

**Melvin J. Ballard Meets The Messiah**  
( digitized By Glen W. Chapman - Nov 1999 )

The report of the experience my father had to my best knowledge is as follows:

My father was very concerned about the work being done among the Indians at the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. It seemed that everything had been adversely affecting the missionary work. He and the missionaries assigned there fasted and prayed requesting guidance from the Lord as to what course of action should be taken different from that which had been taken to cause this work to be more successful. As a result of their fasting and prayers they felt an assurance that their efforts were acceptable to the Lord.

My father left Fort Peck, Montana on his return to Portland, Oregon, where his headquarters were as he presided over the Northwestern States Mission of the Church. He had taken an upper berth and had gone to bed. Some short time after he had retired he found himself in the Salt Lake Temple. He was met and ushered into the council room by Dr. James E. Talmage. He said for a moment he could not understand why he was brought into this room as this is the room used by the Council of the Twelve for their weekly meetings. Dr. Talmage seated him and he was privileged to sit through this meeting of prayer and rejoicing.

This meeting having concluded he was told another privilege was his. He was then escorted to a room in the temple, . . . as I entered the door, I saw, seated on a raised platform, the most glorious Being my eyes have ever beheld or that I ever conceived existed in all the eternal worlds. As I approached to be introduced, he arose and stepped towards me with extended arms, and he smiled as he softly spoke my name. If I shall live to be a million years old, I shall never forget that smile. He took me into his arms and kissed me, pressed me to his bosom, and blessed me, until the marrow of my bones seemed to melt! When he had finished, I fell at his feet, and, as I bathed them with my tears and kisses, I saw the prints of the nails in the feet of the Redeemer of the world. The feeling that I had in the presence of him who hath all things in his hands, to have his love, his affection, and his blessing was such that if I ever can receive that of which I had but a foretaste, I would give all that I am, all that I ever hope to be, to feel what I then felt ~

My father then related awakening from this dream and stated his body was cold as if his spirit had been away from it. He called the porter for additional blankets, which seemed strange to the porter as it was a relatively warm night.

Shortly after this dream he was called to be an apostle and it was Dr. James E. Talmage that escorted him into the council room.

L. M. Ballard                   ( Taken From book Truth By Reason and Revelation pp. 51-53,  
Arcadia California        by Frank Salisbury Phd , Deseret Book, SLC ,Utah 1965 )  
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