

[Getman, Portia Dygert]

In Kansas Territory, on the 27th ult., suddenly, by lightning, while asleep at night, her husband by her side, Mrs. PORTIA GETMAN, youngest daughter of the late Hon. John B. Dygert, of Frankfort, N.Y., aged 20 years. [And] In Deerfield, N.Y., at the residence of J. E. Morgan, her brother-in-law, on the 14th inst., of consumption, Miss MARY THOMAS, late of Frankfort, N.Y., aged 20 years. One funeral service was held for both of these young women, on Sunday, the 17th inst., the relatives of both, and an immense congregation, attending at the lower church in Frankfort, after the burial of Miss Thomas in the village burial ground; and a sermon was preached on the occasion by Rev. D.[Dolphus] Skinner, from. Pss. xxiii:4. There were some remarkable coincidences in the death of the two. Each was a few weeks over 20 years old, each had buried a father a few years ago, both of whom had died in the faith of a world's salvation, and Br. D. Skinner had preached the funeral sermons of both fathers.—Each leaves a widowed mother (and several brothers and sisters), believers with their husbands in the impartial goodness of God... Both were reared (and we believe born) in the same town of Frankfort. Mrs. Getman seemed to have a presentiment that she should [would] not live long, and requested, if she died in Kansas, that Br. Skinner should [would] preach her funeral sermon in Frankfort. Miss T. knew she was rapidly passing away, and requested that Br. Skinner should [would] preach her funeral sermon, and she closed her eyes...assured that she was going home to her eternal rest. And what was remarkable (as we since learned) some two or three weeks before her death, not far from the time, and *probably on the very night that Mrs. Getman died*, she dreamed that herself and a dear friend were standing, arm locked in arm, upon the brink of a turbid stream, and about to leap across, and while they were deliberating whether they should both leap together, or let go their embrace and leap the stream separately, she awoke. She spoke afterwards of this remarkable dream several times, and expressed a wish she could sleep and dream again till the scene was finished, and she could know whether she and her companion should [would] both go together, or separately. The solution of the dream seems easy. Her friend crossed first; she soon followed, and though they passed "through the valley of the shadow of death," neither of them feared any evil, for God was with them...

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