

The following is taken from My Story by Jane Weaver (written for a class in Genealogy at BYU, 1960):

*"... At the age of fifteen the biggest faith-promoting experience of my life happened. My father died of cancer. He had been sick for a year, and they finally found the cause of it—too late. He was operated on in August of 1955, [and] through the blessing of the priesthood was recovered enough to come home to his family in two weeks. He died just four months later, on December 5th. My father knew he was going to die, although because of the instructions of the doctors, no one had told him. He never said one word of complaint and was never anything but cheerful, although the weight that fell so rapidly from him was replaced by an unbearable and constantly increasing pain that no drugs could stop. I watched his very close friend, Stake President Edmunds, enter his room to administer to him and come out again weeping because he knew that my father would not recover. On the night of December 4th Daddy suffered from heart failure several times, each time revived by my brother. When at last he seemed to rest a little better, my exhausted brother and his small family went home, and my mother sent my sister and me to bed. With a start I woke up in what seemed like the middle of the night, and after several unsuccessful attempts to sleep I crept downstairs to find my sister weeping and my mother holding my father's head in her arms, the tears streaming down her face and her eyes looking out the window toward the first rays of the sun. He had died in her arms.*

*"My brother took it very hard, especially since he had not been there, but the next day he came to us and said he had a dream to tell us about. Daddy had come to him and told him not to grieve and to comfort the family, for he had been needed in the Lord's work and had been taken for the purpose of teaching the spirits in paradise. He showed my brother the work he was doing and the myriads of people waiting for the gospel to be brought to them and for their genealogy work to be done. He recited to him the names of many people who needed to have their work done, and he then left him with a testimony of the importance of genealogy work for the dead and spreading the gospel to the living. My father was buried on December 8th, 1955, in Chapel Hills Gardens, Westchester, Illinois."*