

An Account of a Blessing given to Carl Beutler in 1992

Written by Karla Beutler Rees, his daughter and oldest child of 7, living in Green River, WY

Carl Beutler, my dad, had been living in Green River, Wyoming, in his own apartment prior to his heart attack. To help with diet and such my sister, Trudy, and I moved him from the hospital to my home. Dad had been with us for quite a period of time but slowly his health was deteriorating. We loved having him there for Max's baptism and for the children's birthday celebrations and going to church with us. When my brothers and sister could they would invite him for shorter stays in their homes.

Dad was becoming less and less interested in his meals and more and more absorbed with the TV in his room. Granddaughter Jennifer could usually coax him out for a walk but he wasn't inclined to do much else. One day I came home from work to find him with his suitcase packed and ready to go live somewhere else. I asked him where he was going. He said to Lucille's (his sister in North Logan, Utah). I told him that Aunt Lucille wasn't at her home anymore—she was elderly herself. I suggested different places like with his children but he was set on going to Cache Valley where he grew up. Finally I told him I knew a place where he would have his own room and all his meals prepared for him and would he like to see it? He agreed; whereupon, we drove to the Castle Rock Convalescent Center. At first he was taken back but as we toured he was agreeable to the idea.

Prior to that happening Ron, my husband, and I knew that once summer was over that season we had to figure out another arrangement for Dad. Leaving him alone endangered him and/or our home. He often got up in the middle of the night to warm up some milk and would leave the stove burner on all night. He would get easily agitated and reluctant to be part of the family, try as we would. Also, he tended to go for a walk and would get lost until we or a neighbor helped him back home. So the fact he was packed and ready to go that particular July day was in a peculiar way a blessing for me as I knew not how to proceed but it all happened very quickly. Earlier in June I had placed a conference call to my brothers and sister to get their feelings and input about admitting Dad to a nursing home which none of us wanted to do but we all knew it was a necessity because of his many doctor appointments and his disposition that became increasingly difficult while we were working and caring for young families.

On July 15, 1992, the day before Dad was admitted, Trudy drove up to help me ready his belongings and help with the transition. That evening Ron administered to Dad and gave him a sweet and reassuring blessing. Ron's voice sounded different and was very personal as he blessed Dad. I had a sure witness it was a blessing from the Lord. In it Dad was told the veil was thin and his brothers and sisters were aware of his circumstances. In Ron's mind's eye he could see Dad's brothers and sisters lined up looking down on their brother Carl as if they were part of the blessing taking place. It was a very touching and emotional experience. Dad always looked up to his older brothers and loved them so much. Also, in his blessing he was told that this would be his last missionary labor in this life. This blessing left us comforted and feeling very close to the Spirit.

Eventually Dad adjusted to his new surroundings and he lived at CRCC for six years. Our family visited him every day as he was less than two miles away. His health actually improved

Carl Phillip Beutler
Son of Felix & Margaritha Beutler
Sixth of 9 children

some and he was kept actively involved in the social environment there. However, suffice it to say that for the first few months I cried buckets of tears. One day the social director who was LDS shared with me an experience that happened in the cafeteria. As they were getting ready to have lunch Dad asked if they shouldn't say a blessing on the food. She graciously asked Dad if he would like to offer the prayer. He stood and offered a beautiful, eloquent prayer. (I am sure it was a "Beutler prayer" as my kids would say—long and mindful of everything.) I was told that while Dad prayed it became so quiet you could have heard a pin drop and there were many residents with tears in their eyes. So, he did fulfill his missionary labors by his good example. We attended the LDS church services in the facility every Sunday and Dad always wanted to be dressed in his Sunday best. I am proud of Dad; he is a grand man of unwavering testimony for the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ. *(He died 4 August 1997, Green River, Sweetwater County, WY, and was buried in the Logan Cemetery, Cache County, Utah.)*