

The following story is part of the last family letter written by John Lowe Butler III, dated Eden, Idaho, 26 March 1937

Father (John Lowe Butler II) related several interesting stories that I remember well and I desire to pass them on to you from time to time as I remember them. The one I will relate this time took place in Nauvoo, Ill. Grandfather Butler (John Lowe Butler I) was called on an Indian Mission and while on this mission (a company of missionaries took their teams, camp outfits and traveled among the tribes), grandfather lost his horses and in following them he became short of food and was practically lost, becoming very hungry, and not finding any game, he became very serious and finally he knelt down and prayed. He told the Lord he was out laboring for his cause and that he was hungry and hoped to be led to food. When he looked around, hoping to be led to such a place, the country was a grassy rolling country that looked much the same in every direction, so finally he walked on, passed over a small hill and came in sight of a small lake. He felt that his prayers had been answered, possibly a duck or goose or some animal by the lake would be found. As he cautiously approached the lake shore, there was no animal or bird to be seen (he had a gun) so finally he stood by the water's edge and after scanning the country about, was very much disappointed and felt rebellious. It looked as though starvation was really staring him in the face, and he was about to denounce God, when he looked down into the water and there was a large school of fish. He knew then that he had been led to the lake. He shot among them and several large fish came to the surface and it was but a short time until he was feasting on broiled or roasted fish. (I failed to explain that his horses had left their camp and started home and that after he got on their trail he didn't want to return, so he had been out several days).

(Signed John L. Butler)