

When I First Saw The Prophet of God

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When President Grant came South for a conference, it was to be a great event. We planned to go from our home in Savannah, Georgia, to Atlanta which was near three hundred miles away. For this occasion we felt we could not miss, for I don't recall a prophet visiting the South before.

In order to save a nights lodging, we left very early on Saturday morning (the first day of the conference) feeling quite sure we could make it for the fist session in the morning. The morning was clear, with a soft warm breeze and the stars shone out brightly as to show our way.

As soon as daylight came and the children, Evelyn, Earl and Myron aroused from their rather uncomfortable beauty nap; we began to count cows and horses, which we usually did when on a long trip. We found it to be good entertainment, especially for the children as it kept the trip from being so long and tiresome.

We passed Macon with its beautiful surrounding of peach trees. Georgia is noted for it's fine peaches. Ass was going well until the motor of the car began skipping. We knew we would be late if we stopped to try to correct the trouble, so we trusted in luck and kept it going.

After winding in and out of the busy Saturday morning traffic, and driving down the seemingly endless Peach tree street, we stopped a number of times to inquire from a passer-by some directions. We finally found the chapel and then had difficulty finding parking.

We entered the chapel quietly, moved quickly up the stairs, and peeping around the corridor, we came in view of the stand where we saw the President. His companion, Brother Snow was on one side and the Mission

President was on the other. Speaking for myself, a feeling went over me as if a vision. There I knew, sat the Prophet of God.

Brother Snow was the next speaker. He told of the time when he was a constant companion to his father, President Lorenzo Snow. He would keep his eye on his father all of the time because his father was old and feeble. When his father would go into a room to pray, Brother Snow would often check on him. He would hear his father talking to the Lord as though he was talking to some visitor in a room. He would pour his heart out to the Lord. His talk impressed me very much.

Next President Grant spoke. You could hear a pin drop.

In the afternoon, we took in Grants Parkland and went through the Cyclorama. It was in a large building. The inside walls were rounded and the Battle of Atlanta was depicted. On the fifty foot high walls, were painted trees, shrubs, people and the railroad just as it was during the battle. You could see Sherman on his white horse, way off in the distance.

At the lower edge of the wall, where it met the ground, there were dying and the dead among the stumps and bushes that were made out of plaster of paris. It looked so natural, with their eyes rolled back and blood stains that it made a sickening site.

A Northern soldier that came across a soldier, who was fighting for the South, raised his head up to give him a drink of water and discovered it was his brother.

The evening program at the chapel was a very colorful site. It was put on by the missionaries and showed a lot of hard work.

On Sunday, President Grant told stories of his life. It was not so much what is said but the spirit that was present. I could feel it so strong and I came out with tear in my eyes. As we were going out, Myron, who was only six years of age, remarked, "He sure could talk good."

I felt bad about not having the chance to stay for the afternoon meeting but we thought it best to start for home.

The trip was well worthwhile for we felt a deeper assurance that we had seen a Prophet of God.