

Walter P Monson leaves his Body and saw his daughter

As recorded in the Book "life Everlasting" by Duane S. Crowther

"One evening just before Christmas while addressing an audience at the old Farmer's Ward Chapel on South State Street, I was stricken with intense pain from a strangulated hernia. That night I underwent an abdominal operation. My condition was so serious and my chances of living so slight that the doctors did not remove the afflicted section. They simply sewed up the wound, feeling that it was only a matter of a few hours at most before I would die.

Next morning when I awoke my family and others were kneeling about my bed and Bishop LeGrand Richards of the Sugarhouse Ward was praying for my recovery. At midnight I was fully awake. I heard the Christmas chimes and felt the nurse taking my pulse and temperature. Suddenly a coldness attacked my feet and hands. It move up my limbs and up my arms towards my body. I felt it reach my heart. There was a slight murmur. I gasped for breath and lapsed into unconsciousness so far as all things mortal.

Then I awoke in full possession of all my faculties in another sphere of life. I stood apart from my body and looked at it. I noticed that its eyes were partly closed and that the chin had dropped. I was now without pain, and the joy of freedom I felt and the peace of mind that came over me were the sweetest sensations I had ever experienced. I lost all sense of time and space. The law of gravitation had no hold upon me.....

As I turned my head in the direction I intended to go I saw my little daughter, Elna, who had died twenty-one years before. She was more mature than when she passed away, and was most beautiful to my eyes, so full of life, intelligence and sweetness. As she came towards me she raised her right hand and said "Go back Papa, I want Richard first. Then Grandma must come, and then Mama is coming, before you."

The next thing I knew was my body gasping for breath. I felt my heart action start and was conscious of the coldness leaving my body. All numbness left me and the natural warmth returned. I felt the nurse shaking me and heard her say, 'Mr Monson, you must not let yourself slip like that again.'"

For five weeks I remained in the hospital, gaining a little strength each day. I was administered to frequently by brothers James E Talmage, George Albert Smith, Patriarch Kirkham, and others, and my family exercised all the faith within their power in my behalf. Mrs Monson visited me every day with my son Richard. She was told by the doctor C. F. Wilcox that there was no hope for my recovery, and of course her visits were attended with deep emotion.

Many times little Richard, for he was barely six years old, took my hand and pressed it affectionately against his cheek. 'Daddy', he would say anxiously, 'you're not going to die are you?' I could not control my emotions, try as I would, but I managed to say, 'No Dick, it is not my turn'.

Four weeks after I returned home, my boy Richard passed away. During the last hours of his life he sat up in bed opened his big blue eyes, and looked toward the door with intense interest. 'Come in Elna,' he said, 'there's only papa and mama here.' I asked him whom he could see and he answered, 'Elna is here. It's funny you can't see her. And there are a whole lot of people with her who want me to come.'

He called his mother to the bed and put his arms around her neck. 'Can I go with Elna? He asked. 'Yes my dear,' she answered, 'you have suffered enough'. 'Then I'll go. And I'll be happy if you will promise not to cry once for me,' he pleaded. Mrs Monson gave him the promise he wished and left the room.

'Daddy,' he said to me, 'come here. I guess mama has gone out to cry'. He paused a moment, then turned and looked in the direction of the door and listened intently at something he evidently heard. 'Dear old daddy,' he went on at length, 'so you promised at the hospital I could go. Now I know why you cried when I said, 'You are not going to die, are you daddy?'

Three hours later his eyes closed in eternal sleep.

How he knew that I wept because I had been told by Elna that he was to go first, and that my coming back was equivalent to a promise that he might precede me to the great beyond can only be explained through knowledge given him from Elna herself, for he knew nothing of the circumstance of what I saw and heard while my spirit was separated from my body at the hospital.

Three weeks after his passing, I visited my mother Ellen Monson at Preston, Idaho. Mother had been a sufferer for many years, but her constitution was strong and the doctor had told her that she had every chance of living from ten or fifteen years. She lamented the fact that she was spared while my boy was taken. She said she had desired to die for twenty-two years. Without realizing what I said, I made her this promise: 'Mother you haven't twenty two days to suffer'. Nineteen days from that time, mother left us. And six years from the time of mother's death, Mrs Monson passed away.