

The book cover features a white background adorned with scattered green and reddish-brown leaves and small red flowers. The title is centered and reads: 

Women  
of the  
RESTORATION

❧

The Beginnings  
of the Journey

❧

Susan Evans McCloud

© 2020 Susan Evans McCloud  
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form whatsoever, whether by graphic, visual, electronic, film, microfilm, tape recording, or any other means, without prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief passages embodied in critical reviews and articles.

This is not an official publication of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The opinions and views expressed herein belong solely to the author and do not necessarily represent the opinions or views of Cedar Fort, Inc. Permission for the use of sources, graphics, and photos is also solely the responsibility of the author.

Published by CFI, an imprint of Cedar Fort, Inc.  
2373 W. 700 S., Springville, UT, 84663  
Distributed by Cedar Fort, Inc., [www.cedarfort.com](http://www.cedarfort.com)

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CONTROL NUMBER: 2020946479

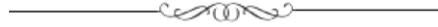
Cover design by Shawnda T. Craig  
Cover design © 2020 Cedar Fort, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed on acid-free paper

# CONTENTS



## PALMYRA, NEW YORK

LUCY MACK SMITH

EMMA HALE SMITH

MARY MUSSELMAN WHITMER

## KIRTLAND, OHIO

MARY FIELDING SMITH

ELIZA ROXY SNOW

ELIZABETH ANN SMITH WHITNEY

## FAR WEST, MISSOURI

LEONORA CANNON TAYLOR

BATHSHEBA BIGLER SMITH

EMMELINE WELLS

## NAUVOO, ILLINOIS

SARAH MELISSA GRANGER KIMBALL

PATTY BARTLETT SESSIONS

AMANDA BARNES SMITH

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## WORKS OF SUSAN EVANS MCCLOUD

# LUCY MACK SMITH



## *Part One*

LUCY MACK WAS BORN IN GILSUM, New Hampshire, on July 8, 1775. She was the youngest of eight children, with four older brothers and three older sisters. Lucy had a strong, clear-thinking mind and a tender heart—whose tenderness was much tried by the deaths of her two older sisters, Lovina and Lovisa, who both died of consumption. They were born a year apart, and died within months of one another.

Lovisa was married, but the care of Lovina fell largely upon Lucy, who was but fifteen years old. Fifteen through eighteen; those were the years the girl devoted to the sister she loved.

The lives and deaths of these two sisters had a profound effect upon the spiritual development of Lucy, for both women were remarkably spiritual in nature, experiencing dreams and visions in the midst of their tribulations and influencing others toward faith in Christ. They shared these remarkable experiences and the testimonies they gained freely with friends and family. And, of course, they had a particularly powerful impact upon their sensitive young sister, for Lucy actually watched Lovina die.

It is easy to see why Lucy's older brother, Stephen, urged her to pay a prolonged visit to his home in Tunbridge, Vermont. There he could pamper her a little and divert her mind from the gloom and grief of the last many months she had endured.

Lucy stayed with her brother for a year, and during that time she met and was courted by Joseph Smith, who came from an interesting and well-respected

family whom her brother knew well. Lucy married Joseph in January 1796, when he was twenty-four years old and she was twenty. George Washington was still president of the United States. The two were making a new start in a country that was doing the same thing.<sup>1</sup>

It was a happy marriage, blessed in the beginning with the security of a farm to work, and the extravagant wedding gift of \$500 from Lucy's brother, Stephen—matched and thus doubled by his business partner, to the very impressionable sum of \$1,000.

This could be the end of a lead-in to a successful and ordinary marriage, much like many others. But that was not to be the case. The Lord had plans for this young couple, and ease and affluence would not teach, refine, and prepare them as trials and adversity would.

After six happy years the couple rented their farm and moved to the nearby city of Randolph, where the first two sons, Alvin and Hyrum, were born.

But after only a few months in their new home, Lucy realized, to her horror, that a severe cold and fever she was suffering were confirmed by a doctor as the dreaded consumption.

No one can imagine the torturing thoughts and memories that passed through her mind. Her mother, quickly sent for, watched over her day and night, yet, as Lucy describes it: "I grew so weak that I could not bear the noise of a footfall except in stocking feet, nor a word to be spoken in the room except in whispers."<sup>2</sup> Perhaps aggravating these conditions was the fact that Lucy was already pregnant with her daughter, Sophronia.

After being agitated by the visit of a Methodist exhorter, Lucy realized with dread that she was not prepared to die: "For I do not know the ways of Christ." She strained her eyes toward a light behind the veil that seemed to cover her eyes. But shortly after this her husband came to her in tears and cried, "Oh, Lucy! My wife! You must die. The doctors have given you up, and all say you cannot live."<sup>3</sup>

Then alone, and in the anguish of her own soul, Lucy pled with the Lord to spare her life. Her sisters' experiences must have given her a fine measure of faith in the power and love of her Father in Heaven.

Through the long hours of the night she labored, hovering between this world and the next, thinking on her husband and children, until she approached with sure confidence the throne of grace: "I covenanted with God that if he would let me live, I would endeavor to get that religion that would

enable me to serve him right, whether it was in the Bible or wherever it might be found, *even if it was to be obtained from heaven by prayer and faith.*

“At last a voice spoke to me and said, ‘Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Let your heart be comforted. Ye believe in god, believe also in me.’”

When her mother entered the room a few minutes later, she exclaimed in amazement at how changed Lucy looked.

“Yes, Mother,” Lucy spoke, “the Lord will let me live. If I am faithful to my promise which I have made to him, he will suffer me to remain to comfort the hearts of my mother, my husband, and my children.”<sup>4</sup>

Lucy treasured these things in her heart, and many times pondered them through the remarkably wondrous and uncommon experiences of her coming life.

But Lucy was also a woman of action, and she wasted no time. She wrote that “the subject of religion occupied my mind continually.”<sup>5</sup> But she was not to find answers, satisfaction, nor peace for a very long time, despite her tireless efforts. At length, after attending meetings of various religions, listening and hungering, going away “grieved and troubled,” she determined that “there is not on earth the religion which I seek. I must turn to my Bible, take Jesus and his disciples for an example, and try to obtain from God that which man cannot give nor take away.”<sup>6</sup>

Lucy was as assuredly worthy and prepared for her role as the mother of the Prophet Joseph, as Mary was for her sacred calling as the mother of the Savior.

Perhaps without truly realizing it, Lucy had now placed the course of her future life into hands higher than her own. And very shortly she saw the work of the Almighty, difficult as it was to understand or accept.

A very popular and profitable enterprise at this time was the crystallizing and exporting of the ginseng root, which had an immense value in China particularly, where it was apparently a great remedy for the plague. Joseph made the six-day journey to New York City and arranged for his ginseng to be taken to China aboard a ship just getting ready to set sail. Under written obligation, the captain promised to sell the crop and return the profits to him.

However, a Mr. Stevens, a merchant in their vicinity, had urged Joseph to sell his crop to him for a price so much below its value that he refused. Angered, Stevens hurried to New York, identified the vessel, and secured a berth for his son who, upon arrival in China, sold Joseph’s ginseng at great

profit as his own!

The bitter disappointment and the desolation of this loss caused nearly utter ruin for the young couple. Joseph Smith still had debts he had hoped to clear with his profit, which had now ceased to exist. They were living on the farm in Tunbridge at this time, which they sold for half its value in order to pay their Boston debts. All this time Lucy had held onto the thousand-dollar wedding gift, which she now drew forth and presented to her husband. To part with the farm she loved, and to part with the security of her cared-for money, must have smote her heart.

Her brother Colonel Mack kindly took their gathered funds to Boston, discharged the debts, and returned with the receipts which, as Lucy put it, “set us free from the embarrassment of debt, but not from the embarrassment of poverty.”<sup>7</sup>

Lucy’s further response to this hardship shows us the tenor of both her mind and her heart: “Although we might be poor, we would have the satisfaction of knowing that we had given no man any cause of complaint, and having a conscience void of offense, the society of our children, and the blessing of health, we still might be happy indeed.”<sup>8</sup>

This sentiment, so deeply felt, sustained Lucy through the years of brutal, devastating trials which she and her beloved family endured.

## *Part Two*

Only a complete biography of Lucy Mack Smith could begin to do justice to her life’s experiences, especially as they are parallel, and so intertwined, with those of her Prophet son.

After leaving the Tunbridge area, Lucy and her family moved to Royalton, Vermont, where a son, Ephraim, was born, and died as an infant. William was also born in Royalton, being the third living son—all of whom were born on March 13.

Things were going well. Joseph Sr. had even received the first of a series of dreams which would open up his spiritual sensations—the very thing Lucy had been praying for.

But a typhoid epidemic swept through the area, killing a devastating six thousand people, most of them children.

Lucy’s little Sophronia struggled for just shy of three months. Then the

doctor shook his head and gave her up for lost. Lucy did not accept the death of her daughter. She and Joseph knelt at her bedside and prayed. Knowing that the Lord had heard her plea, Lucy lifted her daughter up and walked the floor with her, until she began to breathe freely in her arms!

But her near-death was only a prelude to what little seven-year-old Joseph suffered, as his infection shot suddenly into his shoulder with excruciating pain. Then, after the doctor lanced a fever sore, the pain went down his side and into the marrow of the bone of his leg.

The boy's sufferings, as well as Joseph and Lucy's, were so severe that only through the aid of heaven could they get through. Gentle Hyrum sat day and night by his brother's bed, holding the most painful parts of Joseph's leg, with the patience and love that was to characterize him throughout his life. Lucy records that this dedicated help "enabled the little sufferer the better to bear the pain which otherwise *seemed almost ready to take his life.*"

Lucy fought like a fierce mother lion for the well-being of her son. Through her insistence, Joseph's leg was not removed, but a rare operation performed, and Joseph survived—but was so thin and weakened that Lucy could carry him easily as she went about the house.

Exhausted in body and means, Lucy and Joseph suffered the devastating crop failures that struck Vermont. At last they made plans to move to upstate New York—placing themselves where the Lord intended them to be.

In every phase of Lucy's life she was what you might describe as determined, fearless, and filled with faith.

The driver who had been hired to take them to Vermont turned surly, even cruel—especially toward young Joseph who still limped painfully—and then he brazenly attempted to throw out all of the family's things and steal Lucy's cart.

She roundly condemned him before the audience in the inn, took her children, and continued the long journey on her own, with no help at all. Although she had but a few cents in her pocket, she arrived safely in Palmyra, overjoyed to be with her husband again.

And then? Then Lucy went forth with her usual cheerfulness and zest for life. She made friends with her neighbors. She painted oilcloth coverings for floors and tables, thus making a little of the money they so badly needed. The local women came quickly to admire her, and be impressed by the helpful, kindly manners of her family.

In Palmyra Lucy at last united herself with the Presbyterian Church; interestingly, this took place in February of 1820—after sixteen years of seeking for the truth.

Throughout these years Lucy taught her children by example to take their questions, perplexities, and troubles to the Lord in prayer. She taught them obedience and reverence to God, as her mother had taught her. In fact, she often sought out a spot—usually in a wooded, solitary area some distance from the house—where the members of her family could go alone to commune with God.

Thus it was natural—in this same early spring of 1820—for Joseph to go to the woods which were at some little distance from his father’s house, and kneel in prayer.

We have not space in this current work to treat with any degree of thoroughness the Vision in the Grove, or the range of phenomenal changes that at once began in the lives of Joseph and his entire family. We do know that Lucy, his mother, is the first person he approached and spoke to after he returned from the Grove.

Knowing her son well, she ascertained that something of some importance had happened, and she questioned him. He was unable to explain; he was scarcely able to speak. But his response is interesting, for he said: “Never mind; all is well—I am well enough off.” Then he added: “I have learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true” (Joseph Smith—History 1:5–20).

As experiences continued, as Moroni appeared and introduced himself to Joseph, Lucy and the entire family united in harmonious love and support of what was happening, of all that was being brought forth, strange and marvelous as it may be.

Constant danger surrounded Joseph, and cruel, almost inhuman, things were suffered by his family as well. But Lucy and Joseph Sr. never complained nor faltered.

And there were happy family times as well. The family would hurry through their daily work so that they might gather round Joseph and hear what he had to tell them, for he was given knowledge and instruction often, from day to day. He would teach them from what he, himself, had been given—and more. In Lucy’s words, “In the course of our evening conversations, Joseph gave us some of the most amusing recitals which could be imagined. He would

describe the ancient inhabitants of this continent, their dress, their manner of traveling, the animals which they rode, the cities that they built . . . their mode of warfare, and their religious worship as specifically as though he had spent his life among them.”<sup>10</sup>

Unique indeed was the life the Lord had prepared for them, and which, with heart and mind, they were willing to accept.

About this same time, Alvin had reached the age of twenty-five and was engaged to be married. But mid-morning on November 15, 1823, Alvin was suddenly overcome by a pain so severe that he quit his work, made his way to the house, and asked his father to send for the doctor.

Sadly, their own trusted physician was not in town, and the one from the neighboring village was unknown to them. He gave the suffering boy a heavy dose of calomel—even though Alvin objected to it! The medication lodged in his stomach, and no efforts could dislodge it. “You cannot move it,” Alvin said. “Consequently, it must take my life.”<sup>11</sup>

Knowing his time was very brief, Alvin called for his family and gave each person a loving blessing and farewell. To Joseph he said: “I am going to die now. I want you to be a good boy and do everything that lies in your power to obtain the record. Be faithful in receiving instruction and in keeping every commandment that is given you. Your brother Alvin must now leave you, but remember the example which he has set for you, and set a good example for the children . . . always be kind to Father and Mother.”<sup>12</sup>

The excruciating grief this family suffered cannot be described. Alvin was a Christ-like young man; everyone loved him, everyone trusted and depended upon him. He was Lucy’s strength in many ways, and her hope for the future. Bitter, bitter was the sorrow of the little family—and of the community as well. Their seventy-year-old doctor was outraged by the unnecessary tragedy. He told the people: “Here is one of the loveliest youth that ever trod the streets of Palmyra destroyed, murdered as it were, by him at whose hand relief was expected, cast off from the face of the earth by a careless quack who even dared to trifle with the life of a fellow mortal.”<sup>13</sup>

This deep sorrow was to accompany Lucy for the rest of her life, and Alvin’s pure spirit often blessed his brothers in their challenges and struggles.

After avoiding a cruel deception to take Joseph Sr. and Lucy’s home away from them, Lucy prepared for the marriage of Hyrum to Jerusha Barden on November 2, 1826. Joseph and Emma were married in January 1827—and

now Lucy's two oldest surviving sons had taken that step into adulthood which would remove them, in a subtle, but very real way, from her and her care.

The years of waiting and of preparation for Joseph were over. On September 20, 1827, Emma accompanied her new husband to the Hill Cumorah. It was night. Lucy had things to keep her hands busy, and she could not sleep. She spent the hours while Joseph was gone in prayer, and the following morning was very tense until she learned that Joseph was all right, and that his errand to the still, dark hill had been a success.

There ensued a period of new challenges and wonders for all the Smith family: trying to keep the plates safe, as well as Joseph; trying to get the freedom in which a translation could take place; trying to find means whereby the Book of Mormon could be printed—when the organization of the Church could be actually and legally made—and throughout all this and more, Lucy was an active participant. Indeed, Lucy spent one long night alone with the manuscript, which was hidden beneath the headboard of her bed. Many different impressions, memories, and spiritual experiences came to her during those hours, so that she exclaimed, “Thus I spent the night surrounded by enemies and yet in any ecstasy of happiness. Truly I can say that my soul did magnify and my spirit rejoiced in God, my Savior.”<sup>14</sup>

Some stories from Lucy's life would be important to include here. One is the very real miracle that Lucy's faith brought to pass.

Literally hundreds of people were joining the Church in the Kirtland, Ohio, area, and Joseph was being urged to move the main body of the Saints there.

Lucy found herself in charge of taking the large group of the Waterloo Branch to Kirtland—some eighty souls, which included babies and children.

Once aboard the canal boat, Lucy realized that many of the people had come ill-prepared; so she shared her own provisions with them. She organized hymn singing and prayers twice daily. She scolded and attempted to organize the women who were being slothful in keeping watch over their children.

“We cannot get our children to mind,” they complained.

“I could make them mind me easily enough,” Lucy countered. “And since you will not control them, I shall.”

She organized the children with songs and games as well as a form of lessons, and they all responded to her authority and her love.

Several crises came and were endured, culminating in the boat being locked

in ice, and unable to move.

“Where is your confidence in God?” she admonished the men and their wives. “Do you not know that all things are in His hands, that He made all things and overrules them? If every Saint here would just lift their desires to Him in prayer, that the way might be opened before us, how easy it would be for God to cause the ice to break away, and in a moment’s time we could be off on our journey.”<sup>15</sup>

It happened according to her words, and she became almost a legend and a wonder to the early Saints.

The years in Kirtland were brief, but they were filled with many blessings. Prime among these was the purchase of the Egyptian mummies and papyrus, brought by a Mr. Chandler, and their subsequent translation by Joseph.

There were always challenges: “droves of company,” as Lucy put it, nonmembers as well as members of the Church.<sup>16</sup>

There was the treacherous and dangerous journey of Zion’s Camp to Missouri, in hopes of assisting and redeeming the imperiled Saints there. When cholera struck the camp, their journey was slowed and delayed. Lucy, her husband, and others became concerned.

The two brothers, Joseph and Hyrum, in the midst of their sufferings, took turns praying, entreating the Lord to relieve them. As they knelt, Hyrum suddenly sprang to his feet. “Joseph, we shall return,” he cried, “for I have seen an open vision in which I saw Mother on her knees under an apple tree praying for us, and she is even now asking God, in tears, to spare our lives. The Spirit testifies to me that her prayers and ours shall be heard.”<sup>17</sup>

“Oh my mother,” Joseph said later, “how often have your prayers been a means of assisting us when the shadows of death encompassed us.”<sup>18</sup>

The crowning achievement of the Kirtland days was the building of the temple—the first temple on the earth in this last dispensation of time. Great were the spiritual wonders: angels singing, appearing on the roof of the building, small children testifying, the Apostle Peter attending the dedication, and many actually seeing the Savior in vision.

But following this a spirit of speculation and a great apostasy took place. The Prophet’s life was in danger, and so was Brigham Young’s for standing firmly beside him. More than sixteen hundred Saints fled the city, and Joseph Sr. and Lucy Mack Smith were among them.

One of the most powerful, insightful stories of Lucy concerns the family's sad journey from Kirtland to Missouri, which was a daunting distance of close to one thousand miles.

They left with two of their sons in May of 1838, driving through rain and storm, one night lying all night in the rain, another seeking shelter in a wretched little hut. Lucy became very ill—the quilted skirt which she wore for three days wringing wet. Soon after crossing the Mississippi River her daughter, Catherine, gave birth to a son.

Leaving mother, baby, and husband with daughter Sophronia for help, the rest traveled on. Lucy, coughing continually, was no longer able to ride in a sitting position, nor travel more than four miles a day.

A firm impression came to her that if she could find a secluded place where she might call upon the Lord, she would be healed. She urged her husband to press on for Huntsville and, when they stopped here, Lucy tells us in her own words:

By the aid of staffs I reached a fence, and then followed the fence some distance till I came to a dense hazel thicket. Here I threw myself on the ground and thought it was no matter how far I was from the house, for if the Lord would not hear me and I must die, I might as well die here as anywhere.

When I was a little rested, I commenced calling upon the Lord to beseech his mercy, praying for my health and the life of my daughter, Catherine. I urged every claim which the scriptures give us, and was as humble as I knew how to be, and *I continued praying near three hours.*

At last I was entirely relieved from pain, my cough left me, and I was well. Moreover, I received an assurance that I should hear from my daughter about the middle of the same day. I arose and went to the house *in as good health as I ever enjoyed.*

The day after (Catherine) came, I washed a very large quantity of clothes with as much ease as though I had not been out of health at all.<sup>19</sup>

The power was within Lucy herself; the power, of faith, testimony, and prayer. The Lord, as she felt and knew, had bestowed it upon her.

## *Part Three*

The spirit of the adversary, engendering cruelty and persecution, did not take long to raise its head. After a few months of peace, an election was held at Gallatin, the county seat. The Saints were attacked and harassed, and when some attempted to defend themselves, the word went out that Joseph Smith had killed seven men at that place!

Lucy, calmly going about her business in Far West, heard of this only when a large body of soldiers entered the city and the officers approached her house, demanding that she give up the Prophet.

Lucy was calm, polite, and possessed with the assurance which the Spirit gave her. She invited the men in and said if they were there to kill the Mormons as they were boasting, then they may as well begin with her.

Joseph, who had been writing letters in the next room, entered, and she introduced the men to him. In his pleasant, easy manner he sat and talked with them, telling of all the Mormons had suffered, then calmly told Lucy that Emma would be expecting him, and he would go on home.

In Lucy's words:

At this, two of the men sprang to their feet saying, "You shall not go alone, for it is not safe. We will go with you and guard you." Joseph thanked them and they left with him.

While they were absent, the remainder of the officers stood by the door, and I overheard the following conversation between them: FIRST OFFICER: "Did you not feel something strange when Smith took you by the hand? I never felt so in my life."

SECOND OFFICER: "I felt as though I could not move. I would not harm one hair of that man's head for the whole world."<sup>20</sup>

The conversation continued but, for our purposes, this is sufficient. Joseph was of the same ilk, the same spiritual substance as his mother and oh, how she must have loved him!

Conditions in Missouri worsened, until there was a frenzy of madness, with the mobbers even setting fire to their own huts in order to claim cruelty from the Mormons. On October 26, 1838, Governor Boggs issued the infamous order: "The Mormons must be treated as enemies and must be exterminated or driven from the state."<sup>21</sup> Twelve hundred had already been burned out and driven from Jackson County. Now, with the authority of the governor, the Haun's Mill Massacre took place, with atrocities beyond belief.

Meanwhile, an army of two thousand men was surrounding Far West, outnumbering the citizens in the city four to one!

On October 31, Joseph and several of his brethren were betrayed to the mob. Then a true nightmare for Joseph Sr. and Lucy began.

The city was drenched by rain, and then besieged by enemies, and the imprisoned men, in the midst of their enemies, were constantly under threat of their lives. The mobsters were like wild beasts, hungry for the blood of the Prophet. As Lucy described it:

“No tongue can ever express the sound that was conveyed to our ears, nor the sensations that were produced in our hearts. It was like the screeching of a hundred owls mingled with the howling of an army of bloodhounds and the screaming of a thousand panthers all famishing for the prey which had been torn piecemeal among them.”

Joseph Sr. could not endure it, and fell nearly senseless on the bed.<sup>22</sup>

How did Lucy endure it? Very possibly the night she had been told she was to die—the night she had made a solemn covenant with the Lord that she would comfort the hearts of her husband and children—perhaps this came back vividly to sustain her; it seems very possible that this might have been so.

Indeed, when Joseph and Hyrum were roughly shoved into a wagon to be taken only heaven knew where, Lucy grabbed her daughter Lucy and fought her way through a mass of soldiers “brandishing pistols, swords, and all sorts of weapons and threatening in foul language to knock us down and drive over us where we stood.”<sup>23</sup>

“I am the mother of the Prophet,” she cried and made her way to the wagon at last. She saw Joseph and was able to reach out and touch his hand. With a sob he cried, “God bless you, Mother!”<sup>24</sup>

She also received, “by the gift of prophecy: ‘Let your heart be comforted concerning your children, for they shall not harm a hair of their heads’ . . . This relieved my mind, and I was prepared to comfort my children.”<sup>25</sup>

Lucy and her family were to find peace and the refuge of a home in Nauvoo. But there were still many struggles and heart-rending trials to get through.

The cumbersome, painful journey following the cruel destruction and forced desertion of their home in Far West was as wrenching as the journey from Kirtland had been. There were many difficulties, including their horses being wind-broken, meaning that they had to trudge up hills themselves; days of travel in cold rain; people along their forlorn path who refused them shelter, so that they often slept on the ground, without even a fire for comfort and warmth.

Six miles from the Mississippi the mud was deep and sticky. When they reached the river, the snow that had been falling was now six inches deep. There was no hope of shelter, so they made their beds on the snow, lay down,

and attempted to get some rest.<sup>26</sup>

Listed here are only a few of the struggles, which continued on into Quincy, Illinois, and through the early days of Nauvoo, when Lucy suffered from very poor health and the ravages of “a severe case of cholera—so severe that it ‘seemed to be almost bursting the bones themselves asunder.’”<sup>27</sup>

Nauvoo provided peace, blessings, and quiet joys for Lucy, but there were still many struggles and heart-rending trials to go through, and she was, as always, required to watch as Joseph never obtained more than snatches of peace, nor freedom from the malignity of those who hated and persecuted him.

But on September 14, 1840, at the age of sixty-nine, Joseph Smith Sr. died. He was Patriarch to the Church, and the people loved him. The devastation of sorrow for Lucy seemed to break her heart. They had always wanted to, somehow, die together. But in Joseph Sr.’s last words he told her, “You must stay to comfort the children when I am gone.”<sup>28</sup>

That word again; the word of promise. What must Lucy have thought?

Lucy, having injured her knee, was sick and low all winter. Then, at the end of January of the new year 1841, Samuel’s wife, Mary Ann, died suddenly. Don Carlos died on August 7, and on the first day of September Robert B. Thompson, Hyrum’s brother-in-law and husband to Mercy Fielding, died of the same disease, called quick consumption.

Death and loss continued. Two weeks later Joseph’s youngest son, named after Don Carlos, died after suffering terribly. Two brief weeks passed, and Hyrum’s second son, also named Hyrum, died of a fever.<sup>29</sup>

Life must somehow go on. But we wonder how the Smith family made it through that year. Each succeeding year was stippled with persecutions and even more family deaths. In October 1843, “Sophronia, second daughter of Don Carlos, died of the scarlet fever, leaving her widowed mother doubly desolate.”<sup>30</sup>

Through it all, Lucy suffered seasons of desolating sickness that threatened to take her life. It was the strength of her spirit which had power to subdue the flesh.

In her history, Lucy gives in detail the events surrounding the deaths of Joseph and Hyrum. She records the reactions of the widows and children when

her sons' bodies were laid out in death. Of herself at this time she said:

I had for a long time braced every nerve, roused every energy of my soul, and called upon God to strengthen me, but when I entered the room and saw my murdered sons extended both at once before my eyes and heard the sobs and groans of my family . . . it was too much. I sank back, crying to God in the agony of my soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken this family?"

Where Joseph and Hyrum had gone, they would be with their beloved father and brother, Alvin. But Lucy was alone, to face this unbelievable horror and loss.

But a voice replied to her anguished cries, saying, "I have taken them to myself, that they might have rest."<sup>31</sup>

\*\*\*

Lucy supported the reorganization of the Church under Brigham Young from the very start. She knew the mantle of her son had fallen upon Brigham and the Twelve. She received her ordinances of endowment in December of 1845. The Nauvoo City Charter was illegally revoked, and the people, especially in outlying areas, were contending with persecutions again. The spirit of gathering was upon the people; Lucy must have felt it. All of Nauvoo was turned into wagon and wheelwright shops as the Saints prepared to leave for a place unknown.

But Samuel, too, had died, after great suffering, at the end of July. She had raised six sons. Now only one remained, and he was estranged, and would, in time, be excommunicated from the Church.

What this one noble woman carried with her in her mind and her heart, we cannot presume to realize.

"I feel the Lord will let Brother Brigham take the people away," Lucy said.<sup>32</sup> And, letting her feelings overtake her, she expressed her desire to go with the body of the Saints. The people were overjoyed to think of having Mother Smith with them. But, bit by bit, Lucy faced the realities. Emma would not go; she was in no state, physically or mentally, to do so. Lucy's daughters, too, were here, in Nauvoo, married and settled.

Lucy's choices became nothing but insubstantial shadows now. Had she not promised the Lord that she would care for and comfort her family? She was in the City of Joseph, where her dead were buried. This must be where she belonged.

For a while she lived with her daughter, Lucy, seventy miles from Nauvoo. But she returned to live out her days with Emma in the Prophet's Mansion House.

The past was with her every breath that she drew, and people were still drawn to her. Visitors found themselves asking her questions, and listening. “She pronounced a blessing upon many of them as they passed on their way; a blessing in her own words, brought forth from the fountains of heaven; a mother’s blessing.”<sup>33</sup>

Lucy died May 14, 1856. She was eighty-one years old. She stood at the ushering in of the dispensation of the fulness of times, beside her husband and her sons. Her nobility, her courage, and her faithfulness have become the hallmark of all loving and worthy Latter-day Saints. Lucy was Mother of a People, as well as mother of the Prophet of God.

## ENDNOTES

1. Smith, *History of Joseph Smith*, 440.
2. *Ibid.*, 47.
3. *Ibid.*, 48.
4. *Ibid.*
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*, 50.
7. *Ibid.*, 53.
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Ibid.*, 73, emphasis added.
10. *Ibid.*, 112.
11. McCloud, *Stories of Lucy Mack Smith*, 33.
12. *Ibid.*, 34.
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.*, 40.
15. Smith, 268.
16. McCloud, *Stories of Lucy Mack Smith*, 52.
17. *Ibid.*, 51–52.
18. Smith, 319.
19. *Ibid.*, 358–359.
20. *Ibid.*, 363.
21. McCloud, *Joseph Smith, A Photobiography*, 85.
22. *Ibid.*, 87.
23. Smith, 406.
24. *Ibid.*, 407.
25. McCloud, *Stories of Lucy Mack Smith*, 64.
26. *Ibid.*, 66–67.
27. Smith 419.
28. *Ibid.*, 436.
29. *Ibid.*, 444, 445.
30. *Ibid.*, Smith, 449.

31. Ibid., Smith, 457.
32. McCloud, *An Inspiring Personal Biography*, 127.
33. McCloud, *Stories of Lucy Mack Smith*, 85.

**You've Just Finished your Free Sample**

**Enjoyed the preview?**

**Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>**