

Pioneer Sacrifice – 'Twas an early fall morning. The air was crisp and cold. The comforts of the improvised two rooms of log with earthen floor and roof were very few. Caroline Butler awakened after a night of restless anxiety. There were eleven hungry mouths to feed. For days their rations had been scanty. A little wild game had come to them occasionally from members of the camp, while the husband and father, with his teams and wagons assisted poorer Saints into Winter Quarters. The food in the larder was not sufficient to satisfy the needs for one meal of the hungry growing family. As the anxious mother placed the last scanty store of food upon the rough table, and urged her family to make preparations for their morning meal, her heart was full of entreaty to God to send help from some source that day.

As they were about to partake, an old Indian woman walked into the room and asked for bread. Caroline was conscious of her family's needs for food and of her own physical weakness from an almost utter lack of it, because she had given most of her portion to satisfy the hunger of her smaller children. "This is all we have," she answered, "but we will share it with you." The Indian woman partook and went her way. Not far away through the woods she had thriftily stored some food after the Indian fashion.

Caroline learned that day that bread cast upon the water to satisfy the hungry shall come back an hundred fold. This Indian grandmother for thus she was known from that day forth returned with sufficient dried buffalo meat and dried berries to stay the pangs of hunger until other supplies came. Many times during the three years' stay she came to that humble refuge sharing her own savings of food with her adopted family.

Poverty was the order of the day with these driven and much persecuted Latter-day Saints. As many were doing, this large family was planning the long journey westward without sufficient foot-wear and clothing, a consequence of the confiscation of their possessions and being driven from their homes.

Hearing that the journey to the mountains was soon to be continued, Grandmother Squaw determined to make heavy buckskin moccasins for each member of the family. After tedious weeks of labor all were finished and fitted with the exception of a pair for the mother. The spent extra time decorating this pair as a visible sign of her deep devotion. Early one morning, knowing the time for their departure was near, she approached the little log house only to find her loved ones gone. Almost overcome with disappointment and sorrow, she sat up an Indian wail and started to follow the wagon tracks.

Five miles the family had traveled that first day. After the campfires had burned low oxen cared for, and all the weary travelers were settled in their beds, an Indian wail was heard in the distance, growing louder as it came nearer. Grandmother Squaw had followed her new found family in order to present her last token of love before a final goodbye. With the moccasins she had brought a generous supply of dried pulverized venison in a pouch made from the stomach of a deer, and a sack of dried berries.