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Title: **Autobiography of Edward B. Clark-069**  
Provenance: **Owned by Alisha Clark**

Category: **Volume**  
Person:  
Date:

Autobiography of Edward B. Clark. Original copy given to Antone Clark.

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## ANOTHER FAITH PROMOTING INCIDENT

While on a mission in Iowa, in the years of nineteen eight, nine, and ten I came in contact with a family of saints by the name of Christensen. The father had passed away and the mother left with a family children. They obtained a livelihood by farming from rented farms. When moving from one farm to another their eyes being focused on Salt Lake City and the temple they would move westward. Sister Christensen was a very zealous and faithful saint. She would often come to the office of the Elders to pay her tithing and attend meetings of the saints. I had met her quite often and also been at her home, so I became quite well acquainted with her. I told her the Lord would bless her for her faithfulness and devotion. They had moved to a farm on the Missouri bottoms about twelve miles south of Council Bluffs where we were located. They concluded to move on farther west into Nebraska. While loading a car with their implements on the railway siding, David, the oldest of the family at home, took seriously sick. The doctor was called, he pronounced it Typhoid Pneumonia. Sister Christensen called the Elders at Council Bluff to come as quickly as they could. She said a train would leave the city at a certain time and that she would have a conveyance at the station to bring us to her home. Elder Arza J. Udy and I took the train and as we neared the home we met the doctor who had just left the sick boy telling the mother he had done all he could do for him but it was a serious case and the boy would be apt to go into unconsciousness and at any time and would perhaps pass away. He was preparing the mother for the worst. You could imagine the feelings of a distracted mother with her main support sick, the other children being younger and girls, getting ready to move, part of her fixtures in the car at the railway siding and her son on the verge of death. As we entered the kitchen, a little shanty at the side of the house, where the mother was working with tears streaming down her face like rain. Seeing me she said, "Oh Brother Clark, the doctor