

Nauvoo, July 8, 1845

Dear Mother:

I this day sit down for the first time to write a few lines to you to let you know I received your letter the last of June, which I read with pleasure for I have not heard from you since Mr. Spencer was here only by way of a line from him when he was on his way to Illinois, stating that he thought you would come west in the spring and that he would stop in Plainsfield, Illinois and wished to hear from me there, but I did not get the line until the middle of winter and I did not know that he was going to settle there, for I supposed by what you wrote to me that he would go to Michigan, so I did not write for fear he would be gone and thinking perhaps you might be here in the spring for I thought if you come to the west you would come and see us but when spring came I neither saw nor heard from any of you. Therefore I knew not where to write until I received your letter and be assured I was glad to get another letter from you, for I did not know as you would write to me any more on account of my negligence in writing to you, but I hope you will forgive me. You will remember that I am a poor writer and all together out of the habit of writing and then with the cares of my family which pressed heavily upon me after Vinson's death for Martha and Rodolphus were both sick and for four or five weeks after Vinson's death I scarcely had my clothes off. Rodolphus died the third day of September. I then found my self almost worn out with the trouble and fatigue. These things together with the continued persecutions of our enemies and many



other things too numerous to mention has prevented my writing before and now dear that you said you would like to hear some particulars about Vinsons sickness and death but how shall I begin to describe to you the scenes of sorrow and afflictions that I have passed through with him. It causes my bosom to heave and tears steal down my cheeks. Vinson enjoyed his usual health until we went to Missouri and the scenes which he passed through there I think together with the change of the climate somewhat impaired his health for his life was sought for most of the time he was there, which drove him to the necessity of hiding himself when he could find a place, sometimes it was in the hazel brush and sometimes in old barns. This sort of things continued until we left Missouri. We came from there to Illinois where we now are, this being a sickly place and the fatigue and hardships and experiences through which he had just passed was too much for him. He was soon taken sick vomiting. It was in the morning and he vomited until evening and could get no relief although the doctor had stood over him about four or five hours constantly. He was much exhausted and I thought he would not live until morning. I then sent for President Joseph Smith. I now begin on the piece of paper, It is some I intended to put on this sheet but it is too small. I could tell you many things that we cannot write but my sheet is almost full and I must come to a close. Mother I wish you would write to me as often as you can afford to and if you can read this we will write more. The crops of all sorts in these parts are doing well and bid fare for a plentiful harvest and things with us are very prosperous at present. The children send their love to Grandmother. My folks are five miles



from me on the other side of the river. They are all well as usual and if they were here they would send their respects to you. I will now bid you adieu, for the present. I am your affectionate daughter until death.

Rizpah Knight

Martha Knight