

By Minnie Carrell Pectol and husband

My first memories were when we lived in the little town of Caineville, Wayne County, Utah, where my parents helped settle. We had a farm where we had a very nice orchard and had our own cows, pigs, chickens, and everything to make a home.

I had some wonderful parents which we appreciate more the older we grow. They always tried to teach me and lead me in the right way. They were always showing me right from wrong and they tried to keep me from missing any of my church meetings. My mother was Primary President and my father Mutual President. My mother was very strict with me, at least, I thought so; but I have thanked my Father in Heaven for her guarding me so carefully from the wickedness of the world.

They were leaders in the community. They were both wonderful dancers and father was a very good stepdancer and he also used to give stump speeches which were very popular then. They had a way with the young people and also with the old that made them a favorite among them all. They did a wonderful work in sickness. Father always kept horses on hand in case of emergency or sickness to ride or drive.

I remember a wash house that we had where we did our washings. When mother went out with the sick she would put a clean set of clothes in there and a bottle of carbolic acid, a disinfectant, in the wash house so if she ran into a contagious disease she could take a bath and put her clothes in disinfected water, so she would not fetch it home to her family.

My father had strong faith and to demonstrate it, I will relate an incident: Brother E. K. Hanks or Grandpa Hanks as we all called him, came to my father's place when my father was very sick with Pneumonia, and said, "Johnny, I want you to go with me as home missionary to Blue Valley today." My father replied that he was very sick. Brother Hanks laid his hands on father's head and administered to him, told him to get up and dress, and sent the boys out to get him a fresh horse and father a horse. Thus, they rode off on their missionary work. This showed the faith of our ancestors.

Their doors were always opened to everyone. They have prepared many meals and fed the hungry. Almost their first greeting when anyone came there was have you had anything to eat.

Many people came to them for advice. The wonderful advice and teachings that they gave us has been one of the main things that has kept us as husband and wife with no thought of anyone else for nearly fifty years.

They were early pioneers and they suffered many hardships which drew them closer to their Father in Heaven. They taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves. I thank the Lord that we never yelled at our parents as children do now days.

They had a family of twelve--seven boys and five girls. We had a crowd of 18 for six weeks one summer and I never remember of there ever being any arguments or quarrels in that time although it was very hard on my mother. I never remember of hearing her complain and she always wore a smile. She was always clean and neat in her dress and in her home.

Our prayers are always that we will live so we will be able to meet them in the Celestial Kingdom where we know they will be.