

1844

Philip White

Signs in the heavens. Great arcs of light
at midday. Drew it. Intend
to ask Joseph what it means . . .

Walked thirty for the Lord . . .

Walked fourteen . . .

Took rest in shadbush under a roadbank.
Prayed in hawthorn blossom.
Heavy oak root. Hooves
ringing out along the wood.
Woke to bees and dew. No food . . .

Carried Elder Gill five miles past
twelve houses before one Miss Leggett
give us hardtack, dressed his foot
God save her. Closed the door muttering
Don't tell no one you stopped here . . .

Preached at street corners in seven cities
full of filth and abomination.
Saw evil on the waters, riding
with his terrible crest.
Gross wickedness. Blindness.
Not one soul, one, would hear . . .

Reached Halls Creek at sundown expecting
refreshment. Word
of murder at Carthage . . .

Gathered at Hawleys.
Candlelighting. The eve of time.
Blessed bread. Broke it.
Prayed for strength against the darkness
that was in our minds.