

## JANE H. JAMES

Born: 1815 England

Age: 41

Willie Handcart Company

Jane Haynes was an infant when her mother died. Jane was raised by her grandmother. Her childhood was spent in poverty and she had no opportunity to attend school. As soon as she was old enough, she was obliged to make her own living. She felt that it was an answer to prayer that led her to join The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Jane had married William James in England in 1836. They became the parents of eight children. Twenty years later, they decided to emigrate to Zion. Jane and William and their eight children, Sarah (19), Emma Jane (16), Reuben (13 or 14), Mary Ann (11), Martha (9), George (6), John Parley (3 or 5), and Jane (8 months), sailed to America and joined the Willie Handcart Company in 1856. Jane lost her baby girl while crossing the ocean, and had to leave her watery grave behind.

Jane's sixteen-year-old daughter, Emma, tells of the meeting to determine whether the Saints should continue on so late in the season. After Levi Savage had made his heartrending speech, Emma records, 'Y can remember that when he finished there was a long time of silence. I was frightened. Father looked pale and sick. I turned to Mother to see what she was thinking and all I saw was her old determined look. She was ready to go on tomorrow. There were many others like her. We really didn't have much choice. There was no work here for us to keep ourselves through the winter, and our family had to live. 'We must put our trust in the Lord, as we have always done,' said Mother, and that was that."

Jane's 19-year-old daughter, Sarah, records their family's experience. "The day we [ascended Rocky Ridge] I'll never forget as long as I live. It was a bitter cold morning in October as we broke camp. As usual, there were dead to be buried before we could go on. Father and Reuben were on the burial detail. Mother, who was helping to pull the heaviest cart, had stayed behind until they could finish their sad work. After a short service, we, with my cart, ran ahead to catch the rest of the Company, and Mother and Reuben started to follow. Father collapsed and fell in the snow. He tried two or three times to get up with Mother's help, then finally he asked her to go on, and when he felt rested he would come on later.

"Mother knew in her heart that he had given out, but, perhaps, she said, in a few minutes with some rest he could come on. She took the cart and hurried to follow us. She found us on the riverbank, we were too frightened and tired to cross alone . . . Mother soon had us on our way. The water was icy and soon our clothing was frozen to our bodies. Our feet were frozen numb . . .

"Toward morning some of the Captains who had gone out to gather up the stragglers came into camp bearing the dead body of my Father, and the badly frozen body of my brother, Reuben.

". . . When morning came, Father's body, along with others who had died during the night, were buried in a deep hole . . . I can see my Mother's face as she sat looking at the partly conscious Reuben. Her eyes looked so dead that I was afraid. She didn't sit long, however, for my Mother was never one to cry. When it was time to move out, Mother had her family ready to go. She put her invalid son in the cart with the baby and we joined the train. Our Mother was a strong woman, and she would see us through anything."