

# PERSONAL VOICES

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## Lyn

GARY P. GILLUM

*December 14:* Lyn really managed to get herself worn down. Lyn, Mom, Adina and I drove to Salt Lake City to see three naturopaths. The first one diagnosed Lyn's condition as a collapsed left lung. Very serious. In fact, if Lyn were to go to the hospital they would most likely remove the left breast in order to extricate the infection. But Lyn would rather take the slow and natural but more painful route. Upon our return home, the Bishop arrived . . .

*December 17:* As soon as I arrived home last night, Lyn called me to her sickbed, to recite the unusual experiences of the day. I recorded them in her own words:

I lay down this afternoon to take a nap, and I prayed that my head pain would go away and that I could sleep this afternoon. Afterwards I began seeing some white scenery like down in a canyon, but yet it sparkled like diamonds. It was very white—very, very beautiful. I remember two thrones—one bigger and one smaller. I knew they were for Gary and me. They were at the top of a winding—I don't know if it was a staircase or something. Evidently we were sitting in them because we saw millions of people below. Then this scene kind of fades into the next one. The staircase kind of changes. It becomes more straight and elongated—not winding—a bit more narrow. I saw this stained-glass window in it, the shape of what's in castles. Then I remember becoming unconscious, that my breathing slowed down and stopped. And there was no desire to keep on. But I thought: no, wait—I can't do this! I don't want to! So I made the effort to breathe again.

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*December 25:* A sister just came to the door with a plate of natural food candies for Christmas! Bless her!

The best Christmas present of all: that Lyn got well after being critically ill. How without doctors? Several factors:

1. The priesthood of the Son of God, Jesus Christ—the Bishop and I.
2. Lyn's will to live after her brush with death a few days ago.
3. The massage therapy of Stan (3 times) and Paul (3 times).
4. Onion packs around Lyn's mid-section for almost two weeks. This drew out the infection and congestion in her collapsed left lung.
5. Herbs: a chest and lung formula, golden seal as an antibiotic, Vitamin C, teas, orange juice, tangerines, etc. Mild food diet.

All of the above played an important part, but they were much better than submitting her to an oxygen tent, antibiotics, other drugs and possible surgery. Even as I write these words she is in the kitchen fixing Christmas dinner with her mother.

*December 28:* Prokofiev's "Alexander Nevsky"—the soprano's exquisite solo after the battle on the ice, "I shall fly above death!"

*December 29:* Lyn is discouraged over being sick for so long. I gave her another blessing to allay her wish for death and release from her suffering.

*January 1:* The close of the year was terrifying. Since we were both tired, we did not 'see the new year in' but shortly after I dropped off to asleep, Lyn awoke me and said that it felt like she had 1000 pounds of pressure all over her body. She also felt the presence of evil and asked me to command Satan to leave. I did so twice before the evil departed—just before midnight. After the command, I cuddled up to Lyn, trying to comfort her. The evil left slowly, and I told Lyn I could see the evil presence—ugly and terrifying shapes. The ugliness gradually changed to bright colors and then to a bright white. Lyn requested that I remain in contact with her all night to keep the evil away. A fitful sleep for both of us. How grateful I was to awaken in the morning—but not before I had an unusual, uplifting dream. The entire temple endowment flashed before me (probably urging me to get back to the temple).

*January 5:* The Bishop and Brent over to see how Lyn is doing and suggested we dedicate our house to the service of the Lord. Lyn found out that her grandmother is praying for death so that she can strengthen Lyn from her vantage point.

*January 7:* I gave a noontime book review of *Life After Life* and *The Romeo Error*—both about death. I used Lyn's experience as an example.

*January 19:* On the way home, Grant questioned me about death. "How far away is it when you die? Are your eyes closed?"

*February 2:* Lyn is still improving and doesn't have much longer to go. I'm so happy for her.

*February 20:* Lyn has taken a turn for the worse and is very discouraged. Saturday morning I even took her to the hospital's lab for a TB skin test—she

thinks she might have tuberculosis. Not even her herbs will stay down now, and she's 86 pounds of skin and bones. She said that if she were offered the chance again to live or die, she would take the latter with no doubts. That would have been a shocking thing for me to hear four months ago, but as I have observed her intense suffering, I can empathize with her feelings. A healing by the priesthood seems to be the only thing left. Lord God, I would love to be equal to that responsibility! And as usual, the Lord followed my fervent prayers with an answer almost too great to bear:

Thou art not far from a great blessing. Hold thy tongue and thy temper; increase thy love to wife and children; call upon me in thy doings; remember thy covenants and my promises to thee; support thy leaders; magnify thy callings; teach with my Spirit.

Regard not the state of thy wife as incurable. Her faith, as well as thine own, will be required to bear her up in her infirmities. Her experience is teaching you both. Longsuffering, patience, and a godly attitude in respect to thy present trials will see thee through this earthly trauma in a few weeks.

Thou and thy wife have begun to see my mysterious ways, but ways which are beneficial for man. Thy wife lost much weight in an effort by the body to provide the way for a straightening spine in due time. The realignment of the spine is dependent upon faith in me, faith in thy physician, faith in thy body forces both electrical and mechanical, faith in the revitalizing and rebuilding spirit and power of proper foods and herbs and love and patience from the family.

*February 21:* President's Day today. Sale at BYU: some good buys and surprises for both the children and Lyn: *Huckleberry Finn* and *Heidi* for them, a watering can for her. Grant and I spent a grand day together shopping and in my office at BYU. Before heading home we enjoyed peppermint ice cream at Reams. We went home to take Lyn to a German therapist, using the spinal touch method to realign Lyn's spine. He said it would take about two years. That's great news, considering Lyn has been crooked for 31 years. We now see that this illness was necessary to cleanse her to make room for the realignment. Even muscles could be in the way. Her 86 pounds show that she has but the bare essentials remaining. Move out of the way cartilage, tissue, ligaments, tendons!

*March 1:* I could immediately sense that she was emotionally upset. She said that she has a rare, incurable disease called Friederickson's ataxia, a gradual degeneration of the muscles and spinal cord and a consequent shortening of life. Today and Wednesday, Lyn and I spent many very tender moments together reviewing the situation and talking about death. How it has changed her perspective on matters! I guess we should all live as though we were going to cross the veil tomorrow.

*March 12:* I wonder how much more of the strain of Lyn's sickness I can take. There were times I didn't control my temper—when I felt like pulling my hair out or knocking against a block wall. Yet I am reminded of a little boy's

comment that God knows us and who we are and were and can become, but he has given us trials so that *we* can find out who we are, were, and can be.

*March 18:* Movies shown to the Library Association—*John Baker's Last Race* and a movie about a woman who lives a normal life without hands or arms.

*April 8:* I slipped over to the Harris Fine Arts Center Gallery at noon for the performance of selections of Bach's famous St. Matthew Passion. The entire music department was involved, it seems, for the four choirs were scattered throughout the gallery among the audience. Behind me on the second floor railing were members of the oratorio choir. To prevent blubbing all over the place, I asked the bass behind me if I could join him in the final double chorus "*In Deepest Grief.*"

*April 25:* O Lord! How long wilt thou suffer me to be a part of this wicked generation! How easily do I fall into the ways and manners of men and their gods. Help me to listen all the day long to thy counsel. I entreat thee to bless Lyn with healing, for she hath suffered enough for us both. Shower upon her thy tender mercies, for she hath fought a good fight and hath valiantly sought thy aid day and night. Protect us with thy strength and suffer thy spirit to be with and attend us according to the faith which is in us. Cast us not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from us. Restore unto us the joy of thy salvation, and renew a right spirit within us. Open thou my lips—and my mouth shall show forth praise unto thee. Fill our souls with happiness, thanksgiving, love and peace—especially in regards to our beloved children to whom we have both yelled and screamed out of frustration, temper and impatience. Teach us to lead them in righteousness. Hear our prayer, O Lord! In Jesus' name. Amen.

*May 10:* But what a day for a birthday! Last night we took Lyn to the hospital for some pain relief, and she was admitted with double pneumonia—in critical condition. She was put on a breathing machine and given 5 liters of oxygen. Lyn's mother stayed with her until 2:30 and then came home for some rest. The kids felt so insecure, bless their hearts, that I promised to sleep with them in their room (in Adina's bed). Yes, dear Ba-Ba arrived Friday at the airport. She was so relieved—and understandably so—to be with Lyn, to comfort her, be with her and help her to relax before a recuperative trip back to Ohio. I, too, am relieved to have her here. Perhaps Lyn will listen to her mother more than to me. And I hope so deeply that this experience will help Lyn to realize that *SOMETIMES* I know what is right for her, and that I am concerned over her welfare. Of course lately she has had no right to listen to me. Even to myself I often seem to be off in another world, in another space, in another time—and if not really there, to at least wish I were. O Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief. Keep me from falling.

*May 11:* The day was grueling. I visited Lyn three times, relieving her mother each time. Lyn's double pneumonia and anemia are being taken away mostly by faith, but through also a capable doctor, 5 liters of oxygen, good food, intravenous feeding of glucose and antibiotics and a wonderful hospital staff.

And, oh yes, a breathing machine to bring up the congestion in her lungs, which has subsided a great deal since last night.

*May 12:* Last night Lyn was chipper—smiling, joking, in a good mood. Tonight, the extreme opposite. Her life is slipping away from her ever so slowly—and I feel so helpless about it all. Her pulse was 130, blood pressure 112 over 48. Oh Lord! Don't let her suffer. Heal her or take her. Please?

Last night Lyman and his wife visited. While he was there, I asked him to help me administer to Lyn. In the blessing I was inspired to tell Lyn that her will to live and her faith were the most important ingredients in her getting well. Tonight she lacked both.

*May 13:* Friday the 13th of December 1968 Lyn and I met for the first time. Tonight another Friday the 13th, she lies at death's door in the intensive care unit. The doctor gave us little hope. Her scoliosis was her undoing, and had she not given birth to Grant and Adina, perhaps her days would have been lengthened. But she slowly sacrificed her physical body to give birth to two wonderful children—an act of faith, considering her back condition. Early in our courtship Lyn had warned me of her possible shortened life and likelihood of being crippled—thanks to the scoliosis *and* polio as a child. But to the surprise of all of us her lungs have been crippled instead of her legs. The latter you can do without—the lungs . . .

When it rains, it pours. I wrote the words in the last line as Adina started to cough, then vomit. I had to put in the wash everything—pj's, pillow cases, sheets, blankets, etc. Poor little girl! Neither of them have had much security the past few days. I only hope they don't sense that they might never see Mommy again in this life. Then there was the difficult chore of phoning Lyn's dad and informing him. He took it very hard. I'm so glad the Lord has granted me an extra measure of peace this night.

Meanwhile my work seems to suffer. I'm worried. I can't concentrate. My smile has disappeared. Except for the Lord I feel so alone. But the Lord suffered below us all. May the Lord help me to maintain my health!

*May 16:* Last night's vigil at the hospital until 10:30 p.m. was welcome to me. Lyn was aware of me once and squeezed my hand and saw me.

The urinalysis was normal. Blood pressure all right. But the doctor said that Lyn's chances are not good. Will the right lung alone function during surgery? Will its power suffice? Will it be possible to open the left lung and remove at least some of the dread disease? Will the surgery be too much of a shock for the weakened body? WILL SHE MAKE IT? The doctor's final statement was even more lucid: It's going to be tough for a young family without a wife and mother! Oh . . . . . Now. Get a hold of yourself. Let's go into the hospital and see how the surgery is going. I don't want to . . . but I MUST! My wife, my wife, my wife. Oh, God. Help me!

Lymphoma. Cancer of the lymphatic system. Malignant. Oh, may she suffer no more! The doctors talked to us after the surgery and informed us that if the cancer is radiosensitive, then radiology treatments could melt it. If

not, it would spread throughout the system. Oh cruel evil, monster given birth within the temple of the Spirit.

Now it comes to me. I remember the many times Lyn had pressure on her chest. Was it that accursed black rope making its way about her lungs? Oh, Satan. Wilt thou ever learn? Didst thou ever love? How could it have been possible? Never, I say, never. But some day I shall understand.

*May 17:* How like my own hospital days in '63! Unfortunately I am on the other end of the bed and wishing that I were in Lyn's place. She appeared better today than yesterday and could even communicate quite well by moving her lips. The heart monitors were taken off her chest tonight, enabling her to be much more comfortable. As for the tube down her throat or the tracheostomy, I don't know which is worse. Lyn wants her experience, her suffering—to end. When? It's hard to say. Tomorrow we would like to get her will prepared. That is her wish. Does that indicate something? Someone please tell me.

Itching, heat, suction, breathing, position, IV's, me, her mom, Adina, time—all of these things seemed to bother her at once. I just left the Intensive Care Unit, for the nurse just gave her a sedative. She was demanding too much O<sub>2</sub>—6 liters. She was always wanting more air these past few minutes. But 5 liters, 300 cc. 18 times a minute was plenty for the heart to manage. Oh, how these experiences change lives. I love her so much, but I want her suffering to end. She herself is impatient. The doctor was in the ICU for a short time and told me the chances for her recovery are not good. I would say she is now almost totally in God's hands. Frighteningly low blood pressure, retention of urine and difficulty in breathing—so she's still in God's hands. But the RN's and respiration therapists are doing fantastic work! Bless their perseverance.

Unseen, silent horror lurking beneath a sheaf of skin—art thou proud?

Art thou happy to have taken custody of a temple made in the image of the creator?

Oh, selfish fiend, deliverer of suffering unhallowed!!

May thy punishment be as great as thy mischief! Am I speaking amiss? Perhaps. Doth it seem, perchance, that this spared half of an eternal marriage lacks a perspective belonging to eternity? Oh, how doth this experience fit the scripture "Man is that he may have joy?" Am I warped, out of season, selfish, too demanding of time's responsibility of dictating "one day at a time?" Oh, Lord, thy will be done.

*May 20:* We waited until 8 P.M. before we could see her—a swollen, scared, miserable little girl. And she insisted upon having President Spencer W. Kimball give her a blessing. I thought Hartman Rector would do, but he was out of town. I spoke to Arthur Haycock, the prophet's personal secretary, and he indicated that *all* of the general authorities were out of town. Finally

Lyn settled for the branch president of the hospital. A good blessing. Waiting. Meanwhile, I read the *Reader's Digest* condensation of *Lindbergh*.

The Lord Himself told us not to fear those who take the body, only those who put the spirit in jeopardy. A comfort.

*May 22:* Thick, concrete walls enclosed the huge linear accelerator in the basement of the hospital. Eight of us helped take her down. She's responding well, hopefully enough so that her left lung is delivered into freedom's activity once again. She's alert again this morning and wants to know what's going on. As far as scenery, I much prefer the faithful rhythm of the respirator, the business-like gurgle of the suction tube than I do the cigarette smoke, the tinkling bells of the elevators and the sounds of soiled linen hitting the bottom of the laundry chute. Now, she rests, guarded by unseen but sensed spirits who are watching over her and helping her body climb to the top of this Mt. Everest experience.

*May 27:* Some air in the left lung and no cancer in the bone marrow. When I walked in, Lyn beamed like the sun coming up over the mountains. She said she felt better and felt peaceful. I cried, she gazed into my eyes. I rubbed her itching skin, the meantime watching her heartbeat vasculate between 127 and 102. I also gave her a blessing for rest and for God's will to be done. She is at peace, finally, and looks good. But her days are numbered. The future is bleak indeed. But I felt my strength flowing into her body.

*May 29:* She looks marvelous today. Less edema in her face, her yellowish jaundiced color is gone and she smiled more than she has in months. She asked me to massage her legs and feet—pure delight for her.

How much my perspective and priorities have changed! Friday's despair over Lyn was a turning point. My blessing on her head that day was from the heart, as were the thoughts in the silent chambers of my own soul, searching, seeking and finally finding comfort. Now, Lyn rallies—she improves. A just and merciful Father in Heaven has allowed Lyn to live so miraculously long. Will she be healed when all of the lessons have been learned? Or will the Lord remove her from the refiner's fire of mortality and allow her ultimate freedom? His will be done. Certainly the Lord holds the keys of life and death. The question is which is more just—to release a soul wracked with life-long suffering and make a wifeless husband and motherless children or to allow Lyn further teaching experiences and trials in mortality, thereby saving this family unit?

*June 2:* I attempted to comfort her, mostly by rubbing her legs, ankles and feet. When I told her at 10:30 that the kids and I had to get back for sleep, it was difficult to leave her. As I walked out to the car, the words of Tolstoy in *War and Peace* came out into my mind. "What do the doctors know? They can't cure anything. Our body is a machine for living. That is what it is made for, and that is its nature. Leave life to take care of itself, and don't interfere. It will fight its own battles a great deal better than if you paralyze its powers by encumbering it with remedies. Our body is like a perfect watch meant to

go for a certain time; the watchmaker cannot open it—he can only adjust it by fumbling his way blindfold. Yes, our body is a machine for living, that is all.”

*June 4:* The doctors said she had improved appreciably since last Friday. Her tumor seems to have shrunk, and X-rays show increased air capacity in the left lung. But she’s had no activity in the bowels for three weeks, her left lung might be tumorous, and a fistula has developed near her tracheostomy. Who knows but the Lord and his angels? His will be done. But what is His will?

A most disturbing thing just happened to me. I spied the *June Reader’s Digest*, which I hadn’t read yet. I opened it inexplicably to page 72. The story of Helga’s death, beginning with pneumonia, followed by a biopsy of cancer of the lymph gland, possibly in the lungs, followed by chemotherapy and death May 13. She was young, had four children, but faced life with dignity until death knocked at her door. A strong faith pulled her family through. Now, why do you suppose I accidentally picked up that article?

When I brought the kids up to see Lyn this morning, the nurse gave them each a needleless hypodermic and told them they were to squirt daddy with it. While we waited in the waiting room, four sons and a wife came out of CCU with solid faces and solemn looks, exclaiming, “He’s gone.” Death happens so suddenly. But this gentleman had suffered only 10 days. Next week it will be a month for Lyn.

*June 12:* Thirty-three years ago, I was in a hospital, unknowingly to be sure, but necessarily. A tiny infant, newly born, naive to what the future years would bring. Joy and grief. Heartache and fulfillment. Understanding and prejudice. Success and failure . . . Lyn was glad to see us all this morning—and the bells from India given to me by Ba-Ba to grace my office.

*June 14:* Since Lyn was all right, I brought her mother up and then left for home with two sweet children. I felt impressed to visit Temple Square with the kids—and they were so cute! I cried through “Man’s Search for Happiness,” and the kids were quiet most of the time, seeming to soak it all in. As we walked out of the theatre Adina looked up at me tenderly and with meaning said, “Daddy, when I die will you come and pick me up?” And she was equally as tender during the Family Home Evening movie. She looked at me and said “I love you, Daddy, and we should have Family Home Evening all the time!” Oh, what a doll!

*June 19:* Lyn’s left lung is essentially dead, and when decomposing and dead substances are left around living tissues the chances for infection are greatly increased. Consequently, when the doctors feel that Lyn has enough strength after being fed through the tube in her stomach, they will consider surgically removing the left lung—an operation severe enough for a healthy person. The problem I discovered Saturday is that the bowels haven’t worked for over six weeks, and it is not known, therefore, how to resume the body’s digestive process. Hyperalimentation is a partial answer, but this Instant Breakfast-like substance they want to give her cannot be administered



through the veins. So, we're back where we started. The cancer seems to have been arrested by the radiation and chemotherapy, and a second course of the latter, to be administered tomorrow, should melt away even more of the dragon.

Gary and I talked about cancer in general—can it be caused spiritually, emotionally and mentally as well as physically? Is it something or a process already dormant in the body and triggered by a foreign substance? Or is it a virus caught from someone or something? Why are some cancers arrested and others the victors of the battle? What causes it besides certain drugs, chemicals, X-rays, diet, stress and lack of repentance? I feel that there exists an elemental key to the problem of cancer, which, if discovered, will unlock the door to this awful disease fatal to one out of four Americans. Is it genetic, arising out of crossracial and crosscultural intermarriages from our nation's melting pot? The very air we breathe, which has been ruined and poisoned by the industries of civilization?

Now, the discouraging part. Due to Lyn's scoliosis, both of her lungs are needed for respiration. If her left lung *is* removed, her right lung will have to compensate for both—or she will have to be on a machine for the remainder of her life.

I wish that in the next world I might think that this life was all a marvellous vision.—Chekhov

*June 24:* One of Lyn's nurses called from the hospital to inform me that Lyn was unstable. After such a beautiful night with Lyn last night—the best I've seen her in three weeks—I couldn't believe it. It really shook me. Rather than going grocery shopping, I went straight home and tried to find a babysitter. I was fit to be tied by the time I got to LaVeda at 7:30 while I watched *West Side Story* trying to relax. I took the kids to LaVeda's house and fled for Salt Lake.

Lyn's instability tonight arose from coughing up big chunks of dead tissue from her necrotic left lung. Her anger throughout the day apparently helped somewhat. What earlier appeared to the doctors to be suffering turned out to be a blessing, for if she can get her dead lung up this way, she won't have the risk of surgery to put up with.

While I was up with Lyn last night, she talked a blue streak—with her alphabet chart, that is. She was in a good mood and wanted to know everything. Elder Hartman Rector and his wife Connie came up to comfort her. What a wise man Elder Rector is. It's no wonder at all that he is a General Authority. He said Lyn would be out in a few weeks. She promised to be a better mother and wife in the future, and he emphasized how important it was for her to learn from this experience. Of course, she's not the only one who has learned.

*June 25:* Lyn just awoke after 5½ hours sleep non-stop. I had taken her mother back to the dormitory and had folded a towel at the foot of Lyn's bed where I placed my own weary head for some sleep—with the regular red, white and green lights of the heart monitor blinking, the respirator's inhu-

man breathing sounds and the filling and emptying of air in the air mattress beneath Lyn and my head. Lyn wanted one of us next to her constantly.

*June 29:* Wednesday she called to say that the doctor wants to speak with both of us. I don't know what that might mean. Oh, Lord, continue to help us! Please. So often I feel like I'm getting to the breaking point, and the other night the doctor had to take Lyn's mother back to the dorm.

*June 30-July 2:* "I have to go now." With those words—the last until this present moment (11:37 A.M. on Saturday)—Lyn sat up and swung her legs over the edge of the bed and prepared to leave. Her mother and the nurses put her down on her side and Lyn began to go into seizure (5:20 P.M.), I was called at home around 6:30 P.M. by both the doctors and the social worker, and advised to come immediately. After leaving Grant and Adina with Ruth, I drove as fast as I could (55–60) so that I could get to the hospital in haste. Lyn's mother was all out of sorts, and she and I and Dolores cried in each other's arms. The doctors and the nurses and Lyn's mom were all sure this was it. We talked about the funeral—in between sobs—and other related matters concerning death. I wish I could express my feelings totally concerning the evening. I will never forget them.

Minutes later the doctor informed us that they had stopped the seizures by administering drugs and anesthesia. A brain scan to determine the cause was performed, but there were no blood-clots, tumors or hemorrhages in the brain. So . . . she is still alive, semi-conscious rather, and a spinal tap revealed no sign of spinal meningitis. Neurologists are checking and conferring, but so far the only possibility has been a metabolic imbalance, possibly magnesium lack. I can't keep back the tears when I go in to see her, for she is not really there. Her actions remind me of a hydrocephalic, mentally retarded child I once visited in the Winfield State Hospital years ago. I felt the distinct impression that the spirit wants to go free from this diseased body. Before I leave, I shall bless her that her spirit shall go peacefully.

Earlier Thursday afternoon, Lyn wanted to talk about death and eternal life. Apparently, she has begun to accept the alternative to life—without hesitation. It was as if she knew that these were to be her last words.

I blessed her, asking the Lord to bring her out of her vegetable state or to free her spirit from her pained body. How much longer can she lie there rolling around her thickened lips and tongue . . . Eyes unblinking with pupils almost overcasting the irises. Almost all of her hair is gone and much of her body is but skin and bones. The nurse told me that the neurologists had found nothing. They don't even think it's a metabolic imbalance. Who knows? But even though the brain scanner found nothing amiss, Mom believes it's a brain tumor. If so, time is short. And now the nurses admit that she is terminal. Oh Father, bless her with peace and relief!

*July 3:* The kids managed to raise me, we breakfasted, and then when I should have been going to priesthood, Lyn's mom called to tell me to come, since Lyn's condition was deteriorating rapidly. The Bishop who married us almost eight years ago in Indianapolis took the kids in and I tearfully drove

hospitalward, fearing that Lyn would pass away before I got there, but after the initial visit her condition inexplicably improved so that there was occasional communication and response. But her vital signs are low, breathing stressful. She knows both of us are here with her. And she *is* peaceful. The question is: is she improving, or just rallying enough so that she would know we're here before she goes? None of the doctors know, leading me to believe that in some respects, medicine is in the dark ages still. Far be it from me to suggest anything, however. I'm having a difficult enough time learning patience and longsuffering. And I haven't learned enough yet.

*July 7:* At 8:45 A.M. on the 7th day of the 7th month in the 77th year on her Grandpa Unger's birthday, Lyn passed onto a better life with her loved ones who preceded her. In December during a blessing on Lyn by the Bishop, I had received the impression that her grandfather was attending her. She went peacefully, and her last words were, "I love you, Mother." The night before at midnight (when I was trying to sleep) Mom said a mist surrounded the bed Lyn was in. Even the nurses saw it.

*July 8:* It all seems like a bad dream. It's hard to believe that Lyn is gone now, but both Mom and I are taking this nightmare more easily. We both know that the Lord is strengthening us both in this trial of trials. Fortunately, Grant and Adina didn't take it very hard last evening when we told them, but they are really too young to understand. Today's chores consisted of coming up with a funeral program (yesterday's obituary was difficult enough) and choosing a suitable casket for Lyn.

*May 10:* Approximately 190 people viewed Lyn and paid their respects to her at the Mortuary. Lyn's Mom made her up beautifully, and it was hard for me to believe that it was the same darling wife I saw in the hospital bed last week. She looked so peaceful and serene. Before the family came in to see her, we brought in Grant and Adina to see their mommy. It's hard to tell what went through their little minds, but they seemed to take it fairly well. Each of them put a flower in her hands. So cute! Who but the Lord understands how much they comprehend? Who but the Lord understands at all?