

Anniena Cornradina Peterson Pectol

By Golda Pectol Bush Sept. 9, 1959

Dear Grandmother.....This is to your memory. I can remember your dainty smallness and your good old Danish Salt Raisen Bread and fried potatoes. Oh, how I enjoyed the time I ate them. I remember the last time you were here. It was almost sundown when you climbed into your wagon with grandpa to go home after a visit at our house. How stately you held yourself sitting on that old wagon sent, smiling and waving good-bye to us when other tells me how that you were so sick you could hardly hold your head up. That was the last visit which you made us before your sickness confined you to your home until Dec. 13, 1918 when you passed away.

You must have been a tiny bundle of joy to your parents when you came from heaven to live with them on July 17, 1850, in Copenhagen, Denmark. Through the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ you along with your parents were directed to this Country when you were 3 years old, guarded by your Heavenly Father and preserved to fulfill your calling of mother and grandmother. I am proud and happy that you met my grandfather. I know that some of your gentle spirit was borned in my father, and I would be so happy if one of my daughters-in-law would say of me what my mother has said of you. She has said that you were one of the most wonderful women she has ever known.

Even at the age of three you remembered crossing the waters. Your memory was keen and brilliant. Although you had little or no schooling, you were a fluent reader, having taught yourself.

Although you had the handicap of a life-time of sickness, you did help your neighbors with their sewing. You were also a relief society teacher. You worked long hours in the cording mills of the united order. You spent long hours cording wool to make quilts for your own family to keep them warm. You were fastidious and particular – you picked the ties out of one whole quilt that my mother and her sister did for you because it wasn't good enough, remember?

One time Grandpa aggravated you so you decided to leave him. Five O'clock comes early doesn't it, and the day isn't long enough to bake bread, scrub floors, mend all his clothes to last for a very long time. I know my parents would have been good to you, but aren't you glad your love for Grandpa and family made this few hours away from home seem foolish to you and you were ready to go back to its shelter that night when Grandpa came for you. You had three days to visit your children. It certainly must have been a small disagreement for big things aren't patched up that easily.

Memories of my wonderful Father and Mother
George Peter and Annina Coradina Peterson Pectol
By Jessie Leroy Pectol 26 September 1959

My father was a farmer. Although we did not have tools to work with like we do today, I remember how well organized and planned my father's farm was. My mother was always a constant companion. Many times I have heard her say, although she was far from well, I will

walk down with you to tend water or I will tend the chickens while to tend the pigs. My mothers work was well planned just as my father's was. They did lots of studying of the scriptures; there were very few men who knew the Bible as my Father did. I remember the sword that was given to my father when he was Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War.

Father's and mother's standard was to go beyond the call of duty, or in other words do a little more or give a little more than that what is expected of you. I have seen them many times when selling honey, potatoes, hay or grain. They would add an extra piece of honey to the honey buckets, and extra bucket of potatoes to the potatoes, and a little extra grain or hay. These are the things that made me realize my parents were wonderful. I never questioned whether they were right or wrong because I knew the spirit of the Lord was their constant companion.

When the floods took all they had they never complained. The Lord had been good to me, so I provided them a home to live in. Later they got a home of their own in Teasdale.

While we were still in Caineville I remember Father and Mother went to church in a little black-topped buggy and I usually rode my saddle horse. I remember he had a trunk full of tithing receipts. He never went into debt for anything.

My dear mother suffered untold misery with Asthma.

The last time my parents both came to see us, we lived in Upalco, Duchense Co., Utah. When our fourth child was a baby they were with us a month and we enjoyed every minute of it.

I am joining in with my husband in all that has been said, and will say that I never knew of Father Pectol's ever missing his ward teaching. When he got so he could not walk, he would put a horse on his little buggy and go. I can still see the old spinning wheel now where she made her own yarn, she washed