

Testimonies of Genealogical Research and Work For The Dead

Compiled by Glen W. Chapman- Feb. 2001

Council Meetings Held Behind the Vail

By Wilford Woodruff

(Excerpts of Discourse delivered in Salt Lake cite, Oct. 8, 1881.)

The same Priesthood exists on the other side of the vail. Every man who is faithful in his quorum here will join 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 vail, 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 vail, enters into the work of the ministry, and there are a thousand times more to preach to there than there are here. I have felt of late as if our brethren on the other side of the vail had held a council and that they had said to this one, and that one, "Cease thy work on earth, come hence, we need help," and they have called this man and that man. It has appeared so to me in seeing the many men who have been called from our midst lately. Perhaps I may be permitted to relate a circumstance with which I am acquainted in relation to Bishop Roskelley, of Smithfield, Cache County. On one occasion he was suddenly taken very sick, near to death's door. While he lay in this condition, President Peter Maughan, who was dead, came to him and said: "Brother Roskelley, we held a council on the other side of the vail. I have had a great deal to do, and I have the privilege of coming here to appoint one man to come and help. I have had three names given to me in council, and you are one of them. I want to inquire into your circumstances." The Bishop told him what he had to do, and they conversed together as one man would converse with an-other. President Maughan then said to him: "I think I will not call you. I think you are wanted here more than perhaps one of the others." Bishop Roskelley got well from that hour. Very soon after, the second man was taken sick, but not being able to exercise sufficient faith, Brother Roskelley did not go to him. By and by this man recovered, and on meeting Brother Roskelley he said: "Brother Maughan came to me the other night and told me he was sent to call one man from the ward," and he named two men as had been done to Brother Roskelley. A few days afterwards the third man was taken sick and died. Now, I name this to show a principle. They have work on the other side of the vail; and they want men, and they call them. And that was my view in regard to Brother George A. Smith. When he was almost at death's door, Brother Cannon administered to him, and in thirty minutes he was up and ate breakfast with his family. We labored with him in this way, but ultimately, as you know, he died. But it taught me a lesson. I felt that man was wanted behind the vail. We labored also with Brother Pratt; he, too, was wanted behind the vail.

Now, my brethren and sisters, those of us who are left here, have a great work to do. We have been raised up of the Lord to take this kingdom and bear it off. This is our duty; but if we neglect our duty and set our hearts upon the things of this world, we will be sorry for it. We ought to understand the responsibility that rests upon us. We should gird up our loins and put on the whole armor of God. We should rear temples to the name of the Most High God, that we may redeem the dead.

I feel to bear my testimony to this work. It is the work of God. Joseph Smith was appointed by the Lord before he was born as much as Jeremiah was. The Lord told Jeremiah: "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a Prophet unto the nations." He was commanded to warn the in-habitants of Jerusalem of their wickedness. He felt it a hard task, but ultimately he did as he was commanded. So I say with regard to Joseph Smith: He received his appointment from before

the foundation of the world, and he came forth in the due time of the Lord to establish this work on the earth. And so it is the case with tens of thousands of the Elders of Israel. The Lord Almighty has conferred upon you the Holy Priesthood and made you the instrument in His hands to build up this kingdom. Do we contemplate these things as fully as we ought? Do we realize that the eyes of all the heavenly hosts are over us? Then let us do our duty. Let us keep the commandments of God, let us be faithful to the end, so that when we go into the spirit world, and look back upon our history, we may be satisfied. The Lord Almighty has set His hand to establish His kingdom never more to be thrown down or given to another people, and, therefore, all the powers of earth and hell combined will never be able to stay the progress of this work. The Lord has said He will break in pieces every weapon that is raised against Zion, and the nations of the earth, the Kings and Emperors, Presidents and Governors have got to learn this fact. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Lord. It is a fearful thing to shed the blood of the Lord's anointed. It has cost the Jews 1800 years of persecution, and this generation have also a bill to pay in this respect.

I bear testimony to these things. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Contain the words of eternal life unto this generation, and they will rise in judgment against those who reject them. May God bless this people and help us to magnify our calling, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

J. D., Vol. 22 :33-5.

**APPEARANCE OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
AND PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES TO PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF
IN THE ST. GEORGE TEMPLE**

(Report of President Wilford Woodruff, General Conference, April 10, 1898

"I am going to bear my testimony to this assembly, if I never do it again in my life, that those men who laid the foundation of this American Government and signed the Declaration of Independence were the best spirits the God of Heaven could find on the face of the earth. They were choice spirits, not wicked men. General Washington and all the men that labored for the purpose were inspired of the Lord. Another thing I am going to say here, because I have a right to say it. Every one of those men that signed the Declaration of Independence with General Washington called upon me, as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the Temple at St. George, two consecutive nights, and demanded at my hands that I should go forth and attend to the ordinances of the house of God for them. Men are here, I believe, that know of this-Brothers J. D. T. McAllister, David H. Cannon and James C. Bleak. Brother McAllister baptized me for all these men, and I then told these brethren that it was their duty to go into the Temple and labor until they got endowments for all of them. They did it.

I bear this testimony because it is true. The spirit of God bore record to myself and the brethren while we were laboring in that way." * * *

Remarks by Wilford Woodruff made at General Conference Sept, 16 1877

For the last eighteen hundred years, the people that have lived and passed away never heard the voice of an inspired man, never heard a Gospel sermon, until they entered the spirit-world. Somebody has got to redeem them, by performing such ordinances for them in the flesh as they cannot attend to themselves in the spirit, and in order that this work may be done, we must have Temples in which to do it;

and what I wish to say to you, my brethren and sisters, is that the God of heaven requires us to rise up and build them, that the work of redemption may be hastened. Our reward will meet us when we go behind the veil.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

We have labored in the St. George Temple since January, and we have done all we could there; and the Lord has stirred up our minds, and many things have been revealed to us concerning the dead. President Young has said to us, and it is verily so, if the dead could they would speak in language loud as ten thousand thunders, calling upon the servants of God to rise up and build Temples, magnify their calling and redeem their dead. This doubtless sounds strange to those present who believe not the faith and doctrine of the Latter-day Saints; but when we get to the spirit-world we will find out that all that God has revealed is true. We will find, too, that everything there is reality, and that God has a body, parts and passions, and the erroneous idea that exist now with regard to him will have passed away. I feel to say little else to the Latter-day Saints wherever and whenever I have the opportunity of speaking to them, that to call upon them to build these Temples now under way, to hurry them up to completion. The dead will be after you, they will seek after you as they have after us in St. George. They called upon us, knowing that we held the keys and power to redeem them.

I will here say, before closing, that two weeks before I left St. George, the spirits of the dead gathered around me, wanting to know why we did not redeem them. Said they, "You have had the use of the Endowment House for a number of years, and yet nothing has ever been done for us. We laid the foundation of the government you now enjoy, and we never apostatized from it, but we remained true to it and were faithful to God." These were the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and they waited on me for two days and two nights. I thought it very singular, that notwithstanding so much work had been done, and yet nothing had been done for them. The thought never entered my heart, from the fact, I suppose, that heretofore our minds were reaching after our more immediate friends and relatives. I straightway went into the baptismal font and called upon brother McCallister to baptize me for the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and fifty other eminent men, making one hundred in all, including John Wesley, Columbus, and others; I then baptized him for every President of the United States, except three; and when their cause is just, somebody will do the work for them.

I have to felt to rejoice exceedingly in this work of redeeming the dead. I do not wonder at President Young saying he felt moved upon to call upon the Latter-day Saints to hurry up the building of these Temples. He felt the importance of the work; but now he has gone, it rests with us to continue it, and God will bless our labors and we will have joy therein. This is a preparation necessary for the second advent of the Savior; and when we shall have built the Temples now contemplated, we will then begin to see the necessity of building others, for in proportion to the diligence of our labors in this direction, will we comprehend the extent of the work to be done, and the present is only a beginning. When the savior comes, a thousand years will be devoted to this work of redemption; and Temples will appear all over this land of Joseph.--North and South America--and also in Europe and elsewhere;

and all the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth who received not the Gospel in the flesh, must be officiated for in the temples of God, before the Savior can present the kingdom to the Father, saying, "It is finished."

May God continue to bless us, and guide and direct our labors, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Wilford Woodruff's Journal, August 21, 1877

" I Wilford Woodruff , went to the Temple of the Lord this morning and was baptized for one hundred persons who were dead including the signers of the Declaration of Independence..."

From Matthias F. Cowley's book titled Wilford Woodruff

" On the night of March 19th. 1894, he had a dream. In this dream there appeared to him Benjamin Franklin for whom he had performed important ceremonies in the House of God . This distinguished patriot, according to his dream, sought further blessings in the Temple of God at the hands of his benefactor. President Woodruff wrote: ' I spent some time with Benjamin Franklin and we talked over our Temple Ordinances which had been administered for Franklin and others. He wanted more work done for him than had already been done . I promised him it should be done . I awoke and made up my mind to receive further blessings for Benjamin Franklin and George Washington' "

While on a visit to Pine Valley, Utah in 1877 Apostle Wilford Woodruff received the sad news of the demise of his devoted and spiritually-promising 20 year old son, Brigham Young Woodruff who was drowned in the Bear River. Elder Woodruff also felt somewhat rebellious but was finally consoled by a manifestation from God. This was related by Heber J. Grant:

I remember hearing Wilford Woodruff say on one occasion that he had set his heart upon his son Brigham, a young man about my own age. We were schoolmates as youngsters. . . Brigham Woodruff was one of the finest, brightest and choicest boys I ever knew. Brother Woodruff said that all the days of his life he had acknowledged the hand of the Lord in everything which had come to him - life, death, joy, remorse, anything and everything - until he lost this boy. He said when his son Brigham drowned he felt almost rebellious about it. Finally the Lord was good enough to give to him a manifestation to the effect that he had a great work to do here - that is. Brother Woodruff-in the temples as soon as they were completed-and he did work in the temples with the assistance of his friends for thousands of his ancestors who had died without a knowledge of the Gospel. He was told by the Lord (I have forgotten whether it was in a dream or by an actual voice) that this boy of his was needed on the other side to carry the Gospel to his relatives for whom Brother Woodruff was to do the vicarious labor in the temples when they were completed.

This reconciled Brother Woodruff to the inexplicable, though previously he could not feel satisfied regarding the loss of that boy. He said: "I had lived in hopes that this boy would some day follow me. He was more brilliant than I am, and I hoped he might some day be one

of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it was a terrible shock to me when he died. But I shall never cease to be grateful to the Lord for giving me a special manifestation to the effect that my boy had gone where he was needed more than he was needed here."

Improvement Era, Vol.34, February, 1931, p.189.

Faramorz Little Young the son of Brigham Young was sent to the US Naval Academy when only 16 from which he graduated in 1877. After the death of his Father he went to Rensselaer Poly Tech to study engineering and graduated in 1881 when only 24 years old. His best friend was Horace G. Whitney.

Faranorez Young was called to accompany Shadrack Rowndy to open up the Mexico Mission. They were returning by the way of The Gulf of Mexico when Faramorz Young died and was buried at sea. His dearest friend Horace Whitney was heart broken and wondered why such a talented and special boy had to be taken.

One night Faramorz appeared to him in a dream. He told him that he was needed on the other side. He said " I am hear working Horace with wayward boys and girls of the church who are drifting away from it and I am trying to turn their hearts back to the truth. That is my calling and it is far greater importance than remaining on earth. I have influence with them."

MANIFESTATION ABOUT BUILDING OF TEMPLES

from

THE DESERET NEWS

The following manifestation was given to Mrs. Eliza Neville during the illness of her children in the month of January, 1917. She was the daughter of Charles and Mary Dean, who emigrated from England in 1861, crossed the plains and finally settled in Woodruff, Utah. Brother and Sister Dean died faithful members in the Church. Brother Dean possessed the gift of faith, especially in healing the sick, and he exercised his gift under the blessing of God for the comfort and relief of many souls.

Merrill Neville, son of Eliza Dean Neville, aged 19 years, was lying near death's door; Sister Neville knelt by his bedside in prayer. As she prayed she felt her deceased father's presence in the room and was impressed with these words: "Eliza, Merrill shall live. You know, Eliza, I always had the desire to go on a mission, but I never had the privilege. I want Merrill to take a mission for me now." Sister Neville was encouraged, thinking that her son would surely live.

The next day Merrill called his mother to his bedside, and taking her face between his hands he said, "O, mother, you've been a good mother to me; you've done all you could do for me.

"Yes, Merrill, I think I have never whipped you in my life. You have been a good boy. You have always done whatever we asked you to do." "Both you and father have always been so good to me," repeated the dying boy.

Taking his mother's hands in his, he said, "Mother, you won't feel had if I die, will you?"

Then his mother repeated to him the impression she had received the day before. "Yes, mother, I shall live; and I'm going on a mission for Grandpa Dean, but the mission's not upon this earth. If I'm permitted to come back, mother, I'll come and tell you all I can."

The next morning he said, "I feel like a new man this morning, mother; Grandpa Dean held my head all night." His spirit left his body about 7 o'clock in the evening of the same day.

At midnight his sister, May, who was very ill, said, "Mother, Merrill is knocking for me." Her mother replied, "O, May, don't say that."

The next evening at about 7, May said in a whisper, "Mother, you didn't believe me last night when I told you Merrill was knocking for me. He is knocking again now."

"Oh, May," the heartbroken mother said, "I didn't disbelieve you, but I couldn't bear to think that it was so.' After suffering the agonies of death, May's spirit left her struggling body. Both her father and mother clung to her, working in every way possible to restore the life to the now still form, but it was of no avail The father lifted the drooping chin and closed the mouth. The distracted mother went from room to room, and finally returning to the scene of death she began praying aloud: "Oh, Father in heaven, I don't see why I have been called upon to go through such trying scenes as this. I've had all the children I could have, and I've tried to raise them as near right as I knew how. Why have I been called upon to go through this?"

At that Bessie touched her mother on the shoulder, saying, "Mother, May wants you." Her mother replied, "Must I go, too?" "No, Mother," the sister assured her, "May has come back to life and wants to tell you what Merrill has said to her."

Sister Neville approached her daughter, May, who requested her in whispers to pray that the Lord would give her strength to write that which Merrill desired his mother to know. May requested that all present would kneel down around her bed, place their hands on her body and as many as could were to lay their hands upon her head while her mother prayed, all exercising as much faith as possible. There were present in the room her mother and father, sister, two brothers, a young man friend and the Relief Society sisters from Willard. As soon as the mother pronounced the amen, May drew herself up on the pillows, sitting almost erect, while her face shone with a holy light which radiated to all in the room. She said Merrill had come back to tell her what he wanted his mother to know. He told her that his grandparents had met him when he died, and he was with them now. They had a beautiful home, and were preparing a beautiful home for his mother and her family. He said it was always springtime over there. Merrill wished the family not to mourn for him. He said that so many of grandpa's people had been killed in the war that his grandfather needed Merrill to help him with his missionary work among his kindred dead. Merrill told her it was better for him to go while he was pure than to live and perhaps do something wrong. He said that if the family fretted and mourned for him he couldn't accomplish the work which his grandfather had for him to do. He wished them not to sell his team; to keep the horses as long as they lived.

May put her finger on each one of the family present and told them of their failings, which they must endeavor to overcome if they would go to that beautiful home which was being prepared for them. She said that all must go to Sunday School and to meeting; they should attend to their prayers, and pay their tithing. She said impressively to all present: "Give to the poor; the more you give the more you will have to give."

Turning to her mother she finally said, "Mother, you are going to live to be a real old lady; you will have better health than you have ever had."

The next morning May was taken to the hospital, and while there she made this remark to her mother: "Mother, I may have to go, but if I do I won't have to suffer, for I did all my suffering when I went before."

May lived ten days in the hospital, then without a minute's warning passed into the Infinite without a pain or a struggle.

While in the hospital with her daughter, Sister Neville prepared to rest, on one occasion, in a reclining position, while also making it possible to watch her daughter's every move from across the room. Suddenly she was overcome by a sensation that was entirely new to her and she saw her husband's grandmother standing at the foot of the bed, who looked exactly as Sister Neville remembered her in life, her body being bent from age and much stooping. She seemed in a great hurry. Sister Neville exclaimed, "Why, there's Grandmother Stiff! Whatever does she want?" At that the grandmother walked up to the side of the bed, stood perfectly straight, her face shone and her hands were as white as pearl, and as she spoke, she kept rubbing them together. "Tell them to hurry; tell them to hurry; they have got the work to do; they have got the work to do - none can do the work for those who have had the privilege of doing it for themselves here - it's got to be done on this earth - it can't be done hereafter." She was silent a moment and Sister

Neville said: "Whatever does she mean?"

Finally the grandmother replied, "William and Elizabeth have never had their children sealed to them. There must be a perfect link back to father Adam and if they neglect their work there will be a missing link." She seemed in such a hurry, Sister Neville said: "Do they have to hurry and worry on the other side like this?"

Grandmother said: "Look!" As Sister Neville looked she saw masses of people and it appeared that Grandmother Stiff had something to do for them, which accounted for her being in such a hurry. Striking the palm of her hand with the forefinger of the other, she said:

"Now I put this work on to you for you to see that this duty is done." Then she disappeared. Next, Sister Neville's father appeared, standing in the center of the room, and she exclaimed, "Father!"

"Eliza," he said, "the Lord wanted Merrill and I needed him in my missionary work, but alas for my children on earth! I can't accomplish the work that I want to accomplish on account of my children on earth!"

"Why, father," she asked, "your children have never done anything very bad, have they?" He replied, "They are dying, dying spiritually. Look, and I'll show you!"

Then she saw that they were not united, but were standing with their backs toward each other. He explained: "Some are complaining about paying their tithing; they say the Church is better off than they are. If they could only see! The tithing will be used for the building of temples. Look!"

As she looked she saw myriads of people reaching out just as far as her eyes could see, and her father said, "They couldn't walk through the two or three temples on earth in a century's time, much less do the work which must be done. Now, Eliza, I put this responsibility on you to see that my family is united and working in harmony with the Church."

Sister Neville called the family together and succeeded in uniting them. They organized a financial committee and agreed to go on with the temple work.

Everyone present at the family reunion spoke of the heavenly influence present, while many got up and bore testimony to the glorious spirit which prevailed.

Deseret News, May 18, 1918.

In an inspired *sermon* about the great joy of sacred service in God's holy house, Apostle Melvin J. Ballard proclaimed:

An evidence that those of the spirit world know of the work we do here in the temples , was related by president Wood of the Alberta Temple. While sealing a group children to their parents ,in the midst of the ceremony he felt an impression to ask the mother who was present, "Sister, does this list contain the names of all your children?" She said, "Yes." He began again, but once more he stopped and asked if the list named all her children. She told him there were no more children. He attempted to proceed, but a third time was impelled to ask: "My sister, have you not lost a child whose name is not on the list" Then she said: "Yes, I do remember now, We did lose a little baby. It was born alive and then died soon after.! had forgotten to put its name down." The name was given and then it, being the first born, was named first and all were sealed to their parents.

Then President Wood said: "Every time I started to seal the children I heard a voice say:

'Mother, don't forget me,' and I could not go any further. The appeal was made each time until the omission was discovered." Our loved ones who have departed are conscious of what is happening. They are often very near to us. Their hearts are turned to the work we are doing. We can make them happy and make ourselves happy

I plead with you, so long as you live, do not cease to pray for and labor for those of your own

kindred while they live, that they may stand with you that you may go in with your family in the Celestial Kingdom, enjoying the fullness of the Gospel blessings and privileges. And then, what joy to have labored for your loved ones and to take your own posterity in with you! Will that be Heaven? Yes.! don't care what kind of a place it is. What I want is to live with my father, mother, and my brothers and sister, my wife and children. If it is a world just like this, with sin and death removed, it will be Heaven for me; but give me a city whose streets are paved with gold and silver and diamonds and everything else, and rob me of my loved ones, and it will never be Heaven to me. We are building our own Heaven.

Archibald F. Bennett, *Saviors on A Mount Zion*, pp. 202-203.

HELP FROM HEAVELY MESENGERS

It was in the 1880's, when Henry and Margaret Ballard had been married about twenty-three years, that an event occurred which has become something of a classic among the many accounts of miracles in the Church - of divine intervention in the affairs of men.

About 1883, a writer vacationing in Berkshire, England, was led by fancy (or was it a higher inspiration?) to visit churches and churchyards and copy from the inscriptions on the monuments and headstones the "quaint verses" and other detail which struck him "as of general interest and worthy of conversation." The first visit made on this unusual vacation was to the ancient church at Thatcham the birthplace half a century before of Henry Ballard. He later sent the notes of this visit with a prefatory paragraph or two, to the Newbury Weekly News, a newspaper founded in 1867, which published the items under the pseudonym "Wanderer."

No one took vacations in 1883 in Logan, Utah. That small city, only a little over twenty years old, hummed with industry and suppressed excitement as its temple neared completion. The Ballards had a big stake in the temple. Henry had hauled the first load of sand for construction in July 1877 a couple of months after the site was dedicated and throughout the entire construction period he had worked long and faithfully on this labor of love. The whole family had made many sacrifices to further the work.

As well as temple building, temple work for the dead was a vital concern to Henry Ballard. Ever since arriving in Utah in 1852 he had diligently and anxiously sought information about his relatives in England, but apart from the knowledge that his three brothers had died he had learned almost nothing. As the dedication date for the temple drew near the family offered with increased fervor their oft-repeated supplication for the Lord's help in gaining information about his dead kindred. With such information they would be able to perform the saving Gospel ordinances for them in the temple now on their doorstep.

At last the day of dedication arrived - May 17, 1884. The temple was crowded to capacity as the venerable prophet, President John Taylor, led the sacred services and stirred all hearts with his dedicatory prayer. Recognizing the faith of the members in the area, and wishing to spread wider the sweet spirit of the services, President Taylor arranged for another dedicatory session on Sunday, the 18th, which all worthy members who so desired might attend.

The 18th found a line of members outside Bishop Henry Ballard's home as he wrote recommends for his ward members. The day was warm and pleasant, and Ellen, Henry's nine-year-old daughter, was chatting with friends on the sidewalk outside the house when two elderly men approached, walking in the middle of the street. One of the men called, "Come here, little girl." As Ellen hesitated, the stranger pointed to her and said, "I mean you." Placing a newspaper in her hand, he said: "Take this to your father. Give it to no one else. Go quickly and don't lose it."

Henry's wife, Margaret, now picks up the story. "Ellen came in and asked for her father. I

told her that her father was busy writing recommends and asked her to leave me the newspaper she had in her hand so that I might give it to him. She said, 'No, the man who gave the paper to me told me to give it to no one but Father.' I let the child take the paper to her father."

Henry quickly took in the situation. The newspaper was the Newbury Weekly News containing "Wanderer's" jottings from That. same churchyard - names and other genealogical details for sixty or so now-dead acquaintances of Henry and his father. Who had brought it? Rapidly quizzing, Ellen he hurried outside, went around the block searching and questioning. In that sparsely settled community~ where *all* the inhabitants were known to each other, no neighbors had seen the two strangers. They were never found. This disappearance of the messengers was itself cause enough to wonder, but perhaps even more impressive was the date on the newspaper - May 15, 1884. In an era long before the advent of air transportation and when mail took several weeks to get from England to western America, this newspaper had made the journey in three days!

The next day Bishop Ballard took the newspaper and recited the facts to President Merrill, president of the Logan Temple, who concluded: "Brother Ballard, someone on the other side is anxious for their work to be done and they knew that you would do it if this paper got into your hands. It is for you to do the work, for you received the paper through messengers of the Lord." To their great joy, the Ballards received baptism and endowments in the temple for all the people he had listed. "Wanderer" never knew in this life the great work his vacation ramblings had made possible. Henry was then unaware of what subsequent generations have discovered that some of the listed names link with Ballard family genealogy. The Ballard family have always accepted with complete assurance that this incident occurred as recorded and that it reflects the hand of the Lord. Indeed, Henry's daughter, Rebecca Ballard Cardon, who was six when the event occurred, is alive today (1966) and recalls the circumstances clearly, as well as the local knowledge of the matter and the testimonies she heard in her mature years from people who were at the Ballard home when the newspaper was received. Rebecca's sister, Myrtle Ballard Shurtliff, has similar recollections. But sometimes rationalizers have tended to question for instance, perhaps the newspaper was postdated. Consequently, the family made checks. Miracles cannot always be documented but this one is. The following facts emerge in summary:

A representative of the family visited the office of the Newbury Weekly News in 1948, and saw and handled that office's copy of the issue of May 15, 1884. The entire issue was then photographed on the spot and a signed statement completed certifying that it was copied at its place of publication in England. Comparison reveals that the photographed copy is identical with the copy handed to Henry Ballard on May 18, 1884, which now rests in the Church Historian's Library in Salt Lake City.

At the 1948 interview the publisher, Mr. Ashley Turner, affirmed to the family representative before several witnesses that the newspaper had never been postdated - it had always been printed on Wednesday night and distributed on Thursday morning of every week.

By official Somerset House records the family confirmed the death of a prominent citizen, recorded on the same page as "Wanderer's" article, as May 8, 1884. Bells rang in the parish church "last Sunday," as the death notice states, must have been rung on May 11, only seven days before the newspaper was delivered in Western America. The point is conclusive.

Small wonder that the newspaper, now yellowed and somewhat ragged with age, has always been regarded as a sacred treasure by the Ballard family.

In 1900, Henry Ballard was ordained a patriarch and was released as bishop. After he had served for nearly forty years as their bishop, as an expression of the high esteem in which he was held the members of the Second Ward presented him with a life-size portrait of himself. On that occasion N. W. Kimball, his counselor, said:

"In my experience and acquaintance among mankind, I have never known a better man, one that was more unselfish, one that was more honorable in his dealings, and one that would do

more for his fellow men than our friend. I labored with him in the bishopric for sixteen years; and I have seen him under the most trying circumstances. His first thought was always for the good of his people. I never saw him swerve from what he thought was his duty. His life has been like an open book among us. It mattered not how dark the night nor how severe the storm. when the cry of distress came and his assistance was needed, he was always willing to respond. I have walked the streets of this ward with him night after night for years, visiting the sick and the afflicted. He never gave a thought of himself or of his own ailments; hut it was always for others, until the time came when his strength failed and his health was broken. I do not believe there is a man living who has shown more love for his brethren, more devotion to the Church, more integrity to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ than Bishop Henry Ballard."

Martin Harris when he Came to Utah in 1870 Receives a Manifestation To be Baptized for His Dead Father

"Soon after his arrival in Salt Lake City Martin came to my house and said the Spirit of the Lord had made it manifest to him, not only for himself personally, but also that he should be baptized for his dead, for he had seen his father seeking his aid. He saw his father at the foot of a ladder, striving to get up to him, and he went down to him taking him by the hand and helped him up. The baptismal font in the Endowment House was the place where I led Martin Harris down into the water and rebaptized him, 17 Sept. 1870. Five of the apostles were present . . . After baptism Orson Pratt confirmed him . . . after which he was baptized for some of his dead friends [relatives]." (Edward Stevensen, Millennial Star, Vol. 1, p. 86, And [The Martin Harris Story](#) by Madge Harris Tuckett and Bell Harris Wilson , 1983, Vintage Books, Provo, Utah)

Divine Aid in Genealogical Work

Such an inspired situation was evidenced in laborious research endeavors of Hubert Bowen, who was able to trace his family line through the guidance of divine impressions: While searching diligently for records in the small town of Shaftsbury, Vermont, he and Crandall, the town clerk, made frustrated attempts to locate the whereabouts of a woman's name and documented in formation concerning her past:

I was deeply hurt and offended and ready to leave when suddenly I just felt so sorrowful that I just bowed my head and prayed: "Father in heaven, I have come three thousand miles to get the name of this woman, and you have let me down, and you didn't give it to me; I am mad and I am hurt and I don't care if I never do any more genealogy and I am going home without it.,,

I wiped my eyes, picked up my briefcase, and as plain as could be someone said, "Drop your briefcase, Hubert, and run to the door and call him back. Tell him there is a book in this office of old deeds, deeds to the transfer of old lands to 150 years ago. Hurry, run." I dropped my briefcase and ran out the door calling to him, "Oh, Mr. Crandall." He was now across the street and opening his store door to do business. He looked back and I motioned to him and called, "Come back, come back, it is here, I know it is; God has told me." He closed his door, turned the lock and came back over. When he entered the room he turned just as white as death; he shook and trembled and I was .standing there in tears. "God has told me that the record is here, and that you have a book in this office of old land deeds of 150 years ago, and it is in that hook." Then he said to me, "Hubert, I don't know where it could be; you come and go with me back into the vault and see if you can tell where it is." He went along the wall and touched the books saying, "It isn't there; it isn't in these; it isn't in these; I have looked through these; I know it is not here." We got to the northeast corner and turned to go along the west wall; he touched every book and said, "I have been

through all of these; I can't see where it could be." He started to walk out the door when something impressed me to turn and look down in the corner; there was an old book covered with dirt, dust and cobwebs; as I turned and looked at it, he turned and looked at me. I said, "See there," and he turned and looked, and walked back to the book and picked it up saying, "Maybe this is it. As he handed me the book, I laid it on a shelf and opened it up and there was a deed of my great grandfather made in 1828, and this deed read, "I, Elias Bowen, and my brother James (We had not known there was a James in the family until this moment) hereby sell, ascribe, and transfer all our right, title, and interest." That was described by a pile of rocks and over to a bush and back to the road, and this deed split the house in two; it deed half of the chimney and cellar. "And we give all these things to our brothers Vinton and Freebairn Bowen. (Two more boys we had not known about; their names were only in this old deed.) And we give all this to these boys provided they will furnish food and clothing and all else needed," and even said that these boys were to provide all the medicine that was had in those days for every sickness of the body. They were to provide these things for their father James Bowen and his wife Rhoda Bowen. I just stopped and exclaimed, "Oh, I have got it. I have got it. Oh, I am so glad." And again I bowed my head in prayer and said, "Sorry I said what I did to you, Father; I have my records now. Thanks a lot for helping me; I will try to watch and not say anything bad about you again." I took the record and was so very glad.

While still in Shaftsbury Bowen also had easy access to other genealogical records which had been previously prepared by other individuals:

When I was at the town clerk's office, an old man came to help me as he had heard I was there. He told me to go down the road where a man by the name of Harrington lived and see him. "He will help you," he said. It was getting dark. I walked onto the porch and as I knocked on the door, I could see a huge table through the window. Everyone was sitting around the table and it was covered with papers. The father got up and came to the door. I said, "I am Hubert Bowen from Utah; I have come back here to get my genealogy of the Bowens and Harringtons." "Well, how remarkable, my heavens: that is what we are doing here now. Come on in," he said. I went in and sat down in the extra chair which was there as though they were waiting for me. The table was covered with genealogical records; all I had to do was to copy them as fast as they gave them to me.

The next day they sent me over to a maiden lady in Bennington. She was sitting on the porch with her brother. Eunice Lyons was her name. I said, "I am Hubert Bowen. I am a Mormon from Utah. I have come back here to get my genealogy of the Harringtons and Bowens." She led me into the house and took a box down from the top of a cupboard. Handing it to me, she said, "Here is your Harrington genealogy for 700 years."

While attempting to compile a genealogy of the Water-bury family line, Bowen felt impressed to go to Gardena, a small town near his residence in Torrence, California. A family named Waterbury lived there; and, being prompted by the spirit of the Lord, he visited them to seek for family records:

I felt that I must go immediately to the home and in obedience to this impression I arrived at just the right time for the lady of the house was just ready to leave with her children. I told her who I was and what I wanted. She invited me in and I was given a seat at a table where I wrote just as fast as she gave me facts. Then she said, "I have just thought of something." She went into another room and came back with a Bible and said, "Here are some more records of our family." I thought that was marvelous and understood why I was prompted to come at the time I did.

That lady then referred Bowen to her father-in-law residing in Culver City who possessed an even older Bible containing the Waterbury family records. Impressed by the spirit of God to go there

immediately, he went to an address she had given him and met a very cooperative man who gave Bowen what he desired:

We [Bowen and Mr. Waterbury of Culver City] went to the house. I wrote down all he could tell me that connected with my records and he said he had another old Bible record that had been given to him many years before. So he called his wife and asked if she could find it for him. She said, We must have destroyed that years and years ago when we lived way, way off from here." She emphasized the fact that she had not seen it for many years. He could not believe that it was destroyed so they both hunted all over the house but found nothing. Finally she said, "I remember when we lived way off somewhere else, we packed two old boxes of stuff and it might be in there." He remembered this and said he believed they were out in the attic of the garage. He went out and pulled down the boxes and came back with two old Bibles in his hand. They were very dusty, being poorly kept, but upon opening the larger one, which must have been published about 1804, he turned to the record department and there in beautiful handwriting was filed the genealogy; births, deaths, marriages and burials of the family going back from him for about 150 ~'ears. I realized how valuable these were and how I would like to have that record. I knew that I could not copy everything there in the home; it would take more time. I expressed to him my great desire to have the books to copy either in his home or have them so that I could put the families together and file them in a library where they would be preserved for future generations.

While I was still working on this book he said to his wife, calling her by name, "There is another old record more ancient than this. Don't you remember that I had one?" She remembered it but was sure it had been destroyed long ago. He insisted it never would have been destroyed and must be somewhere. They searched the house diligently, she becoming a little disturbed at wasting, as she thought, so much time; yet he persisted in hunting. Finally she sat down to a desk and looked through old papers, cancelled deeds, insurance policies, and other old papers, all the time saying, "I know we don't have it." He urged her to keep on looking. She pulled out the bottom drawer and went through more papers, then a bunch of envelopes containing useless papers and at last came to one with no writing on the outside. Inside was the ancient Bible record. This record had been taken out of another Bible far more ancient.

As near as Mr. Waterbury could remember, this old Bible had been handed down to him by his Grandmother, who had been given the more ancient one by her Grandmother long ago.

As he handed me this old record I scanned through it and found that it carried back this other genealogy for 250 years. Then this man spent a moment or two telling me how valuable these records were and said that he wouldn't even trust his own children with them and that they were the most valuable thing he had. I realized my position and I wanted those records. I bowed my head in prayer and told my Father that I ought to have those records. I said, "Father, you sent me over here to get them. I am the only one who knows what to do with them; they, have been kept for me. And, Father, I ask you to touch this man's heart that he will give them to me. I promise you that I will do the Temple work for all of these people if you will grant me this."

Hardly a moment had passed when this man stood up and putting his old Bible in my hands and the other old records on top of it, said to me, "I have changed my mind, Mr. Bowen; I think you are the man who should have these. Here, take them."

When he had put these wonderful records in my hands I had all I could do to hold back my feelings.

I could see my prayer answered so immediately that I was startled.

(Faith Like the Ancients, Vol. 2, pp. 51-60, by N, B, Lundwall, Paragon Press, 1968)

Henry Zollinger, "My Experience In The Spirit World," unpublished manuscript In the possession of his wife, a resident of Providence, Cache Co., Utah. Brother Zollinger explains the occasion for his spirit world experience in this manner:

On Aug. 7, 1920, I was moving a hay derrick under a live electric wire, the derrick pole caught on the wire and consequence was I received a shock that threw me in the air, then I fell under the derrick frame and the boys that were with me seeing the situation urged the horses up a few feet which left me pinned under the frame, until they received help.

The boys who were with me were Henry Merchant, a hired man, LeGrande Stirland a brother-in-law and my two boys Lyman and Ray. They all said I was dead. LeGrande took my boys away from the terrible scene while the Merchant boy went to the nearest house to telephone for a Doctor and for help. I lay there about an hour before the Doctors Eliason and Wallace Budge came. They at once lifted me out from under the derrick and took me to the Utah Idaho Hospital.

After leGrande had got the children quieted down a little he came to see me again and he says he saw me breathe. He then took my hat to the creek and brought water and put it on my face and hands until the Doctors came. While my body was under the derrick and they thought me dead, I had an experience in the spirit world which I wish to relate.

My spirit left the body and I could see it lying under the derrick and at *that moment my guardian angel, my mother and my sister Ann were beside me.* My mother died Jan.31, 1918 and my sister at the age of four years. I saw that *her spirit was full grown in stature* and also seemed very intelligent.

"My mother then introduced me to the heads of five generations of my father's people, all of whom had believed the gospel."

My guide then took me and showed me *the spirits of the children that would yet come to my family if we would be faithful. They were full grown but not in the same sphere as those which had lived upon this earth.*

People had their free agency there like we do here and that gaining knowledge was the only way to progression.

She then warned me to be very careful and keep the faith. Also told me to warn my brothers and sisters to live more closely to the Gospel and not let worldly things lead them astray as that is the way the Nephites of old were led away. Mother informed me that my brother John, who has been somewhat careless in a religious way would someday take a turn in regard to him and his family.

Also at the death of my father, my brother William would have the privilege of being in charge of the family records.

We then had the privilege of visiting my brothers-in-law who had died. William, who had been on a mission in Australia . . . told me he was presiding over a large mission and was very happy in his labors and to tell his parents and his people not to mourn about him as he was losing nothing but doing much good. We next went to see his older brother, John. I found him discussing the gospel to a large congregation, bearing a strong testimony to them. When he got through he told me he was very happy in his labors and had no regrets that he was there and told his people not to mourn.

As we were coming back I saw a man who had been a Campbellite Minister down in Texas when I was upon my mission there three years ago. He was a great friend to us and has opened his house many times for us to preach in. He had died while I was still in the mission field. He asked me if I could do the work in the Temple that was necessary for his salvation. I told him I would and he seemed pleased. I then met a man whom I had never seen before. His wife had come into the Church and was baptized after he had died. She spoke to me while I was on my mission in regard to having the work done for him in the Temple, but as she had already spoken to other Elders about it to be done I had ignored her request. I told him I would see to it.

According to an account given by Ruder Clawson of the Council of the Twelve President Snow received a manifestation about a young lad who had departed mortality at the tender age of sixteen:

I remember very distinctly, upon one occasion some years ago, that the late President Snow was called into administer to a young man who was seriously ill President Snow was a

friend of the family. . . His sympathy went out to that family and he very much desired in his heart the recovery of the boy a young man sixteen years of age. He had been very exemplary and had advanced in the Church to the office of a Deacon which appointment he had accepted with great joy and happiness. He was naturally spiritually-minded, and he, together with his parents, looked forward to a life of usefulness. President Snow administered to the boy, and he gave hope to the parents. . . that the boy would recover. . . But the boy died.

The parents were extremely distressed and they refused to be reconciled to the fact that the Lord's hand was involved in taking such a promising young man as their son at such a youthful age. Informed of their grief and sorrow, President Snow summoned the father to the Salt Lake Temple:

. . . One day President Snow, who had in the meantime become President of the Church, sent word to the father to come immediately to the temple. When he arrived the President said to him:

"My brother, I often wondered how it was that your boy was taken away so young, so beautiful, so bright, and with such splendid hopes and prospects for the future. I know now what the reason was. I have had a manifestation, and the Lord has indicated to me that your boy was needed behind the veil, that he had a special work and mission for him, and that his passing was no accident but it came by design. I have called you here to the House of the Lord that you might immediately do the necessary work for your boy, that he may receive the High Priesthood. He was a Deacon when he passed away. in the temple, by proxy, he will be ordained to the office of an Elder. He will receive his washings and anointings and covenants with the Lord, and he will thus be specially prepared to go forth in the spirit world and do the work the Lord requires at his hands, for the work there is very great. There is nothing like it - nothing equal to it in this world, and there must be no delay in this matter. O, what joy and happiness came to the heart of that father.

Funeral Services of Emily Wells Grant, Salt Lake City, Utah May 28, 1908, pp. 18-20.
Unpublished manuscript.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD SHALL HEAR THE GOSPEL

by

GEORGE H. BUDD

My father, George Budd millwright and contractor, was born on the 21st of February, 1846 at Hyde. near Beeding, Sussex County, England, son of Charles and Louisa Capelan Budd. When about eight years of age his parents moved to New Castle, on Tyne, England, from which place he came to America with the Maycock family in 1859, being thirteen years of age, When a little over fourteen years of age he was given a job in a mail camp on the route to California. His special work was to care for the mules used in hauling the mail, and one day while thus engaged a mail man drove into camp and said: "Boy, change the mules and drive to the next camp; I am too sick to go further, but the mail must go." My father replied, "I can't do that as I do not know the way and I do not know how to drive the mules." The mail man said: "Put these mules in the stable, put fresh mules on the wagon and get on the seat; I'll put the reins between your fingers and all you have to do is give the mules their head and they know where the next oat sack is. I'll stay here until you get back."

My father did as he was told to do by the mail man and was soon on the way, filled with excitement and wonder and not a little fear, due to the stories he had heard about highwaymen

taking express and mail from the drivers, but he let the mules have their head and on he went out into the desert. Suddenly a man stepped onto the wagon, while it was moving, sat down beside my father and said "this is a beautiful day." My father replied, "Yes, it is a beautiful day," and wondered if this man would prove to be a highwayman. He looked at the man and said to himself, "No, he is too kind a man to be one of that sort." The man said, "Young man, you were born in a little village in the south end of Sussex County, England, and in that village there is a history of your family; some day you or some of your children after you will go there and get the history, and when you do, remember there is a work to do. Good day," and he was gone. He did not wait for the wagon to stop-just got off and disappeared.

As my father drove on he became curious and concerned. However, he did not feel alarmed, since the man proved to be quite different to what he had first suspected. He reached the other mail camp, but said nothing to the boy at that camp but changed the mules, exchanged mail, and started back. As he proceeded he was thinking about what had taken place and much to his surprise the same man again stepped onto the wagon, sat down beside him and started to talk about that village in southern England and related the same story, telling him three times that he or some of his children would go there and get that genealogy. This matter he kept to himself, and sent to the church in Salt Lake for a Book of Mormon and became a real student of that book. He could quote it on most any subject, and finally made up his mind that the man who had visited him was one of three Nephites and that there was a purpose in the visit

In September, 1896, I was called on a mission from the Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and had to report to the old Historian's Office on a certain day to receive my appointment. Apostle George Teasdale and Pres. George Reynolds of the First Council of Seventy were present; Pres. Reynolds got up and turned to Robert Teasdale and said: "This young man is from the Nineteenth Ward and his bishop says you can send him to any mission you desire." Then Pres. Reynolds left. Apostle Teasdale, who had never met me before, looked at me so strangely that I became nervous and all I could think of was "islands" and in that day islands meant "cannibals" and that meant danger He finally said: "What mission would You prefer?" I replied: "I have no choice," and he looked again and waited for my further reply, but I did not speak. Then he said, "Oh! every boy has some choice, what is yours?" I was still fearful of islands but said, "I feel that I would fill a better mission where you send me, than if I chose a place, for if things went wrong, I might feel that I was in the wrong place." Brother Teasdale sat there for some time, and occasionally looked at me and smiled - then I would think "islands" again, with a lot of cannibals included in my thinking. He finally looked up from what seemed a deep study and said: "You go to England and get your father's genealogy. Does that suit you?" I thanked him and said, "Yes, very well," and he said, "Put him down for England"

Now let me say here that Apostle Teasdale did not know my father came from England, and had no way of knowing that my father's genealogy was over in England, so I always thought that he was most certainly inspired when he said, "Go to England and get your father's genealogy." And the story will support that thought and any thoughtful person will agree that he was inspired.

I took my slip, which stated where I was to go, also giving some instructions as to when to come back and what to do in the meantime The call suited my mother and when my father came in from some mining camp, where he was building a mill or had finished a mill, he said the call was alright. He then made arrangements with a man by the name of Detrichs to go to Delamar, Nevada, to build a mill and was to leave two weeks before I was to leave for England. I went to the Short Line Station to see him off and since it was his habit to go enough ahead of time to take care of any emergencies, we had some time to talk together, and he took this occasion to tell me the above story and said it was the first time he had ever mentioned it to a living soul. He said, "You'll get that genealogy when you get over there." His train whistled and I got off and he went on his way. I walked home thinking about that story and the possibility of finding that information.

Well, the 19th day of September. 1896. arrived and with a group of missionaries I started on my trip. Some time later we landed at Liverpool, England, and there stood Joseph W. McMurrin, one of the mission presidency - a man I had known all my life. At the meeting at headquarters I was assigned to Sheffield Conference, where my mother's brother was laboring. Elder A. B. Call of Mexico was the conference president and he appointed me to the Chesterfield District to labor with Elder Able Roper. Some months afterward I was sent to Barnsley, Yorkshire. to labor, and the conference headquarters was moved there. One day, after doing the housework, while the other missionaries were out working, I had a strong impression to go to London, and I could not drive away the words that came into my mind - "Go to London tonight." When Pres. Call arrived at the house I said,

I have an impression to go to London tonight; may I go?" Pres. Call replied, "Why don't you wait until there is an excursion, and save some money?" I said, "I don't know but that impression says 'Go to London tonight.'" "All right," said Pres. Call, "go tonight." I went down town to get some things I thought I would need and one of the first things I saw was "Cheap trip to London, tonight, six and sixpence." Just what I needed, so I went to the station and bought my ticket and was soon on the road to London.

I arrived early in the morning, at the St. Pancres Station, London, and walked up to the old mission house, rapped at the door, and who should open it - a friend of mine - William Stoneman - from the Twenty-second Ward (later the Eighteenth Ward). He was so surprised he could hardly speak but finally said: "Boy, what are you doing over here?" I said, "I hardly know, do you?" He said, "there is a cheap trip to Brighton today-- two shillings - come and go with me." I said, "Guess that's alright, cheap trips seem to be what I'm looking for," and we went. At the Brighton Station, Elder George Hilton, another man I had known all my life, met us and he said, "Boy alive, what are you down here for?" I replied, "Don't know, cheap trip, maybe you know why." He looked rather serious and said, "Yes, I think I do know why, and here it is. The other day I was tracting and found a cousin of yours and if you'll come along with me I'll introduce you to her." He knocked at the door and a lady came and he said, "This is your cousin, George, from America," and she invited us in, and requested me to stay with them while there, which I did.

One day my cousin said, "Let's go down the coast to Southwick and visit with my mother and then go over to Hyde and see the house where your father was born." I said, "Will it be alright with you if I get up early and walk along the seashore and meet you at your mother's? I like to walk, especially early in the morning." She hesitated, but finally said, "Yes, that will be alright, if you prefer to walk." Well, to tell the truth I was very short of pence, shillings and pounds and had to walk most everywhere I went, so I started very early and was at her mother's before she got there.

After lunch with her mother, we went over to Hyde and walked along the path between the hedge, on either side, and came to the house that my father had described to me. We went in, looked around, and took a picture of the house, and took a piece of flintrock from the foundation. We were leaving the village, when she remembered her cousin, William Budd, and said, "Let's go call on him." We knocked at his door and an old grey-haired man came. She said to him, "Cousin William, this is Cousin George's boy from America." I naturally expected him to say "Come in, my boy, glad to see you," or to say, "Get out," as that was the way Englishmen treated me, either "come in" or "get out." But to my astonishment he did neither, and stood there looking and looking until I got nervous, and at last he said, "I have a history of our family for four hundred years." When I got my breath, I replied, "That is just what I am looking for." He said, "Come in; you can have it." Now, does that sound to you, as it does to me, a very definite fulfillment to my father's story of the man on the desert?

Cousin William Budd was a Warden of the Church of England and the minister of the church copied this information from the Parish records and presented it to him. Cousin William said to the minister, "I don't know what I want of that information." The minister replied, "You

may find a purpose or somebody else may have a reason to possess it." Cousin William gave me a nice room, fed me, and I stayed there and copied that record, covering four hundred years, and eleven generations. I had no understanding of genealogy at the time but I got what the man on the desert said was in that village.

During the time I was copying the record the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was to be held, so I went up to London for that occasion, where I met Pres. McMurnn and told him the story and he told me to go back and if I never delivered another tract, get that genealogy. "You can do more with that than you can with the living over here." I returned and completed my work and after I had finished, my cousin took me down to the church where the people had been christened and married. We walked about the church yard and among the tombstones, and on the way back to the house he stopped quickly and said, "What do you want that stuff for, anyway?" I looked him over very carefully to see if I could discern what he had in mind, and then thought it best to tell him the exact truth and take the consequences. I said, "We believe that it is possible for a living person to do a work for the departed, who cannot now do it for themselves, and that they will get the benefit hereafter." He laughed out loud and said, "You are as crazy as an old maid who used to come here, take names and dates off the tombstones, lay them on the altar and pray for them; ~ if you are that crazy it's alright with me." I soon left that village and went back to my cousin in Brighton, where I wrote a letter to my father, telling him that I had the in-formation just as he had told me I would get it.

As strange as it may seem, my father wrote me a letter, at the same time, telling 'me this story-. He was up in City Creek Canyon, in company with Charles Evans, a son-in-law of Patriarch John Smith, prospecting, and at noon Evans was face down on the grass asleep, and my father was looking up into the sky through the trees and his uncle. William Budd, father of my cousin, William, appeared to him and said, "George, my son, William is now giving~ to your son, George. the genealogy of our family, and when George gets home I want you to see that he does the work for me." Now my father was not visionary, he was not actively engaged in church work, but would fight for it anytime and anywhere, so nobody can say this was not real. Our letters crossed on the ocean; he received mine and I his, and this all goes to establish the fact that he did really see that man on the desert and that his uncle did really appear to him.

I told this story to a member of the Board of Directors of the Boston Genealogical Society and he told me that he had never in his life listened to a story that proved a previous life and a future life as clearly as this story does, and if I had preserved those two letters with post office date marks it would be one of the finest articles on record and he would be happy to file it in the archives of that society. Unfortunately I was not experienced in such matters and the letters were not preserved, hence are not available. However, I have the record, just as I received it, and it is now transcribed on modern family sheets and on file in the Utah Genealogical Society Library. Every name that can be worked on, up to January 1st, 1946, has either been worked for or is now in the process of being worked for in the Salt Lake Temple. I was impressed to complete all this work and not leave it for someone else to do later, so I have prepared it, submitted it for the checking process at the Index Bureau, and they have or soon will transfer it to the Temple for endowment and sealing purposes. The Temple folks have advised me that it will be but a matter of a few days for them to finish the work now being done, once they get the sheets.

I have told this story, in brief, at many genealogical meetings, from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, and one lady, who heard it, wrote a pageant on the story, presented it in Mexico and in Arizona with much success.

I present this story for faith-promoting purposes only and hope that all who read it will be impressed, as I have been, with the necessity of living members of the church doing work for their kindred and not leave it for someone else at a later date. It's a God-given duty and one that cannot be shifted to others - we cannot escape the responsibility the Lord places upon us individually in this matter.

(Faith Like the Ancients, Vol. , pp. , by N, B, Lundwall, **Paragon Press, 1958**)

Temple Manifestations

Elder John Mickleson Lang, a temple worker in the St. George Temple, received the following manifestation in the sacred structure in 1928:

One day while baptismal rites were being performed, I distinctly heard a voice at the east end of the font, very close to the ceiling, calling the names of the dead to witness their own baptism, allowing a moment for each spirit to present itself. After hearing many names called, I noticed a difference in the pronunciation of some of them. It seemed that the spirit who was calling must have a different list to ours.

I was so impressed at the time that I placed my arm about the shoulders of Brother W. T. Morris, clerk, who was passing, and called his attention to the sound of the voice, but it was not discernable to him.

This occurrence had taken place in March of 1928, and it continued to prey upon my mind for some months, until one day in October, I had gone to an upper room of the Temple, as was my custom, to offer secret prayer, asking for the assistance of God in my work, and to thank Him for showing me that there was a recording angel in His house, to keep a perfect record of that which transpired. I had finished my prayer and was about to leave the room when the question flashed through my mind, "Rut where and how does He get these names? Some of them were not pronounced the same as ours.

God knew my thoughts; I never asked of Him to know. The explanation came to me in these words: "Every spirit that comes to earth has a guardian angel, whose duty it is to keep a record of the individual's parentage, the conditions under which it was born, its inheritance, environment, thoughts and desires, and when the individual's life is completed, the guardian angel's mission ends. it returns, makes its report and hands in the record it has kept. This record is placed upon the other book, spoken of as The Book of Life."

A Testimony Received by John Mickleson Lang in the St. George Temple in the Year 1928," an unpublished manuscript.

A venerable patriarch, who is now dead, once related to the writer the following: The patriarch, who we will call Brother C. came to the Manti Temple some years ago when President John P. McAllister presided there. It was on a Tues. day when baptisms were being performed. Having none of his own to officiate for, he was invited into the room where this sacred ordinance is performed. As he sat and witnessed the ceremony, he became very much interested, as indeed he might be for he was gazing into the spirit world. To his view appeared the spirits of those for whom they were officiating in the font by proxy. There the spirits stood awaiting their turn, and, as the Recorder called out the name of a person to be baptized for, the patriarch noticed a pleasant smile come over the face of the spirit whose name had been called, and he would leave the group of fellow spirits and pass over to the side of the Recorder. There he would watch his own baptism performed by proxy, and then with a joyful countenance would pass away, make room for the next favored personage who was to enjoy the same privilege.

As the eyes of Brother C. were riveted on this beautiful scene, he noticed at last that some were beginning to turn away with sorrowful countenances. Then his mind and sight came to things material. He looked around him and saw that the font room was nearly empty, the day's baptisms were at an end, and the Recorder was gathering up his records and stepping down from his desk. 'I often think of this event," says Brother Carpenter, for I so often sit at the font, and call off the names for the ordinances to be performed which means so much to the dead.

Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine, Vol. 11, p119, July 1920.

There occurred in the life of one Charles R. Woodbury a spiritual event which convinced him that the spirits of the diseased were fully aware of the temple work being performed on their behalf:

This is Patriarch C. R. Woodbury of Hinckley, Utah. I'm relating an experience that happened to me in the Manti Temple as I witnessed 300 baptisms one day. As a name was called out for baptism, a voice said to me, "This Person has had the Gospel taught them and is converted and is ready for baptism." Another name would be called out, "This person's never heard the Gospel yet." Another name would be called, This person's heard the Gospel and is not converted. "I sat there in that condition and witnessed 300 baptisms. I knew every one of them that had accepted it and those that didn't

25 out of the 300 weren't ready for it. They weren't converted and ready for the work. The rest of them, the other 275 were prepared and rejoiced that their work was being done.

This is the testimony that I have to show people that the departed spirits know and appreciate when their work is done in the Temple so they can enjoy the blessings of the Gospel

This is my testimony to the world that they do know and understand and are privileged to enjoy the blessings of the Gospel when we do work for them in the Temples of the Lord, which is our great responsibility.

*Faith Promoting Experiences of Patriarch Charles R. Woodbury,
unpublished manuscript, p. 32*

There is evidence that some spirit beings know of performance of the vicarious ordinances in their behalf in the latter-day Saint temples. For instance, Elder Horatio Pickett, a temple worker in the St. George temple, received the following vision on March 19, 1914:

While working here in the St. George Temple, I often thought of the great expense and the time and labor necessary to support the Temple, and to perform the necessary ordinances therein for the salvation of the dead, and the question often arose in my mind: Do they (the dead) know what is being done for them and do they appreciate the sacrifice that is being made by their brethren and sisters in the Temples for their benefit.

I often asked the Lord to give me sufficient of His Spirit that I might have a better understanding of the Temple work than I had. One day while at the font confirming, when a large list of women were being baptized for, the thought came into my mind: Do those people for whom this work is being done, know that it is being done for them, and, if they do, do they appreciate it. While this thought was running through my mind I happened to turn my eyes toward the southeast corner of the font room and there I saw a large group of women. The whole southeast part of the room was filled; they seemed to be standing a foot or more above the floor and were all intently watching the baptizing that was being done; and as the recorder called a name, one of them—a rather tall, very slim woman, apparently about 35 years of age, gave a sudden start and looked at the recorder. Then her eyes turned to the couple in the water, closely watching the baptism; then her eyes followed the sister that was being baptized as she came up out of the water and was confirmed, and when the ordinance was completed the happy, joyous expression that spread over her countenance was lovely to behold.

The next one called seemed to be younger, a little below the average height. She was of a nervous, emotional nature, could not keep still, seemed as though she wanted to jump into the water.

I do not think it would be possible for any person to look into the faces of those women as

I did and see the earnestness with which they were watching the proceedings, and the joy and happiness that shone in their faces as their names were called and the work done for them, and not feel as I do. This was not a night vision nor a dream but it was about three o'clock on a bright, sunny afternoon while I was standing at the font assisting in the ordinances thereof.

N.B. Lundwall, *The Vision*, pp.142-143.

Brother Joseph Warburton and his daughter were doing sealings in the Salt Lake Temple on December 1st, 1898. After having completed their labors in the sealing room, they walked up to President John R. Winder and expressed their appreciation for his having performed these sealings for them.

After they had gone into the next room the daughter turned to her father and asked, "Did you see those three couples in the sealing room with us?"

His answer was, "No, I did not."

She then said: "There were three couples in the room. They were dressed in temple clothing, and the room was illuminated by a supernatural light. As we knelt at the altar, and the names were called of the people for whom we were being sealed, each couple in turn knelt by our side. As the ordinances were performed they showed by the expression on their faces how pleased they are. When we walked up to thank President Winder, they came up also, and after we had completed our expression of thanks to him they disappeared."

Brother Warburton asked if she could describe the people she saw. She replied she could do it very well, and she described each couple in turn. Her father then said, "The first couple are my great grandparents; the second couple my grandparents, and the third couple are my great uncle and aunt." He had known them all in his life, and from his daughter's description recognized them as the very persons for whom the sealings had been performed that day.

A Book of Remembrance, op. cit., pp. 77-78.

One sister in the Salt Lake Temple was prompted by beings from the spirit world that the sealing records were *incorrect*.

On October 26th, 1896, in the sealing room, while assisting in the ordinance of sealing children to their parents, Sister Amanda H. Wilcox saw the dead father of those children standing by the altar, and he intimated to her that he and his wife, the mother of the children, had not yet been sealed. Sister Wilcox then informed President Winder, who was officiating, and the ceremony was deferred until inquiry was made, when it was found that what the spirit man had told her was correct. The sealing of the mother to this man was duly attended to, and children were afterward sealed to their parents.

A Book of Remembrance A lesson Book for First Year Junior Genealogical Classes, p. 78.

On February 20th, 1895, Sister Mary A. Schoenfelt, while in meeting in the Annex, saw the spirit persons of a man and woman, so clearly that she was able to minutely describe them to her husband, Edward Schoenfelt, when she returned home. He recognized the dead individuals by that description, and said they were his stepfather's brother and the latter's wife for whom two of the Schoenfelt children were baptized that day.

Elder James W. Ure, while baptizing in the font, March 16th, 1897, saw a large building, apparently on the north side of the font; the door of the building was open and he observed that there was a great crowd of people inside and they seemed to be anxiously waiting an opportunity to come out. A man, in white apparel, stood on guard at the door, and another one was inside who seemed to be calling each individual to come out, as the name was called

by the Recorder of the font. As they came out they witnessed the baptism and confirmation, and each one then walked away giving evidence of great Joy.

Salt Lake Temple Historical Record;

In the Terrestrial Room, on July 20th, 1893, Sister_____saw the personages of a spiritual prayer circle assembled above the brethren and sisters who were then being conducted in the prayer circle service of the Temple, and heard their voices repeating the words of the prayer that was then being uttered. A sister who was with her heard the spirit voice also but she did not see the personages in the spirit circle.

On March 15th, 1894, Sister Amanda H. Wilcox, while in the morning meeting in the Temple Annex, saw a white curtain covering the windows on the stand, and a spirit personage come through an opening in the curtains and stood in front of the stand, affectionately gazing at the audience. Another manly spirit; glorious in appearance, held back the fold of the curtain and a number of women spirits entered and came to the front. The two men and all the women were dressed in beautiful white clothing. Sister Lana Savage was then about to sing a solo and one of these women stood alongside of her, and joined with her in the singing. Sister Wilcox said, "I understood that it was the dead mother of the girl who was singing." When the song was finished, all of those spirit personages retired.

Elder Wilford Woodruff, Jr., in a morning meeting in the Temple Annex told the congregation that after he had gone through the veil one day in the Celestial Room, the dead man for whom he had taken endowments appeared to him and thanked him therefore.

In the morning meeting in the Temple Annex, on February 28th, 1899, Elder Arthur P. Barnes stated to the congregation that while engaging in baptizing in the font, he had, on several occasions, seen spiritual personages at the north side of the font, dressed in white, watching the ordinances performed, and then passing along from the West to the east.

Salt Lake Temple Historical Record,

' While in that sacred place, I became unconscious of the things about me. Apparently I was not in the Temple, when lo! I found myself gazing at two persons standing in front of me—a man and a woman. The man I at once recognized as my grandfather, but the woman I did not know.

'It seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should meet them. Not the least thought of fear came upon me; on the contrary, I was happy to meet them, and they appeared to share similar feelings. They were dressed in white and both looked most heavenly. As I say, I did not know the woman; but she had dark hair, and was very beautiful in-deed.

"Grandfather began talking to me, saying he wanted this lady sealed to him. His communication to me was not in our language, and I could hear no voice, although he made me clearly understand what he wanted, in a manner that I am unable to explain.

"The woman then asked me in a very earnest way to be baptized for her and to do her temple work; and further said, she wanted to be sealed to grandfather.

"Having seemingly finished their errand, they were apparently leaving, when grandfather turned partly around, and with a look which was meant to impress me remarked; "Remember, now remember!" His voice in this seemed audible.

Sister M_____ assisted by a relative, has since performed the work that was so miraculously enjoined upon her in the House of the Lord by those visitors from another world.

Juvenile Instructor. Vol.32. pp. 34-36.

In a Church general conference Rudger Clawson of the Quorum of Twelve related a marvelous

manifestation received by one faithful Salt Lake Temple worker in which the status of married couples in the spirit prison who have not been sealed for eternity in a temple was revealed:

He further said: "Upon one occasion I saw in vision my father and mother who were not members of the Church, who had not received the gospel in life, and I discovered that they were living separate and apart in the spirit world, and when I asked them how it was that they were so, my father said, 'This is an enforced separation, and you are the only individual who can bring us together. You can do this work. Will you do it?' -meaning that he should go into the House' of the Lord and there officiate for his parents who were dead, and by the ordinance of sealing bring them together and unite them in the family relation beyond the veil.

Archibald F. Bennett, *Saviors on Mount Zion*. p.207.

Along about 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 old brother Alfred walked in sat down opposite me at the table and smiled. I said to him (he looked so natural): "When did you arrive in Utah?"(He had lived in New Zealand and from whom I had not heard in years.)

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 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 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." He then disappeared.

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 Zealand. 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."

Diary of William Hurst, pp 204-20.5.

In the fall of 1915 Sister Lerona A. Wilson received a spiritual manifestation in which she learned, among other things, of a relative's being called into the spirit world because of her ability as an interpreter:

When my life seemed to be hanging in the balance, and I was suffering pain and distress, lying upon my bed at midday, I was praying most fervently for deliverance, with all the faith I could exercise. A room suddenly became lighted brightly with a soft, white light, then a number of my deceased relatives came into my room. My father came first, then my

mother, my sister and her son's wife and two doctors, who were among our ancestors for whom we had done ordinance work in the temple. All stood around my bed, and father addressed me, saying: 'You seem to be in distress.'

I answered that I was, and did not know how I could endure it much longer.

Father was dressed in a uniform such as he wore as an officer of the Nauvoo Legion, in the early history of the Church. Many still remember Major Monroe, when he lived in Ogden and took part in the Echo Canyon campaign and in Indian troubles.

Continuing he said: 'I have come to talk to you about doing the temple work for our dead ancestors.'

At that point I caught the eye of my nephew's wife, whose death was the most recent, and who left four very young boys, one an infant, and to whose death I could hardly become reconciled; and I said to her: 'O, Lydia, how are your little boys?'

She replied: 'They are all right, they are with their father.'

I asked again: 'But why did you leave them?'

Father answered for her: 'We required her for an interpreter. We could not get along without her.'

I asked: 'What calling is greater for a mother than to care for her infant children?'

Father replied: 'Others can take good care of her children, but there are few people who are qualified for the work she is doing. She had prepared herself' (I knew that to be true.)

Lerona A. Wilson, 'My Testimony concerning Temple Work,' *Rehef Society Magazine*, Vol.111, No.2, p.82, February, 1916.

A visitor from beyond the veil, who appeared to Sister Eliza Neville in January 1917, made it abundantly clear that one must do the work himself and not leave it to be performed vicariously after his death. She came just before the death of Sister Neville's daughter, as the mother was watching by her dying daughter's bedside in the hospital:

While in the hospital with her daughter, Sister Neville prepared to rest, on one occasion, in a reclining position, while also making it possible to watch her daughter's every move from across the room. Suddenly she was overcome by a sensation that was entirely new to her and she saw her husband's grandmother standing at the foot of the bed, *who looked exactly as Sister Neville remembered her in her life, her body being bent from age and much stooping*. She seemed in a great hurry. Sister Neville exclaimed, 'Why, there's Grandmother Stiff! Whatever does she want?' At that the grandmother walked up to the side of the bed, stood perfectly straight, *her face shone and her hands were as white as pearl* and as she spoke, she kept rubbing them together. 'Tell them to hurry; tell them to hurry; they have got the work to do; they have got the work to do-none can do the work for those who have had the privilege of doing it for themselves here-it's got to be done on this earth-it can't be done hereafter.' She was silent a moment and Sister Neville said:

'Whatever does she mean?'

Finally the grandmother replied, 'William and Elizabeth have never had their children sealed to them. There must be a perfect link back to father Adam and if they neglect their work there will be a missing link. She seemed in such a hurry, Sister Neville said: 'Do they have to hurry and worry on the other side like this?'

Grandmother said: 'Look!' As Sister Neville looked she saw masses of people and it appeared that Grandmother Stiff had something to do for them, which accounted for her being in such a hurry. Striking the palm of her hand with the forefinger of the other, she said, 'Now I put this work on to you for you to see that this duty is done.' Then she disappeared

Manifestation About Building of Temples," *Deseret Evening News*, May 18, 1918

Elder F. T. Pomeroy and his companions experienced a similar manifestation as they participated in the vicarious sealing of his ancient relative, Richimir II, on November 2, 1927:

When the ceremony commenced my head was bowed in prayer. Suddenly I received the impression that something extraordinary was happening. I looked up and to my surprise and joy,

I visualized standing just inside the door and gazing directly at me the dim form and smiling countenance of a personage. He was tall and brawny. He had piercing eyes, and heavy eyebrows, and rather high cheek bones. The lower part of his face was covered by a gray beard which hung well down upon his breast I was impressed that he was the personage for whom the ceremony was being performed. I was nearly overcome, but said nothing about it at the time. After the ceremony Brother Weston asked me for information concerning Richimir II, and I gave him such information as I had.

I thought over and treasured the visitation, as one given to me, and intended to say nothing about it. The next morning Brother Weston came to me and said: ~Brother Pomeroy, I expect you are wondering why I was so anxious to obtain information concerning the man for whom I stood as proxy yesterday. I wanted to write about him in my diary, for thy were present and witnessed the ceremony, for I felt their presence.' 'I am glad to hear you say that,' I replied, as I also know they were there, for I visualized his countenance and will know him when I meet him on the other side., Sister Hayne testified to the same thing and President LeSueur also testified he was impressed with their presence while the ceremony was in progress.

'F. T. Pomeroy, A Genealogical Development and Testimony.'-. The Genealogical and Historical Magazine, Mesa, Arizona, vol. XII, No.3, July, 1935, pp 29-30 . This experience is of great interest to genealogists, for Richimir II lived 1600 years ago.

It appears that one must have special permission from Church authorities beyond the veil to return to earth after once passing into the world of spirits. Having received permission was mentioned by 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' companion-ship 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 had 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.

Personal Records of David Lynn Brooks, Morgan, Utah

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

The Prophet Joseph Smith Gives Permission

When my grandson, Elder Keith LeRoy Bunker, was taken ill in the mission field and brought to the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City by his companion, Elder Wilde, and the doctor

told his parents there was no cure for the disease, he asked them to come and get me to administer to him, which they did.

On the 24th of September, Robert D. Young, myself and his father administered to him and he received some relief. I prayed to the Lord to know why such a pure young man as he was should be stricken in the mission field and be sent home, but received no answer, and when special fast and prayer meetings were held in his Ward, also in the mission field where he had made so many friends, and his name was sent to the temple, and still he grew weaker.

On the 28th of September his father and I administered to him again, but received no assurance that he should live. He did receive relief, for which we were thankful. I prayed not only once, but many times, and asked the Lord to make it known to me, if I was worthy, why a young man like Keith, who had always lived a pure, clean life and was such a comfort to his parents and an inspiration to everyone and was so anxious that everyone should hear the Gospel and understand and know the blessings it would bring, if lived for, and when he had been called by a Prophet, George Albert Smith, to go into the mission field and was doing so much good and enjoying his work, had to come home, and medical science did all they could, as well as his loving parents did, and had everything done possible.

On the 10th of November I prayed and asked the Lord why I had not received an answer to my prayers, if I had done something wrong that was hindering me from receiving an answer about my grandson, who was so pure, to please forgive me so I would be worthy to know and could let his parents know. At the proper time it was revealed to me that his grandmother Bunker had made the request, which had been granted by the Prophet Joseph Smith, for Keith to come and help her in her work and preach the Gospel in the spirit world, as she had a great many ancestors who had not heard the Gospel and some for whom the work had been done in the temple and had not accepted it. I asked if there was not someone else that could do that work and let Keith stay here as he was my only descendant to be called on a mission in mortality. The answer was "You have other grandchildren and she has also, who are worthy and will be called to fill missions in mortality, but Keith is the only one that can fill the mission here, as it has to be someone that is prepared and can explain the Gospel, that when her sons and daughters get the records for her ancestors which they will, if they work together in faith and prayer from sources unknown to them now, they will receive many names and when their work is done in the temple, they will understand and accept it. Money will be required, but it will bring them the greatest reward of any money they can spend, the blessing of eternal life to many of their ancestors which is the greatest gift of God. It was also made known to me that any blessing which had been pronounced upon Keith's head, even his patriarchal blessing that he had not received in mortality, would be enjoyed by him in the millennium, because of his worthiness and he would lose nothing.

I was not to make this known to his parents till after he had passed away, then it would bring them comfort, and they would know his mission was finished on earth, and that he will continue his mission with his grandmother, a far greater one than he could perform here. Then his parents will say, "The Lord's will has been done", and he will not be hindered by sickness, or sorrow, unless some of his loved ones lose the faith and the records are not procured.

This was revealed to me from the Lord on the 10th day of November, 1947, and I bear testimony that it is true, the Lord being my Helper.

Charles R. Woodbury, grandfather of Keith, and Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of Hinckley Ward, Deseret Stake.

Junkyard treasure

"For Eight years my father Carl L. Vance had been working on his family history. A member of the Show Low 1st Ward, Show Low, Arizona Stake, he had found most of what he needed except for the marriage certificate for his parents.

He had looked everywhere. He had even traveled to a court house in South Dakota to search for any kind of proof. Relatives and friends had no records either. Some of the temple work had been done for part of his family, but still my father longed to do the sealings for his parents.

It looked like all hope was lost until July 11, 1991. On that date my father traveled to the county dump to unload some yard scraps.

After visiting with some men for a few moments my father proceeded to empty his pickup truck. He kicked some scrap lumber out of his way. Underneath one of the boards he spied an old dirty envelope with oil smeared across the front.

Out of curiosity, he picked up and saw a return address of Pierre S.D. the county in which his parents had lived. On the envelope was no address to which the letter might have been sent. The labeling had been torn off, but the post mark was March 8, 1987.

Excited about finding something from his home state, he opened the envelope, which had already had been partially opened, and pulled out its contents.

To my father's disbelief, inside was his parents' certificate for which he had been searching for eight years.

What my father had prayed, hoped for and wished for was right there in his hands at the county landfill.

Amidst all the rubbish, he found a treasure that would make it possible for my grandparents to be sealed together and to establish that vital link that would connect our family with generations of ancestors through the eternities-

Polly Adams, Show Low 3rd Ward, Show Low Arizona Stake
(**From Church News Family History Moments**)

Still, small voice

My father, Collin L. Morse, is in his 90th year and is a pillar of strength and example to me and those around him. He is a member of the Santa Clara 1st Ward, Santa Clara Utah Stake.

In 1933, he was courting his wife-to-be, Olivia Hatch, in Salt Lake City. The grip of the depression was solid, and jobs were few. To earn a little money to meet the necessities of life and work toward their future, Collin traveled to Clinton, Mont., to top sugar beets.

He located a small flat where he could stay in the town, shared by several other workers. Every few days, he would walk to a small store several blocks away to purchase enough supplies to meet his needs. The path took him past a very small family cemetery in an open alfalfa field. Each time he walked by the cemetery he felt impressed to stop. On his last trip to the store he stopped and recorded the names and dates from each headstone. There were only five or six. They appeared to be from one family with the surname of Mitchell. He folded the paper and put it in his wallet.

He returned to Utah and on Dec. 14, 1934, married his sweetheart in the Salt Lake Temple. He and Olivia were blessed with four children. Over the next 22 years Collin worked hard to support his family.

On many occasions he cleaned out his wallet or replaced it. He always felt compelled to return the paper to his wallet.

In 1954 Collin and Olivia moved their family to Independence, Ore. There, Collin was called to serve as the president of the Dallas Branch in Dallas, Ore. One Sunday, Collin was talking with a branch member who said he was eager to continue genealogical research but had encountered a roadblock. Collin listened intently to the member. He recognized the surname sought to be the one he copied from the gravestones years earlier.

Collin pulled his wallet from his pocket and removed the folded list of names. He handed it to the branch member and asked if the information would help him. The man stared at the names in amazement and then responded that the names were precisely those he had been looking for.

Collin's heart was filled with joy. He had listened to the still, small voice. It could have been clouded out easily over the 22-year period, had he not listened carefully.

Keith Morse, Renton 1st Ward, Renton Washington Stake (From Church News Family History Moments)

An opened book

For 26 years since becoming converts, my wife, Nani, and I had sought to learn her maternal grandmother's Hawaiian surname. Constructing a four-generation Hawaiian genealogy for a person not of *aiji* - or royal - descent was frustrating, and, we began to fear, next to impossible.

We made several trips to Hawaii from our home in California, exploring local information sources, talking to Nani's numerous non-member relatives, unearthing a bonanza of fascinating,

forgotten family lore - but not the elusive surname.

Nani's maternal grandfather Johann (John) Francis Pieper was born in Germany in 1878 and arrived in Hawaii with his parents and three siblings in 1883, among more than 850 Germans on the ship *Ehrenfels*. It took them 64 grueling days to reach Hawaii, during which 42 children and three adult passengers perished.

The 1900 U.S. Census shows grandfather Pieper, then 27 years old, and wife Mary, 19, a native Hawaiian, residing in Honolulu, married three years, parents of one child, a 2-year-old daughter, Hannah Angeline (my wife's mother-to-be, now deceased). But what was Mary's Hawaiian family surname?

Returning to Hawaii in 1989 to live, Nani and I retraced our previous research steps to no avail. We did find oblique references suggesting Kealoha as the name we were looking for, but Nani, a wee child when her grandmother died and remembering her hazily, "knew" it was not the right name.

At the Hawaii Temple on April 28, 1992, I was privileged to perform baptisms for 168 of my departed kin whose names I had garnered laboriously. The next day, we ventured into the next-door family history center to see whether it contained anything on Nani's family lines.

For more than an hour we looked at material we had seen numerous times. About to leave, I passed a table on which lay a lone black book. After replacing an item on a shelf, I turned around and saw the book, now opened, on the otherwise deserted table.

Walking past, I glanced down and was seized by what I saw: the Pieper name on an old family group sheet submitted more than 50 years earlier by my wife's deceased uncle - her mother's only brother, and the only other known family member of the Church - listing names of both parents: John Francis Pieper and Mary Kuuwehu *Pahuelele*.

Foreman R. Thompson, Keaau (Hawaii) Ward (From Church News -Family History Moments)

A blessing fulfilled

Having been invited to visit an elderly, distant relative whom I'd met through family history research, I was hesitant at first to go. As time passed, her promise to give me her years of accumulated research became too strong to resist. I decided to go. So, in September of 1992, I set out on a research trip to the Greenville area of South Carolina.

My feelings of trepidation were dismissed in the priesthood blessing my husband gave me, in which I was told that things were being prepared to allow me to find information on ancestors whom I was not even expecting to research.

The verity of this blessing was confirmed on the trip as I had car problems about 1½ hours away from home. Determined to exercise faith, I made the 30-minute drive from where the problems began to my mother-in-law's house. There, my nephew repaired the car, and off I went again.

At my relative's house in Pendleton, S.C., I was blessed to receive the lovingly accumulated research of some 30 years. While there I also found an old, out-of-print book that she owned concerning her husband's family. It contained some familiar names. I had not brought my information on that family with me, so I telephoned home for my husband to call it up on the computer to verify. This was needed data, more than 200 pages worth, along with footnotes citing easily verifiable sources for each family.

When I went to photocopy those pages, a repairman was present. He let me make copies at no cost so he could diagnose problems with the machine. I came away with a stack of photocopied pages almost 1 inch thick.

Later, I mistakenly went a day early to the library in Greenville to meet a man I had been corresponding with. As I talked with another man sitting next to me, I discovered that his wife and I have a common line. Later, I was presented with some 325 pages of information he had researched, including sources.

When I did meet the man I had previously arranged to see, he gave me some 85 family group sheets on our common line!

After a week I returned home with what turned out to be some 2,000 names of people whom I had not gone to South Carolina to research. I felt I had fulfilled the mission I went to perform.

Lorna Morton Hibbs, Gadsden Ward, Birmingham Mabama Stake (From Church News Family History Moments)

Distant' relatives

I am a convert to the Church and continue to develop a strong testimony of many precepts of the gospel. One of these precepts is the importance of family history and performing the temple ordinances for our kindred dead.

Initially, I was daunted by the prospect of family history research. Everywhere I looked, I encountered sizable obstacles.

My maternal grandparents (long deceased) came to this country as teenagers from a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire now known as Czechoslovakia. My mother never even knew the

names of either set of her grandparents, nor exactly where they had lived, as they had remained in the old country.

My paternal grandfather, Neal H. Kuns, died in 1926 at age 25, leaving his widow and a 19-month-old son (my father). The mother and son lost touch with the rest of the Kuns family, and we knew virtually nothing about this line or how to contact family members.

In February 1990, I was invited to participate in the "Come Unto Christ" instruction on family history offered by my ward. Thanks to this course and the inspiration of the Spirit, I received the motivation and direction to overcome many of my obstacles.

The following summer, I attended a family reunion for my mother's family in Pennsylvania. Mom's brother, Andy, had promised me information concerning our genealogy. I enjoyed my visit with him at his home after the reunion, but the information he had was sparse.

As I prepared to leave, I was asked if I might be interested in the contents of an envelope that Uncle Andy's wife brought down from upstairs. Inside were the Czechoslovakian birth certificates for both sets of my grandparents, including dates, places and names. My uncle did not even realize that he had this treasure! With this information and later correspondence with the Czechoslovakian Embassy, I extended this family back several generations.

Using the resources of the Family History Library, I was able to track down Lucile, a sister of my paternal grandfather, Neal. She is the only surviving family member of that generation and was overjoyed to share with me genealogical information and memories of her brother. I felt closer than ever to my grandfather, whom I had never met, as [was able to perform the ordinance work on his behalf in the Idaho Falls Temple.

Erie Neal Kuns, **Idaho Falls (Idaho) 14th Ward (From Church News Family History Moments)**

A fortunate find

It was a cold, cloudy day in November 1962 when I drove to my Grandmother Haddenham's home in Kemmerer, Wyo., in search of the precious records of the Westfall family.

I have given you all I had as my brothers and I scraped from our memories what we could remember, especially our birthdays and weddings and all," she said. She added that her mother kept very good records but they had been in a family Bible destroyed in a recent fire. She told me to see Aunt Dewey.

The next morning I drove to Aunt Dewey's neat little home and asked about the records. Her face lit up with joy, and she said: "Yes, we have more for you but Uncle John won't let anyone see it. I'll get my coat and take you over to see him. He just might give you a copy of the records." We were greeted with joy by Uncle John, a trapper and sheep herder, and his wife, Ivy.

When I stated my case, Uncle John looked pleased. Rising to his 6 feet 2 inches, he went into an adjoining room and came out carrying a yellowed paper.

"Years ago," he related, "when I was out scouting around up in Middle Piney and Black Piney Creek country, I remembered the spot where Dad had built a cabin and where all 14 of us had lived.

"When I hunted it up, the cabin was close to 90 years old. The sleeping room had rotted off, the doors were gone and it looked pretty old and lonesome. I remembered my loved ones long gone and hoped to find something to remind me of them. I glanced across the room and saw in the chinking between the logs a piece of paper."

He leaned toward me and said in an excited voice:

"This piece of paper had the records Mother had copied in the old Bible which burned, and here it is. As surely as I live, I believe the Lord has preserved this for you. I'm going to give you these records. You can copy them, and when you are through, give them back."

Uncle John passed away a short while later when he was about 90 years old.

Temple ordinance work has been done for all the people listed on the paper, and I feel the Lord preserved the names and dates for us. I am certain Uncle John is happy about his find that warm spring day. -

Mary Ella Stotts Piper, Princess Park (Mesa, Ariz.) Ward (**From Church News Family History Moments**)

The work is not done

For years, each time a talk was delivered in Church about family history (or genealogy) I would gleefully think, "I'd do it but it's done."

My good parents, Walter Paul Ihle and Gertrude Hedwig Fischer, joined the Church in Chemnitz, Saxony, Germany, in the 1920s and immigrated to Salt Lake City.

They brought many family records with them, and hired researchers in Germany to help further the work. They worked for years translating records sent from Germany, submitting names and doing temple work for thousands of our ancestors. In 1964 they were told, "Consider your genealogy work done." They had done so much it wasn't hard to imagine that all available records had been researched and submitted.

Therefore, family history was the furthest thing from my mind when my husband, Parry, and I returned from our mission to Johannesburg, South Africa, two years ago. Soon, I found myself ill. The doctors found nothing amiss, but I was homebound, unable to function properly or

even care for my home.

Parry bought the Personal Ancestral File, the Church's family history management software for home computers, and began entering his family history into the computer. At first I couldn't even think about it, but as my health allowed and for short intervals I also began entering my family history. In time I had entered all I had, and I borrowed my deceased parents' books and records they had left with my sisters. I typed for months, finally entering over 5,000 names.

I began checking "holes" I found in the records I had copied. There seemed to be much temple work that had not been done. I spent many hours both at our local family history center and at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City.

What a joy it was to check those records. What fun I was having! The work became a full-time job for me.

I found that my family history was indeed not done, at least not for me at this time. I had always envied my parents' success in the work they did for my ancestors. Now I am engaged in the same loving work, my health has improved and I am feeling very fulfilled.

My family history work is not done, but what a great blessing it is to be able to continue working on it. -

Gertrude (Trudy) Harrlson, Eagle 2nd Ward, Meddlan Idaho Stake Ward (From Church News Family History Moments)

'Search, pray, believe'

In searching early Canadian census records for Elgin County, Ontario, I found the name of my third great-grandfather, Richard McCurdy. His age indicated that he had been born about 1806. Birthplace was given merely as "USA." I thought the inadequate information signaled the end of the line on my McCurdy family research.

Then, out of the blue, my husband announced one day that he was writing a letter to Barry Kirk, a friend who had moved to Salt Lake City. I remembered the maiden name of his wife, Rosalie, was McCurdy. I added a postscript to my husband's letter, asking Rosalie if she had anywhere in her family history a Richard McCurdy.

Soon, I received a reply from Rosalie containing copies of two fairly old, handwritten family group sheets. Rosalie explained that she had run across these in her research, but they didn't fit into her pedigree.

My heart began to pound as I saw that one sheet contained a child named Richard McCurdy, born 1806, in Surry, N.H. On the back of the sheet was a notation that this Richard had moved to Elgin County, Ontario!

The second sheet contained the family of Richard's grandparents, Samuel McCurdy and Elizabeth Gray, of Antrim, Ireland. On the back of this sheet was a notation that Samuel was descended from one of five McCurdy brothers who had crossed from Scotland to Ireland in an open boat to escape religious persecution.

At this point I remembered my father had found a book about the McCurdys in Scotland at the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City but had not made a connection.

Knowing that my parents were planning a trip to Salt Lake City, I asked my dad to look in the book again to see if it mentioned the five brothers.

My dad returned with reams of photocopied pages, among them the pedigree of one Chief Gilkrist Makuredy, circa 1425. On one branch of his ancestry, the most recent name was that of Samuel McCurdy of Antrim, Ireland, who married Elizabeth Gray!

This book and Rosalie's two group sheets eventually enabled me to perform temple ordinances for almost 50 McCurdy ancestors, including Chief Gilkrist himself.

I remembered this scripture: "Search diligently, pray always, and be believing, and all things shall work together for your good (D&C 90:24.) -

Teresa Spring, Langley (British Columbia) Ward (From Church News Family History Moments)