

Elder Howard W. Hunter

Of the Council of the Twelve

Observing the clock, I fold the notes that I have prepared and place them in my inside pocket. But let me take just a moment to mention a little incident that made an impression upon me when I was a boy. This came to my mind when it was mentioned that there are with us this afternoon a large group of dedicated people who teach our youth.

A teacher

It was on a summer day early in the morning. I was standing near the window. The curtains obstructed me from two little creatures out on the lawn. One was a large bird and the other a little bird, obviously just out of the nest. I saw the larger bird hop out on the lawn, then thump his feet and cock his head. He drew a big fat worm out of the lawn and came hopping back. The little bird opened its bill wide, but the big bird swallowed the worm.

Then I saw the big bird fly up into a tree. He pecked at the bark for a little while and came back with a big bug in his mouth. The little bird opened his beak wide, but the big bird swallowed the bug. There was squawking in protest.

The big bird flew away, and I didn't see it again, but I watched the little bird. After a while, the little bird hopped out on the lawn, thumped its feet, cocked its head, and pulled a big worm out of the lawn.

God bless the good people who teach our children and our youth, I humbly pray, in Jesus' name. Amen. □

President N. Eldon Tanner

Brother Hunter heard me ask President Brown if he would like to bear his testimony. President Brown said he would, so we would like to hear from President Brown now, please.

Elder Hugh B. Brown

Of the Council of the Twelve

May I express my appreciation to the First Presidency for permitting me to say a word here this afternoon, and it will be just a word.

Many things have been said about missionaries and missionary work. That has been the first love of my life, and I have been reminded of several things that happened sixty-eight years ago when I went to England. One I should like to relate.

A missionary and his message

I had gone to a certain house several times and had been rejected and warned not to come back again, but I was prompted to go again and again.

And then as I was attempting to walk past that house, I was prompted to go in and try again to make contact. I used the big brass knocker on the English door without any response. I could see a lady in the front room knitting, and I made considerable noise with that knocker. She did not come out, and I went around to the back door. There was no knocker on that door so I used my walking stick, and I knocked with considerable vigor; in fact, it echoed through all the house.

Very soon the lady came out, and her coming out reminded me of my early days on the farm when I teased a setting hen off the nest. (I see some of you have