

The Brigham Young University combined choirs will now sing, "I Stand All Amazed," following which Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve will be our first speaker this afternoon.

He will be followed by Bishop Victor L. Brown.

The Brigham Young University Combined Choirs sang, "I Stand All Amazed."

ELDER SPENCER W. KIMBALL

Of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

My brothers and sisters: I desire today to emphasize our responsibility to the children of Father Lehi. In preface may I present this human drama composed of several acts and a number of scenes.

Actors and Setting

The time: yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The place: the world. The performers: flesh and blood and spirit people, awakening from the centuries' long sleep of their ancestors.

There he is running like the wind, barefoot, hatless, long hair in flight, in worn overalls and ragged shirt, his face brown, not only by the Arizona sun and wind, but from his parents, themselves brown-skinned. Barry and his little brother and sisters are a lively group, playing around the rock, pole, and dirt hogan. As we approach they scamper to cover in the hogan. Timidly in the doorway he peeks out as we approach. The Begays, sitting on the dirt floor, are eating their meal.

There is a leg of mutton. There is fry bread. There are no spoons nor forks. There is no milk; they have no cow. There is no salad; they have no garden. Their fare is scant.

Barry is seven. His little brother has no clothes on his little brown body. The little sisters have long, full skirts like their mother's, some silver coins sewed to their blouses.

The mother wears a worn, purple, velveteen skirt, reaching nearly to her ankles and a waist of greenish hue. Out here styles change slowly if at all. Her shoes are high-laced ones, her hair in a bob at the back tied with white wool yarn. The father is thin and tall. He wears his curled-up hat even

while he eats. They are not demonstrative, but it is evident that pride and affection are in these humble quarters.

Mother, Home and Daily Life

A few days pass. It is bright and summery. Barry Begay is herding the few sheep. There is little fat on their bones, for this pasture is overgrazed and is dry and dusty. The scraggly dog also shows malnutrition. But as he barks and bites hind legs, the woolly animals heed direction. The little boy has a man's responsibility, for there are coyotes and other predatory animals also starving in this barren valley, and the sheep are precious. The lamb furnishes meat for the table; the pelt covers the cold ground in their hogan, being at once rug, chair, bed, cover. The fleece is sold at the trading post or saved to cord and spin and weave into rugs to exchange for flour and cloth and food.

Under the shade of the lone cedar tree, Mother Begay, an expert in her field, sits on the ground and laboriously works into an intricate design the yarns she has dyed in brilliant colors.

A mile away is another hogan and a little farther another and another. There is no school in reach. How wonderful it would be, the loving parents think, if their own little ones could go to school! But how and when? Maybe someday "Washington" would take them to the distant government school. But how could they part from them?

Two years have passed. Nine-year-old Barry may now go to the new government school only three miles away. How they want education for their children! Little Susie can now

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herd the sheep and drive away the predatory thieves. John Begay hitches up the hungry-looking horses to the light spring wagon; and they all drive to the school near the trading post, the mother and the children sitting on the floor, the father driving. For Barry it will be a long walk, and at times the wind will be merciless, the sun will beat down like a blowtorch, and the snow will be wet and freezing; but loving parents, ambitious to give their children what they never had, and a starry-eyed little boy are determined to make the effort.

Begays Are Baptized

A year has passed eventfully. It is a summer day, and the wind in whirling cones picks up trash and tumbleweeds and dances across the valley. Two fair and well-groomed young men are walking toward the hogan. Father Begay is fixing his wagon, and Mother Begay sits under the gnarled, weathered cedar, weaving her blanket.

"*Yatehee*," they say in greeting as they wipe the sweat from their brows and introduce themselves as missionaries for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Begays have heard about the elders whom they called *gamalii*. They become interested as they listen. From the briefcase comes a little black book, and in spite of the Navajo-English language barrier, John and Mary Begay seemed to understand that the book was a history of their "old people" back for ages. It seemed that the spirit which accompanied the strange mixture of words and signs was like a "familiar spirit." Curiosity, genuine interest, and the pleasing personalities of the teen-age ministers brought about many hours of learning, and then one day it happened. The Begay family members were baptized in the little pond some distance away, and when they had returned to the hogan, the young men laid their hands on their heads and conferred upon each the Holy Ghost. The Begays were members of the far-away Salt Lake City church, in which they now had confidence and a warm feeling of belonging. The

missionaries returned frequently and taught them. Sundays, the family drove the wagon to the little branch many miles away to meet with the other Indians who were also joining the Church.

Indian Seminary

Time moves on. The Mormon elders have moved a trailer house near the school, and Barry attends the seminary they are teaching. It is crowded, but the elders tell the little red men stories about their forebears and teach them honesty and kindness and goodness and of the big, wide world "out there" where Indian children may have all that non-Indian children have. The little Indians have found real friends in the young elders as they learn English, ethics, and doctrine not taught in the secular school.

Placement Program

Barry is ten years old now, husky, laughing, running, and joking. He is summer-herding the sheep. The missionaries have announced a fantastic program. Barry may go to faraway Utah and live in a good home, attend a superior school, and be given advantages not afforded on the reservation. "Unthinkable," his parents feel at first, to send their little boy so far away for so long a time, but the Littlehorse family had spent one season in the beet fields up there and glowingly told of that promised land of prosperity and opportunity. Convinced it was for Barry's good, they agreed.

When the time came, all the family went in the wagon to the point of assembly, a day's journey away, and, with few tears but pounding hearts, placed their loved boy on the big bus with about thirty other little Indian boys and girls. They stoically stood like statues until the bus disappeared over the distant horizon. The hogan was a little empty without Barry, but opportunity would come to him. The chaperones on the bus were pleasant and tender, the bus driver was kindly, and their faith in their new Mormon brothers and sisters sustained them.

A few days later the Begays received at the trading post a fat letter from the Smiths, the foster family where Barry had become a loved member, telling the intriguing story of how the bus had been met by interested case workers, former missionaries who loved the Indian people, how he had been shingled by a kindly volunteer barber, bathed and shampooed by other friendly volunteer men, and then had been examined by dentists and doctors and interested and concerned nurses, all of whom freely gave their time without compensation. The letter told then of a loving family driving to their comfortable home far away—how he had immediately found real companionship in a white brother his own age. The letter told of Barry's timidity and silence at first and then of his blossoming out when he felt the warmth in his new home and family. And there was a picture of Barry. He was in new overalls and shirt and seemed happy.

Family Life

Now Barry has been home for two summers and eagerly returned to Utah each August. The Begay family themselves are on the big bus headed northward. They locate the Smith family home, and what a joy to these good parents as they find Barry sharing a pleasant room with Sammy. They visit the school, and Barry and Sammy come to meet them—white and brown, arms about each other. What an exultant moment! Embraces, tears, affection, pride. Barry is clean and neat, his eyes sparkling. It is evident he is well accepted here. The teacher comes to greet them, and there is warmth and friendliness.

The Begays attend the Sunday services with the foster family. They are a little fearful of all these sophisticated folks but are soon at ease, and many come to greet them. In the Sunday School there are two or three hundred people, all Mormons like themselves. Two young people give extemporaneous talks, one a little white girl and the other their own Barry. He stands up and speaks up in good English, and their pride knows no bounds. The

Sacrament is administered, and, with nine other boys about the same size, Barry, a deacon, carries the plate with the broken bread, then the tray with the little paper cups of water blessed by two larger boys, one of them also an Indian.

What a new world the Begays have now entered! What a world of opportunity for their firstborn. They will try to get their little girls also in the program. They return home at peace, knowing their son is in good hands.

Service In the Church

The summers are delightful for Barry. He is back with the sheep—back in the hogan, where there are now beds and a table and chairs. He is helping the Begay family to get into the regular habit of family prayers on their knees, which was so foreign to them, but they are learning the "Lord's way." They are speaking better English now that Barry teaches them. This carefree summer is a happy one for all the family. Out in the wind and the weather, he runs and yells and plays. On Sundays the Begays drive to the distant branch, and Barry helps with the Sacrament and speaks in the meeting, telling about his experiences in the northern land.

The summer is over, and Barry is as eager to go as he was to return home. Again the family is at the gathering point, and three instead of one climb out of the Begay wagon and board the big bus for the north. The two sisters have mixed feelings of awe and wonder and fear and eagerness. With near empty arms and hearts, the Begay parents return with their smaller ones to the hogan. Their personal sacrifices for their children are calculated ones.

Arriving in Utah, there are happy renewals of friendships. His white brother is overjoyed at the reunion. Barry is now a teacher in the priesthood, and, with a white adult brother, he visits five families and teaches them the gospel. Barry and Sammy are enrolled in seminary where they learn the gospel and to pray and speak and socialize. Barry is in MIA, the youth organization, and takes part in the dramatic skits, sings in the music

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groups, and is prominent in athletics. Young Begay for two years wears a Scout uniform purchased with money his generous foster family made possible for him to earn. He will go to Provo with hundreds of other Explorers, white, brown, and yellow. Now he is a priest. He may baptize with authority, bless the Sacrament emblems; in fact, no privilege of any boy is denied this fast-growing, young brave.

Graduation

Eventful, full years have passed. It is graduation night, and Barry and his friend-brother are in cap and gown and in the line to receive high school diplomas. His foster family are as proud of Barry as of their own son. Barry has been president of his class, presiding over white and red. He was swift and strong and accurate on the ward basketball team. He has participated in every activity of the school, Church, and community.

At home this summer, he finds his parents have been prospering. Their faithful lives have brought them a degree of prosperity. No money do they spend on tobacco or liquor. All goes into their progressive living. Barry is surprised to find this time a two-room, frame house out in front of the hogan. There are curtains at the windows and rugs on the lumber floors and a cupboard with dishes and pots and pans. The gospel and the church associations are working miracles with the Begay family. When on Sunday he is called on to speak by the Indian president of the branch, he stands tall and straight and there is firmness in his voice as he says: "I am proud I am a Mormon. I am grateful for all the kindness of the people of the Church. I am proud I am an Indian. I am proud of my people. I intend to train to serve them; I shall attend Brigham Young University, and then I desire to fulfill a mission for the Church."

Missionaries, Red and White

Another year is history. Two young nineteen-year-olds, one red and one white, are driving a car on the Indian

reservation. They approach a cluster of hogans and spend the day among the families. The white companion sits quietly, adding a thought now and then; but the Indian elder—for he now holds the highest priesthood known to man—can speak two languages fluently. He knows these people's thinking processes, their idioms and expressions, their reactions. He is educated and inspires confidence. Coffee is thrown away, and milk substituted. No more liquor for these good people—that money will go into fixing up the home. A baptismal service is being conducted at the river, and twenty men, women, and children are brought into the fold of Christ's Church. The two missionaries take turns in baptizing and confirming. A little branch is soon organized; and Elder Begay is its first president, soon to be replaced by the older Indian converts as they are trained.

Teaching Navajo

We enter a new chapel on the reservation and hear a chatter which is unintelligible. Why such a noise on this weekday morning? We open the door and see about ten young missionaries in a semicircle and Barry, the expert, as instructor. He is drilling them in Navajo so that they may better reach the understanding of the Indians on the reservation. He gives them a word. In unison they repeat it over and over. He corrects their pronunciation. He gives them a sentence, and they respond individually and as a group hundreds of times. A couple of intense hours and they take a breather, then are at it again. Their sounds must be near perfect. From Monday to Saturday they drill, then return to proselyting for three weeks using that which they have learned, and they note that the Navajos listen more intently now. Another week of drilling, then three weeks putting to use that which they have learned. Oh, how the Indians drink in the gospel message as it comes flowing clearly and distinctly from Elder Begay and his companions. The baptisms increase, and the branches grow.

To College

Two years have flown by as by magic. Elder Begay says farewell to his fellow missionaries, stops a few days at the Begay home to ruffle his hair, put on his old overalls, run with the dog, tend the sheep, and to tell his loved folks more about the glorious message he has learned—and of the beautiful, talented Indian girl he met at the university, and of her concurrent mission in the Northern Indian Mission, and of his growing romantic interest in her. As he returns to college, the wise and generous tribe gives him a scholarship, making his further education a certainty. There is pride and heartache, loneliness and joy as the Begays wave at the northbound bus heading for Provo [Utah].

At the Temple

Time flies on wings of lightning. We are now in a beautiful temple dedicated in "holiness to the Lord." The room is large, modest, exquisite. The tan rug helps keep a sacred quietness. In the center is the altar tastefully upholstered. Many people are here in white, for they, with Barry and the returned lady missionary Gladys, also have previously secured their holy endowments in the temple. The many witnesses are both Indian and non-Indian.

Four parents are here, exultant: the foster parents, the Smiths, so kind and gracious and generous; and there, miracle of miracles, are John and Mary Begay. The years and the associations have made some changes. They are older now. His long bobbed hair of years ago is short. He has been wearing a suit; his shoes have been shined and his clothes pressed. There he sits, tall and dark and handsome in his white temple clothes—robes appearing to be even whiter in contrast with his ruddy, happy, smiling face. And there sits Mary. Though she still loves her beads and turquoise, her silver and her velveteen, she now modernizes and styles her hair and dresses. And there she sits smiling, wondering, expectant, and happy be-

yond expression. Today she is to be sealed for all eternity to this stalwart husband with whom she has shared joy and pain, hardship and privilege, wind and weather; and she will be his loved wife for endless ages. How glad she was that the Mormon elders found her long ago weaving under that gnarled cedar! These new gospel truths are even more beautiful now.

And here we are in the house of the Lord, and with the eternal priceless keys of the priesthood, I am performing these holy ordinances. What a beautiful couple they are as tall, stalwart, intelligent Barry and his bright-eyed sweetheart Gladys stand admiring each other, then kneel and are sealed for all eternity! She wipes a tear, and his eyes are glistening. These and the tears from others around the room are not white tears or red tears for tears are not white tears or red tears, for tears are colorless, but impressive tears as they roll down both brown faces and white.

And now John and Mary come to the altar. Ah! What joy! What satisfaction! What accomplishment! A long looked-for and awaited privilege is finally here. They kneel at the altar. The faces, which were near expressionless that first time we saw them, are now beaming. There is a new light in those eyes. In their white temple clothing, they look heavenly. And through the impressive priesthood ceremony, Mary becomes the wife of John for all eternity. These tears are quiet, happy tears. There are, you know, tears of ecstasy and joy, and these were of that holy kind.

Now John and Mary and Barry and his brother and sisters, all in white, become a tightly sealed eternal family. The guests are embracing them, and happy faces respond to kindly congratulations.

Degrees

The today is gone; tomorrow dawns. More years pass on. We are on the university campus. The organ is playing a staccato march. A long double line of people in dark gowns, some adorned with bright colors and all

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with tasseled caps, march from the gathering field to the auditorium. The main body of the house is occupied by the graduates, the sidelines by relatives and friends. I peer about for certain faces. Ah yes, they are there on the sixth row, and the Begay parents are beaming. By them is Gladys with two little ones by her side and a baby in her arms. The marching lines are punctuated with darker faces. Yes, there is an Indian graduate, and there, and there, and there. How rewarding! And there is Barry. How handsome he is, and poised! Our pride is boundless. And now the president of the university is awarding the doctor's degrees. When the name "Barry Begay" is spoken, my heart jumps. Barry Begay with a doctor's degree! Our Barry Begay with a PhD! Our Barry Begay! All our efforts, our disappointments, our worries, our battles with contending forces, all our waiting and striving and praying! Our dreams are coming true! John, Mary, and Gladys modestly wait their turn to express pride and affection to their Dr. Barry Begay.

Tribal Leadership

The scene changes to the Hole in the Rock at the Red Haystacks Cliffs at Window Rock. Several years have passed. We enter the little "Petagon" in little "Washington," and at his desk in a most vital position is tribal councilman Barry Begay, tall and handsome and wielding a powerful influence among his people. Because of him and his fellow workers, the Indians now ride in better cars on safer highways to better homes. There are lights and water and telephones and radio and TV. Their sick and afflicted are treated in modern, well-equipped hospitals, and Indian nurses attend the patients for whom Indian doctors prescribe and on whom they operate. Tribal funds derived from gas, oil, coal, and timber guarantee every Indian child schooling through college. The former powwows are now fairs—dignified, colorful, impressive, national attractions. The Indians are experts on the farm, on the grazing lands, in the silversmith shop. Indian teachers train

the little ones; Indian lawyers look after legal matters. Trained Indians are prominent in office, industry, business, government, and on college faculties. There are Indian governors, senators, and impressive and influential laymen.

Church Leadership

The scene changes and years pass. It is the Sabbath, and stake conference is in session. The great congregation is mostly Indian. The one-hundred-voice choir is a dark-skinned folk, though they are now much lighter. They have long been delightful. It is 10 am. General Authorities from Salt Lake City are on the stand. The high council and the bishoprics, largely Indian, sit on the stand of the newly completed stake and ward building. Here is dignity and impressiveness. Three thousand eyes and an equal number of ears are focused on the impressive man who rises to the pulpit and opens the stake conference. It is President Barry Begay, former bishop, called Doctor Begay at the little "Petagon," who preaches such a profound sermon to his people. His children are all being well trained. His son Barry, Jr., is on a mission in Bolivia.

It is President Begay, Doctor Begay, Brother Begay, Elder Begay who administers to the sick in the hospital, preaches funeral sermons, assists people with their marital, moral, financial problems. It is our Barry Begay, a little boy who is now a big man.

Finale

Barry Begay is typical. There are thousands of Barrys. They are of many tribes from New York to San Diego, and from Alaska to Florida, and from the isles of the sea. They are of numerous tribes and of many languages and dialects. They are coming from Cardston and Bemidji, from Blackfoot and Hopi-land, from South America and Mexico. They are coming to training in schools and church, growing in wisdom and coming into their own, learning the best of the white man's culture and retaining the best of their own.

The Lord chose to call them Lamanites. They are fulfilling prophecies.

They are a chosen people with rich blood in their veins. They are casting off the fetters of superstition, fear, ignorance, and prejudice and are clothing themselves with knowledge, good works, and righteousness. And this Church is elated to have an important part in bringing about this transformation. The prophet echoed the promise of the Father of us all when he wrote:

"And blessed are they who shall seek to bring forth my Zion at that day, for they shall have the gift and the power of the Holy Ghost; and if they endure unto the end they shall be lifted up at the last day, . . . how beautiful upon the mountains shall they be." (1 Nephi 13:37.)

Yesterday they were deprived, weakening, vanishing; today thousands are benefiting in the Indian seminaries, in regular seminaries and institutes as they become involved in the placement program and church work within the stakes and missions. Numerous are receiving secular as well as spiritual training in Mexico, South America, and Hawaii and the isles of the sea. Many are now in college and large numbers in full-time mission service. Tens of thousands are now eligible for superior training and service through church organizations in all the Americas and in the Pacific. Lamanite-Nephite leaders are now standing forth to direct and inspire their people. *The day of the Lamanite is come*, and tomorrow will be even better.

Waif from the Streets

May I conclude with this experience of my friend and brother, Boyd K. Packer, as he returned from Peru. It was in a branch Sacrament meeting. The chapel was filled, the opening exercises finished, and the Sacrament in preparation. A little Lamanite ragamuffin entered from the street. His two shirts would scarcely make one, so ragged they were and torn and worn. It was unlikely that those shirts had ever been off that little body since they were donned. Calloused and chapped were the little feet which brought him in the open door, up the aisle, and to the Sacrament table. There was dark

and dirty testimony of deprivation, want, unsatisfied hungers—spiritual as well as physical. Almost unobserved he shyly came to the Sacrament table, and with a seeming spiritual hunger, leaned against the table and lovingly rubbed his unwashed face against the cool, smooth, white linen.

A woman on a front seat, seemingly outraged by the intrusion, caught his eye and with motion and frown sent the little ragamuffin scampering down the aisle out into this world, the street.

A little later, seemingly compelled by some inner urge, he overcame his timidity and came stealthily, cautiously down the aisle again, fearful, ready to escape if necessary, but impelled as though directed by inaudible voices with "a familiar spirit" and as though memories long faded were reviving, as though some intangible force were crowding him on to seek something for which he yearned but could not identify.

Safe Harbor

From his seat on the stand, Elder Packer caught his eye, beckoned to him, and stretched out big, welcoming arms. A moment's hesitation and the little ragamuffin was nestled comfortably on his lap, in his arms, the tousled head against a great warm heart—a heart sympathetic to waifs, and especially to little Lamanite ones. It seemed the little one had found a safe harbor from a stormy sea, so contented he was. The cruel, bewildering, frustrating world was outside. Peace, security, acceptance enveloped him.

Later Elder Packer sat in my office and, in tender terms and with a subdued voice, rehearsed this incident to me. As he sat forward on his chair, his eyes glistening, a noticeable emotion in his voice, he said, "As this little one relaxed in my arms, it seemed it was not a single little Lamanite I held. It was a nation, indeed a multitude of nations of deprived, hungering souls, wanting something deep and warm they could not explain—a humble people yearning to revive memories all but faded out—of ancestors standing wide-eyed, openmouthed, expectant

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and excited, looking up and seeing a holy, glorified Being descend from celestial areas, and hearing a voice say: 'Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. . . and in me hath the Father glorified his name. . . .

"I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." (3 Nephi 9:15, 18.)

This day of the Lamanite brings opportunity. Millions farm the steep hillsides of Andean ranges and market their produce with llamas and horses and burros. They must have the emancipating gospel. Millions serve in menial labor, eke out bare subsistence from soil and toil. They must hear the compelling truths of the gospel. Millions are tied to reservations, deprived, untrained, and less than they could be. They must have the enlightening gospel. It will break their fetters, stir their ambition, increase their vision, and open new worlds of opportunity to them. Their captivity will be at an end—captivity from misconceptions, illiteracy, superstition, fear. "The clouds

of error disappear before the rays of truth divine." (Parley P. Pratt, *Hymns*, 269.)

And Nephi's vision is realized:

". . . I beheld that the church of the Lamb, who were the saints of God, were also upon all the face of the earth. . . ." (1 Nephi 14:12.)

The brighter day has dawned. The scattering has been accomplished; the gathering is in process. May the Lord bless us all as we become nursing fathers and mothers (see Isa. 49:23 and 1 Nephi 21:23) unto our Lamanite brethren and hasten the fulfillment of the great promises made to them, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President N. Eldon Tanner:

Elder Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve has spoken to us.

Elder Victor L. Brown, second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, will now speak to us, and he will be followed by Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, Assistant to the Twelve.

Bishop Brown.

BISHOP VICTOR L. BROWN

Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric

My dear brethren and sisters and friends, I appreciate the opportunity of being with you this beautiful afternoon in this historic building located in the valley of the mountains. I am grateful for the blessing of living in this land where we may worship in freedom. This gratitude is more meaningful today because of a short visit behind the iron curtain a few weeks ago, where the state police determine who will worship where and when.

I am grateful beyond expression for the blessing I have had for the past four years of associating with these great men, the General Authorities of the Church. My constant prayer is that I will not disappoint them nor my Heavenly Father in trying to carry out my responsibilities.

Morals of Youth

An article published some time ago in *Town and Country* was condensed for the *Reader's Digest*. It was entitled "What Parents Think about Campus Morals." If I counted correctly, there were twelve responses published. They represented many different areas of the country. I was interested in the reaction of parents to the prior survey mentioned in this article reporting a breakdown in morals on many campuses throughout the nation. Of the twelve representative replies, most parents seemed to feel a need for change. All of them felt an urgent need for better discipline on the part of the colleges and universities. Only two mentioned that parents had any