

## BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HANSINE CHRISTINE HANSEN

By James C. Hansen, her son

Hansine Christine Hansen was born on the 14th of June 1843 in Bornholm, Denmark. She was the daughter of Neils Peter Hansen and Katrine Elizabeth Andersen. Her father died when she was just two years of age. Her mother later married Jens Ipsen. Her mother died on the Mississippi River of cholera. There was an epidemic broke out in the company and many died.

The first thing I can remember my mother talk about was the move south. She was separated from her own family while down there and was with some English speaking people and it was very hard on her. She could not speak the language. Her people settled in Mantua.

She married Christian Hansen when she was only fourteen years of age. He was twenty-three years her senior. She was his second wife. They were married 31 March 1857 in the Endowment House. Her first baby was born in 1859. They lived in Brigham City. She had bad luck with her family. She had eleven children but only raised six boys. She buried a daughter Zina when she was thirteen years of age. Her first child was a girl. She died when she was three years old. She lost another little girl when she was between two and three years of age. She died of diphtheria. It was heartbreaking to her that she was not able to keep even one little girl.

She was a Relief Society teacher, a work that she really enjoyed. She had a way with her children. They could not fool her. She knew when they were telling the truth.

She was a weaver. She would cut the wool off the sheep's back, wash it and take it to the woolen factory. They put it in rolls for her, and then she spun the cord and wove it into cloth. This cloth was used for underwear and sheets. She did this for a good part of her life. She wove a lot of carpets and this is where she helped in the support of the family. They moved to Collinston in the spring of 1879. Mother had an old hand carpet loom, old style. She decided to do some public weaving. She started taking in weaving from the neighbors; never thinking it would turn out to be such a big business. Squaretown, later known as Plymouth, was just being settled, and all those new homesteaders brought their carpets to mother's to weave. Mother could not write down what they wanted. They would bring their rags and warp and would give her instructions as to how they would like it wove. Some wanted twelve foot, some fourteen, sixteen, etc. She would tell them, "Well, you sit your rags in that corner." To another, "Sit yours in another corner," and so on. And the strange part was she could remember what each one wanted without having written down a word.

She never had a day of schooling in her life. She could not write either in English or Danish. She taught herself to read. She loved to read the Book of Mormon. When she went to the store for groceries, she numbered her fingers, each representing some article she needed, and as she purchased her groceries they had to tally with her fingers and she seldom forgot anything. They kept some cows and chickens and she handled the finances of the family. She also tried her hand at raising silkworms.

She was very superstitious. At one time she told us in the morning that Sister Olsen had died during the night. Sister Olsen was a very good friend of hers. She told us just the time Sister Olsen had died. She said there were three knocks on her door and no one was there that she could see. Well, in a few minutes word was received that Sister Olsen had passed away at a certain hour. Mother had made no mistake.