

When I was six or seven, I had remarkable dream. In the dream I was just waking up in the bottom bed of the bunk beds in my oldest brother McCune's and my room, but I was an adult. As I lay there awake I felt something was very different. I got up and discovered that I was now resurrected. My body felt wonderful. There was something left in the bed from the change; I disposed of it and went downstairs. I knew this was the last time I would be with my family, and wanted them to know how much I loved them. I went into the kitchen where my wife was cooking and several of my children were eating. I began to chat and joke with the children. After some good laughs, I began to express my love to them. My wife could now see something was different about me. The children followed me into the living room where I seriously but caringly encouraged them to seek righteousness and to love each other. The more I expressed my love to them the more I found myself growing brighter and floating off the floor. The dream ended as I expressed again how I dearly I loved them and then passed through the ceiling carried up by the love I felt. Because of this I have always anticipated death rather than feared it.