



Phineas Wolcott Cook NEWSLETTER

FAMILY ORGANIZATION

NOVEMBER, 2003

THE TOOTHACHE

**A Chapter from the book
*Family Fireside Stories
Of Phineas, Book II***

Harvest was such a busy time for Phin (Phineas Wolcott Cook), he hardly had time to think. Since his Pa had come to Michigan he had been sick much of the time, and now it seemed he would never have his old strength back.

Wherever he was, Phin seemed to be able to come back to the farm in Richland to help get his Pa's crops in and fill the barns for the winter. Without his help, Phineas and Irene will be ill prepared for the year. Phin made sure they did not suffer.

They had wheat and barley fields, and grew corn for the animals. Then he spent much of the winter clearing woods for farm land, building and repairing fences, rebuilding and remodeling the house, and taking care of the animals. For his pains, Phin was usually kicked out of the house in the spring for not having enough initiative to get out on his own and make his own way.

But he endured it because he felt a responsibility to help his aging parents. His other siblings had gone elsewhere in Michigan, but Phin and Ann Eliza continued to return to help them.

One of the inevitable responsibilities was shucking tons of corn for feed. It wasn't much later that someone invented a machine to do it; but in 1845 Phin had to do it alone.

Hour after hour, day after day he sat in the barn and pulled husks off dry corn cobs until he probably wished to be someplace else.

That November he also suffered with the toothache. Even as a child he had been afflicted with toothaches, but no one knew what to do about it, so they did nothing. Over the years he had learned to endure it, but one day while he was shucking corn the pain became almost unbearable.

Hour after hour he continued working, feeling the side of his face occasionally to see if it was swelling up twice its normal size. By afternoon he didn't know what to do. The pain was so miserable he knew he wouldn't sleep that night. And what about the next day?

Suddenly he heard a voice in his own head. It wasn't an audible voice, but he heard it as clearly as if someone were standing next to him: "What church do you belong to?"

The question was so clear, so penetrating, he answered out

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Guy R. Cook

Dear P.W. Cook Family Members

As we approach the holiday season, we hope the holidays will be a blessing and joy for each of you.

Several of the brethren who spoke at the October General Conference encouraged parents and grandparents to make a concerted effort to help their children and grandchildren learn more about those relatives who have gone before them. Good approaches are to read from personal journals, biographies, autobiographies and anecdotal stories and display old photos. The more we know about our forebears the more we will feel connected to them.

Please send us your experiences in helping your children and grandchildren learn more about their forebears, and we will publish as many of them as we can in the Spring 2004 newsletter.

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With Your Help We Can Find...

Daniel Cook served seven years in the Revolutionary War, and it killed him at the age of 48. The privation, hunger, cold and sickness, broke his health before he could receive any kind of recognition for his sacrifice. When rolls were reconstructed in 1838, his name was left out. When pensions were offered in 1818 and 1832, he was long gone. When the D. A.R. assembled its rosters, Daniel Cook was forgotten.

Until we can document his service, he will continue to be forgotten. It will take many hours of reading to find what we're looking for. This is a mystery waiting for the punch line, and you can help write it.

The First Clue:

In May 1776, one year after the shots fired at Lexington and Concord, a drummer and fifer marched through Goshen, Connecticut, followed by a gathering crowd of boys and dogs up hills and down roads. Finishing at the town square opposite the church, they stopped suddenly. "The militia needs volunteers," shouted the officer to the men and boys gathered on the square. "The British are planning to gather their forces at the New York harbor, and we must have more soldiers to head them off. Who will help in the cause of the Thirteen Colonies?"

Fifty men and a few mature-looking teen age boys marched out of Goshen with them that day. No names were taken. No rosters were recorded. No background or birth certificate checks were done. Each one simply marched out with his clothes and bedding in a pack on his back and didn't stop until the motley assemblage reached Norwalk. From there they were ferried to the New York island where they stayed in local houses where some were met by General George Washington who read the Declaration of Independence to them.

A month later a second call was

made to Goshen and those few still remaining in town also marched to New York City. Over the next few months these Goshen farmers-turned-soldier experienced periodic warfare as they engaged the British soldiers in the orchards and roads, and across rock walls and over streams. Often suffering from mistaken identity as the Hessian soldiers began to arrive, these Goshen soldiers recorded almost identical experiences as those remembered by Phineas Wolcott Cook in his journal account of his grandfather Daniel Cook.

Was Daniel there? We know he enlisted about that time because he had suffered many conflicts before 1778 when the French became American allies. It isn't difficult to assume, in his fifteenth year, his blood began to boil at the sound of fife and drum, and he marched off with his friends and family. Neighbors Isaac Baldwin, Seth North, Joseph Norton, Timothy Buell, Joseph Bartholomew, Medad Norton, and future brother-in-law Joel Gaylord marched out of town that day. All were about Daniel's age. It isn't likely he stayed home.

The Second Clue:

A man named Daniel Cook enlisted in the Massachusetts 3rd Regiment. Also in that regiment were soldiers named Amasa and Moses Cook, brothers of Daniel. Were they the brothers in our Cook family? It is already known his brother Amasa enlisted both in a Goshen regiment and in a Berkshire, Massachusetts regiment with his Uncle Philip Cook, just north of Goshen. A study of the 3rd Regiment may produce proof this was our family.

You could help us find Daniel Cook's Revolutionary War history from your own home. All you need are:

- A library (either a large or univer-

sity library or one that will borrow books through the inter-library loan system)

- Or a local family history library
- An interest in the most interesting subject in American history
- A little bit of time (No one has a lot of time)

See the website under "Research" for specific films and books to search, or contact Glen McMillan at MCStar@Mstar2.net

Cook Family Web Site Updated at cookfamily.org

UPDATE – COOK FAMILY WEBSITE cookfamily.org website

Good things are happening on the Cook Family Organization website. We have several new projects under way including the availability of Phineas' diary online and an introduction to Phineas' history that is geared especially to children. We will also be adding more histories to the site. These histories are short and very interesting to read. To find out about these enhancements when they happen, visit the website and sign up to be notified via email when enhancements to the website are made.

If you have histories, pictures of historical sites, or any other type of information that you would like to see on the website, feel free to send it to us.

We need your help! If you have skills in HTML, PHP-MySQL, or web design, and you have some time to volunteer, contact Randy Cook at randy@cookfamily.org

LEAVING MICHIGAN BEHIND

A Chapter from the book *Family Fireside Stories* *Of Phineas, Book II*

It was the morning of May 4th, 1846, the day Phin and Ann Eliza had made up their minds to leave Michigan. Salmon and Eliza, red-eyed from her disappointment not to be going, were there to say good-by. Ann Eliza had packed their clothes; their bedding was carefully laid out in the back. All was ready for their food supply stored in the barn to be put into the wagon.

Phin backed the wagon to the barn door to load it more easily. Phineas and Irene stood at the doorway with arms folded across their chests, waiting for the response. It didn't take long.

"Pa, Ma, where are my tean bushels of wheat I stored in the corner of the barn?"

"That was my wheat," replied Phineas. "You had no part of it."

"I had no part of it except that I plowed and planted, harvested and reaped, bagged and stored it at your insistence. You gave me that wheat in payment for a year's work for you. Where is it?"

"It's gone," said Irene, going into the house.

Phin looked at his Pa. "It's gone? Where is it, Pa? You wouldn't steal food from your own grandchildren's mouths, would you? Surely you know that if I'm traveling all summer I'll have no harvest and nothing to eat next winter. Don't take my wheat from me."

Phineas turned into the house also. Soon Phin had discovered that his water keg and other saved items were missing. Without those things, a long trip through wilderness and desert would be dangerous, if not impossible.

"Pa, please don't do this to me. Surely you must know that I'll go anyway. You can't stop me. You'll only make us miserable and perhaps we'll starve because of it."

"Just stay here, son. Without your

help, I'll never be able to get in a harvest. Please stay with your old Pa and help him."

Phin went outside and stood beside his wagon. What was right? What should he do? If he left he would be putting his family and his father's family in jeopardy. If he stayed he would be putting his own family's eternal welfare at stake. He looked at Salmon who was deciding to leave the church for his land and possessions. It wasn't worth it."

"Good bye Pa and Ma. I love you and wish we could part on better terms. May the Lord bless you while I'm gone."

Irene was fixed to the floor, her face showing no tenderness, but Phineas softened. Walking to the wagon where Phin was adjusting a harness, he pulled a five-dollar piece from his pocket. Here, son, you'll need this. And there's a 50-pound sack of flour in the barn. Take that."

Suddenly, even Salmon wavered. "I'll walk to the Corners with you," he said, and as the wagon began to move out of the yard, he fell into line with Phin.

Eliza rushed over to give him one last embrace, her eyes overflowing with grief. "Don't stay too long," warned Phin. "Come to Zion even if you have to come alone."

"Don't worry. He'll be back to winter," said Phineas from the doorway.

"I'm afraid this is the last time I'll ever see you," said Phin. "Goodbye."

The wagon moved slowly out of the yard and down the road. It passed the neighbors' houses and moved out of sight. Slowly it turned on the road to Gull Corners, but Phin's heart stayed back home with his Ma and Pa. It was as if this were a dream and he wasn't really living it. He talked to Salmon about common things, but there was no recollection of what they said because his heart was gone.

For that brief time, all he could think about were his parents, how they would miss him and how they would suffer at

harvest without him. The many times they had been disagreeable and abusive seemed to melt in his memory. His feet kept moving one in front of the other, but his spirit was suffering.

At last they had reached the corners. Phin didn't remember getting there, and Salmon's parting words were as a distant voice speaking to someone else at another place. Here were the best people Phin and Ann Eliza knew, and they were leaving for a people who had a bad reputation whom they knew not.

For the first time, Phin began to doubt his decision. Every part of him wanted to turn back to the known and the comfortable, to turn away from what lay ahead which was unseen and unsettling.

He hesitated a moment, and then remembered the peace and surety he had felt as he worked toward their goal of leaving. How many times had he felt the Spirit helping him, standing behind him all the way? He couldn't turn away from that now, no matter how hard it was to leave.

"Goodbye Salmon." The words seemed to come from Phin's mouth by some other power. His feet turned to the south almost by magic beyond his own will. "God bless you Salmon and all that you have

ORDERS NOT RECEIVED

We have had some problems with the shipment of orders during the past year. If any of you have not received any items that you have ordered and paid for, please let us know. We think that we have taken care of all of the orders, but have heard that some have not received them. Please let us know if you are still missing anything that you have ordered.

The President's Message

(Continued from page 1)

It became apparent to us, as we gathered updated information for the recently published descending pedigree chart, that the further removed in generations family members are from Phineas W. Cook and his wives there is generally less interest in their forebears. It is a challenge for parents and grandparents; however, the potential results will be well worth the effort.

La Mar Day requested to be released as vice president of family units, and he was released with a vote of appreciation at the September annual meeting for his many years of devoted service. La Mar had surgery (successful), and his calling as a bishop is very demanding of his time. Thank you, La Mar. We would not have made it this far without your many years of dedicated service.

La Mar has requested to become parliamentarian after the end of 2003 and work to update our by-laws and procedures. He will also be a consultant to us to share his many years of experience and knowledge of the Cook Family Organization.

You will notice on the P.W. Cook Family Order Form a new address in Springville, UT to send your orders and annual dues. Randy Cook, our webmaster, has graciously accepted the responsibility to hold the inventory, receive orders and mail the filled orders. Thank you, Randy, and we appreciate your willingness to take on this added responsibility.

Daniel Ditto, who lives in Centerville, was voted in as vice president of family units at the September annual meeting. Daniel is in the Ann Eliza Howland line, Child #3, Harriet Betsy Cook Teeples. Daniel has been active in the Organization for over a year, and he has worked with Randy Cook to develop the website. Daniel, we appreciate your willingness to assume this new responsibility.

We have a new treasurer. He is Paul C. Porter who lives in Bountiful. Paul's career was in accounting. Paul is in the Ann Eliza Howland line, Child #14, William Cook. Welcome to being an officer of the Organization, Paul. We appreciate your willingness to serve.

Randy Cook, Webmaster, wrote an article for this newsletter to give us an update on further enhancements to the website. I encourage you to read his article and use the website frequently. This is a good way

to interest children and grandchildren in learning more about their forebears.

Please contact me anytime by telephone (801) 281-8925 or e-Mail at guy@cookfamily.org. We would like to hear from more of you and receive your input.

We are still in need of a secretary. See the separate announcement in this newsletter. We encourage somebody to step forward to fill this important position.

The publications and CD's we have available to order can make wonderful Christmas gifts. The CD's, especially, can be an excellent introduction to the forebears of your children and grandchildren. We encourage you to read the order form (in this newsletter) for gift purchases as you prepare your gift lists.

Sincerely, your president

Guy R. Cook

Corrections to Be Sent

We have discovered an error in the Descending Pedigree Chart Book (DPC) which resulted in duplicate numbering on pages 3 and 4 of the DPC. A replacement sheet will be sent to all who have received the DPC whether in book or CD format. We apologize for the inconvenience and realize that we are not as perfect as we thought we were, ha ha. We appreciate your interest in the family organization and the services that we can provide.

Anecdote From the Family

Anecdote submitted by Venna Buttars, family representative for Ann Eliza Howland line, child #14, William Cook:

I was working on the computer when my three year old grandson, who just had his birthday, look at the chart of the relationship to the presidents. He asked me how Seth (my son) got on the chart. I told him I had laminated his picture on to show the relationship. He asked me why we had our heads cut off. I said that I had cropped them on the computer for the chart. He thought for a minute and, pointing to the computer, said "are your legs still in there, Mama Buttars?"

The Team

A Chapter from the book *Family Fireside Stories* *Of Phineas, Book II*

Phin was even now more certain that he must go with the Saints than he had been before. He didn't know how he would earn money for a team, but knew nothing would stop him.

All of this weighing heavily on his mind, he spoke to his sister's husband Salmon. "We both have built a wagon to go with the Saints," he said. "The grass is greening and it's time to leave; but I have no team. Perhaps you'll have to go alone and I'll wait until later to bring my family after I've found a team."

Salmon lowered his head and looked at his shoes. "My wagon may be ready," he said, "but I still have no team, and I'm not ready. There are things that need to be settled about my land. Eliza wants to go now, but I've changed my mind.

"Land isn't worth it, Salmon. Get rid of that land and leave now. The Lord will bless you for the sacrifice. My Pa can sell it for you after you've gone if you don't sell it before. Leave now while you can still get away."

"That's just the thing, Phin. Land *is* worth it. I found a piece of land up north I want to buy too. This is too good to pass up. I just can't leave it all. I thought to buy a team of oxen in the beginning, but now I've changed my mind and I'm buying that piece of land instead."

"Then my poverty is a blessing," said Phin. "Because I have nothing to leave and no desire to stay."

"You must go," said Salmon. "I have watched you suffer through Babylon long enough."

"You're right, If I don't go now, I know I'll never get away. I don't know how, but I believe the Lord will help me provide a team for my wagon. I've done everything I can do. Now I'll plan to leave and let the Lord provide the rest."

Salmon looked at his fields and barn and took a deep breath. "Write me when you get to Kansas and let me know how the saints are. I find I worry that they are as bad as the reports we hear, and I have lost my desire to be with them. Write me and tell me how the saints are, Phin."

"I fear you are losing your testimony of the gospel, Salmon. Please change your mind."

"I won't change my mind. I'm staying. Eliza is heartbroken, but I'm not coming."

Phin walked home through the fields, still brown and stubbly from last year's harvest but with shoots of green emerging. He thought of Salmon's decision to stay in Michigan to keep his land and his security. And he thought of his fine new wagon sitting out in the yard at his father's house with no team to pull it. "It was a miracle we were able to finish that wagon. The Lord wouldn't carry me this far without finishing the job," he said under his breath. "I know I'll find a way to get with the saints."

Ann Eliza was waiting for him when he arrived back home. "What did you find out?" she asked. "Are they ready? Did they find a team yet?"

"They're not coming," said Phin sadly. "Eliza wants to come, but Salmon has changed his mind. He wants to keep his land, and has decided to buy more land up north instead of buying a team for his wagon. I fear he'll lose his testimony for it. If we don't make sacrifices for the cause of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we won't be worthy to have the spirit with us. I, for one, would like to leave tomorrow."

"I too know we'll find a way," said Ann Eliza. "I'm so certain, I've already begun to pack our things in the wagon. In a few days I'll be ready."

"I'll get ready too," said Phin. "I feel as if the Lord will provide when we've done all we can do."

The next morning he began packing bedding into his wagon which was parked in the yard. Irene stepped out of the house and looked shocked. "Why, Phin, do my eyes deceive me or do I see you carrying your bedding out to that wagon? Why, I declare it looks as if you think you're goin' someplace after all."

Phin swallowed all the pride in his whole body with a big gulp. "Ma, I have to have faith something will happen. I've done all I can do. From now on it's up to the Lord."

She broke out in peals of laughter. "Josiah, Josiah, come out here and see this boy." In the doorway stood Phin's uncle Josiah Churchill whom he had not seen since he was a boy in Goshen. "You've come all the way from Canada to see this family. Now look at this boy. He has built himself a wagon and thinks he can find a team to pull it so he can go out to the west. Can you believe such a thing?"

Josiah stood in the doorway and produced a great big smile. Slowly he walked to his sister and put his arm around her. "Come here, Irene," he said. "Come to the corral and look at what I have brought with me from Canada."

Fascinated, Phin followed them, a bystander in an unfolding drama. Josiah led Irene to the corral behind the barn where she could see a pair of fine black oxen. "Why what are these, Josiah? Whatever are they for?"

"They're for my nephew," he said, looking at Phin with a twinkle in his eyes. "I gave fine wedding gifts to your other children, but have given nothing to Phin since his wedding several years ago. These oxen are my wedding gift to him."

Irene's eyes widened in horror. "No, Josiah, No. Don't give that to Phin. That's the worst wedding gift you could have given him. Give them to me."

Phin stepped up to the fence where his uncle was

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MANTI GRIST MILL

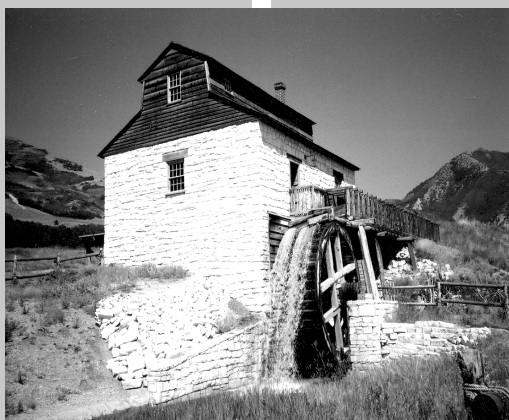
In August 1849 Brigham Young asked Phineas W. Cook to go to Manti to build a grist mill for the people of that area. On page 61-63 of his diary he records: "In the month of August Br. Brigham visited San Pete and found the people in want of a mill for grinding their grain. He came home and told me that he had made choice of me to go and build them a mill. He proposed to furnish the stones and the cash articles and I and father Morley was to do the work and we were to each own ½ of it in co. I was ready to do any thing to suit him. Let it be what it might. I got ready and put off the day that I was 30 years old. We were 10 days on the road."

"We found on our arrival at Manti City all of Walkers and Aropeans bands of Utah Indians numbering from 3 to 4 hundred souls. The day after a little fray took place which came near exciting a war, one of the band by the name of Ammon stole a few potatoes from Joseph S. Alen. He was angry with him and struck him and knocked him down with his fist. This made them all mad and they wanted to fight and they were preparing for it by sharpening their knives and arrows on every sand stone that could be found, but a council was called and they were pacified by giving them an ox which belonged to Brother Alen. I went to work and put up a stone cabin and got my family into it. After I had made my business known to the people I sat to work as fast as I could getting out timber in the Kenyon, with one man to help me by the name of Wm. Black. We got the timber out and then the brethren turned out and helped to haul it and frame it. The frame was



partly up as we bought a place in the mouth of the kenyon at Manti where there had been shingles made. We gave \$350.00 for it. I got the mill runing so that we could grind without bolting the 25th day of December. I kept at work and ground the grain as fast as it came. I worked early and late to accomplish my mission. I soon got the bolt to going, and then I was calld on to build a sawmill for Charles Shumway. I gave him his bills of timber and lumber and plan for his frame work. He wanted me to put the frame together but I was counceled to let it alone for father Morley said I had all that my strength could bear up under. So that part I did not do but after that was done I went and put in the gearing for him. It was a good mill and run well and cut fast and strong."

The original mill was destroyed. However, a replica of the Manti mill has been built on the east side of the "This Is The Place" Utah State Park in Salt



Lake City. Some artifacts from the original mill, including one of the burrs (millstone) are housed in the mill replica. Two pictures of the mill are included here.

Leaving Michigan Behind

(Continued from page 3)

from this time forth and forever."

As those words came from his lips, Phin suddenly felt the power of the Holy Ghost descend on him. Never again did he doubt. Whatever happened in the future, he knew God was with him, urging him onward to be with the Saints. There would be times when the Spirit would not be as strong, but the memory was there. The power had been with him, and he would never forget it.

He would never doubt again.

The Team

(Continued from page 5)

standing. "Uncle Josiah, I don't know how you thought of it, but that's the best gift anyone has ever given me." He gave his uncle a hearty handshake. "I thank you with all my heart."

"It's my pleasure, my boy. I have nothing against the Mormons. In fact, I have known some fine people who went with the Mormons, and I wish you well."

Josiah turned to Irene. "Now let's go have that breakfast you were telling me about."

Irene was glued to the fence.

It wasn't until the next day when Phin announced he was ready to leave that she had fully recovered. He could plan to leave if he wanted, but a plan was formulating in her mind. It was her last chance.

P.W. COOK FAMILY ORDER FORM

All prices include postage

The following items are available for your use and enjoyment from the

Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization

467 West 2400 South, Bountiful, Utah 84010

Web Page: WWW.CookFamily.org

New items:

1. Three Family Descending Pedigree Book @ \$45.00 _____
2. Three Family Descending Pedigree CD @ \$10.00 _____
3. Amanda P. Savage Descending Pedigree Book \$10.00 _____
4. Amanda P. Savage Descending Pedigree CD \$5.00 _____
5. Triumph of Testimony @ \$37.50 _____
6. Cook Family Archive on CD \$10.00 _____

Other Items:

7. P. W. Cook Diary _____ copies @ _____ = _____
Single copies - \$7.00 each, 2-6 copies - \$6.00 each
 8. Video (42 minutes) on the Life of P. W. Cook \$15.00 _____
7-12 copies - \$5.00 each
 9. Cook Ancestral Tour Guides \$6.00 each (4 or more \$5.00 each) _____
Goshen & Litchfield Co., Connecticut _____
Wallingford, Connecticut _____ Salem, Massachusetts _____
State of New York _____ State of Utah _____
 10. Family Fireside Stories - Book I \$9.00 _____
Family Fireside Stories - Book II \$9.00 _____
PAF 3.0 Diskette of 65 verified Ancestor _____
Families 3 1/2" diskette \$6.00 _____
- Discount: 20% discount on all item above if 2003 Dues
have been paid or accompany this order Less ()
ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

11. Organizational Dues (Suggested Donation - \$20.00 per Family - Tax Deductible)

12. Donations for Family Research (Tax Deductible) _____
Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Line _____
Ann Eliza Howland Family Line _____
Amanda Polly Savage Family Line _____
Catherine McCleave Family Line _____
Johanna Christine Poulson Family Line _____
Other: Web Site, equipment, etc. _____

Total Paid

I would be willing to work on the following committees:

- | | |
|--|---|
| _____ Family History Committee | _____ Research Committee |
| _____ Record Verification Committee | _____ Family Web-Master for Web-Site |
| _____ Typing Histories - Word Processing | _____ Illustrator |
| _____ Newsletter/Mailing Committee | _____ Distribution Committee |
| _____ Finance Manager | _____ Secretary/Treasurer - urgently needed |

Name _____ Telephone # _____

E-mail address: _____

The Toothache...

(Continued from page 1)

loud: "I belong to the Mormons."

Here was the voice again, so clear it penetrated through his whole being: "Why, they believe in miracles, don't they?"

"Yes," said he, "I believe they do."

"Well then, why don't you try the medicine yourself?"

Phin had never thought of the fact that the Lord can heal body and spirit. For some reason he forgot that even a being as insignificant as a young farmer shucking corn in his father's barn was deserving of the Lord's blessing.

Pushing aside the growing pile of yellow and brown corn cobs, he knelt in the quiet of the barn. "Father in Heaven, I'm suffering the worst way with a toothache. Thou knowest I have suffered with this toothache for many years, but

tonight it seems the worst. If it be thy will, take this pain from me so that I might continue to do work for my father and leave him with the food he needs for the coming year."

He stood up from his prayer and simply continued to peel off husks. He wasn't aware when it happened, but slowly the pain began to go away. By the time he was finished and ready to go in for supper, his tooth no longer ached. There was no question in his mind how the toothache had gone.

The Lord's healing is better than man's. The toothache never did return, and Phin never forgot that one night in a barn in Michigan, the hand of the Lord reached down and touched a man who had recently taken on himself the name and errand of his Savior

ORGANIZATION NEEDS A SECRETARY

Help! Help! We need a secretary to:

1. Attend quarterly meetings (always on a Saturday morning in S. L.C.),
2. Take minutes of the meetings, distribute them and present them at the next meeting for approval,
3. Prepare a limited amount of correspondence, and
4. Assist the officers and directors to fulfill their responsibilities

This is an important position. If you live, ideally, in Salt Lake or Davis County, we hope somebody will step forward to assume this position. The position does not require a lot of time.

Phineas Wolcott Cook

Family Organization Newsletter
467 West 2400 South
Bountiful, UT 84010
July 2003

Return Address Requested

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