

Hello! I'm Beatrice Baugh Burnham – but they called me “B.”



And because of Heavenly Father's Plan of Happiness I live eternally.

In this book I will tell you the story of my eternal journey.

Chapter 1
I WAS ONCE PRE-MORTAL

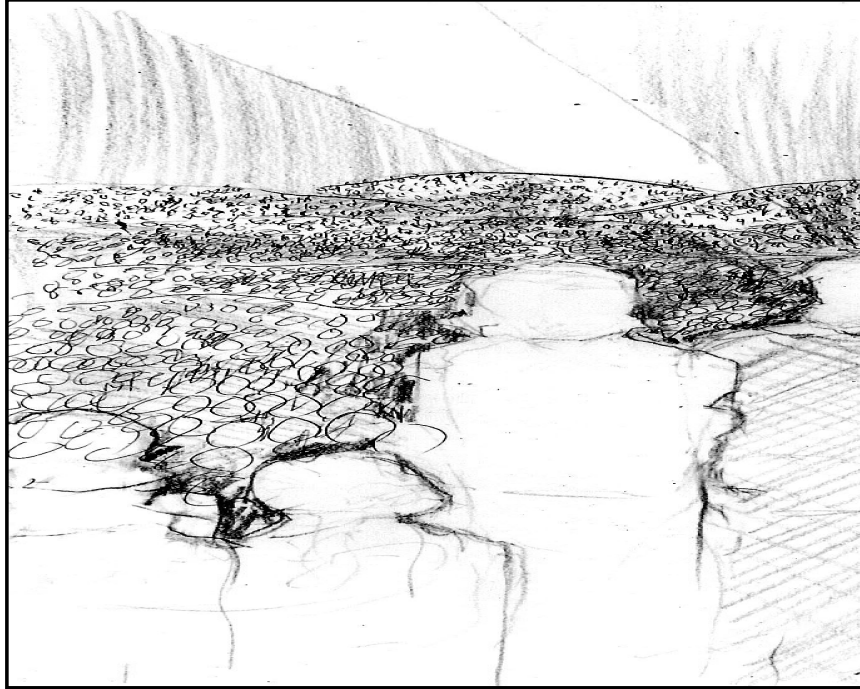
Here we go.
So
Listen carefully
And prayerfully.

I lived before my birth.
Even before I lived on this wonderful earth
I lived in another place.
Each one there also had a smile on their face.

I don't recall
This pre-mortal life at all.
But through faith and prayer
I know I was there.

One day in this place we all gathered together
To attend the largest meeting ever.
There were millions and billions of us there.
We each sat on the grass without a chair.
We started the meeting with an opening prayer.

Then Heavenly Father looked at us with loving care
I was so glad that I was there
Heavenly Father and His beloved Son
And the Holy Ghost all stood before us as one.



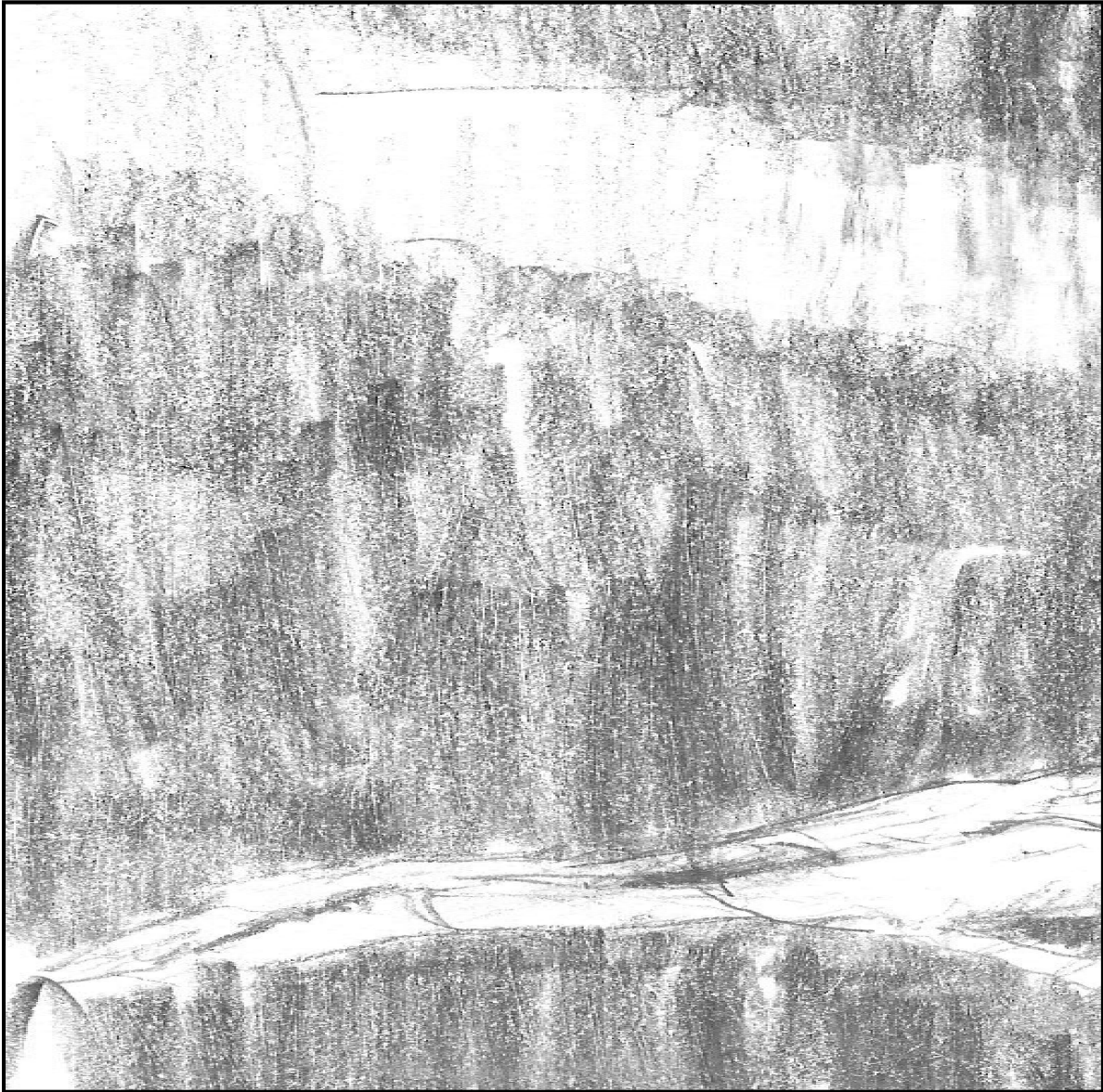
His voice was soft and clear
So that everyone could hear.
He said, “We have a plan to present to you,
A plan to make you happy through and through.
A plan to help you become like me,
A plan for you to live eternally.

As part of the plan you will go
To an earth we have created far away and below.
There you will get a body and you will grow
And learn the things you need to know.”

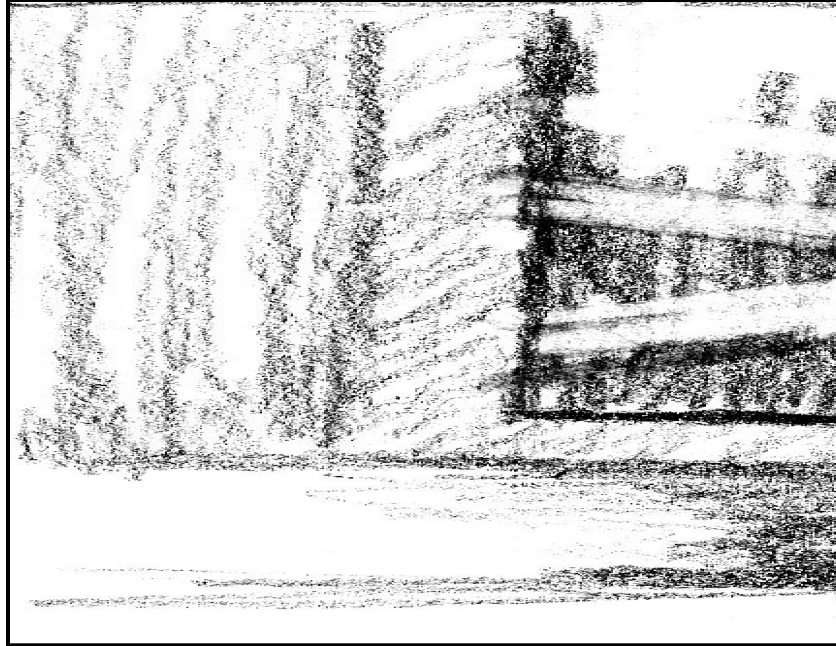
Hearing this, we jumped for joy
And shouted triumphantly, “Oh boy!”
We would have a body to run and play
And become like our Heavenly Father in every way.

Then He said, “My favorite thing will be to answer your prayer,
And help you with your every care.

Jesus Christ will show you the way,
So follow Him and never stray.



In His holy name be sure to pray
And follow His example every day.



The Holy Ghost will help you brave your fear.
He'll always be near.

So have faith in us Three
The Holy Ghost, My son and Me.

Whenever you do bad
Repent and then you'll be glad.

Be baptized deep in the water
And become again my Son or my Daughter.

Go to church and be reverent
And partake of the sacrament.

Read the scriptures with your mind and heart
And you will be spiritually wise and smart.
Be honest and true
In all you do.

Keep your body and mind clean and pure
Go to the temple with someone you adore
And have a family of one or two or many more.”

When the meeting ended, I walked away
This had been my very best day.

Then some time later I was told by a voice from above
On earth, Alice and Peter have fallen in love.



They were married and had a son named Cyril.
And now they long to have a baby girl
Right now it is more than maybe,
They are going to have a baby!

I shouted, "I hope that will be me,"
The voice from above

Spoke again with love.
“It will be you,
So this is what you are to do.

Start saying goodbye to all those here
And be of good cheer.

You can be nervous but never fear
Alice and Peter will hold you dear.”

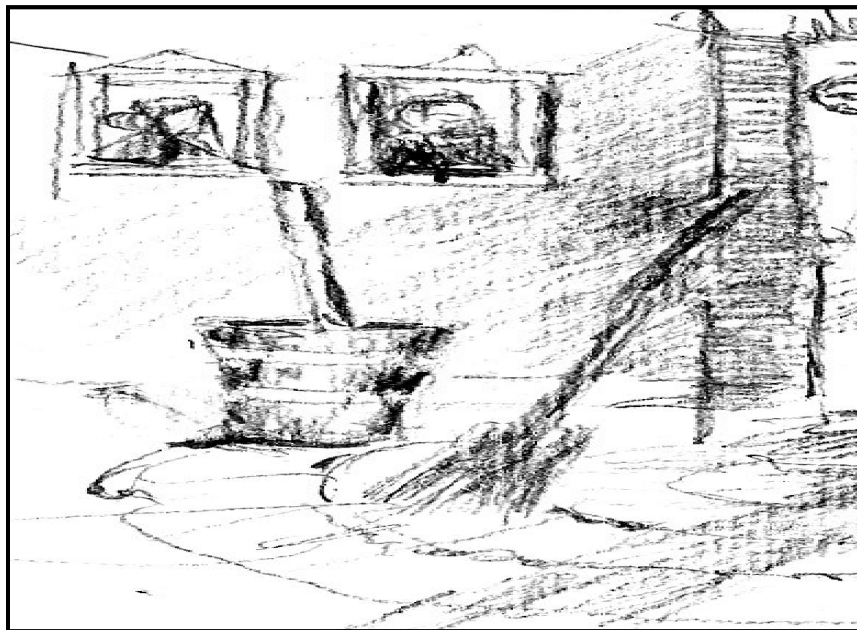
I left my former home with some concern
But I made a vow that I would return.

Chapter 2
HOW I BECAME BABY B

So that is how I came here.
1904 was the year.

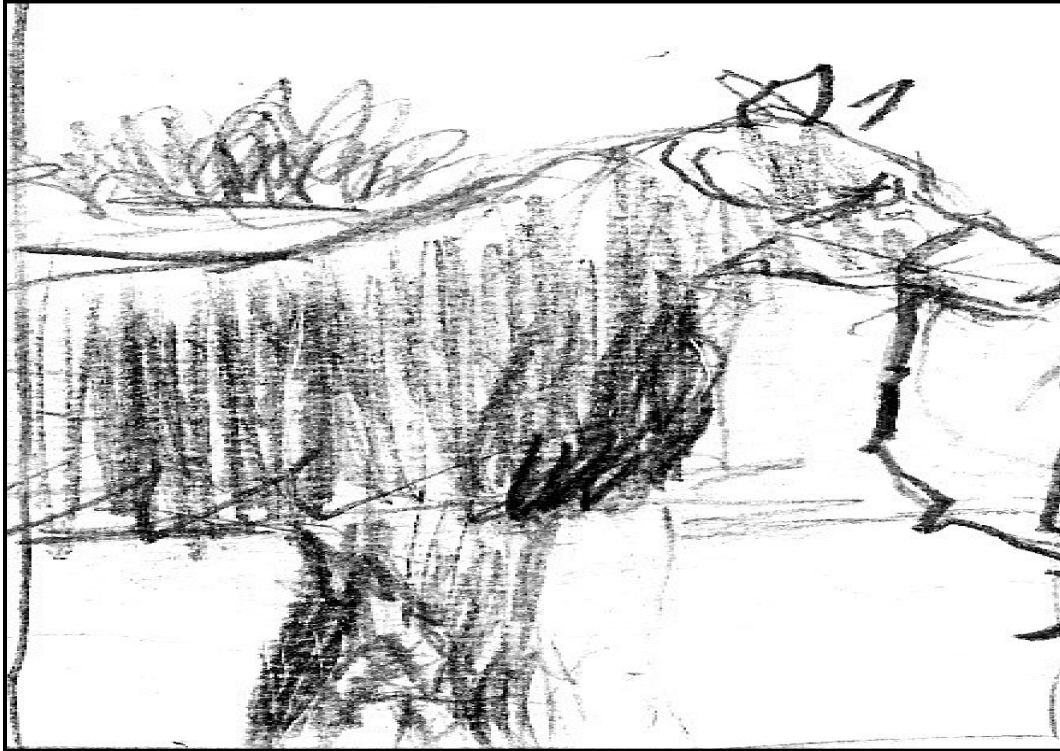
I came as a spirit from that place above
And entered into my unborn body without even a shove,
And gave it life and love.

I grew inside my mother until I was ready to be born.
On that exciting day my father Peter, was hoeing the corn.
Alice shouted, “Quick! Get Doctor Horn,
Our baby wants to be born.”



Peter to the house nearly flew
He excitedly asked, “What should I do?”
“Run to the neighbors and ask Seth Morse
To ride to Logan on his horse,
To tell Doc Horn to jump in his surrey,
And tell him he had better hurry!”

Seth rode his galloping white mare
He went as fast as he did dare.
He told Doc Evans, "The time is now,
So have your wife finish milking the cow!"



The buggy arrived fast as a hawk,
And the doctor entered inside without even a knock.

Ten minutes later I was born.
My pink baby clothes were ready to be worn
My new little body weighed seven pounds and eight ounces.
How much did my spirit weigh?
I really can't say.
Things like that no one announces.

I'm glad my father and mother were there
To give me so much love and care
And teach me important things such as prayer.



I was glad I had an older brother named Cyril
And even though I was just a girl
He took upon himself to teach me to quarrel.



I was born in a place called Cache Valley
It was the most beautiful place one could ever see
It was the perfect place for me.

I can't remember, but I've been told

My father's blessing made me richer than gold.

Don't you feel Beatrice Alice Baugh is a beautiful name?

I feel the same.

When I was little, my father just called me "B"

After that I was called that name by everyone I'd see.

Chapter 3
SOON I GREW AND BECAME LITTLE B

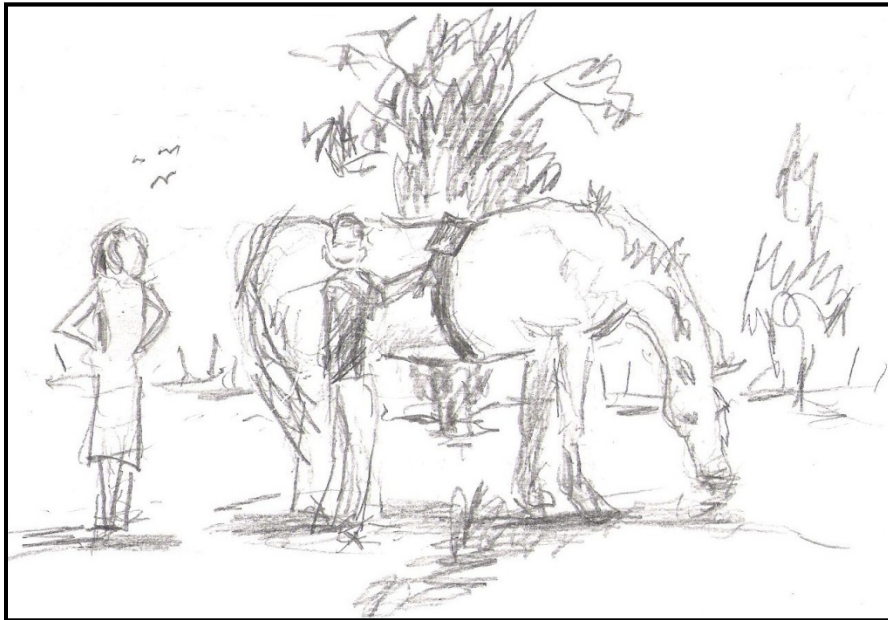
I grew up on a farm.
We had fields of hay and grain and a big red barn.

When I was six years old,
We had a white horse named Snow.
Cyril said she had been his since she was a little foal
I said she belonged to me
We argued about who owned her constantly.

Cyril said, “We can each own a half of the horse,
I’ll own the front and I’ll feed her of course

And you’ll own the back,
So you’ll clean up what falls on the track.

Cyril thought that was a funny joke
It made me want to give him a poke.



Riding our horse to and fro
Off to school we would go
In rain, and sleet and even snow.

Cyril up front to steer
And me sitting behind on the rear,
With our lunch packed by mother dear.



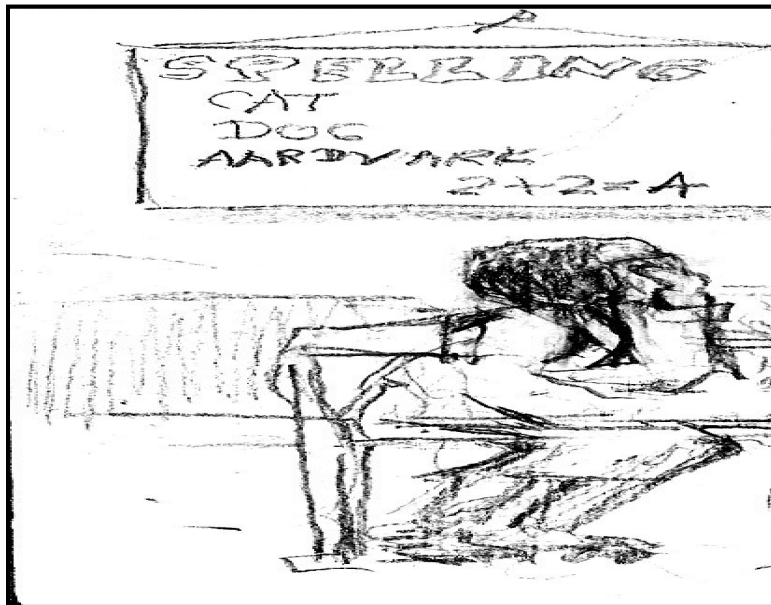
We tied up the white mare with other horses
And went inside to study our courses.

Finally it was time for lunch and play
And time to feed Snow some oats and hay
I'd do that chore while Cyril went to play
His favorite game was pomp, pomp pull--away.

One dark day in the middle of a spelling bee
Lightning struck a nearby apple tree
Thunder thundered
And we all wondered.

At the noise of the explosion,
Fear was our main emotion
To calm ourselves, we all sang
Then another flash and a louder bang.

Cyril said he had no fear
But in his eye I could see a tear.
I could also feel his arm shakin.
And so I knew that he was fakin.



Than another bang shook all the walls
The horses bolted and headed home to their stalls.

The teacher said with a panicked tone,
"You must each hurry for home!"
The clouds are dark and it is very plain
That soon it will begin to rain.

Right after we had gone out the door
The heavens opened and it began to pour
Soon two nearby creeks were wild and whirlin
Filled with water that was swirlin.

To get back home Cyril and I had to cross a swollen stream.
It all seemed like a scary dream.

We threw our shoes to the other side.
Cyril put his toe in the water and boasted with pride,
“I’m not afraid” But I knew he’d lied.
I could not help it and so I cried.
And wondered, “What if we both died?”

Suddenly on our feet the current pulled.
Our knees bent and began to fold.
We floated helplessly,
Both Cyril and me.

We grabbed hold of a wire fence
There was no more pretence.
Cyril, he started to cry.
And I must say I sure knew why.



He grabbed my arm and said desperately

“Save me, my dear Sister B.”
I did not know what to do,
All our hopes were very few.

I knew heaven was very near
So I shouted, “Dear God, help us get out of here.”

I suddenly felt better than before.
I knew He would get us to the other shore.
Hand over hand along the fence we crossed the stream.
It all seemed like a miraculous dream.

We put on our shoes and stood
And ran for home as fast as we could.

That night, I told my mother about my prayer
She told me in time of need, Heavenly Father will always be there
And His favorite thing to do is to answer a prayer.
I had heard that before but I could not remember where.
It seemed like it was a place somewhere out there.

After that and even before, each night before bed
And every morning I made sure my prayers were said.

After that most frightening day,
Another thing I have to say,
“Whenever water now appears
It’s at the top of my list of my greatest fears.”
I never wanted to be in water as high as my eyes
So when I turned eight I refused to be baptized.

Cyril was baptized the year before.
He said, “There was nothing to it, that’s for sure.”
He added, “I went under so fast I was surprised
Just like that, I came up baptized.”

I still refused until the next day
When! Cyril came to me to say,
“If you will be baptized, you can have the front end of the horse.”
With that happy news, I said, “Okay,” of course!

The thing Cyril didn't say
Was that the next day
Father was getting him a younger mare.
That part Cyril didn't declare.

On the way to my baptism, I frowned
It was to be in the same stream where we had nearly drowned.
But this day, the water was calm and clear
And that sort of settled my fear.
But as we rode in the wagon and the stream came near
I still shed a little tear.

Father told me when I was baptized
I would be clean and pure in Heavenly Father's eyes
I would be free from transgression
And as a church member I'd be on the road to perfection.

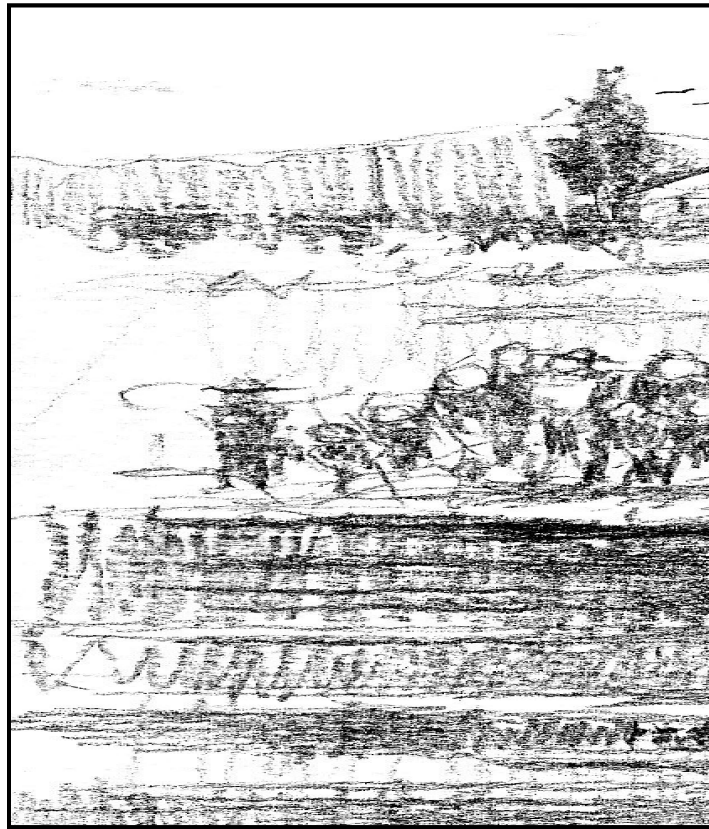
Cyril said with a grin,
"Now you have to give up your every sin,
And always give me my way
And do my work while I go play."

I knew Cyril was not right.
But I wanted to try with all my might
To never get in another fight.

My father waded into the water's center
And held out his hand for me to enter.
I was not afraid for in his hands I knew I was protected,
But I shivered because the water was colder than I expected.

We walked across the smooth rocks
I was glad I wore my socks
And furthermore
The water was not cold anymore.

My dad held my hand and said a short prayer.



God, The Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost seemed to be right there
Somehow, I remembered that I knew all Three
And I knew that They also knew me,
Little B.

My father laid me beneath the water
I was born again as Heavenly Father's Daughter

In my heart I heard Heavenly Father say,
"Long ago, you told me you would do things my way.
Now you are promising anew,
That to me you will always be true.

That you will always do as I say
In your work and in your play
That way,
You will always have your very best day.”

When I emerged
From being submerged
I moved closer to my father and held him tight.
It all felt so right.
It was so good to have a father and a mother
And it was even sort of good to have a brother.

The next day I changed the most
Because that Sunday I received the Holy Ghost.
In the little brick chapel that looked so fair
I was called to the front and went up one stair
And sat up there
Upon on a chair.

My father laid his hands upon my head
And then he softly said,



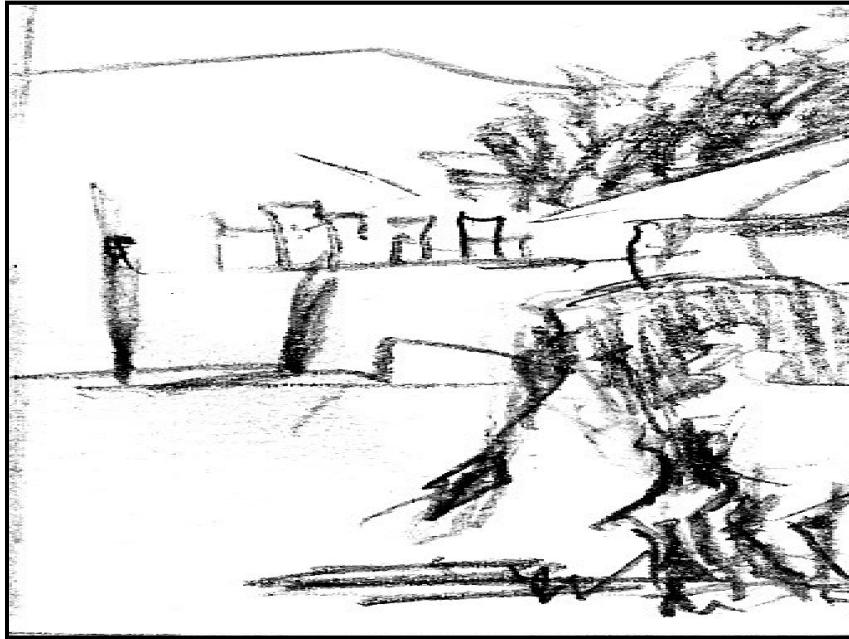
“Beatrice Alice Baugh
–Prettiest gal I ever saw-
I confirm you a member of the church that is true,
And I say to you
Receive the Holy Ghost
So to him, be a good host
By being true
In all you do.

When I stood up from the chair
I felt like I was floating in the air.

It seemed like I was somewhere else where I had once been
In a place where there was no sin.
I felt that I was clean and pure
More than I had ever been before.

A week later, I told my Sunday school teacher that somehow

Everything in the valley seemed more beautiful now
...even our old fat cow.



She told me,
“Dear Miss B,
The Holy Ghost helps us to see
How heaven above truly must be
And it has made you, who I adore,
Even more beautiful than you have been before.

I loved my Sunday school teacher
And I loved every little creature.
I loved my Bishop and my parents
And my spotted dog named Clarence.



I loved my calico cat named Sweetheart
And I even liked my brother Cyril, when we were apart.

I liked springtime the best of all
Even better than summer, winter or fall.
That was the time when life came again to one and all.
Just like Jesus lived again so many years ago
The Holy Ghost told me that his coming back to life was really so.

Each time I heard the story about him dying
It left me gently crying.
The crucifixion made me so sad
But His resurrection has made me glad.

I felt I'd known Jesus longer than my earthly years
He had always been there for me in my smiles and in my tears.
Through Him I knew that my every sin
By following His ways could be as if it had never been.

About the worst trouble I got into was a lie I told
When I was ten years old.

I took a tin bucket full of eggs--a dozen or more
And walked a mile to the grocery store.
I was to trade them for some baking powder and salt
To the storekeeper whose name was Walt.

On the way home while walking and carrying the load
I became tired as a worn out, old toad
I saw the mail wagon go past
And thought that maybe I could ride at last
I thought the postmaster would decide
And say, "You look tired. Come have a ride
Jump up on the wagon's side
Or on the bench at the back
Next to the old mail sack."

But without even a stare
He acted like I was not there
As he shouted, "giddy up" at his old grey mare.

I ran and caught up to him and jumped two feet
And pulled myself up on to the rear seat.
And I closed my eyes and said a prayer.
He could not see me sitting there.

All the way home I rode
Like a princess that had just before been a toad.

I gazed at the hills and mountains and birds and sky
As they all went passing by.
At home I jumped off and walked to the house
Sneaking off like a little mouse.

The postmaster stopped the horse, turned around and came back
He shouted, "Did you get on my rack?"
I could tell he was angry and I shouted back,

“No Sir, I walked all the way,
No matter what you have to say!”
“Where is your father?” he asked as he came close.
And that scared me the very most.

My father walked toward us
The postmaster shouted, “This wagon is not a bus!
Your daughter rode and that’s what I saw.
That is against the federal law.”
She could get sent to prison for that,
She surely is a little brat.”

Father asked, “Did you do that?”
It was my very worst day
So I didn’t know just what to say.
He asked again, “Did you ride on the mail wagon, Little B?
And I know you won’t lie to me.”

“He never saw me on the wagon,” I said weakly,
“I walked all the way home.” I said meekly.
“You are lying” the postmaster said.
Then I sort of hung my head.
My father replied in an angry tone,
“B never lies; she’s true to the bone.”

The postmaster returned to his seat on the wagon and drove away
I knew that I had gone astray.
That night I could not sleep as hard as I tried
Oh how I did hurt deep inside
All because I had lied.

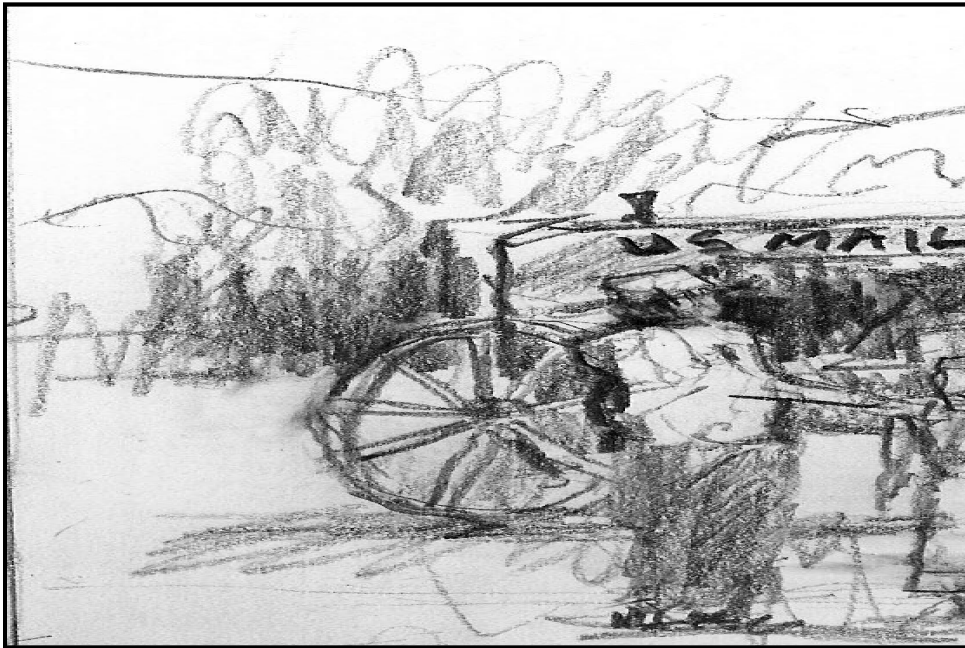
After a time I had not fallen asleep so I got out of my bed
and knelt down and said,
“Heavenly Father I’m sorry that I lied,
To be good I’ve really tried.”

An idea came into my mind,
It gave me a feeling of a very good kind.
“Go talk to your Dad
and tell him you are sad.”

I went into where he was and told him that I had lied.
I'd ridden on the mail wagon, I cried.
I told him I was sad
That I'd been bad.
He held me tight
And told me it would be all right.

The next day when my father and I stood on the road
On my shoulders I carried a heavy load.
When the mail wagon came
I felt real shame.

The postmaster stopped and looked down at us
And I could tell the wagon was not a bus
I could tell he was still mad
And I knew I was very sad.

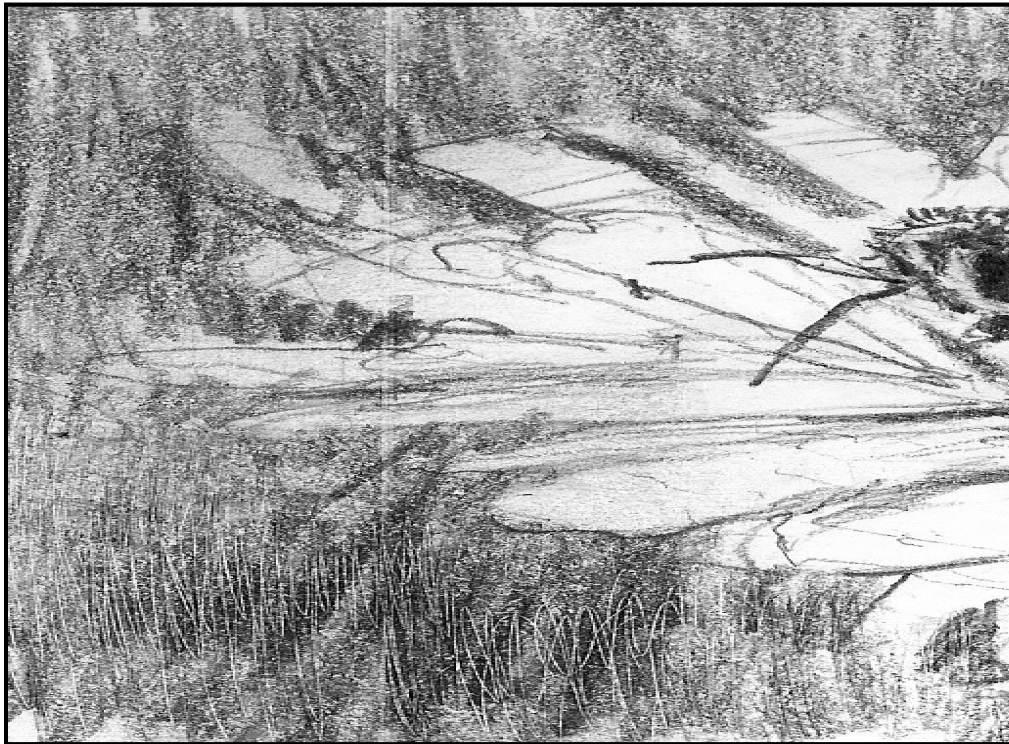


My father nudged me and I replied,
"Sir, I lied.
The truth is, I did ride
And I'm sorry." And then I cried

He answered sharply, “You could go to jail you know,
The law says so.”

Then he smiled and said to me,
“Never do wrong things again little Miss B.”
And he and his rig were soon out of sight.
My father then held me so tight.
I felt bad for doing wrong and good for doing right
From now on I would try to be good with all my might.

Honey bees were my favorite creatures
I loved their big eyes and their black and yellow features
I tried to draw and color a bee
With my pencil and paper on my knee.
But I could never get one to look so happy and so free.



I was always glad when my mother called me, “Her little honey B”

But Cyril said I looked more like a bumble bee
So I chased him up the peach tree.

My mother made some extra money one December
Just how I don't remember
I told her I wanted a doll
More than I had ever wanted anything at all.

And on that cold winter day
With the money to pay
She bought me the best doll
Of them all.
She brought it home and put it in a closet at the end of the hall.

Two days before Christmas from school I came home
Mother spoke to me in a sorrowful tone.
She told me a very sad truth
About our little neighbor girl by the name of Ruth
The doctor said Ruth would not live another year
That filled my heart with fear.

That night I couldn't get Ruth out of my mind
She was my friend and oh, so kind!
I hoped the doctor didn't really know the truth
About my dear sweet little Ruth.
Her mother was a widow,
And their family's money was so little.
I knew Ruth could never get a doll
And so she did not ever dream of one at all.

To me the doll would bring me happiness that would never end.
But maybe I should give it to my little friend.
That would be so hard to do.
Yet I knew
To my heart I must be true.

Christmas morning when I could see
The doll was underneath our tree
I was the happiest girl of all,
As I picked up and tightly held my little doll.

Then when I laid her down, her eyes would close
And her little cheeks were red as a rose.
I loved her almost as much as if she were maybe
A real baby.

All morning I held her on my lap.
Sometimes I'd be real quiet so my doll could take a nap.
My dream had come true
And I was happy through and through.

But at noon I told my mother the truth
I wanted to give my doll to little Ruth.
I could get a doll again someday
But Ruth would never have a doll with which to play.
At my words my mother cried
I felt oh, so good inside.

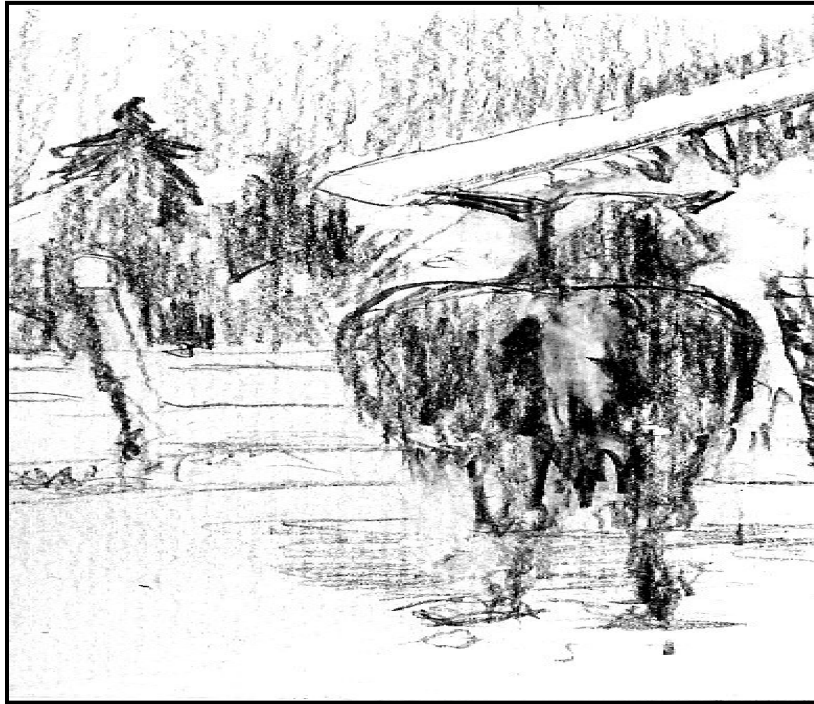
We sat in a rocking chair we three,
my mother, my doll, and me.



An hour later, across the snow covered field I walked
And climbed the wire fence where Ruth and I had so often talked.
I knocked on the door.
I could hear her walk across the floor.

I handed her my doll and our words were few,
I said with joy, "This doll is for you."
She held it tight and asked, "It's for me?"
Her voice was filled with perfect glee.

My sweet feelings caused me then to pause.
And then I said amidst my tears, "It's from Santa Clause."
"From Santa?" She asked with a look of mystery.
"Yes, last night in the snow storm he could not see.
So he left your special doll with me.



He told me he loves you best of all,
So you're to have this beautiful doll.
He asked me to bring this gift to you on Christmas day
So you and this doll can play
And have your happiest holiday.

I have never seen anyone so happy as she
The only one happier than Ruth, was me.

A boy moved into our part of the valley
His name was Jimmy Cowley.

He moved there at the summer's end
I could tell he wanted to be my friend.
At first I thought he was younger than me
I imagined he would be in about grade three.
But when school started he was in the sixth grade with me
He was so small,
Teeny tiny, not tall at all.

Because of his size the other kids made fun of him and called him names.
They wouldn't let him play marbles or other games.

But I liked him and treated him well
Because I could tell
That inside his heart he was really swell.

At school he always wanted to sit by me
And we'd talk at recess under the tree.

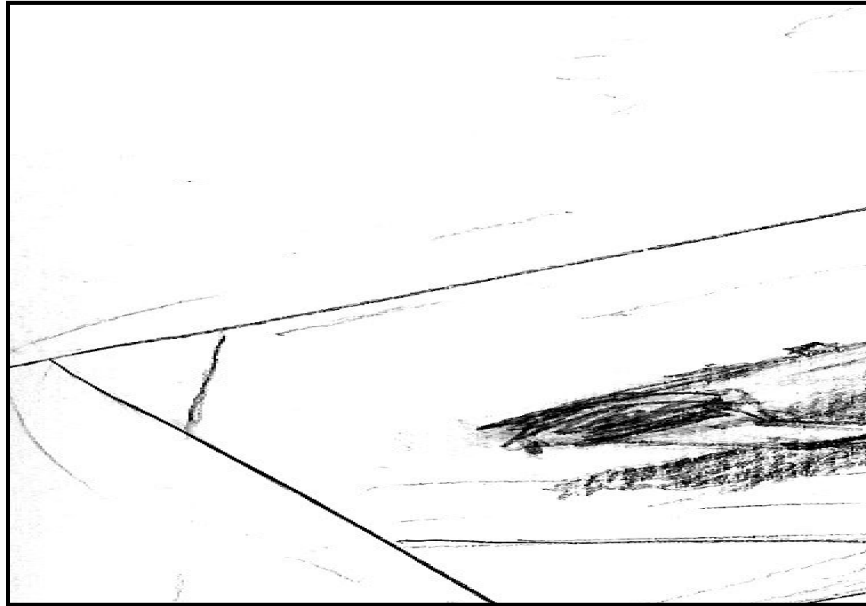


A month later he told me he was moving away
The very next day.

He sadly told me, "Goodbye,"
That's when Jimmy started to cry
He softly proclaimed that he'd miss our talks
And our after school walks.

He gave me a little gift inside a box
When he was gone I opened the lid
I'll always remember what he did.

There was a whistle made from wood.
Just seeing it there made me feel good.
He'd found the willow along Johnson Creek
Where I loved to play hide and seek
He had slipped the bark off and made a groove
And put the bark back on and made it smooth



On the way home from school I blew it proudly
I hadn't intended to blow it so loudly.
A nearby bird heard the sound and flew
My horse started to dance around
And wondered what I'd found.

I never blew it again because of its sad sound.
I made me wish that Jimmy was still around.

I just kept it in my dresser drawer,
For a year or more
Each time I saw it I would nearly cry
Why did he have to leave, oh why?
I never have forgotten dear Jimmy Cowley
My friend who came and then left my valley.

Chapter 4
I GREW TO BE MISS B

As the years went by I left behind being small
And became very tall.
Some said I was the prettiest girl of all.

I loved being a more mature Miss B
In my beautiful Cache Valley.



I loved to go to church to sing and pray
That is where I'd be every Sunday.

One snowy Sabbath morning my parents were not feeling well,
But for some reason Cyril and I felt swell.

So I told Cyril to Church we must go
Even if there was lots of snow.
So away we went,
Without even being sent.

No one else was anywhere near
The snowstorm and illness made them fear.
The door was opened so we went in
It was quieter inside than it had ever been.

Then a voice we heard
But we could not make out a word.

We walked closer and there
We saw the Bishop kneeling in prayer
When he finished he looked up and saw me.
He was startled and said, "Oh dear Miss B!
I thought you were an angel you see.
You are such a beautiful girl,
and hello to you, Cyril."

He asked, "Did you know
That church was cancelled today because of the snow?"
I was surprised and answered, "No."

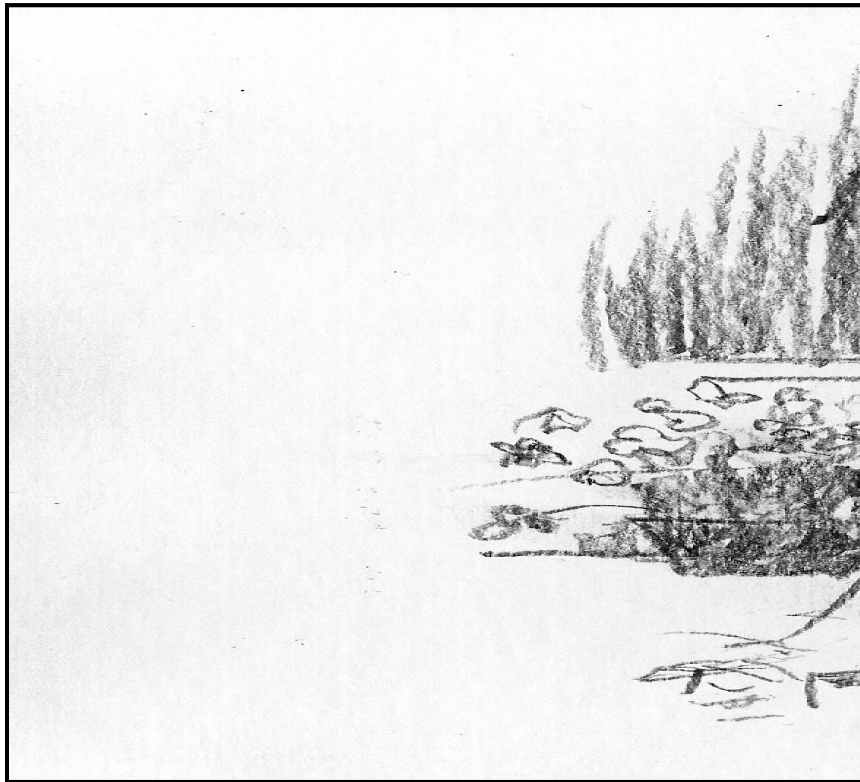
"But you have come all this way,
So let's all sing a song and pray"
Cyril hated to sing so he walked to a nearby chair
And left the Bishop and me alone there.

I had a nice voice
and the Bishop's was choice
The song sounded very good
From where I stood.

When we finished the song he asked me to pray.
At first I didn't know what to say¹

But then I did as I'd heard him do
And I asked the Lord to bless the sick folks too.
Then I added words that came into my heart
From someplace that was far apart.

When I looked up I was a bit surprised,
The bishop had tears in his eyes
A man of God he was so clearly
I told him that I loved him dearly.



He then said,
“I’m going to get some water and bread
We will remember the Savior who suffered and bled.
Of the sacrament we will partake
And sacred covenants we will make.

He broke the bread
And a prayer was said
I felt so close to the Son of God
And promised forever to hold onto the iron rod
By always remembering Him in all I do
And to His commandments, remaining true
And keeping my covenants my whole life through.

Then came the water
I was so grateful to be Heavenly Father's daughter.
I promised to always remember the blood he shed for me.
So that from my sins, I could forever be free.
When we were finished my Bishop shook my hand,
I'd never felt so happy and so grand.

He looked into my eyes and said
"Evil from us has fled,
And to goodness we are led.
So let's go home and give the sick folks there
Our most tender and loving care."

My only regret was that Cyril had not more attention paid,
And had not felt the Spirit of the Lord as we prayed.

It was cold, but somehow as I walked along the way
I felt as though it was a warm summer's day.

Chapter 5
I BECAME MRS. AND MOTHER B

I hoped I would never be
In a place other than my beautiful Cache Valley.
Sadly my childhood days were gone,
I knew I must soon be moving on.

I never thought much about romance,
But then I went to a community dance.
I saw a young man enter and come into the hall
He was the most handsome man of them all.
He was tall
And he was lean
The biggest man I'd ever seen.

He had to bend his knees and lower his shoulders a foot or more
So he would not bump his head on the top of the door.
I could look away from other guys,
But this one had blond wavy hair and deep blue eyes.

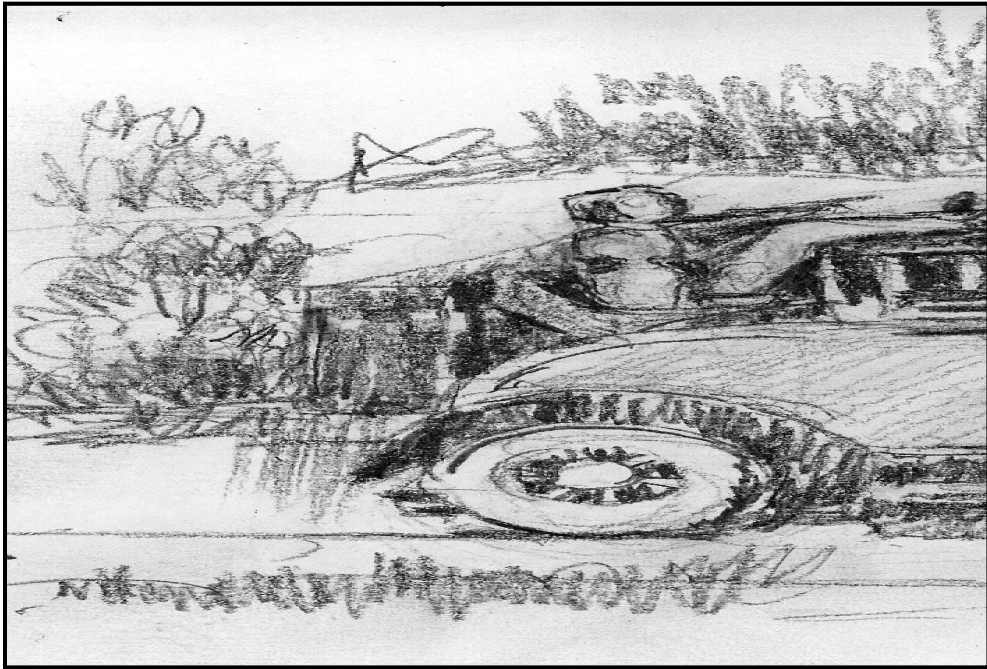
I could hear others calling him with glee,
"Over here, Over here Tiny,
Sit by me!"
Surely this giant could not be named Tiny
He looked like a knight in armor shiny.

From that moment on I was in love,
It was like lightning sent from above
And soon I could see that Tiny
Was in love with me.

All my life when I looked across Cache Valley,
It was the temple I could see.
To be married in that temple in Logan, It would seem
Had always been my girlhood dream.

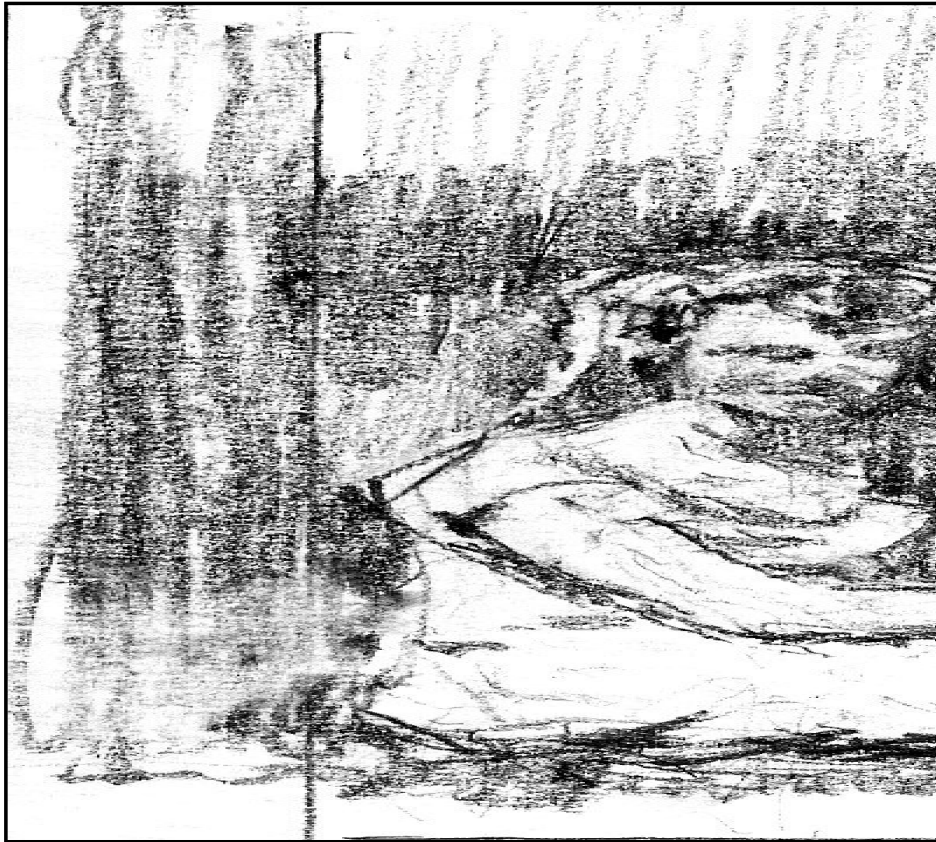
It was the most beautiful building I had ever seen;
So pure, so holy and so clean
I knew that by being married there,
We would be forever sealed by a holy prayer.

Three months later my heart soared
As I rode in the rumble seat of a Model-- A Ford.
I remember still
Going up to the temple at the top of the hill.



As we entered that holy place
I felt in my heart I could see Jesus' face
We knelt at the altar, just Tiny and me
We were married for all time, and for all eternity.

I was so happy to be married to Tiny—
I mean to Warren Kendall Burnham
My wonderful man!



After eating the last piece of our wedding cake
We left on our honeymoon to Bear Lake.

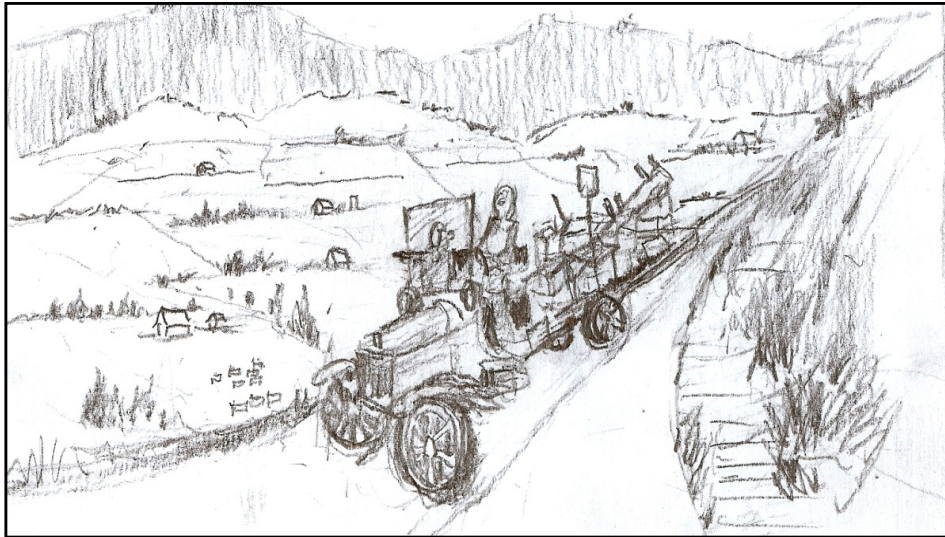
When we returned I felt self pity
For we needed to move south to Salt Lake City.

There Tiny could find work of the electricity kind.
Such good work, he was lucky to find.

As an electrical lineman his belt was filled with pliers,
He was so tall he could almost reach from the ground to the wires.
But if he could not reach up all the way, then with sharp spikes on his soles,
He climbed to the top of the long wooden poles.



The next week we loaded our few things on a truck we had borrowed,
I climbed inside the cab and my heart surely sorrowed.
We drove across the valley to the canyon road



As we rode along I sadly looked to my right.
I tried to hold back my tears with all my might
My house, horse, and dog in my heart I could see
And I imagined that there was mom and dad waving back to me.
They had tears in their eyes,
As they waved their goodbyes.
There's nothing as strong as family ties.

Then the road turned and it was almost as if the mountain moved
My emotions could no longer be soothed
My beautiful Cache Valley
I could no longer see.

Tiny reached over and held my hand
As we moved closer to our new promised land.

As the years went by
Tiny and I,
Mother B,
Had a family.

Two boys and four girls called us mom and dad
They each brought us joy and made us glad.

Many years later my beloved Tiny became very ill
The doctor tried, but then Tiny's heart was finally still
He too left for another place,
A place where everyone has a smile on their face.

I wanted to go with him because I loved him so
But I knew it was not my time to go.
I had much to do
To help my children and my grandchildren make it through.

Chapter 6
THEN I BECAME GRANDMA B

After Tiny died I got a job in a candy factory
To bring some money back to me.

I became a chocolate dipper of great renowned
The finest dipper in the entire town.

My greatest joy was the tithing that I paid
On the money that I made.
It seemed good to try my Heavenly Father to repay
For all the blessings he gave to me each day.

Of Grandchildren, I had twenty five
And they are all still alive
Each one calls me Grandma B.
And let's see
I'll call each of them by name
But my memory's failing, what a shame.
Let's see! There's Stewart and Theresa and Clark
And Matthew, Marinda and Mark
And Nate and Natalie
They are twins you see.

One of my daughter's husband died.
And I cried.
I stepped in to help them out.
To me that was what my life was all about.

On Christmas morning they didn't get much
Of toys and candy and nuts and such.

So the next day
I'd smile and say,
"Let's go to the store downtown"
That good news would take away each one's frown.

We looked in the window of the toy store.
We could see the prices were lower inside the door.
And we could buy more
Than we ever could have ever done before.



That made them happy and took away their cares
And made them feel like millionaires.

On such walks my ailing hip hurt real badly.
As I moved along I held their hands all gladly.
It was so good you see,
To be their Grandma B.

Chapter 7

AFTER I DIED I BECAME PARADISE B

I did not want to get old
But I just did so without being told.
Little sicknesses came to me
One, then two and then three
Colds and flu
And aching bones too.

I lost all the strength I once had gained.
At times my joints pained
I knew my body would soon be in a grave
But I knew the Lord my Spirit would save

Against the loss of my body there was no protection
I knew someday there would be a correction
But for that I'd just have to wait until the resurrection.

Because Jesus died on the cross
He had power to make up for our body's loss
His spirit would enter the tomb where his body lay
And the body would again be given life on Easter day.

And so it would someday be
for me.
From then on my body would be like new
All pain and suffering would be through.

I knew for that day to arrive
I had to stop being alive
I wished that that time would come in a hurry
But I didn't tell my family that or they would worry.

Finally I went to live with my daughter
She was good and kind just like I had taught her.

Every Saturday night I would watch TV.
Lawrence Welk I loved to see
Sally, my cat so dear,
Sat on my lap and purred so loud I could hardly hear.



Finally the doctor told me I needed a hospital stay
I was near to death the next day.

My children and grandchildren came to my bedside to tell me goodbye.
I told them I would be happiest if they did not cry.
To grant my wishes they really tried
But they couldn't do it and they cried.

I loved my family so
But the time came near for me to go.
I really did not want to die
So I started to cry.

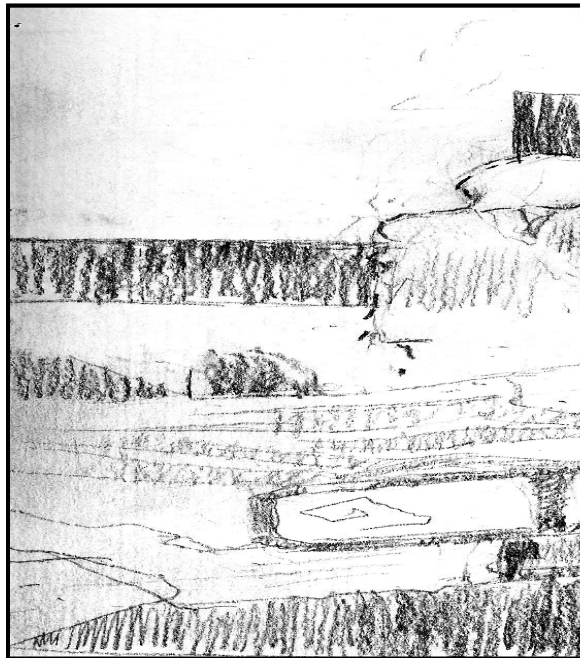
I'd soon see Tiny and that made me glad
But leaving my family made me sad.

That night I was lying in bed weak and still
A woman came in, I thought, to give me a pill.

I wondered why my daughter, who was at me side
Did not see the visitor though her eyes were opened wide.

The lady radiated a gentle light
On that holy night
Close to mine, she put her gentle face
She said, "It is time to leave for another place."

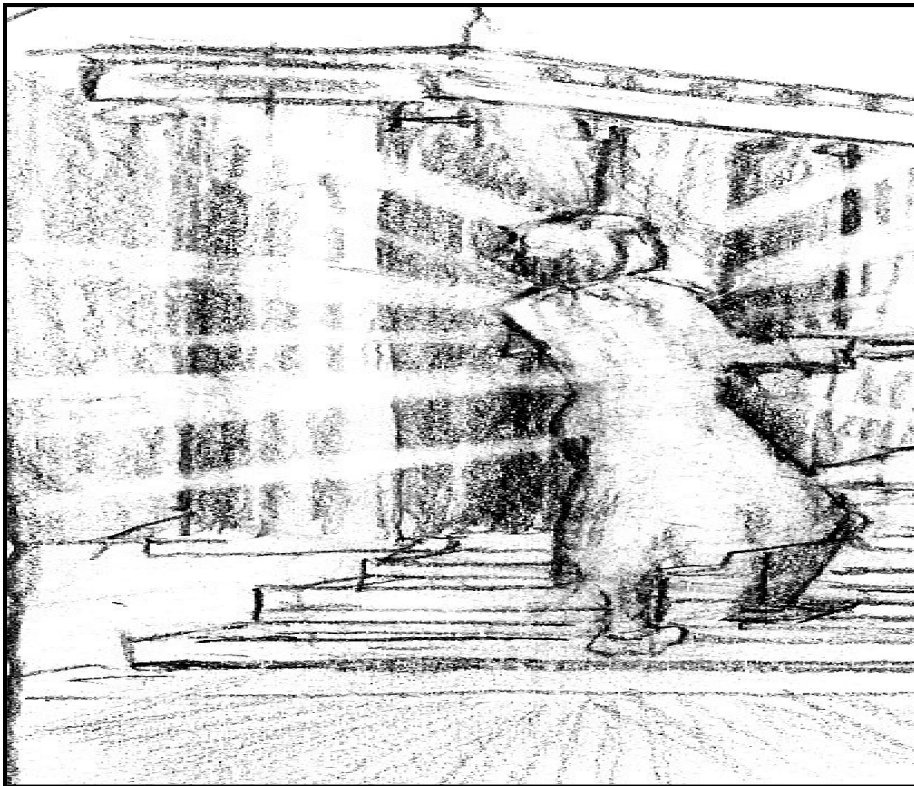
I arose and felt so young and spry
I could now move without a try.
I wondered how it could be that I was here aglow
And my body was laying there below.



Suddenly I was in a beautiful place
Everyone there had a smile on their face.
There was so much beauty everywhere
I just wanted to stop and stare.

I missed the place where I had been
But I sure did like this new place that I was in.

As I moved along I saw a small crowd
They were all cheering but it wasn't loud.



I walked closer to them and then I could see,
It was my very own family
There was my mother, my father and Cyril too.
I could see my grandparents and even some ancestors that I never really knew
The love was overwhelming,
I'd never felt such welcoming.

But the best news I save for last.
Just like it had been in the past
There was Tiny with his blue eyes and grin
With his arms wide open to welcome me in.

I had loved him first at the dance
But the love I felt for him now was far in advance.
As he held me close I looked up into his eyes
Never again would there be any goodbyes.

Tiny then told me,
“This is the best place we could ever be.”
Only one thing here can make us sad,
We miss the body we once had.

But we all know
Because Jesus told us so,
That just like Him we will one day get our bodies back
And then there will be no joy that we will lack.

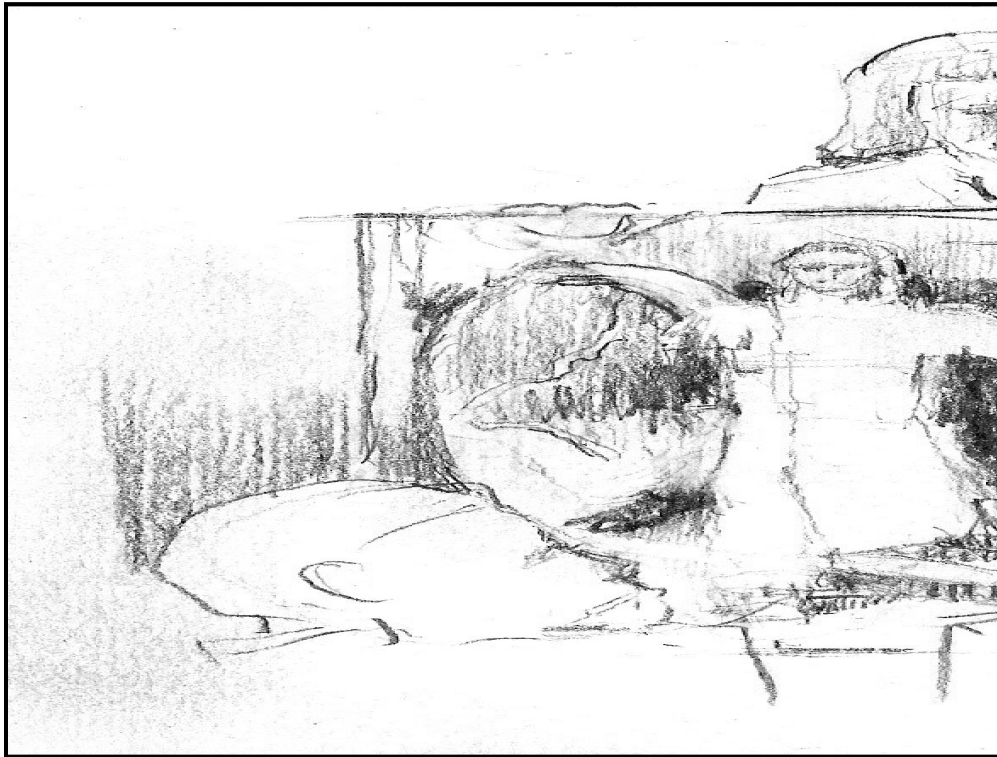
On resurrection day we will cheer
But until then, there is work for us to do here.
On earth I knew the story of Jesus really well
But here we had a new story to tell.

Jesus loved the people here
So very dear
That he came to this place
So those here could see his face.
He chose missionaries and told them to go
And teach his gospel high and low.

“Tiny is my husband,” I told everyone with pride
A church official called me aside
And said, “Tiny he used to be,
Elder Warren Burnham is who you now see
Here, he is a missionary”

Then, the official told me,
“You are no longer just called B,
Now you are Sister Beatrice Burnham, the Lord’s missionary.”

So each day Elder and Sister Burnham, that’s Tiny and me,
Go forth together to teach with care
The gospel to declare.



I wish you could all see Tiny and B
I mean Elder Burnham and me,
Teaching on the street just like the Apostle Paul,
Me so short and he so tall.
I feel we are the finest missionary couple of them all.

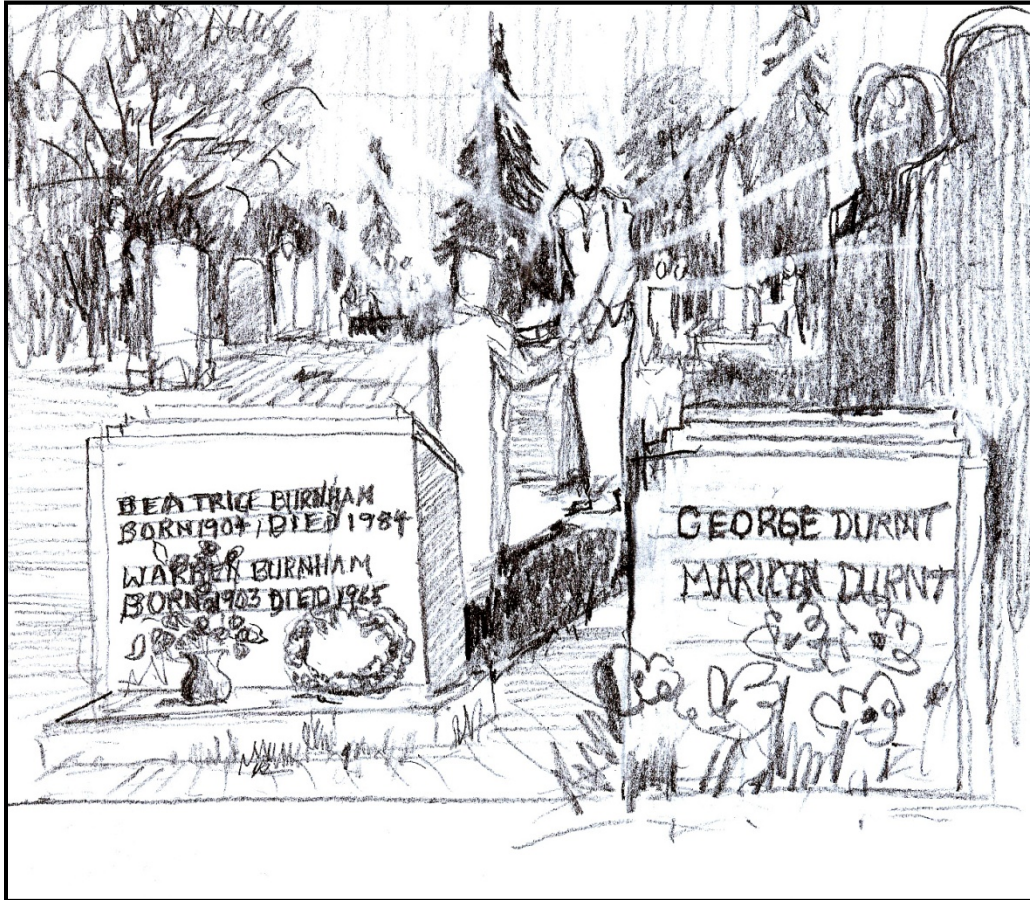
Chapter 8
I WILL BECOME RESURRECTED B

Then Jesus will come again to earth.
And give us all another Birth.



That will be the end of sickness and sadness and sin and death and strife
And we will all have a new joy filled life.

The next great time will be at the cemetery
When our bodies have our spirits found,
They will call them up out of the ground.



And our spirits will enter in and our first expression will be a grin
Because we will be the happiest we have ever been.

Chapter 9

FOR 1000 YEARS I WILL BE MILLENIAL B

Then I'll live for a thousand years
And in that time there will be no tears.

No one there will ever die
Everyone will tell the truth and never lie
Fights and wars will not cause anyone to cry.
And all food will be tasty,
And lambs and lions will live playfully.



Chapter 10
FINALLY I WILL BE CELESTIAL B

Finally all the good things that Heavenly Father and Jesus had for me to do
Will all be through
Tiny and me and our family will be in a celestial sphere
Where God and Jesus will always be near.

Of the Celestial Kingdom I could say more
It will be a place that we will all adore
And our happiness will forever soar
More and more and more.

There will be yellow bees
And colored leaves on all the trees.
And we will all live in the glorious eternities.

So you see at my funeral you will be sad



S

But by knowing this story of Heavenly Fathers Happiness Plan
You'll forever be his greatest fan.

And you will be eternally glad.



And you will be like Him and His Son
And your celestial glory will be brighter than the summer's sun.

I love you
Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost love you, too.
So let's me and you
Be true.
And forever we will see
Each other all along the path to eternity.

Sincerely,
Grandma B

