

27 June: Owen passed away on the "twenty-third" and it happened so quick I am having a hard time to believe it is true. It all seems like a bad dream that I will wake up from yet I know it isn't. He suffered so much that it would be cruel to call him back to go through it again and anyway I couldn't if I wanted to. That early Saturday morning on April the tenth we had no idea it would turn into ten weeks and four days of so much pain and suffering. What started out with a heart attack turned into so many things that went wrong till he finally had to have a leg amputated. The Doctors and nurses did everything they possibly could to help him and at the last that evening when they left his room they thought everything was going good with him. I stepped to the side of his bed as I had always done when we were alone and I bathed his face because the sweat was on his forehead and he raised his hand to his chest and I ask him if it pained and he said yes then his eyes rolled back and I knew he was gone. I closed his eyes and stepped to the door of the room and nodded to the nurses at the desk and they all came but I had hurried back to his bed. Five nurses and two Doctors started working with him to try to bring him back till I ask them to quit because I knew he was gone before they came in and I knew he was out of his pain and suffering and I didn't want him to go through that again. They worked for forty-five minutes and in no way did I want him to lay there like a vegetable when he could go to Heavenly Father and work as he always wanted to be working. He always had to be busy, he could never be satisfied to sit idle. I miss him so much and it would be easy to quit but that is not what he would want me to do so I must carry on and knowing him as I do I will try to carry on like he would want me to. He left me with a good family, children and grand~~children~~ children and the ones they married are the best. His influence on them was greater than he realized. It never made me jealous when the children and grandchildren would come and if he wasn't in the house would always ask where he was and go to find, it made me happy to think they thought so much of him. He is not here anymore but his influence will always be felt by not only the family but by many others and I know he did a lot to help many testimonies to grow and to gain a stronger testimony and a better understanding of what life is all about. I stayed with Owen every day but one all the while he was in the hospital and I am glad I did. I appreciate the nurses letting me do it even when it wasn't visiting hours. I miss him very much and it hardly seems real that he is gone but his mission is over there and mine is still here and I hope I will fill it as good as he does his and that I will be worthy to stand at his side again. The funeral was held on the 25th and the program and large crowd was a fitting tribute to so noble a man.

28 June: Today I went to Lethbridge to put a thank you notice in the paper cause the Cardston paper is not printing again till July 5th. I still feel like it was all a bad dream that I will wake up from soon. But I know it isn't and I must guage my life to that fact and keep working. And quit hunting excuses to stop.

3 July: These are lonely days. It is something I must get used too. For how long I dont know. I have been kept here to finish my life span on earth so I must not sit down and quit, I must carry on and as each day comes I must be ready for what it brings and do my best. I am so tired I wonder if I will ever get rested.

4 July: I had to go to fast meeting to day to bear my testimony and thank everyone for Being so kind and concerned about Owen and since his passing for me and our family. I felt so sure that is what Owen wanted me to do. And it is what I wanted to do. I must carry on although sometimes it is hard. Owen I miss you.