

A Visit From the Beyond

by

Verna N. Forsyth

My husband was temporary replacement for another teacher while he and his wife went to further his education. We liked the small town and decided to build a home. Doing it ourselves was rather slow and our money was meager.

When the other teacher returned, our home was not quite ready so we requested a longer two week stay in the teacherage, which the School Board granted, but the couple objected so strongly that we moved into a partly built structure.

The front room window had not arrived, so we nailed a four by eight foot panel over the opening. That early September night turned very cold and windy.

My husband was very busy getting started at school and that evening I shed some tears on seeing my three year old son sitting with a parka on, eating cold oatmeal porridge. I felt embarrassed, and hurt, at our circumstances and thought that if my father were here he'd see that life would be better for us. Papa, as we called him, had passed away eight years before.

The next morning a neighbor came over and insisted that we and our four children come to stay a few days in their home. As we were preparing to go with the kind friend, the plumber drove up. He was very excited and told us that he couldn't sleep the night before. "I've been awake all night, worrying about getting your heating system fixed up for you," he said with a sigh of relief, now that he was on the job.

Two days later I got a letter from my mother. Her question came out in the first line, "What is going on with your family?" We hadn't wanted to worry her but what she said was amazing.

"A few nights ago, Papa came to me in a dream, three times, with a wrench and a pipe. I asked him each time, "Julius, what are you doing?" and he replied, "I'm trying to fix some heat for Verna, who is sitting in that big room, crying so hard." Mother ended her letter with, "Are you alright?"

When Mother came to see us a few days later she exclaimed as she entered the big room, "Your father was standing right there!" Mother had not been in our home up to this time.

I believe our loved ones who have passed on are still concerned about our welfare. It seemed my father was urging everyone involved to give us some help at that trying time.

by Verna N. Forsyth

When we moved to Welling, in 1958, we lived in the teacherage for one year. In June the next year I had an appendectomy and while in the hospital, Duane began breaking the ground for our home. We had decided to settle where we were even though my husband would be teaching in Magrath.

The house went up fast with Grandpa Forsyth's help and many others who assisted when they had time. The Welling Ward Priesthood poured the basement. Uncle Garth helped with some walls and Arlen and Eldon came to help put on the roof.

The teacher who had had a leave of absence came back for the teacherage and was very anxious to move right in. We took our little family to the new, uncompleted home, but they returned very cold the first night - it was about Sept. 7th - and the gas hadn't been hooked up. There was only a 4 X 8 plywood where the front window should have been. Marie and Dean insisted we come over and stay with them, which we did.

Lillian Chipman sent down her electric radiant and I still remember Bill looking so pitiful in his little brown parka eating warmed over porridge beside that radiant. He was only three. I told him he was a camper and so he being a good pretender enjoyed the food.

My mother, who was at my sister Elva's place at the time, and always worried over her children; I didn't want to tell her of our troubles. One day, later on, a letter came from her. She asked what was going on down in Welling. She said that my father had come to her three times during the night, with a wrench in his hand and said he was trying to fix some heat for Verna, she is ~~is~~ sitting in that big room crying so hard. I had thought of my father and that if he were here on earth he wouldn't let people push me around so much. (We had already had some bad experiences at other teacherages). The next morning, after my mother's dream, the plumber came over very early. He said he hadn't been able to sleep all night thinking about getting the heat hooked up. I guess Papa was urging him on also.

I remember Mirra Peterson sent over a ^{box} of the largest oatmeal cookies we had ever seen and everything turned out alright.

The lady in the teacherage was having trouble with her nerves and she apologized and did all she could for years to come.

Augusta Bullock came up to me at Primary, where I led the singing and said, "Don't you know we love you?", as she kissed me on the cheek. Ray and Julia Bullock were so worried over us and many others so we felt loved and it is just one of those experiences we meet in life and come out the better for having had them.

Mama said it made her know that those who have gone on before us are really not very far away and are concerned about our welfare in fact are cheering for us here on earth. She also said that when she came to visit for the first time that the big front room was just like it had appeared to her in her dream.



uncle Delbert our athlete