



Elaine Watts

March 29, 1932 - March 27, 2015

Elaine Andrus Watts, 82, passed peacefully away at her home on Friday, March 27, 2015. She was born March 29, 1932 in Lewisville, Idaho to Newton Leslie and Zina Alberta Allen Andrus.

She attended school as a young girl in Lyman, Idaho and went to Madison High School. She attended Ricks College where she took organ lessons. She later graduated from Brigham Young University where she sang in the Acappella Choir. She married Don Eldon Watts in 1952.

She was a teacher all of her life. She loved music and started teaching piano as a teenager. She taught band in Cowley, Wyoming; Malad, Idaho and Taylor, Arizona. At the time of her death she was helping grade school kids as a "Grandmother" in Geneva Elementary School. She was also trained in the Foster Grandparent program, which she loved.

She was always reading uplifting books of all kinds. She loved nature and the farm where she grew up. She expressed that love in the many poems she wrote.

She was a deeply devoted member of the LDS Church. She loved the people she taught and worked with in Kingsport, Tennessee when she was a fulltime missionary. She later worked at the MTC helping prepare new missionaries before they left to work in their various mission fields. She wrote books for young people about Christ and His ministry.

Survived by her children; Christine Watts, Meladee Cox, Julie Ann Snell, Daniel Andrus Watts, and Gloria Dawn Muhlestein; 7 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren.

Preceded in death by parents; sister, Beth Anderson; brother, Merrill Andrus and son-in-law, Richard Cox.

Funeral Services for Elaine will be held Friday, April 3rd, at 6:00 pm, at the Suncrest 2nd

Ward, 140 North 400 West, Orem, Utah, where a Viewing will be held prior from 4:00 pm to 5:30 pm. Graveside Services will be held Saturday, April 4th, at 1:00 pm, at Sutton Cemetery in Archer, Idaho.

Funeral Directors: Utah Valley Mortuary.

Sharing a Few of My Memories of Mother, Elaine A. Watts

By Meladee Watts Cox written 3/29/15

Dear Angel Mother,

I thought it best to write these memories as though I'm writing to you, as I've often written and sent you notes and letters and cards, and it feels natural for me to do so.

First, I want to express my love and appreciation for you, and all you've done and given to bless me throughout your life. Thank you for being my dear mother and the great soul that you are and for the great example in so many ways that you've been to me. Thank you for keeping faith in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ throughout your life and for your diligence in striving to do His will, prayerfully, all of your life.

Though there have been many heartaches, challenges and trials throughout all of our lives, I write for and of you here, only the best, as I did for Dad also, who had passed away just 3 weeks ago. I'll start with some of my earliest memories. I believe I was age 4 (before kindergarten age) when you, Mother, started reading illustrated Bible stories to us children. At the time there were Chris, age 6 1/2, me, nearly age 4, and Julie, age 2 1/2. I appreciate your reading those Bible stories to us! I remember loving to hear about Jesus, and also I loved Stephen, the Christian martyr that beheld Jesus and cried out to Him as he was being stoned to death, "lay not this to their charge," much as our beloved Savior did who had said as our Exemplar while He suffered beyond our comprehension, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Both our Savior's and Stephen's forgiveness of all those who caused their excruciating suffering made a great impression upon my heart and tender spirit at a very young age. I loved hearing about all the faithful followers of our Lord in those Bible stories and their great examples as witnesses of Christ and all of those early seeds of Christ's truth and love. His devoted followers and disciples caused me to want to serve our Lord too!

In compiling some memories, I wanted to mention some of the delicious dishes and meals you made for all of us through the years. Some of my favorites were tacos (which I enjoyed fixing for our family too, in teen years!) and your "Heavenly Salad" with cream cheese and marshmallows (which Chris carries on), also lovely chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy dinners, your homemade root beer to go with Thanksgiving or Christmas dinners and your Christmas pudding with caramel sauce. I loved your hot homemade

wheat bread and egg custard you made. It was always important to you all through the years that we children were at home to have a nice Sunday dinner with our best plates and dishes – usually pot roast, mashed potatoes and gravy or chicken or meatloaf or fish, at times. All of us helped set the table and do some food preparation - often including a simple dessert such as graham cracker pudding or cake - and we all helped clean up also. I recall your making fudge or other candies on Sundays, when us kids were very young as a special treat and also, many times, some popcorn as we watched the Walt Disney hour together (back then TV was still very new!)

All throughout my childhood and teen years you taught piano lessons at home. In the evenings when we were all in bed, at times you'd play a piano concerto or soothing piece such as the "Moonlight Sonata." Playing them was a solace to you and a personal "concert" for us kids. Your piano accompaniment for Dad to sing, whether at church or socials, concerts, etc. was always superb.

I go to an experience that both you, mother, and I cherish, that happened in 1968 just about a year before you and Dad divorced (1969). We were living under the "Y" mountain which BYU students would whitewash and light up with torches and when they'd return off the mountain the next morning they were tired and thirsty. I remember that Julie, Dan and I would enjoy giving the thirsty students water from our hose and trying to sell them lemonade too! Now back to the special spiritual experience that you, Mother, and I treasured, when Danny was just about 3 1/2 years old at that same house and I was 11 1/2 and Julie was about 10 1/2. There was an irrigation canal that at times ran very swiftly about a half block or so up from our house toward the foot of the Y mountain. The canal went under the street we lived on. It ran across the road to the other side of the street and ran from there through a large apple orchard. Danny got excited when he heard and saw the rushing waters coming from one side of the street to the other and thought a large cylinder that swirled and churned some in the deepest place and then it would rush on through the orchard. Danny broke free of my hand, and ran toward the canal, despite my fervent calls for him to "Stop!" because I knew that it was dangerous for him to be so close to the canal – and the deepest churning part of it too! Though I quickly ran the few paces to grab and pull him away from it, he'd already fallen into it. The churning in that deepest part of it was a mercy in a way because it gave me a second to lay down on my stomach and try to reach him as I was calling to Julie just behind me to hold onto my feet to keep me from sliding in! Thanks to Heavenly Father, I was able to grab onto just the tail end of Danny's T-shirt. The reach of my 11 1/2 year old arms couldn't extend any further to him and I kept calling to him "Danny, keep your head up!!!" because I knew that even though I had hold the end of his shirt, he could drown in the position he was in (head down). I hadn't the strength to pull him up out of the canal, and I knew I couldn't swim well enough to save either one of us! Between calls to both Julie and Danny, I kept looking up and down the street for help with quick turns of my head. Not one of our neighbors across the

street were aware of our desperate need for help. No one was around. I called out, loudly, looking heavenward and praying in desperation, "Heavenly Father, I know you are a God of miracles. You can do anything! I'm not going to let go of my brother, but my arm is trembling, and I know I won't be able to hold on to him much longer! I need you to send someone to help us now! It could be anyone! It could even be an Angel!" No sooner had I prayed this, than I caught sight of a "man" calmly walking up the street toward us, and I called out to him, "Please, oh please hurry!" But he kept the same steady pace until he reached us and with one, easy fell swoop, he reached down and set poor Dan, who was still sputtering onto dry ground. Julie, Dan and I all stood there together. We had all been traumatized. I had my hand on Danny's shoulder. As we stood there I was getting a much closer look at this personage that saved my little brother and me (as it would have destroyed me for life had I let go of Danny and watched him carried by the rapid current to drown). The "man" who pulled Danny out was dressed in what looked to me like "traveler's clothes" - those are the words that came to mind - and I noticed as he stood there talking to us that his skin, eyes and hair, everything about him seemed "perfect." He had black curly hair, (not longer than to his neck) and was probably close to 6 feet tall or more, and of medium build. I'd never gazed upon a person or personage that looked so "perfect." As he was asking us where we lived, I had the distinct feeling that he already knew. I had the same feeling as he asked our names. I'm sure he was just helping us get our bearings again before we walked back home – just about a half block away or less. He patted Danny's head in a soothing way. I was looking up into this "man's" eyes as he asked the questions and I answered them. I had a great desire to know who he was, and I was about to ask him, when he said to me, "Go home and tell your mother." I then took Julie's and Danny's hands and started to go across the street toward our house when I suddenly realized I hadn't thanked him who had come and saved us yet! I quickly told Julie and Danny to continue on home and that I was going to catch up with him and thank him which was all-important in my heart and mind in that instant. Before we started across the street I had seen the man go further east, up toward the direction of the mountains, but when I turned to run and catch up with him, which had just been a moment or two later, he was nowhere to be seen. He went as quickly as he had appeared! When Julie, Danny and I got home, I did tell you what happened, Mother, and you knew also that the "man" that saved us was an angel sent from God, and you said that you would take it that our family would be watched over with the changes that were coming (divorce). I cherish the Lord's love and care and miracles in my life and in the lives of each member of our family throughout the years.

Now, for more memories of you. I remember when I was 4 1/2 or so, that you and I were in a ward fashion show together. I remember you taking us to shows and giving each of us a few nickels to spend - back then nickels could buy a lot of "penny candy." For awhile it was

just us three girls: Chris, Julie and I in Idaho. I remember us seeing “Mary Poppins” and “The Sound of Music” when we were little girls and “Thomasina,” “Peter Pan,” “Dumbo” and “Bambi.” You saw that we had the records from the movies “Mary Poppins,” “Sound of Music” and “Peter Pan” and story records “Peter and the Wolf,” the Little Engine (train) That Could” and more. Later on when Danny and Gloria were little children (no longer just us 3 girls) we all went to shows at BYU when you were part of the music faculty there for a few years. You were able to take us there for the best kinds of movies on your faculty discount card which us kids looked forward to often.

I always got somewhat shy when singing in the sister group that Chris, Julie and I did several times, not only for church parties but for banquets and for some of your recitals and more. We wore pretty trio dresses when singing – pink striped material with lace on the sleeves – that you had a neighbor who was a seamstress make for us. One of my favorite times of us singing together as a trio was at an outdoor fund-raising banquet for church buildings – they did that in Idaho, at least, back then. I was about age 6, Julie nearly 5, Chris age 8 1/2. It was very festive and there were a lot of people preparing food to be served beforehand and decorating tables with colors red, white and blue (it must have been near the 4th of July). Dad wore a hat with a red, white and blue stripe band on it as he sang with other men that night in a barbershop quartet. They crooned barbershop harmonies in such numbers as Sweet Adeline and more. Also I remember thinking how pretty you looked, Mother, as you played for us girls and other people too. We girls sang “Boop, Boop, Didem Dadum Wawdum Chew!” with some hand motions depicting the story. That’s one of my happiest memories of family music because everyone seemed happy to me!

Another really special music experience was being able to sing with Chris a duet version of “How Lovely Was the Morning.” You taught me, Mother, to sing the harmony (second soprano) to that beautiful hymn and Chris sang soprano. I was about 7 1/2 and Chris was about 10 years of age. We learned it to be part of a record that was distributed church wide many years ago called “The Articles of Faith.” Though I was somewhat nervous and a little shy, I did enjoy the process of recording it but was also glad when it was over! Thank you, Mother, for teaching me the harmony on that song and others. I’ve always loved harmonizing (2nd soprano) with good sopranos!

During that same year we lived in Arizona. You, Mother, were really having a hard time with your health from Danny’s birth in Idaho (just a while before we moved) combined with the severe temperature change. I worried a lot about you, both then and during your pregnancy with Gloria and after she was born (later in Utah). You were run down and not feeling well in Arizona. I’m so very grateful that the Beebes who lived across the street from us then came each morning with fresh carrot juice for you and health promoting “seed milk” made fresh in their Champion juicer to give the most nutrients. You were also taught that you could give fresh carrot juice and seed milk to little Danny (at the time just 1

1/2 years old or less) and it corrected one of his eyes that had been a problem – another miracle. You went on through the years to come to always study and incorporate more health foods and supplements which helped you and all of us greatly. I always did feel protective of you concerning your health and well-being, and it was good to see you feeling better in the years after the Beebee Angels had helped you, back in Arizona. Our family moved nearly every year of my life up to 12 years of age. We moved to Pleasant Grove, Utah after the year we were in Arizona, and after one year in Pleasant Grove we moved to Provo, Utah, and after 2 years – the longest we stayed in one place – we moved to another home in Provo from 1969 (divorce) on up through 1976. Then you, Mother, moved (Julie, Dan and Gloria with you) to Cowley, Wyoming to teach school. I stayed here in Provo, and went to Technical College and worked. Chris was on her mission to Bolivia. Cowley, Wyoming was such a small town that you'd blink and miss it, but they needed the great music teacher you were there and Julie loved her senior year there. I knew in my heart you were all happy there and that made me happy as I thought of you.

Back now, to our home we stayed in several years in Provo. You liked to take long brisk walks. I remember you telling me to get my coat on and take walks with you even in the coldest, snowiest weather. You always liked to bat softballs and run when we went on some picnics (Memorial Days) and later enjoyed playing softball and basketball with grandchildren through the years.

I loved hearing you laugh at times back through my growing up years, but I often wished from before I was school age on up that things were easier for you and that I could see you smile more. I remember from age 3 on up I tried to cheer you. I would put my open arms up to you, reaching to give you a hug. I recall getting up on a table bench (age 3 – 4) and taking your face in my hands, looking into your eyes and kissing you on the cheeks, saying, "Don't cry, Mommy. I love you." When I learned to write, I would make you little "love notes" to try to cheer you with drawings of butterflies, hearts and more through my grade school years. After the divorce, in junior high years and high school you needed someone to talk to and you would talk to me often about the concerns, worries, fears and sorrows you had. I always hoped that my listening and sympathizing could help you, Mother - help ease your burdens. You know that I've always felt empathy for you and also, in so many ways, great admiration and appreciation for you. I remember often trying to help build your confidence and affirm you and your great qualities and your faith in our Lord. I always wished that things I'd said to cheer and strengthen you, could somehow make a difference for good, and I tried to keep my fears and concerns about things to myself and prayed always to be a "good girl" so I wouldn't cause your burdens to be heavier in any way. All of us, your children, tried to be good kids and help do our part at home and in the family. Thank you with all my heart for the courage and fortitude you showed through trying to raise the 5 of us alone, but never really alone with the Lord's

help. He gave us all so many tender mercies and miracles through all trials and challenges.

Thank you for the times you helped me get better when I had 2 pneumonias as a young and then older teenager (so bad that I was coughing up blood). I remember your bringing me lots of water and fruit juices until the worst was over and how good your tapioca pudding tasted after a 2-3 weeks when I had started getting better and how good just your mashed potatoes and butter and cooked carrots tasted when I was recovering.

I remember how (most of the time) you'd make your own baby food for Dan and then Gloria – mashing bananas and potatoes, squash and other vegetables. We all helped in taking care of Dan and Gloria and when you were selling insurance for just a few years for New York Life and needed to go to meetings in SLC in the mornings. On weekdays, Julie and I would take Gloria in her stroller to a sister in the ward who would baby sit her and then we'd walk on to grade school together. All of us children tried to be quiet and do household chores and help take care of the things that needed to be done while you were so busy trying to provide our family's living expenses and needs after your divorce from Dad, 1969.

I admire and appreciate all that you strove to do, through very trying times of trial, both with your health and bravely trying to provide the necessities of our family of five children. I recall how very ill you were during a health crisis after the divorce which lasted several months. I was extremely frightened and worried about you. I was the one you felt should sleep beside your bed which we placed in the front room for you to avoid drafts. I slept on a mat on the carpeted floor almost every night. You would tap me with a yardstick until I awakened, and I'd change your bed sheets which were soaked with your sweat, 3 to 4 times a night for a few months. I was just 12 1/2 years old then, but I knew that you were in a very serious way, and I would read to you, from books you wanted me to (usually Pearl S. Buck novels and poetry by a church author) and brush your hair a lot as you lay there in bed which was very soothing to you. I'd change your bedpans and massage your feet and legs and put cold wash rags on your forehead and say to you every day and night "Don't worry, Mother, everything will be alright. You'll get better! The Lord loves you!" You felt so bad and were so ill and weak that you would often moan, which wrenched my heart for you.

I missed several weeks of my first year in junior high school trying to watch over you and tend little Gloria. I recall you being so near death at one point that you told me that "when" you died not "if" that you wanted me and Gloria to go live with Uncle Hyrum and Aunt Helen Mae and Chris would go live with Aunt Nyal and Uncle Burdell and Julie and Danny would go live with Dad. I always adored little Gloria and was aware at my young age then of having maternal feelings toward her, thinking I may be somewhat of a "mother" to her if you died, Mother. A doctor was coming to see you at the house regularly and I had some

hope you would eventually get better. This trial was so traumatic to me, with so many worries and fears that I was drawing pictures of us slumping down in death together. The doctor who was coming in to see you (as you were determined not to go to a hospital), looked at me more closely on one of those visits to you, and he said to you, Mother, with grave concern, "If you don't get better Elaine, your daughter here is going to have a breakdown right along with you."

It was after that particular doctor visit that you had Chris call the Lanes, a dear couple who knew a lot about healing methods and were compassionate to us beyond words to describe! They took both you, Mother, and I into their home and took care of both of us, until you were well enough at least to come home to our house. I remember their loving care for you and both of us. They were our Angels of mercy. I credit them and am grateful with all of my heart, forever, for helping you to be able to gain strength enough, with loving support and encouragement to go forward from there, which you courageously did. I want to mention here that while you, Mother, and I were at the Lane's home that Uncle Hyrum and Aunt Helen Mae took little Gloria into their home for a few months until we could return home again. They were also Angels of mercy in their care of Gloria so that Chris and Julie and Dan had less to handle trying to keep up school and home at their young ages also.

Our Heavenly Father and Savior and many Angels of mercy and in heaven and on earth got us all through every trial we went through. Many miracles blessed and sustained each and everyone of us in a myriad of ways.

I'm grateful for the special times that you and I, Mother, had in going to the temple together, mostly to the Provo and Mount Timpanogas temples, and once to the SLC temple also. Afterward, we took pictures of each other on the beautiful temple grounds and then ate together at Chuck-a-rama, which was always one of your favorite restaurants. I think it's so wonderful that this past year (2014 – 2015) or so, you and Aunt Nyal were able to attend the temple together many times. You and I, Mother, have also gone to shows and concerts together, and many canyon rides together too, and at times I included you in "date night" dinners and canyon picnics with my husband Richard.

I wanted to mention a special experience with music before I start to close. I remember in the late 1990s or early 2000s that you, Chris, Julie and I were able to record together arrangements of some beautiful songs (some of yours and some by other people) which I really enjoyed us being able to do. Gloria lived in Idaho at the time and Dan lived in California. It was shortly after we'd done that when a huge thunderstorm came at night and had awakened me out of my sleep. My husband, Richard, was working the night shift at that time, and when I'd been awakened to the severe storm, I was frightened but the songs we'd recorded in the studio together started playing in my head in their fullness and I was comforted through them and prayer and protection of my Lord and the Holy Spirit. I am sorry you are gone, dear mother, but much of the comfort I have is your faithfulness

to our Lord to the end, and I know you are with him and His Angels and the hosts of heaven! It's a comfort to think of you reunited with many dear family members and friends gone before! I know your understanding has further increased and that you are happy and joyful there "having finished the course" as the Apostle Paul said, and having "kept the faith." I know you are free of pain, and sorrows, toil of this earth life and its many trials, and I am so very happy for you and the crown of righteousness and faithfulness you will enjoy forever in our Lord's kingdom. You're probably doing wonderful continued missionary work and having even far more exceeding joy in serving and missionary work and in your music than ever before with joys expanding continually!

I'm so very grateful for you and the special talk we had many, many years ago in which you talked about "The Pearl" and patience when I really needed to hear that. It helped me to go forward in a very dark and heavy time of trial in my life, mostly because of the love and concern and empathy I felt at that time from you in that conversation we had. God bless you for that, dear Mother, and all of the Bible stories as a child and all of the good things you've shared and done and given.

I was so sad when you had to be in the hospital this past week for a few days. I'm so glad that you were able to come back home to your comfortable condo in Orem and that so many were able to come and see you and that Angalee, Chris, Julie and Gloria were able to take shifts to help you there at home. I so much wanted to be able to take my turn and stay with you too, but I'm so glad that you were aware of my being in the middle of a move, from the home my husband and I had lived in together for 24 years when he'd passed away last April, 2014. Having to move from my home and beloved ward family too, where I'd been blessed to have the most happiness and joy in my life to a small apartment now. I'm so very grateful for the loving, concerned prayers and fastings you've done for me, Mother, this past year of sorrows and many adjustments for me, and a year with so much uncertainty and anxieties, knowing I would have to leave the home our Lord had led Richard and I to many years ago. I've relied upon our Savior Jesus Christ more than ever before and I testify that He has been with me every step of the way and I know He will continue to be with me in this move which I am in the midst of now, even as I write these pages of memories.

I'm so very grateful for all the loving help and answered prayers I've been given from Heavenly Father through so many kind and loving Angels of mercy! My Angel-sister Chris has been with me, helping me every step of the way. I'm still trying to come out of the worst health crisis of my life so far (completely homebound for 5 years with illness and agonizing pain, afflicted physically in every way). I'm so, so very grateful for every inch of progress through these past several years and for everyone who has blessed and helped so greatly with such Christ-like love. Every encouragement and kindness in word and deed has blessed me more than I can express fully, and again, I'm so very grateful for all the prayers you've said for me, mother. I'm grateful for all other ways you tried to be of

help when all the while I wished that I could have been more help to you! For many years when you lived in different homes both in Orem and Provo, I was able to come and visit you nearly every Sunday. It's grieved me many times, these past 5 1/2 - 6 years that I have not been able to do a fraction of what I once used to, here in my ward family and with and for others, including you my dear mother! I am grateful that the Lord had enabled me to continue to send my love to you by sending Sunday dinners for you, delivered by my husband, though I wasn't able to come see you personally as I had in the past, throughout the years. I was able to continue sending you my love and concern for you in notes and handmade cards with each meal and often additional letters during the weeks even through the worst of my health challenges, and my heart's desire has always been to help you feel my love and that you were cherished and appreciated all throughout your life.

I thank our Heavenly Father that when you were here, (back from the hospital and on hospice in your home just a few days ago) that my prayerful desires to see you and bring you lunch and an early birthday card and gift were answered (between having to get all packed and moved out this weekend and done completely by April 1st). I'm so grateful that at the time I was able to come (Chris brought me) you were very lucid – very aware of everything and that you and I, dear Mother, were able to hold hands and visit with each other. You asked about my move to the apartment and how it was going. I thanked you for your prayers and expressed my love and concerns for you. I told you that I knew of this health trial you were going through and that its effects were so very hard on you! We were looking in each other's eyes as we spoke in our conversation, and I felt our mother-daughter connection very strong and was grateful! It made me happy that you enjoyed the soup and that you had smiled in seeing the red rose in a vase that had a cute teddy bear attached to it that I was able to bring to cheer you. Angalee (grand-daughter) had been staying with you then and the hospice nurse happened to come while Chris and I were there. Through the nurse's conversation and instructions, I realized more fully every moment, just how incapacitated you were going to be from here on – completely helpless and homebound. I thought to myself that it would be torture to you, Mother, to have to go on this way and especially if you remained aware of it. You would really suffer, especially with how active and involved in many wonderful things you had been used to being, even in your older years. I was so very sorry that you were going through all of this, and so suddenly too! Though you had remained lucid through all of your conversations with the nurse, Angalee, Chris and I there in your front room, you were very tired afterward and wanted to have a nap. When we got you in bed, I leaned over and kissed and hugged you expressing love for you. We all did and then let you sleep. Chris and I had to leave. I needed to keep packing to move and do some cleaning at the new apartment before I could move into it. Chris helped me and then went back that night (Thursday, the 26th) to

stay over night with you, Mother. She said it had been a hard night and that you had actually fallen out of bed at one point. It was apparent that you were very uncomfortable, and my heart ached for you when I heard all that had happened that night! Julie had been able to stay with you for several hours too (Friday afternoon), and Gloria came from Idaho to stay over night with you on Friday night the 27th – the night you went home to be with our Lord, your Savior who loves you beyond measure!

About 10 minutes before Gloria called me with the news of your death that night, Mother, you and I had been conversing with each other privately, spirit to spirit. I felt no shock or surprise when Gloria told me of your passing. It felt very natural to me that it was your time, Mother, but we will all miss having you here with us! It's wonderful that Gloria (your baby) was able to be here from Idaho with you when you made the transition home, and I expressed that to her as we spoke on the phone about it that I was so grateful that she had been there. I'm so grateful that she had been there with you, to see you through your last breath, Mother.

Dan and Vanusa called me and said that they had planned to come stay with you at least a couple of weeks and were talking about possibly living with you to take care of you. Dan felt so very bad about not being able to be there sooner! He was broken-hearted that you had gone so quickly from the time you were in the hospital, just a few days earlier, but I told him in our conversation the night she died, that I knew that you were so very aware of all his and Vanusa's loving and noble desires to be there and help you, and I knew with all my heart that you wanted him not to feel bad, but to be comforted in knowing that you knew Mother, all he desired to do! (Indeed, they were planning to be on a plane from California the next day to begin helping you).

We all love you, so very deeply, dear Mother! We are sad that you are gone from here, but we are so glad to know where you are – with the Lord and loved ones and cherished friends and so many you have blessed and influenced for good throughout your life also! Your dear Angel-neighbor Patty had been a great comfort and cheer to you for a long time! She'd come next door to visit you (you lived side by side), and you had many fun and deep and comforting conversations together as friends and neighbors and often watched movies on DVD together and had popcorn. We're all grateful that you had such a good neighbor and dear friend in Patty! She was so kind to us in being there as a loving support to us as we planned your funeral services together on Saturday the 28th, invited by her to do our planning in her home, serving us cookies she'd made and typing our plans up for us, giving each of us a copy. Everything she said and did was pure Christ-like love. Dan was able to take part in the planning too; we were able to conference him in on the phone. I know, Mother, that you were there with us too, and that you were happy with the plans. Well, I've been writing all of these things to and about you since about noon on Sunday the 29th (Palm Sunday on the calendar) and your birthday. It's now nearly 3:30 a.m., Monday the 30th. I give you this letter from my heart to you, and I'm so grateful that

Heavenly Father helped me to be able to have time Sunday to take a break in my moving, to try to rest and to have this time to write to you one last letter. My Lord helped me to write this, in honor of you and deep love and gratitude for you. I just opened my Book of Mormon and thumbed through it, wanting a scripture to close with and my eyes fell on this passage from 3 Nephi Chapter 3 verse 16: "Therefore, let your light so shine before this people that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven," and it felt perfect. Thank you dear Mother, for shining with our Lord's light and love and thus, glorifying your Father in Heaven. I love you!

Love forever,

Meladee

Cemetery

Events

Sutton Cemetery

Archer, ID,

APR 3 **Viewing** 04:00PM - 05:30PM

Suncrest 2nd Ward

140 North 400 West, Orem, UT, US

APR 3 **Funeral Service**06:00PM - 07:00PM

Suncrest 2nd Ward

140 North 400 West, Orem, UT, US

APR 4 **Graveside Service**01:00AM - 02:00PM

Sutton Cemetery

Archer, ID, US

Comments



“ What a wonderful piano teacher Sister Watts was to me during my high school years when we both lived in the Provo 22nd Ward. She helped me develop my skills and appreciation of music, and encouraged me to hold a solo senior piano recital which was challenging and rewarding. I still have, and play, the music she helped me to learn when I was her student. I'm sure her family will miss her a lot and my condolences go to them.

Tammy Compton Hauge - April 20, 2015 at 12:05 PM



“ Elaine substitute taught at Pleasant Grove Jr. High school where I worked. She came readily and did all she could to make her classes as educational and interesting as possible. I could sense she had great knowledge of music...and of life! She became a dear friend and I was inspired by her willingness to contribute wherever she was, even though she was older. I thought many times, "This is how people should be!" My condolences to you.

Bonnie Marie Armitstead - April 02, 2015 at 02:55 PM



“ I loved having Elaine in Primary - she and I did the music for the kids and I could tell she loved playing the music for those kids! I am also thankful I got to visit with her as well! She will be missed by everyone who got to know her!

Lacy Walter - April 02, 2015 at 10:01 AM



“ Elaine and I met in 2002 near Glacier National Park in Montana where we were both vacationing. I was 12 years old and staying with my family at a beautiful rustic lodge. It had a spacious lobby with vaulted ceilings, a massive fireplace, and a piano in the corner. As I was playing the piano, Elaine introduced herself and offered words of encouragement and guidance. A piano teacher at heart, she taught me a duet and we played it for bystanders. It was a blessed encounter, one of those special moments in life where compassion overwhelms the fabricated barrier between strangers. Elaine got my address and wrote me a letter when I returned home to Maryland.

One reply led to another and we became old-fashioned pen pals. We exchanged a few letters per year for the past 13 years. A lot happens in a decade. We sealed the ups and downs of our lives with a stamp. Elaine believed that a phrase in music is like a sentence in a paragraph. With all of our sentences and paragraphs, surely we created a symphony.

Elaine lived an admirable life and enjoyed every note along the way. I send my absolute best to each member of her extended family. Thank you for making her proud. I remember the duet she taught me in Montana to this day. In commemoration of her life, I will play it with a heavy heart this weekend. One day, I too will pass it on.



Travis - April 02, 2015 at 06:36 AM