

From the Life of Ira Corbett Stone Jr. ("Pete") (1921-)

Ira Corbett Stone Sr. entertains an angelic visitor

The following is told by Ira Corbett Stone Jr: "I was probably about 8 or 9 years old (it was 1930 or 31), we were living in Salt Lake. The Depression had hit and people were doing all sorts of things trying to make a living. Dad was a painter, things were really rough for painters and he knew he needed to find a way to make more money. He used his pick-up truck and drove down to the market in Salt Lake City, UT, bought some Idaho potatoes and drove them to Los Angeles and sold them. After they were sold he would pick up a load of oranges and drive back to Salt Lake and sell them. He did this quite regularly. I remember one guy saying, "You'd get big oranges, huge ones, and you'd sell them for about \$0.10 a bucket."

The trips from Salt Lake to LA were not a one day trip as they are today. He would stop part way, often in Vegas. On one of his trips down it was night and the moon was shining bright. He was somewhere near Mesquite and noticed a man walking (dad was always the type if he saw somebody walking down the road he'd stop and pick them up—though times have changed and you can't do that anymore, too scary). He stopped and picked the man up, as he was quite elderly. They drove for a little while, and pretty soon they started talking, the man began asking him about the Book of Mormon and the gospel. After he'd been talking to him for quite awhile, this man told my dad some things about mother, how she was a good church member (of course my dad was not a member). All of this seemed rather strange to my dad, but he didn't pay any attention to it (to me it would have been strange, but to him he just listened and kept going).

He then started talking to dad about how mom really deserved a man that was more (dad wasn't a bad guy, nothing like that; but you know the blessings that come from having a husband that's a member of the church and all that.) So anyway, he talked to him about the church and the Book of Mormon quite a bit. This went on for a couple of hours as they drove. Something was in the road and they stopped, dad went out and it was a turtle that was upside down on his back (there use to be a lot of turtles along here). Dad turned the turtle over and when he got back in the car he looked around and the guy was nowhere to be seen. He looked down the road, it was a beautiful night, moonlit night, you could see for a long ways. He walked all around and looked everywhere; he got in the truck and drove all around looking for him. He didn't want to leave him out there, but finally he did not know what else to do but drive on. Later, he told us that he thought it was rather strange that he couldn't find him.

That experience did not cause my dad to immediately join the Church. It took a while, he would support my mom and us kids and when he would come to our primary activities people often mistook him for a General Authority. Mother was hoping all the time that he'd join the church. It wasn't for a couple of years after my mom died that my dad joined the Church (my older brother Joice baptized him).

