TEMPLE BAPTISM

As a little girl I remember very well of Grandmother Wood and my Mother, Naomia W. Salter telling me of Grandmother Peninah C. Wood. They told me of her as being an Indian and of her knowledge of natural (what seemed to be weeds,) of nature but was food and saved much suffering in the homesteading days. (The Indian stories are all written in her history written by her son Uncle Joseph C. Wood. So I won't duplicate them.) I remember holding in my hand her picture and remembering and studying her face--wishing I knew more of her and her knowledge, before I was 12 years old.

We kids helped both Mother and father in writing the data on the Family Group sheets. At least FOUR or more times a year we kids went to the Salt Lake Temple and did the baptisms for our own people. What a Thrill it was! One ESPECIALLY!! All I remember as to a time is that it was early in the spring and each one of we FIVE children were taking music lessons weekly and practicing daily and often (at least once a week had a special program that we had to play special musical numbers to fit the program.) Too, we EACH worked on the Farm--thirty acres of Truck Gardening and 10 acres of alfalfa. So we were kept very busy--NO TIME TO GOOF OFF. Too, All the FOUR boys were very busy in SCOUTING, which took them to an outing, hike, trip [or] something almost every week. TOO FATHER AND I KEPT UP TWO Vegetable and Fruit ROUTES. (one--Monday, Wednesday and Friday--the other Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday). And Father Also kept six or eight grocery stores stocked with fresh fruit and vegetables daily.

During the Summer months there wasn't any TIME OFF, and during School seasons, the MUSIC lessons and SCOUTING kept going. So Temple work was very sparsely done. Also we often went to special picnic trips and outing by ourselves.

This Certain Spring I was going into Salt Lake to music lessons and father said, "Sis, you better take those BAPTISMAL names into President David A. Smith (Salt Lake Temple President) and tell him to get them done, we might loose them or misplace them during the summer.

During the Summer we still got some Genealogy researching done and by the Fall we had a few more baptismal names.

I remember the time Seasonal so well, SPRING--it was just after Mother's Day and in the Fall it was between Halloween and Thanksgiving.

Father was RIGHT--we kids didn't get back to the Temple until just before Thanksgiving. I'll never forget--HOW DISAPPOINTED I was--Each of the three younger boys had ten or more names I only had three names. I was really disgruntled, DISAPPOINTED to have only three to do--We WENT.

I had just finished the third name and President David A. Smith came in the Baptistery very excited and said, "Is My Little Girl Gone?" (I was his and many SCOUTING LEADERS Little Girl for being the only girl with my parents on the Scout Trips.)

I answered President Smith, "No! I'm still here and just finished my names! He replied, "Here is a name that has been on my desk most of the summer and I've tried to get it done several times and each time they refused to do it. Will you please go back in the font and do that name before it is lost?" I answered, "SURE! What's one name?" As the recorder said the name I was dunked in the baptism and when I came up I was chocking and coughing. One of the witnesses said, "What's the

matter couldn't you take just ONE more?"

If I hadn't of been all wet from the baptism my tears would of washed my face, for I was crying freely. I stood there very weak and said, "I recognize that name--That is My Great Grandmother's name--I brought it in to you President Smith in the Spring."

President Smith answered, "NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET IT DONE--SHE WAS WAITING FOR HER OWN PEOPLE TO DO IT * NO DOUBT YOU,--NO DOUBT SHE WAS WAITING FOR YOU? I answered, "WELL, she was baptized in Illinois and was married in the NAUVOO Temple. We couldn't find her COMPLETE baptismal DATE was the reason I brought it in, in the Spring." President Smith said, "I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT SHE WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO HAVE THIS TESTIMONIAL, HOW WONDERFUL."

I have never forgotten that SPECIAL TESTIMONIAL, and have often felt very close to Great Grandmother Peninah.

She was baptized twice if not three times--BUT I'm sure this time was for A TESTIMONY TO ME.

TRULY,

(SIGNED)
Naomia Mae SALTER - Harden

Retyped by
Norma Jean M. Wood
19 September 1989

MRS. PENINAH C. WOOD

Born in
Vienna, Johnson Co., Ill.
12 March 1827

Died at
Woods Cross, Davis Co., Utah
23 May 1879

Behold the Mountains of the Lord where the Saints do dwell,
A place reserved for God's elect, 'midst the mountain's dell.
For love of truth and righteousness I left my native land,
And came to Utah's mountain vale to comply with God's command.

Brothers and sisters I did leave, I bade them a long adieu,
Not knowing when we'd meet again--its not a dream, 'tis true
Holy principles I understand, I longed to emigrate,
To leave a land of wicked mobs--I wished at any rate.

The law celestial was revealed through Joseph Smith, the Seer,
On Nauvoo soil celestial law was practiced the same as here.
The law celestial I obeyed in Temple of Nauvoo,
In plural marriage my lot was cast, I prayed I might be true.

A citizen, unprotected under America's eagle wing,
In freedom's cause and liberty I raised my voice to sing.
But when my native country can trample without fear,
On natural born citizen rights, in sorrow I drop a tear.

It was painful to endure, in my own native land,
Persecution by a mob under the State official's command;
How painful, to be sure, under the Stars and Stripes, and more
For obeying heaven's laws as the people did of yore.

I lived and died a member in the cause of truth and love,
As it was revealed to Joseph by the angels from above.
I saw the Prophet Joseph, I beheld his noble face,
All those who keep celestial law will win a noble race.

My testimony is with you all, in word as well as deed;
Do good to all mankind, no matter what heir creed.
Stand up for truth and liberty, from morning until night,
Don't ever yield to wrong, but always do what's right.

Remember my dear children! Be honest brave and true,
In obeying God's own laws as they are reveled to you.
The day of just deliverance is near, is nigh at hand,
And all who practice wickedness will not, cannot stand.

Your little brother Caleb, you must remember too,
Is with me up in heaven, he bade you all adieu;
We'll meet you in the future where we'll never part again,
And wicked men and rulers will have no power to reign.

Peter C. Wood

15 Mar 1882

Retyped from photocopy of original by
Norma Jean M. Wood
24 August 1991