

Some words expressed by Scott Johansen at her funeral.

Myrleen loved poetry, See's chocolate, Strawberry Shortcake.

She served two missions. One to Anchorage, Alaska and the second mission was to Nauvoo, Illinois. She is known for her good cooking.

She would say, "You're never too old to look classy", and "Never driving faster than your guardian angel can fly."

Ray started working in the coal mines at age 16. Myrleen; no muscle tone, see it would have messed up her hair.

Missionaries are hard for old people, to leave the grandchildren. Eternally grateful for the privilege of rearing children around their grandparents; I can't express how important it is. It's like three sets of parents.

Worth of a person; contributes that person makes to others.

From Booklet, The Masters Touch, 1984  
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Let Me Live

Each day is so precious to me it seems  
As pending old age comes and on me leans  
I try hard to fill each day of my life  
With the good I pick from this world of strife,  
When the sun shines bright and a new day is born  
It is easy to get up and greet the morn.  
Then go excitedly about the day  
And to fill each moment with work and play  
Happy thoughts fill my mind---  
And beauty in others I can always find.  
Life is beautiful, please extend it more---  
Just let me live til I'm eighty-four.

Myrleen Sitterud

The Grandma I Never Met

I wish that I had known her, but I didn't here on earth,  
But yet I know we were together in heaven before my birth.  
I can't remember the things we did, or the sound of her voice  
So dear,  
But I know I have a special bond with a Grandma so sincere.  
If she were here on earth today I know what we would do,  
We'd tell of our dream and wishes and exchange some "I LOVE  
I feel as if I know her and that we've sat and talked  
But yet I know that only in God's presence we have walked.

Julie Watson

A Few Minutes with Grandma

We stopped to say hello and to brighten up her day  
We didn't have much time for we had to be on our way.  
We knew that she'd be all alone and would enjoy a friendly  
For all day long she sits and watches everyone drive past.  
It doesn't take very much to make our Grandma glad,  
Just stop and visit for just a minute and she'll never again  
A grandchild and great-grandchild taking the time to care  
The memories all three will have are very, very rare.  
Grandma's are very special and it's not hard to make them  
The time we spend with Grandma will sure be spent worthwile

Julie Watson

I ventured to church, and a small boy asked  
"Sister, have you been scalped?"  
This coming from a seven year old, never hurted my ego out.  
A friend gave me a scalp treatment.  
And a gallon of conditioner brought.  
Everyone referred round to help  
Even profession & advice I sought.

I was assured there was two weeks difference  
In a hair cut that was good or bad.  
They tried to boost my spirits some  
So I wouldn't feel so sad.  
In just a few days, I amazingly found,  
A "Gave o' Fresh Shadoo", had found on my stall  
Hobby- got the flashlight, right now!  
I'll sell you, out Edge's never dull.

The light shined on the re-growth  
That was forming on my head  
All will be well, in another few months  
Were the reassuring words they said.  
An attractive wig, I thought I would buy  
Until the price on the tag, I saw  
I will have to be satisfied with how I look.  
Against high prices, there should be a law.

I have brushed massaged, conditioned, my scalp  
Even pulled my short, short, hair.  
There's nothing else I can do myself  
But pretend I just don't care--  
If you're in the land of the Midnight Sun--  
Remember the stores you've been told--  
You too, will find out, if ever you're scalped.  
A few tresses of hair is worth a ton of gold.

Mynleen Sitterud

At the M.T.C.

I lay in my bed, just thinking  
Of the many things I had to do  
I raised on my elbows and looked at the clock  
It was nearly half past two  
I wondered why sleep had escaped me  
For tomorrow, I would so tired be  
I found myself uttering a humble prayer  
As I knelt down on bended knee.  
But my eyes glanced up at my window  
And my breath was taken away  
As I noticed the temples golden spires  
For a moment, how I wished I could stay  
And feel of God's special spirit  
As it rested here with me this night.  
For a touch of eternity my whole soul felt  
As I beheld this heavenly sight  
The clouds were drifting in snowy white puffs.  
As the air currents moved them by  
Then rested in back of the Temple spires  
And both pointed up to the sky.  
How I wished I could sit on those billowy clouds  
As up towards Heaven they go  
And get a glimpse of my Father above  
Then to him my gratitude show  
For the many things I've learned of Him  
While we've labored so diligently here  
And be so in tune with his spirit  
That his presence I could always feel near.

Myrleen Sitterud

## My Mission

What is my mission here on earth  
Oh! Lord, please tell me now  
I want to do what's expected of me  
So, Lord, just tell me how.  
When I think of the joys I've had on this earth  
I think of the Mother that gave me birth  
She must have told me stories then,  
Of the love she had for Thee.  
When I was but a small, small child  
And sitting on her knee  
She told me of your love for me  
And assured me of assistance divine  
How you would love and watch over me  
For I was a special child of thine  
For now I feel your spirit so strong,  
At night when I kneel to pray  
And it's you I always turn to  
At the end of a troubled day  
You seem to see inside my heart  
And pluck the worries and troubles out  
And in their place what joys I find,  
Peace then comes to my troubled mind.

What is my mission here on earth  
Oh! Lord, please tell me do  
For I know true joy will only come  
When our lives are dedicated to you.

Myrleen Sitterud

## My Savior

My mind wandered back nineteen centuries ago  
To a trip I wanted to take  
To visit the Savior of Galilee  
And his personal acquaintance make.  
I pictured palm groves and a palace  
With a market place even so bare  
Could I catch a glimpse of this stranger  
Who had shortly before been there?

The man from Galilee came this way,  
When he left he was headed west,  
Wearing a tunic and sandals  
And a short coat on shepherds vest  
His brow was so smooth, his complexion clear  
And his eyes a dark, deep, blue.  
He spoke in a voice so soft and low,  
Yet it pierced me through and through.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,  
For theirs is the kingdom of Heaven,  
Always forgive your trespassers  
At least seventy times seven."

The greatest speech delivered by man  
Was His sermon on the mount.  
The many miracles he performed  
Were far too numerous to count.

I then saw him on a donkey  
As through Jerusalem he rode.  
The plam branches and flowers thron in his path  
Seemed to lighten his heavy load.

Then I pictured Him on the cross  
And remembered His sacrifice for me and you  
Then heard Him say those famous words:  
"For give them, for they know not what they do."

I imagined I could feel the earthquake  
And the intense darkness of that day  
For him, for his atoning sacrifice  
Was the price he had to pay.

When the Lord and Savior was resurrected,  
It was a glorious moment for all mankind.  
Eternal life made possible  
Now it's something we all can find.

So keep the Ten Commandments  
And follow in his footsteps all the way  
Stay on the straight and narrow path,  
And you'll live with Him someday.

Myrleen Sitterud