

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 fathers 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 you 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 f-ther when he was Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War.

Father's and mother's stand-rd was to go beyond the call of duty, or in other words do a little more or give a little more than 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 reciepts. He never went in debt for anything.

My dear mother suffered untold misery with Asthma.

The first 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 for 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 oldspinning wheel now where she made her own yarn; she washed the wool, carded the wool, and made her own yarn.

These are memories that are very dear to us. We are trying to live lives that we will be able to meet them in the Celestial Kingdom where we know they are.