

Chapter XVIII

Knowing It

September 11, 1947 – October 25, 1947

That evening, after dinner, Brother Fielding and Brother Brown came over for the cottage meeting. After visiting for a moment, Hyrum asked Sheffield if they could begin with a prayer. To their surprise, Sheffield offered to say the prayer. They began the discussion by explaining the church that Jesus had established during his earthly ministry which was lead by his twelve apostles which included Mathias who had filled the vacancy left by Judas Iscariot. Hyrum explained that with time, one by one they died a martyrs death. For a time, others took the places of those who had died.

Jack explained how the Apostles struggled to keep the doctrine as Christ had taught it, but the members of the church kept returning to Jewish traditions or adopted pagan rituals as part of their worship. With time, the church became corrupted and eventually the last of the Apostles were taken away, leaving no one with the authority of the priesthood. The church had fallen into apostasy. Changes continued to eat away at the pure gospel as foreign concepts were introduced, culminating in the adoption of the Nicaean Creed.

Hyrum talked about how during the dark ages, religious freedom had been suppressed for hundreds of years. He told of how the reformers such as Martin Luther, John Wesley, and others recognized that the original church had been changed and set about to try to correct the flaws that had crept in, but they were left to their own reason and understanding and that is how the various protestant churches came to be. That was a good thing, for one because it got people to thinking. More importantly it lead the way for the true gospel to once again be restored.

During the course of the discussion, they asked questions of the Brasons to draw answers from them as well as answered the questions that they asked. They used the scriptures a lot and had the Brasons read the passages that they were citing. As they did, Sheffield asked about the comments and questions that Geannie had noted in the margins of her Bible. With what time there was, Brother Fielding and Brother Brown were able to address some of them, and did so adequately. During the more than an hour that they discussed the subject, the feeling that they had felt at church was in their home. At the conclusion, Hyrum asked someone to offer a closing prayer. This time Ramona volunteered.

The spirit lingered in their home as they visited over some chocolate chip cookies that Ramona and the girls had made after school, just for the cottage meeting. Over refreshments the missionaries asked about their impressions and observations from attending church on Sunday and were able to clear some things up for them, such as why was the sacrament prayer was repeated. They invited them to attend again next week, which they said they were already planning on.

After they left and while the family got ready for bed, the feeling continued to linger with them. As Sheffield and Ramona laid in bed, she said, "I don't know about you, but I think I'm ready to join their church. I really believe what they are telling us and I feel that its all true. What do you think?"

"So far so good." Sheffield said. "But there is so much more to learn and I just want to be sure before I make such a step. Its a big thing. After all I have been a Methodist all of my life."

"See," Ramona pointed out, "I haven't been. I haven't had a lifetime to be steeped in it like you have. The whole concept of being religious is still fairly new to me. To be honest with you, this makes a lot more sense to me than the Methodist Church."

"I admit, its making a lot of sense to me too. I just want to take it slow and easy and understand it thoroughly before I make any lasting commitment. For now, I willing to investigate it. To do that I think we need to go to church with them and listen to the missionaries."

"But what about what Geannie said?"

"I know. I measure a lot of what they say against her questions and comments. So far I'm impressed. I guess I'm just being cautious. Just be patient with me, okay."

"Fair enough. Good night Babe."

Earlier that evening, Sheffield had received a call from Bernie Higgins. He had arrived in town and was staying at the Hotel Roanoke. He called make arrangements for their meeting in the morning and to get directions to their home.

The next morning Sheffield got up early again for the third day in a row and finished baling the hay before their meeting with Bernie Higgins. He arrived at eight o'clock, after the kids had left for school. Knowing that he would be late for his second period class, Sheffield made arrangements to have it covered until he got there. Mr. Higgins had brought recording equipment that took a few minutes to set up. Once it was ready, he recorded his interview with the people who had blown a corruption case wide open. Their testimony of the events at the hotel were only the tip of the iceberg. Bernie got it all down on tape so his secretary, Miss Jackson could, could transcribe it.

He was able to shed just a little more light on the case, but since the case was still being developed, he couldn't go into a lot of detail. Those being investigated didn't know that they were the target of a criminal corruption investigation. He did say that they hoped to make not one but several arrests in the next six weeks. By the time was finished, Sheffield was about twenty minutes late for his class.

On Saturday, the entire family worked together to haul the hay in from the field and stacked it by the barn. Norma and Janet's job was to combine two rows of bales by rolling the bales from one row into the the one next to it. With the hay wagon behind the pickup, Ramona drove along side the combined row of

bales. Sheffield lifted them onto the wagon, while Craig staked them. Once the wagon was full, they hauled it into the barnyard and put it in the stack with the previous crops from earlier in the summer. In all, it took three loads and they were done by noon. After their work was done, they got cleaned up and had lunch. With the work done, it was time to play. That afternoon they went bowling followed by roller skating and topped off the day by going to the Pizza Joint for dinner.

As promised, they attended church again on Sunday. They met a few more people who hadn't been there the week before. After having attended once, they were more comfortable and familiar with what was going on around them. Again they felt the Spirit throughout the various meetings that they attended. Piece by piece, things came more into focus as they learned more and had more of their questions answered. They fit right in with the congregation and felt welcome and included. During the week the kids and Ramona participated in the weekday meetings and activities again as well. On Thursday evening the missionaries came back for another cottage meeting.

On Friday, the two and a half week try out period was concluded and the 1947 – 1948 Jefferson High School varsity wrestling team was selected. All of the returning team members made the team. Of the junior varsity hopefuls, both Craig and Read Rowan made the team.

Craig was a hard worker, and he seemed to enjoy it. He was handy and quite mechanically inclined; something that he learned from his natural father. He kept the oil changed on the vehicles and the tractor. He kept them tuned up and in good running order. He and Sheffield even replaced the oil pump on the Staggerwing.

He had studied the technical manuals that came with the plane and had become familiar with the engine and had tinkered around with it. He had familiarized himself with the controls and gauges and understood what everything did and how it worked. He had gone as far as he could without actually getting behind the controls in the air.

The day after making the wrestling team, Sheffield made good on his promise to teach him how to fly. Together they went to the airport where Sheffield had arranged for a Piper J-4 Cub. The Staggerwing wasn't well suited as a trainer since it didn't have dual controls. But the J-4 Cub was an ideal trainer with side by side seating and dual controls. Having been a flight instructor in the Navy, Sheffield was still recognized as a qualified flight instructor.

After Sheffield got the plane into the air, he turned the controls over to Craig and had him try the basic maneuvers. Having watched his dad he had a good idea what to do, and actual experience at the controls proved that he understood the basic concepts. After spending an hour in the air, Sheffield landed the plane. Craig was excited and definitely wanted to pursue getting his private pilots license in just under a

year. Sheffield remembered having taught Austin to fly. He had mastered everything and was only awaiting for his seventeenth birthday so he could solo and qualify for his private pilots license.

That evening the Brasons had been invited to the Browns for dinner. Jack and Renee lived six miles west of Salem on Highway 11, about nine miles from the Brasons. That evening, their daughter, Celia Webster and her two daughters, five year old Leah and three year old Rachel, along with Jack's mother, Sophia, were also there. In accepting the invitation to dinner, Ramona had asked what she could bring and offered to bring some rolls and a cake.

The Brown's home was a modest older home that had been added on to and remodeled with modern fixtures and appliances. It had been his parents home and dated back to the 1890s. They had raised their family there and after his father died, Jack, Renee and their small family moved into the house with his mother. They too raised their family of three sons and two daughters in that same house. When Celia's husband joined the Navy, she and Leah moved home with them.

After dinner, Celia explained, "Martin, my husband, joined the Navy in May of forty two when Leah was only six weeks old. We had been living in an apartment, but when he left, Mom and Dad invited me to move back in so I wouldn't have to go to work.

"Martin came home in August after he completed his basic and advanced training before being assigned to his ship. I didn't see him again until October of the next year when his ship returned to the states for upkeep. He was home for only two weeks before he had to go back. It was just long enough for me to get pregnant with Rachel. That was the last time he ever came home."

"Where did he serve?" Sheffield wanted to know.

"At first he was on a destroyer in the Solomons. Later he was assigned to a different destroyer that was involved in the fighting at Iwo Jima and later at Okinawa, where it was sunk by a suicide plane. There were only a handful of survivors. Martin survived the initial attack but he died while helping to rescue some of his shipmates. After bringing some men up on deck, he went below for some more but the ship sank before he could come back up."

"That is a sad story." Sheffield consoled. "I know what it is like because I've been there. You should be proud that he was willing to put others before himself like that. That's what makes a man hero."

"I suppose you're right, but so does being there for your family. The girls will never know him, he'll never be there for them, or for me."

"I know know what your going through."

"Do you, really?" Celia asked coldly. "How could you possibly know?"

Everyone listened with great interest as Sheffield related the story of how Geannie and the kids were taken from him and the profound sense of loss that he had felt.

"I'm sorry." Celia apologized. "I guess you really do know what I'm going through, don't you. How did you ever get through it? Its been over two years and I still haven't began to cope with it."

"I'd say there were two things that helped me. One was Ramona, the other was my faith in God."

"Humph!" Celia snorted. "I don't see where that does a lot of good. I prayed for him every day that he was away that God would keep him safe and bring him home to us. I'd been taught to have faith and God would bless me. Look what good that did me."

"Faith isn't about not having bad things happen." Sheffield countered. "Its about having the strength to get through the bad things when they do happen. Its a long hard process, but you can get through. It took me a year before I could even begin to see much progress, and I had a war to fight at the same time."

"So you did eventually work though it?"

"Yes. Its been more than five years now. I still miss them terribly but I have been blessed with a whole new family that I would have never had. They bring me as much joy as did Geannie, Sandy and Austin. Then I couldn't imagine my life without those I lost. Now I can't imagine my life without Ramona, Craig, Norma, and Janet.

"And through it all, my faith has not only remained intact but it has grown stronger. And now it has lead us to learning about your church where I'm beginning to discover all of the answers to such things are found."

"I haven't been back to church since I learned that Martin had died." Celia said. "I didn't see the point. Mom and Dad were upset with me at first but they have since been understanding and given me room to work through things."

Jack and Renee didn't say a word as they listened to their daughter confide in their new friend. They hoped that he might get through to her were they hadn't.

"But what are you doing to work through it. Don't take this wrong, but it seems to me that you haven't come very far."

"I haven't. I don't cry as much and it doesn't hurt as bad. I just can't get past the fact that he's gone and that God let me down."

"God didn't let you down. He sent his Son to take away not only our sins but our grief, pain, and sorrows too. He's there with open arms wanting to take it from you, but he can't take it unless you give it to him."

"I hadn't thought of it that way." Celia sobbed. "I guess I just expected him to make everything better and fix things. I didn't realize that I had to do something too. I don't know were to start."

“Start with what you have. Start with your family. Start with your church. I'm still learning about it and I wish I'd of known the things I know now five years ago. Maybe I could have done better; I'm sure I could have.”

“You're right. I've always known that. It is just easier to blame God. I don't like the way I am. I do want to get on with my life. I want to be loved by a good man once again. I can't do any of that if I don't let go. Its just that I have harbored this grief for so long. I've been afraid to let go because it would mean letting go of Marty.”

“That's not true.” Sheffield said. “Even though I have let go and moved on and now have Ramona, Geannie is still and always will be part of me; a part that will never go away. I have come to realize that she isn't as far away as one might think.

“The same is true with your husband. He's watching you and your girls just as Geannie and my kids are watching me. I came to understand that they too needed to move on and couldn't do that until I could. I was not only holding myself back but them as well.

“The one thing above anything else that has drawn me to your church is that I can still have them in the hear after, as well as my new family. I hope one day to make it make it happen.”

“You're not a Mormon and you believe that?”

“I have always believed it, I just didn't know that it was possible. That's why were investigating the Church and having your father and Brother Fielding come to our home and teach us about it. Thats why for the last two Sundays we've been attending your church and plan to continue as we learn more. Perhaps in the end, we will be baptized.

“Again, start with what you have. Why don't you start going to church again and see if it makes a difference in your life as it has in mine, in ours.”

“I'll think about it.” Celia said with tears streaming down her cheeks. She wasn't the only one, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

As Sheffield went home that night and as he got ready for bed, he thought about his conversation with Celia. He didn't know if it did her any good, but it sure did him. He commented to Ramona as they laid in bed, “Perhaps I'm closer to making the commitment than I realize. As I was talking to Celia, things became quite clear to me. You might not have to wait as long as I previously thought.”

On Sunday, the Brasons again attended church at the Roanoke Branch. By the third week, they were becoming quite comfortable in this new setting and found the members of the church to be warm, friendly, and inviting. They were all forming new friendships among them. As they sat in the chapel prior to Sunday School, Ramona nudged Sheffield and nodded to the rear of the chapel. Sheffield turned around to

look at what she was referring to. He smiled when he saw Celia and her children come in with Jack and Renee.

During the next four weeks, the Braosns continued to attend the Roanoke Branch each Sunday as well as the weekday meetings. They also had Hyrum Fielding and Jack Brown into their home for cottage meetings each week. With each passing week, they learned more and felt themselves being drawn into it further and further.

One Sunday after sacrament meeting, Ramona was approached by Maude Brown, who was Jack and Renee's daughter-in-law. Maude was the Branch chorister and choir director. She said, "Sister Brason, since you began attending, I couldn't help but notice your wonderful voice."

"Thank you. I try." Ramona modestly replied.

"No really. You have a rich, clear alto voice. If you're going to be coming on a regular basis, we'd love to have you join the choir. We're not very big but we enjoy what we do. Besides we could really use an alto to balance out the women's section. What do you say?"

Ramona agreed to join them and attended her first choir practice the following week. They were practicing "O My Father", the hymn that she had read the words to the first time they attended the gospel essentials Sunday School class. She had not heard it sung and was surprised to find that it was to the tune of "My Redeemer" which she had sang often in the Methodist church.

Ramona had finished reading the Book of Mormon and knew it was true. She had prayed about it as Brother Fielding and Brother Brown had encouraged them to do. She knew within her heart and soul that it was all true and wanted to be baptized. She decided to be patient and wait for Sheffield and the kids and do it as family. As a family, they continued to read the Book of Mormon and pray together. Sheffield encouraged it and was committed to investigate things methodically and thoroughly. He was making progress, but hadn't actually made it a matter of prayer like Ramona had.

The kids each took it serious as well, being encouraged by their new friends. They found attending Mutual and Primary not only fun but rewarding as well. They liked the way attending church and the various activities made them feel. They opened up more and more during the cottage meetings with questions of their own and took reading the Book of Mormon on their own more seriously.

As fall set on, the leaves began changing while the other aspects of life continued. Sheffield taught his three government classes each day with wrestling practice afterwards. The team was coming together as they prepared for their first match on the 17th of October. Ramona had sold another house and had Ray working on getting another one ready. She was always on the lookout for a bargain. The horses got rode on a regular basis and the Staggerwing went up a couple of times.

Craig progressed with his flying lessons. Geannie's old piano was being used on a daily basis as the girls practiced their piano lessons. Norma was beginning to be quite good. Often she would play and Ramona would sing along. The kids quietly noted the one year anniversary of the death of their father on the last day of September by going about their day as normal.

Around the first of the October, Sheffield and Ramona hosted the Owens as their guests for a few days. Mace's assignment in Japan was complete and he had some time before reporting for his next assignment in Washington. Their's had been a lasting friendship and they remained in regular contact. With Mace and Pat so close, they planed to get together from time to time.

Several days after the Owen's left, Sheffield received a call from Bernie Higgins in Wichita with news that Charles Helm had been arrested on numerous criminal charges; including soliciting a prostitute, assault and battery, attempted murder, not to mention public corruption, racketeering, and bank fraud. In addition to Mr. Helm, the police chief and a number of police officers had been suspended for abuse of power, including the two that they encountered that night at the hotel. The sheriff and the magistrate judge were forced to resign and were facing charges as well. Bernie told Sheffield that none of this would have come to light if he hadn't blew the whistle.

Sheffield felt confident that the Magicians were ready for their first match against the Blue Demons on the 17th. That Friday afternoon the team loaded onto the bus for the trip to Christianburg. Since it was only thirty two miles to Christianburg, several people from Roanoke made the trip to see the team's first match of the season. Among the families and supporters that made the trip were Ramona, the girls, and Edith who wanted to watch Craig's first varsity match. Likewise Roger and Chantelle and their three girls went to watch Read.

Typically the hosting school had the advantage when it comes to the cheering section. That evening there were nearly as many spectators from Roanoke. The junior varsity team went first and after some good matches, they just barley lost the over all match. Just before coming out of their locker room for the match, the Admiral gave his team a rousing pep talk and told them to go out and work their magic. When it was all over, they came out on top by a respectable margin. Both Craig and Reed had won their matches as well. They were off to good start. Next they were to go up against a formidable team from Richmond at home. In his victory speech to the team, the Admiral warned them not to be overconfident in this victory.

All of the next week, he and Coach Karrington prepared their team for the upcoming match. On Friday, they felt they were ready until the Armstrong High School Wildcats arrived on their black bus. During warm ups, the Magicians began to loose their nerve as the wrestlers seemed to be more capable than they were.

The Admiral did all he could to shore up the confidence of his team. The first Magician on the mat won his match, but the second one lost. With it, went the confidence of most of the rest of the team. At the end of the night, only three Magicians won. The first kid out and two seniors on the team, Craig gave it his all and almost won, except for a last split second reversal by his opponent. Before he could counter the move, he was pinned.

Sheffield realized that his team had not been beat by a vastly superior team. He felt his boys were every bit as physically capable as the Wildcats. He chalked this loss up to psychological defeat. Something that he'd have to work on in the two weeks before their next match. He thought about asking the psychology teacher to come up with something to help him out.

Before breakfast the next morning, Sheffield received a call from the Sheriff, asking for his help. He explained that a man and his two sons failed to return from a hunting trip in the area around Fort Lewis Mountain in the northern part of the county. He asked Sheffield if he'd be willing to take his plane up and search the the north side of the mountain.

Sheffield agreed and quickly got something to eat. He directed Craig to service the plane while he went to a briefing at the county court house in Salem. At the meeting the search plan was laid out, there would be four planes in the air, several two man teams on horseback and two two man jeep patrols. Sheffield was given his search area and the radio frequency to the command center.

When he returned, Craig had pulled the plane out of the hangar and had it ready to go. He wanted to go with him but Sheffield told him that he needed him to take care of the things that he intended to do that day, one of which was to take the pick up into Salem to Brown's Feed and Supply to get some oats for the horses and feed for the chickens. Craig was disappointed but understood and was willing stay behind.

Sheffield took off and headed to his assigned area. It reminded him of all of the patrols that he had flown during his active flying career before the war. When he arrived on station, he began flying a circle pattern northwest of the summit, concentrating on area at two thousand feet in elevation. Flying searches was always a monotonous job and this was no different. As he orbited his area, periodically looking through his binoculars, he reflected on the teams loss and performance the night before. He was definitely going to work some psychology into his training.

From that, his thoughts turned to the cottage meeting on Thursday night. Something Hyrum said had been weighing on his mind. Hyrum told him that he thought that he was ready to make a commitment. He had finished reading the Book of Mormon and believed everything that he had been taught. The thing that he was stuck on was that he thought he had to know and understand everything. He took the verse that had been cited early on literally. The verse said to study it out in his mind and then ask if it was right. He wanted to cover everything first and then ask.

Hyrum explained that it wasn't necessary to wait until he had heard it all, because it was a life long process. He told Sheffield that he needed make it a matter of prayer. That night and the next before going to bed, he made a casual attempt, almost afraid of being too serious. It was a big step and if he found out that it was true, then he would have to commit. He wasn't necessarily afraid of commitment, and after rationalizing it in his mind, he had no reason to delay. Ramona had already received her answer and was just waiting for him. The kids were ready too.

It wasn't as if he didn't know how to go about it. Praying for direction and receiving it was something that he had experienced from time to time. The most recent and most powerful occurrence was when trying to decide whether to take the airline job in Honolulu or staying in the Navy. The answer was clear and powerful. So powerful that he couldn't ignore it. The result was the blessing of having his family, something that would not have happened if he chose the either option.

While circling high above his search area and scanning the terrain below him, he took the same approach that he had taken then. He was very specific as he asked to know if the things he had read and learned were true as he asked in deep, heartfelt prayer. In his sincerity he asked out loud and from his heart.

He waited. He knew what to expect from previous experience. Then it came. It began as if a burning that emanated from the core of his soul and radiated to every extremity of his body. There was no voice, only the sweet and certain assurance that can only come from the Holy Ghost.

He knew. He knew just like the people at church who had testified that they knew, like the missionaries who had taught them, like Ramona who knew for herself. He knew that the Book of Mormon was the word of God. He knew that the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been restored. He knew that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. He knew that George Albert Smith was God's prophet on the earth at that very moment. He knew that everything about it was true. And he knew what he had to do.

The burning feeling lasted long enough to leave a searing brand on his heart that would remain with him ever after. What he had was good and it had made him a good man. What he now had was better and would make him a better man. As he scanned the ground below for the missing hunters, he promised himself that before the day was over, he would call Brother Furness and tell him that he and his family were ready to be baptized.

"Nice plane you've got here, Flyboy."

Sheffield turned from the window with a start to see Geannie sitting beside him in the passenger seat. "Geannie!" he said in astonishment. "Where did you come from?"

"Oh I was just in the area and thought I'd drop in. You know me. You just never know when I might show up."

"So I learned. Its so good to see you. You're as beautiful as ever."

“Why thank you, Curly. So you've found what I asked you to look for. You don't know how happy that makes me, and the kids too. Now I need you to promise me that as soon as possible you'll take care of things so I can have it too.”

“Now I understand what you meant when you came to Ramona and I that night. I promise, I'll see to it that it gets taken care of.”

“Thanks, Curly. I knew you'd come through for me, I mean us.”

“You were right Geannie. There are answers to every one of your questions. All of your notes and comments agree perfectly with what we have learned over the last two months. How did you know?”

“Oh you know me.”

“Yes I do, indeed. Now you wouldn't happen to know where those lost hunters are would you?”

“Um huh. You're looking to low. They are further up that ravine.” She said pointing to it. “Do you see where I mean.”

“Yeah I see it.” Sheffield said as he maneuvered the plane in that direction.

“They're about eight hundred feet from the top, at the base big rock.”

Sheffield turned from the window to say, “Thanks.” but there was no one there to say it too. But he knew that there had been.

Sheffield turned his attention to the lost hunters. He flew up the ravine as low as he possibly could, looking for the rock that Geannie described. There it was, about eight hundred feet from the top of the ridge, just like she said. As he got closer he could see the two boys jumping up and down, waving their arms. The father was sitting up against the face of the rock. He too was waving his arms but didn't get up. Obviously he was injured.

Sheffield came around again and made another pass. This time he noticed their pack horse, with a deer on its back, was down on the ground. To make sure they knew that he saw them, he wagged his wings. He wished he had a weight that he could tie a note to so he could drop it to them.

He picked up the radio and called in his sighting. The dispatcher acknowledged the report and told Sheffield to hold his position. A few minutes later the dispatcher radioed back that the teams on the ground had been notified and were on their way, but it would be a while before they could reach the scene.

Still wishing to communicate with them, he looked around for any kind of weight that he could drop. He did find a paper bag with some candy bars that had been left in the pouch behind the seat since their trip to Utah. They were probably stale but would do. He did have a note pad and pencil that he had bought with him so he wrote a note telling them that help was on the way. He put it in the sack and folded the top down the best he could. On his next pass, he dropped it out the window right over the top of the stranded hunters.

Looking back, he could see one of the boys running to where it landed. Sheffield made one more pass and saw the father waving the note above his head. There wasn't much more Sheffield could do for them so he radioed the dispatched what he had done and that he was breaking off contact and returning home.

Sheffield buzzed the house once to let them know that he was back and circled around for his landing approach. As he touched down, he could see Ramona and the kids gathering at the hangar. They stood back out of the dust as he taxied up to the hangar and shut off the engine.

After the dust settled, Sheffield opened the hatch and stepped out on the wing. As his family gathered around him, Ramona asked, "Did you find what you were looking for, Babe?"

"Boy did I ever." Sheffield answered. "I found the lost hunters and I got my answer. What do you say we all get baptized?"

"Really?" Ramona questioned.

"It's true." he said as he took Ramona in his arms. "I now know that its all true."

Ramona and the kids all expressed their approval.

Sheffield released her and took her by the hand. As they walked to the house together he said. "I'm going to call Hyrum and tell him."

"What about the hunters?" Craig asked.

"They were higher up than we were expecting, one of them was hurt, but help is on the the way."

When they got to the house, the kids went about what they were doing and Sheffield had Ramona to himself. He told her everything that had happened up there, including his visit with Geannie. Ramona believed him, but they agreed to keep that part to themselves.

During supper, Sheffield received a call from the sheriff, thanking him for his assistance and for finding the lost man and his teenage sons. They had been brought down off the mountain and taken to the hospital for treatment. He further explained that as they were coming down with their game, the horse stumbled and broke its leg. As it went down, it knocked down the father and rolled onto him, breaking his leg. The two boys were able to pry the horse off him enough to free his leg. Then the father directed the older boy to shoot the horse in the head. They had been there for about twenty four hours before Sheffield found them. It made Sheffield glad that he was able to help and that everything would be alright.

Later that evening he called Hyrum and told him that he was now ready to be baptized, along with his family. A date was set for November 1st, which happened to be the following Saturday. After talking to Hyrum, he called Morris Gover and asked him to come and baptize him. Morris was thrilled at the invitation but doubted he could come to Virginia. Sheffield offered to buy plane tickets for he and Shelia. Morris hesitated in accepting the offer, but Sheffield insisted and Morris agreed.

Sheffield wasn't through with the telephone just yet. Next he called his father, brothers, and brothers in law and invited them all to his home the following evening. He told them that he wanted to tell them what he had discovered in his investigation. They all knew what he was doing and were interested to see what he had concluded.

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