

PERSONAL JOURNAL OF TORLEIF S. KNAPHUS

WRITTEN IN HIS HANDWRITING UNTIL 1908

TRANSLATED BY BRIT WOODBURY

I felt inspired to write more and mention some of the things I have been given to understand; things that have been revealed to me through dreams and visions and testimony which have been given to me by the gentle whisperings of the spirit, and perhaps a few of those things I have felt impressed to do and later have found to be the right decision, and maybe a few incidents from my life, although it is contrary to my character to write too much about myself.

I, **Torleif Knaphus**, was born in the month of **December 1881** at the place **Knaphus** found in **Øvre Vats** in the interior of **Ryfylke**. As usual for that area a cold snowstorm probably swept down between those majestic mountains making mournful sounds while it unmercifully shook the tiny homes. The frosty breath of the cold probably decorated the small windowpanes with beautiful flowers for my arrival.

It is with strange feelings I now look back on the great change in my surroundings, which was brought about at that time. When I think about how my former guardians agreed to send me to this place, if not exactly by our most high Father, by those entrusted and authorized by Him. And when I think how my Heavenly Mother's loving gaze rested on me while she gave my selected guardians her final counsel and instruction. I also probably expressed my gratitude when I was given the leaders whom I had so much respect for. And likewise for the promise Mother probably gave me, that if I would follow the good and not disgrace myself with any kind of sin, then I would in my youth be given the opportunity to hear the Gospel and be given the strength to accept it. And by doing good to my fellowmen and my family I would be able to prepare myself for the indescribable great (blessing) to be one of God's chosen.

How very different my surroundings had become. Still my abilities and heart were the same. For as soon as I learned to know my little friends and brothers, I understood I was not like them, but my own person, and I could only be me. The first strange thing that was noticed about me was that I was born dead. But I was not to be allowed to complete this life that easily. A tub of ice cold water was prepared, and I was mercilessly submerged in it. I was no longer dead. If I had been able to make use of my ability to think, this would have been my thoughts, "I have now come to live among these unkind people, and I have begun to know the dangers of this life. Here it is necessary to act and think for yourself. Let me do what I can to be free of this great danger." As I later have found out, I tried. I nearly lost my life when I was **2 years old**. As a small boy, I heard rumors of a bear's cave someplace high in one of the big mountains nearby, and at 6 years of age my older brother and I headed there as adventurers.

By the **age of 8**, I was known as a show-off. As I was an industrious and also, apparently, a kind boy, my parents thought well of me. Because of that, my older brothers and sisters were often angry at me.

As I grew, I turned out to be different than my brothers. At times one could find me sitting by myself in a lonely place gazing admiringly at all the beauty spread out before my eyes. Likewise my ears and heart were tuned to the song of the small birds hidden in the beautiful mantle of the leafy forest.

At times one could also find me all alone on the cold winter evenings when no voices could be heard, when no small birds were singing, when everything was hidden under the snow. My eyes were then turned to the deep blue sky and my heart was held captive. It seemed like the "mother eye" was looking at me from there.

I loved to read about the old Norwegian heroes. I felt the same blood ran through my veins. I ran and played and fought with my friends. To some of them, I was apparently a terror, although my fighting was only in fun and love.

At times one could find me roaming around in the mountains dressed in strange costumes and most likely with a small hatchet on my shoulder. At times one could see me anxious, with a pounding heart and a silenced tongue as I approached the home of my loved ones. At times one could see me as a horseman whizzing along with incredible speed.

And when the sunbeams heated up the lake, one could find me swimming while the small gold-rimmed waves splashed against my forehead and pleasantly rocked me on the deep water.

Often one could find me sitting with my little sketchbook eagerly occupied creating what my imagination brought to mind; and likewise, out in nature to render the vista spread out before my eyes.

And in the warm twilight of summer evenings one could have seen me leave my bedroom and run outside to enjoy the spiritual sweetness of the beautiful summer night. It was as this was solace to my soul.

At the **age of 15**, I was sent to be a painter's apprentice in **Haugesund**. But my mind found no peace in this. My mind was filled with thoughts of a life full of adventure, heroic deeds in foreign lands with dangers, shipwrecks and such. This was my heart's desire. At a **little past 16** I left my apprenticeship. One finds me later as a journeyman painter in a place called **Ølen** in **Sønharlan (Sunn Hordaland)**.

At the **age of 17**, I left that place and went to sea. Most of that period of time was filled with storms and dangers. One time, by the **Orkney Islands**, our ship was thrown on its side, and thus we were left at the mercy of the powerful waves and the strong current, which often ruled there. Another time I was stranded on the **west coast of Scotland**.

When **I was 19**, I was in **Stavanger** as a journeyman painter, and later in **Haugesund**. When **I was 20**, I am once again a painter in **Ølen**. After that, I stayed for a while in interior **Hardanger**. The same summer I decided to travel here to the capital city.

Lately I had been quite involved in gymnastics and athletics and earned myself quite a reputation in that area.

After arriving in **Christiania** I started studying the fine arts, but I understood right away that was not spiritual enough to make me happy. Therefore, I began to get a longing to become a child of God and to have my name written in the Book of Life. I had often nurtured a silent wish to become the Lord's servant and go out in the mission field. I have always had a veneration and respect for any religion, but I could never feel at home among them. There was something about them that offended my most tender feelings. On the other hand, my heart was lifted to the Lord with glad longing when I was out wandering in and enjoying God's glorious nature. It was as if a thousand angels played around me out there and whispered to me about our Father's goodness, and His love and concern for us.

I felt a need to express my feelings, but who would lend a listening ear to such. These feelings, however, should not be suppressed. There was a friend who again kept whispering to me, "Tell the world about your feelings through art, through the beautiful colors, the sensitive movements. Yes, tell of God's mysteries through your art." And I did not hesitate to act on the advice of my invisible friend. My first thought was to express my feelings and also bring a comforting word to my mother who was in ill health and burdened with sorrow. I painted her a picture, and it in truth made her happy. It also spoke to the heart. I have often thought back with strange feelings, wondering how I was able to bring this out.

It depicted an angel who came hovering through the room, and in the beautiful evening mood now hovered towards a calm lake. And the halo that surrounded him illuminated some snow covered trees which grew on the beach. Across his chest he wore a wide sash that trailed splendidly behind him. He held the middle part in front of him. On it was written with golden letters, "Trust in God!" His white robe and his fair, curly hair, together with his kind face and the character which he reflected, brought out no small feeling of reverence and deep emotion.

I was carried away by enthusiasm and new ideas quickly came to my mind. I will mention one of these. I wanted to paint the joy in the life to come. When I now look back, my heart is filled with gratitude to the Lord. For I can now see by this that the Spirit of the Lord gave me more and more understanding.

I preached fervently to my friends against their false and twisted views about the joy waiting for us in the hereafter. I told them that they must not believe that we forever will sing praises and dance before the Father's throne, but that our work would also bring us joy. I felt that we would have our work there as here according to our various interests, but that our work there would be like play and joy; and that it would be blessed so no one would be in need, nor have pain or sorrow; and that the spirit of jealousy, hate and gossip would not be present there, only the spirit of unity and love.

I could also have heated discussions with some of my friends who said there was no God. I strongly disagreed with such, and told them that the Lord had held His protecting hand over me, and that I could not and would not deny God's goodness to me, for He had truly protected me in the days of my youth. I have many times been in dangers to where my life has been in peril. I have gone through the ice several times, fallen overboard, broken and injured my body many ways, fallen down from unbelievable heights, been injured many other ways, besides being attacked by people who wanted to harm me the worst way possible. Briefly said, the Power of Darkness has been after me. But the Lord has always opened a way out to protect me.

Before I travelled out in the world, I asked for my parents' blessing and, in truth, I felt the Lord blessed me. We knelt down together as I received their blessing. When I now look back at this event, I know it was a great and glorious occasion, and that God's Spirit was given us in abundant measure. I also believe that the Lord decided that I soon would have the opportunity to hear and to understand His saving gospel that He has restored to the earth in our time, because I felt impressed to tell my parents with conviction in my mind that I would live far away from them in a wonderful and blessed place. But I didn't know where myself.

Towards the end of June, the **summer of 1902**, I arrived here in **Christiania**. I worked in the summer as a journeyman painter, but enrolled in the fall at the *Royal Art and Trade School*. However, I was not satisfied with this, so I applied for and was given permission to draw and paint in the *Museum of Sculpture*. Artist Harriet Baker was instructing some artists who were working there at the same time I happened to be there. She was kind enough to show me the same attention as she gave them. Later I had the great opportunity to be admitted to her private art school. She apparently took an interest in me, because I attended her school free of charge. She also expressed that she was happy I had become her student.

I could see that art was noble and great, but was it the greatest? This question came up in my heart, "Is it really enough to live for? Can it bring you perfect joy and satisfaction?" I remembered Christ's words when He said, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all else shall be given you." My longing to become God's child became stronger and stronger, and to know the way which would lead back to Him.

I had at this time moved in with a Latter-day Saint family. We soon became very friendly. Shortly thereafter they invited me to a concert which was held by their singers, and I complied with their request. After that I started investigating their teachings. And because of my sincerity and humility I soon understood God's revealed truths. The **17th of February 1903** I joined the Church. At the same time I joined the Young Men's Improvement Association where I was a frequent visitor. A short while ago I also joined the *Scripture Society*.

In **June**, the same summer, I received a Teachers Priesthood, and I was at the same time called to be an assistant to district teacher **Stogset** in the second district. That was a labor that brought me inexpressibly great joy.

Jan. 12, 1904, I left Christiania and paid my parents a visit. I stayed home about 2 months. During this time I painted a portrait of my father. I did not neglect to explain to them the principles of the gospel, nor to my friends there at home.

The **first part of April** I again traveled to **Christiania**. After my arrival here I was occupied painting and also studying the art of sculpting. Mid-summer I set my studies aside and again began working as a journeyman painter. In the fall I again took up my studies which kept me occupied the rest of the winter in addition to the work I performed in the Church's interest.

In **June 1904** I was called to fill a position as district teacher. At the same time I was ordained a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood. Almost the same time I was called to be a counselor in the Scripture Society. **August** that same year I was called to be 2nd counselor in the Young Men's Improvement Association. Besides this, I have attended almost all the different assemblies which have been held since I became a member of the Church here in this part of the Lord's vineyard. And now, the **6th of June**, I was ordained as an Elder. Besides the various positions I still hold, I have attempted to the best of my ability to spend my time spreading the Lord/s restored truths by tracting and conversing with my fellow men. I have had the opportunity to distribute about 1112 tracts, 410 books, had 670 conversations, and visited about 2350 families. About 55 of these I have revisited.

And now, when I look back on my labors and my activities, I can't help but to feel joy in my heart. And when I see how I have been guided forward on the right path, I can only thank my Creator who has held His protecting hand over me and blessed my with everything I have been in need of.

I have also, however, been tried by poverty. I came here without any means. It is no easy task to honestly provide life's necessities and to pursue an education. In truth, it often looked very gloomy. But I will not say any more about this. It is, however, written in my own memory. I am the one who has benefitted the most by this. Therefore I will keep it to myself. Nor will I write any more about the first part of my life, my childhood, and my youth before

this time. But I will say in opposition to what I have heard so many others say, that they wish they could live their lives over again from age 15 or something similar. But I have no such wish. It is my most sincere desire that I never later in life will live in such a way to wish for such a thing.

Saturday, 5 August 1905

I finished my journal. About mid-summer I decided to change my journal to a short description of the events of the week, and a brief summary of my undertakings during the same. For certain reasons, I have not yet started writing. But I will give a sketchy report of my activities and some of the things that have taken place around me.

After mid-summer I have been occupied with a couple of paintings that I had started earlier, and which I completed. I have also helped sculptors Svar and Utne with some work, and it has been dear to me to have the opportunity to have deep conversations with these men in the areas of art and science.

I have, however, not had pleasures only, for I have had a mean pain in my throat caused by a lump or a gland. I have undergone a small operation because of this. Before that, I suffered a mean toothache.

On **July 9th** I traveled on tourist steamer "*Mina*" to **Stavanger**. After paying the brethren a visit, I left **Stavanger** and arrived **at my home Sunday the 12th**. To my great joy, I found my parents and brothers and sisters in good health; yes, even my sickly mother.

I now have, for about 14 days, been occupied with the regular chores of country life; cut hay and stacked it, carried peat, cut wood, and helped my father with some painting. I have also visited some of my old friends and found them still to be entrenched in their old traditions. People worry a lot about me, yes, even small ignorant boys on the path of sin, yes, old and young alike. They think I am bewitched and they consider me like a plague.

At the time I left **Kristiania**, I also had the opportunity to say goodbye to some of my closest acquaintances among my brethren and sisters who were about to emigrate to Zion. Among these was first counselor in the Young Men's Improvement Association, **Alf Kalstad**, and also **Rognel Kristofersen** who first got me to visit the Latter-Day Saints. On occasion of their departure we held a pleasant social which I was in charge of. Yes, it is good to see our good brethren and sisters have the opportunity to leave this difficult place and gather with God's people in the valleys of the mountains.

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Sunday the 6th I spent the first part of the day talking with my mother and doing some small chores around the house. Later I visited our neighbor, Rasmus Syverseike. Many people were present, and we discussed many different things. I tried to lead the conversation toward religion, which I succeeded in. But during the conversation Rasmus became very upset and improper in his comments. After our conversation, I went for a long walk with his daughter, Anna Marta, and Tallef Ostrem.

During the rest of the week I have been occupied studying the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. Besides my little daily chores I have also started a painting I have been commissioned to do while I am here visiting.

Saturday, the 19th of August

Sunday morning I received an especially interesting letter from Kristianna Larsen in **Kristiania**, after which I went to **Skjold**.

After the service all the farmers and everyone entitled to vote were to turn in their votes on whether they were for or against the dissolution of the Union. It was interesting to hear how excellently Pastor Ris expressed himself about this, and also to see with what interest the voters took part.

While I was there I had the opportunity to greet and visit with many of my acquaintances. Among them was Ivar Alendal who invited me to his home. Refreshed after a pleasant ride I arrived at their home which is one of the coziest a person could imagine. I spent a very pleasant time with them. I left there Monday forenoon. On the way home I visited a very strange physician. We had a deep and long conversation about art and medical science.

Tuesday I left with my **youngest brother, Andrias**, for **Haugesund**. After walking by foot about 3.6 (Norwegian) miles, we arrived at our destination. Our first activity was to look up the sports field to observe their training. They were quite surprised to see me again as you can imagine, for I was one of the most able of them 3 years ago. Later in the evening I had the opportunity to greet and talk to several of my old acquaintances.

The next day, after we had visited some acquaintances and carried out our errands, we started on our way home. After we had walked about 2½ (Norwegian) miles, we were so tired that we began to think maybe we ought to find a barn and go to sleep in the hay. But then we happened to run into Endrina and Ivar Alendal, and according to their wishes we went with them. It was a pleasure to me to ride with them to their pleasant home in the beautiful moonlit evening.

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On our way home the next day, I had a long gospel conversation with my young brother Andrias. After My return home, I have partly kept busy painting and partly doing other small tasks.

Saturday, the 26th of August

Sunday morning, after having said my prayers, I felt a need to go to church to greet and talk to people to get better acquainted with them. A while after my return home, I took off for **Ekkeland** to visit Jørgen. He was not home, but after I had waited a while he arrived. I was a little wet and very cold, so I didn't feel much like having a long conversation. But since our conversation turned to religion, I forgot about that and we talked till late at night. I felt excellent the next morning. On my way home, I couldn't help smiling to myself as I passed the different farms. They probably thought I had been to see the girls, which is so customary here.

After returning home, I continued painting which kept me busy the first days of the week. **Wednesday** I started an extended fast for my parents, brothers and sisters, and also for the people around here. Before I broke my fast on Friday, I walked up to Krokenuten where I spent some time in prayer. I also read for a while in Doctrine and Covenants. After returning home I again commenced my work and daily chores.

Saturday, the 2nd of September

On the afternoon of **Saturday the 26th**, I took a trip to **Ølen** to greet and visit with some old acquaintances. I also visited Tina Nerheim since I knew she came from a Latter-Day Saint family, hoping to have an edifying conversation with her. But in this I was disappointed, not regarding to the conversation, but it was not of an edifying nature. I then visited an aunt where I did have an edifying conversation.

I left **Ølen** early **Sunday morning**. I had made it to **Gjerdevik** on my way home when I ran into an old acquaintance. She asked me to go up and visit her brother. I complied with her request and had an especially good time there. I stopped by **Syvrseike** on my way home where I also had an especially pleasant time. We ate berries in the garden and spent the time in entertaining conversation. I then went home and rested for a while after which I went out to talk to people about the principles of the gospel. I had a long and pleasant conversation with Halvar and Berge Myraa. They later served refreshments, and we spent an altogether pleasant time.

Monday I went to see Pastor Ris, but I did not find him home, neither was his son.

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During the week, I have mostly been occupied painting. Some evenings I have been out visiting some of my neighbors to tell them about the principles of the gospel. I have also been occupied with different jobs that came my way, yes, even made repairs on our home.

Saturday, the 9th of September

Sunday the 3rd, after I wrote a letter to my brother Andrias, I filled by scripture bag and set out to spread the light of the gospel to my fellow men. I felt impressed to first go to **Sjersand** (to see) Andres Svantesvold. I found him at the right time. His whole family was also present. I had an especially good conversation about the restoration of the gospel. He understood that much of it had to be true. He also understood that the Lutheran Church was on the wrong path. They also wanted me to eat dinner with them, but since I was fasting I could not accept their invitation. I then continued

on to **Sjurvelde**. When I later found out that most of the people were at church, I decided to go home and rest for a while, after which I again continued my labors. When it was beginning to get dark I visited Olaf Ekestalsstølen where I had an especially cool reception.

During the week I have been occupied with my usual chores. Mostly I have been busy painting. The first evenings of the week I had a conversation about the gospel with my parents and brothers and sisters. Wednesday evening I was at Nils Eidhammer's who is a teacher at **Øvre Vats**. He has previously read a good deal of our literature, and I now had a good conversation with him. Friday evening I went to **Omsaasen**. I visited there one of my relatives. Several others were present, among them a master builder, Kristen Busketun. I immediately sought to direct the conversation to religious principles, in which I succeeded. The Spirit of the Lord was with me, and I explained the principles of the gospel in a plain and convincing manner.

Saturday, the 16th of September

Saturday evening, the 9th, I went up to see Per Myraa where I had a good discussion about the gospel. On my way home there was a bad rainstorm, and the road became almost impassable, so it naturally was not a very pleasant trip. But to me it was dear. I met once more on the road a lay preacher, Sjur(?) Springestenen. I talked to him for a short time and also presented him with some Scandinavian Stars and a tract.

Sunday my brother Martin came to visit, so we spent most of the day at home. At 5 o'clock, I went to the home of the Sørhus boys where a few people were to gather and talk about the gospel. But they hadn't bothered any more about it. They had even themselves

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left to go to an assembly being held in **Ege**. Later in the evening I went to **Velde and Alfseike** where I passed out some tracts.

After returning home, I explained the gospel **to my parents** and begged them, with tears in my eyes, to seriously think about such a great and glorious message which they now had the opportunity to investigate.

During the course of the week, I have also had opportunities to bear my testimony and talk about the truth. I have also been occupied with other things, but I have not done much painting. The weather has been very bad. It has rained every day for about 3 weeks. I have therefore used my time to collect some of my family names.

Today I went to see Pastor Emil Ris. I was well received, and he gave me permission to use the church books I needed. I also later had a conversation about the gospel. On the way home I visited the Sørhus boys. I was weak and tired from today's exhausting work, so I did not wish for a conversation. I only wanted to pick up some small books I had lent them earlier. But unfortunately they had disappeared - united with the air and the earth - Their mother apparently wanted to see if they would burn. Since they right away tried to turn the conversation to religion, I didn't want to be unwilling. But I tried to trust in the Lord and defend His cause. And in truth, I was able to present the gospel with a convincing clarity, and bore my testimony with such great power as I never before had.

I also want to say a few words regarding the unrest we have had for a while with our neighbor country, Sweden. 4 men from each country have now met together in Karlstad to possibly negotiate peace, but it has seemed hopeless. Twice a bunch of navy boys have been mobilized, and land troops have been afraid they would get their mobilization order at any moment. 60,000 Swedish men have been reported to be camped by the border. So, even though we will have hope of peaceful solution, it looks more like the opposite.

Saturday, the 23rd September

Sunday the 17th I went to **Vats Church** to hear Pastor Emmil Ris. He is a very competent speaker. He brought out in his sermon some very educational parables. After the sermon, 4 children about 7 months(?) were christened. After church, I tried to strike up a conversation with an old friend, Sjur Sarhus, to explain to him about the restoration of the gospel in which I succeeded. I walked in his company to the neighboring community. After we reached his home, I continued my wandering, passing out tracts, talking about the gospel, and visiting as many as I had time for.

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When I arrived at **Lande**, I visited a wagon maker. Instead of going to church, he had used the time to read some S Stars (*Scandinavian Stars*) I had given his hired hand. I ate with them and we had a long conversation. When I left, I gave them some of our literature which they appreciated. I then started for home and again ran into an old acquaintance. I walked for quite a distance with him, explained the gospel to him and also gave him some of our literature.

Monday I started thinking about my ancestors and the work waiting for me in that area. I made a quick decision to go to **Ølen** and then to **Sandeid** to find some of my family names. As evening was approaching I arrived at Per Staple's at **Saneid** where I was especially well received. With his help, I found my family names clear down to the 5th generation.

In the evening, I made a visit to a Sargeant Sønnenaas to possibly find some more names. On my arrival there I found that he was not home. I decided to wait for his arrival, and I did not have to wait long. But how unexpected this meeting turned out to be. I recognized him to be the man who, about 1½ years ago chased me down from the podium when I, in **Vats schoolhouse**, stood and bore my testimony about the restoration of the gospel and pointed out that Mormonism was neither more nor less than what the Savior and His apostles taught. Though strange as it seems, it was like he did not recognize me. I kept calm and acted as if nothing had happened and expressed what I was interested in. He was a great help to me. When I left there, I felt greatly blessed by the Lord, and I knelt in a lonely place in thanks and prayer to Him.

After my return to Per Staple's I spent a most pleasant evening. The next day, on my way to **Ølen**, I again visited with Sargeant Sønnenaas. He also invited me to his home for dinner which I declined, since it was entirely unnecessary.

In **Ølen** I found an old relative about 91 years of age, and I had an entertaining visit with her. She was as cocky and full of jest as if she was 18.

When I had finished my work in this area, I visited one of my childhood friends, Kristen Urdal, who works as a tailor there. I also had a good conversation about the gospel with him. Later, I

visited a family I lived with for quite some time when I, about 4 years, ago ran a small painting business in that area. I was received as a son who had returned from a foreign land. But when I, after a while, brought out some Latter-Day Saints tracts to give them, and also explained to them that I had become a Mormon, I was no longer considered their friend. The change was like when a pleasant, mild summer day suddenly changes to a terrifying thunderstorm with unexpected cloudbursts accompanied by a cyclone like wind.

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On my travel home, I stopped by **Egeland** where I preached the gospel and left some tracts in several places. I have later, during the week, been occupied collecting my family names, also organizing and writing them down.

I have not felt very good. Thursday I fasted and felt better after that. I have in the evenings been out and talked about the gospel, and it is very sad to see how indifferent people are to such a great and important message.

With regard to the unrest which looked so threatening last week, things now look better. It looks like they might come to an agreement.

Saturday, the 30th of September

Sunday the 24th, I was occupied talking to my fellow men about the gospel. First I went to Sjur Velde with the purpose of getting his permission to use **Øvre Vats schoolhouse** for having conversations about the gospel and other useful subjects. After I had carried out my errand and given him some of our literature, I continued on to **Egestal**. On the way, I passed out tracts and talked as the opportunities arose. On my arrival, I was well received and gave out several S. Stars (Scandinavian Stars) and tracts and had 2-3 long conversations. Next I started out for Egeland's Gjerde, but found no one at home. I left some tracts and continued on my way. Up the road a ways I ran into them, went back with them, ate and talked a while, after which I took off for **Urdal** and **Ulehauen** where I likewise had several conversations and gave out a large amount of our literature.

Monday I was engaged painting and arranging certain matters. In the evening, I went to **Nesheim** to find some of my family names. I also had a conversation about the gospel.

Tuesday I was occupied digging up potatoes. I did not feel very good, but still went over to Alf Seik to possibly talk to him about the gospel. Tuesday evening, after midnight, I was attacked by a mean illness in my throat. It was impossible to hold my head up straight, and the smallest movement caused great pain. But I now feel tolerably well. When the pain became bearable, I started bringing paper and pencil to bed. I was in good spirits and wrote a good deal, among them a poem about autumn.

Saturday, the 6th of October

Sunday the 1st I had decided to stay at home, visit with my mother, and study the gospel. Then later, when people came home from church, go out and talk to them about the gospel and pass out tracts. But after saying my prayers I felt I should go to church to

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possibly meet John Stødeln. I thought he might be helpful to me in finding some of my family names.

It was confirmation day and splendid weather, so the church was filled to capacity. Throughout his sermon the pastor pointed out the greatness of infant baptism and other subjects, and thus with beautiful words tried to disprove what I have tried to teach them.

During the sermon I felt such anger that I almost stepped forward to defend the truth and put it in the right light. But instead, it became difficult to keep from smiling. There was probably a lot of talk that day about **Torleif Knaphus** and **the Pastor**. After it ended, I met John Stølen, and, since he had a lot of information about my family, I decided to go up there another day.

After returning home, I spent some time with my father and mother. But after a while, Ivar Alendal, and some others from church, came. I, my youngest brother and my sister went with them clear out to **Ostrem**. After our return home, I had a short conversation with my brother and also gave him some good advice which he promised to keep and to remember. After that, I went to **Braata** for a visit.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I mostly kept occupied painting. On **Thursday** there was to be held an exhibit of cattle, home crafts, and agricultural products in **Haugesund**. Inasmuch as I needed to make a trip to **Haugesund** anyway, I left **Thursday morning** in company of Hans Rugesen Urdalsmyren and his sister. Their father gave them a ride part way. The rest of the way we walked. When we arrived in **Haugesund**, we looked at the cattle exhibition. Later I went to visit my brother who worked at **Nygaard**. I did not find him at home. The farmer invited me to come back in the evening and stay till the next day, which I decided to do.

Back in town an acquaintance told me that my mother's brother, Tallef Halme, was in town, and that I might possibly find him there in the evening. Later I went to Painter Sovik's workshop and visited for a while with those of my old friends who were still there. I also had the opportunity to talk to them about the gospel. Later I visited Lauris Froland. We had a long conversation about the gospel and a very pleasant time. Well uplifted and edified we parted way.

I then visited Nilsine Alna where I met my mother's brother. I spent the rest of the evening in conversation with him and some of his friends. Late the next morning, me and my brother looked at the exhibition. Later I visited Helina Alna, and she was helpful in finding a lot of my family names. Later I again met my brother with my mother's brother, **Sjatte**. After visiting for a while, we went to town and spent the evening there.

Saturday morning I went to the wharf to meet **another one of my brothers** who was coming from **Feøen**. But when he did not arrive, I decided to go out there in the afternoon.

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About 3 P.M. I left on the steamship "*Karmo*". The seas were heavy and it was entirely pleasurable to me to come out and feel the weather. I was very well received at **Føøen**, and I spent most of the evening in congenial conversation with my brother.

Saturday, the 13th October

Forenoon Sunday the 7th I took a trip **north on the island**. After our return, I joined some children playing ball after which we ate dinner. But I had been running so much that the food didn't taste good to me. We then took a trip south on the island, and my brother showed me and talked

about the things that interested him. After that, we ate with Kristian and the opportunity came to talk about the gospel. But, since it was getting close to the time he was going to an assembly, we had to break off our conversation. My brother and I went with him. Later in the evening, we had a very pleasant conversation. All of Kristian's family was gathered, and we enjoyed each other immensely.

Monday I helped them pull a sloop into harbor. At 12 o'clock noon I left on the steamship "*Karmø*" for **Haugesund**. Later I visited my brother who works at **Nygaard**. After I left him, I decided to start the long way home. I stopped by some acquaintances and was fortunate enough to get some of my family names. I left some of our literature with them, then I started on my way home. When I had walked about 17 kilometers, someone driving a wagon fortunately came by and let me ride with him. Our conversation also turned to religion, so I had the opportunity to explain the gospel. But unfortunately, he was not as the servant (Biblical) of long ago. Luckily, I got to ride with him about 15 kilometers after which I still had about 7 km. left to go by foot.

Tuesday I mostly took it easy at home. But **Monday** I left for **Tøresdalsstølen**; so I, with John's help, could find some of my ancestors' names. The road there is long and rough, so I did not arrive till late in the afternoon. As soon as I arrived, we started on our work. He brought out some old documents and we were successful in finding some names way back to 1728. We kept busy working till it started getting dark. He then had to go to **Omsasen** and me home. But we changed our minds and kept working till we finished. I stayed there till the next morning. In the evening, after I had retired to bed, I felt impressed to go around to the other side of the mountain so I could continue my work in the **Skjolds' Church** books.

The next morning, after I left, I put this thought into action. When I arrived there, the

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Pastor was not home. His wife, therefore, had to help me find the records and I sat there 'till it got dark. By then it was raining hard, and the wife was kind enough to lend me an umbrella. I came home to my worried mother cold and wet later in the evening.

The next day, I again went to **Vikedal** to there continue the same work. I went to **Urdal**, continued from there over the mountain to **Sandeid**. It was very cold on the mountain, so I was glad when, at dusk, I descended down the other side. At **Sandeid**, I visited on old man, Osmund Ossmundsen, who is one of my relatives. It was with strange feelings I stood above his small home. Before I entered I had to stop. Serious thoughts entered my mind. There was something about that small cottage, sitting near a small lake, with the fields surrounded by tall spruces and trees whose leaves were about to drop. Beyond that the majestic mountains whose dramatic peaks appeared twice as beautiful in the magnificent moonlit evening.

When I stepped inside, I found the home to be poor and cold. The 93 year old man lay ill in his bed. But he had an especially good disposition, and he seemed content laying there. He thought it was very nice of me to visit him since he was a good friend of my father's. When I had received some instruction from him regarding my ancestors' names, I left for **Vikedal**. The road leading there is placed on the steep mountain side. Huge rock cliffs hung over the road. So I could have truthfully, that beautiful evening, sung, "You old, you free, you mountainous north, you silent" etc. (Swedish national anthem). When I arrived at **Vikedal**, it was so late in the evening that people had gone to bed. I found **Vespes Hotel** where I rang the doorbell. Unfortunately I am not a rich man to take in at a hotel. I only had 55 øre, so in the morning I had to ask to leave before I ate because I was afraid it would cost more than all my wealth amounted to.

The next morning was sparkling cold and it was snowing heavily. I immediately took off up the valley to look up some of my relatives. But when I discovered that they lived far up the valley, I first stopped by **Pastor Ellesaker**. He was very accommodating to me and brought out the church books I needed. And I was eagerly occupied with my work till dinner time. By then, I was so cold I could not continue my work, so I went outside to possibly get warm by taking a brisk walk. But it wasn't very pleasant since it was still snowing and my shoes were nothing to brag about. After I had been outside and stomped around in the snow for a while, I prayed that I would be given the strength to continue my work. I then continued my work eagerly till it got dark. Twice I ate with the Pastor. Since he was a great admirer of the arts, our conversation was mostly about the fine arts.

After I finished my work, I continued at a fast pace **up the valley**. The snow had stopped. The farmers in the valley traveled around in their well known coaches and life went on as usual. As I made my way further up the valley, the scenery again became breathtaking. The approximately 50 meter wide river wound its way down in graceful curves. The fields were white. The riverbanks and hillsides were adorned with birch forest whose

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leaves by now were a deep yellow. Rising behind them, the proud peaks seemed to compete to be the steepest and most picturesque. My steps slowed down - I did not want to miss anything. I wanted to absorb it all.

On my way back, after a long trip up the valley, I again stopped **at the rectory** as I was lacking some names. I continued my journey down the valley clear to **Sandeid**. I arrived at Peder Staple's about 11 and was well received.

Saturday, the 21st of October

I don't have time to write a complete account this time even though my thoughts are serious and there is much troubling my mind.

After spending Sunday morning at Peder Staple's, I planned to cross the mountain to **Vats** so I could spend part of Sunday with my family. But after being on my way for a while, a thought came into my mind that I needed to go to **Ølen** to accomplish something there. I therefore **started to travel north**. At dusk, when I had finished my mission there, I started for home.

Monday I had some writing to do. I also organized and recorded some of my family names. After doing that, I counted them and found, to my delight, that I had more than 300. In the evening, I went to Per Myraa and Ivar Springestenen to ask their permission to speak in the schoolhouse, but that was entirely against their wishes.

Wednesday I went out tracting and had the opportunity to pass out much of our literature. I also had several conversations. When I had covered most of **lower Vats**, I rang a woman's doorbell. She had a terribly contentious spirit and claimed she once confused the Latter-Day Saints missionaries. After I bid her farewell, she followed me down the road for a long time. Finally Lucifer tested me to see if I would give in somewhere to her crying. After she went back home, I felt I should go back and in all seriousness tell her I could heal her son, like she in her mocking told us to do. When I entered the house, I found a boy about 14 years of age who was, as far as I could tell, possessed by the Devil. It was a fearful sight to me. The influence of darkness (evil) was strong. However, I had the faith he could be healed. But when she continued quarreling, I said goodbye and left after a while.

When I came home after this trip, I found **my father** completely changed. He previously had loved, defended, and had faith in the gospel. But I now felt and understood this had changed. He had been to see Hilje, Tor, and also Mandius Sørus. They are looked

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up to as true and serious Christians, and thus they have sought to influence him. After this difficult evening, I came in to eat and found an anti-Mormon epistle which my father had placed on the table. A little while later he came in, and with a trembling voice forbid me to continue preaching the gospel to my fellowmen. This same day, I had already decided to go out to do a work which I felt rested on me. And now, what should I do? I went out to possibly receive comfort from my Heavenly Father. I felt a tightness in my chest while tears streamed down my cheeks. After kneeling down in fervent prayer, I felt better. I didn't want my **father** to be the cause of preventing the progress of the Lord's work. So, when my **father** was gone for a little while, I took my scripture bag and carried it part way down the road so my **father** would not know about it, as I later in the day had an errand down the same road. This way I was able to carry out the work I had planned to do, and I felt I did the right thing.

I have also these last days tried to teach the gospel to my fellowmen. Also, I have been busy getting ready for my journey.

Saturday, the 28th of October

Sunday morning there was a lot of activity among the people. They were going to church! The **Pastor** was leaving them - they wanted to show him the respect of being there for his farewell sermon. I stayed home, though, and helped my mother feed the cattle. After I finished, I went up on the mountain and thanked my Heavenly Father for the work He helped me accomplish. In the afternoon, after I had been out and said goodbye to some of my friends, I stayed home and tried to make it pleasant for my parents.

And then came the day of my departure! - I drew a sketch of my mother in the morning, then I went out and said goodbye to my friends after which I had to put out my hand in farewell to my parents and brothers and sisters. Later I still had good feelings. The weather was especially beautiful and they all walked with me part way.

I spent the night with a relative who is a master shoemaker in **Omsasen**. Everything was calm early the next morning when I glided away from the wharf on board the small fjord steamer. I arrived quietly and I left quietly. Few understood in their hearts that I was one of the Lord's authorized servants, and few understood the greatness of the message I brought them. I threw another quick glance at the familiar hills and mountains and over the calm fjord in which the star-filled sky was reflected. When it was still dark, I went down to second class. When I had visited and written for a while, I again went up on deck. 3 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived in **Stavanger**. I met there one of my good friends from my youth. We were equally happy to see each other and had a lot to tell each other, so we went on several walks together. In the evening I went up to see the Elders. Several of the brethren and sisters were also present, and we had a good time.

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The next day I was leaving for **Kristiania**. My friend, **Job Gjerde**, helped me get my baggage on board. **Elder Sørensen** also came to the wharf, and we ended up standing there visiting for a while since the boat stayed past the appointed time. Before I left, I handed my friend some of our literature, and then also this familiar place became a distant view.

It was nice and pleasant on board the Steamship "*Kristiania*". We passed the time by walking on deck and looking at the fish who seemed to enjoy the good weather. Also the weathered cliffs could, in all their majesty, be seen far away to the west. And thus passed **Thursday** as well. But when we, in the evening, came gliding in through the **Kristiania Fjord** it started to rain. We arrived at **the Fortress Wharf** about 10:30, and I went straight to **(Osterhaus gaten) 27** where some of the brethren and sisters were still gathered. I then went out to find a place to spend the night, but the ones I was to stay with had moved. I then tried to find a place to buy some food, but that was also in vain. I went back to the steamship but was not allowed to sleep on board. Later I arrived tired and wet at a hotel where I had to pay Kr. 1½, in advance, for the few hours left of the night.

In the morning, I went to the wharf to say farewell to a group of my brethren and sisters whose turn had arrived to emigrate. Then I went up to Haral Hardrodes (Harald Haarrodes, an old Viking King) Plads to see the newly erected and unveiled sculpture. Afterward I visited some of my brethren and sisters. In the evening, I attended a combined meeting where I had the opportunity to give a talk.

Late this morning I went up to the **National Archives** to search for some family names. Since then I have been busy fixing up my room and obtaining some needed furniture.

Saturday, the (4th of November)

During this week, I have been occupied doing various things. The first part of the week was lean and difficult since I had not been able to find employment. One day I was fortunate enough to find an empty bottle which I was able to sell so I could buy me a glass of skim milk and a 4 øre bun. I have now, however, been successful in finding some employment from Sculptor Utne.

Sunday I attended the various meetings, but I didn't have a good spirit. I tried in the evening to enter **Var Frelser's Cemetery** to pray, but was discovered by a **policeman** and then pursued by him. But, since I was a fast runner and in my escape jumped over a tall fence, he could not catch me. After arriving home and gone to bed, I still felt bad. When I was unable to sleep, I got dressed, went to a lonely place and prayed for a long time.

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The rest of the week has passed smoothly. I have taken part in various church duties and have attended the various meetings.

Saturday, the 11th November

I have, this week, been occupied doing some sculpture work with the exception of **Wednesday**. That day I visited some families I earlier had gone tracting to. After arriving home, I felt I still had some unfinished duties for that day, so I knelt in prayer. A quiet thought came to my mind which I had had earlier that day: That I should go tracting to a small home across from my window. I now understood my duty and carried it out. I felt happy and content after that. I also hope that this small effort will be a blessing in the future.

Sunday I visited sister Lina Johansen where I had an enjoyable time. I also attended the various meetings. Sunday, and during the week, I have had the opportunity to talk to several about the gospel.

Saturday, the 18th of November

According to my previous decision; I, **Sunday**, went to visit an older lady I made acquaintance with while tracting, and her family which I had not met. I have become good friends with the lady and have visited her several times, and have always been very well received. But it probably would become very unpleasant if it became known that she has good friends among the Mormons. Therefore I had decided to come there as if they were all strangers, and possibly develop a friendly relationship with them. It did not work out as well as I had hoped and expected for certain reasons.

In the afternoon, I went up to visit Engeborg Johannesen who is a patient at **Ulevolds Hospital**. Arriving back at **(Osterhaus gaten) 27**, I met Martin Kristensen along with several brethren and sisters. Among them were sisters A. Vidsø and K. Gaarden. They were all ready to go up the **Nydalen** to spend a pleasant evening there. According to their wishes, I went with them and we truly had an uplifting time. We sang many beautiful songs of Zion, and also talked about our feelings. A good spirit was present. Later we were served refreshments of hot chocolate and open faced sandwiches. Some of them then needed to go home for various reasons, and I was among them. But some of the sisters hid my cap so I finally had to stay. I did not regret it because we now spent the time playing appropriate games, and we had an excellent time.

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Monday I again visited Engeborg Johannesen who was very ill. The rest of the time I have, as last week, been occupied with some sculpting. Besides that I have attended the various assemblies.

Wednesday afternoon I went to visit a family who has been very interested in the gospel. But I was sad to find that they had lost their interest.

Today I went to **Engeborg Johannesen's funeral**. She died Tuesday. This evening there was a social at church, and I enjoyed taking part, because the feeling and understanding among the members was good. It seemed like everyone tried to make it fun and pleasant for each other.

On my way to church, I visited sister Otidie Olsen. It made me very sad to find her in a very needy situation. But when I, along with the President, was able to alleviate her want in a small way, I felt excellent.

Saturday, the 25th of November

After I had attended prayer meeting and Sunday school, I went in company of Martin Kristiansen and Aksel Jansen out in the district. We were busy visiting the saints till late in the evening. We sang and prayed with them, and tried to encourage them to the best of our ability. We had an exceptionally good time.

Monday I was busy doing the sculpting work I have mentioned before, and in the evening I attended the older women's meeting. **Tuesday** I visited Sisters Vidsø and Gaarden. We all became so involved in our conversation that I was very surprised when it was already close to 9, and I needed to be to work about 10. Next I went to Sculptor Utne, after which I went in company of Sisters Vidsø and Gaarden to "Industrien" (exhibit hall) and viewed many embroidered and also woven tapestries and cloths in many different styles and patterns, and also magnificent works in painting and woodcarving which were exhibited there. Later we went to **Drammensveien** and looked at an art exhibit there. They then went with me to school where I showed them around in the modeling class, which they enjoyed very much. Last of all we ended up at "The Farmer's Cafe" where we spent a long time in pleasant conversation. We parted about 12, and all felt uplifted and pleased.

Wednesday I helped sculptor Utne with some work. In the evening I visited the Post family in **Rodelyken** who are interested in the gospel. Some other people were also present there, and we started discussing Christ's true church. It delayed me, so I neglected school that evening.

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Thursday I also helped Utne for a while, attended school, and was busy with my own work. When I, later in the evening, arrived at the assembly; I there met, to my great joy, Rudolf Staket. Since we both had a lot to tell each other, we went for a long walk after the assembly.

Friday, after eating my breakfast, I spent some time visiting with Staket. Later I was busy painting something at the church as a small help to the President. In the evening I attended a Young Men's and Young Women's combined meeting.

And now I need to expand my remarks to my surroundings. I mentioned earlier in my journal a few things regarding the political crisis and what a dangerous time that was for the Norwegian people; so much that the whole world had their eyes turned north to this nation, our people, even this city. Since I, myself, am interested in our country's history and events that bring it honor and well being; I have to say I feel great pride over recent events. Staying in the union any longer would not have been for the best. As I think I mentioned earlier, our union with our brother land, **Sweden**, was dissolved in June. Our common ruler will now have to be satisfied that his kingdom ends at the Norwegian border. After this tense crisis, the Norwegian Parliament has, in **Karlstad**, negotiated a peaceable agreement.

And now there are great festivities in our city celebrating the arrival of the new king. **Prince Karl of Denmark** was, according to the choice of the people, elected and appointed **king of Norway November 18th. Saturday** our city was almost unrecognizable. One could feel a festive spirit everywhere, even in the poorest home. Many grandstands and honor gates were erected. Homes were adorned with greenery, splendid decorations and lights in all different colors. Our crest and (pictures of) the arriving royal couple were displayed in many places, draped in the Norwegian colors.

At 1 P.M. he stepped on land. The mass of people present was overwhelming. I found a good spot just below the palace. From there I could see the procession move up **Karl Johan** and clear into the palace. The enthusiasm was great. The king was touched.

No one must wonder why I have used two kinds of ink or over my imperfect writing, for I have been dealt many difficulties. If you had experienced only half of them, you would not be critical of such minor things.

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Saturday, the (2nd) of December

I was, **Sunday**, out in the district in company of Martin Kristensen and visited song teacher Nilsen where we had a good time. I gave him some instruction in color treatment, etc. **Monday evening**, I and President Torgersen plus Elder Nilsen and others, went up to visit Kristiana Larsen and Sisters Olga and Gina Johansen. **Wednesday** I went out to visit some families I am acquainted with to possibly ignite in them a greater interest in the gospel.

Friday evening I went on a long walk with one of Sculptor Utne's students. He is an older man. He is wise and intelligent, and we had a splendid conversation. When we parted, I handed him some of our literature. Things at school are going very well, by the way. The students are good friends and we have a most pleasant association. I have also, during the week, attended the different assemblies and I have been busy modeling every day.

Saturday, the (9th) of December

Sunday morning I attended prayer assembly. Martin Kristensen and Sister Vidsø made some instructional comments under the influence of the Lord's Spirit. I, later, went out in the district with Aksel Jansen. After making some visits, we went home. As I had fasted for some time, I felt very weak. I still attended the evening assembly, which was very beneficial since the Spirit of God was there in great abundance.

The rest of the week has gone by smoothly as of late, and I have mostly been occupied modeling and painting. **Monday** I had a pleasant conversation with sister Vidsø and Gaarden. **Thursday** a thanksgiving service was held to commemorate the dissolution of the union 6 months ago and for our protection during the same. I used part of the day to write some poetry.

Last night I attended Young Men's meeting. We discussed some deep topics. I gave a talk about "Anderson's perfection" and the 3rd great existence (3rd degree of glory). We separated about 11 very satisfied with the evening.

Saturday, the (16th) of December

Sunday the (10th), after attending Sunday school, I went out in the district. But, as my assistant, Aksel Jansen didn't go with me, I only made a few visits. I spent the rest of the time inviting some acquaintances to the 7 meeting which I then attended. The spirit after the meeting was excellent. I had several good conversations.

After work on **Monday**, I attended the Young Women's meeting. Tuesday I was, like Monday, busy with the work mentioned earlier. Before going to school in the evening, I

visited Kristiana Larsen. I was in especially good spirits, so there was at least no grief present while I was there.

After spending some time at school, I attended council meeting. Later I stopped by Sisters Vidsø and Gaarden. When we had visited a while, Martin Kristensen also came. He asked some profound questions that gave us some good material for conversation. In truth, we had a splendid time and we learned some great and priceless things during our conversation.

Wednesday I helped Sculptor Utne with some work. That evening, Utne was commissioned to model Prince Olaf, but since he was busy, he trusted it all to me, which has kept me busy the rest of the week. I have also sketched a large charcoal drawing of Joseph Smith which I gave to the older women's society.

Saturday, the 23rd of December

I arose early **Sunday** and went to a hill near the city where I spent some time in prayer. After arriving home, I read for a while. Then I went to prayer assembly after which I visited my assistant Aksel Jansen. We then went out in the district together. First we visited Ole Jerdrum. We were fortunate enough to find his sons at home. I used part of the time to encourage them to greater faithfulness. I also taught them about their responsibilities and ended by having prayer with them. We also had several other good district visits, taught the Saints about their responsibilities and prayed and sang with them.

Monday and Tuesday forenoons I was occupied completing the small figure which should represent **the crown prince**. Wednesday evening I went down to Jensen and to my great satisfaction he was most satisfied with it.

Wednesday and Thursday I was occupied modeling. Before going to school, I visited song teacher Nilsen and spent a pleasant time with him discussing the fine arts. As I left, he gave me some magnificent frames and yesterday, I was eagerly occupied making a sketch for a picture to go in one of them.

Saturday has still just begun. I went for a walk up in the hills to say my prayers while most people were still asleep. I wonder how to spend this day.

Saturday, the 30th of December

I attended **Sunday** prayer assembly and Sunday school, and later another assembly. As it was **Christmas Eve**, the Saints spent the rest of the day in their homes. I was invited to Kristianna Larsen. But about 7 P.M., after we had eaten, we parted company since they were invited somewhere else. After that I felt somewhat homesick. I went for a walk up on a hill and prayed, and decided to fast for a while.

On **Christmas Day in the morning**, we again gathered for prayer and Sunday school. Later I went to school to inspect some of our work so it wouldn't get too dry. I was, later in the day, guest at Martin Krisensen's. After attending assembly, I was busy preparing a fun and appropriate program as I, the next day, would be Santa Clause at the Christmas party. Everything went well the next day at the party and we had our Santa's parade. My "aging wife" was especially funny. Also the historic lecture and stories (?) I told the little elves were also especially funny, as the little elves had learned their parts and performed well.

A while after the children's party had ended, the adults again gathered and had fun till late in the evening. Before the party started, I went to visit Rudolf Stakset's parents, ate with them, and spent a pleasant time. I also encouraged Stakset's father to come and join us at the party, which he did. He took part in the games like he was one of us, which made me happy, and he seemed to enjoy our association.

The rest of the time, I have spent visiting the members and attended the various assemblies. The last days of the week I have been very busy reading and painting. **Wednesday** I fasted because I felt an evil spirit striving after me in some respects. Last night I attended the youth's combined meeting where several good subjects contained in periodicals of knowledge were discussed, among them an interesting piece by Martin Kristensen and a poem by me. In the evening I visited Sister Otidie Olsen and found her in a sadly poor condition. I tried to comfort her and relieve her suffering temporarily, at least.

Saturday, the 6th of January, 1906

I will just briefly mention my activities as I learned that I am emigrating the 26th. I am very busy. During the week, I have, among other things, been occupied painting some pictures which I intend to give away to members. Likewise, I have started two larger paintings. One I intend to give to the Young Women's Association, the other one I hope to sell.

I have also attended the various assemblies. **Sunday** I went out in the district alone as my assistant was ill. Likewise, I made some visits **on New Year's Day** after which I attended the church party, which was especially pleasant. Most of the time, I was occupied entertaining some visitors who I had visited several times while tracting. At the end we played "Because of the Heart" (game), and the mood was excellent.

Saturday, the (13th)

I have, among other things, been busy finishing the paintings I worked on last week. I have also visited some non-member families to possibly be able to talk to them and make them understand the importance of accepting the gospel. As I usually do, I have also

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attended all the meetings during the week, and likewise on **Sunday**. That day I was also busy visiting brethren and sisters in my district. **Monday**, school started which I have been attending during the week.

Saturday, the (20th)

Sunday I went, in company with Aksel Jansen, out in the district. I have been busy painting and modeling during the week. I also attended the various meetings. **Monday** evening I also had the opportunity to administer to a young girl. The last days of the week, I worked at the National Archives to possibly find some more of my family names.

And this evening I have had an exceptionally fun time sledding with Sisters Kristiana Larsen and Olga and Gina Johanesen. We went way up **Trondhjemsveien** and I will never forget the wonderful feelings we had out in the beautiful winter scenery under the richly star-filled sky. After we got home, we made some coffee and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Our conversation turned to spiritual and lofty subjects which pleased me very much, as Kristiana was still young in the church, and maybe still did not understand some of the various principles.

Saturday, the (27th) January

Sunday I was invited for dinner at Johanesen's. I had a good time there. Afterwards I went out in the district for a short time. Towards evening I visited sister Lina Johanesen where we also had a very good time.

The first 3 days of the week, I was occupied with my work at the National Archives. **Thursday** I again went out in the district and bid farewell to several of my brethren and sisters. In the evening, I went to Priesthood meeting. A great portion of the Lord's spirit was present and our feelings were excellent.

After some hard work packing and such; I, **Wednesday evening**, went up to Sisters Olga and Gina Johanesen. The Elders from the office were also invited there, and we enjoyed ourselves to the best of our ability.

Thursday I was very busy packing and doing various other things before I went to the assembly. In the evening, I went to the *Royal School* and bid farewell to my friends, Sculptor Utne's students, and also handed them some tracts and books of our literature. As could be

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expected I was invited to bare my testimony. The Holy Ghost stood by me, and I bore my testimony with much power and feeling, and also presented the principles of the gospel in a favorable light.

After the assembly, I had expected weeping and tears, but there was only joy. **Friday morning** I was off. **A great number of my brethren and sisters** came to the wharf. My feelings were just like the other evening. My breast swelled with joy when we, in the beautiful weather, went steaming out the **Kristiania Fjord**. We arrived in **Kristiansand** about 11 and stayed there till about 7 in the morning. We then went steaming out in the **North Sea**. The wind started blowing, causing seasickness and fear. I remained on deck, however, in shelter of the engine room (?) and looked at the great seas, the rough ocean. But further out, the storm increased. About 4, a breaker flooded the deck and we were soaked through, which became annoying as we could not get to our clothes to change.

Saturday, the (3rd of February)

Sunday passed gloomily. After eating breakfast I went up into the engine cabin to dry my clothes. But just as I was getting almost dry, a breaker hit the door and threw it open, then hit me and went on down into the engine room causing a big commotion there.

Monday, about 7, we arrived in **Hul**, and left there about 12 for **Liverpool**. We arrived there after 3-4 hours travel through the mild and beautiful scenery. There we met Elders Rasmusen, Pedersen and other returning missionaries from **Alborg, Denmark, and the various European countries**.

The next day, we naturally went to the city to go sightseeing. After going through and looking at the **botanical gardens**, we headed for the **arts museum**. And it was pure pleasure to me to go through the same and look at the various works in both the arts of painting and sculpting.

The next day we went out and saw the many splendid items, which were kept in the museum. In the afternoon we went to the wharf to see the world's largest ship which was leaving for America. In the evening we gathered with the Saints.

The next day, we again headed **out to sea**. Land soon disappeared from view. Toward evening, we approached the **Isle of Man** and this lovely evening will remain as a special memory in my mind. My heart felt released from the land of Babel and I was extremely happy that I was going to have the opportunity to gather with God's people in the valleys of the mountains. Our surroundings were also beautiful. **About 25 of the returning**

1906

missionaries and several members who were emigrating, also enjoyed it as the large steamer quickly went gliding through the great water; which, in the exquisite moonlit evening, was like a sea of silver.

Friday we passed the **southern coast of England**, and today we have reached **the big ocean**. The storm has increased throughout the day so it has been somewhat unpleasant with regards to seasickness and such.

Saturday, the (10th)

I have, this week, changed residence from the eastern to the western hemisphere. The weather, crossing the **Atlantic Ocean**, has been very nice; the sea calm, and the air mild as if it were springtime. We have passed the time with reading and enjoyed ourselves, to the best of our abilities, with various things. Yes, how favored we are to be able to go to Zion under such favorable circumstances with such a light as we have been given.

1906

Friday it blew up to a cold storm. But as it blew in our direction, it became a means to bring us to our destination. About 2 this morning we arrived in Boston's Harbor. After we had undergone our physical examinations and such, we stepped onto American soil about 11 this morning. After spending some time going through customs, we left **Boston** by train.

1906 Salt Lake, the (17th)

Our travel by railroad has fortunately come to an end. I arrived in Salt Lake Wednesday the All I owned was 2 Norwegian øre. I find no wisdom in writing any more about my travel. At the station, I met Karl Lind who directed me to Kristian Johansen where I was well received. I stayed there till the following day. Later I again visited Karl Lind. I had my baggage brought there and took temporary lodging with him.

I have not been disappointed with regards to my surroundings. I have found the city, on the whole, to be very beautiful and very well arranged.

Saturday, the (24th)

Sunday morning, I and Karl Lind, visited Sister Flamfelt. Then we all went to the Scandinavian meetings in Simbli Hall (Assembly Hall). After the assembly, I had the opportunity to greet many acquaintances from Kristiania. Among them was Sister Maria Rande. We went south to Vilar Kristofersen where we spent a short while visiting. Later in the afternoon, I visited several of my old friends from Norway who now live here.

1906

The first days of the week I mostly went around looking for work. Tuesday evening I went to an English assembly where President Smit (Smith) spoke. After the assembly, I went for a walk with Auly. He wanted me to come down there another day. Thursday afternoon I complied with his request. Elder Fin H. Berg also came, and we had a very enjoyable afternoon. He also thought I might be able to find work if I made a trip south to Myrey (Murray) and inquired about employment at the metal mill. Consequently, Friday morning, I set out for Myrey (Murray), found the place and was fortunate enough to start working immediately. The day seemed somewhat long, but it passed, and today I have continued my work there.

Saturday, the (3rd of March) 1906

Sunday I went to an assembly in Simbli Hal (Assembly Hall). After the assembly, I met several acquaintances from Norway. I then went with Ole Vold for dinner, and later we went to town. Close to 2 o'clock, I went to the Tabernacle to attend an assembly there for the first time. Several of the apostles spoke. The singing was likewise beautiful and uplifting. This, in harmony with this most unique hall, made a deep impression on my mind. In the evening I attended an assembly in Barat Hall, and a large portion of God's Spirit was present, through which I was taught many things, even though I could not understand one word.

Monday and Tuesday, I continued my work south in Myrey (Murray). But Tuesday, just as I was leaving, an acquaintance of mine came who knew a master painter who had need of a journeyman. We then drove there, and I got the position. He wanted me to start the next day. Later in the day, I went south to Myrey (Murray) and got my settlement there.

Thursday there was a big snowfall, and there was no work. After my arrival home, Kristian Johanesen came to visit. Friday I started work. After arriving home, Lind and I had a serious get-together consisting of his sweetheart, Eingval and Palmar Jansen, Torel and Ole Vol, and a brother from Arendal in Norway. After a while Alf Kalstad also came, in who's company I went to the theater.

Today I have also been to work and after arriving home I went up and visited Historian Jensen. He was very glad to see me and wanted me to come to his home for the evening meal. I was there introduced to, among others, President Josef F. Smith's daughter. Historian Jensen was very happy to see me here in Zion, also his wife. They were both present when I was baptized. It was the most hardy baptism they had seen, so they had taken special notice of it.

Saturday, the 10th of March, 1906

Sunday forenoon I went with Karl Lind to the Scandinavian fast meeting. I took the opportunity, for the first time in an assembly here, to bear my testimony. After arriving home, I and Lind spent some time in prayer after which I felt especially good. Later, I attended an assembly in our own ward.

The rest of the week has passed smoothly. Wednesday I went to a small Scandinavian meeting. Thursday evening I visited Kristian Johansen. We had a good time, but I felt bad about not going to the Scandinavian assembly, since that is where I felt I ought to have been. Friday I went to priesthood meeting, and after work today I have written some letters.

Saturday, the 17th of March

Sunday I attended three different assemblies. I fasted for a while and felt splendid afterwards. I spent the evening at Josef Straaberg's. During the week I have been occupied working till Thursday noon. I then found it necessary to take some time off because of a snow storm. So I went out and found a nice room to rent, spent some time acquiring the necessary furnishings, and fixed it up with paint etc.

Saturday, the 24th of March

I have been occupied with my work. Tuesday evening I moved into my new room. The next evenings, I have spent fixing it up to the best of my ability, so I now have a very nice place.

Thursday evening, I attended a concert held by the Scandinavians to raise funds for Sisters Vidsø and Garden who have been on missions for about 3 years. Sunday went as usual. I attended an assembly in the tabernacle and forenoon I was at Barat Hall to hear Professor Talmersj (Talmage). In conclusion, Mrs. Judi Andersen sang an excellent solo.

Saturday, the

Sunday I went to stake conference which was held in Simbli Hall (Assembly Hall). I also attended 2 assemblies held in the tabernacle. Later in the day, I visited Kristian Johanesen. After spending a nice time there, we went to a meeting in their ward. We then visited Fredriksen together where we spent an enjoyable time.

1906

I have, during the week, been occupied with my usual work except for Tuesday when we had to take time off because of rain. I worked for a large construction company, Engdal. When I arrived there Tuesday morning, his wife and I started talking about religion. After a heated discussion of about an hour, Mr. Engdal got involved in the conversation in a humorous way. So the truth probably was not presented as reverently as it should have been.

After arriving home, I went to town in Palmar Jansen's company. We went up to Latter-Day Saint's University to see Asbjorn Vidsø with the purpose of acquiring an address from him for Sculptor Jepsen, whom we later tried to locate. I used the rest of the day attempting to make a plaster casting.

Thursday evening, I went to a Scandinavian meeting in the 14th Ward where we had the honor of a visit by singer Mrs. Dal from Kristiania. She was traveling through on her way to California. They promised to hold a concert for us coming Monday.

Saturday, the 31st of March, 1906

This week has passed quietly and smoothly. I have worked every day, and I have used the evenings for writing and such. I have attended most of the Scandinavian assemblies. Sunday I attended the assembly in the tabernacle, and later our ward.

Saturday, the 7th of April 1906

I have, this week, also been occupied with my work. Sunday I went to Stake Conference, and now the 6th, of course, conference for all of Utah started. Crowds of people have come here to attend the same, but because of being very busy at work, I have not yet attended any assemblies.

Saturday, the 14th of April

Sunday, of course, I attended the various conference meetings. I also had the opportunity to meet many acquaintances from various parts of Utah. The weather was beautiful, and the feelings were altogether splendid. The rest of the week has passed without incident.

Saturday, the 12th of May, 1906

I have, these past weeks, been occupied with my work as before. Likewise, I have attended the various assemblies as my time has allowed and according to my feelings. I have received several letters from Norway, from the States, and various places, which have brought me both sadness and joy. 2 of my brothers have also emigrated from Stavanger, and are now staying in Java.

And yes, spring has also now been adorned in her graceful dress. Everything is now green and fragrant. Trees and fields are covered with flowers. We Mormons rejoice in the beauty of spring, and even more, in the beauty of the gospel.

Saturday, the 6th of June

Time passes quickly here in Utah, yes, so quickly that I seldom find time to write in my journal. It has now been 3 - 4 weeks. But I am still the same Knaphus as before. I have not been asleep. During the time that has passed since the 12th of last month, I have been occupied with my painter's work. Yes, I have worked hard. I have gone through considerable travail in it, and some in other areas.

I have usually attended the various assemblies in the 2nd and 14th wards in the evenings. Sunday the 25th I was set apart as a teacher's assistant among the Scandinavians and Germans who live in the ward I belong to (12th Ward). And Sunday, June 2nd, I went to the Scandinavian assembly which is held in Simle Hall (Assembly Hall). As much as it was fast day, we had the opportunity to bear our testimonies. A large portion of the Lord's Spirit was present, and many instructive testimonies were expressed. Yes, there was a spirit and feeling present that I don't think I have noticed here before. After the meeting concluded, an elderly sister came to me and said I would become a great man in the church if I remained humble. She also mentioned some other things.

Saturday, the 24th of June, 1906

This time has passed smoothly. I have been occupied with my regular work. Also I have usually gone to Scandinavia and English assemblies, and I have found great joy in the gospel--yes, I have learned much from the light of the Holy Ghost. Yes, I have also had to fight against the power of evil. I feel a humble and sincere resolve this evening to go forth in perfecting myself before the Lord. Yes, to be punctual when I visit the various assemblies. Yes, to be clean and have order and clarity in all my undertakings. Yes, in everything live as is becoming one of God's children. May the Lord help me and protect me so the power of darkness will never lead me astray is my humble prayer, for the sake of Jesus. Amen.

Saturday, the

In the time since June 24th I have mostly worked for master painter Paal Hammer. And as we also work together as district teachers among the Scandinavians and Germans, we have spent some evenings together in this capacity. I have, as before, been present at the various meetings held among the Scandinavians and in the ward.

To my great delight, I find the summer heat only to be agreeable. But working at this time has been exhausting. Yes, several times I have nearly passed out from exhaustion. I have had many difficult days both here and in my dear native land. I do not write much about that, because I do not wish to complain. But I rejoice in the knowledge that the Lord has given me strength for the fight and that I, so far, with His help, have been able to overcome the difficult struggles and trials which have been placed in my way since I left my father's home.

Saturday, the 29th of September

Today it again smells sweet like spring. Dark, heavy clouds have long been brooding over the brethren, sisters and circle of friends who have moved here from the far north. But should we complain about it and always feel dejected and burdened? No and no again. For everything has its purpose. It had to be thus, and it was for our best. For we are as spring blossoms and tender shoots. They can not be brought to perfection and splendor by the gentle and pleasant rays of the sun only. No, the sky has to become dark, the sun disappear for a while, and rain showers need to come and do their part. If they become too heavy, some of the spring blossoms already in full bloom might break. Those closest around will bend their crowns to cover the empty spot where one fell.

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But when the clouds once more disappear, and the sun's gentle, loving rays touch, they again lift their crowns and the entire field of flowers sweetly smells in renewed grace and splendor. Yes, even the dark clouds gradually become beautiful. Yes, they sparkle like beautiful and exquisite silver. Yes, it is as if they make everything twice as beautiful.

We also can find great similarity with this among us human beings, and especially among those who have part in the eternal gospel, who have drunk of the living water and who are enlightened by the spirit of truth. For we know that the Lord has carefully considered these trials, consequences, and effects before he allowed them to happen, even though his purposes in certain things often are too high for us to understand. So everything is and was as it should be and it will be for our best that it was so.

1906

Sunday, July 13th, I mostly spent in company of and talking to brothers Samson and Lars Opdal from Hardanger. They had little prior knowledge of our faith. But as I explained certain points to them, they soon became interested. Our conversation mostly centered around this.

After working a couple of days the following week, I was unfortunate enough to get a nail in one of my legs. As I attempted to get up the next morning, I tumbled back into my bed, attacked by a fever I supposed to be influenza. I stayed home in bed very ill for a week. The last nights, I would toss around in my bed like the needle of a compass to try to keep my head on the cool metal in different places. Tuesday, July 16th, I went to a doctor who was able to tell I was attacked by typhoid fever. I was immediately taken to the hospital where I stayed about 5 weeks. I underwent a great deal of serious consequence. After about 3 weeks the fever took a favorable turn. I now began to improve, but like the man on the slick ice, two steps forward and one back. I had, however, as I was improving, several severe setbacks, and one time things looked really serious. However, I was preserved and on August 25th I had the great pleasure of slowly walking back to my home.

While I was ill in the hospital, 2 of my friends, Karl Hansen and Alf Kalstad, also were brought there likewise afflicted by typhoid fever. 3 days before I came home from the hospital, Brother Kalstad died. We had known each other well from the time I joined the church, and had served much together in church affairs. Lately we had become good friends. He visited me almost every day the first weeks I was in the hospital and now he is already taken away.

His funeral, which was entirely splendid, was held in the 14th Ward building. The congregation was deeply touched. It was as if the seriousness of eternity rested on each individual and serious feelings were felt among the brethren and sisters, for Karl Hansen had also become seriously ill. Two days after Kalstad's funeral, I also had a serious relapse in my illness. Many of the brethren and sisters expected us to die, both him and me. Their thoughts were fulfilled regarding Karl. For he died about a week later. And in truth, my life was also in great danger. If the Lord's protection had not been allotted me in such perfect measure, my time here would also have been over, or my body deprived of a future.

During all this, I have learned many things that have been in my favor about our relationship as children of our Heavenly Father. For I felt and saw his concern for me like a tender and loving mother caring for her sick child. The one big difference being that His wisdom is much greater, and therefore His concern more perfect. I don't feel to write about every single detail, as many of them are most important and precious to me alone. I will therefore keep them to myself.

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My brethren and sisters have, during this time, shown great love for me. And we are even more bound together as brothers, sisters and friends, and to our God's cause.

After again becoming seriously ill for about two weeks, I have gradually improved. I am now well enough to walk around and visit my friends. My nerves and head are also strong enough that I can both read and write almost as well as before.

The weather has been cold and miserable for quite some time and I feel like the mild spring sun is shining again and is bringing everything renewed life and splendor. Yes, it is as if minds bent down by sorrow again cheer up and once more resume their daily activities and rejoice in the good the day offers.

I now feel well enough to associate with my brethren and sisters and joke and have fun like I used to. I rejoice in feeling so healthy. Times are good. There is plenty of work and much to learn.

Salt Lake, the 3rd of December 1906

The time since September 29th has passed smoothly. I have generally had a very good time. About a month ago, I went to Ogden for a visit. I stayed there one week and had the opportunity to visit most of the Saints from the Kristiania Conference who live there. The brethren and sisters were exceptionally hospitable and did much to make the time I spent with them pleasant.

After my arrival home, I have worked diligently as a painter, except it has been a little unsteady this past week because of cold weather. I have used my spare time to record an amusing idea about the Prophet Josef which depicts the restoration of the gospel light in this dispensation. This idea came to me while I was in the hospital, after my fever left and I have since felt that I should finish it quickly and show it to Apostle Lund. During my fast yesterday, I felt that I should visit him today. That is why I, this forenoon, walked up to his home to show him the before mentioned outline. He seemed interested in it, and expressed his feelings about the fine thoughts found in it. He also asked for a small picture I had of one of my sculptures, with the purpose of showing it to President Josef F. Smidt.

I also have to mention that Rudolf Stakset has arrived from Kristiania's Conference after filling a mission there. He now lives with me and we have already had many good times together, just like in Old Norway. Yesterday we went for a long, pleasant walk clear up to the mountains west of Latter-Day Saint's Hospital. We both rejoiced in being among those gathered here in the valleys of the mountains.

1906

I have also gone out as district teacher with Elder Hammer, and also attended the various meetings held in the ward, and also 2 fast meetings held by the Scandinavians during this time.

Saturday, the 8th of December

I have this week been occupied with my work as a house painter, and I have been very diligent in it.

Wednesday evening, I went with Rudolf Stakset to visit Kristofer Hansen and his sisters who live here in town. We had a very pleasant time there. Thursday I attended the Scandinavian assembly and this evening I have been to a soup party at Figstad's. I have also sent some Christmas cards to good friends in the old country.

Monday, the 6th of January 1907

Once more a new chapter in my life. I have entered a new year in my existence on this earth, and memories from the past still linger. But not that alone. Christmas Holidays and New Year's Eve have passed, the music has stopped. The front door to the new year has opened, and we look hopefully through it for promises of our hopes. I have to say that time has passed pleasantly. I can't write about everything that has happened around me, nor every experience.

Christmas Day, we went to a celebration in Granite Stake. They hold a big Christmas party there. As they wished to make the day as interesting as possible, they asked us boys from Kristiania to perform a play representing the introduction of the gospel in Norway.

New year's Eve I was also to a fun gathering and last night I went to Patriarch John Smith and received my patriarchal blessing. He was a very nice man, and the ideal of a patriarch.

Salt Lake City, Jan 6th, 1907

A blessing given by Patriarch John Smith to Torleif Severin Larsen Knaphus, born 14 December 1881. Son of Lars Larsen and Liva Knaphus. Born In Wats Sogn, Stavanger County, Norway.

(Blessing)

Saturday, the 2nd of March, 1907

The time since 6 January has passed smoothly. I still live in our small, cozy apartment with my friend, Stakset. And we have, in truth, had many good conversations about the profound principles of the gospel. In our spare time in the evenings, etc., we have also been occupied studying the English language. We have also had some nice visits among our brethren and sisters.

Last Sunday, we visited Professor Vidsø. We had a nice conversation with him, and he gave us some valuable advice with regards to the language and other things useful to a newcomer. Sunday before that, we visited Kristian Johannesen. Many of the brethren and sisters were gathered there. Our conversation was gradually directed to the principles of the gospel and many of the most profound principles were discussed. I and Brother Stakset brought out many profound things which, in the beginning, were made fun of. But during the course of the conversation, they stood their test. The arguments expressed against them actually turned out to confirm the same.

With regard to my work, it has been steady except for about 2 weeks. The weather has as a whole been very mild and pleasant. I have also written several letters in which I have attempted to interest those I correspond with in the principles of life and salvation. I have also received many letters which have brought me much joy. I received a letter from my father in which I received many greetings from friends from my youth back home.

Inasmuch as I and brother Stakset are called to work together as district teachers; the evenings, for a couple of weeks, have been used in that respect. We feel that we have been guided and enlightened by the Spirit of the Lord in our labor, and we have also found great joy in it. I have also been asked to administer to 3 people who were ill. In two of these cases it was necessary that I performed the ordinances by myself. In the first case I administered to a girl so ill from a heart condition, that even her mother told me she expected her to die.....

(2 missing pages in journal)

..... Sunday, and this evening, I am also doing it for a while. I should have been to a fun gathering, but I don't feel like going. Hope I have the opportunity to do some good through letter writing or things like that. The day has been grand to me in many respects. This forenoon I went to Sunday school; and now, later, I have been on a long hike by myself out in the open. For I have learned by experience that a hike alone out in the open is a means to collect my thoughts and strengthen my mind.

I have, during the course of the week, worked diligently in my work as a house painter, and in the evenings I have attended the various meetings held in the ward.

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Thursday evening, I and brother Stakset visited a Scandinavian family who were among the very first to accept the gospel in Copenhagen. It was very dear to me to listen to the old sister's interesting stories about her many experiences and what they had to endure in those days for the gospel's sake.

Friday evening, we had a priesthood meeting during which a new Elders Quorum was organized. Several Bishops and High Priests were present besides the Stake Presidency, and a very large measure of the Lord's Spirit was present so that our hearts were filled with joy. I told my friend I went to the meeting with that he would be one of the Presidency. Naturally he protested, but it turned out I was right, for he was called to be the President.

There are many matters of significance that do not get written down, but I realize this. Therefore I intend to touch more on the many different noteworthy things that occur in my daily life when I can express my feelings in the language of this country. Things that happen out in the world, and also dreams and feelings I know come from asource, and also important correspondence and such.

Saturday, the 30th of March 1907

I have started my fast. Several of us started fasting for brother S. at noon today, because he suffers from a kind of weakness and disease. But I think we mostly are fasting for him to find a good wife. For if he did, I think his health would improve. He is getting older, and I think it is best to find a wife before turning 40. I am very hopeful, because last night I had a feeling about who his wife will be.

I have, during this time, as before, been occupied with my usual work as a painter, with the exception of about one week which I used for various things. The evenings these past 3 weeks, I 1907

have mostly been occupied district teaching with brother P. Stakset. We have had a very enjoyable time out among our brethren and sisters. One evening after I came home from Young Men's Improvement meeting, I was called on to administer to Sister Britset, and another evening I helped administer to a brother.

I have obtained various information of a sectarian nature, and no wonder. For I am the only one from those parts who has become a Mormon, so they regard me as a true child of misfortune.

Monday, the 15th of April, 1907

Conference is now over, and people have once more resumed their normal activities. Most of those from surrounding areas have returned home. Conference has been altogether splendid. Saturday I took the day off from work and I attended the two big conference meetings, and also priesthood meeting, which is held in the tabernacle in the evening. Later in the evening, I attended a party the Norwegians held in the 14th Ward's amusement hall.

Sunday, I and my friend Stakset, took off for the first conference meeting held in the tabernacle. We arrived one-half hour before the meeting started, and it was last minute if we were to get a fairly good seat. It was already that crowded. After greeting and talking to many acquaintances, we went for a hike out in the open, clear up to the mountains. We returned just in time to go to the Scandinavian meeting in Asyble Hal (Assembly Hall). There we met many Scandinavians from Ogden, Provo, Laagan (Logan), and the various surrounding towns. We had a very good time there. Apostle Anton Lund was one of the speakers, and he expressed some beautiful teachings to the Saints.

Tuesday, after we ate our evening meal with some of our brethren and sisters, I and Stakset planned to go to a Scandinavian party. But part way there, I felt impressed to turn around. Shortly after I came home, a young sister, Helga Dolmand, became very ill from a heart ailment. I and Brother Bridset were called on to administer to her. She was still very ill. Later we united in prayer, and after a while she improved.

Thursday I felt impressed to fast for one of my friends. The same evening I received a testimony that my fasting had been in order as he told me that during the day the powers of darkness had attempted to destroy him.

I also attended brother Karston's wedding. And this forenoon, I did something very unusual, or rather, I decided to go to a phrenologist to have my head read.

Tuesday, the 14th of May

After about a month, I again sit down to write in my journal, but I cannot decide what to write and what to leave out. The first little while after conference, I had quite an intense urge to travel. I specifically intended to go south to the Indian reservation to possibly acquire some land. There was also considerable unsteadiness in my work which made me feel rather worried. I spent a little more than two days fasting, donated \$5.00 in fast offerings which I think was about all the money I had, and then again started my work. I now felt at peace, but was still uncertain about what to do, although I had several ideas. Two days later, I went to another master. He paid better; and it was, immediately afterward, clear in my mind what would be best for me. And now, today, I have had a particular idea with regards to buying an acre of land on or around 14th South.

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I have, as before, been diligent in visiting the various meetings, and Sunday school, and I daily feel blessed by the gospel. I have, together with Stakset, also done a splendid job in improving our apartment lately, consisting of great order in our home, and good use of our time. I hope it will bring a victorious result.

Monday, the 27th of May

I and Stakset came home a while ago from choir practice and have spent a long time in prayer. We have prayed about seven times since we came home. I had a feeling during my prayer, that when I choose my life's companion, that I, by prayer, could obtain one. Yes, that I could and would call down angels from heaven if I needed it.

I can now say that this time has passed smoothly. I have been very busy in my work. Still I have had the opportunity to attend several pleasant get-togethers with my brethren and sisters. I must mention that I, last Sunday, went on a trip up the canyon in company with Brother Stakset and three sisters; two German, Marie and Hedwik Miser and Meri Karbet. We had a most excellent time. I must also mention that during those weeks I have been occupied doing district work, and last Sunday I gave my report for the first time in the English language.

I must also mention that Sunday, May 19th, I went to Patriarch Pruk and received our patriarchal blessing which I have kept. But I will mention some points which I am sure are right as far as I understood the language, about a blessing he gave me a few days earlier. He then had a scribe which could not write fast enough, or more correctly, he spoke so fast that he could not keep up writing it down. So he wanted to do it over again today, this Sunday. He said that I would, in my mission, perform many great miracles, especially in healing the sick, and that I would be given great wisdom and faith.

My work is going well and I am pleased with my latest boss whom I started working for about a month ago. Our various studies in our spare time are also going fairly well. I have now made myself a very detailed and motivating list of my particular duties, which I will seek to learn to do by reading it daily and instilling it in my mind.

Friday, the 30th of May

I am just about to leave for a trip to the mountains with my Norwegian friends. The days have passed quietly lately. I have been occupied with my work.

Tuesday evening, I went to a big Scandinavian party which was held to help Brother Sødeberg. Afterwards I walked part of the way home with Gustaf Johannesen. We had a

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very thought provoking and good conversation. After that, I met musician Adolf Svensen. We walked together for a long time and talked about our particular interest, which is art, and other uplifting and good things. The weather was exceptionally beautiful so it gave me many beautiful memories.

Monday, the 10th of June

This last little while I have daily been occupied daily with my work. I have attended the various meetings held in the ward. Last Sunday was fast day. After a trip up the canyon, I went to fast assembly in Asimble Hal (Assembly Hall) where I bore my testimony and briefly developed some of the Prophet Joseph's teachings. Later, I went to fast meeting in my ward, and also to the evening meeting.

Thursday, while at work, I felt impressed to go to the Scandinavian meeting, which I did. After the meeting, Signe Dal from Trondheim and I went for a long walk. And we had a most excellent time. We mostly talked about nature and the beautiful arts.

Last Sunday, I attended 2 conference meetings in the tabernacle where Roberts spoke. In the first (meeting) he spoke for 2 1/2 hours, and the last one he spoke for 1 1/2. His talks were excellent, and even though he spoke with great power the whole time, he still did not seem to be tired at the end. His voice was like that of a roaring lion. Forenoon I attended Sunday school. I was there invited by two German sisters, Hedvig and Maria Meier, to go to the last meeting in the tabernacle, which I did. After the meeting was over, we walked around town and had a very nice time.

Thursday, the 27th of June

During the time, since the 10th, I have likewise been occupied with my work, except for about 3 days, because I fell down Tuesday forenoon and injured my foot. So now I am forced to stay home in bed.

Friday, the 5th of July

I have now stayed home about 1 1/2 weeks. My foot is beginning to feel better, so I hope I can soon go back to work. I have used the time to study the Bible, the Book of Mormon and other things, but mostly to learn the language. I feel I have made a great deal of progress in that area.

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Sunday I was visited by Sisters Maria and Hedwik Meier from Germany, who brought Strawberries and kek (cake). Later, Sister Dal and Engdal visited me.

Yesterday, the 4th of July, the Norwegians who live here, were high up in the canyon. I felt very lonesome here at home. So about 5 P.M. I tested my strength to join them, but decided it would be wise to turn back. After I arrived home, I had a very nice visit with Sister Flamfelt.

Sunday, the 14th of July, 1907

Up till now, I have been unable to work and it has been somewhat of a gloomy time lately. But what am I to do? I am doing the best I can, and will take, as Job said, the bad with the good. Few people know me, and few people know how I have fought to travel forward. I am glad that I, so far, have been victorious in everything and I have faith that I will still win and fulfill the measure of my creation even if poverty, adversity, and disappointments again come. They have come before and have been for my good.

Wednesday, the 7th of August

I again feel to write a few words in my journal. I am now well enough to work again and have already worked for 3 weeks. Things are going well. After a long wait, I also received a letter from my parents this week, wherein I heard that they received the money I sent them, also some postcards. I will, at the same time, mention that I, this week, sent Br. Jens Jensen, who works in the Scandinavian Archives, \$28.00 (for the purpose) of him to use in this work for me.

My evenings have alternately been spent in relaxed visits, district work and studies. Now, this evening, I have been to English school at Aspjorn Vidsø, where we had a very good time. His brother, John, also happened to be there, and he talked to us about many things which I am sure will be very useful to us throughout our lives if we will keep them in mind. He was a wonderful and determined man. Since I am a good friend of his mother, and have heard so much about him, it was especially dear to me that I had the opportunity to meet him. I had not yet had that opportunity.

The 28th of November

I will attempt to remember some things from all the time that has passed since I last wrote in my journal. I have been occupied in my work the whole time and I have now paid all my debts to my brethren and to my doctor, so I feel relieved and light of heart.

1-1-1908

The Old Year's back door is now closed, although I well remember the beauty of the year, its many blessings, and the precious pearls it has placed in my heart, and treasures of knowledge.

Christmas Day, we had most pleasant Christmas party in the 13th Ward meeting house. I had the opportunity to paint a splendid picture which brought our thoughts back to Norway.

Many important and interesting things could be mentioned since I last wrote in my journal. But since some time has passed, I will pass over these.

A while ago, the Bishop gave a kind invitation to anyone who would like, to voluntarily donate some money, according to their ability, to build an addition to the meeting house. I also decided to donate a certain amount. But then I lost \$5.00 the same evening, so I was tempted to deduct that much. But I gave it some thought, and made up my mind that my carelessness should not be the cause not to carry out this good deed, or anything like it.

I have now turned 26 years old and I can say, as last year, that I find great joy in the glorious principles of the gospel. I hope that God also, this coming year, will be with me and guide my steps, my desires, my work, and studies for my benefit and that I also will make great progress in the language this year.

	<u>NAME</u>	<u>BORN</u>	<u>DIED</u>
FATHER:	Lars Larsen Knaphus	20 November 1843	27 October 1919
MOTHER:	Liva Sakariasen Alfseike	14 March 1847	18 December 1914
CHILDREN:			
	1. Jorgina Larsen Knaphus	18 May 1876	November 1947
	2. Sirina Larsen Knaphus	10 March 1878	8 December 1884
	3. Lars Larsen Knaphus	15 September 1879	11 February 1962
	4. Torleif Severin Larsen Knaphus	14 December 1881	14 June 1965
	5. Sakarias Larsen Knaphus	5 December 1883	27 March 1950
	6. Martin Larsen Knaphus	14 April 1886	21 December 1968
	7. Andreas Larsen Knaphus	11 April 1888	13 March 1977