

## SUSTAINING OUR LEADERS

I pray that the Spirit of God may be in your hearts and in your homes. Let us hold up the hands of these men who preside over us. Vacancies have occurred. They have been filled by servants of the Lord, men that he has chosen, and the vacancies that will be filled now and henceforth will be filled by men that the Lord has selected to be our leaders and our advisers and our counselors. I hope that we will be found in the line of our duty, praying for and sustaining our present leaders, blessing them by our kindness and our love, and presenting them before our Heavenly Father in our daily prayers, asking him that he will give them the richness of his love and blessing.

I am thankful again, from the bottom of my heart, for my membership in this Church. I know that this is God's work. I know that Jesus is the Christ. I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the living God. I know that the men that have succeeded him as presidents of this Church have been leaders by divine appointment. I bear you my witness of it and express to you again my gratitude to have been associated with this work of our Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

## ELDER ALONZO A. HINCKLEY

*Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles and President of the California Mission*

My brethren and sisters, my soul is subdued. I had never dreamed of such a thing, never heard an intimation of such a thing as my being called into the Council of the Twelve. I stand before you as one who needs your supporting power for a few minutes.

I have thought in the last few minutes of my father, who is dead and gone. I have grown up in the Church, known all the Authorities since Brigham Young and loved them, sustained them, honored them, have been impressed by them, inspired by them. But my father, to him is the glory of having taught his family by a noble example, by devotion to the truth, by a humble reverence for the Authorities of the Church and loyalty to them all. To my father I give credit, leading his family, as man should lead, by the eloquent life that he led. His words were few but his example was true. No soul, in the presence of my father, was ever permitted to lift his voice and speak words against the Authorities of this Church, without my father offering an objection. I think of him in his teachings, in his prayers. My father prayed; he didn't say his prayers. We knew what was in his heart. We knew that for which he struggled, and we followed him.

May I pay a tribute to my mother, who, in the days when my father was called away from home, never permitted us to forget our

prayers, never failed to kneel in the group. Now I can understand, in these more mature years of my life, her spirit when she tiptoed upstairs, when all was quiet below and we were tucked away in our beds, and she would sit on the edge of the bed and make inquiries, intimate, close inquiries: "Have you said your prayers?" "Yes." "Did you remember your father who is away?" Sometimes we had to admit thinking father was so big and great and strong he could meet any situation, had to admit perhaps we had not felt the necessity of praying for him. "Did you pray for those who have not comfortable beds as you have? Did you pray for those who have not food to eat nor raiment to wear?" So today I pay tribute to that angel mother who left an impression so deep that it has never gone out of the hearts of her children. Blessed be her name!

Now permit me to pay tribute to the good people with whom I labor. I have sat in meditation this morning, as I came away from the bed of an Elder who had returned from his mission and been back to his home. His friend called up and said: "Could you come down and bless Elder .....?" I said: "I will come right down before meeting." As I sat there and looked at him and thought of him as one who had served as a district president, now needing help, I asked the Lord to give him the faith that I knew he had exercised when he was in the mission field, when he could call upon the Lord to heal the sick through the laying on of hands. I asked the Lord to remember him. I say I came away meditating. I thought: How blessed is my life, associated with these young men, pure and undefiled, who go forth in the strength of their young manhood, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, divinely commissioned to speak in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, fearful of no man, conscious of their responsibility and conscious of their authority, teaching that which they do know to be true. I say I meditated and thought: What a blessed man am I to be associated with such as these. I thought of the Saints down in the mission. How I love them! I thought of the sixty men who preside over the branches and direct the destinies of those thirteen thousand Latter-day Saints. Oh, what men they are! I said in my soul: "What hath God wrought!" He raised up these righteous people, who, without thought of cost of effort or time, offer a consecrated service that commands the attention of the world.

Our greatest sermon in every case, I think, is our manner of life. Do we testify with our lives that we have found the truth, that we love the truth, that we live the truth, and that the truth and the living of the truth brings into our lives, soul satisfactions that cannot be found elsewhere or in any other way?

I bear my testimony. I also testify of the Saints in the California Mission, of their unity, of their love, of their good works.

Now, all I can say, the Lord being my helper is I will just do my best. I think I could quote, with propriety, the prayer of David: "Let the words of my mouth, let the meditation of my heart be acceptable unto Thee, O Lord, my strength, my Redeemer." Amen.