

Honoring Ancestors

A unique energy comes through knowing and honoring our ancestors. We Mormons honor them by linking the generations through temple work. Temples are holy places of worship where members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints participate in sacred ordinances performed by the authority of the priesthood. Temple ordinances lead to the greatest blessings available through the atonement of Jesus Christ. One temple ordinance is celestial marriage, in which a husband and wife are sealed to one another for eternity.



Corrine married Neil August 2010 in the Bountiful temple.

“I wanted to marry my husband in the temple because we both believe so passionately in forever families. I wanted to know that when we die, that’s not the end, but we get to be together forever and that our kids are stuck with us forever too, haha. I lost Neil once when we broke off our engagement and it was the hardest thing I’ve ever done. I knew when we got married I never wanted to lose him again.”

Sealing Andrew's Great Grandparents

After divorcing Peter Belov I continued my close association with his father. Shortly before moving to Ohio Grandpa and I had a serious argument about information he withheld before I married his son.

I was very angry and promised the good Lord that I would not do any genealogical work for that family until Grandpa apologized. The next day he came to me saying he was sorry.

I was surprised. Remembering my vow I asked grandpa to fill out a pedigree chart going back as far as he could remember. He did. I filed it away and forgot about it. Tom and I were going through an endowment session twenty years later when I kept seeing, in my mind's eye, my ex-husband dressed in white. He was smiling at me. This disturbed me as I seldom thought about Pete and our five year marriage. After going through the veil, I asked Ann Brooks, my Relief Society President, what it meant.

"Maybe he's dead," Ann replied.

Still bothered, I told Tom about my experience as we drove home. "Was Pete wearing his temple robes?" he asked. "No! He was dressed in a white shirt and pants. He looked the way he did when we were young."

"Do you have temple work that needs to be done for that family?" Tom wondered. Not wearing temple robes indicated to Tom that Pete could not perform saving ordinances for his family. He was asking me to do it since I had all the information.

It was then that I remembered Grandpa Belov's pedigree chart. I was able to locate it along with other material I had collected over the years. I began preparing Belov family name to take to the temple. Finding birth and death dates posed a thorny problem as some of the information was in Russian. There was a picture of a woman holding a baby with an inscription on the back written in an old Cyrillic script. I asked my son Matt, who had minored in Russian, to translate it but he could not. My friend Maria Wright's father was Russian and she had a friend who was able to translate it. The inscription read, "This is me and my son Matthew, born July 5, 1898." The photo was of grandpa

Belov's mother and brother. It yielded Matthews birth date.



Another photo, taken in 1954 of the graves of Grandpa's parents, revealed their birth and death dates. Both died in China where they took refuge after fleeing at the end of the Russian Revolution. They became Chinese citizens and though written in Chinese, these dates were easy to decipher. As Tom and I had only one family that needed to be sealed, a temple worker escorted us into a session led by Keith Bergstrom, Tom's former principal. I was filled with love and deep emotion as I served as proxy for grandpa's mother. I cried all over the altar during her marriage ceremony and the ceiling of the children which followed. I knew in my heart that the little Russian woman pictured above wanted her family sealed. After seeing my tears, people in the company were wondering about my relationship to her. "Were they kin?" Brother Bergstrom asked me.

Not wanting to explain that I was doing the work for my ex-husband's grandparents. I replied, "Last month my little grandson, Andrew Belov, was born in Salt Lake City. I am the only person on the face of the earth who had the records that link him to his Russian ancestors." It would have been next impossible for anyone else to do this work. This was in the fall of 1989. The Berlin Wall had just come down ending the cold war. The Soviet Union was opening for cultural exchanges. Little did I realize that Tom would lead a delegation of Skyline High School students to Zelenograd the next year.

Or that my son Matt would be invited to attend the Moscow Institute of Technology and would live in Russia for six months. It was a life changing experience for him. Or that the cultural exchange between Skyline and the students from Zelenograd would result in the first converts to the LDS church in Russia. These events seemed to have opened up limitless opportunities for our family.



In February 2014 Andrew and Chelsi Belov became the parents of our second Belov great grandson

Genealogy and Family History

I love family history. I have collected and written stories of my ancestors since my youth. They have become a source of power and strength to me. My mother had wonderful experiences as she wrote the History of Lake View. My father wrote his history while recovering from a broken back. Grandma

Farley wrote Otis Lysander Terry (1818-1899) and his family. I treasure these records.

I often sense the spirits of deceased loved ones as I write histories and perform ordinances. While standing proxy for Tom's great grandmother I felt a sudden urge to kiss my husband but feared it might not be appropriate. So I resisted. But when the feeling persisted, I went to Tom after their marriage ceremony and said, "Now that we are husband and wife, Elizabeth wishes to kiss her John." We honor our ancestors by placing flowers on their graves on Memorial Day. We "hasten the work of

salvation” by remembering them, writing their histories and doing their temple work as we link the generations. This is an energy which welds us together and blesses both the living and the dead.



Graves of my step mother, Phyllis Farley, and my parents, Jessie Eva Farley and Dean A. Johnson.