

Saturday, April 7

thou and preach the kingdom of God." (See Luke 9:59-60.)

"And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house.

"And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke 9:61-62.)

Much more along this line might be said, but I want to call your attention to his formula, the principle which guided him, and how beautiful it is, and how it lets all of us who are poor come to him, and how it promises to us his spirit. He said in the closing of the incident that was connected with the coming of the disciples, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28.)

I thank the Relief Society for their song.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. 11:29-30.)

His gospel can be lived, can be enjoyed by the poorest of us; the poorest

of us may enjoy the blessings of the gospel, the blessings of the priesthood which accompany it. We need neither worldly position nor wealth in order to enjoy all that he has to give. His is the salvation and exaltation if we follow him, of all of us. There is nothing requiring more than a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and all that flows therefrom.

May the Lord give us the power so to live that we may have the blessings which he has promised; may he give us, to each of us, the broken heart and the contrite spirit; may we turn to Jesus the Christ, the Author of our salvation, our Elder Brother; may we worship him in spirit and in truth; may we approach our Heavenly Father through him, that his blessings may be ours, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. of the First Presidency has just spoken to us. We shall now hear Elder Adam S. Bennion of the Council of the Twelve. He will be followed by Elder Richard L. Evans.

ELDER ADAM S. BENNION

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

PRESIDENT MCKAY, my brethren and sisters: To look at this great audience and to follow the strength of these leaders behind us, makes a man humble. I sincerely trust that the Lord may give me his spirit through the few minutes that I shall occupy.

It is a stirring thing to listen to these mothers sing. I think when I was a baby I must have been rocked asleep by a good mother because I have loved music ever since. Sister [Florence J.] Madsen continues to be a great blessing to this Church, and through her to all these wonderful women we give our appreciation.

President McKay yesterday afternoon against the pressure of time, with his usual graciousness, gave me a promise that I might suffer through another night. And I want to pay tribute to his prophetic insight. All night long I

suffered the pain of an undelivered speech. As a matter of fact, some of my good friends at the close of the meeting yesterday afternoon said I had never before been so effective.

This is my first experience with a warmed-over speech. I was so impressed with the presence of these fine young men from Oklahoma and Missouri and Texas, had I said it yesterday afternoon all I had in my heart then to say was, "The eyes of Texas are upon you." Not only the eyes of Texas but also the eyes of the Church are upon you, and the eyes of all America are upon you. When you take to the blue going back home, just know that our prayers go with you, with you and the stewardesses, too. We are judged by the young men and women of this Church, and could I have said it in the presence of that fine student body choir from BYU, I would

have said the Church is measured in no small part by the lives you fine young men and women live.

I met with a group of boys like these up in faraway Alaska. As I visited with them, I asked them how they were getting on and whether they saved anything. One of those fine young men said, "I have plans ahead. I am saving an E Bond—it is true it is a small one, only \$18.75 a month, but if I stay here for three years I will have \$1,000, and then if I have the good fortune to get my GI benefits, I am on my way through college." That prompted the thought that when we talk of Bonds, we usually talk in terms of money. But there are other bonds, and I want to turn to them for just a few minutes this morning.

Following yesterday's inspiring message from our President, I turned to a book that was handed me by my good friend, Orval Adams, a collection of talks of Frank Totton, one of the outstanding businessmen of America. When he died, his good wife gathered together, as a fitting memorial to her husband, some of the things that he had said. The friendliness of Orval Adams who put the book in my hands, I shall always appreciate.

I beg you to remember that this is the speech of a man who spent his life in banking. But he said to some fine men of America, "There are finer bonds than money bonds. They are more secure, and they pay finer interest." I want to turn to just one of the bonds to which he made reference.

I. And I quote: "There are family Bonds." I wish he could have sat here yesterday morning. "Nothing can impair these ties except ourselves. The average modern home is equipped with countless inventions which have practically eliminated the drudgery of housework. The mechanics of the home are faultless, but mechanics do not make a happy home. The success or failure of human relationships determines the value of human bonds. Some of us in moments of discouragement may think that the American home is breaking down. But in spite of the widely chronicled divorce cases the fact remains that many families are happy families: the father and mother still in love with each other and the children dutiful and respectful.

Business success, honors, titles, and rewards in the last analysis are all brought home to the family, and all those glittering accomplishments are empty honors indeed if one has not a proud family to share them. The family is by far the most important single institution in our commonwealth, and happy indeed is the man, who, when he closes his desk at night has before him the glad-some picture of the sparkling family group with which he shortly will have his evening meal. Family bonds are gilt-edged investments. If you wish to check me on this, 'ask the man who owns one.'"

I am prompted by that little article and what we listened to yesterday morning to add these humble suggestions to the parents who would continue to hold gilt-edged family bonds:

1. Live as you would have your children live.
2. Breathe affection into the family's circle by "staying engaged" as the years come and go.
3. Anticipate situations and keep discipline in the spirit of section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants.
4. Know your children's companions. Invite them to share your home. Establish sensible coming-in times at night and know fully where their evening entertainment takes them.
5. Cultivate a family with shared responsibility in the home. The unkindest thing that parents who have worked hard can do in their lives is to deny the children the blessed privilege of work under responsible assignments.
6. Feature regular family prayers.
7. Build a spirit in the home in keeping with Galatians 5:22.

If I had a theme this morning it would be "Bonds—Series F." You have had your experience with the E bonds; these are F bonds. The first one is that family bond to which I have made reference.

II. The second is the Bond of friendship, one of the richest bonds in all the world.

I was prompted to say as I looked out over this audience, do not come to this conference with ten thousand people without shaking hands with two or three good men and women you never have met before. There are wonderful peo-

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ple gathered here. If anybody is too bashful and thinks he would be snubbed, there is one handshake from one man who would love to share it with you.

I like to think of David and Jonathan—of Ruth and Naomi—and I like to think of the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum, who died together. I like to think of the three men who sit behind me. I like to think of the men that we visit week after week, you men who constitute stake presidencies and high councils and bishoprics, presidents of organizations—you will all bear me witness that along with all the gifts that come as a result of your callings, there is the blessed privilege of knowing one another well—the privilege of finding out how wonderful people can be.

I have always loved Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous admonition: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. *A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.*" (Ital. author's.)

Then I think of that wonderful line from Shakespeare:

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel. (Shakespeare, *Hamlet* 1, 111, 62-63.)

Philips Brooks added the thought, "There is no more beautiful sight to see in all this world—full as it is of beautiful adjustments and mutual ministrations—than the growth of two friends' natures, who as they grow old together, are always fathoming with newer needs, deeper depths of each other's life, and opening richer veins of each other's helpfulness."

III. But the third of this series F bonds I want to leave with you this morning is Bonds of faith.

I am so glad that this conference was launched upon the basis of something you can do. It is no mere academic sort of thing; it is a way of life, this religion of ours. We can say with Micah:

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah 6:8.)

Family, friends, and faith, to me are three of the supreme values of life!

Two days ago we had the privilege of listening to the witnesses of thirty-one mission presidents. Among the wonderful things they told us was the report of a conference in faraway Japan, where people sat all day long in a room unheated, so cold that every Saint gathered could see his own breath through the whole conference—but they stayed. That takes faith.

Crowded into this life, rich in experience through all the years, I bring you an experience that is a tremendous tribute to faith. It was not written in a parlor, and it does not reflect the ease and the comfort of a hammock under a tree. The little woman who penned these half-dozen lines sat guardian through days and nights over a son suffering cancer of the bone. Within the year she had lost her husband and faced the problem of trying to establish a farm with her nine children. She lives in my state. I am proud to know that women like this still live. With nine children, the eldest of whom was stricken so that only a miracle could preserve him, she wrote this:

I wrote my prayer of faith while I waited one awful night alone beside my boy in the hospital:

Let me ride brave and buoyant on the angry waves of life—
Let me see to pluck the sweetness from each moment of strife—
Let me borrow no trouble—
Feel no pangs of fear—
Let strength, calmness, peace be mine
For I know Lord, thou art near.

That is faith!

You can invest in faith, my brothers and sisters, and it pays rich dividends, rich beyond any of the bonds I know.

Will you let me close with my simple witness to you in the terms of the faith that I cherish? I was born into this Church, proud that one grandfather came into the valley in '47 and that another one used to freight between here and the Missouri River. With that kind of heritage, God forbid that I should ever falter in the faith of those progenitors.

I have studied this gospel through four universities, and I am so happy to be

able to say that the more I have studied, the more wonderful this gospel becomes—so simple, so sublime, so satisfying. I give you my witness I have tried this gospel on, and it works—it works in every situation in life. And finally, I give you my testimony that the witness has come. It has come from Cumorah; it has come from Alaska; it has come from Hawaii; it has come from the hearthstone in my own home. I know as I stand here that God lives and hears and answers prayers. The recipient of answers to those prayers bids you to build richly, to invest in the bonds

that never fail—bonds of family, of true, sacred friends, and faith in Almighty God.

And I leave that witness with you, humbly, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

He to whom you have just listened is Elder Adam S. Bennion of the Council of the Twelve. We shall now hear from Brother Richard L. Evans of the Council of the Twelve.

ELDER RICHARD L. EVANS

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

I SUPPOSE that the singing which most of us first remember is the singing of our mothers. I can remember, as a child, my cheeks wet with tears for the sweetness of my mother's singing. Music can be very mechanical or it can stir and feed and satisfy the soul. Of such we have heard here this day, and with you I am grateful for the sweetness of the singing of these mothers here assembled.

There is a sweet presence which I miss here this morning, and did yesterday—that of Sister McKay. I should like her to know that she is much missed at this conference. I have seen her and her beloved husband in their graciousness together in various countries, under many conditions, and when our President spoke of love at home yesterday and of what pertains to the making of a good home, I am sure he was speaking out of the experience of his life and heart, for his courtly graciousness and gentlemanly consideration of Sister McKay on all occasions, under all conditions, and in all places, has been a source of inspiration.

At a time of conference I am always faced with a dilemma—one which stems from the necessity of selecting always two subjects: one for the Sunday morning CBS broadcast and one for the regular conference sessions. It isn't ever easy. Those who work with me at the office know that I seldom select a subject for Sunday before Friday, and my family well know that the agonizing

experience between Saturday evening and Sunday morning does not see these short subjects in their final form until a very late hour. That is a dangerous way to live, a hazardous way!

People often ask why I do not work farther ahead. I cannot tell you why. I wish I could prepare in advance, and I have no criticism of those who do—I only envy them. But I have a conviction from experience that there is a kind of contagion in the air, and if one waits to catch it, he will come closer to the spirit of the occasion than if he prepares too far in advance. I have tried it both ways, and those things, even for radio, which I have prepared too far in advance seem to have a sort of pre-prepared flavor.

Fortunately for me today the theme I selected for tomorrow morning has been running concurrently in my mind with that which I should like to say in just a few words at this session of conference.

It is interesting how, in reading scripture over and over again, one often, after many readings and a long time, quite unexpectedly finds some word or phrase that comes into his consciousness with a new and particular meaning. I have had, within the last few hours, just such an experience.

This scripture, so familiar to you, and which will perhaps be the theme of the broadcast tomorrow morning, is no doubt one of the most quoted in the Church—one which I have read most