

# Diary of Alys

November 11, 1983, 10:00 AM

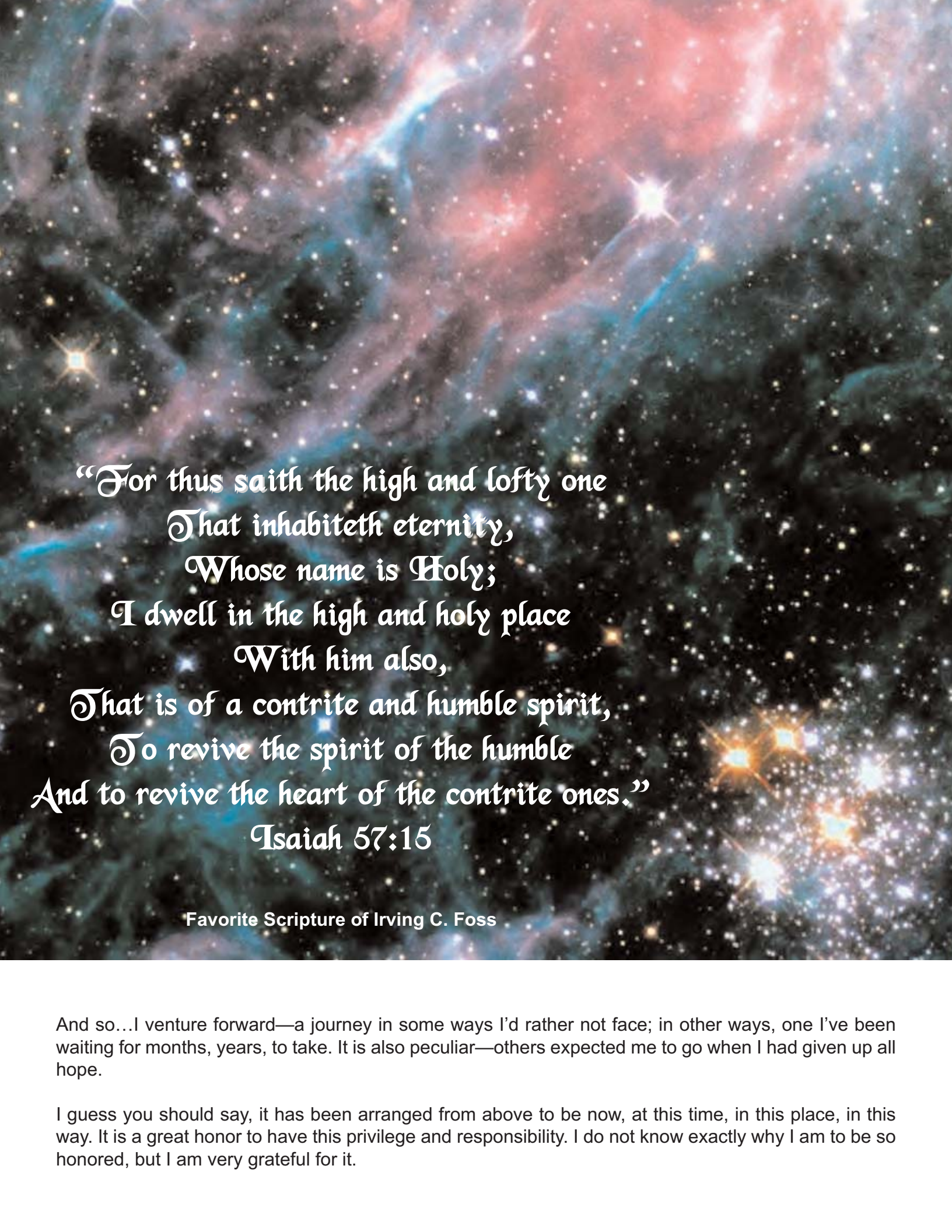
Continental #21 to Denver

## Journey of Death

It is strange. I had tried to see him for ten years. Every effort was thwarted. I wondered—but let it go.

Then very unexpectedly, the door was thrown wide open—with no effort of my own. The fare was provided; the one seat was open; the day off work was a holiday, pre-arranged; the weekend pieced itself together around my appointment; and most of all, the doors at the other end were thrown wide open with a beckoning call.





*“For thus saith the high and lofty one  
That inhabiteth eternity,  
Whose name is Holy;  
I dwell in the high and holy place  
With him also,  
That is of a contrite and humble spirit,  
To revive the spirit of the humble  
And to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”  
Isaiah 57:15*

**Favorite Scripture of Irving C. Foss**

And so...I venture forward—a journey in some ways I'd rather not face; in other ways, one I've been waiting for months, years, to take. It is also peculiar—others expected me to go when I had given up all hope.

I guess you should say, it has been arranged from above to be now, at this time, in this place, in this way. It is a great honor to have this privilege and responsibility. I do not know exactly why I am to be so honored, but I am very grateful for it.

# Diary of Alys

November 10, 1983

Reflections of

November 11 3-9 PM

He was nestled in bed with a little stocking cap on his head and a gold towel rolled up next to his cheek. He looked so cute with the little hat. His face was so little and his eyes were very big.

**“Thank you for coming... .”**

He was very alert and knew what was going on and all that you were saying. He commented briefly, but intelligently. He just wanted you to hold his hand and be there. I brought him greetings and he asked how they all were. He asked if I had gotten to see Mark—he remembered that Mark and Ginger had just been there.

My first job was to shave him. He helped me by moving his face and mouth for the razor. He put his teeth in to help. He looked much better.

Then we talked awhile. I told him about our meeting for the class' 50th anniversary and his letter being read, etc. He remembered what he wrote and about those days. He asked about Laura Hollister, and we discussed Ben, Laura, their apartment, John Read—briefly, but accurately. His mind was hazy on Faircourt Lane. But then clear on the meetings. We discussed them a little. And a little on the scriptures. I asked him some questions—like I always do with him—and, as always, though brief, he answered them directly, to the point, **very well**. He told me about how Enoch did not see death...that Moses was his favorite Old Testament character, about the plagues, and other things.

Throughout all this, I encouraged him to doze a little, but he wouldn't—eyes wide open—didn't want to miss **anything**—and he didn't!

Toward the end of my visit (6 hours long!), he started to drift mentally. We talked about images on the ceiling; he would frequently and repeatedly ask for the covers to be taken off his legs...then put on his legs; for the little pillows to be adjusted around his face; his head lifted, etc. And even if you just went through the motions, he'd always say, "Fine! Fine! Thank you!"

I never saw such a sweet disposition in anyone. He thanked you sweetly for everything! Even if you didn't do it. And always, "Does it hurt?" "No, No." What a marvelous blessing that he does not feel the pain! That he can sweetly thank for everything! If anyone were half as sweet, they would be fantastic!

But now—for the most precious memory I will treasure. In the last hours of my visit, when the weariness began setting in...he was leading a study! Can you believe this? Out of the clear blue...on finishing an unrelated sentence...he would give me a Scripture citation to look up a point in the study...just as though we were at a meeting. He would say, "Try Isaiah 55"... "Psalm 50:5—Maybe that will help"... "Go to Isaiah 66—try that"...and he would quote texts along with this. So for the last several hours I read Scriptures that I know he had memorized—and it was a very precious study. Sometimes he would fill in the blanks. He used Isaiah and Psalms the most.

A long life of study—is not to end without a study. The Scriptures are engraved and part of the brain pattern. And whenever I asked a question, he had an answer—he was not lacking.

The cancer destroys the old creature, not the new creature. This is what I will always remember of his last moments with me.



## Reflections

**First, I should tell you, my most cherished relationship with my Grandfather is...I ask him all my questions on the Bible...and he answers them! It's the best question meeting ever!**

**And, believe me, my questions are stumpers! Usually on texts rarely used. But he always and immediately gives an excellent answer. I have never met anyone that could do this.**

**So every time we met, after my consecration at 15 years, this has been our relationship. Sometimes also in letters, though I am a poor writer; however, he was always very responsive in detail to any written question.**

**To me, he was a true elder to the Church. He never hesitated in or out of meetings to participate on a very high spiritual level.**

**The last years were, perhaps, of greater trial as the meetings constantly brought attacks on the truths we hold. I was witness several times to his "warfare" under these circumstances.**

I witnessed his continued defense of the truths—as well as the severity of the attacks. It seems even in the last of his earthly warfare, he was put through severe doctrinal trial. To my personal witness, I believe he was not only personally victorious in these attacks, but also left his ecclesia a memorable witness as part of their own testing and example to follow. As the trial in the class is severe, few will benefit—but they will benefit richly.

The last years brought other severe tests—difficulties and judgments by brethren who asked his help and then turned on him, accusing him. This treatment from close brethren was a sorrowful trial that pained his heart—yet the Heavenly Father permitted it for his new creature.

Needless to say, the severe trials of his four grandchildren also weighed on his heart—but he was most generous in his love toward them. His judgments were of mercy and not turning his face away.

His constant concern and contact with his two daughters was always felt. Phone calls, visits, letters, magnanimous gifts to help in times of need. He was a father in every sense of the word.

To his lovely wife, Adeanne, he remained devoted to the end—and she to him. Love birds—they both celebrated every occasion of their life together with deep and precious love and appreciation. Their first date was celebrated on the 16th of every month. This beautiful loving relationship gilded his last 7 years with gold, and made any trials along the way divided, as well as the joys shared.

Thus, the last of his 86 years were a new facet of life for him, which he lived zealously and with great joy from the Heavenly Father. Not everyone has such a new and exciting chapter at the end of a long life! As he was faithful in his consecration to the Lord, the Lord, in turn, rewarded him richly and kept him in the fold with every provision and added abundant blessings.

