

Rhoda Byrne Jared

The Book of Jared

by Eleanor M. Hall

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Rhoda Byrne Jared – b. 24 October 1820, Putnam Co., TN – d. 29 March 1899, Provo, Utah. She left her own story:



Rhoda Bryne Jared

Adolphia Young

I was married to Adolphia Young in Jackson Co., TN – 26 July 1836. We lived in Jackson Co. until the spring of 1842 when we heard the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the fall of 1843 we moved to Nauvoo, IL and remained there until the spring of '46, then we went with the church to Council Bluffs.

We remained in Winter Quarters until the spring of '47. Then moved up the river to Summer Quarters. There we assisted in raising a crop.

In July of that summer our family all came down with the ague and there was not one able to wait upon another, and there were but few in the place but what were sick. My youngest child then was Adolphia Allen, he took the Black Scurvy which many had there and died 9 September 1847. Then my sorrow began for I had not lost one of my children before. We all remained sick that fall. We were so anxious to be ready to go the next spring that my husband went back to Tennessee to collect money and he had ague every other day. While on his way he took a severe cold and was sick there all winter. He sent for me in the spring of '48 and I went back to him.

By that time we had got though with about everything we had, and as soon as we were able to work, we went to work to get something to take us to Salt lake City. On the 13th of March we started to go by water to Council Bluffs, calculating to buy teams and wagons at St. Louis. We got on the ill-fated boat, the Saluda, at Lexington. It blew up, killing many people. Our family were all preserved but lost much property.

After the boat was lost we bought team and wagon and went by land to Council Bluffs. About the 10th of May we started from Council Bluffs in the 5th Company under Capt. Tidwell. My husband, Adolphia Young, was Captain of one of the Tens. We had not gone far when the cholera made its appearance in our camp.

On the 2nd of July my husband was taken with the dread disease. He lingered four days and died on the 5th of July 1852 near the Wood River one hundred miles out of Winter Quarters. My oldest son, Samuel, was taken with the same complaint on the 7th and died on the 8th on Elm Creek. Thus I was bereft of my husband and my son only three days between their deaths. Oh, I felt that there was no power but the Lord's that could sustain me under this overwhelming stroke.

I, with the help of my oldest daughter, Frances, drove my own team, yoking my cattle mornings and unyoking them evenings. About the 20th of September we landed in Salt Lake City where I had so long desired to be. I stayed there a few months and then went out to Big Cottonwood where my husband's cousin, Alfred D. Young lived. He offered to be my husband and a father to my children, which offer I accepted.

After Rhoda's marriage to Alfred Douglas Young the family moved to Provo, UT. A.D. sold the oxen and wagon outfit belonging to his wife for the down payment of a home in Provo. This made the family very sad. To them it was like selling a cherished member of the household. Those oxen had suffered the hardships of the Plains right along with the family. But the Young family had to have a home and it had to be large enough to accommodate them.

The news spread through the Rocky Mountains that someone had fired on Fort Sumter. Tragic and unnecessary war was declared between the states in the East.

As a result of the Civil War. Utah became an entirely self sufficient nation. Pioneers were called to settle all the far valleys that were in any way suitable to produce sustenance for this isolated territory.

In the semi-annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints held October 1861, Alfred Douglas Young hear his name called as one chosen to participate in the "Muddy Mission," a location similar in climate to the Dixie from which he came. The purpose of this mission was to raise the necessary crops to make the Utah people independent as far as produce from any other group of people or section of the world was concerned.

The enigma of their new home on the "Muddy" was the unseemly paradox of drought and flood. The Virgin river on which they settled was a stingy stream in the heat of summer that could disappear into the hot sandy earth and forbid even a drink of water for tired cattle and struggling people. Then with a summer storm high in the cliffs over Zion Canyon, it could send down a flood that would roar through the dry channels, rip out their dams and irrigation systems and leave them bereft of ways and means to water the crops and keep their gardens growing.

The winters were mild and pleasant, the summers long and hot and the Saints from the southern states liked it. They soon learned to build their dams with stone and timber that sometimes withstood the onslaught of floods.

“Factory Script” was used as a medium of exchange all up and down the state. The Z.C.M.I. in Salt Lake City regarded it as cash strong as molasses or dried peaches. It could be traded anywhere for flour and grist.

Rhoda's black walnut trees grew in her yard along with pomegranate and fig trees and she was even nursing a tiny slip of a palm tree just for pure beauty and novelty when the boom was lowered again.

Kanab, then the newest mission, was opened in an effort to understand and tame the Indians. Many friends of the Young family from Cottonwood, Provo, and the Muddy were going there where free land was still to be had if they could get it away from the Indians. That is the place the Youngs' decided to live. They made their last home there.

Rhoda never again enjoyed the comfort of so commodious a home as they had enjoyed in Provo, but her home in Kanab stands today – a Pioneer Landmark. It is owned by her great grandchildren and their youngsters gather walnuts from its yard. Like Johnny Appleseed her trail can be traced by her particular kind of planting.

Rhoda died in Provo while visiting her children and grandchildren there in 1899.



Brigham Lawrence Young
s/o Adolphia & Rhoda (Jared)
Young



Adolphia Young
s/o Alfred & Rhoda (Jared)
Young



Jared Young
s/o Alfred & Rhoda (Jared)
Young



Children of Adolphia & Rhoda Byrne Jared Young;
except Celestia Malinda is the
d/o Alfred Douglas & Rhoda Byrne Jared Young.
L to R: Matilda Jane, Annie Ross, Celestia Malinda,
Frances Gibson, Martha Vance Young

Nauvoo, January 25th, 1845

Dear Mother,

It is with feelings of no ordinary kind that I take pen in hand this Sabbath morning to address you this letter. We are all well at present and have been ever since we sent the last letter, which was to David Nichols, except little Samuel. He was very sick a few days with the hives, but he is now as hearty as ever. All the children are more fleshy than ever they were before. I hope this letter will find you all well. We have not heard from you since we received your letter of the 28th of July. We want you, if you have not written since, to write as soon as you get this letter, for we want to hear from you very much indeed. Write everything that you think would be of interest to us. You said in your last letter that we should render each other all the satisfaction we could by writing.

I am somewhat at a loss to know what would be most satisfactory to you; however, I will tell you a little about Nauvoo and Mormonism, so called.

Nauvoo is a city of Saints gathered from all parts of the world, as the Old Prophet said, "Two of a family and one of a City" to do the commandments of God; even to build a house to His name.

With a few exceptions, I believe they are the best people in the world. All is peace and quietness. The people are industrious, virtuous, and temperant, but now are the words of Saint Paul verified: "They that live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." For the hand of persecution has been heavily on us, and the world, it seems is making preparations to weigh the iron hand of oppression still heavier upon us by inventing the most abominable falsehoods ever thought of, either by Man or Devil, and publish them abroad. By this influence the charter of this city has been taken away. The next attempt may be to take away our lives.

The mobbers in Hancock Co. are still prowling around like so many hungry wolves, howling over the blood of some innocent sheep which they have murdered to gratify their ravenous appetite. They cry theft and robbery, when it is evident that the greater part of theft they speak of really does not exist; while on the other hand, our (Bee gums) have been stolen, and the gums found by a Mormon's house and the honey in the house of a mobocrat; and many other like circumstances. They do this in order to justify themselves in the eyes of the people for murdering Joseph and Hyrum; for they know that they cannot make it appear that the Mormons did it. They gathered up the chips whereon Joseph bled, and sent them from one to another hundreds of times as a token of triumph. My very soul shudders at the thought of their unlimited wickedness, especially when I think how soon the wrath of an offended God will be poured out upon them.

Surely all manner of evil is spoken of us falsely for Christ's sake, but we know that through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom. But in the midst of our afflictions, our hearts are made to rejoice, for we put our trust in that God, who is able to light up a smile in the aspect of woe. Yea, His spirit is better than the juice of the grape, and His approbation is preferable to the smile of princes. His favor is richer than the finest gold, and His wisdom transcendeth all human understanding. He will perform his work and accomplish His purpose. Man cannot prevent it. The principles of His Kingdom are the principles of truth, and truth is everlasting as Himself. Therefore, His Kingdom will stand, and those that abide its laws will come up before Him to dwell in His presence; therefore, we will adhere to His statutes and will maintain the New and Everlasting Covenant, not counting our lives dear unto us.

Mother, I often ask myself this question, "Why am I here alone without any of my connection?" "Why do they not come into this work?"

The thought is suggested to my mind: They worship God and they think that is all that is required of them. If this be the case, I wish to refer to the 8th chapter of the Acts, where a man of Ethiopia has been to Jerusalem to worship, and was returning reading his Bible, when Phillips came to him and preached to him, and the first water they came to, they went down into it and he was baptized. Also, in the 16th Chapter: Lydia worshipped God, yet she gave heed to the Gospel as preached by Paul, though the Lord, opened her heart that she might receive His word.

Now, if the Lord has not opened the eyes of your understanding to see the necessity of His Church being organized according to the New Testament pattern, I entreat you to pray to the Lord in the fervency of your soul, that He will open your heart to receive the truth of all that He has designed for our salvation. Mother tell me your mind upon this subject in your next letter.

I must begin to come to a close. Give my love to Grandmother Byrne and Mother Young, and all inquiring friends.

I beg to be excused for my bad writing and spelling, for the children have been very noisy and little Samuel has been hanging around my lap. I called the children up around me and asked them what I should tell you about them. Frances said she wished I would put her in the postoffice with the letter, and send her to Tennessee for to see her grandmother. "Now" she said, "If you write that, it will tickle them."

Mariam sends her love to Granny Byrne. Anna and Martha said, "Write me too." We remain as ever yours until death.

R.B. and A. D. Young

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