

Louis Naegle Testimony:

Related to remarks made by him at the Doctrine of Christ Conference in Boise, Idaho; September 10, 2016

In preparing for today, I was given a dream I'd like to share with you. In this dream, I found myself standing among a group of believers like yourselves. We were in dire circumstances, resources were sparse, danger was imminent, and we were all involved in an intense discussion about a critical mission that needed to happen soon to "save the cause."

A crucial part of this undertaking was to get a small object (like a thumb drive, or a microchip, or a white stone) to a far distant location. In time, it was decided by the group that I would be the one to deliver the object, so it was handed it to me. The consensus on the mission was that the odds of success were slim, but that it was also the only option left and we had to try.

As the planning continued and details were discussed; I thought about all that could go wrong and started to worry about what a long shot the endeavor really was. It seemed impossible. Just then I felt a tug on my untucked and mostly unbuttoned, heavy, outer, shirt. As I looked down I saw a little, old, white haired, lady seated next to me in what I assumed was a wheel chair. She hadn't said a word, but was busy with some needlework in her lap. Once she had my attention she pointed towards my chest. I looked down, and saw that indeed; I was missing a button. Of course I had way bigger things to worry about than a missing button and right then someone asked me for my opinion on something or another so that my attention was turned away from her.

A while later, as the discussion continued, I again felt a tug on my shirt; and again the little old lady pointed to the spot on my chest. This time she nodded and motioned for me to hand her the shirt. I admit that while I thought "It's nice that she wants to help," I also was not thrilled with her timing, nor with the interruption. Even in the dream at that time, I realized I would be embarrassed if I thought of the Lord picking up on my lack of faith and kindness and I tried not to think; "Really Lord?! Is this really the team you want us to work with. I mean, she's a sweet old lady and all and I know she means well, but under the circumstances I think we could really use a warrior or survival type brut of some sort. Our resources are so scarce! We're going to need a miracle just to survive, let alone succeed in what we're planning to do here..."

My attention was again drawn back to the group. As the planning continued, once again, the little old lady wordlessly tugged a third time on my untucked shirt and motioned for me to hand it to her. Finally, I acquiesced, shrugged off the shirt and handed it over to her with a forced smile and a quick nod. Over the next little while, I glanced down from time to time and was impressed at the skill with which she worked her needle and thread. At some point she once again tugged; this time on my T-shirt. I looked down to see that she had not only replaced the missing button, but she had also

sewn an almost invisible pocket between one of the existing buttons and the one she had just replaced. She then pointed to the hand in which I held the small object and motioned for me to hand it to her.

My eyes opened wide. "Brilliant!" I said under my breath and handed it to her, then watched; more impressed as she meticulously sewed the object right into my shirt.

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The next thing I recall; I had the feeling that a substantial amount of time had passed and I found myself face down and disoriented in an unknown place, surrounded by seemingly friendly people. They were kind to me but were also politely, but urgently, trying to elicit some information from me. As they awkwardly tried to get me to drink some water while I laid on my stomach, I remember feeling helpless, hopeless and foggy like I had a concussion. There were several concerned voices, but I couldn't understand what they were saying and their words seemed to all blend together. I was too exhausted and in an amazing amount of pain. I was fading in and out of consciousness. I couldn't remember how I'd arrived in this place, but I felt distinctly like I was a disappointment and that I must have somehow failed them.

At some point I realized that they were trying to turn me over. This gave me a frantic mini burst of energy because I was aware that my clothing was in such bad shape that I should probably be concerned about modesty. As they rolled me over, I looked down towards my feet and noticed that the bottom of my pant legs were shredded, my feet and lower legs were bare, bruised and bloodied, my right shirt sleeve was partially shredded as well and my left shirt sleeve was completely gone. I was a wreck! Then my eyes drifted to the spot between the two buttons and it was only then that I started to remember my mission. I couldn't believe it was there! The little pocket was completely intact!

I immediately struggled to free the object from its secret pocket. Someone handed me something sharp, and with help, I clumsily extracted the small object. Amazed, I held it out in my hand and stared at it. The former meeting and associated events started to come back to me. Just then someone took the small object from me and held it high in the air. A deafening cheer erupted from the surrounding gathering and a moment later everyone spontaneously kneeled to pray and thank God. As I continued to lay on the ground, still helpless, the truth occurred to me: That still nameless, voiceless, little white haired old lady had saved the day. SHE had saved the cause!!

That's all I remember of the dream. Hopefully you will have your own insights into the meaning of this dream. For me it was a startling revelation about who is important in the cause of Zion.

"Oh the noble and the great and the powerful... IT'S YOU!"

No matter how insignificant you think you are; each one of you are uniquely situated in this cause.

Even if you can't imagine how;
God knows what He's doing.

He knows who He has called; and He knows why.

We have been warned that Zion is not a cuddle fest that is going to bend to accommodate you... or me. It is you... and me, who need bow (who need to change) to become part of the New Jerusalem.

If you talk too much, don't talk so much!

If you're too wacky, stop being so wacky.

Be someone other people want to be around.

If you have in mind that Zion is a place where you'll go to "finally be accepted" for your quirkiness or weirdness or wackiness and finally be taken care of, I think that you are "missing the boat" ...so to speak.

The New Jerusalem will be a gathering of those who want to change, who desperately want to improve and to help and to provide; not a place for those who want to loaf and be taken care of by others. Every one of you has something important you can contribute. It's not too complicated. Zion will be a place where people who love God and love each other (and like each other) want to live together.

History is being made this weekend; and prophecy is being fulfilled. If you can now hear my voice or read the words which are part of these proceedings, you have been called to assist in proclaiming the Doctrine of Christ in preparation for latter-day Zion. Even if you are "just a curious observer," a sceptic, or a lethally trained federal agent hired by a multi-billion-dollar corporation to observe these proceedings; YOU have heard the call as well. And you're invited. This conference and you people who are proclaiming "The Doctrine of Christ" have been seen and prophesied about since the beginning of time. You are a part of it! Right here, right now, today! It might be a scary thought, but we have got to do it. You have, in fact, been called. The question is will you be chosen? Or will you remove yourself from the community because of doubt, pride, overzealousness, stubbornness, lack of charity for others or simply lack of vision and insight?

Obviously pride is a poison to the cause of Zion. But low self-esteem is a particularly sneaky and noxious form of pride. None of us have the luxury to wallow in that. God knew what He was doing in bringing you here today and it's important that you realize that and don't pretend to be more than you are or look for socially awkward or selfish ways to stand out. It is enough to be a humble, clean, holy, and sanctified you. Truly, by weak and simple things are great things brought to pass.

I wish I could express to you who you are. If you could open yourself up to see and accept it, then all competition, pride and clamoring for attention and recognition would cease. And your only desire would be to make yourselves clean before God, please Him, love one another, and share the testimony you have with your fellow men. God knows who He has called and why. What remains to be seen is whether we each respond in meekness?

Unbelief and the curse of our day:

There is a peculiar scripture in Isaiah that reads;

“Yea, wo unto those that worship idols, for the devil of all devils delighteth in them.” (2 Nephi 9:37)

I believe that idolatry so delightful to the adversary because it is the one sin perpetuated by otherwise good people... AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE DOING IT! In fact, they've actually convinced themselves they're doing a GOOD thing while laboring neck deep in idolatry. The way the adversary pulls off such a coup seems to be exactly the same in each dispensation. Upon the death of a true prophet, he inspires others to immediately establish a priest craft that will stand in place of God while falsely claiming to be His servants. They carry the charade forward from generation to generation simply by changing the meaning of words. It has been accomplished again in our day. Prophets no longer have to prophecy, seers don't have to see and revelators don't have to reveal.

“And he said, go, and tell this people, hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed.” (Isaiah 6:9-10)

When a true messenger arrives on the scene, he is of course discounted because of the false traditions and clever deceptions that have proceeded him.

“To whom shall I speak, and give warning, that they may hear? Behold, their ear is uncircumcised, and they cannot hearken: behold the word of the Lord is unto them a reproach; they have no delight in it.” (Jeremiah 6:10)

“The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant.” (Isaiah 24:5)

“Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward. Why should ye be stricken anymore? Ye will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment. Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire: your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. And the daughter of Zion is left as cottage in... except the Lord of Hosts had left unto us a very SMALL REMNANT, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah.” (Isaiah 1:4-9)

But if we realize we're wrong, perhaps we can fix it.

“Whatever thing a man sets his heart and trust in most is his god, and if his god doesn’t also happen to be the true and living God of Israel, that man is laboring in idolatry.” - SWK June 2013 Ensign

“Oh then, my beloved brethren, come unto the Lord, the Holy One. Remember that His paths are righteous. Behold, the way for man is narrow, but it lieth in a straight course before him, and the keeper of the gate is the Holy One of Israel; and He employeth no servant there; and there is none other way save it be by the gate; for he cannot be deceived, for the Lord God is His name.” (2 Nephi 9:41)

I expect that many will disagree with my testimony and say it is idolatry. But plainly stating the truth is NOT idolatry. In fact, it is the antidote to idolatry. I’m not Denver’s best friend. I wish I was. He did not ask me to testify in the front his book. In fact, it was I who imposed upon him to listen to what had been impressed upon me in a miraculous way.

Part of my testimony can be found in the beginning of Denver Snuffer’s book, Preserving The Restoration, but that is only a fraction of my testimony, and part of that is recorded wrong. That is my fault and I would like to correct that now. On the top of the last page of the testimony it currently says, “Save what was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith (comma,) what is offered in this book contains the most light and truth that has been presented in writing in almost 2000 years.” It should instead read how it was originally printed in the first edition where it said, “Save what was written by the Prophet Joseph Smith (Period. Double space. Capital W...) What is offered in this book contains the most light and truth that has been presented in writing in almost 2000 years.” It is not an overstatement to assert such a thing, in fact it already looks to be an obvious understatement.

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I was asked to bear my testimony again today so I’ll do that now and maybe try to give you an excuse to believe it.

I have loved Joseph Smith since I first started to learn who he really was when I was 18 years old. Ever since that moment I have tried to learn about him and about the good news he was trying to restore, from the most knowledgeable and passionate people I could find.

I have sat in a congregation of three on Mars Hill, in the shadow of the Parthenon on the Acropolis and listened to the gospel of Paul being taught by a preeminent scholar on the subject (and probably the most published author in the LDS church).

I’ve slept on a box spring mattress behind razor wire, awakened by muezzin “call to prayer” in the Israeli occupied west bank settlement of Maale Levona and collected pottery shards under armed guard on the ancient site of the tabernacle in the land of Shilo.

I have preached the gospel in the Austral Islands in the farthest reaches of the South Pacific where the first foreign speaking mission of the Mormon church was established. I've stood in front of the gates of Babylon and touched the cuneiform inscription of King Nebuchadnezzar on the cobalt blue tiled gates of Ishtar.

I preached from the Book of Mormon and distributed the first (and probably only) full case of them smuggled into communist Moscow and witnessed the first (and again perhaps only) Soviet Mormon Elder be ordained as such as he sat on the end of a bed there.

I've waded in the waters of Fair Haven on the south side of Crete where Paul was shipwrecked and sat on the altar of Pergamos/the "seat of satan." I've been escorted out of the Qumran "cave of the column" by Israeli federales beside Vendyl "Indiana" Jones near the site of the Dead Sea scrolls discovery where he was searching for the ark of the covenant.

I've taught the gospel to Andre Agassi in Steve Winn's private Las Vegas country club when the only other guests on the premises were Billy Martin, Tommy Lasorda, Magic Johnson, Larry Byrd, and Michael Jackson. (They were not at our table. Michael Jackson was having a picnic all by himself on the fairway. And yes, he was wearing that glove.) Crazy!

I could go on and on with crazy things I've done and experienced in search of knowledge and trying to please God. But I would only convince you that I am the Mormon Forest Gump and that's not what I'm trying to accomplish today. I'm honestly just trying to let you know that I'm not a naive little fawn who fell off the turnip truck and was deceived by the "evil Denver Snuffer" because I read from the wrong site on the internet. I've been around. A lot. And long before I met Denver Snuffer.

All that said, I quickly confess that as to virtue, I am the least among you. Those who know me best can tell you this is true. I try extremely hard to be righteous, but to this moment, the biggest fear in my life is that I will be that guy at the wedding feast who is approached by the King when he says, "Friend, how camest thou in hither...?" I have no ambition (and frankly no skill set) to be anything but a witness of the truth. [I am the archetype of the unsaved man,] but if you could accept me for the "thug" and "psycho-brain" that I am and if you would have me as your friend and your "cheerleader" that would be exactly where I'm comfortable... and I pledge to change to be a better resident in the New Jerusalem just in case I happen to be invited (or sneak in) there. And please know that I'm sincerely just trying to let you have an excuse to believe what I'm testifying of today. If I could witness more forcefully than I am doing this evening, I would do it.

As I wrote down these thoughts over the last few months, I often tried to comprehend the idolatry that would cause a people to perish rather than to simply "LOOK" at a brazen serpent at the top of a pole. And yet, no matter how honest and audacious a

testimony I bear today, MANY will not so much as even LOOK at what Denver Snuffer has written. I guess that's why, "the devil of all devils delighteth in them." When he can get good people to harden their hearts and make themselves deaf and blind on purpose and all the while think they are doing a good thing... that's got to be pretty delightful to the adversary. I wish I could make everyone hear. I don't know how to testify more boldly or more clearly than I'm doing, or on my life I would do it.

To conclude my testimony, I want to again state my love of and appreciation for the prophet Joseph Smith. If Joseph Smith Jr. would not have restored what he restored, the world would yet be in the spiritual darkness that was imposed upon it by the idolatry and priest-craft that then corrupted the Bible and those who attempted to follow its teachings.

If Denver Snuffer Jr. would not have done what he has done and is now doing; then what Joseph Smith Jr. attempted to restore would yet be languishing in the spiritual darkness and obscurity that has been imposed upon it by the same idolatry and priestcraft that now corrupts even those who claim to believe in the Book of Mormon and follow its teachings.

Jesus Christ alone is our Lord and Redeemer! Neither Joseph Smith Jr., nor Denver Snuffer Jr. can save you.

Nevertheless, my sentiments today are:

Praise to the men who communed with Jehovah!

No matter what you think about the statement I am about to make; in the near future, thousands will shrug at it, as the most obvious of testimonies.

"Denver C. Snuffer Jr, the prophet, and servant of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus Christ only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it."

In less than 10 years Denver has written more than 16 volumes (over 2 million words) that comprise among other things the greatest restatement in existence of the restoration began by Joseph Smith.

On the subjects of Zion, accurate Church history, church government, priesthood, Elijah, elucidating Nephi's use of Isaiah's prophecies, the Godhead via the Lectures on Faith and punctuation anomalies in the Book of Mormon, fulsome details of Christ's atonement in Gethsemane, and many others, Denver has single handedly brought forth more light and knowledge to mankind in written word, than everyone else combined.

In our current age of apostasy, rife with priestcraft, idolatry, and the false "anointed ones," referred to in the scriptures as "false Christs" NO ONE has defended the Lord's STATED "anointed one;" Joseph Smith, as valiantly and as thoroughly as Denver Snuffer. There is no written testimony on earth that is more clear and definitive about

the personality and ministry of the living Christ than what Denver has written! Anywhere! And no one has given a clearer statement as to the condition of the modern-day Gentile than Snuffer has. He is the “servant” spoken of in 3 Nephi 21:10.

Through Denver Snuffer, God’s strange act spoken of in Doctrine and Covenants sections 95 and 101, has commenced. About such, thus sayeth your God, “That I may proceed to bring to pass my act, my strange act, and perform my work, my strange work, that men may discern between the righteous and the wicked...” “For the preparation wherewith I design to prepare mine apostles to prune my vineyard for the last time, that I may bring to pass my strange act, that I may pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.”— truly...many called but few are chosen.”

God’s strange act and strange work will be fulfilled. You may find what I’ve just said to be shocking or think this is too much praise for a living man. But understand; I was called to bear witness here and I am not willing to risk you taking his mission too lightly or allowing you to underestimate what he has said and written, just so that I can avoid your disapproval or ridicule.

I testify that God the Father is real. However distant He was and for however brief of a time I was able to endure it; I have been in His presence. I know He is a God of unspeakable and for me unbearable power and love.

I witness that in the spring of 2013, standing with Denver near the spot where I now believe he had been baptized some years earlier, I heard God declare to me in His own voice; a voice that shook me to the core and hurt my bones, that Denver C. Snuffer Jr. is His honest messenger and is telling the truth! If things go as planned, by noon tomorrow you will be listening to one of the most pivotal prophets in the history of the world.

I witness that Jesus Christ is real. I have seen Him. I have been in His presence not five feet away from Him. I was not ministered to by Him. He did not pronounce me clean. And I certainly don’t consider that I have had my Second Comforter. He did not embrace me and I did not bathe His feet with my tears. Rather I recoiled into fetal position while still on my feet and rehearsed the abundance of my sins before Him. I wasn’t even astute enough to beg for forgiveness. But there were two distinct sentences that were conveyed from Him to me multiple times during the brief moments I was in His presence. They were: “Louie; I want you to be happy!” and the other sentence was simply, “Who have you loved?”

I have seen Jesus Christ. I witness that he is real, and that He is The God of Love.

Amen.