

Chapter LVII

Something Different

February 23, 1970 – September 26, 1970

Satisfied that he had got what he needed, Sheffield turned back somewhere near Staunton. When he landed at the Two Star Ranch, he put the Staggerwing back into the hangar and went into the house.

“Hi, Babe.” Ramona greeted him. “Did you get things sorted out?”

“As a matter of fact, I did.” he answered. “I want to go read my instructions once more while I still have the insight I got while I was up there.”

“There's something different about you.” Ramona observed.

“What?” Sheffield asked. “The only difference I've noticed is that I have a greater weight on my shoulders.”

“I'm sure you feel like it. But that's not what I was referring to, I just can't put my finger on it.”

“Well, when you figure it out, let me know.”

Sheffield went into the study and read through the packet again. It didn't take long because there wasn't much to it. But what there was, made more sense to him this time. Among other things, it suggested using a tape recorder to record the blessings and transcribe them later. He remembered the difficulty that he had when he wrote his books and had hired someone to type the manuscript for him.

He decided that this was much more important than his books and realized that he needed someone to help him. He picked up the telephone and called Steven Winder at the office of his accounting firm in Lynchburg. His secretary put him right through.

“Hello Brother Brason.” Steve said cheerfully. “How are you?”

“Fine thank you President. I do have a much better idea on what I supposed to do. I'm going to practice on my granddaughter.”

“There are no practice runs, it will be the real thing.”

“I realize that. What I meant to say is I want to do my first one with her. I'm comfortable with her and know here very well.”

“That sounds like a good idea.”

“I've been studying the material you gave me and I realize that I'm going to need some help.”

“Just name it.”

“I'm not very good with a typewriter, I'd like someone to do the transcribing for me.”

“Let me see what I can come up with and I'll get back to you on that. Is there anything else?”

“Not that I can think of at the moment.”

“Well, if there is just call me.”

Thanks, President. I'll let you get back to work now.”

Sheffield hung up the telephone, satisfied that he wouldn't have to worry about that. He went back out into the other room and announced, "I'm going into town. Do you want to come with me?"

"Sure. I'd like that. What do you need?"

"I want to get one of those compact cassette recorders so I can record the blessings. President Winder is going to get someone to transcribe them for me."

"That sounds like a good idea. Let me grab my coat and purse."

"Say, While we're out and about, why don't we go out for lunch?"

"That's even a better idea." Ramona concluded.

They took his car and drove over to the Crossroads Mall out by the airport and went to Woolco. Sheffield looked over several models and decided on a simple Phillips model 2202 cassette recorder that had a microphone with a long cord that he could clip onto his lapel. Next he grabbed several blank tapes. He figured that he could recycle them after a blessing had been all typed up and he had signed off on it. He started for the checkout counter, but stopped in his tracks and went back and picked up a second recorder.

"Why do you need two of them?" Ramona asked.

"I'm not sure, I just felt impressed to get another one." he answered.

After paying for them, Sheffield and Ramona went out for lunch and afterwards, Ramona had a couple of places that she wanted to go while they were in town.

Later in the week, Sheffield received two boxes from Salt Lake. He opened them to find several reams of legal paper with a special letterhead just for patriarchal blessings in one and the same number of envelopes in the other.

On Sunday, Gean met with Bishop Moncur for an interview for her patriarchal blessing. She wasn't the only one either. By the end of the day on Sunday, Sheffield had received nine other calls from people who also wanted to make an appointment.

"It seems kind of overwhelming." Sheffield said to Ramona. "Do you have any ideas?"

"Do you have any idea how much time you need with each one?"

"I'd say at least an hour. I'd like to talk to them a little first so I can get a feel for the person and to explain a little about it."

"So if you spend an hour with each one, you could do three in an evening. One from six to seven, another from seven to eight, and one from eight to nine. I don't think that you would want to do more than that in one evening in case you go over."

"With the requests that I have already, that would take three different nights. My guess is that it's going to be kind of busy at first, then it will probably drop off considerably. That reminds me, I'm going to need an appointment book to keep track of everything in."

"You can only do what you can do. I'd recommend that you don't over schedule yourself. Perhaps for starters you could set aside three nights a week." Ramona suggested.

"Yeah that sounds reasonable. If I needed to, I could do some on Sunday afternoon as well."

"Let me work with what I've got right now and see how it goes. I want to have some time to prepare myself, so how about I do Gean on Wednesday and see how it goes. I could do three more on Friday. You know what, you're good at this kind of stuff, would you mind keeping my schedule for me?"

"I could do that." Ramona agreed. "Besides, I know you. I'm afraid you'd over schedule yourself. If someone has to wait a couple of weeks before you can get to them, it wouldn't be the end of the world."

"Now I have another question for you."

"Shoot, Babe."

"Should I do it here in our home or at the stake center?"

"Since you asked, I think our home would be a more intimate setting. You could use the study."

"That's what I was thinking too. We could see how it goes."

Ramona got out a sheet of paper and called back the people that had already called and set up their appointments. As suggested in his instructions, she recommended that they come fasting and encouraged them to come in their Sunday best.

The next day, while in town she picked up an appointment book to keep track of it all in. She even devised a method of keeping track of them. She would record the name of the person, their parents name if they were still in high school, their telephone number and the address to mail their copy to. A "G" to indicate that the blessing had been given, a "T" to show that it was in the process of being transcribed, an "A" for those needing his final approval, an "M" once they had been mailed to the person, and an "S" once a copy was sent to Salt Lake.

That gave Sheffield three days to prepare for his first blessing. He spent a lot of time reading the scriptures and praying for guidance. He even reread his own patriarchal blessing again. Then he went so far as to read Ramona's. Their's were given by the Church Patriarch so he figured they would be a good template to try to follow. He even tested out the tape recorder to make sure it worked and that he knew how to operate it. It would be bad if he gave a blessing only to not have it recorded.

On Wednesday he fasted and spent a good share of the afternoon flying around aimlessly in the Staggerwing. A little before six, Gean came over with Craig and Edith. At Sheffield's encouragement they brought Geoff, Todd, and Tina. He wanted them to get a feel for what they had to look forward to when they were ready to get theirs. Gean and all of them were dressed in their Sunday best.

He took them all into the study and sat down to talk to Gean about what a patriarchal blessing was and what it wasn't. He explained what he knew about the lineage that would be declared. Then he asked her

if she had any questions. He was glad that she didn't because he wasn't sure that he would have the answer.

Then he stood behind her and placed his hands on her head and took a deep breath. "Sister Gean Marie Brason," he began, "as the Patriarch to the Roanoke Stake of Zion and your grandfather and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I place my hands upon your head to give unto you your Patriarchal Blessing, a blessing which you have expressed a desire to receive . A blessing which shall be a comfort and a guide and a help to you as you go through your youth, into maturity, and throughout your life."

So far so good. But that was the easy part. Sheffield had worried about what would come next. He decided that it would be best if he not attempt to rehearse what he might say because he didn't want it to be his words. Not knowing what to say next, he took a leap of faith and opened his mouth. He felt a burning come over him that began at the very core of his being and emanated through his entire body even to the tips of his fingers as they rested on Gean's head. To his amazement, the words came as fast as he could speak. He felt as if he was stammering as he spoke, but the words kept coming. He was so focused on saying what came that he didn't really have the time to listen to what he was saying. From time to time he felt a tear drop as it coursed down his cheek. Time seemed to stand still and then he heard himself say, "Amen."

He opened his eyes and took his hands off of his granddaughter's head. She stood up with tear's in her eyes and whirled around and threw her arms around him and pressed her bosom into his so tightly they were nearly one. "Thank you, Grandpa." she sobbed with her face buried in his shoulder.

Sheffield stroked her long hair with one hand while he looked around the room. Ramona, Craig, and Edith were all in tears. The other kids sat motionless, demonstrating more reverence that he had ever seen in them.

"That was beautiful, Uncle Sheffield." Edith said through a sniffle.

"You did good, Babe. Are you sure you didn't rehearse that?" Ramona asked.

"To tell you the truth, I really don't know what I said." Sheffield admitted. "I felt like I was stuttering and stumbling over my words."

"Oh not at all. I've never heard your voice so strong or speak so eloquently. I had to open my eyes to make sure that it was you speaking." Ramona assured him.

"I had to open my eyes once," Gean admitted, "because I was sure there were angles here."

"Well Uncle Sheffield," Edith added. "I can't wait for her copy so we can reread it."

"Hopefully they'll have someone for me real soon to transcribe it for me."

They visited a while longer and no sooner had they left, the telephone rang. It was President Winder.

"Hello Sheffield, this is Steve Winder. How are you this evening?"

“Oh, just fine thank you President. I just gave my first blessing.”

“Really. How did it go.”

“Really well, I guess. I need to listen to the tape to see how it went.”

“Speaking of tapes, we've got someone to transcribe for you. We just called Sister Emily Barton to help you and she gladly accepted. She should be contacting you.”

“I know her.” Sheffield responded. “Thanks. That will be a big help.”

“Oh, and Brother Brason, I just realized that you're going to need a lot of stamps. I told Rupert to pick up a couple of roles for you. Ask him for them next time you see him. If there is anything else, just let me know.”

No sooner had he hung up from talking to Steve, Sister Barton called. Sheffield knew her from back when he was the first counselor in the presidency of the Roanoke Branch. Kathryn Barton was a single woman now in her late fifties, who had never married and lived alone with her three cats over in Vinton, on the other side of Roanoke, which put her in the first ward. She used to work as a secretary and had excellent typing skills.

Several years ago, she had been involved in terrible accident at the place where she worked. She was cleaning her typewriter with an alcohol based cleaning solution when her boss walked by. Hot ashes from his cigar fell onto the solution causing it to ignite, burning her face so bad that it was permanently disfigured. She received a settlement that gave her enough money to take care of herself for the rest of her life. Because of her face, she rarely went out in public and when she did, she covered her face with a scarf. She came to sacrament meeting only and would slip into a seat on the back row after the meeting started and would leave during the closing hymn in order to avoid as much contact with others as possible.

Sheffield arranged to meet her at her home once a week to bring the tapes and pick up what she had transcribed. And by the way, she didn't have a tape player, so he told her that when he brought the box of paper and envelopes to her that he would also bring the extra tape player that he had bought.

After talking to Kathryn, Sheffield listened to the recording of the blessing that he had just given Gean. He was amazed. First, Ramona was right, he wasn't stammering through it like he thought. Secondly, he was amazed at some of the things that he had told her. He still had a lot to learn, but it would come through practice. After that experience, he felt confident that he could fill this calling that he had been given.

On Friday evening, he had three appointments. One was with Pete Moncur who came with his family, the other two were a young married couple with a small child from Lynchburg who had never had the opportunity to receive their patriarchal blessings. Again that afternoon he had gone up in the Staggerwing to have time alone to prepare himself. He figured that being up in the air got him just a little closer to heaven.

That evening, he wasn't quite as nervous as he had been with Gean. Nevertheless, he still felt some

apprehension going into it. His first appointment was with Pete. He began by talking to him, as he had with Gean. As soon as he placed his hands on his head and opened his mouth, again he found that the words flowed naturally. This time he was more aware of what he was saying. Next he met with the couple and had a similar experience.

On Saturday, he and Ramona drove over to Vinton to take the tapes, tape player, paper and envelopes to Kathryn. When she answered the door, she was wearing a scarf over her face. She asked them to come in and invited them to sit down. Her home was neat and organized. Her cats were curious as to who these people were who had come into their space, one of them rubbing against Ramona's leg.

"We don't get much company." she said. "This one particularly likes to meet new people."

"What's his name?" Ramona asked

"Her name is Penelope. And the black one is Cosmic. Humperdinck is the shy one. He's hiding right now."

"I want to thank you for your willingness to help me with this." Sheffield said.

"Oh it's my pleasure. When Brother Kidder called me and asked me to meet with the stake president, I was rather reluctant. But then he said that they had a calling for me that I could do from home, I went to see what it was. When President Winder told me what he had in mind, I broke down in tears and told him that I had been praying for something that I could do in the church. This is perfect, it utilizes my skills and is something that I can do that didn't involve having to be around other people."

"Here's the tape player and the recordings of the four blessings I have given so far. The paper you need is in the box."

"I'll have them all typed up for you by next Saturday." she assured him.

"And I'll have some more for you by then."

"I'm excited to get started on them. I received my own patriarchal blessing when I was a student BYU. It promised that I would be a wife and a mother. I hoped to find a husband at school, but it wasn't to be then, it wasn't when I came home to Virginia, nor has it ever since. At first, I wondered why for the longest time. But then I came to realize the eternal nature of my patriarchal blessing and that some promises will be fulfilled in the next life. For me that is one of them.

"Then after my accident I decided that it was for the best. What man would want me like this, and I'm sure I would frighten my children to death."

"Oh I don't think that's true." Ramona protested.

"But it is." Kathryn continued. "On more than one occasion I have frightened children and made adults cringe. Even my own sisters. We'll talk on the telephone every now and then, but they haven't come to see me since the accident. I haven't seen my nieces or nephews either.

“At first, I just wanted to die, but it was my patriarchal blessing that brought me comfort. I came to know that what I first thought meant one thing meant something entirely different. That's why I was so excited to be asked to help you, Brother Brason.”

“I've known you for a long time, Kathryn.” Sheffield said. “I remember the person that you were before your accident. You always had a radiant countenance about you. I perceive that you are still the same person that you have always been. As I look into your eyes as we speak I still see that same radiance.”

“If I were take off my scarf, you would think differently. I even frighten myself.”

“No we wouldn't.” Ramona countered. “I was Navy nurse for a long, long time and during the war I have seen men burned over their entire bodies. And still, who they were inside still shown through their scars. Who you are still shines through.”

“Do you really think so?”

“Absolutely.” Sheffield said.

Kathryn paused for just a moment, then reached up with her hands and took off the scarf that hid everything but her eyes. “Do you still think so?” She asked.

Neither Sheffield nor Ramona gasped or flinched when they saw just how badly disfigured that she was. Still her eyes shown brightly through the hideous face. She had no lips to smile with and the tip of her nose was gone. Her face was scarred from the melted flesh that ran down her cheeks. Her eye sockets were hollow with hardly any eyelids and no eyelashes or eyebrows. Her left ear was mostly missing and there were only patches of hair on the left side of her head.

“This is the first time I've seen you since your accident, but I still see the Kathryn I've always known.” Sheffield said. “Your spirit is who you really are and that is what I see.”

“Thanks. That is kind of you to say.” she said as she re-wrapped her face. “Most people don't see me that way. That's why it's best that I stay to myself as much as possible. I still drive, but I have severe anxiety about going out. The few places that I do go, are difficult for me. I go to church long enough to take the sacrament and listen to the speakers. It helps me get through the week. I mail my tithing to the bishop so I don't have to stay any longer than possible. I go to the store late at night when hardly anybody is around. And I'm careful about who I let into my home. I've had the same home teachers for years and I'm comfortable with them. And I want you to know that I'm comfortable with you. I'm thrilled to be able to help you. I may not have a face, but I still have my hands and I'm grateful for the opportunity to put them to work for the Lord.”

“I look forward to working with you.” Sheffield said.

“And I with you.” Kathryn replied. “I look forward to seeing you each week as we make our

exchange.”

Sheffield and Ramona lingered a few minutes more, but didn't want to wear out their welcome. As they got up to leave, Sheffield shook her hand and Ramona gave her a hug.

Kathryn began to cry. “Just hold me a moment longer.” she plead. “It has been such a long time since anyone has given me a hug.”

Their visit with Kathryn was sobering. As they drove home they discussed how this might be an opportunity to bless her life in more ways than one. They decided that they would go together as much as possible when Sheffield made his exchange with her because she sure could use someone to visit with.

The following Saturday, Sheffield and Ramona again went to see Kathryn. She had typed up all four of the blessings and had addressed the envelopes. “What an inspiration that was to me. “ she said.

In return, Sheffield gave her a dozen more that he had done during the week. “I know this is a lot.” he apologized. “Just do what you can. It's bound to slow down in the next two or three weeks.”

When Sheffield got back home, he read each one as he listened to the tape. Kathryn had each one word for word. Even the punctuation was spot on. However, as he went through Pete's blessing, he felt impressed to restructure and reword one sentence in the second to the last paragraph. He felt bad about asking Kathryn to retype it, but it was they way that it needed to be. He gave Gean's to her directly and mailed the others.

During the next couple of weeks, Sheffield was pretty busy giving blessings, but the appointment book showed a definite slow down with only two nights filled for the next week and so far only one night for the week after that, which was good, because Sheffield had her block out Friday night so he could attend Geoff's ninth grade wresting tournament.

Kathryn faithfully kept up with what he took her each week, including retyping Pete Moncur's blessing. On one visit, they invited her to come for dinner. She politely declined by explaining, “I don't eat in front of other people.” Sheffield and Ramona understood, but left resolved that they would invite her again some other time.

Geoff finished the season with a better record than he had the year before and he made it farther into the tournament before being eliminated. It was good enough for the junior varsity coach to invite him to try out for team in the fall.

The following weekend was the round up at the Two Star Ranch. When he returned from going into the stockyard with Roger, Sheffield commented to Ramona, “With fewer cows and calves. That wasn't as much work as it has been in the past.”

“That good, because you're not as young as you used to be.”

“I know. I can tell that I'm starting to slow down a little. I find that I'm relying on Craig and the boys

more and more.”

“Well what do you expect?” Ramona challenged. “After all you're seventy one years old. Its to be expected.”

“You know, I've been thinking. Now that I'm running fewer cattle, do we really need the ground across the river anymore? I wonder if we should sell it. It would be a lot less to take care of. We could keep the ground around Craig's house, or see if he wanted to buy it.”

“I know the hospital is looking for a piece of ground about that big to build a new hospital on. If you want, the next time I do my volunteer shift I could talk to someone and see if they're interested.”

The following week, Ramona came home from her shift at the hospital and reported, “Well, I did some asking around and I was pointed to the person in charge of finding a piece of property. He seemed quite interested in it and said that he'd certainly keep it in mind and get back to me sometime.”

“That sounds promising.” Sheffield said. “I wonder what its worth now.”

“I'm not sure.” Ramona replied. “I haven't kept up on property values since I got out of investing. But I'm sure its worth a lot more than I paid for it.”

As spring burst all around, the trees leafed out and began budding and the pasture and the alpha greened up. The Two Star Ranch looked very nice. Sheffield began vacillating and wasn't so sure if he wanted to sell part of it or not.

Easter that year was the 29th of March and the following Sunday was Gean's seventeenth birthday. The following Saturday, Sheffield watched the launch of Apollo 13, the third manned lunar landing mission. The Saturn V rocket blasted off at thirteen minutes after two on the afternoon of April 11th. That same weekend was the Roanoke Stake's first quarterly stake conference. With the spacecraft safely in orbit around the earth, Craig stopped by and picked up Sheffield for the leadership session of the conference, which started at four o'clock.

Later, Ramona and Edith joined them at the stake center for the evening session, in which Sheffield had been given the assignment to speak. During both sessions of conference, Sheffield and Ramona were invited to sit on the stand. As the stake patriarch, it was a standing invitation. The visiting general authority was Elder Marion G. Romney, who had toured Hawaii Mission four years earlier. Elder Romney remembered them and reminisced with them about the few days that he had spent with them.

Apollo 13 didn't receive the same amount of live coverage since there had been two previous landings on the moon and people were loosing interest. Not Sheffield, he followed any coverage that was available. He was watching the ten o'clock news on Monday night when the program was interrupted with a special bulletin from Walter Cronkite at CBS News. Apollo 13 had suffered an explosion when one of the fuel cells in the service module ruptured while two hundred thousand miles from earth. The spacecraft had

been disabled, but the crew was safe and had taken refuge in the lunar module.

For the next three and half days, there was practically constant coverage of the effort to bring the three astronauts home safely. The nation prayed while NASA engineers worked tirelessly around the clock to figure out what to do. Everything had to be done from the lunar module, which wasn't designed to do what they were asking it to do.

Using the engine that was to power the lunar module's descent to the surface of the moon, the spacecraft made a mid course correction that was supposed to put it on a trajectory that would swing it around the far side of the moon, rather than go into lunar orbit.

The entire nation held its collective breath as Apollo 13 swung around the far side of the moon, and communication was lost. People worried and prayed that it would work. Then when the spacecraft reappeared from behind the moon. It was on a trajectory that would bring them back to earth.

That was a major step, but the three astronauts were far from being out of the woods. First they had to survive the near freezing temperatures inside the lunar module. The next big hurdle was re-entry. If they came in too shallow they would bounce off the atmosphere back into outer space, too steep and they would be incinerated upon reentry.

Then there was the question as to whether or not the heat shield had been damaged in the explosion. During re-entry there was typically a four minute communications black out. The four minutes passed, then five minutes and still no word. Several more seconds ticked by, then finally the crew made contact with mission control. The capsule splashed down on Friday the 17th only four miles from the recovery ship and the astronauts were brought aboard.

Springtime passed quickly and before long Memorial Day was a memory. The only Brason get together was with Craig's family. With the passing of May, they were enveloped again by the magic of the month of June. On the 3rd, Ramona observed her sixty seventh birthday. June also passed quickly and the 4th of July had come and gone. Todd turned twelve on the 2nd and was ordained a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood on the following Sunday, which was the 5th.

Then it was time time for another trip out west to see Norma and Janet and their families. On Friday the 12th, Sheffield and Ramona took off from the Two Star Ranch in the Staggerwing and landed in Rexburg late in the afternoon. Wade met them at the airport. Instead of their old station wagon, he was driving a 1968 Chevy Suburban that he had traded for the previous winter. He explained that with all of the snow that they got, four wheel drive was the way to go. "Everyone around here drives one. The call them BMW's."

"BMW like the German car company?" Sheffield asked.

"No," Wade smiled. "BMW as in Big Mormon Wagon."

When they got home, Norma and the kids had a picnic dinner all set up and waiting for them. Over the next ten days they enjoyed their time with the grandkids. Wade always had somewhere new to take them. The very next day they went for a drive up into Montana to see the ghost town of Virginia City.

They left early Saturday morning and drove north on the ever so familiar highway to Yellowstone Park. The Suburban was much more roomy for everyone than the station wagon had been. Instead of continuing on to Yellowstone, they turned off at Henry's Lake and went up over Reynolds Pass into Montana. A short distance later, they made a short detour to Quake Lake which was formed by an earthquake in Yellowstone Park in 1959 that dammed off the Madison River. Sheffield and Ramona and their kids had actually been there many years earlier, but Wade and his kids had never seen it.

Continuing on, they drove on up through the Madison Valley to Ennis, where they turned off and started up through the hills to the old mining town that dated back just over one hundred years to 1863. Virginia City wasn't the typical ghost town of old tumbled down buildings with nobody around. The former capital of the Montana Territory had been restored as a tourist attraction, basically an open air museum. The older buildings, most of them built before 1900, were in their original old west condition, complete with artifacts and furnishings from the period. They stood next to thoroughly modern diners and other amenities along the boardwalks on either side of the main street.

Virginia City was founded in 1863 after gold was discovered in Alder Gulch. Within one year, it boasted of having ten thousand residents. By 1875 the area had been mined out and the population dwindled to only eight hundred. The area saw a revival in 1898 when mechanical dredging machinery was brought in and mining operations resumed and lasted until 1937. During the 1950s, both Virginia City and nearby Nevada City were restored to become the tourist attractions that they had become.

They spent the day exploring Virginia City and learning its interesting history. They even rode the Alder Gulch Shortline, a narrow gauge railroad that had been built in 1964 as part of the restoration effort, the mile and half over to Nevada City to look around. Rather than go back the way they came, Wade drove on up and around to Dillon and down Interstate 15, making a loop out of the all day trip.

On Monday they were off again, after attending church on Sunday. They loaded up the camp trailer and hitched it up to the Suburban and drove over to Granite Creek where they had gone the year before. This time, Janet and Jerry and their family joined them. They brought their tent and set up camp in the next campsite. They enjoyed three days of camping, a little hiking and fishing, and a lot of swimming. There was a perfect spot on a bend in the creek that was ideal for skipping rocks. The most excitement occurred when three moose came out of the trees and crossed the trail right in front of them while hiking back from the pool to the to the parking lot. On Friday, they said goodbye to Janet and Jerry until Monday and they all went home.

On Saturday Sheffield and Ramona and Norma and Wade went to the Idaho Falls Temple to finish up their stay. After going to church with them again on Sunday, the next day Sheffield and Ramona flew down to Clarkston to spend ten days with Janet and Jerry. Jerry didn't have the luxury of having the summer off to take them places and do things with them like Wade did; he had a ranch to run. But it wasn't about going places and doing things, it was about spending time with the kids and grandkids. Another factor was the younger ages of Janet's children, after all Pearl was only three and a half.

One day Jerry had to leave early to go up on the range. Sheffield rode up with him in his one ton stock truck, with two horses in the back. Once they got to the corrals, they set out on horseback to go find the herd and the sheepherder. It was an all day excursion.

While they were gone, Ramona went with Janet and the kids the fifteen miles into Smithfield to do some shopping. Being that isolated, they didn't have the luxury to go to town that often. Sure there was a little store in Clarkston, but it only carried the very basics. Their isolation was another reason they didn't go places. However, one afternoon, they left the kids with Gail so they could go into Logan to go the temple together. The ten days with Janet passed as quickly as did the ten days with Norma and on Monday the 20th it was time to go home.

A few days later, Ramona was contacted by the hospital about looking at the land across the river. On Friday of that week, three men came out to have a look. They seemed to like the location and acted optimistic about the possibility. However they had other parcels that they were looking at as well. They said that they would have an appraiser come and look at it. Then they would narrow down their selections and make a decision. The whole process would take several more weeks.

In August, Harvey and Marcella and Joseph and Rhonda came to stay while they were there for Anna's wedding reception. While at BYU she had met and fell in love with a young man from Pueblo, Colorado. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple earlier in the week on Wednesday the 12th and had come home for her reception. Paul had just returned from his summer ROTC drill before beginning his senior year at Virginia Tech. Sheffield and Ramona attended the reception at the stake center on Friday night. It must have been an award arrangement all the way around. Anna wasn't very close to either her mother or her stepmother, so she had her grandmother stand next to her, since Emily had pretty much raised her. The Morrisons stayed over the weekend and left on Monday.

Summer seemed to have passed quickly and it was Labor Day already. Like Memorial Day, it wasn't the big deal that it used to be either. Craig and Edith and their kids came over and they had a picnic down in the trees by the river. When School Started that fall, Gean was a senior at Andrew Lewis High School. All of the grandkids seemed to be growing up so fast.

When school started, Ramona got a new Primary class. The Primary had changed the names of all

of the classes, now her class was known as CTR Course B. CTR stood for "Choose the Right." Each time she got a new class, the seven year olds came in eager and looking forward to being baptized. This year she had six in her class.

The number of patriarchal blessings that Sheffield gave had a bit of a spike just before school started, as many who were going off to college wanted their blessing before going. He was becoming more comfortable with giving them as time went on, but each one was different and he had to keep himself in tune as he prepared to give them. The Staggerwing at ten thousand feet seemed to be the best place to prepare himself.

In mid September, the hospital contacted Ramona with an offer on the pasture on the other side of the river. Of all of the property they had looked at, it was the most suited to their needs. Their offer was more than Ramona had imagined, making a considerable profit on her last remaining holding, other than their home. Combined with what they already had in the bank, it would be more than enough to sustain them for the rest of their lives, even without their pensions, and still pass on a considerable amount to each of their children. Ramona agreed to the sale, which would take a few more weeks to be finalized.

One evening while watching Hawaii Five-O, Sheffield saw the preview of a new movie being released that he just had to see. More importantly, he wanted his family to see it. At Sunday dinner with Craig and his family, he asked, "How would you all like to go see a movie this weekend?"

"Yeah sure." was heard several times. "What's playing?" someone asked.

"Its a movie called 'Tora Tora Tora' about the attack on Pearl Harbor."

Gean rolled her eyes. "Great." she complained. "Some dumb old war movie."

"Now wait a minute." Ramona said coming to his defense. "Do you remember when you all were in Hawaii and we took you to the Arizona Memorial?"

"Yeah"

"Do you kids remember what your Grandfather said to you there?"

Not one of them answered.

She continued, "He told you to always remember and never, ever forget what happened there that day."

"I remember." Geoff Said. "I want to see it."

"Me too." Todd chimed in.

"Good." Sheffield said. "Because this movie will show you exactly what it is that you need to remember. Besides, I'll take you all out for treats. So how about it Gean? Are you in?"

"Alright, I guess. If its that important to you."

So on Saturday afternoon they all went to a matinée of Tora Tora Tora at the Grandin Theater and

true to his word Sheffield treated them to pizza after the movie. While they were eating and he had a captive audience, he was able to talk to them and reinforce what he had told them time and time again, with the powerful visual affect fresh in their minds.

“And thats the way it was.” he concluded. “I should know, because I was there.”

“And so was I.” Ramona added.

Because it was there personal experience, the message sunk in.

Over Pizza the conversation turned to school and other things. Then Tina asked, “Grandpa, how come your face is shinny?”

“Now I know what's different about you.” Ramona said.

“What?” Sheffield asked.

“I couldn't quite put my finger on it at first but it just dawned on me. It's your countenance, You have a glow about you.”

“I do?”

“Yes, you do. You have this glow about you. Not only when you're giving blessings, but all the time.”

* * * * *

The Stake conference in April with Elder Romney is fictional.
Tora Tora Tora was released on September 23, 1970.