

Chapter XIV

Looking For It

August 4, 1947 – August 27, 1947

Sheffield and Ramona just looked at each other in astonishment. “Did you just see what I thought I saw?” he asked.

“Did you see her too?”

“I think so. If you saw her too, it must have been real.”

“What did she mean?” Sheffield wondered. “She’s found what she was looking for but in order for her to have it, we have to find it first. Find what?”

“She did say we’d know it when it found us, whatever it is. Why didn’t she just say what it was and how is it going to find us?”

“I guess we’ll just have to wait and see.” Sheffield concluded. Then he continued, “There have been times that I felt that she was near by, but I’ve never actually seen her like this. She has come to me in my dreams, but this was real.”

“No one will ever believe us.” Ramona cautioned. “It’s kind of unnerving to have my best friend catch me in bed with her husband, even if we are married and she’s dead. I’m just glad that we weren’t doing anything, if you now what I mean.”

“Yeah. That would have been awkward. She did say that she was thrilled to see us together. I have always felt like she was pleased with us being together.”

“I wonder if the kids heard the piano?” Ramona questioned. “Now I’m not going to get to sleep.”

“She looked beautiful, didn’t she?”

“Yes she did.” Ramona responded.

“I have always believed strongly in life after death.” Sheffield affirmed. “Now I’m absolutely positive. This is something that I don’t think I’ll soon forget. But what was the purpose for her coming to us?”

“Like she said, she needs us to find something. But what was she looking for?”

“Answers. Answers to all of her questions. I wonder if that’s what she meant.”

“As much as she looked for them and wasn’t able to find them, how are we? Unless they dumped right in our laps. If that is even what she was referring to. She did say that we would recognize it when it found us.”

“I’m completely baffled.” Sheffield admitted. “Maybe it will make sense in the morning. It’s late. Let’s try to go to sleep.”

“I’ll try. Good night Babe.”

They both laid in bed, next to each other pondering what had just occurred as they tried to go sleep. It took a while and it was a rather restless night. Needless to say, the next morning they overslept. They

were awakened by when they heard Norma rattling around in the kitchen. She had taken it upon herself to fix breakfast.

Sheffield rolled over and he put his arm around Ramona. She rolled over to face him. "So," he asked, "Did that really happen, or was I dreaming?"

"If you were, then I had the same dream."

"Then it was real." Sheffield concluded.

"I'm afraid so. So what do we do about it?"

"I guess we should just be on the look out for anything that might make sense." Sheffield reasoned.

"In the meantime, I'd suggest that we keep this between ourselves."

"I agree." Ramona said as she sat up in bed.

As Sheffield got out of bed, he said, "No one would believe us."

They quickly got dressed and went out to dining room where Norma and Janet had breakfast ready. Just then, Craig came in from doing his chores.

After breakfast Sheffield took a shower while Ramona helped the girls clean up. He had just stepped out of the shower as Ramona was getting undressed to get in. He took her into his arms and pulled her close to his wet body.

"What if Geannie comes back?" Ramona teased.

"Oh, I don't think she would mind."

"So what are you going to do this morning?" She asked as she released him.

"I need to go into the school this morning." He said as he began drying off. "The new text books for this fall have come in and I need to get my teacher's edition so I can begin tweaking my lesson plans. What about you?"

As Ramona adjusted the water temperature, she replied, "There's a piece property I need to go look at." Before closing the shower curtain, Sheffield gave her a kiss. He went into the bedroom and got dressed for the day.

He then went out into the family room where his eye caught Geannie's Bible sitting on the coffee table. He sat down and picked it up and began thumbing through it. All of the markings and notations were evidence of her searching. Throughout its pages were tucked pieces of paper with more notes. One fell out onto his lap. He picked up it up to see her handwriting, but didn't really pay attention to what it said and tucked it into the page marked by the ribbon. In the back, he found the long list of questions that she had complied.

As he turned through the pages and her slips of paper, he wasn't really looking at them, rather he pondered the meaning of the visitation from Geannie the night before. He was deep in thought when

Ramona came out. "Are you figuring out what she meant?"

"Not really. Just thinking." He closed the Bible and put it back on the coffee table. "I guess, I'd better get going. I should be back by noon."

"Me too, I'll see you then."

Sheffield got up from the chair, kissed her goodbye and headed for the garage. He backed his car out and got out to close the garage door. He waved goodbye to the kids, who were out in the garden picking beans.

When he returned from town at noon, he pulled up to the mailbox. It was empty. Either it hadn't come yet, there wasn't any, or someone else had already got it. He drove into the drive way and up to the garage. When he opened the garage door, he noticed that Ramona's car was there. He pulled the car in and went on into the house. He found Ramona in the kitchen fixing lunch.

"That's a lot of beans." he commented, referring the buckets sitting on the counter. "What are you going to do with all of them?"

"Emily is coming out with her pressure cooker to show me how to can. While I was in town this morning, I bought a bunch of quart jars to put them in."

"Did you get the mail?"

"Ya, Babe. It's by the telephone. There's a card or something from Morris Gover."

Sheffield walked over to the table where the telephone sat and picked up the mail. He sorted through the magazine, bills and other mail and found a large envelope addressed to Admiral and Commander Brason, 1958 Highway 11, Salem, Virginia. He carefully opened the envelope with a letter opener. He didn't like how Ramona just ripped them open.

"It's a wedding announcement." Sheffield said as he walked toward her. "It's about time he got married. Oh and here's a letter."

"What does he have to say?" Ramona asked.

Sheffield began reading aloud. "'Dear Admiral and Commander Brason.' He's still so formal."

"What do you expect? When he knew us, that's who we were to him. Go on."

"It was been a while since I have been in contact with you, but life has been busy. I have been helping out here on the ranch while attending Utah State University in Logan twenty miles away. To complicate matters, I found a girl who has captured my heart.

"Her name is Sheila Godfrey. She is six years younger than me and I have known of her but really hadn't been acquainted with her. I am twenty eight and she is twenty two. She is actually my mother's sister's husband's niece, if that makes any sense. Don't worry, we're not actually related by blood, but it isn't uncommon in a small community like this for someone around here to marry a distant relative.

"We started seeing each other soon after I returned from the Navy. Things started getting serious during the spring and on the Fourth of July I asked her to marry me. We're getting married on twenty ninth of August. It would be great if you come to our reception that night, but I realize that its short notice and its so far for you to come. Once we're married, we'll move to Logan so I can be closer to school and I'll have to get a job. I am majoring in business and hope to go into business for myself someday.

"I hope all is well with you and that you are enjoying your retirement. I can see you as a coach and teacher. All the time that I served under you, you were both to me. I'm sure that you are very good at both. You are both special people to me and I will always cherish our association.'

"He signed it, 'Sincerely, Morris Gover.'"

"Oh that's sweet, Babe. You really made an impression on him."

"He certainly made one on me. I'd like to figure out a way to go. It's just before school starts again."

"Well, we do have your Staggerwing. We could fly. What does the card say?"

Sheffield put down the letter to look at the announcement. Again he read aloud, "Mister and Missus Lawrence Godfrey are pleased to announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Sheila May Godfrey to Mister Morris Wayne Gover, the son of Mister and Missus Wayne Gover on Friday the twenty ninth day of August nineteen hundred and forty seven when they will be sealed as husband and wife for time and all eternity in the Logan Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints...."

Sheffield paused in amazement.

"What is it Sheffield?" Ramona asked.

He didn't answer, but got up and went into the family room and opened Geannie's Bible to the page with the ribbon bookmark and pulled out the piece of paper that had fallen out earlier that morning. He looked at it and read in Geannie's handwriting:

Hawaiian Temple - The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

With the piece of paper in one hand and the announcement in the other Sheffield returned to the kitchen with a puzzled expression on his face.

Ramona asked again, "What is it, Babe? You look like your in another world."

"No not another world, another time.

"I always thought Morris was a Mormon. I vaguely remember of hearing about The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Maybe their the same thing. Any way, the last weekend before I sailed on the Enterprise to take the Marine fighter squadron to Wake, we took a trip up to the North Shore of Oahu. We drove home along the east shore on Sunday morning. As we came to the community of Laie where we stopped for breakfast. Geannie noticed what looked like a palace that had a row of fountains lined by palm

trees running up to it. She suggested that we stop and take a look.

“The gate was open although there was no sign of anyone being there. We parked the car and got out to walk around the immaculate grounds. I remember Geannie said that it felt like sacred ground. We got the idea that it was a church of some kind, but it was odd that nobody was around on a Sunday. As we walked around the building, Geannie was overcome by a powerful feeling that it had some sort of connection with eternity and our relationship to each other. She felt that somehow it held the answers to what she have been looking for ever since we lost Charles Emmett. We all felt something special about that place. As we left she copied down what was on the sign in the driveway on this piece of paper because she wanted to look into it when she went home. Two weeks later they were all dead.

“I really hadn't thought about it since then. Then just this morning while I was looking through her Bible to see if I could figure out what it was she was looking for, this slip of paper fell out. I didn't really pay attention to it when I slipped it back in. And then, Morris' announcement came and what it said hit me like a brick as I remembered this piece of paper.

“So between being visited by Geannie last night, getting his announcement, and remembering that occasion, I can't help but wonder if this is what she was trying to tell us. I definitely think we should plan a trip to Utah. All of a sudden I need to talk to Morris.”

“If The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the Mormon Church are the same thing as you suggest, why not just ask Roger Rowan?”

“Both he and his brother have gone out to Idaho to take the Rowan Cousins to college. Roger's wife is from around there someplace so they were going to be gone practically all month. Besides, Morris holds a special place in heart. I want to hear it from him. If I approached Roger, I don't want him to think that we are interested in joining their church.”

“But what if you're right and this is what Geannie was referring to. She did say that it would find us. There is too much going on here to be coincidence, wouldn't you say?”

“Then I suppose we'd have to investigate it further wouldn't we. I just feel more comfortable talking to Morris about it, even if nothing more comes of than a trip to Utah. It would be worth it just to see him.”

“Does that announcement say anything about a reception?”

“I never got that far, lets see what it says. Here it is. 'You are invited a attend a reception in their honor from seven thirty to nine thirty at the Clarkston LDS Chapel.'”

“What does LDS stand for?”

“Um, I'm not sure, unless it means Latter-day Saints.”

“That makes sense.” Ramona concluded.

“I'm going to see if I can call him tonight.”

All the time they were having that conversation, Ramona finished making lunch. When it was ready, she called the kids in and they all sat down to eat.

This weighed heavily on Sheffield's mind all afternoon. He got out the atlas and found Logan, Utah. He figured they could make it there in a day with stops in St. Louis, Missouri and Goodland, Kansas. Besides he was anxious to take his plane on another cross country trip.

The rest of the afternoon, Ramona and the girls and Emily were up to their elbows in green beans. Sheffield and Craig were enlisted to do the heavy lifting when it was required. At the end of the day, they had bottled fifty seven quarts of beans.

That evening Sheffield picked up the telephone and when the operator came on, he said that he needed to place a call to Utah. The operator connected him with an operator in Utah and he told her that he wanted to be put through to Wayne Gover in Clarkston. There was brief pause and she said "One moment please."

"Hello." an unfamiliar voice on the other end of the line responded.

"Hello, this is Sheffield Brason calling long distance. Is Morris there?"

"No he isn't. May I take a message." the voice said. It sounded like the voice of an adolescent.

"No, may I speak to Wayne."

"Yes, just a moment."

After a pause, a man's voice said, "Hello."

"Hello, is this Wayne?:"

"Yeah."

"Hello Wayne, this is Sheffield Brason calling from Roanoke Virginia."

"Well, hello Admiral Brason. Morris has told us so much about you that I feel like I know you."

"Morris is great man. I don't know what I'd ever done without him."

"What can I do for you Admiral?"

"For starters, you can call me Sheffield. Listen, I received Morris's wedding announcement in the mail today. I wanted to let him know that we were planning on coming. I'd like to come two or three days early if possible because there is something I want to talk to him about."

"Oh really. You're sure welcomed to come anytime and of course, you'll stay with us."

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly put you out like that. We're fine with staying at a hotel. There will be five of us. Myself, my wife, and our three children."

"Nonsense. We can manage, besides the nearest hotel is twenty miles away in Logan."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, we have plenty of room. How old are your kids?"

"They're sixteen, fourteen, and eleven."

"Perfect. They're about the same ages as our three youngest."

"Well I appreciate your hospitality. I'll take you up on that."

"Great. I know Morris will be happy to see you. When will you be arriving?"

"How about if we came on Wednesday the twenty seventh, and left on the thirtieth."

"That will be just fine. Will you be coming on the train?"

"No we'll be flying."

"So will you need some one to pick you up in Salt Lake City?"

"No, I have a private plane, I was going to fly into Logan, unless you have an airfield or a landing strip there."

"Can you land on the road?"

As long as its level and there aren't any telephone or power lines in the way."

"Were the last house on the road, the road to the east of us is a good gravel road that ought to work. Its just a half a mile south of the main highway coming in from the east."

"Okay, then I'll give it try. Tell Morris that I look forward to seeing him. And thanks again Wayne.

"I'll tell him that you're coming. We're happy to have you come. We'll see you on the twenty seventh then. Bye now."

Good bye."

Sheffield told Ramona and the kids about the arrangements. Ramona was concerned that they'd be in the way, but the kids were excited to go on another trip. Between then and the end of the month, the third crop hay was harvested. Sheffield worked on his lesson plans and met with Coach Karrington to preview the potential team members for the coming season. Ramona bought another house that she had Ray fix up to make it ready to sell and the corn from the garden was canned. Janet finally got her cast off and started piano lessons.

Besides the work, there was time for recreation as well. While the hay was drying, they loaded the horses up in the pickup and Sheffield and Craig hauled them up to cabin, while Ramona and the girls followed in her car and spent a couple of nights. Sheffield convinced his parents to go for a ride in his plane and took them up.

All the while, the impact of Geannie's visit from beyond the grave did not fade. They spoke of it only between themselves and wondered at what answers they might find in Utah. They looked forward to and planned for the trip. No one new of the ulterior motive behind going to Morris' wedding They got another letter from Morris with instructions on how to find their ranch complete with a map showing him where to

land.

On the morning of the 27th, they had everything ready for the trip and the plane was loaded with their luggage. They took off from the ranch at eight o'clock and flew as far as St. Louis, Missouri where they stopped off just before eleven for fuel and to stretch their legs. The second leg of the trip took them to Goodland, Kansas. While flying across Kansas, they had to fly around a thunderstorm. They landed at two o'clock for another fuel stop and to have lunch.

After an hour, they took off on the final leg of the trip. Soon the the Rocky Mountains of Colorado were looming in the distance. They passed north of Denver and over the mountains, between two peaks well over thirteen thousand feet. The updraft from the mountains made for a bumpy ride. That didn't set well with Norma so soon after lunch. She managed to throw up into a wax paper bag and it smelled really bad. It almost made Janet throw up as well. Ramona reached back and carefully took it from her without spilling it. She tied it off with a rubber band tossed it out the window.

There were more mountains ahead before coming out over the high plains of Southwest Wyoming. There was one more mountain range to go over after crossing into Utah. They came out over the Bear River Mountains at Smithfield with Cache Valley stretching out before them. Sheffield descended as he headed west, out across the valley, following the main highway to the far side. After passing just north Little Mountain, Clarkston was just ahead. He dropped down and made a pass over the town to get his bearings. Using the map that Morris sent him, he found the road and circled around to line up for a landing. As he came down, he saw it was good dirt road with no traffic. Up ahead was the two story frame house that Morris described. Sheffield brought the Staggerwing in for a near perfect landing just before six o'clock and taxied up to the house. He saw Morris standing out on the road directing him off the road into an empty corral. Someone had just recently took down part of the fence, as the panels and posts were neatly stacked along the fence to one side.

The plane had stirred up some dust, and Sheffield waited for it to settle a minute after he shut off the engine to have Craig open the door. In the meantime, a crowd of people had gathered around. Craig was the first one out of the plane, followed by his sisters, then Ramona and last of all, Sheffield. As they were exiting the plane, Morris stepped toward them to greet them with a handshake and introduced them first to his fiancé, and then to his parents, Wayne and Abigail, who went by Gail. Next he introduced them to his brother and his four sisters and his sister's husband.

Sheffield introduced Craig, Norma, and Janet. Morris wasn't aware of the chain of events that had lead to the creation of their family.

After the introductions, Gail said, "I'm sure you're all famished. I have dinner ready."

"Thank you so much." Ramona said for her family. "It has been a long time since lunch." She didn't mention Norma was particularly hungry since she had lost hers.

"You have such a lovely home." Ramona commented as they approached the rather large two story, white framed, farmhouse."

"Thank you." Wayne said. "It was built by my father back in nineteen ten when I was just a boy. I told you we have plenty of room. If we run out of room, we have the old house around back."

"We certainly appreciate your hospitality." Sheffield said as she entered the house, filled with a savory aroma.

"It's already." Gail said. "Melanie will show you to the bathroom so you can wash up while we carve the roast."

A few minutes later. They were all seated around two tables that crowded the dining room. At the main table, Wayne took his customary place at the head of the table with Gail at his right. Ramona sat next to Gail with Sheffield on the other side. Morris sat at the other end of the table with Shelia, Malanie who was expecting, and her husband Wallace on the other side.

At the second table were the Gover's four younger children, Cynthia; eighteen, Joyce; sixteen, Holly; thirteen, and Jerald, who went by Jerry; eleven, along with Craig, Norma, and Janet. The three youngest Gover children were near the same ages as the Brason children. Once everyone was seated, Wayne asked a blessing on the food.

"I hope you like lamb." Gail said as she handed the platter to Ramona and Sheffield.

"I haven't had mutton since I was kid on the reservation." Ramona said trying to hide her dislike for it.

"Oh this ain't mutton." Wayne corrected. "This is lamb. There's a big difference. You see lamb is young and tender while mutton is old and tough."

Ramona took a piece and put it on her plate and handed the platter to Sheffield. He said, "You didn't have to get lamb just for us."

"Aw shoot." Wayne came back. "This ain't nothing special. We've got a thousand more of them up on the summer range. We eat it all the time."

"Morris told me that he grew up on a ranch, I just assumed it was cattle."

"No sir. We run sheep. You see, my father homesteaded this place in eighteen eighty three, well at least the hundred and sixty acres here by the house on this side of the creek. It's all irrigated. Later he acquired three hundred and twenty acres of dry farm across the creek. He started with a couple hundred head of sheep and built up his herd from there. Eventually he secured a lease on twelve hundred acres of national forest land in the mountains to the west of us.

"I was the youngest son and the only one who was interested in taking over the place. He retired in

twenty four and turned it over to me and Abigail. He died about eight years after that.”

“So tell me,” Ramona asked, “Are you both from around here?”

“My Grandpa Gover settled here in eighteen sixty nine and Gail's people stetted here the same year. The town had only been settled for four years before that. So we both grew up here.”

“We've known each other all of our lives.” Gail continued. “Wayne is two years older than me. We got started young. He was eighteen and I was only sixteen when we were married on July fifteenth, nineteen eighteen. We didn't wait to have kids either. Morris here came along a little over ten months later.”

“Are these all of your children?” Ramona asked.

“No.” Gail continued. “When Morris was a little over two, Wayne was called by the church to serve a mission in the Southern States. When he left that fall, we didn't know that I was expecting. Our daughter Emma was born the following summer. Melanie was born nine months after Wayne came home, and our son Henry was born two years after that. You've met Melanie and the younger ones. Our Emma died when she was three years old.”

“I'm sorry to hear that.” Ramona said.

“Oh thank you. That was a long time ago now. Anyway, Henry is currently serving a mission in the Midwest. Like Morris, he served in the Navy during the war.”

“You didn't mention that he had a brother in the Navy, Morris. Were was it he served?”

“He was always on cargo ships.” Morris added.

“That's right. I remember know. Didn't you run into him when we were at San Pedro Bay?”

“Yeah.” Morris said. “I gave him a tour of the Reprisal.” He continued, “While on the subject of family, I never knew that you had a family?”

“Thats a long story.” Ramona said. She went on to unfold the story of how they came to be a family.

The two families visited further over dinner and got acquainted. Sheffield and Ramona found the Govers to be very much like the Rowans and the other Mormons that had met at Sylvia's wedding. They were very warm and friendly and very down to earth. They were people very much like they themselves were.

After dinner, Melanie and Wallace went home and younger kids got involved with getting to know each other and playing games. Wayne and Gail, Morris and Sheila, and Sheffield and Ramona retired to the comfort of the living room where the conversation continued.

“I actually served part of my mission in Roanoke.” Wayne told them.

“Oh really.” Sheffield said. “When was that?”

“Lets see. That would have bee the spring and summer of nineteen twenty two.”

“That was about the time I was on my would cruise.” Sheffield replied.

June 1922

One morning while Geannie was outside tending her flowerbeds she was approached by two men who appeared to be about her age. They stood out by the fact that they were wearing suits. As they approached her, she stood up and wiped off her hands and said "Good morning."

One of the two greeted her with, "Good morning, ma'am. My name is Elder Gover and this is my companion, Elder Mansfield. We are missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The fact that the name didn't register showed on her face as she extended her hand and said, "Hi, I'm Geannie Brason. I'm pleased to meet you."

Elder Gover continued, "We are more commonly referred to as the Mormon Church."

"Oh yes, Mormons. From Utah, right?"

"That's right. We have a marvelous message to share. Let me ask you, are you a religious person?"

"Absolutely. I'm Methodist. My father-in-law is the pastor at Green Memorial."

"Then I assume you are familiar with the bible."

"Pretty much. I try to read something every morning."

"Then you are familiar with the concept of God revealing His will through prophets and how Christ continued his ministry through his apostles."

"Yes of course."

"Have you ever wondered why that hasn't been the case since then?"

"I suppose because everything He needed us to know was written in the Bible."

"But," Elder Gover asked, "aren't our times different with different challenges just as times were different in the times of Moses, Isaiah, or Jesus?"

"I hadn't thought of it that way. So tell me, why doesn't he?"

"Our message," Elder Gover declared, "is that he dose reveal his will to us in modern times through a living prophet and apostles. Would you be interested in learning how this came about?"

"Yes, that sounds fascinating. I've never considered such a notion."

"May I ask, are you married?"

She took off the glove from her left hand and proudly displayed her wedding ring and said, "Just over six months."

"That's good. Would it be possible to come back when your husband is home and tell you about it?"

"I'm afraid not. You see he is an Ensign in the Navy and is on a world cruise and won't be back until September. But you could stop by then."

Elder Mansfield who hadn't said a word, took notebook out of his pocket and noted her name and address and said. "Very well. We'll call on you in the fall."

"Before we leave," Elder Gover concluded, "I bear witness that there is a living prophet and apostles on the earth once more and that Jesus Christ has restored the church that he organized during the meridian of time. We look forward to meeting with you then to explain all about it. In the meantime, please look over this tract." he said as he handed it to her. "Thank you for your time and good day Missus Brason."

"And good day to you gentlemen. I look forward to seeing you again."

As they left and moved on to the house next door, Geannie returned to her flowerbeds pondering the brief message they had delivered. For whatever reason, they never did call on her again and she eventually misplaced the tract and forgot about the brief encounter.

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Sheffield continued. "I just learned that there are a few Mormons in the area. My niece married one."

"Yeah, who was it?"

"His name is Scott Rowan."

"I remember the Rowans. They're good people."

"I've got acquainted with them a little bit. Scott's dad is Tom. I don't know him that well but I know his brother Roger pretty good. In fact Roger is the head of the Mormon Church in Roanoke. He's the one who performed my niece's wedding.

"Do you remember when I called, I said that there was something that I wanted to talk to Morris about. Well this is it."

"What's that, Admiral?"

"I knew that you were a Mormon and I'd heard of them. But on your wedding announcement, it said 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints'. I'd never heard that name, except for one time when I ran across it, only I didn't realize it at the time."

"We're known as Mormons because of a book of scripture that we use called The Book of Mormon, but the official name of the church is The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"I never knew that." Sheffield said. "Now that leads me to what we want to know. When I got your announcement, it hit me like a brick. You see, my first wife Geannie and I lost a child too, many years ago. Ever since that, she began asking questions that my brother, who was a minister couldn't answer. She had always studied the Bible and she couldn't find the answers there either. She spent the rest of her life looking for those answers but never found them. She compiled a quite a list and frankly we'd like to know if there are

answers and what they are. The whole family would like to know.

“Any way, we were living in Hawaii before the war and two weeks before Pearl Harbor we had gone on one last trip on the island before I was going to bring them back to the States. We came across a beautiful building that looked like a palace so we stopped to take a look. We didn't know it then but it was a temple of your church. We all felt a special feeling about that place and Geannie said that she felt very strongly that that place held the key to the answers to her questions and that somehow it had something to do with our relationship to each other in heaven. You see, the question that lead to all of her other questions was, does marriage continue beyond the grave? She felt very strongly that there was more to marriage and families than 'till death do you part.' She never found those answers and two weeks later, she and our two kids were killed at Pearl Harbor.”

“How tragic.” Gail said.

“I hesitate to tell you what brought all of this to a head, but do you believe in life after death.”

“Oh Absolutely.” Wayne answered.

“Do you believe it possible that someone can come from beyond the grave with a message?”

“Certainly.”

Sheffield turned to Ramona and asked, “Should I tell them.”

“If you think it will help.”

Sheffield continued, “The night before we received your invitation, we were laying in bed, when all of sudden Geannie was standing at the foot of the bed. She said, 'I've found what I've been looking for but before I can have it, I need you to find it first.' She then said that we'd recognize it when it found us.’

“As you can imagine, that was quite unnerving. The next morning I was thumbing through her Bible to see if I could figure out what she meant. The piece of paper that she had wrote the name of your church on that day in Hawaii fell out. I glanced at it without giving it any thought. Later that day when we got your announcement, there was the name of your church again. In that moment I remembered that day and what she said.

“Now, that I have said all of that, can you answer these questions?” Sheffield handed Geannie's handwritten list to Morris.

He looked it over and said, “I assure you Admiral, there are indeed answers to these questions. And yes, we can answer them.” Morris said as he handed the list to his father.

“All those years that you were at my side, you had them all the time didn't you?”

“Perhaps you weren't ready for them yet, sir. You were busy fighting a war and now that you're retired and have a family, maybe now the time is right. Besides, if not for your wife coming to you, you might not be ready even now.”

Wayne said after looking over the list. "It's not possible for us to answer all of them right now. It will take time. It will take line up on line to answer them for you in an organized way so that it all makes sense, and it will take time and study, and thoughtful prayer on your part. Are you willing to make that investment?"

With tears streaming down their faces, provoked by a powerful feeling that had overcome them, both Sheffield and Ramona nodded their heads.

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The story of them visiting the temple grounds in Hawaii is found in Book I: Remembering Geannie Part III chapter 38.

Wayne Gover Family (Ages on 29 Aug 1947)

Wayne Gover 2 Mar 1900 (47)

Abigale Buttars 31 Mar 1902 (45)

Married: 15 Jul 1918 (18 and 16)

Morris 27 May 1919 (28) Engaged to Sheila May Godfrey (b 17 Feb 1925 age 22)

Wayne served in the Southern States Mission from October 1921 to October 1923 (21 to 23)

Emma 6 July 1922 died 17 Nov 1925 (at age 3 yrs 4 mos)

Melanie 18 Aug 1924 (22) Married to Wallace Jardine (16 Apr 1946) expecting

Henry 17 Oct 1926 (21) Serving in the Central States Mission

Cynthia 30 May 1929 (18) Graduated from High School – Attending BYU

Joyce 4 Jan 1931 (16) Going into 11th grade

Holly 14 Nov 1933 (13) Going into the 8th grade

Jerald (Jerry) 29 Feb 1936 (11) Going into the 6th grade