

A Child's Prayer



*Augusta LaRee Child Weaver*





Heavenly Father, Are you really there?



*William Warren Child*



*LaRoe, William & James*

Just like our  
earthly father  
loves and cares  
for us,  
So is our  
Heavenly  
Father  
constantly  
watching over us.



## IF THE SAVIOR STOOD BESIDE ME

If the Savior stood beside me, would I do the things I do?  
Would I think of his commandments and try harder to be true?  
Would I follow His example? Would I live more righteously,  
If I could see the Savior standing nigh, watching over me.

If the Savior stood beside me, would I say the things I say?  
Would my words be true and kind if He were never far away?  
Would I try to share the gospel? Would I speak more reverently,  
If I could see the Savior standing nigh, watching over me.

He is always near me, though I do not see him there.  
And because He loves me dearly I am in his watchful care.  
So I'll be the kind of person that I know I'd like to be,  
If I could see the Savior standing nigh, watching over me.

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In these last days there will be great divisions, arguing and fighting among the people. We must not allow our minds and hearts to be filled with hate, anger and fear, but, stay on the Lord's side, and be filled with love and faith, kindness and service.

In addition to following the words of our prophets, it is vital that we learn to listen and obey the still, small voice within us, and receive guidance for ourselves, and our families.

We are learning how to make right choices, not only by following gospel standards, but, also by following the voice of the spirit daily.

When I was about 18 years old, living in San Pablo, California with my sister Marian's family, my friend Judy Mickelson, from Manti, and I were on a Stake Mission. We decided that we would ask our Mission President Knackus, if he would give us a blessing for our eyes, so we wouldn't have to wear glasses anymore. Now, isn't that a vain ideal! He was gracious and consented to give us a blessing, but, it didn't seem to help our eyes. However, years later I realized that having poor eyesight, where I am so prone to focus on 'details', has really 'opened my spiritual eyes', so that instead of noticing so many 'worldly details', I have become more aware of 'feelings and spiritual insights'...so, perhaps the blessing helped more than I thought. The prayer wasn't answered the way I perceived that it should have been answered, or in the way I expected. There is a difference between man's ways and God's ways.

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The following story is an experience about being true to my gospel standards. I was 17 years old, and had just graduated from High School. One day a member of the Manti City Council came by my home and asked me if I would run for 'Miss Manti'. I was very surprised and flattered, and told him "Yes". As I learned more about what we were going to be doing, I began preparing a dance number to perform. But when I found out that we would also be expected to model a swimsuit, that was totally unacceptable to me!! Even though I had what the world would consider a really good figure, there is "no way" I would ever expose my body to scrutiny in that way. I had been taught to be modest in dress. So, I asked my good friend, Judy Mickelson if she would like to take my place. She agreed, and though it was disappointing, I felt good inside. I then took a trip to Blanding and had a nice visit with friends. When I returned to Manti they were having a 24th of July Parade, and they had a pretty float for Miss Manti and he attendants. The city council learned that I was back in town, and came to me again, and asked me to be one of the attendants (as they already did the judging) and 'ride on the float'. I was so happy!! I didn't really miss anything except a title, and I didn't have to compromise my standards in order to be honored with my friends. \*Joyce Madsen, one of my friends who did model her swimsuit said she would never do that again. She said it made her feel 'creepy' to have everyone staring at her in that way.



*Lara*



*Angels Watching Over Me*

One experience that stands out in my mind happened a little while after we moved from Bluewater, New Mexico to Blanding, Utah. Edward & Albert R. Lyman sold us 2 acres of land and didn't charge us nearly what it was worth. Daddy cleared off the Cedar trees, and began building us a home. He managed to buy an old CCC building and had it moved. He cut it in half, so that instead of the long barracks that it had been, it became an L-shaped building. After completing it, we started making adobes out of sawdust and mud. We used these to build a large chicken coop, with heavy plastic on the south side to keep it solar heated.

It was a hot summer day and I was about 6 years old, and a little girlfriend came to play with me, and we played in the unfinished chicken coop. We were having a fun time, when she made a suggestion of some inappropriate activity...(I don't even remember now what it was) but it mildly shocked me and I quickly declined because for some reason I didn't feel good about it. I sensed at that moment...that I had a heavenly audience around me...and even though I didn't want to do what had been suggested...I thought to myself, "How could I ever do anything wrong with this crowd around me?" It was probably my kids...who hadn't been born yet. They always tell me what things I can and can't do...and really try to protect me...even now!





I would usually hear a message 3 times in my mind before I would realize I was "being given an instruction" from someone unseen. I began hearing those ideas, but, didn't realize that there were always 2 voices. One was the new thought, and the other one was 'against' the new thought. This would create an argument inside of me. It wasn't until I was doing genealogy research full time, that I got to where the thought would come one time, and I would 'hear, recognize, and obey' it the first time, and not listen to the 2nd voice that gave me negative ideas, on "why" I couldn't do it. In that way I was lead to many records.



It was Dec. 25th, 1961, and Jeanie was 2 months old, when I was working around the house, and in my mind I heard the words to, "Call daddy, and wish him a Merry Christmas," and my first impulse was a really happy one. I would enjoy that so much! But then this thought came into my mind, "It will cost too much money." That was partially true. I had quit work and Don was in college. We were dependent on Don's part-time job at Penny's which paid us \$100 a month, and we were living in subsidized housing with our little 2 month old baby. Those were the 'facts', and the argument won out. I obeyed the 2nd voice, and didn't call. It hurt my feelings very badly, when my father, who had been in good health, had an artery burst, and died quickly the next day, on Dec. 26th. THEN, I realized that the money issue meant nothing, and the call to my father would have meant so much to both of us!! I didn't realize then, that we always hear two voices. A good 'suggestion', and then an 'argument' that immediately follows as to 'why' we can't do it.

I wouldn't have considered the money as 'being too much' if I had known that it would be a final visit on this earth with my father. Someone knew he would be gone the next day, but, I didn't recognize at the time that what I had received was a 'prompting' to do something from a 'Good Spirit' and then an 'argument' not to do it from an 'Evil Spirit'.

I just thought these thoughts were from my own mind.

But, the words of both have always remained with me.

One never forgets words that come this way.

## Recognizing the Spirit

We had just started our little family, and I wanted to know HOW to recognize when I was receiving a message like the important one I had just been 'reasoned out of.'

My sister, Marian, told me that when I hear this good spirit, which sounds like my own voice, and I just think the idea is coming from me ... when I realize that I am 'arguing' with someone, then I know the argument is coming from 'an opposing spirit', and what I received was a prompting. This is what gives us our 'choice'

A 'good' prompting has an automatic 'believe it not' or 'you can't do it' that accompanies it. (D&C Moses 5:13)

Satan doesn't offer any 'good original' thought. He just tries to 'stop' us from doing good. "There must be an opposition in all things." (2 Nephi 2:11)

It takes practice, and awareness, and sometimes heartache, to know the difference, and learn how to truly 'follow' the Savior.

(Christ-creates)	- vs -	(Satan-destroys)
(Faith)	- vs -	(Doubt & Fear)
(Happiness)	- vs -	(Sadness)

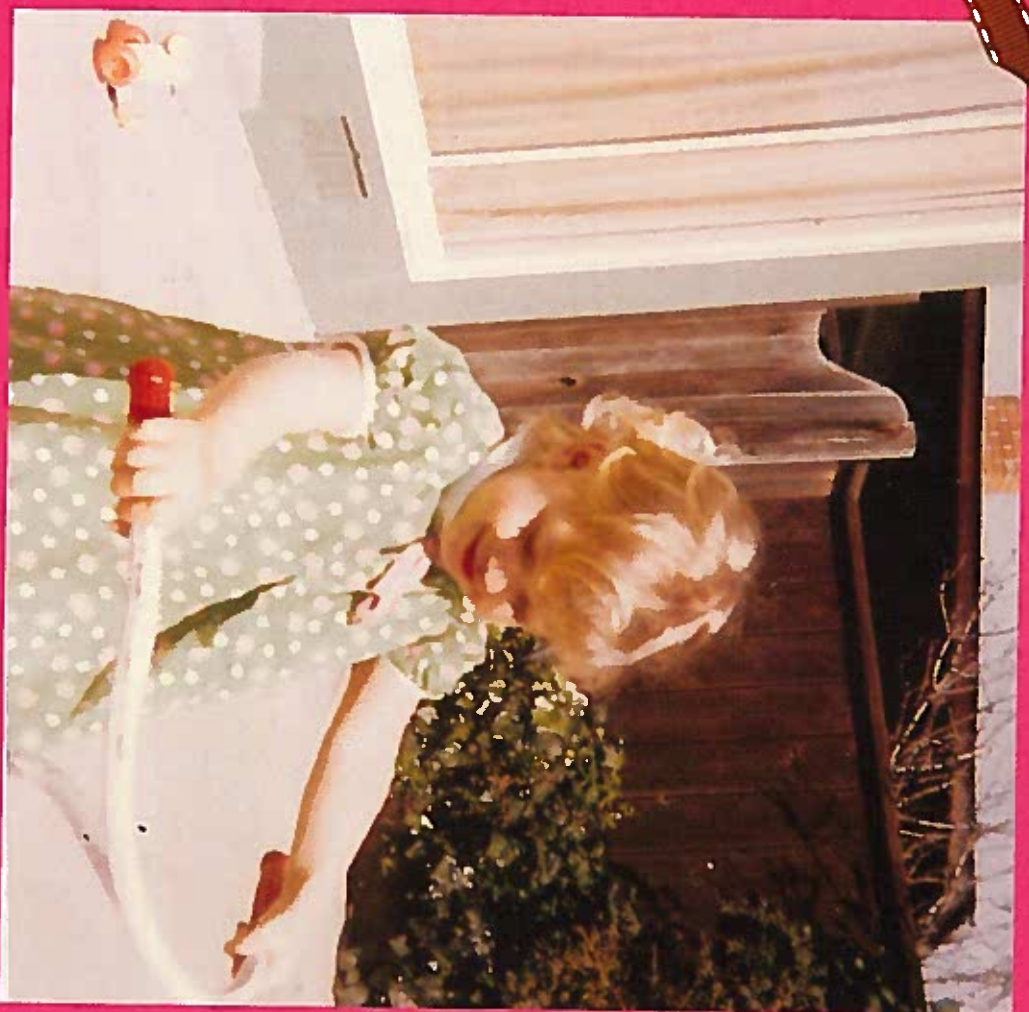


LaRee & Diana in San Leandro



Diana & Don, Blessing day!





Diana Joy Nooner

One summer day in San Lorenzo, California, I was in the Primary Presidency, and I was talking on the phone to one of the teachers. I was bearing my testimony to her on different things, and I got the prompting, "Go and check on Diana." Diana was about 3 years old, and we had a small backyard, with glass sliding doors (where I had been keeping an eye on her as I talked), and 2 gates that we kept locked. So, I wasn't worried, but couldn't see her right then, so I told the lady that I had to go. She kept talking and so I would answer her questions. Well, the voice came two more times, "Go and check on Diana!" I told the lady I HAD to go and hung up. I quickly stepped to the door, looked in the backyard and couldn't see her. I walked outside and the gate was open. That really scared me, because we lived in a residential subdivision, but, it was only about 2 blocks to a large highway, where our poodle had recently been hit and killed. So, I started walking quickly down the sidewalk, and turned the corner, heading for that highway. Just 2 houses before the highway, a lady came out to her front yard, and stopped me. She said, "Are you looking for a little girl?" I said, "Yes." and she said, "Well, I saw her heading for that big street, and asked her to come inside and wait."

I was very grateful & relieved at that moment! Diana could have been either injured, killed...or kidnapped. I didn't know this lady, and wouldn't have known where Diana was if she disappeared. But, as it turned out, a good lady was there when the Lord needed her to be, and took care of Diana for me, when I was too slow to obey.



We lived in an apartment in San Leandro, California, that had a swimming pool just outside our front door. I was afraid of Jeanie drowning, so I taught her to swim. She was just 2 years old, but, we would go out nearly every day and practice. I had gone to an apartment that backed up to our own, to leave some papers with a primary teacher. I was a counselor, and this teacher and another primary teacher were sitting there drinking coffee. I didn't know they drank, but, they asked me about it, and again, I was bearing my testimony and teaching them "why" it wasn't good to drink coffee. It was a nice, sunny day, and Jeanie was going up and down the long flight of stairs, and their door was open.

But, I heard this voice, "Go and check on Jeanie." I tried to leave, but, they kept engaging me in conversation, and I kept answering. Well, the third time, I heard, "Go and check on Jeanie." and this time, I just told them I HAD to go. I looked out on the stairs where she had been just shortly before, but she wasn't there. I looked carefully up and down the street as I walked home, then I went to the swimming pool. My heart was beating pretty fast by now...but, she wasn't there either. I was beginning to get frantic!



But, just then, our apartment house manager came around the corner, and saw me by the pool, and called out to me. She said, "Are you looking for Jeanie?" and I said, "Yes." She said, "I came out and saw her swimming in the pool in her clothes, and looked around and couldn't see you. I knew she could swim, but, sometimes kids get scared or excited and get into trouble, so, I asked her to get out, and come and get dry in my apartment, and that is where she is now."

I was so relieved and grateful for God's intervention that averted a possible tragedy!



LaRee, Jeanie & Don  
Blessing day.



Jeanie by the Pool



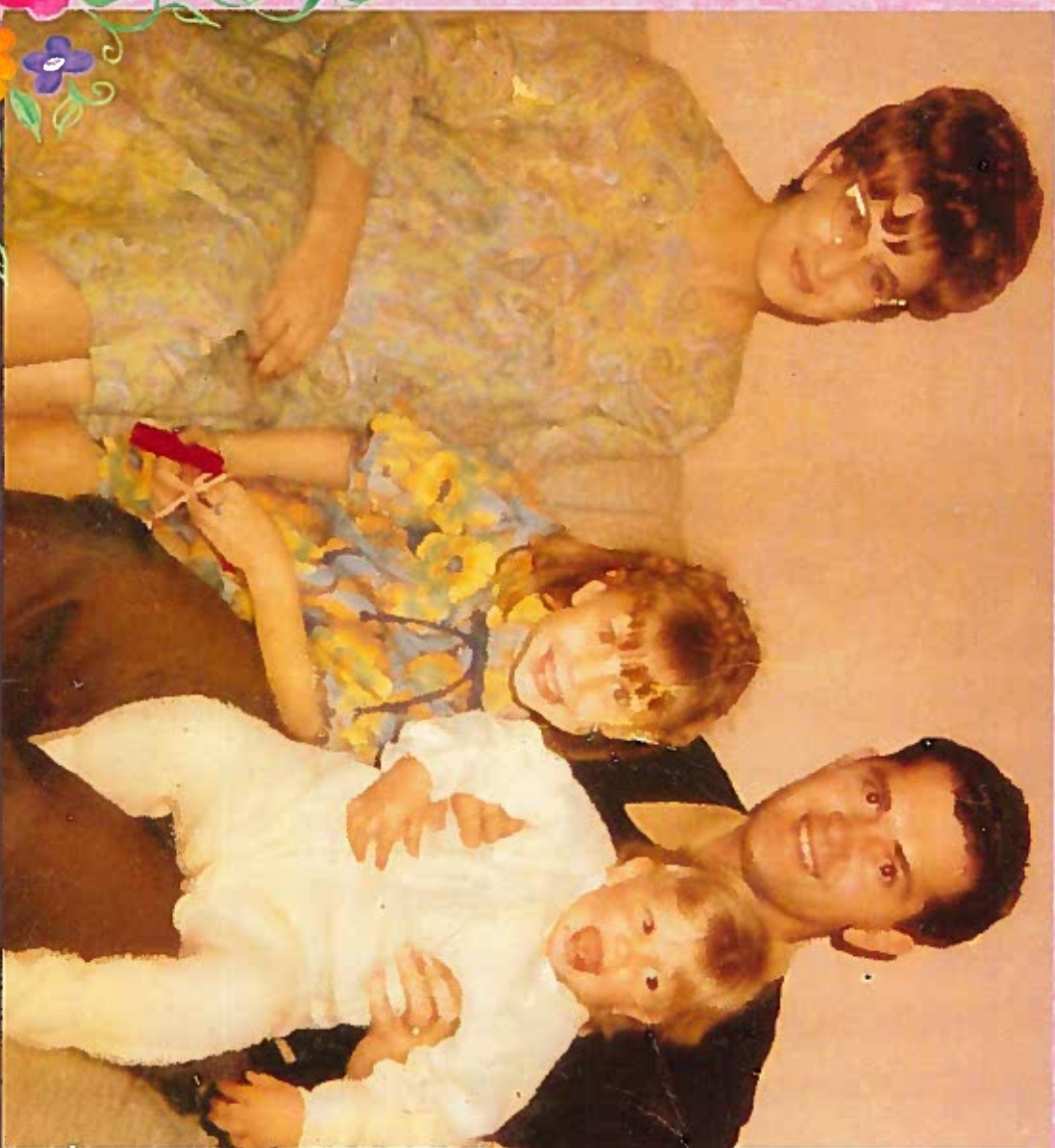
I was so thankful that someone was looking out for my children while I was doing my church work. I was grateful for the promptings, even though I hadn't followed them promptly as I should have...but, thankful that the Lord had provided other people to help...probably knowing I would be slow to answer.

It has taken me a lifetime to learn to 'hear', 'recognize' and 'obey' that 'still, small voice' of the spirit...that sometimes gets a little more urgent and I finally recognize and obey it the third time!! (Read 3 Nephi 11:6)

When I use words like 'the veil' or 'angels', let me just clarify that when we had a spirit body living in the spirit world, we were preparing to come here to this earth, to be given a physical body that encases our spirit body, to go through a test that requires us to make our choices away from the presence of our Father in Heaven. A 'veil' separates us from the Spirit world and from our past memory, so that we can use our free agency to make choices. We have already chosen to follow Christ's plan, which is...to come to earth and get a body, and to see if we will choose to be with God throughout eternity, and become like He is. To be able to create worlds and have children like He has, or to live singly and separately throughout the rest of eternity. The 'angels' are God's children who live in the spirit world, who are allowed to come and help us.

Many times they are our family who **WILL** live, or who **HAVE ALREADY LIVED** here on this earth.

They all belong to this earth.



LaRee, (expecting Lori)  
Jeanie, Don & Diana





# MY

## y Best Friend



When I was about 10 or 11 years old something happened so unexpectedly that I didn't even think to tell anyone...not even my parents, nor did I think of it much in the following years, until I was in my early 40's...and then I began to reflect and wonder what it meant, and why it was given...



One day I had spent hours hiking up around the knoll on the North end of town where I had a hideout in some big rocks near the top of Westwater canyon. It was nearing sundown, and I had begun walking down the gravel road toward home. I was about a block away when I heard a voice in my mind say, "LaRee...would you like to see the Savior today?"

I impulsively blurted out "NO!" and my quick, sharp rejection of the invitation shocked me and I felt badly that I had been so abrupt. So, I tried to soften my reply by explaining, "I am already so different, and if I saw the Savior, I wouldn't have any friends." I'm glad I added this explanation, because years later, it was the thing I remembered as to "why" I had refused. I ALWAYS regretted that I had been so hasty, and know now that seeing the Savior would have blessed my life and others, and I would have felt "less lonely" than I did. I would have felt His great love, and that would have caused me to have been a better friend to others, and who knows what else would have been accomplished by my acceptance of this invitation. So, if this should happen to you...PLEASE learn from my experience and be ready and willing to say "Yes". It has helped me appreciate Mary of Nazareth's humility, trust, willingness and obedience

when she said, "Be it unto me..."



Since that day, these are thoughts that I have pondered:

If the Savior were here today, would I be like Peter and deny him? Am I the Savior's true friend NOW, or would I desert him for the sake of "having friends" or "anything else to be found on this earth"? I realize now that if it meant not being friends with the Savior, having any friends at that cost wouldn't be worth it. I didn't realize that my new classmates were mostly cousins to each other. Having moved from a small town, and having had a close feeling with my cousins and family, I understood that feeling. I couldn't seem to find the same feeling that I had felt before, that I truly belonged.

Perhaps I was searching for the same 'kinship' feeling that I had in Bluewater. When we moved to Blanding, Mrs. Stevens said I knew everything she would be teaching in the 1st grade, and they immediately put me in the 2nd grade, so I was younger than the others in my class. But, in church, they kept me with my age group. So, I became a 'follower' at school, and a 'leader' at church. My friends in both age groups were good and kind to me and I admired the greatness I recognized in each of them, but I didn't seem to really belong with either group, although I mostly gravitated to the younger group, as I was with them during most of my church activities. But then, I would be with my school class during school activities. And then, I associated a great deal with the Indians, as I went many places with my parents on their Indian mission. I helped out at the Indian school that my dad taught. I did feel I was different. I know now that we were all children, trying to learn 'who we were', and doing the best we could in many diversified, trying and difficult situations. But I have come to realize through the years that

CHRIST is and has always been my BEST FRIEND, even though in my aloneness, I unwisely refused the kind invitation to see Him.







## Sometime We'll Understand

The scream of the siren broke the silence of the Sunday morning, as the ambulance turned the corner into our subdivision. I didn't want anything to break the feeling of peace that I had just felt. It had all started a couple of hours ago, when I had made trip after trip to our bathroom, each time flushing red-colored water. I was 6 months pregnant.

My husband, Don, had gotten up and had started getting ready for Priesthood meeting, but then decided not to go, and came back to bed...which was very unusual for him. He NEVER missed his meetings. But, as it turned out, it must have been inspiration, because I was so groggy, and this was so familiar to me, that I hadn't even thought to mention to him what was going on. It wasn't too long after that I suddenly became too weak to take care of myself. I didn't know I was hemorrhaging. That was when I called out for Don to come and help me.

He helped me get back to bed, and then he called the church, and asked our bishop to come quickly. In the meantime, I delivered the baby myself. Bishop Bob Smoot, and his wife came over, and he and Don gave me a blessing. In the blessing he told me that the little spirit that I had just lost "would be mine" in the resurrection. He said the prompting had come to his mind three times before he said it.

I knew this was a special baby boy, because 8 months before, I had received a dream. In my dream I was in a doctor's office, with my sister, and a little boy came in. He was so beautiful that it took my breath away. He was about 2 years old, and he had blond curly hair and beautiful blue eyes. He was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen! Then a voice said to me, "This is your little boy!" So I began eating better and trying to prepare my body to have him, but, it was only a couple of months until I found I was expecting. I had carried him 6 months, but a couple of weeks before, I had begun to have a problem. I called the Doctor, but he didn't have me come in or even ask to check me. He just told me to go to bed...which I did..but now I was in trouble.

Don and I went in the ambulance to the hospital, and I was so weak, I couldn't even ask to see the baby...which I really wanted to do, because of my dream.

One of the little girls I carried for 6 months, but she had died at 4 months. I held her lifeless body in my hand, and looked at the cute little face, fingers, and toes, with tears running down my face because she had not made it. Many days found me at my piano playing and singing through tears of deep sorrow,

"Sometime, sometime we'll understand."





**J**ednie,  
**C**indy,  
**L**ori,  
**D**iana, &  
**A**licia



*I had 45 pregnancies in my life, but only ended up with 5 living children. In the latter part of my child-bearing years, at age 38, some of my friends were having hysterectomies, and I wondered about that alternative for myself. My main concern was that losing babies was causing me to neglect spending quality time with and taking better care of the children I already had. I prayed about that decision and sought professional counseling as I felt that I just "had to be sure" what to do.*

At Stake Conference, I listened to a member of our Stake Presidency who was a counselor at BYU, speak, and he invited any of us who had problems to feel free to come and talk to him at his office. Needless to say, I met him out in the foyer and made an appointment. Then I realized I couldn't "talk" about the pain I felt. I knew I would just cry and blubber incoherently and he wouldn't even know "why" I had come. So I wrote down the way I felt...and when I got to his office, I told him that I couldn't talk about my problem, but, would he just read the 10 pages I had written, and give me his opinion. He read it quietly, and then talked to me about it. That really helped to have him confirm my decision, and share his feelings. He said that in his marriage, he tried hard to help his wife 'feel successful,' and did not ask more of her than she felt she could do. I told him I felt that I should not do anything that would permanently prevent me having a child because I felt strongly about 'multiplying and replenishing' the earth, but there were times when I felt I should practice some birth control measures, to give my body time for rest and renewal, and he agreed with me.

To try to get my babies here was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life!! It left me emotionally, physically and mentally exhausted!! Because with each of the pregnancies, I went through labor, and experienced the loss of a baby. This was just as hard on me emotionally as if I had actually held each of them in my arms...and then they died. I got to where I could not even stand to "touch a baby," and, this is where our bishop received inspiration on my behalf.





*My niece, Diana Ballard, came over to my home and just had a little baby girl named Heather. She wanted me to hold her. I have always loved Diana. I lived with her family for a year. I also babysat her often, and felt as close to her as if she had been one of my own daughters (which is why I named one of my daughters after her). I wanted more than anything to have held her baby, but as I tried and failed, I had to tell her that I just could not bring myself to even touch her baby girl. The look of pleading and rejection that appeared in her eyes really hurt me. That was when I realized where I was, emotionally. Then, a couple of weeks later, Bishop Smoot called and asked me to work in the nursery with the babies. I felt there was no way I could do it, and in despair I muttered to myself, "Heavenly Father, how could you?"*

*But, I have never refused a call, and when the Bishop set me apart, in the priesthood blessing he told me that "I was becoming more like my mother in heaven every day. He also said that we would have more posterity in this life."*

*That blessing was given August 1974.*

*Our next and last child, Alicia was born March 1983...*

*(9 years later, and 21 years after our first daughter).*

*Somehow being set apart by that blessing comforted me, and within 2 weeks I was holding the babies!! I was VERY surprised! It was kind of like when a horse bucks you off, you have to get right back up again. But, it is more than that. There is healing power in the Priesthood, and in the revelation that accompanies it.*

Diana Ballard, baby Heather, & LaRae



*I had forgotten the bishop's promise given years earlier, and prayed many times whether I should keep trying to have children, and had not received an answer. But one day, as I was working around my house in Orem, Utah, I walked into a room, leaned against the counter, and said, "Heavenly Father, I just HAVE to know what to do!" and immediately, into my mind came the words...forcefully, I might add, "NO! You have one more!...or two."*

*I believe we should always include the Lord in our decision to have children because we don't know who or how many we promised in the pre-mortal world to bring into our family.*





It was about 3-4 years later when Alicia, was finally born. I was 42 years old. She was so full of love, and she brought such comfort to me. Waiting for her was well worth it. But, because of the words... "or two," I kept trying to get that 'promised' second one here, but it didn't happen like I thought it would. When Alicia was in high school, we were asked to accept a young girl whose mother had died, into our home to live. When I prayed about her living with us, into my mind came the words, "...or two." Then, I understood the former instruction. Alicia was eleven years younger than our 4th daughter, and her sisters were all married, Chrisanne Smalley became her wonderful friend and companion, so she wasn't so lonesome. What a wonderful blessing that was!! With all my planning I couldn't have worked that out any better. All things work together for our good, if we will trust the Lord. But, I did have questions.



In Orson Pratt's book, "The Seer" he explains that when we plant a garden, there are some seeds that sprout and grow, and some who never grow at all. Because any seed, in order to grow even in the embryo stage, has to have a spirit, and be alive, or it cannot grow. I remember that as a child, we always planted 3-4 corn, pea or squash seeds in every hole, because we knew that some would grow, and some wouldn't.

Orson Pratt says that "It is the organized spirit that manifests life; it is the spirit that animates the vegetable, that causes it to grow, that shapes its different parts, that preserves it from decaying, that enables it to bud and blossom and bring forth seed. When the spiritual vegetable withdraws, the natural one decays and returns to its original elements, but its spirit, being a living substance, remains in its organized form, capable of happiness in its own sphere, and will again inhabit a celestial tabernacle when all things are made new."

I might mention here too, that in my life, we have had about 30 children live with us for a period of 6 months or more. These were mostly family members, who had a special need at the time, to be in our home.







I had seen and heard about so much abuse of children, and I felt that if I would have as many as I could, we would take care of them, and they wouldn't have to suffer what I had seen happening out in the world. I had read the books, "No Language But a Cry" and "A Child Called It" and "A Man Called Dave"...and it confirmed in my mind the feeling I had, to protect and love as many children as I could, and give them a good stable home.



We had many children come to live with us from time to time including a beautiful foster Navajo daughter, Delores Spencer, who stayed with us for 11+ years, and she & her family have remained a part of our lives.



Because of the sorrow and loss I felt, I wrote a letter to President Spencer W. Kimball, telling him that when women had stillborn children, that is, those who carried a baby to full-term and then the baby died just before birth, there would be a funeral, and the parents were given a promise that the child would be theirs in the resurrection, and so they didn't need to mourn for the child. However, I was also having "stillborn" children, and yet my babies died sooner, even though I went through the labor and all the things that other women did, yet, I had NO PROMISE of having them in the resurrection. This is what made me feel that perhaps I was "wasting" my time, and "risking" my life, "neglecting" doing many things with my living children, trying to get babies here...and there seemed to be no earthly purpose to it. I had dreams of many of these children who "didn't make it," and that caused me to have many more questions.

One day a letter was delivered to me by Bishop Smoot, signed by President Kimball and his counselors, where he said that he understood how I felt, and indeed there was nothing in the scriptures on it, but, that these questions would all be answered at the time of the Savior's coming. He referred me to D&C 101:32 "...in that day when the Lord shall come, he shall reveal all things." So, now I know where to go to find my comfort, and my answers...because, YES!!

"Sometime, sometime we'll understand."





The thing that helped the most however, was one evening, Bishop Robert and Gaye Smoot, and Don and I, went together to the Provo Temple to do a session. When we got there, it was very crowded, as it was the end of the month. We sat up on the stand, while the temple presidency gave talks, and we sang songs, waiting for our turn to go to an endowment room. It was a very pleasant experience. But, the next morning, I got up, and almost immediately had the desire to go to the temple again. So, I slipped into my Sunday dress, put on my nylon stockings and high heels, and went downstairs, ready to leave for the temple. Don saw me dressed up, asked where I was going, and said, "Well, if you will wait just a little while, I have some people coming over to talk about my business, and when they leave I will go with you." Since I would always rather go with Don, I said, "Alright."



I puttered around the kitchen, (I mean, there is not much you can do dressed up in heels, in a kitchen) as I listened to him talk to the people in the next room, but after they left, some others came, and then FINALLY...the last one left, and it was 5:00 pm. I was so excited. At last we could go! But then Don instead of coming into the kitchen where I was, disappeared. I went looking for him and found him upstairs, lying down on our bed. He said, "I am so tired. I just don't feel like going now."

He might as well have dropped a bomb on me...because I burst into tears. I was sooo disappointed!! Here I had waited ALL DAY for him, and now he didn't want to go!! But, he saw my tears and realized my deep disappointment, and then said,

"Oh, all right. If it means that much to you..I'll go."



So, we got in the car, and talked things out all the way to the Temple. He had said he was sorry, and I forgave him, and I didn't feel bad anymore.

We drove to the Temple, but I was unable to stop the tears that were still trickling down my face. We parked on the street near the temple. I felt I couldn't go in the Lord's house and cry in front of all the people when really nothing was wrong anymore. I felt that if one little lady noticed something wrong and came up and put her arm around my shoulder, or talked to me in a caring way, I would just 'lose it'. I couldn't take even a hint of sympathy or pity.

A scripture came to my mind, that we should "cast our burdens on the Lord". But, I didn't feel I should disrupt the order of the temple with my emotions (or body) out of control. So, not knowing what else to do, I asked Don to take me home. We were almost home when a voice came to my mind that said,

"LaRee, go back to the temple...

the Savior is there today."





Immediately all tears stopped, like someone had turned off a faucet. I asked Don to take me home so I could wash my face, and then we needed to go back to the temple. So, we went back. 4,167 people went through that day. As we were standing in line, waiting to get into the chapel, I was standing by a couple who had been in the bishopric with Paul Graves (my convert when I was on my mission). They told us all the good that Paul was doing in the ward. As I walked into the chapel, President Glen Clarke was giving a talk. Then, another member of the presidency had us all sing,

"I Stand All Amazed",  
"Oh, My Father", and  
"I Know That My Redeemer Lives."



As we sang the last song, tears just streamed down my face, as I saw the Savior standing in the air, up at the front, and his feet were above the head of Temple President Gunther. It made him look very tall. I loved Him so much, and He loved me, and I felt thrilled and happy to be that close to Him. I felt his love for me. All the pain and sorrow that I previously felt was gone, and I felt healed both mentally and emotionally. I never knew that much love even existed. That night, after the session, I went home, and wanted everyone to feel as much love as I had felt that night. That became my determination, commitment and my goal, to have everyone feel the love of the Savior.



*Doris & William Child,  
Gwen & LaRee*



"Families  
Can Be  
Together  
Forever"





On Sunday, April 12th, 1992, Don and I were asked to speak for 20 minutes in the Jordan River Temple. That day, every endowment room was filled, including the large assembly room, and TV cameras were set up in all rooms. There were between 400-600 people in attendance.

Don gave a very short talk on his supporting role in assisting me in doing the genealogy and temple work. He read part of his blessing, where it said he would receive personal revelation and heavenly messengers would be sent to bring him names that were not to be found on the earth. He said so far the only revelation he had received was to marry me, and the only angel he had seen was me. Then, he turned it over to me, and sat down.

My talk just flowed. I talked fast and didn't struggle over ideas or words. The words weren't as important as the feelings, but somehow they all filled in where they were supposed to be.



I didn't read my talk, and I added new inspiration some of which I received while sitting on the stand, waiting my turn. I realized that the high ceilings which have been built in the temple, were no mistake, because I felt that congregations are there and that we can feel who has come for the ordinances, and also their friends and loved ones. I got my intention clear, and didn't worry about the method.

I started by saying that the purpose of my talk was to bear testimony of the connection between the Spirit World and our Mortal World. Then, I supported that concept. My experiences just bubbled out. I had no notes and just spoke from my heart, and held their full attention. It was as if I could see every person's eyes. I have never had an experience or feeling quite like it. I was the second speaker and I gave the essence of the following talk:

\*\*\*\*\*

AND YOUR PATH

I called my kitchen table, the gathering place of Israel, for that's where Israel was being gathered from the books and papers stacked there. We didn't eat on that table for about 2 months. I researched day and night, at the Family History Library in SLC, and through my own boxes of records. I began getting flashes of inspiration and then would go to the records and documents to prove the ideas. Then, I began noticing that there were heavenly visitors in my home, that I had been unaware of before. Soon I realized I was being told their stories by them. Our home was filled with them, clear out the walls, and beyond, for one and a half months. I would get a dream and 'see' a piece of paper that I had written 20 years before, so I'd get up sometimes at 3:00 in the morning and search through my boxes until I'd find it, and enter it into the records. Or, I would stay up, many times, until 5:00 in the morning, because pieces of the puzzle were fitting together...families were being organized."

"Then, one day, as I was at the Family History Library, the Spirit whispered to me to go home and quit researching, and submit what I had to the Temple. So, I stopped, and began filling out the family group sheets. I submitted over 100 family group sheets and had over 500 names cleared for temple work."



"My daughter, Cindy, came up from Dixie College to do some of the baptisms, and Brother Karchner, (from Blanding) who worked in the baptistry, told her that she was in every way, except literally, that person. She could communicate with them at that time. So, as she did each baptism, she would bear her testimony to them, or tell them she loved them, and other messages she felt they needed. She would actually feel their spirit until she went under the water. She would come up out of the water, expecting to feel the same one, but, found that when she came up, it would be a different person.

So, we began applying that principle to all the work we did in the temple. As we did initiatory work, I would pause in the inner booth, or bear my testimony of the Book of Mormon, or the church, or tell them I loved them, or whatever there was time to do. Sometimes, I would feel their spirit as I went through, and could feel their thoughts. These ranged from "wonder" to "pure love and acceptance" of the gospel, and for me. It gave me an idea of whose lines to work on when I went back to research. Many times the workers would feel the ancestor's spirit, and they could hardly talk. It was an additional witness to me that they were indeed there. The workers were thrilled to assist in our family names. We used the same principle with the endowment and the work came alive.

The ancestors were there with us. Only one time did I feel a negative feeling from any of them, and it was **STRONG!** In the endowment room, it felt as if the person I was doing, got up and left...right up through the ceiling on the right hand side of the room. But, later, when I was doing Sealings, (sealing the families together), she was there, she was calm, and I felt that she approved and 'liked that. ' "

"Being a mother, first of all, I was concerned about the amount of time spent away from my family. So, one day, just before Christmas, my mother, who has been dead for about 34 years, came to an endowment session and briefly told me two things. #1 - She would watch over my children while I did this work, and #2- "The thing that would bring me the most joy when I went beyond the veil, would be to do Genealogy and Temple work the rest of my life." (I should have asked her how long that would be!) I did tell her that now that my youngest daughter was in school, I had plans to work on my long-neglected music, painting, summarizing journals, writing and reading, but she just chuckled, and said that would be fine if I had the time, but, then repeated her former message again. "The thing that would bring me the most joy when I went beyond the veil would be to do Genealogy and Temple work the rest of my life." She stayed with me through the rest of the session until I went down to the dressing rooms to put on my street clothes. I spent some time thinking about what she had said.

She had spent the last 2 years of her life doing our family names in the Manti Temple, and I figured she must have known what she was talking about. I have since had two priesthood blessings in which I was told that the angels were with my children and they were in good hands, and not to worry. "



"One other quick experience - on the last day of February, I went to the Salt Lake Temple to do some sealings on my father's line, with my cousin, Fred Gagon. While we were kneeling at the altar, I felt my grandmother, Amanda Taylor and her sister, Lydia Taylor who was Fred's grandmother. I felt their presence and their love for us. I saw stairs going up the middle of the room, then slowly realized that they weren't stairs, but, couples standing together in order, waiting for their sealings. Tears streamed down both our faces. "



"As Fred and I did those sealings I felt generations of people above us sending us their love. It was an overwhelming, joyful feeling."

"After awhile, I traded places with Fred's wife, Corrine, and sat down in one of the chairs in the room, while she took a turn with Fred. Then, my father, William Child, who had been dead for 33 years, came into the room, and sat down beside me in an empty chair, and I felt wave after wave of love come from him. He stayed for some of the sealings, then arose from his chair and started walking slightly upward, toward the altar. In my feelings I called out, "Oh, daddy, don't leave me!", and I saw him in my minds' eye, turn and say, "Oh, you knew I was here!" and he came back and stayed for the rest of the sealings. It was such a wonderful experience. From his comment, it made me wonder if he had visited me at other times, and I hadn't been aware of him."

"My testimony to you is that we are not here doing the work for the "dead". We are here to do the work for the "living"! Amen."

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There was the loudest "AMEN!" from the stand behind me where the Temple Presidency, Brother Bangarter, Brother Lee and other Temple workers were seated, that it almost brought me to my knees! They lost their strength but, thankfully, I didn't fall down. I hadn't even been aware of the people behind me, till then.

Brother Rupp, in charge of sealing groups said to me, "You've had lots of those experiences, haven't you?" I replied, "Yes".

Brother Barker thanked us several times for our talks, and said it was just what they needed. Everything we said, and the Spirit too."

The Temple President, Brother and Sister Bangarter, met us at the front door of the temple as we were leaving and thanked us for the spirit we had brought to the meeting. Others had kind comments too. It was a wonderful experience. We returned to the temple on Thursday, April 16th, and did 120 sealings...among whom was Lanta Elmer Starr (Don's grandmother).

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The other day I was reading in the Book of Mormon, and it was Lehi saying that there must be an opposition in all things; even the forbidden fruit in opposition to the tree of life; the one being sweet and the other bitter. "Man could not act for himself save it should be that he was enticed by the one or the other." (2 Nephi 2:16)

It really caught my attention, and I understood something that I had taught all my life, but, never fully understood the full meaning.

A short while before I was explaining to my little grandson, Jackson, that we have a good spirit on one shoulder, and a bad spirit on the other shoulder, each trying to get us to follow them. We need to decide which one we will follow. One would make us sad, and the other, happy.

Nor too long after that, he came home from school and told his mom that in school that day, a little girl came and shoved him down onto the ground. He started to get angry, but then he said, "I listened to my shoulder" and he...right at that moment, DID KNOW that it was best to just 'let it go' and not get mad. I was very proud of him for choosing the right spirit to follow.

I have begun to more fully realize the amount of choices we have EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY...when WE are deciding which spirit we choose to follow. From the time we get up in the morning...we have nothing but choices...

"And Elijah...said, How long will ye halt between 2 opinions?  
If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."  
(1 Kings 18:21)



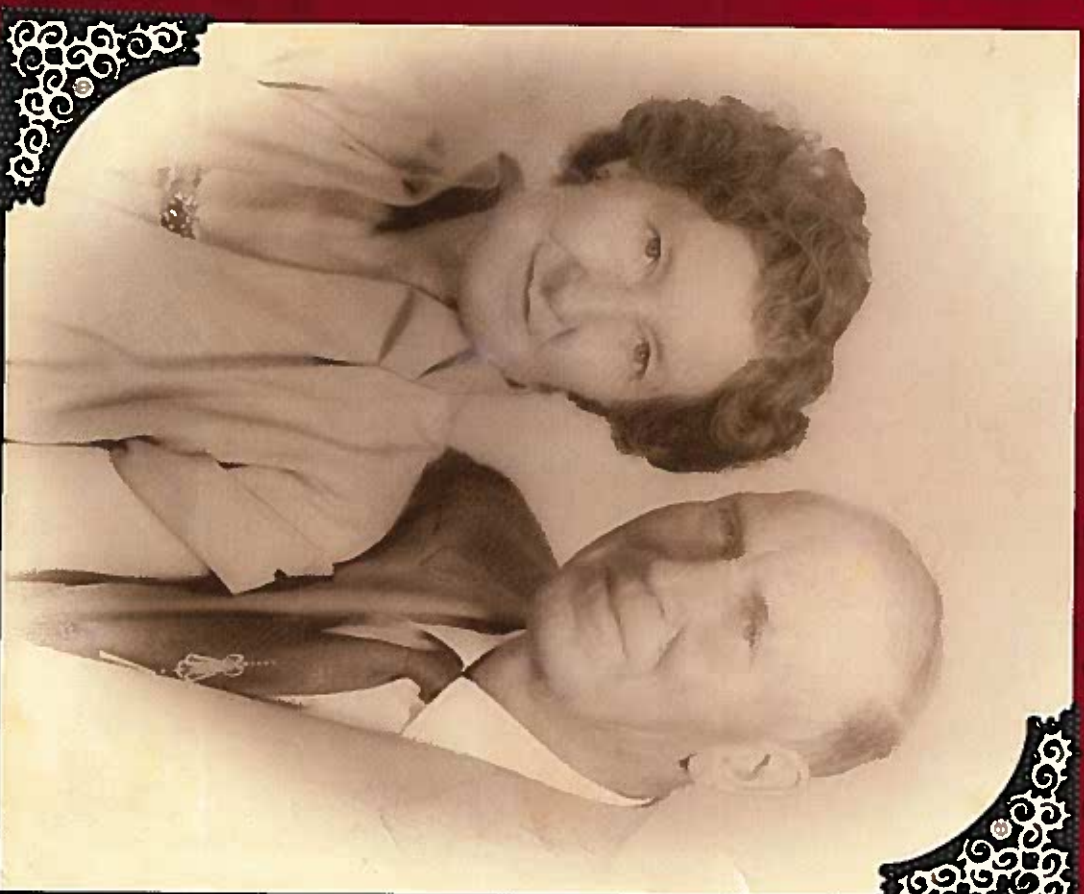
Why I waited to have my first kiss over the altar in the temple.

I would like to share the reason WHY I decided, very early in my life, not to "kiss" the boys I dated. This is very important to me, because I met the man I was supposed to marry, at the right time in my life, in the right way, and I was prepared...because of the training of my parents and one lesson from a substitute Mutual (Young Woman) teacher.

One day I was sitting at the kitchen table in Blanding, and my mother was finishing up the dishes, and somehow in our conversation she brought up the subject of boys. She told me that she had decided early in her life, not to kiss the boys on her dates. She had been strict and true to her standards and to her parents, and because of this, her plans had been changed, and instead of marrying a boy who she "thought" she loved, she married the man she had "chosen" before this life. I knew her story, and her fun experiences in dating, and the gratitude I felt to her for the way she had kept herself "chaste" for her husband, who had also kept himself "chaste" for her! The Lord brought them together at the right time. She was 26 years old when she got married, which is a little old for a girl. But, my father had gone on a mission, married, had children, and then his wife had died, and left 3 children to raise. My mother was exactly the age she needed to be to have the maturity to help raise his children, and still be young enough to have children of her own (she had 5).

She was living in Wyoming with her sister, Laura and Sam Young when a young cowboy there asked her to marry him. But, because of some mis-information, her mother had asked her to come back home to Bluewater, New Mexico to live.

My Parents, William & Doris Child



mom through  
Eternity



She didn't want to leave, but her blessing had told her to be obedient to her mother, so she went. In the meantime, Grandpa Ernst Tiefjen, was on a train, and sat next to William Warren Child, and as they got acquainted, grandpa asked William to write to his daughter, Doris. So, he did and we still have those letters. They are so cute as they get acquainted. After about 6 months, William asked Doris to meet him at the Salt Lake Temple and marry him, and she agreed.

There was a problem that happened in my dad's life, before he had proposed to Doris. He became concerned about it, and counseled with my grandfather, Ernst about what to do. It caused Doris to think that he might not be a "clean" man, and she felt very badly. One night she had a dream that she was walking down the street arm in arm with Marion Day (another boy from Wyoming), and they were laughing and talking and she felt very much in love with him. When she looked across the street, and saw William coming toward them, he was "shining white"...and all of a sudden, ALL of her love went to him, and the feelings she had felt for Marion left, and all she wanted was William. THEN she KNEW that my father was a clean man. (She named her first daughter, Marian, maybe because she missed out on becoming 'Doris Day').

So, knowing this experience of my mother, and being grateful to have had her choose a man of the caliber of my father, (through him we inherited a royal lineage) also, being taught one lesson by a substitute teacher, a Sister Black in Blanding, Utah...she had 9 children, and they were all so reverent when they came to Sacrament Meetings, and I had been so impressed by their example that when she told me that she and her husband had their FIRST KISS over the altar in the Temple, I set that as my goal!!

But, I found out too late...

that doesn't make your kids reverent in Church!



So, there at the kitchen table that day, my mother told me that usually all the boys wanted when they were in high school, was the "experience of kissing"...that they really weren't thinking of marriage and love at this time in their lives. Most of them would just kiss whoever they liked and some, whoever they thought was willing. But, that if I would wait until I was in college, I would have 'my pick' of whoever I wanted to marry, because that was the age they began thinking of a permanent, long term relationship. They would want someone who was "all theirs". Kind of like a stick of gum...you would rather have one that 'didn't stick to the bedpost overnight'...but, the one that was clean in a nice wrapper.

She asked my dad to tell me if he thought this was true, and he shared with me how the boys feel also, and his version was about the same as hers, and I believed them. She told me that when we hug and kiss a person, our bodies get aroused, and we want to be close to the other persons' body. So, we don't know whether it is our bodies that "love" each other, or if our spirit truly "loves" the other person's spirit!! If we will "keep the body out of the way", then, our spirit is free to "Make the decision" and choose a person who has a "compatible spirit" that is in accord with their own spirit. After we are married, we will have the added dimension of the physical love also. But, in this way, we have made the wisest choice that will give us the partner with whom we can begin building an eternal relationship with, without the temptation of making a serious mistake!! A woman needs to marry a man who will help her and their children reach the Celestial Kingdom.

This solidified my resolve, and set my standard so strong, that one time when a boy asked me to kiss him the night before I was moving away, I was startled when I said "NO!" instantly and firmly!! Then, feeling sorry, because I really liked him, and he was a good friend, I explained 'why' and shared my goal with him.





We remained good friends. I never lost the friendship of a good boy because of my standards. On my dates, when others would be "making out", I would try to get them all to 'get out of the car', and go on walks through the trees, play tic-tac-toe in the steam on the car windows, and try to keep our dates "fun". I liked to ice skate, hike, bike, ride horses and dance. Of course, I would get teased, and I guess it was more obvious than I knew. One boy was driving me home, we picked up another one who said, "How is it going?" and the first one said, "Fine, LaRee has kissed me twice already!!" ... The other one said, "That's enough. It's my turn now." Then they both laughed. So, they must have talked some about me. And in the Senior Year Book, they put under my picture, "Looking for Him!" ... if that didn't hit the nail on the head!! Strange, because I hadn't shared my standards with anyone.

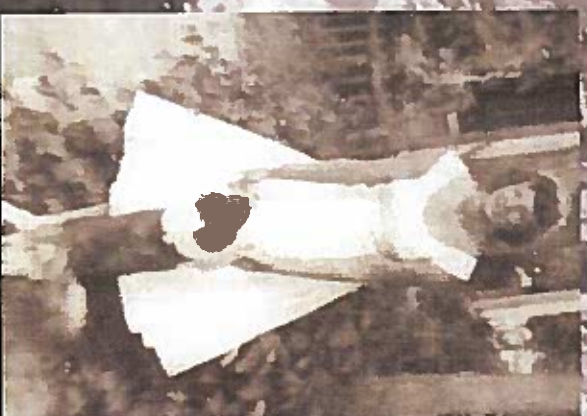
When I moved back to that small town, after I was married and had a family, and I would meet those boys, I only felt their respect for me, and I didn't feel any shame. It was a Great Feeling!!

## BECOMING ME

Exploring our 'vacant' home in Blanding after Graduation.



LaRee in Manti with dog, Kris



LaRee at Hideout in Blanding



LaRee Child  
LaRee has a smile that makes her tick. And for being a Child, she's some chick.



LaRee Child  
Today -- Looking for "him".  
Tomorrow -- Beautiful bride.





Don on his Mission



LaRae  
on  
Stake  
Mission





## Love Comes softly & Unexpectedly

### Finding my Eternal Companion



I met Donnie James Nooner while he was on his mission. I was impressed with the way he was constantly "serving" everyone!! If people came into church late, he would quickly jump up, usher them to a seat, find them a song book, and act as if this was his church, and they were his guests!! He made everyone feel welcome. He had the missionary spirit, and LOVED the work. My girlfriend, Judy Mickelson, had come out from Manti, and we served a Stake Mission full time - 8 hours a day tracing & giving discussions for 2 months, and then months longer than that, just as normal stake missionaries.

My brother-in-law, LeRoy Rhoades, who we were living with, was the Ward Mission Leader, so the full-time missionaries would come to our home every Sunday to teach the ward missionaries the lessons. We were kind of 'thrown together' you might say...and we both loved missionary work!! However, in the process, we also, learned to love each other. The Lord had arranged the best kind of courtship for me!! I could keep my standards and also observe the qualities and spirit of a young man who I came to admire. He could also observe mine, without either of us breaking any missionary rules. We discovered later that he and I both had a testimony that we were going to marry the other one, although we had never talked about it with each other.

We were both very strict. We did shake hands at church however. That was our only physical contact. I learned to KNOW his spirit, and loved it!! I think that is important, because after we were married, and when we would disagree, I would try to look "beyond" the grievance, and instead, see the beautiful spirit inside of him that I loved. My thoughts were not turned to thinking, "Well, I wonder if I married the right man?" but, instead, I would think, "I KNOW that Don is the right person for me, so, now, how do I solve this problem." And my thoughts would all be turned toward "how to solve a problem" instead of looking around for a different partner. That directed or focused my energy in the right way, instead of my spending so much time and energy on useless thought.

But, I didn't know I had made the decision to marry him, until one evening the missionaries had been over to my sisters', and as they were leaving, Marian was in the doorway still talking to them, and I was inside, in the living room. As she shut the door, she whirled around and said, "You are going to marry Elder Nooner!!" And I casually said, "Yes, I know!!" and she said, "I just received that inspiration!!" Then I recognized that I knew this, and she had confirmed it. The Lord says, "We shall know these things in the mouth of two or more witnesses."



After his mission, he went home to Illinois, and gave his homecoming talk, was released, and was back in California within a week of being released. He spent a week in California, staying with his uncle Clarence Nooner & family, then the next week, we went to the Los Angeles Temple and were married. The reason I could do that so quickly, was that I prayed about it after he had returned and asked me on Wednesday to go to the Temple with him on Saturday, and the answer I received were these words to my mind, "Yes, you can marry him NOW, or in 5 years."



Los Angeles



Then, I had to decide which one was best. I knew we were both immature, and that would be hard, but, in 5 years (& this was risky if he met another girl in the meantime, especially if she was a girl who couldn't help him reach his potential) we would be set in our ways, and that would be hard also. So, I chose to go ahead, and marry him 'NOW'!!  
Interesting fact that our 1st daughter is 5 years older than our 2nd one. Almost like she was a BONUS for choosing the hardest, but safest way.  
Now, I KNEW that what my mother told me that day was true. I received other proposals, and DID HAVE MY PICK of other good young men!! I am so grateful to my mother, because I KNOW that Don and I had a 'courtship' that allowed me to keep my standards!!

I had two dreams of seeing us together in the spirit world before this life. In one of those dreams, Don came to take me on a date, and I was in my mothers' home. Her home was huge, and had large steps up to the front door with large pillars, inside and out, and the ceiling was so high that I don't even remember seeing it. It was a cream color and my girls were there also. In the other dream, Don and I were holding hands, and walking through some shrubbery, up and down hills, and across a stream, on our way to visit another one of our friends. This friend was living in a house where the inner walls were not normal walls, but, they were all aquariums with fish swimming in them. Don and I were partners, but, our friend, for some reason, didn't have a partner.

Don is my beloved companion!! And here is where the Lord stepped in to help. If Don had not gone on his mission, (He was the 1st Nooner to fill a mission in the 3 generations since their conversion), If my mother had not died when she did. If Don had not been left in our city for 13 months (He asked to be transferred, or it would have been 15 months there), and if Marian had not come to Manti and taken me & Judy back to California...

...to live with her in California when she did, Don and I would not have met...it was truly a miracle, and took a lot of juggling on the Lord's part!! Talk about a matchmaker!!

The way we met was so intricate that one wrong step or wrong decision on our part, and we would have missed each other entirely ...He being from Arkansas, and me from Utah, and his family moving to Illinois, where he was in the right place at the right time, to get his mission call. Also, if Don had stayed in Arkansas, he would probably have been drafted in the army, but, in Illinois, there were more young men, and his chances of being drafted were less. It is really a blessing that Don didn't get called into the army, he can't even stand to shoot a deer. There is "no way" he could have ever shot or killed a man. Don went on his mission just a few miles from where I was born (San Mateo)...but, my family didn't stay there more than a year after I was born, (because of the bombing of Pearl Harbor) or it would have been a lot easier for us to meet!!

Alicia gave a talk in church, where she said that "There is a line of demarcation, that if we cross it 'one inch' we will be in Satan's power."

It is important to be strict with ourselves in things that matter most, and be sure we stay on the right side of that line, in order to get the blessings!!" Thank goodness for good parents who set my feet on a straight course, and a Heavenly Father that watches over us!!



February 6, 1960

Don & Janice



love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things;

Love Never Ends

Corinthians 13:7-8



'Rare Moment' at Aunt Irma's.



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At Bill & Delores Freeman's home...



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Don & I  
& Jeanie





One night I had a dream. I dreamed I was in the temple, and Jeanie and about 29 other young people were there, dressed in white. They were waiting to do baptisms for those who had died without having the gospel. They were able to see angels, and I wondered why I couldn't see them. They were going to be baptized for 3 people each...that is 90 people total. We waited for a long time. Finally a man came and told us that he was sorry, but, we couldn't do the baptisms today, because the "font was broken and wouldn't hold water." I felt badly because, not only could we not do the work, (I felt the angels the kids were seeing wanted their work done),

but, I had rented the white outfits and it had been expensive. So, I said to the man, "Well, isn't there just enough water that you could baptize me for the name I have then?" He said he thought that we could manage that. So, in the baptistery, there was a deeper area in the middle with some water.

He went to baptize me, and as he went to pronounce the name, he said, "...for and in behalf of..." and waited for me to supply the name. I looked down at the name tag I had on, and it was "Lottie Tietjen!". I exclaimed, "...Tietjen?...I thought these were Don's family names, these are mine!

Well, this dream made me think that there was a problem concerning the Tietjen names. So, I called my sister, Doris and got the name of our Tietjen Representative, Iris Bunker's name in Colorado and wrote her a letter telling her of my dream. As I was sealing the envelope, I just felt impressed to put a \$100.00 check inside.



Within the week, I received an answer, and Iris said that Brother Barth, our researcher, had to pay a little Frenchman who went around to different churches in East Germany, gathering our family names, and smuggling them out through the Iron Curtain, on onion skin paper, to Brother Barth. Iris had gathered all the money she could from the Tietjen family members, and had a letter written to my sister, Doris, asking for \$100.00, which was all they needed to pay Brother Barth. Iris hadn't sent the letter to Doris yet, and so she sent it to me. It was the one she wrote asking Doris for \$100.00, as a testimony to me that I had received inspiration on this. (the font had been 'fixed'...so to speak).

After paying for the Frenchman's work, and when Brother Barth had received the names, it was going to cost more money to get someone to transcribe the names, and fill out the forms for submission. I told him I would do it. The surprise to me was that instead of the 90 names..there were 90 families!

This was a testimony to me that if we will stay in tune with the Spirit of the Lord, he will guide us, through dreams and other forms of inspiration, to help Him do His work, just as he did Joseph of Egypt, whose descendants we are!!





While Judy Mickelson and I were on our full-time "Stake Mission", we slept on twin beds, separated by a night stand with a lamp. One night, I woke up, and felt a really frightening feeling. It seemed that there were many evil spirits up near the ceiling above our closet. I didn't dare move or do anything. Then, I heard a slight noise over by Judy's bed, and heard Judy's voice say, "LaRee, are you awake?" I answered, "Yes." Then, she said, "Do you feel what I feel?" And again, I said, "Yes". She said, "Turn on the light". I answered, "No, you turn on the light. I don't want to reach outside the covers." She declined for the same reason.



So, we decided to just say our private prayers...which we did with as much faith as we had. Finally, one of us got enough courage to reach up and switch on the lamp. Then, I picked up a Book of Mormon that was on the night stand, and began reading it. Finally then, we both got the courage to get out of bed, and go into LeRoy and Marian's bedroom, and wake them up, and ask LeRoy to cast out the evil spirits with his Priesthood. Which he did. We then went back to our bedroom, and those evil spirits were gone. We slept through the night peacefully.

The next day, however, as she and I were out tracing, we again felt that same bunch. We sat down on a bus stop bench, pulled out our Book of Mormon's and began reading and praying. It took about 3 hours, but, again they left, and we were never bothered by them again.

STRONG

It was a testimony to me, that when you are doing the Lord's work, you get fought by the evil one. We were out testifying that God lived...how fitting that we also got our testimony that Satan also lives. Now, we had our full testimony of the truth.



If you read the story of Moses, you will find a more vivid story of his experience of this same type. Also, the story of Joseph Smith, when he went into the woods to pray. No sooner had he asked his question of the Lord, than he experienced the evil power try to overcome him. He continued in prayer, and was released.

(There we can see that pattern we mentioned earlier - good & evil)


My mother told me of a similar experience she had when she was a young girl...so, I guess we need to let our children and grandchildren know that there are two influences in this world, and we will hit up against them both. The Lord is the strongest, and will protect us, if we will just pray, and when possible, seek a blessing or the help of a worthy Priesthood holder.




We can also raise our Right arm to the square and cast out Satan, in the name of Jesus Christ. I have done this from time to time when necessary, and there is power and protection in it. Jesus Christ is in charge, and we need to trust in Him!!









While I was living with LeRoy and Marian Rhoades and their family in San Pablo, California. My friend from Manti, Judy Mickelson, and I had tried to find work, and couldn't find anything steady. Marian told us to go in and pray about it, so we did. While we were kneeling on the floor by my bed, we were each saying our private prayers. I heard the words, "Go on your mission and in 2 months, you will have your job."



I could hardly wait until Judy was finished to tell her what I had received. She believed me, and so, that is what we did. We went out tracting (without a car...just walking and riding buses) 8 hours a day, 5 days a week. We had many experiences. The houses were built back off the street, and had long sidewalks up to the door. We started up the sidewalk to one of the homes, and the spirit just said to me, "Don't go in there!", So, I told Judy, and she said, "Ok"..and we went to the next home, I would keep getting those feelings, until one prompting would come, to go into a home. We would go up and knock on the door, and get right in, and give a discussion. "So, I learned how to 'hear' the promptings, and we learned how to 'follow' them. We didn't waste any time, and we also did not get harmed..as 2 young 18 year old girls might have done. In a large city like this, it wasn't exactly without it's dangers.



Well, at the end of the 2 months, to the day, Judy and I knew that this was the promised day to get our jobs. We only had 50 cents apiece..which was bus fare one way. So, we rode into Emeryville with LeRoy, where he worked, and walked on the several more miles into Oakland. We arrived there about 4:00 pm, and had very little time to apply at places of business before closing time. We went from business to business, and the Green Stamp company said that "maybe" they would have an opening. We were getting a little discouraged. We were tired and hungry, as we had no money for food, but I KNEW we had been promised a job on this day...



We then walked into the 7 story Breuners Department Store in downtown Oakland, and rode up to the 3rd floor to apply. Lillian, the Personnel Manager, said she was sorry, but, she didn't have any openings. It was 5:00 closing time...and we were discouraged. She saw that, and said, "If you want to fill out an application, if something comes up I will call you." That was about all we could do, because by this time, all the stores would be closed. As we sat there, filling out our applications, in came a lady who said to Lillian, "I need ten girls tomorrow morning to begin taking inventory!! Lillian looked at us and said, "Well...be here tomorrow morning at 8:00 am, and you are hired!!"

This was one prayer that was answered...like just at the last minute. We both did such a good job at our temporary jobs, that when inventory was done, Judy was hired to work in the office as a filing clerk, and I was hired to be the Office Manager's (Connie Haley's) private secretary. (Later she discovered that I was dating her nephew, Paul Graves...that too was a miracle!!)

However, this isn't the end of the story. When I got my first paycheck, Judy and I had done window shopping on our lunch breaks, and we both knew exactly what we were going to spend our money on. But, the day we arrived at Marian's home, with our paychecks clutched in our sweaty little hands, she showed me a letter she had received from our Norwegian grandmother, Emma Christiansen. work he had been doing for our Norwegian grandmother. Marian told me she knew Emma was the daughter of Caroline Marianne Olson. Marian told me she knew how much I was looking forward to spending my first paycheck, but, would I go and pray about donating it to the genealogy research. I did go in by my bed and pray, and felt I should give it to Marian. I wonder if this is why I was the one who was able to get all the revelation I did on this Norwegian line? I also feel that grandma Emma has given me a lot of guidance in my life. I never met her, but I feel very close to her.



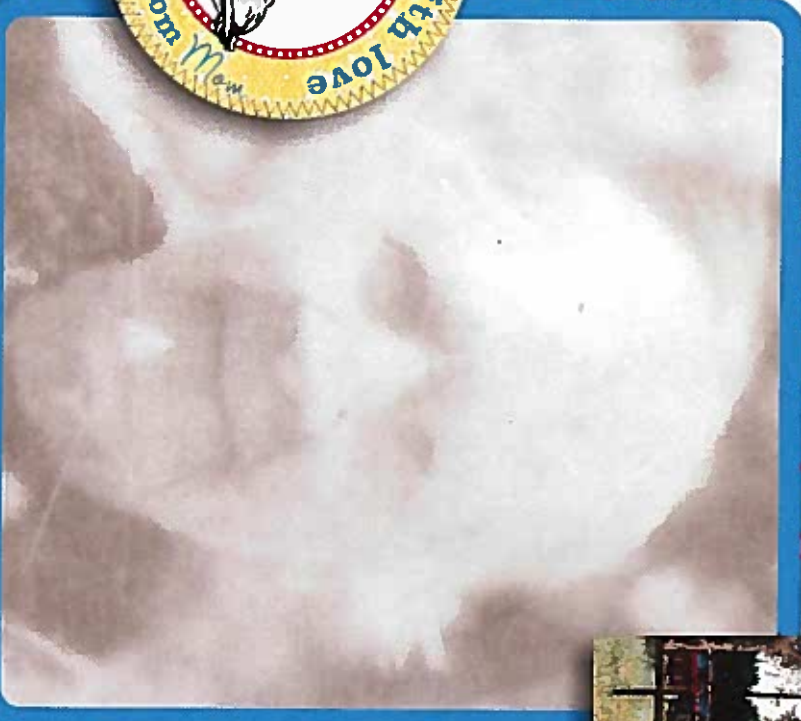
### Visitors From Beyond the Veil

When I lived in Manti, Brother Bart Tollefson, a tall, blond Norwegian, kept asking me if my Norwegian names were done. I said, "Yes."

Several years before, when I was on a vacation in St. George, Utah with my family, I had a dream. We had hired a man to research the Nooners names, and in my dream, I was following this man through a large room where there were many round tables. Each table had books and papers on it, and a stand in the middle of the table for a name. Some tables were so full that the books and papers were about to fall off...and some only had very few. One table that we passed had the name of: Caroline Marianne Olson on it. I passed by, then went back and looked again. The name looked familiar to me. There was only one or two books and a few papers on it. I couldn't place her, but the name looked familiar, and I couldn't wait to get home to look on my pedigree chart to see who she was. I had a large chart, and when I arrived home, I pulled it open, and looked. There she was on the bottom line, and only her parents were listed. She was my great-grandmother. This was the only family line that was so incomplete.

So, I called this man, told him my dream, and asked him if he could help me. He said he knew a young girl who could speak the language, and he hired her. Well, she found the grandparents, and then said that the line was dead-ended, as there were no more records.

I told this story to Brother Tollefson. He looked at my line, and saw "no brothers and sisters" on either of the generations. He said, "You have a telephone pole pedigree! Where are the children?"



My Norwegian grandmother,  
Emma Christiansen Tietjen







Of course, I didn't know. I had tried to look at records in the FHL in SLC, and didn't get very far...as they were so faint, illegible and unreadable...and in Norwegian!!

Well, Brother Tollefson said, "My wife and I are going to Salt Lake City to General Conference, and if you will meet us in the Family History Library there on Saturday, I will show you where your records are!!"

I was excited as I drove up and was there on Saturday! I found he and his wife, Rebecca, on the Scandinavian floor. He took me to the bookshelves and showed me a set of 7 books, in Norwegian, and handed me one. I searched through it, until I found the Mobek farm, where my family lived. My ggggrandfather was named: Ole Olsen Mobek (I discovered that the last name was the farm name). There were some men who went around Akershus county and interviewed each family, and found out who started the farm (names & birth dates), who inherited the farm...and on down through the generations. It included all the family names and dates.

It was a gold mine!! I didn't know then what a valuable find this was. I copied the Mobek farm & the Hjellum farm. As that is all I had record of. (I went back later on a Friday night when the copy machines weren't being used much, and copied ALL SEVEN BOOKS.)

I took the papers up to the desk, and there was a lady who could read Norwegian, and she read it for me. I found out that the husband died, and the wife remarried, and had another son, that we didn't know about. Also, I got Caroline's brothers and sisters names, and on back to the grandfathers family. They had rented the farm. I was soooooo excited!!

But, here is where another miracle happened. I took the papers home, and a couple of nights later, Don was asleep, and I got to wondering if I could read some of those papers. As I looked at my ggggrandmother's records, down below, I saw one of her brother's names, and he was married with a family of his own. (I didn't know then, that when the kids got married, the father gave them a piece of the farm, and they lived there, close by.)

So, down on the floor by my bed were some empty family group sheets (don't ask me how they got there), and I filled one out with this family on it. Then as I continued to look, I discovered another one.

I filled out another family group sheet. This continued until I ran out of empty sheets...I discovered I had 25 family group sheets filled out and it was 5:00 in the morning!





I hadn't realized I had worked all night. It was just as clear as it could be. But, the next morning was a different story. I looked at those sheets and couldn't figure out how in the world they fit together!! The gift was gone!! So, I went next door to my neighbor, Brother Nielson, who was of Norwegian descent and had filled a mission to Norway, so he spoke the language. I handed him the sheets, and asked him if he would please put them on a computer disk for me, as I had 'no clue' how they fit together. He did, and that is how I got started on one of the biggest research projects of my life.



I obtained a Norwegian dictionary, and worked day and night (except when I was working at the Family History Library) translating and typing in these family names. Three years later, I ended up with over 6500 names, all connected, and back 19 direct line generations...and included all the children, spouses & families. Then, one day in December, I felt impressed to stop typing them in, and get them submitted. So, I wrote "finish" in the several places where I was working, and it took me 11 hours to figure out how to get them broken down into groups, and submit them to the temple. (a new feature just out, helped me do this). I handed 4 large disks in to the Manti temple. We were only supposed to have 100 people on a disk, and mine were a couple of thousand each. A friend, Naomi, who worked in the temple office, 'bent' the rules for me, and stayed after work, and got those 4 disks run off onto cards. Then, the ward and town and other relatives all helped me get the work done. Alicia and her friends helped with a lot of the baptisms. (Now I need to go back and find all those "FINISH" places, and complete the work.) I also submitted hundreds of names on my father's English lines. Between the Norwegian, English & Nooner names...it has been over 13,000 names. It has taken several years..but, finally, with the help of family and friends, they also have been completed!!

For a long time I had been puzzled about what I had done in my pre-mortal life. Had I been a singer, or played an instrument, or what? It bothered me because I LOVED music of all kinds, especially the violin...it really touched my heart...but, I hadn't had enough training to be really good at anything. One night I dreamed that I was playing an instrument and singing with it. It had two sides. One side was like a guitar...I plucked the strings, and the other side was like a violin...but I held it similar to the guitar, about waist high, and then would turn it over and use a bow on the other side. That answered that question, but, I wondered where I would ever find an instrument like that..as I had never heard of one. One day I was walking through the Harris Fine Arts building on the BYU campus, and on the 2nd floor they had glass cases that displayed old ancient instruments. And it was there I saw an instrument similar to the one I had seen in my dream. It had been made in one of the islands, like Maori, and was really old. I couldn't believe my eyes!! But, there it was. Someone on this earth had played the same instrument I had dreamed about. I can't wait to get back to my former heavenly home and locate my instrument. Then hopefully I will have the time to play it, and maybe even be able to sing again.

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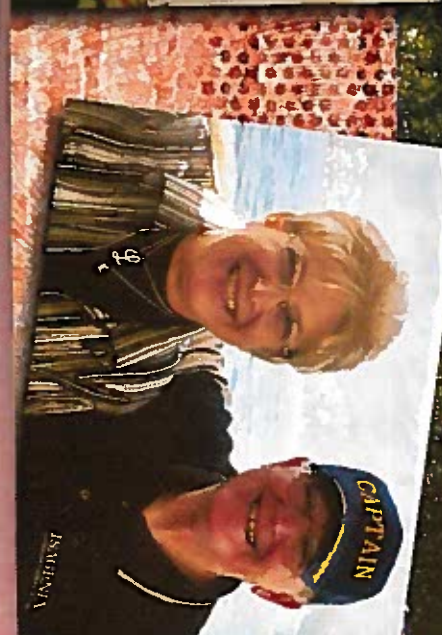
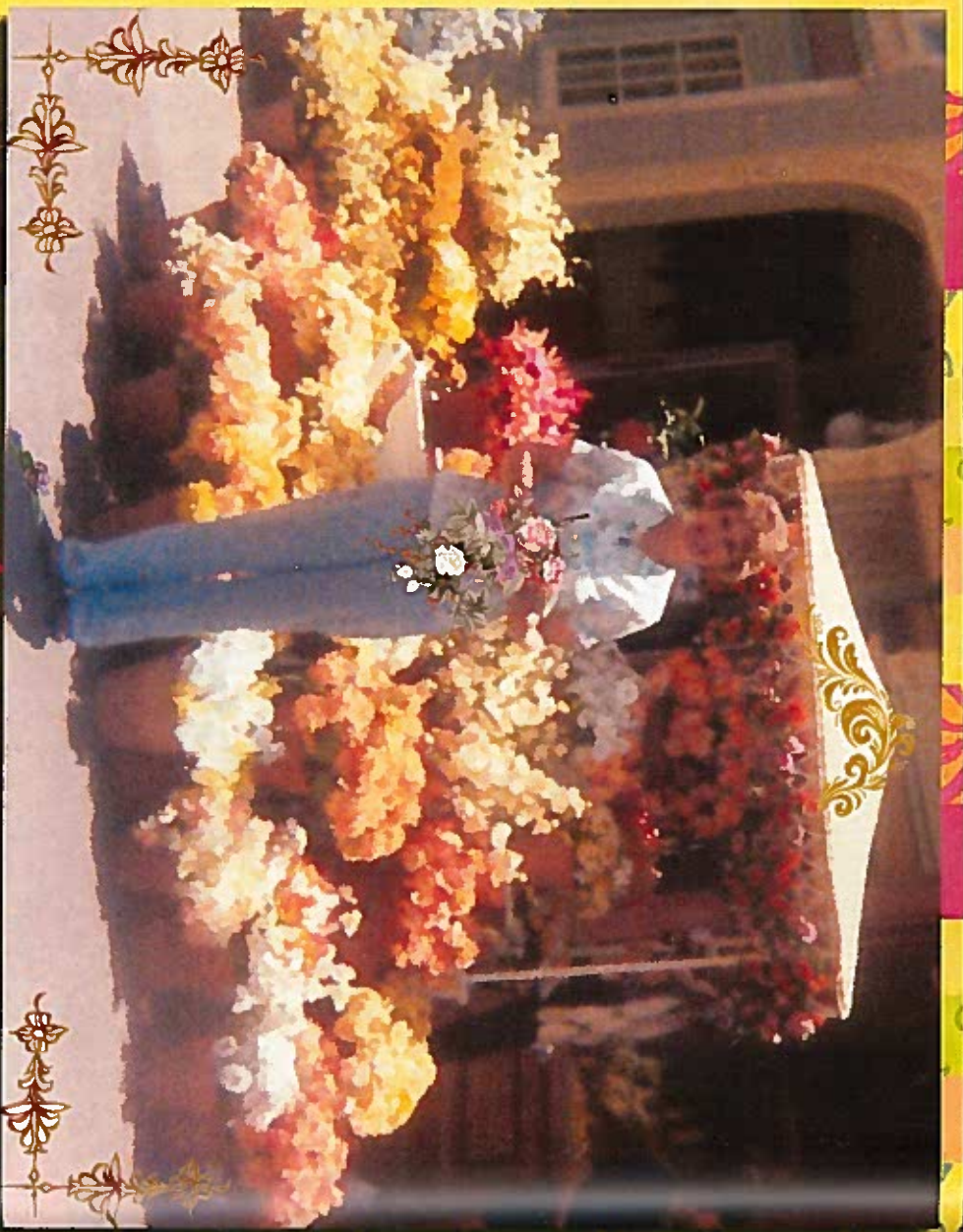


When my sister, Gwen, died, we took her to Manti for burial. The ward fixed a nice lunch for them at the church, then some of her children came over and spent a day or 2 at our home. While we were visiting and eating, a song that I didn't know kept going through my mind. All I could grasp of it was, "As now we take the sacrament"... I didn't know the rest of the words. I was curious what the words were, and so looked in my hymn book. I told Scott Peterson about it, and he said, "Oh that was my mom's favorite hymn. She used to sing it to us all the time. The last line is "...and silently we pray for courage to accept thy will, To listen and obey. We love thee, Lord; our hearts are full. We'll walk thy chosen way." Several times since that time I have heard that in my head, and have found that each time, that is how she 'gets my attention'...then, we have a nice visit. It happened as I was driving home from Emily & Daniel's wedding in Salt Lake. I was on the freeway, going into Fountain Green, when I heard it again, and I felt her come and she was appreciative that I had supported her family. It always brings tears to my eyes.

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One time I woke up hearing my mother singing an old song, "Do they miss me at home I'm so bothered?... I got up and became curious what all the words were, and in looking, I found some old letters that my Grandma Emma & her mother had written to each other in Norwegian. My new visiting teacher, Katrina, just happened to be from Norway, and translated these letters for me. It revealed some valuable information that helped me locate my GGrandmother, Caroline Marianne Olsen (Erickson) in Trail, South Dakota, living near her brother's family, Edward Olsen Mobek. The unusual dialect required Katrina to translate these. I moved soon afterwards.







After Alicia was born, and we were living in Orem, I was told by an inner voice 3 times in one week, to "move to Salt Lake City", and after I got over the shock of even considering moving to that "wicked" city with my sweet girls, I knew it had come from the Lord, and so we moved there, and I was even

inspired as to what area to live in.

So, here I was IN SALT LAKE CITY...

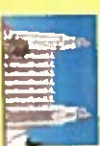
where the largest Family History Library in the world is!! So, now, I took that opportunity, and went there 10 hours a day, 5 days a week, for about a year. I felt an "urgency to hurry", so I wouldn't even stop for lunch...

just ate a Fig Newton most days.

The feeling of "urgency" was correct, because one day, Don, Alicia, Jeremy Phelon and I just drove down to Manti on a pretty day, to enjoy the sunshine. We didn't have anything special to do there, so, we did what we most enjoyed doing..and that was "looking at houses for sale". We found a couple of houses we liked. Don liked one, and

I liked another, but, I thought to myself...

"If Don would be willing to move to Manti, then, I would be willing to live in the house he likes". We hadn't thought of REALLY moving there. I had always wanted to, but, Don had said he would never live there. But, we did go home and list our home, and had an open house every Saturday. About 6 weeks later, on a Monday morning as I was working in the kitchen, the spirit spoke to me and said, "LaRee, go down to Manti tomorrow and make an offer on that house." So, I called our Realtors, and we drove down with them to make an offer. I'm amazed that Don always believes me.



Now, not too long before this, I was sitting in a session in the Jordan Temple, and the room appeared to be the Manti Temple. I thought, "No..this is not the Manti Temple." and gradually by looking closely at the curtains..and other objects..it turned back into the Jordan Temple. I tell this because when the Realtors had made the offer, the owner of the house, wanted a \$25,000 non-refundable deposit, if the sale didn't go through for ANY reason.

That was a LOT of money, and we didn't have any..but, we did have a free and clear home in Blanding on ten acres, that we could put up as collateral. Don didn't know what to do, and asked me to make the decision. So I said, "if you want me to make the decision, take me up to the Temple, and let me say a prayer." This was extremely serious, as we would risk losing our home in Blanding. It was all the security we owned.



They drove up there and parked, and I got out and walked up to the Temple, and sat on a rock and prayed. Two times I re-experienced the phenomena I had of the Jordan Temple turning into the Manti Temple and so, I KNEW then, THAT was "WHY" I had been given that experience. We were to do the Temple Work for our family, here in this temple.

Another interesting thing is that I had the impression that we should buy a home on 5 acres near the Temple so we could take care of Alicia and still do the work we needed to do...so, I had spent months driving all through the Jordan River area, looking at homes to buy that had 5 acres. I didn't even think about that until we had bought the home in Manti..and found out that it was sitting on 5 acres that adjoined the Temple property!!

I had the right inspiration, but, had just been looking at the WRONG Temple!!



Getting the financing on the home in Manti was one of the hardest things we have ever done. It took nearly 6 months. Everything that could go wrong, did.

Right up to the last minute, we were under extreme stress.

But, through that experience, we saw the Lord 'open the Red Sea' for us, and we signed the papers and funded the home, right at the last minute deadline. I kind of liken it to the San Juan mission settlement and the people who went through the "Hole in the Rock" experience. They said about that experience that if it hadn't been so hard getting there, they would not have stayed when they got there and saw the desolate land. But because of the difficulty they had in the trip, they had learned how to trust the Lord...



*...knowing He would take care of them...so they had the faith to stay, knowing He would be there to help them. That was they same with us. We had our "Hole in the Rock" experience also ...and learned the same lesson.*

*Because financially it was a disaster to live in Manti. We lost all our assets, and couldn't make a living there..and ran up a lot of credit card debt, and were in the last stages of foreclosure on our home, when once again, the Lord 'opened the Red Sea' and sent us a business that finally worked!! Within 9 months of getting into Isagenix, we were able to just write a check and pay off our home, with it's foreclosure fees, pay off our land, pay off 2 cars, buy back a lot we had lost, pay off our credit cards, and get completely out of debt. We KNEW that the Lord had done it!! I guess you could say that we have had our 40 years in the wilderness, but, through our experiences, we have found the Lord, and seen his miracles!!*

*I haven't had to wait until I died to experience the happiness my mother promised me when she visited me in the Temple. I have already felt it here on this earth!!*

Blessings

THE



In the 10 years we lived in Manti, I was a Stake Family History Consultant, and worked at the Library there, also I was the Ward Family History Consultant, and taught the Family History Class on Sundays. Because of these positions, I was able to submit over 13,000 names, and the people in the town helped us do them in the Temple. It was truly a time when the veil was lifted in my life. I had so many visitors from the other side, and so much inspiration. I could hardly open a book, look on the computer, or help anyone at the library, but, what I'd find my family names!! It was a truly glorious, busy time for me!! It also gave Alicia a "safe" place to be while we were in the Temple, and she helped us a lot because she and her friends did many of the Baptisms!! She knew the families in the town, and once commented to me that she liked that feeling and we felt she was much safer here in Manti, than she would have been in Salt Lake City. She also had a lot of friends, of all ages, and had her pick of a lot of nice young men to marry, and got a wonderful "foster sister", Chrisanne Smalley, who lived with us for 1 1/2 years, so Alicia wasn't so lonely for her sisters, who were all married.

I have had other occasional visits from my mother.

One time in Manti, Utah, I was sitting in Sacrament meeting, and had been asked to give the lesson that day on "Gifts of the Spirit". My sister Marian had come down for a visit, and so she and I had planned it together. Mama came to me in Sacrament meeting and she had my sister, Grace, with her. She said she was coming to hear my lesson and was bringing a crowd with her. As if the pressure of giving a lesson to the ones I could see weren't enough...NOW, I was teaching those in heaven that I couldn't see! I suppose there may be many times like that where we are really teaching more than we can see in the room, and we may not know it.

I might add an experience here that I had one day in Provo, Utah.

Cindy, who was about 8 years old, attended a BYU Recital with Gaye Smoot and me. The BYU had invited a group of singers from Japan to come and perform. After the bombing of Hiroshima, this conductor had organized a choir to keep up the moral of the people there, who had been so devastated by the loss of their homes and families. Before they began, this conductor talked to us in Japanese. I was listening intently, and Cindy leaned over to me and asked what he was saying. Without thinking, I just whispered back to her that "he was thanking us for inviting him, and considered it a privilege to be here in America, performing for us." Then, she said, "Mama, how can you understand him?" Frankly, I was surprised myself, when the translation was given a few minutes later, by the man in charge. She and I just looked at each other in amazement. It was the same words as I had told her. As the Japanese conductor spoke, it was a high monotone...no inflection of the voice at all. I had to consider it a 'gift of tongues'...to understand the meaning of another language so easily.

These purposes and plans from the Lord, all work together for our good, if we will just use wisdom and do our part!!

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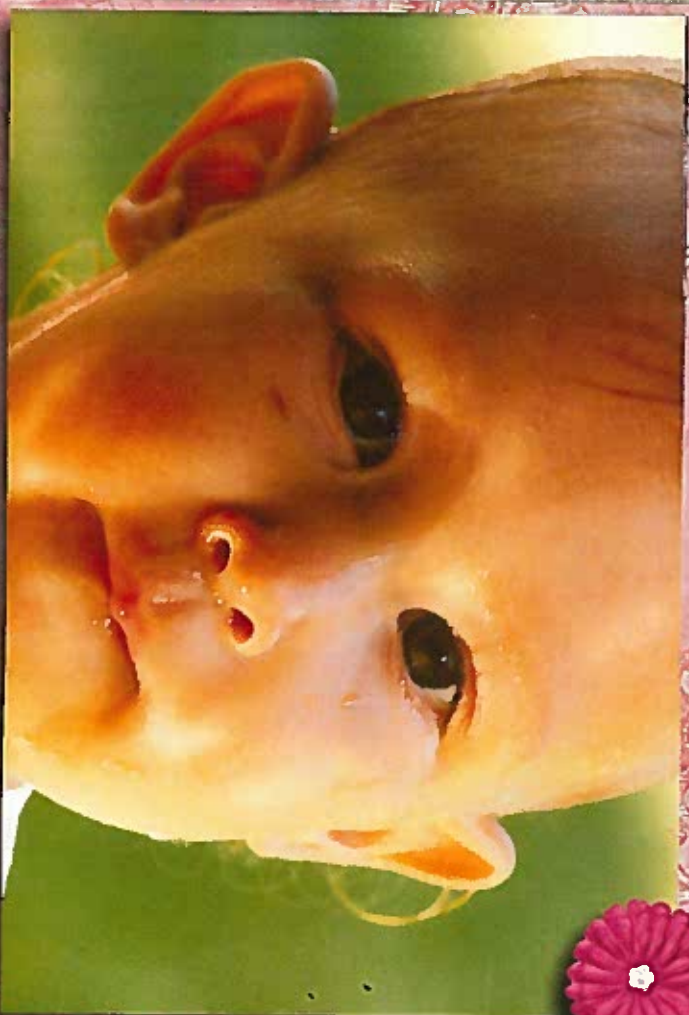




Alicia LaDawn Nooner



Alicia & Garisane



Alicia & Me



One day I realized that it had been about 10 years, and perhaps my sister Grace's work had not been done in the Temple. I inquired, and no one had done it so I got it ready to do, and then Doris and Gwen both said they wanted to come and go through at the same time, but, they each got ill, and two months went by. Finally, I felt an urgency to do it, so I went alone. I couldn't feel her spirit, until I got to the Terrestrial room. Then I felt it!! She was very bitterly disappointed. She said, "Oh NO!! I had made going to the Temple such a big thing in my mind, and it is such a simple thing, but, now all of my children are inactive in the church, because I turned them against it." (I remember her daughter Patty telling me that if her mother couldn't go to 'heaven' because she smoked, then she didn't believe the church was true...because her mother was a good person and was perfect.) Unfortunately, she had a misconception of 'heaven'.

I felt badly, but, I'm sure that Grace has had time to think, and people like my mother, are helping her, and she is probably doing all she can for her children...and now she has the power to do it...because now she has her ordinances done.



It was Christmas, we lived in Orem, Utah, and I had been taking singing lessons from one of the local members of our ward. The choir director asked me to sing a solo with the choir. It was these words:

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings, tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

On the ending, it went way up high..and I was a little nervous. But, as I stood up at the appropriate time, and walked over to the microphone, I felt my mother and father come and stand, one on each side of me, and they sang it with me!! I sailed up to the high notes with no problem. It was 'so fun' and took me back to the days in our home when we all used to sing together. But, then, as I stepped back into my place in the choir, and had another solo to sing..a really high part, the choir singing the finale with me, I did all right, but, missed the last note when my voice was supposed to drop back down. The choir director glared at me for missing the note, but, what he didn't know was that my whole body was shaking from the experience I had just had with my parents. Anyway..that was just a special time when my parents must have gotten permission to come and be with me.

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#### A Hard Lesson -

From the time of my early youth, promptings would come into my mind often, and one night in California when I was about 18, I was traveling home in a car full of young people, and another 'normal' thought came to my mind. For some reason I got irritated and said, "I don't want to be told everything to do!" Abruptly the flow stopped, like someone had turned off a faucet. I really had to work hard to get it back.. it took years...and never was as constant as before. I obviously offended someone. I have repented of that many times.



## Reaching Through the Veil

I just realized I have not told the story of how I KNOW that the veil that covers the earth, can open for us, through love, and that I KNOW we still live after we go through that veil of earth life, and it isn't far away. This is important because of doing the genealogy & Temple work. It is good to know that these people are really alive, and waiting for us to help them. Christ is our Savior because He is doing something for us that we cannot do for ourselves (Atoning for our sins, and the Resurrection). And when we do genealogy & Temple work for others who have died, that they cannot do for themselves, we also become Saviors on Mount Zion.

It was spring and I had recently turned 17 years old and was a Senior at Manti High School, when one day my mother got very ill. She began having some severe pain in her stomach, that required her to go to the hospital in Gunnison. My dad took her there, and then, that evening, he came back and got Gwen and I, and took us there. Later in her room we were all laughing at mom tell a funny story, of how the doctors gave her a shot of morphine, and then tried to get some x-rays, by having her stand up in front of their machines. She couldn't stand up; but, kept sliding down to the floor. She thought it was so silly of them to give her a shot like that, and then expect her to stand up!! I curled her hair, and fixed it pretty. We had a good time, and then finally daddy said it was time to go home. So, I went down to the foot of her bed, ready to go. But the talking and laughter still continued. Finally, I reached down with my fingers, and jiggled her big toe, and said, "Well, I'll see you tomorrow!"

*My dear mother,*



*Doris  
Emma  
Tietjen  
Child*

But, a voice inside me said, "No, you won't." The firmness of the message surprised me so much, and I immediately wanted to go and give her a big good-bye hug, but, I didn't want her to see the tears that had sprung into my eyes uninvited, and feel the unexpected sadness I felt, as she was laughing and talking and having such a good time with the others. So, being right by the door, I quickly and quietly exited the room so as to not attract attention to myself, and went down to the car to wait for them. I didn't think to tell anyone of my experience and for some reason forgot it in the cheerful visiting that continued in the car on the way home.



The next morning, daddy asked me if I wanted him to wait for me until I got home from school to go and see mama. I replied that I had my little Sunbeam class (3 year olds) to teach right after school, and if mama were there, I was sure she would want me to take care of my church assignments first. She had always taught us to put the Church and the Lord first, so, I told him to go ahead without me.



After I had finished teaching, I walked home. The house was empty. I wondered how I was going to get over to the hospital, when Anna Blank, a friend of my mother's from Sandy, Utah, came by. She asked if I would like to ride over to the hospital with her to see mama. When we got to the hospital, I can't remember what happened to her, but, I walked upstairs by myself and went into moms' room. She looked like she was asleep, so I went out to find a nurse. The nurse came back with me, and said, "Oh, you can't go in there." And she shut the door to her room. "Come over here. There are some friends here to see you." So, she led me into a room, where there were about 20 Relief Society ladies sitting and standing around the room. One of them handed me a handkerchief, and they began telling me they were so sorry.

It gradually dawned on me that my mother hadn't been asleep, but, had died! Suddenly I felt VERY uncomfortable being in that room. I excused myself, and left. I went downstairs and found daddy talking to the doctor and looking at mama's x-rays. But, I didn't want to stay there either...



So I walked down the hall, and out the front door, and began walking down a little dirt road there by the hospital. Then, I started running, and then began crying, and then really sobbing. My mother, who to me had been invincible, was gone. She was dead!!

As I ran, suddenly I saw a fence across the road, blocking my escape, but, a fence couldn't stop my flight at this point. I was too intent on finding relief from this unexpected sorrow, determined to run. There was a plowed field next to the road but, it is hard to run through the chunks of dirt in a plowed field! Soon, I was winded, and just couldn't breathe anymore, so I sank down on a large clod of dirt and sat there gasping for air, bawling loudly and moaning at the same time. I was far enough away from people that I knew they couldn't hear me. I felt free to vent all the anguish, grief, shock and heartbreak that I felt!! My mother, with her indomitable spirit, who had been my security and protector, was GONE!!

I was sitting with my back to the hospital, and I immediately felt my mother come to me from behind and put her arms around my shoulders. She said to me. "I will always be with you!" The greatest peace flooded through me...my mother was NOT dead; she was alive!! She was NOT gone; she was right here!! Before this time I had been told and I "believed" that we lived after this life, but NOW, I "KNEW" for myself that we still live after our spirits leave our bodies!! My mother lived!! I was SO HAPPY, and so comforted!! I felt like singing and dancing and shouting it out to the whole world...my mother was still alive!! Oh what great joy I felt!!

But, I just walked slowly back to the hospital  
and rode home with my father...





...not thinking of telling him of my experience. It just felt so natural now, not at all unusual, because now I knew the stories I had heard of the spirit world were true.

Years later, as I was praying during sacrament meeting, knowing that I would be bearing my testimony to my Laurels that day that "I KNEW that Christ lived"...and wanting that SURE assurance for myself...this experience that I had with my mother was brought back to my mind, along with the profound thought...  
 "Because I know my mother lives..."

...then I know the Savior lives!!"



A picture of me with some of my (60) Laurels.



Fred's Sister Margaret, Marian Rhoades, Clifford & June Young, Alicia, LaRec, Don, & my cousin - Fred Gagon (L-R)



When we talk about the kingdom we are assigned to when we leave this life there is only one of those kingdoms where we will have a husband or wife and receive a body that will be able to reproduce children (they will have 'seed'). We need to have our marriage sealed in the Temple to be eligible to enter this highest kingdom. In that kingdom we will be able to create worlds, and populate them with other intelligences or spirit children who will be seeking to have what we have attained.

When Cindy was about 6 years old, one night I stayed up with her until 4:00 in the morning answering her questions about the Plan of Salvation. I ended up by asking her which kingdom she wanted to go to and after a long pause she replied, "I want to go where the children are." What a profound statement!! I too, want to "go where the children are!!"



Don has said for years, that it scares him because we make the MOST IMPORTANT DECISION of our life, at such a YOUNG age. Who we choose to be our 'companion, not only for life, but, on through the eternities' is the most important decision we will ever make!!

Our companion is the most important person in our life, and we need to KNOW that the person we have chosen is the right one for us, and that feeling needs to be as strong as our testimony of the gospel. It is worth whatever price we have to pay to have this witness. Brother Lyman said that he felt it was better to marry the worst boy from a good family, than the best boy from a bad family...because the boy from the good family earned his position in his pre-mortal life, which meant that 'before he lost his memory here', his inclinations, actions and choices were the best. Of course, good inclinations, undeveloped, may not always equal good habits and desires.

## The Plan of Salvation

Outer  
Darkness  
'Satan'



This plan is the 'promise' that Heavenly Father has made to us. He will keep his promises, and allow us to go to the kingdom that we earn through the choices that we make on earth. Choose wisely!!

Milky Way  
Kolob  
"where Gods reside"



Fred Gagon  
had this picture  
painted.

Highest Degree Designed for Families



"I Want to Go Where the Children Are." Cindy Noonan Heugly - age 6

If I want to "go to the kingdom where the children are", I need to make sure I follow the guidance of the Lord. I need to provide a good home, and be prepared to implant the saving principles in the hearts of the innocent children who look to me for safe guidance. These are the 'Children saved for the Saturday of this world'. They have been preparing throughout eternity to conquer and bind the evil one, in preparation for the last days, and the ushering in of the millennium. They are our "Saturday's Warriors"... "Let's treat them well, and help them find the way, because we believe the children are our future!"





One December night while living in San Leandro, California, in the apartments with a swimming pool where Jeanie learned to swim, we had a sad experience. The neighbors who lived above us, got in some trouble, and we heard everything through the walls. I told Don that we had to move, as I didn't want things like that coming into my home...with nothing I could do about it. I wanted control over whether I let that spirit permeate my home or not. He agreed, and we went looking for a home. We found a brown house by the railroad tracks that required \$3,000. down payment. We had that much in the bank. The only thing wrong was it had been saved to pay our titling for the year. I felt the need was so urgent that it would be all right to use our titling money because, after all the cause was righteous. So, we said our prayers that

night and went to bed. Don went to sleep, but I stayed awake and couldn't sleep. I was so disturbed about it. I prayed all night, and told Heavenly Father our need was important, and would he give me an answer that it would be all right. My prayers changed a lot through the night as I struggled to get a confirmation. At 5:00 am I finally got my answer! "LaRee, pay your titling, and in 3 months you will have your house." I was so excited!! I shook Don awake, telling him I had our answer! He was happy too. So we paid our titling, and in January went out looking for a home. We found a beautiful WHITE house on a hill, that we loved and made an offer. And in 3 months, to the day, Don earned enough money to put \$3,000. down!! He had never made that much money, that quickly,

in his life!!

So, what did we learn? This is what we learned:

"When the Lord gives a promise, He keeps it!!"

"Our duty, is to keep his commandments, so that He can bless us."



## A BIT OF ADVICE ABOUT MARRIAGE

It is wise to use our energy thinking, studying and trying different ways of doing. until we resolve our problems. In that way, we don't begin looking around 'after marriage' to see if there is 'something better' out there for us, and get in a lot of trouble, for ourselves and our children. It is healthy to take a good look at the smorgasbord of possible companions, before we finally settle on the "one" for us. This means to not date too early, or too much. Be moderate, and "look" a lot, before you "buy"!! Window shop. Also, take a good look at the person's family...as they will become nearly as important as your companion.

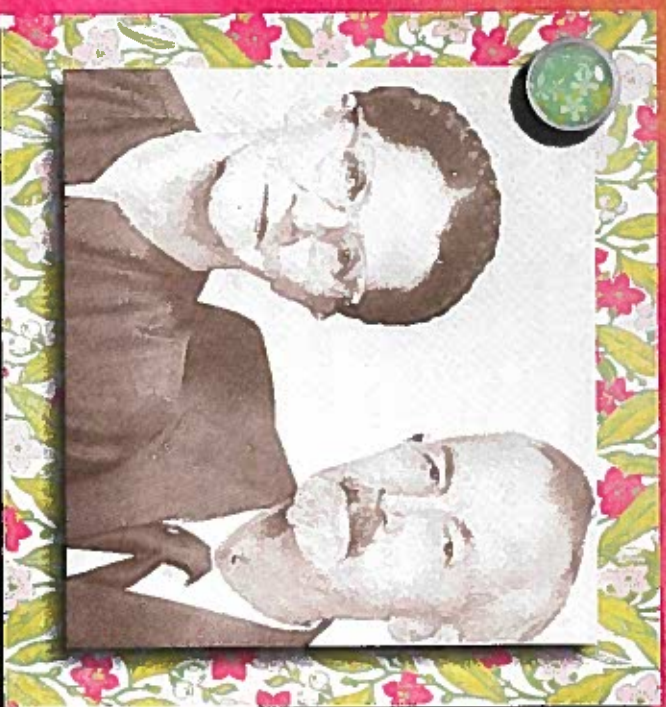
After investing our whole lives with a person of our choosing, we will look forward to the day when we make that FINAL commitment, of accepting that person, who we chose when we were immature and young, and grew with them, and had a family with them, for all of ETERNITY!! We invested our time wisely, and we will attain happiness!! Tragedy can still happen, because of mortal temptations, but, we may be able to avoid many starts and stops and detours.







I had a dream that my old Patriarch and Seminary teacher, Albert R. Lyman and his wife, Gladys, came to my home for a visit. I was so glad to see them, but, asked them if they would mind waiting just a few minutes, as I had a batch of clothes that I had just taken out of the dryer, and they needed folding. They were agreeable. I folded the clothes, but, then, there were some more on the bed, then some more. There just kept being more and more clothes to fold and I always "had" to finish things.



FINALLY, I was finished, and returned to the front room, where I had left Brother & Sister Lyman standing. (I noticed I had even forgotten to have them sit down.) I was ready now to visit with them, but, they said their time was up, and they had to leave. As they went out the door, I was so disappointed!! Here they had come to visit, and I could have asked them any questions I wanted, and they could have taught me, and I had wasted my opportunity on something of lesser value and importance.

I thought that perhaps, since I had recently been able to acquire many of his books and writings, that I needed to appreciate more fully what I had, and learn from them...and also, not get so preoccupied in "busy work" that I didn't get to the really important, vital knowledge that was available to me.



## *Our Plan for Earth--We All Shouted for Joy!*

Remember what the Lord has told us, "Men are that they might have Joy!" and also, "This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal lives of men!" This is what God wants for us... to become like Him and have all that He has.

*Determine your purpose and goal on this earth, then fulfill it!*

As Albert R. Lyman wrote:

"Purpose dwells deep in the heart of thought, nor one of the twain alone, If ever the soul is WITTHOUT a goal, he sinks to the dark unknown, He sinks to the depths of a lifeless gloom, in a region as dead as stone."

Thought WITTH its purpose, soars high and wide, and crosses the bourne afar, It puts to route the hoards of doubt and drives for the Solar Star, It hopes and aspires to reach the realms where the Gods in Glory are."

"The Great Adventure of endless time, the lure of boundless space, the brightest prize in the highest skies, and the most desired place, is life abundant, life complete, the joy of eternal race.

"We follow it pantingly through the depths, and battle with death and hell, we hazard the blame of eternal shame, and the roll of a final knell, we hazard the fate of a lost estate and the sting of a last farewell.

"All men who come through the borderland to this region of death and night, come here with the hope to reach and grope their way into greater light, for nothing could tempt them from realms of life, but the promise of worlds more bright.

It is not the amount men suffer in the world of death, not how long they live, nor how suddenly they die, neither is it that anguish through which they have to wade. What matters, and that is all that matters, is whether by their living they gain salvation. As the Christ appropriately demanded,

"What doth it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

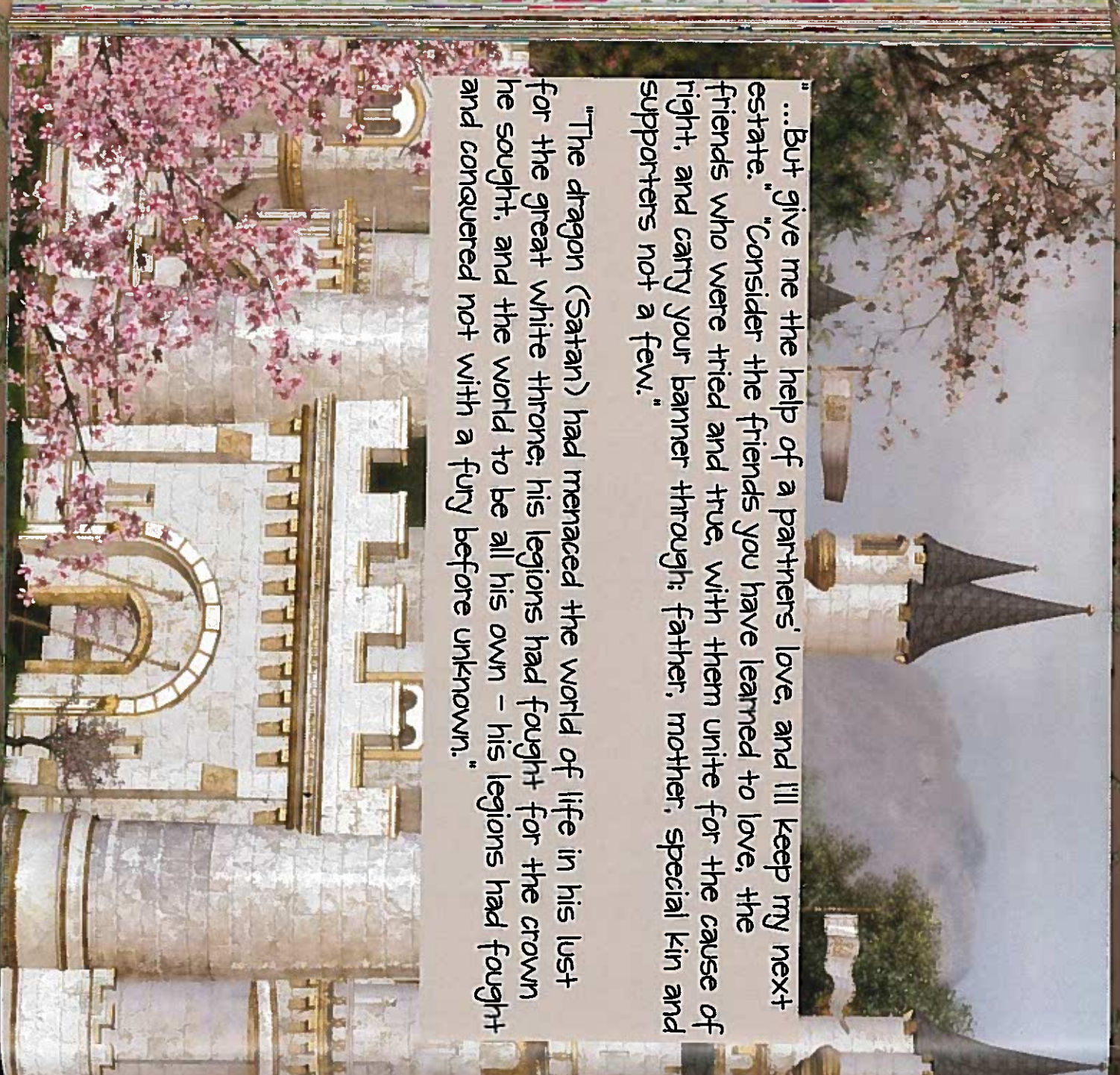
"Go walk," said the Christ, "in the gloom of death, and then return to Me; And all who abide, though sorely tried, shall advance through eternity. Write this indelibly on your hearts, for this is my firm decree."

"Choose now for the surest course to make your calling and election sure; find mutual friends to gain these ends by resisting the darksome lure; arrange for barriers right and left to make your souls secure."

The masters' voice with loving power inspired the heavenly host; His safety plan for life's short span - they wanted that the most - they wanted to return unscathed from death's forbidding coast.

"I dare not fight alone, for somewhere, soon or late, I'll fall by the way on some evil day, if I have no faithful mate;





"...But give me the help of a partners' love, and I'll keep my next estate." "Consider the friends you have learned to love, the friends who were tried and true, with them unite for the cause of right, and carry your banner through: father, mother, special kin and supporters not a few."

"The dragon (Satan) had menaced the world of life in his lust for the great white throne; his legions had fought for the crown he sought, and the world to be all his own - his legions had fought and conquered not with a fury before unknown."

As Christ Might Say to us...if He were here...  
"Oh, who would receive his inheritance, and mount to his place on high? Who has the soul to discern the goal, the purpose and thought to try--To respond as a child of eternal God, and become the same as I?"

"This fight was the test men were called to meet in the flame of the first estate, and their gold was tried in the fiery tide of the mighty dragon's hate; the gold came bright from the searching flame while the dross but met its fate."

"Many are called, but few are chosen, and why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world and they aspire to the honors of men. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit down in my Father's kingdom; he shall inherit all things; I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

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Albert Robison Lyman taught me in Seminary for 2 years and through the example of his life and teachings, he has given more purpose, meaning and reason to my life.





It was revealed to Albert how to receive answers to his problems. He would write down a question that he had, and then write a letter to himself, answering the question. In writing the answer, he would soon receive a flow of inspiration. At first he only did this sporadically, until he saw that it was a pattern that worked.

From then on, he would either have a question, or just something that bothered him, that he would begin writing, then answer in the same way. Pretty soon, he didn't even have to 'ask' on paper, but, only in his mind...then, he didn't have to answer or respond on paper, but, only in his mind. I believe learning how to get inspiration this way, helped him when he was called to be a patriarch.

When he gave me my blessing, he gave only one line at a time. Then a long pause, then another sentence, and another long pause. He told me to tape it to my wall by the light switch and read it each time I switched the light on or off, and to memorize it. Those words come back to me from time to time, as I need them. I have realized the value of doing this.



Brother Lyman, from the time he discovered this pattern, wrote 100 books of 100 pages each..that he called, 'Thots'. These books were so full of inspired thoughts, that I desired to acquire all of them, which I did. They are very inspiring, and very informative. These came daily.

A Letter from my Father - Blanding, Utah, Oct. 26, 1960

Dear Ree and Don,

"...Oh, I am so happy over you... It all started on that one beautiful day when we met at the Temple door. I couldn't of been happier, if I had met an angel. Yes, I think I met some of my blood on those beautiful temple steps, who will pass by the angels of heaven, to a higher kingdom, to a fullness, that our Savior has promised, to the faithful. And so my heart rejoices. I feel a little like Alma when he blessed his children although I sit here, all alone, in the old home. Doris and I walked hand in hand, sang together, and struggled for our little ones.

And, LaRee, when you came to us, our hearts leaped with joy, and on our knees we knelt together and thanked God for you. On your first Christmas, you came home to us, and I placed you in a little basket, and laid you under our Christmas tree. A beautiful Christmas present, which I have always cherished and loved. Mother was so proud of you, and when I carried the basket to the little Redwood City Church, Sister Farnsworth and our friends would gather around the little basket and kiss and love you. These are some of the little things of life that I can't forget. I have only one advice. Be kind to each other, respectful, and thoughtful of each other, and your cup of happiness will be running over. That's the abundant life."

...Love, Dad

\*\*\*\*\*

A Letter from my Mother to my sister - Manti, Utah, March 31, 1958  
"...LaRee looked so beautiful yesterday. I had her wear those pearl things you gave me. She had charge of the music for the Manti South Ward at the Music Festival at Ephraim last night. Her program was so good. She is getting to be quite a girl, and it seems to me because it seems that she still is just our little baby. She is so thrilled that she has kept herself clean because she says the boys are friends to her, and they tease her about not kissing, but they all treat her so respectful. The other girls have beautiful clothes, but Ree, with her faded out homemade dress and face that hasn't been kissed, holds more than her own."

...Love, Mother





I'd like to thank Mom for  
 letting me put this book  
 together for her. Her  
 stories are very faith  
 promoting and taught me  
 that if you pray and make  
 right choices in your life  
 you will be blessed. I got a  
 confirmation for myself  
 that she chose the right  
 person to marry. I'm sure  
 it was because of the  
 preparations that she  
 made and because she was  
 living a high standard  
 that she met my dad &  
 got sealed in the Temple.  
 Anyone who reads her life  
 experiences & stories will be  
 able to have their  
 testimony strengthened.  
 And her posterity will  
 know what a great honor  
 it is to have a Grandma &  
 Mother as amazing as her.



Love You Mom...Jeanie



Gwen & LaRee

"I thought you quit!"  
 I my sister said as she  
 plopped down beside  
 me. We laughed at how  
 we had misjudged the  
 climb, and we rejoiced  
 in each other's success.



Stand Firm at the Peak

"Oh, give me the free heart  
 And courage of steel.

Let me climb the steep mountains  
 With the gale sweeping wild  
 And stand firm at the peak  
 After struggling and falling,  
 Being torn, driven, heartsick.  
 Let me then reach my goal.  
 When I fall and I fail,  
 give me courage to fight.  
 Let my footsteps be certain  
 With a will ever strong.  
 Let me heed not the temptings,  
 Let me shun too much pleasure.  
 Guide my footsteps to glory,  
 To heaven, my treasure!"

\*our story -  
 "Meet You At The Top"  
 Ensign, July 1996, pg. 57

...by Gwen Child\*



You are not one more in an idle multitude without special place  
and purpose, and individuality.  
You are a special spirit from a chosen lineage.  
You are here by wise appointment...



I love you very, very much, and I want to "Meet you at the Top"  
when we arrive at the other side of the veil!!!

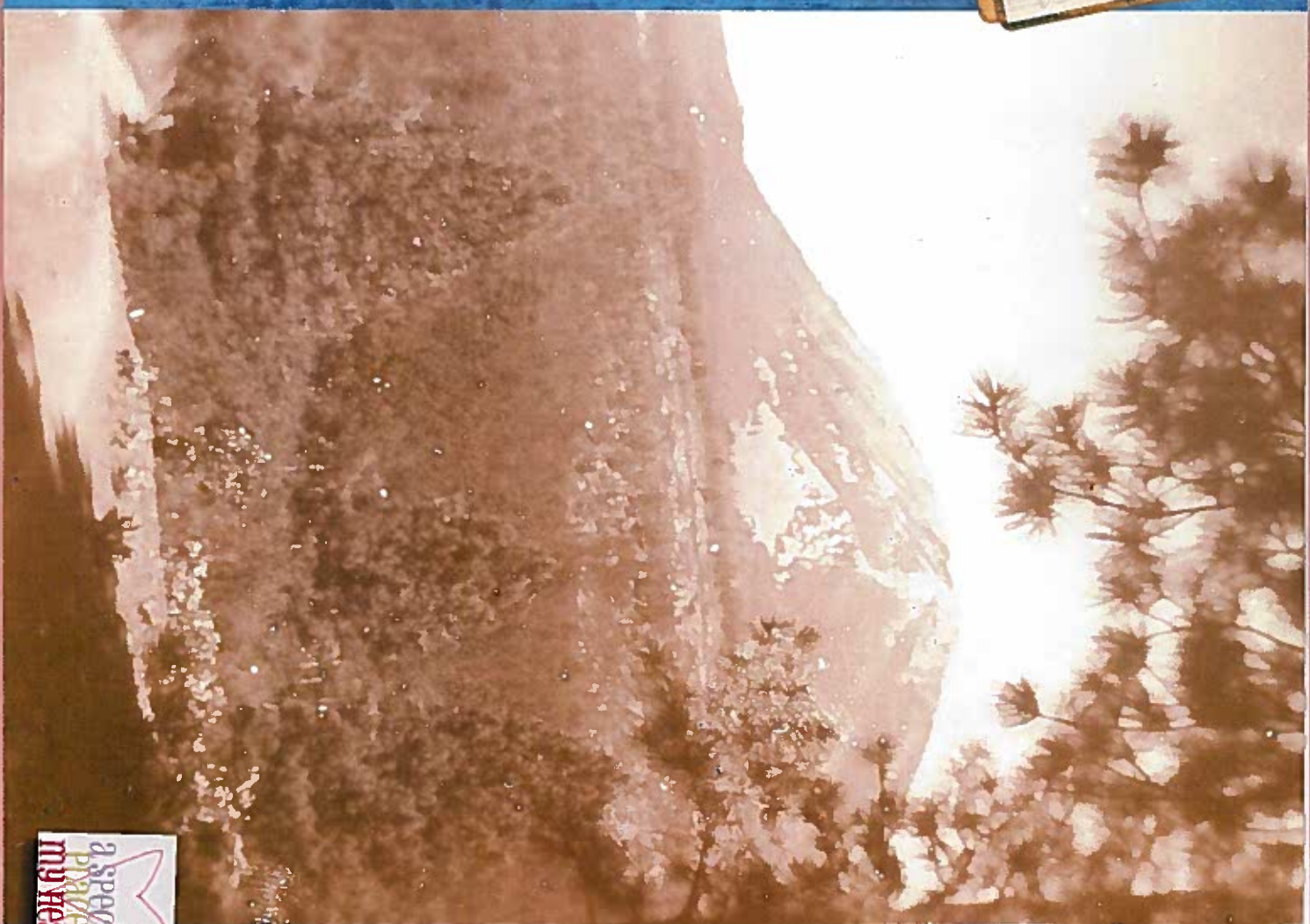
This is  
a Child's prayer...  
LaRee "Child" Noonan



\*The following picture of Blue Mountain, was taken by me at age 12 when my friends  
and I got lost while hiking. We prayed, and I received the answer to: "Go to a high  
place." They followed me across a deep canyon to the highest place we could see, and  
found this road. Looking down from this spot, we saw the stroke from our camp below.  
The other girls raced on ahead, but, I paused and took a picture of this tree and road,  
to always remember

how the Lord answered my prayer,  
and saved us when we were lost.

As we meet our mountains and valleys, I pray we will gain a  
perspective of eternity in our struggle to climb to the top of every mountain  
in our lives, and remember to pray when WE are lost.







### A Child's Prayer --

Heavenly Father,  
Are you really there?  
And do you hear and answer  
every child's prayer?

Some say that heaven is far away,  
But I feel it close around me  
as I pray.

Heavenly Father, I remember now,  
Something that Jesus told disciples

long ago:

"Suffer the children  
to come to me."

Father, in prayer I'm coming  
now to thee.

Pray, he is there;  
Speak, he is listening.

You are his Child;

His love now surrounds you.

He hears your prayer;

He loves the Children.

Of such is the kingdom,  
the kingdom of heaven.



(by Janice Kapp Perry)







*The noblest calling in the world is motherhood. True motherhood is the most beautiful of all arts, the greatest of all professions.*

*She who can paint a masterpiece, or who can write a book that will influence millions, deserves the plaudits and admiration of mankind;*

*but she who rears successfully a family of healthy, beautiful sons and daughters whose immortal souls will exert an influence throughout the ages long after paintings shall have faded, and books and statues shall have decayed or been destroyed, deserves the highest honor that man can give, and the choicest blessings of God.*

*--David O. McKay*

