

My Father and Mother

By Olive Butler Smith
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When Father was working in the mountains and away from home he had something that could have been a very bad accident. But somehow it was avoided.

In the meantime mother had a feeling that things were not going right, and she prayed for them that day and wrote it down, and when he came home and told her of what almost happened, she checked what she had written down, and it was at the same time. When they compared notes they both knew the Spirit of the Lord had been with them, and that their prayers had been answered. This happened many times. I remember my parents talking about various incidents during their life time when the feeling of the need for faith and prayer for someone away from home would arise and they would pray for them, and their prayers were answered as the loved one away from home was helped through this faith.

One time Carrie was away from home and she took with appendicitis and there were very few people that lived at that time with this illness. Father was impressed that something was wrong. He began to get ready to go and by the time he got the word she was ill he was almost ready to go. He left with only part of the money needed for the trip and on his arrival had no extra money. He was not well as this was shortly before he died. On his arrival some of the church brethren were at the depot and saw him. They gave him money and help. He went to see Carrie and administered to her and she got well enough to come home to Richfield.

Sometime after father died, mother told me she dreamed she was out in the garden with father. They went out together into the corn and he would open the corn and show her that this part of the garden was not maturing good enough and that it needed more water.

She was impressed then that she should follow up with her letter writing to her children and to have the boys respect their priesthood. She felt that it meant that her children needed more attention and guidance in keeping them on the path of truth and righteousness. This was one thing that I had impressed upon me by my Father before he died. Knowing how he felt this made me more determined that I would keep myself the way Father wished me to be.

My Father seemed to be filled with the spirit and believed so strong in the spirits on the other side. When Sister Thurber was ill Mother sent her son, my brother Horace, who was a pal and deacon pal of Joe Thurber to help with anything they could do, and they sat up at night with her after she died. Mother felt so bad to think she had failed because she had not gone over to visit with Sister Thurber and told her more about her children and their spiritual growth. She felt that would be the first thing Father would ask Sister Thurber when she joined them in the spirit world. Mother was that converted to the spiritual maneuvers of the church.

My sister Jane and I were always so thrilled to have him come home. He never tired of having each of us on his knees. We would braid his whiskers, and he was always so happy to have us with him. Thinking of it now, I think he may have been tired and could have gotten tired of having two busy girls comb his hair, braid his whiskers and generally speaking clamoring over him. To Jane and I this was a real thrill to have him come home and have these times with him. If he came in the night and we awoke we could run and jump on the bed, racing to see who could get to him first.

When father would leave to go to the sheep and cattle camps he was always so concerned over the family that if there was any sickness he would always administer to them before he left.

I do know that John Lowe Butler II, my father was very prayerful and very concerned over any illness in the family. Every time mother had a baby he would break down and cry. When I was born father went running for the midwife. He stopped and knocked on the window

of his Sister's home and asked Aunt Farozine to run to his home at once, that mother was having a baby. Someone had told mother that if she would take a drink of hot coffee it would relax her, especially if she was not in the habit of drinking it; so she did, and the baby really started to come fast. The sister got there in time to deliver me, but the midwife didn't. So the story of my birth can be in this once sentence; I was born on an awful cold night, while my father was running for the midwife.

At the time the saints were being driven out of their homes at Nauvoo suffering from illness, my grandfather John Lowe Butler I, was one of the chosen twelve body guards of the Prophet Joseph Smith; He had a cape that the Prophet blessed, and told him to use it over the bed of the sick of his family. He had a large family and he was called many times to administer to the sick, and he hated to leave his family alone, so this cape was used as a protection to them in his absence.

This same cape was given to my Father and he used it over members of our family that were sick. Carrie was ill quite often and used it. I had frequent colds and childhood illnesses and I remember well that the cape was put over me many times. Father would put it over anyone that was ill, especially when he had to leave, and go over night to the ranch or in the mountains.

The last illness before Father died Father would sit in front of the fireplace with the cape draped over him. It was large and long, and almost circular. Father had dropsy and would even have to sit up in bed as he would get water in his lungs. In the evenings he would sit up and always wanted the cape draped around him. Sometimes he would lay his arms on some pillows and sleep for a while in his chair before going to bed. This seemed to help him have a better night.