

WRITTEN  
JAN. 22 1935.

## HISTORY PERTAINING TO THE CHURCH

I was baptised by Peter Dastrup when I was 8 years old, just below the river bridge at Sigurd, Utah and confirmed by my Bishop Peter Gottfredsen.

When 12 years old was ordained a deacon, latter a teacher and Priest I remeber with pleasure, the loads of wood I hauled an chopped up for the widows and with what pride I administered the sacrament.

When I was attending school doing chores for board in Salt Lake City while walking home from Priesthood meeting in the 18th Ward, Bishop Thomas Clawson put his hand on my shoulder and asked me if I would like to go to the Temple and receive my blessing therein, He said he felt prompted to invite me to do so and would recommend me to the Temple. This opportunity I accepted with great joy, even though I was not 20 yrs old and had never thot it my opportunity before I went I was thrilled and thankful. (Sogood)

Soon after I started in the practice of my chosen profession, the Lord humbled us with a protracted of my wife, the details of which have already been published to the world. (Gems of Reminescence a Faith promoting incidents published by G. C. Lambert for the Church). These experiences were I can see now very valuable to me, for the out-set in my practice I learned to seek the Lord in all things.

It was about this time that the State of Utah and the Nation went dry. I remember I had nearly a half a case of Lager Beer on hand bought for my wife (it seems it helped her appetite). But on the very day the country went dry I went dry with it and delibertely emptied some fifteen bottles of beer on hand down the kitchen sink and from that day to this I do not remeber of buying a drink of beer or having it in the house. We have frowned down on even root or malt beer in the fear a son might be tempted to like the forbidden drink. At no time in our married life (27½ yrs.) has there ever been a cup of tea or coffee drunk by any member of our family and only once have I drunk it (coffee) elsewhere. On this occassion two sleepless nights and a cold winter mountain return ride home at 3 am. awaited me. Another Dr. in whose home I drunk the coffee advised me to drink it and really I was afraid to make the trip because of loss of sleep. I concluded it would be wisdom to partake but contrary to my hopes it did not help me. It made me more drowsy and miserable, It was with great difficulty that I made my way home. It was a valuable lesson to me for I now know it is more advantageous to obey Gods commandments and recive His help than to resort to forbidden drugs though it be served in fashionable style.

Soon after our arrival in Richfield, I served in the Sunday School supertendence with Lester Quist as second councilor then First and later Superintendent then in the Stake M.I.A. served as 2nd then First and for one week was President of the M.I.A., was chosen as a councilor to Bishop Seegmiller in the 2nd Ward of Richfield, where I served some 8 yrs. from here I was called into the High Council where I served until March 1934, when I was called and set apart as the 1st Councilor to President E. W. Poulson in the Stake Presidency of Sevier Stake of Zion by President Joseph F. Smith