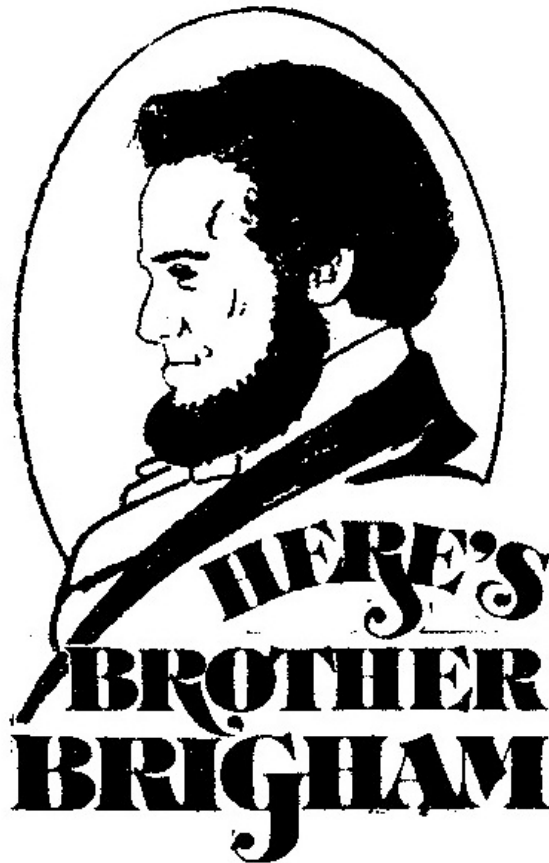


PRODUCTION SCRIPT



HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM

A One-Man Show
by
James Arrington



Newport, Maine

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HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM

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This script is taken directly from quotes, letters, diaries, and written stories of the time. It is probably 85% direct quote. First performed in 1976, the play has traveled all over the United States including Hawaii, Alaska, and parts of Canada, England and Scotland.

If desired, this script may be used as a Reader's Theatre by taking the lines that are said by others than Brigham, and have actors/actresses play those roles.

HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM! by *James Arrington* An enjoyable and enlightening production including stories and experiences of the LDS prophet, Brigham Young. Spend an hour with the man the world thinks it knows, and find out who Brigham really was.

James Arrington — Retired former Associate Professor, Former Department Chair at Utah Valley University

Professor James Arrington was schooled professionally at The American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco and has earned a Masters Degree in Theatre from Brigham Young University. He has worked professionally for over 30 years and became a local sensation on the Utah theatre scene when returned to create and star in his well known groundbreaking one-man show *Here's Brother Brigham*.

He followed this by displaying a quirky writing talent with *The Farley Family Reunion* and *J. Golden*. He starred in the former and wrote, directed and produced the latter.

He went on to write and produce numerous works including *Farley Two: the Next Gyration*, *Wilford Woodruff: God's Fisherman*, *Farley Family Xmas*, *Tumuaki! Matthew Cowley of the Pacific*, and the pioneer musical *The Trail of Dreams*.

He has written and produced numerous smaller works and was granted a commission by the Sesquicentennial Utah War Committee to write a new touring work entitled *March of the Salt Soldiers: The Utah War*. He has written for stage, screen, outdoor pageant, radio drama, and puppet shows.

Professor Arrington was the first Chairman of the Department of Theatrical Arts for Stage and Screen for UVU. He recently received both the local Star award from the SCERA and a highly sought after regional award, The Kennedy Center American Theatre College Faculty Excellence Award. Along with his teaching at UVU, Professor Arrington oversees the playwriting programs.

He also originated the annual *Short Attention Span Theatre*, an engaging ten-minute play festival devoted to new student works. <https://www.jamesarringtonproductions.com/>

HERE'S BROTHER BRIGHAM

ACT ONE

(SETTING: The stage is set with wooden furniture from the pioneer period, including a desk, a rocking chair, a "guest" chair, a free standing wardrobe or armoire, a coat tree, a large rug under the desk with a rotating period office chair behind the desk. A small bench sits downstage left.)

(A French horn solo issues as a kind of fanfare and Brigham Young enters, hat, cane, and satchel in hand. He suddenly notices the audience. He moves to the desk, removes his satchel and moves downstage to look directly into the audience. He studies them rather critically up and down, side-to-side. He seems to study them individually and at length, with a twinkle in his eye, he winks and smiles at them. He takes a large breath and speaks.)

Now, I know you all want to know how many wives I've got.

My conscience! What a generation of gentlemen and ladies we have. Strangers come to see me and their first reflection is: "I would like to ask him a question if I dare." and what is it? Why it is all about wives. "Oh! I do want to ask Brother Brigham how many wives he's got." Gentlemen who come to my office very often say to me, "Brother Brigham, I wonder if I might take a little peek at your wives." "No sir! They are no for exhibition." Let me say this to all creation and I wish to publish it, I had as leave be asked how many wives I've got as any other question. I would rather see them anxious to learn about the gospel, but instead it is, "How many wives have you" or "I wonder whom he slept with last night." I can tell all those who are curious on this point: I slept with all that slept. We slept on one universal bed, the bosom of our good mother earth and we slept together!

(A leering person) "But did you have anybody in bed with you?"

(Whispering) Yes, I did.

(Smirking confidentially) "Well, who was it?"

(Straightforward) It was my wife.

(To the audience) It was not your wife, nor your sister, nor your daughter unless she was my wife and that legally and lawfully too! Now I can say that to all creation but it is not all professed Christians who can say it. I'm sorry to say it is not all professed Mormons who can say it.

Now I can readily understand that you come here to see the notorious Brigham Young. Well, you can now look at him and in so doing you don't see a very marvelous sight, now do you? I think I'm not wrong in the conclusion when I say that you came here to see the notorious Brigham Young rather than to hear his

Here's Brother Brigham! by James Arrington

religion or his politics, ain't that so?

(Acknowledging an offstage person) Good evening to you, George! I see you're working late. I'm sorry for you, so am I —

(as if in conversation) No, I didn't hear about Brother Baker, — What!? —

(Angrily) Not again! You know, somebody ought to run him out of this town on a rail and it may be me! — Don't quote me on that, George.

(To the audience) That's one of my secretaries, George Watt, he's the only one of my secretaries fool enough to work the same hours I do.

Now I don't often make very many preliminaries or very many apologies when I arise to address a congregation, but oft times when I stand up here I have the feelings of a person who is unable to convey his ideas. I think I understand the reason of this. You see, the English language is better adapted than any other in existence to the using of thousands and thousands of words without conveying one single idea. I don't very often complain of that but I rise to do the best I can having been born with the grit in me...

(little joke) but it's pretty hard to pump when there's no water in the well.

My discourse tonight is like succotash with corn and beans mixed. Those who likes beans best can pick them out, those who prefer corn can select it out; if it don't suit you at all you can just go without it for I'm not responsible whether it suits you or not. If I can speak so as you'll get my meaning, it'll suit me just fine, so don't fret your gizzards.

I'm a green mountain boy. I was born in Whitingham, Vermont, June 1, 1801. Whitingham did not seem to appreciate that, however. In fact, I have just received in the mails a piece of poetry. Seemed that Whitingham has just passed its hundredth anniversary as a township

(he looks on his desk to find a paper)

and somebody took a notion to write a poem about it. I'd like to read it to you. It is called: "Whitingham Poem"

What has she done in all these years,
Old Whitingham, mid smiles and tears.
Raised her Goodnows and her Starrs;
Merchants, bankers, bulls and bears.
Reared the mayor of a city;
And Brigham Young, Lord! What a pity.

(He glares at those laughing in the audience, then laughs himself.)

They also say here, "We deem it little consequence in what locality he was born; it is sufficiently humiliating that Whitingham was his birthplace."

(Ironically) It so happened that my parents moved to the state of Vermont; I was born there, I could not help that; they might have stayed in Massachusetts, close to Boston; if they had I should have been born there and could not have helped that! Besides, who'd choose to be born in Whitingham, Vermont?

Now my father, John Young, must have loved my mother very much for he give her twelve children; five boys and seven girls of which I was the ninth child. In my youthful days, I had no opportunity for letters, instead of going to school I had the opportunity of chopping down trees; rolling logs; planting, plowing; sowing bare-footed in the midst of roots getting my shins, toes, and feet bruised; if I had a pair of pants what would cover me, I thought I did pretty well. That's about all the education I ever had. You see, life in those days was pretty hard though we didn't particularly know there was any other way of living.

Why I can remember one time, I was about fifteen years of age, all my older brothers had gone into the surrounding communities to work, my father had gone into town for some food, leaving myself and my little brother, Lorenzo, to tend our sugar maples. Well, father had been gone about two days and we was getting pretty hungry. We'd not had a bite but for the sugar we was eating! Well, that evening as we went towards the house, low and behold a robin came and lit in a tree. I set little Lorenzo to praying for it to stay and went after the gun.

(Brigham fetches his cane as a rifle and 'shoots' it.)

Pretty soon we had that robin dressed and boiling in the pot. Now I know you wouldn't think so today but we thanked God mightily for the gift of that little robin. I've always found in my experience that a humble stomach is most generally an empty one.

As I began to grow, I began to labor with my own two hands, doing what labors I could find. I learned the trades of house painting, glass glazing, carpentry. Well, I have always figured, if a job was worth doing at all it was worth doing well, but it was not till my 22nd year that I became serious and religiously inclined. I'd heard a good deal about religion, my parents being Methodists had brought me up in a mighty strict fashion.

(He demonstrates a paddling.)

I'd heard a good deal about religion, how nice the Lord was, what a nice place heaven was, I thought a great may times I'd like to hear somebody say something when he opened the bible about the Son of God, the will

of God, what the ancients did and received, etc. Well sir, wanting to know more about that matter, I went to hear Lorenzo Dow.

Now Lorenzo Dow as esteemed a very great man by the religious folks, including my parents who named my little brother Lorenzo after him. Well, he stood up part of the time, he set down part of the time; he was in this position and that there position, he just preached on some two or three hours worth. After it was all over I asked myself, "Now Brigham, what have you learned from Lorenzo Dow?" My answer was, "Nothing, nothing but morals." Oh, he could tell the people they should not labor on the Sabbath; they should not lie, swear or steal; but when it came to teaching the deeper things of God, he was dark as midnight. Now where was I going I did not know but I wanted to be as good as I knew ho whilst here for I was pretty sure I would not stay here always. I had but one prevailing feeling in those days, "Lord, preserve me until I'm old enough to have sound judgment., As you can see, he's still preserving me.

Oh! I was labored with diligently by those priests to attach myself to some church, but I wanted to know the truth that I might not be fooled. So I began to inhabit the several church houses in our area. I can remember one small meetinghouse I went to - everybody there was seated solemnly and silently around large tables.

(Brigham silently sits to join them and closes his eyes reverently. He waits, opens an eye. Nothing happens. He looks around and seems to become bored.)

Finally one gentleman in the corner arose and I readied myself to hear the Lord's words

(Brigham is expectant)

but the gentleman got up and left the room!... as did everybody else! Well outdoors I overheard someone saying

(mimicking) "what a fine spirit had been in attendance at that meeting that day." I thought, "Well, you can keep your spirit from here to kingdom come, I'll keep a' looking, thank you!"

I can remember another small meeting house I went to; it started off nice and respectable enough, then came a sob from here, and then a moan from there, and a cry from here and a shout from there; they commenced in trying to blow the roof off the place! I saw them "get religion" all around me; men was rolling and bawling and thumping! Had no effect on me. I thought, "If that's the spirit of the Lord, I don't want it, I don't want to play the lunatic!"

Of those who seemed more responsible, I would ask questions I would say, "Minister, I read so and so in the Bible, how do you understand it? What's the purpose of this life? What are we here for? Where did we come from? Where are we going to?" and so forth, etc.

Well, after asking all those questions and going to hear them preach year after year, what do you think it was I learnt? Nothing. Nothing but morals and mysteries. I tell you, in those days I'd as lief gone to a swamp at midnight to learn how to paint a picture when neither moon nor stars was visible as go to the religious world to learn anything about heaven, hell, or the faith of a Christian! Old men, young boys "got religion" I could not get it. I felt in those days, if I could just see the face of a prophet — a man such as had lived on the earth in ancient days — a man who received revelations. I thought, "There was no hardship I would not undergo if I could just know one man who knew God and His character."

(Brigham shrugs and sighs sadly.)

(Perky) Well sir, not being highly educated and wanting to know more about the world, I went out and got married. Married myself a sweet young women by the name of Miriam Works. We moved to the state of New York where I followed the occupations that I'd learned as a... — well, you know, I believe I have a remnant of those days,

(Brigham opens and searches his armoire.)

I'd like to share it with you, if I've still got it... Ah, it's still here...

(Brigham pulls out and proudly shows an old weathered hanging shingle stating "Brigham Young – Painter-Glazier")

I followed the occupations I'd learned as "Brigham Young, Painter–Glazier."

(No audience response. Brigham is slightly irritated but puts the sign down.)

Now, it was in New York that I had my first recollection of meeting a Mormon, that is, somebody I new to be a Mormon. A man named Samuel Smith brought a Book of Mormon by to my brother Phinehas H. He said it was a record of the ancient Indins who lived on this continent.

(Brigham plucks the Book of Mormon off his desk and uses it as the Book of Mormon in the reenactment of the story.)

(Whispering to Phineas) Now you pay attention here, Phinehas, I'm going to take care of this here fella.

(Turning To Samuel) I understand you Mormons have what you call a Golden Bible. Is this what you call

your Golden Bible?

(response) ... You believe in the Bible and this book?!

(back to Phineas but not in a whisper) They're Christians after all, Phinehas, what do you think about that?

(He laughs then suddenly serious to Samuel) Now, now, now! Might I ask you a question? How did you come by this book?

(response then genuine astonishment)... An angel brought it to you?! ... Oh, that makes sense don't it Phinehas?— Um Uhm, and was it in the English language at that time?

(response) ... And who translated it?...

(as if too much response) Yes, and what's your brother's name?...

(response) Joe Smith...

(nodding) oh!... Junior!

(Back to Phineas) Phineas, I best believe we make room next to Moses for Joe Smith — Jr.

(holding laughter) What do you think about that?! —

(suddenly very seriously to Samuel) Now, now, now! Do you think I'm gonna believe at the first intimation of this book? Well, you've got another think comin'. What are the doctrines contained in this book? What are the revelations that have come through this prophet, Joseph Smith? Let me apply my heart to them!

(Walking "out" of the scene)

You see, I felt I had my right to know for myself. I'd noticed all my life that the traditions of people was all the religion they had. Well, I got traditions for myself. But, I began to read and study in that book; sought to become acquainted with those who professed to believe it to see whether good common sense was manifest. Introduced it to my good friend Heber Kimball, to see what he could make of it. All other religions I can fathom, but that new one—I pondered on month after month. I began to pray to the Lord that He'd give me some feelings regarding the truthfulness or the deception of those doctrines. More often than not I felt I was praying more to the ceiling and myself than to anybody else, but I continued to pray in faith, thinking the Lord would not give me a ten-thousand dollar answer for a ten cent prayer.

One evening as I was praying... praying in earnest you understand, after two years of perusal of that book, I felt — a burning — a burning in my heart and I knew, I KNEW it was true. I knew as well as I could feel with my fingers — see with my eyes. I burnt my bones like fire pent up, nothing would satisfy me but to cry abroad in the land what the Lord was doing in the latter days! I was immediately baptized, went on several missionary journeys to Canada at my own expense making about two thousand miles by foot.

I'll tell you, many's the time I've stood in front of a congregation just like yourselves and done my best to tell them what the Lord is doing in the latter days. Then many times I've picked myself up out of the dirt and

wondered why it is people hate to hear the truth so much. But I made up my mind to declare the truth I knew regardless of the devil and his friends... Excuse me, I don't mean to say devil. I don't often use the old gentleman's name in vain. You see, when I went into the world I was addicted to swearing through hearing others. Of course, now I've controlled the music in my speech... except at the pulpit where it serves a useful purpose.

Oh, I have a whole wheelbarrow full of letters from friends encouraging me to be more cautious in my speech

(He opens his desk drawer and picks up a wrapped bundle of letters)

—look at this here — I got more in there — how do you think I feel when I get such communications? Well, I feel just like rubbing their noses with them! If I'm not of have the privilege of speaking of saint and sinner when I so desire, tie up my mouth and send me to the grave... my work will be done, that's the truth of it.

Speaking of swearing, I can remember a conversation I had with an old priest who was a friend of ours. He began to rant and rail against "Ole Joe Smith" calling him a "mean man, a liar, a money digger, a whoremaster..." well excuse me, but he just charged him with everything bad he could find language to utter. I said,

(Stepping into the "scene")

You just hold on here, Brother Gilmore. I do not know Joseph Smith, I've never met him, I don't know his private character, but I don't care anything about that for I never embrace any man in my faith. But the doctrine he has produced

(excited) will save you and save me and save the whole world if you'll only let it!... He wouldn't let it...

I found most folks felt like Brother Gilmore, they didn't trust anything they didn't understand... and they didn't understand nothin'! Isn't it interesting, we're all born into this life as infants, and as infants we're as ignorant as we can possibly be. Then most folks labor their entire lives to leave this life as ignorant as they come into it! It's a mystery to me...

Well, as you might imagine, I began to have a powerful urge to meet this prophet Joseph Smith myself. At that time, I and my little family was living with my good friend, Heber Kimball, as my sweet wife Miriam *(a little emotional)* had... passed on only three weeks after her own baptism. Well, Heber and I had decided to take that journey the thousand miles to Kirtland, Ohio, to meet the prophet and to feel of his spirit.

Upon arriving we went to his father's house, and there learned he was in the woods choppin'. So, on the way out to the woods, I said to Heber, I said,

Here's Brother Brigham! by James Arrington

(in a scene) "Heber?"

(to the audience) Heber's a big fella. Chest measures the same front to back as side to side... but he has that high little voice ——

(he turns into the scene and looks way up) "Heber, don't you think there's better things for the prophet of the Lord to be doing besides choppin' wood?!"

(Heber voice) "Well, seems to me the prophet has to keep as warm as anybody else. Besides, the Savior was the carpenter, He must of chopped up some wood — don't that make sense?"

(Brigham gets a kick out of the response and they enter into a scene.)

Upon arriving within sight of them, I asked if the prophet Joseph was amongst them.

(Getting no response from those he's speaking to.)

Well, have no fear, we're members of the church.

(Still envisioning the scene he 'sees' the prophet approach him.)

Immediately, a tall, handsome man with sandy, brown hair stepped out to greet us. His shirt was open, his sleeves rolled up, and he perspired from the work he'd been doing.

(To the imaginary Joseph in front of him) This here's my friend, Heber Kimball; my name is Brigham Young.

(He holds out his hand to shake hands with brother Joseph. Remembering the moment he pulls his hand back reverently looking at his hand.)

Now, I don't know what I expected when I met the prophet Joseph Smith, but here he was in front of me as human as anybody I had ever seen. He was not long faced, nor grave, nor bearded as you might expect but he wore a cheerful countenance; a young man about my own age at the time, and what interesting eyes he had – they was so clear and deep and loving; and as he grasped my hand,

(Brigham shakes) I had the sure witness at that moment that he was all God had revealed him to me to be, a true prophet and I knew very soon I'd be chopping right along side him.

(Brigham steps back and bellows his testimony) I feel like shouting hallelujah all the time when I think I ever knew Joseph Smith the prophet whom the Lord raised up in these latter days!!!

For that very purpose, I removed my family to Kirtland, Ohio, so as never to miss an opportunity to hear what

the prophet had to impart. At that time, he was organizing the church and chose a group of twelve of us to stand as apostles but he made it very clear we was not to be apostles to him, "For the Lord is the head of this church," says he, "I've laid the foundation, and you must build thereon, for upon your shoulders the kingdom rests," says he.

About that time I got married again. Met and married a sweet and wonderful young woman but the name of Mary Ann Angell, that's A-N-G-E-L-L... but to my way of thinking, there's hardly no "L" in her.

Oh, many of the leading men in Kirtland at that time was much opposed to Joseph counseling them in their worldly, their temporal matters, thinking it his duty to embrace spiritual things alone. It became so public it was in the mouth of almost everybody, and it became difficult for anybody to see clearly the path to pursue. I've always said the saints don't need to be lead into temptation... they can find the way there theirselves.

Well, upon this one certain occasion, several of the apostles and authorities of the church met together in one of the upper rooms of the temple in Kirtland. The matter before them was to ascertain how Joseph might be deposed and David Whitmer be put in as president of the church in his stead.

(He seems to enter the scene) I sat there listening to them warm their pointed tongues on Joseph's character just about long enough to set my spirit to boiling and I could stand it no longer——

(he stands strongly) Joseph Smith is a prophet! I know it and you know it!——now you may rail and slander against him as much as you please but that does not destroy the authority of the prophet of God. Only God can do that. But you can destroy your own authority for if Joseph Smith has no authority, then you have none in the least. Now I defy you, or you, or any man on earth to point out the path that the prophet of God must walk in.

(Pointing to one man in particular) I hear you say,

(sarcastically) "Mormonism is true but I will not be trammeled in my career, I want my liberty perfectly."

Well, upon that point you're not so far ahead as the devils in hell, for they know the church is true, otherwise you'd not see them working so hard to tear it down. Joseph Smith is a prophet! If you will fight against him you will cut the thread that binds you to God and thus sink yourselves into that awful hell that is yawning to open to receive you! Now you nasty apostates——clear out or judgment will be put to the line!

(Brigham pulls out of the scene and is slightly embarrassed at his energetic delivery.)

(Pointing at the same man as before) Jacob Bump, an old pugilist, was so exasperated that he could be still.

Some of the brethren had to put their hands on him, but he writhed and twisted his arms and body saying, "How can I keep my hands off that man?"

(Brigham approaches him boldly) I told him if he thought it would give him any relief at all, he might try to

lay them on!

During that siege of darkness I stayed close by the prophet Joseph. Scores and scores of nights I've lain on the floor with a loaded revolver under my pillow to protect his life. There are men in this church in full fellowship who haunted my house for weeks and months to kill me and I knew it all the time. Many times I'd prayed and had a man at the door watch for the murderer who sought after my blood and he would pray and I would watch. What for? To kill that bloodthirsty villain.

Now, I have always acknowledged myself to be coward and hope that I may always be, not because I'm afraid of meeting the Lord, no such thing, but because I am afraid that I may not be able to finish my duty in this world first... Besides that, we're all gonna meet the Lord someday anyway, now ain't we?

Joseph and I had to flee. The danger from those apostates became so terrible that the church as a body removed to Jackson County, Missouri. Now, I felt that in Missouri our earthly sorrows and afflictions would finally be at an end, that we'd find we had some peace; but I'd not been there in Missouri more than five months when the mobs began to burn our houses. Why I knew men in the course of the fall to gather up their flocks and herds, put their families and possessions in the wagons, set their own houses afire and leave for other parts. I later saw those SAME men's names attached to affidavits stating that the Mormon's had burned up their houses, that the Mormons had driven them off. This served admirably to pour kerosene on kindling.

We sent to Governor Boggs petitioning him to stop those mobbings and when he did nothing we went all the way to President Van Buren, but Van Buren had a very curious answer;
(satirically imitating) "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you."

(Brigham is disgusted.)

We continued to petition hoping they'd come to understand our distress. Then the state militia was called out and marched to the city. When I saw them coming I rejoiced that the law and order would finally be restored to us. They took Joseph into what they called 'protective custody,' they asked us for our weapons — they said it was a formality — so we turned over our weapons... and as soon as they had our weapons they commenced their ravages by plundering us of our bedding, clothing, wearing apparel, money, anything of value they could lay their hands on... and we was helpless to stop them.

Oh, my friends, that was a dark day. Many of the saints was wounded or murdered by that army. Men and boys was shot to pieces, children was dashed against the walls, several women was ravished to death in the full sight of their husbands, friends and children. They shot down our cattle and our fowl, took part away

and left the rest to rot in the streets. As I witnessed that carnage of my people, these hands (*shows his hands*) turned red with the blood of the wounded and dying. At that time, General Clark delivered his noted address.

(*Shaken*) I should like to read a portion of it to you:

(*Brigham recovers a document from his desk.*)

“The orders of Governor Boggs to me were that you should be exterminated. For this leniency you are indebted to me and to me alone. Now, you must sign over all your properties to defray the expenses of this war. I would advise you to scatter abroad and never again organize yourselves. Become as other citizens and liberate yourselves from these fetters of fanaticism. Now you must flee, there is no alternative.”

(*Darkly*) Do you want I should tell you what I thought? I thought a kind of bad thought... “Renounce my religion, no sir, I will see you burn in hell first!! This is the United States of America!”

Many of the brethren came to me crying for the vengeance of heaven saying it was better to die than to be driven out as if we was in the wrong. I told them that the time to have patience had come, that we was being tried in the furnace of affliction to strengthen us — you see, hammering will break down a pot of clay, but steel strengthens under a beating and the Lord is looking for good steel!

Now if the records was searched, I do not know that you could find one crime committed by one of our brethren so far as I know. So what was our crime causing this so-called war? Let me read to you from the newspapers of the time;

(*produces quotes on a page*)

“They are eastern men whose manners, customs, & habits are essentially different from our own.” “They are non-slave holders.” “The religious tenets of this people are so different that they excite deep prejudices against them.” — Hard evidence, ain't it?

Joseph not being amongst us, it was decided to remove the church to a half-breed tract of land in the state of Illinois called Commerce. Commerce, Illinois! Now a swamper piece of ground you could not find, and I don't know that anybody would have it but for those of us who had nowhere else to go.

In the meantime, Joseph managed to escape from his captors in Missouri. It was widely published in that state that Joseph fled from justice in Missouri, but I've one little question about that... How does ANYbody fly from JUSTICE in the state of MISSOURI?!

Well sir, in the spring we began covering over the swamps, eating anything we could beg, borrow or... dig from the earth. Oh, that was a happy time you know, working together even though we had next to nothing. Then in the spring the swamps began to team with insects, so much so there was an outbreak of malaria. Many of the brethren and sisters became sick, many died, myself nigh unto death. Joseph had taken the sick into his house 'til he was sick hisself. But I shall never forget that peculiar morning, it was something out of ancient days. Joseph arose from his bed of sickness and the power of God was upon him. He commenced in his own house commanding the sick to arise and be made whole, and it was according to his word. He came into the house where I was lying sick and called me by name, and commanded me in the name of Jesus Christ to rise and be made whole, and I arose, and was healed! I followed him from house to house, tent to tent healing as he went—— and his voice was the voice of God! I saw it! I experienced it in every sense and I know that it is true!

We'd hardly begun to start over again when we received a message from the Lord. He said, (recalling) "Let the twelve apostles depart and go over the great waters, there to bear record of my name. If they will do this in all lowliness of heart, I the Lord give unto them a promise that I shall provide for their families."

Well now, many of the saints considered in our present persecuted condition, the Lord would not require the twelve to fulfill his words to the letter. But I figured the Lord had spoken, it was our duty to obey. So when I left my wife and six children, they had not a second suit for their backs as we left all in the hands of the mobs. They was all sick and unable to wait upon each other even to get a pail of water, and my then youngest child was but ten days old at that time. In that condition, I left my family trusting in the Lord's promise that all would be well.

Course, we had lots of interesting experiences as we travelled eastward. Let me tell you one: George Smith and I stayed overnight at a large frame house said to have stood one hundred-fifty years, which was so infested with bedbugs that we could not sleep. George gave it his legal opinion there was bedbugs there that had danced to the music at the Battle of Trenton as they heads was perfectly gray! Well, we took our blankets and retreated to the further end of the room — but the bedbugs followed us! So I lit a candle and as they approached, we caught them and burnt them in the flame, thus, if nothing else, spent the night quite warm, thank you!

Do you like that story?... I'll tell you another one. While in Pleasant Garden we obtained some money which amounted to about \$13.50. Thirteen dollars and fifty cents, which we kept in a little box, we had with us. Now, that not being a whole lot of money, we did not expect to be able to ride the stagecoach but a short distance. Well sir, we rode as far as Indianapolis where we tarried overnight waiting for another line. The

next morning, got up – paid the fares —found we had sufficient means to go to Richmond, then to Dayton where again, we tarried overnight waiting for another line. Next morning, got up — went to the box, paid the fares and found we had sufficient means to go all the way to Columbus where again, we tarried overnight. Upon paying the bill the next morning, I found sufficient means to pay our passages to Wooster – then to Cleveland where we again took our lodgings. The next morning went to the box and finally took passage to Kirtland. Upon arriving in Kirtland I found that I had only a York shilling left and upon looking over our expenses I found we had paid out over \$87 out of that \$13.50 which was all the money we had... Don't you wish you had that box!

In Kirtland I found time to write my sweet wife a letter

(in a kind of reverie)

My beloved wife, I've stayed as long in Kirtland as I desire to for the time being for I have been so haunted by foul spirits that I can hardly sleep a wink in this place. I preached in the Lord's house on Sunday but oh how it looked to see that house occupied with devils in human bodies. No necessity of going into the swine here, there's human bodies aplenty for them right over there!

This is a pleasant evening but I feel lonesome. Oh! That I had you with me I think I should be happy. The older I grow the more I desire to stay at home instead of traveling. There's no place like home to me. How I desire to see you and the children. Kiss them for me. Kiss little Lunny twice or more, tell her it's from me. After taking a great share of my love to yourself, deal it out to the others as you please. I do feel to bless you in the name of the Lord. Your devoted husband, Brigham —

P.S., You must excuse all the mistakes.

London is one of the great cities of Christendom. The wealth of the ages is accumulated there but only in to a few pockets. I found out immediately why we fought the Revolutionary War, for taxation is the business of England! Why there's taxes for everything — smoke must not go up the chimney without paying taxes! Light must not come in through the window without paying duties! There's taxes for living, taxes for dying, I scarce recollect an article without a tax... unless it was rats, lice and fleas... and had they been taxed there should have been less of them to deal with!

Ah, but we began to love those people of England. We had hope to give them! In the two years of my missionary labor there we baptized between seven and eight thousand people; immigrated a thousand to this country; paved the way for a great many more; published a hymnal; published the Book of Mormon. Oh, I'll tell you, I love to travel and build up the kingdom and meet new friends... but if the truth were known, it's my old friends I cannot leave.

That first night after my absence from home of two years, I played with my little children, and kissed and put

them in their little beds, my how they grow'd. Then I sat with my wife by the fire for the first time in a long time and felt the blessings of the Lord and His goodness toward me... He'd kept His promise...

They renamed Commerce, they called it "Nauvoo" which means in Hebrew "beautiful" or "beautiful place"... and it was beautiful. It grew to be a teaming city of the saints of God, the largest city in the state of Illinois. That didn't curb our problems none, but we found as good a means as any to keep these intruders from molesting our state of mind; it was called the "Whistlin', Whittlin' Brigade."

All the young boys in Nauvoo carried large knives and when any stranger came into the city whose intentions seemed undesirable, they'd just follow him around whistle'n and whittlin' on a piece of wood with their large knives...

I can remember one gentleman who was forcing court persecution upon us. He come to me and complained to me about a frightening group of boys that followed him wherever he went. I said, I'm sorry sir, that you're imposed upon by this people, sir.

(Mimicking the president earlier) "Your cause is just but I can do nothing for you."

It was decided, in view of the difficulty we was having, the best thing to do would be to have our prophet leading the country as had been done in ancient days. So I arose and left for the East coast to aid in that campaign for the presidency.

I'd not been there but a couple of months when one evening brother Woodruff and I was sitting in a depot in Boston waiting. I felt a heavy depression of spirit come over me, and so melancholy that I could not converse with any degree of pleasure. I could assign no reason for that peculiar feeling.

The next few days I began hearing rumors about murders committed in Illinois, but I didn't pay any attention; I'd heard those rumors before in my travels. It was not until three weeks later that one of the brethren received a letter. We gathered to hear it read. In the letter it stated how Joseph and his brother Hyrum and several other of the brethren had been locked up in a jail in Carthage, Illinois, under the protection of the state and had been criminally and brutally murdered by a lawless and bloodthirsty mob.

The feelings in the room were so strong that many began to weep. My first thought was whether Joseph had taken the keys of the kingdom with him. Then bringing my hand down to my knee I said, "No the keys of the kingdom are right here in the church. Joseph has been released but now the responsibility sits upon our shoulders."

(Reverently) Joseph was not killed because he was a deserving of it nor because he was a wicked man. Joseph was killed because he was a virtuous man; he was as good a man as ever lived. I knew him in his private walks and acts and deeds til the day of his death and I can truly say a better man could not be, unless it was the Savior himself.

We journeyed to Nauvoo by every means by night and by day. Upon arriving, our family and friends was overjoyed to see us for they felt like little children without a father and they looked so, you may be sure. I felt a feeling in the saints to hurry matters right or wrong which grieved me for there was found Sidney Rigdon, who'd been Joseph's counselor, wanting to draw the church off. He said he'd received instructions that he was to be spokesman for Joseph and guardian for the church, and he'd organized a meeting hoping to take advantage of the saints in their confused condition.

Well, when we walked in to his meeting he was somewhat ill at ease but he still managed to roll on for about an hour and a half in his mighty fine oratory.

As I gazed down at the saints, my heart was filled with compassion for them for they looked as though they lost their best friend. I arose...

(Brigham turns a bench on the side of the stage on its end creating a pulpit. He approaches it in a "scene.")

(Soberly) For the first time in my life, for the first time in your lives, and for the first time in the kingdom of God without a prophet at our head, do I step forth to act in my calling in connection with the twelve apostles of Jesus Christ unto this generation.

You have hitherto been called to walk by sight. Do you understand that you've walked by sight? You've had the prophet Joseph in your midst. You are now called upon to walk by faith, for the prophet has sealed his testimony with his blood.

Here is brother Rigdon who was Joseph's counselor. I ask you where has brother Joseph gone. Well, he's gone beyond the veil, and if brother Rigdon wishes to act as his counselor, he'll have to go beyond the veil too, now won't he?!

Here are the twelve apostles, here are the Holy Scriptures, and here's brother Brigham. Have his knees ever faltered? Have his lips ever quivered? Did he ever flinch before the bullets in Missouri? Here is Elder Rigdon and myself. Do you want the church properly organized, or do you want a --- spokesman, cook and

a bottlewasher?!

Now you Church of Latter-day Saints, you want things organized properly. If you want elder Rigdon to lead you, then you vote for him, but not unless you intend to sustain and follow him as you did the prophet Joseph. And I may say the same for the twelve apostles. Don't you make a covenant to obey their counsel unless you intend to do just that... and if they don't counsel as you please, don't turn round and oppose them!

Now I will ask you a weighty question: Is it the will of this people and their only desire that Sidney Rigdon should stand forth to act as the ...

(Brigham hesitates and looks over his shoulder as if being addressed. He listens intently and nods his head. He turns back to the audience.)

Elder Rigdon wishes me to ask the other question first, and that is: Is it the will of this people and their only desire that the twelve apostles shall stand as the first presidency of this church? All who are in favor will they manifest by uplifting their right hand.

(Brigham peruses and seems to count the audience closely while raising his own hand. He then seems to talk to individuals on his back left and back right. He lowers his hand and turns to Bro. Rigdon.)

This, then, supersedes the other question, brother Rigdon?

(He appears to get a consent from Bro. Rigdon and turns to the audience with a kind of renewed purpose and sensibility.)

My friends, my brothers and sisters, these mobocrats have not as good a man to deal with as they did with the prophet Joseph. I do not walk into their prisons nor under their protection as he did. I wouldn't trust them any sooner than I would a wolf with my dinner. If it's wicked for me to preserve myself, I shall persist in it for I'm intending to take care of myself.

(Loudly) Now Elders of Israel, stand to your posts, strengthen your faith, and scatter the truth all over creation!

(He sets the bench back down to its normal position.)

Our enemy's was not satisfied with the deaths of Joseph and Hyrum. Our unity on all things political or

religious caused us to be feared by them. Several of the brethren had skirmishes with them and came to me asking me what to do. I exhorted them to work with one hand and to be well armed with the weapons of death, to send them to 'hell across lots' in the other. But that wasn't what we wanted. All he wanted was to be left alone so we could worship the Lord as we knew we must.

I began to feel that Nauvoo was no place for the saints. It was filled with all manner of abominations. Then the spirit whispered to me that if the brethren did not get away, the way would be hedged up.

Now, I don't know that anybody hated to leave Nauvoo unless it was Heber Kimball, he was only sorry that the war closed so soon for we had our eyes on a great many of those scoundrels and he wanted to sod them.

Don't think I hated to leave my home, no, far from it. Nauvoo began to look like a prison to me, it looked dark to look back; pleasant to look forward. "Look forward to what?" you'll say... that's what everybody said. "Where're we goin'?" We had to move thirty thousand people somewhere, "Where're we goin', Brother Brigham?" Why President Polk even wrote me a letter... "Where're you going, Brigham Young?!"

I remembered what Joseph had said about the mountains, that Zion would be established in the tops of the mountains... Besides that, I can tell you... I knew where it was... I'd seen it... I saw it in a vision, and I knew when I beheld it with my natural eyes I would recognize it.

Finally, after much preparation, the first little company of saints was ready to go. It included 72 prairie schooners, 93 horses, 66 oxen, 55 mules, 19 cows, 17 dogs, a few cats and chickens and a cannon; though the cannon was mostly for show as no one knew how to shoot it!! On the human aide, there was 143 men, 2 children and 3 women including my own plural wife, Clara Decker. Now I know you think I've left something out... well, I haven't ... I'll be talking about that in my own sweet time... so just hold yer horses.

Never before, since the time of Moses, had the children of Israel been gathered together to leave their homeland of persecution. Stretched out behind us was the bloodshed of our loved ones; all the landed property and improvements we had been forced to leave behind to save our lives; stretched out in front of us was the great unknown in the shape of gigantic mountains, vast plains and half-seen Indins, and there they was, ready to go with the pure and simple faith of the saints of God. To my mind, it was a great moment.

(Brigham has retrieved an old slouch hat from the hat stand and now stands up on the bench.)

17 more pages of BRIGHAM