

TAMAR'S MOTHER DANCES

-quoted from "Recollections of Past Days," by Patience Loader, Tamar's sister

Earlier she wrote, "...we only had four ounces of flour a day. This we divided into portions so we would have a small piece three times a day. This we ate with thankful hearts and we always asked God to bless our food and that it would strengthen our bodies day by day so we could perform our duties. And I can testify that our Heavenly Father heard and answered our prayer. We know that our Heavenly Father heard and answered our prayers and we were blessed with health and strength day by day. We know that if God had not been with us that strength would have failed us and our bodies would have been left on the plains as hundreds of our poor brothers and sisters were.

I can truly say we never felt to murmur at the hardships we were passing through. I can say we put our trust in God. He heard and answered our prayers and brought us through to the valley.

I remember one occasion when we were camping on the Sweet Water these same brethren came to our tent and asked us girls to go to their camp and sing for them again. My dear mother told them she thought we had better not go to sing that night. It made us still more hungry to sing and we had nothing to eat. They felt sorry for us but they could not give us anything for they were short of provisions themselves until they got supplies from home.

That night there was a terrible cold wind blowing and the snow drifted into the tent on to our quilts. That morning we had nothing to eat. If we got up we could get our small quantity of flour. Poor mother called to me. "Come Patience get up and make us a fire." I told her that I did not feel like getting up it was so cold and I was not feeling very well. So she asked my sister Tamar to get up and she said she was not well and could not get up. Then she said, "Come Maria, you get up." Maria was feeling bad and said she could not get up.

With this Mother said, "Come girls, this will not do. I believe I will have to dance for you and try to make you feel better." Poor dear mother, she started to sing and dance for us. She slipped down on the frozen snow. In a moment we were all up to help our dear mother for we were afraid she had hurt herself.

She laughed and said, "I thought I could soon make you all jump up if I danced for you. Then we found out that she had fallen down purposely for she knew we would all get up to see if she was hurt. She said she was afraid her girls were going to give out and get discouraged and she said that would never do.

We had never felt so weak as we did that morning. My dear mother had kept up wonderfully all through the journey. Before she left England she had been in delicate health for many years. She had not been able to walk a mile and after we started on our

journey to Utah she was able to walk across the plains and sometimes we put her on the handcart to rest her a little.

After we left Sweet Water she was able to ride in the wagon. We were so glad to get mother a rest and know the good brother who owned the wagon told us we could sleep in it