

Writings of Hans Denison (Dinesen)
(Translated from Danish)
Born 20 July 1824 Gjentofte, Kjobenhavn, Denmark

THE NAME:

I want to write a few words about the necessity of writing and spelling our family name correctly everywhere so that anyone will know the family name anywhere they see it written or spoken. The name Dinesen I have chosen and cling to ever since I came to America. I have seen it spelled different ways even in Denmark in the Gjentofte School my name was spelled Hans Dinersen and I have seen it spelled Ddienesen and Dinnesen on letters my father received. Here in the states it is spelled Dennison and Dinnesen. That wouldn't be recognized by my kinfolk neither in this world nor on the other side. Therefore I have decided as my father's only son and only child here in Zion to spell our family name Dinesen. I hope all my kinfolk will remember to spell it this way, just this one way must our name be spelled and if any of my children has written it any other way in God's Temples or other places; they will have to change it. I know it will not sound the way it should here in Zion, but it can't be helped. We should spell our name the way it was spelled in the country in which we were born, no matter where we locate in this world. One of the clerks in the church here in Manti told me that is the only way to know the family.

I wrote to Mrs. Marie Wright, Naizshedevej N 17 Kjobenhavn, Denmark. In 1899 I received 40 names of mine and my sister's ancestors and about as many of my mother's and her ancestors and I also sent to Fyen after my Father's ancestors record in 1901 which I received from Holger Hansen in the archive in Odense about 30-40 names and now I have written again to Marie Wright after my wife, Ane N. Dinesen's Forefathers record.

This is the letter:

Manti the 12th of August 1901.

Dear Friend: For sister I dare not call you as you are not a Latter-Day-Saint and I praised her good hand writing, which they told me was easy to read in the temple and wished I could do as well. I sent her a weekly journal with a speech by Joseph Smith and some of the brothers of our 4 Holy Temples here in Utah. I have never felt such a heavenly joy and satisfaction as when I helped build these three temples; one in St. George, one in Salt Lake and in Manti. Brigham Young, prophet, seer and revelator sent us word that we were honorably discharged and could go home again to our families with a blessing for all of what we had done.

Now I will go back to my younger days and tell you how I met my wife. In 1841 I worked for a man named Peter Witersen from a place named Rygaard. In the neighborhood was another little farm called Sunde Gaard. There was a girl working and I met her a few times and found that I could love her and she said the same to me. I asked her to marry me and she agreed and when I walked home I was so happy that I knelt down in the road under the heavens and thanked God for giving me one of Adam's and Eve's beautiful daughters to love. I thought of my dear lovely Johanne almost as an angel from heaven and think what a sorrow it was to me when I was called to that bloody war in 1849 and knew that our marriage was just 'til death do we part' and I was in danger daily of being killed. Again I knelt down and prayed to God to spare my life, which He certainly did, as I found the night between the 6th and 7th of July 1849 I was the only living man among several hundred comrades who were all dead, so God is my only witness, and not many has had such a terrible experience, but God was surely with me.

I will now relate how happy I became when I heard the revelations of Joseph Smith and right away realized that here was a true religion sent to my Fatherland for the good of all people who would believe; and can anyone understand with what heavenly joy I knew that I could now be sealed to my dear wives and children for not just 'til death do we part, but for all time and eternity, which is worth a thousand fold all riches on this our sinful Earth. I have been sealed by the President of the Temple and witnessed 100 pairs of young and old, men and women married and sealed to each other for time and eternity never more to part. That is why God's chosen people have been able to withstand patiently all persecution and go out into a sinful world to preach the Gospel. Jesus loved the poor because he himself was born in a manger with rags and straw for his birth in a crib in a manger.

Now I will have to stop my writing maybe for the last time as I Saturday July 20th this year 1901 was 77 years old. I have a little good family: 12 children, 50 grandchildren, and 6 great grandchildren. I thank God for them all. Now good bye till I inform you about our dead whose names you will send me, you and your mother are wished the best of luck and loving regards. God bless you and may you walk the right road so we once upon a time may meet you in God's holy heaven. This has been the prayer of Hans Dinesen sent to Mrs. Marie Wright, Nejsenhedsvej No. 17 Copenhagen, Denmark. I wrote this letter as a testimony to the truth of God's true Gospel and the experience in my youth in my dear old home by Stranduejen, Gentofte, Copenhagen, and also my new home in Manti, Utah, in God's Holy land of Zion.

This is just a little about our dead ancestors and friends. My father told me he was born in Skalgendrujan on the island of Fyen, but on the map it is called Skelerup, it is located one mile from Nyborg on the road of Odense. He also told me that the Parsonage burned with all the books and records. He had a sister named Else Dinesen who was married to a Peder Jespersen. They had children, many of their names I do not know. He also had a brother named Jens Dinesen who lived along the same road, but closer to Odense. He was married twice and had children, but I do not know many of their names. I visited Else Dinesen and Jens Dinesen once when I was called to war in 1849. My father's name was Rasmus Dinesen (Rasmussen) and his father's name was Dines Rasmusson and his mother's name was Marie. My name is Hans Dinesen, born 20 July 1824 in Marienly and by Strandriejen in Gentofte Amt., Copenhagen. On the roll while I was in the war I was called Hans Rasmussen. My mother's name was Inger Marie Moens Dinesen, born in Loseld, Sweden. They had a son Carl 1 year 6 months old who died and a daughter Marie Dinesen both born Ordrup. She married Marten Hansen, had 5 or 6 children, Dortha, Hans and Carl. The other names I do not know. I was the last one. She died from all these children from Colera in 1854 in Copenhagen.

I left Copenhagen Dec. 20 1852 with my family, my mother, my wife Johanne, Jacob Cristofer's daughter, born Sanberg, Gynehuse, Kirshola Dec 4, 1925. We were married Nov. 22, 1846. We had two children who died named Rasmus and Cristine. Jens Dinesen lived and came with us to Utah. My wife had two sisters, Karen married to Peder Jensen, and Elizabeth. Also 4 brothers Christoffer, Hans, Christen, and Jens.

God has given me 3 wives with the Holy Priesthood's Power in the Endowment House, Manti Temple and St. George Temple. My lovely young wife, Johanne, was a good, loving and ambitious wife and mother. I had known her from the year 1844 till 1880 and had a good life, but she turned against polygamy which I loved and respected with my whole heart, and she lost the spirit of God and lived the last part of her life in spiritual darkness. My second wife (who of her own free will entered into a plural marriage) was a tyrant and brutal to the rest of us and left me with a little boy, Christian, 2 ½ years old,

that is she took the boy with her. My third wife was also a good and true wife and mother, but was always sickly and lost her eyesight and lived in darkness her last few years. Can anyone understand all the sorrow, misery and trouble we have gone through all these many years.

This is a little about my dear wife's sickness, and death and funeral in Oct. 1901. Ane Nielson Dinesen, my dear wife's sickness increased in volume and was so painful that I had the Elders administer to her several times. Also, we had her name in the Temple where they prayed for her often, but we still had Dr. Daren give her morphine to stop the terrible pain. Two sisters stayed with her every night. Emanuel came one night after calling him on the telephone. I stood by her bed Sunday morning when she, without speaking a word, passed away peacefully. This was Sunday morning Oct. 20, 1901, 14 years since our little Johannes died 6 years old. I was then 77 years and 3 month old and the 13 of Nov. Ane would have been 55 years old. God grant that I may celebrate her birthday with her and all my dear ones. I wanted to lay by her side in honor to her memory but her sister was against it though it would have given me much comfort because I layed to the side of my dear wife, Johanne, for 2 night, the 28 and 29 of July 1880 and it gave me much comfort in my sorrowing heart, and I wanted to show the same respect to my wife, who had been my only blessed comfort in my old age and was called home at such an early age. I was going to miss her terribly; for her it was a relief, but for me it was a great sorrow and loss.

The funeral was the 22nd, her coffin cost \$20, her clothes cost \$7. She was taken in a white wagon to the Tabernacle and the grave which cost \$5. Good speeches were made by H Jensen, J.B. Maiban, McCallister and Farnsworth, she praised our large family of which only half were present. The grave cost \$3.50, all of it cost about \$40 which I paid in cash. I am glad she is sleeping and this was my last gift to her on this side of the grave. She should have been my old age comfort, but God has seen instead she needed rest from her sickness and blindness. God grant that I may soon find release with him and be with all my dear ones again.

Written by Hans Dinesen
77 years old