

"Thy Ways are not my Ways"

Mama, let's get in the car and to up in the clouds where Daddy is." Mama gatherer little Lafe Jr. into her loving arms, her chin trembled and tears welled up in her gray eyes, but they did not fall. A good cry might have released the heaviness in Jane's heart but she could not even cry when Lafayette, her husband, had been lowered in his grave. He had suffered long, and all the faith and payers and doctors "know-now" of that day had not been able to save, no not even the prayers and blessing of his Patr5iarch cousin in Salt Lake could help, nor could the hospitals and Doctors there cure Lafayette of his Cancer. The Patriarch did promise Lafayette that he would preach the gospel to thousands. From this promise Jane thought he was going get well and go on another mission. Lafayette had filled a mission in West Virginia before their marriage and then a mission to Great Britain when Isabell, the older child was only two. So Jane was sure this meant the cancer would be gone and he would go on another mission "to preach the Gospel to thousands."

"Oh! Heavenly Father," Jane prayed as she tenderly kissed her little one and held him securely, "how do you tell a little boy of two that we can't go to Daddy that way." How can you explain death to a little child. What can be more important than for a father to raise his precious Sons: Lafe Jr. and Kelland, and his precious daughters Rita, and Inez that had been born after Lafe returned from Great Britain.

"I just can't wait until my boys are big enough to cry to go with me, "Lafe would say. And then when that day did come he had been too sick to take little Lafe with him very often, as he drove out to the sheep camp to take supplies to the herder.

Jane carried her little boy in the girl's room where she looked in upon her three sleeping daughters. Then she looked in on Kelland, her baby fast a sleep in his crib. Carefully so as not to disturb him she pulled the blanket carefully over her sleeping child. A sweet angelic smile crossed her baby's face. "Dear little Kelland," she thought, "You will never know your father--never know a father's loving care." Then again Jane feel the choking lump raising in her throat and again the though, "How do you explain death to a tiny child." "And what could possibly be a more important mission than for a father to help raise his children."

"There, there, my darling," she whispered to the child in her arms. "Let's sit in the rocking char and rock for a while." Then she softly began to sing the versus of "Dearest Children God is near You." The song she sang so often to her children and hoped the meaning of those comforting words would be conveyed to their hearts forever. By the time the song 2as finished little Lafe was sleeping peacefully in her Jane's' arms.

Jane continued to rock slowly, she was very tired. All day she had worked in the garden. This was the last time for hoeing the cord and beans this season. They would be too high next week, and soon, very soon, they would be ready to can. She must can plenty of vegetables for the family. Perhaps a fruit peddler would come from Velarde, New Mexico again this fall, with plums and cling-stone peaches,--and with the milk check from the local cheese factory she could save for fuel, taxes, close--"I must lay Lafe down and get to bed. There's still the carrots, beets and onions to hoe tomorrow"--Jane fell a sleep and began to dream--

--"Why Mother, I didn't hear you come in," Jane said as she smiled at her mother. "I'm so glad you've come to stay with the children." "I never have to worry about them when they are with you and Lafe wanted so much for me to go with him to see the new work he is doing now."

Lafe was waiting at the door for Jane to come. His warm, good-natured smile thrilled Jane through and through. Almost immediately they were walking down the most beautiful street Jane had ever seen. Never had the flowers displayed such brilliant colors, the grass and trees such intense shades so of green and the homes--words could not express the beauty of the homes!

They passed several homes and Lafe told Jane who lived in each one, old friends, dear friends that they had known long ago when they were here on earth.

"--And here is where my sister, Mary lives," Lafe was saying. "I wished we could go see her a few moments, but it's almost time for meeting to start so we must hurry on."

Soon they reach a large building where one meeting was already in session, but it was almost time for the one Lafe would speak in to begin.

The sun must have slipped behind a cloud, for Jane suddenly notice the light was not as bright as then they were passing the beautiful homes and yards full of beautiful flowers. Lafe held her hand, but neither spoke and in a few moments the meeting began and Lafe took his place at the pulpit.

Jan stood just inside the door. "Is it going to storm," she thought, "Why does it seem so dark." Then she realized she must leave, but she must have just one look at her husband's face before she did. There he stood at the pulpit as she had seen him do so many times when he was in the Bishopric. "Look at the people, thousands of them!--all looking eagerly at Lafe intense on hearing every word he had to say!"--"HE SHALL PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THOUSANDS."

--With these words echoing in her ear, Jan awoke. How long she had slept she did not know. Little Lafe stirred in her arms, she must put him to bed. Then she knelt by the side of her bed. "Oh! Heavenly Father, she prayed, as tears streamed down her cheeks, "Thanks you, thank you, for answering my prayers and forgive me for doubting your wisdom, for now I know how important Lafe's present mission is---thousands are waiting to hear the Gospel, as taught in Thy Church." "I shall do the best I can to raise our children and I know with Thy help I can. And she did.

This article was written in story form by Isabelle Jackson Coleman, the dream was a real incident that happened to Jane Schofield Jackson and told to her daughter Isabelle when she was old enough to understand and draw comfort from it too.