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# Jesse Jensen Olsen

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Jesse Jensen Olsen was born on April 13, 1883 in Paradise, Utah. His parents were Gideon Elias Olsen and Caroline Sophia Jensen. On July 26, 1909, he married Jennie James Obray in Ogden, Utah. They were sealed on March 21, 1913 in the Salt Lake City Temple. He died on December 27, 1939 in Hazelton, Idaho and buried in Heyburn, Idaho.

Jennie James Obray was born on May 8, 1885 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her parents were Samuel Brenchley Obray and Mary Ann James. She was married to George Merrill Rees, whom she later divorced. She died on August 2, 1944 in Roy, Utah and was buried in Heyburn, Idaho.

Their children:

1. **Marion Reese Olsen**; b. 16 April 1905 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; md. 25 August 1926 to John Emery Simmons; d. 8 July 1980. (Child of 1<sup>st</sup> husband; sealed to 2<sup>nd</sup> husband.)
2. **Daris Reese Olsen**; b. 14 July 1907 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; md. 31 March 1941 to Mildred Louise Ames; d. 7 June-1980. (Child of 1<sup>st</sup> husband; sealed to 2<sup>nd</sup> husband.)
3. **Jesse Orville Olsen**; b. 2 May 1910 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; md. 23 October 1934 to Kerma Louisa Petterson.
4. **Kenneth LeRoy Olsen**; b. 4 April 1912 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah; md. 7 September 1943 to Neva Willis.
5. **Jennie LaReta Olsen**; b. 4 October 1916 in Almo, Cassia, Idaho; md. 25 May 1936 to James Ray Johnson.
6. **Glen Samuel Olsen**; b. 28 November 1918 in Almo, Cassia, Idaho.
7. **Cecil Frank Olsen**; b. 16 March 1922 in Eden, Jerome, Idaho; md. 28 May 1943 to Donna Katie Patterson.
8. **Wilma Clarice Olsen**; b. 13 April 1924 in Twin Falls, Twin Falls, Idaho; md. 1) 29 October 1942 to LeRoy Christensen; md. 2) 4 July 1959 to William Hill Stitt; md. 3) 1 June 1974 to Albert Joseph Wilde.

Jesse Jensen Olsen spent his childhood and young adult years in Utah and Eastern Idaho. He worked for his father until he was twenty-one years old. In 1904, he went to Montana to spend the summer. Upon his return home he began working in a logging camp where he cut his foot in a logging accident. He was hospitalized for five weeks and out of work for three months, and so ended his logging career. In September 1905 he went to Idaho Falls where he learned to be a butcher. He followed that trade for the rest of his life.

In October 1908, Jesse went to Salt Lake City to work in the meat market for J. B. Cowan. While there he met and married Jennie Obray who had two small children by a former marriage. In May 1912, they were able to be married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple, and the two children were sealed to Jesse.

Jesse and Jennie moved to Almo, Idaho in 1914. While there he served as superintendent of the Almo Sunday School, and in 1818 was made president of the Almo Young Mens MIA. In 1920 they moved to Murtaugh, Idaho where Jesse operated a meat market until 1921 when they moved to Eden, Idaho.

While in Eden, Jesse was associated with Forrest Warrington and Charles Trembly in a meat and mercantile business. He also worked for Ellery Patterson in his meat and mercantile store.

Jesse helped to organize the LDS Branch in Eden and was chosen to serve as first counselor to Frank Simmons, the branch president, in 1921. On February 10, 1923, he was made the presiding elder of the Eden Branch. When the ward was organized he was chosen to be the first bishop. He held that position until he moved his family to Hazelton, Idaho in 1927.

In Hazelton Jesse was employed by Charles W. Barlow in his bean warehouse and worked there until 1932 when he began fanning for himself. He was chosen to be bishop of the Hazelton Ward in 1929 and was released in 1936. He was a member of the Minidoka Stake High Council at the time of his death on December 27, 1936.

Jesse had a strong testimony of the power of prayer and the administrations of the Priesthood. He tells the following stories which were the bases for his testimony:

In the spring of 1896 my grandfather Hans Jensen turned his team of horses out onto the range east of the town of Paradise, Utah. About the middle of May he wanted to go to Bear Lake, and so sent me to bring in his hones. I inquired of people in the area if they had seen the horses. One man told me that he had seen them on the Four Mile Hill eight miles south of town. I rode the range for three days, but was not able to find the horses and returned home without them.

My Mother said to me, "I know that you can find them if you will go and ask the Lord to help you."

I did as my mother suggested and asked the Lord to help me find my grandfather's horses. After dinner I went out again, but began searching in a different direction. Within a short time I met a friend who told me he had seen the horses and directed me where to go to find time. Within two hours I had found the horses and had returned home with them.

In 1910 we decided to leave Salt Lake City and go to Idaho. I went to Rigby, Idaho ahead of my family with the plan of having them join me sometime later. When I sent for them, my wife was ill and the doctor refused to let her leave Salt Lake. I returned home but was unable to find work.

One day, after we had spent all that we had my wife's Aunt Ida Housley said to me. "Why don't you do as your mother taught you to do?"

I asked, "What is that?"

She answered, "Have family prayer and pay your tithing."

It was not until we had to receive help that we finally followed her suggestion. On a Wednesday we had our family prayer, and on Thursday morning I found work. I have always been able to find work since that time, and I attribute it to obedience to the law of tithing and prayer.

In the summer of 1916 we were living by a big sandpit at Almo, Idaho. One day Val Brackenberry had loaded a four-horse load of sand. He had pulled his load out of the pit and had stopped to wind his horses. Our boys, Daris, Orville, and Kenneth wanted to ride. The older boys were able to get onto the load easily; but Kenneth, who was only four years old, was only onto the wheel when the team started to move. He fell off and the wheel ran over both of his feet.

We were thirty-five miles from a doctor and the only thing that I could do was care for him myself. His feet were so badly torn and bruised that I thought that they looked like two pieces of crunched liver. As I was washing them off I heard a voice say. "Dress them in clean cloths and consecrated oil." I did as I was prompted. Four hours later, at eight o'clock in the evening, we had Elders John A. Ellison, John T. Horne, and myself administer to him.

Kenneth slept well all night, and the next morning he wanted to get out of bed and play. We removed the bandages and found that his feet were as natural as ever. His mother tried to keep him in bed and in a chair, but was not able to do so. It was only a few days until he was running around and jumping the same as he had always done.

In 1917 our little girl LaReta was only three months old. She was very ill with bronchitis, and we expected her to die at any time. The family fasted and prayed for her, and Isaac A. Carr helped me administer to her. As soon as we said amen she came out of the stupor she had been in for three days and was able to nurse. A few minutes later she fell asleep and slept peacefully for three hours. When she awoke, she was completely well.

In December 1930, I wrenched my back and was unable to leave the house for a few days. On Monday night all the folks had gone to mutual leaving six-year old Wilma with me. Sometime during the evening she came over to me and wanted to lie down beside me. As she put her little head over close to mine I could feel that she was burning up with fever. I sent Cecil, who was also home with us, for-the doctor while I put her to bed. The doctor was out and would not be back for two hours. Wilma was burning with fever; and I didn't know what to do for her; but she did. "Papa, if you will administer to me I'll get well," she said.

I administered to Wilma and when her mother came home about 9:30 we did all that we could to help her. At ten o'clock the doctor came. He said that Wilma had pneumonia and told us to be very careful about following his instructions for her care as she was a very sick little girl.

The next morning, Wilma wanted to get breakfast. She said that she was starving and coaxed so hard that her mother went over to the doctor's office and asked what kind of food she could eat, the doctor said, "Do you want to kill the child?" He wouldn't believe that Wilma was well enough to eat so he came over to see for himself. When he saw her he said, "I have never seen anything like this before in my life. Give her anything she wants to eat."

In December 1954, after a long severe attack of heart trouble which lasted for several months, my wife Jennie took down with the flu and was very sick for about a week. The day after Christmas she took a relapse and in spite of all that we could do she grew worse. On December 29<sup>th</sup> we had to take her to the hospital. She grew steadily worse until the morning of January 1<sup>st</sup> when we called the children to come to the hospital. The doctor said that she would not live until the children arrived, but he did not know that we, the Elders of Israel, had administered to her, nor did he know that her

children knelt in humble prayer for her recovery before leaving home for the hospital. Jennie began to get well at about the time her children were praying for her. The Lord had heard our prayers. She improved rapidly and was able to leave the hospital on January 9, 1935.

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The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Jesse to his sister Emily just three weeks before his death in December 1939.

I do know now that it's a blessing to have adverse conditions, sorrow, and pain so that we can be tested and be willing to endure patiently and not complain about everything that does not go to our liking. In nothing do we offend God only that we do not acknowledge his hand in all things.

The Lord has been good to me and has spared my life for a purpose, I know. I do hope that I can always bear my own load and help others to bear theirs more cheerfully. Cheerfulness is a power to lift the burdens of life and joy is the paycheck we get today—we don't have to wait for it. Oh the joy of living today when there is so much to live for and to see others enjoy their blessings, too. Oh it is wonderful to know that we shall someday know as we are known and see ourselves as others see us.

May the Lord bless you all, and above all bless you with the spirit of appreciation in all things which will bring to you and everyone else peace on earth and good will to men.

With love and best wishes,

Jess