



COME, COME, YE SAINTS: ALBERTA - 1887
Story / Readers' Theatre
researched, compiled and written
by SMSmith for the Lethbridge
Stake Relief Society Women's
Conference - May 2, 1987
(Revised 2025)

This Story Theatre was performed in 1987 in Lethbridge Alberta Canada to commemorate the Alberta Mormon Pioneer Centennial. I have revised the 100th centennial references to make the script more universal. All events were thoroughly researched and all the stories are grounded in the writings of pioneers of the time. The script uses music of the period interspersed with the narration of 5 pioneer women and a more modern child asking questions. In its first production, a chorus of about 30 women sang the songs, though the chorus could be most any size. Use of a guitar and soloists may be used for variety for the non-hymn music. It took about an hour to present.

In Lethbridge, the participants memorized their parts, though presentation could be adapted to a reader's theatre style if necessary. We used the chapel of the Stake Centre. Signs were placed on an easel to designate the month & location for the speaker. In our age, an electronic screen could be used. It is recommended to include a list of the pioneer groups (Appendix A) in the program to help orient who is speaking.

The Lethbridge participants did a marvellous job and many people were deeply touched. Besides commemorative groups, this can be freely used by family reunions of the descendants of the 1887 pioneers.

NOTE: Primary source for this script was the rare book titled: *The Founding of Cardston & Vicinity* by Jane Eliza Woolf Bates and Zina Alberta Woolf Hickman.

CASTING

JANEY

A young, enthusiastic 10-year old of the year 1947, living in Southern Alberta, Canada. She plays the granddaughter of Jane Woolf Bates. She is not any specific historical reality, but a character created to draw out conversation and memory.

JANE WOOLF BATES

Jane Woolf Bates is a historical figure (born August 8, 1873; died July 26, 1951). She was the daughter of John A. Woolf and Mary L. Woolf and was 13 years old when the 1887 trek to Alberta was made. At the time- setting of this presentation (1947 – 60th Anniversary of the trek to Alberta), she would be nigh 74 years old. Most of the information and quotes for this presentation come from her writings.

ZINA Y. W. CARD

Zina Y. Card is a historical figure who was 37 years old in 1887. She was a wife of Charles Ora Card and the daughter of Brigham Young and Zina D. H. Young. She appears to have been a strong-willed and loving woman and to have entertained and served as the first-lady of Cardston. She was known as Aunt Zina to most every one.

ANNA L. LAYNE

Anna Layne was the wife of Jonathan E. Layne who was one of the first settlers on Lee's creek. She was the mother of 9 children in 1887, and brought her family to Lee's Creek in September 1887. The letters she reads are not known to exist, but most of the information contained in them comes from the writings of her husband or from information known about him.

HANNAH ANDERSON

Very little information was available to me on Hannah Anderson except that she and her husband Johannes with their 5 children, ranging in age from infant to 12 years, arrived in the latter part of May 1887. In this presentation, Hannah represents a composite character of many of the women who made this trip, or of some of the feelings that might have been experienced.

MARY L. WOOLF

Mary L. Woolf was 39 in 1887, when she and her husband made the trek to Alberta. She was the wife of John A. Woolf and they brought 6 children with them. In December 1887, she gave birth to the first Mormon child born at Lee's Creek. She was also the first Relief Society President in Canada. The letter she reads is said to be an authentic letter written to her mother, probably sometime in August 1887.

*Anything in *italics* in the presentation, COME, COME YE SAINTS: ALBERTA - 1887, is a direct or near direct quote from settlers writings. **Note:** Alberta became a province of Canada in 1905. From 1882 to 1905, it was known as the District of Alberta.

INTRODUCTION

(after readers / actors take their places)

Before we begin this presentation, we would like to introduce you to the settings and to the pioneer women of this narration.

The SETTING here [to the left] is 1947, when JANE WOOLF BATES was 74.

The is JANE WOOLF BATES. She was ONE of the 1887 pioneers and came to Alberta as a 13 year old girl. Most of the stories and events you will hear, come from her writings.

This is JANEY. She represents one of the granddaughters of Jane Woolf Bates.

The SETTING here [to the right] is 1887. The Saints in the Utah valleys were in the midst of persecution arising from the practice of plural marriage. It had become almost impossible for them to lead normal lives.

This is ZINA YOUNG CARD, the WIFE of Charles Ora Card and the DAUGHTER of Brigham and Zina Young. Charles Ora Card was the President of the Cache Stake, in the Logan, Utah area. He was the prime mover in bringing the Saints to Canada, and made the initial exploratory trip in 1886. Zina was known to most as Aunt Zina.

This is MARY L. WOOLF - the mother of Jane Woolf Bates, whom you met in the 1947 setting. Mary and Zina came in the same pioneer group, arriving in early June 1887. Mary Woolf was the first Relief Society President in Canada, and mother of the first pioneer baby born here in December 1887, 6 months after their arrival in Canada.

This is ANNA LAYNE. She came with her 9 children in September 1887, after her husband, Jonathan, who came up in May, had prepared a place for his family.

This is HANNAH ANDERSON. She arrived in May 1887, with a small pioneer group, a few weeks before Zina and Mary's group arrived. Her characterization represents a composite of many of those early pioneer women.

This is the story of our religious heritage in Canada. For many, it is also a family story. We hope you will enjoy it as we remember some of the events and women of that first year, 1887.

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Stake Relief Society Women's
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TIME: June 1, 1947

AT BEGINNING: A CHORUS of women in pioneer dress may already be seated in the choir seats or may file into their assigned area followed by the 1887 NARRATORS who take their places on stools. JANE WOOLF BATES (a woman of about 74) sits in a rocking chair apart and to the right of the 1887 group. JANEY (a girl of 10 years) stands by a stool near JWB and holds a lap quilt. When the brief INTRODUCTION is over, JANEY hands JWB the lap quilt which JWB wraps around her legs as JANEY begins her speech.

JANEY (Cardston, Alberta)

Grandma, is there anything else I can do?

JANE WOOLF BATES (Cardston, Alberta)

No Janey. I'll just rest a bit or I'll not be up to much tonight.

JANEY

Is today really 60 years like Mamma says?

JANE WOOLF BATES

(Smiling)

Yes – sixty years and sometimes it seems like yesterday. And before we know it, it will be 100 years and more. I can't imagine what that will be like? Why, when we came up in 1887, I couldn't imagine I'd ever be here in 50 years. Now it's 10 years past 50. I wonder if anyone will remember our stories in the anniversaries to come?

JANEY

Oh Grandma, I will. I'll never forget any of the stories. That's why I want you to tell me everything – lots of times so I'll never forget.

(She pulls up a stool and sits)

OK.

JANE WOOLF BATES

(Smiling)

Oh no. If I start talking now, I'll never get my rest. And your mother would not see her fine helper for the rest of the day. So run along now before you get us both into trouble. I'll tell the stories later, I promise.

JANEY

(Reluctantly gets up)

Are you sure you don't need anything else?

JANE WOOLF BATES

Well maybe, let's move that--

(Indicates a small table)

so I can turn a little more into the sun. Oh yes. This is perfect.

JANEY

But Grandma, it's right in your eyes.

JANE WOOLF BATES

No dear, it's just where I like it. Oh, how we loved the sun. Just like this. For miles we'd snuggle together in the rocking wagon to keep out the cold; then the sun would shine — driving away the rain and the sleet. And from every wagon young faces would appear, eyes closed, raised to the sun. Yes, it was wonderful.

(She rocks with her face in the sun)

Oh dear, you've got me talking again. You really are one to stir up the memories.

JANEY

Oh Gandma, I do love your stories. Now don't forget anything you mean to tell me while I'm gone, because I'll be back.

JANEY gets down from the stool and goes to sit nearby, offstage. JWB relaxes, closes her eyes, rocks with the sun on her face. VOICES and MUSIC come up as if out of her memory. The MUSIC of "COME, COME, YE SAINTS" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #30) begins softly as background music during which the following narration begins. Each NARRATOR will rise to say her part or parts. ZINA begins speaking after about 4 musical phrases of Come, Come, Ye Saints. The MUSIC fades out after 1 verse.

ZINA Y. CARD (Cache Valley, Utah)

Charles is gone many days at a time, moving from hiding place to meeting place and back — repeating endlessly the story of his northern exploration — encouraging families to seek refuge in a new wilderness — repeating, encouraging, talking till his voice gives out. I, too, am often in hiding. But our prayers have not been granted. Peace has not returned to these western valleys. I read the words Charles writes in his lonely exile and wonder if anyone understands what we endure.

(She picks up a small journal and reads from it)

"When I saw from the windows of my room the Saints gathering for meeting, I felt I was about to lose something by being exiled from my sacrament meetings and the teachings of the Elders. But the thought arose that Father was willing and ready to make up the contingency; consequently, I bowed before him in my lonely retreat and implored Him so to do. ... I feel always to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in my exile and feel I am no

better than my brethren and that crowns are not cheaper now than in any other dispensation."

Yet even in all of this we do not suffer like those who came to these mountains 40 years ago. So with all Charles' talking, 41 families have committed to go North in the spring – to the buffalo plains of Alberta. We know that secrecy is paramount or the way may be prevented. To the children, *"the coming trip is hailed as a challenging adventure. To us, pioneers or the children of pioneers, it is a huge undertaking. We know of rough roads, narrow trails and wild country-side. Of rugged mountains and turbulent rivers to cross. And of Indian troubles."* But quietly, silently, we prepare to start over. To leave our prosperous businesses, our comfortable homes, our dear associates and go north. To take refuge in a land ruled by royalty. What a strange paradox of history this is becoming. We wish with all our heart that we might stay. But it is not to be.

ZINA sits. THE CHORUS softly sings v. 1 of "COME, COME, YE SAINTS" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #30) as if it is a quiet, but hope-filled spiritual prompting. At the conclusion ANNA L. LAYNE rises. (It is late March or early April 1887 in Logan, Utah).

ANNA LAYNE (Cache Valley, Utah)

He's gone north. Jonathan, my husband has gone north. There was nothing else to do. Already many have been arrested. So I bid him farewell – hiding my tears. Wondering how long these small moments would last – that we might gain experience. Then today ...

(She pauses in emotion)

How timely this came –

(She opens a letter)

– to remind me that I am not alone in what I feel.

My dearest Anna:

Only 4 days and already I miss you more than I can say. Four endless days since I bid you good-bye and turned my way north to I know not where. *"When I reached the sandy hills north of Lewiston, I stopped and looked back on the peaceful homes of our beloved Cache Valley. I looked upon my own homes which contained nearly all I hold dear in this world, my wives and children. The homes I had built, the farm I had bought of the government. [And I thought about our beautiful temple for which we had labored and sacrificed so much. And I felt I could not bear to turn my back to the valley that sheltered the House we had raised to our God.] I had injured no man and broken no righteous law of man or of God and I am an exile, going, I know not where. Well, it was a clear day, but there were large drops of water on my cheeks for sometime, but I saw this would not do to be standing there looking back so I turned my face northward, braced up and pulled my cap over my face and drove on"* ... Now Anna, do not worry over me. I am well and God will preserve us. Soon I shall write of our new land and you and the children will be coming to join me. Tell them their father loves them. He weeps to be separated from them, and prays for them, and for you, dear Anna. I would have you all with me, but know it is best that I go ahead and prepare a place. May God bless and keep you safe.

Your loving Husband, Jonathan.

ANNA sits. THE CHORUS softly sings v. 2 of "COME, COME, YE SAINTS" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #30) in the same manner as v. 1. At the conclusion HANNAH ANDERSON rises. A packing box is sitting on a table near her. (It is about March 23, 1887, Cache Valley, Utah)

HANNAH ANDERSON (Cache Valley, Utah)

There are so few of us going now. Out of 41 families, only 10 are preparing. And now this — to be forced in haste to change our plans — to leave as we can — one or two together — small groups turning north when once we would have all gone together. You know, I really thought things would be different. Somehow I believed all this would be easier. That in my obedience, my troubles would seem as nothing. Oh, I know. I know. If there is anything in this world that will help me learn to trust more, it will be this experience.

(With humor)

Despite how it all looks, I just have to remember that I was born short-sighted.

Yes, I do have blessings. At least the things I leave behind will be with friends. So it's not like they'll be gone forever. But it's so hard deciding what is necessary and what is not. Ah yes, necessary. It is necessary that I let God decide if He wants His saints in the north as well as in these valleys. And if north is where He wants me, then north I will go, just as others have come west. What does it matter, north or west, or northwest? There is really only one direction in any event. The direction that has God's blessing.

HANNAH sits. THE CHORUS softly sings v. 3 of "COME, COME, YE SAINTS" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #30) in the same manner as vs. 1 & 2. At the conclusion MARY L. WOOLF rises.

MARY L. WOOLF (Cache Valley, Utah)

I look into all those faces — men, women, and children — as they come to bid us good-bye. It seems as in a dream — to see my rocking chair strapped to the wagon extension — so out — of place. To hear the cattle milling and to think — someone is leaving. Someone is going to miss all that I see outside my window. I see the tears. I hear the words of farewell. 'We love you.' 'We'll not forget you.' 'Write us.' 'God will go with you and our prayers.' 'It won't be the same without you.'

Now, as I pull the door shut, I realize that it's really happening — happening to me. For how long? A few years? Forever? How can we know? We cannot. There is nothing left to do now but say good-bye and to remember that no parting from friends of God is forever.

THE CHORUS softly sings v. 1 of "GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #152). The NARRATORS join in singing the refrain. At the conclusion all sit but ZINA CARD.

ZINA Y. CARD (on the trail north)

Well, I hadn't expected this. But here I am, with the reins in my hands. What do they say — a teamster! I've become a teamster! But what could I do? I had warned the man enough

times. It came to a head when my little Joseph began repeating his too explicit language — if such can be called language. I could just picture Charles' face — to deliver his two-year old Joseph, after weeks of travel, speaking like a mule trainer. So I'm sure Charles would agree. It is best that I send the teamster south and drive the rig myself. Besides, it won't be for long. Charles will join us soon. For now, he's somewhere north, preparing for those who will come. In the meantime, we carry on — seeing so much through the childrens' eyes. It helps sometimes to forget *"the endless miles of sage brush, rough roads and mud holes from which it takes 4 and sometimes 6 horses to drag us ... or the days of long, hard driving before water, grass and wood, the 3 necessities, are found."* Yet there are times when we suffer more because of the children. *"When the stormy days with both snow and rain confine them in discomfort"* and when the roads give way to *"old trails with ruts, stones, stumps and tree roots that keep them bumping."* Yet there is also much laughter in our new experiences.

(Smiling)

Like in convincing a 4-year old to bath in skim milk when water is scarce. And there are moments of real enjoyment. Like under clear evening skies when we sit around an open fire and sing old familiar songs. Sad songs that comfort us. Hopeful songs that encourage us. And lullabies that bring tough, little pioneers creeping into our arms.

ZINA sits. THE CHORUS softly sings v. 2 (or more) of "HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE" (1854, Stephen Foster; access online.) And then v. 2 of "CRADLE SONG" (Johannes Brahms; access online.) Then HANNAH ANDERSON rises.

HANNAH ANDERSON (on the trail north)

Today President Card appeared on the northern horizon, journeying south to meet his family. It was such a relief to hear him say: 'It's really happening. Our first settlers are already there — Andrew Allen and his son Warner — our first team of pioneers from the Valley.' He told how the day before he had met others ahead of us. The Matkins and Bishop Daines. So we won't be alone. It won't just be our little company of Leavitts and Andersons. How we do worry about things that never come to pass. 'We'll make it,' President Card said. 'Even with our small numbers, we'll make it. Andrew Allen is even now planting oats and potatoes. And the first garden is already planted.'

So what do I have to worry about? ... Well, I'll tell you. If it's not one thing, it can always be another — and it's the river crossings. They are getting worse, you know — what with all the spring run off. I sure don't envy those who follow us, like the Woolf's and President Card's family. The crossings are bad enough now, so I sure wouldn't face them a week or so from now. But I'm working on trust. ... Soon all this will be past and we'll remember these days as the good times of long, long ago.

HANNAH sits. THE CHORUS sings v. 1 of "LONG, LONG AGO" (1833, Thomas Haynes Bayly; access online). Then MARY WOOLF rises. After Mary's speech, ZINA rises and they stay standing for this next group of speeches.

MARY L. WOOLF (on the trail north)

President Card joined us on Thursday, May 12th and told of others he had met ahead of us — of the Matkins, the Andersons, and the Leavitts. Now 10 days later we are quite a group. The Farrells joined us a few days ago, and today the Hammers and the Miles. But the day President Card came, how we laughed. *My son, Johnny was driving lead team, so he spotted the strange newcomer first — a lone rider, bearded, wearing canvas trousers and a coat much too large for him. The stranger was indeed queer looking. His hat, all out of shape from hanging on a nail in the rain, covering hair that badly needed cutting, not to mention the whiskers. So who could blame Johnny for sounding the alarm and shouting to his father: 'Pa, Pa. That old galoot is getting in Aunt Zina's wagon. And he's kissing her!'*

(Smiling chuckle)

So, ... much to Johnny's embarrassment, the old galoot turned out to be President Card — our long-awaited and much loved President, come to lead us onward.

There wasn't much time now to give over to visiting though, what with the increasing flood conditions of each new river and stream. We are moving as fast as the cattle and the weather allow. We soon learned how this past winter had been one of the worst the area had seen, so the runoff was much higher than normal. All we could do was take extra precautions and hope and pray it didn't rain too much more. We figured on reaching the Canadian border around June 1st. Only a week or so left of these rocking wagons.

ZINA Y. CARD (on the trail north)

Now, it sounds to me as if Mary is ready to settle down. But I tell you, I have heard John Woolf say these very words. 'You know, these rocking wagons churn the best butter I ever tasted. And the buttermilk. It's almost worth living on the trail.'

MARY L. WOOLF

(To the audience)

You'll not be believing that, I hope. Why John can't drive the cattle fast enough to suit him. And he worries worse than I do — almost — watching Johnny search out the best fords through these swollen rivers and streams. We've seen Johnny and that horse sink out of sight in deep holes more times than we care to remember. No, John will be plenty happy to park this over-sized butter churn on Canadian soil. And it won't be but 2 days and he'll be saying my hand-churned Canadian butter is the best he ever tasted. Yes, it's good to have him around. He sees the reasons to rejoice.

ZINA Y. CARD (enters Canada)

And there are reasons. For today, Wednesday, June 1st we crossed into our new home land. We'd never have known if Charles hadn't told us and pointed out the pile of stones. So amidst singing and shouts of hurrah, and 3 cheers for Canada we each added a stone to the fast growing mound. ... *"The sagebrush has been left behind. Now we are on wide rolling prairies covered with tall, waving prairie bunch-grass and wild flowers in profusion. ... And there is one thing resembling home — — the Rocky Mountains — that wondrous range, with majestic, square-topped Chief Mountain stationed in front as if to give strength and courage to our undertaking."* Oh, how we love these mountains next to this fertile prairie. They hold memories of home.

THE CHORUS joyfully sings v. 1 of "O YE MOUNTAINS HIGH" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #34). ZINA and MARY sing along with the Chorus.

ZINA Y. CARD

Well, we've almost made it. Only the St. Mary's crossing left. You know, if there was one more swollen river to cross after this, I think I'd settle right here till some one built a proper bridge.

MARY L. WOOLF

And I'd settle right with her. This St. Mary's crossing is going to be especially bad. And the rains just don't seem to let up. But that's for tomorrow. And really, if crossing the St. Mary's means our last road camp, I'll cross it, I guess, as many times as it takes.

ZINA Y. CARD

That is no small promise. Some workmen last night said it would be impossible to cross it anywhere, not even once. But I say, we've not come this far for our last river to stop us. With our fast day today, God will open the way for us to cross in safety. Miracles can still happen. If we need one, we will get one. I do not doubt it.

THE CHORUS sings vs. 1 & 3 of "JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #104 or #365 in the older hymnal). MARY and ZINA sing along.

MARY L. WOOLF

Well, we got our miracle — the St. Mary's River Miracle — a story our children and grandchildren should know. And I only had to cross it once. It was so good to see that last wagon pull up on the far bank. We're all a little wet, but everything is safe. And best of all, we'll be home tonight. How we revel in that word. It is on everyone's lips. *"We'll be home tonight. How good it will seem to be home. Just wait till we get home." "No more rivers to cross; no more mountains to climb; peace and rest from weary travel; peace and rest after 8 weeks of rocking wagons. Lee's Creek is just ahead."*

THE MUSIC only of "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REBUBLIC" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #60) is heard as MARY and ZINA sit. HANNAH rises and begins to speak almost immediately. The MUSIC fades out.

HANNAH ANDERSON (Lee's Creek, Alberta)

Watching those wagons come rolling down the hill into the creek bottom that Friday afternoon was a sight I'll never forget. If we did not get 41 families, we got 41 souls — for that is the exact count of us here now. Each day since our arrival, we had waited for these wagons, for President Card's return, and especially for more sisters. I'm sure our hearts were not as full as Sena Matkin's though, for when Hattie Leavitt and I arrived, Sena was the lone woman here. But with 5 new sisters added to our ranks, we are now 8. But poor, little Wilford Woolf, his 4 year-old mind could not grasp this empty creek bottom as home. So looking out through *"the rain, with the long, sodden grass lying flat, the trees drooping and dripping, only one wagon box in sight on the ground, Wilford clasp his arms about his mother and looking woefully into her face, said: 'Ma, you said we'd be home tonight.'* And

Mary, looking upon all that was not here, replied, "Yes, dear, this is home, from now on, this is home." And Wilford, still not seeing, said with quivering lips and brimming eyes: "But Mamma, if this is home, where's all the houses?" How could we help it, if in those few moments our thoughts turned to all we had left. And just for a moment, before we took up the task of building for the unknown future, we mourned our loss.

HANNAH sits. THE CHORUS sings v. 1 (or more) of "DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?" (1852, music: S.M. Grannis; Lyrics: Caroline Atherton Mason; access online). As the song ends, JANEY returns to the stage and sits on the stool beside JWB who is rocking with her eyes closed. ZINA rises.

ZINA Y. CARD

Our first Sunday here in Lee Creek valley, we all crowded into Josiah Hammer's tent. We would be a branch of the Cache Valley Stake of which Charles is still president — so far away from the many in his stewardship. So far away from what we are accustomed to ... which by the way — is not snow in June. I can still hear Elizabeth Hammer's voice ringing out in the clear crisp morning after our arrival. She had thrust her head out of the tent opening to be greeted by 5 inches of snow on that June 4th Saturday morning. Seeing Charles out making survey, she could not but exclaim: "*Brother Card, is this the kind of place you brought us to?*" And enthusiastically, Charles replied: "*It sure is. Isn't it beautiful? Did you ever see anything like it before?*" Dear Elizabeth's tone did not leave us in any doubt as to her opinion. She replied, "*No, I certainly never have.*"

(Zina chuckles at the memory)

As ZINA sits down.

JANE WOOLF BATES

(Still with eyes closed)

No, I certainly never did.

JANEY

Never did what, Grandma?

JANE WOOLF BATES

(Opening eyes)

I never saw a country like this. It was magnificent. Grass so high you could get lost. And great piles of buffalo bones, everywhere. We'd never seen the like of it.

JANEY

Will you tell me some stories now? Mamma says I can keep you company if you like — if I don't tire you. Will you tell me about the miracle when you crossed the St. Mary's River?

JANE WOOLF BATES

Yes, ... it was a miracle. There was so much rain. The river looked impossible. We were going to try and move everything by flat-bottomed boat. Even that was very dangerous. But that very night, after our fast day, June 2nd it was, there was a heavy, heavy freeze and snow. Overnight the river dropped 18 inches. Some said it dropped even more than

that. So we didn't need the boat. We crossed in the wagons. And you know what? — by afternoon the rains had begun again and by sun-down the near flood stage had returned. Anyone trying to cross a few hours later might not have made it. In fact they said that some men had died in trying to cross it just a few days before we crossed. Yes, we were very blessed.

JANEY

That's kind of like Moses and the Red Sea, isn't it, Grandma?

JANE WOOLF BATES

Yes dear — a little like Moses, and even Joshua. Heavenly Father really did watch over our little exodus.

JANEY

Grandma, tell me again about the turnips.

JANE WOOLF BATES

Yes, that was the most puzzling thing. No one had ever seen turnips grow quite like that. One of the nicest, longest rows planted in our big community garden 4 days after we arrived. The seeds came up beautifully. But they seemed awfully tall and strange looking for turnips. And one day those turnips bloomed — into the largest, most colorful poppies we ever saw — like a little gift of cheer from heaven.

(With humor)

No one ever quite remembered who planted those little seeds that were supposed to be turnips — but weren't.

JANEY

Grandma, tell me some other things.

JANE WOOLF BATES

Well, let me see. Oh you would have loved our first celebration. What do you think it was?

JANEY

I know. I know. It was Dominion Day.

JANE WOOLF BATES

That's right. You do have a good memory. We had hardly settled in when we heard that soon it would be our new land's birthday. We invited the Mounties and neighbouring ranchers — even some of our neighbour Indians came. We had speeches and games and food and the most wonderful home-made ice cream. It was so good to feel such friendship with the police and our neighbours. It didn't take us long to love this new land. And our hearts were really in that celebration. I can remember it so clearly. Mr. Herbert Donovan, one of our new neighbours, recited with such feeling that beautiful poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow called "Psalm of Life". It spoke to our hearts as if Mr. Longfellow had known that a weary band of immigrants in far off Alberta, Canada would someday need to hear a Psalm of Life. Let me read it for you. Once I knew it all by heart.

(She recites "Psalm of Life" — See Appendix C)

Isn't that nice. And when we sang "God Save Our Gracious Queen", we really meant it — for under her protection we had found refuge and new friends.

JWB and JANEY become still as the MUSIC of "BE STILL, MY SOUL" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #124) begins softly. MARY WOOLF rises with an old pen in her hand and reads aloud from her letter. THE MUSIC fades away during the reading of the letter. (It is mid-August 1887 and MARY is about 5 months pregnant.)

MARY L. WOOLF

Lee's Creek..... August, 1887

"Dear Mother, I hope this letter is not detaining you too long, but I want to tell you everything. Zina Card is going to St. Mary's this evening on horseback to bring Miss Jessie Shaw. Her mother thought it would do her good to come and stay a few days. I must tell you what Mrs. Shaw said of your ... daughter when inquiring after me of Zina. She said, "That Mrs. Woolf is such a sweet woman, I love to look at her. She has the face of an angel." To me she said, "I hear so much of your nice family. Your daughters deserve great credit for the way they recited their pieces on Dominion Day." She cried all the time Janey was saying hers. The title was, "You Put No Flowers On My Pappa's Grave." It touched her, she being a widow. They have been very wealthy and are highly cultured people. Mrs. Shaw and her daughter were the first white women to settle, with their son, Dr. Fred Shaw, on the St. Mary's River. She made lots of Milton when she visited us before. Said he was the handsomest child she ever saw. I write this to let you know what the gentile women say of us here.

I had a little sewing bee as the sisters wanted to help me. Now I am going to tell you all I know. ... I thought I would not tell you [about the baby] until [after it was born in] December, but I could not keep it. If I had remained at home another week perhaps I would not have come. Now, when I tell you I am not very well, you will know there is just cause. I know I will be better. I am stronger now than I have been for a long time. We will have [a house by then] ... two log rooms.

Now Mother don't you have one bit of anxiety about me. The Lord over-rules and will bless everyone according to his need ...

May the peace of God abide with you always,

Your loving daughter,

MARY"

MARY L. WOOLF sits and bows her head while the CHORUS softly sings vs. 1 & 2(3) of "BE STILL, MY SOUL" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #124) as if the song is sung as a spiritual reassurance for Mary alone, to be

heard in her mind and heart. [see ** – Appendix B re v. 2(3)] As the music ends JWB begins to rock.

JANE WOOLF BATES

It was so wonderful the day we moved into our new log house. Ours was the 4th one finished. And I remember the day – September 29 – it was the very same day the new settlers arrived –

(Smiles)

It was the very day your grandpa arrived – but of course I was too busy to be interested in him then. I was too busy teaching school – my special missionary calling. I could hardly believe it, because I was barely 14 years old. Especially when Elizabeth Hammer, who was SO much older than I, was called to go back to school in Utah and I got to teach. She was called to study midwifery – that's learning how to deliver babies. And you know, when she came back the next summer she served in her calling as midwife for 11 years. She delivered about 400 babies, and never lost a mother or a child.

JANEY

Boy, that's a lot of babies.

JANE WOOLF BATES

It sure is.

JANEY

Grandma, can we go see your log house some day?

JANE WOOLF BATES

Oh, Janey, it's been gone a long time now. But it was a beautiful house. Just like Mother promised all us children on the day we arrived. She said, If we trusted in God, He would bless us.

THE CHORUS sings v.1 of "DEAREST CHILDREN, GOD IS NEAR YOU" (1985 LDS Hymnbook # 96). As the song ends ZINA rises and then ANNA and HANNAH as their speeches begin. They all remain standing for the next group of speeches. Although their lines are like a conversation, they always address the audience - not each other. (It is late September 1887.)

ZINA Y. CARD

It's so good to have news from home. Actually, I shouldn't say home. This is home. But it is so good to have 2 new families arrive, and that means 2 new sisters. Anna Layne and Sarah Daines come to join their husbands with their good sized families. What can I say but that we love settlers.

ANNA LAYNE

And I love feeling settled. It was so wonderful having a house to come to. It must have looked quite desolate when they arrived. Now I see an incredible transformation from what Jonathan described. And now too, I have seen the beginnings of what President Card is calling "Mother's Canton Flannel Palace"?

ZINA Y. CARD

Well, there is more I plan to do. (With humor.) Wallpaper on these rough log walls is not so good. Draped flannel is better. Really, there's not a lot else one can do.

ANNA LAYNE

They have done wonders. Already 12 buildings dot the prairie in various stages of construction. I can't believe it's been just over 4 months since Jonathan came to this place that had little more than grass and wind.

HANNAH ANDERSON

That's the truth. For a while during those first months we wondered from day to day whether we'd make it to the first snowfall. Some were really despairing. There was so much work to be done, winter soon to come and no income to properly prepare for it. But we trusted. We had to. And soon the Cochrane Ranch had offered us more work than we needed, putting up hay, building and fencing. Now we are provided for and winter can come.

ANNA LAYNE

I've heard the winters can be terrible. Why Jonathan told me 2 men, just up the way, claim they were snowbound from November to April this past winter.

ZINA Y. CARD

Yes, we've heard some pretty incredible stories about last winter. But I don't think we've come this far to winter-kill.

I've just got to tell you what Charles heard off a Cochrane ranch hand. Apparently when we first came, Mr. Cochrane figured we were settling on his lease — though of course we weren't. Charles had checked that out. But Mr. Cochrane came to send us packing. We must have looked a pretty sorry group because as the story goes, he looked down on us from the hill and said, "Oh, let them stay. They'll winter-kill anyway." The thing is, we might have if it hadn't been for his hiring the men on. So we'll survive, thanks in part to Mr. Cochrane. And who knows what will come of all this.

ANNA LAYNE

More than most of us anticipate, I think. Jonathan wrote and told me what happened on the 3rd Sunday here. To prophesy that temples would be built in this land. These were his very words:

(She pulls a letter from her pocket and reads)

"...While I was speaking the spirit of prophecy rested upon me and under it's influence I predicted that this country would produce for us all that our Cache Valley homes had produced and that temples would yet be built in this country. I could see it as plain as if it were already here."

ANNA LAYNE (cont.)

That must have seemed impossible when all they had were wagons and tents to protect them from the elements. Now with homes finished, it gives a feeling of real permanence.

HANNAH ANDERSON

Yes, Jonathan Layne's prophesy caused some consternation all right. Temples meant more settlement and growth. And Anna's right. Permanence.

(Smiles)

For George Farrell, that may come as a moving experience — because his house is right at the end of our main street ... and smack in the middle of it. He drew the two lots next to the creek with the main street running between and next thing we knew he had fenced the street in with his two properties and built a house right in the centre. He declared the town would never extend so far to need the main street to cross the creek. Now if Anna is right, George Farrell is going to be wrong — and moving, that nice big house, sooner or later.

ANNA LAYNE

That's Jonathan's feeling — that we're going to be here a very long time. So I say it's time that we got the sisters organized.

ZINA Y. CARD

Not so confidentially — the sisters are always organized. But I think by the end of November we will be official.

ANNA LAYNE

Not any too soon if the Relief Society is to play the doctor when those babies arrive in December.

ZINA Y. CARD

She's talking of Mary Woolf and Sena Matkin and I'm afraid she's right. And what we, in this wilderness, DON'T know about delivering babies would fill volumes. All I have are these notes I took from Mother, just in case. Now we have 2 cases, and I'm memorizing like crazy.

HANNAH ANDERSON

(With humor, pointing out Mary and Zina, as she speaks)

Well, at least with this being Mary's 10th child, Zina should be alright. But it's Sena's Matkin's first baby, so all I can say is I hope Mary's comes first. Then at least Zina will have a little experience. I would hazard a guess that Sena feels the same way.

ANNA LAYNE

Well after these two, we won't have to worry. Elizabeth will be back with her mid-wife training. Then come what may.

ZINA Y. CARD

We really do miss Elizabeth. She showed a remarkable spirit in accepting her mission call. And I tell you, we'll all feel much better when she gets back.

(Smiles)

You remember Elizabeth on that crisp June morning. Well she got used to snow in June. We had 12 inches of it in total. And when she had to leave, I think she was sorry to go. This home on the range was really taking shape.

MUSIC ONLY of "HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE" as the NARRATORS sit. It is quite brief. (Higley/kelley; access online)

JANEY

(Wistfully)

Grandma, do you know what? When I grow up I want to be just like you and great-grandma Woolf.

JANE WOOLF BATES

Janey, when you are 35, you will have lived as long as your great-grandmother served as Relief Society President. Twenty-two years in Canada, and before that, 13 years in Hyde Park in Utah.

JANEY

Boy, that was a long time.

JANE WOOLF BATES

Yes, a very long time. Oh, how she and the sisters used to travel. They were a pretty courageous lot. And the stories that could be told. Yes, those first Relief Society sisters made this settlement possible.

MARY WOOLF rises and speaks as if addressing a meeting of sisters. She is now over 8 months pregnant. (It is December 1st, 1887.)

MARY L. WOOLF

Sisters, I thank you so much for your support. And I appreciate your honest expression of feeling. It is good to be organized. We are all in need of the comfort and care of one another. We cannot afford to have ill feelings amongst us or to allow discouragement to hold place. We must not let our struggles and sacrifices embitter us. So I am very pleased to have heard your expressions of determination to triumph. And together we will. Even over this persistent wind. I know it makes your travels so much more difficult. But we must remember the counsel of President Card. For truly, we can give thanks in all things. For are we not assured that these west winds bring pure air from the mountains and sea coast. And that contagious diseases will be light as compared to other places where the winds do not exist. And even this seeming small benefit has been a blessing, for how often have our men in their travels only known the direction home by scraping the snow away to find the grass lying flattened north-east, by these ever-blowing south-west winds. ... Now, Sister Sarah Daines, may the record show that on November 20th, 1887, we were organized under the hand of President Charles Ora Card as "The Relief Society of the Lee's Creek Colony of the Cache Stake of Zion". That the first meeting was held on December 1st, 1887 with 11 sisters present. Now in conclusion, we will sing "Arise, My Soul, Arise". And then ...

ANNA LAYNE

(Gently interrupting)

Sister Mary – before we close, may I just say how excited we are about the new little Canadians who will be born this month. We want you and Sena to know that if there is anything we can do to aid things, we'll do whatever we're ask.

MARY L. WOOLF

Thank you, Anna. And to everyone who has been so kind.

(With emotion)

And I'm sure I speak for Sena, too, when I say that your support and friendship mean more than we can say.

MARY WOOLF sits down.

ANNA LAYNE

And how we did need each other. Like when Mary's baby was born. There was Zina pouring over her notes while things were happening to her patient that she could not seem to delay. *"Finally, as the climax neared, Zina rushed to her notes, and Mary, losing just a little of her great patience cried, 'Zina, for pity's sake leave your notes alone and come here. I'll tell you what to do.'"* Yes, we certainly needed each other. And more than all, we knew God cared, for even in the midst of affliction our table was spread.

THE MUSIC ONLY of "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD" (1985 LDS Hymnbook #108) softly plays as ANNA sits down. After a few measures JWB speaks.

JANE WOOLF BATES

Yes, Christmas came twice that first year. Father always said we got our best presents 1 week before Christmas – on December 17th – with little Zina Alberta Woolf born in the morning, and Lee Ora Matkin in the afternoon. Alberta for our new land and Lee for our new settlement.

It sure was a busy day for the women. The first girl and the first boy arriving nearly together. And what a time of rejoicing! Then 7 days later, we had Christmas. And what a Christmas that was. Aunt Zina was determined we'd have the best celebration ever. She was determined that Santa Claus would find us in this new place. And he did. Oh yes, we had some good times. You know, when I think back, it's the pleasures I remember, not the hard times. I remember the great moments. I remember that it was but 8 years after our coming that we were organized into our very own Alberta Stake with our beloved President Card as our first Stake President. Oh, Janey, I wish somehow you could see what it was like in those early days, and how different it is now. I can hardly believe what has been done in so short a time. I have lived to see 60 years of changes. How I would love to see 100 years and beyond. Those would be years to come back for. Oh, I would come. I would ... to tell the inheritors of our labours how much was given for them.

MUSIC of "HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION" (Hymn #66 of the older hymnal; or 1985 LDS Hymnbook #85) begins softly in the background.

JANE WOOLF BATES (cont.)

I would tell them how firm a foundation was laid for them upon these once trackless prairies. I would tell them that they too are laying foundations for coming ages. That we know in part of their trials of faith and endurance. I would tell them not to fear what they cannot understand of God's ways.

CHORUS SINGS, v. 1 of "HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION"
(LDS Hymn # 66/OLDER hymnal version).

Yes, I would tell them that the present is but the making of their own memories. I would tell them to build for their own centennials.

And I would tell them that memories can bind generations together so they shall know one another as if they had been raised as brothers and sisters in one house. I would tell them that some day we will meet again as if our parting had been but for a moment.

Yes Janey — if I could be there in coming anniversaries, you'd hear me say all those things.
(Smiling)

And probably more, what with the way you get me remembering — but I feel so strongly the love of those who prepared the way for us. And we must not forget. We must pass on to all who come after what has been passed to us.

MUSIC of "GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN"
(1985 LDS Hymnbook #152) begins softly in the background.

And thus it will sound from one generation to another — the promise of a reunion beyond the struggles of this life — the plea to live now so that we can truly meet again.

THE CHORUS sings v. 1 of "GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN" (1985 LDS Hymnbook#152). Then the 1887 NARRATORS stand and join in singing v. 2. In the last bars of v. 2, JANE WOOLF BATES and JANEY rise and sing too, facing the Narrators. The audience can be invited to join in singing v. 3. At the conclusion, the NARRATORS sit.

THE END

APPENDIX A

1887 PIONEER GROUPS

ADVANCE GROUP: (abt. May 1)	Andrew L. Allen* Warner Allen*	
GROUP ONE: (middle-late May)	Robert Daines Samuel Matkin	Sena Matkin Mark Preece* Jonathan E. Layne (?-date uncertain)
GROUP TWO: (later May)	Thomas R. Leavitt Hattie Leavitt - Jeremiah (16) - Margaret (14) - Orpha - George	Johannes Anderson Hannah Anderson - Edward (12) - Hannah E. (10) - James H. (8) - Samuel (6) - Mary (baby)
GROUP THREE: (June 3 with group 4)	George L. Farrell Lizzie Farrell Josiah Hammer* Elizabeth Hammer (28)*	John Merrill* Edward R. Miles* Janet Miles*
GROUP FOUR: (June 3)	John A. Woolf (44) Mary L. Woolf (39) - Johnny (17) - Janey (13) - Mamie (10) - Simpson (7) - Wilford (4) - Milton (2) - 4 other children died 1874-1884 before the trek to Canada	C. O. Card (47) Zina Y. Card (37) - Sterling W. (16) - Joseph Y. (2) Francis Preece* Henry Matkin (12)
SEPTEMBER 29TH ARRIVALS	Sarah B. Daines - O. E. Bates (19) - Attena Bates (14) - Robert, Jr. - Annie (11) - Orson (9) Morgan Hinman Henry L. Hinman O. L. Robinson	Anna L. Layne - Lucinda (17) - George (15) - John (13) - Martha (11) - Elizabeth (9) - Frank (7) - Emma (5) - Samuel (3) - Jerusha (1)
NOVEMBER ARRIVALS:	Mr. & Mrs. Neils Monson - Maud - Hans Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Ricks - several children John & Mary Roberts - 2 children) These people) were railway) workers and) only stayed) for the) winter.

*Those who left before the year end for work, mission calls or for other reasons.

APPENDIX B

SONGS AND MUSIC

TITLE	HYMN # or COMPOSER	VERSES	SCRIPT PAGES
COME, COME, YE SAINTS	30	1,2,3	5-7
GOD BE WITH YOU	152	1	7
HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE	S. Foster	2	7
CRADLE SONG	J. Brahms	2	7
LONG, LONG AGO	T.H. Bayly	1	8
OH YE MOUNTAINS HIGH	34	1	10
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME	365/OLD	1,3	10
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	60	MUSIC ONLY	10
DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?	Grannis/Mason	1	11
*BE STILL, MY SOUL	124	1,2(3)**	13
DEAREST CHILDREN, GOD IS NEAR YOU	96	1	14
*HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE	(Higley/Kelley)	MUSIC ONLY	17
*THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD	108	MUSIC ONLY	18
HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION	66/OLD	1	18-19
GOD BE WITH YOU	152	1,2	19

*These are the only songs to my knowledge for which the music was not yet composed although the words were well known in 1887. But (by poetic licence) in order to convey a certain mood they are used. All the other songs/music appear to have been well-known in 1887.

**The last line + 1/2 of verse 3 is to be sung in place of that of verse 2. That is, at the last "Be still..." of verse 2 drop down and sing the last of verse 3.

NOTE: Primary source for this script was the rare book titled: *The Founding of Cardston & Vicinity* by Jane Eliza Woolf Bates and Zina Alberta Woolf Hickman.

APPENDIX C

A PSALM OF LIFE

by

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!--
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,---act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

APPENDIX D

LETHBRIDGE NEWS

September 7th, 1887 - page 3

.....At Lee's Creek we found the large and thriving Mormon settlement. Considering the short time that this settlement has been established, the progress made is wonderful, and stamps those who compose it as people of more than ordinary energy. At the present time, all these settlers with the exception of one family, are living under canvas, but like all western people, they adapt themselves easily to circumstances, and are as happy and comfortable as they would be in houses. Already twelve houses are in course of erection, and will be occupied before very long. The main part of the settlement is on the south side of Lee's Creek. A large acreage is under crop, somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 acres. The oats were only put in on June 1st, and are over five feet high equal to any we have seen in the country on old land. In a few days they will be ripe. All other grain and roots are in the same proportion. Wheat is growing and thriving, which twelve days from the date of sowing, was five inches high. Corn is now in the silk which was planted on June 10th. In fact everything put in seems to have sprang up as if by magic. When we were there, everyone was hard at work putting up hay, about 200 tons being up already. Being ask how this country compared with Utah, Mr. C. O. Card, who is at the head of the settlement, said that the soil as a whole was better than in Utah. Altogether he expressed himself as well satisfied with the location.....