

The Spirit World
Compiled By Glen W. Chapman -January 1999

Joseph Smith

“All men know that they must die. And it is important that we should understand the reasons and causes of our exposure to the vicissitudes of life and of death, and the designs and purposes of God in our coming into the world, our sufferings here, and our departure hence.... It is but reasonable to suppose that God would reveal something in reference to the matter, and it is a subject we ought to study more than any other. We ought to study it day and night, for the world is ignorant in reference to their true condition and relation. If we have any claim on our Heavenly Father for anything it is for knowledge on this important subject.” Joseph Smith (*History of the Church*, 6:50.)

“The Lord takes many away, even in infancy, that they may escape the envy of man, and the sorrows and evils of this present world; they were too pure, too lovely, to live on earth; therefore, if rightly considered, instead of mourning we would have reason to rejoice as they are delivered from evil, and we shall soon have them again. . . The only difference between the old and young dying is, one lives longer in heaven and eternal light and glory than the other, and is freed a little sooner from this miserable wicked world.” Joseph Smith (*History of the Church*, 4:553.)

Spencer W. Kimball

“I am confident that there is a time to die, but I believe also that many people die before "their time" because they are careless, abuse their bodies, take unnecessary chances, or expose themselves to hazards, accidents, and sickness. In Ecclesiastes 7:17 we find this statement, "Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before thy time?" . . . God controls our lives, guides and blesses us, but gives us our agency. We may live our lives in accordance with His plan for us or we may foolishly shorten or terminate them. “

Tragedy or Destiny p. 9

Orson Pratt

“For instance, how do you suppose that spirits after they leave these bodies, communicate one with another? Do they communicate their ideas by the actual vibrations of the atmosphere the same as we do? I think not. I think if we could be made acquainted with the kind of language by which spirits converse with spirits, we would find that . . . they have. . . a more refined system among them of communicating their ideas. This system will be so constructed that they can not only communicate at the same moment upon one subject, as we have to do by making sounds in the atmosphere, but communicate vast numbers of ideas, all at the same time, on a great variety of subjects; and the mind will be capable of perceiving them.... If the mind has such faculty as this, then there must necessarily be a language adapted to such a capacity of the mind....

“Well, inquires one, "can you imagine up any such system, or language in this world?" I can imagine up one, but it cannot be made practicable here, from the fact that the mind of man is unable to use it. For instance, the Book of Mormon tells us, that the angels speak by the power of the Holy Ghost, and man when under the influence of it, speaks the language of angels. Why does he speak in this language? Because the Holy Ghost suggests the ideas which he speaks; and it gives him utterance to convey them to the people. . . . Suppose, instead of having arbitrary sounds, such as we have here, to communicate these ideas, that the Holy Ghost itself, through a certain process and power, should enable him to unfold that knowledge to another spirit, all in an instant.“ Orson Pratt (*In Journal of Discourses*, 3:100-101.)

Brigham Young

“They move with ease and like lightning. If we want to visit Jerusalem, or this, that, or the other place-and I presume we will be permitted if we desire-there we are, looking at its streets. If we want to behold Jerusalem as it was in the days of the Savior; or if we want to see the Garden of Eden as it was when created, there we are, and we see it as it existed spiritually, for it was created first spiritually and then temporally, and spiritually it still remains. And when there we may behold the earth as at the dawn of

creation, or we may visit any city we please that exists upon its surface. If we wish to understand how they are living here on these western islands, or in China, we are there; in fact, we are like the light of the morning, or, I will not say the electric fluid, but its operations on the wires. God has revealed some little things with regard to His movements and power, and the operation and motion of the lightning furnish a fine illustration of the ability and power of the Almighty. If you could stretch a wire from this room around the world until the two ends nearly met here again and were to apply a battery to one end, if the electrical conditions were perfect, the effect of the touch would pass with such inconceivable velocity that it would be felt at the other end of the wire at the same moment....

When we pass into the spirit world we shall possess a measure of this power.” Brigham Young (In *Journal of Discourses*, 4:231.)

Elder Orson Pratt contemplated the possibilities of spiritual senses. "We shall learn many more things there; we need not suppose our five senses connect us with all the things of heaven, and earth, and eternity, and space; we need not think that we are conversant with all the elements of nature, through the medium of the senses God has given us here. Suppose He should give us a sixth sense, a seventh, an eighth, a ninth, or a fiftieth. All these different senses would convey to us new ideas, as much so as the senses of tasting, smelling, or seeing communicate different ideas from that of hearing." (In *Journal of Discourses*, 2:247.)

“If we, by looking through these little eyes of ours, can see objects some thousands of millions of miles distant; if we can see objects that are existing at that immense distance through the medium of these little inlets; suppose that the whole spirit were uncovered and exposed to all the rays of light, can it be supposed that light would not affect the spirit if it were thus unshielded, uncovered, and unclothed? Do you suppose that it would not be susceptible of any impressions made by the elements of light? The spirit is inherently capable of experiencing the sensations of light; if it were not so, we could not see. You might form as fine an eye as ever was made, but if the spirit, in and of itself, were not capable of being acted upon by the rays of light, an eye would be of no benefit. Then unclothe the spirit, and in stead of exposing a small portion of it about the size of a pea to the action of the rays of light, the whole of it would be exposed. I think we could then see in different directions at once, instead of looking in one particular direction; we could then look all around us at the same instant.” (In *Journal of Discourses*, 2:243.)

"When the Lord imparts to us a principles by which we can look upon the past and future, as well as the present-by which we can look upon many intricate objects of nature which are now hidden from our view-we shall find our capacity for obtaining and retaining knowledge to be greatly enlarged" (in *Journal of Discourses*, 2:247;.

“Here, then, is a new faculty of knowledge, very extended in its nature, that is calculated to throw a vast amount of information upon the mind of man, almost in the twinkling of an eye. How long a time would it take a man in the next world, if he had to gain knowledge as we do here, to find out the simplest things in nature? He might reason, and reason for thousands of years, and then hardly have got started. But when this Spirit of God, this great telescope that is used in the celestial heavens, is given to man, and he, through the aid of it, gazes upon eternal things, what does he behold? Not one object at a time, but a vast multitude of objects rush before his vision, and are present before his mind, filling him in a moment with the knowledge of worlds more numerous than the sands of the sea shore. Will he be able to bear it? Yes, his mind is strengthened in proportion to the amount of information imparted. It is this tabernacle, in its present condition, that prevents us from a more enlarged understanding.

“There is a faculty mentioned in the word of God, which we are not in possession of here, but we shall possess it hereafter; that is not only to see a vast number of things in the same moment, looking in all directions by the aid of the Spirit, but also to obtain a vast number of ideas at the same instant....

“I believe we shall be freed in the next world, in a great measure, from these narrow, contracted methods of thinking. Instead of thinking in one channel, and following up one certain course of reasoning to find a certain truth, knowledge will rush in from all quarters; it will come in like the light which flows from the sun, penetrating every part, informing the spirit, and giving understanding concerning ten

thousand things at the same time; and the mind will be capable of receiving and retaining all. (In *Journal of Discourses*, 2:246.)

“We read or learn a thing by observation yesterday, and to-day, or tomorrow it is gone.... Some of the knowledge we receive here at one time becomes so completely obliterated, through the weakness of the animal system, that we cannot call it to mind, no association of ideas will again suggest it to our minds; it is gone, erased, eradicated from the tablet of our memories. This is not owing to the want of capacity in the spirit; no, but the spirit has a full capacity to remember. . . . It is not the want of capacity in the spirit of man that causes him to forget the knowledge he may have learned yesterday; but it is because of the imperfection of the tabernacle in which the spirit dwells; because there is imperfection in the organization of the flesh and bones, and in things pertaining to the tabernacle; it is this that erases from our memory many things that would be useful; we cannot retain them in our minds, they are gone into oblivion. It is not so with the spirit when it is released from this tabernacle.... Wait until these mortal bodies are laid in the tomb; when we return home to God who gave us life; then is the time we shall have the most vivid knowledge of all the past acts of our lives during our probationary state. (In *Journal of Discourses*, 2:239.)

“And do not forget to look forward to those joys ahead, if we do [forget], we will become careless, dormant, and sluggish, and we will think we do not see much ahead to be anticipated, but if we keep our minds upon the prize that lays ahead-upon the vast fields of knowledge to be poured out upon the righteous, and the glories that are to be revealed, and the heavenly things in the future state, we shall be continually upon the alert. . . . Let these things sink down in our minds continually, and they will make us joyful, and careful to do unto our neighbors as we would they should do unto us. Lest we should come short of some of these things is the reason I have touched upon the future state of man the two Sabbaths past, to stir up the pure minds of the Saints that we may prepare for the things that are not far ahead, and let all the actions of our lives have a bearing in relation to the future.” (In *Journal of Discourses*, 3:105.)

Elder **George O. Cannon** also added his witness of this perfect memory of the eternal spirit.

“Memory will be quickened to a wonderful extent. Every deed that we have done will be brought to our recollection. Every acquaintance made will be remembered. There will be no scenes or incidents in our lives that will be forgotten by us in the world to come. You have heard of men who have been drowning or have fallen from a great height describe that in about a second or two every event of their lives passed before them like a panorama with the rapidity of lightning. This shows what power there is latent in the human mind, which, when quickened by the power of God, will make men and women recall not only that which pertains to this life, but our memories will stretch back to the life we had before we came here, with the associations we had with our Father and God and with those bright spirits that stand around His throne and with the righteous and holy ones.” (*Gospel Truth*, pp. 60-1.)

President Brigham Young spoke often of the joyous state of the "next apartment." "Here, we are continually troubled with ills and ailments of various kinds," taught that great prophet, "and our ears are saluted with the expressions, 'My head aches,' 'My shoulders ache,' 'My back aches,' 'I am hungry, dry, or tired;' but in the spirit world we are free from all this and enjoy life, glory, and intelligence; and we have the Father to speak to us, Jesus to speak to us, and angels to speak to us, and we shall enjoy the society of the just and the pure who are in the spirit world until the resurrection" (in *Journal of Discourses*, 14:231).

On another occasion he remarked:

“If we could see things as they are, and as we shall see and understand them, this dark shadow and valley [of death] is so trifling that we shall turn round and look upon it and think, when we have crossed it, why this is the greatest advantage of my whole existence, for I have passed from a state of sorrow, grief, mourning, woe, misery, pain, anguish and disappointment into a state of existence, where I can enjoy life to the fullest extent as far as that can be done without a body. My spirit is set free, I thirst no more, I want to

sleep no more, I hunger no more, I tire no more, I run, I walk, I labor, I go, I come, I do this, I do that, whatever is required of me, nothing like pain or weariness, I am full of life, full of vigor, and I enjoy the presence of my heavenly Father, by the power of his Spirit. (In *Journal of Discourses*, 17:142.)

As "unearthly" as the conditions of the spirit world may seem to us, President Brigham Young and others of the latter-day prophets and Apostles have instructed us that the spirit world is here on this earth. "Where is the spirit world? It is right here. Do the good and evil spirits go together? Yes, they do. . . . Do they go to the sun? No. Do they go beyond the boundaries of this organized earth? No, they do not. They are brought forth upon this earth, for the express purpose of inhabiting it to all eternity. Where else are you going? No where else, only as you may be permitted." (Brigham Young, in *Journal of Discourses*, 3:369.)

. "I can say with regard to parting with our friends, and going ourselves, that I have been near enough to understand eternity so that I have had to exercise a great deal more faith to desire to live than I ever exercised in my whole life to live. The brightness and glory of the next apartment is inexpressible." (In *Journal of Discourses*, 14:231.)

"Every good and perfect gift cometh from God. Every discovery in science and art, that is really true and useful to mankind, has been given by direct revelation from God, though but few acknowledge it." President Young went on to admonish the Saints to make use of these discoveries and prepare to do their part in the elevation of humanity through these means, as well. "It [the inspiration] has been given with a view to prepare the way for the ultimate triumph of truth, and the redemption of the earth from the power of sin and Satan. We should take advantage of all these great discoveries, the accumulated wisdom of ages, and give to our children the benefit of every branch of useful knowledge, to prepare them to step forward and efficiently do their part in the great work." (In *Journal of Discourses*, 9:369.)

"Spirits are just as familiar with spirits as bodies are with bodies, though spirits are composed of matter so refined as not to be tangible to this coarser organization. They walk, converse, and have their meetings." (*JD Vol. 3 p. 371*)

Elder Parley P. Pratt wrote that the spirit world "is here on the very planet where we were born, or, in other words, the earth and other planets of a like sphere have their inward or spiritual spheres as well as their outward, or temporal. The one is peopled by temporal tabernacles and the other by spirits. A veil is drawn between the one sphere and the other whereby all the objects in the spiritual sphere are rendered invisible to those in the temporal." (*Key to the Science of Theology*, p. 80.)

Elder Benjamin E Cummings:

"There is reason to believe that if too much knowledge concerning the world to come were given to us here in mortality, before we are better prepared than we now are to receive it, and conform our lives to it, it would interfere with the purposes for which our probation on earth was designed, and place us under condemnation that might be our utter ruin. . . . From certain sayings of President Brigham Young we are led to infer that one reason why the next world is so closely guarded from our eyes is that a knowledge of it, and of the joy, glory and happiness it holds in store for us, would so increase our discontent with this life as to make us wretched and impatient for it to end. . . ." (In "Editorial," *Liahona: The Elders' Journal*, vol.6, November 14, 1908, p.519.)

Heber C. Kimball

"Some may think the Almighty does not see their doings, but if He does not, the angels and ministering spirits do. They see you and your works, and I have no doubt but that they occasionally communicate your conduct to the Father, or to the Son, or to Joseph, or to Peter, or to someone who holds the keys in connection with them. Perhaps there are some who do not believe in spirits, but I know that they exist and visit the earth." *JD 3:228-9*

Wilford Woodruff

"The same priesthood exists on the other side of the veil. Every man who is faithful is in his quorum there. When a man dies and his body is laid in the tomb, he does not lose his position. The prophet Joseph Smith

held the keys of this dispensation on this side of the veil, and he will hold them throughout the countless ages of eternity. He went into the spirit world to unlock the prison doors and to preach the gospel to the millions of spirits who are in darkness, and every apostle, every seventy, every elder, etc., who has died in the faith, as soon as he passes to the other side of the veil, enters into the work of the ministry, and there is a thousand times more to preach there than there is here.” (*Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, p. 77.)

Parley Pratt

“The question naturally arises—Do all the people who die without the Gospel hear it as soon as they arrive in the world of spirits? To illustrate this, let us look at the dealings of God with the people of this world. “What can we reason but from what we know?” We know and understand the things of this world, in some degree, because they are visible, and we are daily conversant with them. Do all the people in this world hear the Gospel as soon as they are capable of understanding? No, indeed, but very few in comparison have heard it at all...

I have not the least doubt but there are spirits there who have dwelt there a thousand years, who, if we could converse with them face to face, would be found ... ignorant of the truths, the ordinances, powers, keys, Priesthood, resurrection, and eternal life of the body....

And why this ignorance in the spirit world? Because a portion of the inhabitants thereof are found unworthy of the consolations of the Gospel until the fullness of time, until they have suffered in hell, in the dungeons of darkness, or the prisons of the condemned, amid the buffetings of fiends, and malicious and lying spirits.

As in earth, so in the spirit world. No person can enter into the privileges of the Gospel, until the keys are turned, and the Gospel opened by those in authority, for all which there is a time, according to the wise dispensations of justice and mercy.”

(*In Journal of Discourses*, 1:10-11.)

Parley P. Pratt

Elder Parley P. Pratt likewise alluded to these precepts in his doctrinal treatise *Key to the Science of Theology*. “Those who are habitually given to vice, immorality and abomination; . who would sacrifice every finer feeling at the shrine of lawless pleasure and brutal desires—those persons will not understand and appreciate these views, because their good angels, their kindred spirits, have long since departed and ceased to attend them, being grieved and disgusted with their conduct” (p.76). And, speaking of evil spirits, he further explained, “If permitted, they will often cause death. Some of these spirits are adulterous, and suggest to the mind all manner of lasciviousness, all kinds of evil thoughts and temptations.” (p.72.) The witness of one female experimenter sums it up well. “There was a war going on between good and evil. The evil face came into view from time to time, but the Being of Light was stronger.” (As quoted in *Transformed by the Light*, p.160.)

Brigham Young

“Let the people bring out their talents, and have the variety within them brought forth and made manifest so that we can behold it, like the variety in the works of nature. See the variety God has created—no two trees alike, no two leaves, no two spears of grass alike. The same variety that we see in all the works of God, that we see in the features, visages and forms, exists in the spirits of men. Now let us develop the variety within us, and show to the world that we have talent and taste, and prove to the heavens that our minds are set on beauty and true excellence, so that we can become worthy to enjoy the society of angels, and raise ourselves above the level of the wicked world and begin to increase in faith, and the power that God has given us, and so show to the world an example worthy of imitation.” (*In Journal of Discourses*, 11:305.)

President John Taylor

President John Taylor declared:

“The spirit lives where the record of his deeds is kept-that does not die-man cannot kill it; there is no decay associated with it, and it still retains in all its vividness the remembrance of that which transpired before the separation by death of the body and the ever-living spirit.... It would be in vain for a man to say then, I did not do so-and-so; the command would be, Unravel and read the record which he has made of himself, and let it testify in relation to these things, and all could gaze upon it.... That record will stare him in the face, he tells the story himself, and bears witness against himself. . . . When we get into the eternal world into the presence of God our Heavenly Father, his eye can penetrate every one of us, and our own record of our lives here shall develop all.” (In *Journal of Discourses*, 11:78-79.)

Joseph F. Smith

“The spirits of our children are immortal before they come to us, and their spirits, after bodily death, are like they were before they came. They are as they would have appeared if they had lived in the flesh, to grow to maturity, or to develop their physical bodies to the full stature of their spirits. If you see one of your children that has passed away it may appear to you in the form in which you would recognize it the form of childhood; but if it came to you as a messenger bearing some important truth, it would perhaps come as the spirit of Bishop Edward Hunter's son (who died when a little child) came to him, in the stature of full-grown man hood, and revealed himself to his father, and said: "I am your son."

Bishop Hunter did not understand it. He went to my father and said: "Hyrum, what does that mean? I buried my son when he was only a little boy, but he has come to me as a full-grown man-a noble, glorious, young man, and declared himself my son. What does it mean?"

Father (Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch) told him that the Spirit of Jesus Christ was full-grown before he was born into the world; and so our children were full-grown and possessed their full stature in the spirit, before they entered mortality, and as they will also appear after the resurrection, when they shall have completed their mission.” (Joseph F Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, p. 455.)

“Joseph Smith taught: There are no angels who minister to this earth but those who do belong or have belonged to it. Hence when messengers are sent to minister to the inhabitants of this earth, they are not strangers, but from the ranks of our kindred, friends, and brothers and sisters and friends who have passed away from this earth, having been faithful, and worthy to enjoy these rights and privileges, may have a mission given them to visit their relatives and friends upon the earth again, bringing from the divine Presence messages of love, of warning, or reproof and instruction to those whom they had learned to love in the flesh.” (Joseph F Smith, *Gospel Doctrine* p. 435)

President Joseph F. Smith gave the following account of his experience with individuals who had all passed away.:

“I knocked and the door opened, and the man who stood there was the Prophet Joseph Smith... He clasped my hand and drew me in, then closed the great door. I felt his hand just as tangibly as I ever felt the hand of a man. I knew him, and when J entered I saw my father, and Brigham, and Heber, and Willard, and other good men that I had known standing in a row... My mother was there, and she sat with a child in her lap... I went to my mother and picked up the child and thought it was a fine baby boy. I carried it to the Prophet, and as I handed it to him I purposely thrust my hands up against his breast. I felt the warmth... Now, I suppose that this is only a dream? To me it is a reality. There never could be anything more real to me. I felt the hand of Joseph Smith.” (*Joseph F Smith, Gospel Doctrine* p. 542)

Erastus Snow

“How does Brother Snow's spirit look when it is disembodied? Why, you just look at me now, and you can answer the question. How does the spirit of my wife look? Why, just look at her and see. And if we are

disembodied at the same instant, we should scarcely know that we were changed any more than we would if we both started out the door at the same instant and found ourselves outside, looking at each other.” (*JD vol. 19, 273*)

Mevin J. Ballard

“It is *my* judgment that any man or woman can do more to conform to the laws of God in one year in this *life* than they could do in ten years when they are dead. The spirit only can repent and change, and then the battle has to go forward with the flesh afterwards. It is much easier to overcome and serve the Lord when both flesh and spirit are combined as one. This is the time when men are more pliable and susceptible. We will find when we are dead every desire, every feeling will be greatly intensified. When clay is pliable it is much easier to change than when it gets hard and sets....

Then, every man and woman who is putting off until the next life the task of correcting and overcoming the weakness of the flesh are sentencing themselves to years of bondage, for no man or woman will come forth in the resurrection until they have completed their work, until they have overcome, until they have done as much as they can do... those who are complying in this life with these conditions are shortening their sentences, for every one of us will have a matter of years in that spirit state to complete and finish our salvation.” (“The Three Degrees of Glory,” sermon delivered in Ogden, Utah, on 22 September 1922, quoted in *Life Everlasting*, pp.21-22.)

“The dead know where their records are, so you are to search until you have gone as far as you can. But of course, there are hosts of men and women in the spirit world whose records don't exist anywhere on the earth, but whose record is in the spirit world.. When you have done all you can do and have reached the limit what will happen? As always in the past, man's extremity is God's opportunity... When we have done our utmost, then will come the day when the authorities that preside on the other side will come and make known all who have received the gospel in the spirit world and everyone entitled to have their work done. That is the simplest thing in the world. When the Lord is ready, it will be very simple and very easy. We can speed that day by doing now the work that we can do “ (*Melvin J. Ballard, Genealogical and Historical Magazine Vol 23: 148-149*) quoted (in *The Journey Beyond Life*, p. 189)

Brigham Young

“When this portion of the school is out, the one in which we descend below all things and commence upon this earth to learn the first lessons for an eternal exaltation, if you have been a faithful scholar, and have overcome, if you have brought the flesh into subjection by the power of the Priesthood, if you have honored the body, when it crumbles to the earth and your spirit is freed from this home of clay, has the devil any power over it? Not a particle.

This is an advantage which the faithful will gain; but while they live on earth they are subject to the buffetings of Satan. Joseph and those who have died in the faith of the Gospel are free from this; . . . Joseph and the faithful who have died have gained a victory over the power of the devil, which you and I have not yet gained.... When we lay [our bodies] down, if we have been faithful, we have gained the victory so far.” (In *Journal of Discourses*, 3:371.)

George Q. Cannon

“But we shall find that knowledge and power will not come to us there as the rain that falls upon us, without any effort of ours to acquire them. We shall have to exercise ourselves and exert our powers there just as we have to here. We shall be rewarded according to our diligence and faithfulness in the exercise of our agency.” (*Gospel Truth*, p.60.)

Joseph F. Smith

“It will be alright when our time comes, when we have finished our work and accomplished what the Lord required of us. If we are prepared, we need not be afraid to go, for it will be one of the most

pleasant sensations that ever comes to the soul of man, whenever he departs, if he can go with a clear conscience into the presence of the Lord. . . . We will be full of joy and happiness, and we will enter into a place of rest, of peace, of joy, rest from every sorrow. What a blessed thing that will be! We will never be tired any more. We will not get tired, for we will be in a condition that we can endure and enjoy our work; for we shall be occupied and employed on the other side as we are on this side; we shall have plenty to occupy our attention right along. (In Conference Report, October 1909, pp.18-19.)

George Albert Smith

“A number of years ago I was seriously ill; in fact, I think everyone gave me up but my wife...

One day under these conditions, I lost consciousness of my surroundings and thought I had passed to the Other Side. I found myself standing with my back to a large and beautiful lake, facing a great forest of trees. There was no one in sight, and there was no boat upon the lake or any other visible means to indicate how I might have arrived there. I realized, or seemed to realize, that I had finished my work in mortality and had gone home. I began to look around, to see if I could not find someone. There was no evidence of anyone living there, just those great, beautiful trees in front of me and the wonderful lake behind me.

I began to explore, and soon I found a trail through the woods which seemed to have been used very little, and which was almost obscured by grass. I followed this trail, and after I had walked for some time and traveled a considerable distance through the forest, I saw a man coming towards me.

I hurried my steps to reach him because I recognized him as my grandfather. In mortality he weighed over three hundred pounds, so you may know he was a large man. I remember how happy I was to see him coming. I had been given his name and had always been proud of it.

When Grandfather came within a few feet of me, he stopped. His stopping was an invitation for me to stop. Then and this I would like the boys and girls and young people never to forget

- he looked at me very earnestly and said,

"I would like to know what you have done with my name."

Everything I had ever done passed before me as though it were a flying picture on a screen - everything I had done. Quickly this vivid retrospect came down to the very time I was standing there. My whole life passed before me. I smiled and looked at my grandfather and said, "I have never done anything with your name of which you need be ashamed."

He stepped forward and took me in his arms..." (*Peston Nibley, Sharing The Gospel With Others* pp. 111-112)

Jedediah M. Grant as told to Heber C. Kimball

“I went to see him [Jedediah M. Grant] one day last week. ... he could not speak, but he shook hands warmly with me...

I laid my hands upon him and blessed him, and asked God to strengthen his lungs that he might [breathe] easier, and in two or three minutes he raised himself up and talked for about an hour as busily as he could, telling me what he had seen and what he understood, until I was afraid he would weary himself when I arose and left him.

He said to me, Brother Heber, I have been into the spirit world two nights in succession and, of all the dreads that ever came across me, the worst was to have to again return to my body, though I had to do it. But O, says he, the order of righteous men and women; I beheld them organized in their several grades, and there appeared to be no obstruction to my vision.. .I looked to see whether there was any disorder there, but there was none; neither could I see any death nor any darkness, disorder or confusion. He said that the people he there saw were organized in family capacities; and when he looked at them he saw grade

after grade, and all were organized and in harmony. He would mention one item after another and say, "Why, it is just as Brother Brigham says it is; it is just as he has told us many a time..."

He saw the righteous gathered together in the spirit world and there were not wicked spirits among them. He saw his wife; she was the first person that came to him. He saw many that he knew, but did not have conversation with any except his wife Caroline. She came to him, and he said that she looked beautiful and had their little child, that died on the Plains, in her arms and said, "Mr. Grant, here is little Margaret; you know that the wolves ate her up, but it did not hurt her; here she is all right."

"To my astonishment," he said, "when I looked at families there was a deficiency in some, there was a lack, for I saw families that would not be permitted to come and dwell together, because they had not honored their calling here..."

He also spoke of the buildings he saw there, remarking that the Lord gave Solomon wisdom and poured gold and silver into his hands that he might display his skill and ability, and said that the temple erected by Solomon was much inferior to the most ordinary buildings he saw in the spirit world.

In regard to gardens, says Brother Grant, "I have seen good gardens on this earth, but I never saw any to compare with those that were there. I saw flowers of numerous kinds, and some with from fifty to a hundred different colored flowers growing upon one stalk." We have many kinds of flowers on the earth, and I suppose those very articles came from heaven, or they would not be here. After mentioning the things that he had seen, he spoke of how much he disliked to return and resume his body, after having seen the beauty and glory of the spirit world, where the righteous spirits are gathered together.

Some may marvel at my speaking about these things, for many profess to believe that we have no spiritual existence. But do you not believe that my spirit was organized before it came to my body here? And do you not think there can be houses and gardens, fruit trees, and every other thing there? The spirits of those things were made, as well as our spirits, and it follows that they can exist upon the same principle

After speaking of the gardens and the beauty of everything there, Brother Grant said that he felt extremely sorrowful at having to leave so beautiful a place and come back to earth, for he looked upon his body with loathing, but was obliged to enter it again.

He said that after he came back he could look upon his family and see the spirit that was in them, and the darkness that was in them; and that he conversed with them about the gospel, and what they should do, and they replied, "Well, Brother Grant, perhaps it is so, and perhaps it is not," and said that was the state of this people to a great extent, for many are full of darkness and will not believe me." (Burton. *For They Shall Be Comforted* pp. 82-88)

From Return From Silence

"Dear Momma, I do wish you could see Allie [a son who had died seven months previously]; he's standing beside you."... I then asked her further, "Daisy, how does Allie appear to you? Does he seem to wear clothes?" She answered, "Oh, no, not clothes such as we wear. There seems to be about him a white, beautiful something, so fine and thin and glistening, and oh, so white, and yet there is not a fold, or a sign of a thread in it, so it cannot be cloth. But it makes him look so lovely." Her father then quoted from the Psalmist:

"He is clothed with light as a garment." "Oh yes, that's it," she replied. (As quoted in *The Return from Silence*, p.48.)

From Other World Journeys

"And now I saw that she was in the possession of exterior and physical proportions, which were identical, in every possible particular-improved and beautified-with those proportions which characterized her earthly organization. That is to say, she possessed a heart, a stomach, a liver, lungs, etc., just as her natural body did previous to . . . its death. This is a wonderful and consoling truth! But I saw that the improvements. . . were not so particular and thorough as to destroy or transcend her personality; nor did they materially alter

her natural appearance or earthly characteristics. So much like her former self was she, that, had her friends beheld her (as I did) they certainly would have exclaimed . . . "Why how well you look! How improved you are!" (As quoted in *Otherworld Journeys*, p.118.)

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"Next, this man was taken to visit an angelic choir and then an art gallery "It contained the work of the great masters of all time and all places. . . Some of the great works seemed familiar. Others were unlike anything I had ever seen, indescribable." Then he found himself in a computer room, where he perceived that he met a spirit being whom he recognized as Albert Einstein, a man whom he had always admired. This great man took time away from his duties to encourage me. He asked me if I would care to operate the computer, which was very complex and beautiful... I was flattered, but felt incompetent and unsure of myself in the presence of such greatness. I told him I would like to try, but I was afraid of making a mistake. He laughed gently, and reassured me, saying that error was not possible in this place. Encouraged, I seemed instinctively to know how to operate this unusual machine. . . I knew instantly that the task had been performed perfectly, and it had somehow been of great benefit to someone. I was suffused with the joy of a job well done. I would gladly spend eternity here at this rewarding work if only for the tremendous feeling of well-being I had experienced as a result. (As quoted in "Amazing Grace: The Near-Death Experience as a Compensatory Gift," *Journal of Near-Death Studies*, vol.10, no.1, Fall 1991, pp.3031.)

Dr. George Ritchie.

"Why is it that inventors in different parts of the earth come up with the same ideas about the same time, Ford in America, Bentley in England, Peugeot in France? I believe I was shown the place where those who have already gone before us are doing research and want to help us when we begin to seriously search and turn deep within for answers. I think this is true regardless of our fields of interest." (*My Life After Dying*, p.27.)

[Note *: George G. Ritchie, Jr., M.D., had a life after life experience, or a "near death experience" = NDE in 1943, for about 9 minutes or more. During his NDE he says that he saw spirits working on scientific inventions which were beyond anything that he had seen on earth in 1943. After he had returned from the after life, & later on during his life, in 1952 he says that he saw some of the same instruments he had seen in the other-world realm of peace & great learning, while looking through the Dec. 1952 issue of *Life Magazine*. He believes therefore, that we are inspired by these other-realm beings to come up with the different inventions in order to help the human race to advance in knowledge, & to gain good benefits there by. (Return From Tomorrow, 1978, pp.68-74, & 119-121; Radio interview on KTKK 630 AM Radio, K-Talk's "Religion on the Line." Martin Tanner, (as Host), Nov. 12, 1989, with Dr. Ritchie by phone, &: Ritchie's *My Life After Dying*, 1991, pp.25-30.) Howard Storm says, (based on his own NDE), that the good angelic & divine beings in the universe have given & inspired different ones here on this earth & throughout history to invent different things for originally good purposes. But each good gift from them has eventually been perverted for evil purposes by different ones. So until this world can learn to stop perverting what little bits of knowledge & gifts that we do have. These beings will not make themselves totally known to our world. Perhaps then, even greater higher gifts of knowledge, that we might have received, has been withheld for our own good! Until, we have shown that we are worthy, ready, & able to show some responsibility with such higher & more advanced gifts of knowledge. (*Near-Death Experience of Howard Storm*, typed by JBB, Silverdale, WA, from a 1988 cassette tape from N.D.E. Research Institute, 702 N. Ft. Thomas Ave., Ft. Thomas, KY 41075; *An Experience of Howard Storm*, copied from a taped recording made in 1989 at the NDE Research Institute. Also: Dec. 1992--Jan. 1993, Salt Lake City, Utah Chap. of The International Association for Near-Death Studies = IANDS, News Letter #5, by DaReil D. Thorpe, pp.2-3; 1 Cor.1:19-31; 2:6-16; 3:1-3, 18-20; chap.13; & 2 Cor.12:1-4; Pre-Existence, Wisdom & The Son Of Man, by R.G. Hammerton-Kelly, 1973, Cambridge Un., pp.1-3, 9-13, & 74-5, etc.)]

From Book After the Beyond

“It's a dusky, dark, dreary area, and you realize that the area is filled with a lot of lost souls, or beings, that could go the same way I'm going [to the Light] if they would just look up. The feeling I got was that they were all looking downward, and they were kind of shuffling, and there was a kind of moaning. There were hundreds of them, looking very dejected. The amount of confusion I felt coming off of it was tremendous. When I went through this, I felt there was a lot of pain, a lot of confusion, a lot of fear, all meshed into one. It was a very heavy feeling. They weren't turning toward the Light. In fact, they didn't even know the Light existed.” (As quoted in *After the Beyond*, pp.82-83.)

Heber Q. Hale

“The people I met there, did not think of [themselves] as spirit but as men and women, self-thinking and self-acting individuals, going about important business in a most orderly manner. There was perfect order there, and every body had something to do and seemed to be about their business.” (As quoted in *Life Everlasting*, p.79.)

Heber Q. Hale, the stake president from Boise who had a near-death experience, returned with a report on the activities of evil spirits which appears very much in harmony with the scriptures and teachings of the prophets.

“I passed but a short distance from my body through a film in the world of spirits, this was my first experience after going to sleep. I seemed to realize I had passed through the change called death and so referred to it in my conversation with the immortal beings with whom I became immediately in contact. I readily observed their displeasure of the use of the word 'death' and the fear which we attach to it, they use there another word in referring to the transition from mortality, which word I do not now recall. I can only approach its meaning as the impression was left upon my mind, by calling it the New Birth.

My first visual impression was the nearness of the world of spirits to the world of mortality. The vastness of this heavenly sphere was bewildering to the eyes of a spirit. Many enjoyed unrestricted freedom as to both vision and action. The vegetation or landscape was beautiful beyond description, not all green, but gold and various shades of pink, orange, and lavender as the rainbow. A sweet calmness pervaded everything. The people I met there I did not think of as spirits, but as men and women, self-thinking, self-acting individuals going about important business in a most orderly manner. There was perfect order and everyone had something to do and seemed to be about their business.

That the inhabitants of the spirit world are classified according to their lives of purity and their obedience to the Father's will was subsequently made apparent. Particularly was it observed that the wicked and unrepentant are confined to a certain district by themselves, the confines of which are so definitely determined and impassible as the line marking the vision of the physical and spiritual world, a mere film but impassible until the person himself has changed. The world of spirits is the temporary abode of all spirits, pending the resurrection from the dead and the judgment.

There was much activity within the different spheres and appointed ministers of salvation were soon coming from the higher to the lower in pursuit of their missionary appointments. I had a very pronounced desire to meet certain of my kinfolk and friends, but I was at once impressed with the fact that I had entered a tremendously great and extensive world, even greater than our earth and more numerous inhabited. I could be in only one place at a time, could look in only one direction at a time and accordingly it would require many, many years to search out and converse with all those I had known and those whom I desired to meet, unless they were especially summoned to receive me.

All worthy men and women were appointed to special and regular work, under a well- organized plan of action, directed principally toward preaching the gospel to the unconverted, teaching those who seek knowledge and establishing family relationships and gathering genealogies for the use and benefit of mortal survivors of their respective families, that the work of baptism and sealing ordinances may be vicariously performed for the departed in the temples of God on earth.

The authorized representatives of families in the world of spirits have access to our temple records

and are kept fully advised to the work therein, but the vicarious work done here does not become automatically effective there. The recipients must first repent and accept baptism and confirmation. Then certain consummating ordinances are performed effectualizing these same principles in the lives of those regenerated beings. So the great work is going on - they are doing a work there which we cannot do here, and we are doing a work here which they cannot do, both necessary, each the compliment of the other. Thus, it is bringing about the salvation of all Cod's children, who will be saved.

I was surprised to find there no babes in arms I met the infant son of Arson W. Rawlins, my first counselor, and immediately recognized him as the baby who died a few years ago. Yet he seemed to have the intelligence and in certain respects the appearance of an adult and was engaged in matters pertaining to his family and its genealogy. My mind was quite contented on the point that mothers will again receive into their arms their children who die in infancy and will _ be fully satisfied, but the fact remains that entrance into the world of spirits is not an inhibition of growth but a great opportunity for development. Babies are adult spirits in infant bodies.

I presently beheld a mighty multitude of men-the largest I had ever seen gathered in one place, whom I immediately recognized as soldiers; the millions who had been slaughtered and rushed so savagely into the world of spirits during the World War.

Among them moved calmly and majestically a great general in supreme command. As I drew near, I received the kindly smile and generous welcome of the great living General, Richard W. Young. Then came the positive conviction to my soul that of all men living or dead, there is not one who is so perfectly fitted for the great mission into which he had been called. He commands immediately the attention and respect of all soldiers. He is at once a great general and a High Priest of God, no earthly field of labor to which he could have been assigned can compare with it in importance and extent.

I passed from this scene to return later, when I found General Young had this vast army of men completely organized with officers over successive divisions and all were seated and he was preaching the Gospel in great earnestness to them.

As I passed on, I met my beloved mother. She greeted me most affectionately and expressed surprise at seeing me there and reminded me that I had not completed my allotted mission on earth. She seemed to be going somewhere and was in a hurry and accordingly took leave, saying she would see me again.

I moved forward covering an appreciable distance and consuming considerable time viewing the wonderful landscapes, parks, trees, and flowers, and meeting people, some of whom I knew but many thousands whom I did not recognize. I presently approached a small group of men standing in a path lined with spacious stretches of flowers, grasses and shrubbery, all of a golden hue, marking the approach to a beautiful building. The group was engaged in earnest conversation. One of their number parted from the rest and came walking down the path. I at once recognized my esteemed President Joseph F. Smith. He embraced me as a father would a son and after a few words of greeting quickly remarked, "You have not come to stay," which remark I understood more as a declaration than an interrogation.

For the first time I became fully aware of my incomplete mission on earth and as much as I would have liked to remain, I at once asked President Smith if I might return. "You have expressed a righteous desire," he replied, "and I shall take the matter up with the authorities and let you know later." He then turned and led me toward the little group of men from whom he was just separated. I immediately recognized Brigham Young and the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was surprised to find the former of shorter and heavier build than I expected to find him. All three of these men were in possession of a calm and holy majesty, which was at once kind and kingly. President Smith, introduced me to the others, who greeted me warmly. We then returned our steps and President Smith took his leave, saying he would see me again.

From a certain point of vantage, I was permitted to view this earth and what was going on here. There were no limitations to my vision and I was astonished at this. I saw my wife and children at home; I saw President Heber I. Grant at the head of the Church and Kingdom of God, and felt the divine power that radiated from God giving it light and truth, guiding its destiny. I beheld this nation founded as it is upon

correct principles and designed to endure and beset by evil and sinister forces that seek to lead men astray and thwart the purpose of God. I saw towns and cities, the sin and wickedness of men and women. I saw vessels sailing upon the ocean and scanned the battle-scarred fields of France and Belgium. In a word I saw the whole world as if it were a panorama passing before my eyes.

Then there came to me the unmistakable impression that this earth and persons upon it are open to the visions of the spirits only when special permission is given or when they are assigned to special service here. This is particularly true of the righteous who are busily engaged in the service of the Lord and cannot be engaged in two fields of activity at the same time.

The wicked and unrepentant spirits having still their free agency and applying themselves to no useful or wholesome undertaking, seek pleasure about their old haunts to this extent they are still tools of Satan. It is idle, mischievous, and deceptive spirits who appear as miserable counterfeits at spiritualistic scenes, table dancing, and other such things. The noble and great men do not respond at the call of the mediums and every curious group of meddling inquiries. They would not do it in mortality, certainly they would not do it in their increased state of knowledge in the world of immortality. These wicked and unrepentant spirits are allies of Satan and his hosts operating through willing mediums in the flesh. These three forces constitute an unholy trinity upon the earth and are responsible for all the wickedness among men and nations.

I moved forward, feasting my eyes upon the beauty, everything about me was glorying in the indescribable peace and happiness which abounded in everybody and through everything. The farther I went the more glorious things appeared.

While standing at a certain vantage point I beheld a short distance away a wonderfully beautiful temple, capped with golden domes, from which emerged a small group of men dressed in robes, who paused for a brief conversation. These were the first I had seen thus clad. The millions I had previously seen were dressed of course, but dressed variously, the soldiers for instance were in uniform. In this little group of holy men my eyes rested upon one more splendid and holy than all the rest. While thus I gazed, President Smith parted from the others and came to my side.

"Do you know Him?" he inquired. I quickly answered, "Yes, I know Him." My eyes beheld my Lord and Savior. "It is true," said President Joseph F. Smith. O how my soul filled with rapture and unspeakable joy. President Smith informed me that I had been given permission to return and complete my mission upon the earth which the Lord had appointed me to fill, and then with his hand upon my shoulder uttered those memorable and significant words:

"Brother Heber, you have a great work to do, go forward with all your heart and you shall be blessed in your ministry. From this time on never doubt that God lives, that Jesus Christ is His Son, the Redeemer of the world, that the Holy Ghost is a God of spirit and the messenger of the Father and the Son. Never doubt the resurrection of the dead and the immortality of the soul. The mission of Latter-day Saints is to all the world, both living and dead. The great work in the Holy Temple for the salvation of the dead is only begun. Know that Joseph Smith was a Son of God, to usher in the Gospel dispensation of the fullness of times which is the last unto mortals on this earth. His successors have all been called and approved by God. President Heber J. Grant is at this time the recognized and ordained head of the Church of Jesus Christ upon the earth. Give him your confidence and support. Much you have seen and heard here you will not be permitted to repeat when you return." Thus saying, he bade me good-by and God bless you.

Quite a distance through various scenes and passing innumerable people, I traveled before I reached this sphere which I had first entered on my way. I was greeted by many friends and relatives, certain of whom sent words of greetings and counsel to dear ones here, my brother being one of them.

One other I will mention, I met Brother John Adamson, his wife, son James, and daughter Isabelle, all of whom were killed by the hand of a foul assassin at Carey, Idaho on the evening of October 29, 1915. They seemed to define that I was on my way back to mortality and immediately said: (Brother Adamson speaking) "Tell the children we are very happy and that they should not mourn our departure nor worry their minds over the manner by which we were taken. There is a purpose in it and we have work here to do

which requires our collective efforts and which we could not do individually."

I was made to know that the work referred to was that of genealogy in which they were working in England and Scotland. One of the greatest and most sacred things of heaven is family relationships, the establishment of a complete chain without a broken link. The unholy and bad will be dropped out and other new links put in, or two adjoining links welded together. Men and women throughout the world are moved upon by their dead ancestors to gather genealogy. These are the links of the chains, and the ordinances of baptism, endowments and sealings performed in the Temple of God by the living for the dead are the welding of the links.

Ordinances are performed in the spirit world effectualizing in the individual recipients, the saving principles of the gospel vicariously performed here. As I was approaching the place where I had entered, my attention was attracted to a small group of women preparing what appeared to be wearing apparel. Observing my inquiring countenance, one of the women remarked, "We are preparing to receive Brother Philip Worthington soon." (I was advised by telegram that he died January 22, and I returned to Boise to preach the funeral sermon January 23.)

As I gasped his name in repetition, I was admonished, "If you knew the joy and glorious mission that awaits him you would not ask to have him longer detained on earth."

Then flooding through my consciousness came this truth, that the will of the Lord can be done on earth as it is in heaven, only when we resign completely to His will and let His will be done in innocence and peace. Many have passed a life of suffering and misery and are full of debauchery and crime and have lived to their own peril. Men and women and children are often called to missions of great importance on the other side and some respond gladly while others refuse to go and their loved ones will not give them up. Also many die because they have not faith to be healed. Others yet live long and pass out of this world of mortality without any special manifestations or actions of the divine will.

When a man is stricken ill, the prime importance is not whether he lives or dies, so long as the Father's will be done. Surely we can trust him with God. Herein lies the special duty and privilege of administration by the Holy Priesthood - namely, it is given the elders of the Church, to divine the will of the Father concerning the one upon whose head their hands are laid. If for any reason they are unable to presage the Father's will, then they shall continue to pray in faith for the afflicted, humbly conceding supremacy to the will of God, that His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Birth into the world of spirits is a glorious privilege and blessing, the greatest spirits in the family of the Father have not usually been permitted to tarry longer in the flesh than to perform a certain mission. They are then called to the world of spirit where the field is greater and workers fewer. This earthly career, then, may be long or short.

At that time I left the world of spirits, and immediately my body was quickened, and I arose to ponder over and now declare to the world, that irrespective of what others may say or think, I do know of my own positive knowledge and from my own personal experiences that Jesus Christ is *His* son and Savior of the world.

I also bear witness to these things: That the spirit of man does not die, but survives this change called death and goes to the world of spirit. That the world of spirit is upon or near this world, that man's individuality is not lost by death nor his progress inhibited. The spirits will literally take up their bodies again in the resurrection. That the principles of salvation are now being taught to the spirits and the great work of saving the Father's family among the living and dead is in progress, and but comparatively few will be lost. That the Gospel of Jesus Christ has again been established upon the earth with all the keys, powers, authority and blessings through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. That this is not only the power which will save and exalt everyone obedient, but will ultimately save the world, that the burden of our mission is to save souls unto God. And that the work for the dead is no less important than the work for the living." *Heber Q. Hale, A Heavenly Manifestation (in The Journey Beyond Life, pp.206-217)*

From Book Beyond Deaths Door

"I was standing some distance from this burning, turbulent, rolling mass of blue fire. As far as my eyes

could see it was just the same. A lake of fire and brimstone....

The scene was so awesome that words simply fail. . . There is no way to escape, no way out. You don't even try to look for one. This is the prison out of which no one can escape except by Divine intervention. I said to myself in an audible voice, "If I had known about this I would have done anything that was required of me to escape coming to a place like this." But I had not known.

As these thoughts were racing through my mind, I saw another man coming by in front of us. I knew immediately who He was. He had a strong, kind, compassionate face, composed and unafraid, Master of all He saw. It was Jesus Himself.

A great hope took hold of me and I knew the answer to my problem was this great and wonderful Person who was moving by me in this prison of the lost, confused judgment-bound souls. I did not do anything to attract His attention. I said again to myself, "If He would only look my way and see me, He could rescue me from this place because He would know what to do." He passed on by and it seemed as though He would not look my way, but just before He passed out of sight He turned His head and looked directly at me. That is all it took. His look was enough.

In seconds I was back entering into my body again. "(As quoted in Maurice Rawlings, *Beyond Death's Door*, pp. 87-88.)

From Book Glimpses of Eternity

"I lay there for a long time. I was in such a state of hopelessness, and blackness, and despair, that I have no way of measuring the time. I was just lying there in an unknown place all torn and ripped. And I had no strength; it was all gone. I felt as if I were sort of fading out, that any effort on my part would expend the last energy I had. My conscious sense was that I was perishing, or just sinking into the darkness.

Then a most unusual thing happened. I heard, very clearly, once again in my own voice, something that I had learned in nursery Sunday School. It was the little song:

"Jesus loves me, yes I know, . . ." and it kept repeating. I don't know why, but all of a sudden I wanted to believe that. I didn't have anything left, and I wanted to cling to that thought. And . . . I, inside, screamed: "Jesus, please save me." I screamed that with every ounce of strength and feeling left in me.

When I did that, I saw, off in the darkness somewhere, the tiniest little star. . . . Then I realized it was coming toward me. It was getting very bright, rapidly.

As it came up to me, and its radiance was all over me, I just rose up-not with my effort-I just lifted up. Then I saw... and I saw this very plainly, I saw all my wounds, all my torn spots, all my brokenness just melt away. And I became whole in this radiance. (As quoted in Arvin S. Gibson, *Glimpses of Eternity*, pp.255-56.)

From The Book Recollections of Death

"This [experience] has taken a lot of the load off me. But I still have struggles in living the faith, but I realize the grace of God takes care of all that. But in my life I have discounted a lot of trivial things I used to worry about. The Lord has allowed me through this experience to separate what is important from what is not important. That has been a terrific boon to me.... He made me through this experience to be able to completely put myself in the hands of the Lord and totally believe. . . . You can imagine what a boon that is to my life to be able to totally commit myself 100 percent without any reservation. . . . Most men have trouble with their pride. This has ceased to be a problem, to a great extent anyway. At least it doesn't trouble me, because I understand the Lord's grace. Also, I was born into a farm family with very, very modest circumstances, and I've always had a great desire to be real prosperous. Well, I don't think anybody would mind being prosperous, but I see how little it really does mean to my faith. I found out that some of these things are really laughable as far as importance [is concerned]. (As quoted in *Recollections of Death*, pp.131-32.)

Duane S. Crowther

"It took weeks for us to wrestle with our emotions, to reconcile the nature of our faith in God, and to learn to accept His will concerning the imminent loss of the sweet young spirit whom we loved so deeply. We observed Laura's courage and inner strength as she, without complaint or fear, underwent chemotherapy, repeated blood transfusions, and frightening hospital stays.

She passed away in the car while we were traveling together. As we approached Cascade, Idaho, her spirit slipped from her body. She had been lying in a makeshift bed on the back seat. Shortly before she left us she sat up, looked at me and said, "Daddy, I'm going to wake up soon." At that moment I lacked the eternal perspective to fully grasp what she was saying to me.

A kind physician at the small Cascade hospital could only say, "She's gone-there's nothing I can do for her." We were told there were no mortician's facilities there, so we took her small body and headed back to McCall.

As we drove northward, Laura suddenly appeared to my wife. I didn't see her-but Jean did, and that was enough. Jean said, "She's not a little girl now." She described her as being tall and slender, with long blond hair, and dressed in white. She appeared as if in her mid4wenties. Laura didn't speak. She didn't need to. Jean could see from the serene expression on her face that all was well with her, and she was given to understand that Laura had successfully entered the next phase of her eternal progress. With this knowledge we were buoyed up, strengthened, and able to respond to the emotional demands of her funeral and burial. " *From Glimpses of Eternity p. 11*

Katrina

Attempted Suicide

"Last August, after a divorce from my husband, I made a decision to end it ~I. I got a medical journal and figured out what pills, coupled with my anti-depressant, would be fatal. I took them. I felt like I was human garbage.

"I told my ex-husband, who was there at the time, to take my son to work with him. He didn't know I had taken the pills. I told him I wanted to be cremated and flushed down the toilet if I should die. I felt that was where I belonged. I laid down on the bed to die.

"I first became aware of a blackness, a void. It felt very peaceful. No earthly problem or care followed me there. I was aware I existed, but I felt no pain. For the first time since being a child I felt free from emotional pain. I knew what was meant when the Lord said that the earth would be cursed for our sakes. This felt so natural in comparison to earth life. I came to the conclusion that our earth experience was the unnatural state and this one, the spiritual state, was the correct state of being.

A Marvelous Experience and a Message

"I remember leaving the void and entering a garden. The garden was similar to a wooded or forest area, but it had plants that were tropical in nature, sort of like you would find in Florida.

"There was the most beautiful music. It was not something I heard with my ears. Rather, it was something I felt with my soul.

"There were animals; birds, butterflies and small furry creatures, one resembling a fawn. I could communicate with these animals. It wasn't a verbal exchange or a question and answer scenario. It was, instead, as if I were a part of them. They seemed to receive their life force from the same source I did. We were part of a collective consciousness, part of a universal whole.

"It was like I had increased awareness. On earth our body has five senses, but over there I had more than the five senses. Part of the expanded awareness was the ability to perceive thoughts, to peer into the souls of all living things, and to communicate with them.

"In this manner it was communicated to me by a person whom I understood to be my 'guardian angel,' the person who was assigned to work with and:

help me, that I was not supposed to be there. I was going to be sent back, because I had not yet learned what I was supposed to learn on earth

'And it's like I asked: 'What is that?'

"Trust in God, came the reply. Allow yourself to receive the beautiful body he intended to bestow on you-and to glorify God with. "Stop abusing and defiling your body. Let your body be worthy of the spirit which inhabits it and trust in God to protect you. Let go of the fat which you were using to keep men away; trust in God.

"Additionally, I was told I had been trying to get my self-worth, my satisfaction, my reward from the wrong place. I had been trying to get them from flesh, from my husband, from my family, and from my friends. I was told that I was looking in the wrong direction. I should have been connecting with Christ and with God, not with man, for my identity.

"Something told me to look, and I turned and looked. I saw a beautiful girl, a young child of about eight or nine years with long brown hair. There was a small boy standing next to her who resembled my brother. I understood that these were the two children I had lost. The girl was the one I had lost from the beating, and the boy was lost from the abortion. They were beautiful children and I . . . I had a feeling of remorse and a great sense of loss.

"Then another message was communicated to my soul. I understood this person to be Christ speaking to me. The message was: *Oh precious child of God, I will restore that which the locust has eaten.* I knew it meant that those children would be mine.

"I was amazed at the mercy, understanding and love given to me while in the Savior's presence. There was such total acceptance and love-no condemnation whatsoever.

"Standing in His presence I received a new perception of myself and of my worth. I had left the earth thinking of myself as human garbage. In a few moments in His presence, and feeling for myself what he felt for me, I totally reevaluated my worth. I *did* matter; He *did* care. Even more than that-he loved me, he forgave me.

"I was so overwhelmed by the utter love and peace and mercy that I did not want to leave. I wanted to dance to that beautiful music. Even though I knew that someday I would hear the music and feel the love again, I begged not to be sent back."

Return-A New Understanding of Life

"Then I was back. The nurse was saying to me: 'You're in Holy Cross Hospital. You are in critical condition, and we don't know if we can save you. Even if we do you'll have heart problems the rest of your life.'

'Since that experience I haven't felt suicidal at all. Everything has changed. I'm not interested in money anymore. I wanted money to buy security, to be safe, in a nice house, with an education. I used to think if I could be a lawyer I could bring people who hurt women and children into court, and ... and those things don't matter now.

"The only thing that is important to me now is doing right by the people I love. All I want is to do the best I can for those that I love. I now feel that God loves me. I had never felt such an overwhelming sense of peace, and acceptance, and total love, total . . . there was no judgment. Just mercy and acceptance.

"I certainly don't feel suicidal anymore. Yes, I would like to be back in His presence, but I wouldn't want to kill myself to get there. I want to do what I'm supposed to do, to do right by my son, and to have those two children that were promised to be sent back.

"I thought for sure I was going to hell. You know, I had an abortion, and I tried to kill myself. But I know when my time comes I will go to that beautiful place, and it will be just as peaceful and lovely as it was when I was there.".....

"When I went into the garden I was in a different body than the one I had left. I was not overweight, I was maybe even a little on the thin side. I seemed to be a young woman; not adolescent, but not the 35 years old that I was at the time. I had long black hair and my body was perfect. Just as beautiful as it could

be. And I had more senses than the five senses we have on this earth. I had more perception. My body wasn't heavy, it wasn't cumbersome, it wasn't burdensome. It was beautiful and I didn't want to leave it."

"What do you mean by more perception?"

"Well, we perceive things here in three dimensions. It seemed like on the other side there was more than the three. You have ... you can do more things. It's really hard to describe."

"What about knowledge?"

"Oh, anything I wanted to know I understood before I could even formulate the question."

"So what sort of things did you feel you wanted to know?"

"Well, I wanted to know why I had been through the things that I had been through. I wondered about others, people I loved who had hurt me, and ... and I felt like those things didn't matter. That was their problem. All those things were old and would fall away, and they would be as dust in the dirt."

"I understood that I was looking in the wrong place, I was looking down, I was looking in the dirt. I should, instead, look up. I should Took up to Christ." *From Glimpsees of Eternity pp. 145-148*

Jean

Illness; Then a World of Knowledge

Jean came to our home in June, 1991. She was a cheerful, dark-haired lady and she seemed anxious to tell us her story. She explained that, after being born in Utah in 1946, she had been raised as a Mormon. She began her story:

"In 1986, I was a student at Weber State College, and my daughter brought a little girl she had been baby-sitting home. The girl had hepatitis, and I caught it immediately. On top of that, I'm diabetic, and I became extremely ill. I couldn't even get out of bed."

"One day I was lying in bed, terribly sick, and . . . and I know this wasn't a dream it wasn't like other dreams. It was more than a dream. It's hard to explain exactly what it was, but I suddenly found myself in this beautiful patio garden area. There were a group of buildings around, and the buildings were -I just knew they were libraries. They were educational buildings."

"The garden areas were so gorgeous. I had never seen such a well kept-garden. And the colors of the flowers were so vivid. I can remember exactly, and even the cement was pure white. The sidewalks, and the benches, and the patios were beautiful. There were people all over the place, and I just stood there in the middle of the garden looking around."

"As I looked, groups of children came running across the lawn with a teacher. There were other people walking around, and sitting on the benches, and leaning against the trees; they were all reading books and studying."

"I got so excited, because I recognized the buildings as 'The Libraries.' That's what I called them: 'The Libraries.' I knew that every single building was a different subject. All the knowledge in the universe was stored in those libraries. I was excited because I wanted to go and study and read everything. Since I had just been in college it made it all the more exciting; to be where all that knowledge was available."

"I was really surprised to see groups of children there. Another thing that surprised me was that everybody I saw was dressed in a different time period. They were dressed, I guess, in the time period that they had lived on earth."

"While I was standing there looking around, a group of men in dark suits, white shirts, and ties-they looked like Mormon Priesthood holders-came up to me and told me to follow them. I followed them into one of the buildings. It was beautiful inside, with mahogany, and cherry wood, and ... just a beautiful interior."

A Courtroom and a Trial

"We walked up a winding staircase which was crowded with people. At the top of the staircase we entered a room that was similar to a courtroom, or a high-council room. In the center of the room there was a large elongated oval table with chairs all around it. In the corner there was a fenced off area with a beautifully engraved fence. There was a platform behind the fence in a sort of closed circle. I was asked to stand there."

"These men then went and sat around the table. As they sat there they began discussing whether or not I should be allowed to stay or to go back. Some of them were for me staying, and others were saying that I had to go back. The ones saying that I had to return were very determined. The ones who said I could stay, they just sort of said it was okay for me to stay; they weren't as adamant as the others.

"They started asking me questions. One of the questions was: 'Is there anyone to take care of your children if you stay?' I told them that there wasn't anyone else. They then agreed, unanimously, that I had to return, and they told me so.

"I didn't want to return. I wanted to stay and read those books in the library. I was so excited about the library, and I really wanted to stay and to study. They reiterated that I had to go back.

"They all gathered around me in a circle, put their hands on my head, and said a prayer ... I guess. Anyway, I felt a downward pulling sensation. Then I was in my own bed.

"As soon as I woke up I knew I had to get to the doctor. I called him immediately and he put me in the hospital."

Questions and Responses

"Okay, Jean, let me ask you a few questions. When you first became aware that you were in a different place, did you have a feeling of where it was?"

"Yes. There wasn't any fear involved. It was peaceful, and I knew exactly what those buildings were. I knew I was in a garden area in the spirit world. I knew what it was and what the purposes of the buildings were-I recognized them.

"Everything was so calm and quiet. There were so many people around, yet there was no conflict. Everyone was happy and busy everyone was so busy. And I felt at peace and excited."

"Those almost sound like contradictions, to be at peace, yet excited."

"I was excited because I wanted to read those books. I can't portray to you how excited I was thinking about all the knowledge that was stored in those libraries. I had this great desire to study and learn everything I could. In fact, I still have that desire."

"You mentioned the beautiful scenery. Was it similar to what we have here?"

"Yes, there were trees, beautiful trees, and flowers, and shrubs, but ... but everything was enhanced. The colors were so much brighter. And everything was perfect. There wasn't a single weed in the place."

"You said that you didn't want to return to this earth. Why did you want to stay?"

"Because I was so excited about the libraries and about getting to study there."

"When it was decided that you were to come back, did you agree with that decision?"

"No. I went yelling!"

"Is that right?"

"Yes. When they had their hands on my heads and when there was the downward pulling-the whole time, I was yelling that I wanted to stay."

"So it was not your choice to come back?"

"No, it was not."

"Yet, you recognized that if you didn't come back there would be no one to care for your children?"

"That's right. There would be no one to take care of them nor to raise them as I knew they should be raised. Also, if I didn't return, they wouldn't have the love to give them."

"Under those circumstances, it appears that you at least partially agreed that you should come back."

"Yes. I guess so-but I left yelling."

Recognition of People-Other Experiences

"Is there anything else about the experience that you remember?"

"Well this sounds silly, sol wasn't going to say it. But walking up the staircase I recognized one person.

"Who was that?"

"Benjamin Franklin. I recognized him from his pictures. As I passed him -I thought: *Wow! But where*

else would he be? What more natural place for such a man than the libraries where all the knowledge was."

"Did you recognize anyone else?"

"There was one General Authority."

"That's a General Authority from the LDS Church?"

"Yes. I don't remember his name. He was going down the stairs while I was going up."

"Did you have any feeling of who the people were who conducted the trial?"

"No. I knew they were Authorities, and I knew they were in charge of making the decision, but that's all."

"You didn't feel that they were your relatives?"

"No. But I had some other experiences in which relatives were involved."

"All right, why don't you tell me about them."

"My husband died when he was relatively young, and I was pregnant with my third child. I was three months along, and I was really sick with morning sickness and other problems. It was the night before the funeral, I was so sick, and I couldn't sleep. I was throwing up, non-stop, and I was sitting on the edge of my bed thinking that if I didn't get some sleep I wouldn't be able to make it to the funeral.

'At that moment, I was wide awake, and I became aware of two people standing in the corner of my room. One was my husband. The other was a personage, a male, wearing a long white robe. I couldn't see the face of this personage-I wasn't allowed to see his face. They were about two feet off the ground, and they were standing there looking at me.

"My husband turned to him and said: 'Does she have to suffer like that?' The personage in the robe raised his right arm to the square. Then they disappeared and I lay down. The next thing I knew it was morning and I felt wonderful."

"How did your husband look?"

"He was dressed in the dark suit that he was buried in. He looked like he always did, but healthy."

"Was there any light associated with either individual?"

"Yes, around the messenger there was light; that's why I couldn't see his face. It was a bright glow."

"That was an interesting experience. Is there anything else?"

"Well, there was another incident."

"What sort of incident?"

"It was a different kind of experience. I'm not sure you would be interested in it."

"Tell us about it."

"In the 1980s my youngest sister was called to go on a mission for the LDS Church to Bolivia, and she asked me to give the main talk at her farewell. I was excited about it; I'm a speech and drama teacher, and I was sure I could do a good job.

"Her farewell was at her ward in Salt Lake City, and I was sitting on the stand waiting for the Sacrament Meeting to start. As I sat there I became aware of a whole group of people standing in the back of the chapel. They were all dressed in temple clothes.

"As I looked at the people, all of whom had previously died, I saw my father, my grandparents, and my aunts and uncles. My husband was not there. While I watched them my father came forward. He told me that he was pleased with the talk I was going to give.

"Several months later I wrote my sister and told her what I had seen. She wrote back and thanked me for telling her. She said that for months prior to her mission she had prayed and invited each of these deceased relatives to be at her missionary farewell." (*Glimpses of Eternity*, pp. 176-180)

From the book, The Journey Behind Life

“When I am pregnant, I have a hormone imbalance that affects my entire glandular system. although I have sought the best medical advice available, when I am expecting I become seriously ill, and have lost nine out of my eleven pregnancies.

During one of these pregnancies, I became so weak and tired that I could not walk across the room to call on the phone for help. I was having very heavy contractions and knew that I was not going to make it through that pregnancy. But I also knew that my own life was endangered, and I prayed to Heavenly Father that someone would come to help me. As I lay for hours in this condition, I began to ponder the events of my life. I thought about some of the things I had done that I liked and others that I did not. Suddenly I began to pray with fervent desire that I might know how I stood with the Lord. I had tried all my life to repent. Had I been forgiven?

In an instant, my position changed. Although I was lying upon my bed, I was also seeing a play before me on stage that looked like the book of life, and I was the main character. In it, I saw some things for which I felt sorry. I had been seeking forgiveness, and seeing these things made me ask the Lord more fervently, "Hast Thou truly forgiven me of this?" Then a huge page of the book-of-life came right over the top of the scene I was worried about and I heard the words, "*Thy sins are forgiven thee; remember them no more.*"

Only a few moments later, my husband came in to check on me. I was unspeakably relieved that he had come home, and as I tried to ask him for help, I started to miscarry. The physical labor was too much for my body because of my weakened condition. My body stayed right there, but my spirit started leaving. My husband began slapping my face, yet I couldn't respond. I knew that I was passing on, and I watched myself leaving.

Suddenly I started going through dimensions. There is no way to describe what happened. I was moving through our physical dimension into another one. The dimension did not stay in one shape or size, and I was aware that I was moving through circles and triangles and squares toward a bright light. I was so taken in by the sizes of things that I don't remember any colors.

Before I reached the light, I recalled my life in a sudden flash. It was the most totally exciting, fantastic thing I have ever seen. I saw the time I was brought from heaven to the earth by angels to a body, how I was received at the hospital, and how my parents loved me. From that day until the present, I saw everything that ever happened to me in my life. It was all in an instant, at fantastic speeds and rates, and it was not like a day-by-day procedure. What I saw was like a concept to learn or a trial, experience by experience. My life was arranged systematically so that everything related to one subject or trial was grouped together. At the end of each experience I was judged. There was no voice of judgment, but I knew instantly how the Lord felt about each thing I had done in my life. I was also able to perceive how my actions affected everyone around me. I had never even thought about my influence on others as part of my judgment before, only what I had done.

The entire experience is almost overwhelming, but it was not too much for me because my mind was capable of great acceleration. I could comprehend many things quickly and vividly. It is impossible to explain. Here, we are just like turtles - everything we do is so **SLOW**. I had instant recall about every incident I was ever involved in, as if I were living my life again in its entirety, but I was understanding it this time, and how it affected others.

For example, my brother wasn't even a year older than I was. As a child I could not understand why he would beat me up and not treat me like a best friend. From this experience, I learned that he disliked being physically smaller than I was. Everyone treated us like I was older because I grew faster. I had never thought of this until that moment. Then I knew how he felt, and what's more, I knew how I could have helped him. I was deeply disappointed that I had not understood his anxiety.

This realization bothered me and, as I sorrowed over the breach in my relationship with my

brother, I was told I would not be judged on what I did not know. I was to be judged on what I did know in life and on what I would have done had I known more. I knew in that instant what I would have done if I had possessed more knowledge and the judgment on that as well as on my actions. I was told that this experience had been one of his trials. My brother had already died, and I asked how he was doing and how he perceived this. I was given the knowledge that he had already had the same experience and that he was very happy in the spirit world.

The most wonderful part of this experience was that all the things I had done wrong were gone as if they had never existed. For the first time, I truly understood the beauty of the Atonement. If I had not just had the experience of having my sins forgiven, this would still have been glorious beyond description, but guilt and sorrow would have weighed my soul down with pain.

Instead, I was filled with supreme joy. There were things I had forgotten about entirely that I was able to enjoy again in the fullest sense. I felt the sweetest joy in realizing that trials really do stack up like stairs, the way we are taught in church. Each trial prepares you for the next one, bringing you a blessing of knowledge or wisdom or experience. A sudden, inspiring recognition of how carefully our own individual tests are planned burst over me, and I was filled with gratitude.

I will never be afraid of death. I want to experience the exhilaration of that judgment scene again, the feeling of God's love and compassion sweeping through me. It was awesome - in the true meaning of the word. As the review ended, I was given my judgment. I knew exactly how I stood, and I was very pleased with it and its fair-ness.

I experienced this judgment as I was nearing the bright light. Then I saw someone coming toward me, with many other people behind him. He was an angel who had come to get me. I don't know who he was, but he was someone who had always helped me. We had been familiar with one another for a very long time, and it would have been ridiculous to make an introduction at this point. I was excited and wanted to express my happiness at the relief I felt from the cares of the world, but I was told that I had made some promises and commitments and had been set apart to do some work before this world was. I had accepted a responsibility that would have a great missionary effect.

I was shown another child that I would have if I returned, but I was also shown what would happen to my children if I did not. I was given the choice and knew that either way, all would go well. At that moment, I was most caught up in the fact that I had made a commitment that I had not even begun to fulfill.

As I marveled on how this work was to be done, I was shown that the Savior was in charge of the work, and that He would lead me. It was clear that the Lord would provide everything that would be necessary for the work.

Then, I knew that I had to choose at that instant or my physical body would be too far gone. I was asked to return, but at the same time I was promised a complete reward for what I had done if I remained. At that moment, I made a full oath and commitment to do the work that the Lord had for me to do. It is my witness that everything necessary to the work has been provided, and I have been sustained in every situation.

As soon as I chose to return, my ability to communicate vanished. I shot back through the dimensions and was aware of my husband still slapping my face.

Returning was an awful thing. There was incredible anguish in coming back to the imperfections, sorrows, and pains of this world. I felt great sadness and a sense of incompleteness as my abilities were again limited. No longer could I know other's thoughts as they pertained to me in the complete way I had experienced. Everything felt slow in this 'turtle' world.

My husband rushed me to the hospital where I was hooked up to a lot of machinery. They said that I was beyond medical help. My temperature was ten degrees low, and didn't rise to a normal level for days. My pulse was gone. However, my mind was keen, and I had the ability to communicate. Over time I have recovered and had that last child, but it did not happen right away. My recovery took years.

My experience did not leave me unchanged. I have enjoyed a quickening of my abilities. I can

read, think, and comprehend things four times as fast as I could before. My perceptions of others and the 'entire scope' of things has broadened, my spiritual and intellectual abilities have been increased, and I can perceive the degree of light or darkness within individuals that I meet.² Above all, I have a heightened awareness of the value of _ the Atonement, repentance, and the plan of salvation. The only way we can be saved from total, devastating hell is through Christ. My love for the Savior is virtually impossible to put into words. I am entirely committed to serving Him." (*The Journey Beyond Life pp. 89-94*)

James S. LeSueur

"In January 1898 I left for a mission to Great Britain. On my way I called at the Brigham Young Academy to visit my brother Frank LeSueur. We spent some pleasant hours together, for we loved each other dearly. Just before parting, we held each other's hands and made a covenant that we would follow the Lord's bidding and do anything he desired of us, thus bringing honor to our father's name. I was to go into the Jersey and Guernsey Islands, where our ancestors had come from, and during my spare time as a missionary, I would gather genealogical information regarding them. We discussed this and decided that we would do our part in the redemption of our dead. Now I admit that these are rather strange covenants for two lads - as he was but seventeen, and I only nineteen years old - but thus it was. And then we parted, unaware that we were never to see one another again in mortality.

After twenty-six months service in the mission field, and after having also secured the pedigrees of hundreds of dead in my father's ancestry over many centuries, I received this cablegram from the President of the European Mission:

"Released. Outlaws killed Frank. Can you call Anchonie, Glasgow, Thursday?"

Frank had been called on a mission by the First Presidency but had not been assigned a field, and was to leave after my return home. What a shock this was for me! I had so looked forward to the few months we would be together after my mission and before he left, and now our plans were shattered. For a short time, I felt that being deprived of his company like this was poor pay for my diligent service, but then I remembered having found relief in prayer before. So, I called on the four elders laboring in Guernsey to kneel with me in prayer. Each of them prayed for my comfort and consolation, and then I prayed. After pleading for the comforting spirit of the Lord, I asked why my brother had been taken in this way, and whether or not it was the Lord's will. After pleading earnestly, I heard a voice from above which penetrated my very soul. Clear, _ sweet, and wonderful, it said,

"Your brother is called for a similar purpose as President Woodruff's son."

I recalled immediately how President Woodruff's son, one on whom he had laid a great hope of an eventual earthly career, had been drowned in Idaho. President Woodruff had gone to the temple and asked the Lord why this son was taken, when an angel of the Lord stood before him and asked this question,

"Which of all your sons would you prefer to --have charge of the missionary work of preaching the gospel to your kindred in the spirit world?"

President Woodruff spoke the name of the son who was drowned and the angel passed out of his sight.

So then I knew that my brother, Frank, had been called to take charge of the missionary work among my kindred who had passed on. He had been a faithful student at BY Academy and after his return home was called to be a missionary. Therefore he was judged, prepared, and worthy to be the ideal one to take charge of my family's missionary work in the next life. My heart's cries were assuaged and I felt to praise the Lord for I knew of no relative who would fill that important post in a better way. Frank had a wonderful personality, was interested in everyone and a friend of all, especially the downtrodden and weak. He was very sympathetic and had a keen sense of right and duty. This was apparent in his insistence on going to the call of his country when the sheriff asked him to go with a posse after five outlaws. His last words heard by living witnesses a few hours prior to his being ambushed and shot down by those outlaws were, "The sheriff's ahead and will need our help." He was no deserter and to the last fearlessly did his duty. Here was

a real leader to guide kindred in the spirit world into the way of salvation. I rejoiced in this knowledge.

When I returned home to Arizona, I had a feeling I would see him. I sought for this privilege at his grave side but was not favored. A week or more after my return, my father and I went up to the sheep camps Frank had been in charge of at the time of his death. As we drove from camp to camp, the Mexican herders could talk of nothing else but Frank and how they liked him. At night when my father retired under the pines I went a short distance away, and kneeling in prayer, asked that I might see Frank and get an idea of the work he was doing. I felt that my prayer would be answered.

Returning to the camp bed, I retired, and my spirit left my body. Looking down, I saw my body on the bed beside my father. Then I saw a personage standing a few feet from my spirit, dressed in white and I knew he was my Guardian Angel. He said,

"Come, go with me."

We passed into space above a great distance, and then out over the forest, the plain, over hills, dales, water, cities, and in an incredibly short time came into a large city which I knew to be a city where the spirits of those who had passed away were detained while awaiting preparing for the resurrection morning. A beautiful city it was, passing all description with its tall, white buildings, its clean flower-bordered streets, its peace and loveliness, its perfection. We passed through the streets with people going here and there and then came before a four-story building which covered an entire block.

"We will go in here, said the angel.

A door opened and a young lady beckoned us to enter. I looked at her wondering who she was, for I did not recall having seen her before. The personage accompanying me said,

"This young lady is a relative of yours, who while living in mortality was killed. She is now assisting in missionary work among your relatives who have died without a knowledge of the gospel, and are assembled to hear the gospel preached."

I looked over the audience, estimating that there were about ten thousand present by comparing the congregation with the assembly at conference time in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. There was a look of expectancy upon their faces as though they were awaiting something to begin just like I have seen at our great conference.

Presently, I heard a person begin speaking and I looked toward the speaker and listened to a sermon on the first principles of the gospel. The speaker explained the principles just as I had heard missionaries present them, excepting baptism, which he said was an earthly covenant that should be attended to while in mortality. However, inasmuch as they had died without being baptized, the ordinance could be attended to for them by proxy, someone living in mortality could take their name and act for them. He explained that there were temples erected upon the earth where kinsmen and friends were being baptized vicariously for the dead; and that if they accepted the baptism and confirmation that was done for them, it would be as valid as if they had attended to it in person while in mortality.

When the speaker had finished he turned around and looked up at me, and I saw that it was my brother, Frank. He looked supremely happy and I felt that I would be willing to go through any sacrifice if I could live to be worthy of such happiness. Then he bowed and smiled at me so joyously that a wonderful thrill passed through me. I shall never forget it.

A young lady was standing beside him, also dressed in white. She bowed and smiled at me in recognition of my visit, and I looked at her very carefully, wondering who she was. The angel said,

"The young lady standing by and assisting your brother is to be his wife."

I looked at her once more, realizing that if I ever saw her again, I would know her.

Then the angel said, "We will pass into the other rooms."

There was a room in which there were many thousands of spirits, arranged in classes with teachers instructing and preparing them with sufficient knowledge to later be instructed like the first group that had seemed so interested and eager to receive the information given to them. Faithful relatives of mine who had died were instructors here, and the listeners, too, were relatives who had died without a knowledge of the gospel.

After this, we passed into a third hall where there was confusion and disorder, quarrelling, and loud talking, and it seemed that force was required to control some of those gathered. There were also relatives of still darker times, even darker than the age known as the Dark Ages, when there was so much sin and wickedness and ignorance among the inhabitants of the earth. These required a still more difficult training and long schooling before they could even come to the state of the second group, who were willing to be taught.

Then the angel said, "We will now go back to your body," and at that we passed out of the building along the streets of the city, and with the speed which seemed like lightening over the great expanse of mountains, plains, seas, and in almost the speed of light came down into the mountain camp. I looked around and saw the sheep bedded a short distance away at the great pines, my father lying asleep, and my own body there in bed with no spirit within it. Then I looked at the angel, standing near. He bowed, smiled and bid me adieu, and my spirit re-entered my body. I sat up immediately and told my father of my experience.

Lest you suggest that this was only a dream, let me give you some proof of the actuality of my visit beyond.

Patriarch Charles D. Evans, in Provo, Utah, on the 26th of February, 1896, had promised me that "The Lord shall give thee the gift of prophecy thou shall look beyond this world of flesh into the world of spirits and behold its beauty and order and commune with the dead for their redemption" He also went on to say that "At thy hands shall be the power to bind on earth and in heaven."³ Both these prophecies were fulfilled, for I did in actuality leave my body to visit the spirit world, and I have served in the temples.

At the time of this experience, I knew of no kindred of mine that had been killed, save my brother, and could not identify the young lady at the entrance of the building in the spirit world. However, when I described her to my mother, she said,

"I know who she was. That was Nellie Cdekirk, your cousin who was killed on the fourth of July by being thrown off a horse she was riding. She was acting as the Goddess of Liberty in Vernal, Utah, and her foot caught in the stirrup so that when she was thrown, she did not fall away, but was drug several blocks before the horse could be stopped. When they freed her from the stirrup she was dead. Nellie was the loveliest and best of all of our relatives."

So it was Nellie who was helping Frank and hundreds of other relatives of mine to teach and help our dead kindred come to an understanding of the truth.

And who was the young lady with Frank that the angel said was to become his wife? A few weeks after this manifestation, a Sister Kempe came from an adjoining town and told my parents that her daughter had died a short time before. On her deathbed she had told her mother that Frank LeSueur had come to visit her in his spirit form and asked her if she would become his wife. She had agreed to do so. Then he told her to tell her mother that she was going to die and that after she did, her mother was to come and ask my parents for consent to having her daughter, Jennie, sealed to Frank. I was called into the consultation, and when I heard it I asked for a photo of the young lady. As soon as I saw it, I recognized the likeness of the young lady with my brother in the spirit world. The sealing was taken care of and those two happy souls are now working together in that most joyous work of soul-saving.

My life has been changed by this experience, for it has been my utmost desire to do all I can for the redemption of my dead, and to help others throughout the church in genealogical and temple work. To me this effort is vital, actual, and without supposition, for I know that the work we are doing for the saving of souls in the spirit world is indeed moving forward. I have seen the great work that is going on in the temples of Utah and Arizona and know from the monthly reports of the work in these temples that I am involved in completing the missionary work being done in came from an adjoining town and told my parents that her daughter had died a short time before. On her deathbed she had told her mother that Frank LeSueur had come to visit her in his spirit form and asked her if she would become his wife. She had agreed to do so. Then he told her to tell her mother that she was going to die and that after she did, her mother was to come and ask my parents for consent to having her daughter, Jennie, sealed to Frank. I was

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Brother Carr

“In the block where I lived was a family by the name of Southgate. They were an average family who worked hard to support seven children. Every day I went to the Southgate home to play with their children or they were at our home. I also saw them faithfully at church every Sunday.

One day Sister Southgate discovered that she had a lump in her breast, so they drove by team to Provo and she had both breasts removed. But the cancer had spread and nothing more could be done for her. There were no drugs in those days to relieve the pain, which was constantly with her. The bishopric administered to her many times, but only temporary relief was obtained. The membership of the ward called a fast on her behalf, and prayed for her. They asked the Lord to let her pass on, that they could not stand to see Sister Southgate suffer any longer.

After the fasting and prayer meeting, Sister Southgate died. They had no mortuary in those days. A homemade casket was made, and the Relief Society dressed Sister Southgate for burial. The funeral services were arranged, and her body was placed carefully in a casket.

Just prior to the time of the services and when a number of people were present, they heard Sister Southgate call out from where she lay in the casket. She asked her husband then if he were sure that she had been sealed to her parents. She said there was something wrong, as her mother and father and other members of her family were together, but she did not seem to belong to them.

Her husband got out the family record and found that his wife's family had gone to the St. George Temple years before, and had been sealed. An elderly lady who had traveled to the community for the funeral remembered that when the Southgate family had gone to the St. George Temple to have their family sealed, there was an epidemic of measles among the children and perhaps Sister Southgate had not been able to go with the others. Sister Southgate later wrote to the temple for information, and when she received an answer she found that all her family except herself were listed on the temple sealing.

She discussed her experiences in the spirit world with the many friends and relatives that had gathered for her funeral. She had visited with many who had departed this life and she told of schools for children who had died, and of the peaceful conditions of paradise. While she was there, some messengers had asked her to return and finish her work in mortality. She explained that she told them she had suffered terribly for many months, and could not bear to go back and endure the pain. They told her that Satan had such great power on the earth that her children needed their mother to build strong faith. They promised her that because she had not complained of her suffering, nor had bitterness in her heart, she would never have to suffer mortal pain again.

Sister Southgate had good health from then on. She had been unable to raise her arm, but after that she could hold it high above her head. She was sealed in the temple to her family and lived to see all her children married in the temple for time and for eternity. Her children remained true in the faith and valiant in helping build up the kingdom of God on the earth.

When Sister Southgate was threescore and ten she asked her husband if he would feel very lonesome if she were to pass over. He answered that he would, but perhaps he would be called over first. The next morning

Brother Southgate found that his wife had gone over to her beloved parents, and without struggle or pain. She had just gone to sleep."

(in *The Journey Beyond Life*, pp.172-174)

Antone H. Lund President of the Manti Temple 1891-1893

"I remember one day. a brother from Mount Pleasant rode down to the temple to take part in the work, and as he passed the cemetery in Ephraim, he looked ahead (it was early in the morning), and there was a large multitude all dressed in white, and he wondered how that could be. Why should there be so many up here; it was too early for a funeral, he thought; but as he drove up several of them stepped to the front of him... They said, "Are you going to the temple?" "Yes." "Well these that you see here are your relatives and they want you to do work for them." "Yes," he said, "but I am going down today to finish my work. I have no more names and I do not know the names of those who say they are related to me." "But when you go down to the temple today you will find there are records that give our names." He was surprised. He looked until they all disappeared, and drove on.

As he came into the temple, Recorder Farnsworth came up to him and said, "I have just received records from England and they all belong to you." There were hundreds of names that had just arrived, and what was told him by these persons that he saw was fulfilled. You can imagine what joy came to his heart, and what a testimony it was to him that the Lord wants His work done." *N. B. Lundwall, Temples of the Most High p. 124*

I Was Floating through Space by Arthur Ford

"I was critically ill. The doctors said I could not live, but being the good doctors they were, they continued doing what they could. I was in a hospital in Coral Gables, Florida, and my friends had been told that I could not live through the night.

As from a distance, with no feeling except a mild curiosity, I heard a doctor say to a nurse, "Give him the needle; he might as well be comfortable." This I seemed to sense was "it," but I was not afraid. I was simply wondering how long it would take to die.

Next, I was floating in the air above my bed. I could see my body but had no interest in it. There was a feeling of peace, a sense that all was well.

Now I lapsed into a timeless blank. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself floating through space, without effort, without any sense that I possessed a body as I had known my body. Yet I was myself.

Now there appeared a green valley with mountains on all sides, illuminated everywhere by a brilliance of light and color impossible to describe. People were coming toward me from all around, people I had known and thought of as "dead." I knew them all. Many I had not thought of for years, but it seemed that everyone I had ever cared about was there to greet me.

Recognition was more by personality than by physical attributes. They had changed ages. Some who had passed on in old age were now young, and some who had passed on while children had now matured.

I have often had the experience of traveling to a foreign country, being met by friends and introduced to the local customs and taken to places of interest any visitor to the country would want to see.

It was like that now. Never have I been so royally greeted. I was shown all the things they seemed to think I should see. My memory of these places is as clear as my impression of the countries I have visited in this life. The beauty of a sunrise viewed from a peak in the Swiss Alps, the Blue Grotto of Capri, the hot, dusty roads of India are no more powerfully etched in my memory than the spirit world in which I knew myself to be. Time has never dimmed the memory of it. It is as vivid and real as anything I have ever known.

There was one surprise. Some people I would have expected to see were not present. I asked about them. In the instant of asking, a thin transparent film seemed to fall over my eyes. The light grew dimmer, and colors lost their brilliance. I could no longer see those to whom I had been speaking, but through a haze I saw those for whom I had asked. They, too, were real, but as I looked at them, I felt my own body become heavy. Earthly thoughts crowded into my mind. It was evident to me that I was being shown a lower sphere. I called to them; they seemed to hear me, but I could not hear a reply. Then it was over. A gentle being who looked like a symbol of eternal youth, but radiated power and wisdom, stood by me.

"Don't worry about them," he said. "They can come here whenever they want to if they desire it more than anything else."

Everyone here was busy. They were continually occupied with mysterious errands and seemed to be very happy. Several of those to whom I had been bound by close ties in the past did not seem to be much interested in me. Others I had known only slightly became my companions. I understood that this was right and natural. The law of affinity determined our relationships here.

At some point-I had no awareness of time-I found myself standing before a dazzling white building. Entering, I was told to wait in an enormous anteroom. They said I was to remain here until some sort of disposition had been made of my case. Through wide doors I could glimpse two long tables with people sitting at them and talking-about me.

Guiltily I began an inventory of my life. It did not make a pretty picture. The people at the long tables were also reviewing the record, but the things that worried me did not seem to have much interest for them.

The conventional sins I was warned about as a child were hardly mentioned. But there was sober concern over such matters as selfishness, egotism, stupidity. The word "dissipation" occurred over and over-not in the usual sense of intemperance but as waste of energies, gifts, and opportunities. On the other side of the scale were some simple, kindly things such as we all do from time to time without thinking them of much consequence.

The "judges" were trying to make out the main trend of my life. They mentioned my having failed to accomplish "what he knew he had to finish." There was a purpose for me, it seemed, and I had not fulfilled it. There was a plan for my life, and I had misread the blueprint.

"They're going to send me back," I thought, and I didn't like it. Never did I discover who these people were. They repeatedly used the word "record," perhaps the Akashic Record of the ancient mystic schools-the great universal spiritual sound track on which all events are recorded.

When I was told I had to return to my body, I fought having to go back into that beaten, diseased hulk I had left behind in a Coral Cables hospital. I was standing before a door. I knew if I passed through it, I would be back where I had been. I decided I wouldn't go. Like a spoiled child in a tantrum, I pushed my feet against the wall and fought.

There was a sudden sense of hurtling through space. I opened my eyes and looked into the face of a nurse. I had been in a coma for more than two weeks."

(From Beyond the Veil Vol. 1 pp. 77-82) by Lee Nelson

Sharon McQueen

"The last time I saw her alive was July 3rd, almost a year after the tumor was first discovered. She had gone blind, had a stroke that crippled the right side of her body, and had wasted away to virtually nothing. We knew it would be a bitter-sweet blessing when she died. She hung on through the 4th and died on the morning of the 5th, a fast Sunday.

Before she died she asked me to attend her funeral, which was going to be held in the state of Washington, where her home was. So, the next morning I was vacuuming my car, getting ready for the trip; I was taking Mara's husband and kids with me. As I was vacuuming with our noisy shop-vac, I heard a voice, clearer than any I have ever heard, ask me,

"Why are you cleaning the car when my kids will only mess it up?" It was Mara's voice.

"I always clean my car when I go on a trip," I answered.

"You can hear me!" she exclaimed.

I think she was more surprised that I heard her, than I was that she was talking to me. She told me she had been trying to talk to her husband but he couldn't hear her. She had me call him and tell him to go downstairs so she could talk to him, which he did. I then felt her presence leave.

Two hours later I was fixing lunch for my husband who was home on a lunch break, when I felt Mara's presence enter the room. What followed was our longest and most interesting conversation. Although my husband couldn't hear her, he still participated in the discussion as I spoke the words. I was hearing Mara on a different level of communication, possibly through my thoughts. She, on the other hand, only heard me when I spoke out loud, she could not read my thoughts.

I asked her where she was and she responded, "I'm up." When she said that, I knew she meant between 18 and 24 inches above the ground. I asked her how she got around and she said she just moved. She didn't walk or fly or anything we could imagine, she just moved.

My next question was, "What is it like there?" In answer to this she began talking and talking, describing in every detail the new world she was in.

She said there were two levels; the one she was on, above the ground, and the one on the ground level with us. The spirits on the ground level wander aimlessly, not knowing where to go or what to do until they accept the gospel, at which point they move to the upper level. The people on the upper level could see us mortals as well as the spirits on the lower level of their world. But, the spirits on the lower level could only see their level.

She described to us how all the men on her level were teaching those on the level below. Everyone had a job to do and kept very busy, even she had already been given a calling, though she didn't mention to me what it was. She also said that everyone speaks the same language where she was.

Mara then began telling us how you know everyone when you get there. She said she had met all the latter-day prophets, from Joseph Smith down to Spencer W. Kimball who had just died. Then she made a statement that really made me realize what sort of atmosphere Mara **was** actually in.

Softly she said, "Sharon, Jesus' eyes really are blue." Then she went on to describe what it was like to be around Him and feel His love.

She said that where she was there were thousands upon thousands of bookshelves stuffed with books. There were books on every topic imaginable. But you didn't read them, all you had to do was open up a book and you would immediately absorb all the knowledge it contained. You could just sit down and learn anything you ever wanted to know. To learn everything would take an incredibly long time, though, because there were so many of them.

When we asked her if the people there wore white clothing, she responded that you could if you wanted to, but you didn't have to.

"I'm wearing peach," she said. This became an important statement because a day or so later Mara appeared to one of her daughters. When I asked the girl what she was wearing she said she had on a peach-

colored dress-I had not mentioned to her that Mara told me what she was wearing.

Mara then told me there was a boy up there waiting to come down and join my family. I had not had any children for eight years and wasn't expecting any more, but sure enough, about a year later I gave birth to my third child, a precious little boy.

She said there were other babies too, from time to time, but they didn't stay long.

I asked her if she was going to her viewing, and to my surprise she said no. When I asked her why, she said that she didn't want to see a bunch of people crying over her shell (body).

"That's not me," she said. "I don't even look like that." That sounded like a good enough reason to me.

Sometimes during our conversation I couldn't understand her because she was talking faster than I could think. I had to ask her a number of times to slow down so I could hear what she was saying. Although she was talking rapidly, it seemed like she was talking to me as slow as she possibly could. I know I missed a lot of what she was telling me because of this.

We talked for about an hour, enjoying each other's company once more. Finally, she had to leave to visit her husband again and I felt her presence leave.

Mara talked to me two more times during the next couple of days; she became more and more difficult to understand each time. The first of these visits occurred while we were driving up to Washington. She spoke to both her husband and me at the same time. Her last visit was at the funeral and only lasted for a few minutes.

The reason she came back was to comfort those of us who desperately needed to know she was fine and that everything was going to be all right. Now, because of this experience, I no longer fear death. I consider this to be a great spiritual blessing, for now I know a little more of what to expect when I die. I remember vividly how happy and serene Mara seemed during our visits, and I know that I will experience the same thing when it is my turn to pass beyond the veil." (*Beyond the Veil Vol. 3 pp. 138-142 by Lee Nelson*)

Samuel Tumbow, an early Mormon pioneer, had such an experience when he was permitted to go into the spirit world and while there received over one hundred names of deceased relatives who were desirous of having their work done for them:

" His [Tumbow's] spirit left his body and went into the spirit world. The first person that he met was his old friend, Jonathan Pugmire, who greeted him and said: "Well, old friend, you have come but not to stay this time," and then he saw his wife that had been dead for years; and in great joy he threw open his arms and said, "Sylvia, come to me." She did not move. There was a person standing by her; and they seemed to understand each other at a glance. He said again more earnestly, "Sylvia, won't you come to me;" and still she did not move. Both of them looked at him and smiled. Just like a flash he thought of another name and called by that name. She rushed to his arms and greeted him. Just at that moment there came a man dressed in a beautiful suit of gray clothes. He told him [Tumbow] the names of over one hundred of his relatives and then told him that he must return to his body' and do the work for them. As soon as he came to himself he called his son, Franklin, and told him to get his pen and ink and write down the names as he told them to him. He did so and after he was better. He learned by writing to his cousin, Pleasant C. Tumbow, in the South that the names and relationship were correct. "

from Spirit World Manifestations By Joseph Heinerman pp. 60-61

One Latter-day Saint sister named **Lerona A. Wilson** received instructions from her dead father concerning doing temple work for those in the spirit world:

During November 1914, my grandmother Lerona A. Wilson was suffering from blood poison caused by a rusty needle which due to her weakened condition caused a fear of death to come over her.

While in that condition she prayed with all the faith she could exercise. While praying at about midday she noticed a soft bright light filling her room.

Immediately her father who had been dead seven years came into her room accompanied by her mother who had been dead thirty years, and by her sister and her daughter-in-law who had both been dead two years, and two men whom her father introduced as Dr. Robiou and Dr. Trabue, his ancestors of the French Huguenot people of Virginia.

Her father addressed her saying, "We have come to talk to you about the temple work for our people who are now in the spirit world."

Her father told about her ancestors. They were a worthy people, he said and had accepted the Gospel in large numbers and were waiting with anxious hope for the ordinance of baptism to be performed for them. He then said the time had come for these ordinances to be performed and he desired her to take up the work. She promised she would.

After she had made the promise, her father required her to repeat it and then he warned her in these words: "If you do not, I will move you out of the way and raise up some one who will."

He used great emphasis in urging that baptisms be performed at once for all the people she had records of "The time is short," he said, "our people can not be put off Their work must be done so they can be ready for the coming of the Savior."

He promised her she would get what money she needed.

The two doctors who were with her father manifested interest in her sickness, they examined her afflicted hand and told her what to do for it, but her father said: "Do what you will, your hand will not get better until you have proved your faithfulness."

While asleep, as she believed, though it seemed real and natural, the visitors came again and took her with them to a place where there was a large congregation of people, shut up within walls, there were so many that it seemed like there were millions of them.

As they stood on an elevated stand where they could be seen, her father introduced her to the people and told them that she had promised to have the temple work done for them.

She wondered how she was to obtain records of the numerous people to whom her father had introduced her and was told that people would furnish her the information willingly and gladly, which has been fulfilled in a manner surprising to her.

Through the blessings of the Lord, help has come to her through books published and the assistance of willing friends which had enabled her to get the records and do the temple work for several thousand of her dead ancestors." (Spirit World Manifestations By Joseph Heinerman pp. 65-67)

John Peterson

"I will say I was born eleven Swedish miles of Gottenberg, Sweden, and when I was about 22 years old I had consumption very bad. I had joined the Church in the early part of 1857, and was ordained an Elder the same spring. Through the summer and fall I was very sick with the disease. I think about October, for five weeks, I could partake of no food, only drink. I lost my speech for three days. On the third day, in the afternoon, my attendants said the pulse in wrists had stopped, and they could feel a slight pulsation in the head. My father and mother had concluded in their minds that I should die; that I was too far gone to be restored. Father told mother he would remain with me during the night. Mother therefore retired to her room, being fatigued and worn out.

To while away the lonely hours, father sat reading to himself (Orson Pratt's Works). It was between then and eleven o'clock that a visitor suddenly made his appearance in the room, and standing by the couch on which I lay, placed his hand on my head and asked if I was ready to go? I answered, "Yes;" and just at that instant I seemed to stand upon the floor, my body lying on the bed. I looked around to see if my father could see us, but he seemed to have been too interested in reading to have noticed us. We started off on our journey through space, seemingly with the rapidity of lightning (for I can make no other

comparison).! asked my guide who he was. He answered he was one of the guardian angels sent to bring the dead. We soon reached a place where was congregated a great number of people - something similar to a market day in the old country. They seemed to have gathered for some purpose. I asked my guide what place this was, and he answered, "That is the place where all your forefathers have gathered together, and are waiting for two missionaries." There seemed to be a stand erected close by for the missionaries to preach in. They came as it were directly; part of the congregation were noisy and inclined to be troublesome. I asked my guide who these missionaries were, and he merely answered, "The old man is the Apostle Matthias." I understood by this it was the Apostle Matthias who had filled the place of Judas Iscariot who betrayed the Savior, and the young man, he further said, was an apostle from America who had lately been killed there," but he did not tell his name, and which I subsequently learned to be Parley P. Pratt.

It is some years since I happened to be in the company of one of Parley 's wives, and was relating the incident to her, when she asked me to describe the kind of personage the young missionary was.! gave as near a description of him as I could recollect, for be assured I had never even heard his name, but his height, his being broad across the shoulders, the color of his hair, his eyes and gestures, that she instantly said it was Parley. But to return: The elder apostle stood up in the stand (for we were all seated there) and said to the people, "Stop right there!" Then he sat down and perfect stillness prevailed, when the young apostle rose up to preach to the congregation, taking his text from the fourth chapter of Malachi, fifth and sixth verses, which he spoke upon at some length, as also upon temple building and the ordinances to be performed therein in redeeming the dead which to me at that time was strange doctrine, for as I said, I had been in the Church but about six months. He further said. "If they would receive the Gospel they should be redeemed by their children on the earth, and if they did not receive it they could not." He then took his seat, when the elder apostle arose and told the people they could now retire, which they did, some of them in a noisy and boisterous manner, so that I thought they were as disorderly in the spirit world as here. A lithe form of meeting that I could observe was when the apostle told them to "stop right there," they did so, seeming to be held as it were spellbound till the services were ended, and he told them they "could retire." My guide then introduced me to the apostles by bowing his head, which was returned by them. No hand shaking took place; the elder apostle said to me, "Would you as soon go back, for it seems to fall to redeem your forefathers?"

I answered, "Yes, but my lungs are gone."

He replied, "It is easy to grow new lungs in a man; if you will go your guide will attend to this."

I answered, "I will go."

With a bow we started to return and, seeming ly, but a short space of time elapsed ere we reached my home, and standing by the bed, where my body lay, my guide touched my hands, the spirit entered the body at that instant, the blood commenced to circulate warmly through my veins, and in a few minutes I felt my lungs expanding. As I stood upon the floor I noticed the clock; the hands pointed to four o'clock in the morning, so I had been absent between five and six hours. My father was still reading. I spoke to him. Said he, "My boy, I thought you were dead."

I said, "I was, father."

He called my mother, and I then related to them where I had been, and that I should soon recover and be strong again, though I was but skin and bones, the consumption had so reduced me; and during the previous five weeks I had partaken of no solid food. I was weak, very weak. I asked my parents for something to eat, much to their surprise, and to this day I can well recollect the sensation I experienced in that sweet morsel of food. My mother, with unbounded joy and gratitude to God, provided for me. I felt no sickness after my return; the pain had left me.! was only weak. It was four weeks before I was able to walk around the house, which was on the Christmas day of 1857... 16"

Juvenile Instructor, Vol.4, October 15, 1906, No.20, pp.609-10.

Frederick William Hurst received visits from his two dead brothers who were desirous of having him perform vicarious work on their behalf in the temple:

"In the fall and winter of 1892-3, I worked at painting in the Salt Lake Temple. Although sick, I felt strongly impressed to go and do my very best..

Along about the 1st of March, 1893, I found myself alone in the dining room, all had gone to bed. I was sitting at the table when to my great surprise my elder Brother Alfred walked in and sat down opposite me at the table and smiled. I said to him (he looked so natural). "When did you arrive in Utah?"

He said: "I have just come from the Spirit World, this is not my body that you see, it is lying in the tomb. I want to tell you that when you were on your mission you told me many things about the Gospel, and the hereafter, and about the Spirit World being as real and tangible as the earth. I could not believe you, but when I died and went there and saw for myself I realized that you had told the truth. I attended the Mormon meetings." He raised his hand and said with much warmth: "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart. I believe in faith, and repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, but that is as far as I can go. I look to you to do the work for me in the temple." He continued: "You can go to any kind of sectarian meeting in the Spirit World. All our kindred there knew when you were trying to make up your mind to come and work on the temple. You are watched closely, every move you make is known there, and we were glad you came. We are all looking to you as our head in this great work. I want to tell you that there are a great many spirits who weep and mourn because they have relatives in the Church here who are careless and are doing nothing for them."

Three different times during our conversation I leaned over the table and said: "Alfred, you look, talk and act perfectly natural, it doesn't seem possible that you are dead," and every time he replied: "It is just my SPIRIT you see, my body is in the grave." There was a great deal more that he told me but these are the important items as I remember them. He arose and went out through the door that he had entered.

As I sat pondering upon what I had seen and heard, with my heart filled with thanks and gratitude to God, the door opened again and my brother Alexander walked in and sat down in the chair that Alfred had occupied. He had died in 1852 in New England. I did the work for both he and Father in April 1885. He had come from a different Sphere, he looked more like an angel as his countenance was beautiful to look upon. With a very pleasant smile he said: "Fred, I have come to thank you for doing my work for me, but you did not go quite far enough," and he paused. Suddenly it was shown to me in large characters, "NO MAN WITHOUT THE WOMAN, AND NO WOMAN WITHOUT THE MAN IN THE LORD."

I looked at him and said: "I think I understand, you want some person sealed to you."

He said. "You are right, I don't need to interpret the scriptures to you, but until that work is done I cannot advance another step."

I replied that the Temple would be completed and dedicated in about four weeks, and then I would attend to it as quickly as possible.

*"I know you will," he said, and then got up and left the room, leaving me full of joy, peace, and happiness beyond description." Diary of Frederick William Hurst and . (**Spirit World Manifestations By Joseph Heinerman pp. 127-129**)*

From Liahona The Elders Journal

"The following experience occurred while the writer was laboring as a missionary in the state of Wisconsin, in 1899.

On the 22nd of October of that year my father died in Salt Lake City, surrounded by some of the members of his family. Word was sent to me next day, but owing to my having changed my place of residence, I did not receive the message until the day of the funeral, too late to have gone home to be in attendance. My mind naturally reverted to my last visit with him and the pleasant parting as he bade me God-speed on my mission, and to what I would find when I returned home.

A week passed by after his death and I was at the home of a family of saints in Milwaukee. I had not been troubled in the least during the day and went to bed at a seasonable hour and was soon asleep.

During the night, which was very cloudy and dark, my father's spirit came to me and remained

with me for some time. Everything seemed to be perfectly natural and did not partake of the complexities which usually attend dreams. My father greeted me with a very pleasant smile, and seated himself in a chair near me. I asked him a great many questions which he answered freely, but told me I would not be able to record the answers in my journal, nor be able to give them to others. Among other things I asked him if he had experienced any unpleasantness at the time his spirit left the body. He stated that he had not; but on the contrary had simply gone from his body while asleep.

I asked him what he had been doing since going to the spirit world, and his answer was that he had been visiting with many of his old friends who had preceded him to the great beyond. He then told me of different persons he had met there and what their condition was, saying some had changed but little in their general disposition and that it would take time for them to rid themselves of some of their habits that had been contracted in life.

I inquired what he expected to do on his return to the spirit world, and he replied that he would be very busy preaching the gospel to those who had died without a knowledge of it.

Many of his statements I cannot recall, for, as he said, I should not be able to record them but would be satisfied in my mind as to the principles involved in his statements. When he arose to leave me. I followed him as far as the door and asked him to come again soon, as I had many things I desired to say to him and many questions to ask. He said "I will come as often as I can get permission," thereby settling in my mind the question of spirits coming and going at pleasure, and with no regard to law and order in the realm where they reside. It confirmed my belief that the spirits who answer to the call of so-called mediums are not from the courts on high, but from among that great throng that were cast out of heaven because of their rebellion.

When my father reached the platform outside the door he turned to me with a smile and bade me good by, and became invisible before me. I could see the change take place as it was not done instantly. He did not change in form in the least; but the density of his form, or body became less until I could see nothing of him. The principle of making things visible or invisible was demonstrated on that occasion." *Liahona The Elders Journal, Vol. 6, November 14, 1908 pp.519-521 and . (Spirit World Manifestations By Joseph Heinerman pp. 189-191)*

Edward James Wood

This occurrence took place in Canada in 1921 following an agreement between Alberta Stake President Edward J. Wood and Stake Patriarch Henry L. Hinman They had promised that whichever of the two died first would return and tell the other about the work being performed in the spirit world:

"Another of the memorable occasions in the life of President Wood occurred in 1921. "Uncle" Henry L. Hinman, Stake Patriarch and last living personal witness of Joseph Smith the Prophet among the Canadian Saints, half-jokingly made an agreement with Edward Wood. The two men, while speaking of the spirit world, agreed that the first to die should return and tell the other about the work going on there. "Uncle" Henry died shortly thereafter.

President Wood later told of an incredible experience wherein Henry L. Hinman actually kept his promise and returned for a final visit with his friend. He woke up one night and saw *Uncle Henry standing in the doorway of his bedroom*. His first thought was that the departed Patriarch had come for him, so he got up and greeted his spirit visitor. *President Wood recalled noticing his own body still in bed and wondered what his wife would think when she found out he had left his body*. Mr. Wood asked Uncle Henry if he had seen his favorite Bible prophet, Elijah, yet. The answer was that *he had been too busy and had not had time to go where Elijah was*. *In explaining the nature of his busy life in the spirit world, he told President Wood that he was engaged in missionary work. He told of six men who had just been called to assist in the work there*. Three of the six were still living and acting on the Alberta Stake High Council. This puzzled President Wood very much, and he thought he had better try to write down the names of the three lest he forget them. He went to his bedside table and, *although he remembered the names, he could not write them*. This he said he could not understand, but as he turned to speak further with his visitor he

saw him pass through the door and leave. Upon 're-entering his body' he woke his wife and told her of his visitor, but he could not then remember which three of his High Council had been called.

Soon after this experience, the Stake President was called to administer to one of his High Councilmen, Willard G. Smith. *Near the sick man's bed he said he saw written the words "This is one of the men".* Mr. Smith said to him, 'You know all about this-that I am going to pass on-I want you to get my children together to finish my temple work.' He died the next day. Nearly two weeks later, as the Stake President entered the home of Ephraim Harker, another of his High Councilmen, *he said he heard a voice say--"This is another of those three men."* He died soon thereafter. Another week passed and President Wood went to the hospital to visit another High Councilman, John Heninger. *He said he knew by inspiration that this man was the last of the three.* President Wood hesitated as he was about to administer to him. Mr. Heninger said, 'I am going to leave right away and you already know it, don't you?' President Wood blessed him, but not that he would recover. He died during the same week. Said President Wood of these experiences, 'It is a wonderful vision and assurance of the identity of the spirit apart from the body.'" (*Melvin S. Tagg, The Life of Edward James Wood also in Life Everlasting, pp 54-55 By Duane S. Crowther*)

Several of the couples of the mission had been married for years and had never been blessed with children. I admonished them to join in this great movement (excursion to the temple) and they would receive the blessing they had hoped for and prayed for. Two such couples were with the caravan. In one of the sessions in the temple, President Wood *saw two spirits hovering over the congregation. He told a/i present that they were from the Spirit World and were anxious to come to the earth and take mortal bodies.* He promised the sisters in the room who had come for that special blessing would have their hearts' desires granted. *All had the experience of witnessing spirits from the unseen world come and stand in their very presence and even the angel's choir sang with joy.* In less than one year from that date, those two homes were blessed with babies. (*Life Everlasting p. 39*)

David Lynn Brooks

The wife of David Lynn Brooks, who returned to visit her bereaved husband two years after her death which occurred May 26, 1945. Elder Brooks recorded,

"I went in the house, turned **Out** the lights and lay down on the studio couch to relax for a few minutes. I had no sooner relaxed when I heard a voice, the voice of my wife, she was praying. Oh! how wonderful to hear that beautiful voice which I recognized the minute she spoke. At the close of the prayer I was so tense I hardly dared breathe for fear of disturbing this beautiful experience. Immediately I saw a dim light filling the room, it was not a brilliant light but a soft light, then it began to part in the center like a curtain. As it parted, I saw in the opening the most beautiful sight in all the world, my lovely wife. She stood about four or five feet away from me and made no attempt to come closer. She spoke to me and said, 'Lynn, I *have seen your sorrow and grief* but it won't be long until you will be with me, that we might again enjoy each others' companionship and love; I have wanted to come to you before this, but *only tonight was I given permission by the priesthood to visit with you.* She told me that my grief had made her sad and that I should try to be happy and *whenever I needed her, I should knock or pray and she would be with me, although I may never see her* again until I come into the world of spirits. She then invited me to look into the spirit world, and asked what I could see. I *told her I could see a group of people seated in a room or hall at a table or at desks with note pads and pencils.* She then asked, 'Do you know who these people are?' I told her I didn't recognize any of them. *She then asked me if I remembered the people we had done the temple work for in 1929 and 1930. She and I have worked the entire winter gathering genealogy of her people and then we did the temple work for them. She then told me she had been called by the priesthood to teach the gospel to those people and that she was very happy doing that work.* She then told me not to mourn, that *she was always close by.* She bade me goodbye. The light gathered from the two sides and was then gone. As soon as the vision closed, I was on my feet, tears streaming down my cheeks in torrents. This time, they were tears of joy; no sorrow now." (***Life Everlasting pp. 59-60***)

YOUR PROGENITORS WILL BE PLEASED

Peter B. Johnson

I was called on a mission to the Southern States in the spring of 1898. I reached Mississippi the twenty-

second of June, 1898. On the eighth of August I was taken down with the chills and fever, which turned to malaria. I became so low that the president sent his counselor and two elders to see me in relation to being released and sent home. The yellow fever quarantine came on; I was not able to leave; and then I had the following experience:

I was lying on a bed, burning up with fever, and the elders who had been sent to ascertain my condition were very much alarmed. They stepped out of the room and held whispered consultations. They were so far away that under ordinary conditions I could not have heard what was said; but in some manner my hearing was made so keen that I heard their conversation as well as if they had been at my bedside. They said it was impossible to think of my recovering, and that I never would go home unless I went in a box. They therefore decided they might just as well notify the president and make necessary arrangements.

The following day I asked to be removed into the hall, where it was cooler. I was lying on a pallet (or bed). There was an attendant with me, the others having gone to Sunday School which was being held about one hundred yards away. Soon after they had left, I was apparently in a dying condition, and my attendant became so fearful of my appearance and condition that he left me. I desired a drink of water but of course was unable to get it myself. I became discouraged, and wondered why it was that I was sent to Mississippi and whether it was simply to die in the field. I felt that I would prefer death, rather than live and endure the fever and the agony through which I was passing. I thought of my people at home and of the conditions then surrounding me, and decided that I might just as well pass from this life. Just as I reached that conclusion, this thought came to me: "You will not die unless you choose death." This was a new thought, and I hesitated to consider the question; then I made the choice that I would rather die.

Soon after that, my spirit left the body; just how I cannot tell, but I perceived myself standing some four or five feet in the air, and saw my body lying on the bed. I felt perfectly natural, but as this was a new condition, I began to make observations. I turned my head, shrugged my shoulders, felt with my hands, and realized that it was myself. I also knew that my body was lying lifeless on the bed. While I was in a new environment, it did not seem strange, for I realized everything that was going on, and perceived that I was the same in the spirit as I had been in the body. While contemplating this new condition, some thing attracted my attention, and on turning around I beheld a personage, who said, "You did not know that I was here." I replied, "No, but I see you are. Who are you?" "I am your guardian angel; I have been following you constantly while on earth." I asked, "What will you do now?" He replied, "I am to report your presence, and you will remain here until I return." He informed me, on returning, that we should wait there, as my sister desired to see me, but was busy just at that time. Presently she came. She was glad to see me and asked if I was offended because she kept me waiting. She explained that she was doing some work that she wished to finish.

Just before my eldest sister died she asked me to enter into this agreement: That if she died first, she was to watch over me, protect me from those who might seek my downfall, and that she would be the first to meet me after death. If I happened to die first, she wished me to do the same for her. We made this agreement, and this was the reason that my sister was the first one of my relatives to meet me. After she arrived, my mother and other sisters and friends came to see me and we discussed various topics, as we would do here on meeting friends. After we had spent some little time in conversation, the guide came to me with a message that I was wanted by some of the apostles who had lived on the earth in this dispensation.

As soon as I came into their presence, I was asked if I desired to remain there. This seemed strange, for it had never occurred to me that we would have any choice there in the spirit world as to whether we should remain or return to the earth life. I was asked if I felt satisfied with conditions there. I informed them that I was, and had no desire to return to the fever and misery from which I had been suffering while in the body. After some little conversation this question was repeated with the same answer. Then I asked, "If I remain, what will I be asked to do?" I was informed that I would preach the gospel to the spirits there, as I had been preaching it to the people here, and that I would do so under the immediate direction of the Prophet Joseph. This remark brought to my mind a question which has been much

discussed here, as to whether or not the Prophet Joseph is now a resurrected being. While I did not ask the question, they read it in my mind, and immediately said, "You wish to know whether the Prophet has his body or not?" I replied, "Yes, I would like to know." I was told that the Prophet Joseph Smith has his body, as also his brother Hyrum, and that as soon as I could do more with my body than I could do without it, my body would be resurrected.

I was again asked if I desired to remain. This bothered me considerably, for I had already expressed myself as being satisfied. I then inquired why it was that I was asked so often if I was satisfied and if I desired to remain. I was then informed that my progenitors had made a request that if I chose, I might be granted the privilege of returning to again take up my mortal body, in order that I might gather my father's genealogy and do the necessary work in the temple for my ancestors. As I was still undecided, one of the apostles said, "We will now show you what will take place if you remain here in the spirit world, after which you can decide.

When we returned to the place where my body was lying, I was informed with emphasis that my first duty would be to watch the body until after it had been disposed of, as that was necessary knowledge for me to have in the resurrection. I then saw the elders send a message to President Rich, at Chattanooga, and in due time all preparations were made for the shipment of my body to Utah. One thing seemed peculiar to me, that I was able to read the telegram as it ran along the wires, as easily as I could read the pages of a book. I could see President Rich when he received the telegram in Chattanooga. He walked the floor, wringing his hands, with the thought in his mind, "How can I send a message to his father?"

The message was finally sent, and I could follow it on the wire. I saw the station and the telegraph operator at Price, Utah. I heard the instrument click as the message was received, and saw the operator write out the message and send it by phone from Price to Huntington. I also saw clearly the Huntington office and the man who received the message. I could see clearly and distinctly the people on the street. I did not have to hear what was said, for I was able to read their thoughts from their countenances. The message was delivered to my aunt, who went out with others to find my father. In due time he received the message. He did not seem to be overcome by the news, but began to make preparations to meet the body.

I then saw my father at the railroad station in Price, waiting for my body to arrive. Apparently he was unaffected, but when he heard the whistle of the train which was carrying my body, he went behind the depot and cried as if his heart would break. While I had been accompanying the body en route, I was still able to see what was going on at home. The distance apparently did not affect my vision. As the train approached the station, I went to my father's side and, seeing his great anguish, I informed my companion that I would return. He expressed his approval of my decision and said he was pleased with the choice I had made.

By some spiritual power, all these things had been shown to me as they would occur if I did not return to the body. Immediately upon making this choice or decision, my companion said, "Good. Your progenitors will be pleased with your decision." I asked the question why, and I was told that it was their desire that I should return to the body, hunt up my father's genealogies, and do their work in the temple.

Just how my spirit entered the body I cannot tell, but I saw the apostle place his hands upon the head of my prostrate body, and almost instantly realized that the change had come and I was again in the body. The first thing that I knew, I felt a warm life-giving spot on the crown of my head, which passed through my entire body, going out to the tips of my fingers and toes. I then heard distinctly the same words that had been pronounced by Elder Grant when I was set apart for my mission, "Go in peace and return in safety." After entering the body, I saw no more of the messengers who had been accompanying me, but I had a vivid recollection of all that had taken place.

Relief Society Magazine, August 1920, pp. 449-455.

Near Death Experience of Lorenzo Dow Young (1828) brother of Brigham Young

While at Watertown, I married, and afterwards removed to Mendon, Monroe County. At this place I had a remarkable dream or vision. I fancied that I died. In a moment I was out of the body, and

fully conscious that I had made the change. At once, a heavenly messenger, or guide, was by me. I thought and acted as naturally as I had done in the body, and all my sensations seemed as complete without as with it. The personage with me was dressed in the purest white. For a short time I remained in the room where my body lay. My sister Fanny (who was living with me when I had this dream and my wife were weeping bitterly over my death. I sympathized with them deeply in their sorrow, and desired to comfort them. I realized that I was under the control of the man who was by me. I begged of him the privilege of speaking to them, but he said he could not grant it. My guide, for so I will call him, said "Now let us go."

Space seemed annihilated. Apparently we went up, and almost instantly were in another world. It was of such magnitude that I formed no conception of its size. It was filled with innumerable hosts of beings, who seemed as naturally human as those among whom I had lived. With some I had been acquainted in the world I had just left. My guide informed me that those I saw had not yet arrived at their final abiding place. All kinds of people seemed mixed up promiscuously, as they are in this world. Their surroundings and manner indicated that they were in a state of expectation, and awaiting some event of considerable moment to them.

As we went on from this place, my guide said, "I will now show you the condition of the damned." Pointing with his hand, he said, "Look!"

I looked down a distance which appeared incomprehensible to me. I gazed on a vast region filled with multitudes of beings. I could see everything with the most minute distinctness. The multitude of people I saw were miserable in the extreme. "These," said my guide, "are they who have rejected the means of salvation, that were placed within their reach, and have brought upon themselves the condemnation you behold."

The expression of the countenances of these sufferers was clear and distinct. They indicated extreme remorse, sorrow and dejection. They appeared conscious that none but themselves were to blame for their forlorn condition.

This scene affected me much, and I could not refrain from weeping.

Again my guide said, "Now let us go."

In a moment we were at the gate of a beautiful city. A porter opened it and we passed in. The city was grand and beautiful beyond anything that I can describe. It was clothed in the purest light, brilliant but not glaring or unpleasant.

The people, men and women, in their employments and surroundings, seemed contented and happy. I knew those I met without being told who they were. Jesus and the ancient apostles were there. I saw and spoke with the apostle Paul.

My guide would not permit me to pause much by the way, but rather hurried me on through this place to another still higher but connected with it. It was still more beautiful and glorious than anything I had before seen. To me its extent and magnificence were incomprehensible.

My guide pointed to a mansion which excelled everything else in perfection and beauty. It was clothed with fire and intense light. It appeared a fountain of light, throwing brilliant scintillation's of glory all around it, and I could conceive of no limit to which these emanations extended. Said my guide, "That is where God resides." He permitted me to enter this glorious city but a short distance. Without speaking, he motioned that we would retrace our steps.

We were soon in the adjoining city. There I met my mother, and a sister who died when six or seven years old. These I knew at sight without an introduction.

After mingling with the pure and happy beings of this place a short time, my guide said again, "Let us go."

We were soon through the gate by which we had entered the city. My guide then said, "Now we will return."

I could distinctly see the world from which we had first come. It appeared to be a vast distance below us. To me, it looked cloudy, dreary and dark. I was filled with sad disappointment, I might say horror, at the idea of returning there. I supposed I had come to stay in that heavenly place, which I had so long

desired to see; up to this time, the thought had not occurred to me that I would be required to return.

I plead with my guide to let me remain. He replied that I was permitted to only visit these heavenly cities, for I had not filled my mission in yonder world; therefore I must return and take my body. If I was faithful to the grace of God which would be imparted to me, if I would bear a faithful testimony to the inhabitants of the earth of a sacrificed and risen Savior, and His atonement for man, in a little time I should be permitted to return and remain.

These words gave me comfort and inspired my bosom with the principle of faith. To me, these things were real. I felt that a great mission had been given me, and I accepted it in my heart. The responsibility of that mission has rested on me from that time until now.

We returned to my house. There I found my body, and it appeared to me dressed for burial. I was with great reluctance that I took possession of it to resume the ordinary avocations of life, and endeavor to fill the important mission I had received. I awoke and found myself in my bed. I lay and meditated the remainder of the night on what had been shown me.

Call it a dream, or vision, or what I may, what I saw was as real to every sense of my being as anything I have passed through. The memory of it is clear and distinct with me today, after the lapse of fifty years with its many changes.

From that time, although belonging to no church, the Spirit was with me to testify to the sufferings and atonement of the Savior. As I had opportunity, I continually exhorted the people, in public and private, to exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to repent of their sins and live a life of righteousness and good works.

(from book Four Faith Promoting Classics. Help From The Lord pp. 27-30, Bookcraft S.L.C. Utah, 1968)

RAISED FROM THE DEAD

By LeRoi C. Snow

INTRODUCTION: These are the people who participated most prominently in the following remarkable experience, now published for the first time:

Lorenzo Snow was the fifth president of the Church.

Ella Jensen, now Mrs. Henry Wight, living in Juniper, Idaho. She is *fifty-eight* years of age, the mother of eight children, six of whom are now living, and has six grandchildren.

Jacob and Althea Jensen, Ella's parents, and her Uncle *Hans Jensen*, all of Brigham City, Utah, and all now dead.

Rudger Clawson, of Salt Lake City and president of the Council of Twelve.

Leah Rees, now Mrs. Wilford Reeder, of Brigham City. *Mrs. Hattie Critchlow Jensen*, of Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, now on a visit to Palestine.

A lphonzo H. Snow, of Salt Lake City, father of little *Alphie*, who died the morning of Ella's restoration to life.(dated 1929)

This story, true in every particular, shows the fulfillment of a prophecy made upon the head of Lorenzo Snow when he was a young man, twenty-two years of age At that time he received a patriarchal blessing, under the hands of the Prophet's father, Joseph Smith, Sen. This blessing was given in the Kirtland Temple. Among other things were these promises:

Thou shalt become a mighty man. Thy faith shall increase and grow stronger until it shall become like Peter's-thou shalt restore the sick; the diseased shall send to thee their aprons and handkerchiefs and by thy touch their owners shall be made whole. The dead shall rise and come forth at thy bidding.

For several long weeks Ella Jensen had lingered, almost between life and death, with scarlet fever. In order to relieve the tired parents from their weary hours of loving care, kind neighbors took turns in staying at the Jensen home overnight to help look after the sick girl.

Among these thoughtful friends was Leah Rees (now Mrs. Willord Reeder of Brigham City). She occasionally played the little, old-fashioned harmonium and sang for Ella's entertainment. This particular evening the sick girl became very much worse. Leah had come about eight o'clock to remain until about eight the next morning. Ella was so weak that she could hardly speak above a whisper.

"Ella asked her to sing and play for her," Leah says, "but, goodness, I was so worried about her condition, I felt more like crying. I sat down at the organ and began to play and sing but broke down and had to quit."

After Ella had gone to sleep, Leah lay down on a couch in the room, and also dropped off to sleep.

MAKES PREPARATIONS TO DIE

Leah continues with her own story: "About three or four o'clock in the morning I was suddenly awakened by Ella calling me. I hurried to her bed. She was all excited and asked me to get the comb, brush and scissors, explaining that she wanted to brush her hair and trim her fingernails and get all ready, 'for,' she said, 'they are coming to get me at ten o'clock in the morning.'

"I asked who was coming to get her Uncle Hans Jensen,' she replied, 'and the messengers. I am going to die and they are coming at ten o'clock to get me and take me away.' I tried to quiet her, saying that she would feel better -in the morning if she would try to sleep. 'No she said I am not going to sleep any more, but spend all the time getting ready.' She insisted that I get the comb hairbrush and scissors, which I did, but she was so weak that she could not use them.

"As I was brushing her hair, she asked me to call her parents. I explained that they were tired and asleep and that it would be better not to disturb them. 'Yes Ella replied you must call them. I want to tell them now.

"The parents were called and as they entered the room the daughter told them that her Uncle Hans, who was dead had suddenly appeared in the room, while she was awake with her eyes open, and told her that messengers would be there at ten o'clock to conduct her into the spirit world The father and mother feared that the girl was delirious and tried to get her to be quiet and go to sleep. She knew their thoughts and said: 'I know what I am talking about No I am not going to sleep any more. I know I am going to die and that they are coming to get me.'

At about eight o'clock Leah left the house realizing that the sick girl was gradually sinking. The father and mother remained at the bedside. Relatives and friends who had heard of Ella's sudden relapse came to see her.

PRONOUNCED DEAD

Towards ten o'clock, Uncle Jake, the father, who was holding his daughter's hand, felt the pulse become very weak. A few moments later he turned to his wife saying:

"Althea, she is dead, her pulse has stopped." The heart-broken parents wept and grieved at the loss of their beautiful daughter.

Jacob Jensen, Ella's father, and uncle of the writer of this article, was familiarly known to the people of Brigham City as "Uncle Jake."

Here are his own words to me:

"Ella had been sick for several weeks. She awoke one morning with the idea that she was about to die, and told us that her Uncle Hans had appeared in her room and said he was coming for her that morning. We kind of put her off and told her we thought she must have been dreaming and not to pay much attention to it, to go. to sleep and she would feel better in the morning; but she said: 'No, I know I am going, because he

told me he would be here for me at ten o'clock in the morning.'

"She wanted to see all the folks and bid them good-bye. All who were near came in, all but Grandma Jensen. She was in town and I sent for her. She arrived just when the others of us had said good-bye. Ella put her arms around her grandmother's neck and kissed her good-bye. It was not more than a minute after that when her pulse stopped and she passed away. I was holding her hand and felt her pulse stop.

"We talked the matter over and wondered what we should do. I told my wife that I would go to town, more than a mile from home, and see President Snow, tell him about her death and have him arrange for the funeral.

"I went out to the barn, hitched up, and drove to the tabernacle where your father, President Lorenzo Snow, whom we all loved so much, was in meeting. I went into the vestry, behind the main hall, wrote a note and had it sent to your father, who was speaking to the congregation. When the note was placed upon the pulpit, President Snow stopped his talking, read the note and then explained to the Saints that it was a call to visit some people who were in deep sorrow and asked to be excused.

"President Snow came into the vestry and after I told him what had happened he meditated a moment or two and then said: 'I will go down with you.' Just as we were about to leave, President Snow stopped me, saying: 'Wait a moment, I wish you would go into the meeting and get Brother Clawson, I want him to go also.' President Clawson was then president of the Box Elder stake."

PRIESTHOOD OF GOD STEPS IN

"I went in and got him and took them both down to my home, about a mile and a half south of Brigham City. We went into the house. My wife and children were there. After standing at Ella's bedside for a minute or two, President Snow asked if we had any consecrated oil in the house. I was greatly surprised, but told him yes and got it for him. He handed the bottle of oil to Brother Clawson and asked him to anoint Ella. Your father was then mouth in confirming the anointing.

"During the administration I was particularly impressed with some of the words which he used and can well remember them now. He said: 'Dear Ella, I command you, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, to come back and live, your mission is not ended. You shall yet live to perform a great mission.

"He said she should yet live to rear a large family and be a comfort to her parents and friends. I well remember these words."

President Ruder Clawson relates his experiences and after telling of Brother Jensen's coming to the meeting house toward the close of the morning session and being invited by President Snow to go along, says:

"As we entered the home we met Sister Jensen, who was very much agitated and alarmed. We came to Ella's bedside and were impressed by the thought that her spirit had passed out of the body and gone beyond."

A CALL HEARD BEYOND THE VEIL

"Turning to me President Snow said: 'Brother Clawson, will you anoint her,' which I did. We then laid our hands upon her head and the anointing was confirmed by President Snow, who blessed her and among other things, used this very extraordinary expression, in a commanding tone of voice, 'Come back, Ella, come back. Your work upon the earth is not yet completed, come back.' Shortly afterward we left the home."

Uncle Jake, Ella's father, continues his account:

"After President Snow had finished the blessing, he turned to my wife and me and said; 'Now do not mourn or grieve any more. It will be all right. Brother Clawson and I are busy and must go, we cannot stay, but you just be patient and wait, and do not mourn, because it will be all right.'

As already stated, it was ten o'clock in the morning when Ella died. It was towards noon when Jacob Jensen reported to President Snow at the tabernacle service, and not long after twelve o'clock, noon,

when President Snow and President Clawson left the home after the administration.

Uncle Jake says that he and his wife remained at the bedside. The news of the death spread about the city. Friends continued to call at the home, express their sympathy to the sorrowing parents and leave. Continuing in Uncle Jake's words:

"Ella remained in this condition for more than an hour after President Snow administered to her, or more than three hours in all after she died. We were sitting there watching by the bedside, her mother and myself, when all at once she opened her eyes. She looked about the room, saw us sitting there, but still looked for someone else, and the first thing she said was: 'Where is he? Where is he?' We asked, 'Who? Where is who?' 'Why, Brother Snow,' she replied. 'He called me back.'

UNWILLING TO COME BACK

"We explained that Brother Snow and Brother Clawson were very busy and could not remain, that they had gone. Ella dropped her head back on the pillow, saying:

'Why did he call me back? I was so happy and did not want to come back.'

Then Ella Jensen began to relate her marvelous experiences, marvelous both as to the incidents themselves, and as to the great number of them that occurred in the short space of between three and four hours.

Hattie Critchlow (now Aunt Hattie Jensen, who is visiting Europe and the Holy Land as a birthday present from her lawyer sons in Los Angeles) was a young lady at the time of this story. She and a group of girl friends were on the street in Brigham City when word came to them of Ella's death. Ella was one of their associates. They decided immediately to go to the home to express their sympathy and to offer their help to the bereaved parents.

As they reached the home they saw a lot of people in the house, but instead of expressions of sorrow and grief, they saw surprise and happiness in their faces. They entered the house and were astonished to hear Ella's voice. They had arrived just after Ella had returned to life and had begun the wondrous story of her visit to the eternal world.

Regarding the more than three hours that Ella spent in the Spirit world she says: "I could see people from the other world and hear the most delightful music and singing that I ever heard. This singing lasted for six hours, during which time I was Preparing to leave this earth, and I could hear it all through the house. At ten o'clock my spirit left my body. It took me some time to make up my mind to go, as I could hear and see the folks crying and mourning over me. It was very hard for me to leave them, but as soon as I had a glimpse of the other world I was anxious to go and all care and worry left me.

COMMANDED TO COME BACK

President Clawson continues: "Ella passed on down through the building and met many others, some of whom we shall speak of later. Finally she came into a very large room that was completely filled with small children, all dressed in white, with Eliza R. Snow Smith presiding. She sat and listened to the Sunday School songs which they sang, being songs which are now sung in Sunday Schools among us, and she was perfectly contented and happy. It was a heavenly place, she said. She felt that she never wanted to leave it.

"While sitting there a very strange thing happened. She heard a voice coming to her in commanding tones, apparently from a long distance, which said: 'Come back, Ella, come back! Your work on earth is not yet completed.'

"She had no desire to come back and felt determined not to leave the beautiful place. But this voice was so authoritative in manner that it seemed to draw, yes actually did draw, her spirit out of that room. She was compelled to follow it, and so she turned her face earthward on the return journey. She kept going and going, apparently a long distance until, all at once, she found herself in the room at home, where her body was lying.

"Then she realized that her spirit must again enter the body which was lying there, to all intents

and purposes, a lifeless one. Her spirit entered and the next moment her eyes opened and her lips moved. Then it was her parents realized that she was no longer dead. They spoke to her and she to them."

PROVES THAT SHE WAS RATIONAL

"She began to tell them of her wonderful experience in the other world, what she had done and seen. Her father whispered to the mother: 'Do you hear what she is saying? Why, the girl is certainly delirious. She is out of her mind.' Ella looked up and said: 'Father, you think then that I am out of my mind, do you? I will very soon prove to you that I am perfectly rational.'

"She turned to her mother: 'While in this large building in the spirit world, I met a woman who greeted me and said she was Aunt Mary and told me that she died while I was a baby.' The mother asked: 'Can you describe her?' The answer was: 'Yes, she was a tall woman with black hair and dark eyes and thin features.' 'Yes,' the mother answered, 'surely you have described your Aunt Mary.'

'I also met another woman there, who said she was my Aunt Sarah and had died just before I was born.' 'Will you describe her?' the mother asked. 'Yes, she was rather short and somewhat fleshy, with round features, light hair and blue eyes.' 'Why, yes, Ella, that is your Aunt Sarah. You have described her perfectly.' Ella turned to her father saying: 'Do you now think that I am out of my mind?' 'No,' he answered, 'you have had a very wonderful experience.'

(It may well be thought that Ella Jensen's work on earth was not yet completed, as indicated by President Snow, for she afterwards became president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association in Brigham City. Afterwards she married and became a mother in Israel, and surely a woman can do no greater work in the world than to become a mother of men.

Ella Jensen was born August 3, 1871. The experience related in this article occurred March 3, 1891, in her twentieth year. She married Henry Wight, March 20, 1895. They are now living in juniper, Idaho. Of their eight children six are living and they have six grandchildren.)

"I entered a large hall. It was so long that I could not see the end of it. It was filled with people. As I went through the throng, the first person I recognized was my grandpa, H. P. Jensen, who was sitting in one end of the room, writing. He looked up, seemed surprised to see me and said:

'Why! There is my granddaughter, Ella.' He was very much pleased, greeted me and, as he continued with his writing, I passed on through the room and met a great many of my relatives and friends. It was like going along the crowded street of a large city where you meet many people, only a very few of whom you recognize.

"The next one I knew was Uncle Hans Jensen with his wife, Mary Ellen. They had two small children with them. On inquiring who they were, he told me one was his own and the other was Uncle Will's little girl. Some seemed to be in family groups. As there were only a few whom I could recognize and who knew me, I kept moving on.

"Some inquired about their friends and relatives on the earth. Among the number was my cousin. He asked me how the folks were getting along and said it grieved him to hear that some of the boys were using tobacco, liquor and many things that were injurious to them.

'This proved to me that the people in the other world know to a great extent what happens here on the earth.

"The people were all dressed in white or cream, excepting Uncle Hans Jensen, who had on his dark clothes and long rubber boots, the things he wore when he was drowned in the Snake River in Idaho.

"Everybody appeared to be perfectly happy. I was having a very pleasant visit with each one that I knew. Finally I reached the end of that long room. I opened a door and went into another room filled with children. They were all arranged in perfect order, the smallest ones first, then larger ones, according to age and size, the largest ones in the back rows all around the room. They seemed to be convened in a sort of Primary or Sunday School presided over by Aunt Eliza R. Snow. There were hundreds of small children."

HEARS THE COMMAND TO RETURN

"It was while I was standing listening to the children sing 'Gladly Meeting, Kindly Greeting' that I heard

your father, President Lorenzo Snow, call me. He said: 'Sister Ella, you must come back, as your mission is not yet finished here on earth.' So I just spoke to Aunt Eliza R. Snow and told her I must go back.

"Returning through the large room, I told the people I was going back to earth, but they seemed to want me to stay with them. I obeyed the call, though it was very much against my desire, as such perfect peace and happiness prevailed there, no suffering, no sorrow. I was so taken up with all I saw and heard, I did hate to leave that beautiful place.

"This has always been a source of comfort to me. I learned by this experience that we should not grieve too much for our departed loved ones and especially at the time they leave us. I think we should be just as calm and quiet as possible. Because, as I was leaving, the only regret I had was that the folks were grieving so much for me. But I soon forgot all about this world in my delight with the other.

"For more than three hours my spirit was gone from my body. As I returned I could see my body lying on the bed and the folks gathered about in the room. I hesitated for a moment, then thought, 'Yes, I will go back for a little while.' I told the folks I wanted to stay only a short time to comfort them."

THE PAIN OF COMING BACK

Ella's oldest sister, Meda, now Mrs. Ernest E. Cheney of Brigham City, 'says that Ella frequently told of the terrible suffering which she experienced when the spirit again entered the body. There was practically no pain on leaving the body in death but the intense pain was almost unbearable in coming back to life. Not only this, but for months, and even years afterward, she experienced new aches and pains and physical disorders that she had never known before.

"About the first thing she told us, after being brought back to life," says Uncle Jake, the father, "was that she met Grandpa Jensen. He was sitting by a desk writing in a book, making out some records. He got up and welcomed Ella, calling her by name and then she said: 'I went down the large room, where I met a number of my relatives and friends.'

"I know there were some whom she had never seen in life. She described to me just how they looked and told me their names. Among these were aunts and second cousins long since dead. There is no question that they were the ones whom we had laid away before she was born.

"Then she told us about going into a large room where many children were assembled. They were singing under the direction of Sister Eliza R. Snow. She did not mention that any parents were there. While listening to their beautiful music she heard the voice calling her to come back, and telling her that her mission was not ended.

"After she opened her eyes and told us these things she wanted to get up, but it was two or three days before we would let her try to move around."

CONVERSES WITH FRIENDS & RELATIVES

The next day Aunt Harriet Wight, who lost two daughters, Phoebe and Betsy, came into the room to visit Ella and asked how she felt. Ella said she was feeling all right now. Aunt Harriet broke down and cried, and Ella then said: 'Why, Aunt Harriet, what are you crying for? You need not cry for your girls who have gone. I saw and talked with them, and they are very happy where they are.' Aunt Harriet was very much affected.

"Many relatives and others visited Ella and she told them the same things that I have related to you, and told them much more, about meeting their relatives and friends over there, how happy they were and that they asked about their loved ones here.

"My daughter is still living, is perfectly well and strong and has reared a large family."

Leah Rees, who stayed with Ella the night before this remarkable visit to the world of departed spirits, came the following evening. Let us listen to her own words:

"When I came again to stay with Ella the next night she told me all about where she had been. She

mentioned having seen my father and several others of my people who had passed away, as well as her own Grandpa Jensen. Everyone appeared busy and very happy."

*MEETS A LITTLE FRIEND
BUT A FEW HOURS DEAD*

Alphonzo H. Snow, now living in Salt Lake City, the writer's brother, relates his experience as follows:

"My wife, Minnie, and I heard of Ella Jensen's death and restoration to life and called at her home to see her. As we entered the room she said: 'Oh! Come here, Alphonzo and Minnie, I have something to tell you. After my return to earth I told my parents of some of the remarkable experiences which I had while in the spirit world. But there was one experience that seemed very strange, and I could not understand it.

'You know your little son, Alphonzo, has been in my Sunday School class in the First ward. I have always loved him very much. While I was in Aunt Eliza R. Snow's class of children in the spirit world, I recognized many children. But all of them had died excepting one, and this was little Alphonzo. I could not understand how he should be among them and still be living. When I told this to mother, she said: 'Yes, Ella, little Alphonzo is dead, too. He died early this morning while you were so very sick. We knew you loved him and that it would be a shock to you, so we did not tell you about his death.'

"It was very consoling, indeed, to hear Ella tell of seeing our dear little boy and that he was very happy. She said it was not right for us to grieve and mourn so much for him and that he would be happier if we would not do so."

Perhaps President Rudger Clawson, who assisted President Snow in the administration, received the most complete account from Ella. This is what he says:

"Sister Ella Jensen, in relating to me her very remarkable experience, said that during all the morning of our visit, and going back into the night, the veil between this world and the other seemed to be growing thinner and thinner. She heard singing all through the house from the unseen world and seemed herself to be about to step into the spirit world. And this is what actually happened, for her spirit left her body and went into the beyond."

WORK TO DO ON THE OTHER SIDE

"A guide was there to meet her and by him she was conducted into a very large building where there were many people, all of whom appeared to be extremely busy, no evidence of idleness whatever. Hans Peter Jensen, her grandfather, was one of the first persons she met. He seemed pleased to see and bid her welcome, but let her understand that he was very busy and could not give her much of his time.

"After a brief chat with her grandfather she passed on through the building, glancing at the people as she walked along. Finally her eye rested upon the familiar face of Hans Jensen, her uncle. When she saw him, what to her and others had been an enigma, was now clearly explained.'

"Sometime before this advent into the spirit world her Uncle Hans, who lived in Brigham City, counseled with me as president of the stake as to the propriety of moving into the Snake River country, Idaho, to engage in salmon fishing. His idea was that if he was successful he could ship salmon from the north to Brigham City at a good profit and thus benefit himself financially. He needed the help that such a business would bring him.

"I said if it was his wish to engage in that business it was all right with the stake presidency and a matter entirely for him to decide for himself.

"Later he left for the north and at once turned his attention to salmon fishing. One morning he went from the home where he was staying, clothed in a jumper and overalls, with gum boots, to fish; but he never returned. His oldest brother, Jacob Jensen, came to me greatly alarmed, said that no word had been

received from Hans for some time and nobody seemed to know where he was. He was greatly excited about it and feared that his brother had been drowned in the Snake River.

"Jacob organized a posse of men and at once instituted a search covering a period of some two or three weeks, at the Snake River, but their efforts were fruitless. No trace could be found of Hans and he was never again heard from until his niece, Ella Jensen, met him in the spirit world. She said that he was dressed in a jumper and overalls with gum boots. The mystery was solved.

"There seemed to be no doubt thereafter that Hans Jensen was drowned in the Snake River. It is said that when the dead manifest themselves to the living they usually appear as they were last seen on earth so that the living will recognize them. If that be true it accounts for the strange habit that her uncle was wearing." (From the article Raised from the Dead by LeRoi C. Snow , September- October, 1929 Issue of Improvement Era)

Marshall Stewart Gibson

. The *account* is taken from the book *In Search of Angels* which provides a more complete description of the incident.

..... I found myself in a completely different sphere. It was beautiful beyond description and we were walking on a path.... It was a different world than this one.... As we walked along the path I noticed a profusion of flowers and trees. They were of a wider variety, and they had many more colors than on earth~r maybe it was that I could see more colors than on earth, I'm not sure.

... I noticed someone on the path ahead of us. As we got closer to the individual I could see and feel that he was a magnificent person. I felt overwhelmed as I looked at him. He was bathed in light. [My guide] asked if I knew who that was, and I answered yes. It was Jesus Christ.

when we got close to the Savior, I felt a tremendous love emanating from him. It's hard to describe, but you could feel it all around him. And I felt a sinbiar enormous love for him. I fell at his feet-not because I thought about it, but I couldn't stand. I felt an overpowering urge to fall at his feet and worship him.

... As I knelt there at the feet of this marvelous being I became conscious of my past life being reviewed for *me*. It seemed to occur in a short period, and I felt the Savior's love during the entire process. That love well, it was everywhere. And it was as if we could communicate with each other without speaking. After a period the Savior reached down and I knew I should stand. As soon as I stood, he left.

~y guide] next led me to a city. It was a city of light. It was similar to cities on earth in that there were buildings and paths, but the buildings and paths appeared to be built of materials which we consider precious on earth. They looked like marble, and gold, and silver, and other bright materials, only they were different. The buildings and streets seemed to have a sheen and to glow. The entire scene was one of indescribable beauty.

... There was a feeling of love and peace. On earth there always seems to be something . . . you know how things bother you here. There's always some problem troubling you either it's health, or money, or people, or war or something. That was missing there. I felt completely at peace, as if there were no problems which were of concern. It wasn't that there were no challenges. It's just that everything seemed to be under control. It was such a wonderful feeling that I never wanted to lose it.

And there was the feeling of love. Love from... from Jesus Christ. It emanated from him, and it was all around; it was everywhere....

The event described by my father occurred in 1922 while he was working in Bingham, Utah for Western Union, and was the result of a massive heart attack. My mother, my grandmother, and my aunt were present during the attack. My father ultimately recovered and lived a

full life, passing away in 1963.

(*from Fingerprints of God* by Arvin S. Gibson , pp. 27-28, Horizon Publishers 1999, Bountiful, Utah)

