

THE PRICE OF OBEDIENCE

by Kyle Williams

December 12, 2008

Luke 6:20-23

John Evan Price led a horse that drew a cart of household items, carpenter tools, and furniture that he had crafted with his own hands. His wife, Ruth Williams Price, walked beside him carrying their one-year-old daughter, Ruth Ann. Esther, their six-year-old, giggled with delight as she rode on the cart. A number of friends walked with the Price family, singing a Welsh farewell in beautiful harmony. After the hymn, the friends exchanged hugs with Ruth and John, said their final good-byes, and returned to Cwmamman to do their morning chores. John rubbed his clean-shaven face, scratched the dark brown beard growing below his jaw line, straightened his tall, hard hat, and continued the journey with his family.

It was Saturday, August 25, 1849. The daydawn was breaking in Carmarthenshire, Wales.

"John!" A deep baritone voice echoed through the morning fog, "John Price!" The supervisor at the coal mine panted for breath as he ran to the departing family. "John, it's not too late if you turn around now. Don't make me hire another sawyer. Haven't we been good to you?"

"You're an excellent overseer, and I've enjoyed working for you."

"Then come back."

"I'm sorry, but I must go to Llangadog."

"Do you have employment there?"

"The Lord will provide."

"Don't be a fool. Ruth, can you talk some sense into him?"

Ruth smiled and said, "You know my husband is an elder for the Latter-day Saints, and he has the gift of preaching. Our Conference President, Howell Williams, promised that if John goes to Llangadog for two years and establishes a branch there, the Church will support us and give us passage to America, where we can settle with the Saints in Salt Lake City."

The supervisor blinked and turned to John, "I'll give you a raise."

"No," John said with finality, "When the Lord calls, I must respond."

"Good luck, then." The supervisor shook his head, sighed, and ran back toward Cwmamman.

Half an hour passed. Hooves clopped on the road, wheels crunched in the ruts, and birds chattered in the dewy hedgerows. Esther fell asleep on the cart, and little Ruth Ann fell asleep on her mother's shoulder. The day's first sunrays fell on their backs as John and Ruth walked northward out of the fog. The rising slopes of the Black Mountain shone brilliantly in the morning light, a bright green backdrop for the frolicking lambs and bleating sheep.

John looked at his wife. Standing five feet, three inches tall, she wore the traditional Welsh hood and clothing. She always parted her brown hair in the middle, combed it straight down on both sides and pinned it in a bob at the nape of her neck.

Frowning, he spat on the road and said, "Did you have to tell him all that?"

Ruth beamed. "If I didn't boast a little, the stones would cry out."

"Be careful," John said. "The Lord has ways to humble the proud."

John Evan Price stood shivering on the road in front of his home. He had lost the fat which insulated him from the cold, and the winter wind took full advantage of the gaps in his frayed coat where the seams had been tighter. He thrust his frozen fingers, which held a Book of Mormon, into his armpits. He stamped his feet to keep the blood circulating. Was it his imagination, or were the winters in Carmarthenshire colder than his native Breconshire?

A bell tolled one. John looked up the road and down the road. Then he turned and walked toward the ramshackle cottage. The scowl on his face had become a permanent fixture.

It had been nearly five months since he moved from Cwmamman. He would have taken a house in Llangadog proper, but the one-room cottage in nearby Dyffryn was cheaper. Most of the plaster had long ago vanished from the mossy river-stone walls, and the timbered rafters creaked when the wind blew through the Tywi Valley. Still, the place served as a home. There was a fireplace where Ruth cooked, and a loft where the girls slept. The ancient structure was in need of repair, but John couldn't afford the materials. At any rate, he kept his mind occupied with more spiritual matters. He noticed another slate shingle had fallen from the roof, which seemed to sag a little lower with each passing month.

The cottage smelled of poverty's pungency. The mud floor froze solid at the door, but softened as John stepped toward the fire where his wife and two daughters huddled.

"It's only us again," John said. As always, he had invited dozens of people to his Church services. As always, nobody came.

John prayed. Ruth began a hymn. John and Esther joined in. John blessed a crust of barley bread, broke it in two and gave half to his wife. They ate. He blessed a glass of water. Ruth drank half. He drank the other half. Then John stood to preach. The confident tone he had used in Cwmamman had been reduced to an uncertain murmur.

"We must not lose faith. Though we are the only Saints within fifteen miles, and though all our neighbors look at us as the black sheep among them, we must stay the course. Though nobody has yet asked us into their house, and though they're so taken with superstition that they're afraid we'll cast magic spells and charms on them, we must endure to the end. Though we starve..."

John's voice faltered. He slumped into one of his handcrafted chairs and wiped his eyes on his sleeve.

"You'll find some work," Ruth said, taking her husband's hand, "You're a good carpenter."

"I'm useless. I can hardly feed my daughters and my pregnant wife."

"You've been doing the best you can."

"I should have accepted the Baptists' offer to preach for them at Cwmifor."

"Hush! You did the right thing. I'm proud of the way you bore your testimony, telling them you wouldn't leave the Church of Jesus Christ even if they gave you the whole Kingdom of Great Britain."

"This morning I preached at the crossroads, where the Baptists and Independents meet."

"And what happened?"

"One of the Baptist deacons mocked me when he came out of his meeting. He prophesied that I would not baptize anyone in his assembly in the next three months. I told him I would prove him a false prophet. He said if I failed to baptize anyone, I would be the false prophet. I'm afraid he might be right."

"Nonsense."

"Why has the Lord shut the door on us? He prospered us in Cwmamman, but here we've had no hearers these five months."

"Let's pray."

John, Ruth and Esther prayed while Little Ruth Ann fidgeted. They prayed as fervently as they had prayed every day since arriving in Dyffryn. They prayed for strength to withstand every opposition. They asked the Lord to open people's hearts to give John employment so he could get a little food for his family. They prayed to keep body and soul together. They prayed for the conversion of their neighbors.

After praying, Ruth raised her arms and spoke in tongues: "Shalamdala hamashika porshundala nalamandisha."

John needed to reassure himself and his family. He interpreted his wife's message, "There are honest people in this place who will come into the Lord's Kingdom."

A draft blew under the door. The rafters creaked. A bit of plaster fell to the floor. Esther prayed in her girlish soprano, "And thank you, Lord, for our roof overhead, amen." John smiled for the first time in months. Esther's innocence touched him profoundly. Then he chuckled. Then he laughed. Ruth caught the contagion, and the entire family erupted in laughter, tears, hugs and kisses.

From that day, John determined to look on the bright side of life. He became more cheerful, more joyful, and more humorous. His neighbors noticed the

difference and began to hear his message.

Within two weeks, on Saturday, January 26, 1850, John Evan Price baptized the first convert in the vicinity of Llangadog. James Jones was a blacksmith in Dyffryn, a Baptist, and a very learned man. While leading James Jones out of the Tywi River, John noticed the Baptist deacon stomping away, gesturing and muttering to himself, his coattails flapping behind him. By his own word, the deacon proved to be a false prophet.

"John Price of Llangadog. Your report, please."

The gritty bass voice was that of President Howell Williams, who had called John on his two-year mission. President Williams, a heavy-set man with eyelids that always seemed half closed, conducted the June Council Meeting with a detached efficiency. John had walked 23 miles to the Mormon chapel in Llanelli. The building was small, but it was new, fresh and clean. He was there to meet with sixty brethren of Carmarthenshire, most of whom were plumper, better dressed, and better smelling than he. Though John knew these were his brothers in the Lord, he couldn't help feeling a bit out of place.

John opened his diary and read the names of converts he had baptized in the last five months – James Jones the blacksmith and his wife, Isaac Evans a freeholder's son, Rees Jones the tailor, Joseph Jones the miller and his wife, the Lewis family of Garn-fach.

Closing his diary, John cleared his throat and said, "Brethren, I have been idle in Llangadog. There is no work to be had and my family is destitute. People have closed their hearts against me on account of my baptizing the people so fast. They keep us so poor we're nearly starved for want of food. We live on a small piece of barley bread a day with only water to drink with it. We've been living this way for months, and my wife is about to have another child."

John looked at President Williams and said, "I ask permission to be released from preaching for about a month to work in the hay, so that I may earn a little money to get food for myself and my family."

A general murmur rose through the chapel. "We'll take your case under advisement," President Williams said. "In the meantime, a couple of brethren will take their hats around the assembly and gather an offering, so you can stay at home and not go looking for work."

After the last of the preachers had given his report, the offerings were collected. The first offering was for President Williams. Having received several pounds, he clumped out of the chapel with his heavy footsteps. When the hats went around for John Price, he received only one shilling and sixpence. John was shocked. Surely there was some mistake. These were supposed to be the most Christian of Welshmen, but they showed little compassion for his family's suffering.

The meeting adjourned an hour before midnight. John Price smiled weakly and shook hands, waiting for someone to offer him a meal or a place to sleep. When the

brethren had left, though, John stood outside the chapel alone. Embarrassed, angry, and embarrassed for feeling angry, he sniffed the briny air flowing in from Carmarthen Bay and started the 23-mile hike toward Dyffryn. His stomach growled. He had walked to Llanelli without eating, and he would walk back without eating.

On the outskirts of Llanelli John heard some whispering in the shadows, the clinking of coins, and heavy footsteps clumping away. Having been warned about the prostitutes in the area, he lowered his head and quickened his step.

A rich alto voice called out, "John Price of Llangadog? Are you he?"

Startled, John turned to see a female figure step out of the shadows. As she stepped, some coins jingled in her apron pocket.

Warily, he replied, "What do you want?"

"Are you John Price?"

"Yes, but how do you know my ..."

"Don't be afraid," she interrupted, "I'm a member of the Church, and the Lord wants me to offer you lodging. Will you bless my home tonight?"

A miracle! John exhaled with emotion and his shoulders relaxed. "Thank you! Thank you very much, indeed!"

After a decent meal, John read the parable of the Sheep and the Goats from the Bible. Then he blessed the good sister and her house. He said a prayer of gratitude, slept soundly, ate a fine breakfast, accepted a gift of sixpence, and started again on his long walk, refreshed.

By dinner time, he reached Garn-fach where he stopped to visit the Lewis family. Brother Lewis insisted he stay for a meal, and Sister Lewis gave him sixpence.

If John's faith in his fellow Saints had been shaken at the Council Meeting, it was restored by the time he returned home.

John arrived home late that night to the sound of crickets and snoring. In the darkness he quietly removed his hat and hung it on a peg. Slowly and carefully, he removed his shoes and clothes, slipped into bed and put an arm around his sleeping wife. Then he realized something wasn't right. He had grown accustomed to his wife's large, pregnant belly. This woman's belly was flat. He moved his hand around to be certain. This woman definitely was not pregnant.

John panicked. Had he crept into someone else's house? Had he sinned by touching a woman who was not his wife? He jumped out of bed yelling, "Who are you? Where's Ruth?"

The woman jerked and woke with an indistinct sound, something between a scream and a moan. She sounded like Ruth, but, but.... Scrambling to find a candle, John stumbled into a table. Some dishes clattered to the floor. Above him, girlish voices cried and whined about being hungry. They sounded like his children, but.... Was the devil trying to deceive him?

He finally controlled his trembling hands enough to light a candle. He blinked, and when his eyes adjusted to the light, he saw his Ruth sitting up in bed. She reached over to a makeshift crib on the far side of the bed and picked up a little

bundle. "Come here, John. Say hello to your new daughter."

The baby, Mary Price, had been born on Wednesday, the nineteenth of June, 1850, at four in the morning, while John slept soundly in Llanelli.

The next day, John had a decision to make. He paced back and forth at the Felin Tywi sign in front of the Tywi Mill, fingering the five shillings in his pocket. Every penny was a gift from some member of the Church. One shilling and a half from the Council Meeting, half a shilling from the Sister in Llanelli, half a shilling from Brother and Sister Lewis, and two and a half shillings from Isaac Evans.

Brother Evans had stopped by the cottage to find Ruth exhausted from giving birth only hours before, yet bravely tending to the needs of her newborn daughter. He took pity on the two whimpering girls begging their mother to let them finish the last of the barley bread. When Esther followed him to the road, Brother Evans put a few coins in her hand and sent her back to the cottage.

"Bless him," John whispered as he paced in front of the mill.

His family needed flour to survive. On the other hand, they wanted sweet cakes to celebrate Mary's birth. He could not afford both. These five shillings were gifts. He accepted them with gratitude, but they weren't enough. He had never begged before. He would be too ashamed.

John spat on the ground as if to expel the unpleasant thought. He started to leave, but remembered his family's hunger. Reluctantly, he approached the mill. Joseph Jones, the miller, was busy elsewhere. His wife, Ann, was delighted to see John.

"How are you, Brother Price?"

"I still haven't found any work."

"When you do get work, be sure to redeem those handsome chairs you pawned. You made them yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but it's better to eat than sit."

Ann laughed. "And How's Ruth?"

"She had a baby girl yesterday morning."

Ann bounced up and down. "Oh, that's wonderful! What's her name?"

"Mary."

"Congratulations! I hope mother and daughter are in good health."

"Ruth's a little weak. She doesn't eat enough."

"I hope she recovers soon."

"Thank you. Say, ..."

"Yes? How can I help you?"

John hesitated to tell her what he wanted. A little more small talk was in order. "How long has it been since I baptized you and Brother Jones? Two months?"

"It was in April, so yes, about two months."

"Are you still happy with the Church?"

"Yes, of course. We pray every day, and we read from the Book of Mormon as well as the Bible."

Now or never. "I need..."

"Yes?"

"... flour."

Sister Jones picked up a small sack. "How much?"

John's heart raced. "But I can't pay for it."

"Oh." Her smile disappeared. "I see." She hesitated. The welfare of her family depended on selling flour, not giving it away. She bit her lip, placed the sack on the scale, measured five pounds of flour, and handed it to John.

John couldn't look her in the eye. He clutched the flour to his chest and turned to leave.

"Wait. Come back." Sister Jones took another sack and filled it full. Twelve more pounds. She smiled radiantly.

A burst of gratitude overpowered John, but he managed to whisper, "God bless you." Then he went to the grocer and bought some tea, sugar and butter.

That day the Price family had tea and cakes. It didn't matter that there weren't any chairs. They sat on the bed. It didn't matter that the house creaked louder than before. They sang and danced, told stories, played games and laughed. It was the best party Ruth and the girls ever had. John rejoiced, too, but his happiness was tinged with a secret shame. No matter how he tried to distract himself, an accusing voice kept running through his head: beggar ... beggar ... beggar!

The generosity of Ann Jones impressed her family. On Monday the eighth of July, 1850, John Price baptized her son David, and her sisters-in-law, Margaret and Esther Jones.

"It's good of you to come, Elder Jones." Ruth winced as she sat up in bed.

"Please, call me Benjamin," Elder Jones said in his smooth tenor voice. He stooped through the doorway and stood tall in his impeccable clothing. At the smell of the cottage, he raised a handkerchief as if to cover his nose, but his hand stopped in midair. Where were his manners? Blushing, he returned the handkerchief to his pocket.

John left the door open for light and fresh air. He took his guest's hat and hung it on a peg. He tried hanging his own hat on another peg, but it was loose. He picked up the rock he used for a doorstep and tapped the peg more solidly into the doorpost. The stone wall rattled, the rafters groaned, and some grit fell from between the timbers of the loft. Ruth coughed.

John said, "Please pardon our humble abode."

"Thank you for having me here," Benjamin replied, brushing some of the grit off his sleeve.

Ruth tried to sound cheerful. "Did you have a pleasant walk from Llandyfân?"

"Your husband is good company, but we were both concerned about your health. Tell me what happened."

"Didn't John tell you on the way?"

"I want to hear it in your own words, if you please."

"Well," Ruth said, "a few days after Mary was born I did some washing. I caught a cold, and a blast fixed in my leg. It's so painful I can't get out of bed. John administers the ordinance day and night, but I'm still suffering with it. So when John heard you were in Llandyfân, I sent him to fetch you."

Benjamin looked around at the neglected cottage and asked, "Won't the neighbors help you with your chores?"

"Nobody will come near the place because we're Saints. We had to send Esther to my parents in Breconshire because we couldn't afford to feed so many daughters. That leaves John to look after Ruth Ann and tend the baby and everything else in the house."

"Including the baking and washing," John said, with a wry grimace.

Benjamin asked, "How old is the baby?"

"Three months," Ruth said. "Sundays are the worst. John leaves me alone so he can preach and meet with the Saints."

Benjamin nodded and suggested, "Maybe it'll help if two elders administer the ordinance together." He took a small vial of olive oil from his pocket and began to bless it, "In the name of Jesus Christ..."

The cottage creaked loudly. Benjamin paused, alarmed. When he finished consecrating the oil, Ruth pulled the cover to expose her afflicted leg. John anointed her leg with the oil, in preparation for the ordinance.

Suddenly there were loud snapping noises and eerie scrapings. One end of the loft sank into the room and a rag doll fell out. With a rumbling crash, half the roof fell into the cottage, burying the doll and scattering slate shingles all over the floor. Ruth screamed. Ruth Ann and Mary cried. Then two of the walls collapsed. Benjamin picked Ruth up in his arms and stepped over the rubble to safety. John gathered the girls and carried them away from the cloud of dust.

When the panic was over, there were a few scrapes and bruises, but no serious injury. Ruth coughed.

"I declare," Benjamin said, "the devil is trying to kill you." He covered his nose with his handkerchief.

It was a hot day on Tuesday, September 30, 1851.

Ruth limped beside her husband, her leg still bothering her. She carried one-year-old Mary on her shoulder. John led three-year-old Ruth Ann by one hand, held his diary in the other, a finger between two pages, and carried a bundle on his back. The Price family had been walking eastward for hours. To pass the time, John read passages from the diary. Between readings, he and Ruth reminisced about their time in Carmarthenshire. They paused frequently to rest, drink water, wipe the sweat from their faces, and fan themselves.

Ruth said, "Remember when the house fell down?"

John grunted and shook his head. "How can I forget? We were several days out in the open, and you so sick."

"Wasn't that about a year ago?"

John checked his diary. "A little more. It was a few days before September twenty-second, the day we moved from Dyffryn to Llangadog."

"You mean to Waunystadfeiris."

"Close enough."

"Our house was not in Llangadog. It was just east of Llangadog."

"Why are you being so particular, Ruth?"

"I can't take pride in Llangadog. The people's attitude there was very bad against the Saints."

"Yes," John said, "but the Lord works in mysterious ways. Remember when Thomas Martell and James Field were preaching, and the minister's wife mocked them?"

"Oh, yes. And Brother Field raised his hand and prophesied that she would have the judgments of the Lord upon her. Did she ever recover?"

"Not since the Lord struck her crazy. Last I heard, she was still completely insane."

They stopped to rest. John dug a pebble out of his shoe, knowing that another would come in through the same hole as soon as he started walking again. Ruth and John skimmed through the diary to count the people John had converted in the Llangadog area. They came up with eighteen, but they might have overlooked some in their haste.

Ruth cried a little when they came to the entry for November 3, 1850. Daniel Williams, Ruth's father, had brought Esther from Breconshire for her eighth birthday. Four days later, John baptized his firstborn as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Ruth's pride had been exceeded only by her joy. After a week's visit, Daniel Williams took Esther back to Breconshire.

John consoled his wife. "Your parents are taking good care of her, and she's eager to see you again."

John had seen Esther only nine days before. On August 25, 1851, when the two year mission in Llangadog was completed, John walked to Breconshire to set up a new home. He found a house in Defynnog and he started working in the harvest at Cwm Calais for a shilling a day. On September 21, after three weeks of work, he went to Llandeilo'r-fân to see Esther and preach in the parish where he and Ruth were born and raised. On September 28 he attended a Mormon conference meeting in the town of Brecon. There he met with William Phillips, who presided over the Latter-day Saint Church in Wales. He secured a formal release from his mission in Llangadog, and a new assignment to preach in Defynnog. John lost no time returning to Llangadog to fetch his family.

"Apparently," John said to his wife as they walked, "President Williams simply lied to us."

Ruth spat at the name of Howell Williams.

"Don't be vulgar, Ruth."

"You're telling me I can't spit, but that man can keep us starving for two years? If he had kept his promise, we'd be on our way to Salt Lake City now, fat and happy."

"Well, yes, we kept our end of the bargain. We stayed in Llangadog two years and established the Branch more than a year ago..." John checked his diary, "...on the fourteenth of July, 1850."

"And you made a fine Branch President, but the fact remains that he broke his word."

"Well, apparently the Lord has other plans for us. According to Brother Phillips, the Lord needs me in Breconshire now." John was disappointed at the Church's counsel to stay in Wales, but he tried to be positive about it. "The Lord's will be done," he added, attempting a cheerful smile.

Ruth recognized his effort and helped him out. "Well, Breconshire may not be America, but it'll be better than Carmarthenshire."

"And now that I've found some work, Esther can live with us again."

Ruth struggled a little faster along the road, as if to reach Esther sooner.

John laughed. "Are you going alone, or are you going with us?"

She settled back to her usual pace. Shifting Mary on her shoulder, she freed one arm, which she lifted high above her head. "Mashundala halamikonda shalahaha homigoshula."

John saw that his wife wanted reassurance. He needed reassurance himself. The job in Cwm Calais was only temporary. Would he find permanent work? Would he ever replace the carpenter tools he sold in Llangadog? He interpreted his wife's message, "There will be prosperity in Breconshire, and eventually in Salt Lake City."

Ruth limped toward John and took Ruth Ann's free hand. The little family sang a hymn as they walked. The journey drained the energy from their tired limbs and aching backs, but hope filled their happy hearts.

When they came to the stone that marked the border of Breconshire, Ruth and John paused and looked back. The bright green slopes on both sides of the road were dotted with grazing sheep.

John waved and said, "Farewell Carmarthenshire, with all your poverty."

"Amen," Ruth said. "Farewell forever." She almost spat, but her eyes met John's, and she swallowed instead.

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NOTES

"The Price of Obedience" is a short story based on the diary of John Evan Price. The original diary is lost, but shortly before John Evan Price died, Mary Deer Davis Price translated some highlights from his diary. These highlights come to us in two versions. I place the Evans version on the left, and the Carpenter version on the right:

<p>A Brief Sketch of the Life of John Evan Price: Written by Himself, Translated from the Welsh Language by Mary Deer Davis</p> <p>Interpreted from the Welsh language by Mary Deer Davis Price, copied by daughter Ann Maria Roderick, copied by Edith Evans. Many of the Welsh names are misspelled, the church historians office in Salt Lake recommended it be copied as is and not try to correct the mistakes. The Daughters of Utah Pioneers have a corrected copy, recopied and corrected by Ruth Price Sorenson, granddaughter.</p>	<p>DIARY OF JOHN EVAN PRICE</p> <p>His diary was written in Welsh but only the highlights were translated by Mary Deer Davis Price in May of 1878 a month before his death.</p> <p>This typed copy was made September 2, 1959 by Esther J. Carpenter. Spelling of place names was corrected as far as possible by using Welsh maps and the British gazetteer with the assistance of Ruth Price Sorenson, a granddaughter who visited Wales with me in 1951. At that time we visited many of the areas in Wales mentioned in this diary. The new maps in <i>a few cases</i> have changed the spelling of some towns and villages, but in the main they remain the same.</p> <p>The whereabouts of the original diary is unknown at the present time and his descendants think it will never be found after all these years.</p>
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These documents can be found on the Internet at:

http://www.welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?/resources/view/974	http://www.welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?/resources/view/209
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For notes on people and places, please see the appropriate lists at the end of this report. Other notes will follow each section of the diary.

"The Price of Obedience" is based on that part of the diary dealing with the mission to Llangadog. John Evan Price started preaching in the area of Llangadog six months before he moved there. At that time he was living in Cwmamman, Carmarthenshire:

<p>In the meantime the president of the conference came here and gave me permission to move with my family to Llanfalog to preach and establish a branch. I went for six months every Sunday morning at ten o'clock in Llangstog and returned home the same night 32 miles. I took my food with me every Sunday. All were afraid to let come into their houses because of our being LDS.</p>	<p>In the meantime the President of the Conference came here and gave me counsel to move with my family to Llangadock. There I was to preach and establish a branch. I went for 6 months every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock to preach at Llandilofawr and at 1 p.m. in Dyfryntawi and at 5 p.m. in Llangadock and return home the same night, which was 32 miles. I took my food with me every Sunday. People were afraid to let us come in to their houses to eat our vituals on account of our being Latter Day Saints.</p>
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According to MapQuest (www.mapquest.com), the driving distance between Glanamman (where Cwmamman was) and Llangadog is 15.8 miles. The round trip, then, would be 31.6 miles. This coincides nicely with the Evans version. The Carpenter version is more problematic. From Glanamman to Llandeilo is 11 miles (but routed through Trapp, the distance is 10.1 miles); from Llandeilo to Manordeilo (where Dyffryn was) is 4.1 miles; and from Manordeilo to Llangadog is 2.7 miles. That makes a round trip of 35.6 miles (or 33.8 routed through Trapp).

The president of the Carmarthenshire Conference was Howell Williams. As far as I know, he

was not related to Ruth Williams Price. According to Evans, Howell Williams gave John Evan Price **permission** to move to Llangadog. According to Carpenter, he gave **counsel**. Later, both versions say that John Evan Price moved at the **request** of Howell Williams. Therefore, it appears that the word 'counsel' would be more accurate than 'permission'.

It's interesting that no missionary companion is mentioned. John Evan Price says that Howell Williams "gave **me** counsel to move with **my** family ... there **I** was to preach ... **I** went for 6 months ... **I** took **my** food with **me**." Then he switches from the first person singular to the first person plural: "to let **us** come in to their houses to eat **our** vittuals on account of **our** being Latter Day Saints." In subsequent passages he returns to the first person singular.

The Latter-day Saints normally sent missionaries in pairs. Perhaps John Evan Price's wife was his companion. Or maybe the Conference President really sent John Evan Price to preach alone. After all, Howell Williams seemed to act irregularly in other matters: he promised John Evan Price passage to America, and he passed hats in a counsel meeting for his own welfare.

<p>I was ordained elder 19 May 1849 by President Griffith. On the 25th of August I moved with my family to Dyfrin town where there were no LDS living nearer than fifteen miles and all looking on us as black sheep in that place. We were there a long time and no one would ask us in their houses they were afraid to speak to an L.D.S. for fear they would charm them. The Baptists were offering me work if I would leave the church and join them. I should go as their preacher to Cwinavor with them. I bore my testimony to them and told them I would not leave the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints even if they would give me the Kingdom of Great Britain. My wife and myself were praying daily, the Lord would give us strength to withstand every opposition and that He would open people's hearts to give me employment, that I may be able to get a little food for my wife and children, so that we could keep body and spirit together. Myself, my wife, and children kept meeting twice a week, no one else present and the Lord was blessing us with the gift of the Holy Ghost. My wife speaking in tongues and I interpreting and prophesying. The Lord showed to us plainly that there were honest people in this place that would come in His kingdom.</p>	<p>I was ordained an elder May 19, 1849 by President Griffiths. On the 25 August I moved with my family to Dyfryntawi (This could mean Dyfryn, a village near Ammanford which is spelled with 2 fs, <u>Tawe</u> is a river so it could mean a village on that river.) There were no L.D.S. living nearer than 15 miles and all looking on us as black sheep in that place. We were there a long time and no one asked us into their house. The people here were afraid to speak to Latter Day Saints for fear they would charm them. The Baptists offered me work if I would leave my church and join them. I could have gone to Cwm Ifor with them as the preacher. I bore my testimony of them and told them I would not leave the Church of Jesus Christ even if they would give me the whole Kingdom of Great Britain. My wife and myself were praying daily. We asked for strength to withstand every opposition and asked the Lord to open people's hearts to give me employment that I may be enabled to get a little food for my wife and children. We wanted to keep body and soul or spirit together. My wife and I with our two children kept meeting twice a week with no one else present. The Lord was blessing us with gift of the Holy Ghost, my wife speaking in tongues, interpreting and prophesying. The Lord showed to us plainly that there were honest people in this place that would come into his kingdom.</p>
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According to MapQuest (www.mapquest.com), the driving distance between Glanamau (where Cwmmamau was) and Manordeilo (where Dyffryn was) is 15.1 miles.

In this century, the Latter-day Saints normally describe the gift of tongues as divine help communicating with foreigners, especially in missionary work. The early Latter-day Saints, however, frequently exercised the gift of tongues much like the Pentecostals do today. It was not extraordinary that Ruth Williams Price claimed the gift of tongues, or that John Evan Price claimed the gift of interpretation. A plethora of documents from the early Church prove that the gift of tongues was frequently exercised and fervently defended. For example:

Yes, there are definite commandments to "covet to PROPHECY, and FORBID NOT to speak with tongues." ... The Saints obey all of them.... In 1 Cor. xiv, 13, Paul proves that those speakers did not know one syllable of what they were saying;-"Let him that speaketh in an

unknown tongue pray THAT HE MAY interpret." If they could, why exhort them to pray for ability! In ver. 14, he says that his "understanding is unfruitful," when he spoke in tongues. Your deceit and the Saints' correctness are seen even more clearly in ver. 2, "For he that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men (why do men condemn for not understanding then?), but unto God; for no man understandeth him; howbeit in the spirit he speaketh mysteries." How do you expect to understand, then? This was not speaking Hebrew to a Greek, or English to a Jew, as your theological stupidity explains; but the speaking was entirely unintelligible to everyone, until it was interpreted through the "gift of interpretation" through the Spirit of God. If the unbelieving could understand the tongues, they would not have said "that they were mad." See ver. 23. Oh no, mysteries belong to God, and only he can explain them through the interpretation. So say the Saints also. ["The 'Hater of Deceit' Proved a Lover, a Maker, and a Publisher, of 'Deceit' Himself," *Prophet of the Jubilee*, June 1847]

Saint.-What proof do you offer ... that the strange tongue that the Saints speak in their church is a bunch of nonsense or *gibberish*? ... I know that they speak tongues understandable through the Spirit of God, for I have witnesses that have heard them. One told me that he had heard the Saints speaking in six different languages that he understood, and that in one meeting; and also he testifies that others interpreted them, as far as they were interpreted correctly in English, when neither the speakers nor the interpreters understood one word of those languages of themselves.... I shall testify again that it is true that the Saints speak with different tongues through the Spirit of God, while not understanding a word of those languages on their own. ["A Pagan Proves Two of the Sectarian Rabbis Liars," *Prophet of the Jubilee*, March 1848]

"Various Tongues" / This gift also is given ... and whoever uses it, "he does not speak to men, but to God; for there is no one listening." According to every account in the scriptures, the purpose of this gift is to build the possessor of it, and also to build the church, through interpreting. Some of the apostles may have preached through this gift, though we cannot find an instance of that anywhere in the scriptures, and perhaps God will enable some to preach thus again; but we do not learn from the New Testament that the tongues were given for preaching, but completely to the contrary.... Wherever the gift of speaking in tongues be, it is certain that the gift of interpretation is need to be present every time; and the other, according to Paul's evidence ... is of no value unless "the interpretation of tongues" follows it, which makes it as good as prophecy. ["The 'Spiritual Gifts' in the Court of the Enemy," *Zion's Trumpet*, July 1849]

<p>I was preaching on Sunday on the cross road where the Baptists and Independants met as they were coming out of their meetings. One of the Baptist deacon's prophecyed I would never baptize in this place, and I prophecyed in the name of the Lord I would baptize some that were in the assembly in less than three months and if I did not I was willing to have the name of false prophet, but if I did he was the false prophet. In a few days two of the assembly were baptized by me. So I was the true prophet and he was the false as he was called after that.</p>	<p>I was preaching one Sunday on a cross road where the Baptists and the Independents met as they were coming out of their meetings. One of the Baptist deacons prophesied I would never baptize some that were in that assembly in less than 3 months. If I did not I would be willing to have the name of false prophet. If I did then he was to have the name of false prophet. In a few days two of the assembly were baptized by me, so I was the true prophet and he was the false as he often called thereafter.</p>
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Like the gifts of tongues and interpretation, the spiritual gift of prophecy was more freely and openly exercised among the early Latter-day Saints than it is today.

<p>I baptized James Jones, a very learned man, the 26 of January 1850. He was the first baptized in</p>	<p>I baptized James Jones a blacksmith and a very learned man on the 26 January 1850. He was the first baptized in</p>
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DyIryntown, 12 of March I baptized Isaac Evans of Llwinfaran, a truelander and his son. 21 of March, I baptized Reese Jones, a taylor of Llangatog. April 3rd I baptized Joseph Jones and wife a miller of Valintown.	Dyffryntawi. On the 12th of March I baptized Isaac Evans of Llwinfasan (could be Llandyfelsant nr Llandilo) a freeholders son. On the 21st of March I baptized Rees Jones, tailor of Llangadock. On April 30th I baptized Joseph Jones and wife Ann. He was a miller of Felin-Tawi.
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It would be interesting to do more research on these people, starting with the 1851 census.

In this place I had been idle, no work and we were destitute for food. People had closed their hearts against us on account of us baptizing the people so fast. They kept us so poor we were nearly starved for the want of food. Living on a small piece of barley bread a day without anything with it but water. We lived this way for many months and during this time my wife was with child.	In all this time I had been idle. No work had made us very destitute for food and people had closed their hearts against us on account of our baptizing the people so fast. They kept us so poor we were nearly starved for food. We lived on a small piece of barley bread a day without anything with it but water. We lived in this way for months and in this time my wife was with child.
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Why did the people "close their hearts" against the Price family? According to the Welsh Mormon periodicals, *Prophet of the Jubilee* and *Zion's Trumpet*, religious jealousy played a major role. The ministers of other religions persecuted the Saints, and warned their members to have nothing to do with them. Fear and superstition contributed to the people's meanness. Earlier in the diary, John Evan Price says, "The people here were afraid to speak to Latter Day Saints for fear they would **charm** them." In the 1850's many Welsh people still believed that magic and witchcraft were a real threat. [See, for example, the chapter on "Worship and Wizards" in Russell Davies, *Hope and Heartbreak: A Social History of Wales and the Welsh, 1776-1871* (University of Wales Press; Cardiff, 2005).]

More enlightened people understand that "perfect love casts out fear" (I John 4:18). When we truly love our neighbors as ourselves, neither religion, magic nor witchcraft can overpower us.

I went to Llanville to a council meeting, I asked President Howell Williams' permission to be released for about a month to work in the hay, that I may earn a little money to get food for myself and family. He promised to put my case before the council. He told a couple of the brethern to take their hats around the assembly and gather me a little means, so that I may be able to stay at home and not go away. The brethern gathered one shilling and six pence, and not one of them ask me to come with him to sleep or offered me food to eat. It was eleven o'clock when the meeting let out and I had 23 miles to walk home. I commenced my journey home, I met a sister in the church she asked me if I was John E. Price of Llangatog? When I said I was she asked me into her home, gave me supper and a bed and breakfast the next morning and six pence in my pocket to go home with. I got by dinner to Granfoch to brother Lewis and sister Lewis gave me six pence.	I went to Llanelly to a counsel meeting. There I asked President Howell Williams permission to be released for about a month to work in the hay. I wanted to earn a little money to get food for myself and family. He promised to put my case before the counsel. He told a couple of the brethern to take their hats around the assembly and gather me a little means. In that way I could stay home and not go away to find work. The brethern gathered one shilling and sixpence for me. The President went out without giving anything at all. He had received pounds himself. There were about 60 of the brethern present and not one of them asked me to come with them to sleep or offered me food to eat. It was 11 o'clock when the meeting was over and I had 22 miles to walk home. I commenced the journey home. I met a sister in the church. She asked me if I were John E. Price from Llangadock. When I said I was she asked me into her home and gave me supper and bed. Next morning she gave me my breakfast and sixpence in my pocket to go home with. By dinner time I reached the home of brother Lewis at Garn Fach. Sister Lewis gave me sixpence.
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According to MapQuest (www.mapquest.com), the driving distance between Manordeilo (where Dyffryn was) and Llanelli is 22.7 miles. Rounding up, Evans is right. Rounding down, Carpenter is right.

No doubt the council meeting was at the "chapel ... opened for the service of the Saints in Llanelli, Carmarthenshire, on the 28th and the 29th of ... January" 1849 [*Zion's Trumpet*, February 1849]. Of this chapel, Ronald D. Dennis wrote, "Because of the rapid growth of the Church in this seacoast town and because of the difficulty in getting a place to meet, the Saints had built a small chapel for their needs. Before its recent demolition, this chapel was the oldest building in the Church built by Mormons except for the Kirtland Temple." [Ronald D. Dennis, *Zion's Trumpet / 1849 Welsh Mormon Periodical* (2001; Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah), page xxix].

In the story I mention the prostitutes of Llanelli. The following is from Russell Davies, *Hope and Heartbreak: A Social History of Wales and the Welsh, 1776-1871* (University of Wales Press; Cardiff, 2005), page 302:

At Llanelli, the growth and development of the docks attracted droves of whores. Elizabeth Richards was one of several who appeared before the police courts. [Footnote: *Carmarthen Journal* (8 August 1864).]

I got home by evening, my wife was confined of a daughter, no person with her except two little girls, without anything to eat but a little barley bread. Brother Isaac Evans came into the house to see her and gave her two shillings and six pence for pity sake so by this time we had five shillings in all.	I got home by the evening. My wife was confined of a daughter and no person with her except two little girls without anything to eat but a little barley bread. Brother Isaac Evans came into the house and saw her and gave her two shillings and sixpence for pity sake so by this time we had 5 shillings in all.
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Brother Isaac Evans was the freeholder's son of Llwynfron, whom John Evan Price baptized on March 12, 1850.

There were "two little girls" with Ruth Williams Price when she was confined of a daughter. This indicates that Esther was still living with her parents on June 19, 1850. Between that date and April 7, 1851, Esther went to Llandeilo'r-fân, Breconshire, where she served as an "Errand Girl" for her maternal grandparents, Daniel Williams and Ruth Jones Williams.

This baby which was named Mary was born 19 of June 1850. at 4 o'clock A.M. I went to Felintown mill to get some flour and Sister Jones gave me 17 pounds of flour without pay so I bought a lettle tea and sugar and butter and took it home with me and there was great rejoicing with my poor wife and little children and myself.	This baby which was named Mary was born 19 June, 1850 at 4 a.m. I went to Felintawa mill to get flour and sister Jones gave me 17 pounds of flour without pay. I bought a little tea, sugar and butter and took it home with me and there was great rejoicing with my poor wife and little children and myself.
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John Evan Price had baptized Joseph Jones, the miller at Felin Tywi, and his wife Ann Jones in April 1850.

July the eighth I baptized David and Margaret and Esther Jones of Tavon Mill. On the 14 of July a branch of the church was organized at Llangathog, and I was put president.	On the 8th of July I baptized David and Margaret and Esther Jones of Tawa mill. On the 14th of July a branch of the Church was organized in Llangadock and I was in as President.
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David Jones was a son of Joseph and Ann Jones, as indicated in the 1841 and 1851 census records. Margaret and Esther Jones are not enumerated with the family. They could have been servants in other households, or they could have died between July 14 1850 and April 1851. Maybe they weren't children, but other relatives of Joseph Jones.

My wife in a few days after her confinement got cold and a blast fixed in her leg. She kept her bed	A few days after her confinement my wife did her washing. She caught cold and a blast fixed in her leg.
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<p>for months. The affect of which she felt while she lived. I was administering the ordinances day and night to her, I had to attend to the baby and everything else in the house myself baking, washing. There was not a woman would come near her the house on account of the saints I preached and kept saints meeting every Sunday. I went to Llandyfar for elder Benjamin Jones to administer to my wife. While we were blessing the oil we heard the house make a noise as if it were going to fall and while we were anointing her one half of the house came down with a crash. Brother Jones took my wife in his arms and I took the little children. Brother Jones said the devil was trying to kill us. I was full of trouble without a house to go into. I went to Llangatog and got a house in Wainyotndus. I moved into it in September.</p>	<p>She kept to her bed for many months. She felt the effects of this illness the rest of her life. I administered the ordinance day and night to her. I had to attend to the baby and everything else in the house including the baking and the washing. For months there was not a woman who would come near the place because we were Saints. I preached and kept Saints meeting every Sunday. I went to Llandoverly for elder Benjamin Jones to administer to my wife. While we were blessing the oil we heard the house making a noise as if it was going to fall and while we were anointing her one half of the house came down with a crash. Brother Jones took my wife out in his arms and I took the little children. Brother Jones said the devil was trying to kill us in our house. So I was full of trouble without a house to move into. I went to Llangadock and got a house in Wainystandvos. I moved into it September 22, 1850. (That means the name of the street.)</p>
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I'm not sure what the "blast" was that "fixed" in Ruth Price's leg. One definition of 'blast' in Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary is, "a sudden pernicious influence or effect." It could have been anything.

The current Latter-day Saint practice in administering to the sick is to anoint the crown of the head with a drop or two of oil. In the past, however, the amount of oil used was often more than a few drops, and was sometimes poured lavishly. Furthermore, the elders used to anoint the part of the body that needed healing. If the injury was internal, the patient would drink a spoonful or two of the consecrated oil. From the plentiful evidence, I have selected only three passages (emphasis mine):

In the evening one of the elders of the Church of which I am a member, came and **anointed my leg** with holy oil.... [*Prophet of the Jubilee*, July 1846]

The only thing that's to be done to this oil, before giving it to the patient, is that the elders have to bless it through prayer; after that they anoint the patient, at his request, in the name of the Lord; and **if the sickness is internal, they give him a spoonful or two to drink**. [*Zion's Trumpet*, July 1849]

I couldn't help smiling at the following passage from an 1853 pamphlet. It sounds like the joke where a faith-healer made the lame man blind:

The oil arriving, we administered some to her **internally**, in the name of the Lord, when she arose without assistance, saying, "I am healed! I am well! but I am blind!" I then **anointed her eyes**, telling her that she should see the light of the day. Her sight immediately returned.... [*Testimonies for the Truth: A Record of Manifestations of the Power of God, Miraculous and Providential, Witnessed in the Travels and Experience of Benjamin Brown, High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Pastor of the London, Reading, Kent, and Essex Conferences* (Liverpool: S. W. Richards, 1853).]

<p>September 22 I baptized Elizabeth Jones of Poddardwa, I preached by Abermilais gate and Pastgwinand Pentracauis and Porthhead and a tavern named Feathers. September 29 I baptized David Price</p>	<p>I baptized Elizabeth Jones of Pontardawe. I preached by Aber Morlais Park gate, Gross Cilog, Llanwrda, Llansadwrn, Postgwin (may be Pentre-ty-gwyn), Pentracaus (may be Penrhiwgoch), Porth-y-rhyd, and a tavern named Feathers. On September 29th I baptized David Price, Llwinervanbethig,</p>
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<p>Llwin. Sixth of October, I baptized David Evans of the tavern, an old Baptist minister. November 3rd, I baptized Esther Price of Llangatog and Catherine Evans, the wife of the tavern owner. 24 of November, I baptized Mary Evans, daughter of the tavern 1850. I preached in Mythfa, and Llandasant and Gwinfar by Parson's Rogers house and he believed in the LDS work, but he died before he was baptized and he was very good to the saints. 22 of Feb. 1851, I baptized Ann Jones of Llandwrdo. On the first of March I baptized David Evans a Blacksmith. I preached in Llangatog many times and sold books a very bad place against the saints.</p>	<p>(may be Llwyn-y-piod or Llwynteg) on the 6th of October I baptized David Evans of the Tavern, an old Baptist minister. On the 3rd of November I baptized Esther Price, Llangadock and Catherine Evans the wife of the Tavern. (Welsh way of meaning the wife of the tavern keeper.) On the 24th of November, 1850 I baptized Mary Evans, daughter of the Tavern.</p> <p>I preached in Myddfai, Llanddeusant, Gwynfe, Pontar-Uechau, Caragsawtha (may be Careg-lwyd or Cared-cegyn), Llandoverly and by Parson Rogers' house. He believed in the LDS work but he died before he was baptized. He was very good to the Saints. His house was at all times open to them. I also preached by the meeting house named Sardis.</p> <p>On 22 February 1851, I baptized Ann Jones of Llanwrda. On March 1st, I baptized David Evans, blacksmith. I preached in Llangadock many times and sold books. The peoples attitude was very bad against the Saints.</p>
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Again, it would be interesting to do research on these people, starting with the 1851 census.

The 1851 census of the Hamlet of Escob, Llangadog parish, Carmarthshire shows the Price family (mistakenly called Evans) living at "Wainystradfeiris":

John Evans	Head	Married	34	Sawyer	born at Llandilorfane, Brecon
Ruth Evans	Wife	Married	34		born at Llandilorfane, Brecon
Ruth Evans	Dau.	Unmarried	9 months		Llandilo, Carmarthenshire
Mary Evans	Dau.	Unmarried	2 years		Llandilo, Carmarthenshire

Besides taking John Evan Price's middle name for the family's surname, the census taker reversed the ages of Ruth Ann and Mary. Despite these errors, it is obvious that this is the family of John Evan Price.

<p>One Sunday Thomas Martell and James Flied preached in Llangatog when the ministers wife was making all manner of game of them in order to draw the people's attention from them. Brother Flied rose his hand up and said from that day forth that woman would have the judgment of the Lord upon her. In a few days she was struck crazy from which she never recovered.</p>	<p>One Sunday, Thomas Martell and brother Field preached in Llangadock. The minister's wife was making all kinds of game of them in order to draw the people's attention from them when brother Field raised his hand up and said that from that day forth that woman would have the judgments of the Lord on her. In a few days she was struck crazy. She never recovered.</p>
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This bizarre episode reminds me of Elisha when 42 children mocked his baldness. He cursed them and they were mauled by two she-bears (II Kings 2:23-24). I suggest that both episodes, being uncharacteristic of a loving God, have an element of myth in them.

<p>We were here two years by the request of the President Howell Williams who promised me I should go to Salt Lake after I had established a branch, which promise he never fulfilled. Instead of going there I was counseled by brother Phillips, president of Wales, to go to Trafynog Brecknockshire, so farewell to Carmarthenshire with all of its poverty.</p> <p>On the 25 of August 1851, I went to Trafynog to</p>	<p>We were here two years by the request of the President, Howell Williams. He promised me that I should go to Salt Lake City after I established a branch which promise he never fulfilled. Instead of going there I was counseled by brother Phillips, president of the Welsh Mission, to go to Trafynog (This may mean Devynock or its old spelling Devynog) Breconshire. So farewell to Carmarthenshire with all its poverty.</p> <p>On the 25th of August 1851 I went to Trafynog to look</p>
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look for a house and work. I got a house in Trafynog and work in Cwmcamlars on the harvest, one shilling a day. On the 31 of August I preached first Trafynog and many people were present. On the 21 of September I preached in Llandilorfán, on the 28 of September, I preached at Breckon town conference. On September 30 we moved from Lantog to Tranfynog.	for a house and work. I got a house in Trafynog and work in Cwm Camlais on the harvest at 1 shilling per day. On the 31 August I preached first in Trafynog and many were present. On the 21st of September I preached in Llandilorfán. On the 28th in Brecon Town conference. On 30 September 1851 we moved from Llangadock to Trafynog.
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According to MapQuest (www.mapquest.com), the driving distance between Llangadog and Defynnog is 18.3 miles.

There is a hint of resentment toward Howell Williams, not only in this passage, but where the diary describes the Council Meeting in Llanelli. According to John Evan Price, Howell Williams falsely promised passage to America in exchange for establishing a branch at Llangadog. John Evan Price also suggests that his family's poverty meant nothing to Howell Williams, who took a large contribution for himself.

The resentment makes good drama, and I made use of it in the short story, "The Price of Obedience." However, I have learned that every disagreement has at least two sides. If we were able to speak to Howell Williams, he might defend himself admirably. It's entirely possible that John Evan Price misunderstood or exaggerated the wrongs of the Conference President. I'm in no position to pass judgment. I'm only telling the story as I find it. The Short Story genre demands that I emphasize the drama and fill it out with plausible details.

PEOPLE

'Evans' refers to the version of John Evan Price's diary copied by Edith Evans.

'Carpenter' refers to the version copied and "corrected" by Esther J. Carpenter.

Carpenter, Esther J. On 2 Sep 1959 she typed a copy of Mary Deer Davis Price's translation of highlights from the diary of John Evan Price. She visited Wales with Ruth Price Sorenson in 1951.

Davis, Mary Deer. See Mary Deer Davis Price.

Evans, Catherine. Spouse of David Evans; parent of Mary Evans. Tavernkeeper's wife of Feathers. John Evan Price baptized her on 3 Nov 1850.

Evans, David. Spouse of Catherine Evans; parent of Mary Evans. An old Baptist minister and tavernkeeper of Feathers. John Evan Price baptized him on 6 Oct 1850.

Evans, David. Blacksmith. John Evan Price baptized him on 1 Mar 1851.

Evans, Edith. Copied "A Brief Sketch of the Life of John Evan Price."

Evans, Isaac. A freeholder's son of Llwynfron. John Evan Price baptized him on 12 Mar 1850. He visited Ruth Williams Price on 19 Jun 1850, the day she gave birth to Mary Price, and gave her two shillings and sixpence for pity's sake.

Evans, Mary. Child of David Evans & Catherine Evans, of the Feathers tavern. John Evan Price baptized her on 24 Nov 1850.

Field, James. A Latter-day Saint preacher. In 1851 he preached with Thomas Martell in Llangadog. When a minister's wife mocked them, James Field cursed her, and she was struck crazy, according to the diary of John Evan Price.

Griffiths, John. President of the Latter-day Saint branch in Cwmamman. There he ordained John Evan Price an elder on 19 May 1849.

Jones, Ann. Of Llanwrda. John Evan Price baptized her on 2 Feb 1851.

Jones, Ann. Miller's wife at Felin Tywi. Born about 1817 in Conwil Caio, Carmarthenshire. Spouse of Joseph Jones; parent of David Jones (1839 Llanwrda), Anne Jones (1843 Llandeilo),

Thomas Jones (1845 Llandeilo), John Jones (1848 Llandeilo), William Jones (1850 Llanwrda). John Evan Price baptized her on 3 Apr 1850 (per Evans) or 30 Apr 1850 (per Carpenter). In June 1850 she gave John Evan Price 17 pounds of flour. In the 1841 census she was living with her husband Joseph and her son David in the hamlet of Upper Manordeilo in the parish of Llandeilo Fawr. In the 1851 census she was living with her husband and children at Post Gwyn, Conwil Caio, Carmarthenshire.

Jones, Benjamin. A Latter-day Saint elder. With John Evan Price, he administered the ordinance of healing to Ruth Williams Price in September 1850, and carried her to safety when the house fell down around them. The February 1847 issue of *Prophet of the Jubilee* says that Elder Benjamin Jones went to the town of Carmarthen to live and preach. By December 1847 he was president of the Branch in Carmarthen. He still presided over the Carmarthen Branch in January 1849. In October 1849, Benjamin Jones became president of a new Branch in Llansaint. The original diary seems to have placed Benjamin Jones in "Llandyfar" in September 1850. Carpenter interpreted it as "Llandovery." I suggest that Llandyfan is a better match.

Jones, David. Son of Joseph Jones & Ann Jones, of Felin Tywi, born about 1839 Llanwrda, Carmarthenshire. John Evan Price baptized him on 8 Jul 1850. In the 1841 census he was listed as age 2, living with his parents in the hamlet of Upper Manordeilo, parish of Llandeilo Fawr. In the 1851 census, he was enumerated with his family at Post Gwyn, Conwil Caio, Carmarthenshire.

Jones, Elizabeth. Of Pont ar Towy. John Evan Price baptized her on 22 Sep 1850 (per Evans) or a little later (per Carpenter).

Jones, Esther. Relative of Joseph Jones & Ann Jones, of Felin Tywi. John Evan Price baptized her on 8 Jul 1850.

Jones, James. A blacksmith and a very learned man of Dyffryn. John Evan Price baptized him on 26 Jan 1850. He was the first convert in the Tywi Valley in the area of Llangadog.

Jones, Joseph. A miller of Felin Tywi. Born about 1816 in Llandeilo, Carmarthenshire. Spouse of Ann Jones; parent of David Jones (1839 Llanwrda), Anne Jones (1843 Llandeilo), Thomas Jones (1845 Llandeilo), John Jones (1848 Llandeilo), William Jones (1850 Llanwrda). John Evan Price baptized him on 3 Apr 1850 (per Evans) or 30 Apr 1850 (per Carpenter). In the 1841 census he was a laborer living with his wife Ann and son David in the hamlet of Upper Manordeilo in the parish of Llandeilo Fawr. In the 1851 census he was a miller living with his wife and children at Post Gwyn, Conwil Caio parish, Carmarthenshire.

Jones, Margaret. Relative of Joseph Jones & Ann Jones, of Felin Tywi. John Evan Price baptized her on 8 Jul 1850.

Jones, Rees. A tailor of Llangadog. John Evan Price baptized him on 21 Mar 1850.

Jones, Ruth. See Ruth Jones Williams.

Lewis, Brother. Latter-day Saint in Garn fach. John Evan Price had dinner at his home in June 1850.

Lewis, Sister. Latter-day Saint in Garn fach. John Evan Price had dinner at her home in June 1850. She gave him sixpence.

Martell, Thomas. A latter-day Saint preacher. In 1851 he preached with James Field in Llangadog.

Phillips, William Samuel. Born 29 Jul 1815. William Phillips replaced Captain Dan Jones as the President of the First Council of Wales on 1 Jan 1849. ["Glamorgan Conference," *Zion's Trumpet*, January 1849]. In 1851 he counseled John Evan Price to stay in Wales and preach in Defynnog, Breconshire rather than go to Salt Lake City.

Price, Ann Maria. See Ann Maria Price Roderick.

Price, David. Of Llwin (per Evans) or Llwinervanbethig (per Carpenter). John Evan Price baptized him on 29 Sep 1850.

Price, Esther. Daughter of John Evan Price & Ruth Williams Price, born 30 Oct 1842 Aberyscir, Breconshire, Wales. John Evan Price baptized her four days after her eighth birthday, on 3 Nov 1850 in Llangadog, Carmarthenshire, Wales. In 1851 she was living with her maternal

grandparents in Llandeilo'r-fân, Breconshire, Wales. She married David Roberts Edwards in April 1864 Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan, Wales. She died 21 Feb 1884 Samaria, Oneida, Idaho.

Price, John Evan. Son of Evan Price & Esther Price Price, born 23 Mar 1817 in Llandeilo'r-fân, Breconshire, Wales. Spouse of Ruth Williams Price, and polygamously married to Eliza Bowen Price, Mary Deer Davis Price, and Margaret Williams Powell Price. By his wife Ruth Williams Price he had eight children: Esther Price (born 1842), Isaac Price (1845-1846), David Price (1847-1847), Ruth Ann Price (born 1848), Mary Price (born 1850), Daniel Evan Price (born 1852), John Evan Price (born 1855), and Ann Maria Price (born 1859). John Evan Price died 22 Jun 1878 in Samaria, Oneida, Idaho. His photo and links to his biographies can be found at <http://welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?immigrants/view/1244>.

Price, Mary. Daughter of John Evan Price & Ruth Williams Price, born 19 Jun 1850 in Dyffryn. Spouse of John Lewis Jones, married 29 Jun 1867. Left Liverpool on 22 Sep 1869 aboard the *Manhattan*. Arrived in New York 7 Oct 1869. Died 28 Jan 1917 Malad, Oneida, Idaho.

Price, Mary Deer Davis. Third wife of John Evan Price. In May 1878 she translated highlights from the diary of John Evan Price.

Price, Ruth Ann. Daughter of John Evan Price & Ruth Williams Price, born 16 Apr 1848 Cwmamman, Carmarthenshire, Wales. She married Frederick William Thomas 18 Dec 1865 Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah. She died 12 May 1925 Malad, Oneida, Idaho. Her biography is at <http://welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?resources/view/989>.

Price, Ruth Williams. Daughter of Daniel Williams & Ruth Jones Williams, born 7 Apr 1816 Llandeilo'r-fân, Breconshire, Wales. Spouse of John Evan Price; parent of Esther Price (born 1842), Isaac Price (1845-1846), David Price (1847-1847), Ruth Ann Price (born 1848), Mary Price (born 1850), Daniel Evan Price (born 1852), John Evan Price (born 1855), and Ann Maria Price (born 1859). She died 20 Sep 1873 Samaria, Oneida, Idaho. Her biography can be found at <http://welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?resources/view/689>.

Roderick, Ann Maria Price. Daughter of John Evan Price & Ruth Williams Price, born 14 Jun 1859 Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan, Wales. Her husband was William Spencer Roderick. Her biography is at <http://welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?resources/view/839>.

Rogers, Parson. He believed in the LDS work, but he died before John Evan Price could baptize him. He was very good to the Saints, and he opened his house to their use.

Sorenson, Ruth Price. Granddaughter of John Evan Price. She visited Wales with Esther J. Carpenter in 1951, and helped edit a copy of Mary Deer Davis Price's highlights from the diary of John Evan Price.

Williams, Daniel. Son of Roderick Williams & Elizabeth Evans Williams, born 23 Aug 1783 Llandeilo'r-fân, Breconshire, Wales. Spouse of Ruth Jones Williams; parent of Roderick Williams (born 1806), William Williams (born 1808), Rees Williams (born 1811), Daniel Jones Williams (born 1813), Ruth Williams Price (born 1816), Mary Williams Davies (born 1820), John Jones Williams (born 1824), and Samuel Daniel Williams (born 1826). He died in December of 1870 or 1871 Samaria, Oneida, Idaho. Links to his biographies can be found at <http://welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?immigrants/view/843>.

Williams, Howell. President of the Carmarthenshire Conference. Howell Williams promised John Evan Price passage to Salt Lake City if he would stay in Llangadog two years and establish a branch there. He never kept the promise, according the diary of John Evan Price. The August 1847 issue of *Prophet of the Jubilee* shows that Benjamin Jones, Howell Williams, John Roberts, Morgan Richards, and John Floyd were called to preach in Carmarthenshire. Subsequent issues of *Prophet of the Jubilee* show that Elder Howell Williams preached in Pontyberem and presided over a branch in Pont Yates in 1847 and 1848. He became president of the newly formed Carmarthen Conference on 1 Jan 1849, according to the January 1849 issue of *Zion's Trumpet*. Subsequent issues show that Howell Williams served as president of the Carmarthenshire Conference throughout 1849.

Williams, Ruth. See Ruth Williams Price and Ruth Jones Williams.

Williams, Ruth Jones. Daughter of William Jones & Margaret David Jones, born March 1870 Tirabad, Breconshire, Wales. Spouse of Daniel Williams; parent of Roderick Williams (born 1806), William Williams (born 1808), Rees Williams (born 1811), Daniel Jones Williams (born 1813), Ruth Williams Price (born 1816), Mary Williams Davies (born 1820), John Jones Williams (born 1824), and Samuel Daniel Williams (born 1826). She died 1868 or 1869 Brigham City, Box Elder, Utah. See <http://welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?/immigrants/view/843> for links to her biographies.

PLACES

'Evans' refers to the version of John Evan Price's diary copied by Edith Evans.

'Carpenter' refers to the version copied and "corrected" by Esther J. Carpenter.

Aber-Marlais Park (269500,229500). John Evan Price preached at the Aber-Marlais Park gate while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Abermilais (Evans). See Aber-Marlais Park.

Aber Morlais Park (Carpenter). See Aber-Marlais Park.

Ammanford (263000,212500). Also called Rhydaman. Carpenter suggested that the Dyffryn where John Evan Price lived was near Ammanford. I disagree. See my comments under Dyffryn.

Breckon town (Evans). See Brecon.

Brecon (304500,229000). Also called Aberhonddu. John Evan Price attended a Latter-day Saint conference there on 28 Sep 1851.

Capel-Gwynfe (272300,222000). This is possibly the place called Gwinfar or Gwynfe where John Evan Price preached while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Cared-cegyn (Carpenter). See Carregcegin.

Caragsawtha (Carpenter). See Carreg-Sawdde.

Careg-lwyd (264720,219280). See also Carreglwyd. Carpenter suggested that Caragsawtha may have been Careg-lwyd. I suggest that Caragsawtha was Carreg-Sawdde.

Carmarthen (241000,220000). Elder Benjamin Jones presided over the Carmarthen Branch 1847-1849.

Carregcegin. The 1881 census shows a dwelling called Carregcegin in Llandeilo Fawr parish (FHL Film 1342298, PRO Ref RG11, Piece 5390, Folio 34, Page 5). Carpenter suggested that Caragsawtha may have been "Cared-cegyn." I suggest that Caragsawtha was Carreg-Sawdde.

Carreglwyd (268900,222800). See Careg-lwyd.

Carreg-Sawdde (270000,228000). John Evan Price preached at Carreg-Sawdde while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Croes-y-Ceiliog (240770,216370). Probably too far to be Gross Cilog, but the spelling is probably more authentic.

Cwinavor (Evans). See Cwmifor.

Cwmamman (267500,213500). The John Evan Price family moved to Cwmamman from Llanelly, Breconshire, between March and September 1847. They left Cwmamman and moved to Dyffryn on 25 Aug 1849.

Cwm Camlais (295500,228000). It may have been Cwm-Camlais-saf, Cwm-Camlais-chaf, or Cwm-Camlais-fach. A place near Devynock, Breconshire, where John Evan Price worked in the harvest after 25 Aug 1851.

Cwmcamlars (Evans). See Cwm Camlais.

Cwm Ifor (Carpenter). See Cwmifor.

Cwmifor (265895,225690). A Baptist chapel where John Evan Price was invited to preach if he would leave the Latter-day Saints.

Defynnog (292600,227700). Also called Devynock, Breconshire. The John Evan Price family moved from Waunystadfeiris to Defynnog on 30 Sep 1851.

Devynock (Carpenter). See Defynnog.

Devynog (Carpenter). See Defynnog.

Dyffryn [1] (Carpenter). See Dyffryn Farm.

Dyffryn [2] (267580,226600). Evans calls it Dyfrin town; Carpenter calls it Dyffryntawi. It was where the John Evan Price family lived between 25 Aug 1849 and 22 Sep 1850. It was also where James Jones the blacksmith lived. The Smithy of James Jones has been located in the 1851 census near Manordeilo. The Welsh Calvinist Methodists built Dyffryn Chapel there in 1876. I believe the place called Dyffryn (or Dyffryntawi according to Carpenter) was in the vicinity of Manordeilo and Dyffryn Chapel. See

<http://www.british-history.ac.uk/mapsheet.aspx?compid=55183&sheetid=1523&zm=1&x=271&y=234&ox=2220&oy=1230>.

Dyffryn Ceidrych (270120,225680). Probably not the same as Dyffryn [2].

Dyffryn Farm (257320,206000). A farm near Ammanford. This is possibly the place that Carpenter suggested was Dyffryn [2].

Dyffryntawi (Carpenter). See Dyffryn [2].

Dyffryn Tywi. In English it is the Tywi Valley. It is a valley stretching along the Afon Tywi (Towy River) from well north of Llandovery to the sea south of Carmarthen. When John Evan Price wrote about "Dyffryntawi," however, he referred to a specific place within the Tywi Valley, such as a village or hamlet (see Dyffryn [2]).

Dyffryn (Carpenter). See Dyffryn Farm.

Dyffryntawi (Carpenter). See Dyffryn [2].

Dyfrin town (Evans). See Dyffryn [2].

DyIrontown (Evans). See Dyffryn [2].

Feathers (270227,233856). A tavern where John Evan Price preached while living at Waunystadfeiris. In October and November 1850, John Evan Price baptized the tavernkeeper, an old Baptist minister named David Evans; his wife Catherine Evans; and their daughter Mary Evans. David Williams was the "licensed victuallar" at Feathers Inn in the 1881 census (FHL Film 1342297, PRO Ref RG11, Piece 5381, Folio 51, Page 9).

Felintawa mill (Carpenter). See Felin Tywi.

Felin-Tawi (Carpenter). See Felin Tywi.

Felintown mill (Evans). See Felin Tywi.

Felin Tywi. In English it is the Tywi Mill, probably in or near Manordeilo. In April 1850 John Evan Price baptized the miller, Joseph Jones and his wife Ann Jones. After 19 Jun 1850, Ann Jones gave John Evan Price 17 pounds of flour. On 8 Jul 1850, John Evan Price baptized David, Margaret and Esther Jones of Felin Tywi. In 1841 Joseph Jones was a laborer living in the Hamlet of Upper Manordeilo. By 1851 he had moved to the parish of Conwil Caio, maybe at 266340,238515.

Garn fach (258980,219560?). A place where Brother and Sister Lewis lived, and where John Evan Price stopped for supper on his way from Llanelli to Dyffryn in June 1850. As a house name, Garn fach could be anywhere, possibly the Garn fach near Golden Grove at 258980,219560.

Granfoch (Evans). See Garn fach.

Gross Cilog (Carpenter). See Croes-y-Ceiliog. John Evan Price preached at Gross Cilog while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Gwinfar (Evans). See Capel-Gwynfe.

Gwynfe (Carpenter). See Capel-Gwynfe.

Lantog (Evans). See Llangadog.

Llanddeusant (277690,224580). A place where John Evan Price preached while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Llandeilo (262900,222300). Also called Llandeilo Fawr. According to Carpenter, Llandeilo was on John Evan Price's preaching circuit for six months before moving to Dyffryn.

Llandeilo'r-fân (289600,234700). The Breconshire birthplace of John Evan Price and Ruth Williams Price. In the 1851 census, their daughter Esther Price was enumerated there with her

maternal grandparents, Daniel Williams and Ruth Jones Williams. John Evan Price preached there on September 21, 1851.

Llandesant (Evans). See Llanddeusant.

Llandilo (Carpenter). See Llandeilo.

Llandilorfan (Evans, Carpenter). See Llandeilo'r-fân.

Llandilorfawr (Carpenter). See Llandeilo.

Llandoverly (276500,234500). According to Carpenter, Llandoverly was on John Evan Price's preaching circuit for six months before moving to Dyffryn. Also according to Carpenter, Llandoverly was where John Evan Price found Elder Benjamin Jones in September 1850, but I suggest that Benjamin Jones was at Llandyfân rather than Llandoverly. Also according to Carpenter, John Evan Price preached in Llandoverly while he was living at Waunystadfeiris.

Llandyfar (Evans). See Llandyfân. See also Llandoverly.

Llandyfeisant (261500,222500). Also spelled Llandyfeissant. Llandyfeisant was an old parish to the west of Llandeilo, now in Newton Park. Carpenter suggests that Llwinfaran/Llwinfasan was Llandyfeisant. I suggest that it was Llwynfron (275770,223610).

Llandyfelsant (Carpenter). See Llandyfeisant.

Llanelli (250500,200500). John Evan Price attended a Carmarthenshire Council Meeting in Llanelli in June 1850. The Latter-day Saint chapel in Llanelli was opened in January 1849.

Llanelly (Carpenter). See Llanelli.

Llanfatog (Evans). See Llangadog.

Llangadock (Carpenter). See Llangadog.

Llangadog (270600,228300). At the request of Howell Williams, President of the Latter-day Saint Carmarthenshire Conference, John Evan Price moved with his family to the area of Llangadog for two years, from 25 Aug 1849 to 30 Sep 1851. However, he began preaching in Llangadog six months before he moved there. He established a branch of the Latter-day Saints in Llangadog on 14 Jul 1850, and he served as president of the branch.

Llangathog (Evans). See Llangadog.

Llangatog (Evans). See Llangadog.

Llangstong (Evans). See Llangadog.

Llansadwrn (269500,231500). According to Carpenter, John Evan Price preached in Llansadwrn while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Llansaint (238490,208060). Elder Benjamin Jones became president of the branch of Latter-day Saints at Llansaint in October 1849.

Llanville (Evans). See Llanelli.

Llanwrda (271300,231500). According to Carpenter, John Evan Price preached at Llanwrda while living at Waunystadfeiris. He baptized Ann Jones of Llanwrda on 22 Feb 1851.

Llwin (Evans). See Llwinervanbethig.

Llwinervanbethig (Carpenter). On 29 Sep 1850, John Evan Price baptized David Price of Llwin (per Evans) or Llwinervanbethig (per Carpenter). Carpenter suggests that the place is Llwyn-y-piod or Llwynteg. I question her suggestion, but I have none of my own.

Llwinfaran (Evans). See Llwynfron.

Llwinfasan (Carpenter). See Llwynfron.

Llwynfron (275770,223610). Isaac Evans, a freeholder's son, lived at "Llwinfaran" (per Evans) or "Llwinfasan" (per Carpenter) when John Evan Price baptized him on 12 Mar 1850. Carpenter suggests that the place was Llandyfeisant. I suggest that the place was Llwynfron.

Llwynteg. See Llwinervanbethig.

Llwyn-y-piod (281200,233400). See Llwinervanbethig.

Manordeilo (267600,226610). See Dyffryn [2].

Merthyr Tydfil (305500,206500). It was at the Glamorgan Conference of 1 Jan 1849 that Howell Williams became president of the Carmarthenshire Conference, and William Phillips became president of the First Council of Wales.

Myddfai (277200,230100). John Evan Price preached at Myddfai while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Mythfa (Evans). See Myddfai.

Pantgwyn (259000,225000). John Evan Price preached at "Pastgwin" (per Evans) or "Postgwin" (per Carpenter) while living at Waunystadfeiris. Carpenter suggests it may have been Pentre-ty-gwyn. I suggest it might have been Pantgwyn.

Pastgwin (Evans). See Pantgwyn.

Penrhiwgoch (255710,218000). John Evan Price preached at "Pentracauis" (per Evans) or "Pentracaus" (per Carpenter) while living at Waunystadfeiris. Carpenter suggests it may have been Penrhiwgoch. I question her suggestion, but I have none of my own.

Pentre-ty-gwyn (281600,234400). See Pantgwyn.

Ponddardwa (Evans). See Pont ar Towy.

Pontardawe (Carpenter). See Pont ar Towy.

Pont-ar-llechau (272800,224400). According to Carpenter, John Evan Price preached at Pont-ar-llechau while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Pont ar Towy (269500,228500). While living at Waunystadfeiris, John Evan Price baptized Elizabeth Jones of "Ponddardwa" (per Evans) or "Pontardawe" (per Carpenter). I suggest that the place was Pont ar Towy.

Pontar-Uechau (Carpenter). See Pont-ar-llechau.

Pontyates (246935,208485). Also spelled Pont-iets. Elder Howell Williams presided over a Latter-day Saint branch in Pontyates in 1848.

Pontyberem (250000,211700). Elder Howell Williams preached in Pontyberem in 1847.

Porthhead (Evans). See Porthyrhyd.

Porthyrhyd (271000,237800). John Evan Price preached at Porthyrhyd while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Postgwin (Carpenter). See Pantgwyn.

Sardis (Carpenter). John Evan Price preached at Sardis meeting house while living at Waunystadfeiris.

Smithy of James Jones (268145,227395). The location of the Smithy of James Jones is important for establishing the location of Dyffryn [2]. The location is established by comparing the 1851 census with the appropriate map at <http://www.old-maps.co.uk>.

Tavon Mill (Evans). See Felin Tywi.

Tawa (Carpenter). See Tywi River.

Tawa Mill (Carpenter). See Felin Tywi.

Trafynog (Evans, Carpenter). See Defynnog.

Tranfynog (Evans). See Defynnog.

Twyi Mill. See Felin Tywi.

Tywi River. In Welsh it is Afon Tywi. In English it is either the Tywi River or the Towy River. The river that runs through the Tywi Valley, beginning well north of Llandovery, and ending at the sea south of Carmarthen.

Tywi Valley. See Dyffryn Tywi.

Valintown (Evans). See Felin Tywi.

Wainyotndus (Evans). See Waunystadfeiris.

Wainystandvos (Carpenter). See Waunystadfeiris.

Waunystadfeiris (271558,228392). Also called Waun Ystrad Meurig. Waunystadfeiris was either a large house (perhaps a boarding house), or a hamlet just outside of Llangadog, where the John Evan Price family lived from 22 Sep 1850 to 30 Sep 1851. In the diary it is called "Wainyotndus" (per Evans) or "Wainystandvos" (per Carpenter). In the 1851 census the family of John Evans (should be John Evan Price) and two other families are located at "Wainystadfeiris" in Llangadog parish, next to a place called Llwynelin. The correct spelling should probably be Waunystadfeiris. A gate by that name was attacked repeatedly in the Rebecca Riots of the early

1840's (<http://www.llangadog.com/history.html>). A detailed map (at <http://gis.carmarthenshire.gov.uk/planaccess/planaccess.asp>, entering post code SA19 9HS) shows a house called Waun Ystrad Meurig outside of Llangadog to the east (271558,228392). Across the road is a place called Llwyn-Celyn Cottage. According to some correspondence on the Internet, nearby Meiris Villa had been called Oldgate Cottage in the past. (See both pages at <http://www.rootschat.com/forum/index.php?PHPSESSID=4b2f59baf06f7dcac8d544299d896900&topic=143757.0>.) In Welsh, the letter *m* sometimes turns into the letter *f* at the beginning of a word. The letter *i* and the letter *u* are often interchanged within words and names. Therefore, Meurig (the name of an ancient castle in Llangadog) can become Meiris, which can become Feiris. Waun Ystrad Meurig and Waunystadfeiris are apparently the same place, although the boundaries may have changed. The 1881 Census shows eight houses at Waunystadfeiris, which may be the same as "District Road." See also, the map at <http://www.british-history.ac.uk/mapsheet.aspx?compid=55183&sheetid=1494&ox=1543&oy=2681&zm=2&czm=2&x=115&y=264>.

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Major sources for this report include: **(1)** The Evans version of John Evan Price's diary, described above (<http://www.welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?/resources/view/974>). **(2)** The Carpenter version (<http://www.welshmormonhistory.org/index.php?/resources/view/209>). **(3)** *Prophet of the Jubilee*, translated and edited by Ronald D. Dennis, published 1997 by Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University. **(4)** *Zion's Trumpet: 1849 Welsh Mormon Periodical*, translated and edited by Ronald D. Dennis, published 2001 by Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University.

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This is how the author, Kyle Williams, is related to John Evan Price:

