

## **Chapter XXXIII**

### **He Who Commands the Sea**

April 3, 1965 – June 23, 1965

When Sheffield and Ramona returned to Mililani on Saturday, there was some sad news waiting for them in the mail. Ever since Norma had written to tell them that she was pregnant, they had worried about her. Her letter said that she was having a difficult time, even more so than the last time and was quite restricted in what she could do because of it. Ramona particularly felt helpless that she couldn't do anything for her. She took consolation that Chantelle was nearby to help with the kids. Wade was good to do all he could, but his veterinarian practice kept him busy.

In other bad news from home, Shenan was getting worse and had less than six months to live. They had exchanged letters with Ruth Ann and she was planning on coming home to see him, but she wanted to keep her visit low key and wanted to avoid the rest of the family. At least they were communicating.

Not all of the news was bad, Craig had sent a long a newspaper clipping from the sports section of the Roanoke Times about the Magicians third place finish at the state wrestling championship. He also assured them that everything was well at the Two Star Ranch.

Recently they began receiving wedding announcements from missionaries who had gone home. This week there was one from Walt Shumway and Karen Woods. Elder Shumway had been an assistant to the president early on and had been a big help to Sheffield. He and Sister Woods first meet while serving as missionaries. They were both on the same flight back to Salt Lake together and arranged to get together at BYU where they become romantically involved. They were going to be married in June in the Salt Lake Temple and planned return to Hawaii for their honeymoon.

On p-day, Ramona answered their letters and told about some of the interesting things that they had uncovered during their recent trip.

The month of April settled down into a normal pace and routine with the usual zone and district conferences. The only thing out of the ordinary was a visit from Elder LeGrand Richards who was in the islands for a stake conference. All of the housing issues had been resolved and some extra cars had been approved and were sent to the areas that needed them.

Transfer day came and went with all of its comings and goings as it affected about a quarter of the missionaries. Sheffield and Ramona said goodbye to three Elders who they knew well. Elder Chance Williamson, one of the Assistants; Elder David Bateman, a former mission secretary; and Elder Paul Stearman, the current mission secretary all went home.

Elder Bateman's parents had flown over to meet him and spend several days before returning home. They spent Tuesday evening at the mission home and were special dinner guests. They got to hear him and the others report their missions. Sheffield and Ramona invited them to spend the night in the guest room.

After Elder Bateman had his final interview with President Brason, Sheffield turned him over to his his parents. "Now Elder Bateman," he said, "remember that you aren't released from your mission until you meet with your stake president, so all of the mission rules still apply, including staying off the beaches."

Then he turned to his father and said, "Brother Bateman, I am assigning you to be his companion until he is released."

Then they said goodbye to Elder Bateman and his parents and the other two who were flying home as they left Mililani for the last time.

Nothing ever stayed the same as each month missionaries moved around. As sad as it was to see familiar faces go home, it was refreshing to see new faces come out to the mission. Each one showing excitement and apprehension at the same time. The three new Elders that came out in April were all from Idaho. Sheffield had come to appreciate the Idaho farm boys. They knew how to work and were accustomed to working long, hard hours. In interviewing them when they came out, it wasn't uncommon for them to ask, "Do you mean I get to sleep in until six thirty?"

Another month had passed and the cycle began all over again for May. On Wednesday the 5<sup>th</sup>, Roy took Sheffield, Ramona, Elder Earl Scott, the new assistant, and Elder Moore to the airport for their flight to Hilo for the first in this round of zone conferences, which concluded with the Kauai Zone in Hanalei on Saturday. That weekend was also the Kauai District's District conference. Typically it was held in Lihue, but had to be moved to Hanalei since the meetinghouse in Lihue was unavailable.

At the conclusion of the zone conference and the luncheon, Sheffield and Ramona attended the Saturday evening session of the conference and spent the night in the home of the District President, Carl Tanaka and his wife, Ruth. The Tanaka's, who had been married for twenty eight years, joined the church soon after they were married. Carl was Japanese and Ruth was Hawaiian. They had a kalo farm just south of town at the base of the mountains. Kalo is a traditional Hawaiian crop grown for its tuberous root from which poi is made. To grow kalo, a continuous flow of water through the field is ideal, so water is diverted from the streams that flowed down out the mountains and into the ocean.

On Sunday morning, Ramona remained at the Tanaka home with Ruth, while Carl took Sheffield to the meetinghouse for the leadership meeting. They came later for the general session at ten o'clock. Because Hanalei is more isolated from the rest of Kauai, the attendance was lower than usual. Nevertheless, the chapel and cultural hall of the small meetinghouse was filled to capacity.

Partway through the first speaker's talk, a man with a white civil defence helmet craddled in his left arm, out of respect of being in a house of worship, stepped into the chapel and spoke with the usher who pointed directly at Sheffield. The man walked rather briskly up the isle and onto the stand and bent over and in a whispered voice identified himself as Victor Honomunua from the Hawaiian Civil Defence and handed

Sheffield a note. Though the speaker continued with his prepared remarks, the attention of the entire congregation was focused on the man talking to President Brason.

Sheffield's face went pale as he read the note.

"What's the matter?" Ramona, who was seated next to him, asked.

Without answering her, he stood up and walked to the pulpit. "Forgive me for interrupting." he apologized. "But I have just been handed an urgent message. A little over two hours ago there was a powerful eight point nine earthquake near Kiska in the Aleutian Islands. The Pacific Tsunami Warning Center at Ewa Beach has issued a tsunami warning for the North Shore of Oahu, the North Shore of Kauai, and Niihau.

A collective audible gasp came from the congregation.

Sheffield continued. "They urge immediate evacuation of the low lying coastal regions of those areas. A wave of twenty to twenty five feet is expected to make land fall on Kauai in the next two hours. Mister Honomunua from the Hawaiian Civil Defence will instruct us in the evacuation procedure."

Sheffield remained standing at the pulpit as Victor came to his side. He set his helmet down next to the pulpit and said, "Please leave your cars parked and walk up the Huio Highway to the east and up to the top of the cliff. Its only two miles and we still have time. Vehicles are restricted to those carrying folks who are unable to walk. If we crowd the highway with cars, it will take longer. Don't panic, but beginning at the rear of the hall, begin exiting the building row by row, working towards the front."

There was some rush as people began to leave the building, but everyone remained calm. They joined others who were already on the highway making their way to the cliffs. Mr. Honomunua was right, those on foot traveled faster than those in cars. Finally the chapel was empty and those seated on the stand left the building.

It was a beautiful morning outside. The sky was clear, the breeze was calm and the temperature was warm. Nothing indicated the pending disaster. The Hawaiians took the warning serious as the memory of the 1946 and 1960 tsunamis that devastated Hilo were still fresh in their collective memories.

All up and down the highway people frantically sought out family and friends. Some brought belongings in wheel barrels or little red wagons. Most people, including those who had left the conference, just had the clothes on their backs.

All along the way, civil defense volunteers, identified by their white helmets, were directing the evacuees as they made their way to the cliffs. The missionaries took it upon themselves to assist those who needed help by hoisting small children onto their shoulders or carrying belongings. As instructed, there were very few cars on the road. The civil defense volunteers kept the evacuation orderly as they moved the line of people along.

The most difficult part of the evacuation was the last half mile as the highway ascended to the top of the two hundred foot cliffs. For most people the evacuation took only forty five minutes. Even those who were slower and needed help reached the top of cliff with time to spare.

Their main concern was for their immediate safety and their homes and property left behind. They weren't the only ones, as those who lived in the other areas affected by the warning were hopefully fleeing to higher ground as well.

Once on top, people reunited with their families and loved ones, to wait for the terrible spectacle of the ocean swallowing up the valley below only to spit out what wasn't devoured. The members of the district who had been in attendance at the conference and the missionaries congregated together as they waited.

From that vantage point, the entire valley could be seen. It wasn't a very large valley, stretching only about two and half miles around the shore of Hanalei Bay from the mouth of the Hanalei River at the base of the cliffs to the mountains to the west with the narrow beach that separated the town from the bay. The land between the town and the mountains was a patchwork of kalo fields and rice paddies, including the Tanaka farm.

Looking out over the valley below and Hanalei Bay beyond with twenty minutes or so until the impending calamity which promised to wipe out all that lay below, someone began sinning "Master the Tempest is Raging" and every one joined in. When the hymn was finished, they turned to President Brason, the presiding priesthood authority and asked him to offer a prayer.

With heads bowed and arms folded, they waited with perfect faith for the mission president to call down divine intervention. Sheffield looked around and breathed out a sigh at the awesome responsibility that they placed on him. He let go of Ramona's hand and folded his arms, with his cane hanging from his left arm, and bowed his head and began praying, "Our gracious and loving Father in Heaven. We a few of thy children are gathered together in the face of great danger to our homes in these beautiful islands. We pray for those who have not yet reached high ground that they might do so safely. We humbly ask thee to stretch forth thy protecting hand and spare this bastion of paradise from destruction."

Then he paused for what seemed to be a long moment. So long was the pause, that those gathered opened their eyes and raised their heads to look at him to see what was the matter. President Brason still had his head bowed as if he was struggling with what to say next.

The still small voice came into his mind and told him what to do next. At first, it seemed incredible to do such a thing, but he had learned to listen to and act on those promptings. Sheffield raised his head and opened his eyes and looked out to sea. Then like the scene from the "Ten Commandments" when Moses parted the Red Sea, he stretched out his right arm toward the sea and with a voice loud enough for those immediately around him to hear, said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command these mighty waters to

remain within their bounds.”

In unison, the congregation said, “Amen.”

Sheffield wondered to himself, “What have I just done?”

Then the Spirit whispered to him the words of the hymn that they had just sang, “The winds and the waves shall obey thy will. Peace be still. Peace be still.” and he took comfort.

Several minutes later, from their vantage point on the cliff, they watched as the water reseeded from the beach, the sign that the tsunami was about to rise up from the ocean floor, only it didn't go as far as what was expected. Then a miracle occurred. A wave of only four or five feet washed over the beach and rushed ashore, causing only minor flooding a little ways in, not even reaching the highway, before quickly receding.

“Surely,” many who were not aware of the rebuke uttered by one with the power and authority of God said, “that was just a the leading edge.” and braced for the big wave yet to come. But it never came. Twenty minutes later, still nothing. Then word came over the radio that the danger was passed and the evacuation order was lifted. The news report offered a number of scientific theories as to why the expected tsunami had failed to materialize and the islands were spared while the same distance away, the northern islands of Japan were lashed by a twenty foot wave. The most popular theory was that the shock wave was broken up by the Musicians Seamounts which lie northeast of the Hawaiian Islands.

People began leaving the high ground and started back down the highway to the valley below. Many were heard to say, “We dodged the bullet this time.” or something to that effect. Neither luck nor scientific reasoning could dissuade those who had witnessed what had really happened.

The members of the district made their way back down the cliff and returned to the meetinghouse. Rather than finish the meeting with the rest of those who had been asked to speak, Sheffield simply announced the closing hymn and the benediction, which was a prayer of profound gratitude for divine intervention.

As the meeting let out, the members returned to their homes rejoicing. For some, it was across the island. Those who had witnessed the miracle were quick to relate it to those who were not there. As for Sheffield and Ramona, they had lunch with the Tanakas before flying back to Honolulu.

Word of what had happened had reached the mission home before they did later that afternoon. The story never went beyond the Hawaiian saints who ever after would refer to President Brason as “Oia Kauoha ke Moana”, which means, “He who commands the sea”.

Sheffield and Ramona stayed close to home for the next two weeks after the conference in Hanalei as their schedule didn't call for them to travel. Sheffield's attention turned to the future as he prepared a

report to send to Salt Lake detailing his manpower needs for the last quarter of the year. There was also the more immediate needs of the upcoming transfers.

During the third week in May as Sheffield, Ramona, Elder Scott, and Elder Moore were in the process of rearranging the area board, Elder Hillard, the new mission secretary poked his head through the door. "Sister Braosn, he said, "There is a telephone call for you on line two."

"Thanks Elder." she said as she picked up the receiver and pushed the button to connect.

"This is Sister Brason." she announced.

"Ramona," a familiar voice said, "this is Wade."

Her first thought was not a pleasant one. "Wade, what a surprise." she said. "I hope everything is alright."

"No its not." he said somberly.

"Whats the matter?"

The question got Sheffield's attention and he paused in what he was doing to listen in on her end of the conversation.

"Norma had a miscarriage about an hour ago."

"Oh no. I was afraid of something like that. How is she?"

Without hearing what Wade had said, Sheffield's knew what it was. Together their hearts sank as the conversation continued.

Sensing their personal family crisis, Elder Scott looked at Elder Moore and nodded his head toward the door. The Assistants got up and left the room, closing the door behind them, allowing them their privacy. Sheffield reached over and switched on the speaker so he could listen in on the conversation.

"She's in a lot of pain. It was really hard on her but shes resting right now." Wade said.

"Let me see how soon I can get there." Ramona said.

"Norma knew that you would want to come, so she specifically told me to to tell you to stay there and serve your mission."

"But I can help. She needs me."

"She said that you would say that too so she told me to tell you that you're needed there and that she would be alright. Besides," he added, "my mother has the kids and everything is under control."

"I know they're in good hands. Its just that I feel so powerless to help so far away."

"We know." Wade assured her. "But we'll manage. We just wanted you know whats going on. By the way, the baby was a little girl."

"A little girl." Ramona sighed with emotion.

"Going into this, Doctor Weston warned us that there was a good chance that she wouldn't carry it

full term so we were somewhat prepared. To tell you the truth, we didn't think that she would make it tis far."

"I'm sure that doesn't make it any easier." Sheffield said, finally getting a word in.

"No, but its probably for the best. Doctor Weston said that longer it went on, the more it would put Noroma at serious risk. He has recommended a tubal ligation because he said that if she got pregnant again, she would have an even bigger problem."

"Its probably for the best." Ramona agreed.

"The procedure is scheduled for tomorrow morning." Wade said. "Its late here and I need to get to bed so I'll call you tomorrow and let you know it went."

"Thanks Wade. Give Norma and the kids our love. We'll talk to you tomorrow. Goodnight."

"That doesn't sound good." Sheffield said as Ramona hung up the telephone.

"I was afraid of that ever since she told us that she was expecting. I just wish I could be at her side." Ramona sobbed.

Sheffield wiped away the tears on her cheeks with his finger. "I know you do, Sweetheart. But she's in good hands. Everything will be alright."

"I know, Babe. It's just that all my life have been there to heal people and now I'm not there for her."

"You weren't there for Janet when she burned her arm either, and she healed. Right now you're needed here. I need you. I can't do this alone."

"Yeah, but you're He Who Commands the Sea."

"That wasn't me either. I have to confess, I'm in way over my head here. At least I had somewhat of an idea what I was doing when I was in the Navy."

"Don't sell yourself short. You are doing a great job. I think you've come along ways ever since we got here."

"Thats because I have the Good Lord on one side and you on the other. I couldn't do it without either of you."

Just then there was a knock on the door. Sheffield and Ramona stood up as he called out, "Come in."

Elder Hillard opened the door and poked his head in and said' Sorry to bother you, but Sister `Auli`i has dinner ready and she won't serve anyone until you're there."

"We're coming." Sheffield said as they followed him, hand in hand to the dinning hall.

A melancholy mood settled over Sheffield and Ramona for the rest of the evening and the next day as they worried about Norma and agonized over her loss.

The next day Sheffield, Ramona, and the Assistants finished working out the transfer, which ended up affecting forty one missionaries, twelve of them being the senior couples, who were up for rotation.

All morning, Ramona jumped every time the telephone rang, wondering if it was Wade. Around ten o'clock as they were finishing up with the transfers, the telephone out in the office rang. Knowing that it was about four in the afternoon in Roanoke, she hoped it was him.

A moment later, Elder Hillard came to the door. "Sister Brason." he said. "Line two is for you."

"Thanks, Elders." Sheffield said. "I think were done."

That was their cue to leave the office so they could take the call that they had been been waiting for all day.

Ramona picked up the receiver and pressed the button to connect the line. She took a deep breath and said, "Hello. This is Sister Brason." just in case it wasn't who she thought it was.

It turned out that it wasn't Wade after all. She was surprised to hear Norma's voice saying, "Hi Mom."

Ramona looked at Sheffield and nodded as she switched on the speaker "Norma, honey, how are are you feeling?"

"Like someone punched me in the stomach."

"High Sweetheart," Sheffield said as he joined the conversation.

"High Dad." Norma responded and went on say, "I'll be alright. I knew for a couple of days that it was coming on. That gave me time to prepare myself for the fact that I was going to loose the baby."

"We're so sorry." Ramona said.

"According to the doctor, it was probably for the best. He said that going full term could have put my life in jeopardy. Like Wade told you last night, I had my tubes tied this morning so I can't get pregnant again. Doctor Weston said that if I did, I might not be so lucky next time."

"I suppose he's right." Ramona agreed. "There's no sense in taking the risk and leave the three that you do have without a mother."

"I agree." Sheffield said.

"Well, I'd better go." Norma said. "This is costing a lot of money."

"You probably need your rest." Ramona said. "Thanks for calling and letting us know how you are."

"Yeah." Sheffield added. "Its good to hear your voice."

"I'll write and tell you more." Norma said. "I just wanted to let you know that I'm alright. Bye now."

"Goodbye, Sweetheart." Sheffield said, getting the last word before Norma hung up.

"She'll be alright." he said reassuringly.

"I know. Its just hard watching your kids deal with hard things."

"Just remember, its the hard things that refine us and make us better."

Knowing that Norma would be alright and with the transfers worked out, the attention shifted to other matters that needed addressed during the rest of the week.

As always, transfer day was an exciting two days as missionaries came and went on Tuesday and Wednesday. It was always rewarding to hear those going home report their missions the night before. That evening there were eight, including Elder Moore who had spent a lot of time close to the Brasons, first as part of the office staff and as assistant for the last two months.

The next day before seeing them off, Sheffield had one final interview with each of them.

After interviewing those going home, Sheffield interviewed the new missionaries who had just arrived and assigned them to their first areas. The rest of that week was followed by zone conferences in the Honolulu, Pearl Harbor, and Oahu zones on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday followed by a district conference on Maui on Saturday and Sunday.

When they returned to Miliani on Sunday afternoon, among the mail was a letter from Emily; Shenan was too weak to write himself. She told of the visit they had from Ruth Ann. Emily indicated that Ruth Ann was apprehensive at first, as could be expected. Sadly Anna and Paul were cool in their response to her. They were so little when she left that they really didn't remember her. For them it was like meeting some long lost aunt. She did get together with her brothers and sister, but not with the extended family, she wasn't ready for that yet. Emily said that after three days, she was ready to return to California. Shenan said that we was now satisfied, he could go in peace when the end came.

All of that week was free from travel, so on Thursday they took the day off to celebrate Ramona's sixty second birthday. That morning, Sheffield turned on the television to watch the mornings news to see the replay of launch of Gemini IV that occurred at four fifteen Hawaiian time. He stayed tuned throughout the morning and watched live as Astronaut Ed White opened the hatch of the spacecraft while over Hawaii and climbed outside into the void of space to be come the first American to walk in space. Once again, the Soviets had set the precedent back in March. Sheffield and Ramona watched with fascination as White spent twenty minutes outside of the capsule; "walking" as it were from Hawaii to Bermuda. At the end of what was called the extra-vehicular activity, White rejoined fellow astronaut Jim McDivitt in the capsule to continue the four day mission.

When the excitement was over, Sheffield and Ramona went out for the day. First they did a little shopping downtown and had lunch. During the afternoon, they visited one of Ramona's favorite places, the Foster Botanical Garden and then drove out past Diamond Head. After dinner, They went to a movie at the Hawaii theater. A new movie titled "Shenandoah" was playing. It was a real tear jerker considered to be one of the best melodramas to come out of Hollywood in sometime.

Shenandoah was about a pacifist Virginia farmer, played by Jimmy Stewart, who wanted to keep his family out of harm's way during the Civil War. But when his youngest son was mistakenly captured by Union soldiers, he had to make some hard choices about where he really stood.

On Friday, Sheffield had the luxury of watching the live coverage of the re-entry, splash down, and recovery of Gemini IV.

They didn't have to travel again until Wednesday of the following week which took them to Kauai, Maui, Kona, and Hilo for zone conferences and concluded with a district conference in Kona. When they returned on Sunday, there was a letter from Craig telling them all about the annual Brason Memorial Day picnic. There was also a letter from Norma. She was doing much better now. At first, the miscarriage came as a disappointment, but now she was relieved to feel better and especially to be out of danger herself.

Again, the middle of June was free from travel and Sheffield and Ramona spent the week at Mililani. During the week they had a visit from Walt and Karen Shumway, who were on their honeymoon. They last saw them when they went home in September. Then they had the shining countenances of missionaries, now they had the glow of newlyweds. In addition to going to the places that they weren't able to go while on their missions, they revisited the areas where they served and the people that they had known.

They also had some unexpected visitors that week. The first was from Dee Jarvis who had gone home only the month before. He had a young lady with him who he and his companion had taught and he had baptized in Laie the previous summer. At the time he was the junior companion and evidently their feelings for each other developed then. After he had been transferred from the area, they stayed in touch, which was strongly discouraged. Through their correspondence, their relationship had grown. When he went home, she saw him off at the airport. Now, only a couple of weeks after going home, he had returned to spend time with her to see where their relationship might lead.

The other unexpected visitors who showed up at the mission home and asked to meet President Brason. At the time Sheffield was in his office. Elder Hillard came to the door and said, "President, there is someone here to see you."

"Thank you Elder, I'll be right out."

A moment later he came out to find a couple dressed in touristy attire. "I'm President Brason. How may I help you?"

The rather rough looking gentleman who reeked of cigarette smoke extended his hand and said, "I'm Harold Idler, from Wendell, Idaho and this is my wife, Denise."

Instantly Sheffield recognized the name Idler and Wendell, Idaho. They had to be the parents of Elder Merrill Idler who had only been out since March and was assigned to the Honolulu Central area.

Before he could respond, Harold continued, "I just got my hay cut and we thought we'd take a little vacation while it dried and come and see Merrill."

"I see. Won't you come into my office." Sheffield invited.

They followed him in and took the seats that he offered them as he sat a cross from them.

“So have you been to see him?” Sheffield asked.

“Yeah we just came from there and was he ever surprised to see us.”

“I’ll bet he was.”

“He looks real good.” Harold said.

“You do know that visiting your son while serving a mission is highly discouraged, don’t you?”

Harold became a little indigent at the challenge. “It, don’t matter to me. I’m not Mormon and I don’t take kindly to Mormons telling me what I can and can’t do.”

That right there told Sheffield a whole lot about Harold and how to deal with him. “So how do you feel about your son serving a mission?”

“I’d much rather that he’d of stayed home and help me on the farm instead of running off on a two year vacation.”

“Oh I assure you, he’s working hard. In fact he’s one of my hardest working missionaries. I can tell that you taught him to work at a young age.”

The compliment disarmed any confrontation that may have developed. “He’s always been my right hand man, and I depended on him. But he had the notion that he had to serve a mission. He saved up most of the money that he earned by raising calves for it. I always knew that the time would come and I couldn’t change his mind.”

“And how do you feel about all of this Sister Idler?”

“I’m so proud of him. All of his life I took him to church with me and hoped that he’d serve a mission.”

“If she hadn’t been so insistent,” Harold said, “I wouldn’t have let him come.”

“I’m sure happy to have him here in the mission.” Sheffield said. “Although he’s still fairly new, he’s a great asset to us. You should be proud of him.”

“He won’t admit it,” Denise said, “but deep down he is. I’ve heard him brag about Merrill.”

Sheffield went on to have a good conversation with the Idlers. Their visit was out of the ordinary, but perhaps it would have a positive influence on Harold and let him see that his son was in good hands and doing a good thing. When they left the mission home, they thanked Sheffield for his time.

Besides their visitors, the first part of the week was taken up by figuring out the June transfers. Since reshuffling the leadership structure of the mission in January, the transfers had been relatively small. But with most of those missionaries needing to be moved again coupled with the fact that five elders, one sister, and one couple were going home and that many more coming out, the June transfer was going to involve a lot of moving around. When they were finished, forty three missionaries were affected. Once everything had been worked out, the notices were sent out.

This transfer day was pretty hectic as there were several missionaries staying at the mission home.

That night, the eight missionaries who were going home reported their missions. Among them was Elder Moore, one of the assistants.

On Wednesday, Sheffield interviewed those going home one last time. On a previous interview with Elder Eugene Austin, from Mapleton, Utah, Sheffield had mentioned the Austins from Roanoke and his connection to them. They found the name a coincidence but never thought any more of it. During his final interview, Elder Austin told President Brason, "I asked my father about our family line and he wrote back to tell me that our Austin line does go back to Roanoke, Virginia with Andrew Austin, my fifth great grandfather, who settled there in 1757."

"That's very interesting," Sheffield said, "because that is my late wife's line. My sister in law and daughter in law are also Austins."

"My third great grandfather, Nelson Austin moved to Kentucky as a young man where he was baptized into the Church by Wilford Woodruff in 1835 and moved to Kirtland to join the Saints and eventually came to Utah in 1849 and was one of the first settlers in Mapleton a year later."

"Now that is very interesting. You see all of the Austins joined the Church shortly after Sister Brason and I did. I'll have to tell them that I found some of their long lost cousins."

"And I'll tell my grandfather when I get home what you just told me. He has always wondered what ever became of the rest of the family line."

"That just goes to show you what a small world it is. Here let me give you Charlie Austin's address." He continued as he wrote it on a slip of paper. "Have your grandfather write to him. He is the self appointed Austin Family historian." After handing it to him, Sheffield concluded by giving him some counsel for when he got home.

New to the mission home was Elder Jeremy Davis from Terreton, Idaho who joined Elder Lynn Miller from Salmon, Idaho who became an assistant on the last transfer. It wasn't a coincidence that they were both from Idaho; Elder Davis was a farm boy and Elder Miller a cowboy. Also new to the office staff was Elder Winston North, who took over as the financial secretary, and Sister Carlene Hansen joined Sister Natalie Ricks who lived upstairs.

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According to the Church News, Elder LeGrand Richards presided at the Honolulu Stake Conference on April 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup>, 1965

The earthquake in the Aleutians is fictional but is based off an 8.7 magnitude earthquake that shook Rat Island, which is near Kisa in the Aleutian Islands on February 3, 1965. Although a tsunami warning was issued, the northern shore of Kauai only received a 3 feet 7 inch wave. For the Austin Family History, see Remembering Geannie, Chapter 30.