

Delia Jane Alvord Cazier  
Brief History Compiled by her Daughter  
Inez Cazier Farr



I was born on the 25th of March 1865 at North Ogden, Weber County, Utah. My birthplace was a log house with a dirt roof. At that time the snow covered the fence posts. My parents were Joseph Bonaparte Alvord and Lenora Hyatt Berrett. They had crossed the plains in the George A. Smith Company in 1849. My mother came from Wiltshire, England with her parents. My father was born in Waterford, Michigan. After their marriage they lived in Springville, Utah returning to North Ogden before I was born. I had an adopted brother, Melvin Ray, who was fourteen years younger than I was. He died at the age of 19 years. My father and mother separated, my mother taking back her maiden name of Berrett.

My schooling commenced at North Ogden when I was about 7 years old. It was not a graded school and my teachers were Edward Wade and Julia Ellis, whom he later married. My next teacher was Lorenzo Waldram.

When I was about 16 years old, I was called to act as the secretary in the Primary organization. While working in this capacity, I had an experience I will never forget as it was a testimony to me.

One of our classmates was very ill. Our Bishop and two Elders were called in to administer to her. The officers of the Primary were also in attendance. Laying their hands on her head, the Bishop rebuked the evil spirit that had possessed her body. Immediately she became calm and asked her mother what was the matter. We then sang "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning".

When I was about 10 years old, my mother and I went to see an exhibit of slide lantern pictures. Among them was the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith. As he was set up against the wall, a heavenly light fell upon him and the mob turned and fled in terror.

A group of girls was called by our choir leader to sing in the Ogden Tabernacle. I was one of these girls and I sang in the choir from then on until we moved to Idaho. I have also sang in the St. Anthony Choir.

On January 21, 1885 I was married to William Robert Cazier in the Logan L.D.S. Temple. He was the son of Benjamin and Isabel Montgomery Cazier. We had known each other all during our school days. In May 1887 my husband went to Colorado to work for his uncle on the railroad. In July of the same year I joined him with our oldest child, Vernon. I worked as a cook for three months getting \$25.00 a month. About the 1st of October we came back to Utah, traveling in covered wagons over some of the pioneer trails. We saw many graves along the way. In one field, there were seven. Under a pine tree there was one lone grave. After returning home, my husband and I joined a drama group and we went to many other wards to play. In 1900 I was called to act as a Relief Society teacher in the North Ogden ward.

After a visit to Yellowstone National Park, which was made in white top buggies, my husband decided to take up a homestead in Idaho. This was located in the south eastern part of the state in what was then known as Farnum in Fremont County. We moved there April 10th 1906. At that time there was just a presiding Elder, Elder James Green. We held our meetings in a little log schoolhouse. Later in 1908 a church house was built on the road that leads to Drummond and Teton Basin. Herbert Morrison was our first bishop. At that time I served as a Relief Society teacher, Sunday School teacher and also worked in the Primary.

My youngest child, a girl, was born May 1908 and in 1909 my husband was taken to the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah where he died of blood poisoning on the 11th of November 1909 at the age of 46 years.

About 1910, the M.I.A. was organized. My brother-in-law was sustained as President of the Y.M.M.I.A. and the President of the Y.W.M.I.A. was Matilda Baird. She chose me as her first counselor. With the recent passing of my husband and my family to care for alone, I felt like it would be too hard for me to accept this responsibility but it proved to be a great blessing. Henry W. Smith was bishop at that time.

My children and I continued to live on the farm until 1916. I then moved up on it and sold it and bought a house and three lots in west St. Anthony, Idaho what was then known as the Island. It was so called because it was situated between the Egin and Independent Canals. There was only one ward in St. Anthony at that time and when the ward was divided, the north side of the river became the First Ward. This river was the North Fork of the Snake River.

I was called to work in the Primary with Elizabeth Andrus. All the time I have lived in St. Anthony, I have been a Relief Society visiting teacher and when I had served in this capacity for fifty years, I was presented with a beautiful pin.

When Brother and Sister A.E. Christensen moved into our ward I was asked to work with them on the Genealogical Committee. This I did for sixteen years. I enjoyed the research and temple work very much and also the association of the people with whom I have worked. After coming to Idaho, I heard one of the church authorities prophesy there would be a temple built in Idaho. When I heard this I thought it would never happen in my day. I'm very grateful to have had the privilege of going to the Idaho Falls Temple. I have had the opportunity of serving in every woman's organization in the Church.

I am the mother of eight children, three of whom have passed away. At the time of this writing I have 20 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. One of my daughters, Josie, died leaving a baby girl, five months old, whom I have raised.

Mother died January 27, 1948 in St. Anthony, Idaho. She was buried February 2, 1948 in the North Ogden Cemetery.