

HAZEL ELIZABETH CARLISLE

Compiled by Royal Carlisle Atwood (son). This history is from her own writings.

Hazel Elizabeth Carlisle Atwood

Born 20 June 1888 - Alpine Utah - 3rd of 10 children
Daughter of Thomas Fields Jr. and Annie Sheppard

Married John Leslie Atwood on the 9th of November 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Mother of six children

Millen Dan	17 October 1911	died November 12 1976
Royal Carlisle	8 June 1914	
Hazel	22 March 1917	died July 12 1917
Ava	19 July 1918	
John Rae	19 November 1921	
Annie Nell	24 April 1929	

Hazel Elizabeth passed away on 6 July 1970, in Orem, Utah. In between was the life of a sweet and lovable peace-maker. Times were hard, lots of hard work, little money. She always seemed to see the bright side of everything. She never took sides in any of the disputes among her children, but always tried to work things out between them. No matter how things turned out, she always was able to come up with some good or encouragement.

I recall the time we papered the kitchen. The room was large. She asked if she got the paper would I, Royal help put it on? We had never tried it before. Well by the time we were through with the ceiling, it was in two pieces and in a V shape. I could have cried, but mother just said, "It will look better when it gets smoked up a little." When mother became cross with father we ate potato soup. He hated it. He got the message. Mother's sewing machine, ever busy, was run by foot power. If you were small and good you could help pump it. In most things she made you feel that you got to help instead of had to help. although it had to be done. She was the best cook.

Mother had a special talent for writing. Her drawers were full of little notebooks recording history, faith promoting experiences, poetry, trips, etc. Her history as she tells it is taken from her own writings.

"As a child in a large family we all had work to do. I learned to make bread and help cook and take care of babies at a very young age. When I was 14 I went out to work, taking care of Lilly Benson while her mother ran a little store in Alpine. Lilly was about five years old. I earned 75 cents a week. Later I went to work for mothers with new babies." (Her book contained many names of women she had worked for) "I stayed with Sarah Brown and went to school in American Fork, through the 7th and 8th grades. Mr. Brown was away most of

the time with his sheep. Mrs. Brown was ill a lot of the time. She had four little girls and I learned a lot about cooking and taking care of children. She was very good to me, and I loved to stay with her."

I always went to Primary and Mutual and Sunday School. I was secretary in Sunday School in Alpine for a long time. Mrs. Roland was my mutual teacher. She impressed me so much with one lesson on discernment that it stayed with me, and helped me throughout my life. She said, "The most important thing to pray for and desire was discernment that you would know right from wrong." Another thing that helped me keep on the strait and narrow path was the confidence my mother and father had in me. They often said to me, "We know we can trust you."

After I graduated, I wanted to go to Provo to school but there was no money to help me out. I went to work but all I could earn on such low wages was enough to buy my clothes. I went to work in Garland, Utah for Mrs. Hyde. I stayed with Hilda Condor, my cousin who lived in Garland and we took in some sewing. Later I worked at the telephone Company there. I also worked for Mrs. Edwards, her husband was President of the Sugar Company. After I came home I worked in Salt Lake for Chipmans and for Robinsons. Mr. Robinson was a lawyer.

In May 1910, I met John at a dance in Alpine."

(In another notebook (just found recently) mother had written a story about her beloved John. She entitled it, "The Rolling Stone." It tells about their life together.

The Rolling Stone

Once upon a time there was a boy growing up. He was gifted with the knowledge to do so many things. His mind was so busy planning the things he wanted and would do that he failed to listen to his teachers as he should. But without much effort on his part, he absorbed all the teachings of the things that interested him and that he wanted to do.

He was raised on a farm. Horses were his great delight. He curried, washed and trained them to obey him.

He lived near the mountains and the canyons. While very young, he learned to haul ore and wood from the canyons on the most terrible roads. He learned to round up cattle, cut and haul wood for the stoves in the winter. He had many tragic experiences. After one canyon trip in snow and cold, he came down with pneumonia and nearly lost his life. He had to have several operations and was left with one flattened lung after the ordeal. Every winter for years after, he had recurrences and was deathly ill.

His parents were wonderful people. His father was a huge tall straight man, weighing 225 pounds. Very impressive and handsome, dark hair and eyes, a voice like thunder or as soft as a child. His mother was a lovely quiet woman of many talents. She was kind, gracious, and had a wonderful sense of humor. All her children inherited more than a generous share of her humor.

Times were hard, not much money to be had. Bad luck comes to sadden the hearts of this family. The father is stricken with a stroke and soon is taken in death at age 56. Now John has added responsibilities to carry. His brother Lawrence is on a mission in Australia.

One night at a dance he sees the girl he at once decides to marry. She is kinda small, dark hair and eyes, very fair skin. Not too good looking. She has always had the idea that when the right guy came along she would know it. As they got acquainted, they both sensed the feeling that they were meant for each other. We were married November 9th 1910 in the Salt Lake Temple. In many ways we were strangers and there were many adjustments to be made. Often I wondered if it could ever work. To him it was all fine. We moved in part of his mother's house. He was with his mother and brothers and sisters. Every Sunday Will and Frank would come. Lawrence being away at that time on his mission. I would have a nice dinner, chicken, hot rolls, chocolate cake etc. Nearly always Frank and Will would come to dinner. After dinner they would spend all their time together walking, talking, driving the team etc.

John said he wanted a son so he could name him Millen Dan after his father. NO GIRLS PLEASE. John had his mind made up that we would have a boy - I was so worried. On October 17, 1911 Millen Dan was born. He was such a darling good natured baby and such a grand little boy. After Millen was born, I was not alone anymore. Mother had some baby clothes left over, so she gave them to me for Millen. She also came and took care of us until I could get going. Grandma Atwood shared her food with us. John hauled ore out of American Fork Canyon. He had to have an ore wagon and 4 horses. He got poor pay but we managed.

We needed more money than the farm brought in for it had to be divided so many ways. We moved to Pleasant Grove and John got work weighing beets and hauling lumber for Thorntons Lumber Company. We had a fine team and a good wagon. It took most of the money to feed the horses. We also had some cows. Now John began to trade horses etc. etc. etc. We moved from one house to another.

Our son Royal Carlisle is born June 8th 1914.

We buy a home. Grandma Atwood is also living in Pleasant Grove. Lawrence and Cora are on the farm. (She tells of moving into several houses) Later we sell this place and move into another place.

Our baby girl is born, March 22, 1917. We named her Hazel. She is the most beautiful baby, soft black hair, black eyes, pink petally skin. Everyone stopped to look at her. Sadie and Denie were so thrilled with her. They came every day to see her or to take her back home with them. When she was four months old she took whooping cough. Some of the neighbors children had it. The doctor said they were just colds. Everyday she got worse and began to take convulsions. She died July 12, 1917. While she was sick she kept looking at us like she wanted us to know that something was wrong and she wanted us to understand. Now I can believe that she was not for this earth but her mission was to be a heavenly one. John prayed continually for her recovery. On several occasions when I went to the cellar for things, he

was on his knees there praying for our dear baby's life to be spared. This was the most heart breaking experience of our lives.

TO MY BEAUTIFUL BABY DAUGHTER
by her mother

A memory, only a memory
Yet one so vivid and clear.
That though she is taken from me
I still seem to have her near.

My lovely dimpled darling
Just beginning to play.
She had only laughed aloud once
I will never forget the day.

She used to smile for daddy
Whenever he came in the room.
How little then we thought
Those bright eyes would be closed so soon.

So patient she was in her suffering
Her expression seemed to show
That the angels were hovering near
Waiting for her to go.

How lovely she looked in her casket
I seem to see her still.
A delicate tinted rosebud,
Plucked by Jesus's will.

Soon after this we bought the Ellis place in Manilla and moved there. It was shady and cool and had a lovely old farm house...lots of good barns, coops etc. Here on July 19, 1918, Ava was born. She weighed about four pounds, was so little and skinny - but she had beautiful brown eyes, a wonderful personality. She soon grew into a very pretty girl.

We moved around a lot. It was about this time that a neighbor and friend, Mr. Thomas told John that he was a rolling stone...and a rolling stone gathers no moss. This made John feel bad and also made him real mad. True, he didn't own much in the way of worldly goods (his mother had mortgaged her home for him and Frank to buy the Ellis Place), but he had faith, ambition, reliability, strength, health, and determination. He had a good wife to be at his side, two fine little sons, a darling daughter, good standing in the Church and the community. The stone was rough and the moss would cling. There was no bad in John and all that he gathered was good.

Now that the first world war was on we had good crops. He tilled and planted and watered. The farm looked so good that a man passing by came to buy it paying double what we had given. So we sold the farm. We lived in the Cliff Clark house. While there we all got the flu. John and I, Millen and Royal. We were all stricken at the same time. We were unable to get out of bed. No one dared come in because so many people had died. Wesley Beck came and made a fire, brought in coal and wood. Some of the neighbors brought food and set it outside the door. Wesley phoned my good mother. She came and took care of us all. Ava didn't get it, neither did mother, for which we were very grateful. I felt our prayers were answered for we did pray that it would pass mother by. She was an angel of love, mercy and help. She came and took care of me when each of my six children were born. I will never repay my debt to her in this life, but hope to in the world to come. My dear father was just as good and helpful. He was always going to help and aid the sick, taking care of his big family at home while mother was away nursing, which she did a great deal of.

We bought some sheep. Now this was the worst year ever known for the sheep industry. Cold, rainy spring, lambs chilling and dying. It seemed as though we would lose everything. But along came a friend to whom John traded the sheep for a grocery and meat market, right there and then. (They met on the canyon road near the sheep camp). Well, when he came home and told me I was even more scared than I was about the sheep. John had no experience with either a grocery store or meat market. So we started in the store business in Pleasant Grove. I was in Alpine at the time staying while mother was visiting with Leona in Arizona. John came and up and said, "Get going, I need your help. We have a store and a meat market." I left that very evening. We had our furniture stored in the Thomas house next door to the store. We straightened out the beds etc, so we could manage.

The next day John took suddenly very ill and had to be taken to Provo to the hospital. The next day he was operated on for a hernia and also had his appendix out. He was very sick. Lawrence took me over to see him. He looked so pale and worried too about just getting the store with so many new responsibilities. In ten days he was back home. It was more than a month before he could stand straight.

Soon he became a very good meat cutter and butcher. We also acquired a slaughter house. He helped kill and dress the beef, pork, lambs, etc. He also became a very wise buyer for all kinds of stock for the store. Along with the deal was a huge kettle for rendering lard. It was out in the yard under the trees. That became mostly my job. We did have a nice lot of pure white lard. There was some vats for making corned beef. When we were overstocked with meat scraps we cooked them up in the big old black lard kettle, pressed in the corn beef presser. Frank gave it the name of Brigham Loaf. It sold out real fast, but we never let it be known that we made it ourselves. When there was more than enough scraps for corn beef, we made Brigham Loaf.

Frank decided to go into the garage business so John bought his share of the store, also his home. Ava was the youngest at this time, about three years old. One night we lost her and had all the neighbors out looking for her. We found her locked in the store eating candy.

I was counselor in the Primary. It kept me real busy with the house and helping in the store. John was chosen as a counselor to Bishop Swenson. He was loved very much by the people in the Pleasant Grove 2nd Ward. He had such a good sense of humor. He liked Bishop Swenson so much. I know he gained so much good while in that position. One evening the Bishopric and their wives were having a social at Bishop Swenson's home. They had a cat named John. She, Mrs. Susie Swenson, kept talking about and ordering the cat around. She said to John, "I hope you don't mind me having my cat named John, do you?" John said right back to her, "I have a cat too, it's name is Susie." They sure did laugh. Of course we didn't own a cat.

We had lots of interesting experiences in the store business, too much to write about. We had the store for several years. Business began to drop off as there were now three butcher shops where there had only been one. John began to worry about it because we owed for stock and for the pasture and the house. John VanWagon of Midway kept after John to trade his interests in Pleasant Grove for a dairy ranch in Charleston. It didn't sound at all good to me. One day while I was at primary, he DID it. Soon we were on our way to a new adventure. On June 2nd 1924 we traded our home and meat market for a ranch and moved to Charleston, Utah.

Soon after we got settled in our new surroundings, John and I went to Sacrament Meeting and Bishop Ritchie came to us saying he had a calling for me. He said they wanted me to be the Theology Teacher in Relief Society. Well, it just made me sick all over. I had never had that kind of training. I didn't feel I was capable of such an important calling. John didn't give me a chance to answer the bishop. He just up and said he thought it was fine and it would give me a chance to get acquainted with the women. I said I would think about it and talk to him later. He was in a hurry as it was time to start Church. When we got home I was all upset and told John I couldn't undertake such a job. He said, he thought they were asking me to be a visiting teacher and that it would give me an opportunity to meet the people there. He said if you feel so awful about it I will talk to the bishop and tell him you can't accept it.

I went out to the milkhouse to cry it out and I really had an awful feeling. I not only felt upset about the church calling but the whole change in my life, leaving all our friends, the old run down house, the farm, the land and everything made me sick. John had made the deal barely giving me a chance to think it over. I had a very rebellious feeling. I stood by the outside door of the wash house and it was as if loving arms were around me and a voice came to me, so clear and sweet saying, "This is a good place for you and your family. This is good land, it will take lots of hard work but the Lord will help you and bless you." It seemed like my own father giving me good advice. I wiped my eyes and as I looked out over the farm, a peaceful feeling came over me. I knew I could accept the calling as a Relief Society teacher and I knew I could live there and be happy. I served as a teacher and later as Secretary, a position I held for 16 years.

Our home in Charleston was a big frame two-story house. Four bedrooms, living room, two kitchens, pantry and wash room and milk house at the back. 80 acres which was a strip from the hill on the east to across the river to the hill on the west of the canyon. The pasture on the east hill was the playground of most all Charleston's children. In the summer, hikes on the

mountain, playhouses under the trees, bonfires. In the winter it was a natural for sleigh riding and skiing. They could come from the top of the hill down over the pasture across the road, down our lane to the house. It was known to all as the green hill.

The lower land was for raising meadow hay and pasture. The rest was planted in grain, beets and hay. Several years we raised sugar beet seed for the Utah Idaho experimental station. This helped us out a great deal during the depression. We always had a garden in spite of early frost. I had my windows full of geraniums. They bloomed all the time. Had to cover them in freezing weather with paper. In the winter the bedrooms would be so cold, I would have to put gloves on to make the beds. We always kept two fires going, often three. (all fires were wood fires)

Soon after we were there John broke his toe and had to have his shoes and boots cut. This was in the coldest part of the winter, did go down to 40 below at times. John took a job cutting meat in Heber. We used to take the milk and eggs to Heber to sell. One cold freezing morning (42 below zero) the big black Buick sedan was parked by the door, the engine running to warm it up. "This is the coldest day in 16 years, I do believe," said John. He had on his new hat, overcoat, scarf and gloves. He loaded the case of eggs and cream. The eggs on the back seat. The five gallon can of cream on the floor. He kissed me bye and said, "Keep the home fires burning". I thought to myself, why did we ever get into such a cold place with so much hard work. Well, I knew why because John was born on a farm and loved the outdoors and land and horses etc. and we loved our friends and neighbors. We all knew how to work and play. In half an hour, here John came back and what a sight to behold. Half way to Heber, the car spun around on the icy road, ran into the barrow pit and the snow bank. The lid came off the can of cream and the case of eggs hit the top of the car. Broken eggs, shells, yolk and whites and cream all over his hat and overcoat and frozen solid. He walked in the house and said, "I have just made the damdest omelet you have ever seen or heard of." We just had to laugh, but the laughing died away when we tried to clean the car for cream, egg shells, egg yolk, egg whites frozen all over the top, the seats and the floor. We had to wait until the sun melted everything to clean it.

Our barn was large and housed the two teams, riding horse, 16 cows and some sheep and lambs. The water was all frozen except the warm springs in the meadow. The animals had to wait till evening for their drink of water. The coal stoves in three rooms burned but never warmed the house enough to take the ice off the inside of the windows. The boys had to help milk 16 cows, feed the horses and sheep and they often missed the school bus and had to run a mile or two to catch up with it, as it lost some time picking up students. Then they would rush home from school to work. Often hauling hay at night, helping irrigate. They were all just wonderful children, never caused us any trouble or heartaches.

We did work hard and there were times when we felt we would lose it all, but there was always a way out. The Lord did bless us. John was a good manager and the boys worked before and after school. Often I felt like we would never get the mortgage paid. We raised pet lambs, pigs, calves, colts. Made soap and butter. Raised beet seeds and did many things besides the regular farming to make ends meet. Royal did painting jobs at school to help him

and Ava get by. Millen worked at the pea vinery and for neighbors. They trapped muskrats, wildcats and weasels and caught fish. I sewed for neighbors.

On April 25, 1929 Nell was born and we were all so happy.

As years went by Millen and Nina were married, later Royal and Ludean and then Ava and Allen. They all have such good mates. The best in the whole world. So Charleston was right for us. I wouldn't have had it any different.

There was always talk of the Deer Creek Dam being built. We began to think it would never be. Then after 16 years in Charleston, we sold our farm to the Government and finally got the mortgage paid off. We sold our horses, cows, sheep etc. John painted the old wagon, took it to Heber and traded it for a lovely new G.E. refrigerator and mixmaster. Brought them home to me as a surprise. We moved from Charleston to Pleasant Grove May 27th, 1940.

We lived in the Swenson home for a year. John Rae and Nell attended school there. This was a blessing for our family also because it was here that John Rae met a wonderful girl, Norma King who later became his wife. They were married in the Mesa Temple while John was stationed in Arizona with the air force.

At the end of the school year, we left Pleasant Grove and moved to Malad, Idaho. John bought a grocery store (OP Skaggs) and we worked together. John got his leg hurt and was on crutches. John Rae had to leave to go into the service and it was hard to find help so after two years we sold the store and moved to Salt Lake.

We bought a home at 1773 South 3rd East. We had to wait about two weeks for the people to move out. We went to live with Millen and Nina for a while, then rented a room at Mrs. Dodds (corner of 17th South and 5th East)

We lived in the Ivins and Wilson Wards. I worked in Relief Society and was a visiting teacher. I also taught Primary. It was here that Nell met Jack Pearce and was married. He is a grand boy and a wonderful addition to our family. Now all of our children have been married in the Temple and they are living the Gospel. Our cup runneth over with joy and blessings from the Lord.

One day John and I went for a ride. We were looking for the Arms Plant and wound up at Kearns. They were just beginning to put up army barracks. We were stopped at the gate. The man asked if we were looking for work. John said, "yes". The man said, "Be back at 7 P.M." We rushed back to Salt Lake and bought a lunch box. He started work that night. That was in June or July of 1942. He soon found a job for me so I could go and be with him. He worked there until Kearns nearly closed.

Sunday, October 1953 John and I were set apart as home missionaries in the Wilson Ward.

John always had to be busy. He got a job at the Kearns Building running the elevator. He played Santa Claus for the Paris Company. He worked at the Arms Plant and then got a job at Fort Douglas, where he worked until his death.

John had a wonderful voice clear and easy to listen to. He spoke at many funerals. He was called upon real often to pray in Church. He blessed many babies. Got lots of compliments on his public prayers and talks. We went to everyones funeral, friends and acquaintances. I used to say that was John's hobby.

He was the hardest working man I ever saw. He could turn his hand to every kind of work. Everything he did, he did it well. Oh, he loved to work and save for his old age. He wanted so much to travel and he loved the outdoors. For the first time in our lives we were free to go places. But he liked to go camping, not so for me. I liked to stay in motels and eat our meals out. But he wanted his three meals cooked by me and to have me by his side while he ate. So he goes out and buys a tent. Spent days making it larger and mending it. Then he shops for air mattress's, folding beds, lantern, campstove, folding chairs, thermos jugs, folding table, etc. Made a folding cupboard.

So now we take a trip, load all this in the car. Set out on our journey to the Northwest and San Francisco. Camp the first night in Snowville in a cow pasture. Lots of mosquitoes and not much sleep. During the rest of our trip, we stop at nice motels, buy most of our meals and have a wonderful time. When we reach home he says, "I don't think you like the tent." I answered, "I don't, and I know you don't either. Tents were O.K. 40 years ago when we were young and went camping in American Fork Canyon." We did have lots of wonderful trips up there. John, Frank and Lawrence would get out a lot of wood for winter. We would take a fat lamb up. John would dress it. What delicious meat it was. Then we would shoot sage hens and in the canyon they tasted good. At night we would go to the saw mill and be entertained with dancing and singing. Could they ever dance and sing. (I mean the Forbes and Hamletts of Alpine) They would have their families with them.

John, "So you think you are too old for sleeping in a tent?" Hazel, "I have always been too old to sleep in a tent."

So he goes out and buys a teardrop trailer. It has lights that work from the car, nice mattress, windows with blinds. Really nice, but real awkward for dressing and washing. Nice place for camp stove, ice box, place for pans and dishes. So we take a lot of short trips. Then a trip to Sun Valley, Zions, Bryces and Fish Lake. I tried to enjoy it but somehow I just couldn't sleep good. I would wake up with cold sweats and jagged nerves. I tried to sleep in it in the backyard. It was nice and cool out there but before midnight I would be back in the house. Then John would come in and say, "I can't sleep an hour without you."

So he goes out and buys a new Fleetwood house trailer. Stove, heater, ice box, table, overstuffed set, chairs, gas light, nice bed. Just like a nice little home. How he does love to travel in it. So do I, except that I felt it was too much to trail along. However, we have had some very nice trips in it. The longest trip was to Glacier Park and Canada. The scenery was most beautiful, lakes everywhere. The high mountains were gorgeous and so many sparkling

glaciers. The weather was perfect. Our little home on wheels rolled along without a hitch. We cooked all of our meals. Slept real good everynight. Had very good camping places. John was so happy at last he had found the proper equipment for travel. He even loved to have our meals in the trailer when we had it parked in the backyard. Then we took a trip to Capitol Reef Monument in Southern Utah. We parked the car at Tory and went down through the deep gorge. It was almost too much for me. I was glad to get out of there.

For short trips we went to American Fork Canyon, camped at Hanging Rock. Then the family would ride up and have supper and spend the evening around the campfire. Things like this were the happiest moments for John. He didn't care for shows or parties. He loved all the grandchildren very much and made a big fuss over the little ones. He made a swing in the tree for Janell and Patty. In the evening we had a campfire and ate toasted marshmallows and wieners etc. Then we would sleep in the small trailer and Nell and Jack or John and Norma (whoever was with us) would sleep in the big trailer.

He decided it would be a good investment to rent our place on 3rd East and 17th South and buy a smaller home for us. So we looked around and decided on this place at 2629 South 18th East. There's a large garage for all John's paper hanging equipment etc. and a large roomy basement for so many other things. Our basement on 3rd East was so very crowded. He loved the yard and fireplace and patio here.

On January 11th, 1954 we moved. It was lovely weather and he raked and cleaned the yard. We were so happy here.

On March 12, 1954 I had gone to meet with our ladies club that day. John came to bring me home and Hy and May Carlson came in for a visit. They all laughed and joked and John seemed to feel extra good.

In the evening we watched television and he retired early as usual. I know the Lord loved him very much and showed it by taking him without warning or pain or fear. About 9:00 P.M. when my dear husband John L. suddenly dropped dead in my arms, without a word of warning or a cry of pain, just called my name and came walking out of the bedroom and as I met him at the door he slumped down and was gone. I tried everything to get him to speak to me, or to grasp my hand, but it was all over for him as far as this life here was concerned.

He knew and understood all the principles of the Gospel. He read and studied the scriptures, always attended his Priesthood Meetings and Sacrament Meetings and paid his tithing and offerings.

All my children and grandchildren are so very good to me and I have gotten along very well, I think.

I had never stayed alone at night. Whenever John went away for overnight or on a trip he would go to Alpine, from Charleston (80 miles) there and back to get mother to come and be with me. When I was in the hospital he arranged for a cot to be put in my room so mother could sleep there at night. Now I stay alone most of the time and I'm not afraid. The Lord has

blessed me and answered my prayers and given me strength. I spend many lonely hours in the evenings and I do miss John so very much. He was always willing and ready to take me everywhere I wanted to go. Each day I thank the Lord for my wonderful family".

Hazel Elizabeth Carlisle Atwood passed away in Orem, Utah 6 July 1970. Buried in Pleasant Grove, Utah beside her beloved John and baby daughter Hazel.

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Another notebook contained a very special experience - Mother entitled it "A Glimpse of Heaven".

Why this great experience was given to me, is more than I can understand. Perhaps because I had always been somewhat of a doubter. I always believed in the resurrection, but in a vague way. Always thinking we would have no recollection of this life.

When my beautiful baby girl was laid away in the cold silent earth, a sense of loneliness and despair never known to me before crept into my soul. Of course I believed in a resurrection, but what of the spirit - there it lingered until this wonderful glimpse of heaven was shown to me.

The fear of death has left me and the sorrow it brings has been lightened so much. If this had happened in my sleep, or if I had been dozing in a chair or even in Church, this may have seemed like a dream to me but not so for I was very much awake and on my feet walking with my little boy's hand in mine. I was with my husband and a large group of other people.

Writing my expressions was always a task for me nevertheless, I will endeavor to tell this experience as it was shown to me.

The news of Sister Vera Ritchie Winterton's death caused a great sorrow in our community as she was an exceptional girl in many ways. Quiet, yet always friendly, a willing church worker and a devoted daughter to her parents. Being a young bride and the death of herself and new born babe caused me to feel very sad. At first I decided not to go to the funeral as my little boy was usually restless when taken to Church and I didn't want to cause a disturbance. We arrived at the Church just about a minute before the mourners and I was feeling very badly that I had not been able to go to the house to see her. As I went in the little entrance. the Church had not been rebuilt then I noticed that the old steps and floor had been scrubbed so white and clean and the thought that was in my mind as I entered was, I wish they had asked me to help. I would gladly have scrubbed the floor or done anything to help. It should be so for her, she always seemed so clean and pure. As I entered the door a scene so different from the old brown walls of the Church and the old chairs etc...I was seeing a beautiful place.... so spacious, so lovely. I have no words to picture or describe it. I seemed to see it from a distance or through the veil as it were. I saw many people and they seemed to be in groups and it seemed they were so happy to have Vera with them. It seemed to be for her they were rejoicing. I did not seem to see or recognize anyone in particular...just groups of people in beautiful robes. There was sweet music. I seemed to view it from a distance. The heavenly

influence that prevailed was so grand, if I knew I could immediately go to such a place I would be ready to leave this life anytime. Just how long it lasted I cannot exactly say. I didn't feel this come over me - I cannot understand it. I heard the organ playing and Mr. Whiting in the stand to take charge. The mourners had walked up the aisle and were seated. I was sitting on the fourth row by the S.W. window - how I got there I never can tell. I turned to John and said, "Do I look alright, I felt just a little fluttery and was at a loss to know how I walked to the seat. I looked around to see who was sitting near me and asked John about John Rae. He said he took him in his arms as he went in the door and carried him to the seat.