

see them come one day, as you have come, to participate in these sacred temple ordinances.

You come willingly and have been judged to be worthy. This union can be sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise.

To accept one another in the marriage covenant is a great responsibility, one that carries with it blessings without measure.

12-27-88

B E R N E C I A J A C K S O N R O G E R S - -

S H E W H O H E A R D H E A V E N L Y C H O I R S

W A S A S P E C I A L C H I L D O F G O D

"And he shall send his angels with a great sound of the trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."
-- Matthew 24:31

"And because he hath done this, my beloved brethren, have miracles ceased? Behold I say unto you, Nay; neither have angels ceased to minister unto the children of men."
-- Moroni 7:29

My maternal grandmother, Bernecia Jackson Rogers, is the great-great-grandmother of my grandchildren, and she is a very special child of God. In her teen years, she was uprooted from her comfortable surroundings in her hometown of Nephi, Utah, and became a pioneer in a frontier wilderness area where economic, climatic, and other conditions were much harsher and much more difficult to withstand. She was the daughter of Utah Mormon Pioneers who, themselves, had been born in England and had joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there, and had emigrated to America, crossing the ocean in old-time sailing vessels and crossing the North American continent in covered wagons and with handcarts.

Her family traditions and customs were quite different from those of the young man from the back hills of North Carolina whom she chose to marry for time and for all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple. That their family traditions and customs were different was actually a benefit to them in their marriage. From their union came children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and, yes, even great-great-grandchildren who have taken upon themselves the best of the two very different sets of family traditions and customs.

The man she married, my grandfather, Gervacius Wayne Rogers, was a farmer who enjoyed raising the finest crops and livestock. The unpredictability of farming, however, was always a

burden she had to share with her husband. Some years, crops and prices were good but, more often than not, the crops were not bounteous and the prices were not high in the same years, and farming on the frontier was never an enriching occupation, although it was always highly satisfying.

Her father, Samuel Jackson, Sr., was a rather well-to-do rancher who also had banking and other interests. He was of the old school and, alas, most of his estate was inherited by his three sons, to the disappointment of his five daughters. Although disappointed, she was never bitter, acknowledging her status as a female in a male-dominated world. Thus, what could have been a life-long agony of disappointment, regret, and resentment, became a life of demonstrating her love for all of the Lord's children, all the while enduring a life of near-poverty.

While giving birth, she suffered injury which crippled her the rest of her life and caused her much pain. This, coupled with the rheumatism from which she suffered, could have caused her to be a cranky, old woman. However, she was anything but that! She always had a smile and something good to say to everyone. On her grave marker are engraved the words "A Bouquet of Sunshine," and she was just that, always concerned about the happiness of others.

She was a practical joker, sometimes. My mother-in-law once told me of the time Necie, my grandmother, took their clothes while she and some of her friends were swimming in the river. They were able to get dressed only after Necie gave them their clothes back. You must understand that she was playful and not malicious.

She played a joke on me one time. I always liked to go to her home from school at lunch time and eat lunch with her. Always, there would be apple pie or some other delicious dessert made especially for me. One time, she fooled me, though. The pie I thought was pumpkin was really a carrot pie. But dear old Grandma had a pumpkin pie waiting for me in the pantry, so I wasn't disappointed for very long.

Grandma Rogers liked to work in the temple. I remember that most winters in their later years, Grandma and Grandpa Rogers would go to Arizona to spend their time in the Mesa Temple. In her autobiography, which I helped her prepare, she makes the statement that she heard the Heavenly Choirs singing in the Temple. She told me this with such great testimony that I know she did hear the Heavenly Choirs, singing music that was meant to be heard only by the faithful and the righteous.

If anyone was ever prepared to meet the Lord, it was my grandmother, Bernecia Jackson Rogers, a "Bouquet of Sunshine."