

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

Soon after we came to Schenectady in 1948 we received callings in the Schenectady Branch. While we were still at the Barton's, Jack Hopper, the branch president at the time, asked me to be Relief Society President, and they asked Tracy to be Sunday School Superintendent. Well, for me that was a shock! I had never even been to a Relief Society meeting prior to moving to Schenectady. I talked to President Hopper. "Look," I pleaded, "this branch is spread all over the valley and beyond. I don't even drive a car. How can I act as Relief Society President?" So he called Shirley Christensen to be the president, and she turned around and asked Elaine Maddock to be first counselor and myself to be second counselor. I might just as well have kept the presidency, but at least now the president had a car. Also, I was glad not to have the responsibility of being president as I was pregnant with Jr. IV.

We had shipped our furniture from Utah. We had a furniture shipping company come and give us an estimate on how much it would cost us to ship our few furnishings. They said about \$250, but when it arrived it was twice that--\$500—and the furniture wasn't really worth that much. We were so naïve—we should have gotten a firm commitment from the shipping company (if they give such things). Somehow we paid the bill without having to appeal to my father.

But at least we all had beds to sleep in. Also, we had our small kitchen table and chairs, a high chair, and our dishes and pots and pans and what little clothing we had. We had even shipped our bottled fruit, and we certainly wouldn't have shipped that if we had thought it would cost that much. We settled in, but we didn't have any furniture in the living room, the dining room, and the glassed-in sunroom upstairs, which ran across the whole house on the south. That room never did get any furniture in, but since I was the Homemaking Counselor, we had our Homemaking Meetings in that room most of the time. We were centrally located and at that time had one of the largest homes in the branch. We bought a second-hand dining room set by searching the "Schenectady Gazette". It was a good-sized, dark mahogany table with six chairs.

One thing we enjoyed in our small branch was having the missionaries around. We often had them to dinner, and sometimes they would drop in at noon ("just passing by," of course), and I would give them lunch.

One spring Sunday morning in 1949, we invited the missionaries to dinner after church. We were still driving Old Betsy, and the doors were getting more difficult to close. We had to bang them hard to get them to stay closed. Usually we made a check to be certain there were no small fingers in the way. This day we had everyone in the car, including the missionaries, and just as Tracy made ready to let the door fly, four and a half year old Tracy Jr. put all four fingers of his right hand in the car door frame, and the door slammed on them. His poor little fingers were smashed flat. We could see the imprint of the car door on them.

Our family doctor, Dr. Byrne Mayer, had his offices in his home, which was not too far away from the YMCA building where we held our Sacrament Meetings. He graciously let us in and looked at Tracy's fingers. He bound the fingers in a splint, and instructed us to soak them in ice water at regular intervals the rest of the day. Dr. Mayer said that Tracy wouldn't lose the fingers, but that they might be stiff for a long time—

maybe permanently. They had not bled at all—at least not on the surface, but they were black and blue and it looked as if they were bleeding under the skin.

What an afternoon! I was quite shaken by the accident, and while I was preparing dinner for all of us, Tracy was busily supervising the soaking of Tracy Jr.'s fingers. I had a hard time concentrating on what I was doing because I was so worried about those little fingers. After dinner, and before the missionaries left, we asked them to give Tracy Jr. a blessing, and the elder giving the blessing asked the Lord to bless Tracy that his fingers might be healed.

We continued to soak the fingers until it was time for the children to go to bed. The fingers looked somewhat better from the soaking, and they weren't as painful as they had been, so Tracy Jr. was able to go to sleep. In our family prayer before we put the children to bed, we asked our Heavenly Father to bless Tracy Jr.'s finger.

As soon as morning came the next day, I hurried into Tracy's room to see how he was doing. There he lay, wide-awake. He had taken the splint off and was flexing all those fingers as if nothing had happened! I looked at them and couldn't believe my eyes. Not a bruise! Not a mark! He did not even lose a fingernail. As far as I was concerned, the Lord had answered the missionary's prayers—and ours—and healed his fingers. It *was* a miracle.