

Wonderful

Memory of my Father + mother
George Peter + Annie Bord. Pectol

My Father was a farmer.

We did not have tools like
we have today to farm with. How
well I remember. How well organized
and planned was his farm. his
work and his Religious Duties.
He never let his farm interfere
with his Religious duties. and
my mother was always a constant
companion. Many times

I have heard her say, altho
she was far from being well.
I will walk down with you to
tend to water. or I will tend
chickens while you tend pigs.
my mothers work was planned
just as careful as my fathers.

They did lots of studying scripture.
Very few men knew the Bible
like my Father did.

I remember the sword that was
given him when he was Lieutenant
in the Black Hawk War.

Father + mothers standard was
to go beyond beyond the call
of Duty, or in other words, do
a little more or give a little

more than what was expected of you. Many times I have seen them, when selling honey Potatoes grain or Hay, They would add a extra piece of honey, bucket of Potatoes. 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 not, 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 could give them a home to live in; Later they got a home of their own in Leasdale. While we were still in Bainville I remember Father & Mother went to Church in a little Black Topped Buggy. and I rode my saddle horse.

I remember he had a trunk full of titling Receipts. He never went in Debt for anything.

My dear mother suffered untold misery with the asthma.

They loved their horses cattle

pigs + sheep. Rabbits + chickens
If we could just be the wonderful
Parents they were.

The last time my Parents both
came to see us, we lived in
Naples, Duchesse Co, Utah, when
our fourth child was a baby.

They was 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 I never
knew of Father Pectol 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 would dare say he
never missed many times in
his life getting 100% Ward teaching
and Mother Pectol made the
best Danish Dumplings I ever
ate.

She used to knit 1 mans sock
besides her house in 1 day.
and I can just see the old
spinning wheel now where
she made her own yarn, she
washed the wool, carded the wool

and made her own yarn and
Jesse herded the sheep.

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

Jesse + Mimmie