

The Family Book
compiled by
Duane and Verna Forsyth

The following story's have figured prominently in the history of our family. They are dear to us and we hope that they will help others to find the "Sweet Peace that the Gospel brings" in to the lives of those who truly seek.

HAVING CHILDREN

By

Verna Forsyth

I was ill before and after our fourth child was born. One Sunday the Bishop brought Pres. Harold B. Lee (Apostle then) here at a State Conference on Night that day) to our home, they gave me a blessing. When the blessing was finished they remarked that the prayer had really gone someplace. They could feel it. He shook hands with each child as he left, and held Bill, the baby. I was so anxious to be well immediately and it didn't happen. I just kept praying to make it through each day. Finally I went to the hospital, and my mother took Bill and Cindy to Canada where she and my sisters cared for them. Robert and Mary were still able to help, and were in school.

Aunt Elva said that Cindy, 3 yrs. old, left the dinner table one day and went outside to play that she was a cowboy. Soon she heard a voice calling, "Aunt Elva". Elva went outside but couldn't see Cindy. Then she looked at the lid of the picnic basket. Sure enough, it had tipped over and as she lifted it there was Cindy hanging on with slippery fingers. The sack was about eight feet deep and Elva grabbed her just in time. Cindy later said, "She (Aunt Elva) nipped me and spanked me, then hugged me and spanked me and said get into the bathtub."

President Lee had promised me in the blessing that the children would be preserved while I was ill. He also said I would never another baby. If I desired one, the Doctors had said it could not be since as I have a defuncted pelvic bone and all the births were very hard. When Bill was six he said, "Mother, don't you think we could get a baby? You could have a blessing and maybe we would get it tozzer."

Just before J.B. was born Doctor Steele Brewerton, was on his holidays but he was worried so he stayed around. We picked him up at his home and he took me to the hospital for examinations. He waited an extra week for this. One day the doctor said, "I wish you would get a blessing. You'll feel better about what I do for you."

Remember the Fletcher kept saying "he" in the blessing and he mentioned how pleased I would be if I could see his spirit. We had all thought it was to be a girl, and we would name her "Lafayette". I said to Aunt May Madison he said it would be a boy, even we will see. Doctor Brewerton suggested I have a conversation as the baby was inside and I would be allowed to get it normally. Dr. Ferguson said he had no idea my bones were so defunct. The baby kept and even I could get along better than ever before I said, so as to get it normal. Dr. Brewerton said, "Verna, the Lord doesn't care how the baby gets here, as long as he gets here safe."

He told me to say my prayers and he would say his and he would do a Caesarian in the morning. I had started into labor, but everything stopped until the morning. He phoned Drs. Low, Taylor and Dahi and asked them to hang around that night in case they were needed. J.D. was delivered the next morning, by Caesarian. Dr. Swerton said that I'd had them both ways now and which is the best? I replied this way. He answered that was very unusual for the mother to prefer Caesarian.

I wrote President Lee of the happy event, and the blessing. When we saw Pres. Lee at a State Conference in Lettbridge the next year he said he sure remembered me and was so glad for the letter. He told us that the story was to be filed in order to publish it along with other stories under the title "Modern Day Miracles."

GRANDMA MARILYN'S GRAVE

by

Verna Forsyth

When Duane was going to school in Provo and we lived at Nephi, Utah, we wanted very much to go and visit the grave of Grandmother Madison. Some young friends knew Spring City, Utah well so on a muddy Sunday afternoon the four of us drove over there. As there were two cemeteries in Spring City we weren't sure where to look.

We picked one and searched for a long time. As we were short of time, and because of taking care of a motel, going to night school in Provo and teaching we knew we couldn't get back to Spring City very easy to search again. I walked off a little space from the others and said a prayer, "If it is here, please let me find it." I knew my Father would be pleased if we found it, at least I had a strong feeling to that effect.

It was as if someone walked beside me, directly to the grave and soon I said, "Here it is." The graves were all covered with bushes and weeds. There beside Grandma's grave was a headstone with a "Wife's mark". Ungraved on it was "Our little Darling". That was Papa's only child who had died as a baby; her name was Nina.

I long this was a direct answer to prayer and have thought about it many times.

We made another trip to go over and check by the grave and on November 1961 we took visitors. Some years later we took Elva and her son Richard (in 1961 he became Bishop of the Oregon Area) as well as our son Bob and his wife Dixie to see the graves. It brought back so many memories to Elva who was eleven when Grandma had passed away and she had been with the people who laid Grandma to rest in Spring City.

STILL BORN

by

Dorcas Forsyth

My dear Nell S. Forsyth left me to should help me out in my journey. Grandma Elva didn't have me to go, they had her father's name and I think would do the way. This story was in the International Christian and I think that was a little bit

protected in the defence of his country. She consented and Neil enlisted to go overseas with Captain Hugh B. Brown.

He had several narrow escapes, like an swordsman of Balladerna. He had been told it was a rough medicine. The one I like especially occurred in 1917. He was on a rest period and laying in his tent, with the flap open and he could see the airplanes in a dog-fight, and shells were whizzing all around.

As he lay there a voice said, "You are smaller sitting up than you are laying down." He sat straight up and a moment later a piece of bronze shell went through the wana spot in the pillar. He later dug the shell fragment out of the ground with his pen-knife and would show it to the children when talking of his war experiences. He always bore testimony to his children that he had been protected, just as promised in the blessing.

PAPA LIVES A CAR

by

Verna Forsyth

My father, A. Julius Neilson, was driving in Salt Lake City, Utah in his Model "T" Ford. It had small, narrow tires and one got stuck in the street car track, which crossed a railway. The train was coming and he knew he couldn't get Uncle Julius Johnson out in time from the back seat because he was rather slow and stiff. Elva was about ten years old and in the car also. Pa didn't know what to do. I'm sure he offered a quick prayer and suddenly some extra strength came into his body and he jacked up the back of the car and rolled it over the track. He said afterwards he felt very weak.

MY NEW GRANDPARENTS JOINED

The

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

by

Verna Neilson Forsyth

About 1886, my grandparents, Axel and Maria (whenever) Bergstrom were living in Sweden, Sweden. At this time they had one large boy named Edward and a little girl named Elvira. There was an epidemic of pneumonia and little Elvira was dying. The mother asked the father to hold Elvira as she died. He said lets not give up. The word of some young men in the same apartment building who pray for the sick. Let me get Elvira. One of the young men was named Christensen and he blessed her and she was immediately made well. After this blessing the parents said that if they ever could get to America they would join the Church.

They did and settled in Nebraska where George had relatives. There my mother, Olga and another brother were born. They were christened baptised in a house entering week, by an Elder Hatch, one of George's relatives from Arizona.

George longed to take his family to Zion so the two children moved to Salt Lake City. George had money for them to build a house. So father got my mother who came to Salt Lake to visit and their father who had married a mother's sister named Anna. He didn't get to see mother and her three children and lived in Canada.

Aunt Blenda married Sam Kounalis. To them were born nine children, and they lived in Salt Lake. One time Uncle Sam was away and Aunt Blenda took very ill. The doctors said she would need an operation but would not be able to stand it. Uncle Sam was called home from Greece, where he was on business, as the doctor said she would soon pass away.

Aunt Blenda felt that if she could get the same missionary to bless her that had blessed her back in Sweden when she was a baby she would get better. He was found, at that time a recorder in the Salt Lake Temple, and he came to her bedside. Before he got there she said she passed away, into the spirit world. He later told us that the people were coming and going like they are here. One man told her to get good books for her children to read. She said it was so lovely there she didn't want to come back but she heard her children crying. She opened her eyes and said now you can bless me. This same missionary from Sweden then blessed her and told her that she would live as long as she so desired. She got better without the operation. Aunt Blenda was one of the kindest, sweetest ladies I have ever known.

MAMA'S DREAM

by

Verna H. Forsyth

My mother was quite a dreamer. Delbert often said, "When Mama dreams; watch out."

When the children were little the men used to put up the hay by using high derrick poles to pull the hay on. My mother thought of the dream she had had the night before and then ran to the door and said, "Julius, I dreamed the derrick poles fall, get the children back." Ralph says he still remembers papa taking them back and right then the poles fell, right where they had been standing.

GREASE YOUR CAR

by

Duane H. Forsyth

In the spring of 1933, I was principal at the Brant School, in Vulcan County. One Sunday morning I got up, with the family, to get ready to drive about 25 miles into High River for Church. On first arising a voice said to me, "Grease your car."

Brant was the place my Grandfather Thomas (H.) Hatch had homesteaded around the turn of the century. There had been a large congregation of L.D.S. people at one time but it had moved to other places, except for one man. One of my mother's brothers had been Principal there in 1926-27. The community knew L.D.S. standards about Sunday work and my first reaction was what will the neighbors think. So I proceeded to get ready.

The next time the voice came to me I was nearly dressed, suit pants, shirt, shoes, and my worry about the neighbors stopped to know listening. As well, the time was getting short for a leisurely drive.

When I was fully dressed and Verna was putting the final touches on dressing the children: Robe G. Jr, Mary G. and Cindy L. the voice came louder "then before" "Grease your car."

It was so forceful this time that I changed into work clothes - went out - jacked up the front, right corner of the car. With the loaded grease gun that is where I started to grease. And that is where I found the reason for the voice. On the inside wall of that right, front tire was a hole in the casing and sticking out was a piece of the tube, about one quarter of the size of a ten cent piece.

The portion of Highway 23 between Brant and High River at that time was potted badly and was considered a good test for any car. At 60 mph, that tire could have blown and killed us all. Needless to say I didn't grease the car - the offending tire was changed, the others checked and we made it safely to church.

We have always felt that our children have a great work to do, all five of them, for the Lord to have protected us that day in His own special way. There have been other times when we have been protected while travelling as well but never in so spectacular a way.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A BABE.

by

Thomas Forsyth (1813-1898)

On May 26th - 1896 the above author wrote his life story. Following is an abridged portion, taken from his original writing, with some corrections in spelling, and grammar.

" --- - - in 1842 - - - spring - - my sister Christina wrote me a letter from Scotland. I then wrote to Uncle James in Scotland sending him all the particulars about our family from the time we left Scotland (in 1820 on the ship Commerce) and also asked him for our birthdates. He sent me all but one (date) and then requested me to let him know what the Latterday Saints were doing. He said, "You will know them. Joseph Smith is the head one of them."

I had never heard of the Latterday Saints til he asked me -- --. The next year (1843) there was a Mormon elder came to my mother-in-laws place -- -- and gave notice he would hold a meeting -- Sunday -- I said I would go and hear him.

-- at my home that night -- I went to fix to go -- my wife was in the act of putting a tie on me. Her brother stood close by and my oldest son (and only son at the time), age 20 months, was sitting in his little chair with a piece of paste board (cardboard) in his hands. We were not talking about the Mormons nor what they preached for we did not know anything about them yet. All of a sudden he commenced to read from the paste board he held in his hands and moving his head as if he was following the lines of reading and repeating these words; "The Mormons preaches Jesus Gospel" and repeating these words some three or four times as plain as I or anyone else could say them. When we heard him say these words we were struck with astonishment for we knew he had never heard these words spoken before by anyone. When he noticed us looking at him he laughed and threw the paste board away.

We went to the meeting, heard the Elder preach and knew -- -- it was the truth. It was an answer to a two year prayer.

The next year I went to a place south of Gallsburgh Michigan - found an Elder Eld Pebb and was baptised on the 4th of August 1844.

During the winter of 1844-45 an Elder F.D. Richards came through the district to collect tithing for the completion of the Nauvoo Temple. I paid a tenth of my net worth, down to the shirt on my back. My son, George James, was born on the 24th May, 1844 and he had a large "gathering" the size of a goose egg on his jugular vein (getting larger since birth). I had Bro. Richards and Bro. Webb lay hands on him and he was healed.

This excited the people (non L.D.S. in the district) and many came to see for themselves for they did not believe the (little) boy could be cured.

Bro. Richards also gave me a blessing and told me there would never be a principle revealed but what I would understand, and up to this time (1896) every principle I have heard from the prophets of God has been plain to me and nothing has ever, from that day to this, weakened my faith in the gospel.