

Church of Jesus Christ
Oak Grove Restoration Branch



Zion the beautiful beckons us on . . .

Volume 28 Number 1

Spring-Summer 2019

Zion's Call is a newsletter published by the Church of Jesus Christ, Oak Grove Restoration Branch. It is published with the intent of glorifying God and helping to preserve His Restoration Message. All correspondence should be addressed to our editor:

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**The Church of Jesus Christ
Oak Grove Restoration Branch**

is located approximately 3/4 mile north of I-70 from the Oak Grove exit. We invite you to come and worship with us.

Sunday services are as follows:

Early Worship at 9:00 a.m.

Classes begin at 9:15 a.m.

Worship Service at 10:30 a.m.

Evening Service at 6:30 p.m.

Communion Sunday only:

(the first Sunday of each month)

**Combined Prayer Service
and Communion Service at 10:00 a.m.**

Wednesday Prayer Service at 7:00 p.m.



Branch Pastor: Elder Eric English

Associates:

Elders Charlie Booth, Craig Hill and Mark Nunn;
Priest Jared Mulheron



**Live Internet Streaming
of Sunday Morning Services
(except Communion Sunday)
Go to www.ogrb.org and click "Video."**

No issues of *Zion's Call* were published in 2018, but we hope to publish two issues in this new year of 2019.

We are thankful for the addition to our staff of Dorothy Dalton who is helping collect testimonies!

We need your testimonies to continue to print *Zion's Call*!

You do not need to be a skilled writer; just submit your testimony and we will help with the editing! You may mail or email them to the addresses on this page.

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Foundations of the Kingdom

-by Eric English, Presiding Elder

At the end of 3 Nephi, chapter 6, Jesus shared an analogy with those in the new world that He was visiting. He counseled His followers not only to listen to His sayings, but to do them. He stated that if they would, they would be like a wise man, *“who built his house upon a rock, and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.”* Notice that he didn’t say IF the rain and storms came; it was assumed that they are coming.

We all experience various storms in our lives. I’ve heard it said that at any point in our lives we are either in the midst of the storm, just coming out of one, or just about to experience one. They can be spiritual, physical, emotional, or relational trials that we may go through.

God doesn’t promise to remove all of the difficulties from our lives, for it’s in the midst of the storms where our faith is strengthened, where our roots grow deep, and where our dependency on Him gets firmer.

This year, much of our focus at Oak Grove will revolve around building a firm foundation on Him and a life structured on the solid rock of the Gospel.

Let’s learn together how to build up a solid foundation of the Kingdom in our lives.

O Come Away!

-by Elbert P. Luff (submitted by Karl Anderson, great great grandson)

At about the age of seventeen, I was acting as assisting secretary of the Stone Church Sunday School. Often those days as a young man, I would be among a group or invited to one that was going to have a party. Many of these would include a dance, or card game, or a picture show [movie]. Because of my attitude toward the gospel of Jesus Christ, and believing earnestly that it was the power of God unto salvation, and desiring that to this end my light should shine, I found it often impossible for me to attend the entertainments of the youth of the day.

I was working evenings and Saturdays for a grocery store owned and operated by two brothers, Wilkie and Joe Horn, at the corner of Maple and Liberty Streets. On Saturdays, I worked until eleven to twelve o'clock at night.

One night as I went home about midnight and was rounding the corner of Maple and Spring Streets, I passed by what was then known as the Lewis Theater. For the first time of all times that I had walked around that corner, the front door was wide open, and I could look in and see the picture on the screen. It seemed that at that moment, my feet became more potent than all the rest of my body, even to overcome intellect and of themselves they automatically turned toward the open door.

As I gazed with desire at the screen, it seemed that then and there all the powers of the adversary took complete control of my whole being and a powerful argument commenced as if to overthrow mind and Spirit. I declared that all I did was work and go to school day and night, and go to church Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. I never went out to entertainments, nor places of amusements. These were all worldly. I was having no fun. There was nothing left in life for me. Other young people were having all the fun. Why not forget all my good determination for the gospel's sake? What was I getting out of life anyway? It just wasn't worthwhile.

Nevertheless, under perhaps the darkest cloud my soul has ever known, I once more tried to pray. I determined not to go in at that time, but at least to first

take time and think the matter over thoroughly as to whether I was right or wrong, before coming to a decision as to which path I must guide my future life upon.

I had walked only a few steps around the corner and was walking south on the east side of Spring Street with my spirit depressed and darkness enveloping my whole being. I was in such despair that I felt I could endure it no more.

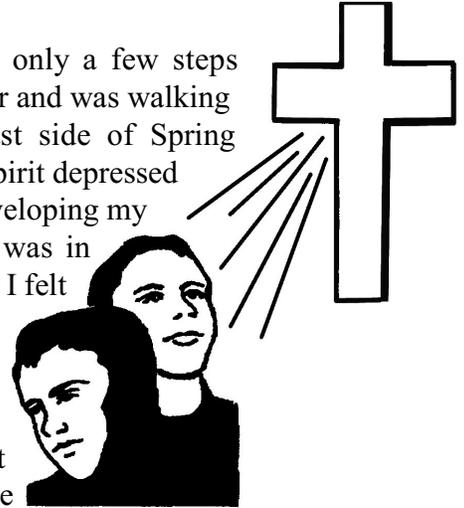
Suddenly at this juncture, it seemed my whole

situation was changed. It was as though I was immersed in the warmth of the most tangible and loving influence I had ever experienced. It seemed like my feet were off the walk and I was just gliding along in the effulgence of divine light and life and love, not a care of sorrow or trouble of any kind. I was at complete ease in heavenly peace, when I found myself humming a hymn, the words of which I could not remember.

This beautiful experience continued with me as I rounded the next corner and headed west on Lexington Street. Then the words of the hymn came to me in the power of the Spirit. "O come, O come, O come away. O come where Jesus's love will be, who says I'll meet with two or three, Sweet promise made to thee. O come, come away."

I had heard these words before, but they had remained meaningless to me. Now under the divine purpose as revealed to my mind and soul, they became potent and powerful, filled with divine light and truth.

Truly, in my darkness I was sorrowing because I thought I was left all alone, because I was not traveling where the bright lights and alluring attractions were. I was not reveling amid the crowds of the giddy and gay.



But now, under the Spirit, I listened and heard the voice of Jesus say, “O come away. Touch not the unclean thing. Neither bid them Godspeed, for he that biddeth them Godspeed is a partaker of their evil deeds.”

Then I knew I could rejoice with all joy, even along with Jesus. “If any man will open unto Me, I will come in and sup with him and he with Me.” And again, “Where two or three are met together in My name, there will I be and that to bless.” Indeed, here I had a grand truth, a divine blessing, indelibly impressed upon my mind forever.

Those words are still sweet music to my soul to this day, though now sixty years of age. “Sweet promise made to thee.” True indeed. Those who will come away from the world and its allurements will find Jesus true to His word. It may be in secret prayer. It may be alone at the study of His divine word. It may be a visit to the sick or shut in. It may be only two or three met together in His name, but to me, these have been lessons at Jesus’s feet never to be forgotten.

The loving Spirit of that experience which so kindly picked a young man out of the slough of despond and set his feet firmly on a higher and firmer foundation, remained with me for approximately three days, and had such a permanent influence upon my future behavior that to this day, though I am looked upon as a crank, a crackpot, a narrowminded man, a fool, an outcast, yet to this day I have never had that desire to mingle with the world nor the pleasures of its ways. Truly Christ is the head of all principality and power and in Him dwelleth all the Godhead bodily and we are complete in Him.

“He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my doings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God . . .” (Psalm 40:2-3)

Be Not Ashamed

-by Frances Harper, Iowa



My first employer was a farmer who lived about thirty miles from our home. My board and room were furnished as part of my wages. My parents came to visit me one Sunday and brought me a church book for my seventeenth birthday. I recall that I was somewhat embarrassed by or ashamed of the gift! I must have been concerned about what my employer might think.

This incident in my adolescent years has taught me how sensitive we are to the response of our acquaintances on matters of our faith and beliefs. Some may be intimidated by fear of being rejected by family or friends.

This issue of being ashamed of our faith is addressed in the Scriptures. Jesus said, “*Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels*” (Mark 8:41 IV). “*And they shall not have part in that resurrection [of the just] when he cometh*” (Mark 8:42).

It is written in the Book of Mormon that some of those who had tasted of the fruit of the tree of life had become ashamed due to the scornful behavior of those who were in “*a great and spacious building*” which “*was filled with people, both old and young, both male and female; And their manner of dress was exceeding fine; And they were in the attitude of mocking and pointing their fingers toward those who had come at, and were partaking of the fruit. And after they had tasted of the fruit they were ashamed, because of those that were scoffing at them; and they fell away into forbidden paths and were lost*” (1 Nephi 2:73-76).

“*And great was the multitude that did enter into that . . . building. And after they did enter into that building they did point the finger of scorn at me, and those that were partaking of the fruit also; but we*

heeded them not . . . for as many as heeded them, had fallen away” (1 Nephi 2:82-84).

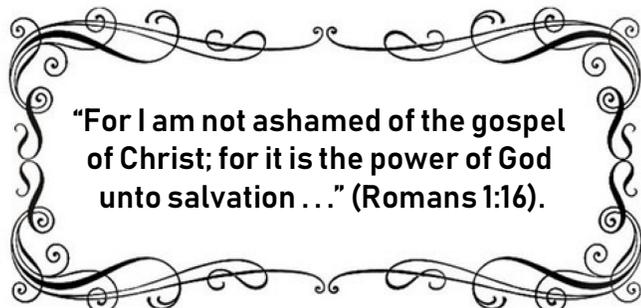
These words from the Book of Mormon are a warning to those who might be influenced by some of their friends who are making some disparaging remarks about Joseph Smith, Jr., the angel Moroni, the golden plates [the Book of Mormon] or who may be calling the Restoration branch movement a “religious cult.” Remember the words: “*We heeded them not.*”

We should never forget that Jesus was “*despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief . . . he was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth*” (Isaiah 53:3, 7). He heeded them not!

Many people have been warned to shun the teachings of the Restoration and the Book of Mormon. After being rebuffed a few times, Restorationists tend to neglect sharing their testimony. Both sides often remain aloof from one another. This hinders our witnessing.

Once again the words of Paul are appropriate. He wrote: “*But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by revelation of Jesus Christ*” (Galatians 1:11-12). We can say the same, the Restoration gospel is not of man, it came by the revelation of Jesus Christ and the ministry of angels.

Paul wrote: “*For God hath chosen the foolish [considered foolish] things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised [like the Book of Mormon], hath God chosen*” (1 Corinthians 1:27-28). Be not ashamed.



The Love of a Father

-excerpts from a sermon by
Mark Nunn, Oak Grove, Missouri

I want to share a testimony about a time when I was much younger than I am now. When I was about nineteen years old, I was at a point in my life where I was angry—not at anyone in particular, but just angry and rather willful. My insecurities had led me to choose friends who were not really friends and to get involved in things that I shouldn’t have been involved in. I didn’t want anything to do with my family, especially my parents, and particularly my father.

I found myself in a situation on a Thursday evening where I had been arrested and taken to jail. The arraignment wasn’t going to be for a few weeks, so I was looking at being there for some time. I had waived my phone call right because I really didn’t want to talk to my parents, and I didn’t really have anyone else to turn to. So I spent the weekend in a single jail cell about five by eight foot, with a light overhead that was on all the time. I laid there for three nights and three days.

For the first two days, my mind was going over thoughts like “What in the world did I do? How did I get caught? What do I do now? What is my life going to turn into?” It was just about me.

But on Sunday, as I laid there on the little metal bunk, I started contemplating my life—where I had been, where I had come from. I started thinking about the way I had been raised in the Church and the things my parents had taught me, about love and about Jesus Christ and about His love for us.

I began to sorrow because I had lost sight of all that I had been taught and had wandered so far astray. My sorrow was deep enough that I finally decided I needed to pray. So I started praying and asking God to forgive me for what I had done with my life and for what I had done to my parents and everyone else.

I had prayed for about thirty minutes or so when suddenly I was filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. For about an hour I was full of this Spirit which filled me with peace and comfort and the love of God—a love more powerful than any I had ever felt in my life. Then came an assurance that the Lord was looking out for me and that I was going to be okay. This went on for a long time until, worn out in the Spirit, I fell asleep and slept through the night.

On Monday, they moved me from that cell into the general population. Right after breakfast, one of the guards came over and told me I had a visitor. I was rather surprised because I hadn't called anybody or asked for anybody. It turned out to be my brother-in-law, Mike, who is a minister in the Church. He was allowed to visit because he was a minister even though I had not requested a visit.

I went out and Mike asked me how I was doing. We chatted for a while and then he asked me if I would be willing to talk to my father. If he had asked me that the day before it would have been a resounding no. But I knew that Mike was sent to me by the Lord, because the Lord had assured me the day before that He was going to send someone and that I would be cared for. So I told him yes.

Mike contacted my dad. He came up, bailed me out of jail, and drove me home. On the way, we stopped and he bought me lunch. During all that time while we were driving and sitting at the table eating lunch, he never said a thing about the trouble I was in or what I had done. Never once did he lecture me or say, "You should have known better." Never once did he pass any kind of judgment on me. Not one time. The only thing he did was share the love of a father for his son. And because of that, my love for my dad was stronger that day than it had ever been before.

God does not want to judge us for our sins any more than my dad wanted to judge me that day for my errors. God wants to forgive each and every one of us for our sins and to take us home with Him, so He can share the love He has for us. He wants us to be able to enter into the kingdom of Heaven and dwell with Him, and share in the mutual love and joy that only comes in His presence. He wants this so much that

from the very beginning of creation, knowing that we would become entangled in the bondage of sin and knowing that we would need Him to bail us out, He sent His Son to pay for our forgiveness and show us the way home.

Jesus Christ in His life here on earth was the perfect example of the way we should live our lives. One of my favorite passages of scripture is found in the first chapter of the gospel of John:

"In the beginning was the gospel preached through the Son. And the gospel was the word, and the word was with the Son, and the Son was with God, and the Son was of God. The same was in the beginning with God . . . In him was the gospel, and the gospel was the life, and the life was the light of men . . . And the same word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth" (John 1:1-2, 4, 14).

The gospel is the manifestation of God's love for us. Nothing in our life is greater than God's love. Each one of us can experience the love of God and the moving of His Spirit in our lives. It is a gift from God that He wants us to enjoy.

We don't have to feel worthy before we turn to Him and ask Him to be with us. If you don't believe that, just look at the experience that I had and how far I had fallen when I called to Him. But He didn't hesitate. And He didn't respond with just a little nudge. He came and filled me with His Spirit. He can do the same thing for each one of us if we just turn to Him and pray and repent of our sins.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another" (I John 4:9-11).



Roberta Hight was the mother of five boys, the grandmother of twelve, and the great-grandmother of twenty-two (with more born since that time). Her loving kindness and faith in God have continued to bless her family and friends in this world like the ripple effect from a pebble thrown into a pond.

On August 20, 2003, Roberta was admitted to St Mary's Hospital in Blue Springs, Missouri, for back and stomach pain. The nurses there called her the "angel patient." We thought it was because she was so special and as sweet as an angel. Later, we found out it was because a Christian nurse had gone into her room and seen angels around her bed.

She was administered to each day by the laying on of hands of the elders. The administrations often gave her comfort and relief from the pain. After being transferred to KU Medical Center, Roberta was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer.

Ed Story (who was our pastor at Oak Grove at that time) administered to her one evening and also testified of seeing angels standing around her bed keeping vigil.

Roberta passed away two weeks later on September 13, 2003. —Marilyn and Sue Hight

Following is Ed Story's testimony.



A good sister came to me a short time ago and asked me about a testimony I had concerning Sister Roberta Hight. Her inquiry brought the testimony back to my remembrance. I had never written it down until now.

Danny Hight, one of Roberta's sons, called me to assist him in an administration for his mother, and I said I would be glad to, but this was on a weeknight and I was out of town until the next evening. Danny said that would be fine, and we made the appropriate arrangements for the administration that would occur.

That evening after Danny's call, I began to think about the preparation that would need to be made. I was a truck driver at this time. I awoke early the next morning, so I could be at my workplace to get my trucks, hooks, and assigned trailers, and get on the road to home. Everything was hooked up and I was ready to go. I got out of town before the traffic.

As I settled down for the long drive home, I felt this strong urge to begin praying for Roberta and her family. I was made aware that I needed to tune out the distractions around me, so I turned off my radios and my cell phone, as I believed the Holy Spirit was directing me to do.

It was then that the Spirit began leading my thoughts. I knew that Roberta was needing prayers, and I was led to understand she would not recover from the cancer she had. I was also given specific guidance in how exactly I should pray for her. I traveled over six hundred twenty-five miles that day with no distractions at all—communing with the Spirit of the Lord. It was one of the most relaxing trips I've ever had, and it went by very fast.

After I had arrived at the FedEx yard, dropped my trailer, completed the paperwork having to do with my job, and signed off for the day, I looked at my watch and realized I was going to be able to get to KU Medical Center ahead of traffic. I met Danny in the lobby, and we went up to Roberta's room. I remember opening the door, and, I must say, I was not fully prepared for what the Lord was about to allow me to see. The things I saw that day were seen through my spiritual eyes, and these many years later I still cannot adequately describe with my human language what I saw displayed before me, but here is my feeble attempt.

I saw these beautiful spirits or angels. They stood shoulder to shoulder all the way around the walls of

Roberta's room, and their heads were bowed. They were gently swaying back and forth. These heavenly angels were what I would call "Death's Angels." I don't know if my feeble, earthly attempt in labeling them is fair or not. All I know is that it seemed that their forms changed from an almost physical form to a mystical vapor. I couldn't make out their faces, only an outline. I do know for sure that they knew I was aware of their presence and they were aware of me. And I knew for a surety that I was among heavenly beings.

I remember Danny looking at me, and I knew that he was aware also. I was deeply touched by the Holy Spirit. These angels had been sent, or dispatched, for a very important task—they were there for comfort and strength for Roberta and her family. They were also there to escort her home to her heavenly home when it was time.

We began the administration and I do not remember what we prayed for, but I'm sure that we were blessed by the Holy Ghost and directed during the administration.

A few days later, Roberta was released from the hospital. Arrangements had been made for her to spend the rest of her days at Regency Care Center, to live in peace with as much comfort as possible. For the next few weeks of her life, the angels were there.

I went up to the care center a few times to see Roberta, and one time she told me about a dream she had recently been given. She saw her three brothers who had previously passed on. They were making plans and hurriedly making preparations for a grand reunion. It was then made known to her that all the fuss was for her. She was going to her heavenly home soon.

A few days later, she passed away and was taken to her heavenly home.

"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

(1 Corinthians 2:9)



-by Alice Ruble, Independence, Missouri

On March 31, 2018, I drove in and parked at a health food store and took time to look over my list before going in. While I was looking at it, someone pulled on the door handle of the passenger side in the back. Fortunately all doors were locked but mine. I turned to look to see who was there thinking maybe someone who knew me was just trying to catch my attention. I didn't see anyone.

Shortly afterward, a white pickup pulled into the empty parking space beside me at which time a man appeared at the side of my car standing up to let the pickup in. He stood there until the pickup was parked and then he took off across the parking lot. I don't know if he was checking for unlocked doors but I could see him way over on the far side still walking.

For some reason I felt safe and untroubled about the incident until that evening at home when I began to think about the day. If I had not had the doors locked, what would he have done? Was he planning to make me drive him somewhere, rob me or who knows what?

I believe he was crouching beside and at the back of my car. Had the pickup not come in would he have been waiting for me when I got out, to do whatever damage he had in mind?

Until the next day, I did not think of ALL the possibilities that could have occurred. The experience could have ended very differently. I hope this experience will stay with me so I am more cautious about my surroundings and keep my doors locked. Maybe it will help someone else be prepared, too.

God kept me calm or I might have panicked and done something foolish. He had definitely gone before me and prepared the way for my protection.



The Spirit of God like a Fire Is Burning

-by Janet Williams, Oak Grove, Missouri

When I was asked by our branch's music director if I would play a solo piano piece for the fifth Sunday All-Branch Gathering at Waldo Avenue Restoration Branch evening church service, I asked her if she had anything in mind. She didn't, but during our short conversation, "The Spirit of God like a Fire Is Burning" immediately popped into my mind. I have a book of hymns arranged by Kris Townsend which includes that hymn. I suggested that song to her. She said, "The fancy one? I think that would be perfect!" A few times I thought of playing something different, but I just felt it should be that song.

I fell ill the Thursday evening before the scheduled service. My symptoms worsened over Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. I struggled each of those days over whether to call someone to say that I would not be able to play the piano in the service Sunday night. I was very concerned that I would be exposing other people to the illness that I had.

I did not attend church at my home congregation Sunday morning, but asked for elders to come administer to me after the service. The elder who was going to arrange this forgot. I believe he preached that morning, and after the service his wife let him know she had invited their kids over for dinner. I waited a good while and then called him to find out if they were still coming over. As his family was just sitting down to dinner, I told him to enjoy dinner with his family, and I would get someone else.

At that point, again, I thought I would just call and let someone know I wouldn't be able to play the piano for the service that evening. After praying, however, I determined that if God wanted me to play the piano for that service, then I would do everything in my power to make that happen, in spite of my symptoms and how badly I felt like staying home in bed.

I also really needed to be at our branch's bell choir practice later in the afternoon. I decided I would attend that practice session and be administered to afterwards that I might be allowed to do the Lord's work that day.

During the administration, both elders offered a beautiful prayer that addressed all of the things I had been thinking. I had not told them my thoughts, just that I was ill and I was supposed to play the piano for the church service that evening. One elder even said words to the effect that "She will serve you whether she is well or she is sick." That had been my exact resolve! The Spirit of God was with me as they prayed, and I heard my private thoughts being audibly presented before the Lord.

I then got in my car and drove to the Waldo Avenue Restoration Branch. The order of service was one of a combination of musical ministry offered by people from different congregations interspersed with testimonies about how the Lord was working in other countries. After the opening of the service and the reading of the scripture, I was the first to offer my gift.

As the evening progressed, I noticed that the hymn, "The Spirit of God like a Fire Is Burning" was specifically referred to in testimony about an experience of ministry with Saints in another country. The chorus of the hymn was sung by the congregation at the close of our service. Therefore, the hymn was the opening theme of the ministry offered, it was referred to in the middle of the service, and it was also the closing of the service that evening.

None of the participants (the elder in charge, myself, the person offering the testimony) knew that God was weaving that song throughout the service. It's always inspiring and faith strengthening to see God at work in a service! I've witnessed it so many times in my life.

I was not healed, but I was blessed. I was still sick, but I was able to carry out my assignment. I was honored to do the Lord's will in spite of the setbacks that were strongly encouraging me to give up. I was blessed to see the Lord's hand over all. The Spirit of God like a fire is burning among His people and in His Church! I am a witness of this fact.





The Wedding Garment

-by April Smith, Oak Grove, Missouri

I needed a dress. I needed a wedding dress. Aaron and I had gotten engaged in September, and our April wedding was quickly approaching.

When we first got engaged and I began wedding dress shopping, I thought I was having a hard time deciding what would be appropriate for me to wear as a second-time bride. Should I wear white? Should I wear a traditional wedding dress or just a dress?

In October, I made my first trip to a bridal shop to begin looking at dresses. I tried on bridesmaid dresses thinking I could order one in ivory. I didn't think I wanted anything too overdone. But somehow the dresses didn't seem right.

In February, I finally began to search online, wondering if I might order a dress. I found three that I really liked and could picture myself in, and all three dresses were a very similar style. As I began to read about ordering a dress online, though, I was hesitant because returns were not allowed. I did not want to order a dress and then have the problem of not liking it or it not fitting, and then be stuck with it and out the money.

I saved the pictures of the three dresses I liked to my phone and went to bridal shops, thinking that if I showed them the style I liked they would be able to help me find something similar or even order from one of their suppliers. What I learned is that the style I liked was not in demand in 2016!

As our April 16 wedding date approached, I continued to think about this need for a dress. It became clear to me that I was not going to find my wedding dress in a store.

Early in our dating relationship, Aaron had a vision of me as his bride. Each time he had shared the experience with me, he included how beautiful I was as a bride. As Aaron and I would discuss the difficulty I was having in finding a dress, he would remind me of his vision of me as the beautiful bride, and that God knew I needed a dress.

On Saturday, April 9, I thought I needed to spend the day searching for a dress. The wedding was one week away. I remember thinking that I should spend the entire day searching high and low and not come home until I had a dress in hand. But I just did NOT WANT TO! I didn't want to give all of my time to one dress (even a wedding dress)—not when Aaron was working on the house and I wanted to shop for a few other wedding items. I just didn't think God wanted me to obsess over the dress and nothing else.

I knew at this point that God was going to have to provide the dress, but I still thought it was up to me to go to dress shops and let Him put the dress in my hands!

After lunch that day, I left Aaron's house and headed to a bridal shop someone had mentioned that I hadn't been to before. I had barely left the house when I was rear-ended, and spent about an hour sitting with the police, doing the police report. When that was finished, I still proceeded to the bridal shop, but I arrived five minutes before they closed! I forced the issue and looked around, but of course found nothing.

I left the store and felt like I was going through the motions to go to two more bridal shops that I'd already been to, wondering if somehow God was going to provide the dress in a new shipment or something I'd overlooked. In the second-to-last store I went in, I described what I was looking for, and the salesperson thought she had just what I would want. I waited, wondering, and when she returned to show me the dress that she thought would fit my description (simple, elegant, modest), I was appalled! I couldn't believe the dress she was showing me would even be considered appropriate for a bride! It was awful and the way I felt at the moment was that the dress was a mockery of my ideas of simple, elegant, and modest.

In the final store, I watched other brides show off dresses to their entourage, and ring the bell of finding the "perfect dress." It all seemed so ridiculous to me! It was wrong. It seemed too worldly—too much

importance was being placed on the bride and the perfect dress.

I cried in the dressing room, but as I cried, I knew completely and undoubtedly that God was going to have to provide my wedding garment, and that it was not in a store. I knew that I needed to give up shopping, give up my search. I was going to have to TRUST. I knew God had shown Aaron that I would be a beautiful bride, and I knew God had told me that I was NOT going to find my wedding dress in a store.

Saturday evening, after I had given up dress shopping, I went to Aaron's house and told him through tears that I did not get a dress. Aaron and I began to discuss what we knew. Aaron has always told me that I'm his Ruth. He had prayed before he ever met me that God would bring his "Ruth" to him. As we discussed this, Aaron suddenly got very excited. A realization had come to him. He said, "God has to provide this dress for you."

We looked up the story of Ruth. At the part where Ruth comes to Boaz on the threshing room floor, Ruth asks Boaz to cover her with his garment. Aaron realized Boaz represented Jesus and the garment that comes upon the bride is the wedding garment, or the garment of righteousness. This is something only Boaz could do, hence this is why Ruth asked Boaz to accomplish it.



Aaron had no idea that by praying for his Ruth his own bride would be without a wedding dress until God provided one, but he was given assurance by the Spirit that this was what would take place. God would provide the wedding garment.

The next day, Sunday, as Aaron and I ate lunch and discussed the busy week ahead, we stated that we really only had one more need (besides the dress!) for

the wedding. We still needed to arrange for someone to clean up after our reception and lock up the church. In less than thirty minutes of stating this need, we received a phone call from Jim Mulheron, an elder at the Oak Grove Restoration Branch. He asked Aaron if we had anyone to clean up after our reception and lock up the church.

As I realized what the phone call was about, tears streamed down my face, and when Aaron hung up we rejoiced in knowing that God sees all of our needs and was showing us how beautifully He provides and takes care of us—in His way and in His time. I knew that if God saw and met that need, a small detail, He would see to the need of the dress. I knew I could trust this.

The week went on and each day I anticipated receiving my wedding dress! I did not shop for it. I did pray for it all week.

On Friday, the day of our rehearsal, I still had no dress. But I was not panicked—though I admit I was impatient for Him to provide! As Aaron and I met at church for the rehearsal, I asked him to please share about our need for a dress when he said the blessing for the meal, which would be before the rehearsal. I felt that we needed to and were supposed to share our need with the people gathered for the wedding rehearsal. He said that he wanted to wait until later in the evening, so that everyone's mind would be on the rehearsing and not on solving the wedding dress problem!

So as rehearsal ended, I again asked him to share. He stood and shared of our need, and asked everyone to pray. Aaron left shortly after the rehearsal, and I stayed to work on a few more preparations. When I got in the car to leave, I looked down at my phone to check my texts and realized I was looking at a picture of a wedding dress—and it was very lovely. My daughter Terissa looked over my shoulder to see what I was looking at and I heard her say, "Mom, that's exactly what you wanted!" It took me a minute to realize the text was from Valerie Lidberg. She was offering for me to wear her dress, and her dress was very much what I had been looking for!

We went to her house, and Valerie was concerned that the dress would not fit me. She put it on me, and as she zipped it up, we both realized it fit perfectly. We looked at each other in amazement. It was

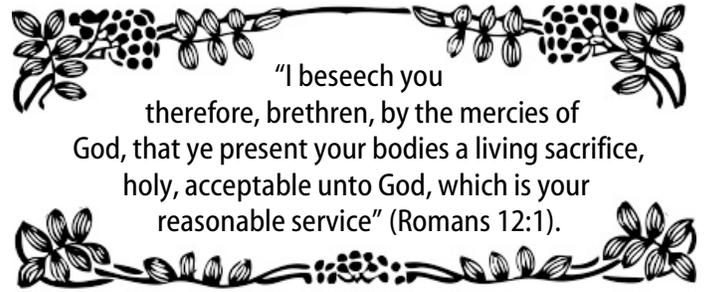
perfect! God had perfectly provided the wedding dress that I needed! I could picture the pearl necklace that Aaron had given me and the bouquet that Pat had just made, both as perfect complements to this simple and elegant dress.

When I got home that night, I texted Valerie the three pictures I'd saved to my phone of the style of wedding dress that I liked. I wanted her to see for herself how her dress was exactly the style of dress that I'd had in mind for myself. She texted back, "Wowzers!" We loved how God had provided the dress, and not just ANY dress, but the style that I wanted. What a gift!

The dress needed to be pressed, and I needed the right undergarments for it, so Valerie had called Jennifer Shackles, who works at the bridal shop in Odessa, and Jennifer agreed to meet me one hour before the shop opened, at 9:00 a.m. the next morning, to press the dress and sell me what I would need. When I tried on the dress for Jennifer, she said that it fit perfectly. She said, "I'm a seamstress. I would tell you if it didn't fit. It fits perfectly!"

After our wedding, Valerie told us that when we had shared our need for a wedding dress after rehearsal, God told her, "She will wear your dress." Valerie had thought the dress would not work for me because it would not fit. She had hesitated to offer it to me until God said, "She will wear your dress." She had told me her concern that it would not fit when I first got to her house to try it on, and that's why we were both so thrilled when she zipped me up and it fit perfectly!

As I left her house that night and she walked me out, she told me that she knew God had made the dress fit. I loved what else Valerie pointed out to me that night. She said that I have gotten to fall in love twice: Once with Aaron, my new husband, and also with God, my Heavenly Father, who loves so beautifully and unconditionally. I think her words were perfect.



"I beseech you
therefore, brethren, by the mercies of
God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice,
holy, acceptable unto God, which is your
reasonable service" (Romans 12:1).

I Dedicate the Rest of My Life To His Service

-by Barent Eliason, Michigan

I was trying to fix breakfast when I told my wife, Barb, I suddenly couldn't remember how to do it. The family decided I was having a stroke again and took me to the hospital. The elders were called and I was taken to ICU. During the night, I got worse and was bleeding in my brain. I remember the elders administering to me late at night as we asked for the Lord's help.

I couldn't think straight or read or talk out loud even though I knew what I wanted to say. My right side didn't work very well. My wife tried to help, but I couldn't do anything. I was in St. Mary's Hospital in Blue Springs, Missouri, and was transported to KU Hospital. Our son, Barry, started singing one of my favorite hymns, "The Old, Old Path," and the words came back to me.

Slowly things began to improve and I was transported to North KC Hospital. Prayers, many administrations by the elders, and singing Christmas hymns and regular hymns seemed to help my recovery the most. Physical therapy helped me get my strength back.

When I was about to be released from North KC Hospital, another stroke set my recovery back again. Once again, the Lord came with the administrations by the elders to help me recover. I spent over a month in the hospital with many setbacks. With the Lord's help, I've been able to regain most of my activities again.

I've had several heart problems since the strokes, but God keeps bringing me back and giving me more opportunities to serve Him. God has truly blessed me and my family. I know the Lord has a work for me to do yet, and I want to dedicate the rest of my life to His service.

SIXTY-ONE YEARS OF MARRIAGE

-by John L. Mundy, with Polly Mundy, Independence, Missouri

Polly and I met when we were both in the army serving in Germany. She was one grade higher than I was. On every post in Germany, they have what is called an EM club where you can order sandwiches, play the jukebox and dance, and so forth. Every Friday night they had a band come in and play.

One Friday night, I was in the EM club. There was kind of a U-shaped booth where three girls were sitting—Jean, Dorothy, and Polly. When the band was playing, I got up and asked Jean to dance. She danced with me. Then I asked Dorothy to dance and she said no. I asked Jean if she would dance with me again, and she said no. “Well,” I said to Polly, “would you dance with me?” She said yes she would. And so we danced together.

At that time, I was going out with a University of Maryland girl over there. Polly and I kind of dated, but I was dating this other girl, too. Before long, I broke it off with the girl from the University of Maryland, and Polly and I started dating steady.

I had gone with a lot of girls—I was never too shy to ask a girl to go with me—but when I started going with Polly, it was a comfortable feeling. We could walk along and never say anything, or we could talk, and that’s the way that it is today. It wasn’t like this great dramatic love that you read about in romances, and so on. We were just comfortable with each other. We were sure of each other. We never questioned each other. Looking back, there is no doubt God led us to each other.

We first met in April, or maybe March. By May, I decided that I was going to ask this young lady to be my wife. I bought an engagement ring and wedding ring set. They were thirty-five dollars apiece. Polly still has those thirty-five dollars apiece wedding and engagement ring on her finger today, sixty plus years later. We got married in February, and shortly thereafter, Polly was expecting a baby.

Polly had a very, very rough childhood because her parents left her in a hospital when she was two years old. She was raised by the state, and sent from one

home to another, to another. She had joined the service so she would know where her meals would come from and where she would have a bed at night.

When we started dating, Polly asked me, “Where are we going to live?”

I said, “I don’t care. I follow construction. It doesn’t make any difference to me.”

She said, “Well it makes a difference to me.” We had many, many discussions about this topic. She did not want our children to have to move around like she had growing up.

Finally I told her, “Wherever our first child starts school, that’s where we’ll stay until our last child gets out of school.”

She said, “I can live with that.”

When our first child started school, we were in Independence, Missouri. The Lord had gathered us to Independence, and we didn’t know it. I had even forgotten about my promise. I had taken our daughter Pam out to get on the school bus for first grade. When she got on that school bus, it was like a sledge hammer across my head. I remembered the promise that I had made Polly.

I went back into the trailer house we were living in and said, “Well, we’re here.”

She said, “What do you mean, ‘We’re here?’”

I said, “Do you remember the promise I made you when we got engaged that wherever we were at when our first child started school, that is where we would be until our last one got out of school?”

She said, “Yes, I do remember that.”

I said, “Well, Pam just got on the school bus this morning.”

And so, we have been in Independence all this time, and it has been a great blessing. The Lord never



forgets. When you make a promise to Him, He will remember it forever.

Polly and I never use our first names when we talk to each other. If she ever says, “John,” I know I am in trouble. It’s always, “Honey, Doll, Darling,” and I never use those terms with anybody else. Darling, Hun, or Honey is always reserved for my wife. She knows that, so that’s a respect that we have for each other. I think that maybe that’s the biggest thing that we have in our marriage—we have respect for each other.

But it wasn’t always like that in our relationship. When we had been married probably seven to ten years, Polly and I had fallen into a trap like many people do. We couldn’t agree on anything. When I wanted to eat dinner, she wouldn’t have dinner ready for me. Then whenever she’d have dinner ready, I would say something like, “Oh, what kind of slop have we got tonight?” This was not a good situation. We were just at each other all the time. Finally one night, we had gotten into it again, and I said, “I’ve had it, I can’t take this anymore. No more. I’m out of here.”

I went out the door and she said, “Don’t let the door hit you on the way out.”

So I started walking. I was going to leave everything—my car, my personal stuff, and so on. I just wanted out. We lived down in kind of a little valley, and I headed up the hill. I did not intend to come back. That was the farthest from my mind. When I got up to the top of the hill, I turned and looked back. The Holy Ghost started working on me and telling me, “You can’t do this. You just can’t walk away like that.”

I talk a lot about the Holy Ghost leading us to the truth of all things, and in that moment, I was led to the truth that everything that I loved was down there. I saw that everything that meant anything to me at all was right down there in that house. I also realized that if I walked away, I could not continue in my ministry. I was a deacon at the time. I could not continue in my job, my company. I knew that I could not leave. I said, “I’ve got to go back.”

So I turned around, walked down the hill, and into the house. Polly looked at me said, “I thought you were gone.”

I told her, “I don’t know how we’re going to do it, but divorce is not an option. We have to work this out.” I don’t remember what her response was.

A long time before this, someone had told us that when they had problems, they sent the kids away and spent a whole weekend discussing matters together. I believe that the Holy Ghost brought that back to my mind and allowed both of us to understand about our need to come together and discuss everything. I made an agreement with Polly about this weekend. We would not watch television, the telephone was going to be unplugged, and we were going to communicate. Not just talk—we were going to communicate.

When Friday night came, we sent the kids over to our friend’s house and we started talking. One of the rules was we could not raise our voices. If one of us raised our voice, the other one was to get up and walk out of the room. So we started to talk. We talked all night Friday night, and all day Saturday. We talked about everything. We talked about getting the kitchen cleaned up and the dishes washed. We talked about the kids. We talked about our intimate relationship. We talked about the ironing. We talked about my job. There was nothing that we didn’t talk about.

At the end of the weekend, we had come to agree on a few things. The most important thing I think that we agreed on was that we would never raise our voices to each other again. It just wouldn’t happen. If we did, the other one would leave the room. We would not allow ourselves to get in the pattern that we had gotten in before. It was a life-change, because I have come to understand that when you raise your voice with someone—it doesn’t make any difference who it is—you have built a wall between you, and it is difficult to get that wall back down.

We agreed on other things, such as the way the house was cleaned, and about me coming home from work at a particular time, Polly having dinner on the table, and all of us sitting down as a family to eat.

We stood by what we agreed upon for the most part. The biggest thing that we have always stood by is that we don’t ever raise our voices to each other. We have been married sixty-one years now.



Kid's Korner

Last summer at Vacation Church School at Oak Grove Restoration Branch, our theme was "Jesus is Calling!" Thursday's theme was "Jesus is calling you to trade your doubt and confusion for faith in His eternal truths." We talked about how seeking out our own testimonies of Jesus Christ and writing those testimonies down so we can look back on them later will help us when times of trial and doubt come into our lives. We asked the young people to share their testimonies, and then compiled them into a booklet for each child to take home. Following are some of the testimonies from our youth at VCS! The ages included with the testimonies are the ages the children were at the time of VCS in July.



The Quarter

-by Allie DeBarthe, at age 6

When I was three years old, I was playing with my brother. He gave me a penny, a nickel, and a quarter. He left me alone, and I swallowed the quarter.

My brother came back and saw that I was gagging. The family figured out quickly that the quarter was missing. They rushed me to the emergency room as I was trying to spit the quarter back up.

We prayed as the nurses tried to remove the quarter, but ended up pushing it down into my stomach. They said I would be okay and my body would expel the quarter. I was blessed and it happened like they said.

I Was Very Blessed

-by Jackson DeBarthe, at age 9

I was born a healthy baby, but a few days later I had snot and congestion in my lungs. Mom and Dad were afraid, so they prayed.

A few hours later I was doing much better. By the next day, I was very blessed and was doing really good.

God Blessed My Sister!

-by Lilli Postlethwait, at age 9

When we were at reunion this summer, my sister, Luci, got very sick. Mom took Luci to the hospital. The doctors told us she probably needed surgery [to remove her appendix]. We were very scared.

We prayed for her and the people at reunion prayed for her, too. Then we heard Luci did not have to get surgery, and we were very happy.

The Pumpkin Patch Testimony

-by Joseph Bullard, at age 6



In October 2017, my Daddy and I went to The Pumpkin Patch. A big storm blew in and we thought the tent we were in, of corn seeds with hay bales, was going to blow away.

I said a prayer that we would be safe and the storm would go away.

God answered my prayer, because it stopped raining and we made it to our van before more thunder and rain blew in. We made it back home safe!

I know God loves me, and this is my testimony I will never forget.

God Stopped the Storm

-by Michael Story, at age 8

One day we were in Florida and were swimming and a storm came. We didn't have any time to get out. God stopped the storm so we could get out.



God Healed Me Up

-by Aubree Norman, at age 4

I fell off my training wheel bike. God was about to heal me up and God healed me up and I rode my bike again.

God Protected Me

-by Avalee Norman, at age 4

We were at the mall and there were a lot of people and they were fighting and they stepped on me. The police had a paper towel and wiped my nose from the blood. I was okay because God protected me.

Jesus Healed Me

-by Mirandah Turner, at age 10

When I was four years old, I was chasing after a spider monkey (which is a firework), because it was Fourth of July or Independence Day. Well, I was running and I tripped and fell into the bonfire.

I had a few burns. I was yelling, "Help, Help, Help!"

Then my dad got me out of the fire. He rinsed me off. Then my grandma laid a towel down on the ground and gave me my doll.

After I calmed down, I sat in a chair and watched the other kids swim. After the accident, I never wanted to touch the fire again; but, this year I started to like fire again, because Jesus healed me.

Answered Prayers

-by Luci Postlethwait, at age 6

My sister Lilli got bucked off a horse and broke her arm. We were all so worried about her and then we all prayed. When she got better, we were all very happy.

God Worked Out a Miracle

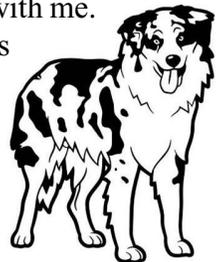
-by Kolton Martinko, at age 10

A few months ago, I was hiking and running on some trails with my grandma. There were two trails close together, and she was on one trail and I was on the other trail with my dog Finn. We had made a plan to meet where the two trails came together.

Finn is really good about staying close by us on the trails, so he was not on a leash. Suddenly, he ran away from me and disappeared through the trees and bushes. I called him and called him but he did not come back. I called about five times and was starting to get worried.

I decided I needed to pray. After I prayed I called Finn one more time and immediately a voice from the other trail called out and said, "He or she is down here. I'll send him back to you."

In a minute or so Finn was back with me. I knew God had worked out this miracle for me so our dog would not get lost. God had a person on the other trail at just the right time and just the right place to send Finn back to me. I am very thankful.



God Blessed My Grandpa

-by Miriam Holmes, age 7

My grandpa's knee was hurting really bad. He had to have surgery on it. We prayed that it would heal okay, and now it's all better!

God Helped Our Tree

-by Nate Lidberg, at age 10

My family and I didn't have any trees planted at our house, so we planted five trees. One of the trees was starting to die so we prayed over it.

We prayed for at least two weeks. Then it started living again. That was about three years ago. Now that tree is the biggest tree of all of them. God helped the tree and I am thankful.



God Sent a Dream to My Heart

-by Heidi Lidberg, age 8

I had this dream May 23, 2018. We were at church; it wasn't Oak Grove Restoration Branch, but I knew it was God's church. The church was white and blank. Inside it looked like a church. There were people. I couldn't see the people, but I just knew that they were there. There was this one man that I didn't know. He had a suit on. He looked like a regular man that went to church.

There were a lot of tables because there were a lot of people. The people were just around the tables. The tablecloths were black. There was no food on the tables. The people didn't want black tablecloths because usually black tablecloths come from Satan. I didn't want black tablecloths either.

The people said to this man, "Do you have any white table cloths?," because white is the color people usually choose for tablecloths. He didn't have any real tablecloths, but he said, "I can do it by my hand." And so, he did it by his hand. It was kind of like painting a tablecloth, but he didn't really touch it. He waved his hands over the tables. I felt really good. I saw his hand, and I knew it was the hand of either God or Jesus.

After he got done, the tablecloths were a really nice goldish yellow. The designs were white and beautiful and they were flowers and leaves. There was food on the tables now. There was fruit; there were bananas, grapes, and strawberries. There were white plates.

I knew that the Spirit of God touched my heart and that having the dream was a miracle and that God sent the dream to my heart for a reason. I don't know why yet, but I will know soon when Zion comes down.

Right after I woke up, I started praying. I prayed, thanking God for sending me the dream, because I knew that He would send Zion down. I knew before that God was real, but I knew he was really real after that dream. I could feel God's Spirit with me all day and I knew he was creating a position for me, like He will have a spot for me saved. I can still feel the Spirit of God as I talk about my dream right now.

Grandma's Glasses

-by Hannah Holmes, age 8

We were at the Bingham-Waggoner estate (a BIG place with a large, grassy area) and my grandma lost her glasses. We looked and looked and couldn't find them.

Finally, we all came together and prayed. As soon as we prayed, Grandma turned around and saw them laying on the ground. They hadn't even been stepped on!

Grandma's Glasses, Part 2



-by Eric Miller, at age 7

One day, we were taking cousin pictures at the Bingham-Waggoner estate. Grandma was with us, and as we went to the parking lot to leave, she realized she didn't have her glasses. We looked all around, and we couldn't find them. Then we prayed. And within minutes we found them!

Boys and girls,

I am sure you have testimonies just like these about times God has helped you. Please write them down and send them to Zion's Call Magazine. (See the addresses on page 2.)

Your testimonies can be a blessing to many other people! Please share them!

I Thank God!

-by Tyler Hepworth, age 18

God has really blessed me. When I was three years old, I had pineoblastoma. I had a golf-ball-sized tumor on my pineal gland, which required brain surgery.

My family was praying for me and I was administered to. The surgery was a success.

It has been fourteen years now and I am cancer-free! I thank God for this wonderful blessing and for His love for me.

Even Before I Asked!

-by Kadan Martinko, age 13

This testimony happened when I was nine years old. That April, my grandma and grandpa went to Oregon. They were thinking of my brother and me a lot, so they bought us some stuff. One of those things was a speckled rock. I liked this rock so much, I carried it around wherever I went.

One day, I went to Braylon's baseball game. I was playing on top of a hill. I threw my rock up in the air and caught it. I did that over and over, until one time, I missed. The rock fell into the grass. I looked for it for the rest of the baseball game, but I didn't find it.

My dad called me and told me it was time to go. I started crying, because I wanted my rock. I asked Dad if we could look for it some more, and he said yes. We were looking and looking, but still didn't find it. Then my dad told me, "We have to go now."

I felt really sad. I was about to pray and ask God to help me find my rock. At that moment, I looked down and there it was! I know God helped me find my rock even before I asked him!

"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

— John Wesley

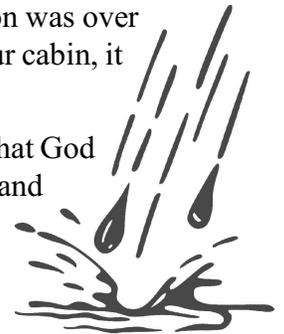
The Rain Stopped!

-by Terissa Kaullen, at age 14

This past summer I went to Mammoth Camp for the first time. One day, we were looking forward to going swimming in the lake for afternoon recreation, but it had been raining all day. If the rain kept up, we knew swimming would be cancelled.

After lunchtime, my friend and I went back to our cabin and prayed that the rain would stop just long enough for us to be outside for recreation. A few minutes after we finished praying, the rain stopped! We went to the lake and swam the entire recreation time. When recreation was over and we were walking back to our cabin, it started to rain again.

This was a testimony to me that God hears and answers our prayers, and that He cares about even the little things in our lives.



God Controlled the Rain

-by Heather Sneum, age 15

At Mammoth Camp this past summer, there were several days when it rained hard all morning. It would stop raining just before outdoor recreation time, and continue raining once recreation was over. I'm glad God controlled the rain for us, so we could have fun at camp.



What God Can Do

-by James Friend, Independence, Missouri

Would you like to hear about a miracle? One particular week I had a really challenging week with travel. If you don't travel for a living, be happy about that. Because it's always busy when I'm traveling, I carry with me a lithium ion battery pack to keep my phone charged so that I don't run out of energy to do what I need to do. It's a pretty expensive unit. I think I probably paid eighty dollars for it.

I got on a plane, my phone was low battery, and so I had to charge it. There are all kinds of difficulties on a plane with doing things like that, and the plane was crowded. It was not a pleasant experience. When I went to load up all my gear that I had out to work during the flight, I remembered wrapping the cord around this charger. I couldn't put it in my backpack at that moment, because I'm a large guy with short arms. I couldn't reach my backpack underneath the seat without invading the space of my neighbor, who didn't want that to happen.

When I get home, it's late and I need to put a little bit of energy into my phone before I go to bed. I don't have my charger, because my charger was connected to this battery, so I went to my backpack and looked for it. My backpack has sixteen different pockets and I checked every one of them. That battery was not in the backpack. I was frustrated by that, so I searched it a second time. By the end of the second search, I was actually kind of angry about it. I had left an expensive device on an airplane and had lost it.

When I got up the next morning, my backpack was right there in the office. I thought, "Well, it was dark, sort of, when I looked for it last night. Let me look again in the daylight. Maybe I'll find it. Maybe I am just old and my eyes are bad." So I dug through that backpack again. I even looked in the pockets where I knew that thing wouldn't fit. It was not in there.

I was frustrated about it, and I literally said out loud (I was by myself; no one was listening to me), "Lord, I am really a big ole' dummy. I left this thing on a plane, but I believe you have the capability to give that battery back to me. You know where it's at right now. It's on some plane, some place. I know you can do that, but I'm not going to ask for it back,

because I'm the one that forgot it. I need to be a little more responsible." And I went about my day.

That afternoon I was in and out of my office a lot. I was walking around my backpack, which was sitting right there by my desk, when I caught my foot on it. I was a little aggravated. I reached down and grabbed the handle of the backpack to pick it up, and when I did, the back of it fell open. I reach down to pick up the whole backpack, and there laying in perfectly clear sight in the largest pocket in the bag was that battery with the cable wrapped around it. It was as if it had just been placed there moments before.

Now, does anybody want to explain to me how that happened? That's God saying, "Look what I can do." He's the only one who can do that, right? It's beautiful. I had to thank Him.

I could have purchased a new one. He knows that. That's not the point. The point was that He performed a miracle just to tell me this: "I care about things, even when you make mistakes. I care about it. I'll do my work." And He showed me, right there. He can do that with every one of us, every single day. I believe that this is what He wants to do.



All
God's
Creatures



-by Jan (Ward) Duenas, Independence, Missouri

I love dogs. I truly believe it's a gift from God, because I have such a great love for them. About five years ago, I had a German short-hair pointer, as well as a little terrier mix. They were the best of friends and loved each other.

One day Gus, my big dog, for no reason, turned on the little guy, Wylie, and attacked him. I had a really long conversation with my vet, trying to figure out the why part of it. A few days later he did it again. It turned out that he had a brain tumor, and I had to put him to sleep. It about killed me, but God spoke to me through His word, and I knew it was okay.

Wylie, on the other hand, had lost his best friend, and was nursing some pretty deep physical wounds. A few days after we lost Gus, I was walking Wylie and literally out of nowhere this young black lab mix dog came up to us bouncing and jumping and just so happy to see us! This dog was obviously abandoned. His collar was way too tight, like it had been on him since he was a pup, and had no tags.

I ended up taking him home. I called into work that I would be late and took him to be scanned for a chip. No chip. So I called a friend, borrowed a kennel, and left for work. I called the shelters, checked lost and found, and did all I could to find his owner, but I knew he was another cute puppy that someone had taken home without thinking about the care and energy of a young dog.

I lived in a condo at the time, and while Murphy, as I named him, had all the traits of a really good dog, I knew he wasn't going to be a good fit for living in my condo with my elderly mother (who was out of town that week). Wylie was still afraid of him, after what he had been through.

The City of Independence animal shelter told me that if I kept him over a week, he was considered my dog. In order for them to take him, I had to release him within a week. So I took him there. Leaving that dog there was one of the harder things I have ever done.

I kept track of him on their website. They named him Thane, which was one of the most ridiculous names I have ever heard for a dog. And I prayed. I prayed with passion that someone good would adopt him and he would have a good home. After a few weeks, he wasn't on their website anymore, but I still prayed for him.

Maybe a month later, I was sitting at work on my break and decided to look through the newspaper. There was a picture of a volunteer walking a black dog outside of Wayside Waifs. The caption said the dog's name was Thane! I just sat there with tears in my eyes praising God in my heart for His loving kindness. He was telling me that dog that I prayed for was in a no-kill shelter and being cared for. I knew he was going to have a great home!

Later at home, I was praying again for Murphy/Thane, with passion for him to have a good

home. The Lord spoke to me and said when I prayed with that passion for His Kingdom, it would be.

I believe God cares for each of His creation, but His passion is for the Kingdom to be on earth as it is in heaven.



God's Answer To My Silent Prayer

-by Delores Champ-Heater, Oak Grove, Missouri

I am a Notary Public in the state of Missouri. I knew I would need to change my county of residence from Lafayette to Jackson when Dennis and I recently got married, so prior to our marriage, I looked over the form from the Secretary of State's office that I would need to fill out and send in, along with my current original Notary Certificate. Then apparently, I put the original certificate in a "safe place," one that I now can't remember where it is! But I do have a photocopy of it.

I prayed a silent prayer and looked all around the logical places I may have put it—to no avail. Then I thought I would call the Secretary of State's office to find out what to do, so I pulled up the website, and lo and behold, I was surprised to find that God answered my prayer in a different way! I could do all of this online, without having to submit the certificate at all—not even a copy of it. After all, their office has that information.

God has blessed me in SO MANY WAYS, and this was just one more way He "showed up."





Missed Opportunities

-by Ray Buckwalter, Bates City, Missouri

At work as a greeter, I meet a lot of people. During a conversation recently, a customer said he had been told he had only ninety days to live. I was not prepared to lead him to Jesus. All I said was, "I am sorry."

Caught completely off guard, Bible verses that I knew did not come to me. It was a new situation, and I was caught unprepared. By his speech, I felt he was not ready to meet God. I am ashamed that I did nothing to help him prepare for eternity.

We must be prepared at all times to witness to others and lead them to Christ when we are given the chance.



Taught from on High

-by Barbara Shellenberger, Holden, Missouri

Do Not Take the Lord's Name in Vain

This experience happened not long after I was converted to the gospel of Jesus Christ. I was alone in my mom's house watching TV. Something happened on the show that was shocking. I called out, "My—" and said God's name, when I was not calling out to Him.

Suddenly, I was aware that I should not say that. I knew it was God getting me out of my old ways of speaking. I cannot tell you what I was watching on TV that day, but I remember the lesson from God. At that moment, I knew not to ever say that again in that way. My habit of using His name in vain stopped that day.

The Parable of the Ten Virgins

As I was reading and pondering this parable, I wondered why the wise virgins, seeing as they were

the good ones, did not share with the others. The answer came—they could not share because each person has to gain their own understanding and relationship with Jesus. It is like a teacher who can guide you and help you, but cannot pour the information into your head. You cannot "give away" the relationship you have with someone else.

It was many years before I heard a preacher explain this—many years! So that day, I learned directly from God and gained the understanding I needed.

A Daughter's Testimony

My mom shared this testimony with me sometime in the 1980's, I think. A daughter of a good friend had called her with this testimony.

This lady's dad was a paraplegic, but first and foremost, he was a Latter Day Saint. They lived in the area of Sherman Oaks, California. Even with his handicap, her dad was able to do many things, including mowing the lawn for neighbors using special equipment.

At the close of his life, the dad was in a bed with his daughter sitting in a chair next to him. As he took his last breath, she saw him—or rather his spirit—leave his body. She said that she could feel the swish of his garment as he walked into the arms of his mother.



Do You Believe in Miracles?

-by Nancy Johnson, West Virginia

I believe God is alive and well, and He is working with His people today. I would like to share with you a testimony of two miracles. Our dear Sister Tiny Thomas fell down in her bathroom one Wednesday morning at 4:00 a.m. She had an emergency device around her neck but when she got up during the night, she took it off and put it on the dresser. She proceeded to the bathroom and fell.

Tiny knew she was in trouble. She lay on the floor for four hours. She began to get cold and was in severe pain. She dragged herself from the bathroom to her living room. She got to the phone and called her

son Mike. Mike called the emergency squad, and they admitted her to the hospital.

Mike called Fred and me on Wednesday evening and we went to the hospital in Weston early Thursday morning. They couldn't operate on Tiny until Friday morning because the doctor had four hip replacements to do on Thursday. Mike said Tiny did not recognize anyone. She was heavily sedated and in a lot of pain.

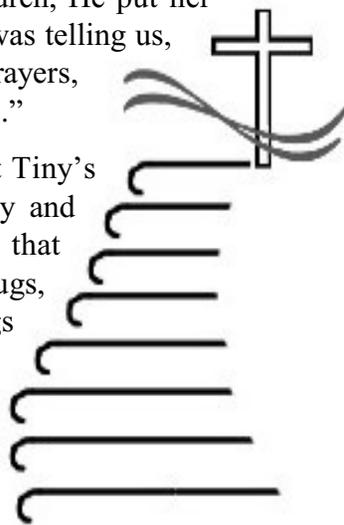
Fred and I walked over to see her to let her know we were there. I sat down beside her and rubbed her hands. She opened her eyes and asked for a drink of water. I gave her water and asked if she needed anything else. She whispered and said, "I want Fred to administer to me."

Fred got his oil out and anointed her with oil. In his prayer, he told God Tiny was ready to come home to Him. She was ready to receive her reward. We both had asked God to please let her die and be relieved of her pain. She said she was ready to come home to Him.

When Tiny had surgery on Friday morning, the doctor came to the waiting room and told the family he had never seen anything like it. Tiny had broken her hip in four places. He said when he opened Tiny up, the bones just went back into place. They fit perfectly. Tiny lived about twelve hours after the surgery without pain until she passed away.

She was ready to go home to her reward. God answered Tiny, Fred, and my prayers. What a miracle! He allowed Tiny to die, and as a testimony for her family and the Church, He put her bones back together. He was telling us, "I am here! I hear your prayers, and I still perform miracles."

When Fred preached at Tiny's funeral, he told her family and friends who were there that Tiny didn't rely on drugs, alcohol, or the other things this life had to offer to get her through her trials and burdens. Tiny relied on God and God only.



"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:5-6).

Trust in the Lord Our God

-by Bill Whenham, Independence, Missouri

On April 15, 2018, I had just gotten back from an endurance hike in Nebraska. I hadn't been working for some time; most of my focus had been on the hike and preparing for it. I had prayed often about my work situation, but I kept feeling like those prayers wouldn't be answered until after the hike was over. Even though I wasn't working, the Lord provided for me and my family even when on paper it didn't add up or make sense. He provided—bills were still paid, and we were never without food. When things looked hopeless, He provided.

The week after I got back from the hike I knew it was time to find work. That same week I had three job offers, all from very good companies. Now I didn't know which one I needed to choose. I asked the Lord for direction. In my mind I thought it would have been much easier if the Lord had given me just one job offer.

I continued to pray about it down to the last hour—even until I made the phone call to choose. I had been leaning toward one company, but as I called the first company to turn them down, the Lord comforted me, so I asked them for a little more information about how they worked and what exactly I would be doing. It was pretty much what I was looking for. That conversation led to me accepting the job and agreeing to start work that Monday.

As I got off the phone, I was kind of puzzled at what had just happened, but decided to call the other company—the one I was leaning toward in the first place—to tell them thank you for the opportunity, but I'd be going another direction. When I called the gentleman who had offered me the job, he didn't know who I was. I had to explain to him that he had offered me a job.

Right there I knew the Lord had guided me in my decision. He is so good to us, but we need to go to Him in everything we do and trust in the Lord our God.

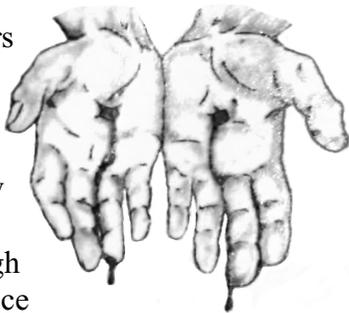
Is Jesus Christ Your Personal Savior?

-by Diana Allman

How many times have you heard this? I had heard it so many times that I became fully frustrated, because I didn't have an answer. I was raised to believe that Jesus died for me, but I had no personal experience that made me feel He was my personal Savior.

My parents' strong conviction in the RLDS faith placed me periodically in experiences I could not escape. I dared not deny a higher power and was moved to be humble in my heart. My talents in music were truly a gift from God and not obtained through my own doings.

When I was forty-five years old, I desperately prayed that I might know that Jesus died for me. After weeks of praying, I had a dream. I saw a pair of hands—scarred and dripping with blood, as though they had been pierced. A voice said to me, “With these hands, I died for you.” Then the vision was gone.



I awoke sobbing. The tears ran down my cheeks. Jesus was MY Savior and He died for me on the cross. I felt so sad and sorry that it had to be so that my sins could be forgiven.

I thanked God for that experience and asked for forgiveness. I prayed to be a servant worthy of His love. “Lord, may we always put our trust in Thee and know from whence cometh our blessings.”

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“Yea, remember that there is no other way nor means whereby man can be saved, Only through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ . . .”
(Helaman 2:71).

*“A man's heart deviseth his way;
but the Lord directeth his steps”*
(Proverbs 16:9).

God Is in Charge

-by Alice Ruble, Independence, Missouri

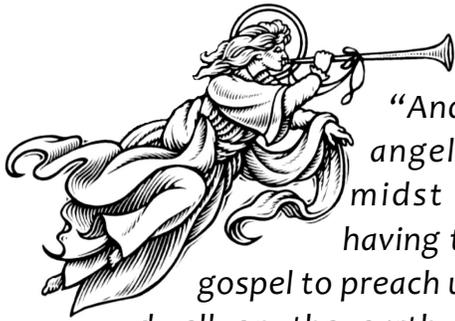
One Friday evening in the fall of 2017 as I took out my contacts for the night, one of them just rolled away and I could not find it anywhere. I searched and searched and prayed. I used a flashlight and crawled around on my hands and knees to no avail. This created a problem for me, as I was planning the next day to go to Terra natural foods store to take advantage of their 10% off day, and I could not drive without this contact.

Finally, I had to give up and go to bed. I was still praying. I thought, “Surely I will find it in the morning.” I was concerned that I might walk on it and damage it. Morning came and still could not find the contact, so decided I could not go to Terra. I wondered if God did not want me to go for some reason. I had to resign myself to stay home.

I did continue to watch for the contact as I would need it to drive to church the next day on Sunday. About 3:30 in the afternoon, I saw the contact very plainly laying on the carpet with light reflecting off of it. I don't know why I hadn't seen it before. Perhaps I may have even walked on it in my search. It was too late to go shopping. Maybe there was a reason for it, I thought.

I knew my checking account was low, but I had not balanced it yet. I had felt there was enough money in it to do the shopping at Terra that I had planned. As it turned out, by the time I spent the necessities for the rest of the month, I only had a little over \$8.00 left in the account.

This tells me that God is even aware of our checking accounts and that He was preventing me from getting in trouble. I try to remember when there is a major roadblock put in my way on anything I try to do, that God is in charge. Allowing Him to direct in His way is what is best—not my way.



“And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, Saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters” (Revelation 14:6-7).

What a Blessing!

-by Woody Kitchen, Ohio

I would like to preface my testimony with this comment: I was blessed with believing parents and other relatives. Early in my life, I was taken to church by my grandmother (Dad’s side), and his sister and brothers. I also visited several different religious groups, but could not find a “church home” as some referred to it. Some would have settled or given up, but not me. I had to leave the state of Ohio (Can you imagine that?) and go to West Virginia to find God.

I met a young girl who was a candy striper and tended to my Dad when he was in the hospital one year after a heart attack. He tried to matchmake. It worked! I didn’t know she was an RLDS girl. We ended up getting “hitched” and had “little people.”

I wasn’t finding good work in Ohio, so, we packed up what we had and moved to the Morgantown, West Virginia / Uniontown, Pennsylvania area. It still took a few more years as I sort of started looking for God again.

I started going to the Morgantown Restoration Mission. Elder James “Les” Jefferies was the pastor (and my father-in-law, too). I heard some of the visiting ministry and was interested. I was “feeling” things I needed, but had not heard this way before.

I hid behind mirror-lensed sunglasses. (I did not want the fellows up front to look into my soul.) I had all manner of questions and asked Les to let me borrow and read church materials. I had taken a bite of the worm and was making the bobber jump.

I was invited to go to a reunion in Jackson, Ohio, to pick up some folks that were there. We found Brother Kenny, the district president. He asked the person I was with, “What is going on in Morgantown?” His question was answered by being told some baptisms were coming up. He asked, “Anyone I know?” When Kenny was told one of the candidates was me, he turned with tears in his eyes and said, “I’ve been waiting a long time to hear this.”

I was baptized in Cheat Lake, and in 1977 a call to the priesthood followed. I was blessed to attend the three-day conference at the Wheeling Island Branch, where I was ordained. Kenny had gone to be with Jesus, and wasn’t present in the flesh for my ordination.

While the hands of the elders were on my head and their prayers were being spoken, I saw a vast darkness (blacker than black), and as I continued to look, I saw a white dot way off in the distance. I also saw I was above something that looked like clothes fluttering in a breeze.

As I looked, I noticed it had a shape like an angel, and the position of this angel was that of flying. Its shoulders were rounded in the position of holding or carrying something in both arms. I mentioned this to a few of the brothers present. What I saw was a vision of an angel in the midst of heaven carrying the everlasting gospel back to earth.

I still tear up when I relate this experience. What a blessing! This was not the only confirmation for me regarding the truthfulness of this gospel. I pray this testimony will be a blessing to someone and if God wills it, perhaps to many people. I owe Him so much for saving my soul! I ask for your prayers so that I will continue to serve Him through His people and receive other gifts of His Spirit to share.

I will close with a few words from one of my favorite hymns: “God be with you till we meet again . . . Till we meet at Jesus’ feet.”

== All Praises and Glory to His Holy Name ==

-by Yvonne Hursh, Missouri



Around the turn of the century, I had about thirty long-wool sheep to care for on my farm, and also a health food store twenty-five miles away. A friend had given me a long ladder that I used to get into the loft in the barn. It was late summer and the loft was so full of hay that it was stacked clear up into the rafters. I was using the hay on the shorter, west side of the loft.

One morning, I climbed the ladder into the loft to throw down hay for the sheep. The first bale hit the ladder, moving it off to the side so far that it was out of my reach to try to get it back. I even laid down between the bales to try to get it back with no luck. I thought of climbing over the bales on the long side of the loft to where there was a built-in ladder to the floor, but the hay was stacked so high above the rafters that this hope was dashed immediately.

Now, how was I to get down out of the loft? None of my customers at the health food store knew my last name, for I lived alone and sort of guarded my identity. It looked as if I might be stuck up there forever.

Then I decided to throw bales down raising the level of the floor so I'd be able to, maybe, step down onto the bales. It was a good idea, but it didn't work as the bales bounced in every direction even though I rolled them slowly off the floor of the loft. Now I was in a predicament, needing to get to town and open the shop.

Only one recourse was left—prayer. I stood there and prayed for the Lord to get me down. Nothing happened.

There was nothing left to do except to keep on rolling bales off the floor of the loft and hoping against hope that they would stop bouncing away; so I rolled a bale to the edge and slowly let it go.

Unbelievably, it seemed an unseen hand wedged that bale against the short wall below and pushed the ladder back within my reach. I was able to climb right down as easily as can be, the ladder firmly in place, and was able to open the shop on time.

When I got home that night I began to neatly stack all those bounced bales, but kept my eye on the one that enabled me to climb down from the loft.

When I got to that bale, I studied its placement long and hard. There was absolutely no way it could naturally have happened. An unseen power had to have placed it where it was against the ladder, wedging it firmly so that I could get down from the loft.

I'm so grateful for God's loving care. We've no idea how much He cares for each of us, and we tend to be so negligent of Him and of His words to us. If we fail to read His word, how can we know His commands in order to be obedient to them? At the time this occurred I was reading the Holy Scriptures, the Book of Mormon, and the Doctrine and Covenants through each year. Since then, because of a sermon, I have added the Lectures on Faith, which I had not known existed.

I'm certainly not saying that He enabled me to get down from the loft because I was doing that. I really don't know why He is so good to me, except that He loves us and wants to help us and to keep us out of trouble. Too often we fail to consult Him until we've already gotten ourselves into the trouble, and sometimes, we have fallen so far short that it requires so much more even to ease the pain. Other times, we get in so deeply that He allows it to help us learn by our mistakes.

At eighty-eight years old, I'm still learning and I feel I'm still growing in both knowledge and faith. All praises and glory be to His holy name.

Climbing Higher

-by Debbie Norman, Oak Grove, Missouri

Last July, our family took a short trip to Colorado. I loved the opportunity to be in the mountains. They are always awe-inspiring and remind me of the greatness and power of God. One day, our son Jared invited his sister Elizabeth and me to accompany him on a trail run to the summit of Peak One. The trail started from the town of Frisco (near where we were staying) at an elevation of 9,140 feet and ended on the top of Peak One at 12,805 feet. It was steep, but not too difficult, he reassured us. Looking up at the mountain, I had a hard time envisioning myself up there. It looked far away and impossible to reach.

We packed our food, water, and jackets, and set out. It was a lovely sunshiny day. The trail was indeed steep, and we mostly hiked the upward journey, but we were enjoying ourselves. Along the way were magnificent overlooks of Dillon Lake far below to the east. As we climbed higher and across the shoulder of the mountain, we looked straight down for what seemed thousands of feet to I-70 Highway and across the mountains to the north and west.

After a couple hours, we climbed above the tree line and the trail grew rougher. When we reached the area called Victoria Peak, it felt like a victory to me. Victoria Peak is not really a peak at all. There is an old non-operating radio tower there and a lovely meadow. At Victoria Peak, we met a man waiting for the rest of his group to get back from the summit. He felt like he had accomplished enough for the day just reaching Vitoria Peak.

I looked upward to the summit of Peak One. Where was the trail? There appeared to be no way up to the top, only forbidding rock cliffs. Why did I think I could reach the summit? "I think I will just wait here, too," I said. "There's no way I can get up there."

But Jared and Elizabeth would have none of it and insisted that I continue on. "You will be so disappointed if you don't make it all the way up," they told me.

"And I might fall off the mountain and die if I keep going," I thought to myself. But I went on.

We scrambled from boulder to boulder across the treeless tundra. As we moved forward, the way

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Sometimes we could only see a few feet of the trail, but more came into view as we climbed. Sometimes we could not find the trail at all, but as we moved forward, searching, we picked it up again.

The trail was rocky and exposed. I felt like if I slipped, I would fall off the mountain, but my kids assured me that was not so. I would only slide down a short ways before stopping. The air was thin, and I had to stop every few minutes to breathe. I hung onto rocks and clamored higher and higher, trying to subdue my fear. I was WAY out of my comfort zone. And then suddenly, there was one last scramble, and we were at the top!

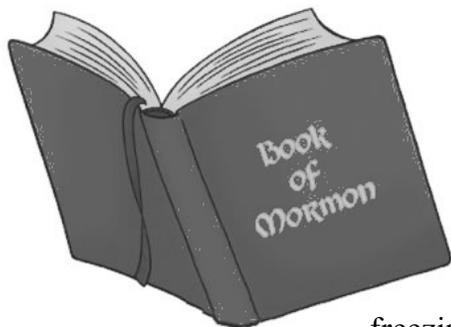
I stood up in triumph and looked around me at the glorious vista of mountain ranges in all directions. I had done it! What seemed impossible to me had been accomplished. I was thankful that I had not stopped before reaching the summit. What an adventure! (I felt so much more confident on the downward trip. And there was a lot more running!)

Later as I pondered on the day, God spoke to my heart about His Kingdom—about Zion. The way seems long and steep. We want to stop in the pleasant sunny meadow. Surely we have done enough. But God calls us to climb higher. So we raise our eyes and look upward, but where is the way? We cannot see the path to that pinnacle of the mountain of the Lord. It seems impossible to reach it. And yet, if we move forward by faith, the path is revealed to us—never more than a few feet at a time and only as we climb higher.

What seems impossible will become reality if we trust Him and climb upward step by step. And the joy we will have when we reach that summit will be incomparably rich.

“Well Done, My Good and Faithful Servant”

Alma 3:7-78



It was Sunday morning February 11, 2018. We had received a light coating of freezing precipitation overnight and it was slick in my driveway when I went out at 6:00 a.m. to get my newspaper. I read my Book of Mormon while waiting for the time to get ready for church. I was reading in Alma 3:7-78, as I have many times before.

I checked my email at 7:30 to see if church had been cancelled. There was nothing there, so I got ready for church at the regular time. However, when I arrived at the church, I realized services must have been cancelled because there were only two vehicles in the parking lot. I talked to a person in one of the vehicles and was told that the email stating church was cancelled was sent out at 8:00 a.m.

As I headed home, I felt impressed that this morning was the time for me to write my testimony as to why the verses I had been reading in Alma 3:7-78 are so important to me.

It was on March 8, 2017 when my wife Shirley was admitted to the hospital because of difficulty breathing. I took her to the emergency room, and after several tests and x-rays, she was admitted into ICU because she had double pneumonia. She was put on oxygen as soon as she was checked in because her level was down to 80%. Normal is around 97% or above. They continued the oxygen when she was settled in her room.

The first two days, they had her sitting in a chair for short periods, but after that she was confined to the bed because of her breathing difficulty. After about the fifth day, she asked me to read to her from Alma 3:7-78. I didn't realize at first why that particular section was so important to her. She asked me to read it to her each day and the more times I read it, the more I began to understand why it was so important to

-by Dennis Heater, Oak Grove, Missouri

her. I believe she realized that the Lord was telling her to prepare herself to be called to her heavenly home to be with Him and that her time was short.

This section of the Book of Mormon is about preparing oneself to leave our earthly home and take the next journey to our heavenly home. She was looking back on her life to be sure she had done all she could to be prepared for the final day when He would call her and take her home. It was harder for me after that to read the words to her, knowing what it meant. I did not want to give her up.

In verse eight, it begins when Alma is asking the people if they had remembered the mercy and the long suffering that God had upon their forefathers, that He had delivered their souls from hell. They were encircled by the bands of death and chains of hell, but their souls were illuminated by the light of His everlasting Word and they were not destroyed, but saved. It was because they humbled themselves and put their trust in Him until the end.

Beginning in the twenty-seventh verse, Alma asked many questions to the people of the Church:

Verse 27— *“Have ye spiritually been born of God?”* Because of the covenant we have made with Christ, our hearts are changed through our faith. (See Mosiah 3:9).

Verse 28— *“Have ye received his image in your countenances?”*

Verse 29— *“Have ye experienced this mighty change in your hearts?”*

Verse 30— *“Do ye exercise faith in the redemption of him who created you?”* Have you been changed from a carnal and fallen state to a state of righteousness? (See Mosiah 11:188.)

Verse 31— *“Do you look forward with an eye of faith, and view this mortal body raised in immortality . . . ?”* *“I say unto you, that this mortal body is raised to an immortal body . . . even from the first death, unto life, that they can die no more”* (Alma 8:106).

Verse 32— *“Can you imagine to yourselves that ye hear the voice of the Lord, saying unto you, in that day, Come unto me ye blessed, for behold, your works have been the works of righteousness upon the face of the earth?”*

“For the day should come that they must be judged of their works, yea, even the works which were done by the temporal body in their days of probation” (1 Nephi 4:52).

Verse 36— *“Can ye look up to God at that day with a pure heart and clean hands?”*

“And blessed are all the pure in heart, for they shall see God” (3 Nephi 5:55).

Verse 37— *“Can you look up, having the image of God engraven upon your countenances?”*

“Yea, even all men were created in the beginning, after mine own image. Behold this body, which ye now behold, is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit” (Ether 1:80-81).

Verse 46— *“If ye have experienced a change of heart, and if ye have felt to sing the song of redeeming love, I would ask, Can ye feel so now?”*

Verse 47— *“Have ye walked, keeping yourselves blameless before God?”*

Verse 48— *“Could ye say, if ye were called to die at this time . . . that ye have been sufficiently humble?”*

Verse 49— *“That your garments have been cleansed and made white, through the blood of Christ?”*

Verse 50— *“Behold, are ye stripped of pride?”*

Verse 53— *“Prepare quickly, for the hour is close at hand.”* (I believe Shirley realized this.)

Verse 57— *“. . . and he saith, Repent, and I will receive you.”*

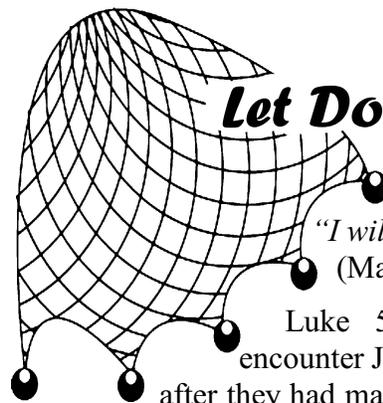
“Repent all ye ends of the earth, for the kingdom of heaven is soon at hand” (Alma 3:87).

Verse 58— *“Yea, he saith, Come unto me and ye shall partake of the fruit of the tree of life; yea, ye shall eat and drink of the bread and the waters of life freely.”*

I believe in all sincerity of heart that Shirley could have answered yes to each of these questions. Can you answer yes to them?

Neither one of us realized when Shirley walked through the front door of the hospital that she was going to pass through another door when she left. After twelve days, the Lord called her home to be with Him. She is now working with the Lord to finish up all the work she left unfinished here on earth. I believe the Lord said, “Your work on earth is finished, my good and faithful servant. Come home to me.”

May you get the same feeling that Shirley did as you read Alma 3:7-78. Let us not wait until the last minute here on earth to prepare for the next step we will have to make when our Heavenly Father calls to take us home. Will He say to us, “Well done, my good and faithful servant” ?



Let Down Your Net

-by Edgar Pillsbury

“I will make you fishers of men”
(Matthew 4:18).

Luke 5:4-6 informs us of an encounter Jesus had with His disciples after they had made many failed attempts to bring in a catch while fishing. They had *“toiled all the night”* and *“taken nothing.”* Christ advised them to *“Launch out into the deep, and let down your net for a draught.”*

After having responded to the Lord’s guidance, the men brought up a net loaded beyond its capacity with fish and were obliged to summon the assistance of fishermen sailing in another vessel.

To us in latter days, Christ’s overture is stated differently: *“The field is white already to harvest”* (Doctrine and Covenants 4:1c). How many of us have taken this admonition seriously? Those who have can readily attest that they have met with great success. Have you reached out into the deep with your net and attempted to reap for your Savior?

The place to start is right where you are. Who knows? Perhaps you will bring forth a precious soul for the Lord. However, if your net comes up empty, don’t get discouraged. Try again, and again, and again, until you bring someone to your Lord and Savior, for *“The worth of souls is great in the sight of God”* (D&C 16:3c).

A Testimony about My Dad

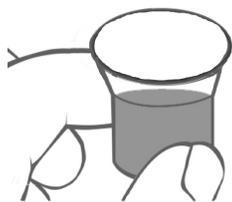
-by Glenn Cottrill, West Virginia

On December 4, 2011, my nephew, Elder Jacob Cottrill, and I had the privilege of serving my dad, Elder William Cottrill, the sacrament of the Lord's supper for what would be the last time to share with him in this ordinance here on this earth.

My dad was ninety-four years old and his physical health had been failing for some time. His mental and spiritual health remained remarkably strong until his last breath of life. Dad had been in the hospital the week before Thanksgiving, and it was determined that his time to live would be short. The family decided it would be best for him to spend his last days in his own home where he had lived for the past seventy years. He came home on Thanksgiving day.

From that day until December 7, 2011, the day of his death, he was surrounded by family and friends twenty-four hours a day. Never was there a day or night when there wasn't at least one daughter and a granddaughter there to see to his every need. His granddaughter, Cheryl, is a teaching RN, now living in California. Mom recently remarked jokingly that she and the girls were now qualified to become registered nurses.

The morning of December 4, 2011 was Sacrament Sunday. The girls had kept trying to get Dad to drink a little something all morning long. Mostly they just wanted to see to it that he was resting and pain free. He kept refusing their offers and finally said to them,



“I have something that I need to do first.” It wasn't until after we had served both Dad and Mom the sacrament that I learned what had taken place that morning.

For more than sixty years it had always been Dad's custom to walk humbly and to keep the commandments God has given us. No one had reminded Dad—nor did they need to—that this was the Lord's Day and also Sacrament Sunday. He just knew. How?

Let me close in sharing one of Dad's favorite Scriptures. D&C 6:16: *“Therefore fear not, little flock, do good, let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my Rock, they can not prevail.*

Behold, I do not condemn you, go your ways and sin no more: perform with soberness the work which I have commanded you; look unto me in every thought, doubt not, fear not: behold the wounds which pierced my side, and also the prints of the nails in my hands and feet; be faithful; keep my commandments, and ye shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Amen.”



The Power of Prayer

-by Carol Tracewell

Years ago when they were young, three of my grandsons were visiting for the summer. They were getting rowdy, and I was losing my patience. “You guys get outside and take a walk,” I said, with tears welling up in my eyes. They shut the dogs up in their pens, so they wouldn't follow them.

I went to the closet and prayed that God would help me have patience and that He would teach me how to deal with the boys in the way Jesus would teach me if He were here.

I went about my work and time passed. No boys. I began to worry. I went outside just as the boys came running over the hill. They went directly inside and to their bedroom. When they failed to come out, after awhile I went into the bedroom. All three boys were knelt down praying. When they saw me, they got up and told me they were thanking God for helping them find their way home.

They said that while they were walking in the woods, they got lost and couldn't find their way out. It was getting dark, so Aaron said, “Let's all three kneel down and pray and ask God to help us find our way.”

Soon Bryan hollered, “Hey, guys, I know the way! Follow me. See the light? It's shining all the way, making a path.” So Bryan led the way and they came out in our backyard.

The power of prayer! Those boys knew to pray for help. We all received a blessing, and things were much better the rest of their visit.

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One Small Act of Kindness at a Time

-by Lori Smith, Oak Grove, Missouri

There is a Christian song out now called “Dream Small” which speaks of the little things each of us do in our daily lives to spread the love of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit has borne witness of this to me in speaking to me on a daily basis about the small things I can do for others in my life.

I think I am like most people—basically selfish by nature. Jesus’ message when He came to this earth was summarized in the two greatest commandments found in Mark 12:34-36:

And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is; Hearken, and hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord;

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

This is the first commandment. And the second is like this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

These commandments are in total contradiction to the selfish carnal man. We are called to higher ground—to consider the needs of others above our own. For a selfish person, this is a difficult process because it’s a different perspective.

Here are some of the things the Spirit has made me aware of at the grocery store:

- Stop walking past the grocery cart rack in the parking lot when it has carts in it. Take a cart from that rack instead of getting one inside the store. This means an employee doesn’t have to retrieve those carts. If enough people do this, it will make an impact on this one person’s life.

Better than that, after you’re done shopping and put your groceries in your car, why not take the cart back into the store (if you’re able) instead of placing it in the cart rack for someone to retrieve?

- When you see someone can’t reach something in the store, help them get it.

- Be pleasant to all you come in contact with.

- Stop rushing about as if everyone who gets in your way is a hindrance. Maybe God has placed that person in your path today for you to be a witness of Jesus Christ.

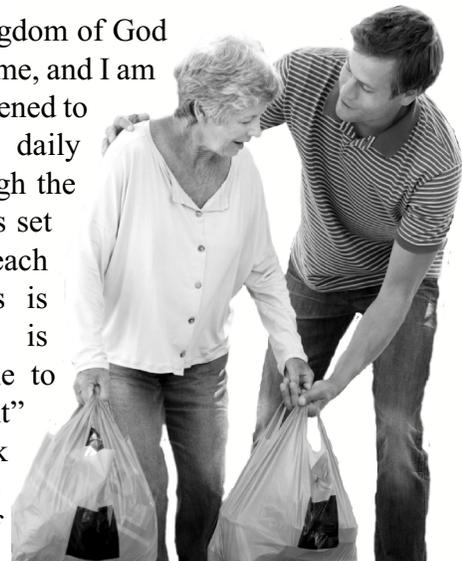
- When checking out at the register, help the person behind you put their groceries on the conveyor belt.

- Be friendly and appreciative to all the Lord brings across your path. A kind word will brighten someone else’s day.

My opportunities to witness of Jesus Christ’s love are endless wherever I go. I don’t need to go to a foreign land and be a missionary there. I am called to the mission field I am in now.

I don’t need to wait for Zion to live a Zion-focused life. Zion is a product of living Zionically now. If I want the kingdom of God to come, I need to be aware of the small work God has given me and take it up whole-heartedly.

The Kingdom of God lies within me, and I am being awakened to this on a daily basis through the work that is set before me each day. This is how God is teaching me to be a “light” in this dark world—one small act of kindness at a time.





Even though my dad passed away in 1994, his testimony lives on in my life and gives me constant strength and faith in God. He was active as a high priest serving God til the day he passed on to his heavenly reward. I love and miss him so very much, but I know that I will someday see him again.

My Cup Runneth Over

-by Wendell L. Charles, deceased (submitted by his daughter, Lana Kay [Charles] Stamper)

My church life began in southern Ohio. I shall always remember the teachings of my mother, the good words of my father, and the precepts my dear, kind Sunday school teacher who taught in the congregation at Sinking Spring.

In 1943, I went into the Navy. During this period of time I drifted from the Church and only attended occasionally; yet the teachings of my youth always seemed to stay in the back of my mind. I was discharged after serving my country for three-and-one-half years. In 1946, I married. From the marriage came two beautiful daughters, Sherrie and Lana. My employer transferred me to Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1955. I accepted the move in hopes of saving my marriage, but it didn't help, and my marriage ended in divorce.

In February 1957, I had an experience—one I shall never forget. As I was walking down the streets of Indianapolis, “a still small voice” spoke to me. “Your mother never taught you to do the things you are now doing.” I looked around me, but found myself alone on the street. The message came to me three times.

I returned to my small, dingy, sleeping room. I looked in the mirror and upon seeing my image, asked myself, “What am I doing with my life?” I sat down and reached for a book which was on a nearby table. It was a Book of Mormon, which my mother had given me years before. As I began to read, a good feeling came over me. I later realized it was the good Spirit ministering to me.

The first line of the Book of Nephi reads, “I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents . . .” This again brought back to my mind the teachings of my parents, and I decided it was time for me to look up the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints once again. The experience happened to me on a Saturday. Sunday morning found me walking through the doors of my church.

The Saints were so kind and good to me that I felt I was the prodigal son who had finally come home. Although I knew no one, they treated me as though they had known me all their lives. I felt loved and welcome. Brother Harold I. Velt held a preaching series, and I attended each and every one of those services, listening to his every word as he explained the Gospel. It helped me to understand it more fully, even though I had been a member for all these years. I shall never forget those beautiful people from the Indianapolis Branch.

There were three men in particular who really helped me to put my house in order and to develop a new life for my girls and myself. Also, the Bunnell household and many more people in the congregation helped me to develop my talents and realize what a strong testimony of Christ and His Church that I really have.

In August 1959, my former wife was killed in an automobile accident. It was quite a shock to us all. After the experience of completely caring for my girls for over a year, I knew that I must find another companion—one who had the same spiritual beliefs as my own. My girls were at the age when they would be needing the love and guidance of a mother.

Brother Crabb proposed this hypothetical question to me: “Where do you think would be a good place to find that kind of companion?” We both agreed that a reunion would be the best place. So I began to fast and pray before going to the Southern Indiana Reunion, which would be held at Rivervale, Indiana.

During the time I was praying and fasting, there was a woman also praying and fasting that she might meet a suitable companion and father for her two small children, Debbie and Bob. She went to the Northern Indiana Reunion the same week I left for the Southern Indiana Reunion. Circumstances caused her to have to leave the reunion early and return home.

Her mother volunteered to care for her children if she would like to finish the week at the Southern Indiana Reunion, where she had many relatives. She agreed.

On Wednesday of that same week, she walked onto the reunion grounds at Rivervale. Brother Crabb saw her and turned to me. "There is your next wife," he said. The Lord must have directed him to say that because as the week proceeded, we became friends.

After reunion, we kept in touch and began to date. Exactly three months later, Joyce and I united in marriage at the Indianapolis Church. We brought our two families together and began to function as one. Our marriage was a good one and still is. We have added two more children to our family, Wendy and Gary. In November 1979, we will have been married for twenty years. I know there is a loving God who answers prayers, for only God could have brought us together in this way.

In 1960, the Lord called me to serve him as a priest. I had a memorable experience during this period of time. As I prayed for my mother-in-law during an illness, she was blessed by the ministering of angels. Her pain was taken from her and she began to feel better immediately.

The Lord gave me another experience when I was called to serve as an elder. The still small voice once again spoke to me saying, "My son, you know that you are the one whom I have called to the Melchisedec priesthood." I have served in that capacity for seventeen years, and the Lord has blessed me and my family many times as we have been healed with the laying on of hands by the elders. I have served as presiding elder in the Springfield, Ohio, congregation for several years since our move there from Indianapolis in 1963. We try to be of service to our Master and His people.

As God spoke to Nephi in those days long ago, He also spoke to me on those streets in Indianapolis twenty-two years ago. I know God speaks today if we will only obey and remain faithful and serve Him as best we know how.



There's a Voice in the Wilderness Crying

There's a voice in the wilderness crying,
A call from the ways untrod:
Prepare in the desert a highway,
A highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted,
The lofty hills brought low;
Make straight all the crooked places,
Where the Lord our God may go!

O Zion, that bringest good tidings,
Get thee up to the heights and sing!
Proclaim to a desolate people
The coming of their King.
Like the flowers of the field they perish,
The works of men decay,
The power and pomp of nations
Shall pass like a dream away.

But the word of our God endureth,
The arm of the Lord is strong;
He stands in the midst of nations,
And He will right the wrong.
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,
And fold the lambs to His breast;
In pastures of peace He'll lead them,
And give to the weary rest.

There's a voice in the wilderness crying,
A call from the ways untrod:
Prepare in the desert a highway,
A highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted,
The lofty hills brought low;
Make straight all the crooked places,
Where the Lord our God may go!

—James Lewis Milligan



Mighty Miracles!

-by Flossie Palmeri Geiersbach,
Oak Grove, Missouri

On Tuesday evening, August 7, 2018, I didn't feel very well, and I told my husband Ed that I just didn't feel right. I lay down on the sofa and started praying and asking the Lord to please help me. I didn't know what was happening; I just didn't feel right.

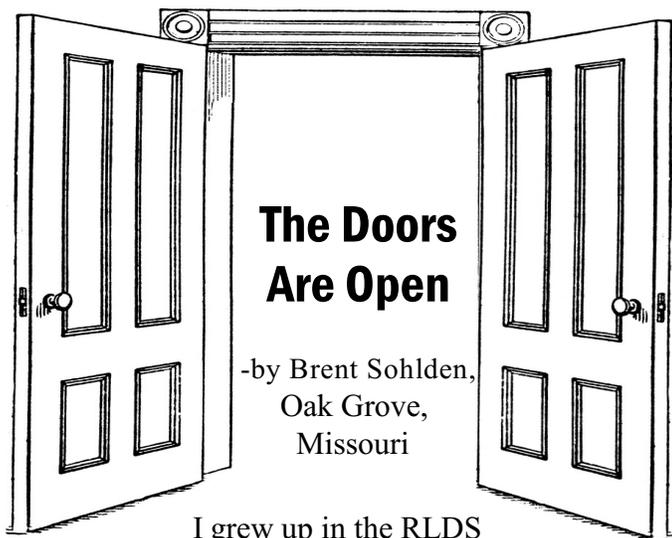
I asked Ed (who is an elder) to administer to me. After the administration I lay back down on the sofa. I kept praying and asking the Lord what was wrong with me. After a while a voice spoke in my head and told me to take my blood pressure. I got up and went to the dining room table where the blood pressure cuff was and took my blood pressure. My blood pressure was low, but not dangerously low, but when I looked at the pulse rate it read 133. I told Ed that was not good and asked him to call his daughter Cheryl, who is a doctor. She told him to take me to Saint Luke's hospital—now!

We drove to the hospital, praying all the way. When we got to the emergency room, they immediately took me into a room and got me into a gown and hooked up to a lot of machines and IV's in my arms. They even had two IV's in one arm. They said I was in A-Fib and the meds in the IV's should help my heart rate come down.

At 11:00 p.m., they said I would have to spend the night, so I told Ed to go home and get some rest. It was too late to call anyone for prayers, so Ed and I spent most of the night praying.

The next morning, I only had time to call one friend for prayers as doctors and nurses were constantly coming in the room. Somehow it got out on Facebook that I needed prayers and the people started praying. Thank you, everyone!

Ed arrived at the hospital the next morning at 9:00 a.m. The doctor came into the room and told us I would need to have my heart shocked back into normal rhythm. He used a bigger word, but he said that shocking the heart is what it meant and he explained how it would be done. I immediately said, "Do it."



I grew up in the RLDS

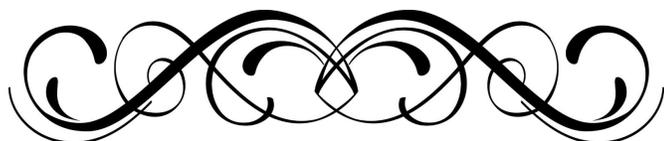
Church in Michigan, but my father forbade me to be baptized when I was eight. I did not really see the RLDS Church as distinct from any other churches until I was about seventeen, when my Uncle Mark partially convinced me of the truth of the Gospel. But again, my dad turned me away from the Church and away from my uncle.

It wasn't until I was nineteen and out from under my dad's jurisdiction that I began to believe again, after my Uncle Mark got me to read most of a book that was a commentary on Genesis, chapters one through seven of the Inspired Version.

In 2005, I decided to move to Missouri. My Grandmother Sohlden dropped me off there, and I stayed with Joy and Cecil Soper. I was baptized that year (at Israel's Gathering Restoration Branch in Buckner). In 2009, circumstances led me back to Michigan, but I pledged that I would return to Zion one day.

In 2015, I was lying in bed when I heard a Voice say, "Go back," then, "The doors are open," and then, "Now!" Not long afterward, I packed and Joy Soper picked me up and drove me to Missouri. Again, the Sopers put me up in their house in Oak Grove until I could move out on my own into an apartment.

Then in 2018, I started attending and became a member of the Oak Grove Restoration Branch.



At 11:00 a.m., they took me down to a room right outside the procedure room and the nurses prepared me with all their equipment and new IV's. I kept praying. I told the Lord if He wanted to take me home to be with Him, I was ready, but if He left me here on earth with Ed that we would work together to serve Him. I just kept repeating that prayer and also praying that the Lord would bless my dear husband and bring peace and comfort to him.

Just before I was to go into the procedure room, a Medtronic technician came into the room I was in and said he wanted to check my pacemaker to make sure it was working properly. He hooked me up to his machine and started reading the printout.

All of a sudden he said, "You don't need this procedure. Your heart has converted back to normal rhythm." The joy I felt was unbelievable. I couldn't stop praising the Lord! I knew the Lord had returned my heart to its normal rate.

Just then the doctor came in, introduced herself, and said, "I'm ready to take you in now."

The technician said, "She doesn't need you. Her heart has returned to normal rhythm."

The doctor said, "Really? This has never happened before that someone got right outside the procedure room and their heart came out of atrial-fibrillation." She said to me, "Okay, it was nice to meet you."

I said, "It was nice to meet you too, but I am real happy that I don't need you." Then I said, "Thank you, Lord." I knew He had put my heart back into normal rhythm, and I couldn't stop crying and thanking Him.

The nurses unhooked me from their equipment, but they didn't reconnect the IV's that I had come in with because I no longer needed any of it. They returned me to my room. Ed was waiting for me there. The nurses on the floor had already informed him what had happened. As soon as they wheeled me into my room, Ed and I grabbed each other's hands and just kept crying and thanking the Lord. What a miracle we had witnessed!

Another technician came in and hooked me up to another machine to see if any blood clots had formed in my heart when the heart was fluttering instead of

pumping the blood as it should have been doing. Another miracle! No blood clots!

I was finally released from the hospital and on my way home at 4:30 p.m. When we got home, we had a quick bite to eat and went right to church, as it was Wednesday and there was prayer service. We couldn't wait to share with everyone the mighty miracle we had just witnessed.

God is always answering our prayers, and we are so very grateful. Just the week before we had witnessed another miracle with my husband being the receiver of that miracle. We praise God constantly! He is ever present in our lives.

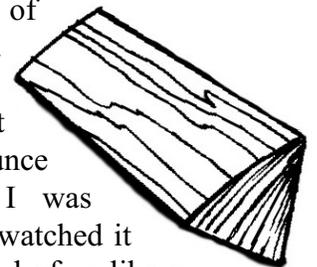
I Believe in Miracles

-by Ray Buckwalter, Bates City, Missouri

This past January, my brother and his wife offered to let my wife and me stay in their home near Phoenix while they were vacationing. My wife Kathy's arthritis is more painful in the cold weather, so we were overjoyed at the chance to warm up.

We were driving southwest of Wichita, Kansas behind someone with a load of firewood when suddenly a piece of wood dislodged and fell off. In that split second, many things raced through my mind. Which way will it bounce when it hits the road? Which way should I turn to avoid it? Will it go through our windshield and kill us both?

I expected the piece of firewood to bounce like a football in many directions. Much to my surprise, it hit the road, but did not bounce erratically. I felt like I was witnessing a miracle as I watched it roll along harmlessly ahead of us like a marble.



I thought to myself, "That is impossible! It cannot happen like that. I have just witnessed a miracle!" I am so thankful to God for His mighty power and His protection.

My Father Visited Me Twice After His Death

-by Frances G. Edwards, Barberton, Ohio

My father, Elder Paul Nephi Wiland, was a servant of Jesus Christ. He loved the gospel and lived his life according to the doctrine of Jesus Christ. He spent a great deal of time in the study of the Scriptures. His favorite book was the Book of Mormon, and in fact, he passed to the other side while reading it. He did not vary to the left or to the right in the preaching of the Restoration Gospel. He believed God said what He means and means what He said. He believed that God is an unchanging God, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

My father had earned the love and respect of most who knew him—all those who loved and lived by the truth. His main goal in life was to obtain a celestial reward through obedience and service to the Master. To him, any less reward would be punishment.

After my father's funeral, my mother, brother, daughter, and I sat on his bed and went through his personal files, cards, letters, and papers. I found his patriarchal blessing and read it aloud. He had accomplished all the things the Lord had expected of him. At the end it said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

My mother, Dorothy Wiland, had given me a few of my father's sermons on tape. Shortly afterwards, my father came to me in a dream. In the dream, he and my mother were leaving our house after their usual month-long visit each year. Shortly after they had gone, my father came back alone. He had a cassette tape that he gave me and said, "*Here is something for you.*" He was so happy he danced around the room with so much joy. Then I woke up.

I went into the family room and played one of the tapes. It was such a wonderful sermon! It was all about the things we need to do to prepare ourselves for the great and last day. At the end he said, "*Here is something for you.*" His voice became stressed, and the Lord spoke through him.

I am the Lord your Savior and I have all the power in heaven and earth. And whosoever believeth and is baptized by one with authority and keeps my commandments and endures to the end shall be

saved. I am the same God whom by the power of My Word created all things; the same who parted the Red Sea; the same who stood on the mountain with Peter, James, and John; the same who bore the ridicule of wicked men, who suffered Myself to be crucified for your sins.

If you might have opportunity to be joint heirs in the kingdom of God, remember, remember that I am the same yesterday, today and forever. What I say is unto all, from one generation unto another, and I vary not from which I have said. My word shall not return void. Neither is there any shadow of turning from the right to the left. Neither is there any changing from that which is right to that which is wrong. My course is one eternal round. I am the beginning and the end, and My commandments are for the uplifting and the salvation of My people, but for those who disregard and consider My commandments as of no value, there waits eternal condemnation.

Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me and believe the truths spoken by the mouths of my holy prophets, for they are most valuable to you. For the quality of your response to these truths shall determine your abode in the kingdom which I have prepared for them who truly love and keep My commandments. Your attitude toward My work will one day overtake you. And the long arm of mercy and justice will determine your status, with or without Me.

These words and the gospel of the Restoration are true, and they are given for the salvation of your souls. Therefore, be careful how you hold them, for they are to be answered upon your soul on the day of justice, thus saith the Spirit. I beseech ye therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God is. Can we sow then the seed of indifference and reap the harvest of faithfulness? We shall be restored to that for



which we've prepared. All things shall be restored to their proper order; everything to its natural frame; mortality raised to immortality; corruption to incorruption; raised to endless happiness, to inherit the kingdom of God, or to endless misery, to inherit the kingdom of the devil. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me. Thus saith the Lord.

As the Lord was speaking, the tears ran down my face, and I knew it was real and my father had come to me because he wanted me to change my life.

Shortly after this, there was a knock at the door. It was the mailman with a package from my mother. I opened it and inside was a boy angel. I started to cry. I called my mother and told her of my wonderful experience.

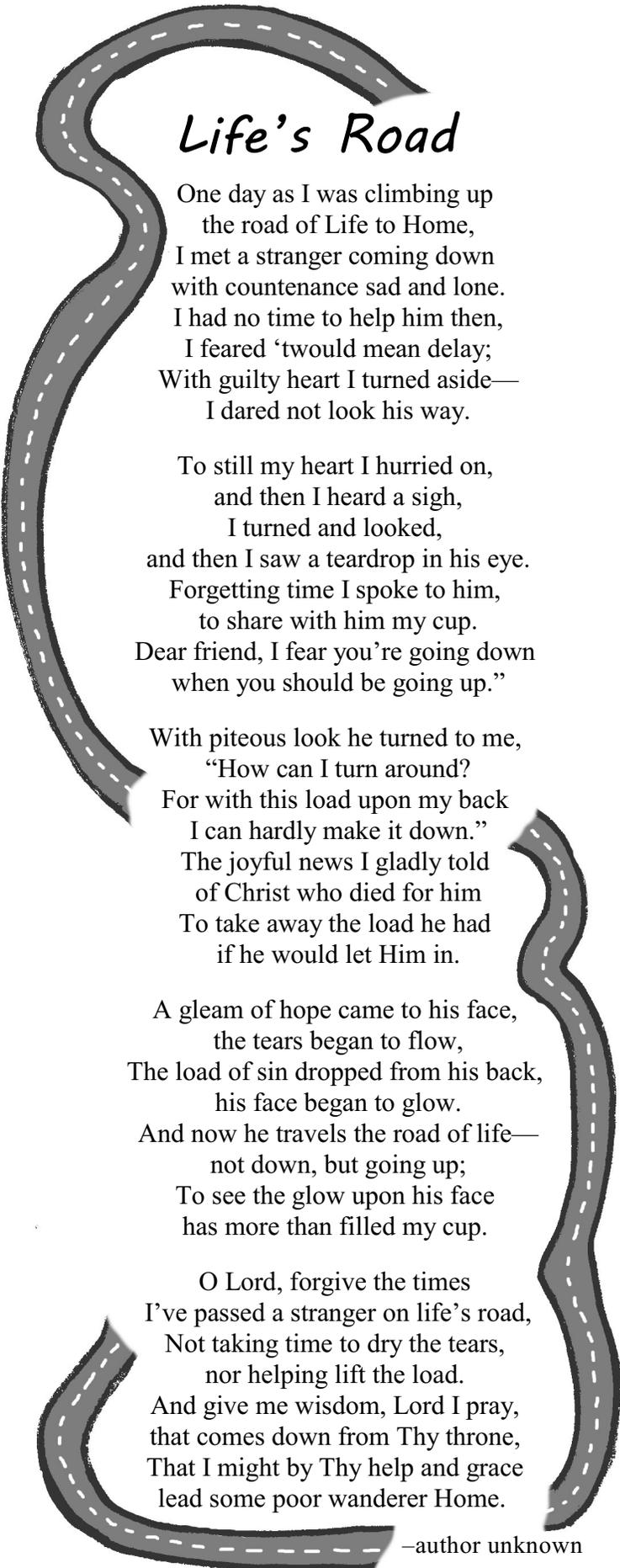
I never thought I was a bad person, but I have found I can be a much better one. My faith and love for my Heavenly Father have overwhelmed me. I feel a great need to do all the things He has asked me to do.

In another experience, my father came to me after I had expired in the emergency room and had been resuscitated and taken to the CCU. I was on life support and in critical condition. I saw my father floating up to me in a white robe. He looked into my face and smiled and then floated back and disappeared.

I thought he had come to take me with him. I felt my face smile with the breathing tube in my mouth, and I knew I wasn't dreaming. He had come to let me know I was going to be all right. The Lord had spared my life and given me another chance once again.

I had never understood the Scriptures very well, but the Lord granted me a gift of understanding. I prayed for this knowledge and He granted me my greatest prayer. Now I have great joy in reading the Scriptures and treasure up every word. God answers so many of our prayers.

When Bill Davies gave me my patriarchal blessing, I was told, "The Lord wants you to write down your testimonies and send them to the Restoration periodicals." I thank the Lord for sparing my life so that I may share my blessings with any who wish to read them.



Life's Road

One day as I was climbing up
the road of Life to Home,
I met a stranger coming down
with countenance sad and lone.
I had no time to help him then,
I feared 'twould mean delay;
With guilty heart I turned aside—
I dared not look his way.

To still my heart I hurried on,
and then I heard a sigh,
I turned and looked,
and then I saw a teardrop in his eye.
Forgetting time I spoke to him,
to share with him my cup.
Dear friend, I fear you're going down
when you should be going up."

With piteous look he turned to me,
"How can I turn around?
For with this load upon my back
I can hardly make it down."
The joyful news I gladly told
of Christ who died for him
To take away the load he had
if he would let Him in.

A gleam of hope came to his face,
the tears began to flow,
The load of sin dropped from his back,
his face began to glow.
And now he travels the road of life—
not down, but going up;
To see the glow upon his face
has more than filled my cup.

O Lord, forgive the times
I've passed a stranger on life's road,
Not taking time to dry the tears,
nor helping lift the load.
And give me wisdom, Lord I pray,
that comes down from Thy throne,
That I might by Thy help and grace
lead some poor wanderer Home.

—author unknown



JESSIE

-by Merrill Weate, son of Jessie May Weate. Written September 1949.

My mother Jessie was a godly woman and a little of the “old-world” type. That is probably explained by the fact that both of my parents were born and reared in England. “Old-

world” seemed to fit mom because she believed her place in the family was to do all the things women do. She took care of the house and cooked; she looked after the four of us kids and performed her duties all very well.

“Old-world” fit my dad, also. As head of the family, he performed his part as well and made all the decisions. That arrangement seemed to fit them both. He was firm—not cruel, just firm.

Dad made all of the decisions except one—and that is the subject of this writing. Coming from England, the sea was strongly in their backgrounds. There were men of the sea in both families. After my dad retired, they took over twenty trips on the paddle boats running out of Cincinnati, going both up and down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Hearing about a nice cruise on the Great Lakes, they became interested and bought their tickets. The cruise was for two weeks, and they were to board at Cleveland. The first week was to be in the Upper Lakes—Superior, Huron, and Michigan—and then back to Cleveland. The second week was to cover Lakes Erie and Ontario.

The first week went well. They enjoyed perfect weather, good food, and all that goes with a pleasant cruise. As they approached Cleveland, my mother started to pack her luggage without saying a word. “What are you doing?” my dad asked.

“I’m packing to get off at Cleveland. I’m going home.”

“We have another week yet, and it’s all paid,” Dad said. “If we get off now, we will lose the money.”

“I don’t care about that,” my mother said. “I’m going to get off this ship.”

“Why?” Dad asked. She said that there was too much sin on that ship with all the gambling, drinking, and rough language. She was going to get off.

“How are you going to get home?” Dad asked. “Cleveland is over one hundred fifteen miles from Columbus.”

“I don’t know,” my mother replied, “but I am going to take my suitcase and start walking. Somehow I will get to Columbus.” She was over sixty-five years old and could hardly walk a city block. Well, dad was furious, but he got off and they took the bus home. He didn’t speak to her all the way home, nor that evening, or the next morning.

During those years, I was employed at the local newspaper, and I worked on Saturdays. About nine in the morning we received a notice on the news wire that a ship tied up at Toronto, Canada, was on fire and more news would be coming soon. It seemed the ship had come over from Cleveland the night before and it was a serious fire. They were expecting many deaths. They said that the name of the ship was the *Noronic*.

I knew that was the ship my parents had just gotten off of. As soon as I received that news, I called my mother and said, “I know why you got off the *Noronic*. She is on fire in Toronto and there are hundreds of people dead.” Mom was very quiet. “You’re crying,” I said to her.

She answered, “Yes.”

“So am I,” I replied. “I will call you back later.”

The news was worse than expected. They published in which section of the ship the fire had been started by careless smokers. It was the same section printed on my parents’ tickets. All passengers in that section died.

Now if you go back to the first six words of this testimony, you can form your own conclusion why, for probably the first time in their marriage, my mother stood up to my father, knowing there would be repercussions. I formed mine that Saturday morning.

He Will Provide a Way

-by Bill Adams, Lucasville, Ohio

My name is Bill Adams, and I'm a priest at the Lucasville Restoration Branch in Ohio. I have been a priesthood member since 1998, when I was called to be a deacon. I wasn't that surprised, but my journey in becoming the man that I am now is a little different.

I was born with cerebral palsy. My condition had left me with a severe speech difficulty and unable to walk independently, but I am able to use a walker to get around or sometimes a wheelchair. I'm fine with that. This is life to me, and I look at my situation as normal to me, because this was all I have known throughout my life. The mobility situation has never been a huge issue for me. Sometimes I wished I had gotten a chance to play sports growing up as typical boys do when they are young, but that is neither here nor there.

The main issue in my whole life up until I was twenty-four was the way that I communicated. In 1997, I was introduced to augmentative communication devices. Prior to that I had to rely on my speech, and only my family and friends could really understand me. Try to talk to someone who didn't know me? Forget it. It was really frustrating to me. I mainly tried to avoid talking to someone I didn't know.

That all changed when I got my first augmentative communication device. It took me a while to get to learn how to operate it. It was like a foreign language to me. Instead of just typing letters to make words, it had icon pictures. Combinations of those icon pictures could make up words, thus making it faster than just spelling.

After I got past the notion that there was no way that I could learn how to use that computer because I was used to spelling, I started to see patterns develop on this new language which I started to learn. I started to be fascinated with this new machine and began to push myself to learning how it worked. I began to look for activities to do where I had to type on my computer so I could get better and better at it.

Our prayer and testimonial services on Wednesday nights were ideal for me, because this was a major blessing to me from God. Just about a year later after I received the Liberator, which is the name of the device, I was called to be a deacon. I didn't realize that this was just the beginning of a whole new life for me. I believe a week or two after I was ordained as a deacon, I went to two different seminars to learn more about my computer and how to use it more effectively. Out of these two great experiences, I decided to go on to college, and in five years, I was able to receive my bachelor's degree in social sciences. In 2005, I was called again to be a priest.

Today I am still doing testimonies at the Lucasville branch every Wednesday night, and I give sermons every month. Professionally, I'm a part of a self advocacy organization for the disabled in Ohio. But when I look back, the year of 1997 was when my life dramatically changed for the better, because that is when I found out about augmentative communication devices, which completely improved my life.

I totally give the Lord the credit for showing me the way. Even despite road blocks, He always provides a way for us to succeed in life. People usually think there is just one way to do things within our lives. Growing up, I just thought about talking normally, but God had another plan. He has a plan for all of us. It might be unique, such as my situation, but if we just listen and obey Him, He will provide a way.



I Answered God's Call

-by Dorothy Dalton, Independence, Missouri

When I was a little girl, I wanted to learn about Jesus. There was a little church in our neighborhood, and I walked up there one day to hear about Him. I sang in the children's choir and we sang about Jesus, but I didn't feel I was learning about Him. So I stopped going. As I got older, some of the neighbors took me to their churches. Still I was not hearing what I needed to hear and so that was the end of my searching.

I joined the Girl Scouts when I was in the sixth grade, but that troop was not active. (It was boring.) When I found out that Ginny Cottrill had a troop, I asked her if I could join hers. They were very active in earning money to go to Washington, D.C. and to New York. We earned enough through paper drives, rummage sales, ice cream socials, and minstrel shows, to pay for all the girls and the leaders.

Ginny had two daughters in her troop, but she treated all of the girls the same. I could tell by the way she treated each of us that she had something special to give. Ginny became like a mother to all of us. She taught us good manners, respect for others, and caring about others' feelings. Ginny was not permitted to talk about her church with us. After Girl Scouts, I lost contact with her.

Through the years when she saw me at the store or on the street, she would invite me to come to church. She wrote me notes from time to time keeping me interested in coming. One Sunday morning, the Lord spoke to me and said, "Why don't you go to church today?" I went to the Parkersburg Restoration Branch of Jesus Christ and started attending regularly.

On Wednesday evenings, we had Book of Mormon classes taught by Elder Glenn Cottrill. Each Wednesday we recited Moroni 10:4-5. As I was driving home one evening, I laid my hand on the Book of Mormon and asked, "Is this book true?" That evening it was given to me to know that the Book of Mormon was true.

As I learned more and more about the Church, I knew this was the one. I felt it in my heart. So in 2002 at the age of sixty years old, I was baptized. This is the

first and only Church for me. In 2003, Brother Ballantyne gave me my patriarchal blessing.

I have always been interested in the beauty of the clouds and sky. I would see small clouds scattered through the sky and far above me. A few months ago, I was at a gas station. When I looked up, above me was the largest white, fluffy cloud. It was so close, it looked like I could reach up and touch it. It was beautiful!

As I continued to watch the clouds, I could see how they changed. Instead of being small, they became larger and closer to the earth. Soon they became joined together to form a circle above us. There were wisps of clouds, small clouds, and larger ones. I began to see other things in the sky. There was pink in one of the clouds. I thought the sun was casting a reflection, but when I looked where the sun was, I could see that it couldn't be the sun. Another time I saw the features of a face in the clouds.

One day as I was visiting with my friend Patsy in Lucasville, Ohio, there was a bad storm. It was time for me to go home and I knew I needed to leave. As I was coming down the highway, I saw the sky ahead of me was clear and I thought, "Oh boy! I am leaving the storm." I wondered what the sky looked like behind me.

I looked in my side view mirror on the passenger side. I saw the dark sky from the storm and right beside it was a clear sky. In the middle was a large "curtain" and it was different than the storm clouds. It was darker and had a rectangular shape like a curtain you have in your house. I could see on each side of it and above it.

One day, I was sitting in the living room watching TV. The sun was shining bright and the wind began blowing very hard. I thought we were going to get a storm. Then it began to rain. The drops were big and



coming straight down, even with the wind blowing so hard. I went to the window to see and it was only raining in one spot outside my window.

My daughter was looking out my bedroom window, which was on the same side of the house as the living room. She said, "Mom, if you want to see something, come here." We have a creek behind our apartment and small trees along it. I saw the end of a rainbow in the creek! The small arc was bright and beautiful. I didn't see the complete rainbow.

I called my friend Patsy and told her all the things I had seen. She told me to look in the Doctrine and Covenants under "signs and wonders." I found this in 45:6a & b: *"And it shall come to pass that he that feareth me shall be looking forth for the great day of the Lord to come, even for the signs of the coming of the Son of Man: and they shall see signs and wonders, for they shall be shown forth in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath."*

While all this was happening, I was getting information on the Gathering and Zion. Since I had only been in the church for seventeen years, I didn't have a lot of knowledge about the Gathering. What does it mean to gather? Who calls you to gather? Where do you go? All this was new to me. I wanted to know more.

The time was coming soon for church camp, and I had an urge to go. I felt there was something I needed to hear when I got there. The day before it was time to go home, Brother Eichhorn had a message on the Gathering. I knew it was meant for me. On the way home I was making plans, in my mind, to move to Independence. I didn't understand why. I was born and raised in Parkersburg, West Virginia. Why would I want to leave my home and my church family? I knew then what it means to be called by God. I began to make preparations.

Church camp was the end of July and the first of August 2018. On September 24, I arrived in Independence. My apartment was ready and members of the Missionary Branch were waiting for me, ready to unload the truck. Kevin Humphrey drove the truck full of my belongings and towed my daughter's car behind him. My daughter and I followed in my car.

God called and I answered.



"I Will Make Her Whole"

-by Marlene Bert

Leafy Gordan was the oldest woman in our Sebring, Ohio, congregation and was greatly loved by all. At a women's meeting at her home one evening, Leafy told us of concerns and indications she had of breast cancer. The ladies formed a circle and had a special prayer in behalf of the administration of laying on of hands by the elders, which she had asked my husband to have after the meeting.

I returned home, and my husband Tom, who was pastor at that time, went right over to Leafy's house. Our house was quiet as I knelt in prayer and asked God to give me Leafy's pain. I told God that I would gladly bear the lump and angry redness if He would heal her. Soon after I got off my knees, I had a terrible hurting in my breast and a large hard lump in the same side as hers.

Tom returned and said Leafy felt better after the administration, and the pain had suddenly gone away. I didn't tell Tom about my sudden pain, but we rejoiced together about Leafy.

The next morning, I got my family off to work and school and kept silent about my own pain. I continued to pray for Leafy. Suddenly, I felt the blessed peace of my Heavenly Father and His voice penetrated my soul. "My child, you will no longer need to bear your sister's pain and illness. I will make her whole."

Later, Leafy called me and said her doctor couldn't understand the improvement, and he would not do surgery or give her any radiation or chemical treatments.

Leafy died several years later, but not due to cancer. Tom preached her funeral sermon. May we bear one another's burdens in faith, believing in God's omnipotent mercy.

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Trusting the Lord with Your Service

-by Karen Blair, Missouri

I knew only one week before I was to play for the 11 o'clock service at my congregation. I went up to the person in charge and he had the songs already chosen (which is always a help to me). So that week I practiced the hymns he had chosen.

On Tuesday my daughter-in-law called to find out if we could take care of their youngest—the twenty-two-month-old—that weekend, and of course, we said we could without thinking about playing for the church service. Then I thought, “Oh no, I’m supposed to play for church.” My husband said it wouldn’t be a problem as he could watch our grandson while I practiced.

The baby was running a fever on Saturday evening, and we were stressed over it. By the power of God through administration by the elders and our many prayers, the baby was healed after several hours.

As I practiced, I prayed about my playing one song because it was a different beat and I was concerned about losing the congregation while I played it. At church on Sunday while playing the prelude, Brother Pierce was to sing the ministry of music. I knew he played the guitar and I figured he had his part done, so I didn’t give it a thought. However, he came up to me during my prelude and had two hymn numbers written down. He asked me to play these for him. I looked them up and told him I knew them.

I’ve played organ and piano for services for over forty years since I was about age twelve for the 11 o’clock services and many other services, but this was the first time in all those years I’ve ever accompanied someone without even running over the music once. I was a bit concerned, but just said a prayer in my heart asking for the Lord’s help for both of us.

Do you know not a soul in the congregation had a thought that we had never practiced together, nor had



I ever played for Brother Pierce? The Lord blessed the ministry of music both times. I told Brother Pierce about it afterwards and he thanked me.

That following Wednesday night during prayer service I stood to share the testimony about how the Lord blessed us. Brother Pierce stood after I did and went on to tell us what I didn’t know. He knew we hadn’t practiced and as he was handing it over to me to play for him, he asked the Lord to bless us.

The next week I went to a study class and the teacher said we just need to do things and trust in God and not do it on our own. It really hit me that this was so true in my situation and many other different services people offer in the church. Whether it’s one preaching on an instant or music or whatever, we can trust Him to bless us as we offer our service to Him.

Christ is Coming

Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.
Let each heart repeat the strain.

With that “blessed hope” before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

—John Ross MacDuff

Answered Prayers and God's Protection

-by Alice Ruble, Independence, Missouri

On October 16, 2016, I felt lead to pray for safety as I was praying over my noon meal prior to going to the Groves retirement community to help bring residents (who were usually in wheelchairs) down to church services. I didn't know why I was prompted to pray that way.

When I got to the Groves, another lady and I went to fourth floor to bring our first residents down. We got on the elevator, and it barely moved and then stopped. I realized very quickly that we were stalled.

The young man standing near the floor buttons had pushed buttons for all eight of us in the elevator, but nothing worked, so he pushed the emergency notification button to let them know we were stuck. They replied that they had sent out the word and that we should have help in thirty minutes or so. They told us to be calm.

I told the group that we should pray. No one was interested, so I just prayed for myself as I could feel panic and claustrophobic feelings taking over me. In a few minutes I could feel my body relax and knew that with God's help I could deal with it.

People were getting restless. One resident in a wheelchair began to kick the door and holler to let us out of there. One lady sat on the floor using her cell phone to deal with it. Another employee told us she was sick to her stomach. Others were hot and worried about other places they were supposed to be. It was getting a little tense.

Finally someone else suggested we should pray. We all joined hands and prayed silently and within SECONDS of doing that the elevator came to life and took us back up to the fourth floor so we could get out. I give God the thanks and the glory for our quick rescue. It had only been twenty minutes and I am not aware that anyone had arrived to get us out. The elevator just started moving up.

The next Sunday I went back to the Groves to help again. I was feeling a good deal of anxiety over needing to use the elevator again. I had prayed again before leaving home for safety and help. Thankfully

there was no elevator problem that day, but there was a door problem.

There is a door in the hallway leading down to the community room where we have services that is kept locked. A code needs to be entered for it to release. Several of us had come to the door, but it would not unlock when the code was put in.

Some of the residents have "tracker buttons" on and if they are close to the door it will not open. We backed all the residents off in case there was a "tracker" that we didn't know about. Still nothing.

I finally said, "We need to pray," and they agreed and gathered around. One of the men in his loud voice prayed abruptly and then headed straight for the door. I felt like another more quiet prayer should be offered, so I started praying in spite of the noise. On the next try, the door code responded and we all got through. Prayer was answered again.

About a month later on November 27, I was getting on the elevator at the Groves when the door shut HARD, hitting my shoulder and knocking me off my feet. Thankfully two ladies were on the elevator. One caught me and kept me from falling to the floor and the other one pushed the door back away from me.

When this happened, I had been getting on the elevator on the fourth floor (top level) to go down. What are the chances of two ladies being on the elevator already when it had come up to get me? I was rather dazed and shook up from the experience, but I only had a sore neck and shoulders. I was able to go on with my task of getting the residents.

God was in charge again and protected me from what could have been much worse.



"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength" (Isaiah 26:3-4).

God Will Provide

-by Priscilla (Pat) Carrick, Independence, Missouri

Several years ago, I had this song going through my head for a couple of days:

Oh how He loves you and me,
Oh how He loves you and me.
He gave His Son that you may be free;
Oh how He loves you,
Oh how He loves me,
Oh how He loves you and me.

Then I had a dream. I was driving—and ran out of gas. But when the car stopped, it stopped on an incline, and I was able to easily push the car down the incline right to a gas station waiting on my left.

Is God trying to tell me again that He is providing for my every need if I will only trust Him and follow Him?

It's the Little Things

-by Delores Champ-Heater

It's those testimonies of small, answered prayers that keep me going and strengthen my faith. Here is an example. I knew my car's CD player did not work, but I thought, "I'll try it just one more time—just to make sure." So I put in one of my good CDs, and of course, it wouldn't come back out. It was stuck. I tried and tried to get that CD to come out with no success, but then I prayed about it—and voila! The next time I tried, out it came! (Of course, I've never put another CD in that car's CD player again.)

I've had similar testimonies with misplaced keys, my phone, or a document I needed to find. Just the other day at my office I was unable to locate a file. It wasn't where it was supposed to be. I prayed about it the next morning, went to my office, and looked a little harder. Sure enough, it was in the same file drawer where I had previously looked, but not in the right order. It was out of place. (My boss has a bad habit of doing that.)

Another testimony happened in early March when I was going to be outside on a cold, windy Sunday

afternoon for a birthday party at the park. I could not find the stocking cap I wanted to wear. Again, I prayed and quickly located it under something else. This happens often enough that it helps to build my faith. I immediately recognize these as answered prayers and say, "Thank you, God."

Of course, there are also the "just missed being in an accident" or similar incidents that I also thank Him for. When something that seems "bad" does happen, I try to find the blessing in disguise or the silver lining in the cloud and thank Him for that, too.

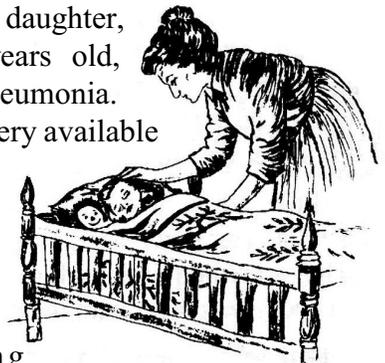
Greater Light

-by Clara Thomas

When greater light comes, one must choose whether to recognize it and receive it. Wise is the person who understands the course to take.

My brother, Ammon, fell in love with a young lady named Hazel. Hazel's mother was very much opposed to our Church, but eventually she did consent for her daughter to marry my brother. They had been married but a short time when Hazel found herself standing at the deathbed of her mother. At her mother's request, Hazel promised that she would never join our Church.

When their first daughter, Dorothy, was two years old, she became ill with pneumonia. The physician used every available means to conquer the disease, but all to no avail. Dorothy's condition grew worse by the hour. Her labored breathing could be heard out in the streets. This occurred before medical science had discovered antibiotics, and the doctor gave her only a short time to live.



Then Ammon told Hazel about the ordinance of administration in the Church and asked if she would consent for the elders to come. Knowing this was their only chance to save their baby, Hazel consented.

When the elders arrived, they anointed little Dorothy's head with oil, laid their hands on her head,

and prayed. She was healed instantly. Crawling out of her bed, she walked across the floor to her toy box and picked up her doll.

Witnessing the power of God manifested so powerfully caused Hazel to think. She remembered that she had promised her mother never to join the Church. At this point, Hazel realized she had made an unwise promise, and she decided it was better broken than kept. She asked for baptism and united with God's people. Through her acceptance of the gospel many rich blessings came to her.

Sometime sorrows and pain are necessary to rise above the unwise promises we have made. In accepting our experiences and profiting by them we become far better people.



I Met the Master Face to Face

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led,
Until one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master face to face.

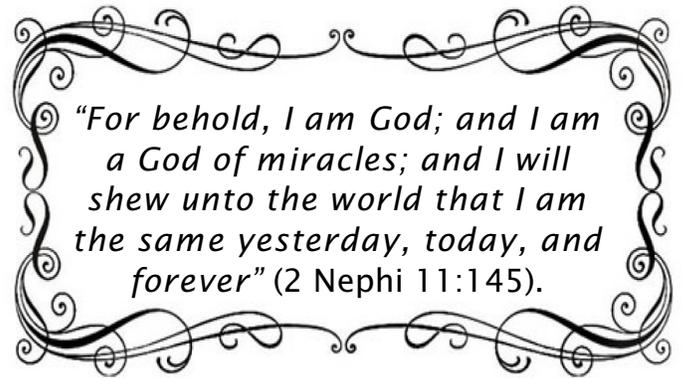
With station and rank and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body, but none for my soul,
I had entered to win in life's mad race,
When I met the Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That his eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished and in their place
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.
And I cried aloud: "Oh make me meet
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet."

My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master face to face.

—author unknown



Miracles Do Happen

—by Martha Miley

In June of 1974, my husband, Wayne, had a backhoe job to do for his father. Our daughter, Marci, and I decided to go along. Marci was seventeen months old and loved being with her daddy.

In order to start the backhoe, Wayne had to stand beside it and put it out of gear. Well, he did so, or so he thought. But as Wayne pushed in the starter button with Marci by his side, the backhoe lunged backwards, knocking Marci to the ground.



The machine continued backwards, running over Marci's legs, her back, and across her shoulder. It just missed her head. Wayne reached down and pulled her to safety, just seconds before the bucket would have dragged her over a steep bank.

Wayne handed Marci to me. Then he chased the backhoe, as it sped down the bank. He jumped onto the machine and stopped it, just inches from a concrete wall.

My first two thoughts were, "I am so thankful that we had our daughter blessed," and, "The Lord is with us this day."

Marci came through the ordeal without a scratch, even though that heavy machine ran right over her tiny body. Wayne was not hurt in any way. We received two blessings that day. Praise the Lord! Miracles do happen!

If One Only Knew

-by David Strahan, Bates City, Missouri

Several years ago in a dream, my parent's house was on fire. It started out small and the fire was inside the walls. I tried to douse the fire with water, but it kept on growing. It is not so important, the dream, but the interpretation of the dream. As the bombing of Pearl Harbor made history, so will the endowment. The endowment will start out small and grow. The fire will not go out (or the Spirit).

. . . and they saw the heavens open, and they saw angels descending out of heaven as it were, in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about;

And they were encircled about with fire; and the angels did minister unto them, and the multitude did see and hear, and bear record; and they know that their record is true, for they all of them did see and hear, every man for himself (3 Nephi 8:25-26).

And it came to pass when they were all baptized, and had come up out of the water, the Holy Ghost did fall upon them, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.

And behold, they were encircled about as if it were fire; and it came down from heaven, and the multitude did witness it, and do bear record; and angels did come down out of heaven, and did minister unto them (3 Nephi 9:14-15).

The scriptures talk about fire with the Holy Ghost. When the angels descend out of heaven, they are encircled with this fire. (See 2 Nephi 13:5-32.)

Yea, then cometh the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost; and then can ye speak with the tongue of angels, and shout praises unto the Holy One of Israel.

But behold, my beloved brethren, thus came the voice of the Son unto me, saying, After ye have repented of your sins, and witnessed unto the Father that ye are willing to keep my commandments, by the baptism of water, and have received the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost, and can speak with a new tongue, yea, even with the tongue of angels, and after this, should deny me, it would have been better for you, that ye had not known me (2 Nephi 13:17-18).

One can speak with the tongue of angels. When one speaks by the power of the Holy Ghost, it carries it to the heart of the children of men.

But behold, why do ye ponder these things in your hearts? Do ye not remember that I said unto you, that after ye had received the Holy Ghost, ye could speak with the tongue of angels?

And now, how could ye speak with the tongue of angels, save it were by the Holy Ghost? Angels speak by the power of the Holy Ghost; wherefore, they speak the words of Christ.

Wherefore, I said unto you, Feast upon the words of Christ; for behold the words of Christ will tell you all things what ye should do (2 Nephi 14:2-4).

. . . for when a man speaketh by the power of the Holy Ghost, the power of the Holy Ghost carrieth it unto the hearts of the children of men (2 Nephi 15:1). See also Helaman 2:80-123.

Read Alma 12:1-19. Through much prayer and fasting one can obtain the spirit of prophecy and the spirit of revelation. The scriptures tell us how to obtain the gifts of the Spirit. One must apply himself. They also searched the scriptures and became men of understanding. Last year (2018) in a dream, I was told the Holy Ghost can make one smart. If we apply ourselves great are the promises.

And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.

And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so (2 Kings 2:9-10).

Elisha obtained a double portion of the Spirit. That portion will be obtained in the endowment.

Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds; Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flocks?

Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock (Ezekiel 34:2-3).

The time will come when the time will have passed, for many, to labor in the vineyard. Blessed are they who labor diligently in the vineyard.

And in the day that he shall set his hand again the second time to recover his people, is the day, yea, even the last time, that the servants of the Lord shall go forth in his power, to nourish and prune his vineyard; and after that, the end soon cometh.

And how blessed are they who have labored diligently in his vineyard; and how cursed are they who shall be cast out into their own place!
(Jacob 4:3-4)

The fall of 2013 in my special patriarchal blessing, I was told that even though the Church is small in number, it will be used to do a great work in the last days that will bring the people salvation.

I was told one night that the Word of Wisdom (Doctrine & Covenants 86) was more than a suggestion.

Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness fall under a promise to be filled with the Holy Ghost. Read Alma 16:152-173. One has to apply himself if he wants the blessings.

A few years ago, in a dream, I was shown Satan's trophy room. Many people have fallen away. Will you become one of Satan's trophies? The greatest trophy he took was Jesus hanging on the cross. Satan was very proud of what he was permitted to do to Jesus.

Last year, in a dream, I was told to read Isaiah 60:1-3:

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

I was also told to read Isaiah 55:1-13:

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which

satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near;

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;

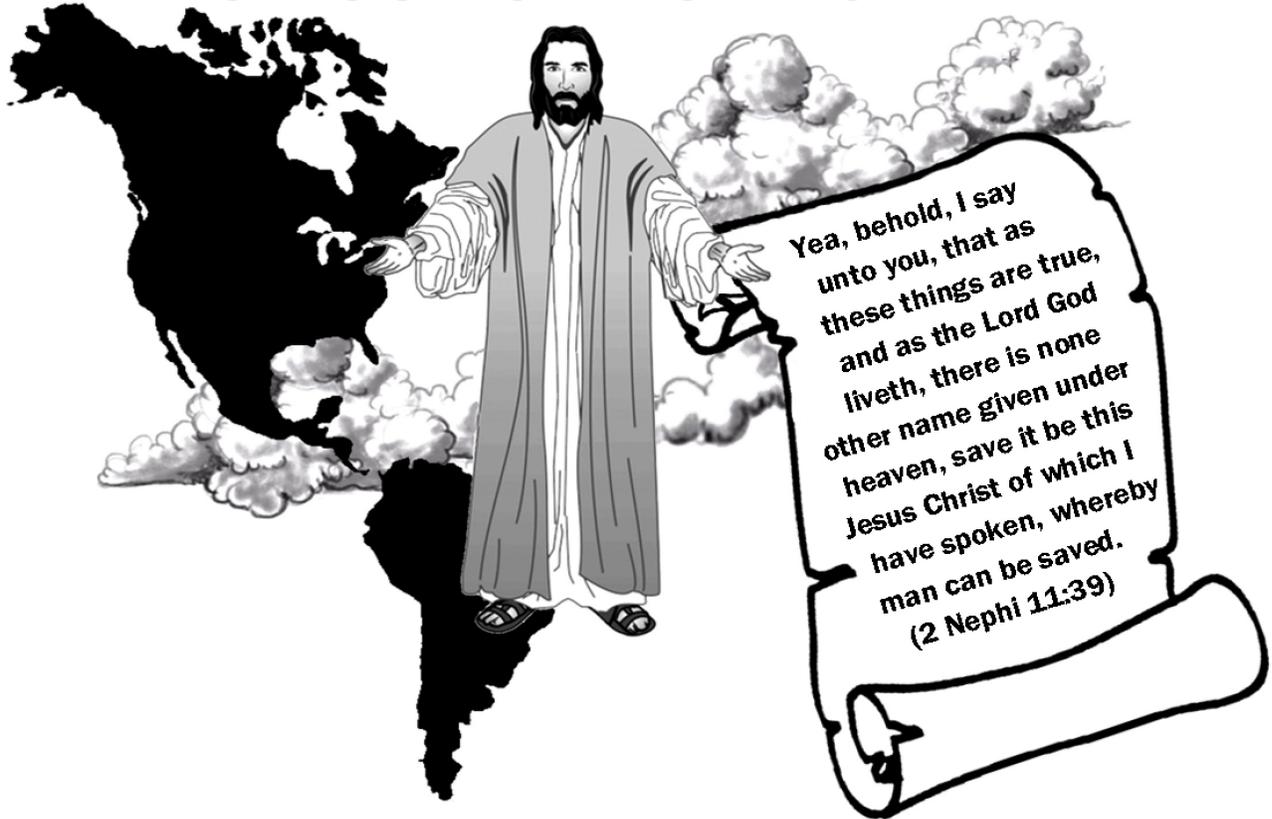
So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off (Isaiah 55:1-13).

Great are the promises. Read 2 Nephi 2:1-47. Do all ministers ask God if they can have that kind of faith?

The Book of Mormon . . .



Yea, behold, I say
unto you, that as
these things are true,
and as the Lord God
liveth, there is none
other name given under
heaven, save it be this
Jesus Christ of which I
have spoken, whereby
man can be saved.
(2 Nephi 11:39)

A Second Witness of Jesus Christ

For more information about the Book of Mormon, or the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ restored to earth in the latter days, write to Zion's Call at the address below.

Zion's Call

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