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Title: **Book-072**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Dear Sister Clark,

Please excuse me that was very hard for me to write. About the death of your dear son and I am very sorry for you. We were very happy together but now we are very sad. I had my greatest joy on him to help him to learn our language. Sometimes I neglected my duty to aid him and now I have to work the harder. My dear sister the dollar you mentioned in the letter we did not find you have forgot put him in-The money from the 1st of Jan I believe the were the 100 francs where brother Clark got a check from. We would not have known anything but when he was sick he wanted us to sign a note. Because he ordered some books and scriptures from Brother Naegle from Switzerland. F 100 paid for the books and scriptures when he was sick. And after his death we sent all these things back again. Your dear son never told us much about these things. I often asked him questions while he was a stranger in my country. He often told me that he was not a child because he had the priesthood and knew what he had to do. And our love for him often brought me to tears. Because the Arab language is hard to learn I aloud him to converse in our house with the Arabs. After the small pox broke all-conversing with other people was forbidden. I warned your son to go and take his lessons with his teacher and then to return home but he did not obey. He went into the town and provided the people with scriptures. One Arab told him not to go into a certain house because the sickness was very bad. But he said fear it not. The next night he called me and told me he was sick. I made him some peppermint tea but he complained about his stomach He told me that a year ago today he was sick in Utah. The doctor came and gave him medicines but he would not have them.

The next day he got up and walked about the room singing and whistling as he always did. But he told me a sister I must go to bed for two days we wrapped him in wet linen cloths changing around with woolen shawls. But on the third day the pox were seen. He should have had a sweating but he would not stay under his blanket. He died at half past twelve on the seventh of Feb. But before he died he said goodbye to us all. The same day the funeral took place between 11 and 12. Just one man was allowed to go to the graveyard he was just one rod from Brother Haags. After six weeks we took some flowers and planted them on both graves.