

Biographical Sketch of the Life of Lorenzo Dow Young, 2020 Jan/Feb

(based on James A. Little's book, Biography of Lorenzo Dow Young (1999) and with added gleanings found in John R. Young's book.)

About the time that their eldest daughter, Nancy, married, John Young and Nabby Howe took their burgeoning family from Vermont, to New York. They found land was almost free there. They settled in Chenango County, which is about 50 miles north of Binghamton. Soon after, they had a baby girl, Louisa. In three more years, they were doing tolerably well, and they welcomed a baby boy into their family on the 19th of October, 1807. He was the baby in the family. His oldest sister, Nancy, was 21. She had married and moved away four years before. Fanny had followed suit a year and a half before. Still, this baby had eight brothers and sisters to help care for him. The family had attended many meetings of itinerant preachers. One they had especially liked was Lorenzo Dow. This baby got the name of Lorenzo Dow Young.

Nabby, the mother, had tuberculosis, and had lived with it cheerfully for years, even bearing eleven children. She was a loving, prayerful mother. But the tuberculosis took her before her baby, Lorenzo, was six. All the older children had married. There were only three brothers left in the house, and one eleven-year-old sister. So little "Renz" was sent to live with an older sister, Rhoda. The place was swampy, and Renz soon developed the fever people had there. Rhoda and John realized that a move away would be best for them, also. By that time, Father John Young had secured land about 40 miles west, in the Finger Lakes area. Rhoda and John got a farm a mile or two from Father's. That was real frontier land; a wolf pack chased Renz as he went home from Rhoda's one time.

Father John left Brigham and Renz alone at the old place so they could keep up the taps on the maple trees there and get syrup to sell. He had to arrange things at the new place he was going to buy, help the rest of the family settle there. He was gone longer than he thought. Brigham and Renz ate the last of the flour (in biscuits) the evening of the day he left. They had no food all the next day. As the sun was about to go down, a robin lit on a tree limb near the house. Brigham ran inside and got the gun. Renz prayed that Brigham wouldn't miss his shot. The robin fell down, dead. The two boys had a delicious supper. Father John returned at the end of the next day, and was able to get more flour.

Renz's job, since he was only eight, at the new home was to help Louisa with the house and cooking. During this time at home, Renz had a dream where the Savior inquired about him and his brothers. Renz thought that meant there was danger coming. His father guessed that Renz's feeling about that dream was wrong.

After Renz passed his tenth birthday, Father decided he needed training in a trade. He sent Renz forty miles north (near Lake Erie) to live with his older sister, Susannah, who was married to James Little. The Little family ran a tree nursery and a large garden. During that time, Renz was sent off on an unruly horse, which buck him off -- almost. His foot was caught in the stirrup, and he was finally able to free himself.

Though he was given good moral and religious training, young Lorenzo affiliated with no church. In 1822, he attended a revival one autumn evening and decided to answer the call to come forward and be prayed for as several of his young companions were doing. By the end of the service, everyone on the front bench but Lorenzo had confessed a "change of heart".

The minister suggested that the meeting be closed and that he and Lorenzo go to a nearby house to continue praying. The boy agreed. The praying continued in the home until two a.m. Lorenzo steadfastly refused to say that he felt anything. The frustrated minister gave up in disgust and consigned the youngster to eternal damnation.

Lorenzo was not merely being stubborn or defiant. He was sincerely religious and wanted to do the right thing. But he could not be herded along with the crowd, unconvinced that the course was right.

At this time (late 1822) Renz decided to change occupation. He chose a blacksmith, Mr. Munroe. At one time his employer tried to persuade Lorenzo to join a card game with some of the boys in the shop. Remembering his father's counsel, "Renz" refused to play. Instead, he began reading the Bible. The jibes of the card-players moved him no more than did the prayers of the cleric. Mr. Munroe also let Renz read books by philosophers. Renz found that those particular philosophers were against religion, and he didn't like reading those books. In mid-1823, Renz hefted too hard on a log being sawed, He was in pain. He had to stay in bed for two months. During that time, one afternoon as two of his sisters puffed up his pillow, he saw two children in bright white at the foot of the bed; they were singing beautifully. He asked his sisters if they heard it, too. No, they had not.

In the autumn of 1825, Lorenzo journeyed a hundred miles around Lake Erie, to its eastern end. He had a married sister to visit there. During his visit, he became acquainted with a girl, Persis Goodall. Besides being attractive, she had religious inclinations like his. He found reasons to be in her city more often. The two were married in June of 1826. Lorenzo had in mind a plot of land he had tagged ten miles south of Rochester (New York). There they set up housekeeping -- and nursery work. His sister, Fanny, came to stay

with them. But Lorenzo, who had a weak constitution, became deathly sick. He soon found a person dressed in shining white by his side. His guide took him past some spirits who had rejected salvation; Lorenzo saw that they were responsible for their state, and he cried. Going on, they entered a glorious city; they met Lorenzo's mother and her baby girl who had died at age six. Then they returned, and Lorenzo again took up his body. Fanny and Persis were so glad that he had finally revived.

As winter approached, there was free time. Lorenzo went to some religious meetings. They were of the Campbellite faith. Lorenzo belonged to no church, but he liked the meetings, and helped one preacher do meetings about a day away. Lorenzo thought it would be nice to have meetings near his home. The preacher said, no; that area has been gone over, I don't want to waste my time. Lorenzo said he would do the preaching. And so it was. After a slow start, Lorenzo's audiences grew. Meetings were held almost every evening. The doctrine resonated with the people; they wanted to be baptized. Lorenzo's mentor said, go ahead; baptize them. But Lorenzo didn't feel qualified. So another preacher was called from two days away. He baptized Lorenzo's converts. They numbered sixty. As Christmas approached, another forty asked for baptism. Lorenzo's mentor wanted him to get baptized himself, so he could lead his followers. Lorenzo declined. He wanted the freedom to preach anything he found in the Bible, not just a set doctrine. The mentor trusted Lorenzo; he said, okay, you can preach for us informally; you won't say anything we'd think of as wrong. That worked well, but after a time, Lorenzo tired of it. It was as if he were outside of something, in the cold, while others basked in warmth. By 1829, he had become discouraged. He realized this, so he prayed. Not long after, he moved his family-- he and Persis had two baby boys -- to the town where his brother, John, lived. And his brothers, Brigham and Joseph came with a Mr. Kimball to see him. They showed him a new book, the Book of Mormon. Lorenzo was mildly interested; he read it and prayed about it. The Spirit he had so often felt told him "This is the Way!" The next evening, when a Methodist preacher maligned the Book, Lorenzo rose to its defense: You're a preacher, and know revelation is important; you have not had a revelation saying the Book is false! A fight was about to start, but John stopped it.

In the spring of 1831, the new Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints held a two-day conference in Pennsylvania. It was sixty miles from Lorenzo and John's places, but they went. Lorenzo returned home fully convinced of the latter-day truth. He made preparations to move to where the church was. On the way, his family met Rhoda's. It turned out a meeting was to be held to spread the gospel in the place. Lorenzo was good at preaching; he could be the speaker. But could he preach, not being a member? Yes. Five people came up after the meeting, wanting baptism. They had to wait a day until Rhoda's

husband, John Green, returned from his area of missionary work. Six were baptized; Lorenzo had become a member.

A few families, including Lorenzo and Persis, decided to go to where the church center was, in Missouri. Since money was scarce, the best way was to build your own flatboat and float down some rivers. That got you closer, where you could walk the rest of the way. They made three boats. It was November; the water was cold, and Lorenzo's whooping cough refused to go away. You had to stop and camp at night. One place they stopped, the people thought them a novelty -- Mormons! Well, the people wanted a meeting to hear about these Mormons. Lorenzo gave a talk. A lady called from the audience, "I want to be baptized!" In spite of it being dark, Lorenzo baptized her. A few days later, Lorenzo got a job; he needed money to travel. He didn't know how to make a trunk, but after praying, he did it.

They stopped in Pittsburgh. Here, they felt the Spirit saying that Lorenzo was to go back to New York, to his old home area, on a mission. He rode there on a horse; it took weeks. But when he got there and began his speech, he couldn't talk. But, after praying silently for some minutes, he began talking -- in a strange language. Lorenzo didn't know what he said. No one else did, either. After he ended his talk, the interpretation came to him, and he again talked and told everyone what he had said while speaking in tongues. Even his old Methodist mentor was impressed. As his mission ended, Lorenzo's father went with him to Pittsburgh. Then they all went on their way. The earned money had been enough for Lorenzo to have a carriage and horse. He got the horse shod in a small town. But the sledgehammer fell on Lorenzo's toe and smashed it. People helped him put his toe together, but he had severe pain. And yet he worked, and preached like usual. The people there wanted a meeting. Lorenzo gave a talk, and five were baptized.

It wasn't until early spring in 1833 that Lorenzo got to Kirtland. He went with a group to a quarry to see about stone for the temple. The stone was good, so they brought back a load. Then, late the next winter, the "High Council" was organized; Lorenzo was called, but declined, feeling inadequate. The next year, he was called as a missionary to the Lamanites. After that, when the temple walls were to get plastered so that they would shine and sparkle, the Prophet Joseph asked Lorenzo to do that job. What to do? Lorenzo went to the next town and found a trademan who did that sort of work. They returned to Kirtland together, and the job got done. Lorenzo wanted to carve small dividing lines in the finish so it would look like stone slabs covered the building, not just general plaster. The weather was cold. Lorenzo almost froze, but finished the job. But he caught a bad cold. Doctors came and said it was TB, and he would soon die. The Prophet Joseph had Father John Young get twelve elders

plus Hyrum Smith. In unison they prayed around Lorenzo. In his prayer, Hyrum blessed Lorenzo that he would yet live in the Rocky Mountains. Lorenzo quickly got better. He filled two more short missions. He and Persis got their temple blessings.

The year after, things turned sour in Kirtland. Lorenzo and others went to live in Missouri. His family stopped in a small town and waited for Brigham and Joseph to catch up. At this time, Lorenzo hurt his knee badly, but endured the pain, and in some months, it got better. Once in Missouri, Lorenzo bought a farm and put in crops. The others went 20 miles further, to Far West. But soon enough the Missouri people began hating Mormons. Lorenzo once was the target of a firing squad, but was rescued by a friendly Missourian. One other time, mobsters called at the farm; Lorenzo was away. Persis and little Joseph W. answered the call. Joseph W. got a rifle and was about to shoot a mobster, but his mother told him not to. Lorenzo was respected by his neighbors, but being a Mormon, he had to leave. So the family left, expecting to be back in a few days. (John R. Young was about a year old at this time.) But that was not to be. Lorenzo's family was out of food, with no place to stay.

Lorenzo was in the battle of Crooked River; he fought with a sword. That November he and others escaped (again with no food) and walked to Des Moines. His father had suffered much in the cold; Lorenzo took good care of him, but Father remained sick, and died some months later. Lorenzo worried about his family, but through a set of circumstances found them already out of Missouri, a few blocks from him in Des Moines. They had lived on a little corn meal and had dug a few potatoes from the frozen ground. Then friends got a wagon and conveyed them away. It was winter, and in many places Missouri people would let them stay in a barn for a night. That is how the family got out of Missouri.

Not long after this, while still in poverty, the Prophet Joseph Smith called about two dozen men on a mission to England. (1839 May 4) One was Lorenzo, and he made ready to go, but the Prophet saw his circumstances and told him he should stay home. Lorenzo was able to situate his family in Macedonia, Illinois, about four miles from the county seat, Carthage. Lorenzo soon caught malaria. Eldest son William tried to earn money for medicine for the family by going to Nauvoo. By a miracle, he found a man who bought a piece of land the family owned; that provided the needed money, and more. That July (1843), Persis had twin babies, Lucius and Lucia. Due to the destitute living conditions, Lucia died in a month; Lucius lived a year. The entire family sickened. Even William got sick; He was moved to Nauvoo where Brigham's family cared for him. When he was about to expire, Lorenzo came to him, prayed for him, and he got better. Lorenzo moved his family to Nauvoo. With plural marriage becoming a duty for leaders close to Brigham, Lorenzo married Harriet

Page Wheeler in March of 1843, a few months before Persis had her twins.

Springtime was mission time. In 1844, Lorenzo was called to go to Ohio. This spring brought big floods. Hundred-foot-wide rivers became miles wide. Travel was slow. Near the end of June, the missionary group took a week's rest in Springfield, Illinois. News got to them of a killing -- the Smith brothers. Lorenzo arranged a meeting -- the local people now wanted to know more about Mormons. Several people were baptized after. Lorenzo went on to Ohio. He was able to baptize more there, and set up a branch. Then he traveled home. But on the way he fell from a hayloft and broke several ribs. At home he got better, and that winter he returned to Ohio and raised money to help build the Nauvoo temple. He was on the temple committee. He got sick again -- from overwork. Persis had a baby girl a year after the Martyrdom. She lived only two weeks.

Persis had received good care; she was living with Lorenzo's older sister, Fanny, one of the Prophet's widows. Brigham Young had taken Fanny and her children under his wing, and Persis got used to being part of that household. Levi Richards was often at the house for Brigham. He and Persis became good friends. In late January (1846), Persis married Dr. Levi Richards. They had been good friends, and Persis found comfort and peace in marrying. Right then, the Nauvoo Exodus began. Lorenzo was in the vanguard. It was February, and the cold was bitter; but it froze the Mississippi River so the saints could cross. Persis and the children came in their turn.

Once over the river, in Iowa, spring weather came. Rain made mud. It was misery. The main part of the people made it to a bluff, which they called Council Bluffs. It was windy up there, so everyone moved east (backward) to lower land and put up makeshift houses out of the clay dirt that was there. This was called Winter Quarters. Lorenzo got sick again, but feeling better one day, he went to a man who had pork to sell. The price was 6 cents a pound. Lorenzo left the man, borrowed some money and went to a city nearby, bought 200 hogs, butchered them and sold the meat to the church people at 2 cents a pound, which was his actual cost. He liked helping people. Persis and the children were with Fanny as before; Lorenzo visited with them in July. In December he had Persis and Fanny over to his place for dinner.

Brigham Young and the other apostles made plans that winter to go to the Rocky Mountains. They selected Lorenzo as one to go on the pioneering expedition. Lorenzo then thought of his sick (new) wife, Harriet. Her TB was aggravated by the low place of Winter Quarters. He thought that she ought to come also, as a drier climate would help her feel better. But you can't take wives on an exploration! In the end, Brigham and Heber also took one wife along; Lorenzo took Harriet

and her son, Perry, along with his youngest, Lorenzo S. He also got to take a cow for milk. And Harriet also took her churn, so they had milk and butter on the way -- a luxury.

This small group of 148 people went in 70 wagons and used two animals to pull each wagon. Except when the road was narrow, they traveled three wagons abreast; that made for better defense if attacked. They "circled the wagons" at night. About a week into the trip, William Clayton and Orson Pratt devised an odometer. Knowing exactly how many miles went by made it easy to produce a map for those who were to come later. And on the prairie, everyone can see you -- no hills block the view. Many groups of Indians came and visited. When they came to a river, they had to walk across. Sometimes there was quicksand on the bottom. These people were able to kill buffalo for meat. One time they met a Frenchman who, with 8 friends, was going east, using three wagons. They sent letters to their families, knowing he would pass Winter Quarters. Near Fort Laramie on June 1st, they met 17 people from Mississippi. They were church members who had traveled up through Colorado, hoping to meet the pioneers near the Rocky Mountains. There were some Mormon Battalion people who had got sick; they were in Colorado. Brigham sent someone to bring them to the trail, and guide them to the Rocky Mountains. Thunderstorms came almost every day in these parts. The strong winds made tent-raising very difficult. The pioneers followed the Oregon Road, and tried to take time to widen it and make it good for future wagon trains. So they no longer did 15 miles a day. They came to a river 15 feet deep, and 100 feet across. They had a leather boat with them (about the size of a pickup truck), and that helped them get everything across. (The boat took people, their food, etc., across; the empty wagons could be pulled across, just floating.) They also helped a group of emigrants across, and got paid in coin and food. The pioneers found a place where ice lay a foot under the soil. They had been on the trail two months by then. They passed snow banks that were five feet high. There they met a trapper, Major Harris, who had passed the Great Salt Lake on his way. He said he didn't like it. In a few more days, James Bridger met them. He was going east. When they had been on the trail two and a half months, some Mormon Battalion men caught up with them.

It was easy to get sick there. When it shone, the sun was warm, but the nearby snow made any wind extra cold, and there was dust everywhere. It got to freezing at night, even though it was nearly mid-July. This area was over 7,000 feet in altitude; one pass was 7,700 feet. Brigham got sick, and rested; he kept 8 wagons near him, and had the rest go on. In a few days he was better, and joined the main group. The pioneers wanted to take a lesser-known trail in these parts, and it was hard to find it and follow it. But at Echo Canyon, it was easier to follow. They came down Emigration Canyon, and there, Lorenzo and Brigham first saw the Valley. They liked it.

But Harriet didn't think any civilized person could ever live there. Everyone went another six miles north, and camped. (Today the place is where 2nd South and Main St. intersect.) Curious Indians visited them at camp that night.

The next day was Sunday, and they rested. Then Monday, Lorenzo decided to make a separate camp about a thousand feet north. Brigham and Heber soon came, and had Lorenzo follow them up a mountain; they surveyed the country from its peak. Brigham named it Ensign Peak. After that, Lorenzo took them for a sight-seeing ride in his wagon. Then Lorenzo made a place ready, and planted his bushel of potatoes he had brought. Others dug a ditch to get water to them. (When the frost came, Lorenzo took them into his cabin -- he had built one by then, where they could keep on growing (they were pea size) through most of the winter.) August 22nd, the pioneers held a meeting; some did not like the place -- no firewood. Lorenzo said he wouldn't mind going 20 miles for wood, because the land here was ready for farming -- you didn't have to dig out the trees. Harriet had been pregnant all the while, and she had a baby boy on September 20th. (He lived about six months.) The next summer, a mean Indian came to Harriet in her house alone. She was scared, and in mortal danger. But she had a big dog which she kept tied in the next room. She let the hungry dog take down the Indian. After he was subdued, she took his weapons, and dressed his wounds. He never came back.

Lorenzo had a nephew go on to California and bring back grape vines. He began grape growing in Salt Lake in 1848. But in 1848, more people arrived -- some were Battalion people who had been through California. Food was scarce. One Battalion man begged flour from the Youngs; they always let him have some. Finally, all there was to eat was a soup made from ox hide and hooves -- glue soup. Lorenzo later was able to get some flour from the presiding bishop, Edward Hunter. Thistles store food in their bulbs like tulips do. The bulbs were good for food. Segos were okay, but one variety was poison. Lorenzo got some cowslips from Welcome Chapman. Greens don't sustain a body, but that's all the pioneers had. Thus, the blessing on the food -- nourish and strengthen our bodies -- came from the heart.

In the spring of 1848 Lorenzo re-planted his potatoes, and some tree seeds, and some wheat. When summer came, crickets came. Lorenzo had his son hold one end of a thin rope, and they combed the crickets off the wheat, saving it. Then the seagulls came and got rid of the crickets. The crickets had eaten the potato tops, but they grew back well. He got six quarts of potatoes that fall. The wheat tasted wonderful.

As 1849 began, Lorenzo planned to return back east, and get various things. He would also drive back a flock of sheep. His party

involved a few wagons. Once, he and a friend were scouting on horses; Indians chased them. Another day, Indians brought a buffalo into their camp so they could have meat. Another time, after a lively trading session with the Indians, one friend stayed behind as the wagons moved on. He wanted to make a better trade. But since he was now alone, the Indians instead hi-jacked his horse, took a shirt that had been up for trade, and rode off.

On the way east, they met with many people headed for the California gold fields. They wanted to hurry, and so they left things, to lighten their load - all along the trail. Lorenzo even was convinced to take a grumpy man east. During the travel, Lorenzo found out that he had been among the mobs in Missouri. By then the man had decided to part company anyway. Lorenzo had to demand payment for the travel by using his pistol to get the man to pay up.

Harriet got the cholera after they reached Kanesville, the church outpost. She recovered, but then Lorenzo got sick with his lung coughing. His brother Joseph, in Kanesville, was stuck there; he needed money to outfit his family to go west. Lorenzo knew a member who could loan them money, and so Joseph was able to start in 1850. Lorenzo, in spite of his sickness, was able to get a number of fruit trees to take west. Also a herd of sheep. For Lorenzo, the trip west involved five wagons, 80 head of cattle, and 500 sheep. And Indians. One Indian boy killed and went off with a lamb. The herder shot him in the leg. Then the chief wanted payment for the wound, but Lorenzo said the payment was too much; after all, the Indian's boy had started it. With fierce determination, Lorenzo was able to get the Indians to forget about it all.

And a river was high and swift. How do you get 500 sheep across without them getting wet? He made a small boat and with his horses, pulled 50 sheep at a time across. That is long, hard work. A friendly wagon train stopped by and helped him. That was nice. Still, it took two days. But after sundown, a big wild thunderstorm came. The sheep were frightened and ran off; wolves attacked. A fourth of the sheep were lost this way.

Once they arrived in Salt Lake City, rheumatism attacked Harriet. By winter, it was really bad. Harriet felt that if she were re-baptized, it would cure her. That they did, and she got mostly better. Lorenzo had set up his sheep camp in the south part of the Valley; he hired herders.

At the time, there were rustlers about. The city police had jailed them, but due to expense, they were released and escorted out of town. Since they might come back and steal livestock, guards were placed at the two main roads out of town. Lorenzo had not heard of this, and when four guards stopped him as he came into town, he tried

to escape -- they were drunk. One shot at Lorenzo, and the bullet severed an artery in his left arm. He rode to the first house, got aid, and asked for a blessing to stop the bleeding. And the bleeding stopped. (But the wound took months to heal completely.) About this time, Lorenzo was called to be bishop of the 18th Ward. With his arm still in a sling, Lorenzo went with Brigham and a few others to explore the land south of Gunnison Fort. The next spring (1852) Lorenzo went with Brigham and others to visit Cedar City. Lorenzo stayed around his home in 1853, making improvements. He accompanied a southern tour in 1854, and stayed home in 1855.

That was a year of starvation, because of grasshoppers. Everyone in his ward came to him for food. Lorenzo did what he could. He got a little flour for his family from Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter. He used his own money to buy what foodstuffs (mainly flour) he could for the poor in his ward. He got a loan of \$50 to get more flour. That helped. Then someone found his lost cattle and brought them back. Lorenzo sold one for \$50 and was able to repay the loan.

Then he ran out of money. He let people have part of his family's flour, until it was nearly gone. So he went to his leader-brother, Brigham, and asked what to do. Brigham closed his eyes, pondered a minute, and then told Lorenzo to keep on dividing his private supply of flour with those in need, and then trust in the Lord. Good advice, if you have faith. But that's what he did. Finally very little was left, not enough for a day more. Lorenzo looked at the bit of flour, closed the flour bin, and locked the door to the room where it was. The next morning, his wife came to him: "Lorenzo, where did you get the flour?" He was confused. The room had been locked all night. No one could have got in. But now, there was more than 100 pounds of flour in the bin. All spring and all summer they handed out flour to those in need, and the bin always had flour in it.

In late 1856 he was designated, with others, as a valley missionary. [James Little's marvelous book at this point mentions Lorenzo having married Persis Goodall, and now (1856) also marrying Hannah Hewitt and then Eleanor Jones; apparently Harriet was a friend.] In 1858, Lorenzo moved a couple of his families to Tooele. In 1863, he married Joanna Larsen.

The exodus during the Utah War was fraught with the realization that probably the saints would not be able to return to their Valley homes, but would have to go elsewhere in the desert for freedom. Lorenzo was among those men left in the city to set fire to the dwellings if the army that came turned aggressive. But they passed in peace. Everyone returned home. He kept on building onto his house in the 18th Ward, even having several separate houses on his lot by 1867. Harriet died in 1871.

But in 1870, his wife in Tooele got deathly sick. Lorenzo went into the City planning to sell a mule to get money for medicine for her. No one needed a mule. Lorenzo headed back in sadness. Zebulon Jacobs met him in the street, telling how sick his wife was. He needed medicine for her, just like Lorenzo. The medicine could be bought for \$5. Lorenzo happened to have \$5 in his pocket, so he gave it to Zebulon. Lorenzo went on, his mule tied on behind the wagon. His conscience told him: "Why did you do that crazy thing? Now all your money is gone, and your wife is still sick!" Lorenzo ignored the thought; he was kind and generous, and kept himself happy in good thoughts. In a half-hour, a prospector came along with a mule. He needed a mule. He paid Lorenzo not the \$50 he needed, but paid him \$70. Lorenzo wanted to give the man a bill of sale, but he had no paper. The man said he would stay at a hotel in the City, and Lorenzo could go there the next day and make out the bill. Lorenzo stayed at a friend's that night, and went back to the City to the hotel. He asked for the man. The hotel had no such prospector on its records. Lorenzo felt good; that must have been God's way of rewarding him. So he bought the medicine and hurried back to his sick wife.

Lorenzo turned 63 that year. Age was telling on him, and he felt that a younger man ought to be bishop. So he resigned, and moved to a house in Millcreek. In those days, high councilmen didn't talk in wards every month. The church instead used a program called "Home Missionaries". In each stake or community, there were about 30 or 40 men with that calling, and they were scheduled among the wards in the area to give talks regularly. Lorenzo was put in charge of a quorum of these. Lorenzo even gave talks in outlying wards a hundred miles away. He also toured the southern settlements again with Brigham. His wife, Harriet, died in 1871.

On the Fourth of July (1872) his niece, Lydia, went with Lorenzo in his buggy along 2nd South. A boy threw a firecracker into the street. It rolled to the middle just as Lorenzo's horse passed. The horse fell in surprise, but was instantly up and trying to run away, scared. So Lorenzo and Lydia had a wild ride. He guided the horse to the side, so that it ran into a shop window. Everything stopped suddenly. Lydia jumped out. Lorenzo was thrown a ways, and landed on his shoulders. He never fully recovered from that injury.

By 1888, Eleanor was the one who cared for Lorenzo. Joanna was the family seamstress. His wife, Hannah, died that fall. Lorenzo himself lived through to 1895, dying in peace at age 89.