

LATTER DAYS: THE PATRIARCH

That milestone which shall be considered the dividing line between Wilford Clark's adult life and his latter days is the death of his wife, Pamela Dunn Clark. "Aunt Millie" as she was known to most people, was the embodiment of those ideals attributed to sacred motherhood. Her presence augmented each of her husband's achievements. Her children's aspirations perhaps reflected more of her character than they did her husband's. Indeed many would say that if a biography were to be written it would be more fitting to relate the life of Pamela rather than of Wilford. In her own way Aunt Millie was a most significant lady.

She always had good health until her final illness, a creeping paralysis which gradually worsened over five or six years. She first knew something was wrong when she had difficulty crocheting; then pain came to both arms. In her last year of life she traveled by train back to Chicago to the home of Russell and Ruby, where she saw her granddaughter, Beverly, for the first and last time. That year she required the daily presence of a nurse. Finally she weakened, almost paralyzed, and barely able to speak. Two or three days before her death she whispered to Father, 'Is not there something that can be done?' But nothing could be done. She lapsed into a coma and quietly passed on in her seventy-first year.¹

Shortly after Mother's death, Dad had a dream in which Mother appeared to him. 'Have you seen Ernest yet?' he asked. No, she had not. 'Have you started your Relief Society work?' 'No, but I plan to get started very soon.' He took great comfort in having seen her. Later, I asked Dad if that was a vision or a revelation. He replied that it was 'sort of a dream; I was dozing.'²