

Plot of Death for John Lowe Butler I.
(Father told this story to me)

I do not know if John Lowe Butler ~~III~~^{First} and Farozine were married at the time of this incident, but it was while the mobs were bad and they lived in either Kentucky or Tennessee. The elders were trying to get started there and were not having very good luck. The mob came to the home and by putting her ear to the keyhole she overheard them telling her Father they were going to ambush John on his way home from a meeting and kill him.

She dressed up like a man and went to intercept him. This was very unusual for a woman in those days. She lived on a plantation and was very much a lady, typical of a southern belle. She was successful in reaching him before the mob and he took a different route home, thus in all probability saving his life.

Father told me that his Mother Farozine had never combed her own hair before she was married, that she had a "Mammy" to do these things for her.

Alice Redd told me that at one time they were staying in the mountains at a Sawmill and one of the men had his thumb sawed off except for a piece of skin holding it on. Farozine got some pine gum to stick it together, and took a needle and thread and sewed it together. It healed and got well.

Someone told me that John Lowe Butler I lived a block and across the street from the Prophet Joseph Smith's home. I believe this is confirmed by information that Helen Dalton has.

The Prophet blessed my father when he was a baby, and the Prophet died about three months later.

John Lowe Butler I worked on the Navuoo temple, also Farozine made and sold table cloths to help build the Temple. I understand she was very artistic, and they had something similar to Oil cloth and she painted on them.

At one time it was cold and Emma the wife of Prophet Joseph Smith got word that the Prophet who was in jail needed bedding, so she went

over to Farozine and asked her if she could stack up her children together in bed and she would do the same and take some of the bedding to the Prophet, and thus they helped the prophet in his time of need.

At one time when John Lowe ~~XXXXXX~~ the First, was body guard, he was inspired by the Lord to go take the Prophet out of a locked jail. When he went to the jail he "just opened it" and there was no one there to interfere, and he took the Prophet out of the jail.

The prophet Joseph Smith blessed my Father when he was a baby, and the prophet died about 3 months later.

My Father told me of this faith promoting incident when his Father John Lowe Butler I left Missouri;

At the time that Grandfather John Lowe Butler I had the fight at the polls and had to go into hiding, word came to Grandmother they would have to rush and load up the most necessary things and get on the road. The mobs were coming to destroy them and their property, and they would be killed if they were not loaded up and on the move, so it was urgent to load up and moving, even if it was slow they felt they would leave them alone.

They sent Taylor ^{to get} the horses and she started to pack the most valuable things she had. They contacted an elderly couple across the street, the Smoots who had no team, so they would go together and Brother Smoot drive the Butler Wagon. Taylor came back with only one horse and said he had searched every place and he could not find the other horse, the gray mare. They continued to load up and he said they would start to pull out with the one horse if necessary and they would send him back to look some more. When Taylor came back without the mare, Grandmother said we will not start without family prayer. They knelt down in the middle of the rubble from digging things from the bureau drawers, and confusion of the hurried up pack job. They knelt down and prayed, she told the Lord her husband was in hiding and had to flee for their lives, and would he help them find the mare or make it possible for them to move what

they had packed. They needed this and they needed it badly. She said "Amen" and raised up with tears in her eyes and looked around the

house as much as to say goodbye to the best house she had since they were married. The bureau was something ~~so~~ few people had and it was hard to leave these precious possessions. When she raised up she heard the whinny at the gate, it was a time of rejoicing over finding the mare and they would be able to leave with a team. It was good to have something to rejoice about, and to have such a spiritual uplift at a time in their lives when it was so badly needed. This is a faith promoting part that was left out of the Journal that my Father told to us.