

*Now, this is my next sacrament. You all just all have  
to put up with my great globe of sentimental slop! 😊*

Today is Friday, August 7, 1992, a day I shall gratefully remember as continuing evidence of the Lord's great love and mercy. There are not many events in my life as significant as those experienced today, and I want to record my feelings. I am doing this on my lap top computer, on a TWA flight, thousands of feet toward heaven and New Jersey (where I am still trying to sell our house in Basking Ridge). Dan and our children are all at Brigham Young University, where Dan is working on the Church computerized scripture program, Daniel and Laura are both in school, and I just visited two weeks. While there, Nancy and Doug decided they were ready to go the temple and invited us to join them. We were so glad this worked out while Virginia and I were still in Provo with our families.

On hearing the news, my sisters Elizabeth and Charlotte flew in from California and Oregon, respectively; and since David and Tracy already live and work in Provo, all seven of us children were together with our parents. Three of our spouses, Barry, Karen, and Dan, were able to come on such short notice. We missed Marty, Brian, and Betsy, but knew they were with us in spirit. I had prayed that Grandma and Grandpa Hall and Grandma and Grandpa Langford could join us, along with others in our family whose temple work was being accomplished that week, and I did feel their presence.

So, this morning our entire family was bound together for eternity at the Provo Temple. It felt right when Virginia and Barry were asked to be the witness couple in their endowment session. Nancy was the most beautiful bride imaginable! She wept through most of the morning with us. Doug was also visibly moved by the proceedings and took these covenants upon himself with strength and sincere reverence. I think the only time he seemed a little uncomfortable was with all those hugs, tears, and kisses from friends and relatives as they entered the Celestial Room. I overheard him tell Dad, he could handle all of it but "THIS."

Then we all went up to the sealing room where Doug and Nancy were sealed in eternal marriage, with Harold H. Smith officiating. When he first walked in the sealing room, he trembled so much, I wondered if he could make it through the ceremony. But as he spoke shortly before the sealings, it did not take long for us to recognize the tremendous strength, humor, and spirit in this man of such "hoary head." Looking with great feeling at Nancy and Doug, he pronounced the revealed words of this eternal marriage ceremony with precise memory and distinct inspiration.

I wish it were possible to capsulize the feeling in that sealing room during those moments, as I viewed our family in the parallel wall mirrors facing the altar, around which we were seated. Through my misty eyes, their countenances seemed to shine in a rainbow of radiance, spiralling ever onward in joy beyond what earthly mirrors might reflect. At that time, I thought I sensed a little of what eternal splendor must be all about. It seemed like a dream, but was as real as anything I have ever experienced. Tears flowed freely, as their beautiful children, Carli, Chelsea, and D.J. were brought in, all dressed in white and looking like angels. D.J. was, of course, a little bewildered, not being able



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to see what was going on, but he probably sensed more clearly than the rest of us the Spirit in the room. His Grandpa Hall helped support him in kneeling at the altar. Then the children clasped hands with their joyful parents, and they were sealed together as a family for eternity, in the name of Jesus Christ and by the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood to which Doug had been ordained a few weeks previous.

The love and spirit in the room was almost tangible. If that feeling was a taste of what the Celestial Kingdom is all about, for sure it is worth every effort to get there with our families.

It must have been a moment of great culmination for Mom and Dad. I don't think I've ever seen them look more happy. Finally, our complete family was there--one in spirit and destiny, inseparably linked, sealed together for eternity in the House of the Lord, so long as we are faithful. What a blessing that we all lived to see this day!

Outside the temple, Dan and I talked with Brother Smith a few moments (while Dad was taking his traditional wedding videos, making sure he got up and down the flagpole with the handsome couple, as he did at all our other weddings). We thanked Brother Smith for his inspired temple service. He said that as soon as he entered the sealing room, he could feel the power of righteousness in a great family. When Brother Smith said this, I felt such gratitude in my heart for Mom and Dad and their example. Their good lives and righteous service are what made this day possible, and they certainly deserve all the love and attention we can bestow them in our feeble efforts to express our appreciation.

Also present were Doug and Nancy's bishop and many of their enthusiastic friends in that ward. Their bishop said it had been a great joy in his life to watch Doug and Nancy grow in faith and live the tithing, Sabbath, and other principles which led them to this day. When we thanked him for his part in this, he emphasized that this was Doug and Nancy's achievement, but expressed his gratitude for being able to participate in any way. Men like this, who serve for the love of God and His children, without material compensation, are evidence of the miracle of this restored gospel.

Last September our entire family got together in Provo to celebrate Mom and Dad's 50th Wedding Anniversary. We then calculated that, counting all the spouses of their seven children (including David's first wife, Donna, who died), 33 grandchildren, and themselves--Mom and Dad had a total of FIFTY posterity--one for each year of their marriage! Since it is so hard to get the entire tribe together at once, we had photos taken in front of our beloved Pleasant View Ward Chapel. The only two missing from the photo were Hunt Tracy and our son, Daniel, both serving missions in Haiti and Guatemala. Since I am typing these thoughts under my own family history notes, I want to include in the record that, since then, three other of our nieces and nephews have accepted mission calls: Zina, Tracy's dau., to Belgium; Mark, David's son, to Florida (both now at the Mission Training Center in Provo); and Greg, (Liz's son), who has already served a year in Spanish-speaking Texas. H. Tracy and Daniel have since returned from serving honorable two-year missions and are now at B.Y.U.

While early at the temple this week, I kept hoping I might see