagons while we women folks all got in the buggy and went on. In one hour more we were all at Aunt Annies feeling happy and glad that all was so well with us.

Upon reaching Utah, Sarah found hard work and trials still her lot. Peter struggled to provide homes and necessities for both families. Sarah outside raising food, milking cows or whatever was necessary. She sewed for other people, as well as her family. For some time she had a shop downtown and worked with a tailor.

Sarah had a thirst for learning and tried to give her children every advantage for schooling. She even saw to it that Eudith and Elnathan went to the B.Y.U. in Provo. Sarah wrote poetry for people and for special occasions. She gave readings in public. She taught her girls to learn and give recitations.

She was diligent in her church duties, working faithfully in the Y.L.M.I.A., Relief Society and Sunday School. She had a strong testimony of the Gospel and accomplished many things through her fasting and prayers.

The two families were not as close as they once were. Some times, there was friction which, grieved Sarah greatly.

Sarah's last child was born 10 January 1902, a son Wallace. Letters to her mother, of which many are preserved, show much of her trials, especially her loneliness at being so far from her parents and family. They speak of the dreadful heat in Mesa, the problems of survival alone, there in Mexico when Peter was in Utah or away at work.

Words of Strength and blessing given to me May 16, 1903. Let the powers who seek to keep you down and distress you remain unanswered in all their divinings and the time will come when your sorrows shall be turned to joy and you will realize the blessings that you have labored for to become one of the most honored mothers in Israel. Honored because of your worth. Let those things that will comfort you shine continually before you and remember to reply not to the arrows of jealousy and hate that are flung at you. Remember the promise to you for your obedience in obeying the Celestial law. Your children are the gems in your crown. Keep them polished and continue your labors for their learning and God will not forsake you in efforts though the powers of earth combine to thwart your purpose. Speak not of your desires in this regard lest the evil learn your plans and lay blocks in your way which will greatly hinder your progress. Your prayers availeth much notwithstanding, the Heavens have seemed closed to you. Continue in prayer and be humble, and no good desire shall be withheld from you, for God is watching over you.

Her struggles finally ended when she passed away in Lehi 17 November 1904 following an illness. She left a family of eight children: Eudith Rebecca, Elnathan Junius, Alexander DeWitt, Nena, Erma, Isabel, David Ward and Wallace.

PETER J. CHRISTOFFERSON - Husband of Sarah Hulda DeWitt

Peter Julius Christofferson was born 16 February 1843, in Saerslev, Holbek, Denmark, the sone of Hans Christofferson and Elizabeth Jacobson. He was one of four children. The family was converted by Mormon missionaries in 1852. Peter was baptized on 16 September 1852, at the age of ten. The family left Denmark in 1857 to emigrate to Zion in the Rocky Mountains. While they delayed in Omaha, Nebraska to earn money to out fit themselves for the final trek West, Hans served as branch president. They left Nebraska during the emigration season of 1859, traveling in Captain Robert F. Nelson's ox-team Company. They arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on 15 September 1859.

On the 10 of September 1864, at the age of twenty-one, Peter married a diminutive, attractive fellow Scandinavian convert named Anna Peterson (1842-1927), in the Endowment House. Peter took his young bride to Mt. Pleasant in Sanpete County, Utah, where they resided for four and a half years. For three years he was involved in the Black Hawk Indian War. He was known for his physical size, strength and bravery. More than one source has reported that he was once caught crossing a river alone on horseback and was exposed to the arrows of Indians on the opposite bank, but Chief Black Hawk, himself, restrained his warriors from shooting because of his respect for Peter's bravery. While they lived in Mt. Pleasant, three children were born to them, of which one died in infancy.

In 1869, Peter moved his family to Lehi, Utah, where Anna's parents lived, and built the first brick home in Lehi, on the site of the present First Security Bank. He was energetic and became a prosperous trader, making trips to Bingham and other outlying communities.

In 1876, he was called by Brigham Young on a settlement mission to Northeastern Arizona. He took a trip alone to scout the area and returned to Lehi for his family. The next year, in company with the James Robertson and John Bushman families, they made the long, difficult trip to Arizona and were known thereafter as "Peter, James and John." They settled in St. Joseph. During the initial period of settlement, the Saints in St. Joseph lived the United Order, having everything in common. Peter and Anna's oldest son, Joseph, was five years old at the time, but remembers well that era. "We practiced the United Order ... We all ate at the same table and ate the same thing ... we all milked our cows and poured the milk in a common container ... we put our herd with the others.

In 1878, the family was called to move again. This time they were called to the Salem area, now known as St. Johns. Together, with the families of James Roberts and James Skousen they settled 35 miles south of St. Johns in an area known as Round Valley, a rich agricultural section of Arizona and here they founded the town of Omer, later known as Springerville. The Apache Indians were on the war path so, once again, he helped fight Indians. The settlement was 200 miles from the nearest railroad. Peter again became a freighter and hauled supplies from Albuquerque, New Mexico and carried the mail to Mesa. He drove a span of mules and a buckboard. One time a hold-up man tried to rob him of the mail. Peter told him there was nothing in the sack. The mule commenced pawing the ground and Peter told the robber that the mule had already killed two people. The robber stepped back and Peter gave the mules the reins and they were not long getting away from there and the mail was safe.

Beside the Indians, Mexicans were numerous and treacherous. Freighters were often attacked by Indians who would tie them to their wagons and set fire to all. Women were often caught and their children scalped and burned while the mothers watched. The Mexicans were not so cruel. Peter, being such a large man and very strong, was generally called to stand guard over the freighters supplies.

One time when he was freighting, he stopped at a log cabin for the night and a sense of something evil came over him. He decided not to act frightened and undressed and went to bed, but could not sleep, so he rose and dressed and went on his way. He learned later that a man was killed in the cabin that night.

Settlements were established on the headwaters of the Little Colorado River above St. Johns. The first one of these was at Round Valley. Visited in early 1879 by Peter and others from St. Joseph. The first Round Valley ranch was purchased during the same spring by William J. Flake. Other ranch property was soon acquired, and the community shortly came into existence. However, the Mormons were unable to acquire any of the large, centrally located farms, on which to base a village, and were forced to content themselves with bits of perifferal land.

In the summer of 1879, Peter was called to serve a short-term mission of eight months to the

Indians in Arizona, New Mexico and Northern Mexico. His companion for part of this time was Wilford Woodruff, who was on the "underground" from Utah. President Woodruff's journal reports interesting trips with Peter, as they preached to Navajo and Zuni tribes, visited cathedrals and interviewed priests in New Mexico and Old Mexico.

Peter was originally called as Branch President of Round Valley. As the church organization progressed, he was ordained a High Priest by Apostle Erastus Snow, 20 September 1880. And was called as the first bishop of the Omer Ward, where he served until 29 October 1882, when a division created the Eagar Ward, of which he was bishop until some time in 1883. While he was Bishop, they erected a log church building with a lumber floor. This was also used during the week as their equivalent of a modern-day cultural hall, where they danced, bringing produce for tickets. To avoid trampled toes, those with boots danced one musical set, while those who were barefoot danced the next, alternating each set.

The tremendous challenges facing these early settlers in the inhospitable, arid country of Northeastern Arizona is well documented elsewhere. Suffice it to say it took people of special courage and persistence to create homes and farms there. Due to the economic need to be self-sufficient in agriculture in a land not readily productive and the dislocations caused by the polygamy persecutions of the 1880's, almost none of the Mormon colonists became even marginally affluent. Moves within the area were frequent as crops failed or the Little Colorado flooded and wiped-out dams and the settlers tried to find more arable land.

On 25 June 1881, a meeting was held in Taylor, Arizona, where Apostles Erastus Snow and Brigham Young, Jr. organized the Arizona equivalent of the ZCMI, the Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Institution. David King Udall and Peter J. Christofferson was called to be on the Board of Directors. A store was started, called the "Peoples Co-op" or "Round Valley Store" by locals, and Peter was the superintendent during the years prior to his incarceration in 1884.

While Peter was serving his mission to the Indians, he was instructed by Wilford Woodruff to take a second wife. Family lore has it that Peter responded, "Who would want to marry an old man like me?" At the time he was thirty-seven years old. Elder Woodruff told him if he asked a certain young woman who worked in the Co-op she would accept his proposal. Her name was Sarah Hulda DeWitt (1863-1904), a daughter of a family living in Springerville, also recently called to a settlement mission in Northeastern Arizona. Sarah, after much anxiety, accepted Peter's proposal. They were married in the St. George Temple on 13 February 1881. Sarah was five weeks short of her eighteenth birthday.

A personal history written later in her life gives insight into Sarah's emotions, which are undoubtably reflective of other plural wives of that time.

I did not stay with my parents (in the new log cabin in Springerville) long. Near the latter part of January, 1881, I started to the St. George Temple and was married there Feb 13 (not as you marry now, my daughters, my husband already had a wife). I hesitated, fasted, and prayed much, before taking this most important step in life and through this course that I had

taken, was favored of the Lord with a testimony of the truth of "The Principle", for which I was to endure so much. I had married in the heart and heat of oppression and consequently, could not confess my marriage, and after the first three years, I lived a sort of underground life. This was hard for me to bear at times, but I was aided by divine power and enabled to endure even the scathing rebukes and gossiping criticisms I received...

Anna gave her permission for the plural marriage and, while Sarah reports good relations with and real affection between she and Anna, entering into and living "The Principle" was an emotional challenge for the three participants.

As greater numbers of Mormon settlers immigrated to Apache County, their influence at the polls grew. Fearing loss of political control, a group of attorneys and long-time residents of St. Johns opposing Mormon influence, organized to assure that all public offices in the county remained in their hands. This group became as the notorious "St. John's Ring".

In the Spring of 1884, the St. Johns Ring turned their invective into a legal campaign, first in an attempt to discredit Mormon land claims. When frustrated in that effort, they enlisted the aid of the newly appointed chief justice of the Arizona Territory, Sumner Howard, in a legal campaign against Polygamy.

Early in the Fall of 1884, a grand jury in Prescott indicated six prominent Latter-Day Saints from the Little Colorado settlements, including Peter J. Christofferson, Christopher J. Kempe and Ammon M. Tenney, for violating the Edmunds Act. Although the defendants could have been arranged in St. Johns, they were taken from their homes in the middle of the night and compelled to appear before Judge Howard in Prescott, 275 miles away. After posting bail, they returned home at their own expense, at least one walking a significant portion of the way. Five of the men subsequently returned to Prescott for trial. Some forty witnesses traveled from Apache County to testify against them.

Peter later wrote in his journal:

Something that seemed to make it the more provoking to me, was the thought of the character of the men at whose instigation I now found myself here. They were scoundrels of the deepest dye. By stuffing the ballot-boxes, by causing the names of men who had been gone or dead for years and other illegal ways they had held control of the county for years.

Because their marriages had been performed in Utah, not Arizona, and enough years earlier that they might be exempt under the statute of limitations, the Mormons had hopes for a victory at court. This was not to be, however. "The trial was the first of its kind in Arizona, and without the benefits of legal precedents it took its own peculiar course." Thus an offense that under the law was only punishable by six months imprisonment and 300 dollars fine, was construed to mean an offense punishable by five years imprisonment and we were accordingly convicted of Polygamy. When the time arrived to sentence us the Judge said he wanted to give us a hard sentence, not for ourselves but in order to deter others from entering in to plural marriage. We were then sentenced to three and one half years hard labor in the Detroit House of Correction. Christofferson, Kempe and Tenney refused

to plead guilty and were sentenced to three and a half years in the House of Correction, Detroit, Michigan. Many observers considered the case a landmark in the power struggle between Mormons and non-Mormons in the Arizona Territory. As soon as each one of us were convicted, we were put into the Prescott Jail.

The day after the convictions, there was a tremendous political celebration in Prescott by the local Democrats, partly because of the victory of presidential candidate Grover Cleveland and partly, because Judge Howard had found a basis to convict the brethren of Polygamy... We thought it was better to go for six months than for five years, so we pled guilty .. our attorney .. was told that Brother Tenney, P. J. Christofferson and C. J. Kempe would be fined to the extent of the law, that they would receive no mercy.

Sarah's feelings at this time were recorded by her as follows: In June of (1884) it was rumored that indictments were out for several of our brethren who were called polygamists, my husband being one of the number. Accordingly in the August following, five of these brethren — my husband included — were arrested by U. S. Marshall and taken to Prescott, Arizona for trial. From that time until he was convicted, I shifted from place to place secretly that I might not be required to appear in court. And because of the malice and injustice of the court, it had been advised that all who were in circumstances like myself, to keep out of reach. I parted with my husband about the last of July, 1884.

The three "prisoners for conscience sake" were placed on a train for Detroit in December. While on board the train going to Detroit, a newspaper reporter interviewed us and asked us if we believed polygamy was right? Brother Tenney assured him most emphatically that we did. He asked us how many wives we had. We replied, " we were accused of having two each."

After quite a lengthy interview, he said he was really surprised to see that we looked just like other people. He said he expected to see a wild barbarous people. Brother Kempe afterwards inquired why the interview was never published. The reply was that the answers were not as he had expected. He had expected we would have changed our ideas in view of the long sentences we had just received. He did not think it would interest the reading public to know that we were just as firm in our faith as ever.

Now Peter's poignant description of his night in prison.

We arrived in Detroit on December 11th about midnight. The Deputy Superintendent of the prison came to the depot after us. It was a bitter cold night. We all suffered much from cold the first winter.

The only heat was a few steam pipes and even these were some distance from our celis. After entering the prison an officer conducted us to our cells for the remaining portion of the night. Each sell had a rock floor and ceiling. On an iron bedstead in my cell was one pair of blankets, a straw mattress and pillow. I asked the officer if I could have another pair of blankets. He replied that I was big and fat enough to keep warm. Then he shut the large iron door and turned the key. I knelt down

on the rock floor and poured out my soul to my Heavenly Father in humble reverence, and thanked him for my lovely family and for being permitted to come on the earth in a time when the true Gospel was being proclaimed abroad in the earth, and that I had been made partaker of it's blessings; and I asked him to help me to endure the severe cruelty inflicted on me, that I might remain true and faithful to my family and my brethren and sisters and to my God, and all connected with his great and glorious work on earth, no matter what I was called to pass through, for surely, this was the greatest desire of my heart. But, oh, the thought of how I had been dragged 2000 miles from home and friends, leaving my poor heartbroken family in their humble cottage on the prairie of a frontier country left to the charity of a cold world, while I was doomed to toil away my life in a gloomy prison, when my family needed the proceeds of my labor every day; and all this done contrary to law and justice. It made gushing tears steal down my cheeks in spite of anything I could do.

Prison records show that the three Mormon prisoners were listed as able to "read and write" and as self-employed farmers by occupation. They insisted that their religion be listed as Mormon, rather than "P" for Protestant or "C" for Catholic. "Articulate and self-possessed, the three Mormons were more accustomed to act as leaders than as men in bondage."

The conditions under which the prisoners lived were, in light of contemporary prison environments, better than most. In it's day, the Detroit House of Corrections, in which they were confined, was considered a model prison where clean and pleasant physical facilities were combined with strict discipline based on a rule of silence. Nevertheless, the Mormons thought it cruel and unusual punishment to send their people to Detroit, and they called the prison an "American Siberia".

The paradox of their incarceration; fairly livable conditions, but real mental anguish caused by the heartbreak of separation from families in need of husbands, fathers, and providers. This was a very real torture to these men and those families left destitute on the frontier. Peter's feelings have already been told in this regard, the thought of which caused "gushing tears to steal down his cheeks despite of anything he could do." What of those left behind? Sarah, in her life story states:

The sentence once passed, I was liberated from my jails of hiding and returned home to share with my companion (Anna) and our children, our present lonely condition. I had two children now — Anna had seven. We were left to battle with the world as best we might. We were often sorely tried and grieved over financial circumstances for, although when our husband was taken from us we were flourishing financially, it was not long until every avenue seemed closed against us. Our land, on which we had previously raised our bread, was now 'jumped' by an outsider, a wicked man. Thus, was 'the staff of life' taken from us.

The prisoners worked in a furniture manufacturing shop, Kempe had his foot severely crushed and almost severed from the limb, in a wood-working machine. Amputation was considered. Tenney, working with the same machine, had his hand badly mutilated. The nature of Peter's injury was not disclosed.

The prisoners wrote letters to the Saints reporting their situation through medium of the Deseret News. A lengthy letter from Peter was published December 5, 1885 and was headlined, "From a

Prisoner for Conscience Sake, Gratitude and hope expressed by one of the Brethren in Detroit.”

Editor Deseret News: Permit me, through your paper, to express a few of my thoughts. When I read the kindness and sympathy of the Saints for our families, and when I thought of the many faithful brethren who have visited us here in prison and doing all they could for us, and are still continuing; it made gushing tears of gratitude and joy steal down my cheeks, to think I was worthy to be numbered with the faithful Latter-day Saints. This is more precious to me than the wealth of the world. Our trial before S. Howard was a perfect mockery of the law. We were charged with having simultaneously, or on the same day a certain date in 1883, married two wives, and it was clearly proven in the evidence produced by witnesses who appeared against us, that this was not the fact in any one of our cases and we were not found guilty of unlawful cohabitation. But in order to convict us, law or no law, justice or no justice, the bigamy law of Arizona was read a number of times, which had nothing to do with our cases, for the simple reason that the indictments were not drawn up under that law. The extreme penalty for conviction under that law is, two years in the county jail and a fine. We were sentenced to three and a half years imprisonment in Detroit. Just laws do not conflict, especially under the same government. His charge to the jury was so commingled and interwoven, as to prevent the jury from telling what the law really meant, or whether it meant anything, under the varying interpretations put upon it by its didactic expounders, Judge Howard and U.S. Attorney Zabriske.

Zabriske emphatically impressed the Jury with the idea that our not having witnesses to prove our innocence was a positive proof of our guilt. He called us “misguided dupes of ecclesiastical charlatanism.” He had much rather hear his own harangue that to do justice to the case.

Judge Howard also grossly insulted us; but when they smote us on one cheek we turned the other. When the trials were over and the sentences passed some of the officials rejoiced over having sent a few poor hardworking men to a far distant prison, over two thousand miles from our homes, to toil our lives away, leaving our poor heartbroken families to eke out a wretched existence in a frontier country, exposed to the merciless savage; but God help them when the cries of the honorable, virtuous wives and little innocent children reach the ears of the God of Sabbath against them.

We are extremely thankful for all the papers and letters we received from our brethren and sisters.

With kind regards to all the faithful Latter-day Saints I remain your brother in the gospel. Peter Julius Christofferson of Springerville, Apache County, Arizona.

P.S. As Brother Kempe and I thought our own choice are now occupying the same sell one paper will do both of us. We feel indeed greatly obliged to you for the paper. We are all well.

“Although in lonely grief we sigh,
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still we do reply,
Thy will be done.” P.J.C.

A visitor, who signed his letter to the Deseret News as "A Michigander", wrote an extensive report:

Deseret News, 12 January 1885:

...I have had the pleasure, if such a word is appropriate in this connection, of paying a visit to the trinity of martyrs suffering for the truth, and in consequence of the spite of a malignant judicial soul in the House of Correction in Detroit, Michigan.. I found the brethren dressed in prison garb, but with no complaints as to their treatment. Brother Tenney was quite cast down in spirit, the thought that prison bars were between him and the liberty that he enjoyed as bountiful as his home in Arizona, being quite dispiriting to his sensitive nature. The other were quite cheerful, Brother Christofferson especially, the assistant superintendent said he was the "jolliest man in the place." Brother Tenney is engaged running a small circular saw, the others in making chairs; or as Brother Christofferson said "spoiling furniture under government contract". They said they had plenty of food and not heavy employment. Then may receive books, papers, and letters without restriction, but may only write to friends once a month.

Through the diligent work of Hiram B. Clawson and others, a presidential pardon was obtained from President Grover Cleveland on 13 October 1886, after they had served nearly two years of their sentences. Having created over time, a favorable impression by their characters on their jailers, when the three were released, they received invitations from several Detroit citizens to visit with them and discuss Mormonism. Two days were spent in the "fine mansion" of Reuben A. Tidwell, general overseer of the House of Correction.

The complete hand-written pardon follows:

Grover Cleveland
President of the United States of America

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

Whereas, at the November term 1884, of the United States District Court for the District of Arizona, P. J. Christofferson was convicted of Polygamy and sentenced to three years and six months imprisonment in the House of Correction at Detroit, Michigan and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars;

And whereas, it appears that grave doubts exist concerning the grade of the offense of which the said P. J. Christofferson was really guilty and that, if the benefit of a very substantial doubt be given him, his punishment has already been greater than his crime warranted;

Now therefore, be it known, that I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, divers other good and sufficient reasons me thee unto moving, do hereby grant to the said P.J. Christofferson, a full and unconditional pardon.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington
This Eighth day of October
A.D., 1886, and of the
Independence of the
United States the
one hundred and eleventh.

(signed) Grover Cleveland

By the President,

Jas. O. Poster
Acting Secretary of State.

Upon his return to Arizona, Peter found that land jumpers, claiming "squatters rights" had taken over his farmland and the Ring still controlled the legal system, so he was unable to gain it back. Additionally, management of the Co-op had been given to another man, so he started from scratch yet again.

The St. Johns Stake was organized 23 July 1887 with David K. Udall as president. Peter was called to the high council.

In November of 1888, the dreaded scarlet fever struck the children of the families. Three-year old Lafayette, Anna's youngest child was left a cripple when the disease lodged in his spine. They decided he would get better medical treatment in Utah. So, Peter sold what land he still possessed and some horses and cattle and arranged for Anna and her children, except Joseph to return to Utah. Anne eventually settled again in Lehi.

Still plagued by those attempting to suppress polygamy, Peter decided to move his second family to the Mormon colonies in Mexico. Consequently, they (Peter, Sarah, four children, including an infant baby girl, and fifteen year-old Joseph) moved to Colonia Diaz, Mexico in 1889, where they built a small adobe home with their own hands and farmed forty acres.

The children went to school where an American, Mr. Dennis, was the teacher. He was named for Perfirio Diaz, President of the Republic until the revolution.

The Mexican revolution forced most of the Americans back across the border, so Peter moved his family back to Arizona, settling in the town of Woodruff, on the Little Colorado in May of 1894. Following a trip to Lehi to visit Anna and their children, he moved Sarah and children back to Utah in 1899, reuniting the two families after an eleven year separation.

Sarah died 7 November 1904, at the age of forty-one, leaving eight children. Peter followed her 3 February 1910, two weeks before his sixty-seventh birthday. Anna lived to be eighty-five years old and passed away 10 November 1927, the mother of nine children.

In conclusion, it should be noted that the root of the prosecution of Peter and the others sent to the Detroit House of Correction was not wholly due to the religious or moral convictions of these members of the St. Johns Ring. The real battle was never over polygamy. The real question was control of the land and local government.

If the excuse to retain economic control of the Little Colorado settlements was prosecution of Mormon polygamists, nevertheless those most affected perceived good came from it, in the form of providing their allegiance to God and the Restoration, and, having passed through the refiner's fire, leaving their example as a testimony to others.

Upon the former prisoners return to Arizona, Christopher Kempe wrote ... I am well satisfied that if my Brethren, Tenney and Christofferson, had traveled for many years from state to state in this country, and used all diligence in proclaiming the principles of life and salvation to the people, it would have removed less prejudice than did our unlawful imprisonment in Detroit; It is truly humiliating to contemplate that such cruelty can be done to men in this age of enlightenment, yet such are the facts... But we have this consolation, the world at large had received a testimony that can never be erased from the pages of history. We are united with our brethren in Georgia, Tennessee, the Utah Penitentiary, Idaho, Yuma and Detroit, prisoners to show that neither death, imprisonment nor suffering of any kind can make the Saints of God deny their religion.

A final letter, undated, but near the end of Peter's prison term, written by Sarah capsulized their faith in the face of adversity and the motivation for their suffering without despair. Throughout her short life, Sarah wrote original poetry and she concludes the letter with an original verse:

Dear Peter:

I am pleased to say we received your dear, dear letter all safe last Tuesday. We were ever so glad to hear you were well. Yes indeed, We wait with anxiety to hear from you every month. I have been neglectful in writing to you of late. I hope you will excuse me but I was quite certain every letter would be the last. I seemed sure the judges would not fail in giving the decision this time. All the happiness imaginable we had anticipate seeing and meeting you but we must with patience wait a little longer. There is a good time coming if we are obliged to wade through much tribulation to obtain a rest. I hope we will always feel there is no trial too hard to bear for our holy religion.

....I hope as you say, dear Peter, that it will not be long until we see each other face to face. Let us continue to be cheerful and trust in God. He alone can deliver us from this bondage.

To clasp thy hand again at home
 How blessed we shall feel,
 To have thee with us once again
 Seems something more than real.

Oh! How oft we watch in the twilight hour
 The lonely time of your coming,
 Till it seems as though by magic power
 We hear thy dear voice humming.

Then alas! the dread thought comes to mind
 And our reverie but tells
 That the heart we love is far from us
 In a lonely prison cell.

It seems our lot for clouds to rise
 In the horizon of life
 Until above, the darkening clouds
 Seem bent on trouble, rife.

We feel this parting hard to bear
 To us it seems as night
 But the darker clouds do always wear
 A silvery lining, bright.

And, finally from Sarah's history:

We were thrown entirely upon the mercy of our Great and only Helper and were made to know the condition of those who would put their trust in the arm of flesh. We had but one source of aid and that was our Heavenly Father. We all did what our hands could find to do, and by economy, industry and earnest prayer, we did not suffer for the necessities of life and were comforted and assisted to endure the sore trials that had come upon us. Our husband bore his confinement bravely and with remarkable fortitude and our prayers, together with all the faithful Saints of Zion did not ascend to God in vain.