

A DREAM

By Ruby H. Sorenson

I was having a wakeful night, and I had tried counting sheep, conscious relaxation, four or five different positions in bed, but no results, so finally I gave up, and just let my thoughts drift where they would. I thought of my childhood, and of Mother, and Grandma Lee, and suddenly, I was standing with my husband in our temple robes, in the celestial room of the Logan Temple. It seemed to be about sunset, because a beautiful light came from the west end of the room, where we stood. My Father and Mother were with us, Dad had his arm around my husband's shoulders and they were laughing and talking and embracing each other. Mother stood by me with her arm around me, which I distinctly felt. I held her and felt the most exultant happiness I have ever experienced. I said to Mother, "Why are we here?" and she replied "Look," and pointed to the east end of the room, where it was shadowy and there was a fairly large group of people, all in white I presumed, in temple robes, although I cannot say definitely, and then Mother said, "These are people for whom you have done the ordinance work in the Temple, and they are here to honor you and Slim." Suddenly, Grandma Lee was with us, with her arms around me, laughing as I remember her doing when I was a child. I still had this exultant joy in my whole body, and I kissed Grandma, and hugged her back. Then came a small woman, shorter than even Grand and I, and I recognized my Grandmother Hansen. We embraced each other, and I remember saying, "oh Grandma, I am so glad to see you, we need to get acquainted, I want to know you as well as I know Grandma Lee. She put her arms around me and said in Danish, **which I understood** "you are my loved first grandchild, and I am so happy to be here with you." As we were standing there the four of us, Mother, my two grandmothers and I wiping the tears of joy and laughter from our eyes, another woman approached us, slowly and she seemed to be very sober and concerned. She was the same age as the rest of us, mature but not old, she had beautiful golden hair and blue-gray eyes, and she was small in stature too. Nether Mother, or my grandmothers, or this woman had on temple robes, but their clothes were beautiful and in lovely colors. I turned to Mother, and said, "who is this woman coming towards us?" and Mother said, "Why that's your great-grandmother Harriet Wolcott Lee." She walked up to me, didn't smile, or say a word, but she had a family group sheet in her hand, and I was given to understand that it was one of her own family. She slightly held it towards me, but before I could take it, or say anything to her I woke up. I don't think I slept much, the rest of the night, as I tried to fix all the details of my dream in my mind, and ponder on the significance of the family group sheet. The next morning, when I got up, I went to my Book of Remembrance, and turned to the Thomas Lee, and Harriet Wolcotts family

group sheet, and at once I could see why she was so concerned about it. Her first four children, Sarah Jane Rowberry, my grandfather, Thomas Wolkitt Lee, Uncle Alfred Wolkitt Lee, and Elizabeth Lee, were not sealed to their parents. I felt so ashamed. I had handled that sheet dozens of times, re-typed it twice, and each time, thought, "I must get the dates of their sealings and record them." As soon as we could after my dream, my husband and I went to the Genealogical library, and went to the room where the sealing records were kept, and sure enough, there was no record of the sealing being done. On checking further, I found that Uncle Alf's work had not been done, so we had that done after quite a long search, to find where and when he died.

J.V. and I went to the Temple and did the sealing work ourselves. How happy I felt. And the thought went thru my mind, "Now Great-grandmother Lee can smile." I hope some time to recapture that feeling of rapturous joy that I felt in my dream. If that the way they feel in Heaven, I pray I may live worthy enough to go there.

Ruby Lee H. Sorenson