**Chapter 71 - SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES**

**Pat, myself & the Savior**

When I was about 14, my best friend, Pat Kleitches and I were babysitting for a family in the ward. They had asked me to tend their children and I asked if Pat could come along. Pat’s parents weren’t members of our church, so, of course, she wasn’t either. They were antagonistic to the church and forbid Pat to join. They had allowed her to go to church with me. She had always gone to Sunday School, Primary, M.I.A. and sometimes Sacrament Meeting with me. They had moved from Pennsylvania to Sunset, Utah when Pat was seven years old. She lived on the highway about 4 houses away from me. We had become best friends. Pat and I had discussions about the church many times. On this particular night, after the children were asleep, Pat and I began discussing the church again. I bore my testimony to her and we began to feel the spirit of the Lord. All of a sudden, I looked over at the big chair which was to my left. It was aglow. There was a beautiful brightness and in the middle of it was Jesus Christ - or an angel. I’m not sure which, although we felt it was Christ. I was so filled with the love of this being that I immediately began to cry. Pat began crying almost at the same time. When I looked again, he was gone. We cried and cried for a long time. When we at last gained composure, she said, “Mae, did you see Christ?” I nodded yes, and we hugged each other. She had seen him the exact same time I had, but he didn’t stay long, just long enough for us to see him sitting in that chair and to feel his presence. It was such a beautiful experience and I know it helped to instill the desire in Pat’s heart to join the church.

Pat married Ron Bradfield in February of 1959, our senior year. Ken and I witnessed their marriage at Pat’s parents’ home. About a year later when Ken and I were living in Sunset, renting Mom and Dad’s apartment behind their home, I got a call from Pat. She said the missionaries had finished teaching her the lessons and she wanted to be baptized as she had a testimony that it was true, but was afraid that if she did, her parents would disown her. I went over to her apartment to talk with her. I told her that many had joined the church even though it meant their folks would disown them. She decided to join as her husband wanted her to do so also. Her parents did disown her and made it very miserable for Pat. They even came to her apartment and took back everything they had ever given her (at least the things she still had). Finally, after several months and much heartache, they did reunite. Pat & Ron wanted to be married in the temple, but Pat was having a hard time with the law of tithing. We had another good talk. She explained to me that she wanted to pay tithing, but there just wasn’t enough money. She had figured and refigured and when she paid the bills, and bought the food, there wasn’t money left to pay tithing. I explained that if they would pay their tithing first (before paying their bills) the Lord would bless them, and they would have enough money left over to pay their bills and buy their food. I told her it worked for us and I was sure it would for her. I told her to at least try it. I really prayed hard for her that she would have the faith to try it. She did, and it did work. She called and told me that she didn’t know how it worked, but it did, and she was so happy. They were able to get a temple recommend and go to the temple. I was able to be the one to go through with her - since her mother wasn’t a member and she didn’t have a sister or any close family member. I was thrilled to be with her.

We have always stayed close. She has thanked me over and over for being her best friend and fellowshipping her into the gospel and setting the example for her. Pat is a very special lady. She has raised a wonderful family. She is a wonderful wife, mother and grandmother. She has been a YWMIA President and loved the girls. She has done a lot for so many people and loves the Lord and continues to serve him and her fellow men. I am thankful that Pat was my best friend. My husband, Ken, is now my best friend, but she continues to be a very dear friend. I know that I was just an instrument in the Lord’s hands to help Pat into the Church, and it was him, not me. I don’t want the credit, but I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for the

Blessing she has been in my life.

**BROTHER COVEY – PRAYING BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES:**

I had been to a lecture by Bro. Covey who told us that we should pray before studying the scriptures and this would help us to understand the scriptures better and to gain more from them. I did this, and I enjoyed reading and pondering the scriptures so much. I would cry many times as I read about the Savior and felt the spirit. I enjoyed this time as I took more time to read the scriptures and ponder them.

**My Guardian Angel**

I am a little nervous about telling this experience, but I need to. I have told some, or maybe all, of our children as they were growing up, to impress upon them the importance of praying for protection both spiritually as well as physically, and also the influence of Satan in our lives and how we need to not put ourselves in a position to be tempted like that. Ken and I were engaged, and we were very much in love. We were engaged 8 months and that is a long time, but I wanted to graduate from high school before we got married and Ken gave me my engagement ring in October of 1958. Our wedding date was set for June 19th. One evening after going to a formal dance, I invited Ken into my house. It was late and everyone in my family was asleep, so we didn’t turn on any lights. We stood together kissing and Ken started unzipping my formal at the back. He had never done this before. All of a sudden, we saw mom walk from her and dad’s bedroom into the bathroom. Even though the lights were not on, we could see her clearly. I guess from the street and other lights reflecting in the windows. She was wearing her long pink nightgown and had her cap on her head. She always went to the beauty shop to have her hair set each week and so at night, to keep it from being messed up, she would wrap toilet paper around her hair and pin it with bobby pins and then put on a mesh cap to hold it. Ken quickly zipped up my dress and we stood there waiting for the bathroom light to go on or for the toilet to flush or to hear the water in the sink – but we heard nothing. We waited for several minutes and then I went to the bathroom and spoke softly to her as I wondered if she was alright. When she didn’t answer, I opened the door, but no one was in the bathroom and we had not seen her leave. The only thing Ken and I could think is that it was my guardian angel who was there to protect us from Satan’s influence. Ken and I both are in a habit of praying to the Lord both night and morning for safety and protection among other things, and as we realized what could have happened that night, we knelt down and thanked the Lord for answering our prayers and sending my guardian angel to protect us.

**Dad – giving me a blessing.** Ken, myself and our family were up from Arizona visiting for Thanksgiving and I woke in the middle of the night with terrible pains in my stomach. At first, I thought it was just indigestion, but it got worse & worse. Ken was sleeping, and I didn’t want to wake him, and I knew that dad got up several times during the night to go to the bathroom, so I waited for him to give me a blessing. Finally, Mom got up to go to the bathroom and found me in such pain, so she woke dad. As soon as he put his hands on my head and gave me a beautiful blessing that the pain would stop – it did stop, and I have never had that pain return. I was so grateful for the power of the priesthood and that dad honored his priesthood and was worthy to give me that blessing. Ken felt bad, the next morning, that I hadn’t woke him, so he could give me the blessing.

**Dad – in hospital prior to passing away.** Mom had been hanging on to him, she wouldn’t let him die. He had Anti-Tripson Deficiency and had been getting worse and worse. He was on oxygen 24/7. He didn’t feel like eating. Mom kept trying to get him to eat, but he said he wasn’t hungry. He was miserable. He had always been so healthy as he took good care of himself by eating right, taking vitamins and minerals, working hard and after retiring, he walked every day. He had good posture, etc. This Anti-Tripson Deficiency is an inherited disease. Anyway, he had pneumonia along with his disease, so was taken to the hospital. Mom had been with him and was really tired, so Georgia asked Rick if he would take her home. She didn’t want to leave dad, but we convinced her that she needed to get some sleep, or she would get sick. Soon after they left, Georgia & I went over to dad’s bed and told him that he could pass away now. We told him that Rick had taken Mom home to get some sleep. Dad bore his testimony to us girls and told us how much he loved us and were proud of us and that he loved all of his family. I told dad that I had always knew he had a testimony. We told him we loved him, we gave him a hug and right after, he passed away.

**Sister in Relief Society**

As I was walking into Relief Society one morning**,** I saw a sister sitting by herself at the back of the room. I had a strong feeling that I should go and sit by her, but just at that moment my friend, Mishelle Killian, motioned for me to come sit by her. She was sitting towards the front. I stood there trying to decide what to do and Mishelle kept motioning for me to come and sit by her, so I gave in and went there. I had an uncomfortable feeling and wished I had gone with my feelings as I noticed no one sat by this sister. I didn’t know her very well, but knew the spirit had wanted me to sit by her. I thought I would speak to her after R.S. but I didn’t get the chance. A few days later, I found out that this sister had moved on Monday and that she was in the process of divorce. Her husband had left her and her children. I felt so bad that I had not listened to the Spirit. If I had, I probably could have visited with her before and after R.S. and found this out and could have offered to help her or tend her children, or whatever the Holy Ghost directed me to do and say. I hope I can listen and act next time.

**NFIB – working and what happened one-day March 19, 1987**

I was really hoping to do good today. I didn’t get any sales yesterday, part of the day was spent with Dave Young, my manager. He is here meeting with all his people. He is a good boss, and a good person. He is my brother, Bryce’s friend, also a friend of Ken’s brother, Irven. Well – anyway, the morning wasn’t good. I drove all over – couldn’t find owners, couldn’t find addresses, roads were torn up, etc. I finally did new business, gave a couple of presentations, almost got one closed, then he changed his mind for the time. I went to sell another that we had already given the presentation to, but they want to wait for a month. I was pretty discouraged and upset because of the pressure.

Dave had asked me to call him around noon, so we could meet, and he could give me some more cards he was getting from another representative. I finally got a hold of him and we met. He gave me lots of cards and supplies he had gotten from Norm Thompson, the Mesa representative who just went into another business because he needed more money to support his family. Dave invited me to go to lunch with him and even though I trust him (he loves his wife, is strong in the church, good friend to Bryce & Irven, etc.) and even though I hadn’t eaten lunch, I declined as I wanted to get to work and make some sales for the day. I drove to a shaded area, sorted the cards, drove off to Mesa to begin work again. I reached for my kit as I got out of the car and it wasn’t there. I looked all over the car and no kit. I started to panic because it had the checks in from the sales I had made this week. I got out and frantically looked through the boxes that Dave had given me, that were in the trunk. It was nowhere to be found. I was so upset and scared. I drove to a phone booth and called Dave. He was there, thank goodness. I asked him if I could have left my kit in his car. He ran out to check, but no, it wasn’t there. He asked if my kit had checks in it and I said “yes.” He could tell that I was really upset and worried, so he tried to console me by telling me how others had done similar things, tried to tell me funny things to get me to laugh, and told me not to take it personally – that things like that happen to lots of people and some things are lots worse. He was so understanding, I could hardly believe it. I told him at the first (after he told me it wasn’t in his car) that he should fire me. He said, “I can’t, you’re one of my very best people.” He is always complimenting me and encouraging me. He’s a great boss – all his people think so.

He told me to drive back to where we were parked – that maybe I had sat it on the trunk or the top of the car and forgot and driven off. That it might be there. I did. It was ½ mile away, but I drove fast. It wasn’t there. I went into businesses close by and asked if anyone had turned in a brown binder, but no one had. I wondered if I could have put it on the trunk when I sorted my cards, so I drove there. It wasn’t there. That was the same place (shopping center) where I had called Dave before, so I decided to go over and call him to tell him the bad news. He had told me that I could go back to the businesses who had given me checks and get them to stop payment on the checks and write me out new ones. I hated the thought of doing that, but I knew I would have to – but there was another problem. I couldn’t remember all the businesses that had given me checks – and I had no way of finding out as the receipt was with the person, and the membership card was with the checks in the kit. As I came up to the phone booth, it dawned on me (the Holy Ghost) that the last time I remember having my kit was when I gave a presentation to a jeweler in that shopping center, so I might have laid it on top of the phone booth while I made the call four hours earlier. That maybe someone had turned it in to one of the stores, so I checked, and no one had. I went back and called Dave. We discussed it some more and he again tried to console me. He told me that he had another copy of the membership list and Craig in Phoenix would make me up another kit and get it to me early the next morning. He said he wished he could help more, but he had so much to do. He had already helped so much, and I sure appreciated it. He told me to cheer up and go sit in the car and think and let the Holy Ghost prompt me, that maybe I could still find it. If not, to go home and have a good evening and tomorrow would be a better day.

As I went to leave the phone booth, I remembered that I better call home, so the family wouldn’t worry. I noticed a man waiting to use the phone, so I asked if I could make one more quick call. I told him something devastating had just happened. **He looked at me funny and said, “You look familiar.” He had a business card in his hand. He said, “You aren’t Mae Browning, are you?” I said “yes, do you have my brown book?” He did.** He had found it lying on top of the phone booth I had used earlier to call Dave. He had gone there to make a call. We walked to his big rig (he was a trucker) and he explained how he had found my book, and going through it, he saw the checks, etc., and knew the person who owned it might lose their job if they didn’t find it (most bosses would fire their people for this reason), so he found my business card and called our home. Scott answered, and this man left his name and number in California. But then he knew that if I called California, his brother-in-law (his partner wouldn’t know anything about it and wouldn’t be able to help me. He also knew that he couldn’t just leave my book at a store, etc., nearby as they might be dishonest and cash the checks. He knew he wouldn’t be back in Tempe for another week, and that I’d need it now. He waited around trying to figure out what to do. He looked on his map for my address, to take it there, but knew he couldn’t fit his rig down the roads in a housing division. He was to pick up a load at a certain time, but didn’t, as he felt he had to work something out for me. Four hours later, at the same phone booth, he was waiting to use the phone to call my home again to see if I was home by now and to see if I could meet him somewhere to get my book. Wow!!! I knew the Lord had used him as an instrument in answering my prayers. Here he, a good, honest, man (he didn’t look like one and a lot of truckers might not be) and he really went the extra mile to help me.

I wanted to repay him somehow so gave him four dollars I had in my purse and asked him to give me his name and address and I would send him more money. I explained that we were having financial problems and that’s why I had gotten this job, but I didn’t tell him that, to get out of paying him a reward or something, I was just upset and grateful and blurted it out. He said “no, I’m just glad I could help you.” I told him that I didn’t know if he was a Christian or not, but I was, and I knew the Lord had used him – a good, honest man to answer my prayers. I also told him that if I couldn’t repay him for his extreme kindness, that I would help other people.

It really makes me realize that lately I haven’t taken time to help others or show love like I used to and should. I’ve felt so pressured lately that I haven’t. I will do better in the future. (I put a copy in 1987 part of this history)

**Spiritual experience involving Scott**

We were still living with Mom Jensen and Scott was a teenager. He had great friends, but one night they wanted to go to a rock concert in Park City. I didn’t really want him to go to a rock concert, but we let him go. He drove our little Sprint and took his friends. I had recently had an operation – hysterectomy and I was recovering. I wasn’t feeling good. I couldn’t go to sleep and I remember sitting up waiting for Scott. He didn’t come when I thought he should have. I began to get more and more anxious. Finally, a dark despairing feeling came over me and I knelt down and prayed. I asked Heavenly Father to please protect Scott and bring him back home safely and soon. At that moment, I had a warm, wonderful, peaceful feeling come over me and I knew Scott was alright. It wasn’t long until he came home. Last night, Saturday June 14th, as Ken, Jeff, Scott and David were riding together coming home from a restaurant in Salt Lake where we met Sandi and Mike to be together and pay for their dad and my dinners for Father’s Day; I was telling Scott about this experience. He was sitting next to me in the back seat. Ken was on the other side and Jeff was in front with David who was driving. When I finished telling Scott this experience, he told me that that night as they were coming home from the concert, he was starting to pass a semi-truck when it came over and started to push him off the highway. He was able to gain control of the car and they were ok. I now know why I had that dark and despairing feeling and felt the need to pray for him.

**My friend from the pre-existence.**

This experience happened while at the Salt Lake Temple. I can’t remember the date or how old I was, probably in my thirties. Ken and I had gone to the temple one morning and as I was sitting in the first room, my eyes focused on a woman about my age who was sitting two or three rows up from me. I felt such closeness to her that I could hardly take my eyes off from her. I remember that she had long brown hair. I had a hard time concentrating on the session. As we progressed to the next room, she was only one row ahead of me and I felt such a love and warmth radiating from her that I wished I was sitting next to her. As we progressed to the third room, I found that I was indeed sitting next to her. As I did, she looked at me with such a beautiful smile and put her hand on mine. I have never felt like that before – like I knew her – like she was a very close friend. When we went into the Celestial Room, she was waiting for me and we hugged. We both started talking at once, trying to figure out why we felt this closeness for each other. She and her husband were on a vacation from another state back east. They had never been out here before. As we talked, we found that we had many things in common. The only thing we could figure out is that we must have been close friends in the pre-existence. That is the only way we could explain the love and closeness we felt for each other. She said the first time she saw me in the first room, she felt an overwhelming feeling of love for me too. As our husbands came through the veil, we introduced them. We met again, after dressing, before we left the temple and visited some more and got each other’s address and phone numbers. With us moving like we do and maybe they did also, anyway we lost tract of each other, but I know that I will see her again after this life and we will be close friends again.

**Our experience in the Philippines** when Tina Linderman woke up in the night having a terrible feeling that something bad was happening to us and that she needed to pray. She got out of bed and prayed fervently for our safety. That was when Ken and I were dropping off the zone leaders after being to zone leaders conference in Angeles. Ken usually dropped them off on the side of the road and let them walk across the road to their home, but this time we had two boxes of Book of Mormons for them, so he looked both ways and started to do a U turn to let them off in front of their home, **when at that moment a black car without his lights on was right there on us. It was a miracle that he didn’t hit us.** We all screamed, and the Elders dove for the floor of the car and I threw myself over to Ken as the car would have hit me broadside. The Lord just put out his hand and stopped that car. Ken drove off the road and stopped and we all shook, and the black car didn’t move for some time and finally went on. I’m sure he was as shaken as we were.

**Feeling to call Jeanenne rather than make appt. with the dermatologist to treat moles**

I had been in to get my mammogram and the technician noticed my mole and asked if my doctor had noticed it. I said the doctor I had before we went on Medicare didn’t seem concerned about it and my doctor now probably hadn’t noticed it or at least he hadn’t said anything. She was concerned and felt I should have it looked at right away. I decided I better call my doctor, but when I told the nurse the reason I was making the appointment, she told me I needed to see a dermatologist. I looked one up in my provider list and called him. The nurse said I wouldn’t be able to get in for two months. I had the thought that I should call Jeanenne and see about doing the alternative medicine way that she has taken care of moles for Kim. I am doing that at this time. My special friend, Noma tew, in Idaho (our 2nd mother) did this same thing with moles and she is still living. Another friend and neighbor in Layton, Sister Fluckiger, went the medical way. She had several operations on her face, but hers kept getting worse and worse as it kept spreading, and she really suffered before she died. They were both about the same age. They were moles on both their faces

**KEN’S KEYS**

Friday, April 18, 2008

This morning Ken is going to the transportation Dept at Davis School District to take his LCD Test (bus driving test). He is nervous about it, but he is prepared. As he went to leave this morning, he couldn’t find his keys. He looked all over. I stopped what I was doing and helped look for them. We looked in his coat and clothes he had on yesterday, we looked on everything throughout the house. We went out to his truck and looked there as well as all around the ground. It was time that he needed to leave. He could have taken my keys as I have a key to his truck on my key ring, but he has the key to the buses on his key ring and needed that. As soon as I came back into our home, I knelt by the couch and said a prayer asking Heavenly Father that he would help us find the keys as Ken needed to go. I started looking again, and I went to our recliner and felt down around the sides of it and felt the keys way back down there. They must have fallen out of his pocket when he laid in the recliner yesterday to take a nap. I know for sure that the Lord guided me there, as I don’t think I would have thought to look there if I had not prayed. That is another testimony of the power of prayer and the love Heavenly Father has for each of us if we try to keep his commandments and ask sincerely and with faith. I am so thankful for his love and for my membership in his church.

**VIRGINIA JOHNSTON - Tuesday, May 6, 2008**

Ken has been really busy the last while (although he usually keeps really busy as everyone wants him to help them with one project or another, since he knows how to do everything) as he has been training to be a bus driver. Since he is getting older (69 now), he gets tired easier and gets in pain if he works too hard or too long or if the project is stressful – so he has decided he wants to phase out of doing construction jobs except just for our immediate family, and Bob since we live here. Although, he will help others in an emergency, if needed, I’m sure. We can’t make ends meet just with our social security checks & my small retirement check, so he needs to bring in extra money some way, so he decided to be a school bus driver. He applied, and they need bus drivers, so were excited to have him. The training has been lengthy and several tests, but he has completed them. He is to work as a substitute for 6 months and then he can apply for his own bus route if he chooses to.

Anyway, my brother, Bryce and his wife, Deanna, brought a home in Perry, but it needed a lot of work done to it, so Bryce asked Ken if he would help him. My sister, Georgia and her husband need him to help them do a project, our son, Scott and wife, Mishelle, need him to fix their bathroom, my cousin, Randy needs him to do projects on remodeling their home, etc., etc. On Tuesday, after morning school bus training, he had planned to go to Bryce’s home to work there again, but realized he wouldn’t have enough time as we had a meeting that evening with the High Priest Leader in our ward about family history work, so he worked on projects for Bob & Mark on the yard and garden. While we were eating supper, a neighbor called and asked if he would go to Sister Virginia Johnston’s home and install some hand safety railings in her shower for her. He explained that he didn’t have time and she needed it done right away. Ken accepted, and we stopped at her home on our way to the meeting to see what it entailed. After the meeting, Ken asked if I would go with him to Virginia’s home while he installed them. I had hoped to stay home and do more on-line training on the internet since Irven & Sandy had been to our home all day while we cooked a meal in our solar oven. They hadn’t planned to be there all day, but her and I kept visiting about different things and the day was gone. Time sure flies by so fast.

I started to object about going with him but then I realized that it was hard for him to spend the time doing this for her, since he was tired from working so hard all day, but he was willing to do it and besides it wasn’t appropriate for a man to go into a single woman’s home alone. Virginia was a widow – so I went with him. I was glad I did because as I visited with Virginia, she told me several spiritual experiences she had with raising her family. I felt the spirit, and my love and admiration for this special lady and her family grew in my heart. I felt the Lord gave me this blessing since I was willing to go with Ken. Virginia was happy for my visit too.

**PRESIDENT MONSON - Sunday, July 6th, 2008**

Sister Carolyn Saunders gave the lesson in Relief Society and it was taken from the First Presidency Message in the July Ensign. President Uchtdorf’s message was “Heeding the Voice of the Prophets” and it was an excellent message. **Sister Saunders had a picture of President Monson on the table and as I looked at it, I had this wonderful, warm, loving feeling come over me that lasted for at least a couple of minutes or more. That was another confirmation from Heavenly Father that He called Thomas S. Monday to be our prophet today. I am thankful for that confirmation.** I do love President Monson and I know he was to be our prophet, but I loved President Hinckley so much that it was a little hard for me. Now there won’t be. Thank you, Heavenly Father, for your love in doing this for me.

**OUR GRANDDAUGHTER, ASHLEY – TWINS**

When Scott went with Mishelle to the doctor in April of 2009 to see the ultrasound and see what sex their baby was, they both came home shocked. They found out they were going to have TWINS, a boy and a girl. When they told Kylan and Ashley, Ashley didn’t seem surprised. She was happy, but she seemed to know that they were going to have twins. When they asked her about it, she said “I knew Heavenly Father would give us twins because I prayed for that. I knew if we had a baby girl, I would be really happy, but Kylan would be sad because he wants a brother, and if we had a baby boy, Kylan would be happy, but I would be sad because I want a sister. So, I asked Heavenly Father to give us one of each, so we could both be happy.” Wow! The faith of a child.

**DENTIST - May 2008**

I went to the dentist in May for a checkup and to have them cleaned. I found out after I got there that Dr. Cottle had retired and a new young dentist was taking his place. They took x-rays and the dentist told me that the roots of a tooth on the back top right side were crumbling and because I had had a root canal in that tooth, I couldn’t feel any pain. He said the tooth couldn’t be saved and I would need to go to an oral surgeon to have it pulled as he didn’t have the equipment needed to get it out. He also said I had a cavity which needed filling and that I needed three new crowns in order to save those teeth. They gave me a paper itemizing the cost of the work which needed to be done and it was $3,000.00 plus the cost of the oral surgeon. Each crown was $670.00 plus $150.00 for some other procedure they do with crowns. Needless to say, I was pretty discouraged when I left that day as $3,000.00 is a lot of money even in today’s world, and we don’t have any dental insurance. They wanted to make an appointment for me to have the work done, but I decided to call other dentists and get a second opinion. **I did make an appointment with the oral surgeon. I was nervous about going there since the dentist said the roots were crumbling, I knew he would have to dig them out and it would be a painful and stressful experience. I prayed hard to Heavenly Father that the tooth would come out ok and to bless the oral surgeon as he took it out. He deadened all around the tooth and I felt it being numbed even up into my right eye. When he pulled the tooth, it came out all intact. I was surprised and asked him about it and he showed me the tooth. I told him Dr. Harris had told me the roots were crumbling. He said I know, I am very surprised myself. I knew my prayers had been answered. I got along great and didn’t even have to take a pain pill that he prescribed. I only took Tylenol. Mark Hulet. Ken’s cousin had been a dentist and he kept asking me how I felt and how I was doing. He was surprised that I was doing so well**. Ken had been with me as he wanted to know how the oral surgeon felt about me having dentures instead of having all this work done since my teeth have always been soft and I have always had so many cavities, caps, bridges, root canals, crowns, teeth pulled, paradonial disease, etc., and I take fairly good care of my teeth. We have spent a lot of money on my teeth, plus what the insurance would pay. I always liked Dr. Cottle, but I don’t think he took as good of care of my teeth as he should as prior to going on our mission to the Philippines; Dr. Cottle had checked my teeth and said they were good. But soon after I got there I had an abscessed tooth and had to go to a dentist that the mission president referred me to in Angeles. She did a lot of work and also had to put on three crowns. Now here we are again. The oral surgeon told me that if he were me, he would have the new crowns put on and keep my teeth as long as I can. He said “If you even decide to have dentures, only do it on the top as you have a ridge on the bottom and the dentures would slide back and forth and wouldn’t work. I had other dentists tell me that since I had had paradonal disease my gums would never adjust to dentures and I would be miserable.

**DENTIST - May 2009**

**May 2009 Dentist (Spiritual Experience)**

I didn’t like the dentist who replaced Dr. Cottle and he wanted to do so much work on my teeth and it would be very expensive, so I decided to go to another dentist and get a second opinion.

Bob, Ken’s brother, told me about his dentist in Roy and that he felt he was very good and reasonable in price, so I made an appointment and went. After checking my teeth, there wasn’t as much work needing to be done as this former dentist had told me, but still there was plenty. I went probably four to five times and it cost me well over $1,000. Later my bridge on my upper left side came off, so I went back in to Bob’s dentist. He fixed the tooth temporarily and put the bridge back on, but said it wouldn’t last as my teeth back there were bad and needed to be pulled and that I would need 3 posts put in. Those are really expensive. He also said my caps on my front teeth were worn out and needed to be replaced. He did a root canal, but couldn’t find the last canal, so didn’t put a crown on it, and said it needed to be done, plus other work. I told him we would have to wait. I came home very discouraged as we didn’t have that kind of money to pay for all that work. **I decided to make it a matter of prayer. I asked Heavenly Father what I should do – should I get dentures, even though all the dentists had told me I shouldn’t. The thought came into my mind to call Aunt Banita (Uncle June’s wife) and I had a good feeling about getting dentures**. I knew that Banita had dentures. I called her and asked her about her dentures and she said she loved them, that she had always had bad teeth, like mine, and was also always in the dentist office and spending tons of money on her teeth. She said she finally told her dentist to pull her teeth, that she wanted dentures. He told her she would regret it, but she said “Pull them anyway.” She said she has loved them and has never regretted getting them. She told me who her dentist was and I was going to make an appointment to go to her dentist, but he was in South Jordan (over an hour away).

I went to church on Sunday and spoke to my friend, Helen Larsen and I noticed how beautiful her teeth were. I went to pick her up to go walking the next morning and she didn’t have her teeth in. I didn’t know she had dentures. We talked about them and she said she loved them and her husband had dentures and he loved them too. I asked her who her dentist was and she said **“Dr. Gray in Kaysvill**e, and said he was LDS and a wonderful man and great dentist”. I was excited, so I called the next day to make an appointment.

After examining my teeth and me telling him about the problems I had had with them all my life, he agreed that I needed dentures on the top, but said he wouldn’t have them on the bottom as they never fit right since the tongue is in the way. He said my bottom teeth and bridges looked fine anyway. I made the appointment to have the top teeth pulled. Ken went with me. I was amazed that after deadening the teeth, they came out so easily. He had made the molds and put the new dentures in and told me to leave them in until the next appointment or otherwise the gums would swell and I wouldn’t be able to get them back in. He told me how to take care of them.

Well, to make a long story short. I got along great! My teeth look beautiful and many have told me that too. I can eat almost anything and I surely haven’t regretted getting them, I wish I had done it years ago, like Ken wanted, and they would have saved us tons of money – although, maybe I was supposed to wait and get this great dentist. **The Lord surely answered my prayer.**

**GRANDPARENTS BINDERS - November 5, 2012**

On November 29th, while doing laundry and cleaning house; I was cleaning our 3rd bedroom storage room with two purposes. 1 – it needed to be cleaned & better organized and 2 – to find my 4 plastic accordion envelope binders. I had bought them several years ago as I wanted one for each of my grandparents. The first was for my grandfather George Bushnell, second for his wife, my grandmother, Iva Swallow Bushnell. The third for my grandfather, Byron Porter and the last for his wife, my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth “May” Robinson Porter. My mother, Mildred Bushnell Porter, had passed away and with me being the eldest living child, and loving Family History, I was the one to take Mom’s genealogy, special papers, cards and pictures. As I went through these boxes, I found birth, marriage and death certificates. I found paper awards, newspaper clippings, other certificates, histories, etc., so I was able to put these, where they belonged, in these binders. Anyway, they were not on the shelf where I usually kept them so as I was cleaning, I was looking for them, but I couldn’t find them. When I was saying my morning prayers, I asked God to help me find them. When I finished cleaning the entire room, I prayed again and told the Lord that I couldn’t find them, but I knew that he knew where they were, and I sure would like to find them. I then decided to clean the other storage room as I thought that maybe I had put them there. They were not there either. I then looked through all the bookcases and every other place that I thought they might be, but to no success. I was worried as I surely hated to lose those binders with those important documents, papers & pictures. I said another prayer in my mind and just then the thought came to me “They are at your sister, Georgia’s home”. I know that message came from God or his messenger. I then remembered that several months ago, Georgia & I went through the boxes of genealogy and other papers, cards, etc., that I had taken to her house prior to Ken and I going on our mission. She has a big home and I have a small one and with us being gone, I wanted them to be in safe keeping. I had taken these binders over that day as I thought we could go through them to see if there were documents or papers that she would want a copy of. We hadn’t had time to do that, so I just left them with her and told her I could get them later. Well, she forgot about them and I forgot about them and forgot that I had taken them to her house. The Lord knew where they were and after I had done all I could to try to find them, he gave me the answer. I knelt and offered a prayer of thanks as I was very grateful to know where they were. I called Georgia and she brought them to me when we went to a meeting together on Thursday night. Another good thing is that I got both my storage rooms cleaned and better organized, so I was glad about that too.

**Shellie** had come down to Arizona with her dad so she could get a job and earn money to go to the Study Abroad with BYU to Israel. They would be the first class to stay in the new Jerusalem Center. She had read the book “One in Thine Hand by Gerald Lund, when she was a teenager and she loved that book. She wanted me to read it, but I didn’t feel I had the time, so she read it to me as I did other things. I loved it too. It was about the Jews and Arabs. She had the desire to go to Israel from that time on.

When she was at BYU her Sophmore year and heard about this travel abroad semester in Israel, she called and said she wanted to drop out of school for now to work and earn money to go with them. She said she knew we didn’t have the money to help her go, and she didn’t want us to anyway – she wanted to do it herself. We approved of her decision. After we moved to Ken’s mother’s house in Layton, I was talking to a friend in Firth and they were going up to Island Park to manage a gift shop in Max’s Inn. She knew Shellie and wondered if she would like to come work for them and if she wanted more money, they were sure she could be a waitress there for the restaurant at Max’s Inn. Shellie was excited with the offer. Her board & room would be furnished. She went and did make good money, but as she neared the end of the summer, she was worried that she didn’t have enough money to be able to go. Her dad told her not to give up, to keep praying and trying to do her best and if she was supposed to go, it would happen. He said “Don’t give up until the plane leaves without you.” She didn’t give up. She had sent in her papers. One of the questions asked something like “Where will the money come from to go on this semester abroad?” She answered that she was working to earn the money. She received a letter with a check made out to her for $1,000. (I don’t remember for sure how much it was) but it was the difference she needed to be able to go to Israel. She was so excited and so were we. They said in the letter that they were proud of her for earning the money herself, that the parents, of most of the kids who were going, were paying the entire amount, and so they were giving her this money to help her finance this semester abroad. Wow! What an answer to her (and our) prayers.

The night before Shellie was to leave on the BYU Travel Abroad program to Jerusalem, she came out of her room all frantic saying she couldn’t find her passport. She was to leave early the next morning and this was about 10:00 pm, if I remember right. Roy, Ken and I all started helping her look and she was getting more and more worried and upset. Finally, she asked us all to leave her room. A few minutes later she came out with her passport and a smile on her face. She said she knew she needed to pray and ask Heavenly Father to help her find it, as she knew that He knew where it was. Right after she arose from her prayer, she went right to her journal and there it was. Then she remembered that she had put it there as she knew she would be taking her journal with her. We were all relieved and thankful she had thought to pray.

**Jan. 1997**

I was in the Stake Relief Society Presidency and had been asked by Pres. Larkin to speak in Stake Conference. The following is what I wrote: I had cleaned house & done laundry in the morning besides talking with Shellie & Sandi. They had both called. David & Shauna came over in the afternoon. I hadn't had much time to prepare for my talk that I was to give at the Saturday night session of Conference. I really felt the help of the Lord with regards to that talk. I felt inspired when I put it together, it went together easier than most any other talk I have given. I didn't worry very much about it, and that is a surprise since speaking in Stake Conference is such a responsibility, and the Lord really blessed me when I gave the talk. Boy, I don't think I could give a talk if I didn't know the Lord would help me, and he always does.

**Ken & I thought about what to do - whether to go on a mission first and let Scott, Mishelle & their family move into our home and pay what they could for rent or Ken & I move in with Mom to take care of her. Or to build our home up in Star Valley, Wyoming on our property. We made it a matter of prayer and Ken also spent an afternoon in the Celestial room in the temple to get some answers. Ken had the feeling that we should not build up in Star Valley at this time, but we should move in with Mom, have Scott & Mishelle move into our home and continue planning for a mission and put in our papers - that things would work out. Well they have. It finally got so bad with Mom hallucinating and acting out, leaving and getting lost, etc., etc., that the doctor told us we should put her in a nursing home. It was hard, but we did. She hated it there and gave the nurses a hard time. They had to call Ken, as he was the only one who could settle her down, to come help them. Sometimes they called him in the middle of the night. Mom Jensen passed away of a stroke in November of 2002 and we left for our mission in March of 2003. I retired in January of 2003 and Jeff and Gail were married in the Salt Lake Temple in February of 2003. If we place our faith in the Lord, He will work things out for us.**