

**A BRIEF HISTORY OF WILLIAM FERDINAND OTTO BEHRMANN
AND INGAR MARIA ANDERSON BEHRMANN**

By Niels Behrmann

Wilhelm or (William) Ferdinand Otto Behrmann, son of Henrick Clausen Behrmann and Anna Sophia Christensen, was born 20 July 1839 in Skandenburg County, Denmark; was baptized into the L.D.S. church 3 January 1863 and was confirmed the same day by Elder Jens Petersen at Odesa, Denmark. Served as local Elder in the Danish Mission; was married to Ingar Maria Anderson 6 February 1866 at Vejle, Denmark.

They left Vejle, Denmark 17 May 1866, crossed the Atlantic ocean in a sailing vessel, then came by train to Council Bluffs, Iowa and with Ox team from there to Utah. Arrived at fort Ephraim, San Pete County, Utah, 6 October 1866.

Ingar Maria Andersen's parents were Jeppe Andersen and Ola Sophia Petersen, and she was born 3 June 1846 at Vejle, Denmark.

They lived in Ephraim, Utah for several years where W.F.O. Jr. was born 5 April 1868; Sophia Maria, 29 January 1870; Annie 30 January 1872; and Andrew 30 May 1874. Then they moved to Fountain Green, where he worked at farming and for a while at Provo. While at fountain Green he worked in a pottery shop. Henry was born at Fountain Green 23 February 1876. They were then called to colonize in Brigham City, Arizona. They traveled with Ox team and lived the United Order while there. Niels was born 11 Sept 1878.

Then they were called to colonize in Colorado, so Ox team trip was taken. They arrived in the San Luis Valley and settled at Manassa where Mary Ann was born, 4 January 1881 and Magdalena on 25 December 1882. Father was busy making a living for his family and mother just as busy keeping the house and caring for the children.

Father was faithful in attending to his duties in the Priesthood and was frequently called to administer to the sick, as he possessed the gift of healing.

In the spring of 1884 he bought a farm at Richfield, Colorado, eight miles north of Manassa, where they lived the remainder of their lives, and where Joseph Hyrum was born 23 February 1885; Heber Alma 3 June 1887; Franklin Eugene 23 January 1890; and Bryant Edgar 5 December 1891.

Father was ordained an Elder by Joseph F. Smith in 1892 and was first counselor to Bishop Efriam Coombs in the Richfield Ward until 1905. He was faithful in performing his duties no matter how unpleasant they were and was faithful until his death. He died of pneumonia at Richfield 16 July 1914 and was buried 19 July in the Sanford Cemetery. Mother lived in the home they had built until 23 June 1923, when she died of Bright's disease from which she had suffered for many years. She was buried beside father in the Sanford Cemetery.

Mesa, Arizona
Dec. 15, 1936

The Behrmann Boys

Dear Laddies,

You may feel you have gotten far beyond that title, but to me it seems I can see some of you as you were in the old Brigham City fort where I learned to love your father. I was trying to reconstruct the old fort. I felt every man that helped to build it, should be remembered, but I couldn't tell your father's initials and wrote to Bishop Showcroft. But brother Boyce had sent me direct to Richfield LaJara and it was returned. So the little map is now in the Historian's office with just Brother Behrmann (not W.F.O.) Now I find Henry's wife who tells me where you are. And I'm going to send a little booklet "Sketches" as a remembrance from one of the oldest of you who will scarcely remember (Sullie Richardson) but has always been anxious to know of your welfare.

Now for your father, we boys were always thrilled even at that great big Danish temper—as once when little brother Jacobsen jumped and said, "Brother Behrmann, I feel like fight," your father brushed back his sleeves and said "I feel yest dot way too Brodder Jacobsen!" Jacobsen's anger all disappeared, for your father could have picked him up, held him out and let him kick as a child.

You lived in the second rooms east of the South Gate in the old fort. The mail carrier living in the first once told us as he would come in late he could hear you mother caring for one of you that was sick, and getting worse till one night when he came in way late, one or two o'clock in the morning he could hear that she was very anxious and when your father went for the Priesthood to administer to you; he got upon the table and through the cracks watched and heard the boy promised he should be healed at once. He said now if he gets all right I'll know there is something to Mormonism. He slept late and when he opened the door, the first he saw was the boy out playing with his brothers. He said he stopped and said, it can't be, then went and said "Mrs. Behrmann haven't you been giving something to your boy?" She said, "Yes, ever since he has been sick, I have given him everything I thought might help him. When he told us "That explains it all to me. They give medicine till the turn of the disease, then administer and say they had a miracle." But the interesting incident was your father's testimony in Mutual of the time of his coming to Utah. Just after he was baptized he got the best job he ever had had. The mission president came in the summer and said, "Brother Behrmann, we want you to go with this company to Utah, Zion." He replied; "Why president, just see what a job I have. If I stay till next year I'll have enough to take my family, and that one, and that one that have no possible way to go and then enough to buy me a little place. If I go now I'll have just enough to take us there and nothing to go on to make ourselves comfortable. The President said, "We don't know what another year may bring forth, and we want you to go now." Your father said, "and my

family?" and got the promise in the name of the Lord that "Your family shall be provided for." You father said, that is enough for me and came. He was advised to go to San Pete, he went and earned a fine kiln of pottery, but the people could afford to buy little. He worked in the hay and harvests field as long as he could find anything to do and went into the hills and cut a tremendous lot of cedar posts and piled them up. Came home to meet the worst storm in the history of San Pete, now three feet of snow on the level and he was stranded. But a neighbor came and said, Brother Behrmann, I can't turn my cattle out so have to feed them, it will cost me no more to have you use them, take my oxen and bobsleds and go haul in your posts." He gladly did it, and was going to take every other load to his neighbor, but he would not allow it, and it cost him no more and your father did the caring for the team, so the posts were all piled up; but who would buy posts at such a time? It was getting pretty critical. At last he went to the Lord and told him he had done everything in his power, now he claimed what his servant had promised him. He must have a little money to meet certain obligations, must have shoes for the children, clothes and food. He testified that if a man was shivering with cold and some one had wrapped a warm blanket around him he would have felt it no more plainly than he did that his prayers would be answered. He ate his dinner and started for town and met a man who said, "Why hello, Brother Behrmann, I was just coming to see you. I just heard you had a fine lot of posts to sell, I want to fence my meadow and field when the snow goes off, and it struck me that it might help you if I buy them now. I can't pay you much money, I'll let you have a little, but I'll give you an order on the shoe shop and on the stores, and the grist mill, and in my cellar is every kind of vegetable in San Pete valley. If this pays well and the posts are what I am told I'll give you, and he named the price far greater than your father would have asked. He had named just what he told the Father in Heaven he must have and your father said, "From that day to this, my family have never been in want."

Did you boys love him? And that human nature added to our amusement, as he stepped up to Sister Adams and as she came up to the crowd and he said "Sister Attems, you have some snot on the end of your nose." But the better we know him the less surprised we were at the power of the Priesthood he had when he laid those big hands on the sick.

And I do want to know that his boys are worthy of such a father, wish I might meet him with a record of having a little influence with his descendents for good, as I know he would have done with mine. If you are ever in the Mesa Temple, hunt me up and let me tell you more.

Very sincerely & truly yours,
S.C. Richardson
C/O Mesa Temple
Mesa, Arizona

As I, Cheryl Behrmann Cook has copied this letter, I have looked up the genealogy and found W.F.O. Behrmann fits the description given in this account. Henry Behrmann, being my grandfather. His son Lawrence Behrmann, being my father.