



The following is an autobiographical sketch written by Anne Margrette Dorthea Lorentzen (known as Doris). She wrote it at the age of 92 and gave it to her only daughter, Josephine.

Diary

Erastus Snow came and brought the gospel to me and I believed it at once and was baptized in 1853 but it took ten long years before we could immigrate to America. In 1863 the Lord opened the way and I said good-bye to my mother never to see here again. This good-bye was hard, but the true religion meant so much to me.

We left Denmark 15 April 1863. We took a steam boat to Germany, then to England, thence to Grinsby. There were no steam boats there, so we went by sailboat named the John Bright with nine hundred saints on board. We were four weeks on the ocean. Some days the wind would blow us back farther than we had come in a while day. We landed in America the last day of May. We stopped at Castle Gate for two days, then went on the cars on the left side of the Hudson River. I remember crossing the large bridge. When we saw the post office we knew we were on American soil. We stopped two days in Chicago and then went on to St. Joseph, Missouri. At this time the war was on between the North and the South and it took us three days to go to Omaha, Nebraska. From there we went to Florence and stayed three weeks getting ready to go over the plains. We had a good wagon and good steady horses that didn't stampede so we had it easier than most of them as the others had oxen.

We started across the plains 1 July 1863 with John R. Young as captain. This company was named Independence. We celebrated 4 July at Little Pueblo. We traveled sometimes twenty-five to thirty miles a day. We followed the Platte River on the left side of Cheyenne, Wyoming, then to Fort Laramie, then to Fort Bridge near Green River. We arrived in Wyoming, President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and others came to meet us.

I was so happy and thrilled when they shook my hand. It makes me happy to think of it now. They gave us onions, potatoes and other vegetables which we were badly in need of.

While crossing through Wyoming there was a stampede of buffalo and one little girl from Norway was run over and three others were killed. I have never seen so many wild animals in my life.

We arrived in Salt Lake City 15 September and stopped in Emigration square for three days. We saw the foundation of the temple and President Brigham Young's home.

One thing I will never forget, the third night I was there I heard such wonderful music. I had heard the king's music many times but never anything to equal this. Someone was singing "Oh Ye Mountains High" at one o'clock in the morning and it thrilled me in every part of my mind and body.

We bade farewell to our friends, some went east, some went west, while we went north to Brigham City. We had dinner with Apostle Lorenzo Snow and then went on to Hyrum. Hans Nielsen, George Nielsen, and others came and shook hands with us and made us welcome.

We arrived in Hyrum 20 September 1863 and I have lived here ever since and have been so happy. We had a little log house which I loved so much.

I remember so well, one night we were invited to Boletta Allen's house for a dance when she was married. We had such a good time.

When the grasshoppers came we were very poor, they ate everything that was green. I had no shoes and my daughter Josephine carded wool and spun it into material and she helped all she could other ways. We all made quilts and gave money to help build the meeting house.

When the children got larger I went to Salt Lake and cooked at a hotel to support my children. A woman who we had immigrated came to see me and wanted me to learn to be a midwife. I refused, but she told the apostles and Brigham Young called me to do that work saying it was a mission for me to go and learn to be a midwife, so I consented and I was set apart for that work. I spent ten months learning this and then came back to Hyrum. I have brought over one thousand babies into this world. Also I brought babies to about two hundred women who were on the underground. When the officers came and wanted to see my books, I burned them so they could not see whose wives I had attended as they wanted to prosecute their husbands. We had many good times, dances and other amusements.

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