



Funtastic Family Home Evenings  
*Easy to Prepare! Fun to Share!*



## You Hold the Key (Ages ~ 8 and older)

### PURPOSE

- To help family members better understand the importance of doing family history work
- To provide resources for beginning family history work

### MATERIALS

- Stories found below

### SUGGESTED SONG

- [I Have a Family Tree](#) page 199 in *Children's Songbook*

### LESSON IDEAS

1. Ask your family, "About how many people do experts think have lived on this earth so far?" (more than 100 billion)
  - a. Ask, "How many of those people do you think have had the opportunity to hear and accept the Gospel of Jesus Christ?" (only a small portion)
2. Ask, "How will these people hear about and receive the blessings of the Gospel if they have already died?"
  - a. Explain that there is a great missionary program in the Spirit World (see Doctrine and Covenants 138) but we must do the family history and temple work for them.
  - b. Testify that these people are VERY anxious to have their work done.
    - Share one or more of the stories found below
3. Share with your family President Henry B. Eyring's challenge for us to do family history work:
  - a. [Gathering God's Family](#)
4. You may want to share one or more short videos found here on LDS.org:
  - a. [Youth and Family History](#)
5. Testify that the Lord and His leaders have challenged all of us to do the work for our ancestors. We hold the key to their work being done.

### ACTIVITY IDEAS

- Sign up for [free membership](#) with Ancestry.com, FindMyPast.com and MyHeritage.com.
- Learn how to create a family history "Fan Chart" [here](#).
- Learn how to print your "Fan Chart" [here](#).

## **Please Do My Work**

By Terry Lynn Fisher

When my husband and I had been married for less than a month, he had to go through basic training and other training for the military. I was not allowed to accompany him, so for the six months he was gone I stayed in Provo, Utah, and worked. This was not my idea of married life—my husband over a thousand miles away and unable to come home for even a visit. I was a very unhappy bride.

One night during this time, I was awakened from a deep sleep by a voice which came into my mind. As I listened to what was being said, I realized that my great-great-grandfather [George Wilkie] was speaking to me. I lay there for a moment, listening and thinking. My great-great-grandfather was telling me to have his family sealed to him. He had lived in the United States in the mid-1800s. Due to the Civil War and the economic conditions prior to the war, my great-great-grandfather ... had been away from his beloved wife and four sons a great deal. Eventually he died while serving his country in the Civil War.

My ancestors were not LDS and did not have the blessings of the gospel. Now, in the middle of the night, here was my great-great-grandfather Wilkie saying to me, 'Terry Lynn, please have my family sealed to me. I want to be with them through eternity. Please have our temple work done! You are now away from your husband—imagine that for eternity. It is awful! I want to be sealed to my wife.' Then, as suddenly as it had come, the voice was gone.

At first, I thought I must be imagining things, and I lay there and thought about my great-great-grandparents. I decided I should do their genealogy and would get to it when I had the time. Then I began to doze. I was startled when the voice returned and said much the same thing, only this time urging me to have the work done soon. I decided to do something about it the next day. Apparently, however, my grandfather knew I would probably be distracted the next day, because he spoke to me yet a third time, and told me to do something NOW!

I could not quite believe what was happening, but in the middle of the night I got up and began working on genealogy. I sorted through miscellaneous papers and records and found the information I needed to begin. I then wrote letters requesting birth, marriage, and death certificates. When I had done all that I could do at that time, I finally went back to bed.

I worked on genealogy a lot during the six months my husband was gone. Eventually, I was able to go to the temple with my cousin and have my great-great-grandparents sealed. I can testify that I felt their presence there in the temple and knew that, at last, they could be truly happy and together eternally (*Ensign*, Aug. 1983, pp. 54-55).

## **NOT ONE SOUL WAS MISSING**

The following incident took place in the Logan Temple:

"Probably one of the mightiest preachers the Mormon church ever had was Apostle Melvin J. Ballard. He had had heavenly manifestations, and did not hesitate to declare the word of the Lord, and with power.

"Elder Ballard sat at our baptismal font one Saturday while nearly a thousand baptisms were performed for the dead. As he sat there, he contemplated on how great the temple ceremonies were, and how we are bringing special blessings to the living and the dead. His thoughts turned to the spirit world, and he wondered if the people there would accept the work we were doing for them.

"Brother Ballard said: `All at once a vision opened to me, and I beheld a great congregation of people gathered in the east end of the font room. One by one, as each name was baptized for, one of these people climbed a stairway over the font to the west end of the room. Not one soul was missing, but there was a person for every one of the thousand names done that day.'

"Brother Ballard said that he had never seen such happy people in all his life, and the whole congregation rejoiced at what was being done for them.

"For the rest of his life, Apostle Ballard preached to the Church in all his travels, that the work we do in the temples is accepted, and that the people themselves are permitted to attend and receive the blessings personally.

"This testimony has cheered the hearts of tens of thousands of faithful Latter-day Saints who have labored in the temple for their dead ancestors" (Nolan P. Olsen, Logan Temple: The First 100 Years, pp. 170-71).

## **“Are You Going to the Temple?”**

By President Anthon H. Lund

I remember one day in the temple at Manti, a brother from Mount Pleasant rode down to the temple to take part in the work, and as he passed the cemetery in Ephraim, he looked ahead (it was early in the morning), and there was a large multitude all dressed in white, and he wondered how that could be. Why should there be so many up here; it was too early for a funeral, he thought; but he drove up and several of them stepped out in front of him and they talked to him. They said, "Are you going to the temple?"

"Yes."

"Well, these that you see here are your relatives and they want you to do work for them."

"Yes," he said, "but I am going down today to finish my work. I have no more names and I do not know the names of those who you say are related to me."

"But when you go down to the temple today you will find there are records that give our names."

He was surprised. He looked until they all disappeared, and drove on. As he came into the temple, Recorder Farnsworth came up to him and said, "I have just received records from England and they all belong to you." And there were hundreds of names that had just arrived, and what was told him by these persons that he saw was fulfilled. You can imagine what joy came to his heart, and what a testimony it was to him that the Lord wants this work done (*Temples of the Most High*, p. 124).

## Pertaining to Temple Work

By Frederick W. Hurst

In the fall and winter of 1892-3, I worked at painting in the Salt Lake Temple. Although sick, I felt strongly impressed to go and do my very best.

At noon the third day after beginning, President [Wilford] Woodruff called all the workmen together. He said he had been told that some of the workmen had stated that it would be impossible to have the temple completed by April 6. He said when he looked at this body of men, he didn't believe a word of it. "Some of you may be sick and weak" (I thought he was talking to me), he continued, "some of you may be give out at night, but you will be here in the morning if you are faithful. You are not here by accident; you were ordained in the eternal world to perform this work. Brethren, I will be here April 6th to dedicate this building. I know what I am talking about, for this was shown me in a vision fifty years ago in the city of Boston."

At time during that winter I was so sick with vomiting I dare not ride on a street car. I had two miles to walk to my lodging at Creighton Hawkins' home, which was located in the First Ward. Often the Brethren would say to me, "You can't go to work tomorrow." I thought of President Woodruff's promise and didn't miss a day all winter but was constant until the work was finished.

Along about the 1st of March, 1893, I found myself alone in the dining room; all had gone to bed. I was sitting at the table when to my great surprise my elder brother Alfred walked in and sat down opposite me at the table and smiled. I said to him (he looked so natural): "When did you arrive in Utah?"

He said, "I have just come from the spirit world; this is not my body that you see; it is lying in the tomb. I want to tell you that when you were on your mission you told me many things about the Gospel, and the hereafter, and about the spirit world being as real and tangible as the earth. I could not believe you, but when I died and went there and saw for myself, I realized that you had told the truth. I attended the Mormon meetings." He raised his hand and said with much warmth, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart. I believe in faith, and repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, but that is as far as I can go. I look to you to do the work for me in the temple." He continued: "You can go to any kind of sectarian meeting in the spirit world. All our kindred there knew when you were trying to make up your mind to come and work on the Temple. You are watched closely, every move you make is known there, and we are glad you came. We are all looking to you as our head in this great work. I want to tell you that there are a great many spirits who weep and mourn because they have relatives in the Church here who are careless and are doing nothing for them."

Three different times during our conversation I leaned over the table towards him and said, "Alfred, you look, talk, and act perfectly natural: it doesn't seem possible that you are dead." And every time he replied. "It is just my spirit you see; my body is in the grave." There was a great deal more that he told me, but these are the important items as I remember them. He arose and went out through the door that he had entered.

As I sat pondering upon what I had seen and heard, with my heart filled with thanks and gratitude to God, the door opened again, and my brother Alexander walked in and sat down in the chair that Alfred had occupied. He had died in 1852 in New Zealand. I did the work for both him and Father in April, 1885. He had come from a different sphere; he looked more like an angel, as his countenance was beautiful to look upon. With a very pleasant smile he said: "Fred, I have come to thank you for doing my work for me, but you did not go quite far enough." and he paused. Suddenly it was shown to me in large characters. "NO MAN WITHOUT THE

WOMAN, AND NO WOMAN WITHOUT THE MAN IN THE LORD.'

I looked at him and said, "I think I understand; you want [your wife] sealed to you."

He said, "You are right—I don't need to interpret the scriptures to you, but until that work is done, I cannot advance another step."

I replied that the Temple would be completed and dedicated in about four weeks and then I would attend to it as quickly as possible.

"I know you will," he said, and then got up and left the room, leaving me full of joy, peace, and happiness beyond description (from *Voices from the Past*, BYU 1980)