

The Memoirs of

*Louise Andrus Knapp*

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**Susie Andrus' Funeral**

*Louise's talk given at her mother's funeral*

SPEECH FOR MOM'S FUNERAL HELD NOV. 17, 1997  
SHE PASSED AWAY NOV. 12, 1997 AT 7:45 A.M.  
AT THE HOME OF HER DAUGHTER LOUISE IN PROVO.

By Louise

In July of 1996 Mom (Susie May Duke Winterton Andrus) had her 5th hip replacement which was her 7th hip surgery. While she was in the hospital she outlined her funeral program. Except for the addition of the talk I am currently giving, this program is as she requested.

This is a note from my journal at the time. (Note getting the church leaders to approve the family taking part on the funeral program.)

While she was in the hospital Dr. Bateman was just leaving her room and then turned around and said to her, "Susie, you are a kind, sweet, lovely lady." Mom was very surprised and flattered. She mentioned the incident several times. She wondered if it would be appropriate to mention it at her funeral but she didn't want to appear to brag. (convulsed)

She convulsed in East Lake Care center and then came to stay with us in Sept. of 1996.

She had stayed with her other children previously. All of her family was thoughtful and kind to her and each did what they could and should do for her.

Friends such as Mazie Lee, Leah Johnson and her family, neighbors and others were kind and thoughtful to Mom also. She appreciated it all.

Her legs didn't work after she come to stay with us. She used a wheel chair that Keith lent her. She had to be put in and out of it and in and out of her bed with a hooyer lift. For the most part she was in good health and pain free during this past year. One exception is that on Father's day she had what we assume was a mini stroke which left her weak and incoherent for a few days.

Mom enjoyed many family activities during the year. She attended Doug & Audrie's Christmas party and then opening gifts at John and Lisa's place. She attended mission farewells for three of her grand children and a welcome home for Tonia in Aug. She was glad that she got to go to Idaho and figured it might well be the last time. She had her 91st birthday party in April. This fall she went up South Fork and the Alpine loop with Mazie, me and Shaun in his convertible to see the autumn leaves. Last year she went on the Nebo scenic loop with Mazie, me and Joseph in his Bus. Three weeks ago Joseph took her in his bus to a church house to a dinner. Joseph put a plywood as a ramp up into his bus and rolled Mom up the ramp let her ride in her wheel chair in the bus. Mom commented at least three times about how much she enjoyed going with Joseph in his bus because it was so easy to walk up right into it.

Shortly after Mom came to stay with us she talked to me about what she should have inscribed on her head stone. She said that her husband had "Daddy" on his but she didn't want to have Mommie on hers. She wanted to have either Mother or Susie but then it wouldn't match Harold's. She said that she wished that his grave stone said Father or Harold. She asked what I suggested. I told

her I liked Susie or Mother but that it was up to her. She did not ever resolve that dilemma.

A couple of months ago she asked me to get her an appointment with a dentist. She didn't like the looks of herself missing a front tooth. The dentist pulled 4 abscessed teeth. She had to go back to get a mold of her mouth so her partial plate could be use to put new teeth into it. She went back to have the new teeth and plate fit to her. It didn't fit. The dentist worked on it and tried again. She said it didn't fit. He told her to go home and ware it a while and get used to it. She wouldn't go. He left and worked on another patient but Mom still stayed there because she wasn't comfortable with the teeth. He came back and worked on them to her satisfaction. Two weeks ago Mom told me that she was very happy with her teeth.

We left the Dentist's office and I pushed her around the corner to a medical supply store because she had wanted to get a cushion for her wheel chair. She got tired of being either in the bed only or the wheel chair only. Mom tried a 2 in. cushion that she thought was quite comfortable. When the clerk said it was \$49.00 Mom said she didn't want it. She didn't think she would live long enough to get that much good out of it. A few days later Keith and Erma came to visit and Keith said he would make a cushion for her. A few days later when Mom woke up she said, "Oh, I wish Keith would upholster this bed."

About two weeks ago she began to be a little weaker and spent more time in bed than usual. She said that she thought it was getting to be her last days. She said she did not want to go to a Dr. I asked her if she wanted me to call the family. She said, "No, it might be a false alarm again." A few days later she said she thought she might have pneumonia but she didn't have a fever. She asked if she could die of pneumonia with out a fever. I told her I didn't know but did she hope she could or hope she couldn't. She said she hoped she could. I said, "Don't die with out telling me good bye." She said she loved and appreciated me and my family and asked me to get back into the church so I could be with my children. I told her not to worry that every thing would be O. K.

She asked me if I had ever seen anyone die. I told her I had been with Edith when she died. She asked me what it was like and I told her.

A few days later she said that she kind of looked forward to leaving this sphere of action and going to the next sphere of action. She said she had a lot of loved ones, two husbands and some children waiting for her. She described how beautiful the baby girl was that was still born. She said the baby died only mins. before she was born. She said that Pa had asked many church officials whether or not they would be able to raise the little girl in the next life and they never got a definite answer. So there are some things that don't fit in a neat little package. I believe that Mom gave me the best answer. When I was a little girl it occurred to me that in the next life Pa would be with his wife Dela and their children. Mom would be with her husband Harold and their children and I would be a orphan in heaven. I asked Mom, "What about me?" She said that when we got to heaven it would be heavenly and that Heavenly Father would work it out and that we

wouldn't have to worry. We would be happy.

I am sure that those who love each other (regardless of their religious affliction) will be together. The Lord tells us in the 130th Sec. of the D. & C. verse 2. "And the same sociality which exists among us here will exist among us there, only it will be coupled with eternal glory, which glory we do not now enjoy." Our worry is not if we can socialize with each other but rather how much we can be with Jesus Christ and Our Father in Heaven. Christ pleads with us to come unto Him. In Mos. 5:7 In King Benjamin tells his people, And now because of the covenant which ye have made shall be called the children of Christ, his sons, and his daughters; for behold, this day he hath spiritually begotten you; for ye say that your hearts are changed through faith on his name; therefore ye are born of him and have become his sons and daughters. It is not a matter of the family of Knapp or the family of Winterton or the family of Andrus. It is a matter of the family of Christ. If we are in His family I believe all else will be taken care of.

When I would ask, "How ya doing?" She would answer, "I aint a doing anything." When I would say, "How are you feeling?" She would answer, "I'm feeling better." She read a lot. She watched "Little house on the Prairie" and Lawrence Welk. There wasn't much else she could stand to watch on T. V.

About once a month she would tell me that she wanted Ken to have her watch - that he had given it to her while he was in the Army for her birthday or Mother's day she couldn't remember which. Also she said many times that she wanted Jim to have her diamond ring. She said Harold paid a \$100 for it and that it was very expensive in it day and she bet Harold's parents must have been mad at him for spending so much on a ring.

Many times she said that when people gathered for her funeral she wanted them to go through her clothes and things and take what they want and give the rest to D. I.

A couple of weeks ago Mom asked me to reach her her handy hand. That is a bamboo back scratcher. I did and she tried to straighten her bed spread with it. She then said, "Help me up on my feet so I can straighten up." I told her she couldn't do it because her legs don't work. In a min. she asked me again to help her stand up so she could straighten up. I told her she couldn't or she would fall. I then straightened up so that she could be content. Shaun hoped that would be a hint to us.

Sunday the 10th I came home from work about 12:20 noon. I asked her how she felt and she said she was nervous from all the noise. I gave her what she called her nerve pill (amitriptyline). She drank a glass of milk and a glass of orange juice. In about 30 min. she sid she felt better.

She said that she wanted to give my family a pop corn popper for Christmas. She said, "We always had popcorn every Sunday night for supper. I told her we had a popper. I popped some corn to give to her. In the mean time she said she was hungry and weak and wanted to eat something in bed and then get up and get dressed. I gave her a few pieces of nutrition bar. She chocked on the 3rd piece. She often chocked when she ate. This time she chocked more and harder and longer than ever before and after the actual

chocking was over she gurgled. Her bed was cranked up and finally she stopped grigling. It was as though the liquid drained or something. I pounded on her chest and back as best I could. I really thought that she was going to chock to death then. That was at 2:45 p.m.

After she recovered from that spell she said, "Where is Harold?" I told her he was in Salt Lake. She said, "Why is he in Salt Lake?" I said, "That is where he lives." She said, "Tell him to come see me." I said, "He did come see you." She said, "He did? Why didn't he see me?" I said, "He did. Remember he brought you those big squash?" She said, "Oh yes, I knew that." In a min. she said, "Do you know Harold Winterton my husband?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Where is he?" "I said he is in heaven." She said, "Can we communicate with him?" During this conversation she was anxious and worried. It was almost like she was panicky. I said, "I don't know. Why?" She said, "Tell him to come get me." In a min. she said, "Where's Harold?" I said, "you mean your husband?" She said, "Yes." I said, "He is in heaven." She said, "Get a message to him." I said, "What is the message?" She said, "Tell him to come get me." In a min. she said, "Where is my husband Harold?" I said, "He is in heaven." She said, "I thought he was in Canada. Get a message to him to come get me." In a min. she said, "Where is my husband Harold?" I said, "He is in heaven." She kind of hit at me and said, "Quit telling me that." Her eyes and voice showed anxiety. I said, "He passed away years ago." She said, "He did? How?" I said in a train truck accident. She said, "Oh yes, I knew that" Again she said, "Where is my husband Harold?" Again I told her he was in heaven and again she said to get a message to him to come get her. She then settled down and went into what seemed like a sort of a semi coma state. In a few min. even though see didn't seem to be totally conscious, she struggled and got her covers off. I put them on again and she got them off again. I asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted to get up and go down stairs to get a message to Harold to come get her. I got her up in the wheel chair. She didn't seem coherent. She would sit with her eyes shut and occasionally open then and jerk her head to look over her left shoulder. Except for an occasional muttered yes or no her last audible words were "Kathy don't know nothing about..." Kathy pricked up her ears to hear the rest but Mom never finished the sentence. I don't know what she was going to say but I will finish the sentence for her anyway. "Kathy don't know nothing about how much her help was appreciated." I put Mom back to bed. That was Sunday night. She never seemed to be totally conscious after that for the next couple of days. The hardest part for me was some times she would open her eyes a little. I would ask her what she wanted. Some times her eyes seemed to be pleading for something but she couldn't talk well enough to say what it was. If I would ask her if she wanted a drink she would mumble yes. I would put the straw up to her lips but could not get her to close her lips and suck. I would spoon water into her mouth and she would swallow. She would jerk as though it <sup>were</sup> would in intrusion. After about 4 swallows do you want more water and she would mumble "No." Tue. night a friend of ours who is a nurse came to check

her. Mom roused when we turned the light on. The nurse said that Mom was in the dying process. Doug came to see her later that night. He touched her shoulder and spoke to her and she didn't respond at all.

By Wed. morning when I spooned water into her mouth she didn't have the swallowing reflex. Her feet were cold and her legs were splotchy just as the nurse had described. Kathy helped me roll her over to change her pad. She was non responsive. Tonia stepped to her bed just before going to school and Mom's breathing was irregular. At 7:45 I looked at her and see didn't seem to be breathing. I said to Bernie, "I think Mom is gone. He come over to her bed. We saw her took one more breath and that was all. We watched her for a couple of min. I tried to find a pulse. There wasn't one. After 5 min. with no more movement we know she was gone.

When I called Berg Mortuary they said since she was not under the care of a physician they would need to have the medical examiner see her before they could remove the body. They made the arrangements. Two Provo police officers showed up and then a deputy medical examiner who was also a Provo policeman. They asked me how long she had been sick. I told them. They ask why I hadn't taken her to a Dr. I told them she had not wanted to go and that she had written her wishes down a year ago in the hospital and in the nursing home. They asked to see the documents. I got them. They took them away and to photo copy them. I said, "Is it illegal to die at home?" The policeman said no but they need to be careful and that it was routine to make sure there is no foul play and that the family members for what ever reason don't speed up the dying process. The examiner took many photos and measured the bed and the door etc.

Bernie said to the deputy medical examine, Dr. Kavorkain wouldn't do very well in Provo would he?

They then called the funeral home and waited until the body was picked up. They required the funeral home to take Mom's body to Salt Lake to the state Medical Examiner. I am glad that Doug and Audrey had written Mon's requests down and had her sign them and that we had her living will documents filled out in the nursing home.

Even though I believe it was Mom's time to go and I believe she was ready and wanted to go, it was hard on me to watch her die as she seemed at times to be requesting something of me which I couldn't provide for her. I miss her and am thankful for the opportunity to have her and her sweet spirit in our home. It was a blessing for our whole family.

Erma told me that she knew Mom was so happy and was with her loved ones, especially her husband Harold who had always remained as her first love. I agree with Erma. I can almost sense her joy. I feel very happy for her.

Mom was a great lady and I thank the Lord that I had the privilege of being her daughter. And I do so in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

November 19, 1997

Dear Ruth and Jess.

My mom died just one week ago today. I haven't written to you since although I'm assuming you got the note on the fax. I am enclosing a copy of the talk that I gave at the funeral. The written talk doesn't mention your help with grandma, Ruth but I did mention it in the talk.

The viewing Sunday night at the Berg mortuary was nice. It was almost only family. After all she had out lived her friends. The funeral was lovely. There was a big crowd and again it was almost all relatives. I was told by some one that Mom and both of her husbands as well as Edith and the Lord were there. I believe it. I miss her but I feel great joy for her because I feel that she now is full of joy.

We sure do enjoy your letters. I am very proud of both of you for working so hard and growing in you testimonies. I know that the Lord loves you and so do I.

Love Mom (Cool Snubs)