

ing upon the word of Christ, and endure to the end, behold, thus saith the Father: Ye shall have eternal life.

"And now, behold, . . . this is the way; and there is none other way nor name given under heaven whereby man can be saved in the kingdom of God."²¹

I close with the words of a revered prophet, even President Harold B. Lee: "Life is God's gift to man. What we do with our life is our gift to God."

May we give generously to Him, as He has so abundantly given to us, by living and loving as He and His Son have so patiently taught, is my earnest prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

NOTES

1. See "The Gift of the Magi."
2. Matthew 2:2.
3. Gerald Massey, in John P. Bradley, et al., comp., *The International Dictionary of Thoughts* (Chicago: J. G. Ferguson Publishing Co., 1969), p. 66.
4. 3 John 1:4.
5. Jeremiah 8:22.
6. Author unknown.
7. John 14:27.
8. Revelation 3:20.
9. Act 3, scene 3, lines 97-98.
10. In Eugene England, "Without Purse or Scrip," *New Era*, July 1975, p. 28.

11. Matthew 22:36-39.
12. John 14:21.
13. See Moroni 7:47.
14. Acts 10:38.
15. "Sixteen, Going on Seventeen," from *The Sound of Music*.
16. *Thoughts . . . for One Hundred Days* (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1966), p. 222.
17. In Richard L. Evans, *Richard Evans' Quote Book* (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1971), p. 238.
18. In *Improvement Era*, May 1960, p. 340.
19. John 3:16.
20. Matthew 26:39.
21. 2 Nephi 31:20-21.

The choir sang "Lord, I Would Follow Thee."

President Hinckley

President Thomas S. Monson, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, has spoken to us, followed by the Tabernacle Choir singing "Lord, I Would Follow Thee."

We shall now be pleased to hear from President Howard W. Hunter, President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

President Howard W. Hunter

The path of Palm Sunday

Today is the day the Christian world traditionally calls Palm Sunday. It is the anniversary of that momentous occasion nearly two thousand years ago when Jesus of Nazareth, the very Son of God himself, began the ultimate declaration of his divinity and entered the holy city of Jerusalem as the promised Messiah that he was.

Riding on a young donkey in fulfillment of Zechariah's ancient prophecy (see Zechariah 9:9), he approached the temple on a path that the jubilant crowd

lined for him with palm leaves, flowering branches, and some of their own garments, thus carpeting the way properly for the passing of a king. He was their king; these were his subjects. "Hosanna to the Son of David," they shouted. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest" (Matthew 21:9).

Of course, that path so lovingly lined was soon to lead to an upper room and then to Gethsemane. After stops at the home of Annas, the court of Caiaphas, and the Roman headquarters of Pilate, the path would, of course, lead on to Calvary. But it would not end there. The path

would lead to the garden tomb and the triumphant hour of resurrection that we celebrate each year on Easter Sunday, one week from today.

“Jesus, the very thought of thee”

In this lovely springtime season of the year, this annual awakening when in the northern hemisphere the world is renewed, blossoms, and turns green and fresh again, we instinctively turn our thoughts to Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, the Redeemer of mankind, the source of light, and life, and love.

As a Palm Sunday and Easter season message, I have chosen for my brief text this morning the words of an ancient and sacred hymn, which are attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux and estimated to be nearly nine hundred years old. With the rest of the Christian world, the members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints sing reverently:

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see
And in thy presence rest.
[“Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee,”
Hymns, no. 141]

Think of Jesus more frequently

On Palm Sunday, and next week on Easter Sunday, our minds turn very naturally to wonderful thoughts of Jesus. Indeed, Easter, along with perhaps Christmas, may be the only time in the whole year that some of our brothers and sisters in Christ’s flock find their way to church. That is admirable, but we wonder if thoughts of Jesus, which “with sweetness [fill our] breast,” ought not to be far more frequent and much more constant in all times and seasons of our lives. How often do we think of the Savior? How deeply and how gratefully and how adoringly do we reflect on his life? How central to our lives do we know him to be?

For example, how much of a normal day, a working week, or a fleeting month

is devoted to “Jesus, the very thought of thee”? Perhaps for some of us, not enough.

Surely life would be more peaceful, surely marriages and families would be stronger, certainly neighborhoods and nations would be safer and kinder and more constructive if more of the gospel of Jesus Christ “with sweetness” could fill our breasts.

Unless we pay more attention to the thoughts of our hearts, I wonder what hope we have to claim that greater joy, that sweeter prize: someday his loving “face to see and in [his] presence rest.”

Every day of our lives and in every season of the year, not just at Easter time, Jesus asks each of us, as he did following his triumphant entry into Jerusalem those many years ago, “What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?” (Matthew 22:42).

We declare that he is the Son of God, and the reality of that fact should stir our souls more frequently. I pray that it will, this Easter season and always.

A blessed name

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
frame,
Nor can the mem’ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!
[*Hymns*, no. 141]

We testify, as the ancient prophets and Apostles did, that the name of Christ is the only name given under heaven whereby a man, woman, or child can be saved. It is a blessed name, a gracious name, a sacred name. Truly no “voice can sing, nor heart can frame, . . . a sweeter sound than [that] blest name.”

But even as we should think on the name of Christ more often and use it more wisely and well, how tragic it is, and how deeply we are pained, that the name of the Savior of mankind has become one of the most common and most ill-used of profanities.

In this Easter season of the year—when we are reminded yet again of all that Christ has done for us, how dependent we are upon his redeeming grace and personal resurrection, and how singular his name is in the power to dispel evil and death and save the human soul—may we all do more to respect and revere his holy name and gently, courteously encourage others to do the same. With this lovely hymn as a reminder, let us lift the use of the name of deity to the sacred, sweet elevation that it deserves and that has, indeed, been commanded.

In our own day as in ancient times, Christ has declared:

“Let all men beware how they take my name in their lips—

“Remember that that which cometh from above is sacred, and must be spoken with care, and by constraint of the Spirit” (D&C 63:61, 64).

We love the name of our Redeemer. May we redeem it from misuse to its rightful lofty position.

Hope of the contrite, joy of the meek

O hope of ev’ry contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!
[Hymns, no. 141]

What a lovely verse of music, and what a message of hope anchored in the gospel of Christ! Is there one among us, in any walk of life, who does not need hope and seek for greater joy? These are the universal needs and longings of the human soul, and they are the promises of Christ to his followers. Hope is extended to “ev’ry contrite heart,” and joy comes to “all the meek.”

Contrition is costly—it costs us our pride and our insensitivity, but it especially costs us our sins. For, as King Lamoni’s father knew twenty centuries ago, this is the price of true hope. “O God,” he cried, “wilt thou make thyself known unto me, and I will give away all my sins to

know thee . . . that I may be raised from the dead, and be saved at the last day” (Alma 22:18). When we too are willing to give away all our sins to know him and follow him, we too will be filled with the joy of eternal life.

And what of the meek? In a world too preoccupied with winning through intimidation and seeking to be number one, no large crowd of folk is standing in line to buy books that call for mere meekness. But the meek shall inherit the earth—a pretty impressive corporate takeover, and done *without* intimidation! Sooner or later—and we pray sooner rather than later—everyone will acknowledge that Christ’s way is not only the *right* way, but ultimately the *only* way to hope and joy. Every knee shall bow and every tongue will confess that gentleness is better than brutality, that kindness is greater than coercion, that the soft voice turneth away wrath. In the end, and sooner than that whenever possible, we must be more like him. “To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!”

Jesus, our only joy be thou

May I close my remarks as did the author of that ancient hymn:

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And thru eternity.
[Hymns, no. 141]

That is my personal prayer and my wish for all the world this morning. I testify that Jesus is the only true source of lasting joy, that our only lasting peace is in him. I do wish him to be “our glory now,” the glory each of us yearns for individually and the only prize men and nations can permanently hold dear. He is our prize in time and in eternity. Every other prize is finally fruitless. Every other grandeur fades with time and dissolves with the elements. In the end, just as in this Passover week, we will know no true joy save it be in Christ.

At this sacred season of the year, filled with the promise of renewing life, may we be more devoted and disciplined followers of Christ. May we cherish him in our thoughts and speak his name with love. May we kneel before him with meekness and mercy. May we bless and serve others that they may do the same.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And thru eternity.

In the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Elder Rex D. Pinegar

On behalf of the Presidency of the Seventy, we welcome with joy Brother Todd Christofferson and Brother Neil Andersen to the ranks of the Seventy. We look forward to serving with you.

The miraculous power of prayer

There have been many inspiring messages given from this Tabernacle pulpit about prayer. Today I add my testimony of the blessing of peace that comes through the miraculous power of prayer.

Alexandre Dumas, in his classic tale *The Count of Monte Cristo*, wrote, "For the happy man prayer is only a jumble of words, until the day when sorrow comes to explain to him the sublime language by means of which he speaks to God" (trans. Lowell Bair [New York: Bantam Books, 1981], p. 34).

Prayers after a fireworks accident

It was a happy, carefree time in my young life until on such a day, sorrow and tragedy brought me closer to God in humble, sincere prayer. In the summer of my thirteenth year, on a July night, I eagerly joined some neighborhood friends to light fireworks. Five of us took turns igniting a colorful assortment of Roman

President Hinckley

Thank you, President Hunter, for that beautiful testimony.

The choir and congregation will now join in singing "Come, Come, Ye Saints," following which we shall hear from Elder Rex D. Pinegar, a member of the Presidency of the Seventy.

The choir and congregation sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

candles and rockets and firecrackers. Each was a new surprise with its burst of sights and sounds through the evening sky.

Not all of our fireworks worked as they should have. Most, in fact, were what we called duds. They sputtered momentarily and then died. We set the duds aside until we had tried to light all of the fireworks. We had so many defective ones remaining, we wondered what to do. We couldn't just throw them away. What if we emptied the powder from all of them into the cardboard box? We could toss in a match and have one gigantic blast!

Fortunately for us, our idea failed—at first. The match was tossed; we quickly ran away and waited. Nothing happened. Pressing our luck, we tried a second time, using a makeshift fuse of rolled-up newspaper. Again we anxiously waited at a distance. Again, to our good, nothing happened. That is when we should have quit. Foolishly we gave it one more try; this time my friend Mark and I huddled around the box to keep the flame from being extinguished by the evening breeze.

Then it happened! The gigantic blast we thought we wanted exploded with fury into our faces. The force of the explosion knocked us off our feet, and flames from the ignited powder burned us severely. It