

Acknowledgements

I express tremendous gratitude for a loving Heavenly Father who has protected and watched over our family in spite of the mistakes that we have made and through all the times we felt we had lost our way.

My family has been a source of inspiration repeatedly, particularly over the last few years. When the hard decisions needed to be made and it would have been much easier for anyone of them to have changed their mind, instead, they chose to make this journey as a family and to stick it out even when individual hardships and family life was overwhelming. They met it head on and united.

I would be very remiss if I didn't thank my friends who have supported, encouraged and "circled the wagons" to try and protect us as much as was in their power to do so. Their unwavering selflessness has touched our hearts more than they will ever know.

Preface

This journey has taken many twists and turns. We have cried, gotten angry, loved and prayed. But we have met each and every challenge as the eternal family that our Heavenly Father wants us to be.

I don't know how this will end, but I do know that whatever comes our way, we will do our best to meet each day with a happy heart and trust in the Lord.

mickey@TheHealersArt.com

Pioneers – A New Generation

The Road to Zion

It all started in a Sunday school class. The subject was the Saints migrating to Missouri and surrounding areas of the mid-west when the call came from the Lord. As I was listening to the lesson, my thoughts turned to those who would be called, “how would they know?” Then the overwhelming feeling as if I were on a roller coaster came over me. I realized right then and there, I and my family would be part of that trek. That was the beginning of this story, 23 years ago.

I thought about it off and on, but knew it wasn't time yet and life as you will read got in the way. No, I wasn't ignoring the Lord, but I had many things left to do, lessons to learn and faith to be built. One of those lessons had to do with my Grandear (my name for my grandmother). Her life was swiftly coming to an end, she was 93 years old. The day I got the call from Mom that while giving her a bath she quietly passed away. I thought my heart would break; after all she had helped raise me after Dad passed away. When Mom remarried she seemed to instinctively know that things were not going to get any better so lucky for me she stuck around.

Not too long after she died, I felt yearnings to have her baptized and get her work done for her. The first nagging of me going to the temple seemed to crop into my head. I did everything I could to ignore that part of things. I knew we had to wait a year and the more I thought about me going to the temple the less comfortable I felt. I knew her work needed to be done and I knew equally I was not ready to go to the temple, so I went in search of someone who I could trust to do it. As I was getting ready to sing in Sacrament one Sunday morning, I looked out into the audience and saw the Bishop's wife sitting in the back. I felt strongly that if I didn't have the hutzpah to go then she and the Bishop were the ones to do it. I didn't feel comfortable however having Grandear sealed to my Grandfather, as he had left her when my Mom and Aunt were very young for another woman. Lucky for me, when I asked the Bishop and his wife, they were very happy to do Grandear's work for me. Once it was done, I did have to deal with some amount of guilt for not going to the temple and doing it myself. But it wasn't because I really wanted to go to the temple, my motives were more selfish. I regretted wondering if I missed feeling the presence of this wonderfully strong, kind and gentle woman that had been so willing to help raise me, and was concerned perhaps she was somehow disappointed in my actions.

Home Teachers

I was not keen on having home teachers or visiting teachers. I have to admit I don't mind so much being one, however that hasn't always been true and I still struggle a smidge with even being one, and having them is also still a challenge for me. However the two home teachers that were assigned to us ended up being my partners in crime. If there was mischief to be had in the ward, one of us was usually responsible. The minute they walked in our door they were tackled by two very rambunctious boys ages 3 and 5. And didn't

even blink as our older son ran head first into the red headed one and slammed him into the fireplace, while our younger son took care of the dark headed gentleman. Then our daughter came out to get in on the action. She would eventually be named "Trouble", whenever they came over or saw her at church. All I could say was 'Welcome to our home!' As I was actually hoping that would be enough to make them walk out and never come back.

They never bothered to preach to us and knew not to bother with a "message." All they ever genuinely wanted to ever know is that we were doing ok and truly wanted to know if there was anything they could do to make our lives easier. Both of these men had my respect and friendship from the minute I met them. As I was raised in a man's world as a child having a guy around to be friends with was easier for me than having women around. Both these gentlemen fit the bill and became lifelong friends and Priesthood holders we could always depend on and they knew they could depend on us.

However I have never cared about them so much as when my husband became violently ill. We did not have a clue that my sweetheart had a serious blockage. We knew as a child he had some stomach issues and that because he had travelled between the Philippines and the US so when he became ill, we chalked it up to food poisoning. But as it turned out he had a flap on his bowel that would eventually wrap itself around his intestines and start strangling him from the inside out. As we were told it was a waiting game for now, because the doctors weren't sure exactly what was going on, I took him to the chiropractor and told him what the doctor said. The chiropractor said he would manipulate my husband's body as if there was a blockage and we should know for sure by 7 pm that night. Well almost 7 pm on the money, my husband became very ill. I immediately called my mom to come get the kids and called our beloved home teachers to give my husband a blessing before we headed for emergency.

Once we got to the hospital they immediately put him in a room and got him as comfortable as possible. We were fortunate that one of the best surgeons in Washington State was on call that night and our own doctor had rushed to the hospital as well. After examining my husband they realized he was so ill they could not operate on him for fear for losing him on the table. So the rest of the night was one of trying to stabilize him enough to do surgery the next morning.

As the morning arrived my mom came and made sure everything stayed as normal as possible while I went back up to the hospital. My husband would later recount that as he was lying on the table waiting to be put under, that he heard the Bishop (who was the physician and Bishop of another ward) say a prayer before starting to guide his hands that this surgery would be a success and he would be able to save my husband's life. My sweetheart said that he was extremely touched that he would be able to hear those words before going under the knife.

The surgery was a success but the healing process was very long. In the middle of all of this our daughter was planning her wedding and getting married to her returned missionary. They were to be married in the chapel and lots of preparation for the reception was in order. As usual I figured I would do it all myself, but someone in the Relief Society

(to this day I don't know who) let the cat out of the bag what was going on in our household and the next thing I know these sweet Sisters were showing up at the church decorating bringing food, helping to organize everything. The word "relief" took on a whole new meaning in Relief Society as we walked into the church with my husband wearing an elastic waist pair of sweatpants instead of slacks due to lots of stitches and his Filipino Barong (Filipino dress shirt) feeling a little silly and upset he couldn't help get things done. But the Sisters had already taken care of it all.

With our daughter married our home was feeling a little empty, and finding a new rhythm seemed a little harder than expected. The boys got to have their own rooms, but found after years of sharing a room they weren't too happy about that, so nine times out of ten, I would wake up in the morning to find them once again in the same room sleeping soundly in bunk beds.

A New Home

The home in which we had been renting for the last 5 years became condemned. We needed a new place to live. As I was looking through the morning paper in the classified section, I was prompted to an address in Marysville, WA. I told my sweetheart about it and we immediately got into the car and drove down there. The minute I saw the home, I knew it would be ours. However, my sweetheart had different ideas. He said we should go look a couple of miles away at another area. Well, quite frankly I was pretty put out with him, but we went anyway. The homes looked like dollhouses. They were not only small but really close together. I was not a happy camper and felt my husband should have listened to me. We went back to the original spot where I felt we should have been in the first place, just to find out there were two more bids on the home I knew to be ours. I wasn't just put out or not a happy camper with my husband, I was downright mad. How could he put us in jeopardy with the house the Lord told me we were to get? The realtor said we should put earnest money down on the home, just in case. We did, and the Lord saw fit to boot the other two people out of the way so we could get it. One of many faith promoting experiences that were to come.

In May of 1998 we moved into our new home, beautiful neighborhood, close to schools, stores, church and my mom. What more could we ask for? Our daughter now had a little girl of her own, and our sons were in grade school and having a blast. My husband continued to have a steady job, we had made good friends, had two dogs and a cat, life was everything but the white picket fence, (ours was green).

But some difficulty started when we received a call from our daughter. She and the baby needed to move in with us immediately. Her husband was and had been for a very long time abusive. She was very afraid for her and the baby's safety. We shifted things around and made room for them. How grateful we were that they were safe. It was one of the few times I have seen my husband absolutely seething with anger and he would have gladly taken matters into his own hands if given the chance.

A few years had passed and our granddaughter was now in school, our sense of keeping her safe from danger became a top priority, because of her age, we didn't want to tell her everything, but just enough to keep her on guard. Although there was no restraining order in place regarding her father, we were fortunate enough to have the respect of school authorities and they were more than happy to help us keep her happy and secure in the school environment. But the threat of her father was ever present and we knew at some point we would need to rely on the Lord to give us the direction we needed to go to continue keeping her safe.

There were times when things got pretty dicey. Before it was all over, this young man would stalk us, break into our home and just generally be a nuisance. We would continue to make police reports, but until we could catch him in the act, there was really nothing that could be done. However, the Lord would once again intervene and give us promptings that things were about to get a little nuts, and usually we would get these promptings about two weeks before things would happen. We had tremendous gratitude for the promptings that kept our home environment a safe place to live.

Through the years of being in this home, we had children coming and going. I always felt grateful that parents knew their kids were safe at our home. I did a lot of cooking, and it gave me great joy watching all of them scarf down the food that was provided. There were quite a few shenanigans and lots of laughter. Some would spend the night and others would show up in the middle of the night. But in the end I hope they all knew truly how much they were loved.

Have you ever wanted to go back and appreciate more and hold on tighter to the times you feel had slipped past much too fast? That is how I feel. I look back at those experiences and see a daughter who was such a good big sister. I watched all the times she would play baseball with the neighborhood kids, while having one brother tucked under her arm running bases, or the other brother tucked under her arm playing hide and seek. Even as she got older and had a babe of her own, she felt an overwhelming responsibility for her siblings that she had named "Honer's and Boobers".

I look back and remember bringing home our youngest and as I laid him in his crib to sleep and later going into check on him to find our older son had crawled in the crib with him and he would share that crib with him and watch over him through the night the whole first year.

My best memory is listening to the three of them laughing hysterically through the years and feeding off of each other's humor like some well-oiled machine. They even dressed alike. Even though there was a large age difference between our daughter and her two brothers, the three were so connected emotionally, you couldn't tell where one began and one ended.

My husband and I had gotten to church early, as I turned around to check to see if the kids were coming in, I happen to see them come through the door shoulder to shoulder at the same time. For a split second I saw all three dressed in armor and immediately the thought came to me "These are God's Warriors." Then things went back to normal. But I had this

tremendous feeling that at some point in time these three young adults would be a force to be reckoned with.

Heavenly Father had given me three priceless treasures and the older I get the more I realize I let so many opportunities to teach more, to love more, to spend more time with slip through my fingers. I find myself praying that everyone that is a parent with small children will be smarter than I feel I have been.

I Need A Website Because?

Another lesson to be learned in faith and listening to those promptings came when I felt prompted to take advantage of an opportunity to align myself with a world renowned scientist who was involved with a networking company and whom later would become one of my dearest and most trusted of friends. I felt impressed to get myself a website that would help me grow my business, but felt daunted as I knew nothing about websites, design etc. But in asking around I was led to go to a company out of Arizona. When I called them on the phone to get a website, the gentleman on the other end of the line said, "What is your domain name?" I told him I didn't know what he was talking about. He then informed me I needed a domain name for my site and until I had one I couldn't have a website and that I needed to think of one that was strong and easy to type in. To say the least when I got off the phone I was in a twit. I am what I call a scene stealer. When I am singing someone else's music, I can make it my own, but can't write music at all. When I see a picture I can draw it. But to think of something on my own, that is where there is a very distinct leak in my faucet. So as I sat there completely drawing a blank, I then decided being blank wasn't good enough, I threw a temper tantrum, then finally got smart and said a prayer asking for some badly needed help to achieve this, (what I perceived) as a very large mountain to climb.

The prayer was no more out of my mouth then I felt impressed to go to the hymnbook. As I was standing at the kitchen counter with hymnbook in my hand the strong impression came to go to the song "Because I Have Been Given Much." As I read the words, I was thinking, hmmm that is nice, so where is the domain name? I read the song two more times and was talking to God saying, I am very thankful for everything I have, so where is the domain name? All of a sudden I heard this loud voice in my ear saying, "Stupid, look at the next page." And then I heard some laughter. So I looked at the next page. The song was "Lord I Will Follow Thee." I read the song and low and behold the third verse says, "I will be my brother's keeper, I will learn *The Healer's Art*. Wow! I was so excited I nearly tripped getting back to my desk.

I jumped on the phone called the company and said I had a domain name. When the gentleman heard the name, he said that is was a very strong name and easy to type in, and because of that, it is probably already taken. I remember thinking to myself, "He doesn't know what I know." He was very surprised to find that it wasn't taken. I now had my domain name and could figure out how to put together a website.

Later that day when I had repeated the incident to a friend of mine, she said there was no way that God would call one of his children "stupid." I told her she was wrong, that if He

really knows us personally and knows that sometimes we aren't picking up on what He is trying to tell us, and the only way He can get our attention is by speaking to us in a manner we will understand, why wouldn't He? Besides I am living proof that is exactly what He did. I heard Him laugh. I knew I was being teased, I just needed to listen and wasn't, so He got my attention in a manner I would recognize. As I thought about the name of this website I didn't realize how important the name of this site was to become a few years down the road and learning to listen to those prompting would become.

I am still not sure of what value this site will have. But I will tell you that I am knowledgeable about herbs, vitamins and just natural ways of helping the body heal. And who knows if we will always have a doctor available as time goes on? I hope the name of this site will ring "familiarity" and the saints will know that if needed I can give them sound advice. Also as my sweetheart is an artist and at some point there will be a page for his art, so for those who need to feed their soul through art, they will find the beauty of nature through his work.

The Hanging Baskets

In between these little hiccups of life there was much laughter going on in the house. You would have loved my friends. This was the first time in my entire life I had more than just one woman friend. I found even being married I tended to migrate towards having men as friends because they weren't so back biting and catty as I found women to be over the years. I am a firm believer that Heavenly Father puts people in your path when you need them and this was no exception.

As the friendship, love, trust and respect with this special group of women grew, we found ourselves talking about everything. Nothing was off the table. There was much laughter and at times many tears as we struggled to make sense of things that had been unexpectedly thrown our way. When trouble found itself into our homes; and with this many women, we dealt with everything from wayward children, divorce, mean neighbors, church callings, and death. But, through it all we always knew there would be a listening ear, a helping hand, tremendous empathy, wisdom and hugs for whoever was going through whatever at the time. That is what made these beautiful women so unique. We may not have always agreed with each other over everything, but they tried to deal with differences with love, kindness and charity in their hearts.

We called ourselves The Hanging Baskets. If there was laughter to be found it would be around our big square kitchen table. We would indulge in chocolate M&M's to chocolate fountains. We would incorporate luscious salads to make sure we got our veggies in between the chocolate. My sweetheart would wait on us hand and foot, making sure that we all had food, beverages, and he even went as far as clearing the table and doing the dishes after everyone left. Heck, we women had it made!

We would play silly games at the table to playing hide and seek in our cars at night through the neighborhood. We were always eager to meet up at a restaurant for more laughter and silliness, both of which came easily. A highlight for me came when at one point in a restaurant we went to; we had started singing in harmony the "Chicken Song" in

the middle of our meal. No, we didn't get kicked out, however there was a police car with its lights on right outside the restaurant; we were relieved that it was someone getting a ticket, but just for a moment we thought.....

One Sunday sitting in sacramento, the Bishop stood up at the end of the meeting. He seemed to be at a loss for words for a moment, and then wrapped up the meeting. I went to him afterward and asked if something was wrong. He then got this grin on his face and said, "I was going to ask for all the Baskets to come to my office. "I said, "Really?" He said yes, I just wanted to see who they all were and if any of them would show up. I just laughed and said, "Well, Bishop, I guess you will never know for sure. Heck, I wasn't going to spill the beans. There was a Basket Code of Honor after all.

I look back to those wonderful days with such love and will always cherish those memories. The best compliment we ever received came in a very unusual fashion. We had a mutual friend who wrote for a southern paper and decided to make us the subject in her column for that week. She called us the "Steel Magnolias. " How right she was.

These strong, beautiful, vibrant, and generous women who loved the Lord and whom I got to share my life with for just a while will forever live in my heart and soul for the eternities. But as with many things when the Lord calls, we go and do. It was time and the migration had started, but not just to Missouri, even some of The Baskets felt called back to where they began, so the move had officially started.

Everything has a Time and a Season

Times in 2004 were starting to change, you could feel the movement. Boeing had a very long strike, they started outsourcing much of their work and then 9/11 really turned things upside down. Our home was in constant jeopardy between strikes and layoffs. We found ourselves saving our home in the eleventh hour more times than I care to count. But unbeknownst to us we had been given some misinformation and our troubles had only begun. My husband was sent to Wichita to work for almost a year. After a couple of times of him flying in at midnight on Friday night and leaving midday on a Sunday, he was getting cranky and so was I. He felt out of the loop as life was going on without him; Tempers flared as he would be so tired and missing us, then having to get back on the plane and leave again. So I asked him not to come home until his contract was finished. However, I went and visited him for a week. As I took him to work early one morning and went back to his apartment to sleep, I was left with the feeling we would be moving out that way. Once again the Lord had spoken and it made me wonder how it would all fall into place.

When my husband returned permanently home, we were glad to have him back. Almost a year with him being away was very difficult for our family. However, once he came home, he started having difficulty with the changing of the guard at his work. People were unkind, rules were not implemented correctly, and the right hand didn't know what the left hand was doing.

Heavenly Father started to let me know that things were starting to happen and I needed to be prepared. He told me that if things were going to work out the way they were supposed to that I was going to have to go to the temple. I was not overly impressed with that information and was trying to figure out how to weasel my way out of that and still get done what the Lord wanted. The feeling that we were not going to stay long in Seattle was ever looming. I just for the life of me couldn't see how it was going to play out. Regardless of some struggles I just figured we would sell the house and tra la tra la tra la we would move, buy another house and wait for the rest of the Saints to show up. Talk about having my head in the clouds. Wow.

In the night however, I knew that if we were to move, my mom would not be going with us, which meant she would probably pass away. That feeling was confirmed to me before my mom even knew she was ill.

But for now we had immediate family issues to deal with, as our 18 year old son was drinking and smoking pot, his fun loving personality became mean and hurtful. He would be sarcastic and if he wasn't being sarcastic, it was only because he was asleep. After a verbal altercation with him, I finally said, 'stick a fork in me, I am done.' Pack your bags and get out. It was awful. But at that point, I and our family had been pushed to the brink. My husband and I both were saddened and angry. And like many parents, we questioned what we had done wrong. Could we have done something different, but none of that mattered now, we had to just put one foot in front of the other as with our other children to get through this dark time. Later I was told he had been doing this for years. So I have wrestled with that and feeling foolish that I didn't know, wishing someone had told me. Then I tell myself I should have been smart enough to catch it on my own. I will probably forever question my own stupidity on this one.

Our son after a few months and some rehab found his way back, but it has not been an easy road and there are still times when his judgment is not conducive to his wellbeing, and for years to come will struggle with finding his way. We would periodically read his Patriarchal Blessing and continue to hope with all of our hearts he would see the value we and his Heavenly Father see in him along with the promises that have been made if only he will follow and listen to his Heavenly Father and heed the warnings. But for now, all we can do is love him, even if his actions show he doesn't love himself.

Sometimes Answers Come In The Most Unusual Ways!

In the middle of the night our older son came running into our bedroom and woke us up. He said he had a dream. In the dream he was going down a very long road and while he was driving there was a man that kept jumping out in front of his car and calling his name. After about the third time the man one more time jumped in front of the car and our son said in the dream he hit the brakes and got out of the car. The man called him by name and said everything was going to be ok. Not to worry and repeated again, everything is going to be ok. Our son said he asked the man his name. He said his name was Christopher Charles Hackett.

As our son was relating this story, at 2 am in the morning, I told him I wasn't going to go look up his name on the computer that early, and to go back to bed, we would deal with it in the morning. I was not half as impressed as he seemed to be. However I was amused that he had the wherewithal to ask the guy in the dream his name.

Morning came and down to the computer we all went. I typed in Christopher Charles Hackett. Well, I was astounded when his name and bio came up on the screen. In fact, shocked and amazed seemed to be closer to what I was feeling. I couldn't believe I was seeing what I was seeing. It turns out this man and his brother were miners and heading for California. However, they had stopped to rest in Utah. On one fine Sunday morning an older woman stopped and talked with Mr. Hackett to pass a little time on her way to church. She informed Mr. Hackett that he would not be leaving Utah until he was baptized into the church. To make a very long story short, he did end up being baptized and married. He held many callings in the church and was quite an upstanding sort of guy. My head was still reeling that he was a real person.

I started going through all my genealogy to see if somehow we were related to him. But I never found anything, however he did originally come from around the same area my ancestors came from. I was also humbled that this incident was so far out in left field that I knew Heavenly Father was just letting us know our prayers were being heard. That was certainly a very different way to get our attention. I hope when heaven's gates are open we get to meet Mr. Hackett and at least be able to thank him. I wonder if in heaven, when the Lord sees the need for extra help, if the Lord asks for volunteers and people like Mr. Hackett raise their hands to volunteer. Wouldn't that be snazzy?

The Brat Pack

Once again, Heavenly Father put wonderfully kind women in my path knowing that as time went on the need to rely on each other would be one of a definite need for all of us.

I had been snooping on the internet for an LDS women's group. I stumbled upon a ladies chat room. I had never been in a chat room and didn't know what to expect, but it wasn't to have ended up with lifelong friendships. But that is exactly what happened.

I am beginning to think that sometimes it is easier to spill your guts online to what seems to be an unknown sources than it is to do it up close and personal with all the emotions involved. So to watch all the different things that were being discussed in this chat room ran from marriage issues, kids, animals to church callings. There were even a few arguments on line which made me laugh. In fact, it was during one of these disagreements with a sister who decided she didn't like our attitude and told us we were Brats. Well the label stuck and The Brat Pack was now official. We women had bonded so much, that by the time the ladies chat room was no longer available it didn't faze us one bit, we were now doing three-ways on the phone.

As time went on, a few of us were able to meet each other. It felt like we had known each other for a lifetime and we just picked up where we had left off on the phone. These new

friendships we had forged once again saw us through the ups and downs of life that we were faced with and without each other it wouldn't have been so easy to get through.

For me one particular thing stood out. As I was adopted, there were a couple of things about myself that used to make me come absolutely unhinged. I had this deep seeded anger that would explode out of nowhere. It was the one thing about myself that I tried to keep hidden. Because there were things in my past as a child, young adult and even adulthood that ranged from obnoxious to just plain vicious. I never could understand when I wanted to be so good and kind, how out of the blue something could set me off to the point I could be so full of hate. I may have vented at others sometimes, but most of the time I vented it towards me. I must be a pretty bad person to have this kind of rage, right? So I deserved to be fat, ugly, the self-talk went on and on.

During a three way call with a couple of the Brat Pack; my two friends were discussing their children. Both of these women had adopted children and both were having very similar anger issues. I was riveted to the phone as these dear sisters of the gospel were talking about their children acting out. They were acting out in different ways, but it boiled down to the same thing. There was this underlining anger. As these women continued to talk, they made mention of something called, "Separation Anxiety Disorder." The minute those words were out of their mouths, I started crying and I was having great difficulty holding onto my emotions. One of these women and I had spoken extensively in the past about her son as he and I shared some similarities. But when our other friend started talking about her daughter, it became very clear to me that regardless of age differences the three of us all had the same problem. The sheer relief I felt that I wasn't just plain crazy was overwhelming. But the idea that other children were out there not able to recognize where the anger and rage was coming from was heartbreaking.

After our conversation had ended, I called a doctor friend of mine who had also adopted a couple of children and had told him of the conversation I had just had with these two women and asked him what did he know about this disease? He was convinced by the end of our conversation that this is what I had suffered for all these 60 years and never had a clue. The minute a name was put to my symptoms, the rage went away. I literally felt like a 30 pound weight had been lifted from my shoulders. All those years, I thought I had done something wrong to deserve that feeling. And now it was gone. The tears started to flow. I was free of that horrible feeling that had haunted me all those years.

It took me a few weeks to adjust to not having that in me any longer. In fact, I actually tried to dig it back up, thinking somehow that maybe it was just lost. But it was gone permanently. It had been part of me all these years and now it just that quick, it was gone. That is a lot to take in all at once. Why Heavenly Father would feel I was so important that once again He would once again put another group of dear women in my path to help me heal is extremely overwhelming. But the self-talk and dealing with the constant feeling of worthlessness is something I still can't get a handle on and is something that may be my cross to bear. I would like to hope not, but time will tell.

What Job Security?

Once again my husband's job became more and more difficult. They kept switching him around to different positions, giving him no instructions and no one to rely on. In talking with each other at home, we could feel this was the beginning of the end for him and his job. Then the company that he went to work for when Boeing had outsourced his job to the French decided everyone should take tests. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. All the men around him spoke Spanish and were giving each other the answers so they could finish in a timely manner and get everything correct. My husband is Filipino and was left with no one to explain when questions arose, so he was left to his own devices. He ended up being awake over 30 hours and no food (he is a diabetic) between taking the tests, computer crashing twice in the middle of the testing, and trying to keep up with his work load all at the same time. The boss was setting him up for failure and they all knew it, but there was nothing that could be done. Since the writing was obviously on the wall and by mutual consent he was let go. Why should they pay him so much simply because he had 20 years of experience when they could pay others with 6 months to a year of experience at minimum wage?

My sweetheart who had the respect of people at the top for years because of his work ethics was now coming home with a pink slip. It was one of the darkest times of his career and a blow to his self-esteem. There was no way to put into words the devastation he felt and the feeling of failure that would haunt him for quite some time to come.

The silver lining of this was I believe had he stayed with that job, he would have died. Because of the position being one of tremendous stress, his blood sugar levels went through the roof. He wasn't eating correctly, he wasn't sleeping well. If it came down between keeping him around alive and healthy and him having a job that would kill him, I am grateful that he and the company parted ways.

That feeling of relief of him not having to deal with all of the hoopla was short lived as reality set in. How long was unemployment going to last, would we be able to make the house payment, would he be able to find another job, could we keep clothes on the children's back? Should he go back to school? Did we have enough faith that no matter what we were faced with, could we persevere and endure to the end. Well I am here to tell you, I don't mind the perseverance part of things, but the "endure to the end"? Really? Ughhhhh!

We held our own for quite a while. Unemployment had kicked in, so between that and my income we were doing fairly well under the circumstances. But we knew it wouldn't last forever and for both of us there was this underlying concern or perhaps foreboding. We eventually got behind in the house payment, and then we would catch up and then get behind again. But it seemed the tiger was always at our door waiting and ready to pounce at any given time as we continued to rob Peter to pay Paul. The church had kicked in a couple of times to help out. Their generosity was appreciated, but made us feel sad at the same time.

We felt so much of the time like our backs were up against the wall. The feeling of failure was ever present and questioning whether or not we were doing enough, if we were listening to the spirit or were we just in complete denial. We seemed to second guess every move we made always wondering if it was enough.

In between all of this, Heavenly Father kept telling me I needed to go to the temple. I was getting more agitated by this, as I felt like I was getting backed into a corner I didn't want to be in. I wasn't ready and the feeling of "fight or flight" was of constant concern, especially since "flight" was more the preferred direction.

The Boys go to the Temple

My son and I spoke extensively about him going on a mission and what it would entail. We knew that once again the generosity of others would have to prevail as we didn't have the means to help him. He also struggled with the fact that his grandmother was sure to pass away while he was gone, although at this point she didn't know that she was sick and cancer would take her life in the near future. But the sweet promptings of the Holy Ghost gave our family a heads up, and we knew this was something that had to be resolved in his heart if he was to go and be a servant of the Lord.

His weight was somewhat of an issue due to health challenges in the field with missionaries being too heavy. So the church was not willing to allow young men to go unless they were at the correct weight limit. As this young man had some serious thyroid issues getting the weight to come off would be a challenge, but one he was more than willing to overcome. As the weight came off, he became more excited to get in his paperwork in order.

Bishop interview done and mission papers were filed. Now over the next few weeks we were waiting to see where he would serve. He wanted to serve in the Philippines as that is a very important part of his heritage, but the Lord had different ideas. The day came that we finally received the envelope and we learned he was to serve in the Omaha, NE mission. As parents there was a piece of us that was grateful that he was going to stay stateside.

Now came the time that he would go to the temple and take out his endowments. My husband decided that he wanted to take his out as well. I still wanted nothing to do with the temple at this point. So I asked one of my dear Basket friends if she would go in my stead and her husband would escort my husband and son. They readily agreed and were excited to be part of this important day. For me, I was just relieved and grateful they said they would help out.

I want you to all understand that I am really struggling to write this part. It is a private part of me that I hold close to my heart. I feel ashamed and a little sad. There are emotions that came out with no words to describe really how I was feeling, nor why I was feeling them at the time. I get it now, but at the time I was going through it, I didn't. I have spent many years building up a wall of protection. So please know that what I am about to write is really not a place I wanted to visit the first time, but to revisit it a second time certainly is not on my list of things to see and do. However saying that, if I don't you will not

understand the importance of this journey, which means that what the Lord has asked me to do, will be of no value to those of you that may be going through the life challenges you feel you are up against.

I stayed home and prepared for the big party we were to have after my husband and son returned from the temple. That gave me a chance to make the wonderful Filipino fare that was to be served at this wingding. However my reaction to everyone coming back from the temple hit me from the backside and I didn't know what to do. But there wasn't time to do a lot of thinking at that point as people were pouring into the house. My mom and my aunt showed up with a beautiful casserole. However I picked it up wrong when I went to put it on the table, I dropped the casserole all over the floor and nearly started crying. I found I was getting really cranky real fast, to the point that I had to go into the garage for a little bit to get away from everything and everyone. My daughter came in the garage, asking me what my problem was, as she was looking at me like I had lost my mind. I wanted to scream at her to "get out" and leave me alone. I was feeling panicky, my heart was jumping out of my chest and I wanted to disappear, still feeling like I was drowning I returned to the festivities.

More people were coming into the house and instead of it being a joyful time for all of us, I was getting more agitated by the moment. My mom was wondering what in heaven's name was going on. I didn't even know what was going, so how could I explain it to my mom? I just wanted everyone out of my house and go up to my room. I didn't even want to look at my son or my husband, much less get near them and give them a hug and tell them how proud I was of them. I just stood there looking at them like they both had just grown three heads and feeling sick to my stomach.

I went about the rest of the afternoon feeling like I was on automatic pilot. I felt like I was having an out of body experience. I was watching myself do and say all the right things, and thinking at the same time, "Get these people out of my house." If someone had found me a huge hole to crawl in and disappear at the end of the day, I would have gladly done so. I was trying to keep control of these feelings that were eating me alive, but I couldn't. Nor did I know how to fix it.

FINALLY, everyone left the house. Now I could try and get some control back. I cleaned up the dishes, cleaned the floor and put everything away. I was exhausted, but it was more emotionally than physically. It was time to go to bed, and I was more than ready to hit the pillow. As I was getting ready for bed, my sweetheart decided he wanted to get frisky. I panicked. I jumped out of bed like I had been burnt by hot coals. I told him to leave me alone that he was wearing his temple garments. He said that could be dealt with. I found I couldn't go near him. I found that inside my soul I was screaming at the top of my lungs, "I can't do this, I am fat, ugly, dirty, and the feeling of humiliation was so overwhelming, well heck, what more is there to say. You name it, I was thinking it. I no longer felt I could be part of this matrimonial union. All I was seeing and feeling was that my husband had gone to the temple and I no longer deserved to be part of anything regarding this marriage. It sickened me to my core.

What made matters even worse, as if they could get or feel any worse at that moment was I didn't know where it was all coming from, so how do you fix something when you don't know the "why?" I once again had that feeling like I wanted to disappear. What was I going to do now? Had all my past experiences in life now gotten me to the point where I really was worthless? Did I deserve to have a husband like him? Did I deserve to have children who tried so hard to follow their Heavenly Father? I started questioning everything. But for now there were no answers, and the more I was asking them, the less anything made sense. So like so many other things that had happened to me, I just stuffed them in a file drawer in my heart and left it for another time, and hoped that it would quietly disappear on its own, so I would no longer have to deal with it. But we all know that at some point in time everything has a habit of catching up to itself and can reap havoc on our bodies if we don't deal with it, and at some point down the road of life, I was going to have to deal with all of this whether I liked it or not.

As I am finished writing this part, I find myself having to pull myself together one more time. The tears flow freely as I look back at what should be considered a time of celebration but instead, I supposedly being a precious daughter of our Heavenly Father who has tried so hard to overcome so many things in her life still feels undeserving and less than whom she should or deserves to be.

My Mom

I loved my mom. Because I was adopted her biggest fear my entire life was someone telling her she wasn't good enough to be my mom. We may not have always have seen eye to eye on many things, but I couldn't have asked for a better mom. My grandmother raised her and my aunt by herself. I was lucky enough to have all three of these women play an important part in my life. I felt blessed beyond measure to be loved so much.

The day came our son to go on his mission. He left shortly before Thanksgiving of 2004. Mom found out she was ill in December of 2004. She had five different kinds of cancer. She opted to do chemo and later would do radiation. She started losing her hair and my aunt carefully helped her cut the rest of it off. In spite of all of this as she was an avid bowler she insisted on continuing to bowl on Wednesday mornings.

The year went by swiftly as she continued on chemo. She did feel good for a little while, and as Thanksgiving was on the horizon again, there was something to look forward to. I told my aunt that I would cook the turkey and even at 85 years old she was more than happy to make the pies. Thanksgiving was as good as it could be under the circumstances. Then it was time for desert. The beautiful pies were ready and waiting to be eaten. My aunt insisted that with our other selections that we have a piece of her chocolate pie.

As we all dug into our fabulous chocolate pie, things kind of got a little quiet. We passed a few strange looks between us, but no one really said anything. We all just kind of moved our forks around and then quickly headed for the kitchen to grab apple or pumpkin and deep sixing the chocolate pie without letting our aunt see what we were doing. We cleaned up the kitchen, kissed everyone goodbye and got in the car to head home. Upon leaving mom's house, my aunt told us there was left over chocolate pie so be sure to take

it with us. Laughter erupted the minute we got into the car. We all started talking all at once about the chocolate pie. We all agreed it tasted like chicken; my dear 85 year old aunt had apparently grabbed the chicken broth instead of canned milk. To this day, we can't think or even look at chocolate pie without remembering the very unique pie served at one Thanksgiving dinner.

Mom was getting sicker and Mother's Day was now rolling around. Our missionary son had called mom and she made him promise not to come home from his mission. That he was there to serve the Lord and serve the Lord he must do. She made him understand there was nothing he could do to get her better and she would be ok.

Even though mom had taught primary 5 years before she was even baptized (this was before Primary was considered a calling for only those LDS) and waited to be baptized with me when I was 8 years of age, she became inactive. But she loved her visiting/home teacher duo. This husband and wife team came every month faithfully for years. When they moved away, they were replaced with another duo that had the same conviction of visiting and home teaching and were faithful every month until mom passed away.

Mom asked for her Home Teacher to come give her a blessing. She knew it was time to get her affairs in order, so my aunt would not have to worry about anything when the time came. My heart went out to my aunt. She had buried three children, two husbands, her mother (my grandmother) and now she was going to have to bury her only sibling. They were only 19 months apart, and had lived with each other for over 30 years. As my aunt used to be a nurse my mom as with my grandmother (and help from the family) was able to stay at home and die peaceably with integrity and love all around her. The respect I have for my aunt for insisting on taking on this task will forever live in my heart and soul as one of the greatest unselfish acts at her age anyone could ever do for her sister.

I had contacted my home teachers and let them know of my mom's wishes to have our old Bishop who was now in the 70's to preside over the funeral. Even though he was in Peru, at the time, once again that still small voice said he would be back in the states in time to preside. My mom had learned to truly enjoy my beloved home teachers as much as I did and wanted them on the stand as well. I knew this was a gift to me from my Heavenly Father. Even though my mom was inactive for years, she loved the home and visiting teachers.

As I finished asking my mom what she wanted at her funeral, she requested that something from Psalms be sung. There is a song I learned in high school so very long ago, called. "The Lord To Me A Shepherd Is." I was fortunate enough to have two wonderful women that I frequently sang with who were quick studies. I felt the only farewell gift I could give my mom was my voice, so to sing her to heaven was something extremely gratifying and to be able to do it with these two women just made it all the better.

Mom was sitting at the table one day in a great deal of pain. She arose from the table and informed us she was going to bed. There she stayed until the day she died. About three weeks before she passed away, she started looking at the ceiling and mumbling. She mumbled, slept, and mumbled some more, always looking at the ceiling. Once again, I was

given a gift. That still small voice let me know she was receiving instructions, I was told when her voice stopped things would come to an end. And to an end they did.

Being an Obedient Daughter of God

Now that our son was back from his mission and I had dragged my feet for as long as I could, I knew it was time to go see the Bishop. As a family we decided we would go in the summer to Utah. I wanted my old Bishop to preside over this event and now that he was in the 70's the timing had to be right to ensure he would be in the states for this event. So we decided to be sealed in the Salt Lake City Temple.

I didn't want to go to the Seattle temple. I didn't want everyone I knew being there watching me. I was feeling a little skittish about the whole thing so I didn't want to feel like I was being gawked at like an animal in the zoo. So I swore the Bishop to secrecy after my daughter and I had met with him to get our temple recommends and he was kind enough to tear the paper out of the book so even his counselors didn't know what was going on.

I also had never gotten to mourn the loss of my dad or my life before moving to Seattle, so I needed to be in Utah, as I knew it would be the last time I would ever see my friends, relatives and just be able to mend my heart that so long ago, I perceived as being broken in two and close the doors with a proper goodbye. How we were going to pull this off with us not working was going to be interesting. But I also thought that if Heavenly Father really wanted this, He would have to pull some major miracles to make it happen; and that He did.

It was our turn to clean the church. I had a friendly acquaintance that during her time of trouble had reached out and shared with me some things that were very personal. I found myself asking her if she had a minute. I pulled her into the Relief Society room and said I have something to tell you. What was so strange about this, was I didn't consider her a dear friend and yet I felt like I needed to share with her the fact we were going to the temple, but we were doing it in Utah and shared with her the obstacles we were facing. She asked how much we were going to have to come up with, \$2000 popped out of my mouth. As I am sharing this all with her, I am feeling like I am having an outer body experience. I am listening to myself tell her and at the same time, have no control over what seems to be coming out of my mouth. She assumed I was telling her these things because she had told me about her challenges.

About two weeks later there is a knock and the door. It was this same friendly acquaintance, looking quite pale. She asked if she could come in for a moment and I said, sure and asked her what was up. She then proceeded to tell me, that after our conversation she felt prompted to come over. Then she told me she was a tightwad and couldn't believe what she was doing. The next thing I know she hands me a check for \$1000. One half of what we needed to go to Utah. My mouth flew open in disbelief. Here she was standing looking rather pale and both of us thinking that we liked each other, but..... I quietly thanked her for her generosity as she swore me to secrecy until death, and I quickly obliged.

However, about two weeks after that, she showed up at my door again, looking more pale than she did the first time. She said I need to talk to you again. This time she informed me the Lord said that if she brought the money over to me that all her bills would be completely paid off and she and her family could take the vacation that she had always wanted to take. So she hands me another \$1000. I stood there quite dumbfounded and she looked like she was going to throw up at any given moment. Once again, she swore me to secrecy again and left.

It turned out that the Lord kept his promise to her within a month all her bills got paid off due to a huge commission check she received for a booking from a former client she hadn't heard from in ten years. When she told me the rest of the story, I just shook my head in wonderment.

That wasn't the last of the miracles. It was close to my birthday and my friend wanted to give me something special. I told her about us wanting to go to Utah and would be driving there; I needed a casket (luggage carrier) for the top of the car. She said great, the next thing I know we were at Sears as they were having a sale on them, and that is what I got for my birthday!

Other than the money which had been taken care of in short order, driving on bald tires to Utah was not going to be an option. My home teacher said he had a credit at the tire store for two tires if we could come up with the money for the other two. When we originally bought our Yukon, it had 20 inch rims on it. So tires are pretty expensive for this vehicle. But as I walked into the tire store, they informed me that someone had brought a brand new car in the night before and wanted 21 inch rims, so they had four brand new tires they would sell me for the price of two. I nearly stripped my gears when I heard this. What were the odds something like this would happen? Heavenly Father obviously wasn't going to leave anything to chance and apparently really wanted us to go to the temple.

I for some reason was still struggling with things. And in having a conversation with one of my dear Basket friends, she looked at me and said, "Well when you go to the temple it isn't like you are going to have to change your personality. As she said that it dawned on me that was part of the problem I was having, that somehow I figured I would lose who I was. She then said something very kind that I will never forget. She said, "Do you realize that you are so obedient, that you were actually willing to give up who you were as a person because the Lord asked you to go to the temple?" I felt somewhat silly when she said that as I couldn't believe I was that stupid to be so naïve. But I appreciated her insightfulness and understanding. She has always been a source of great wisdom and this time was no exception.

Utah Here We Come

The day came; we were all excited to leave. We hadn't had a family vacation since the kids were really young. We woke up bright and early and headed down the interstate. We would be driving straight through as all the kids could drive. It would take us sixteen hours to get there. What I remember most is all the laughter coming from the back seats. I wish I could have had a video of the entire trip in the car. So I could watch it over and over

again. Somehow for me there was a sweet sadness in this trip. I felt like somehow this was the beginning of something great and the end of our lives as we knew it.

My son was driving as we headed into Tremonton. I had him pull the car over and told him, I needed to drive. The tears freely flowed as I headed into my past life that had so abruptly been taken away from me. Once again, I have had to get up from this computer. I am so rattled and started crying again. Partly because of the feeling of unfinished business in Utah, but I can feel the changes and there is so much regret. My mom always said the older we get the more our lives seem to be on fast forward. She is so right. The overwhelming feeling of failure once again pervades my thoughts, watching the kids grow up and maybe not doing enough to make them feel secure and learning that love is unconditional. Many things flew and are flying through my mind as I am writing this. Certainly a great deal of sadness for what might have been. Wisdom seems to come too much, too little, too late. Then there is the piece of me that says, "Geez, girl get over it!"

As we drove through town I showed the kids the fairgrounds where I had first seen the Every Brothers and many rodeos, and the Pie Dump where I used to hang out in between classes and after school. The high school connected Tremonton and Garland. As we drove into Garland, I saw the library, where the post office used to be, where my dad's pool hall was. We lived above the pool hall and my dad had planted three trees in the backyard, they were still there. We continued down Factory Street to my childhood friend's house where we were going to stay for the week. When we drove up to his house, it was so good to see him after all those years. We had a lot of catching up to do.

The next day we were to go to the temple. Another childhood friend was going to escort me through. Arrangements were made for my dear Basket friend to fly in and escort our daughter through, so we were both taken care of and didn't have to worry about that part of things. We went to bed fairly early as we were exhausted and the next day was going to prove to be overwhelming at best.

We headed out to the temple early the next morning. As our youngest son did not take out his endowments even though he was 19 years of age, would be staying in the children's area until the time for the sealing to take place. He said later that he learned more about our religion in those 2 hours than he had to whole time he had been going to church. That tells you how much I didn't do in teaching him anything. But what did I expect we never had family home evening. I was one of those that said it was too much trouble, so why bother, and chose to take the easy way out. Thus one of my reasons for trying to figure out why the Lord would see any value in me and the task He is asking of me, when I couldn't even hold a lousy family home evening once a week.

My daughter and I got to go into the bride's room as this was our first time through. She picked out a lovely Asian dress that fit her beautifully. It brought out all her own Asian features and she looked like an angel. I know my mom was looking down and was very pleased with this sweet daughter of mine.

Then it was time to go into the session. It was given live. I had gotten myself into such a state, that I was getting a migraine. I was bored out of my mind and couldn't wait to get

out of there. Once we got into the sealing room, they brought our son in, and we were sealed as a family. As I looked at myself in the mirror and the eternal perspective I couldn't get passed the fact that I looked like a huge sack tied in the middle, and once again the overwhelming feeling of not being good enough to even be there caught up with me. I did what the Lord asked, but as time has gone on, I am wondering if all this will be worth it. But I guess time will tell, and it probably won't be until heaven that will I get the answer.

We had a wonderful rest of the time in Utah. Because of renovations being done at the church, on Sunday we got to have Sacrament meeting in the Tabernacle. I hadn't been in there since the funeral of my dad when I was eight. As sacrament was being passed, when the bread got to us, we realized it was huge pieces of homemade bread. For some reason seeing those big pieces of bread made me feel like I had just been given a hug.

The days moved swiftly and the next thing I knew it was time to leave. I was grateful I was able to properly say good bye to my former life, friends and relatives. It truly was bitter sweet moment in time.

A Very Special Neighbor

The house next door to us had burnt down, so the property was up for sale. A friend of mine from church came over to look at the property as her mom was getting older and wanting to sell her home and wanted to build a duplex where she could be close to her daughter. This property fit the bill perfectly. As my friend was at my home letting me know what was going on, we laughed about the fact I would probably end up taking care of her mom since my friend had to work and I was right next door. And that is exactly what happened.

It started out with just making sure she had her hot chocolate and whatever she chose to have for breakfast and lunch then checking in with her through the day. But as time went on more care was required. The routine was quickly established. I would get up in the morning and head over to "Ma's". I would make sure she had her needs met, and then head back over to my house (right next door) and get things done around there, and then back to Ma's to get her lunch and check in through the rest of the day. The extra income was gratefully accepted with my husband being out of work. As time went on, I would have gladly worked for free. She ended up being a treasured friend and I loved her.

Every Friday we would head to the hair salon then the bank and always in that order. Before we left the house she had to make sure she had her earrings, watch and every proper woman needed to wear lipstick before she left the house. Then off we would go. Every once in a while we would stop for lunch at her favorite place. She loved their mashed potatoes and gravy and one piece of cornbread. As we would be standing in line with our trays, she would always say, "Now when you turn 90, you will get to eat here for free, too!" And I was always told her very sarcastically, "Oh geez, I just can't wait to turn 90 and eat for free."

She loved going to Costco. That was one of her favorite places to go for an outing. She had her list with her and we would pop her in the motorized scooter and she would go all

over. However, that stopped when she started bumping into people with it. So in a wheelchair she went! We would buy all of her favorites, cashews, mixed nuts, brownies, Oreo cookies, and yogurt. There were other things that struck her fancy and when I would ask, "Ma do you want that?" She would quickly reply, "Boy, we come here and all you want to do is spend my money." She would make me laugh so hard; sometimes I had tears running down my face.

Because she had been an accountant for a very long time, she wanted everything hard copied. So when it got to the point she couldn't see very well, she asked if I would take it over. I gladly accepted the responsibility as it made her happy. Our days continued to have a rhythm about them. Spring turned to summer, then to winter and back again.

With time her needs became greater, more doctor appointments, and then came the oxygen tanks with a very long hose. Her cat loved the hose and I would have to replace it frequently as the cat had poked holes into it and Ma wasn't getting the oxygen she so desperately needed. I knew things were starting to turn for the worse when she no longer would drink her hot chocolate. She started talking one summer about making funeral arrangements and she had me make a list of who she wanted to speak at her funeral and the songs she wanted. She asked me to sing "Oh Holy Night" at her funeral. I asked her what would happen if she died in the summer and she said that wasn't going to happen so not to worry about it.

I had a blue flowered house dress I would wear over there in the mornings. She hated that dress. I would go over to her house and she would say dripping with sarcasm, "Oh I see you are in your Sunday finest!" She then proceeded to say that if I didn't get rid of that dress, she was going to come to my house, find the dress and burn it. I finally told her I would make her a deal, that when she died (she wanted to be cremated) that I would make sure the dress was in there with her. She laughed and laughed and said that was a great idea and I had better make it happen.

Because of our financial situation I tried to prepare her for the fact I may not be here when she passed away. She was very upset and said she didn't want anyone else taking care of her. As it was, when I had to leave for a weekend, she didn't let me forget it for 3 weeks. Oh that old sweetie, I am glad I was loved so much. But I did find myself asking God not to let us lose our house until after she passed away. She needed me and on the selfish end, I wasn't ready to let God take her yet. She filled a void that I desperately needed to have filled, after my mom had died. I needed to be needed and she gave me that. I promised the Lord I would do whatever He needed, but please don't take me away from her. He granted my wish and hers.

We started spending long hours together. I would read to her out of the church Relief Society books. She loved the Lord and always made sure that I got her tithing paid. We would watch old movies together on her big screen television and share lunch. When it got to the point she no longer wanted to go out once in a while for lunch, the restaurant would let me for a flat amount buy mashed potatoes and gravy, with a piece of cornbread. I knew things were really starting to head downhill when she wasn't finishing her favorite dish. Soon after that she no longer had the energy to even get her hair done every Friday

and she started to get cranky when I would read to her. Soon she was starting to get confused and getting disoriented.

Hospice was called and came once a week, checking her oxygen levels, which were very poor by this time. Soon we had to have a hospital bed moved in. She did not want to be in a hospital. Because of what I had dealt with in regard to my grandmother and my mom along with learning many things about home care from my Aunt, and having Ma's daughter being ready and available right next door Ma staying in her home was very doable. She now was officially bedridden.

We started spending the night there and Ma's daughter, my husband and I tag teamed it to make sure everyone was getting their sleep so we could ensure that we would give "Ma" the best of us and meet all her needs. Ma wanted pictures of all her beloved family up where she could see them. So between her daughter and my husband she barked orders to make sure that each picture was properly placed and she could look at them.

As time came closer to the end of her life, she stopped talking and got less and less coherent. But through this her sweet daughter and I received the best gift we could have ever asked for. A very benevolent Heavenly Father allowed Ma to become quite coherent and she called both of us into her room. I was on one side and her daughter was on the other. She looked at me and told me how grateful she was for a friend like me, how much she loved me and how much I had done for her. She said so many things and I felt that not only was she speaking for herself, but I was hearing things that had my mom been able to talk would have said as well. With tremendous gratitude I thanked my Heavenly Father for giving me this time with her.

She took her daughters hand and told her daughter many loving and beautiful things. I felt perhaps I should leave the room and let Ma have time with her daughter alone, but both asked that I stay. Both of these women had such a beautiful spirit about them and there are not words to express the gratitude I felt for these women who allowed and trusted me to be part of their lives and share in so many reverent moments so unselfishly. I would miss this strong and opinionated woman. I can't imagine what I did, to deserve having such special women in my life.

One very early morning Ma quietly passed away. A couple of days later her daughter and I were in the funeral home dressing this sweet woman, I pulled out the blue dress and put it at the bottom of her feet. I had kept my promise.

The funeral was so close to Ma's birthday and extremely close to Christmas, so emotions were running pretty high. I got up to sing "Oh Holy Night" as Ma had requested me to sing. I looked out at the audience and half way through the song, I saw my son with tears in his eyes getting up from his seat and going out into the foyer. As this son had been on his mission when my mom died, he found himself saying his goodbyes not only to Ma, but also to my mom, and unbeknownst to me, he saw a vision of my mom and Ma standing together arm in arm behind me as I sang. He said he started sobbing and had to get up and leave before he disrupted everyone.

The Time Is Now

Now that Ma had passed away, there was really nothing keeping us here any longer. However, we didn't have the funds to move forward and we still weren't sure if we were supposed to just leave and give the house back, or what we were supposed to do. I couldn't shake the feeling that we would know when the opportunity arose. So for the next nine months we went on with our lives the best we could and just waited.

The unemployment had run out, so between really good friends and Heavenly Father putting people in our path to help us financially, we were muddling through. We just kept waiting for the opportunity to present itself and then one afternoon the phone rang. A neighbor, who had lived across the street and had lost her home months before, called me out of the blue which obviously was more than just a coincidence. She asked how we were doing and I gave her the Reader's Digest version. She said she had a real estate guy that had helped her with her home. The minute she said that, I knew this was the opportunity I had been waiting for. I asked her for the number and called him immediately. He came over and we discussed everything, we signed the papers and he took care of the rest.

How quickly the housing market had been inflated and how quickly things had gone down the tubes. We had lost \$40,000 on our home, we were now upside down. We were grateful for the selling of the home but sad that it would take a very long time to rebuild everything we had worked so hard to have and the thought was "that it was all for nothing."

Now the question became where do we go from here? We had a twelve man tent, just in case that homelessness would end up being the only option. How did the pioneers do this? How did they keep giving up friends, family, and their homes? Not to mention traveling in the very worst of conditions. We continued sifting through everything, constantly deciding what we should keep, what should be given away or sold. I knew we were going to be protected, but there was a piece of me that questioned it and my faith was going down the toilet quickly. I kept waking up in the middle of the night in tears. What in heaven's name were we going to do?

The following letter and check came at our last Christmas in Seattle from our son's childhood friend, and allowed us the privilege to not only keep the electricity on, but catch up on the other monthly bills that we were so far behind in. We were all tremendously humbled and felt extremely overwhelmed by his generous spirit and love for us.

"Mickey:

I know that the times are hard right now. I have watched you guys struggle financially over the past years. But never once has your faith in our Lord been shaken. I want you to know that it hasn't gone unnoticed. Blessings from the Lord are coming soon!

This isn't much, but it's what the Lord told me to give you. And you know, what God says.... You do! But I promise you, He did not have to convince me....I was all for it. Blessings Mickey, I love you."

PS: I leave you with this verse: Hebrews 13:5-6

As time has gone on, I have not only kept this letter, but reread it many times, when things have gone haywire. This letter and this young man's faith in our Heavenly Father and his testimony has been a tremendous source of strength for me.

The first thing we needed to do was go to see the Bishop and find out what our options were. We made the appointment and went to see him. He asked us the golden question, "What are you going to do?" We just blankly looked at him. We only knew we were to go to Omaha. He asked how we knew that. We told him it was just a feeling that is where we were supposed to go. He asked us to find out how much it would be for a moving truck and to find the shortest route. All these things we had done earlier so we gave him the information. He then asked us when we would be ready to leave, we told him within two or three weeks.

Where were we going to put everybody? The boys could take turns driving the truck. We could tuck the two cats in their carriers in the back, but what about our Lab? All the times I imagined us in Nebraska, I couldn't see her there with us. It turned out there was a reason for this. About two weeks before we left, she was having trouble running and playing in the backyard and I noticed that she was having trouble breathing and she was showing signs of other physical problems which led me to believe she was bleeding internally. We took her to the vet. It turned out she had a huge inoperable tumor and she was definitely bleeding internally. We had to put her down. We all felt sick to our stomachs as we held her head and told her we loved her. She was the sweetest dog and we loved her so very much.

But my personal belief was that Heavenly Father knew that she was too big to bring with us and that it would be easier to put her down than to give her away. We had now lost our jobs, our home, and now our beloved pet. As we came out of the vet's office with only Baby's collar in our hands, we were feeling pretty down trodden. It would seem to take forever to quit crying and then the tears would come again. It was like our whole world with the death of our dog as we knew it, had officially come to an end. Now what? What was to become of us? We are scared, I am more scared. I have grown children and am a grandmother so I am feeling too old to be going through all of this. Once again the emotions and memories come flooding back as if it were yesterday. My chest is hurting and the tears won't stop, so I will quit typing this entry for now.

I had already set aside a date for the moving truck. The Lord told me down to where I should rent it from to the size of truck. I can't prove it, but I think the Bishop paid for the

truck out of his own pocket. We were also given \$1500 in gas and hotel money on a gift card. Friends called us brave and full of courage to go into this with blind faith not knowing how it was going to play out. I felt that those words should be left to those with life threatening diseases or people who fight for our country. But we were grateful that those who loved and cared and believed in us so much.

The day came to move. The day is October 26, 2010. The truck was here it is 9:30 am, people from the Priesthood and friends came to help us move. I knew we were not going to move our 9 piece table and chairs. I was upset tremendously by that, but it turned out that through a friend she knew someone that had just lost her husband and had eight children and no table and chairs. Immediately I knew who this was to go to. Especially after them losing their dad and husband, it was very important for them to sit around a table together and gather to keep some semblance of normal in their home. I was happy that something that had brought our family such joy would also bring happiness to someone else.

I was sick about having to move the piano. But a friend of mine who was a piano mover came over and it took him less than five minutes to move the piano safely in the truck. As more and more of our possessions were put in the truck the more I was starting to panic. My dear Basket friend came over for the last time and asked if I wanted to go with her for a bit, I said yes, but when I got in the truck and we started to leave, I started bawling, I couldn't breathe and I couldn't stop crying. My friend just let me cry and try to get control over my emotions so that I could get on with things. Once again I felt like Heavenly Father knew I was going to have a melt down and sent my friend just at the right time so I could melt down in private as not to worry my family. After all, I am the mom, I should keep everything status quo, right? I asked her to take me back home and felt I could now deal with whatever was going to come our way.

The last of our possessions had now been put in the truck. We all headed back into the house for the last time for everyone to get a blessing before we left. We looked around our empty home and now it was time. Telling all those precious souls who had been so much part of our life "good-bye" was more than difficult. But there was one particular young man that had been my son's best friend from the time they were in kindergarten and because of his generous heart, leaving him behind was particularly difficult. Our granddaughter's best friend from across the street said she felt like her family had forgotten she was with them at the store and left without her. We all had broken hearts and driving away from them will burn in all of our memories for the rest of our lives. It is now 2:30 pm.

We were only certain of one thing; we knew we were to go to Nebraska. Only because the Lord had given us the peace we needed when we asked. From that point, what was to happen we didn't have a clue how it was going to play out.

Head Em Up, And Move Em Out!

We made one quick stop to fill up the car and stop the mail until further notice. The boys headed out onto the interstate, with our son driving the truck and I driving the Yukon. We

made a stop every three hours to fill the tank in both vehicles. Even though our daughter so generously had sold her car to help with expenses we had to be extremely careful and to only spend money for gas, hotel and a meal because we didn't know what was going to happen when we hit our destination.

We made it to Spokane, WA the first night. As we had left Seattle in the afternoon, we drove as far as we could the first night. But we were all pretty emotionally more than physically exhausted. We had been through quite a day. We were hungry as eating peanuts, fruit and drinking water was all we had through the day. After checking in we needed to get the litter box out of the truck. Our son went to lift the door and some of the items fell out on him. Simply due to the emotional day we had, he was pretty cranky, and started throwing things, but quickly simmered down once we got food in front of us. We were really hungry. Once again I thought about our pioneer ancestors and realizing how emotionally spent we were and hungry, how they had the courage to keep going on with all the challenges they were up against.

We got up early the next morning got some breakfast and off we went again, peanuts and water ready, so we could drive as far as we could get. We had this overwhelming feeling that we were not to stop anywhere extra. So we just kept on going. The next night we went as far as Billings, MT. Dad was driving the truck and the kids were scared out of their mind with him behind the wheel.

As we pulled into the parking area of the hotel, he nearly took out a car and we had to scream at him to stop. The truck looked too big for the parking lot; lucky for us two men were just coming out of the restaurant near the hotel. They said they were trucker's and would we like some help. Well my first thought was one of, "what if they steal the truck?" However we were desperate, we couldn't get the truck turned around without help, so we handed them the keys. One hopped into the truck, the other was behind the truck guiding the young man into the parking area and five minutes later, the truck was safely parked and we had our keys back in hand. For us, that was a miracle. We couldn't have parked it by ourselves. By the time we checked in and headed to the restaurant for a very late night dinner, we could hardly lift our forks to our mouths. We quickly finished and headed for bed.

We woke up at 6 am and hit the road again. We headed through Wyoming and on to South Dakota. Once we hit South Dakota for gas, we seriously wanted to stop and see Mt. Rushmore, after all it was only an hour out of the way, but the overwhelming feeling that the devil was on our tail made us quickly change our minds. We knew beyond any shade of a doubt, we could not deviate from the road we were to be on. The Holy Ghost was definitely keeping us in line and urging us forward.

The cats were getting fidgety in their carriers and started crying. Pogi wanted to stay in his carrier, but Sweetie was more than happy to be out and crawling around the car. I have never seen a cat smile before, but she was doing it. She loved being in the car and taking turns sitting on the kids laps, who would have guessed?

South Dakota is a very long state and goes on forever, but the scenery was beautiful and we got to see hundreds upon hundreds of deer coming down into the valley and lying in the fields. There was a storm coming up behind us and we once again felt the urgency to keep going. There were tons of road construction and there were barriers which narrowed the road considerably on both sides of us, making the driving quite difficult, especially for our son who was behind me in the truck. FINALLY, at 2:30 am on the morning of October 28, 2010 we came into Omaha. Our son called us and said, "Mom, welcome home." The hotel we had made reservations at didn't accept cats, but allowed us to have them anyway. We were extremely grateful for that, especially at 2:30 in the morning. We had made it, safe and sound. It was time to get a good night's sleep.

A New Beginning

When we woke up the next morning and had breakfast the first thing on the agenda was to find a real estate person and find a place to live. We didn't know how this was going to happen, especially since we had horrible credit and no one had a job. We also decided to contact a Bishop, who put us in touch with the transient Bishop. The word "transient" made me feel sick. How quickly when you feel you haven't gotten your footing certain words can set you off.

We went to look at an 18th century mansion of all things that was for rent. Talk about being taken back in time. It was fascinating. It had a maid's quarters, a built in safe and it was huge, there was a room for gambling and old skeleton keys were used to unlock the house. Our granddaughter was less than impressed and started to cry for fear we were going to rent it. Although you could easily see how beautiful this home had once been, it needed some serious TLC and for the price of rent and then seeing water damage in the basement we were not willing to take a chance. I have to say that if I had the income to totally put the home back to its original glory, I certainly would have wanted to do so. I am sure if the home could talk she could have told us many fascinating stories.

The next day was Saturday and our money had run out. The transient Bishop had paid for two more nights at the hotel. We were pretty concerned as to what was going to happen to us. But we kept looking for a place to live and were more than ready to go to church the next day. It couldn't have been timelier.

Our clothes were all packed, but it was Sunday morning and we were going to go to church no matter what we looked like. So we found where there was a church and sat in the back row. We looked like the rag tag team. We were all dressed in jeans, tennis shoes, and t-shirts, but we figured the Lord would rather have us there looking like that, than not be there at all. As Sacrament meeting ended, we asked around about places for rent. I had started to get a migraine. I am sure with 3 days of hard driving things had caught up with me. So I had asked my son to take me back to the hotel, and told him to go find us a place to live.

It wasn't an hour later and my son came running into my hotel room telling me I needed to get up because I needed to come and talk to a woman about a townhouse that the family had seen in driving around. In my mind I am thinking, how is this going to play out? We

have no jobs, no credit and we don't know when everything is going to pull together. So it is time to have faith!

We walked into the woman's home to ask about the townhouse. I had a letter from a world renowned scientist whom I had worked closely with and I had one personal reference. So it boiled down to we were walking into her home on the "wing and a prayer" theory.

As we sat down to get acquainted, I immediately felt of her kindness. I let her know everything up front and handed her the letter and the reference. She read the letter and called the reference. I told her that all I could promise her was that we would pay the rent every month and with that she handed me the keys. I was completely dumbstruck. After that initial reaction I was extremely humbled that she would trust us. She said she had never met a Mormon before. I laughed and said we were a pretty nice bunch once you got to know us and we left with tremendous gratitude in our hearts for this woman that the Lord had put in our path and we were once again protected.

We had to get the truck back on Tuesday, so our new ward elder's came and helped empty out the truck. Once again, I was holding my breath as the piano was moved. It was a pretty rough ride down the ramp, but it made it safely into the townhouse. There were only two bedrooms to this townhouse and six of us, so we would have to do some creative arrangements. It turned out there were two huge closets downstairs, so the boys clothes went in one side and mine and their dad's went in the other side. My husband and I slept downstairs, our daughter and granddaughter slept in the upstairs bedroom, and the boys slept in the living room upstairs on the floor.

We had no table and chairs to sit around on and no furniture. The Relief Society president brought over a couple of blow up mattresses for the boys to sleep on which the cats promptly popped within a week of them given to us. So back on the floor they went. The next few weeks were filled with unpacking only what we really needed to get by with and leaving everything else in boxes in the garage. One day our older son felt impressed to get in the car and go across the street to the local grocery store. There he found a job almost instantly and subsequently both his siblings got jobs there as well.

In the meantime the church helped pick up the slack as we continued to get adjusted. Winter came on very quickly and we were impressed with how fast roads were cleared. We also learned very quickly that we needed to wash the car once a week during the winter as they put salt on the roads and we started noticing how many cars had rust on their bumpers.

Through the first year we would be on a learning curve with things like air conditioning. Especially as I ran up the bill for using the air conditioning over \$600 as I didn't know how to use it properly. We were already struggling as wages here were very different than what we were used to Seattle and I just put us in jeopardy again and we ended up getting the electricity shut off because of it. I was so embarrassed when I had to go speak with the Bishop and ask for help because of my ignorance or stupidity, call it what you will.

Our first Christmas was going to be extremely lean, and since my husband and I had no income we let the kids buy presents for each other and that worked out really nice. Our friends in Seattle sent us a big box of goodies and to this day I still have the blanket on my bed so I can continue to wrap myself in it every night and feel of their precious caring and love for us.

It is already spring and my husband works over at the Bishops storehouse. We found for him to get a job in his field he would have to go back to school. But after much soul searching we have felt he is supposed to continue to paint and be the wonderful artist the Lord meant for him to be. He has been given a tremendous gift, so not to use it seems like a crime.

As our sons work at the local store, people come and go and they build relationships with them. One of which was a woman who wrote Tony Bennett's art bio. We felt extremely fortunate when this woman gave our son her business card. When the card was given to us by our son, I immediately called her and made an appointment for her to come and look at my husband's paintings. The day she came over we were a little apprehensive as to what she would think about his paintings. When she started looking at them, she was extremely impressed. She immediately told us that we weren't charging even close to what they were worth. She informed us she has spent her years appraising art and found his paintings to be very unique and beautiful.

She offered to write his art bio as a gift. She told us this was her way of giving back to the community along with doing that she would send out notices of the new artist in town. She gave us names of people who she felt we should go speak with to get his name around the area. Because of this information as of this writing he will have his first showing through the month of August 2012. We are very excited to see how it goes.

We knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that had we been in Seattle this kind of thing would have never happened. The overwhelming feeling that the Lord had put the right person, in the right place, at the right time was very evident.

Little miracles continued to happen. I was getting the oil changed in my car when an older gentleman walked in to have his car fixed. I felt quite drawn to him because he had made a funny remark about something he had just read in the magazine he was looking at. As we started to talk I found out he was a local singer in town and had been all sorts of places singing. I asked him for his business card and gave him mine. I told him I wanted to hear him sing sometime and would look at his website to see where he was going to be singing over the next month.

The opportunity presented itself for my husband and me to go hear him sing. Wow, he can really sing! He sounded like a combination of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Perry Como all rolled into one. For someone in their 70's he had a voice of gold. After his gig, I told him I had some music and asked him if he would help me get it on disc as I was singing for a graduation and my cd was broken with the music on it. We made an appointment for me to go over to his home. When I got over there, he looked up the music and asked me to sing it. When I finished, he had a surprised look on his face, and informed that I could

really sing and everyone should be hearing my voice. He then told me to get together 45 minutes worth of music together and he would put me to work. You can only imagine my surprise.

Once again, that is something that for me would have never happened in Seattle. Was this Heavenly Father's gift to us for coming across the country for Him? I would like to think so.

Summer is here, and the beauty of nature in our backyard was extraordinary. There are wild turkeys, blue jays, red cardinals, blue cardinals, woodpeckers, prairie dogs, rabbits and more, all in one place! The only thing that was a little disconcerting was sitting out on the deck in the morning and appreciating mother nature and watching a couple of squirrels play. All of a sudden I saw huge wings and the next thing I know a hawk had swooped up one of the squirrels in its talons and took off. It happened so quick that all I could do was suck in my breath from shock! That was certainly Mother Nature in one of her finer moments at least for the hawk.

Summer started winding down into autumn. The beauty of the trees with their gold and red leaves along with the lush rolling green lawns and watching children play looked like something out of a story book. Everywhere you looked there was beauty. There may not be mountains and the coast here, but the hills and valleys along with the lovely manicured homes and beautiful lakes can't help but make you smile. Even the strip malls are esthetically pretty and fit right in with the beauty that surrounds us.

I am surprised how little is known about the Mormon culture here, considering Winter Quarters is only 15-20 minutes away. Kaneshville and Council Bluff's is close, along with the Mormon Trail Center that has tours and gives an up close and personal account as to what the Saints endured through the winter. As our son baptized one of Joseph Smith's descendants while here on his mission, we have gotten to know this gentleman and he has taken us to graves all over the area. And has some of Emma's china in his home. So we have gotten a very nice history lesson about Joseph and Emma Smith.

Our Family Is Growing!

Both our daughter and our son found someone who would love and treasure them as they both so deserved. We now have our very own United Nations of Filipino, Samoan, Mexican and Dutch in our family. These two new additions to our household have brought us great joy. We couldn't have asked for a better match for our daughter and granddaughter. Our new son in law is from Samoa and is our gentle giant, and yet there is an underlying strength in this young man, and you know beyond any shadow of a doubt he loves the Lord. Our new daughter in law is from Mexico and it is very obvious how much she loves our son. She is very spiritual and has a very kind heart, she is very smart financially and she is a great cook!

As time goes on I see nothing but wonderful things happening to these two new families. It adds depth and more texture to our household. We look forward to what the future will bring and we are grateful that we have them with us and they are so willing to be part of our family.

The Journey

After being here almost two years we are still in this apartment. At first there were six of us and now there are eight of us in a two bedroom townhouse. We still only have one car and at this writing we are still putting approximately 3,000 miles a month on this hardworking vehicle. Every time I think about having to get another vehicle, I get all teary eyed. This Yukon has brought us through so much that for me it is no longer a mechanical object, it is a hardworking old gal that just keeps going as hard as she can to help us out.

We are grateful that under the circumstances we haven't killed each other yet and continue to wake up vertical. Over the last two years we have had some pretty heated arguments. I have given up all hope at times and at one point I just got my coat on and left. I didn't care right then if I ever went back to the house. I was ready to live in a cardboard box rather than listen to everyone be mad all the time.

There are times when I swear the devil has tried working overtime to destroy our family. He on more than one occasion as pitted us against each other. And depending on the mood we are in, we have unfortunately let him. Things have gotten so bad at times and the feeling in the house is so heavy that we have had to have it blessed a few times, just to get the heaviness out of our home.

Our son had a chance to design a children's book, just to have the gentleman (a member of the church) take him to the cleaners and never give him the money owed. However we do have the book as there were only four or five published and we do have the contract, if anything ever really becomes of the book. But there are no regrets as we knew from the beginning our son was to do this book.

We have taken a great deal of heat from well-meaning members of the church. We have been barraged with questions like: Your whole family came? Why doesn't everyone find their own place to live? Why are you all living together? Why do you only have one car? Why isn't everyone independent? Aren't you tired of feeding all those people? Don't you want to get out of there? Are you even trying? My husband has been called a "dead beat" for not getting a *real* job from these same well-meaning members. I had a childhood friend try and interfere with what was going on in our family, to the point it has created a cavern in our longtime friendship as the trust has now been broken.

These people don't live under our roof; they are not privy to what the Lord has asked of us. If a person were looking for an excuse to leave the church, the above questions and comments, would more than send someone over the edge. After all, everything that was said to us and about us would leave some to say, "Well if that is how Mormon's act....." But you see, that is the thing, it doesn't matter what the religion, people are people and are open to human failings. These members don't have a clue how prayerful we have been about moving, jobs, cars, etc. We have asked for guidance. We have gone looking for all the above. However, every time we do, we come back feeling, empty and cranky. We feel we aren't supposed to be doing what everyone else seems to expect of us.

I will be the first to admit, our situation is not for the faint of heart. However, we can't afford to jump because the rest of the world thinks we should. The Lord has always told us what we were supposed to do and when we were supposed to do it. For our family, this is how He speaks to us. When the opportunity presents itself, we will know. Heavenly Father knows our needs. He will continue to guide us, just like He always has.

As of this writing we still have some challenges ahead. We get frustrated and even angry. But we have never been frustrated or angry with the Lord. We have only been upset because we feel like we have gotten stuck in a washing machine on spin cycle and someone forgot to take us out. We feel our faith leaving on occasion. We find ourselves wanting to just give up and we sometimes wonder what in heaven's name we have missed that nothing seems to be happening. We wonder if we are still listening. We wonder if we have courage to continue this journey. We wonder if we are still good enough to help our Heavenly Father. We wonder if everything we have done is enough. We feel like somehow we have failed the test and we didn't even know what the test was.

But through it all, we wake up each morning and pray and continue to stick this out as a family regardless of how it looks to others. We know beyond any shadow of a doubt, we are where we are supposed to be for whatever that reason is. We know we are continually watched over. We know we are loved. There are tender mercies that have been shown to us so many times. Example: Ever since I caught meningitis in my late 20's, I am prone to migraines. During one really severe migraine, I remember wishing that my mom was alive to hold me. It was then I realized it wasn't my hand holding my cheek, it was my mom's. She was there holding me, gently holding my head so I could get through the pain and once again I was grateful for that still small voice confirming what I was feeling.

I KNOW GOD LIVES and I KNOW HE LOVES US. I believe with everything in me the gospel speaks truth. I believe families are forever. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints holds all the keys to our life and whatever we need to "endure" whatever we get hit with, we are loved. Regardless of what people say, do or think about your life situation, it doesn't matter. What matters is you listen to your Heavenly Father. That you don't give up, when you are called on to do what He asks.

We feel like we have been through hell and back, and we may have to make a few more trips between the two before we are settled. But regardless, none of it changes what is truth.

It is still up in the air as to why we were called here and it was "all of us." Our journey isn't finished yet. In some respects it has only just started. We have been blessed and watched over more than anyone I know. I am grateful for a family that was willing to sacrifice everything and come when the Lord called, not having a clue as to what they were in for, and then when they found out, they have still stuck it out. We have met all these challenges as a family united. And we will continue this journey together.

My prayer is that this little book will give you peace and be a source of inspiration when you feel perhaps you have lost your way, but that you will always have faith and listen to the Lord no matter what. If He asks you to climb a mountain, to drive on back roads, or to

move from one end of the country to the other and all you can see are obstacles in your path, just know that you are doing it for all the right reasons. That there is nothing to fear, that the Lord will always put someone in your path to help you. You will never have to do it alone. The Lord loves you. Have courage, be of good cheer.

All is Well, All is Well.

Until We Meet Again,

Mickey

mickey@TheHealersArt.com