

# TRUE RESTORATION EXPERIENCES

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Many years ago missionaries for God were welcomed into the homes of the saints. Children who heard the inspiring testimonies of these faithful men were fortunate indeed.

Such experiences are not so readily available in our age. Many children of today's Latter Day Saint families have not had the opportunity to know our missionaries well. They have not heard the spiritual experiences firsthand.

This book presents several testimonies of men and women and boys and girls who learned that God is alive, His power is unlimited, and He brings joy to the souls of those who trust in Him.

We are truly grateful that Sister Clara Thomas of Independence, Missouri, was impressed many years ago to record spiritual testimonies. This she has faithfully done through the years.

Some of the testimonies were told to her personally. Others were included in sermons or shared in prayer services. ( In a few of the testimonies names of the people have been lost, so other names have been used.)

We are happy to present this book to you, and trust that the testimonies will encourage you and strengthen your faith in the precious Restored Gospel.

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Missionary J. Charles May was conducting a series of meetings. He had baptized a number of people, including a large family. But their oldest daughter was away attending college and knew nothing of the gospel but what her family had written her. She would be home on Sunday, but that would be only long enough to hear one sermon.

Anxiety and deep concern sent the family, along with Brother May, to God in her behalf. They prayed earnestly that she might be touched with the Spirit of God and be able to see the light of the gospel. They desired that she also would be converted and thus united their family in the Lord's work.

That Sunday morning when Brother May was preparing to preach, he was made aware not only that the young college girl was in the congregation, but a Baptist minister was also in attendance. At the close of the service the girl saw the Baptist minister approaching Brother May, so she stepped close enough to hear their conversation.

"Which of those ministers really has the light?" she wondered.

"Now we believe a whole lot like you do. We believe in faith, repentance, and baptism," she heard the Baptist minister saying. Looking directly at him, she observed a little light over his head.

"Well!" she said half aloud. "He must have the light, for there is light over his head."

At that moment she heard Brother May saying, "Yes, that is true, but we go beyond what you believe." Then he elaborated further upon the gospel message. She looked at him while he was speaking- over his head she saw a greater light, including a complete halo encircling his head. Then in amazement she heard him saying, "And not only that, but we are backed by the angels." At that moment as she looked at Brother May, she saw two angels standing behind him.

As she pondered this experience, the girl decided that the Baptist minister did have a little light, but Brother May must really have the gospel of Jesus Christ, since he was seen with the halo of light and the angels backing him. Needless to say, her family's prayers were not in vain, for she very soon united with the Church.

### "TEACH THE SCRIPTURES" (as told by David Griner)

I was deeply concerned about what to teach my senior high class at Church school. I engaged in seasons of fasting and prayer, but I received no answer from my Heavenly Father. then I had to take a business trip to New Orleans for four days. During my free time, I planned to call on the L

Once situated in my room, I proceeded to pray. Hours passed, and still I received nothing. I recalled that Enos had prayed all day and into the night before God spoke to him. I continued on in my endeavor until eleven o'clock.

Then my wife called to inform me that our only child was ill. She asked if I could possibly come home immediately. I made reservations for a six o'clock flight.

My prayers continued until two o'clock in the morning. Then I felt impressed to go to the airport, which I did.

The airport was completely deserted. I could not see even one individual. I started walking down the vacant corridor. I had a strong feeling that my prayers were now going to be answered. My lonely stroll brought me around the corner face to face with a man- a most unusual man.

My eyes searched his well-groomed hair and dark-complexioned face looking for defects, but I found none. All was perfection.

"Hello, Dave, " he said with a beaming smile and outstretched hand as he walked toward me. Our hands clasped in a warm, friendly handshake as I greeted him.

I discovered that I did not have to ask questions. When I thought - and before I could ask- he answered my thoughts.

"God has heard your prayers, David," he said. "Because of your consistent effort, He is sharing a portion of His love with you, so you will know something of the love He has for all mankind. Teach your class from the Scriptures, in which is contained the principles of the gospel."

Time passed quickly in this heavenly atmosphere. In my heart I felt the greatest joy I had ever known.

I had never doubted the Book of Mormon, but the thought came, "What about the Book of Mormon?"

"The Book of Mormon is from God," he answered quickly. "It should be used in your teaching. You can use outside material from other good books, but your primary instruction should come from the Three Standard Books."

Tears of joy were rolling down both of our faces. We were filled with the pure love of God, which is most joyous to the soul. On and on we walked around the corridors.

"Share your testimony often, David," he continued, "especially with the young people. God is very much concerned about each one of them. He is concerned with every facet of their lives and what they do with them. Provide special opportunities for them in which the Lord can share a portion of His Spirit. God will lift them upward, giving them a foretaste of the joy to come. And He will reveal the higher way of living when they seek His paths and learn to walk therein." "He also told me not to fear because my son would be well.

No human life was visible as I shared in this heavenly atmosphere of divine love for about three hours. They were precious hours of association with this unusual individual, who answered and explained all my questions as I thought them.

Quite suddenly a flight was announced over the speaker. I don't know how I knew, but still I knew that it was the plane he would be taking.

He turned his head, looked right into my face and said, "David, I must go to my people."

The love of God, which had so filled my being and brought such great joy to my soul, began withdrawing as he walked away. The wider the distance grew between us, the less of the Spirit of God I felt.

I purchased a ticket and boarded the plane, purposefully selecting a seat in the vacant end of the aircraft. I preferred privacy to continue my prayer. I thanked my God

for the marvelous experience, and for the information I had received. Then I asked the Lord who the messenger was.

"Who do you think it was?" an audible voice asked clearly and distinctly.

"One of the Nephites?" I ventured.

"Yes, that is true," came the reply.

At home, I found that our son had recovered. Since then I have found many of God's promises have been fulfilled as I used the Three Standard Books for my basic material for teaching.

## THE LORD'S CHOICE

Ralph Remington was organizing the fourth quorum of elders in the Center Stake of Zion. He was not acquainted with any elders in the Second Church congregation. Earnestly Ralph sought the Lord in prayer, asking whom he should choose to assist him.

The name "John Hoffman" came to him. He did not know anyone by that name. He called the Second Church pastor and asked if he had an elder in his congregation by the name of John Hoffman.

"Yes, I do," the pastor assured him.

"How does he spell his name, Huffman or Hoffman?" Ralph asked. The pastor told him. Then he called John and introduced himself.

"Why did you wait so long to call?" John asked.

Surprised, Ralph asked him, "Would you repeat your question and explain it?"

John then explained that God had shown him some time before that he would be asked to do this work. This was further evidence that God works in the later days in organizing His priesthood to accomplish His plan.

## OPENING THE LOCK

While Brother Joseph Scott was a missionary for the Church, he had this unusual experience.

He was preaching to a congregation of saints, and they experienced an outpouring of God's power. When he finished his sermon, there was not a dry eye in the church.

After Brother Scott closed the meeting, not one person moved or offered to leave the church. Never having encountered an experience of this type, Brother Scott did not know what to do. He felt somewhat embarrassed, but he knew why no one would leave that heavenly atmosphere. He suggested that they sing some hymns, which they did. It was about twenty minutes before anyone made an effort to leave the sanctuary!

On one of his missions Brother Joseph Scott made his home with a man who was of a different faith. This man showed considerable interest and had attended the meetings every night.

One particular day the man had business to attend to which took him away from home. As they walked out the kitchen door, Joseph watched him lock the door with a

padlock. Then he tested the lock to make sure it was locked before they left. Joseph went about the town doing his missionary work.

That evening the man had been detained, so Joseph arrived at the house before the owner returned. It was cold, and Joseph stood outside shaking because he did not have a topcoat. He kept watching the road hoping to see the man returning, but he did not come.

Knowing the nature of the man, Brother Scott knew that he was welcome at his home and could enjoy his food- if only he could get in. After trying the lock and knowing he could not get in, he conceived an idea.

Joseph Scott walked to the barn, entered, and knelt in prayer. He asked God to open that padlock so he could get in out of the cold. He came back and tried the lock, but it was still locked.

A second time he went to the barn for prayer and came back. He tested the lock and found it still secure.

After the third prayer he came back and tried the padlock. It fell open in his hands, and he was able to enter the warm house!

### INTRODUCED BY GOD ( as told by John F. Sheehy)

My first spiritual experience in the ministry occurred in Nova Scotia. At Boston I had met Elder Ralph W. Farrell, who had labored in Nova Scotia and was acquainted with the people. He wrote on a piece of paper the name and address of a Brother Boyd Johnson in Amherst, Nova Scotia, who would be glad to welcome me. He told me to put the address in my upper left-hand vest pocket. When I should reach Nova Scotia he said I could just reach up, take out the paper, and have the address quickly.

Early in the morning of the next day, I arrive. I reached into my vest pocket, but there was no paper. Then I did what every man naturally does- I went through every pocket in a hurry. But I could not find the paper.

I did not remember the address, but I did remember the name. I was a little disturbed, because here I was a stranger in a strange country, and I had no idea where to find Brother Johnson. I waited in the railroad station until it came time for people to be moving about, for it was very early in the morning. While in the station I looked through every pocket, not only once, but many times.

About seven o'clock I started walking up the main street. Amherst is a very fine little town. The first person I met was the mail carrier on his way to the post office. I thought he might know Boyd Johnson- he probably delivered mail to him. So I asked, but to my surprise he said he had never heard the name, but very likely he lived in Amherst.

The next man I met was a black man. Very few blacks lived in Nova Scotia at that time. I thought this man might be well known in the little town, so I asked him about Mr. Johnson. He said he was pretty well acquainted in Amherst; he knew everybody and everybody knew him- but he had never heard of Boyd Johnson. I returned to the railroad station quite concerned. I thought maybe later on I might find a store open and could find a telephone book or meet with more people and make inquiries.

After waiting an hour, I started uptown again. After walking a few blocks, someone spoke to me and said, "That is Boyd Johnson- the man ahead of you." I turned to see who had spoken to me, but no one was there. I was very surprised and did not make a move until the same voice, speaking very plainly, said again to me, "That is Boyd Johnson- the man you are looking for."

As I looked up the street I saw a man. He seemed to be washing windows. I hurried toward him. There and then I realized that on my first missionary trip I was having the kind of experience such as other missionaries had had. When I got almost to the man, he picked up his pail and brushes and went inside the building. I kept on walking. As I got to the building, I noticed that he had come back and was looking directly at me.

I spoke to him and asked if he were Mr. Boyd Johnson. As I did so, he spoke to me and asked if I were John Sheehy. We both were surprised and delighted to meet. The Spirit of God that had spoken to me had evidently also spoken to him. It blesses us to such a degree that we could not say anything else. Both of us stood there with tears running down our cheeks. Finally he said to me, "Come in."

I went into the building with him. It was the Bank of Nova Scotia, where Brother Johnson was employed as a messenger and janitor. He had a room upstairs in the back. When we reached his room, he turned to me and said, "Now tell me, what made you think I was Boyd Johnson?"

"I'd like to hear your story first," I replied. "What made you think I was John Sheehy?" He said he knew that I was coming to Nova Scotia, and he knew my name. He explained that when he was through washing windows and had started to go into the bank, he heard a voice say plainly to him, "John Sheehy is coming up the street and is looking for you." He turned to see who had spoken to him and no one was there. He thought that strange, so he came down the steps just as I reached them.

Then I told him my experience. I told him about staying in the home of Brother Farrell, about Brother Farrell writing his name and address on a paper, and about finding nothing in my pocket when I reached the station. I told him about the letter carrier and the black man and how I heard the voice.

Then I said, "You know, it's strange how that paper disappeared. I put it right in this pocket." I reached into my left-hand pocket, and there it was! We were both very much surprised.

How the paper had disappeared I do not know. How it got back into my pocket I do not know either.

I learned on my very first missionary trip that God works with the men whom He has called to minister for Him. Many, many times in later years, I thought of that experience and was grateful for it.

## THE WIND OBEYED

An extremely hot dry wind sent Brent Jones to check on his field of corn. The corn had grown tall, and it looked very promising. But a close inspection revealed the truth. The hot wind was curling the leaves and damaging the plants so they would not produce. Deeply

moved, Brent stood in sorrow recalling the many hours of hard labor he had spent in preparing, planting, and cultivating this grain. Now it was time for it to produce.

As he walked slowly along the corn field, many thoughts flashed through his mind. All of his life he had tried to serve the Lord. He was an elder for Jesus Christ and represented Him here on earth. He remembered the account of Jesus rebuking the wind, and he thought of His promise to extend that same power to His servants here on earth if their faith was adequate.

Brent stopped, bowed his head, and talked earnestly to God in prayer. as he presented his petition, the Spirit of God rested upon him. Under this power he asked God in the name of His Son Jesus Christ to rebuke the wind so that it would have no power over his field of corn.

When harvest time arrived, Brent had a good crop of corn - although his neighbors had none.

As Brent related this experience in the Stone Church prayer service during General Conference, tears flowed down his face. God's Spirit was felt by all under the sound of his voice, and it bore witness to the truthfulness of Brent's testimony.

## THE MYSTERIOUS MINISTER

Brother John Taylor, a local minister in one of the outlying districts of the church, arranged with the missionary in that field to come to his hometown for a series of meetings.

They needed this series of meetings. It seemed that in spite of all the efforts of Brother Taylor to show his neighbors the vast difference between the RLDS and the Mormon Church there was still a number of people who refused to believe the truth. They ridiculed the idea that the saints did Not believe in polygamy. They continued to call them "Mormons." Some of them even threatened violence if the series were attempted.

John prayed earnestly for the success of the series. He asked God to help the people understand. "Give them courage of their convictions," he said, "and help them become followers of Thine. Protect both the people and the minister from the mob and permit the missionary to preach undisturbed."

The day arrived for the service to begin, but the minister was not there. John became very much concerned. Evening came and still there was no missionary. As the saints and their friends assembled in the schoolhouse, a loud and angry crowd gathered outside. They were determined to create a disturbance. But still there was no speaker. Everyone kept turning about in his seat, expecting to see him walk in. In faith Brother Taylor opened the service with a song. He kept glancing back at the door. Still no one came.

As the opening worship service came to a close, an old gentleman entered the schoolhouse and walked up to the front. Nodding at John, he turned around and began to preach. A relieved expression crossed the faces of the expectant listeners. The minister had talked but a short time before all were on the edges of their seats listening intently.



Even the angry mob quieted down and had their heads in the window as they listened. They became so engrossed in what the minister had to say that they forgot to create the disturbance they had planned. The minister preached over an hour with power and authority. After he had finished speaking, he walked to the door and was gone.

Brother Taylor closed the service and hurried to the door where he expected to find the missionary waiting for him, but he was not there. "Where did the preacher go?" he asked some men standing outside the church.

"He didn't come out here," a big burly man spoke up quickly.

"He didn't?" asked John. "Are you sure?"

"We've been standing here all the time, and he never came out that door," several of them agreed.

Brother Taylor was disturbed. He had agreed to keep the missionary at his house and now he could not find him. Where could he be? "Something strange has happened," he said as he looked into the many puzzled faces gathered around him.

The next day as Mrs. Taylor was cleaning her kitchen, there came a knock at the door. She opened it to find a strange young man standing there.

"Good morning," he said, removing his hat. "My name is Jack Neil. I am the missionary you are expecting."

Mrs. Taylor stood there befuddled. "You- you are," she stammered. "No, you couldn't be. You should be older."

"I'm sorry I was delayed last night," the young man continued.

By this time Mrs. Taylor remembered her manners. "Do come in," she said. "Make yourself at home. I'll go call my husband." She hurried out to the garden. "John," she said, "the missionary has arrived, but he isn't the old man who preached last night. He is a young man."

"Oh, come now. How could he be?" Brother Taylor smiled at her. Then putting down his hoe, he followed her into the house. He was as surprised as Mrs. Taylor when he saw the young man, but he extended his hand and said, "Hello, there. So you are Jack Neil."

The young missionary walked quickly toward John with a winning smile as he clasped his hand.

"Yes, I am and I owe you an apology. I am very sorry for what happened last night. I was called to administer to a man at the point of death. Under those circumstances I could not refuse."

"No," John shook his head as he said, "you could not at a time like that."

"The delay caused me to miss my train and there was nothing I could do but wait. I couldn't even get word to you."

"It was all right, Jack," John said. "We appreciate your sending the old man to take your place. He did a mighty good job. By the way, who was he?"

Now it was the missionary's turn to be mystified. "I don't know what you mean," he said. "I didn't send anyone to take my place. There was no chance at that late hour."

"Then who was it that came and preached such a powerful sermon last night?"

"I am sure I don't know," Jack spoke slowly, trying to think who it might be.

"Neither do I," John replied, "but he really held the audience spellbound. Even the mob outside was quiet." John stood for a moment with his head bowed, then continued, "No doubt God heard my prayer and sent someone to inspire the people and quiet the mob."

The series finished with no more attempts at disturbance, and everyone felt blessed.

## "TELL ME MORE"

William Whenham was stationed with the U.S. Army in Korea. He was lonely in a foreign country where he did not know the language. He missed his family and the association of the saints. The other servicemen with whom he was associated were smoking, drinking, and doing other things which Bill felt he could not do.

He stood on the side of a mountain and looked down upon the city of Pusan. He said to himself, "If I could only tell these people about the gospel. But how can I? I can't speak their language." In the dim quiet of the evening he lifted his heart in prayer and told the Lord how very much he wanted to help these people learn about Christ.

When Bill finished his prayer, a great idea popped into his head: write the name of the Church on a piece of paper and see if any of the natives can read it. Bill found a piece of paper and wrote in bold letters "The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." He carried the written words proudly to the closest Korean and asked, using sign language, "Can you read this?"

The Korean got the message, took the paper, and scanned it carefully. Then he shook his head and handed it to the man next to him. This man went through the same procedure and passed it on. On and on it went from one man to another until many men had seen it. Then a young man took it and read the words, "The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. But what does it mean?" he asked thoughtfully.

"This is the name of the Church which I represent," Bill replied with a smile.

"What kind of a church is it?" asked the Korean with interest. Bill's heart thrilled to find a native who could speak English and who was interested in hearing what he could tell him about the Church. He began to explain the beautiful things he could remember about the gospel.

This young Korean's name was Song Tae Ok. He sat down with a group of his people one day and told them the things Bill had told him about the Church. Bill walked up behind them. As he came near, Song Tae Ok turned to Bill and said, "Tell me more about the gospel, so I can tell these men. They want to know more."

"Did you tell them that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God?"

"Yes, I told them that," the Korean replied. "Tell me more."

"Did you tell them that He loved them so much HE was willing to die on the cross to give them eternal life?"

"Yes, yes, I told them all that. Tell me more," Song Tae Ok persisted. So Bill sat down with them and told them many things about Jesus Christ and His gospel restored to earth in these latter days.

Song Tae Ok repeated these things to his friends.

Bill was very happy as he walked up the road to headquarters later that day. He was so happy that he could talk about the gospel. He thanked God for this chance to serve Him . Then God's Spirit filled Bill's heart and he heard a voice say, "You are to baptize Koreans."

"But , Lord," Bill replied. "no one believes." Again the words were spoken to him firmly. "You are to baptize Koreans."

"I will write the prophet and seek his advice," Bill said. "You are to baptize Koreans," The words came emphatically once again.

Very much disturbed, Bill wrote to the prophet, Israel A. Smith, and asked him what he should do. Bill was a priest and could baptize, but he could not confirm. At that time there was no elder in Korea. The reply from the prophet said, "You baptize them and leave them in the hands of God. The Church will provide ways and means for their confirmation."

When Bill talked to his friends again, he found that there were many who believed and wanted to be baptized. He baptized twenty-five people at Pusan and the same number at Seoul. Under the inspiration of God's Spirit, he spoke to these newly-baptized members and told them that God would send elders to them to preach the gospel.

Stewart Wight, a young elder, was stationed on the island of Formosa off the coast of China. He read an account of Bill's experience in the Saints' Herald. As he read, the Spirit of God revealed to Stewart that he was to be sent to confirm these new members . This young man told his wife, and she asked, "How can you? You're in the service. You have to go where the government sends you."

"I know that ," Stewart replied thoughtfully. "But I also know it is my responsibility."

Some of the men stationed with Stewart were being sent from Formosa to Korea, but Stewart's name was not on the list. Then at the last minute he was asked to replace one of the other men. Stewart was able to go to Korea and confirm the Koreans who had been baptised.

Later two apostles came there to preach, and the Church in Korea continued to grow.

### "I HAVE PROTECTED HIM"

A large rock fell on fourteen-year-old V. D. Ruch in a coal mine where he was working. It covered him completely. His father was working close by. He heard the noise, ran quickly to the rock, and tried to lift it off his son. It took three men to lift the rock just enough to pull young Brother Ruch out.

They thought he would be injured severely. He was taken home and attended by a physician. who found his only injury was a dislocated hip. The doctor reset the joint and ordered a week's bed rest to give the stretched ligament an opportunity to mend. After complying with the doctor's instructions, Brother Ruch was well and strong again.

"I don't understand what kept that rock from smashing my son to death," Mr. Ruch told his pastor.

The minister testified that the Spirit of God spoke to him then, saying, "I have protected him because I have a work for him to do."

Years later when Brother Ruch had grown to manhood, he worked in a mine at Huntsville, Missouri. One day another very large rock fell on him. It was about three and one-half feet thick and eighteen feet in diameter. It weighed several thousand pounds.

He was working on his knees when this monstrous rock fell without the least warning. It struck his shoulders, crushing his chest down against his legs. Only his head was sticking out from the rock. He could not breathe and everything turned black. He knew if he was not relieved from this terrible weight soon, he would die.

His buddies called for help, and twelve miners came running. The rock was so large that twelve men could not budge it. They laid a large timber down, put a second timber under the edge of the rock, and pried it up enough so that he could be pulled out. They thought his back would be broken, but - much to their surprise- he arose and walked. They could not understand this miraculous incident.

Shortly before the accident, Brother Ruch had been ordained a priest in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was conducting services on Sunday in his house because they had no church building in which to meet. The workmen knew of his activities for the Church, and one was heard to say, "I think we should all turn to be preachers if we can escape injury in that way."

At a sacrament service the next day V. D. Ruch related this experience, giving God the credit for sparing his life. Two members of the priesthood stood, one after the other, and spoke under the inspiration of the Spirit. They told him that God had again protected his life because He had a work for him to do. Brother Ruch knew that he owed his life to God, and he served God as a missionary for many years.

#### ALL DOUBT LEFT ME ( as told by Charles V. Graham)

I was very fortunate to be born to parents who were religious at heart and who shared a deep and abiding love for their children.

My father's employment took our family from a small rural town to Kansas City, Kansas. The first day we moved into our home, our next-door neighbors called on us. They introduced themselves and offered their help in getting us settled in our new surroundings.

They asked us if we were church members, and we told them we were Presbyterians. When they said they belonged to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, my parents were sure they were Mormons. My mother wanted to move right away and get out from under their influence, but fate would have it that we did not move for about fourteen years. Our neighbors were marvelous witnesses for Christ and His Church.

After a few months religious unrest entered into our home. Some of our family wanted to attend with our neighbors, while the rest of the family remained loyal to our faith. Serious and harsh discussions took place in our home between members of our family.

By the grace of God my mother and one of my sisters joined the RLDS Church. This did not help to promote religious harmony in the family. But unknown to me, God was working with us through the neighbors.

Over a period of two years Sister Scrivener had invited me to attend Church school many times. But repeatedly I refused because I was not interested. I was also enjoying the activities of my own faith. She was so determined that I visit the boys' teen-age class at her Church that I finally decided to attend one Sunday to please her. There I was introduced to about eight or ten boys and the pastor, who was the teacher.

Until that time I had never read any publications about their beliefs. That Sunday morning the pastor told the class the personal experience of Joseph Smith, Jr. , in the grove when he was seeking for light and truth. While the pastor told this story, all the prejudice and doubt let my mind and heart. Something then that I now know to be the still small voice of God spoke to me and said, "This is My Church." a feeling of shame for my attitude toward this 'little Church" came over me. I also felt a deep desire to become a member of it and give my life for Christ.

That Sunday morning I hurried home and told my parents of the class discussion and my experience in the class. I stated that I was going to be baptized. My parents rather doubted me because up to that time I had not been inclined to be an an ideal son. However, I felt that I had had a genuine experience with God and that I should seriously consider joining the Church.

I began reading the Church books and publications, and I prayed earnestly about the experience I had had. I asked for more assurance that the RLDS Church was His church.

One night in a dream, which is just as vivid now as then, I found myself in company with my Savior walking down a boulevard in a large city going to His church. We passed several large beautiful church buildings. As we passed each one, I thought for sure we would turn in to it. In each case I was informed, "This is not MY Church."

Finally we came to the end of this long boulevard. I began to feel very disappointed, because I had felt sure I was being taken to Christ's Church by Him, and now we had passed all the churches in sight. then HE turned with me down a narrow street in an average neighborhood. Soon we came to a small white frame building. I was sure this was not His Church. I was about to walk by when the Lord touched me on the shoulder and said, "Charles, this is My Church." It was the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

This religious experience was all I needed to convince me that I should ask for baptism. This I did . From the day that I went down into the cold water in November until now I have been very grateful that my family moved to Kansas City, Kansas. That brought us into contact with a family that witnessed to us of the beautiful gospel truths.

I am thankful God's Spirit prevailed in our home. Over a ten-year period my entire family became members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I shall always be grateful for the rich blessings that have come into my life through Christ's Church and His people.

## LEARNING ZION'S WAYS

During World conference Ruth Roberts worked with the Laurel Club to serve meals. She was in charge of the steam tables. On one particular day some of the help failed to show up. That caused much difficulty in getting organized. Deeply concerned, Ruth wondered what to do. With so little help how could they possibly serve the enormous lines of people who were standing behind the closed doors waiting to be served.

Silently she sought her Savior, asking Him what she should do. She felt impressed to step to the door and ask for volunteers to help serve. As she opened the door, she expected a sea of faces to be staring at her from the very long line of hungry people. But to her surprise she saw only two ladies. She stepped toward them and asked if they would consider assisting her in serving.

They both responded cheerfully to her request. Later they told her they were standing at the door praying that God would open the way so they might be able to work in the Laurel Club. They were both active members in the women's department, and they desired to discover how things were done in Zion so they might improve their methods in their branches.

## THE STRANGER KNEW

Charles Allen, a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ, had the address of an old couple who lived in a little town in Oregon. They were isolated members, and he had been asked by the General Church officers to visit this couple.

The train passed through their little town at three o'clock in the morning. Half asleep, Brother Allen got off the train and stood wondering what to do. Everything was closed at that time of the night, and he had never been in that part of the country.

As he stood in confusion, a man walked up to him and said, "I'll take you where you want to go. Just follow me."

Sleepily, Brother Allen trailed along behind the man. They walked a couple of blocks from the depot and stopped at a house.

"This is the house where the old people live," the stranger informed him. "Don't go to the front door. They are hard of hearing and will not hear you knock. Go to this side door. They sleep back in that room," he added as he pointed to the room.

Wonderingly, the missionary obeyed him. He went to the side door and kept knocking until he awakened them.

A man came to the door rubbing his eyes. Brother Allen introduced himself and explained who he was. This delighted the old gentleman, and his face lit up in welcome. "Come in," he invited, holding the door open. "It is wonderful to see someone of our faith. Mother," he called, "here is our missionary!"

She quickly came to meet him. After apologizing for her appearance, she said, "We have been praying that God would send us a missionary. We are so happy that you have come!"

"How did you find our house?" the old gentleman asked as he pointed to a chair.

"After I got off the train and stood there half asleep," Brother Allen said, seating himself, "I did not know what to do or where to go. A stranger walked up to me and said, 'I'll take you where you want to go.'" Without giving it another thought, I followed him. It never entered my mind to ask him how he knew where I wanted to go."

"Well, now, that is a coincidence," said the old man. After thinking a moment, he said, "Then, of course, we were not expecting you. No one in this place would have known you were coming."

"There is something mysterious about this," Brother Allen mused thoughtfully. "That man was a perfect stranger. Yet I felt at ease in his presence. It seemed natural and normal for me to follow him without question. But now that I have presence of mind and time to study the situation, I realize that God has had a hand in this. To think that He knew the exact room in which you slept, and that you were hard of hearing. You aren't a stranger to Him."

Tears welled up in the old man's eyes, "Maybe he was one of the Nephites who are tarrying here on earth."

"Yes," the missionary agreed. "Whoever it was, I certainly thank God that He sent him tonight, or I would still be sitting out there waiting for daylight."

## SPARED FOR A PURPOSE

While he was still young and before his marriage, Sam Balser worked as a fireman for the railroad. On each run he made forty-five dollars. When he awoke one morning he did not feel very well, so he decided not to take his run that day. On second thought, he hated to lose the money.

Sitting there arguing with himself, his hand went out and almost reached the telephone to inform the office that he was not coming to work. Sam pulled his hand back. Three times this same incident occurred. The fourth time that Sam reached for the telephone he called and said he would not be able to come to work that morning. He heard, "Okay," then the receiver clicked. Five minutes later he called again and said, "I have changed my mind. I will take that run this morning."

"You are too late. I already have another man to replace you," came the reply.

The next morning Sam called, "I'll take my run this morning."

"You don't have a run. Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" Sam asked.

"The man who took your run yesterday was killed."

Shocked, Sam lowered the receiver. As the full significance dawned upon him, he went down to the roundhouse to find out the details. The man who had been killed was a

married man with children. It was difficult for Sam to understand why he, a single man, was spared while the married man had been taken.

Then he remembered how his arm kept reaching out to the telephone that morning, even when he did not want it to. He came to the conclusion that he had been spared for a purpose.

## THE STONES BOUNCED OFF

"If you ever come down this road again, we will stone you to death!" shouted a big, burly farmer.

Surprised, Rex Lane turned quickly to discover two angry men standing in the edge of the cornfield with their hands filled with rocks.

"We'll be waiting for you by this pile of stones," snarled the other. "We intend to use them if you return."

Rex looked at the stones. Would they really try to stone him to death? What would his wife do? How would she provide for their little children? He loved his family. The thought of never seeing them again brought grief and anxiety to his face.

He bounced up and down on the wagon seat as he drove his team of gray horses to town to buy provisions for his family. If there were only another road to get to his farm, he might avoid returning this way; but there was none. He simply must come back past these angry farmers to return to his family.

On he went toward town with many thoughts racing through his mind. Other men had been stoned to death because of their religion. Had the time now come for him to give his life for Christ? He didn't mind dying; his real concern was for his wife and children. What would happen to them? Would they also be attacked by the angry neighbors?

Rex had moved his family into the neighborhood a short time before. When the knowledge reached the neighbors that they were members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, trouble began.

"Mormons," they said. "We don't want them here." Each attempt that Rex had made to explain the difference between the two churches had fallen on deaf ears. What could he do?

His shoulders dropped forward as he rode on to town in deep meditation. The problem was far too great for him to solve alone. He knew he would have to depend on the Lord.

The trip to town took the major part of the day. Late in the afternoon Rex was back on the country road, not far from his home. Again he prayed for direction and protection. The horse had slowed down to a walk. Closer and closer they came to the place of danger. Yes, maybe death awaited him.

Like a flash, a rock came flying from the cornfield. It landed on the head of the nearest horse. Rex was petrified with fear for a moment. He expected the horse to bolt, but the animal only shook his head a bit and gave no indication of fear.

Instead of sinking into the flesh as a stone would normally do, it bounced off the horse's head like a rubber ball. Quickly two more stones landed on the same animal, and



again he disregarded them. Then those jagged stones came thick and fast from the cornfield. One landed on Rex's arm and another on his head, but he felt no pain. They bounced off him as they had from the horse. This convinced him that God had heard and answered his prayers.

Soon Rex was past the danger point. He bowed his head and thanked God for preserving his life as on down the road he drove. After that he had no more trouble with his neighbors.

### HE TRULY REPENTED ( as told by John F. Sheehy)

While living in Corea, Maine, we had a very happy experience with a family named Hickman. George Hickman was a fisherman who feared neither God nor man. He was a good fisherman and worked hard, but his family was poor because he spent most of his money gambling and drinking. When he was sober he was a good husband and father: but when he drank, his wife and children were afraid of him. And he was drunk much of the time.

One day George became very ill. After a month Doctor Bragg told George's wife, "Mrs. Hickman, if your husband has any legal matters to attend to, he should do it today because he will not be here tomorrow."

Mrs. Hickman answered, "I wish you would tell him that, because I do not think he will pay much attention to me."

So the doctor told George the same thing and added, "There is nothing more that I can do for you. I won't be back again."

After the doctor left the house, George sent one of his sons for me. The boy came to the house and said, "Father wants to see you."

I replied, "All right, I will be right down." But I wondered why he wanted me: he had never sent for me before. Why would George Hickman want a minister? I knew he was a very sick man, but I did not know what the doctor had just told him.

When I arrived at his house, I found that George was kneeling on pillows on the floor and was leaning over his bed. It was impossible for him to lie on his back for his illness was dropsy, and his body was swollen almost beyond imagination. If he lay down, his lungs would fill with water and he would die. He spoke to me about his condition although it was very difficult for him to talk. He could not speak above a whisper, and every word came between long, gasping breaths.

"I know that my wife's church believes in healing for the sick. Will you do for me what you do for sick people? " he asked. "I'm not afraid to die, but I would like to live a few years and be a good man- a good father- a good husband. If God will let me live, the first thing I will do when I leave this house is go down into the waters of baptism. Will you ask God to do this for me?"

Here was death-bed repentance if I ever saw it. I thought, "Well, this is his time to repent. This is his time to join the Church."

What is death-bed repentance? I do not know! I do not believe any more in death-bed repentance after the experience I had with George Hickman. I believe in a man repenting at any time when he feels he ought to repent and return to God.

I anointed him with oil, laid my hands upon his head, and told God about George Hickman's request. I asked that he be healed so that he could become a good member of the Church.

After the administration I said, "George, why don't you get up into bed? You'll rest better."

George protested, "If I do, I'll die."

"Well, you're going to die anyway before morning unless God heals your body," I replied. "Why not go to bed? It will be more restful."

He looked at me in a strange way and said, "All right. Help me into bed." His wife and I helped him off his knees, and with a lot of pillows we propped him up in bed. In a few minutes he asked us to roll him on his side and cover him. I sat there in the room for a few minutes. His breathing seemed to be normal. Finally he was asleep.

I tiptoed out and said to his wife, "Abbie, if you need me before morning, send for me. Don't be here alone if anything happens to George." I truly expected that she would send for me during the night, but when morning came I had received no word. Early that morning I went up to the Hickman's home, and to my surprise I found George sitting up in a chair.

"How do you feel, George?"

"I feel better," he replied. He talked to me in a normal tone of voice. His breathing was normal. He looked well. He threw the blanket off and said, "Look! The swelling has all gone."

I asked, "What happened, George?"

He answered, "I really don't know, except during the night I felt better. When I work up this morning I was better. And you can see now that I am a better man!"

I replied, "George, you are a well man."

He said, "No, I meant what I said. Not only am I a well man, but I am a better man. From now on I'll be a better man, for God has answered our prayers, and through the laying on of hands He has healed my body."

The next day the doctor called. He was surprised and then he said, "Well, I'm not so surprised, either, for wherever Elder Sheehy goes, my patients get better. I wish more ministers would pray for the sick, because with prayer and medicine we can do much good."

Doctor Bragg was a fine Christian gentleman, a member of the Baptist Church, and I always appreciated what he said about ministers praying for the sick.

In a few days I got another call from George Hickman. It was a lovely summer day, and the tide was full- a flood tide. As I walked to his house, I had a feeling that this was the day George Hickman wanted to leave his house, for he had promised God that the first thing he would do when he left was to go into the waters of baptism.

I met George, and he said, "I am going out today. I am going out to take a walk. But my first walk must be down to the shore for my baptism. Will you baptize me today?"

He sent word around the little fishing hamlet, and all the neighbors came. Most of them were not members of the Church. We stood on the shore, sang hymns, and had a prayer. I took George Hickman by the hand, led him into the water, and baptized him. He was confirmed a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints the following Sunday.

Many people said, "It won't last long." Even some of the Church members thought he would soon return to his old habits . But he threw away his tobacco. He never drank again. He became a good father and husband and a good Church member . He truly repented and started a new life there in that little village among the people whom he had always known.

## GOD SENT THE RAIN

It had not rained for a long time in a certain part of Iowa. People were warned that under no condition should they start an outdoor fire. but Ed Brown needed to get his field ready to plant winter wheat. He needed to burn off the weeds and old grass. So he plowed all around the field, making a wide path of plowed ground,so the fire would not reach across it into the extremely dry pasture nearby.

Jack had come with his daddy to the field. Ed set the fire, and together they watched as the burning grass came nearer and nearer to the plowed ground. "When it gets there, it will stop," Jack's father said.But it didn't.

When the fire reached the freshly turned soil, it began to lap at the dried grass under the plowed ground. Soon grass was burning on the other side! It would take everything in its path if it were not stopped.

"Oh, Daddy ! Let's pray," said little Jack.

Ed thought that he had no time for prayer. Running for his tractor, he jumped on it and began plowing as rapidly as possible. Desperately he worked, trying to keep ahead of the blaze - but the fire worked faster. It had gone wild. Ed looked around to see it spreading in every direction. He couldn't stop it! He became very frightened. Soon the whole countryside would be in flames.

Jack came running up to him. Grabbing at his hand he said,"Daddy, Daddy, let's pray!" Jack and his daddy knelt down by the tractor wheel. Both of them prayed for God to help them. When they had finished their prayers, Ed looked up into the heavens. A black cloud came out of the clear sky of only a moment before. Rain began falling upon the place where the fire was running wild, and it continued until the fire was put out . Then it stopped. It only rained on that particular spot and nowhere else. There was no room for doubt in the hearts of the father and son, for they knew God had sent the rain in answer to their prayers.

## A GIFT FOR EVERYONE

Cynthia Lowderman tells of a miracle which reminds us of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. It occurred shortly after she had graduated from high school.

Her pastor, Brother Stoner, asked Cynthia to take the kindergarten department of the RLDS Church at Englewood. This was quite a challenge for her and proved to be one of the most enjoyable and rewarding experiences she had ever had.

Christmas was about a month away. The children made bells, stars and chains to decorate the small Christmas tree in their classroom.

Cynthia and Dorothy Troyer were wondering what type of program they should plan for the children. Dorothy suggested a birthday party for Jesus. After all, it was His birthday they were celebrating- a fact we all too often forget. They felt the party for Jesus would help the children to understand more clearly the real reason for Christmas.

Dorothy promised to bake cupcakes and bring candles to provide each child with a birthday cake. Cynthia would bring a small gift for each child to put under the tree. She wanted something to last so the children would remember the party. Books seemed the logical gift. Fifteen children usually came, so she bought three extra books, thinking that surely eighteen would be enough. Nine books were *The Lord's Prayer*, the other nine were *Learning About Jesus*. She wrapped half in red and half in green paper. she was just as enthusiastic about this Christmas party as the children were.

Christmas morning came. Cynthia counted the children as they arrived, feeling just a little bit apprehensive about the number of gifts she had prepared. Soon there were ten children, then twelve, then sixteen, then eighteen. She began to worry about the books. If any more children came, she would not have enough. Just as that thought entered her mind, three more youngsters came in. her heart sank to think that three of these children would not receive gifts. To a five-year-old it is a very bitter and heartbreaking experience to be left out.

Her mind was in utter confusion. She did not know what to do. Before the party they went upstairs to the main auditorium for a short program. Soon it was over, and she still did not have a solution. One little boy stayed up with his mother. That left twenty boys and girls- two more than she had gifts for. At first she thought she would not give out any of the gifts until the next week when more books could be purchased. But as soon as those bright little eyes entered the room, they focused immediately upon the tree and the packages underneath. She knew she would have to give them out.

Dorothy lighted the candles on each cupcake and gave them to the children. They sang "Happy birthday, dear Jesus" and blew out the candles. It was time for Cynthia to give out the gifts. There was only one thing to do. She prayed. Never had she prayed more earnestly. By this time all the teachers knew of the problem, and no doubt they prayed also.

Cynthia thought, surely God would not forget two of His children. She said, "Children, come and get your gifts from Jesus."

They came one by one to receive a package. She wondered who would be left out. Suddenly a wonderful, warm feeling seemed to engulf her. The pile of books began to disappear as each child took one. Before she knew it, each child had a book. Not one child had been left out!

God's Spirit seemed to fill the room completely. As Cynthia looked at the teachers, they all knew what had happened. God had surely answered their prayers.

As she watched the children open their gifts, Cynthia again looked at the tree. What was that under the tree? Another gift! Yes, God had also remembered Gregg, the little boy who had stayed with his mother. By this time the teachers were all in tears. One of the little boys came and asked why they were crying. "Because we are so happy," was the reply.

Cynthia did not think the children understood when she tried to explain to them what had actually happened, but she was sure that they must have felt God's Spirit and His great love for them.

## HEARING AN APOSTLE

A lawyer, studying at Harvard University, became very much disturbed because his church did not have apostles. The more he read the Scriptures the more concerned he became, because he realized that his church was not like the Church spoken of in the New Testament.

Soon, however he became attracted to a young lady, who was a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She returned his affection and began trying to interest him in her religion. He was not easily swayed, but he did begin to study diligently. She patiently prayed for him. She also began to study and search the Scriptures so that she herself could more fully understand the gospel and teachings of the Church.

When she invited him to attend church with her one Sunday to hear Apostle D.T. Williams preach, he was astonished and asked, "Who did you say was preaching? An apostle?"

She repeated her invitation, which he readily accepted.

That Sunday morning he heard his first sermon by an apostle of Christ's Church. From then on he accompanied her regularly to church. However, it took three years before he was ready to unite with the Church. But he was finally baptized, and they were married a year later. He became very active in the Church and served as pastor for many years.

## CHRIST'S REPRESENTATIVE

Sam Balser was living next door to an elder of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints. Sam had been a minister for a popular church for many years. He also had the responsibility of nine other churches of his faith. His years of experience, he smilingly stated, had taught him to be very proficient in preaching "hell fire."

During the depression the members of those churches were unable to meet their obligations. The church buildings began to deteriorate. Sam studied the financial situation of each congregation with their ministers and decided that six thousand dollars would meet their total needs.

Sam prepared an appropriate appeal for this amount of money and took it to the convention. Here he called on his superior officer, the man over all the churches.

Sam presented his petition and asked to borrow six thousand dollars from their revolving fund. He was flatly refused. Nothing Sam could suggest would change his mind. Sam was hurt.

"If you refuse my request," Sam pleaded, "I will present it to the assembly."

The man threatened Sam if he acted so unwisely, but Sam Balsler disregarded his threats. During the assembly he presented his plea to the 110 ministers who were present. A vote was taken, and only three ministers voted to loan the money. Sam was crushed. He believed in the teachings of Jesus Christ to help those in need. After all, part of that sixty-five-thousand-dollar revolving fund really belonged to those people who had helped to build it up. Downhearted and discouraged, Sam walked out the door, determined to quit religion.

After informing his wife of what had happened, he refused to discuss it with anyone. The bottom had dropped out of life for him. In mental torment he found he could not even pray. He knelt to make an attempt and said, "God, if you have a representative on earth, I would like to meet him."

His actions placed him with thousands of others walking the streets in search of work.

When Sam applied at a place of business, the manager blurted out, "Yes, you and hundreds of others want work, but I have nothing."

Downhearted, Sam turned to leave. As he slowly walked away, the manager called him back and said, "I think I can find something for you to do. Follow me." He turned Sam over to one of his foremen. Soon Sam was digging ditches.

The next day Sam was laboring away with bleeding hands as the owner came by. He watched Sam digging in the ditch.

"You don't belong there," he said to him. "Isn't there something else you can do, like keeping books?"

"Yes," Balsler replied. "I have kept my own books."

"Come with me," he ordered. Upon introducing Sam to the bookkeeper, he said, "Sam is going to help you. Show him what to do."

The first few weeks Sam's wages were the same. Then one day he received a large check. Surprised, he presented it to the bookkeeper and stated, "You have made a mistake."

"No, I haven't," the man replied. "Didn't the boss tell you? He has placed you in complete charge of the books."

Sam Balsler had not attended any church since he walked away from the convention. He was still troubled in his mind about religion.

But one night he awakened to find his room brighter than the sun at noonday. Three personages stood at his bedside.

One personage pointed to the other on His left and said, "This is your Savior."

The Savior then pointed to the one on His left and said, "This is My representative on earth."

Each of the three raised their hands and began backing away saying, "We will be seeing you." After their departure Sam's room became dark. In astonishment he jumped

out of bed and ran quickly through the house and looked in every room. Then he looked outside. He searched about but could see no one. He was mystified, and sleep fled from him the rest of the night. He kept this experience to himself, pondering over it for days, and did not even share it with his wife.

Sam was unaware of the many prayers that had ascended to the throne of grace by his next-door neighbors, the elder and his wife, during those seventeen years of close association.

Not long after Sam's unusual experience, the elder came and asked, "Would you take my wife and me to Kirtland reunion?" He hastened to add, "We don't have any money. We can't put a pint of gas in your car. But we have some chickens, and my wife could fix dinner for all of us."

Sam thought a moment. "Well, I will take you on one condition," he stated firmly. "That is if you will not ask me to go in your church."

"Oh, no," the elder promised. "We would not ask you to go in the Church."

On the appointed day the two couples drove to Kirtland. They did not discuss religion. The elder was far too wise for that. Once at the Temple, Mrs. Balsler accompanied their neighbors as they entered, but Sam remained outside investigating the surroundings. Walking between the tents on the Temple lawn, he saw ways of improving their camping facilities.

He looked at the top of the Temple, wondering how they had gotten that large stone up so high. The most wonderful feeling came over Sam as he continued on around the Temple. What was this feeling? He was so happy. It seemed as if the Spirit of God filled his soul. When he reached the Temple entrance, he looked up in utter amazement. There stood the three personages he had seen in his bedroom that memorable night.

"We told you we would be seeing you," Sam heard as he stood speechless. The first two put up their hands and began backing away, as they had done previously. But Christ's representative stayed.

When Sam could regain his composure, he walked over to the personage and put his arm around him. He became aware that he had flesh and bones. They sat down on a bench by the Temple door. The representative of Christ began telling Sam about the gospel.

Three hours flew by as he informed Sam that he would be baptized into this Church and immediately ordained an elder. His future work was to be here at Kirtland Temple. Much instruction was given him. This he would find essential to meet the demands placed upon him once his work began.

As people entered the Temple, some acknowledged Sam, seated by the door, while others did not. Later Sam was shocked when he realized that not one of the people had seen the messenger at his side during those three hours of conversation.

After the messenger left, Sam entered the Temple and attended the remainder of the services.

With deep interest he and his wife collected the Church books and began a serious study of them. On Saturday morning Sam called the pastor and said, "I want to be baptized."

"When?" asked the pastor.

"Right now," Sam replied.

"May I come over and talk with you?" the pastor inquired.

"I'll come to your house," Sam replied, which he did immediately.

Sam was persuaded to wait until the next day and be baptized with his wife before the congregation.

After his confirmation Sam was ordained an elder. His first assignment was the Kirtland Temple. Sam had labored only a short time when he was able to see how timely the advice was that had been given him by Christ's representative on earth.

## HIS WORD IS TRUE

Elder William Blue shared this testimony about his grandmother who had joined the Church in 1860. Later she moved to northern Florida, but there she found no people of her faith. She wanted friends, so she began attending other churches. Finally she decided to unite with one.

On a particular evening before going to church she knelt in prayer, asking God if she should make the change. Was the Church she had joined truly His Church established here on earth as she had been taught? Many questions filled her mind as she talked with her Savior.

God came to her and told her He had not changed. What He said in His word was true.

This miraculous experience had a tremendous effect upon her life and on the lives of her children and grandchildren, who have stayed with the Church. She never joined the other church, but remained faithful to the gospel under hardships and trials. She taught her children the beautiful Restoration gospel. All of her sons and daughters joined the Church and worked in it.

## THE IMPOSSIBLE WAS EASY

Mark Dievendorf had turned fifteen, and he and his ailing mother had moved to Independence. They were both filled with high hopes for the future. She had to undergo treatment, and knew that she would be healed. The boy had to complete high school, which he expected to do at night classes after working during the day.

The incidents that followed were not everything the boy had expected. Jobs were not to be found hanging from every tree to be plucked like plums. On the contrary, his days became a monotonous routine of "making the rounds," to ask for work - all without success.

It was a discouraging time. Both Mark and his mother worried lest they not get sufficient food for health requirements. He had enrolled for night classes at Kansas City Junior college, but this only added to their expenses.

It was a particularly cold, miserable day in February when work was finally offered to the discouraged youngster. A train car and a half of frozen sand needed to be unloaded



by hand. But all ninety tons of sand had to be unloaded by the following morning, or no payment whatever would be made.

Lacking shovel experience, Mark considered this was the "lucky break" he needed. Sand was sand, and anybody could shovel sand, he reasoned.

Within three hours he discovered several things besides the fact that he had made a bad bargain. Hands without gloves become very cold and blister easily, while untrained muscles quickly give out. His hands had a dozen blisters, and his back and leg muscles were quivering from exhaustion; yet little sand had been shoveled away to show for his pain.

Mark sank to his knees, his sobs racking his body. Prayer was not a new thing for this boy. It had been a part of his life for as long as he could remember, and his faith was real. Yet on this cold winter day prayer seemed difficult. Would God consider his unhappy situation as important as he felt it to be?

It could have been the chill of the wind, or a bit of self-consciousness that caused the boy to seek the slight shelter of his scooped-out depression for his prayer. At any rate, he did not hear the two men until they climbed into the railroad car and came toward him. They were carrying large scoop shovels and indicated that they were there to help.

There was no doubt in Mark's mind that his prayer had been answered, especially when he discovered that his hands had completely lost their soreness. The shovel which had been so heavy became light as air. The impossible became easily possible on that day, and the boy never forgot its lesson. He had good cause to remember the value of prayer.

## THE HURRICANE TURNED

Trembling from the news given by the radio announcer, the residents of Miami, Florida, were laboring furiously to board up windows and prepare their homes for the disaster which was upon them. They were facing the most terrifying hurricane that had ever come to that area. The wind velocity was recorded at 240 miles per hour. The air pressure was so low that people found it most difficult to breathe.

Repeated precautions and warnings poured from the announcer as people moved patients from the hospital into more substantial buildings. They were doing everything they knew because the storm was so terrible.

Some of our Church members lived in humble homes beside a river. Thirteen members of one family lived in two rooms. Each one had chosen a bush to cling to when the wind hit. These humble saints went to the little church and prayed. They asked the Lord to turn the storm about so it would not strike any part of the city.

As the storm progressed, the announcer kept bombarding the homes with words such as, "The storm is moving at such and such a speed. It is now at such and such a location." Quite suddenly the announcer called, "Hold everything! We don't understand what is happening! But listen! Hold everything! Stop where you are! The storm has been moved at such and such a pace, but now it has stopped!"

Fifteen minutes later he said, "The storm has not moved! We simply don't understand! Probably it is whirling in the water, gathering momentum! It may be that the city will be completely destroyed! It is a phenomena beyond our ability to understand!"

Fifteen minutes later he said, "We can relax. The storm is turning out to sea. It is going up the coast and may strike Palm Beach instead of Miami."

Fifteen minutes later he said, "The storm is turning! It made a complete turn and then went out to sea."

In their pulpits the next Sunday, ministers marveled, saying, "We simply don't understand what happened. The storm came right up the Caribbean and was headed straight for Miami. If it had struck here, there would not have been one stone left upon another of this city. We have never seen such a storm. If the barometer had gone any lower it would have been impossible to breathe."

God answers the prayers of those who ask in complete faith and trust.

### GOD WILL PROVIDE (as told by John F. Sheehy)

When my wife and I returned from the state of Massachusetts, I had miscalculated the cost of the trip to Bangor, Maine. After I purchased the tickets, I discovered I had only thirty-seven cents left. We were on the boat and I was disturbed, for we needed supper that night and three meals the next day. The boat was to leave at five, and we would be in Bangor the next day at eleven. From there we would have to take a train to Machias, Maine, arriving at our destination at nine o'clock that night. I was worried about my wife not having anything to eat for two days.

I tried to think what to do. My wife noticed that I was troubled, and she asked, "What's wrong?"

At first I said, "Nothing is wrong." But she insisted there must be, so I told her.

"Well," she said. "That's nothing to worry about. We'll get along. We can do without much to eat, so don't worry about it."

But I did worry. As we sat there I prayed and asked the Lord to help us out of this difficulty. Soon I began to feel that I would like to leave the boat for awhile and go for a walk, so I said, "Come on, let's get off the boat. We have an hour before she sails. Let's take a walk."

She thought it was not wise to do that; walking would create an appetite, and that was one thing we did not want to have.

"I think we should take this walk," I persisted. So we started. We walked and walked and nothing happened. All of a sudden we were about to turn a corner when a man came around the corner in such haste he bumped into me and nearly knocked me down. I grabbed him and he grabbed me so I wouldn't fall. When he stood back, he apologized. I saw it was a man I knew from Independence, Missouri. "What in the world are you doing in Boston?" I asked.

"And to think, of all of the people in the world I would bump into you!" he said. "Well, I am glad I did."

We shook hands. He said he was in a great hurry to catch his train, which was leaving for Omaha in a few minutes. He excused himself, wishing he could visit with us longer.

When I first bumped into him and saw who it was, I thought, "Well, this is why I had the urge to take the walk." But when he started on his way, I said, "Well, we might as well keep on walking."

Then I heard him shouting after me, calling me by name. He came running back up the busy street. He rushed up and said, "I feel that maybe you need a little help. I was so impressed that I just had to come back. You take this." He shook my hand again. "It's all I have with me now. I wish I had more. But God bless you."

I looked at what he had pressed into my hand. We had enough money not only for two days, but for two weeks.

We went back to the boat, happy in the knowledge that God does answer prayer and that He will provide for our needs.

This man was Mr. Oliver Locker, a lawyer in Independence. Some time later I wrote and told him about this experience and how much we really needed the money he had given me. He cried like a child. He said, "It was the first time God has actually used me to help someone in need."

It gave him a testimony, too, that God speaks and reveals to mankind His own purposes and what they should do.

### "I COULD BE HEALED"

Helen was visiting away from home when quite suddenly she became very ill. She had no one to call upon for help, so she sought the Lord in prayer. One statement she made was, "If I could but touch the hem of His garment, I could be healed."

A storm arose about two o'clock in the morning. Two messengers, servants of the Lord, came into her room. They were dressed in dark suits as ordinary men. One had a small bag like a doctor carries.

Helen had been suffering from sharp pains on her right side. Approaching her, one of the men said, "Let's turn her over and see if we can discover the cause of those severe pains."

She turned over and raised her right arm, only to feel another sickening pain. Then she fell asleep.

In the morning she awakened with all of the symptoms of having suffered a long illness. Struggling to rise, she was able to dress with great difficulty because it required so much effort. The weakness lasted until noon and then vanished. Then she was completely well and had no more symptoms.

Helen was quite sure these men were two of God's messengers who had tarried here on earth. They are to minister for those who are heirs of salvation. Repeatedly she thanked the Heavenly Father for sending them to her in her hour of great need.

## ONWARD AND UPWARD

While Brother J.W. Thorpe was still a young man living in England, he had an unexpected encounter with John the Beloved. One day he and a friend were walking down the street, and they came upon a man standing on the street corner preaching the gospel. As they drew near, they listened closely. He was preaching the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, the same gospel they had accepted.

After he finished his message, they walked up to him and began talking. Without thought they began walking toward their homes with him at their side. He told them many things that really interested them.

Drawing near the Thorpe house, J.W. invited the minister to come in with them. He refused by saying, "My way is onward and upward." Then he disappeared before their eyes!

As the young men stood there in wonder, the Spirit of God revealed to them that this was John the Beloved, who was to tarry on earth. He was to preach before nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples until Jesus Christ would return to earth. He was to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation.

Later Brother Thorpe and his family came to America. He learned that some of the saints had gone to Utah, so he headed in that direction and was well on his way. One evening during their family devotions, the Spirit of God spoke to them and told them not to go to Utah, but rather to go to Illinois and stay there. They obeyed the leadings of God's Spirit and stayed in Illinois until they learned of the Reorganization. He and his family united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was soon ordained an elder and appointed to the mission field, traveling through the country proclaiming the Restored Gospel.

## HEALING SICK ELDERS

John C. Thoman was the pastor of a small branch in Chicago. He became very ill during a flu epidemic and was confined to bed with an extremely high temperature. His doctor had been gone only a short time when the telephone rang.

A lady of his congregation had just been taken to the hospital suffering from gall stone, and she had scheduled surgery the next morning. She wanted Brother Thoman to come and administer to her.

He explained that although he was too ill to come, he would make some telephone calls and try to locate some elders to send to the hospital.

He called almost every elder he knew but they were all working or otherwise engaged. At last he reached another elder and found that he was also in bed with a high temperature. His doctor had also ordered him to stay in bed.

Brother Thoman asked, "What shall we do? I cannot find an elder who is free to go administer to her."

The old man replied, "Let's get up and go together. Maybe the Lord will see fit to bless us also."

Through great difficulties Brother Thoman managed to get dressed, as did his friend. They had to ride a bus for an hour before reaching the hospital. They were both so sick they could hardly hold their heads up. Upon reaching the hospital, there was a long flight of stairs to climb. It looked far too much for them to undertake, but they struggled to hold each other up as they climbed the stairs. Once in the hospital they still clung to each other for support as they passed down the halls. When they finally reached the patient's room and began to administer, the power of God rested upon both of them greatly. It proved to be a marvelous administration. The lady passed the gall stones and was permitted to go home the next day without surgery.

After the administration, Brother Thoman said, "I feel fine now. I think I will go to work."

"Those are my sentiments," the other man replied. "I too will go to my job. "They were both healed of the flu and went back to their work praising the Lord for the mountaintop experience He had given them.

## THE TIDAL WAVE REPORT

F. Edward ( Eddie ) Butterworth was on a mission for the Church in the Society Islands. In corresponding with Apostle Charles Hield, Eddie stated that he had not been able to visit a certain island. Since his stay there was coming to an end, he did not think he would make the effort to reach it.

A letter from Apostle Hield encouraged him not to leave his mission without first going to that island. When Brother Butter worth shared the contents of the letter with the pastor, they decided to make the effort to go.

As they rode along, they heard a news broadcast over the radio. The reporter announced that a tidal wave would hit the island they had just left at a specific time. Both of the men heard the report and were deeply concerned about their wives and friends at home.

Hastening to the telegraph office, Eddie wrote a frightening telegram to his wife, warning her of the coming tidal wave. After reading the message at the office, the operator refused to send it. He stated that it would be too frightening to the people. Eddie modified the message and tried again. This time they sent it.

It was a beautiful day when Eddie's wife received the telegram. She read it to the pastor's wife. They had heard no report of this kind. They checked the weather bureau and found that no tidal wave had been reported.

"Perhaps Eddie is just playing a joke," the pastor's wife suggested.

"My husband does not play that type of joke," Mrs. Butterworth assured her.

News of the message was quickly reported to all the saints on the island. They in turn warned those about them. All made hurried preparations to evacuate to higher ground.

In the meantime the people at the telegraph office also checked with the weather bureau. They were informed that no report had gone out from their office of a coming tidal wave.

However when the hour arrived for the tidal wave, the wind began to blow and the sky grew hazy. Soon the storm was upon the island in great fury. Much damage was done along the waterfront, and many homes were swept away.

When Eddie and the pastor returned, they learned that the saints and their friends had gone up in the hills. Their lives had been spared.

Later, as Eddie was taken to one of the men at the weather bureau office, the man said, "How I wish we had heard about the tidal wave. What we could have done had we known!"

"I told you," Eddie replied, "but you would not listen."

## TWO PERFECT FEET

Brother Bill O'Neill had just finished holding a series of cottage meetings in the Little home before Mrs. Little had her baby. When he visited them in the hospital, he discovered that the baby girl was born with a club foot. Naturally the parents were deeply disturbed.

Mrs. Little reminded Bill of the Scripture that he had quoted to them: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the Elders" (James 5:14) Then she asked, "Do you suppose God would heal her foot?"

Bill promised to talk to an elder about it, which he did.

Once home from the hospital, Mrs. Little was explaining to her family the doctor's plan to put the tiny foot into a cast and told the procedure he would follow. It sounded quite discouraging.

When Bill brought Elder Ralph Remington to the Little's home, Mrs. Little's mother and a cousin named Dewitt were present. After talking awhile, Ralph was taken to administer to the baby. He explained that he had never before made a request of this type in administration. He asked that each one remember him in prayer before he performed the ordinance.

As Ralph walked across the floor to administer to the baby, a voice spoke to him saying, "Ask the Lord to heal her completely so she will never know she was crippled." Responding to the Spirit of God, he made this request. The men left shortly afterward. No one thought to look at the infant's foot.

In preparation for the baby's bath the next morning, the mother rejoiced greatly to see her daughter now had two perfect feet!

Brother Remington had not heard about the results of the administration until later when the news reached him. He went to their house, hoping to see for himself, but found that the family had moved.

About five years later, a family moved into a house two doors from the Remingtons. One day Ralph and his wife were sitting in the side yard when Mr. De Witt, the cousin who had been in the room during the administration, passed by. Recognizing Ralph, he hastened to him and asked, "Do you remember administering to the baby with the club foot?"

"I surely do," Ralph assured him.

"See that little blond, the youngest one?" he asked, pointing to a little girl hanging from a swing doing acrobatics. "She is the one you administered to."

The Remingtons went over to visit their new neighbors. When the children came in, the blond girl came over and climbed up on Ralph's lap. Her mother objected until Ralph assured her he loved children.

At that moment she recognized him and exclaimed, "You're the elder who administered for her club foot!" Together they looked at the perfect little foot as the mother expressed her joy and gratitude to God for the miraculous healing through administration five years before.

## GOD MOVED THE BULL

One lovely spring morning when Kathryn Wilson awakened, the sun was shining brightly. She thought, "What a great day for a picnic in the country!" She called some friends, and they made plans to go. Soon the food was prepared, and they were on their way, searching for a quiet spot.

A cement picnic table in a green pasture attracted the girls. This seemed to be the ideal location they were looking for. They climbed through the fence with their loaded picnic baskets and headed for the table. A clean cloth was placed neatly over it, then they took out the food.

They were just about ready to start eating, when they heard an unusual noise. Looking around, they saw a huge, angry bull running toward them and bellowing with every breath. In panic Kathryn and her friends hastily climbed up on the table, and just in time! The angry bull came charging up and began circling them. The grass and dust began flying in the air as the enraged beast pawed the earth.

"Oh! What shall we do?" Kathryn suggested. They bowed their heads and pleaded with God to send the dangerous beast away.

After their prayer he seemed to lose interest, and presently he turned and walked away.

In a mad scramble the girls lost no time filling their baskets and hurrying for the fence. Once safely across, tremblingly Kathryn declared, "That's a lesson for me. Never will I go into another fenced pasture without knowing what is inside."

The girls all agreed as they jumped into their cars and left quickly.

A while later Kathryn talked with a friend who had been plowing in a field near the pasture. He had seen the whole episode.

"You had not been gone but a few moments," he explained, "when that angry animal returned. In mounting rage he again began circling the table, pawing the ground in his extreme anger, and bawling with every breath! He did that for along time."

After talking with him, Kathryn realized even more fully the extent of the blessing the girls had received from the Lord.

INVITE HER TO JOIN  
( as told by John F. Sheehy)

This experience happened in Independence, Missouri, where I had been conducting morning devotions over radio station KMBC. Every morning at five-thirty I had to get out of bed no matter how late I had been up the night before. I had to drive to Kansas City, and usually I picked up my singers on the way.

One morning when I awoke I was still very sleepy. As I dressed it seemed I heard a voice speak to me, and it seemed that the voice was coming from the direction of the front door. It said, "You should call on Mrs. Grabske today and invite her to join the Church."

I answered back, "I know better than that, for I know how she feels about the Church."

But the voice replied, "Well that's true, but you'll find that she's changed her mind."

I walked to the front door to see who was there, but I found no one there. I said, "My goodness, while I was getting dressed I fell asleep and had a dream. How quickly that happened!"

I finished dressing. Then I went to the radio station for the program.

I well remember that day, because it was the day that Brother Frank Criley died. As soon as I reached home, I went to the Criley home and spent some time there.

Coming home I was walking down Walnut Street. Again I heard the same voice telling me to call on Mrs. Grabske and invite her to join the Church. Again I said, "Why, no. I know how she feels about the Church."

And again the voice declared, "You will find she has changed her mind."

I had met Mrs. Grabske when she first came to Independence. When I was introduced as her husband's pastor, she had said to me, "I'm a Methodist, and I intend always to be a Methodist."

I had replied, "I hope you'll always be a good Methodist, Mrs. Grabske."

Not knowing anything about her change of attitude, I certainly was hesitant about calling on her. Again during the day it was necessary to call upon the Crileys. I failed to call on Mrs. Grabske until after four o'clock in the afternoon. While sitting at my desk in the office, the same experience with the voice was repeated.

This time I said, "All right. I'll not put it off another minute." I started for her house. On the way I wondered what I would say. How could I make an approach? Then I thought, "Well, the Lord sent me. I'll go and be the messenger."

When Mrs. Grabske came to the door, she had her hat and coat on.

"Have you just come in?" I asked, "Or are you going out?"

"I just came in," she said. Then she invited me in. She asked, "To what am I indebted for this visit?"

Instantly I thought, "Well, I'll just tell her." So I said, "I've come to invite you to be baptized and join the Church." I looked straight at her to see what her expression would be. She dropped her head and remained still a few minutes.

Then she said, "I'm very glad you came and asked me. I don't think I would ever be baptized unless I was invited. Since I talked to you last I have changed a great deal. I think now I should like to join the Church. But I don't think I could have asked. I'm so glad you came. How did you happen to do it?"



I told her my experience. She said, "I won't give you my answer now, but you come back tomorrow."

The next day I started to Mrs. Grabske's house, and on the way I met her husband, Dr. Charles Grabske.

He asked, "You're going to my house?"

"I'm on my way now," I said. "Are you coming to help me?"

He said that he had to look after sick bodies, and I must look after the souls. But he wanted to know what happened.

I was warmly greeted by Mrs. Grabske and her son Charles, then about ten years of age. We talked about baptism, and she said, "I'm ready to be baptized. How about my son Charles being baptized at the same time?"

"That would be lovely," I said.

It was on Saturday afternoon. We arranged that the baptisms should take place the next day. I returned to my home and called her husband. I said, "Doctor, your wife is going to be baptized tomorrow, and also your son, Charles."

He tried to say something, but he could not. He finally just said, "Thanks," and hung up. He closed the office immediately and went to his home. The next day we had a truly wonderful baptismal service.

## TRUST IN THE LORD

A church school teacher always took her family to church and picked up others along her way.

As she arose one Sunday morning, her son called to her saying, "Mother, I am very ill. You will have to do the milking and the chores this morning."

After expressing her sympathy and straightening up his bed a bit, she hurried on out to do the chores. Her mind was very much disturbed. Should she leave her ill son alone? She had no way to contact the people who would be ready and waiting for her to pick them up for Church. The superintendent would also be disappointed if she did not arrive, because he had no one to replace her.

Back in the house she discussed her problem with her ill son. He insisted that she go on to church as usual.

After considerable thought she decided to trust the Lord for His watch care and protection while she went ahead with her obligations.

Upon returning home she found her son much improved. There had been several cases of polio in the neighborhood. Two young men they knew were in iron lungs. Another had died.

The doctor diagnosed the son's illness as polio. But since the mother had trusted him to God's care, he was well in a few days. She believed that if she had not put her trust in the Lord, they would have gone through a terrible case of polio.

## OUT OF THE DITCH

It was not easy to have a reunion in the early days in Australia, but the people were determined to try. Many of them had to drive hundreds of miles to the reunion grounds. Rainy weather complicated the problems, but when Dick Jones and Bob Brown, the only ministers in the district, promised to be there, everyone felt sure God would bless their efforts.

On their way to the reunion Bob and Dick had to drive through deep mud in the road. Suddenly the car started turning sidewise in the road. Dick was at the wheel, and he tried to straighten it. But in spite of everything he could do, the car began slipping off an embankment and down into a deep ditch where it came to an abrupt stop.

"Well! Who would believe it! I thought I could at least keep it in the road!" Dick exclaimed in dismay.

"No one can say you did not strain every muscle trying," Bob said, trying to console him. "I'll get out and push, and maybe you can steer it back on the road." He waded to the back of the car and began pushing. Mud flew around him as the wheels spun in vain. The car only sank deeper into the mud.

"I'll get out, and we can both push," Dick suggested. Putting his shoulder against the car, he attempted to keep a hand on the steering wheel. Wading around to the other side, Bob also pushed with all his might, but they made no progress.

"Now we really are in trouble," stated Dick. "If we don't get to the reunion, there will not be one. There is no one else to take charge, and they are counting on us."

"I know," Bob said, "I'm afraid if the reunion fails, our efforts will be wasted."

"Well, it seems we have gone our limit. Let's take it to God in prayer. He knows what the situation is," Dick suggested.

Standing there in the mud, they bowed their heads and appealed to God for divine aid. They asked that they might be able to help His people. When they looked up, they saw a man riding toward them on horseback.

"You seem to be in trouble," the stranger remarked as he guided his horse off the road and down into the ditch. "Perhaps I can help you." He dismounted and walked over to the car. He began to push, and the car began to move. He pushed it right up out of the ditch and onto the road. Dick and Bob stood speechless. They seemed spellbound at his sudden appearance.

"There you are, fellows," he said. "I think you can make it from here." He walked over to his horse, climbed back in the saddle, and rode away almost before the ministers could regain their speech enough to thank him.

"Did you see that?" Dick asked softly. Bob nodded as they waded through the mud to their car. Kicking off as much mud from their feet as they could, they climbed in. Dick drove on down the road in sort of a daze. There seemed to be an aura of joy and peacefulness around them as the truth of what had actually happened dawned upon them.

"Bob," said Dick. "There was something miraculous about that man. How did he push that car out of the ditch all alone? Both of us had pushed desperately. But we couldn't even move it."

"I was thinking the same thing," Bob replied. "How could he push that car all by himself? He was not a large man."

"It's got me puzzled," Dick continued. "I'm going to turn around and go back to that spot and investigate." He looked for a place to make the turn.

Soon they were back to the muddy place in the road. They stopped, got out of the car, and looked all around. They saw the hole the car had made in the ditch and their muddy tracks coming up over the embankment.

"That's strange," Dick spoke with a puzzled expression. "Where are the horse's tracks?"

They searched in vain, but not one track was visible. They had seen the man ride that horse right over that muddy embankment, but there were no tracks to be seen!

As they drove on to their destination, they continually thanked God. They knew beyond a doubt that HE had heard their prayers and had come to their rescue. The spirit of this experience stayed with them throughout the reunion, and the ministers were able to share with the people many blessings of the Lord. The work of the church in Australia grew, and many missionaries have been sent out from there.

### HE DID NOT ASK

An operation was being performed. Upon removing the drill from the patient's bone, the horrified surgeon discovered the drill point had broken off and remained in the bone.

In desperation he sought counsel from the doctor who was assisting him, but none was received. The assisting surgeon was an elder in the Church.

The shocked nurse bowed her head and asked God for divine aid. Immediately her impression was for the drill to be placed back in contact with the point, which would adhere to the drill when removed from the bone.

Her suggestion met opposition from both surgeons, but her continuous, urgent appeal caused the desperate surgeon to yield. As he removed the drill, to his utter amazement the tip was adhering to it.

Bowing her head, the elated nurse thanked God. Later she sought the Lord, asking why an insignificant person like herself was given the solution instead of the elder.

"It was My desire to present the information to him, but he did not ask." came the reply.

### SHARING A MIRACLE

Jennie and her group of young girls had a desire to participate in finishing the Stone Church. At this time the basement had been completed and was their meeting place. The rafters, sides and sheathing were on, and men were putting on the roof.

Jennie and her group decided upon an ice cream social to raise money for the building project.

Since she did not want to ask for donations, nor go into debt, she went uptown to the businessmen and asked if they would help with this project. Many agreed to provide the material, and Jennie promised to pay them back out of the money they would make.

The Bartholomew orchard only a few doors east of the Stone Church was selected for the location for the social.

The day arrived . the girls decorated the orchard with Japanese lanterns and streamers which hung suspended from the trees. Tables and chairs had been neatly arranged to accommodate a large crowd as the ice cream social had been well advertised.

But that afternoon the sky grew darker and darker with heavy black clouds. A very hard rain threatened. As the time for the ice cream social grew closer and closer, so did the storm.

In deep concern Jennie suggested to her girls their great need for prayer. There were several factors involved; hard rain would ruin the basement of the Stone Church, which had been plastered and finished; it was the only meeting place in which the saints could meet for Church; the rain would also prevent the girls from making the contribution they had worked so hard for; they would not be able to repay the businessmen for the material as they had promised. Then, too, it would also stop the men of the Church , who were working as fast as they could to get the roof on before the fall rains set in.

Jennie assured the girls that God was able to keep the rain from stopping their social and the work on the church, if their faith was adequate.

After talking with them, Jennie led her young ladies to a quiet place in the orchard away from the busy street. Here they formed a circle, held hands, and each poured out her heart to God . After their prayers they went back to complete their work. Soon everything was in readiness, and people began to assemble.

Suddenly the storm hit Independence, and the rain literally poured across the street on the Temple Lot. The water was running down so hard that it looked like a sheet. But on the orchard and Stone Church roof hardly a drop of water fell.

Men coming home from work in Kansas City rode through this terrible downpour. They decided Jennie and her girls would need some help to get those drenched things put away, so they went to the orchard with the intention of helping. How surprised and delighted they were to see the ice cream social in full swing! Concerned businessmen drove through that downpour from the Square. They expected to see the orchard wet and deserted. Imagine their amazement when they saw the lights burning brightly and the orchard crowded with people sitting in dry seats, at tables where no rain had fallen.

As a result of God's blessing, the roof was completed on the Stone Church; Jennie and her girls were able to pay back the businessmen for what they had contributed; they had more money from their project than had ever been contributed from any one project before; and, best of all, they knew they had shared in a miracle they would never forget.

PRAY AS NEVER BEFORE

A member of the Church became very ill with pneumonia. Her temperature was 107 degrees for three days. Anyone with such a high temperature seldom lives. She went into convulsions and lay as a dead person for days.

The family searched desperately to locate an elder, but they were unsuccessful. Finally they learned of an old man working in the woods. They sent for him, and he came right away.

The doctor's orders had been that only one person could be in the room at a time because of oxygen.

When the old gentleman arrived, he told the family to pray as they had never prayed before. He and one man went to a wooded area and sought the Lord in earnest prayer.

When they came back, he went in, anointed the patient with consecrated oil, and administered to her. Then he sat at her bedside for a few moments.

Although she had not spoken for weeks, when he arose to leave, she requested administration again. He again administered to her, and she was completely healed.

### STANDING IN THE LIGHT

The unusual experience that Sam Balser had passed through prior to his baptism had filled him with the Spirit of God and given him a real appreciation for Christ and His work. This set him on fire with zeal and enthusiasm as he explained the gospel to a family he was trying to convert. He found it most difficult to understand why they could not see the gospel as he did.

He had a dream one night in which he saw this family standing in the light, yet they drew away from him. This dream troubled him. He could not get it off his mind. Sam shared this dream with a patriarch. He also told of his unsuccessful attempt to convert this particular family.

The patriarch advised him that he was too enthusiastic for them and that he should cease trying to convert them. Sam responded to the counsel and turned his attention elsewhere. In time he moved to a different part of the country.

Years later he returned to the town where he had lived. He visited the Church that he had attended, and he was asked to preach that morning.

"Sam, you are going to be very much surprised to see someone this morning," a priesthood member informed him. "They bear a wonderful testimony."

Sam tried in vain to persuade him to tell who the people were, but his friend refused.

"You will see them," he said. "they always sit in the middle section near the front. But I will tell you the testimony which they bear. They say, 'Sam Balser planted the seed; a Church group nourished it, and the man who baptized us watered it.'"

As Sam entered the pulpit, he looked toward the congregation. There he saw the family he had seen in his dream years before. Now they were standing in the light.

### TAKING CARE OF MARJORIE

Marjorie and George Anway settled down in a comfortable little home near Second Church in Independence , Missouri. They had moved there from Lamoni, Iowa. Marjorie' s father, J.A Gunsolley, was one of the founders of Graceland College. He was president of Graceland for many years.

Marjorie had been confined to a wheel chair since having polio at the age of five. At that time medical science did not know how to cope with the illness.

The Anways began their courtship in high school . It continued through their college life and ended in marriage. They were blessed with one daughter.

George loved music and mixed it with his linotype work for many years. Quite unexpectedly George was stricken with a severe heart attack. In the hospital he was lying very nearly at the point of death.

Will Inman, the pastor of Second Church, called to see George. His serious condition caused Will deep concern. Driving out of the parking lot, Will had a talk with the Lord.

He pointed out Marjorie's infirmities to the Lord; she was an invalid in a wheelchair, her only child would soon be leaving for Graceland, Marjorie would be left by herself. Now she needed George most desperately. Not being able to see any way for Marjorie to surmount her difficulties, Will began trying to give God orders.

"Lord," he spoke emphatically, "You just can't take George. There is no one to take care of Marjorie."

A challenging audible voice spoke and questioned Will Inman, "Don't you think I can take care of Marjorie?"

Stunned, Will paused for a moment. This was a new thought for him, one which he had never considered. Where was his faith? Of course, God could take care of Marjorie.

Sensing Marjorie's need for comfort and consolation, Will went to her home and shared wth her this comforting experience.

George passed away. The daughter went to college, married, and made her home in another state where her husband's people lived. And Marjorie was left alone .

But she was able to type, and in this manner she supported herself. Years passed, and true to God's promise, He cared for Marjorie.

At a Second Church prayer service Brother Inman bore this testimony. He emphasized his weakness in trying to dictate to God, and in his lack of faith in the Lord's ability to provide for His children.

At the end of his testimony he stated, "Every time I go to visit Marjorie, she always smiles and says, ' God is still taking care of Marjorie!' "

## PREPARING THE WAY

While working on his job, Brother Baker listened to some of the workmen making fun of the Book of Mormon. One of the men had just visited the Liberty Jail. There he heard the story of Joseph Smith and the gold plates. As he shared it with some of the others, a number of the men laughed.

"Baker over there is a Mormon," said one of the men with a sneer. "He could tell you more about it."

Coming over to Brother Baker, the man told what he had heard and then began asking questions. Brother Baker answered his inquiries and quoted Scriptures to prove to him that the records were suppose to come forth. The Spirit of God accompanied his words, and the man said, "I feel different since talking to you. I would like to know more about your Church."

Brother Baker explained about cottage meetings which could be held in his home. Arrangements were made and the cottage meetings began.

One day as they were talking, Brother Baker asked, "Why don't you and your wife come to our house Saturday evening? We would love to have you."

Saturday evening arrived and so did the couple. The conversation drifted into spiritual things, such as dreams and visions.

"I have been very much disturbed over an experience that I have had repeatedly," the man's wife stated. "A big, strong man keeps coming to me night after night in a dream or vision. I have no idea what it could possibly mean." they discussed her experience, but no one could offer an explanation for it.

"One of our missionaries is speaking at the eleven o'clock service at the church in the morning," Brother Baker spoke up. "Why don't you folks come to church with us?"

Sunday morning found the two couples seated together in the church. As the missionry arose and began to speak, this lady began whispering in an excited tone to her husband. They talked loudly enough to create quite a disturbance.

"Why don't they sit still and lisen to the sermon?" Brother Baker thought.

Later he learned the real cause of the disturbance. The missionary was the same big, strong man who had been appearing to the woman night after night in her dreams. When she saw him, she realized that God had been preparing her to accept the message of the gospel.

## PREACH THE GOSPEL

( as told by George Doubledee)

George Doubledee became interested in the gospel while listening to Elder Sidney Gray, who was holding a series of meetings in the Medoc school house. This is his testimony:

As I drifted off to slumber one evening, I was met by a personage who requested me to go with him. We started in a southwesterly direction. As we journeyed along, I began to notice groups of people along the way. Some of them were singing, some were dancing, and others were just going about their daily walks of life.

As we reached the southwest part of the area in which we traveled, the personage made a statement that even in vision shocked me deeply. "You are to preach the gospel of the Kingdom." he said.

Immediately I began with a barrage of excuses, each of which was based upon sound facts:

I had no idea that anyone could preach without first obtaining a special education, so I said, "I'm not educated." My education had been limited by the untimely death of my father to the first two years of high school.

"I couldn't possibly do this type of work because of an inferiority complex." This was the result of an eye alignment difficulty. I had received much ridicule during my school days because of an inability to look squarely at anyone.

"I can't speak at all with people looking at me!" Every time there was an occasion when I had to speak before an audience, I experienced a complete feeling of inadequacy.

The personage waited patiently until I had exhausted my reasons for not doing his bidding, then he continued, "You are to preach what I give you to say." At that moment there appeared to our left a rostrum equipped with a pulpit. Leading the way, he left me standing directly behind it, while he took his place on the right side, slightly toward the front of the pulpit. He faced me diagonally across it.

As he began to speak, a marvelous transformation took place. His words seemed to strike my face and ricochet or echo to the congregation that had gathered. I was not to be the source, but an instrument or channel through which the power flowed! When he had finished, I stepped around the corner of the pulpit. Extending my hand, I asked, "What church do you represent, Brother?"

As his eyes met mine, he took my hand and said, "I represent the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Great joy will be yours in this work, and you will find lasting happiness at no other place in the world."

With this parting statement he was gone, and my attention was attracted to the congregation itself. A young woman stood to the left of the corner aisle. As she stood, a voice seemed to say, "This is your wife." She moved to the center aisle and came directly to the rostrum. She extended her hand and came up to the stand beside me, where she still stood when the vision closed.

When Brother Gray asked if there was anyone who would care to unite with the Church, I gave my name. What else could I do after such a wonderful experience? Four of us were baptized on Easter Sunday just above the old ford of the Little North Fork River. I have since come to appreciate the tears of joy that glistened in the old elder's eyes.

The vision has since come to pass in every detail. Later I was in Phoenix, Arizona, for no special reason that I knew. But surely it was by divine direction. I knew only one person there. After looking up our branch of the Church, I began attending regularly. I was called and ordained a teacher. I preached my first sermon at the Old Brick Church on the corner of Tenth and Moreland Street.

After the conclusion of my talk, which was without physical effort, the first person to stand was my wife. We had been united in marriage a month before. As she began to make her way toward the center aisle, a voice seemed to say, "You have been here and have seen this before!" She came up and took her place beside me where she still stands - immovable in the work of the Lord.

"I CAN SEE YOU"



Even though he had been baptized, Swen Swenson was struggling with himself. He thought he had overcome the distasteful habit of smoking. Then quite unexpectedly he was given an expensive cigar by a bridegroom.

The cigar looked so appealing to him. It was his favorite brand, and Swen decided to keep it and smoke it later. Still, he did not want anyone to see him yielding to the temptation.

Swen decided to walk away from the town and go out into the woods. He kept going until he could see no houses or any sign of life. Finally he found a very secluded spot. He looked all about to make sure he was completely alone.

Having satisfied himself that no one could possibly see him, Swen pulled the choice cigar from his pocket and looked it over longingly. Then he reached for a match, struck it, and lit the cigar.

Suddenly he heard a clear, distinct voice saying, "Swen, *I can see you.*"

Shocked, Swen's eyes popped open and he recognized the truth. Of course, God could see him! He had tried to hide from man while he smoked the cigar, but he had given no thought to God.

Quickly Swen grabbed the cigar from his mouth and threw it as far as he could. that ended his smoking!

## EXPLAINING THE SCRIPTURES

John, a young priesthood member of the Church, was driving along the highway in deep meditation. His mind was greatly disturbed concerning some doctrinal points which were most difficult for him to understand. He cried out to God, asking Him to explain those Scriptures.

A short distance ahead of him stood a shabbily dressed man. Touching the brake lightly, John's first impulse was to stop and pick him up. But he decided to go on by.

"I should not have done that," he said to himself. He felt selfish and sorry that he had not given the old gentleman a lift. He wished he had the decision to make again so he could do it differently.

Just ahead of him John saw the same individual standing at the side of the road! This time he stopped. At his invitation the stranger climbed in the seat beside him.

Immediately they began talking like old friends. In a most assuring manner the stranger began explaining the Scriptures which were disturbing John. The miles flew by, and John was really enjoying the presence of this stranger.

After all the points had been clarified, the stranger said, "I'll get out now."

John looked all about and saw a very deserted part of the country. He felt reluctant to leave the man there with no towns or houses in sight.

"You don't want out here, do you?" John asked, puzzled.

"Yes, I do," the man insisted. "This is where I want out."

So John stopped the car, and the man got out and closed the door.

"Why on earth would he want out here?" John thought as he looked in his rearview mirror to see which way the man was going. But there was no person visible!

"The man is gone!" John exclaimed to himself. He looked first on one side of the highway and then on the other. The country was level, and his view was clear as far as the eye could see. But no one was in sight!

"That was no ordinary man," John later testified. "He was sent from God to answer my prayer. That could have been one of the Nephites who tarried on earth. He came to help me to understand those Scriptures that were difficult for me." John's doubts had vanished, and his faith had been renewed in the Restoration.

John bears this testimony to encourage and strengthen the faith of others who may at times have doubts. If they are honest in heart, God will not turn them away empty. He will find a way to aid if they will ask in faith.

### CATCHING A BIG FISH (as told by John F. Sheehy)

When I was about to have a baptism, I would dream of catching a fish. One night I dreamed I had caught a big fish. I knew that this was to be a rather strange occurrence, for in my dream I said, "Now this is strange. Here I have caught a big fish, and I am not even fishing. How can you catch a fish when you are not even fishing?"

Then I heard someone say, "And everybody will be happy about his fish." I woke up. I knew from past experience that it meant a large person. I awakened my wife and asked, "Who do you think is ready for baptism? What rather large person is about ready to be baptized?"

"Did you wake me up to talk about baptism?"

"Well, I had a dream," I explained, and told her about the dream. We were both interested and lay awake a long time trying to think who it might be.

I remarked, "How strange! I am a pastor, not a missionary." But I should have known better, for while one serves as a pastor, he is still fishing for the souls of men.

A few days passed, and I still had no idea who was going to be baptized. On Wednesday night I was invited to attend a joint prayer meeting of groups ten and eleven in the north part of Independence. After the meeting a fine young man, a rather large one, came to me and said, "John, I would like to be baptized."

He was Shankland Arnson, and as he spoke I knew that this was the big fish of my dream. I also knew that everyone would be happy about this, for he was a fine man. He had been born and reared a Catholic, but Sunday after Sunday I had seen Shankland in the congregation. However it had never occurred to me that I was fishing for him or that he would join the Church.

I asked, "How soon?"

He said, "How about coming to my house tomorrow night. We will talk about it and have prayer together."

So the next night my wife and I spent the evening with Brother and Sister Arnson. (Later Sister Pauline Arnson became leader of the General Church Women's Department, where she served for many years.)

We talked about baptism, and I thought it would be fine to have it the Sunday after next.

He said, "That would be fine. It's Easter Sunday." Then he added, "Brother John, I would like to spend a week in prayer and meditation, and make some spiritual preparation for my baptism."

I had never considered this before, but since that time I have often suggested to people who wanted to be baptized that it would be a fine thing for them to spend a few days in spiritual preparation for such a step.

Brother Arnson was baptized, and then another part of my dream was fulfilled. After the baptism, while preparing for the confirmation service, I heard someone in the crowd say so that all could hear, "How happy I am, and I know that everybody who knows Shank will be happy about his baptism!"

## THE PASTOR'S FAITH

Elder Henry Schaefer was the guest speaker for a series of sermons in Dallas, Texas. The church was filled every night of the week, including Saturday.

An opportunity was given for the people to bear their testimonies. One man, who had studied to be a Catholic priest, explained that when he sat down by Brother Henry, he felt as if electricity were passing through his body. Many testified that they felt Henry was no stranger to them; it seemed that they had known him all their lives.

In closing the service that Sunday morning, the young pastor announced a baptismal service for that afternoon. He confessed that he had no candidates and never before had made an announcement like this.

At the close of the service, Brother Henry turned to him and said, "You have more faith than I have to make an announcement like this.

"There will be a baptism all right, but I do not know who," the pastor assured him.

As the congregation was leaving, Brother Henry stood at the door shaking hands. A young lady asked if she might speak with him. He assured her that he would soon be free.

When the pastor came up, Brother Schaefer told him, "Perhaps there is one of your candidates sitting over there. She wants to speak to me."

"No, it can't be," he replied. "She is already a member."

As Henry approached the young lady, she spoke up quickly, "I am not the one who wants to see you, but rather the young man I am going to marry." She led the way out the door, where a man was standing and waiting. Henry noticed that he was in tears.

His first words were, "The Lord made it known to me that I should be baptized. It must be done today. I cannot do it tomorrow." He was a brilliant young man, Henry learned, and an excellent candidate for baptism.

Henry went home with the pastor for dinner. He cheerfully reported his news.

"That is not all," the pastor assured him, "There will be others."

As they were seated around the table, the telephone rang. The pastor answered. "There are two more requests for baptism," the pastor reported as he hung up the receiver. "But that is not all. There still must be one more."

"I wish I had the faith you have," Henry again stated.

In ten minutes the phone rang again. A young lady wanted to speak to Brother Schaefer. "I know I am a sinner," she began. "Do you think the Lord would forgive me?" she asked humbly.

Brother Schaefer reminded her that Christ had forgiven the woman taken in sin by telling her to go her way and sin no more.

Then she asked, "Would you baptize me today?" He assured her that he would.

Four souls joined the body of Christ that afternoon, largely due to the faith of the pastor.

## SHARING THE GOSPEL

Mr. Haden and his sons began working for Sam Balsler, who was an elder for Jesus Christ. He put their names on a prayer list which he carried in his pocket. At different intervals he talked about religion with them. Later they went to work for someone else, but Sam kept them on his prayer list.

Twelve years passed and he still remembered them. One day Sam returned to the town where Mr. Haden lived and looked him up. Mr. Haden invited Sam to his house, then called his son and asked him to come over to see Sam Balsler. Soon he was there, and they had an enjoyable evening. Before Sam left that town, he had baptized both of them.

In 1961 Sam Balsler was rushed to the hospital with a severe heart attack. After an examination his doctor said, "Sam, this is it. You will never go home again. Call your wife and get your affairs straightened out, for your time has come."

After the doctor left the room, Sam could see his good friend Hubert Case looking at him through a crack in the doorway. No one was allowed in the room, but Sam beckoned him to enter. Hubert and another elder slipped in. Sam requested administration, and they complied. As Sam was losing consciousness, he heard them ask God to prolong his days and grant him the privilege of again telling the gospel story, which he loved to do. He heard no more of the administration.

When Sam regained consciousness, the doctor was at his bedside.

"I'm hungry, Doc," Sam stated. The doctor looked puzzled. Without a comment he began a reexamination, then left the room immediately. Soon another physician entered and went through the same procedure. Again Sam expressed his desire for food, which was ignored, as the second doctor left. Soon a third was making the same examination.

"You doctors seem to be ganging up on me," Sam complained as the tests followed. "What's the matter? I am hungry. I want something to eat."

His doctor acted as spokesman. "There has been a miracle performed here. You have been healed. Your blood pressure and your heartbeat are normal. There is nothing wrong with you."

Later Jesus Christ appeared to Sam and walked hand in hand with him. He explained that Sam's life had been spared a little longer so he could do the things he most loved to do - share the gospel with his fellowmen.

## OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL

( as told by Arthur A. Oakman)

We were poor when I was a small boy. I remember one pair of pants I wore had been patched so many times there was nothing left but the shape. My sister and I put newspapers in our shoes to act as soles. We used brown paper if we were fortunate enough to get it.

Dad was a journeyman plumber. Sometimes he made the equivalent of sixty cents a week. It took thirty cents for rent. I don't know how she did it, but mother tried to feed the family on the other thirty cents .

We lived in the last house at the end of the street. In the evening when it was time for Dad to come home, we would go out in the yard, look up the street, and watch him come around the curve. We could always tell by his steps if he had any money in his pocket.

One evening when we stood in the yard watching for Father, an old gentleman with a long white beard came around the curve. He stepped out in the middle of the street, removed his hat, and then began singing as he walked toward us. Singing in the streets was not uncommon in England. People sang in the streets for donations when they had no money.

But the music this man was singing was different. In a sweet tenor voice he sang these words of a hymn, "Begone unbelief, my Savior is near, and for my relief will surely appear. By prayer let me wrestle and He will perform. With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm." He sang the whole hymn. By the time he had finished, he was standing right in front of Mother.

"Sister, " he asked, "do you have a crust of bread you could spare an old man?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied, Mother always said it was the poor that helped the poor. She went into the house where she had only two slices of bread. There was no butter. She wrapped one in a piece of newspaper, brought it out, and gave it to him.

"Sister," he stated, "because of the sacrifice you have made, the Lord has set his hand this day to bless this household. From this time on you shall never want in basket and in store."

Putting his arm around me, he stooped down, kissed me, and said, "This young lad shall grow to manhood and shall preach the gospel in many lands. " He put his arm around my sister and kissed her, too. It was an amazing thing. We hardly knew what was happening. Yet I still feel that kiss upon my cheek.

Mother spoke up, "If you will wait, I will go into the house and get you a half penny so you can buy yourself a cup of tea." She had just two pennies in the house. When she came back , the old gentleman was gone.

"Where did he go?" she asked. We didn't know; he had just disappeared. Who was he? I've never found out.

No sooner had the old man disappeared, than my father came around the corner. We could tell by the way he walked that he had money in his pocket. He came up and kissed Mother. Then he put his arms around us and said, "I have just landed a contract that will keep me working for six months."

After this I never had to go to school with holes in my shoes. We moved into a better home. Dad was very careful in selecting it. He wanted a house where two rooms

could be used for holding church meetings. He found one, and we lived there for three years.

Forever after that in our home, when Mother and Dad were sitting around in the evenings, the subject often was the appearance and disappearance of this heavenly messenger. In our estimation he became a guardian angel.

### "THIS IS MY CHURCH"

A Catholic family had no church close by, so they seldom attended church. One day their child became very ill. As the days passed, she made no improvement but seemed to be getting worse. The parents were very concerned.

Then one of the neighbors told the father of this child that the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints believed in divine healing. He suggested that they go to them and told them who to call.

The Catholic man called the elder, who came quickly to their home. The elder asked if they had faith to believe that God could heal the child. The man replied in the affirmative. The child was administered to, received an immediate blessing, and was soon well.

The Catholic man was standing in his yard meditating one afternoon. He was wondering about Jesus Christ and His Church. As he looked up into the sky, the clouds parted in the heavens, and he saw Jesus Christ. Surprised and astonished, the man gazed on the Master.

Lifting His hand, Jesus pointed to the little RLDS Church that stood close by and said, "This is MY Church."

That experience made such a vivid impression upon the family that they all united with the Church.

### THE IMPELLING URGE

Sunshine, a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, married Ted Beck, who belonged to the Catholic Church. After their marriage she continued attending her church and endeavoring to live according to her beliefs.

Ted began attending Church with her and soon became acquainted with her district president, who lived about fifty-five miles away. Finally Ted became dissatisfied with things as they were going and felt a need to settle some questions in his mind. Observing his wife's faithfulness caused him to wonder which church was right. He conceived an idea to put God to the test and let him reveal the truth.

Ted sought the Lord in prayer for his answer; "Lord, which one of these churches is right?" he asked. "Frankly, I don't know. If my church is right and You want me to remain a Catholic, as a testimony to me that it is true, Lord, would You work in the heart of my priest and cause him to come to see me today? But if my wife's church is right and You want me to unite with it, then send her district president to our home today, and I will be baptized. Whichever minister You send, I will accept as Your answer to my prayer."

There was a vast difference between five blocks for the Catholic priest to travel and fifty-five miles, the distance for the district president. Ted was aware that he was making it difficult for the Lord to bring the district president such a long distance in such a short time.

In the meantime the district president had repeatedly promised to go shopping with his wife. Day after day he had permitted other activities to crowd out her plans. At last he set aside a specific day, promising her faithfully not to allow anything to interfere with their plans. The day arrived. Delighted and all smiles, his wife began dressing for the occasion.

While her husband was putting on his tie, the Spirit of God filled his mind. He stopped and said, "Dear, I feel impressed that we should go call on Ted Beck today." He stood looking at her, awaiting her reply.

"But you promised me faithfully that you would go shopping with me today. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," he replied. "I am well aware of my promise, but I have this strong urge that I should go to the Beck's home today."

"Forget your urge," she said laughingly. "We are going shopping!"

Soon they were in the car and headed for town. As they reached the corner where they should have turned right, the strong impression came back to him forcefully, even greater than at first. He seemed impelled to make a left turn.

That caused his wife to say, "Now, why did you turn to the left when we want to go right?"

"Because of this very strong impression I have," he said thoughtfully. "I feel so deeply that I should go to see the Becks."

She became disturbed and spoke emphatically, "You promised me! This is my day!"

They arrived at the last corner where a final decision must be made. Even though he wanted to go to town to please his wife, he felt his first obligation was to God. The forceful impression was far too strong for him to shake. He spoke regretfully to his wife. "I am sorry, dear, but I simply cannot shake this urge that is working with me today. I must go to see the Becks."

She sat back in the car as they rode in silence. She was hurt and he knew it. When they finally reached their destination, they saw Ted Beck out in the yard.

The district president and his wife climbed out of the car and walked toward Ted, who had extended his hand. There was a vigorous handshake as the minister said, "Ted, we have come to see you today. I don't know why, but I have had a very impelling urge to come."

With a big smile on his face Ted Beck stated, "I'll tell you why you came. I want to be baptized. There are some towels in the house and a stream of water running out back of our place, and I am ready for baptism."

The two couples rejoiced together when Ted had explained about his prayer. The district president's wife agreed that God had indeed moved her husband to do the right thing. Her disappointment had turned to joy at the result.

## "SPARE MY SON"

When David Griner was eight years of age, he fell into deep water near his home. His older brother quickly jumped in and attempted to rescue him, but he hit his head on a rock. David felt a firm grip on his arm as he was struggling under water ; then the grip ceased.

When David 's father realized what was happening, he called for help. Rescuers finally got the boys out of the water, but they were both dead. Efforts to revive them proved unsuccessful.

While he was waiting for the ambulance, Mr. Griner knelt by the boys and cried out to the Lord in prayer. Although David's mother was a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the father was not. In fact, he had acquired a bad habit of drinking . But now he pleaded with God to spare at least one of his sons. Mr. Griner promised that if God would do that, he would never let another drop of liquor cross his lips.

The ambulance arrived, and the boys were carried and placed in it. On the way to the hospital David sat straight up and began choking. He coughed the water from his lungs and lived. His brother did not.

True to his promise, Mr. Griner stopped drinking and turned his life around . He joined the Church, and later he was called to the priesthood and served as a pastor.

## A FIRM FOUNDATION

Henry Smith was the architect for building the Auditorium, the headquarters of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He presented the blueprints to the contractor, who started the building.

Many days were spent setting up forms for the footings that would become the foundation for the huge building. Finally the contractor informed Henry that all necessary preparations had been made. The concrete trucks would begin arriving at eight o'clock the next morning.

At two o'clock in the morning an angel of the Lord came to Henry and awakened him. He informed him that the building was not being built properly. The angel said that the contractor was leaving out a main pier- one that held much of the building's weight. It must be part of the main construction because it would be impossible to add later. If it were left out completely, it would weaken the auditorium and make it unsafe. After giving this information, the angel disappeared.

Both surprised and disturbed , Henry Smith arose from his bed hurriedly. "Surely the contractor is not leaving out a main pier," he thought. He got into his car and hastened to the site where the contractor had been laboring with his crew. Checking the piers by moonlight, he discovered that a main support had been omitted.

Shocked and wondering what to do, Brother Smith sat down on the spot. It was a long time before eight o'clock,. Still, if he should return home, he might oversleep and not



get back until after eight. So he decided to sit right there and wait until the men arrived for work.

Brother Smith thanked the Lord for sending the angel to give him this important information. When the contractor arrived, they corrected the problem and made sure that the Auditorium was built on a firm foundation.

## THE WIDOW'S MITE

Eva Hale's husband passed away after a long illness, leaving her destitute with three small children. She found work with some pay, but she was barely able to provide for her family.

A missionary had just completed a series of services. He had stayed with Eva's parents across the street. Taking inventory of his money, he discovered he was short fifty cents to pay the ferry he would have to use to cross the river and go on with his missionary work. Presenting his problem to the Lord, he asked Him to supply his needs.

Eva had just fifty cents. All at once she felt impressed to get the coin, take it across the street, and give it to the missionary. She started to comply. But the many needs of her little ones came into her mind, and she did not respond to the leadings of the Spirit.

Repeatedly she started with the money for the missionary, but then she hesitated. Finally she watched him come out the door and start walking down the street. Again she had a very strong urge to give him the money. She started with the coin in her hand, and then she stopped.

This continued until the minister had gone about a block from the house. Eva simply could not refrain any longer, and she went running and calling to him to wait. Turning around, he saw her and went back to meet her.

"Here, take this fifty cents," she said breathlessly, handing it to him. "I would give you more, but it is all I have. I feel you need it."

"I hate to take it from you," he answered. "You need it for your little family. I will try to get by without it."

"No, I have made up my mind now. I want you to take it," she said insistently. "I've been debating with myself all morning. I know God wants me to give this to you. So you take it."

"Thank you so very much," he said with deep appreciation. "May God bless you for your kindness. Now I must be on my way." He bade her farewell and started toward the ferry.

When Eva went to work the next morning, she noticed a piece of paper being passed among her associates, but it was not given to her. She wondered about it; but her work claimed her attention, and she forgot to ask about it.

Before her day's work had been completed, Eva received a call to return home. Because she had met with so many serious problems recently, Eva had a feeling of uneasiness. She wrapped her thin coat more securely about her as she hastened home.

Approaching her humble dwelling, she stopped quickly. There on the front porch was firewood, which she desperately needed. Once inside the house she glanced about the room in amazement. Baskets of food covered the floor.

Eva's eyes filled with tears of joy. She wondered who had brought all these things. Then she recalled the paper that was passed among the women.

Eva believed that she had been blessed as a result of her response. She had given all that she had to assist one of God's servants.