



History of My Life

Joseph Burgess Garrett

November 2, 1883 – June 27, 1977

I, Joseph Burgess Garrett, was born 2 November 1883 at East Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. My Father's name was Henry Garrett. He was born 17 January 1846 at Willenhall, Warwickshire, England. His father's name was William Garrett. His mother's name was Maria Maycock. My Mother's name was Mary Ann Ashdown. She was born 15 October 1852 at Brighton, Sussex County, England. Her mother's name was Ann Burgess. I was blessed 3 June 1884 by Thomas Briggs at East Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. I was baptized by Lamoni Hall 27 May 1892 at East Bountiful and confirmed by Amos Hook 29 May at the same place. My church activities as a child were in Primary, Sunday School, and M.I.A. While attending Primary our teacher taught us to play the harmonica. That is where I learned the tunes of so many of our wonderful Latter-Day Saint hymns. My first appearance before the public was in primary when I was asked to give a short poem which I have never forgotten because it reminds me of the teaching I received as a child in our Primary class. It reads "It matters little where I was born. If my parents were rich or poor. Whether they shrank at the world's cold scorn. Or walked in the path of wealth secure. But whether I live an honest man. And hold integrity firm in my clutch. I will tell you my brother as plain as I can. 'It matters much.'"

Sometimes in conversation with other people I find myself telling them of the things we used to do when we were children, and I am often asked the question "Would you like to go back to those days again"? "Yes. I sometimes think I would." I would like to repeat while we were in Primary with the same feeling we children had as we would

kneel down by those wooden benches and repeat the simple prayer given us by Sister Hustin, the mother of B. H. Roberts. I would like to sit on the ditch bank in front of our old home and play mumble peg and other games, smell the mint that used to grow so thick along the ditch bank, make bonfires at night, roast potatoes, and onions, and play games while they were baking; when they were well done, sprinkle them with salt. "What a dish." I would like to go out in the old apple orchard in the spring and kick out some of the apples that had fallen and had been protected from frost by the leaves and snow during the winter months. How did they taste? "Real good." Now let's get a lard bucket and go up to Grandfather Ashdown's molasses mill and get some skimming, come back home, and crack some sweet nuts which we save every winter from our two large apricot trees and make some molasses candy; put the nuts in and let it cool. Then us youngsters would pull and stretch it until it was a light-brown color, and it was ready to eat. Wouldn't mind a piece of it right now. Would you like to try it?

Well, life goes on and is still wonderful, but these are a few of the memories that make me say, "Yes. I think I would." I am now thirteen years of age and was ordained a Deacon 18 November 1896. I can now help the other deacons and share with them their responsibilities in the ward.

Let's say a little bit about the one-room schoolhouse just a block south of our home where the first and second grades were taught. This small school was built of red brick and was almost entirely surrounded by oak brush. I can hear us boys and girls shouting as we came out at recess and noon starting to play games; "Pomp Pomp pull away, Drop the handkerchief, Steal the sticks, Hide and go seek", and many others. After we left second grade, we attended school at the old Rock Hall which had two rooms. The third and fourth grades were taught there. This school was two blocks north and a block-and-a-half west from our home.

I will now name a few of the families that were our close neighbors, and the children were our age. The Burnings, Knightons, Rileys, Sessions, Holts, Spencers, Wiseman, Wickers, Hills, Loders, Sedgewicks, Fishers, Moss, Stringhams, Naylor, and many others. I am sure we all knew each other by our first names.

Now we will go back to the school days again. Most of us youngsters used to play marbles. My brother Lester had a flint and used it as a taw. He used to win plenty of marbles with it, so I began to wonder just how I could get it from him. Each one of us children had to help with the chores on our two-acre farm. Lester had to milk the cow, and he knew how badly I wanted that flint, so we made a deal that if I would milk Old Bossy twenty times, he would give it to me. Well, I thought that was a real bargain, so I started milking; not twenty times but for years--in fact, until Old Bossey passed on. I won a lot of marbles with that flint, and I thought it wasn't too bad of a deal after all.

Most all of our neighbors had a cow, and us boys would take them out on the bench land and let them browse around during the day. We would always take a lunch along with us. While herding the cows, we would go down by the creek, climb trees, play games, and most always take home some firewood. We children were barefooted most of the time during the summer months, and while out with our cows we would run races. One of the boys was always a little faster than the rest of us, but one day while we were racing, I was about a nose behind him. I stepped on a blow snake and boy did I ever pass him up. I don't remember how long I kept running, but I did get back in time to take Old Bossey home and milk her.

Well, we have been herding cows most of the summer and now that winter is here and plenty of snow, I will get out my shotgun, call "Old Sport" my hunting dog, go to the neighbors and get Albert Burningham, and away we go out on the bench land and hunt for rabbits, quail, and any sage hen. We walk for miles but most always bring home some wild meat.

I remember one year Joe Burningham and I went down to the Jordan River and took my hunting dog along. It was the opening day for duck hunting. We had no guns. Most of the hunters had gone home. We crossed the river and "Old Sport" scouted around in the marshes and found nineteen wounded ducks for us. We will take these ducks home, now, and they can stay on our two-acre farm for a while. We raised enough vegetables on this place to supply our two families.

My brother David was the fanner, and he knew just what to plant and when and where to plant it. Under his supervision, we all had to do our part of the work. When there was cultivating to be done, I usually rode the horse through each row and had instructions not to let him, "Old Nig", step on any of the plants. When it was time to harvest the different crops, we children would pull the radishes. After pulling twenty bunches, we would get five cents. When we picked a bushel of pears; fifteen cents. While pulling radishes, we spent a lot of time asking each other how many bunches we had. We would all help gather the rest of the vegetables, but that part of our work was thrown in for good measure.

Brother Dave would get up and start for the market, "Salt Lake", maybe at two o'clock in the morning and get home in the middle of the afternoon. This he would do three or four times a week. He would pay us children our earnings; maybe twenty-five cents or could have been fifty cents for some of the older ones. These pay days came about three times a week during the summer months. A fifty-cent piece would buy four yards

of calico, and the girls could make them a nice long dress and a sunbonnet; all for fifty cents.

As I have stated, each one of us children were given a responsibility as soon as we were old enough to work which made us feel that in helping to raise the garden, we were classed as one of the workers of our large family. I will here write the names of the children of our two mothers. Two had passed away before I was born.

Mother's children: William Henry. George Edward. Willie. David Arthur. Ann Lizette. Lester Owen. Joseph Burgess. Ella Maria. Martha Jane. Ida. Thomas James. Mabel Hazel.

Aunt Hannah's children: Dora Bell. Lucy Ann. Rose Ellen. Elizabeth Albenia. Alfred Thomas. Harvey. Charles Rollins. Jed. Edward Day.

While writing these names, I am thinking what a fine family of brothers and sisters. I love all of you.

Maybe we had better go inside of the old adobe home where the two families lived together for several years and see what we have in there. As you enter the back door on the south, you will see the kitchen. A wooden bench is along the south wall with a wash basin and a bar of soap. Just above the bench is a mirror and a towel hanging on the west. A bucket of water is sitting on the bench and a dipper hanging from a nail to dip water into the basin; also, for drinking some of that nice well water we carried two blocks night and morning. East of the bench you would see Father's old rocking chair and Mother's sewing machine; kitchen stove and cupboard; fireplace on west wall; long kitchen table in center of room. All the windows were full of beautiful flowers. Father had the meat market, and with the vegetable garden, we could always fill that long table with goodies.

Our living room was in the northeast corner. As you look ~you will see a round center table, dining room chairs, pictures on the wall, and a mantle shelf on east wall with a few vases sitting on it and plenty of beautiful crocheting around the room.

You would never see our mothers sitting around with nothing to do. We children were always needing stockings, mittens, and fascinators so knitting needles and darning needles and crochet hooks were a must at our home.

The old adobe home was getting smaller as the new babies came to live with us, so Father bought an acre of ground a block west and a little north of the old home with a one room log house on it. After adding to, it soon was made large enough so Aunt

Hannah took her family and moved, but we children were still close enough so we could visit and play together.

Memorial Day is now just a few days away, so we get our tubs, buckets, and boilers; take a lunch along; and gather wildflowers from the bench land. We spend a good part of the day picking Bluebells, Larkspurs, Daisies, Buttercups, Tea Flowers, Sweet Peas, Dog Flowers, Birds Eyes, and many other beautiful colors. We bring them home and make beautiful sprays then walk a mile out to the cemetery and place them on the graves of our loved ones.

Fruit will soon be getting ripe. Then we will go out in our orchard with baskets and more buckets to pick such fruit as plums, peaches, apricots, and apples. We cut them in halves and quarters, spread them in wooden trays, cover with mosquito bar, leave in the sun until good and dry; then put them in clean flour sacks, store in a dry place, and as we needed groceries, we would take fruit to the store and exchange.

I am fourteen years of age, now, and I like to go down to the meat market and help my brother Lester cut up meat for the counter and help to do other things that need to be done. My brother George has about one hundred and fifty colonies of bees and has asked me to help him take care of them. We were kept busy during the summer taking out frames of honey and extracting it and getting it ready for market. We were always taking out queen cells so as to keep them from swarming. By doing this, we were building stronger swarms and, of course, the more bees the more honey we would get. We had bees at Centerville near the mountains, some at Woods Cross, and some at East Bountiful. We also had them scattered around in orchards so as to pollinate the fruit. It was really a busy summer for us. When the honey was sold, my brother bought me a new suit of clothes; the first long trousers I ever had. He gave me enough money to buy a pair of shoes and a tie. "Boy, was I ever dressed up." I grew into manhood overnight... maybe fifteen years old. I was old enough to go to dances, now, which pleased my sisters because they didn't all have boyfriends, and in those days, girls didn't go to dances unless accompanied by a boyfriend. Mothers and Fathers said no and that was it.

I was ordained a Teacher about 1899; was ordained a Priest about 1902. I have tried to locate certificates of ordination but with no success. There were some records destroyed in the East Bountiful Ward about this time. I will tell of being ordained an Elder a little later on in my story.

It was about this time our family decided to build a new home so, after talking it over with one another, we rented a house from Thomas Briggs who lives a short distance from us and then began to tear down the old home. We children all worked together,

and it wasn't too long before the old house disappeared. We saved the doobys for the inside layer and bought some pretty red brick for the outside. My younger brother Fred and I mixed all the mortar and carried it in a bucket to the mason whose name is Henry Harrison. We also carried the brick to him. My brother George was a carpenter, and he did all the woodwork. It didn't seem too long before we were living in our new home. We bought our brick from James Hayes, who made them just across the street from us, and paid him six dollars a thousand for them. The family all saved our nickels and dimes and paid him a few pennies at a time. I have seen Mother go to his home and give him five or ten dollars, and I have seen her give him as low as twenty-five cents until the debt was taken care of. We were all so proud of our new home. We soon had the outside taken care of so we could plant lawn and flowers. Mother was a great lover of flowers, so when the time came for planting, it wasn't long until we had a beautiful yard, all kinds, and colors of flowers. You would see her day after day out in her garden. She wanted the outside to look as nice as the inside. Her flower garden attracted a great deal of attention from those who were passing by.

Now about Father. I remember so well when he would come home from the meat market so tired after his long day's work but never so tired but what he would sing to us children some of those old songs which he used to sing so well, and how we did enjoy hearing them. After our evening meal, you would see him sit in his old rocking chair, feet upon the sewing machine, and soon be asleep. I am sure he had earned this rest after working so hard all day, but never a cross word to any of us. "He loved his children." He was very quiet; was always helping someone who was in need. He seemed to have a way of finding out just who needed a piece of meat for a Sunday dinner, and he would always see that they got it. Many a pound of meat has been given by him to someone less fortunate.

I am now about seventeen years of age and have been asked to sing in the choir which made me feel very happy. I have always loved to sing, and I felt obligated to go to choir practice every Thursday night meaning, of course, you should attend Sacrament meeting and help with the singing. There were several of my brothers and sisters singing in the choir at this time, and it sure thrilled our parents. They were almost always at Sacrament Meeting and counting noses; I guess because if any of us children were not there, we had a few questions to answer. We usually had our answers that seemed to satisfy both Pa and Ma. I don't think we missed too many meetings because we all loved to sing. I would like to mention here my two sisters Lizzie and Ida. I sang duets with Lizzie for a number of years. When she married, she moved to Idaho. Then my sister Ida and I sang together for fifty years. I don't know how many funeral services we sang at, but it would be in the hundreds. We did enjoy it so

much. I will here mention that thirteen of our family sang in choir at Bountiful. Today, January 11, 1964, there are seven of us still living; three of Mother's family and four of Aunt Hannah's family.

I am old enough, now, to take a full-time job with my father in the meat market. I worked with him for several years. On a Wednesday afternoon, the stores would all close, and those working on the east side of Main Street would play ball with those on the west side. We had a nice ballpark and would always have a large crowd to see us play. That was the main sport in the summer months. We always had plenty of snow and would enjoy watching the horse races; some pulling sleds and other bareback riding. Something was going on for entertaining old and young. Usually on a Saturday evening we younger people would be out at Lagoon or Saltair for our evening dancing or bowling.

We are on our way to Sunday School this morning, probably halfway there, when we hear the school bell which Alfred Burningham would ring at five minutes to ten. You would see people running from all directions so as not to be late. The old song used to read "Always be there, try to be there, promptly at ten in the morning". After our church duties were taken care of, you would always see a group of us boys and girls at Lucy Thurgood's Ice Cream Parlor; "The only one in town" where you could treat your girlfriend to a nice dish of ice cream and a piece of her homemade cake all for ten cents. It didn't cost much to get a girlfriend at that time. Today you have to have a car.

I am now ordained to the office of an Elder which took place at East Bountiful the 7th day of January 1970 by James E. Burns. After being ordained, I was asked to be Secretary of the Quorum which position I held for several years. About this time, there were several young ladies who looked quite attractive to me, so I was making dates with them going to dances, spending evenings in their home. "Thought I had better get going before they were all picked up."

Now that I am chasing around with these young ladies, let's go down to the dance hall and look around. My brother David hired this hall and would have a dance once or twice a week during the winter months. He had me clean the place before the dance and would give me my dance ticket; "fifty cents". He would advertise oyster suppers several times, and that would bring couples from neighboring towns. The suppers were free with your dance ticket, and boy would they ever taste good along about ten or eleven O'clock in the evening.

We have been dancing, now, for some time, so let's talk about another of our winter attractions. We will get our hand sleighs out on Fishers Hill, Cools Hill, or Tuttle's Hill which were all about a mile long. Some of us would place a plank on two sleds, nail it

down, and six or eight of us would get on it and away we would go down the hill taking this long ride. We would pull the sled back up the hill and do the same thing over again and again. There were no automobiles in those days. We had plenty of snow and had clear sailing at all times. We will get our bob sleighs out, now, and hitch our horses to them, drive to some straw stack and fill the wagon box with clean straw, go to different homes and get warm bricks and quilts; then after everyone was tucked in, away we would go. We had plenty of sleigh bells on the horses; and what a beautiful sound they would make on those cold, moonlight, winter nights. After one team of horses got tired, we would get another team and go again for a while. Then we would stop at some home for a snack. About now it is time to call it a "wonderful evening" and would take each one to their different homes. This is what makes us oldsters think of and say, "the good old days".

The snow is melting fast, now, and it looks like spring will be taking over and making a change in the weather, so let's go in the house and start our spring cleaning before we have to go out in our garden. The carpet we are about to take up is made from old clothing we had tom in strips maybe an inch wide. We would sew these strips together and wind in balls. Then, when we had enough for a carpet, we would take them to a carpet weaver, and he would make your carpet a yard wide and the length or width of your room. We have our carpet up now. We will get sacks filled with the straw that was under it; take the straw out in the yard and burn it. We have made a good start at our house cleaning. All we have to do, now, is scrub the floors; put down some clean straw; take our carpet apart, wash it, and sew it together again; white wash the rooms; tack the carpet down; place a container in the center of each room with a little sulfur in each container, light the sulfur, close the windows and doors tight, and then go outside and take that well-earned rest of three to four hours. Of course, we have the furniture to polish and put back in place, but that isn't bad because we know we are nearing the end of our house cleaning. Guess I had better take my beauty nap, now, after doing all that work. Sure glad that cleaning job IS over.

We had no way of storing water in those days, so the result was that the streams would get pretty small during the hot summer months, and we had quite a hard time keeping our gardens alive. Nearly every home had a forty-gallon barrel out by the creek filled with water for house use. I remember so well how our mothers and sisters used that old scrubbing board to get the clothes clean. There may have been a few washing machines for those who could afford it, but we didn't have one at that time. When we finally did get one, it was the work of us boys and girls to turn it by hand. It was much easier than the old washboard.

I think now I will go back to the meat market where I could look across the street and see a couple of young girls playing out on the lawn. They would often come over and buy meat from me, so I became very well acquainted with them. The older one was Barbara. The younger one was Beatrice. "Both were beautiful girls." The older one, Barbara, and my sister Ida became very good friends and spent a lot of time at the home of each other. Often my sister would say, "Can Barbara go to the dance with us tonight? I had no reason to say no because she was a very good dancer and a really nice young lady. Well, this went on for some time; always taking Barbara home first. After knowing this young lady for so many years and she knowing me so well, I guess our thoughts were running along the same line, so we began to see each other more often at her home. I was praying about it for some time and decided she was the girl of my choice. After getting the consent of her mother, we set the date and were married in the Salt Lake Temple 22 June 1910 by Anthony H. Lund. What a wonderful companion she has been. Always the lady wherever she was, a wise counselor, a wonderful wife, and still my Sweetheart. I feel that "God chose an angel from above; so sweet and fair to see. He called her mother, and he gave this angel fair to me, My Wife".

After our marriage, we lived in Bountiful for several years. I was still working as a meat cutter for Charles Rampton. My wage was forty-five dollars a month. One morning I left a little early for work so as to get some meat cut up for the counter. I was about a block away from the store when I noticed smoke coming from the building. By the time we could get help, it was all in flames and most everything in the store was destroyed. We never did go back in business again, so I was out of work awhile. Before this fire, four of us boys and our wives were singing in the choir. We were very friendly and starting to sing together; male quartette, ladies quartette, and two mixed quartettes. Three of us sang solos. We were really living in a musical atmosphere for several years. We could and did put on programs in different nearby wards.

We will now leave Bountiful and go down to Midvale where I worked on an experimental farm for the Midvale Smelter Co. My wage was fifty dollars a month, a quart of milk a day, and a house to live in. At this time my wife had three brothers living out in Burley, Idaho. They were anxious that we come out and try farming with them. We bought a few acres of land and built a small home with the thought in mind that we would add a room or two later. We soon made new friends and were there only a short time when I was asked to work in the M.I.A. as first counselor. My wife was also working as first counselor in the same organization. We enjoyed our work very much. During the winter months, we would put on plays in different wards in the stake. During

the changing of scenery, we would go out and sing one or two solos. "We sure had fun."

After working in the M.I.A. for two years, I was called to work as second counselor in the bishopric. At this time, I was ordained to the office of a High Priest October 26, 1919, by Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith. Our bishop was Charles S. Wood; first counselor was Daniel Bodily. I was second counselor at the death of Brother Bodily. I was put in as first counselor. While in Idaho, I have served two years in M.I.A. and five years in the bishopric.

Before leaving Idaho, let's go out on one of those rabbit drives. There were so many rabbits the dry fanners could hardly raise enough grain to pay for the planting of the seed. We would advertise for this drive, and men and boys would come with their clubs. We would build a large pen with rabbit wire. Then we would go out maybe a mile, circle the pen, start walking in whistling and yelling, and by the time, we got to the pen about all you could see was rabbits. Then the slaughter began. Farmers would load them in their wagons and take them home for pig feed. We had several of these drives during the winter and got rid of a lot of rabbits.

We were in Idaho maybe a little better than seven years but didn't do too well financially, so we decided to come back to Utah in 1924. It was hard to get work at that time, so I was out of work for some time. There was a drought throughout the country, now. Farmers had to sell their cattle on account of a shortage of food. Cudahy Packing Co bought a lot of these cattle and advertised for meat cutters. I worked there for about six months. I then bought a truck and started selling vegetables from house to house. With the help of my boys, we did pretty well. During this time, I would clean wallpaper and found I could make more money at this work, so I quit selling vegetables and started cleaning wallpaper and washing painted walls. I cleaned the church buildings such as Relief Society, Primary, M.I.A. and Lion House.

I was ordained and set apart as an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple by Apostle George F. Richards 18 February 1933. A number of years later I was asked if I would take over the cleaning of the Temple which I readily accepted and worked there until I had a heart attack in May 1949. When I was strong enough to go back to work, I was given work at the Recommend Desk. I was there until I retired on November 2, 1961. I worked in the Temple thirty-one years, and my Sweetheart worked as an ordinance worker for twenty-seven years. We will have been married fifty-four years June 22, 1964. I just can't tell you how much we are enjoying our retirement. It is so wonderful to have a girl like our "Mom" at your side every day. We have sixty-nine in our family today; January 14, 1964, and every time you come to see us, you always leave a little bit of heaven in our home. You are all living the kind of lives that make

Mom and I so happy and proud of you. May the Lord bless all of you with his choicest blessings always.

We love you because you are so darn nice. This is my life story.

"Dad" (Handwritten)

Typed by Granddaughter Lois Joanne Edmunds Anderson March 3, 2000

Edited and re-formatted by Nanette Garrett 2022

POEMS WRITTEN BY JOSEPH BURGESS GARRETT

As stated in his life story, jobs were hard to get in those days. As he states in his own written word "Times were hard then, and we did our best to make things last. This poem reminded me of those days". (Put together by Lois Joanne Edmunds Anderson.)

Dad's Old Breeches

When Dad has worn his breeches out
They pass to brother Ray.
Then mother trims them 'round about
Then it's Ralph's turn, they say.

Next Mark's long legs so close invest
And when they won't stretch tighter
They're turned and sewed, washed, and pressed
On Max they look shades lighter.

Then Mother weaves them into rugs and caps
When Max has burst the stitches.
At Doomsday we shall see, perhaps,
The last of Dad's old breeches.

"Before closing, I want to pay tribute to one who has brought so much joy and happiness into the lives of each one of us. My sweetheart and your wonderful mother. I just can't express in my own words the love I have for her. I am going to write a poem that I read recently which expressed my love for her."

To my Sweetheart Barbara

Like a ray of sunshine across my path
Thou camest into my life.
In rapture and bliss, with a lover's kiss
I claimed thee as my wife.

The years have sped like the fleeting wind
Till I scarcely remember them now.
But on thy face, they have left their trace
Where new holiness crowns thy brow.

For Motherhood, greatest of all God's gifts
Has come to thee as thy part,
And I love thee far more than in days of yore
My own, my darling sweetheart.

When I go to the shores of the great beyond
To dwell in my future home,
No heaven 'twill be, unless I have thee
Through the countless ages to come.

Joseph Burgess Garrett Patriarchal Blessing

A blessing given by Patriarch Thomas Briggs upon the head of Joseph Burgess Garrett, April 12, 1904. Born November 2, 1883, at Bountiful, Davis County, Utah.

Brother Joseph Burgess Garrett, In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Patriarchal Blessing and I say unto thee, prepare the mind to receive the blessings which the Lord thy God hath in store for his faithful children. In blessing, God shall bless thee, and thou shall become fruitful upon the earth, and if thou wilt from this time forth seek unto the Lord in mighty prayer, and be humble and keep the commandments of the Lord, His Angels shall have charge over thee and that to preserve thee through all the slippery paths of youth, and thou shall be preserved upon the earth for a wise purpose-for thy Father in heaven hath a work for thee to perform upon the earth, and if thou will be humble and prayerful before the Lord thy God, thou shalt become a savior in thy Fathers house like unto Joseph of old. Thy voice shall be heard in the midst of the nations of the earth-and the Angel of peace shall be thy constant companion, and many shall call thee blessed, and all that thou bless shall be blest of the Lord. Thou shall be blest in thy basket and in thy store, for thy Father in Heaven hath a work for thee to perform upon the earth.

Brother Joseph, be faithful, be humble before the Lord and thou shall be great in the Kingdom of God upon the earth. Thou shall yet be gathered back to the center stake of Zion and assist in sealing the blessings of Ephraim upon the heads of the ten lost tribes when they are gathered back to the center stake, for thou art of that lineage. Thou shalt be blessed with great wisdom, and that wisdom from on high. And Brother Joseph, in seeking a partner in life, seek unto the Lord thy God, and if thou will seek him in faith, he shall inspire thee to choose one that will be a lasting blessing to thee both in time and eternity-and thy children from generation to generation shall rise up and call thee blessed, for thou shall be blest in all thy undertakings. Thy mind shall expand" and the spirit of truth shall expand, and the spirit of truth shall rest upon thee. Now Brother Joseph, be faithful, be true to thy friends, and to thy God, and inasmuch as thou will seek from this time forth, the Lord thy God and keep his commandments these blessings are thine, for I seal them upon thee by virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood through thy faithfulness and I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, and I do it by virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen

Copied in the year 2000 by Lois Joanne Edmunds Anderson, granddaughter of Joseph.