

THE STORY OF MY LIFE
OLIVE JANE BUTTERFIELD BROWN
1866 - 1948

WRITTEN BY
OLIVE JANE BUTTERFIELD BROWN
MCCAMMON, IDAHO
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I, Olive Jane Butterfield Brown, was born on April 29, 1866, in Taylorsville, Salt Lake County, Utah. I was blessed on July 22, 1866, by Bishop Archibald Gardiner. I was baptized October 4, 1874, by W.J. Panter and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the same day by my father, Jacob Kemp Butterfield.

My schooling began at Taylorsville in September of 1872. My first teacher was Edward Ergyle. I attended this school until I was fourteen years old.

My father, Jacob Kemp Butterfield, was born at Farmington, Kennebec County, Maine, on February 17, 1813. He left his home to join the Saints and lived true to their teachings. He talked many times with the Prophet Joseph Smith and heard him declare that he had seen the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, and knew beyond a doubt that Joseph was a true prophet of God.

My father was one of the volunteers of the Mormon Battalion Company in 1846, and was honorably discharged on July 16, 1847. He told me many times of the hardships that the men in this gallant band had to contend with. They had to make a new road part of the way from Southern California to Salt Lake City, and had savages and wild beasts to contend with. On several occasions they had to dig wells to obtain water on the way. Food became very scarce and they had to go on rations in order to complete their journey.

My mother, Sarah Hayes, was born on the 16th of July, 1840, at Dover Kent, England. She came with her mother from England. My grandmother, Sarah Jennings Hayes, had previously joined the Church and came to Utah for the sake of the Gospel. They came with the saints to Council Bluffs. Later mother and grandmother came to Salt Lake City with the ox teams. They walked nearly the entire distance. Mother was re-baptized by William Spencer on September 9, 1877 and confirmed the same day by Joseph Harker at Taylorsville, Utah.

My father and mother were married in the Endowment House on February 28, 1855. They were among the first pioneer settlers in Taylorsville. My childhood was very happy as was that of my brothers and sisters. We were taught to work and play together and knew an ideal family life. I well remember President Brigham Young coming to our home a number of times. He usually took me and would throw me high above his head and would play with us children in some way. In the early days of my childhood I attended Sunday School and sacrament meetings with my parents.

My main way of travel was by horse back. More than once I'd mount my pony and go eight or ten miles to see my sister in Union Fort or the folks at Fort Harriman. During this time while I was in my teens, the officers were after my father and other brethren who were polygamists. Many a time I ran to warn my father that the officers were coming. I have also faced them and swore I did not know where father was when at the same time he might be hiding in an apple tree, an irrigation ditch, or somewhere on the place.

When I was nineteen years old, I met my future husband, Edmund James Brown, son of Robert and Ann Evans Brown. We were married on December 25, 1886 by Bishop Joseph W. Rawlins at South Cottonwood in the Brown home. We were blessed with nine children: Olive May, Robert William, Persis Amanda, Martha Ann, Elva Rosella, Mable Edna, Alvin James, Sarah Evelyn and Eddis Kemp.

My husband's work made it necessary for us to move around during the married years of our lives. He was with the sheep the first eight years, then he worked for the smelters, the brick company, road construction, and several other short jobs. In 1907 we bought a home. In 1912 we sold it and came to Virginia, Idaho. Here we farmed the place of Drs. D.C. and C.N. Ray. I have been happy throughout my life and always tried to be contented with our new homes, but greater joy always came to us when we were trying to make a home of our own.

My husband died in Downey, Idaho, on November 7, 1919, at the age of fifty-five years. At this time we owned a dry farm in Power County and had it stocked with cattle, horses, implements, and sheds. I sold this and bought a home in Virginia. While living here, I lost my oldest and my youngest daughters. I felt that at that time there would be no end to my grief. I lost my husband and two daughters within two years. But due to our faith and the help of our Heavenly Father and my family, I have been able to carry on. I soon let this home go and went to California with my daughter, Edna. I then came back and lived with others of my children until the fall of 1938 when I bought some lots in McCammon, Idaho, where my boys built me a little home. I am happy and contented here.

I am now seventy-five years old. I do my own housework and am able to enjoy my family, friends, and church work. I have five living children, twenty-four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. I feel rich in spiritual blessings although not too rich in worldly goods. Although my health has been poor at times, I still enjoy doing things. I especially love to read biographies, histories, the standard church books, magazines, and current events. I am thankful to be able to walk as this is a habit I have had all my life.

I have been to the Salt Lake and Logan temples a number of times and enjoyed going through the Mesa (Arizona) temple one time. I have listened to some of the prophecies made by some of our Prophets and have lived to see them fulfilled. I have seen the hand of the Lord made manifest many times. I and members of my family have been healed through the power of faith and the Priesthood. I have received many testimonies, all of which have strengthened my faith. I have a living testimony that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God and that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the only true church upon the earth today.