Our Heritage

Patriotism

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My Country, 'Tis of Thee



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Little Pioneer Children



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Pioneer Children Were Quick to Obey























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Faith of Our Fathers



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I was blessed to have many ancestors who joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the first years following it's restoration. They were faithful members who sacrificed to build a Zion community and spread the gospel to other parts of the world. My great-great-grandfather, John Hunt served as bishop of Snowflake, Arizona for more than thirty years. The following story was shared by his daughter Nettie Hunt Rencher.

My father, John Hunt, always had a light rig and one of the best teams in the county, and was in demand to take the Authorities of the Church the long distances to visit the scattered settlements.

When this incident occurred, Apostle Brigham Young, Jr. was the visitor. He requested Father to take him to the Gila and Salt River Valleys to encourage the Saints. Stake President Jesse N. Smith and Smith D. Rogers, head of the YMMIA accompanied them.

Before sunset father began looking for a suitable place to camp. They passed a large camp of emigrants on their way to California. They traveled on for some distance and there found a nice place to camp. They unhitched and hobbled the horses, gathered wood and made a fire, and were busy making preparations for supper.

Meanwhile Apostle Young had been walking restlessly about the camp looking in all directions. Soon he came to father and said, "John, would it be too much trouble to hitch up the horses and move on? I feel that we are in danger here." Father answered, "Brother Young, you are in charge here; if you say move camp, that's just what we will do." So the horses were harnessed, the bedrolls put back into the wagon, the fires extinguished, and our travelers were again on their way. No more was said of danger.

When they had gone several miles Brother Young said, "Now, John, if you see a good camping place I think we had best stop." Soon a place was found a short distance off the road; camp was made and supper eaten. Kneeling around the campfire, they offered the gratitude of their hearts for the blessings they had received and pleaded for a continuation of His blessings. They spread their beds on the good earth, feeling safe in the protection of a kind Providence.

In that early day, the word would be sent abroad, "The Indians are on the war path." This time Geronimo, outlaw chief of the Apaches and a band of his warriors had escaped from the Reservation and were spreading death and destruction. Our small party, having been away from all communication, knew nothing of this warning.

Scarcely were our campers stirring the next morning, when a man rushed into their camp, coatless, breathless, frightened to death; and when he could control his emotions, he informed them that Geronimo and his band had killed every soul in the camp they had passed the night before. He had miraculously escaped.

John had received many strong impressions of danger over the years. His testimony was that the one highest in authority in the group received the inspiration. The lives of God's faithful servants were spared through His timely warning. My testimony and yours can be strengthened by their lives of faithfulness.

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