

I SOMETIMES KNEW AHEAD

During my life time there have been strong feelings come to me of things to happen, sometimes called premonitions. Things which were unknown to me at the time, but which did happen.

Soon after the close of school in June, 1900 I well remember telling mother and my brothers that I was not going to school in the fall, yes over and over again. None took my seriously. Mother would say, "It's early now wait until fall, then you will change your mind and want to go", or "why won't you go to school". My only reply was "I don't know, but I won't be going. Late in August on the 23rd thereof in 1900 several of us boys were playing in our back yard at 918, 21st in Ogden. Someone hollered, "Iast one to the barn is a nigger baby". They all broke running east to the barn. I was in the rear. On the lot west of the barn was an irrigation ditch about two feet wide over which was a one inch thick board about 10 or 12 inches wide crossing the ditch. Some used the board, others jumped it on the way to the barn. I chose the board stepping hard in the middle. It so happened that the bridge was a cross grain board. With my thrust on the board it broke in the middle. This sudden snap to the side also twisted my leg sbarply and the leg vone snapped just below the hip socket.

When I fell my first call out was to Mother who was outside near the rear of the house, "My leg is broken, see I won't be going to start school this fall".

My recollection is six weeks in bed, then crutches and back to school on them about October or November, while using crutches.

While I lay on the ground Mother came tried to stand me up, but each time I tried to walk I would have fallen had she not been holding me. Our old baby buggy was down by the house. It was used to take me to the house. The doctors, Ezra and Edward Rich were called. 'Mother's Journal page 7 item 13)

Years later in 1913 I recieved a call on a mission to the Swiss-German Mission. This was not the happy experience I had anticipated. I was desperately home sick, the food was not to my liking, the beds were hard, the feather tick covering would not stay in the right place, I was cold much of the nights and the language was difficult and hard to learn. I had suggested to Bishop Edward A. Olsen when asked where I would like to go, that I go to Great Britian. I got the impression about May of 1914 that I would not be staying in Germany for long. I kept thinking of a transfer to the British Isles where I could speak the language and do more good. I tried to somewhat leave some such thought in my letters home. ~~A kind of~~ ~~think~~ Mother had saved all my letters. This ~~that~~ I found in one letter to Father. Sure enough I left Germany soon after war broke out on August 1, 1914. I thought we were going home, back to America. Us missionaries who had ~~seved~~ less than 20 ~~or~~ so months when we reached Liverpool, England were recalled to some place in the U.S.A. My call was to the Southern States Mission with headquarters in Chattanooga, Tenn. So once again the premonition was there but I could not tell exactly what would occure.

It was Saturday, April 12, 1943. The Ogden Stake Presidency, High Council, Patriarch, and ward Bishoprics were called to an evening meeting at the Ogden Fourth Ward. Apostles John A. Widtsoe and Spencer W. Kimball were there. They announced that the Ogden Stake was to be divided and they were present to interview those present as to who would best serve as the presidency of the Ogden Stake, being that portin of the stake south of Ogden River and Plain, Hunterville, and Liberty Wards of the Ogden Valley.

I was interviewed by Brother Kimball. After preliminary discussion he said, "Who is the strongest man for Stake President of the Ogden Stake". I said, "Samuel G. Dye of course". He wrote that down, then said, "Who is the next strongest man". My immediate reply was, "Lawrence H. Evens,

Bishop of the Ogden Sixth Ward". He wrote that down then said, "Who is next strongest?". I hesitated. I could not think immediately of someone, for the thought came that I was the next but should I tell him? I sensed that he got the thought as I gave him the name of a third man. He said, "That will do". The interview ended pleasantly.

Saturday, April 19, 1943 (a week later) was to be final determination of those to be selected. Apostle Widtsoe and Kimball were back to finish their selection, to be presented before Stake Conference in the morning.

That evening I cleaned up, dressed up, shined my shoes to look my best. Mabel, my wife said, "Why all the doll up for tonight?". I said, "Can't tell what may happen", but I knew the presidency would be Dye, Evans, and Belnap.

Preliminary meeting was held, during which a member of the High Council went about the audience passing out slips of paper. One was handed to me which read, "Please meet in room 9 after meeting".

All who had slips met in the room designated. When my turn came I went to the Stake Presidency office and met with the apostles. After the greeting and being seated Brother Widtsoe said, "Brother Belnap who would make the best president of the Ogden Stake?". I sat silent when he spoke, "I guess that isn't the proper question" then continued "Samuel G. Dye has been chosen for presiden. He has chosen Lawrence H. Evens for his first counselor and you for second counselor. What do you say about it?" My reply was, "What more is there to say about it?". He thanked me and told me to be at the tabernacle in the morning.

When it was announced that a new ward was to be organized from positions of the 4th and 13th Wards and the boundries stated, knowing that we lived in the new ward area, the thought struck that I would be bishop of the new ward. In fact this was more than a premonition for in 1901 when I was five years old I had a patriarchial blessing by church patriarch, John Smith, that if I would be true and faithful I would be called as a common judge in Israel. Mother explained that this ment a bishop.

Years passed by and I thought little about it. But now I was faced with a new question. Had I been true and faithful sufficient to warrant a call to such a worthy office? The days of the week to Friday came and went when questioned if "I'd been asked as bishop, my answer was, "I've heard nothing, it would seem to me that most likely the proposed bishop must have been spoken to by now".

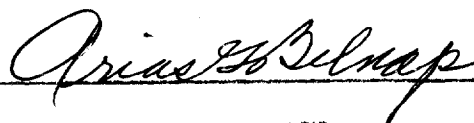
At that time I was president of the 8th quorum of Elders. It just so happened that we had scheduled a quarum dinner party in the ward hall that night. My counselor, Jay Taggart, and I were in the hall cleaning up, and setting up tables when Mrs. Eli Holton, wife of the Stake Clerk, came into the hall. She said that she had a message stating that "President E. McKay was on his way by train from Salt Lake and he wanted me to meet him in the Weber gym stake office at 6:30 p.m.". She said that he knew we had this party and that he would be very brief. I told her we had dinner at 7:30 and that I could not come but she would not leave. Jay said that I better go, "It may bethat you are wanted for bishop". I replied that "That must have been settled before and if it was ward clerk that I did not want it and hoped I'd not be asked".

What could I do but hurry home, change my clothes and meet the stake Presidency as requested. President ^{Widtsoe} E. McKay wasted no time. He said they knew I was busy. He took a letter from his port folio and read as near I remember the letter from the Church First Presidency, "You are hereby authorized to sustain Arias G. Balnap as bishop of the newly to be created ward in your stake. You will see that he is worthy and mets the full requirements of the calling".

President McKay asked, "What do you say?". I said, "I dare not

refuse". "Okay", said the President, "select your counselors and we will see you Sunday at 1:00 p.m. at the home of Bishop N.E Lund and we will present you for sustaing at the meeting already appointed at 2:00 a.m. Sunday in the 13th Ward chapel". At 1:45 p.m. Newell W. Pickett, and Harold B. Foutz were interviewed at the 13th Ward for counsalors. J. Bennett Moore, who was working in Salt Lake City, arrived after the meeting started, was invited into a room and interviewed as Ward Clerk. We were all sustained during the meeting.

Late in 1971 and early 1972 I knew that something was going to happen that we should get our affairs in order. This we did. Shorthly after Mama passed away whereas I had thought that it was to be me.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Arias G. Belnap", is written over a horizontal line.

Arias G. Belnap, 1972