

Chapter XVI

Embracing It

August 30, 1947 – September 6, 1947

The first leg of the flight went well, but out over Eastern Colorado, the weather began to break down. It was a bumpy ride the rest of the way into Goodland, Kansas, and poor Norma was green from motion sickness by the time they landed.

While the plane was being fueled, Sheffield was advised of sever weather and tornadoes stretching across Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois. Their best bet was stay there and sit it out and go the rest of the way on Sunday, when the weather was expected to be fine for flying.

There wasn't much in Goodland, Kansas. After securing the plane, the manager of Renner Field gave them a ride downtown to the Sherman Hotel, which was located above the five and dime store on Main Street. There was one thing about Goodland that was interesting, the main street was paved with bricks.

The hotel was old, but well kept up. The hotel desk clerk was friendly and accommodating and put them up in a family room with one double and two twin beds. A cot was brought in and setup for Craig. There was a common bathroom that served all the rooms.

At the time, the Brasons were the only guests, apart from some permanent residents who lived there. As they went up to their room, they passed a woman returning to her room from the bathroom. From her appearance Ramona was certain that she was a prostitute. It turned out, she was just in the next room.

With the afternoon to kill, they decided to have something to eat and go to a matinée. They found a diner and had lunch. Norma was still a little queasy and didn't want much. She choose a 7Up to settle her stomach. As for the rest, they had a nice lunch.

A little further down Main Street was the Sherman Theater. On the front of the building was poster for "Down to Earth", starring Rita Hayworth. Across the poster, it said "Now Playing."

"I heard that this was supposed to be a good movie." Ramona said.

"Yeah," Sheffield grunted. "It's too bad we're a day early. This is what's playing tomorrow." With his cane, he pointed to a poster for "Angel and the Badman", a western starring John Wayne.

They paid their admission, bought some popcorn and found their way up to the balcony. The movie was a musical comedy in which Rita Hayworth played the part of Terpsichore, one of the seven muses from Greek mythology who ruled over dance and drama. Not at all pleased with the way she was being depicted in a Broadway play, she descends from the heavens. Passing herself off as an actress, she goes about to set the story straight. But things get complicated when she falls for the producer and can't risk telling him who she really is.

After the movie, a thunderstorm was raging outside and they had to wait out the storm in the theater lobby until it moved on. Once it did, they strolled down the street farther just to see what was there. They

found it to be like any other small town in rural America. By then, Norma was famished, so they found a restaurant and had dinner before returning to their room for the evening.

With plenty of evening left, they got out the books that Wayne gave them and began reading about the journey of a man named Lehi who is commanded by God to flee the city of Jerusalem. The story taught some powerful lessons as his younger son had to deal with his two trouble-making older brothers.

Eventually they took turns in the bathroom and got ready for bed. Not long after going to sleep, they were interrupted by the comings and goings to the room next door and what was obviously going on. The need for sleep, overcame the commotion coming through the wall. That is until about two o'clock in the morning. All of a sudden there were two good bangs against wall, followed by a blood-curdling scream. Both Sheffield and Ramona woke up with a start.

It was obvious that someone was in great distress. Sheffield quickly pulled on his trousers and grabbed his cane and headed for the door. Ramona was right behind him as she pulled on her robe. From out in the hall they heard another loud bang and more screaming. The door was locked, so with his good leg, Sheffield kicked the door open and rushed in. A naked man in his mid-fifties let go of the woman he had pinned against the wall by the throat and turned to make a dash for his clothes draped over a chair by the door. Sheffield tripped him with his cane and as the man fell to the floor, he jumped on him and pinned him with one of the moves he taught his wrestling team.

In the meantime, Ramona rushed to the woman slumped over on the floor, naked and bleeding from the back of the head. Ramona ripped a piece of the sheet on the bed and began treating her wound. The kids poked their heads in the door to see what was going on. Sheffield told Craig to go downstairs and have the desk clerk call the police and ordered Norma and Janet back to the room.

About three or four minutes later, two police officers entered the room. "We'll take it from here folks." one of them said.

Sheffield got up and one of the officers helped the man to his feet while the other handed him his clothes. "Here Charlie. Put these on and go on home to your wife."

"She's so drunk she doesn't even know I'm gone." Charlie said.

"Shouldn't you be taking him into custody?" Sheffield asked.

"No sir, not him. He's a prominent banker in these parts and is on the city council."

"What difference does that make?"

"Look mister. We appreciate you trying to help, but if you don't butt out, we'll haul you in for obstructing law officers in the line of duty."

Sheffield protested only to have the threat put to him even stronger. He simply backed away.

Charlie, as they called him, slipped on his clothes and snarled at Sheffield as he quickly left the room and disappeared around the corner.

The other officer garbed the woman by the arm and pulled her from Ramona, who was still trying to treat her wound and settle her down. "You're coming with us, whore." he said.

"I'm a nurse and she needs attention." Ramona protested.

"Oh we'll see to it that she gets what she deserves, lady."

The woman didn't resist as she was handcuffed with her hands behind her back. As they led her away, Ramona wrapped the bed sheet around her shoulders in an attempt to cover her nakedness. The police officers told the Brasons to go back to their room and forget what just happened. They followed them out into the hall in disbelief. As the officers were taking the woman away, one of them swore at her and ripped the sheet away and tossed it aside. Sobbing during the entire episode she didn't say a word.

Ramona was concerned about just what they had in mind for the vulnerable woman who appeared to be in her early thirties. True, she was a prostitute and had broken the law, and they were police officers sworn to uphold the law, but the whole way the matter was handled seemed wrong. They couldn't even give her the dignity to let her cover herself as they took her to wherever it was they were taking her to do whatever it was they were going to do to her. Why was her client let go just because of who he was when assault and battery was crime much more serious than prostitution? Maybe not in Goodland, Kansas.

Sheffield and Ramona returned to their room and told the kids to go back to sleep. They climbed back into bed and tried to do the same. But the injustice that they had just witnessed weighed heavily on their minds, crowding out sleep.

The next morning, they got their things together before leaving the hotel to have breakfast at the same diner where they had lunch the day before. As they passed the newspaper stand at the service desk, the headline read, "Police Break Up Prostitution Ring, 5 Arrested." Ramona forked over a nickel and bought a copy. While waiting for their order, Ramona read the highlights out loud. "A tip from an anonymous call sent police to the Sherman Hotel at around two a.m. that resulted in the arrest of one prostitute. During a thorough interrogation, the names and addresses of four other prostitutes were revealed. By five o'clock this morning, the others were all in custody."

Ramona turned to page where the story was continued. "Oh look." she said. "There are pictures of the five women. Here's the one. Oh my." Ramona groaned, "She didn't have these bruises on her face when I was helping her. It says that her name is Rose Perks. She is thirty three years old from Burlington, Colorado." She showed the picture to Sheffield. "The poor girl. They must have beat the information out of her.

"I'll bet that's not all they did her." Sheffield added.

"I don't care if she is a prostitute," Ramona concluded, "no one should be abused like that. First that creep tried to kill her and then cops beat here up some more."

She thumbed through the paper just to see what else was in it. "I don't believe it." She gasped. "Listen to this, 'The Sherman Gazette is pleased to announce their endorsement of Charles Helm in his bid to become Goodland's next Mayor. Mr. Helm is the president of the Sherman First National Bank of Goodland. He has strong ties to the Goodland Police Department and the Sherman County Sheriff's Office and has pledged to clean up the unpleasant elements in the community and put a stop to the rampant corruption in City Hall.' It has a picture of him, its the same creep that tried to kill that woman. Can you believe that?" Ramona was seething. "It goes on to say, 'Mr. Helm is well respected in the community, having served on the city council for sixteen years. He and his wife, Marjene, have been married for thirty one years and they are the parents of five children.'

"It just makes me mad that he can get away with this. We can't report what we know to the police or the newspaper. He's got them all in his back pocket." Ramona paused for a moment. "Maybe there is something I can do. I'll be right back."

Sheffield wondered for a moment if somehow Geannie had possessed her, that was the kind of tenacity that she had. He watched as she walked over to the phone booth, stepped inside, and closed the door behind her. He could see her looking through the telephone directory, and then drop a coin into the slot and dialed a number. He watched as she had a brief conversation with whoever it was she was talking to. When she was finished, she hung up and made her way back to the table where the family was seated. From the look on her face, the conversation had not gone well.

"Who were you talking to?" Sheffield asked as she plopped down across from him.

"I called Mrs. Helm and told her what we saw last night."

"Really?" Norma asked.

"Yes."

"And what did she say?" Sheffield wanted to know.

"She said that she is very well aware of the fact that he frequents the prostitutes. She even said that she knows about his mistress. I asked her why she didn't do something about it."

"And what did she say?"

"She's scared to death of him. If she did or said anything thing, he would beat her. So she just keeps her mouth shut except for when shes got a drink in her hand. She told me that intoxication is a better alternative and begged me to to just let it go and go back to wherever I came from."

"And that is just what we're going to do. Let's go back to the hotel and get our things and leave this town." Sheffield said. "I don't know what more we can do."

"That's what makes me so angry." Ramona huffed. "I guess Mrs. Helm and this town deserve what they're going to get."

They returned to their room long enough to get their luggage. While Sheffield checked out and paid their bill, Ramona called a for the only taxi cab in town to take them back to Renner Field. As they left, the desk clerk invited them to come and stay again.

"I doubt that we'll ever be here again." Sheffield said.

They left the hotel lobby as the cab pulled up in front. It was only a short ride to the airport. They loaded their bags into the plane and climbed aboard. They took off into a clear sky with a gentle breeze in contrast to the conditions the day before. As Goodland, Kansas grew smaller and more distant, they didn't look back.

The rest of the flight was uneventful. They stopped for fuel and lunch in St. Louis before going on to Roanoke. It was mid afternoon when they when they touched down on the landing strip at the Two Star Ranch. As they exited the plane, they found everything as they had left it few days earlier.

Sheffield and Craig unloaded the plane and put it back to the hangar. Between the two of them, they managed to take all of the bags into the house in one trip. It was nice to be home again.

The next day was Labor Day. When Romona came out into the kitchen that morning, Sheffield was sitting at the table with a cup of coffee. "Good morning, Sweetheart." he greeted. "I made some coffee. Would you like some?"

"No thanks."

"Are you sure?"

"Um huh. I quit drinking coffee."

"Oh really. Since when?"

"Yesterday."

"You're really taking this serious aren't you?"

"Yes, and I think you should too. When are you going to call Roger?"

"Real soon."

"Good because if you don't, I will. By the way, I did some more reading in that book. I can't put it down. Have you done any more."

"A little." Sheffield admitted. "I read the part in that other book that Wayne gave us that he recommended. Have you read it yet."

"No, I haven't got to that yet."

"I can't explain it, but it really makes sense to me." Sheffield said. "I think before breakfast we ought to read some more with the kids."

"Good idea. I'll go call them downstairs."

After a reading together about building a ship and crossing the sea, they had breakfast and got ready to go the Brason Labor Day picnic. Sheffield had originally planned to host it at their ranch, but the last minute trip to Utah forced a change of plans. Since the Austins weren't using the cabin, that was the alternative. Sheffield hauled Red and Roxy up in the pickup for anyone who wanted to ride them. Ramona and the girls came up in her car and Craig and Edith came in the kid's car.

Pretty much everyone was there, except for Ruth Ann and her family. Emmett and Ellen were showing the effects of their age more and more, his Parkinson's Disease had become noticeably worse in recent months.

Four more great grandchildren had added to the ever increasing size of the family and it was about to get even bigger. Sylvia announced that she and Scott were expecting in February. Wendalynn announced her engagement to Myrle Karns. They're plans were to be married on December 1st. Myrle was a navy veteran from Roanoke who had served aboard submarines during the war. There were a lot of people there. Everyone brought food enough for all of them, with extra in case the Seventh Cavalry showed up.

Since no one was taking advantage of Red and Roxy, Sheffield invited Walt to go for a ride with him. As they rode up the trail to the lake and beyond, Sheffield confided in him all that had been going on.

"Do you remember Geannie's list of questions?" Sheffield began.

"I sure do. I've been stumped by them ever since she hit me with them?"

"What would you say if I told you that I have found where to get the answers?"

"You have? Where?"

"One night, about a month ago, Ramona and I were laying in bed, when all of a sudden, Geannie was standing at the foot of the bed. I swear I'm not making it up. Ask Ramona, she'll tell you that she saw her too."

"Since you don't drink, I have to believe you on that one. Did she say anything?"

"She said that she had found what she was looking for but before she could have it, we needed to find it first. She said that we'd recognize it when we found it." He went onto explain their experience in Hawaii and the wedding announcement from Morris Gover and the correlation. "That's why we decided to go to Utah. It turns out that the Mormons and The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are one in the same. That's were the answers to Geannie's questions are."

“Really, the Mormons? Come on, Sheffield. They're good people and all, but they're such an odd bunch.”

“Tell me Walt. How so?”

Walt didn't have an immediate answer.

Sheffield went on, “They don't smoke or drink. They don't use foul language. They don't carouse around. They have a strong sense of family and a solid work ethic. They believe in God and are good Christians. You know the Rowans. Your daughter married into them. What's so odd about them? From what few Mormons I've met, I don't have any reason to think they're an odd bunch. All of those things I just mentioned fits us as well, doesn't it?”

“I suppose your right about that. But from what I hear, they have some strange beliefs.”

“Do you actually know what they believe?”

“I can't say that I do.”

“They believe pretty much the same things that we do and then some. Those additional things they believe are the very things on Geannie's list. And that, brother, is where the answers are.” He went onto relate the things that Morris and and Wayne had told them.

Walt didn't know what to say.

“We're going to look into it further. I'd rather keep this between you and me until I know more and am sure that it is something worth pursuing. When I am, I plan on cluing everyone else in on what we've discovered. But until then, don't say anything until I'm sure about things. There's no need to make fool out of me if I'm wrong.”

“Alright Sheffield. I promise, I won't say a word. I'll let you take the initiative on this. But if you find that there really is something to it, let me know first and I'll be behind you in whatever you do. I learned a long time ago not to doubt Geannie. If she came to you from beyond the grave to point you, us, in the right direction, there must be something to it.”

Labor Day had unofficially drawn summer to a close, as it dose every year. On Tuesday Sheffield had to go into work for a few hours to prepare for the next day when the students returned to class for the coming year. He had read through his new textbook and had modified his lesson plans accordingly. He had three classes again that year at the same times as the year before. He received his class rolls and looked them over.

When he got home, Ramona wasn't there. She had gone to look at the house that Ray had just finished remodeling and a couple of other pieces of property that she was interested in.

When she came through the door, she had a couple bags of groceries in her hands. "Is anybody home?" She called out.

Sheffield came out and greeted her, "Hi Sweetheart. How was your day?"

"After looking at the house, I went by the newspaper office and took out an ad listing it. Then I looked at two others and went to the store and came home. What about you? Are you ready for school to start tomorrow?"

"As ready as I'll ever be. You'll never guess who I talked to this afternoon."

"Who."

"The attorney general for the State of Kansas."

"Really?" Ramona said surprised.

"I know that episode in Goodland has been eating on you. It has me bothered too. So I had the operator put me through to the statehouse in Wichita. At first I got a bit of a run around until I pulled rank. You know its surprising how much farther admiral goes than mister. After that I was put right through. I told him about the encounter at the hotel and Mr. Helms' involvement and how it was handled by the police. I even identified Miss Perks as the victim of his assault."

"What did he have say?"

"He thanked me for the tip and said that he'd look into it. Oh and we may have to go back to Goodland after all. He asked if we'd be willing to testify against him if it were to go to trial. I told him we'd be there."

"Maybe there'll be justice after all. I'd just hate to see him get a way with it and use the office of mayor to further his corruption."

"The attorney general is aware of his campaign and hopes to bring it all to a head before the election in November."

"Well good for you. I'd never thought of going that route."

"I wouldn't have either, except while I was thumbing through my test book today, I by chance turned to the page explaining the role of the state attorney general. That's what gave me the idea."

"Well good. Say, where are the kids?"

"Craig took them to a matinée before going back to school tomorrow. They should be back soon."

"Good, I'll get started on supper. Would you go out to the garden and see if there are any ripe tomatoes and whatever else you can find."

Later in the evening, Sheffield tried to call Roger Rowan but he as a something called MIA, whatever that was. Chantalle said that she'd have him call him back when he got home, sometime after nine. Ramona was busy helping the girls lay out their clothes and things for school the next day.

Then around nine thirty, Roger called back. After visiting for a minute, Sheffield told Roger that they wanted to know more about the Mormon Church and invited Roger and his family to dinner on Thursday. It was an invitation that Roger readily accepted.

The next morning, Ramona made sure the kids were up in time to get ready for the first day of school. Craig was starting his junior year at Jefferson High School, Norma her freshman year at Monroe Junior High, Janet was in the sixth grade at Melrose Elementary. Before leaving the house, everyone had breakfast together and had a few minutes to read together from the Book of Mormon.

Ramona was way ahead of everyone in her personal reading. Sheffield skipped around somewhat and had discovered the foot notes and spent a lot of time cross referencing various passages. In so doing, he found that many of them pointed to verses in the Bible that Geannie had noted with questions or comments. He was amazed at how things began to be clear to him. As for the kids, they were cooperative in reading together as a family, but did very little reading, if any, on their own.

Sheffield was much more confident as he went to the first day of school than he had been the year before. Again he got acquainted with his students, introduced the course material, and at the end of each period, issued a reading assignment. After school, he and Coach Karrington met with the students who were hopeful of making the varsity wrestling team. Among them were Craig and his friend, Read Rowan

As with the previous year, the first practice was more of a pep talk and getting to know the boys coming from the junior varsity team. Once each boy had been weighed and measured, they were dismissed. The next afternoon, they got down to business with conditioning. It was surprising how soft some of them had become during the summer.

That evening, the Rowans came over at six o'clock. Chantelle had called Ramona and offered to bring some prime rib from the beef that they raised on their ranch. Ramona and the girls had baked some roles and a peach pie. She also prepared some mashed potatoes, and some corn on the cob from their garden.

When the Rowans arrived, Ramona put their roast in the oven to keep it warm until they ready to eat. The two women and their daughters put the last touches on dinner while Sheffield and Craig took Roger and and Read out to see the calves that he had bought form them earlier in the spring. Roger said that they were doing nicely. On their way back to the house, Roger and Read wanted to see the plane. They were in the hangar, when Norma found them to tell them that dinner was ready. Sheffield promised to take them up sometime.

Once everyone was seated around the table, Sheffield took it upon himself say Grace. After the Amen, the food was passed around and everyone filled their plates. The prime rib was out of this world. Over dinner, the two families got better acquainted. Romona and Chantelle hadn't got know each other as well as their husbands had. In the process they struck up a good friendship. Of course, Craig and Read had already become best friends. Jolene was only a few months older than Norma and were in the same grade and knew each other from school, but had different circles of friends. Norma still thought Read was kind of cute and had a crush on him. Her heart fluttered every time Craig brought him around. Regena and Beverly were eighteen months apart and Janet was half way between them. Regena was a grade ahead of Janet but Beverly were in the same grade as Janet.

As it was, Roger and Chantelle were just a little younger than Sheffield and Ramona. Roger had been born and raised in Roanoke County. Chantelle on the other had was from Rexburg, Idaho.

"How on earth did the two of you ever meet?" Ramona asked.

"I served a mission for the church in the western states from nineteen twenty five to nineteen twenty seven. The mission headquarters were in Denver, but I severed in various parts of Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, and New Mexico. Chantelle's brother was one of my missionary companions and before coming home, I went to Rexburg to see him. Thats when I met Chantelle."

"So how did you ever develop a relationship?"

"After I came home. I applied to Ricks College, a two year junior college owned by the Church located in Rexburg."

"I've been through Rexburg." Sheffield said. "Back in twenty nine we took a trip through the western states to take in the national parks. We happened to be passing through Rexburg on the Fourth of July and stopped to watch the parade before going on."

"That was just after we were married." Roger said. "You see, I went out to attend school that fall. After I got there, we started dating. I only attended school one year, but it was long enough to snag her and the rest is history. We were married the end June of nineteen twenty eight in the Salt Lake Temple and we settled here."

"So is that where Wade and Dean are going to school?" Sheffield asked.

"Yes." Chantelle explained. "I have a lot of family there and we try to back every year. You see, my maiden name is Ricks. My great grandfather was the leader that settled and established Rexburg and the college were named after him."

"That's interesting." Ramona commented.

"So how did you get together?" Chantelle wanted to know.

Together, Ramona and Sheffield told their story. At the conclusion, Sheffield steered the conversation back in the direction that he wanted it to go. "I'm curious," Sheffield said. "If all of the Mormons are in Utah and Idaho, how did there get to be some here?"

"Its an interesting story." Roger said. "Back in the eighteen nineties, some missionaries were sent to this area. During that time, there were four or five families who were converted and joined the church. Soon after that, they wanted to move to Utah, but were asked by the church leaders to stay put and build up the church here. In the last fifty years we have grown to a congregation of just over a hundred and fifty members on the rolls. On any given Sunday, we pack about ninety people into our little church.

"The original part of the building was built around nineteen ten. Well, you've been in it. At the time it consisted of just the chapel and basement below and the second story above it. In the thirties the other half was built on to it."

"How big of an area does your congregation cover?"

"Roanoke, Salem, and all of Roanoke County and parts of the surrounding counties. We have one family that comes down from New Castle and another that comes down from Buchanan. Other than that, there are a few that never come scattered here and there."

"Just last week, we attended a wedding reception in Logan Utah for a young man that served with me during the war. His father was a missionary here in Roanoke, I think her said in twenty two. He said he remembered the Rowans."

"Really what was his name?"

"Wayne Gover."

"I would have been fifteen then. Gover you say? It sounds vaguely familiar."

Sheffield rehearsed the events that lead up to their trip to Logan. He began with with Geannie's search for answers after their baby died, right up to their experience at the temple in Hawaii just before Gennie died. Since Wayne had responded so well when they told him about Geannie coming to them with a message, he decided to share it with Roger. He concluded with their trip to Logan and what they learned there.

"We've been reading the Book of Mormon and some of the other things he gave us. My question to you, Roger, is where do we go from here? We want to learn more about it."

Roger paused for just a couple of seconds before answering. "Wow. That's quite a story. I had no idea. I'd say the first step is to attend church with us this Sunday. We don't have any full time missionaries in the area right now. As you can imagine, the war took a toll on our missionary force. Its jut now beginning to build up again and I've been told that in the near future, we'll be getting some. But we do have a couple of part time local missionaries. I'll introduce you to them on Sunday."

"We'd like that." Sheffield said. "I've been a Methodist all of my life and have always attended church, even if it was aboard the ship."

"I'm fairly new to the idea of attending church." Ramona said. "Its only been the last five years that I've been going to church. I have to tell you, I feel very strongly about what I've learned in the last few days. I'm almost through the Book of Mormon." She went on to tell about the story that her great grandfather had told when she was a little girl. "I believe that it's true." she concluded.

Roger took the opportunity to tell them of his conviction of his beliefs and what knew to be true. Dinner was over as they continued their discussion. Not wanting to miss any of the conversation, Ramona put what had to go in the refrigerator away and left the dirty dishes on the table as they moved into the family room.

"So, what can we expect on Sunday?" Sheffield asked. "When are your services and what are they like?"

"Thats a good question." Roger began. "First we have Priesthood Meeting at eight o'clock in the morning. I told you before that we have a lay ministry in the church. Therefore all worthy men and boys twelve and over hold the priesthood."

"So if we were to join your church, Craig and I could hold the priesthood?"

"Absolutely."

"We learned a little about the priesthood in Utah and I read how Joseph Smith received it from John the Baptist and again from Peter James and John. I don't remember it, but I've been told that I'm alive today because of the priesthood." Sheffield went on to relay what happened off Salerno and that Morris had given him a blessing.

"That's not an uncommon story. That very thing has happened more than you would think."

"So why are there two priesthoods?"

"The Aaronic Priesthood is a preparatory priesthood and has the authority to administer the sacrament and perform baptisms. It's conferred upon a young man at the age of twelve and to men who have been recently baptized. So when you join the church, you both will be ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood. For young men they advance through the offices until they are twenty one when they are eligible to be ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood, if they are worthy. A man on the other hand can be ordained after one year. With it is the authority to preside in the church, bestow the Holy Ghost, give blessings, perform ordinations, and of course the things that occur in the temple."

"I noticed that you said 'when' we're baptized." Ramona interjected.

"Now lets not get ahead of ourselves." Sheffield cautioned.

“Any way. There are various offices in the priesthood. You'll learn about that later. So that's the first meeting of the day. You and Craig are certainly welcome to attend so you can get an idea of what its like. Then there is a break, in which the men go home and get their families and return for Sunday School at ten thirty. There we have a short program with singing and brief talks before breaking in to classes. We have two classes for the youth. Typically there is a class for each age but since our numbers are small, we've had to combine them. There are two adult classes as well. One that focuses on church doctrine and a twelve week class for those who are new to the church that covers the basics.”

“We have Sunday School in the Methodist Church too. It sounds very similar.”

“After Sunday School everyone goes home for dinner, or whatever and return for Sacrament Meeting at four. That's our main worship service. You will find this different. Rather than me as the presiding elder doing everything as you're accustomed to, the prayers and sermons are given by members of the congregation. Everyone gets an opportunity participate. For example this Sunday is what we call Fast and Testimony Meeting. Its a little different, rather than having assigned speakers with prepared remarks, the meeting is opened up to anyone who wants to express their feelings and convictions. We call it bearing testimonies. I do have to warn you, we do have one dear sweet sister who is four bits short of a dollar and she usually gets up and talks about all kinds of off the wall things. Don't worry about her.”

“So that's three meetings on Sunday.” Ramona said. “Thats more time in church than were used to.”

“I'm sure it is.” Chantelle said. “But that's not all. On Tuesday evening we have what we call Mutual which is an activity night for the kids twelve and up. On Wednesday after school we have primary for the children three through eleven. And on Thursday morning we have Relief Society for the women.”

“You do have a lot going on.” Ramona concluded. “Well we'll have to check it all out. I never got around to joining the Methodists Women's Auxiliary. I'll have to try your Relief Society.”

“I hope you do. I'm one of the leaders in the Relief Society. One of my responsibilities is teaching homemaking once a month. Each week we rotate between spiritual living, cultural refinement, homemaking, and social relations. We'd really like to have you join us.”

“I think I will. What about you Janet, would you like to go to Primary?”

“I guess so.”

“How soon do you turn twelve, Janet?” Chantelle asked.

“In January.”

“Well, then you can go to Mutual.”

“Read's always talking about what they do in Mutual.” Craig said. “It sounds fun. I'd like to go.”

“Me too.” Norma added. Anything to be where Read was.

“Good.” Roger said. “We’re getting back together after being off for the summer and we’re having our opening social on Tuesday. I think it’ll be fun. Its out at our ranch, we’re having a hayride on a horse drawn wagon, a barn dance, and hot chocolate. We’d love to have you.”

“When it comes to meetings, is that it?” Sheffield asked.

“For the most part.” Roger said. “Once very three months we have District Conference with the other six branches in the district. You’re welcome to come to any and all of our meetings. If you want to learn more about us, thats a good way to do it. On Sunday, I can introduce you to our missionaries if you like.”

“It all sounds good.” Sheffield said. He turned to his family and saw all of them nodding their heads. He turned back to Roger and said, “I think we’ll take you up on that. Eight o’clock Sunday morning? I think Craig and I can make that.”

“There’s so much more to talk about, but it’s getting late and the kids have school tomorrow. Let us help you clean up. By the way Ramona, we got so carried away talking that I didn’t tell you how good that peach pie was.”

With the help of Chantelle and her girls, the table was cleared away and the dishes were washed, dried, and put away while the men and boys talked about Read and Craig’s very good chances of making the varsity wrestling team.

The next day at school, Jolene and her cousin, Bonnie Rowan, went out of their way to befriend Norma. The same thing happened with Beverly and her friend, Olivia, Furness to Janet as the Rowan girls each drew the Brason girls into their circle of friends.

The Brasons looked forward to attending church on Sunday. After moving to Salem and began attending the Methodist Church there, they hadn’t really made many friends there, although attending church isn’t about having friends.

On Saturday morning, Sheffield mowed the hay and in the afternoon Craig raked it. Ramona and the girls were busy canning the last of the corn from the garden. After the work was done, they went out for dinner at the Pizza Joint and went to a movie. Sheffield finally got to see The Angel and the Badman.

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The main street of Goodland, Kansas is paved with bricks. The hotel and theater are fictional as are Charles Helm.

Down to Earth was remade in 1980 as Xanadu.

The establishment of the church in Roanoke was as described.

From 1902 until 1954 the Arronic Priesthood ages were 12 – 14 for Deacons, 15 – 18 for Teachers, and 18 – 21 for Priests.

Prior to March 1980, church meetings were scattered through out the day and the week. At that time, the consolidated meeting block schedule was introduced.