

Would Babylon have become a hiss and a byword and would the wolf and the jackal, the owl and doleful creatures be its only inhabitants and the shepherd and the Arabian avoid the haunted place?

Had every Roman father been teaching his sons righteousness instead of war and every mother making a home for her children, had all parents assembled their children in their homes instead of the circuses and public baths, had they taught them chastity and honor and integrity and cleanness, would Rome still be a world power? Certainly it was not the barbarian from the north but the insidious moral termites within which destroyed the Roman world empire.

Had the parents of the world from Adam down carried on their home teaching, their home evenings, their home togetherness and sweet family life as ordained by the Lord, would there have been a world deluge, a Tower of Babel, a Sodom and Gomorrah? Would the streets of Samaria ever have been plowed or the walls of Jerusalem leveled? Would there be oriental and occidental enemies today establishing military bases, accumulating ammunition, inventing missiles, preparing nuclear weapons? Would they be crouching as cats after mice, waiting for the rotting process to develop to the point of no return? Would increasing delinquency and rebellion cause them to wait while the progressing, softening illness would make that death inevitable?

In our own dispensation the Lord reiterated his basic command to those who brought children into the world when he said:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion . . . that teach them not . . . the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion. . . ." (D&C 68:25-26.)

"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord." (*Ibid.*, 68:28.)

Home life, home teaching, parental guidance is the panacea for all the ailments, a cure for all diseases, a remedy for all problems.

And in our land, if the home teaching by local leaders, crowned by the home evenings with father and mother enthroned, were the rule in Zion, would not taverns be closed, and gambling dens be boarded up, and licentiousness nearly eliminated, and hoodlumism terminated, and jails reduced, and penitentiaries limited?

Would we not be safe to walk in dark places and eliminate locks from our doors and enforcement officers from our streets if men and women returned home?

Oh, my brothers and sisters, the sons and daughters of God, the members of Christ's Church, the people of all religious affiliations, the people of all nations, let us take hold of this general panacea and heal our wounds and immunize our children against evil by the simple process of teaching and training them in the way of the Lord. Every father and mother in Zion, and every Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Mohammedan, and all other parents have the same responsibility: to teach their children to pray and walk uprightly before the Lord!

It is my humble prayer that this glorious world may yet be a reality, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President Hugh B. Brown

Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve has just spoken to us. Elder Victor L. Brown, second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, will now address us and he will be followed by Boyd K. Packer, Assistant to the Twelve.

BISHOP VICTOR L. BROWN

Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric

My brothers and sisters, as I sat with you this morning, thrilled at the inspir-

ing messages, it gradually dawned on me that the address I had prepared

Monday, April 5, 1965

Second Day

had already been given. As I placed it in my desk drawer during the lunch hour, I thought of what I might say should I be called upon this afternoon. Two experiences came to my mind, each having occurred within the last week.

Entrusted with a Child of God

A week ago today, Sister Brown and I visited with our son and his wife, a new mother. As we visited with our daughter-in-law and held this wonderful bundle of humanity, which had just left the presence of our Heavenly Father, I marveled at the expression of a new mother's love for her first-born. I thrilled at the excitement, the joy, and the wonderment expressed by this lovely mother at having brought into this world one of the choice spirits of our Heavenly Father. I thought how wonderful it would be if she could remember all of her life that she has been entrusted with a child of God.

Just last evening we called at our other son's home. Not too many weeks ago, this daughter-in-law presented us with our second granddaughter. This lovely little girl has been with us just long enough to turn over in bed and to hold her head up when held in our arms. As I listened to the gurgling laugh and witnessed her smile, my heart was filled. She is happy because her mother loves her. She knows her mother loves her. She doesn't know because she has been told; she knows because of the way her mother holds her, the way she talks and sings to her, and the way she lets her soul commune with the soul of her daughter. I couldn't help thinking what a wonderful thing it would be for both of these young mothers if they would always remember where these children came from. I think they will, because they love them.

It is a very dangerous thing for a father-in-law to instruct his daughters-in-law in the rearing of their children. I have never ventured into this field, and I suppose this will be the last time. Nevertheless, I would like to make one or two suggestions.

In every session of our conference, the brethren have given us wise counsel regarding family responsibilities.

I hope these young women have listened to this advice. If they will incorporate these teachings in their lives and add a great measure of love—the kind of love in which these lovely children can blossom into natural, happy, robust, spiritually strong individuals—they will have filled a great measure of their responsibilities as mothers.

True Love Is Unselfish

Love can be misunderstood. Sometimes love becomes possessive, sometimes selfish. Of course, neither is true love. True love is always unselfish.

One particular story of a mother who loved her daughter came to my attention. She loved her very dearly. Her daughter wasn't very popular. She didn't have many friends. She was a senior in high school, and her mother was hurt because she was not popular. In her desire for her daughter's popularity and in her concern—and I suppose to her way of thinking, in her love for her daughter—she decided that, having been at home all her young life, perhaps the apron strings had been a little too tight, so they must be untied. Consequently, this good mother came to the city to arrange for her daughter to be enrolled at the university. She found an apartment near the school and rented it. It was a little too large and a little too expensive, but nothing would be too good if it would make her daughter popular. Then the mother went to the school officials and asked for the names of the three most popular girls at the university. The only qualifications they needed were that they must be the most popular girls at school, and they must have enough money to help pay the rent. She found them. They agreed to move in with her daughter. Then this mother returned home, happy in the knowledge that finally she had done all that was necessary for her lovely, sweet, young daughter to become popular. When the reports started to come to her that this sweet, young, Latter-day Saint girl had begun to use tobacco, she couldn't believe it. When the reports included liquor, it was inconceivable. Why, her daughter had been taught the Word of Wisdom all

her life. And when she became involved with the law, it almost broke her mother's heart. When she lost her virtue, it did break her mother's heart.

Teach Honesty by Being Honest

Mothers, is your love well placed? Do you wish for your daughters something that you might have been, that you might have missed in your life, or do you want them to grow to be fine Latter-day Saints with a set of standards about which we have heard so much in this conference.

Mothers, is your love well placed? To you, my daughters-in-law, as you rear my new grandson and my newest granddaughter, I hope you will teach them to be honest and truthful. You cannot teach them to be truthful unless you are truthful. A national Scout executive once made the comment that one of the greatest problems Scout leaders have is trying to teach Boy Scouts to be honest when their parents are dishonest.

Let me just share with you a story of a young boy whose Mexican mother taught him to be honest. I shall read it because if I were to tell it, I would miss something:

"Today I saw truth. For a moment I lived and breathed in the great presence of truth and felt its sweetness plunge deep into my soul.

"I am a coach in a junior high school. I work with 500 boys each day. This has been my occupation for over 20 years. I enjoy it.

"Traditionally, I am supposed to be rugged, tough, crusty; yes, even a little severe at times—and yet, underneath this exterior, feeling and understanding must exist if the job is to be done.

"Today was test day in climbing the rope. We climb from a standing start to a point 15 feet high. One of my tasks these past few weeks has been to train and teach the boys to negotiate this distance in as few seconds as possible.

"The school record for the event is 2.1 seconds. It has stood for three years. Today this record was broken. But this is not my story. How this record was broken is the important

thing here, as it so often is in many an endeavor in this life.

"For three years Bobby Polacio, a 14½-year-old ninth grade Mexican boy, has trained and pointed and, I suspect, dreamed of breaking this record. It has been his consuming passion; it seemed his whole life depended upon owning this record.

"In his first of three attempts, Bobby climbed the rope in 2.1 seconds, tying the record. On the second try the watch stopped at 2.0 seconds flat, a record! But as he descended the rope and the entire class gathered around to check the watch, I knew I must ask Bobby a question. There was a slight doubt in my mind whether or not the board at the 15 foot height had been touched. If he missed, it was so very, very close—not more than a fraction of an inch—and only Bobby knew this answer.

"As he walked toward me, expressionless, I said, 'Bobby, did you touch?' If he had said, 'Yes,' the record he had dreamed of since he was a skinny seventh-grader and had worked for almost daily would be his, and he knew I would trust his word.

"With the class already cheering him for his performance, the slim, brown-skinned boy shook his head negatively. And in this simple gesture, I witnessed a moment of greatness.

"Coaches do not cry. Only babies cry, they say. But as I reached out to pat this boy on the shoulder, there was a small drop of water in each eye. And it was with effort through a tight throat that I told the class: 'This boy has not set a record in the rope climb. No, he has set a much finer record for you and everyone to strive for. He has told the simple truth.'

"I turned to Bobby and said, 'Bobby, I'm proud of you. You've just set a record many athletes never attain. Now, in your last try I want you to jump a few inches higher on the take-off. You're going to break this record.'

"After the other boys had finished their next turns, and Bobby came up to the rope for his try, a strange stillness came over the gymnasium. Fifty boys and one coach were breathlessly set to help boost Bobby Polacio to a new record. He climbed the rope in 1.9

Monday, April 5, 1965

Second Day

seconds! A school record, a city record, and perhaps close to a national record for a junior high school boy.

"When the bell rang and I walked away, now misty-eyed, from this group of boys, I was thinking: 'Bobby, little brown skin, with your clear, bright, dark eyes and your straight trim, lithe body—Bobby, at 14 you are a better man than I. Thank you for climbing so very, very high today.'" (Permission granted, *Boy's Life*.)

Teach in Your Homes

To my wonderful daughters-in-law, I would encourage you to teach this daughter and this new son to be truthful, to be honest. I would counsel you to have home evening right from this day forward, even though these small children cannot understand anything that is said. They will feel the atmosphere. They will understand, and as they grow up, someday they will bless your names for having taught them the gospel in your homes.

Now in conclusion, may I read "A Parable for Mothers."

"A young mother set her foot on the path of life. 'Is the way long?' she asked. And the Guide said, 'Yes, and the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning.'

"But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children and gathered flowers for them along the way. And the sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young mother cried, 'Nothing will ever be lovelier than this!'

"Then came night, and storm; and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold. But the mother drew close to them, and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, 'We are not afraid, Mother, for you are near; and no harm can come to us.'

"And the mother said, 'This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage.'

"And the morning came, and there

was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary. But at last she said to the children, 'A little patience, and we are there.'

"So the children climbed, and when they reached the top, they said, 'We could not have done this without you, Mother.'

"And that night the mother looked up at the stars, and said, 'This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardship. Yesterday I gave them courage; today I gave them strength.'

"And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth—clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled. The mother said, 'Look up; lift your eyes to the light.'

"And the children looked, and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Light, and it guided them, and brought them beyond the darkness.

"And that night the mother said, 'This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God.'

"And the days went on, and the weeks, and the months, and the years, and the mother grew aged, and she was little and bent. But the children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they lifted her over the rough places. At last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates and they flung wide.

"And the mother said, 'I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them.'

"And the children said, 'You will always walk with us, Mother!'

"And they stood and watched her walk through the golden gates, and the gates closed after her. And they said, 'We cannot now see our mother, but she is with us still—she is a living presence.'" (*Stepping Stones* magazine, May 1946.)

May God bless all mothers everywhere. May you teach the gospel to your children. May wisdom garnish the love you have, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.