

Maren Jensen

*This was not written by Maren, but was written by one of her descendants
based on information in her life histories.*



My name is Maren and I was a pioneer.

I was born in Denmark about the same time that Joseph Smith organized the LDS Church but missionaries hadn't come to Denmark yet and my family had never heard of the Mormon Church. After I was grown up and married, and had three children, some LDS missionaries came to our town. I invited them to my house for dinner and they told me about the church. I prayed to know if what they were saying was true, and I got a warm burning feeling in my heart that let me know it was. I knew it was an answer from God. I wanted to be baptized and go live with the Saints in America. My parents and my sisters and brothers joined the LDS Church and were going to America and they wanted me to come with them.

But my husband did not believe the missionaries, and he didn't want to go. He wanted to go look for gold in Australia or California instead. I knew that the blessings that would come from being part of the church would be more important to my family and me than all the possessions in the world. So I decided to take my children and go with my parents.

We sailed across the ocean on a large ship with big billowing sails. It took 5 weeks for us to cross the ocean and reach America. On the way we saw five large icebergs, which could sink our ship. The pioneers traveling on the ship all prayed together that our journey would be safe and that God would protect us. And He did. We arrived safely in New York. Then we got on a train and went across part of the United States to Nebraska. We joined up with a wagon train of pioneers going to Utah. The wagons carried the old people, and the sick people, our food and our belongings, but most of us had to walk.

I had three little children and was expecting my fourth baby. My two-year-old boy was too little to walk all the time, so I carried him on my back, and when my baby was born on the plains, I carried her in my arms. I often walked with a child on the front and a child on my back.

It was a long journey and was very difficult. But God protected us. Every night and every morning we prayed for his help. Even when I was walking on the trail, I would pray to Him in my heart. God helped us to become strong, and He helped us get to Utah where we could build a new home and live the gospel with the Saints.