

Many television and radio stations throughout the western part of the United States will carry the proceedings of this session this afternoon.

Delayed broadcasts of both sessions today will be scheduled by Radio Stations KSL and KMBZ.

We extend a cordial welcome to all present this afternoon and to members of the Church and many friends everywhere who are listening in by radio and television.

The Tabernacle Choir, with Jay Welch conducting, and Robert Cundick at the organ, will begin this service by singing, "O Divine Redeemer."

The invocation will then be offered by President Lawrence T. Lambert, president of the Blackfoot South Stake.

The Tabernacle Choir sang the number, "O Divine Redeemer."

The opening prayer was offered by President Lawrence T. Lambert of the Blackfoot South Stake.

President Lee

The Tabernacle Choir will now sing, "Lord, Hear Our Prayer."

The number, "Lord, Hear Our Prayer," was sung by the Tabernacle Choir.

President Lee

We shall now hear from Elder Thomas S. Monson of the Council of the Twelve. He will be followed by Elder S. Dilworth Young of the First Council of Seventy.

Elder Thomas S. Monson

Of the Council of the Twelve

When Jesus of Nazareth taught and ministered among men, he spoke not as did the scribes and scholars of the day but rather in language understood by all. Jesus taught through parables. His teachings moved men and motivated them to a newness of life. The shepherd on the hillside, the sower in the field, the fisherman at his net all became subjects whereby the Master taught eternal truths.

The human body

The divinely created human body, with its truly marvelous powers and intricate parts, acquired new meaning when the Lord spoke of eyes that were not blinded but did really see, ears that were not stopped but did truly hear, and hearts that were not

hardened but did know and feel. In his teachings he referred to the foot, the nose, the face, the side, the back. Significant are those occasions when he spoke of yet another part—even the human hand. Considered by artists and sculptors the most difficult member of the human body to capture on canvas or form in clay, the hand is a wonder to behold. Neither color, size, shape, nor age distorts this miracle of creation.

Hand of a child

First, let us consider the hand of a child. Who among us has not praised God and marveled at his powers when an infant is held in one's arms. That tiny hand, so small yet so perfect, instantly becomes the topic of con-

versation. No one can resist placing his little finger in the clutching hand of an infant. A smile comes to the lips, a certain glow to the eyes, and one appreciates the tender feelings which prompted the poet to pen the lines: "A sweet new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen from God's own home, to flower on earth." (Gerald Massey.)

As the child grows, the tightly clutched hand opens in an expression of perfect trust. "Take me by the hand, Mother; then I won't be afraid" bespeaks this confidence. The delightful song the little children sing so beautifully at once becomes a plea for patience, an invitation to teach—even an opportunity to serve:

"I have two little hands folded snugly
and tight,

They are tiny and weak yet they know
what is right,

During all the long hours till daylight
is through,

There is plenty indeed for my two hands
to do.

"Kind Father I thank thee for two
little hands,

And ask thee to bless them till each
understands

That children can only be happy all day
When two little hands have learned
how to obey."

—*The Children Sing*, no. 97

The sentiments such love and faith arouse should ever draw forth from each parent a pledge of fidelity—even a determination to do that which is right.

Should added emphasis be required we need but refer to that account where the disciples came unto Jesus, saying, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

"And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. 18:1-3, 5-6.) Significant is the hand of a child.

The hand of youth

Second, may we turn our attention to the hand of youth. This is the training period when busy hands learn to labor—and labor to learn. Honest effort and loving service become identifying features of the abundant life. Each was effectively taught the girls in the Mutual class when cookies were baked and taken by them to elderly women residing in a neighborhood rest home. The aged hand of a lonely grandmother clasped that of the thoughtful teenager. No word was spoken. Heart spoke to heart. The hand that baked the cookies was raised to wipe a tear. Such hands are clean hands. Such hearts are pure hearts.

Clasped hands

Then comes that day when the hand of a boy takes the hand of a girl, and parents suddenly realize their children have grown. Never is the hand of a girl so delicately displayed as when there glistens on her finger a ring denoting a sacred pledge. Her step becomes quicker, her countenance brighter, and all is well with the world. Courtship has come. Marriage follows. And once again two hands are clasped, this time in a holy temple. Cares of the world are for a brief moment forgotten. Thoughts turn to eternal values. The clasped hands speak of promised hearts. Heaven is here.

A mother's hand

Time passes. The hand of a bride

becomes the hand of a mother. Ever so gently she cares for her precious child. Bathing, dressing, feeding, comforting—there is no hand like mother's. Nor does its tender care diminish through the years. Ever shall I remember the hand of one mother—the mother of a missionary. Some years ago at a worldwide seminar for mission presidents, the parents of missionaries were invited to meet and visit briefly with each mission president. Forgotten are the names of each who extended a greeting and exchanged a friendly handshake. Remembered are the feelings which welled up within me as I took in my hand the calloused hand of one mother from Star Valley, Wyoming. "Please excuse the roughness of my hand," she apologized. "Since my husband has been ill, the work of the farm has been mine to do, that our boy may, as a missionary, serve the Lord."

Tears could not be restrained, nor should they have been. Such tears produce a certain cleansing of the soul. A mother's labor sanctified a son's service. Loved are the hands of a mother.

Hand of a father

Not to be overlooked is the hand of a father. Whether he be a skilled surgeon, a master craftsman, or a talented teacher, his hands support his family. There is a definite dignity in honest labor and tireless toil.

During the period of the great depression I was a small boy. Fortunate were those men who had work. Jobs were few, hours long, pay scant. On our street was a father who, though old in years, supported with the labor of his hands his rather large family of girls. His firm was known as the Spring Canyon Coal Company. It consisted of one old truck, a pile of coal, one shovel, one man, and his own two hands. From early morning to late evening he struggled to survive. Yet

during the monthly fast and testimony meeting, I specifically remember him expressing his thanks to the Lord for his family, for his work, and for his testimony. The fingers of those rough, red, chapped hands turned white as they gripped the back of the bench on which I sat as Brother James Farrell bore witness of a boy, even Joseph Smith, who, in a grove of trees near Palmyra, New York, knelt in prayer and beheld the heavenly vision of God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son. The memory of those hands of a father serve to remind me of his abiding faith, his honest conviction, and his testimony of truth. Honored are the hands of a father.

Hands of a prophet

On Friday morning in this historic tabernacle, and in the homes of Church members viewing or listening to the conference session, hands were raised to sustain a prophet, a seer, and a revelator—even the President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our upraised hands were an outward expression of our inward feelings. As we raised our hands, we pledged our hearts. Could I for a moment mention the hands of that prophet, even President Harold B. Lee? I do so humbly and with his permission.

Some years ago, President Lee, directed by inspiration and revelation, called Dewitt J. Paul to serve as patriarch in one of the eastern stakes of the Church. The call humbled beyond words both Brother and Sister Paul. They wondered. They worried. They prayed for assurance and heavenly confirmation. Such did not come suddenly.

The vote of the people demonstrated their supporting approval. Then came the time for ordination. In a basement room situated two floors beneath the meeting hall in which the conference was held, Dewitt Paul

nervously sat on a chair and, with a silent prayer in his heart, awaited his ordination. President Harold B. Lee then placed his hands upon the head of the newly called patriarch and began to speak. Peace replaced turmoil. Faith overcame doubt. Seated next to Sister Paul was a lifelong friend to whom Sister Paul had confided her concern. During the pronouncement of the blessing and ordination, she opened her eyes. As she did so she saw a ray of light shining upon President Lee as he placed his hands upon the head of Brother Paul. At the conclusion of the blessing, she hastened to tell Brother Lee of this confirmation of a call. She recounted how she saw the sunshine form the ray of light and how it brought a bright glow to the hands of President Lee. "Indeed, this is to you a confirmation of a sacred call," said President Lee, "for as you look about this basement room, there is no window through which the sun might beam its rays." Precious are the hands of a prophet.

Hand of the Lord

Finally, may we speak of yet another hand—even the hand of the Lord. This was the hand which guided Moses, which strengthened Joshua—the hand promised to Jacob when the Lord declared: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; . . . I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isa. 41:10.)

This was the determined hand which drove from the temple the money changers. This was the loving hand that blessed little children. This was the strong hand that opened deaf ears and restored vision to sightless eyes. By this hand was the leper cleansed, the lame man healed—even the dead Lazarus raised to life. With the finger of this hand there was written in the sand that message which the winds did erase but which honest hearts did retain. The hand of the

carpenter. The hand of the teacher. The hand of the Christ. One called Pontius Pilate washed his hands of this man called King of the Jews. Oh foolish, spineless Pilate! Did you really believe that water could cleanse such guilt?

"I think of his hands pierced and bleeding to pay the debt!"

Such mercy, such love, and devotion can I forget? . . .

Oh, it is wonderful that he should care for me enough to die for me!

Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!

—Hymns, no. 80

The hand that saves

Pitied is the hand that sins. Envied is the hand that paints. Honored is the hand that builds. Appreciated is the hand that helps. Respected is the hand that serves. Adored is the hand that saves—even the hand of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Redeemer of all mankind. With that hand he knocks upon the door of our understanding.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him. . . ." (Rev. 3:20.)

Shall we listen for his voice? Shall we open the doorway of our lives to his exalted presence? Each must answer for himself.

In this journey called mortality, clouds of gloom may appear on the horizon of our personal destiny. The way ahead may be uncertain, foreboding. In desperation we may be prompted to ask, as did another:

". . . I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:

'Give me a light, that I may tread safely into the unknown.'

And he replied:

'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.

That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.'"¹

¹M. Louise Haskins, "The Gate of the Year."

Of this solemn truth I testify. I declare that our Lord and Savior does live and that he even today directs his church with his all powerful hand, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

President Harold B. Lee

Elder Thomas S. Monson of the

Council of the Twelve has just spoken to us.

We shall now hear from Elder S. Dilworth Young of the First Council of Seventy. He will be followed by Elder James A. Cullimore, Assistant to the Twelve.

Elder S. Dilworth Young

Of the First Council of the Seventy

While we realize that we shall have close association with Elder Bruce R. McConkie in our future work with the missions of the Church and shall partake of his wisdom and spirituality, we also know that we shall miss him more than any of us care to admit. We assure him of our love, our loyalty, and our support.

We also welcome Elder Rex D. Pinegar to our council and feel certain that his ability will add strength to us as we go forward.

Genealogy of Lee family

I shall speak about genealogy.

William Lee came from the old sod in 1745. He must have had an unexplained urge, because he would not know really why he came. He might think it was to better his condition.

He fought in the American Revolution and was wounded. Many of us have ancestors who are reported to have fought in the Revolution, but few of them were wounded. This man was left for dead in the battle of Guilford County Courthouse in the Carolinas in March 1781. Thanks to good nursing he recovered and, as in all good endings, married his nurse. Four sons came to him, one of whom was Samuel, who was the youngest.

Samuel's sons, Francis, Alfred, and Eli, and their families joined the Church in 1832, about the time that my

great-grandfather joined. They suffered through all the vicissitudes and the troubles and persecutions and mobbings of Jackson County, Far West, and Nauvoo, and finally came west. At Winter Quarters their father joined them. He had not joined the Church until this time but joined shortly afterward. Francis married a young woman by the name of Jane Vail Johnson. I shall speak of her later.

Call to Meadow Valley

They all came to Utah and settled in Tooele County. They were just getting settled and making things go when they were called by President Brigham Young to St. George, and they went, like all good Latter-day Saints did in those days. But they had not been in St. George very long when they were called to settle in Meadow Valley. That is a place you folks probably have not heard about. It is now known as Panaca, in what they thought was southwestern Utah, but which actually later came to be Nevada. These people, obeying the call, again without question, were the first family to move to Meadow Valley, and they made a dugout house. Sister Young said that you may not know what a dugout house is. I replied that most of the folks would know: One digs a cubical hole in a hillside and covers it with a roof of wooden poles topped with clay.