

Friday, April 5

First Day

ing, and endure to the end; and as the Lord liveth ye will be saved." (Omni 26.) In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

He who has just given that excellent

address on fasting is the Presiding Bishop of the Church, Elder John H. Vandenberg.

Elder William J. Critchlow, Jr., Assistant to the Twelve, will now speak to us. He will be followed by Elder Delbert L. Stapley.

ELDER WILLIAM J. CRITCHLOW, JR.

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

In the course of my office day, at about noon of the day, but not every day, I may see through my office window two men, locked arm in arm, striding toward Hotel Utah. One is tall and slender—rather easy to identify—despite his distance from the window. He is President McKay on his way, by escort, to his hotel apartment.

Some day President McKay may let me walk with him to his apartment. Then, with our arms locked tightly together, he could lean on me physically, and thus in very small measure I could compensate him for the many times I have leaned on him spiritually.

Few people will ever have the privilege of locking arms and striding with a prophet, but everyone may have the privilege of following him.

Once President McKay said to me and a few others: "Come—follow me." That invitation came one summer evening several weeks after a thief or thieves had broken into his stable and stolen his saddles. Stake presidents in the Ogden [Utah] area, aware of his loss, purchased a fine saddle, and we had just presented it to him that lovely evening at his Huntsville home.

"Put it in the trunk of my car," he said, and motioning with his hand he bade us, "Come—follow me."

In our several cars we followed his car across town and beyond to a pasture gate. On the way and all the way his words, "Come—follow me," rode with me in my mind, exciting me, challenging me, finally provoking me to make a resolution which I sincerely pray I may have the courage to keep. I give it to you in earnest, simple rhyme, and challenge you to follow suit:

Follow him I will,
All the way;
And to wearied souls,
Along my way,
Take opportunity each
Day to say:
He is God's prophet—
David O. McKay.

President McKay opened the pasture gate, entered alone, and closed the gate. He asked us to stand quietly back a few paces. There was neither sight nor sound of pastured animals—brush obscured our view. Advancing a few paces, he raised his voice and called: "Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy." For moments there was silence, and in that silence I recalled that Sonny Boy was a spirited animal—the men who shod him had warned that he could give anyone a bad time. He gave them one.

Faintly I soon heard the sound of hoofs thudding rapidly upon the sod. The thudding strengthened, growing louder and louder and still louder; and then suddenly, two horses charged around the brush, racing neck to neck straight toward President McKay. I held my breath, fearing that they would trample him before they could check their speed. Doesn't he realize the danger? He did; he knew exactly what the horses would do; he didn't even budge; the experience was not new to him or to the horses.

Now picture this in your minds: President McKay with his arm over Sonny Boy's neck, both horses nuzzling him searchingly—horse kisses they may have been; I wouldn't know—but this I do know: rubbing noses is an accepted mode of greeting down New Zealand

way among the Maoris, as President McKay well knows. Anyway, this greeting of man and horse portrayed affection. I cannot deny it—I beheld it. I also beheld the President sweeten the greeting with sugar lumps from his pocket. The horses liked the sugar. I think they liked the President. I am very sure the President loved his horses. His arm around the neck of Sonny Boy was not intended as a show of affection; it half concealed a rope which he deftly circled around the neck to make the horse captive. Sonny Boy did not seem to mind—not much. He took the bit, gently, and made no fuss about the saddle. The President tightened the new cinches, lengthened the stirrups; then mounting without assistance, he prodded the horse into a trot which broke into a gallop as they disappeared, about as the horses came, around the brush and out of sight.

Two thousand years ago, one greater than a prophet said: "Come, follow me." (See Matt. 4:19.) And men left their nets; some left their ships; and some their work to follow him. Two had other things to do; one had a father to bury, the other had to bid his household farewell. To the latter, the Master said: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." (Luke 9:61-62.)

Men of the priesthood have set their hands to the plough. Many, however, have looked back; they had other things to do—habits, perhaps, to bury; appetites, maybe, to say farewell to. Therefore it was written: ". . . many are called, but few are chosen." (D&C 121:40.)

He who said, "Come, follow me," two thousand years ago is a busy man. Worlds without number has he created, and by him and through him were they created. He must be a very busy man. He has placed his kingdom here on earth in the hands of his officers, those who hold the priesthood—and the kingdom is no stronger than its priesthood officers. No officer—"No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." (Heb. 5:4.) No man taketh any office in the

kingdom until he is called. Since priesthood is authority to act—even to call—for God, every call by those in authority to call is tantamount to a call from him who said, "Come, follow me." "By me or by my word . . . through him whom I have anointed and appointed to this power" it is the same. "Mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God."

Once I sat at a banquet among men—businessmen, industry men, professional men, and others—462 of them—Mormons, Jews, and gentiles. The occasion was a testimonial to President McKay. These men were there expressly to honor him. One of them, not of our faith, speaking for the group, said in part about President McKay:

"We see every day his talent for harmonizing diversities and the inspired leadership which brings and secures enrichment from varied cultural sources as he has brought them together from every people, every land, every generation. . . .

"We have gathered that we might have opportunity to give full expression to the respect, to the affection, to indeed the love and gratitude that we have for him. . . .

"Our gift to President McKay is an organ to be installed in a chapel which has been built in Wales to honor his mother, Jeanette Evans McKay." (Joseph Rosenblatt, *The Improvement Era*, 66 [Feb. 1963] 111.)

In accepting the gift, President McKay said:

"I sincerely wish I were more worthy of the honor you have bestowed upon me; and in wishing to be worthy of your esteem, I find myself in accord with Portia's feelings . . . as she said:

"You see me, Lord Bassonio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,

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I might in virtues, beauties, livings,
friends

Exceed account.'

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act III, Scene 1.)

"... So as I receive this tribute from you, my friends, I say with sincerity in my heart: For you I would be 'trebled twenty times myself,' would be many times more capable to serve you." (*Ibid.*, 66 [Feb. 1963] 112.)

And by that "you," he meant you and you—and all of you out there listening in.

As he stood there, pouring out his heart, the challenging words of the poet, Josiah G. Holland, poured into my mind:

"God give us men! A time like this
demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith
and ready hands; . . .

. . .
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above
the fog. . . ."

—"God Give Us Men"

Employing some of the poet's own words, without giving them breath or tongue, I accept his challenge. That night my acceptance poured silently from my heart. Right now, I give it vocal status:

There is your man. A time like this
demands

His strong mind, his great heart, his
true faith and his ready hand.

. . .
A tall man, sun-crowned, he lives above
the fog.

Cultured, learned, august, affable, and
kind,

Handsome, too; God blessed him with a
brilliant mind;

A spark of divinity glows brightly in his
regal soul;

Help me, dear Lord, to follow him to his
celestial goal.

And to people—all along the way,
Grant me opportunity—each day to say:
He is God's prophet—David O. McKay.

Only one mortal man at a time is
privileged to hold all of the priesthood
keys pertaining to the kingdom of God.

The President of The Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day Saints is that man.

". . . and there is never but one on
the earth at a time on whom this power
and the keys of this priesthood are con-
ferred." (D&C 132:7.) President David
O. McKay is that man.

President McKay likes a spirited
horse. He also likes a spirited man—a
man with spirit enough to accept calls
to duty—spirited enough to "learn his
duty, and to act in the office in which
he is appointed, in all diligence." (*Ibid.*, 107:99.)

President McKay loves youth. Here
is the evidence. Listen, he speaks to
youth:

"I wish I could say to every young
man in the Church, that if you would
be successful, if you would be happy, if
you would conserve your strength, intel-
lectual, physical, and spiritual, you will
resist temptation to indulge your appe-
tites and your passions." (*Gospel Ideals.*)

"Each of us is the architect of his
own fate, and he is unfortunate indeed
who will try to build himself without
realizing that he grows from within,
not without."

"Thoughts make us what we are. As
definitely and surely as the weaver
shapes his flowers and figures out of
the warp and woof of his loom, so every
moment the shuttle of thought moves
back and forth forming character and
even shaping the lineaments of our fea-
tures. Thoughts lift your soul heaven-
ward, or drag you toward hell." (*Secrets of a Happy Life.*)

"What you think about when you do
not have to think shows what you
really are."

"Clean and wholesome bodies bring
joy; debauch them, and we lose hap-
piness."

"Be true to those who trust you."

"Do your best this hour, and you will
do better the next."

"True friends enrich life. If you would
have friends, be one."

"He is a slave who will be led by
his appetites."

"We should put forth every effort to
supplant the aristocracy of wealth with
the aristocracy of character and to
awaken in the minds of the youth a
realization that to be honest, to be de-

pendable, to be a loyal citizen of the country, to be true to the standards of the gospel are the noblest ideals of life." (*Gospel Ideals*.)

"I am not one of those who believe that you have to be long-faced and pious in order to worship. Happiness should come to us if there is joy in our souls, for that is the source of happiness. This joy of living is radiated to others. Every person radiates what he is. That radiation comes from what he *really* is, not from what he may pretend to be. No person can escape that radiation. To live is to radiate; to live is to be the recipient of radiation."

"Lay the foundation of a happy home in your pre-marital life."

"The seeds of a happy married life are sown in youth. Happiness does not begin at the altar; it begins during the period of youth and courtship. Self-mastery during youth is first, the source of virile manhood; second, the crown of beautiful womanhood; third, the foundation of a happy home; and fourth, the contributing factor to the strength and perpetuity of the race." (*Secrets of a Happy Life*.)

"Choose your mate by judgment and inspiration as well as by emotions."

"The highest ideal for our young girls today, as for our mothers who crossed the plains, is love as it may be expressed in marriage and home building, and this virtue in which love finds true expression is based upon the spiritual and not the physical side of our being." (*Gospel Ideals*.)

"Too many couples come to the marriage altar looking upon the ceremony as the end of courtship. They should not forget that under the burdens

of home life, tender words of appreciation and courteous acts are even more appreciated than during the courtship. It is after the ceremony, and during the trials that daily arise in the home, that a word of 'thank you,' 'pardon me,' 'if you please,' contributes to the perpetuation of that love which brought them to the altar." (*Secrets of a Happy Life*.)

The speaking time allotted me is pressuring me to stop talking. Too briefly has it offered me the privilege of sampling our President's love and interest in youth. Let me conclude with a sample of my own love and esteem for this great man:

All that I've said and read—he is, and more,

—A guided man.

Much more than guided missiles, the world needs

—A guided man.

That he is—call him then for what he is,
—A prophet—God's prophet.

I love him, and I believe—I know that he is a prophet of God; that he holds all the priesthood keys, rights, powers, and authority which were conferred upon the Prophet Joseph Smith and upon his successors right down to and including President McKay.

In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President David O. McKay:

He to whom we have just listened is Elder William J. Critchlow, Jr., Assistant to the Twelve, an Ogden boy. Elder Delbert L. Stapley, of the Council of the Twelve, will now speak to us.

ELDER DELBERT L. STAPLEY

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

My brothers and sisters, in all humility I would like to say amen to the very wonderful tribute paid to our beloved President, David O. McKay, by Elder Critchlow.

I would be most ungrateful if I failed to take just a moment to express my sincere thanks and gratitude for

your prayers in my behalf during my illness and convalescence. I know your prayers have been heard because I am with you today. The Lord has blessed me. My strength and health are returning.

As an introduction to my talk, I feel to quote from the teachings of Jacob,