

The Prophet Miller

A New York Baptist farmer named William Miller had been spreading the word that based on calculations he drew from Daniel 8:14, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ would be on October 22, 1844. The text in Daniel read, “Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.”

Miller believed that the cleansing of the sanctuary meant the Earth’s purification by fire at the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. He was so convinced that period would end in 1843 he published his conclusions and began lecturing publicly.

Miller first concluded that Christ would come sometime between March 21, 1843 and March 21, 1844—exactly one month before lightning struck Phineas Cook’s home in Richland. It’s easy to see why people were a bit uneasy about his prediction. (Later Miller recalculated and preached that October 22, 1844 would be the final day in the earth’s existence, the day the Savior would appear. The prediction was widely circulated).

That was the day Phineas W. Cook wrote about. It seems almost everyone was aware of the prophecy and of the day it was to be fulfilled. As the date approached many of Miller’s followers, who became known as Millerites, left their jobs, sold all they owned, donned white robes, and prepared to meet their Maker. When the day came and went without event, many became disillusioned with the movement and lost faith in Millerism. Five years after “The Great Disappointment of 1844,” William Miller died on December 20, 1849, still in full faith that Christ would soon come. His followers were estimated between 50,000 and 500,000. The faithful became affiliated with the Advent Christian Church and the Seventh-day Adventist Church (Encyclopedia Britannica; Wikipedia).

comfortable for the night, gave us some breakfast and would not take anything for it but we left him our fire shovel. When we started out, he bade us goodbye and wished us good luck and I thanked him for his kindness and blessed him in my heart. It was his house where I stopped at the time I traveled until midnight, to get clear of my enemies, which I should not have done, but I had no money.

I worked for my father-in-law that summer most of the time, some of the time at home and some of the time at Kalamazoo. I helped him build a barn. The 14th day of September, 1844 Daniel W. died. We buried him at or a little east of Howland’s Mills in Henry Sherman’s field. Henry Sherman’s wife is cousin to my wife.

It was the year that the Prophet Miller prophesied the end of the world about the middle of October, 1844. [On the predicted day] there was a very singular appearance in the air. It was a cloudy, foggy day and objects such as trees looked red as though the shadow of fire was in the air. Many thought the Day of Judgment had surely come, but soon it passed off and all was natural again. I did not believe Millerism, consequently I was not afraid. Many went crazy and many died with fear or it caused their death.

We had many strange stories, one of which I remember. It was said that a young child in Adrian at three days old said that the snow would fall to the depth of eight feet and would melt and turn to oil and would catch with fire and burn the world up. It was a hard winter and much snow fell and it was very cold. About the middle of January there was another red day, but it did not cause as much consternation as the first did, for the time of the prediction had run out.

LIGHTNING.—We learn that the dwelling house of Phineas Cook, in Richland, Kalamazoo county, was struck by lightning on the night of the 7th inst. The fluid descended the chimney into the cellar, and exploded in the ground. The inmates were slightly shocked, but no material damage was sustained.

Printed in the newspaper Niles Republican on Saturday, April 20, 1844. Editor was Darius Cook

1844-1845
Michigan

Joining The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

In the month of July, when I was in Kalamazoo at work on Whitcomb’s Mill. The news came in on the Waybill by the mail coach that Joe Smith was killed by a mob in Carthage, Illinois.

In the month of July when I was in Kalamazoo at work on Whitcomb’s mill at ~~work~~ the news came in on the waybill by the mail coach that Joe Smith was killed by a mob in Carthage Illinois.

Original Phineas W. Cook Journal p. 28 (Image 81)

The news had quite an effect on the people and everyone had something to say about the matter. Some said he was an imposter and it was a good thing for the world, and some one thing and some another. At this time considerable was said about the doctrine of [their church], but nobody seemed to say anything good about it. But reports said that there were men around that were [their] preachers who were electioneering for Joe Smith as a candidate for the President’s chair at Washington, and they were at Kalamazoo at the time of his death.

About this time, I heard that Eliza, my oldest sister, had [joined their church]. She had belonged to them a year or so. This caused me to think that she had turned fool or crazy, I did not know which.

This fall, Father was quite unwell again, and he came after me to go home and help him get in his crops and get wood and make preparations for winter. So, I went after his oxen and wagon to move up with Ann Eliza and my things.[My sister] Eliza was there and she began to talk to me about[her church], but I only laughed at her and told her to quit her talking and send one of her preachers and that would be the end of controversy, for my motto was that the one that was the best at proving his position was bound to win. And if he had more proof than I, he was nearest right, and I was bound by my former resolution to embrace it. And if I could produce more scriptural argument than he, he must yield to me, or I should consider him dishonest.

So she said she would send them to preach to me. Says I, “That’s right, for I have not had a chance for an argument on religion for some time, and I should be glad to have a chance to thrash them and make them haul in their long horns.”

So she said she would send them to preach to me says I that’s right for I have not had a chance for an argument on religion for some time, and I should be glad to have a chance to thrash them and make them haul in their long horns

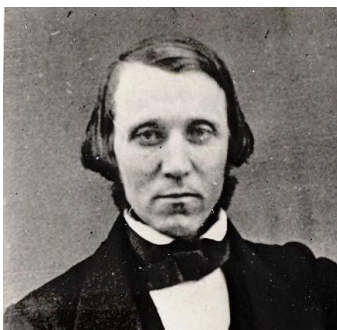
Original Phineas W. Cook Journal p. 29 (image 82)



Early Wells Fargo stagecoach (Creative Commons)

Waybill

Each stagecoach carried a waybill, usually a plain list of passengers and baggage. It included stage line advertisements to be posted in towns and villages, and a few lines of news. With no other way of getting information from the rest of the country, it became an important early news communication (Stagecoach Terms and Slang, <https://www.legendsofamerica.com/we-stagecoachterms/>).



Crandell Dunn participated in the baptism of Phineas W. and Ann Eliza

Crandell Dunn

Born August 11, 1817 at Phelps, Wayne, New York, Crandell Dunn was barely two years older than Phineas W. Cook. He was the son of James and Sally (Barker) Dunn. In 1825 the family moved to the Territory of Michigan 23 miles west of Detroit at Livonia in Wayne County. For the next fifteen years they cleared the wilderness to make a farm. On his way to a mission in England, Elder Orson Pratt taught the Dunn family the gospel, and Crandell was baptized in July of 1840. His whole family was eventually baptized.

In June of 1841 his wife and child and his father's family moved with a group of converts to LaHarpe, Illinois. While living there Crandell was called to bring the news of the gathering to the scattered members in Indiana and Michigan. He was one of the Elders participating in the baptism and confirmation of the Cooks [*"The Life and History of Crandell Dunn, son of James and Sally Dunn, in his own words,"* p. 1-2]. He and his wife later went on another mission to England, and immigrated to Utah with the saints who came in 1852. They lived in Ogden, Cache Valley and Box Elder County, where he died December 27, 1898.

know something about the church in Nauvoo for you must live near them."

He said he had heard many stories but personally knew nothing of them. He had nothing to do with them and never troubled himself about them. And as it happened, John Guthrie was present and heard the conversation.

When he went into the house Mother also asked him where he was from. He answered as before in the barn. "Why," says she, "you must know something about the Mormons and if you do for heaven's sake do tell it, for I have a son that's a Mormon here and if you can say anything that will stop him from going off with them I wish you would do it." So, he began to [talk]. He said he had lived in Nauvoo and butchered and sold beef to them for three years and they were the meanest of all people living and they would steal the cents of a dead man's eyes.

"Stop, Stop!" says she, "'til I go and call him in and let him hear the story." I was soon on hand and he proceeded. He said he had seen old Joe Smith dead drunk many a time and he knew him to be an old scoundrel and imposter and hell was too good for him. After he had proceeded thus far, I interrupted him by saying he was a liar and I could prove it, and he ought to [be] kicked out of doors, and if he dared to resent it I would do it for him.

I then related what he had just told me in the barn and then I called John Guthrie and he said the same.

In this way the fall and most of the winter passed off. The day I first went to meeting, Ann Eliza was sent for to go home to assist in taking care of her brother Lorenzo W. who was sick with consumption. He died the 28th day of January, 1845. He was buried in the same place that Daniel W. was, side by side. He was a good young man. He was intelligent and industrious. His age was 26 years, 7 months, 11 days. I was sent for to go and make his coffin or assist in it. After he was buried, we returned to Father's.

Lorenzo Wright Howland, Ann Eliza's Brother

Lorenzo Wright Howland was born July 17, 1817, probably at Stillwater in Saratoga County, New York where his parents Henry and Phebe (Baker) Howland lived. He was the oldest of seven children, two sons and five daughters—all born at Stillwater.

In 1836 when Lorenzo was 19 years old the family relocated to his father's land in Michigan where they built a grist mill and a sawmill with his Uncle Edward K. Howland. In the 1840 Census the family was living at Howlandsburg.

Living on the swampy land in Michigan wasn't all that healthy, and Lorenzo became ill. His sister Ann Eliza went from Richland to help care for him, but Lorenzo died on January 28, 1845 of consumption, which is Tuberculosis. Lorenzo had moved to Michigan with his family in 1836 and was with his parents on the 1840 Census. There is no marriage record for him in Michigan.

December 1845-October 1846 Michigan to Nebraska

Journey to Join the Saints

During the winter of 1845, I was finishing off a house, which was an addition to the main house, until the month of December when an Elder by the name of Edward Willard was sent to me to tell me the time had come for all the Saints to gather, for the church was going to move to Vancouver's Island or someplace in the far west. It was not known yet where, but we were required to do as Abraham did, to go to a land that should yet be shown to us. I told Mother the word I had received, but she did not like it much. I said the Lord had called me to save my father's house and it was for her as much as any.

to gather - for the church was going to move to Vancouver Island or some place in the far west, it was not known yet where, but we were required to do as Abraham did to go to a land that should yet be shown to us, I told mother the word that I had received but she did not like it much. I said that the Lord had called me to save my father's house and it was for her as much as any.

Original Phineas W. Cook Journal p. 35 (Image 88)

She said that if she was never saved until I did it, she should be damned to all eternity. I talked much to her about my faith and the hope that was before me, but she did not believe me. She said she had one consolation and it was I had not any means that I could command to go with and she guessed I would have my match to get away. I told her the God that I served was rich, for the earth was his, and the fullness thereof and I had no fears but what I should get away. Inasmuch as I [had] done the best I could, the Lord was bound to open the way for me and he surely would do it.

"Yes!" said she, "the God that does such things is made of silver and gold."

Vancouver Island

While the Saints generally accepted the idea that their eventual destination would be somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, in 1845 they had no idea exactly where it would be. Vancouver's Island, then held by the British, was one of the possibilities suggested (Leonard J. Arrington, Brigham Young, American Moses, Vintage Books, New York 1985, p. 123). Part of Vancouver's attraction was that it would be out of the country and away from present persecution. The Saints in England liked the idea of an American Zion under the British flag.

"The November 28, 1846, issue of the Millennial Star carried a petition to Queen Victoria and the members of the British Parliament for a grant of land and financial assistance to transport 20,000 British settlers to 'Vancouver's Island.' But the petition was apparently never directly acted upon, and in January 1849 a royal charter turned Vancouver Island over to the Hudson Bay Company." (Herbert Howe Bancroft, History of Utah, San Francisco, 1889, p. 238, reprinted in Robert J. McCue, "The Saints on Vancouver's Island," The Ensign, April 1976).



40-50 miles wide and 250 miles long, Vancouver Island was once considered as the possible location for Zion on the American Continent

The Green River

"The Green River is a large, deep, powerful river, from 100 to 300 feet wide in Wyoming and 300 to 1,500 feet wide in Utah. It ranges from 20 to 50 feet in depth. Near the areas where the Oregon Trail crosses, the river is 400 - 500 feet wide and averages about 20 feet deep at normal flow." The nights are cold in the high Wyoming plateau, and the travelers were anxious to cross the river. Invariably there was a long wait at the ferry, but few dared cross without it and many lost everything because of the powerful current.

This major section follows the Oregon National Historic Trail and parts of the California National Historic Trail. From the Green River crossing, the pioneer trail followed approximately the current I-80 interstate highway across western Wyoming to Fort Bridger near present Lyman, Wyoming, then on into Salt Lake City. At Fort Bridger they had traveled 400 miles from Fort Laramie and were at 6,665 feet altitude, still with about 170 miles to the Salt Lake Valley (Richard R. Rich, Ensign to the Nations, pp. 137 -145; Green River, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Green_River).

Circular saws

Circular saws were invented in the late 18th century and were in common use in sawmills by the middle of the 19th century. Unlike the long two-man whipsaw which could only cut in one direction, making ripping logs a tedious task, the circular saw worked in a continual circular motion and could be driven by water power or steam. The circle saw quickly caught on as the wood processing tool of choice, and is widely used today. Phineas W. Cook's mention of the saw indicates he probably intended to build a sawmill in the valley (<https://www.yorksaw.com/history-circular-saw/>).



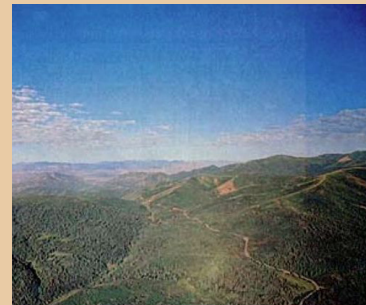
The Green River-drawing by Wilkins. It was swift, strong, and dangerous. A ferry at this spot was not likely to be forgotten by the pioneers (Historical Soc. of Wisconsin).

told me I might have anything I could find among the old irons which had belonged to the church in Nauvoo. I did not find much but that, which I thought was worth taking. It had an iron shaft in it.

How did Phineas Enter the Salt Lake Valley on September 20, 1848?

After Fort Bridger the pioneer trail continues to follow the current I-80 Interstate Highway in a south-westerly direction down into Echo Canyon, to the Weber River and over the Wasatch Mountains into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The route west of Fort Bridger had been first used by those emigrants in the Donner-Reed Party in 1846. In 1848 the route came down Emigration Canyon to the present site of the "This is the Place Monument."

From the Green River, the pioneers followed the Black Fork for a time; then the Bear River. The final ascent began at Hennefer, Summit County, in Utah. It is called the Weber Canyon Explorer's Trail, the most difficult ascent of the whole journey. The Donner-Reed Party of 1846 blazed a trail through the mountain, and the pioneers of 1847 followed it into the valley down Emigration Canyon to the present site of the "This is the Place Monument." The California Gold Rush emigrants used the trail, and the Overland Stage in 1856 and the Pony Express in 1860 followed it through the mountains. The Utah Highway Department has set an identification marker East of Highway 30, South and east of Henefer, on the curve toward Echo (Ensign, January, 1980, <https://www.lds.org/ensign/1980/01/the-way-it-looks-today-sites-on-the-trail-west?lang=eng>).



Aerial view to the west showing Little Emigration Canyon in the foreground, cresting atop Big Mountain. To the right lies the original route into the Valley; left is Parley's Canyon, named for Parley P. Pratt, who blazed it in 1848 in an attempt to find an easier way into the Valley. By 1862 his new route had become the preferred road

September, 1848 - August, 1850 Salt Lake City

When I came into the valley, to my surprise one day, Brother [Heber C.] Kimball came to me and said he wanted his saw that I took from him at Winter Quarters. I told him I brought a saw, but I did not suppose it was his for I was told that whatever I could bring among the old irons I was welcome to, as my own. He said he did not give me that promise and he must have it. I then told him to take it. He did not take it at that time, but about as often as I met him, he spoke about it.

When we had got camped on the hill where Brigham Young's house now stands or near it, I went to him and asked him if he wanted me to work for him anymore. He said he did not, but to go and get me a place for myself and family for winter.

I went straight to the fort and rented a house for my family, but I had not got fairly into it until he came and wanted me to work for him on a house, which I did. I worked twelve days and finished the house with the help of Joseph Scofield and Addison Pratt. Winter then set in, and there was no chance for building any more. I was called upon by the owner of the house I lived in that I must get out, for he wanted the house. His name was O. M. Deuel [Osmyn M. Deuel]. I tried in vain to get one.

At length through the influence of Sister Cobb, Brigham let me have one of his houses in the fort. He found a stove and I found firewood for the rent, and Sister Twiss lived with us through the winter. I looked for my ox that I had thought was to assist me either in meat or team, but on inquiring, I found that Charles Tucker and Edmond Ellsworth had killed him for beef about a week or two before I got in. On hearing this, I thought I would ask them to pay for it. But on learning the feelings it [would] make, I concluded to let it go and say nothing about it.

I was told that he was good beef and if I could have had him, he would have saved us much suffering from hunger. But I resolved to make the best of everything and leave the event with the Lord who will always do right.

was told that he was good beef and if I could have had him he would have saved us much suffering from hunger but I resolved to make the best of everything and leave the event with the Lord who will always do right

Original Phineas W. Cook Journal p. 57 (Image 110)

The winter was long and hard. We got out of provisions in February, but I got some corn for which I paid 2 dollars per bushel and only three pecks at that. I could occasionally get work for a day

Emigration Canyon

Early settlers came into the valley from Emigration Canyon straight down to what is now Main Street where they came to Brigham Young's land claim. Later his houses and the Tithing House would be built there, but in 1848 there was space for wagons where people camped while they found a permanent location at which to settle. This is now the area from State Street to Main Street, South Temple to some distance north of North Temple. Phineas said he camped on the hill so it was probably north of the present house and Church Office Building.

The First Fort

On August 1, 1847, two weeks after entering the valley, the pioneers built a fort, at the location now called Pioneer Park. As settlers continued to arrive three additions were made. By December almost 2,000 people lived inside these forts. "The houses were all built as a part of the fort wall, with portholes for defense in case of an attack by Indians, and generally with a six-light window opening to the inside of the fort. The roofs consisted of poles of split logs laid close together and covered with cedar-bark."

In 1849 Brigham Young wrote to the Saints still in the East that there were four forts in the valley, but success with crops and with building the city meant the pioneers would move and the fort would soon be dismantled (Nicholas Groesbeck Morgan, The Old Fort: Historic Mormon Bastion, The Plymouth Rock of the West, pp. 9-10, 31-32).

Amanda’s Friendship
With the Cooks

“Amanda worked for many prominent people and became a very proficient cook and housekeeper. She said the first dress she made was when she was about fifteen. She shut herself up in a room alone and cut it out and made it. After that she made all her clothes. When she was a little past sixteen, she went to work for the family of Phineas Wolcott Cook in Salt Lake City. She loved Mrs. Cook and had the greatest respect for Mr. Cook, and it was through the persuasion of his first wife that she married Phineas W. Cook on December 23, 1854. [Actual date was December 18, 1853.] Amanda was seventeen years and five months when she married. Her husband was seventeen years her senior” (Biography of her mother by Mary Rosalia Cook McCann).

Amanda, as we always called her, was somewhat unsteady in her spirit and was sometimes sorrowful for [her decision]. She finally became alienated in her affections and left me and went home to her father’s. In the course of 2 or 3 weeks I went to see [Amanda] and talked to her and counseled her to come home again, but she determined not to do it.

After visiting her 2 or 3 times, finding her mind the same, I told her she was at liberty to take her own course. I should not trouble myself any more about her and left her to do as she thought best. She left me the 27th of June and came back to me the 23rd of August on her 18th birthday. She appeared to have suffered much, for she was looking very peaked, but she said she had done very wrong and was sorry and if I could forgive her, she would do so no more. I freely

Catherine McCleve

Because persecution against the church was so intense in Ireland, Catherine McCleve was baptized in the Irish Sea after dark August 26, 1850. The second child of John McCleve and Nancy Jane McFerren, she was born September 17, 1836 in Crawfordsburn, Down, Ireland. In March of 1853 when she was 16 years old, she and her sister Sarah were sent to America, their parents promising to come as soon as possible. When they arrived in Salt Lake City six months later, the girls were taken as plural wives, Sarah by John Young. Catherine married Phineas Wolcott Cook, December 18, 1853, in Salt Lake City. Their son Joseph Wolcott was born April 21, 1855.

Sadly, misfortune met their parents as they immigrated to Utah, and on September 23, 1856 their father died on the Bear River before coming into the Salt Lake Valley. Catherine’s mother came to live with the Cooks for a time, and many troubles combined to bring Catherine’s marriage to an end. Phineas had moved his family to Payson, which was too much for her. She divorced him in 1857 and stayed in Payson with her family after he moved to Goshen.

On November 11, 1861 Catherine married David Dudley Russell. They had settled in Salina when the Black Hawk Indian War broke out, and had to move back to Payson. After living for a time in Echo, she died as they returned to Payson December 19, 1869. Her last request was that her fourteen-year-old son Joseph care for the three other living children, ages 7, 4 and 1, which he did (Margaret Cleo Butler Shelley, “Catherine McCleve”).



Catherine McCleve
1836-1869
(Courtesy Don R. Cook)

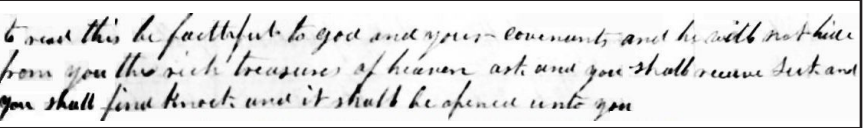
forgave her and do not wish to think of it more, but I write it as one event in my life of some importance.

This I call an eventful year of my life and I may say it was the beginning of all my sorrows. Before I took those two wives, notwithstanding I was converted to the doctrine of plurality, there was something lacking on my part as to testimony. I felt it an important step and thought I would ask the Lord to enlighten my mind, which I did, and was fully satisfied ever after. The answer I received I do not write for it has not been taught yet to the saints through the authorities.

I also had a dream about the resurrection about the same time which I will here relate. I thought I was walking on the bench above the city and I met a man looking very ghastly pale. He said nothing but went on to the west. I soon met others and there came my first wife leading her three little children that had previously died. When I saw them I knew them and exclaimed in great joy, “This is the resurrection and I am not dead!” Yet by this time they came in all directions: cripples and all sorts. I looked around and saw a man standing by, to whom I said, “I thought when they came up in the resurrection, they were all perfect.”

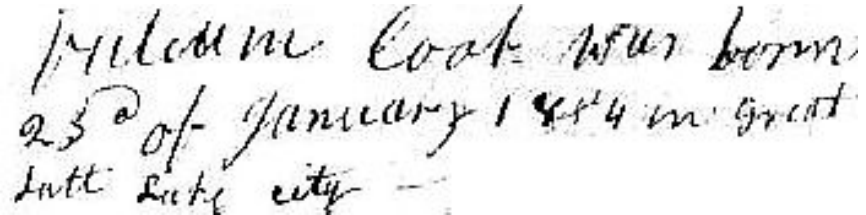
“No! No one,” says he. “We take them up just as you lay them down, but we shall take them over here and feed them some of the tree of life and that will restore their bodies to a state of perfection.” I saw more but I cannot write it for it has not yet been taught.

These things have been of great comfort to me. They were given me in answer to prayer and a great deal more, and I here say to all who may chance to read this, *be faithful to God and your covenants and he will not hide from you the rich treasures of heaven. Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.*



Original Phineas W. Cook journal, p. 74 (Image 127)

The year 1854, the 23rd day of January, I had a son born whom (Ann Eliza) called Vulcum because this name was given his mother in a dream before he was born. He lived until the 28th day of October of the same year and died of Cholera Infantum.



Phineas W. Cook Family Record Church History Library MS 6974 Vulcum b.
January 23, 1854

In the spring of 1854, I was called by [Brigham Young] to superintend the building of his big house [Lion House].

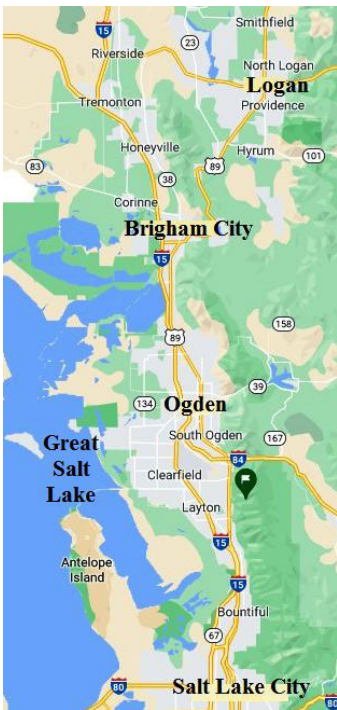
He gave me some directions and told me to go ahead and make the drawings and carry out the work. I had no joiners guide

Salt Lake City, Families
Sealed

Endowment and Sealing
Tuesday, April 5, 1851:
Phineas Wolcott Cook, Born
August 28, 1819, Goshen,
Litchfield, Connecticut to Ann
Eliza Howland Cook, Born
June 23, 1823, Stillwater,
Saratoga, New York. Sealed
by Ezra T. Benson at 3:20 p.m.
(FHL Special Collections film
183,383, p. 7).

Sealing on 18 December
1853: Phineas Wolcott Cook
to Amanda Savage, born York
District, Upper Canada 23
August 1836; and Catherine
McCleve, born Belfast Ireland
14 January 1837. Sealed by
Ezra T. Benson (FHL Special
Collections film 183,393,
#1409).

Phineas Wolcott Cook sealed
to his three wives again March
28, 1856 in the Endowment
House. Sealed by Heber C.
Kimball with J.M. Grant,
W.W. Phelps and F. Kessler
as witnesses (FHL Special
Collections film Vol. B1, FHL
183,394).



Logan is 85 miles from Salt Lake City and 40 miles From Rich County (Googlemaps)

The Edmunds Act Still A Threat

“On 22 August 1882 President Chester A. Arthur signed into law the Edmunds Act. As a result, Phineas W. Cook moved his family to Logan. There he helped build the Logan Temple providing finish carpentry work. The Temple was dedicated in 1884. By 1886, nearly every settlement in Utah had been raided by Federal Marshals” (Edwin Brown Firmage and Richard Collin Mangrum, *Zion in the Courts*, University of Illinois Press, 2002, p. 169).

fence, adjacent to and west of what is now Crocket Avenue, and south of Canyon Road.”

Moses stated: “[Father] moved us to Logan where he built a shingled roof, frame house for us. While we lived in Logan Father worked at his carpenter trade and did some farming on shares.” His family remembered he was involved in finishing the temple. As a member of the Bear Lake Stake, he may have come to Logan during earlier years when the temple was being built because the Stake had the opportunity to participate in building assignments. But now he lived there, he became involved to a greater extent. At that time carpenters were being called to do the finishing work, the windows were being installed and the final painting and carpenter work done, exactly the jobs Phineas could do best.

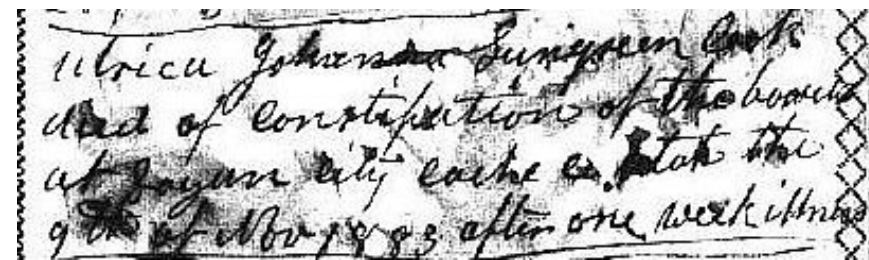
August J. Hansen of Logan Fifth Ward, which was also the ward the Cooks attended, recalled: “In 1882 skilled carpenters were called to begin the finishing work, and I was hired for two dollars a day for ten hours work. I began doing bench work, planing the native white pine lumber for casings and baseboards...and rough timbering in the east tower.” He described building and installing windows in the summer of 1883. Idalia’s daughter Eva wrote “During the years 1883-84, Grandfather used his skill as a builder and carpenter to help in building the temple. After the temple was completed Grandfather and Grandmother worked to bring salvation to their ancestors. They were both very strong in their faith in the Gospel and very devoted workers in the Church.”

Grandmother Ulrika Cook continued to be with the family during all of their moves and travels. None of it was easy for her, and she died November 9, 1883 at Logan a few months before the temple



The original Logan Temple with its beautiful architecture (ldspioneerarchitecture.blogspot.com)

was completed. Johanna’s granddaughter Eva Covey Madsen wrote of Ulrika’s death: “Great-grandmother Ulrika Lundgren passed away November 9, 1883 and was buried in the Logan City Cemetery.” She had been in Utah with Johanna’s family only four years, but they were very happy years. Johanna’s second son Moses was born in 1880, and he was always known as “grandma’s boy.” As a toddler he learned to speak to her in Swedish and to the others in English. A little over one year after Ulrika died, on February 11, 1885 little Omer died and was buried beside his Grandmother Lundgren.



Ulrika Johanna Lundgren Cook Died at Logan City, Cache, Utah 9 Nov. 1883 (Ch Hist Lib MS 6974)

The family lived in a temporary house they called “the shanty” until their father was able to finish building another. Josinette Cook Whiting gave us her father Carl’s description and sketch of their final Logan home: “This is a sketch of his home in Logan, from memory. The shanty at the south side of the main house was of lumber, and the main house was concrete. There were four rooms and a pantry on the ground floor, with bedrooms upstairs. There was a cellar under part of the house where fruit, milk, and vegetables were kept. The well was about 25 feet deep, and had the old style sweep, as indicated. The Canyon Road ran along the north. Carl was ten years old when they left, and the Agricultural College was being built.”

Phineas was able to find work in Logan, but he barely provided a roof over their heads and food on the table. The children had memories of strict economy. Carl reported if they ever had molasses it was diluted with water to make it go further. Wheat and flour were



Carl’s sketch of the house built by his father south of the Logan Temple in Logan Hollow. West of Crocket Ave, South of Canyon Rd. (Life Story of Carl Cook p. 21a)

expensive so the family ate a lot of potatoes and were urged to “Go sparingly on the bread.” Phineas kept a cow so there was usually milk and sometimes butter. In the spring the children would gather

Temple Dedication

“The cornerstones were laid on Sept. 17, 1877, and [the temple was dedicated] on May 17, 1884. Thousands of Latter-day Saints assembled in Logan from all parts of Utah, Idaho and other places. Saints from Bear Lake Stake had also contributed both means and labor on the temple. Contributions had come in from all parts of the world. This was the second temple to be dedicated since the church had come to Utah, the first being in St. George. President John Taylor delivered the dedicatory prayer, and the service was repeated on two consecutive days so all could attend” (Nolan P. Olsen, *Logan Temple: The First 100 Years*, 1978, pp. 102-103, 141).



Ann Eliza was buried with Hyrum's babies on one side And Amanda on the other.

Ann Eliza Cook

Ann Eliza Cook said, a few days before her death, that through all her suffering, hardships and sacrifices for the Gospel, she had never wanted to go back. She was kind, well-educated and spoke perfect English. She was a good nurse and endured patiently. She died 18 May 1896 in Garden City" (Edith Parker Haddock, History of Bear Lake Pioneers, DUP, Bear Lake County Company, FHL book 979.644 D3).



Amanda is buried next to Ann Eliza In the Garden City Cemetery (Courtesy Marcia Marshall)

dear babes for which I was very thankful. The things in the house were divided the same afternoon that she was buried, each one of the children and grandchildren getting a keepsake and all the things that any of them had ever given her were given them back again."

Her son Alonzo simply said of her: "I have never heard guile out of my mother's lips. She is a peace maker of the first order, a walking dictionary, and an all-around angel of a woman." His son Alonzo L. Cook recorded her suffering at the last "with pain in her leg and weight of her body. She suffered in her feelings seriously from grandfather's taking a fourth wife and asking her to divorce in order to marry legally." However, there was no legal divorce. Phineas simply did what the law required him to do by dividing his property and leaving his first wives. His court hearing in September of 1888 proved Ann Eliza and Amanda were legally still his wives. When the law threatened to continue pursuing him after his prison time, he finally left Utah to protect himself.

The statement, however, is a clue to the pain they experienced and the sense of undeserved rejection these women felt. Knowing that God will make all things right sometimes does not make life any easier.

Through all her sorrow, Ann Eliza's testimony never faltered. Her daughter Harriet Teeple was widowed in 1884, and drove a wagon back 1,000 miles from southern Arizona to Garden City to be with her mother. After Ann Eliza's death Harriet wrote of the "hardships, trials, poverty, and almost starvation" her mother had endured as she bore sixteen children. She witnessed her mother's final testimony at the Relief Society Meeting held in her home: "Although she was very sick, she stood upon her feet and told the sisters of her many sacrifices and sufferings for the Gospel's sake, but thru them all she had never wanted to go back 'for I know the gospel is true,' and prayed the Lord to bless the sisters in their work and bade them all goodbye. She died before another meeting day."

Amanda's Death

Phineas' second wife Amanda Polly passed away nineteen years later, just short of her 79th birthday. Her daughter Mary Rosalia lost her husband Hyrum McCann in 1910 and took a house in Garden City to be near her mother. Roselia said, "[Mother] often said that her blessing came true; for it said her last days would be her best days. And as she lived with people in Garden City, it was truly so. When she was no longer able to nurse [Mother] sold her home and lived with her daughter. She died at her daughter [Roselia's] home on July 15, 1915, being ill only four days and lacking only one month and eight days of being seventy-nine years old. She left a vacancy in that home, and in the hearts of the children and her daughter that was never quite filled."



Amanda Polly Savage Cook
Born August 23, 1836 at Ontario, Canada
Died July 15, 1915 at Garden City, Utah

Amanda had served others her whole life. She was often away from home staying with someone who was sick or attending to a new mother. She became famous for her service only once: On April 7, 1893 Amanda delivered a baby at the temple dedication in Salt Lake City, and her service there was widely published. When she died her son David had moved to Meadowville, but was nearby, and her daughter ^IMary Roselia gave Amanda the final service of caring for her to the end. "She was a great lover of children and young folks, and enjoyed her daughter's large family to the utmost. She especially liked to hear the boys when they did their nightly orchestra practice, and was never too sick or tired to listen to music. In fact one of her last requests was to have the door open so she could listen to that lovely music."

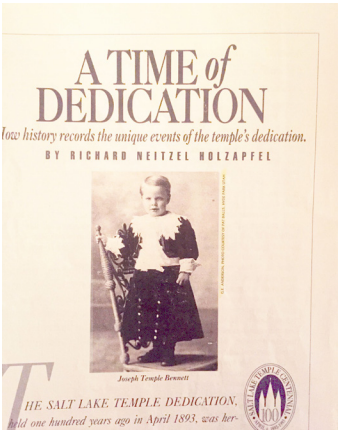
Amanda and Ann Eliza stayed best friends to the end of their lives. In fact, they are buried next to each other in the Garden City Cemetery. Amanda was Ann Eliza's Relief Society Counselor, but was also very busy, spending sometimes weeks with a family who needed a nurse or midwife. Ann Eliza's diary records much of Amanda's loving service—sometimes for weeks at a time. In May of 1894 Amanda returned from the winter in Ham's Fork where her daughter Roselia lived. Roselia and two others needed a midwife, and Amanda was there to help. Ann Eliza reported Amanda's son David went to bring her home, after which she went that month to Woodruff where Henry Cook's wife was having a baby.

That summer Amanda became very ill with Cholera Morbus, but recovered, and was with Rosalia in Ham's Fork again for the winter. She was back in Garden City helping Harriet's daughter-in-law Sadie Teeple the next April, staying with her and getting rides to church with Sadie's husband Dolph. On Easter in 1895 Amanda was at Fish Haven taking care of Edwin Stock's wife during a very sick spell.

On July 23, 1895 Ann Eliza told of Mrs. Mitchell of Idaho Falls who came to Garden City "in the Interest of the Woman's Temperance Union of Idaho." She had made friends with Amanda and was there for dinner when David let them use his buggy to travel to Laketown so Mrs. Mitchell could lecture there. "She told the girls about the evils of waltzing and kindred evils, how easy it was to be led away, and there were many being caught in their toils all the time. Warned them to beware." In December of that year Ann Eliza recorded going to Amanda's for dinner and a visit. Two weeks later Amanda was back in Fish Haven "nursing in sickness Edwin Stock's wife through confinement." A week later Amanda was still there helping Sister Stock who had "taken a backset." And a week after that she was getting ready to help "a sick woman over in Bear River," which was many miles away.

Ann Eliza's diary ended when she died in May of 1896, having received help from Amanda in her final sickness. Her record of Amanda's service covered only two years, but unquestionably was multiplied many times through the years. Amanda was also honored in September of 1913 at Paris, Idaho. She was presented the Utah Semi-Centennial Pioneer Jubilee Gold Medal for being a pioneer of 1847, and walking across the plains.

That may have been her first sacrifice, but throughout her life, Amanda was committed to changing the world, one good deed at a time.



One published source for Amanda's service was *A Time of Dedication*

In the whole of existence, Emma Bennett of Provo, Utah, was in her last month of pregnancy. She arrived early to stand in line as nearly 2,500 Saints waited at the gates of the Temple Block. When ushered into the building, the patient Saints had their first opportunity to see the beautifully completed interior. They followed a predetermined course through the Temple up to the large assembly floor where the special meeting was to be conducted. In the same group of Saints, another sister, Amanda P. Savage Cook, a midwife from Garden City, Utah, noticed the young pregnant woman. As they conversed, Sister Bennett confided in Sister Cook that "maybe she should not have come." Emma admitted that she had been "so anxious to be at the dedication that she had taken the chance." The experienced and kind mid-wife assured Emma that if "she should need any help, she should call for her and she would help."

A page from the book *A Time Of Dedication*, with a report of Amanda P. Cook helping to deliver a baby at the Salt Lake Temple Dedication