

Spiritual Experiences of Edward James Wood (1866-1956)

Compiled by Glen W. Chapman – November 2001

Introduction

Edward James Wood was born in Salt Lake City to dedicated Latter Day Saint Parents. His father was called in 1867 by Brigham to settle Los Vegas area.

Edward was called on three missions to Samoa. One as mission president at only 30 years old. During his first mission at 25 because of his knowledge of the Samoan language he was asked by the mission president to write a series of 12 gospel pamphlets in the Samoan tongue.

In 1901 when only 35 years old he was called to Alberta Canada to take charge of the Cardston Co-op. In 1903 while only 37 he was called to be the president of the Alberta Stake covering a vast area. This office he held for 39 years. He spearheaded the building of the Cardston Tabernacle started in 1904 and completed in 1912. He spearheaded the Cardston Temple which was started in 1913 and dedicated ten years later in 1923. He was called as the first temple president the calling he held for 25 years at the same time being the Stake President. He officiated at every session. His Stake had the highest attendance and other activity in the Church for a number of years. He was Alberta Stake Patriarch for 9 years afterwards. He worked under the direction of a number of prophets including John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo snow, Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, George Albert Smith, and David O McKay.

In the course of his long leadership position he had many spiritual experiences. Those reported below are only a few of these experiences.

1888

“I remember once a woman on the Islands –to show you how the Lord goes before and with us, his elders and servants, and after us, on those Islands –a lady had a very sick child, and when they are sick they have faith in the power of the Priesthood to restore. We had only been there a few weeks. Nobody knew us there, did not know that we had arrived. A man came up to the house where we were holding service. He did not understand us; he had to speak through an interpreter; and he said to me, ‘There is a lady on the other Island with a sick child. She wants you three men to go to her, and heal her child.’ It was right on the verge of the war there. The first edict made by the king under the German government was that a ‘Mormon’ missionary who preached was to be fined \$100 for the first sermon, and for the second he was to be banished from the Island. They made that edict, and we thought we were in trouble till this man said, that the woman had asked that we three men go unto her and lay our hands upon her child and the child should recover. We went out to a palm tree and talked to the Lord as I am talking to you, wanting the inspiration of his Spirit. Soon we decided we would go. After going across a strait some three miles in a little canoe, expecting almost every moment that the canoe would be overturned, we arrived. The woman was standing in front of her house. She had her handkerchief to her eyes, and said, ‘I am glad that you have come. It is all right. Here is my child.’ And under the sheet was the body of the child. We lifted that up and saw the child, and we said, ‘the child is already dead,’ and we covered it up again; and she hastily said, ‘No, it is not dead at all. You do what I saw you do last night in my dream, and he will be well.’ We asked the Lord, ‘suppose we administer to this child, and it does not get well, and they will say you are all evil spirits. They are a superstitious people.’ We had no faith that the child would recover. But the unprecedented faith of this native women inspired us to do it. And she said, ‘Have you authority to do what I saw you do? You anointed that child with oil; you laid your hands upon his head.’ Yes, we had that authority. And then I thought of that passage that ‘my servants must go forth, and my authority shall be with them, and none shall stay them.’ I said, ‘Yes, we have that authority.’ Said she, ‘have you the authority to refuse?’ I said, ‘no.’ We anointed the child, laid our hands upon it, covered it up, and went away. The cyclone came on, the social condition of the natives was upset; we never heard of the woman and child for a long while. I didn’t expect to hear from it, until about a year after when

I saw a number of natives under trees, with long knives. I saw them running along beneath the trees in their half-clad condition. Then I thought again that none should stay the preaching of this gospel. So I buoyed myself up as best I could, and marched on. I saw the natives surrounding me on all sides, and as I came to a house in that tropical forest, they commenced to get closer to me, when all at once a woman marched out, and said, 'How do you do, Brother Wood?' I rather sank back, and said, 'I don't know you.' 'O yes, you do,' and she turned and called a child about nine years of age. She stood the child upon the trunk of a tree, and then she bore this testimony to the great crowd of natives: 'This child is a living testimony of the great power of the gospel, and the power and authority held by Brother Wood and his associates. They administered to this child over two years ago. I have never seen them since, but I know they have the power of God with them, and all of you must listen to their message. I am the daughter of the high chief of the island, and you can come to my house and have everything you want.'

"I went, and the natives followed along, and I sat up nearly all night preaching to them. We had a good spirit. I mention this to you to prove that the divinity and power of the Priesthood is with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints today. But the evil one is ever present.

"One morning, on one occasion, when I was dressing, I felt something alive on my neck, and I hit it at once, and I was bitten by a centipede, one of the most deadly of insects on the Islands. My arm commenced to swell. The natives came and said, 'Give us your last message; you will die within an hour.' I felt excruciating pain. Then up came the woman. The natives had told her that I was killed by the deadly insect, and I was there with them. The woman came up very leisurely. She shook my hand showing she expected consolation. She said, 'That is all right. Brother Wood. Have you got any of that oil with you?' I said, 'Yes, get my valise.' 'Now,' she said, 'Do what you did to my child, and you will be all right.' I felt when she said that, that I positively knew it would be so. I anointed my hand, and the swelling left, just like taking a glove off my hand, and she turned to the natives who had gathered around, and said, 'As I told you, -the Lord is with this young man, and his Church, and his people.' [See chapter 2, addenda item 6, for associated material.]

"Brethren and sisters, let us inspire this faith, this confidence, in the hearts of our growing children, and never get away from the fact that we are responsible for them in their future life. God bless you. Amen."

During The Samoan Mission He Raises the Dead

At times departed spirits may be influential in their own return to mortality, as was the case with Elder Brigham Smoot, a missionary who drowned in Samoa. The biography of Edward J Wood gives the following account:

Probably the most remarkable experience of Elder Wood's first mission resulted from a missionary's disobedience to his mother's council. When Brigham Smoot left for his mission to Samoa. He promised his mother that he would not go swimming out in the sea. Only one day after his arrival in Samoa, he was persuaded by Edward to join the group for the usual bath at sea. As the new Elder was wading out to sea, he slipped and fell into a deep hole in the reef. As he was unable to swim he soon dropped to the bottom of the hole. Edward had promised to be responsible for the new elder's safety, and noticing him absent, he began a frantic search.

Brigham Smoot was soon found in the attitude of prayer at the bottom of the hole. His limp body was dragged from the hole and carried to the beach. Blood was flowing from his eyes, nose and mouth. Elder Wood said of his companion. He was perfectly lifeless and dead.' In vain the elders used all normal restorative measures. By this time a large crowd of inquisitive natives had gathered around. Their telling of a native boy who had previously drowned in the same hole brought no comfort to the worried missionaries. Elder Wood said that at this time he felt inspired by the spirit that the only way his companion's spirit could reenter his body would be to administer to him. Accordingly the body of Elder Smoot was dressed in clean garments and a

new suit of clothes. The superstitious natives warned against such treatment of the body, and thought it sacrilegious to tamper with life and death. Obedient to the inspiration, however, the body was anointed. While Elder Wood was sealing the anointing, he felt life come back to Elder Smoot's body.

Shortly after the administration, Elder Smoot talked with the missionaries and bore solemn testimony to them. He told of how, in the spirit, he watched them recover his body from the hole, take it to the beach and try to restore it to life. He also told of touching Elder Wood on the shoulder and telling him that the only way to bring life back into the body was to use the Priesthood which he bore.

Melvin S. Tagg, *The Life of Edward James Wood*, Master's Thesis, BYU Library 1959

1915

This story is of today, not anything that my grandfather heard, or that I have read in books, but an incident which happened recently.

“A tribe of Indians came to our country, called the Kree Indians. They were headed by a man named ‘Yellow Face.’ He said that he was a member of a council of five who lived in the eastern part of Saskatchewan, the Province to the east of Alberta. They spend their time in the winter hunting and fishing. They roam around the country for that purpose, and then go back again in the spring. This man and his one hundred twenty-eight families came into our country, and camped in the woods by a river, right where the road led from two of our wards. We did not know anything of their business. They went about hunting and fishing. One day this man ‘Yellow Face’ sent to a ward for the ‘high chief’ of that ward, as he called him — we call them bishops — and wanted him to come to his tent and have a visit with him. These people have visited us. We had asked them into our meetings. They had come to our entertainments, and we had become interested in them. They are a very intelligent people, the Kree nation — not like the Indians here. They dress as we do, and they are educated. They have a written language of their own, not made by white men according to signs and sounds, but of hieroglyphics, composing a nice looking alphabet. This man sent for our bishop, and when our bishop came, he found a large tent, with the heads of these one hundred twenty-eight families there, and Yellow Face was sitting right in front, with one lady. So Yellow Face said to this bishop, ‘We want you to talk to us. We have been to your meetings. We have been to your parties. You have asked us to dine with you. Now we return the compliment. We want you to come and visit us.’ Bishop Parker did not know what to say. He had never been on a mission, wasn’t prepared to preach the Gospel. But he was struck with the sincerity he noticed in the people’s faces as they sat in the circle. They were pleased to see him. So he told them about the restoration of the Gospel, and about our work of colonizing in that country. They did not seem much interested in that. After he got through, they said, is that all you know about your Gospel? He thought and said, ‘Well, I believe I have told about all I know.’ ‘Well,’ Yellow Face said, ‘don’t you have any book that you talk about?’ ‘O yes,’ and Brother Parker then thought of the Book of Mormon. ‘Well, tell about the book.’ Brother Parker told all he could. It did not take very long, and when he got through, the Chief said, ‘That is all’ and Brother Parker went home.

“About a week after, he sent for him again. Brother Parker did not know this time what would be expected of him. But he went, and found the same crowd there. This time, Yellow Face said to Brother Parker, ‘When you were here before, I sat there, and you stood here. This time I’ll stand here, and you sit there,’ and so he related this story to Brother Parker:

“‘Two years ago the high chief of our council had a vision.’ [Mind you this man never knew

anything about our Gospel, never knew there was such a thing as visions or heavenly manifestations.] ‘Our high chief, the great chief of the Kree nation, had a messenger come to him that he never knew, and he told this chief, You are going to die, but you won’t die all over. The chief did not know what he meant, and he said, When you die, I do not want you to be buried until you get cold all over. So the chief said all right; and he said he went with this messenger, as he thought he died. All the other chiefs thought he was dead. But he had told his nearest associates to watch his body when he went cold, from the extremities of his fingers, his toes, to follow how far his body was cold, and if they found a warm spot, not to bury him yet. So he was watched for five days, and only above his heart was a small place of his body yet warm. On the end of the fifth day, he came to, and he called all his council together, and told them he had been into a country where he saw his forefathers, walked with them, talked with them; and they told him that he would not yet die when he came to the earth, and that he was to go all over the country until he found a people who had the book in which was the history of the very people he had been with in the spirit world; and he said, I will give unto you four signs by which you may know the people. First, they will not drive you out of their country. Second, you can turn your horses loose. They won’t steal them. Third, they will go through your village, and they won’t rob the virtue of your Indian women. Fourth, they will let you hunt and fish on their domain.’ So he said to Brother Parker, ‘with my family two years we have hunted for such a people. You invited us into your meetings. We sat at the table with you in your picnic parties.’ [He had an interpreter tell all this.] “You have come through our village. You have not molested our women. We are fishing and hunting today on your Church lands. So I asked you. I watched you. We have watched your men, your young men, we have watched every act of all your people. When I heard you speak, it sounded like good news to me, and when you said that was all, I thought again I am disappointed. So I asked you if you had a book. You told me you had. That is our book. That is our history, not yours.’

“So Brother Parker went and got the book, and brought it back to the Indians. The Indians took it, gave it to the interpreter, and had him sit down and read by the hour. And when he got through, the Indian took the book – did not think he had to buy it. He said, ‘It is our book, our history,’ and wrapped it up and took it away.

After this very interesting experience of the bishop, I met Yellow Face at the home of the bishop and he told us of how he had watched us and his sitting by my side at a certain reunion of the ward the year before, and of how he had taken note of our treatment of him, and of his great surprise when I told him his company could camp on the Church lands, and of his object in camping right on the main road, so that all our people going to and from several of our main wards had to pass through this Indian village, and of his coming the three times— a year apart—as he wanted to see if we would change in our treatment of him and his company. He also told us of many principles of religion that he said his tribe believed in which were very interesting to us.

Yellow Face and his company now seemed satisfied and had no *further* desire to stay among us and soon left. We heard of them many times after – of how they would camp along the highways. Yellow Face would take his main interpreter, and would take “His Book” and would hand it to the family he would call on and ask them to read the book. We heard of this having been done and the book having been read to him and for him by many people who wondered at what the book contained, and they seemed quite interested when he would tell them it was the history of his people. It is now several years since they left us the last time and we have wondered ourselves as to the outcome of this quite strange yet interesting Indian experience.

1915

The Lost Rings.

The following experience is told by Dale, third son of Edward and Mary Ann. As he remembers, the event occurred about

1915:

“I never forget the way Father used to pray. I have thought he spoke more like he was talking to a person when he was saying a prayer than anybody that I have ever known. Actually, when Father prayed he talked to the Lord just like he was right there. I remember the time when I took some rings of Mother’s out and lost them in the hay. I think I must have been only about five years old . We were playing in the hay in the barn, and you know how the hay used to fall out of the top and then we’d pile it up in the open space in the barn. It was in that area where a number of us were playing and I had lost Mother’s rings. When I went back in the house and I told Mother what had happened, she said, ‘Let’s go out and look for it,’ which we did, but we were unable to find it. And I never did think we could. When Father came home Mother told him about what had happened, and he said, ‘Well, let’s go out in the barn and have a look.’ So we did. I don’t know how many of the family went out. I know I did. We looked for the rings for awhile but we just couldn’t find them. And then Father said, ‘Well, let’s pray.’ And we knelt down in the barn in the hay and Father spoke to the Lord. He says, ‘Now these rings that have been lost, it isn’t the value of the rings that we’re concerned about, but it’s the regard with which Mary Ann held this, which was a gift given to her earlier in her life.’ And he said because of the value that she had placed on the rings, we would appreciate being able to find the ring. And we had hardly gotten up from our knees when Father found the ring. I’ve never forgotten that.”

“You Want to be Baptized.”

The cornerstone for the Alberta Temple was laid September 19, 1915, and the following experience told by President Wood relates to the activities of that day. The account is from Children of the Covenant:

A Lesson Book for Second Year Junior Genealogical Classes, 1937, p. 52:

“I remember that Brother John Galbreath, one of our Indian brethren, said the reason he joined the Church was because of attending the services at the laying of the corner stone of our Temple. He said that when he was there he felt as though he was associating with his relatives on the Indian side of his family, those who had died many years ago.

“One Sunday he came to Cardston and attended Sunday School. After the close of the school he said he had been waiting for me. I told him why. I said, ‘You want to be baptized.’ I felt that was what he wanted. “He told me of a dream he had experienced. In the dream he saw a number of his departed relatives, among them an uncle who had been dead for twenty years. This uncle told Brother Galbreath that he should do a work for them which they could not do for themselves. “Brother Galbreath answered, ‘What can I do for you? I am alive, and you have been dead for a long time.’

“The uncle told him to go to the Elders of the Church and apply for baptism, for that would give him entrance into the Church. Then he would be able to perform the vicarious work for his dead.

“We baptized Brother Galbreath one Sunday in Lee’s Creek, with three hundred people standing on the banks to witness it. He said he had promised his wife, who had been a Church member all her life, that he would join the Church when the right spirit came to him. This did not come to him until he saw the spirit of the dead, and he received a testimony that his departed ancestors were alive in the spirit world and awaiting some work to be done for them.”

1921

(From the Book Visions of The Latter Days , Pioneer Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 6th Printing 1998)

THE CARDSTON TEMPLE VISION

Edward Wood, who was president of the Cardston Temple for many years, was a witness to the manifestations of a woman who saw much of the future and mission of the Latter-day Saints. Although she was not a member of the Church, it has been rumored that she did join the Church sometime later. This manifestation occurred in March 1822. President Wood answered many responses to questions about this manifestation, two of which follow:

N. B. Lundwall, Esq.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Brother:

Cardston, Alberta
July 29, 1924

I am pleased to hear from you in your letter of July 21st, and note the contents and also the enclosure, and in reply, can easily tell you about the letter.

The lady who wrote the letter came twice, as she states, to the Temple, and certainly seemed quite sincere in all questions she asked, and gave very marked respect and attention to the explanations of the objects for which the Temple was built, and went from room to room-of course, the interior was then unfinished-and she was evidently deeply interested in what she heard and saw, and asked many questions both about the Temple proper and also about the principles leading up to our views on Temple building, and she asked a great many questions about our views of the life after death, and was much taken up with our belief on divine authority, and Our missionary activities throughout the world; and before she got through her second visit, she had a very fair understanding of the "vitality of Mormonism" from many angles.

She had some friends or a relative of some members of the church in Lethbridge by the name of Brown, and she lived somewhere east of here. After she had been away for some time, she wrote this article as you have it to Mr. Brown, one of these friends or relatives in Lethbridge, and he sent a copy to me, and of course we were surprised and pleased with her "impressions" and her apparent understanding of many of our views.

That is about the history of this article.

Sincerely your brother,
Edw. J. Wood

P.S. As I remember, her second visit was in March, 1922; the article was sent to me sometime after that month.

Cardston, Alberta
December 14, 1933

Robert W. Smith, Esq.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Brother Smith:

I am pleased to answer your letter of December 1st-first as to the letter of a non-member who wrote of "impressions" received while going through the temple before it was dedicated, the truth of which letter you ask me to verify and which I am pleased to do.

It was a Quaker lady who was a magazine writer from eastern Canada. She has some relatives in Lethbridge, about 60 miles from Cardston; and being so deeply impressed on her first visit, she had them bring her a second time-this time I was acting as guide. She would sit in each room and never said a word to any in the company, but seemed to be in deep meditation all the time. When she reached her own home several weeks after, she wrote this letter which has caused so much comment all over the Church. We have never been able to understand how she seemed to know so much about our faith and our belief in our future life and works after death. I never learned her real name. She visited us along in 1921. I have never heard from her since that time, but the letter is genuine, and of her own "impressions" received while in the Temple while on the two visits she mentions.

Sincerely your Brother,

Elder J. Wood, Pres. Alberta Stake

HER LETTER

We have been to the Temple erected by your church wherein are to be performed the sacred rites in accordance with your faith. The first time I was strongly impelled to describe to you my impressions. I did so but before the completion of the letter, I received some news that so affected me that acting upon the spur of the moment, I destroyed the document in its entirety. The continued feeling within me of dissatisfaction as to something left undone, coupled with the desire upon the part of the members of my household who had not visited the temple, led to our second visit to Cardston, in which you so kindly consented to accompany us, notwithstanding the inclement weather and personal inconvenience to yourself which the journey entailed. It was because of this and many other evidences of your friendship that has given me the privilege to presume to bother you with what after all may be foolish fantasies of a too impressionable mentality. To me it does seem so, for never before in my life have such powerful impressions been infringed upon my inner consciousness as during my visit thru the Temple. Especially was this true at our second visit. The impressions of our first visit were repeated with such overwhelming intensity and variety of detail that I must positively inform you of my experience. It seems to me it were a sacred duty upon my part to do this, and knowing as I do that your friends will lightly ridicule what to me is a personal matter, I am going to give you in detail my experience in the hope, that if it is well, maybe it is something more than imagination, that you and others of your faith may wisely analyze and correctly use whatever may be gleaned from this letter.

A fortress in time of storm, was the first thought that shaped itself in my mind with my first view of this ancient, yet modern temple; mellowed with the spiritual usage of ancient civilization and customs, yet alert, virile, and watchful.

A grand, solemn, strong, beautiful, useful house of spiritual progression which seemed to be the embodiment of architectural expression of ancient civilization and glories suddenly reincarnated and for a future and higher civilization than our own. Strength and beauty exaggerated the more flimsy houses and buildings of the town and gave a painfully obvious example of how the soul within is expressed thru the material body, either in the individual or nation, or a race, either in the man or his architecture. Try how I would I could not get away from the feeling that the town itself was inferior to the latest building, so new and yet so

old. Even the electric lights failed to change this thought, that the Temple and the town represented two different epochs of humanity's spiritual development expressed in architecture. The town embodied the present epoch-art, science and invention harnessed purely for trade or commerce, irrespective of past or future development. The Temple embodies the accumulated knowledge of the ancient world combined with the modern inventions of science and inspiration as the road to a higher future development so near at hand. Let me put it down even another way. There is a place called Cardston. A Temple linking the past with the present has been built at Cardston and the town has become a collection of flimsy huts nestling at the foot of the Temple which will continue to function for the spiritual purposes for which it is raised.

Just as the exterior impressions compared with the present and future epoch, so did the interior also reflect comparison. Of the beautiful and artistic effects I need not dwell; abler pens can describe the interior from this viewpoint. Sufficient for me to say that the shape of the Temple is a cross, that each apartment is symbolical in artistic and structural effects of some stage of humanity's progress thru the ages. In fact, everything physical is a stepping stone to spiritual progress as such is typified in these ceremonies. All this was kindly and intelligently explained to us by Mr. Duco on one occasion and by Mr. Wood on the second visit; but I am afraid I was very indifferent and inattentive upon both occasions, for which I tender them my sincere apologies. I had no intentions of being rude or discourteous, but from the moment of entering the Temple until leaving, I was placed in the position of having, as it were, to listen to and grasp a dual narrative all the time, with the result that so engrossed was I at times that I am afraid I was so absent-minded as to appear inattentive if not positively stupid.

I have stated that my impression of the exterior of the building was that of a place of waiting for a higher civilization than our present one. This would suggest a condition of emptiness, but that is not what I mean. An ordinary newly erected building has no atmosphere at all until it has been inhabited some time; after which, it has, as it were, a living atmosphere. What kind of an atmosphere this is, is largely determined by the spiritual development and thought of the persons using and inhabiting the building. This applies especially to places of worship or consecration, and is very noticeable to a sensitive person. Sometimes such an atmosphere is agreeable, exalting, etc.; sometimes very much the reverse, depending upon the spiritual harmony or otherwise of the persons under this atmospheric rule; but was not so as far as it was concerned while outside the Temple. I could not understand the overwhelming scene of ancient atmosphere which the building actually possessed in its very granite blocks in spite of the fact that I know a few months previous these stones had been laid, yet the feeling of age predominated. I dismissed the feeling as well as I could by thinking that the place of the structure was responsible for the suggestion of age, but when I entered the Temple, how quickly I found there was nothing to suggest to me that present atmosphere of which I have spoken, but was it empty? Emphatically no! Time and again as I listened to the speaker explaining some phase of the building or its meaning, I would be seeing beyond him some illusion of kaleidoscopic nature, depicting what he was describing, only more completely and vividly. The characters were so plain to me that I required all my self-control to keep silent from room to room. This continued and only ceased when we were out in the frost and snow once more.

There was no set plan for presenting these pictures to me. It seemed as if when I thought something mental, a picture instantly presented itself in explanation of some word of the conductor, which would have the same effect. I was not afraid, only awed by the wonder of it all and the fearful impressive feeling that I received which seemed to imbed every little detailed scene into my brain, from which it will ever remember and record; and vivid as it all was, these incidents herein related are the ones upon which I received instructions.

The scenes which I observed of an historical character seemed chiefly to verify and amplify the speaker's outline of past history, and so I do not feel impressed to record such, except to state that the same patriarchal characters whom I observed directing and influencing the early

movements of the Church, were the same down through every age and epoch, and as the scenes advanced to more modern times, I saw among these spiritual characters and counselors, persons whose features I had previously observed as being in the material body on other historical occasions.

It seemed as though the temple was filled with the actual spiritual bodies of these previous leaders of your church, each seeming to have the work that person was engaged in whilst in the flesh. In that temple I saw persons who were leaders of your church, during its march across the American desert, now engaged in helping these higher patriarchs under whose orders they seemed to be working. It was these latter spiritual leaders, if I may use that term, who seemed to be instructed to show me the scenes here recorded.

I can give no time as to the happening, except that the impressions I received were of actual present or immediate future.

I saw first a brief but comprehensive sketch of the present state of the world, or as you would term it, the Gentile Kingdoms. Each country in turn was shown-its anarchy, hunger, ambitions, distrusts and warlike activities, etc., and in my mind was formed from some source the words, "As it is today with the Gentiles."

I saw international war again break out with its center upon the Pacific Ocean¹ but sweeping and encircling the whole globe.

I saw that the opposing forces were roughly divided by so-called Christianity on the one side, and by the so-called followers of Mohammed and Buddha on the other. I saw that the great driving power within these so-called Christian nations, was the Great Apostasy of Rome, in all its political, social and religious aspects. I saw the worldwide dislocation and devastation of production and slaughter of people occur more swiftly and upon a larger scale than ever before. I saw an antagonism begin to express itself from those so-called Christian nations against your people. I saw those with a similar faith to yours in the far east begin to look toward Palestine for safety.

I saw the international world war automatically break down, and national revolution occur in every country, and complete the work of chaos and desolation. I saw geological disturbances occur, which helped in this work as if it were intended to do so. I saw the Cardston Temple preserved from all of this geological upheaval. I saw the international boundary line disappear as these two governments broke up and dissolved into chaos. I saw race rioting upon the American continent on a vast scale.

I saw hunger and starvation in this world; I saw disease produced by hunger, strife and chaos complete the end of this present order or epoch. How long these events were in reaching this consummation I do not know, but my impression was from the outbreak of the international war these things developed into a continuous procession, and almost ran concurrently, as it is with a sickness, the various symptoms are all in evidence at one and the same time, but in different stages of development.

My intensified thought was "What of the Church, if such is to become of the Kingdoms of the earth?" Was immediately answered by a subconscious statement. "As it is in the church today," and I saw these higher spiritual beings throughout the length and breadth of the air, marshalling their spiritual forces, and concentrating them upon the high officials of your church upon earth.

I saw the spiritual forces working upon those officers, impressing and moving them, influencing and warning them. I saw the spiritual forces begin to unfold these things into the minds of your elders and other high officials, especially during their spiritual devotions and official duties, and those activities which exalt the mind of the individual or groups. I saw the impressions take hold and inspire the more receptive and spiritual men, until it was all clearly revealed to them in the way the spiritual patriarch desired.

Again I seemed to hear the words, "As it will be". I saw the high officials in council, and under inspired guidance issue instructions to your people to re-consecrate their lives and energies

to their faith, to voluntarily discipline themselves, by abstaining from all those forms of indulgence which weaken the body, sap the mentality and deaden the spirit or waste the income.

I saw further on, instructions given whereby places of refuge were prepared quietly but efficiently by inspired elders. I saw Cardston and the surrounding foothills, especially north and west, for miles, being prepared as a refuge for your people quietly but quickly.

I saw elders still under divine guidance, counseling and encouraging the planting of every available acre of soil in this district, so that large supplies would be near the refuge. I saw the church property under cultivation of an intensified character, not for sale or profit, but for the use of the people. I saw artesian wells and other wells dug all over that territory so that when the open waters were polluted and poisoned that the people of the church and their cattle should be provided for.

I saw the fuel resources of the district develop in many places and vast piles of coal and timber stored for future use and building. I saw the territory carefully surveyed and mapped out, for the camping of a great body of the people of the church. I saw provision also made for a big influx of people who will not at first belong to the church, but who will gather in their tribulation. I saw vast quantities of surgical appliances, medicines, disinfectants, etc, stored in the temple basement. I saw inspiration given the elders whereby the quantity, quality and kind of things to be stored were judged, which might not be attainable in this territory in time of chaos. I saw defensive preparations working out the organizations of the camps on maps. I saw the mining corridors used as places of storage underground; I saw the hills surveyed and corrals built in sequestered places for cattle, sheep, etc., quietly and quickly. I saw the plans for the organization of the single men and their duties, the scouts, the guards, the nurses, the cooks, the messengers, the children, the herders, the temple guards, etc. I saw these things going on practically unknown to the Gentile world, except the Great Apostasy, whose knowledge and hatred is far reaching, in this day of its temporary power. This was going on piece by piece as the Elders were instructed so to do.

I saw the other officials obeying the inspired instructions, carrying their message and exhorting the people to carry out, from time to time the revelation given them, whilst all around throughout the Gentile world the chaos developed in its varying stages, faction against faction, nation against nation, but all in open or secret hostility to your people and their faith. I saw your people draw closer and closer together, as this became more tense and as the spiritual forces warned them through the mouth of your elders and your other officers. I saw the spiritual forces influencing those members who had drifted away, to re-enter the fold. I saw a greater tithing than ever before. I saw vast quantities of necessities supplied by members whose spiritual eyes had been opened. I saw a liquidation of properties and effects disposed of quietly but quickly by members of the church, as the spiritual influences directed them.

I saw the inspired call sent forth to all the church, to gather to the refuges of Zion. I saw the stream of your people quietly moving in the direction of their refuge. I saw your people moving more quickly and in larger numbers until all the stragglers were housed. I saw the wireless message flashed from Zion's refuge to Zion's refuge in their several places that all was well with them¹ and then the darkness of chaos closed around the boundaries of your people, and the last days of tribulation had begun.”

Sols Caurdisto

Edward James Wood Has a Spirit Visitor

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

“Another of the memorable occasions in the life of President Wood occurred in 1921. “Uncle” Henry L. Hinman, Stake Patriarch and last living personal witness of Joseph Smith the Prophet among the Canadian Saints, half-jokingly made an agreement with Edward Wood. The two men, while speaking of the spirit world, agreed that the first to die should return and tell the other about the work going on there. “Uncle” Henry died shortly thereafter. President Wood later told of an incredible experience wherein Henry L. Hinman actually kept his promise and returned for a final visit with his friend. He woke up one night and *saw Uncle Henry standing in the doorway of his bedroom*. His first thought was that the departed Patriarch had come for him, so he got up and greeted his spirit visitor. *President Wood recalled noticing his own body still in bed and wondered what his wife would think when she found out he had left his body*. Mr. Wood asked Uncle Henry if he had seen his favorite Bible prophet, Elijah, yet. The answer was that *he had been too busy and had not had time to go where Elijah was*. In explaining the nature of his busy life in the spirit world, he told President Wood that he was engaged in missionary work. *He told of six men who had just been called to assist in the work there*. Three of the six were still living and acting on the Alberta Stake High Council. This puzzled President Wood very much, and he thought he had better try to write down the names of the three lest he forget them. He went to his bedside table and, *although he remembered the names, he could not write them*. This he said he could not understand, but as he turned to speak further with his visitor he saw him pass through the door and leave. Upon ‘re-entering his body’ he woke his wife and told her of his visitor, but he could not then remember which three of his High Council had been called. Soon after this experience, the Stake President was called to administer to one of his High Councilmen, Willard G. Smith. *Near the sick man’s bed he said he saw written the words “This is one of the men”*. Mr. Smith said to him, ‘You know all about this—that I am going to pass on—I want you to get my children together to finish my temple work.’ He died the next day. Nearly two weeks later, as the Stake President entered the home of Ephraim Harker, another of his High Councilmen, *he said he heard a voice say--This is another of those three men*. He died soon thereafter. Another week passed and President Wood went to the hospital to visit another High Councilman, John Heninger. *He said he knew by inspiration that this man was the last of the three*. President Wood hesitated as he was about to administer to him. Mr. Heninger said, ‘I am going to leave right away and you already know it, don’t you?’ President Wood blessed him, but not that he would recover. He died during the same week. Said President Wood of these experiences, ‘It is a wonderful vision and assurance of the identity of the spirit apart from the body.’”

(Melvin S. Tagg, *The Life of Edward James Wood also in Life Everlasting*, pp 54-55 By Duane S. Crowther)

1927

“I’ll tell an experience that we had in our temple. Many years ago Apostle [Melvin J.] Ballard and President Rulon S. Wells were called to South America [1925]. Both left the exact time. . . . [Elder Ballard] gave such a glowing report to our quarterly conference here in Alberta Stake that one of our young men who was preparing for a mission came to me and said, ‘Brother Wood, I’d like to be called to South America. Brother Ballard was telling us about it.’ I said, ‘Brother Burt, if I were you, I’d wait and go wherever our Father has called you. You might feel better about it later on.’ And he was quite disappointed. I could see that he thought he ought to be called there. So I said, ‘Let’s not decide about it at all. Let’s wait and see when you get your call.’ Next day his father and mother came up to the house here and said, ‘Keith’s awfully disappointed you didn’t seem to favor his being called to South America,’ and they said, ‘Have you changed your mind?’ And I said, ‘No. I don’t feel impressed that it would be a good thing for him to be called there.’ So later on they came up here and said, ‘Brother Wood, you’re well acquainted with President [Grant]. If you’ll suggest that Keith be called to South America, that’s where he’d be called.’ I said, ‘All right, if you insist on it, I’ll do that.’ I remember when he received his recommend from the bishop. I put in a note and suggested that the family wanted their son to be called to South America.

“So in about two weeks the call came back and Brother Burt was surely appointed to South

America. He went soon to Salt Lake, received his appointment and was set apart, and one other elder was called with him. They went direct to New York and took a vessel to South America out of New York. Three days out of New York the vessel was wrecked and this young missionary, Brother Burt and his companion, got separated in the wreckage and this [other] elder came up here later and reported and said, 'I waved my hand and said good-bye to Elder Burt and he sunk.' Now his folks were awfully disappointed to think that he was one of very, very few of our missionaries who ever lost their life before they got to their field of labor.

"So time went on. His father took one of our [assignments] as temple record officiator in our temple. He was through with his part and sitting in the Celestial Room waiting for the sealing ordinance to be over. I was in the sealing room at the time. As he sat there, he heard the voice of his son. His voice said, 'Father, you've been awfully disappointed in my mission being cut so short through the loss of my life. But if you knew the mission that I am performing now, you'd rejoice and think I was fortunate in being called to the spirit world as I was. Now I'd like you to tell mother not to worry or weep anymore about me, that I'm far better off than I otherwise would have been.' Then Brother Burt said to his son, 'How will I know that you've been to talk to me tonight?' And he said, 'Brother Wood will call on you to bear your testimony. He's in the sealing room now, performing some sealing ordinances.' So Brother Burt said, 'Brother Wood don't know I'm here. He thinks I've gone home because I've been some time through with my part.' That's all he said so Brother Burt had expected me to call him into sealings right away. I didn't. So finally he thought, Well maybe I've just been imagining it, that Keith's been talking today. I'll go home. He went downstairs and [tried to] put on his civilian clothes. He just couldn't get those clothes on. It didn't seem like he could leave the temple. So he went up again and he walked by the door where I was sealing and I saw him. I didn't say a thing to him. And that was a greater surprise Than ever to him. So he sat down a few minutes and went down a second time and a third time and the fourth time I said to one of the brethren in the sealing, 'Go and ask Brother Burt to come and bear his testimony, please.' He said, 'I think Brother Burt's gone home long ago.' And I said, 'No, see if he has.' And when he went down, sure enough, Brother Burt was there just getting ready to change his clothing. And when this brother said, 'Brother Wood wants you to come and bear your testimony,' he almost collapsed and fell on the floor. But he rushed up straight and figured he'd have to hurry or I'd figure he had gone. So when they came up and stood in the door of the sealing room, there were quite a lot of people there. I never saw a face more angelic-looking than his. And he said, 'Did you want me, Brother Wood?' I said, 'We wanted you to come and bear your testimony.' So he told them just what I've told you about his son. And later on that mother told me he'd never shed another tear after that."

1930's

A Young Missionary's Fallen Eyelids Are Healed.

This account about a Western Canadian missionary is from a tape recording made by President Wood and describes an immediate healing involving a defect injurious to a young man and his assigned missionary activity. The tape recording is in possession of the Wood family.

"We had five [brethren] come to the temple in Cardston from the Western Canadian Mission. One of the brethren had what they call fallen eyelids. Did you ever see a person that couldn't control the lid of an eye? Couldn't raise or lower it? This brother had fallen eyelids. There were four missionaries. So [the missionary with the fallen eyelids] sat on the front seat in our devotion meeting. I said to him — Brother Larsen, was his name — I looked right at him and I said, 'Is that fallen eyelid any handicap to you in your mission field?' 'Oh yes,' he said, 'Brother Wood. Whenever I stand up before a congregation they all look at my eyes and not at me.' I said, 'Have you got any faith?' 'Yes, I have.' Nothing more was said, brother and sisters.

We went through the session. They all took names.

“After the session was over the brethren said to me, ‘Brother Wood, the elders would like you to come in and give them a blessing before they leave.’ The eye was just the same. No change. So I called them into the office. I wanted a little meeting with these missionaries. One of the brethren said, ‘Elder Wood, Elder Larsen would like you to administer to him for his eye trouble.’ I said, ‘I’ll be glad to.’ I sealed the anointing that was given to him and blessed the eye that it would have the nerve and control so that he could use it and have no handicapped position. I shook hands with him and never saw any difference. I went outside. In about ten minutes one of the brethren came back and said, ‘Brother Wood, come out and say good-bye to us, won’t you’ ‘My gracious,’ I said, ‘Yes, I’ll be glad to.’ When I went out, brothers and sisters, everyone of those missionaries had hands to their eyes, weeping like children. I said, ‘Brethren, what is it that’s so affected you?’ and they said, ‘Look at Elder Larsen.’ He came and looked and he said, ‘Brother Wood, my two eyes are adjusting.’ I shook hands. ‘The Lord bless you,’ I said. ‘Not I, [but] the spirit, faith, [the] power of faith [has healed you].”

Seeing the Names of Three Worthy Men Soon to Die.

In January 1921, a much beloved stake leader, “Uncle” Henry Hinman, a person who had met the Prophet Joseph Smith, passed away. President Wood had enjoyed a close relationship with Brother Hinman. Some years following his death, perhaps about a decade, Brother Hinman came in the spirit to President Wood to discuss with him some of the work on the other side of the veil. As a result of this experience Edward learned of three men who would be taken in death.

Here, twenty years after experiencing the spirit-experience with Brother Hinman, President Wood tells the story for his family’s benefit.

“I’ll now relate as briefly as I can an experience I had with Uncle Henry Hinman after his death. But before he died he was sick several months and I used to visit him quite often. One day he stood up out of his chair shook hands with me, and he said, ‘Brother Wood, if you die before I do, will you come back and tell me how conditions are in the spirit world?’ I said, ‘Uncle Henry, you’re old enough to be my grandfather and you’ve been sick along while. Chances are you may pass away before I do. Will you do the same to me?’ He shook hands and said, ‘I sure will, Brother Wood.’ After he finally died [in 1921], he came and stood at our bedroom door. And all at once I seemed to be very nervous in my body, and my spirit body—whether this was a dream or vision, whatever it was — my spirit body stood outside of the bed. My physical body was lying by the side of Sister Wood. Uncle Henry stood at the door. I said, ‘Uncle Henry, have you come for me?’ He says, ‘I’ll let you know later.’ And I said, ‘What’ll Sister Wood think when she wakes up and finds my dead body by her side?’ He said, ‘Brother Wood, she won’t know a thing about it.’ He said, ‘I’ve come to tell you a little of the organization that’s going on in the spirit world. I’m here to tell you about six missionaries who are to be called on missions. Three of them are here and know you. And three are on the other side.’ So he gave me the names of three men. I said, ‘That’s a wonder. Those men are in perfect health. Nothing the matter with them. Did you say they were called on a mission?’ He said, ‘Yes.’ I said, ‘Wait a minute, let me take their names.’ I went over to a little table by the side of our bed and had a piece of blank paper. And you know I couldn’t write those names down to save me. I just couldn’t write them. My tongue wouldn’t spell them. And I said, ‘Well, Uncle Henry, wait a minute. Let me write those names. And he started back out the door. He waved his hand and he said, ‘I’ll see you later.’

“When I looked where he’d gone, why I was alive in my physical body. Sister Wood said, ‘What in the world is the matter with you? You’re so fidgety. Why don’t you go to sleep?’ I said, ‘Don’t disturb me.’ And I took that piece of paper, and you know I couldn’t write a name that he told me. I could remember them but I couldn’t write them. So time went on and I commenced to

wonder whether it was so that I'd never had that experience with Uncle Henry.

“So finally one morning I was going down to the temple with Sister Wood in the car. The night before, a little girl had come here [to our home], Brother Smith's daughter. She's a sister to Willard [L.] Smith, president of our stake now. She said, 'Brother Wood, Father's very sick and he'd like you to come over and administer.' I said, 'All right.' I went over in the quite late afternoon and he was lying on a couch right there in that house, and right under that couch it said, 'This is one of the men.' My gracious, I looked at those rugs and I looked at him. Brother Smith held out his hand, this was Willard [J.], he was bishop at one time, but was now a member of the high council. When he held out his hand he said, 'You look awfully concerned about me. I'll be all right if you administer to me.' I administered to him and I came home in kind of a skeptical mood. I wondered, was it so, did I see those words?

“So in the morning on the way to the temple I thought I'd call and see how he was. Sister Wood had a funny attitude too. When I came out she said, 'How's Brother Smith?' And I said, 'He's much better.' She said, 'I thought so.' We went to the temple and [were] holding the devotional exercise. Brother Smith's wife was the clothing keeper in our temple, so she was there. And right in the middle of our devotional meeting, somebody sent word to me to go to the telephone. I went to the telephone and they said, 'This is the hospital. We've got Mr. Smith here and he wants you to come right down.' I said, 'Which Mr. Smith?' They said, 'Willard J. Smith. You heard about him yesterday afternoon.' And she said, 'He wants you to come right away.' When I met him at the hospital he was lying on a cot. He said, 'Woody — Brother Wood — you know all about this.' I said, 'About what?' 'Well,' he said, 'I'm to pass on and I want you to get the children together and tell them to finish the temple work that I haven't done.' The next day he died.

“And about a week after that, maybe ten days, Brother Ethan Harker [became ill]. His wife, Sister Harker, was an officiator in the temple. She said, 'Brother Wood, on your way home, Brother Harker isn't feeling very well and he'd like you to come and administer to him.' I said, 'All right.' So I stopped the car outside his gate. When I put my foot on the doorstep a voice behind me said, 'This is another of those men.' So I went in and looked at him. 'Oh,' he said, 'you don't need to worry about me. I'm all right, but I thought it would be very nice for you to come to administer to me on your way home.' He died in about a week.

“About [a year] after that, Uncle John Taylor Henniger [became ill]. We called him Uncle Taylor. He used to be one of my witnesses in the sealing room, helped me a long time. His good wife was a faithful temple officiator. So she said to me one day, 'Uncle Taylor's quite poorly and I don't like the way he acts.' She said, 'He said if I'd see you, you'd tell me all about my condition. But you'd better go and see him.' He was living right across the street from where Sterling Low was. So I called at his house and he smiled and held out his hand and he said, 'What is this, Brother Wood, that's to happen to me?' He said, 'I've just got to prepare. I'm going to leave right soon.' I said, 'What makes you think so?' He said, 'Well, don't you know?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'I think you do.' So I went back to the temple, met his good wife and I said, 'Uncle Taylor feels awful funny and said that he's just about finished his mission here.' She said, 'He told me that too.' He died the next day.

Another Case

“Quite an elderly Sister from the N.W. States was having two children sealed to her and her dead husband — one of the Missionaries was acting at the altar for the dead husband. She had her record made out in our Records Office for the two children. She was acting for herself as the

Mother at the altar, and had two of the people in the Caravan kneeling at the altar for the two long since dead children. I asked her when I was about to perform the sealing if two children were all she had and she said yes; I felt impressed to hesitate, and asked her a second time if the two on the sheet I had in my hand were all she had ever had, and again she said yes; then I heard a voice as I thought from behind me, saying 'I am her child,' and when the old lady again hesitated, the voice spoke again so that I could hear it — 'I am her daughter,' then the old lady broke in tears, and said 'yes. I had a baby girl over 40 years ago; it died a few months after birth and making up the record, I entirely forgot that child; let us postpone this sealing till tomorrow.' In the morning in our usual devotional, the old lady asked if she could speak; she then told all present what had happened in the sealing room the afternoon before, and asked all present to forgive her for overlooking to record the name of the little girl, and said with eyes filled with tears — 'now I know that this Temple Work is true' — almost every eye in that large audience was filled with tears; the sealing of the three children was duly attended to the same morning, and the old lady left rejoicing. No body heard the voice but myself.

The biography of Edward James Wood yields another marvelous experience of a similar nature:

A very similar incident to the above was also related by Edward J. Wood. He told of a widow who came to have two living children sealed to her and her dead husband. The two children, ages nine and twelve, were standing just inside the sealing room door to witness the sealing of the parents, when a peculiar light appeared over the two children and President Wood said, "I saw another child standing with the two." He asked the mother about a third child, and found there had been such, but by neglect, the information was not recorded. "As I told her how I knew," said President Wood, "the child disappeared from the other two."

President Wood recorded the following testimony of one of his co-workers who witnessed beings from the spirit world attend vicarious temple ordinances:

A few years after the opening of our temple for ordinance work, one of the temple workers, President Duce, who had spent several years in active temple work in the Logan Temple, was sitting in the sealing room. He stated that he saw the main corridor to the sealing room filled with people looking into the sealing room and taking note as sealing ordinances were administered for one person after another, in the relationship of wives to husbands or children to parents.

He said that he saw plainly as each person's work was done he or she would shake hands with the people still waiting in the corridor and would apparently go away. When the work in the sealing room was finished, he still saw very many waiting in the corridor. They were apparently very much disappointed in knowing that the work was finished for the day and no work was done for them.

This leads us to believe that there are a good many people in the Spirit World who know what is being done in the Temple, and that when the work is not done for them, they are greatly disappointed.

(A Book of Remembrance- A lesson Book for First Year Junior Genealogical Classes, pp. 80-81 And in Temple Manifestations, p. 157, by Joseph Heinerman, 1974, Mountain Valley Publishers, Manti, Utah)

President Wood also witnessed the appearance of the spirit children prior to their births into mortality:

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

Another miraculous manifestation occurred with one faithful sister, Clara Fullmer Bullock, while she was attending one of the sessions at the Cardston Temple:

On the 29th of November 1939 after my doctors had treated me regularly for months they reversed their diagnosis for my case from five internal ulcers to that of far advanced cancer__cauliflower stage.

One doctor phoned the hospital and had my room in readiness, for he said that I must have hospital care and begin with deep X-rays early the following morning. Deep X-ray burns and radium combined with cancer pains was hard to consent to. All cases I knew eventually left the hospital in a coffin. I was under the pressure of medical doctors and half-dazed for a moment when I stepped into the adjoining store for apparel in readiness for the hospital, all of the time crying mightily to my God for a way to avoid this agonizing death trap. Then I stepped back and paid my doctor and released his services with many thanks, also releasing the hospital and X-ray. I told the doctor if I followed his advice I would leave the hospital in a box and that I decided on a different way out.

I would now make the 500 mile trip to Great Falls for injection of 2cc of glyoxylide and our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary following in two weeks, I would go to the Temple for a special blessing and spend the happy anniversary day in the House of the Lord . . . At dawn next morning we were on our way to Great Falls. Every revolution of the car wheels increased the pain. At Great Falls, my cancer doctor confirmed the diagnosis, far advanced cancer, cervix three-fourths involved

Thirteen near ones had planned on meeting us in the temple, fasting and praying for my recovery. Most of them had been invited to join us by phone. I made these wants known to my husband. It grieved him to say "No" for he stoutly insisted that the 185 mile trip would kill me and he refused to hear my pleadings. The doctor had told him I was a hospital case and should be under the care of a competent nurse. With my husband's assistance, I was getting by and keeping on the Koch doctor's prescribed diet, et cetera. But my heart was set on going to the Temple.

Arriving at the Temple at noon the next day, I found my group all present. The first session over, President Wood had gone home. I phoned him to arrange for a blessing, but made no explanation of my true condition. He asked me to lie still until he returned. After the short meeting he invited us to his prayer room where eight were already waiting. Those whom I had selected placed their hands upon my head in humble prayer.

Here I will digress for a special reason. It had been perhaps one and one-half years since I had been to the Temple or seen President Wood who had heard nothing of my illness and knew nothing of my cancerous growth until he placed his hands upon my head. He knew that I had sat in that small office many times and exercised my faith in behalf of others during the twelve years I was a stake genealogical officer.

Tears were streaming down all eyes before he looked heavenward to seal my husband's anointing. I feel sure that at this moment he recalled the last time I came to the temple. Two years before in my home, conditions threatened a marital breakdown which persisted and I was

burdened with grief and sought President Wood's advice in a very confidential manner and had given him my pledge to forgive. President Wood then asked me to remain for the evening sessions. It was caravan time—two caravans that day from the Northwestern States Mission.

About 300 were present. Most of these people had never seen a temple, and had hoped and dreamed for some day of having that privilege. It had been a great financial sacrifice. Their time at the temple was so short, and President Wood understood their yearning for a spiritual feast. Four sessions lasted until nearly 3:00 a. m. The first group relaxed in the Celestial Room until the last were all through. After the seats were filled, the rest were seated on the thick velvet carpets. Now dressed in their wedding garments, I wondered if even in heaven could be found a lovelier picture, a perfect setting for the unfolding of heavenly truths not to be revealed elsewhere on earth—only in God's holy temples. President Wood held his yearning audience with Celestial fire like few speakers can making their stay in Cardston the greatest moments of their lives, filling their souls with faith in God and wisdom and knowledge for eternity. After speaking for an hour, he suddenly paused and turning to me said, "Sister Clara, you must forgive. You must not let a wounded heart destroy your soul, if you will do this, the Lord has a blessing for you." How could I have known my next visit to the temple would be to seek a blessing because of internal cancer. All blessings come from God and the value of that promise did immediately register with me for I was embarrassed before so many people.

But now his past words seemed momentary and he was saying, 'Oh, Father in Heaven, because she has been willing to bear the souls of men a growth has formed on the delicate parts of her body, and I rebuke that growth and command it to whither away.'" He was the only one who knew then (and that by inspiration) that the cancer had formed as the result of stitches at childbirth.

My young ex-doctor was a fellow Lion and close friend of my son whom he annoyed continuously to persuade me to take X-ray at the hospital. He had seen it spread and grow rapidly in seven weeks after he had removed the growth by electric needle. And now at the end of the second month since I left his office, returning for a check-up, he was surprised to see the growth had become smaller and was withering away. He declared it a miracle—he had never seen such faith.

At home again and in my own room that night, door fastened and capsule in hand, my first tears were falling thick and fast. But they were tears of gratitude to God that I! was on the road to recovery and would escape death by foul cancer.

I was definitely on the upgrade toward health which took two years.

(Clara Fullmer Bullock, My Guiding Light, pp. 27-33 and in Temple Manifestations, pp. 159-160, by Joseph Heinerman, 1974, Mountain Valley Publishers, Manti, Utah

One of the more miraculous healings occurred with a young girl who had been afflicted with deadly scarlet fever which weakened the muscles and valves of her heart; and, subsequently, she was plagued with severe heart attacks until Edward James Wood, a man of faith, administered to her and said that her recovery would be very gradual. The girl's father, William Sykes, related the following:

Her condition improved so rapidly and so surely that we put the past behind us and encouraged her to do the same. We had forgotten to remember that President Wood had not promised her immediate relief from her condition but that her health and strength would gradually be restored to her. In our eagerness to accept the most we failed to allow nature sufficient time to do that which God directed.

Early one Sunday morning in the month of February, 1944, we were awakened by terrible screams coming from Patty's room. We rushed in and found her fighting for breath and in an agony of pain. As the awful truth forced itself upon our numbed senses a feeling of utter despair settled in our hearts and the question "why" was never so far from being answered as at that moment.

We did everything we could. The Edmonton Branch fasted and prayed. Members of the Church living in the southern part of the Province fasted and prayed. Word was

telephoned to President Wood of Cardston and prayers were said in the Temple for her. Local doctors were consulted.

Patty's condition grew slowly but surely worse. Finally we noticed that her feet and hands and stomach were beginning to swell, the fatal symptoms we had been told to expect.

I must admit that at this time my faith was put to the test. Not that I doubted the power of God to heal the sick. That thought has never succeeded in having a place in my heart. But was it wisdom in the mind of God that this child should remain on the earth under the conditions from which she now suffered? My wife cried: "I do not wish to hold her if it is better for her to go. But I can't bear to see her suffer like this!"

That morning a letter came from P resident Wood addressed to Patty. Among other things he wrote: "I wish I were there to give a blessing. Since that cannot be I am sending you this letter. As long as you have it near you it will be as if I were there and had blessed you."

We are humbly sincere when we say that from that very hour Patty's condition improved. The pain ceased and it has not returned in these months. The swelling disappeared and her breathing was normal and her sleep regular. In the month of July she traveled four hundred miles and on July 27 stood before the assembly in the Cardston Temple and told her story and bore her testimony. President Wood said: "In all of my experience I have not seen such faith experienced in a child as in this one."

(Liahona, The Elder's Journal, Oct 10, 1944, pp. 212-213, and in Manifestations of Faith by Joseph Heinerman, 1979 , Magazine Printing and Publishing, Salt Lake City, Utah

1933

The oldest Son of President Wood Dies

Glen his oldest son was 39 years old and Bishop of nearby Glenwood. In his earlier years he also had been a missionary to Samoa. President Wood writes:

Glen came in to the hospital with a carbuncle on his neck *causing* blood poisoning and he is very sick.

"June: Glen kept getting worse. We called three other *Doctors* from Lethbridge at different times to help our local doctors Mulloy and Braton, Drs. Roy, Campbell and Fowler, but he didn't respond to any treatment and the whole Stake and especially Glenwood and our Temple workers fasted, but all to no avail — he passed away very peacefully Thursday at 5:00a.m., June 8th. Lala, Mary Ann and I had been at his bedside nearly all the time but he seemed better, and we left Forest, Dale, Vi and Glen Nielson to be with him and to our great sorrow and surprise he left us. He seemed to know from the first he would not recover. He told me that he and I were in the sealing room in our Temple where I officiated, and that a 'messenger' told me he could not be healed. He told me in native samoan he was going on 'a malaga fou' — a new journey. He told me several times that Frank Smith [Edward and Mary Ann's son-in-law, *decease* husband of Fern] and others had been to see him and at the last he told the boys not to delay him — he had to go.

"I'm quite satisfied that often when brothers and sisters are called from this sphere of action to pass into eternity, it is to respond to a call that's made for them to fill in the spirit world. Our son, Glen, was taken sick. Nothing very serious we thought, but we got him to the hospital and we all went down and administered to him, he finally told me the next morning, 'Now, Father, you don't need to worry at all about me. I'm never going back to the ranch anymore.' I had spoken to him about it — he had charge of the stock and family interests — and I was wondering if he wanted to [tell me about the ranch]. He told me not to expect him to return to the ranch because he was called to go to the spirit world to visit in the part of the spirit world where the Samoans were now staying; that he was called on a mission to go and visit them; that he wouldn't get better; and for me to go home and tell his mother and others of the family. So we left and the next morning, he felt worse. The doctor said it looked like his condition had turned into blood poisoning and it was a very serious case. As I was standing at the foot of the bed in the hospital,

with the doctor, he started talking native [Samoan], and he was talking to native people just like he was on the island. The doctor said to me, 'He's kind of delirious.' I said, 'That isn't delirious to him. He's talking in the Samoan language where he labored between three and four years among the natives.' So he finally quit talking to them and talked to us and told me to get his things ready and have the folks come down and say good-bye to him because he was to leave and take up his mission in the spirit world with those Samoan people who had visited him. So the next day he passed away and it was quite testimony to all of us that our passing out of this life into the spirit world is the next [step], at least it was in his case. Sure enough, he just sat up and shook hands with us and said good-bye and went back down on his cot, turned over and went into a deep sleep. And that was his death."

1940's

Healing a woman on crutches

"A lady was walking in on crutches into the [Temple] devotion meeting. We had our devotion meeting about forty minutes before every session of the temple – every session. This lady was walking up the aisle on her crutches and as she sat down in front, I felt impressed to ask her about bearing her testimony. And I said to her, 'You don't need your crutches to come up.' So she stood up actually right before all the people –the crowd was about 100 people –and she stood up. She had had polio since her paralysis and couldn't straighten her legs. So when she stood up from her seat I said, 'Stand right up, sister.' And I offered my hand for her to walk up onto the roster. And she says, 'You don't need to help me, Brother Wood.' And finally, right before all the people, she straightened up and straightened up, until she was in her natural size and position with her limbs in perfect shape. She put her crutches to one side after she took her seat and she said, 'I hope I never need you anymore.' She told me after she got home and she entered her home about her daughter; she had a daughter [she had] left there. She had never written her about her being healed in the temple, so when she entered the room, the child, the girl saw her –I guess she was about 12 or 13 years old –and she fell down and fainted on the floor to see her mother with no crutches and walking in a raised position in height. [The woman] told me how overcome her family were."

President Ballard was dearly beloved by both those in this life and beyond the veil as was evidenced by the following account:

The last time apostle Melvin J. Ballard attended an Alberta Stake Conference he was greeted by Mary Ann Wood and he replied, "I am glad to see you too, and you'll never see me again." Sister Wood, who was deaf but could read lips very well, wondered if she was going to die. In the temple the Apostle spoke for twenty minutes. Mrs. Wood heard every word and told him how wonderful it was to hear him speak. He answered, "That is very good, and you'll never hear me again." After the conference was over there was much contemplation as to the meaning of the Apostle's words to Mary Ann. Sometime later in the temple, President Wood said he saw in a vision a group of people in the Celestial Room. He asked, "Who are you waiting for?" They replied, "Brother Ballard." "He is not here," replied the President. He said that as he then turned around, "Brother Ballard came through the veil in his temple robes." President Wood interpreted this vision to mean that Apostle Ballard's kindred dead were waiting in the temple for him to join them, for this happened on the day of Brother Ballard's death.

Melvin S. Tagg, *The Life of Edward James Wood Church Patriot*, an unpublished Master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1959, p. 111.

A Tribute By Mark E. Peterson of the Twelve Apostles given at the Funeral of Edward

James Wood in 1956.

Elder Mark E. Petersen:

“I’m very grateful for the opportunity of joining with you today in paying tribute to one of the great stalwarts of the Church, in paying tribute to one of the great stalwarts of the Dominion of Canada, a great citizen, a benefactor of his fellowmen, and who gave of himself that others might be made more happy.

“Last Thursday as we were meeting as the First Presidency and the Twelve, the passing of President Wood was discussed and President David O. McKay, who so dearly loved President Wood and who in turn was dearly beloved of President Wood, asked me if I would extend to all of you and particularly to the members of the family the love and sympathy of the General Authorities of the Church, and President McKay asked if I would say for him that he regarded President Wood as a ‘truly great and good man.’

“President Wood was dearly beloved by all the General Authorities of the Church. He was widely known throughout the western part of the United States even as he was in Canada. He was one who had received with such graciousness so many people *who* came to the Temple. He won friends far and wide. With you we pay tribute to him as a colonizer, as a pioneer, as a man of great foresight, a man of determination to do that which was for the benefit of the communities in which you all live. We pay tribute to him as a leader of men.

“We must pay tribute to him, however, above all else for his great devotion to and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That was the outstanding characteristic of the man, his love for Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God, the Redeemer of the World.

“Is it any wonder you loved President Wood so much? Have you ever thought just why it is you loved him so? It was because he took for his pattern of life Jesus the Christ, and tried in *every way* to treat other people in a Christ-like manner. And because he was Christ-like in his own soul and tried so hard to exhibit a Christ-like attitude in all his dealings with his fellow men and doing so in such great humilitude, you loved him. You loved the principles which are characteristic of the Savior, and when you saw those principles at work in the life of one of His humble servants, you loved the servant, you loved his devotion to the Lord. .

“. . . and because of his great devotion, I pay tribute to him.”

**(From The Book A Treasury of Edward James Wood
by his daughter Olive Wood Nielson,)**