

THE LAST DAYS OF IRENE LANE FOOTE
Taken from the Autobiography of Warren Foote, her son
Person #25 on chart #1

Feb. 5, 1846 They have ceased giving endowments and some of the Twelve and others are starting for the West. President Brigham Young heads the company.

Feb. 8 Sidnie is quite unwell today. I did not go to meeting.

Feb. 18 Sidnie is well again but Mother was taken sick about one o'clock PM. Weather cold.

Feb. 19 Mother is no better. She informed us for the first time that she has had a rupture for some years. It came down yesterday and she could not replace it. In consequence of this, nothing has passed her bowels.

Feb. 21 Mother is not any better. She does not eat anything but bread and water and vomits that up soon after eating. I sent for Dr. Spurgen but he could not help her. He told us what to do for her. We tried it but it was of no use.

Feb. 25 Mother continues very bad. She throws up all her food which smells very bad. I got Isaac Ferguson to go to Nauvoo to get a doctor. He came today and tried all his skill to replace the rupture but could not. He said it could not be replaced only by cutting which he declined to do and advised me not to have it done, as she was so old. He thought she would not survive the operation and would only cause her unnecessary pain. He did not charge me anything.

Feb. 27 Yesterday and today I worked out my poll tax on the road.

Feb. 28 I called in some of the Elders last night who anointed Mother and prayed over her. The pains in her bowels ceased, but she complained of a distressed feeling all over her system. She feels anxious this morning to be baptized. The weather is extremely cold. We had a consultation on how to baptize her and came to the conclusion to make a large trough and get it into the house and warm the water so Joseph A. Clark, Nahum Benjamin and myself went out on the job. By evening we had it ready. Elders Pleasant Ewell and Richard Hewitt came in as we were about to baptize her. About nine o'clock at night we baptized her, Elder Ewell officiating. We then confirmed her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, and administered to her again. She said she now felt satisfied. She had said repeatedly that she would never get well again.

March 1 Mother is still failing. She says that she has been thinking that Father wants her to come to him, and she thought it would be better to go now and be buried beside him than to go into the wilderness and die by the way and be buried in some hole. She has divided her things among us three children, my sisters Betsey, Almira and myself. This she did according to her own notion.

March 2 Having given up all hopes of Mother's recovery I felt very much cast down in my mind. I felt I had done all I could for her in my circumstances, and while I had a desire to know if there was anything more that I could do for her, I was impressed to go and pour forth my soul to my Father in Heaven in secret. I did so and through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit it was made known to me that I had done all that was required of me for her and that she would be taken from me, and that she would rest with Father, and should come forth with him in the morning of the First Resurrection and receive an exaltation with him in the Celestial Kingdom of our God. Therefore, though I mourn, my bereavement of her is for a season, and I rejoice in the promises of the Lord.

March 3 Mother is so weak that she cannot help herself at all. I received a letter from my brother George today and read it to her, and asked if she wanted to send him any word. She asked me if I could remember Father's last prayer, if I could, to write that to him and that she had been baptized, also for him and David to seek their duty and do it. I told her the Lord had manifest His will to me yesterday. She seemed to be satisfied. She said sometimes she had sufficient witness and sometimes not.

March 4 Dr. Spergen came here today and examined the breach. He said it was under the arch and could not be got back without cutting, but his hand was so lame he could not do it. He told us what to do for her but it did no good. At night I saw that she was failing fast. She asked me what the doctor thought of her. I told her he thought her case very doubtful. She then asked how long he thought she would continue. I answered, not long unless she got help. I then asked her if she was anxious to depart. She said she was. She complained of feeling very bad all through her back and was very restless.

March 5 I sat up with Mother last night until 10 o'clock and then laid down, having three persons to set up through the night. I awoke about three o'clock and heard her breathing very hard and appeared much distressed. In getting up I awakened Isaac Ferguson and the three persons went home. I took the candle and went to her bedside and saw that she was dying. My wife arose and I called my sister Betsey (who is living in Mother's house). I spoke to Mother but she did not answer or notice me. She groaned slightly when she breathed. Her breath became shorter and shorter when she ceased to breathe about 4 o'clock in the morning of the fifth (March 1846). My feeling at this moment, who can describe? O how much care she has taken of me, how many sleepless nights she has spent watching over me through the many spells of severe sickness I have had when nothing but a mother's care could have saved my life with the blessings of God. O how little I have repaid her for all the care and anxiety, but if the Lord will spare my life I will see that her work in this probation is completed and united with Father through the sealing power, no more to be parted forever.

March 6, 1846 Isaac Ferguson, Albert Clement and I buried Mother in Nauvoo near Father's side, there being two grandchildren between them, Viz.: Elizabeth Clement and Orson Ferguson.

She was 71 years, 4 months, 3 days old.