

Let Our Joys Be Known  
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Some years ago, I was telling the story to my little granddaughter who was 5 or 6 years old at the time, about the time her mommy got married. As part of the story, I told her how much, from the time I was a little girl her age, I wanted to play the harp. Every time I saw a picture of a harp, I'd get so excited and it's like my fingers ached to pluck those strings. I kept begging to play it and my dad finally told me if I did dishes everyday for a year, he would buy me a harp. I wish I had taken him up on the offer! Because I was nearly 50 years old before my dream came true and I've certainly done a lot more than a year's worth of dishes! . Oh! how I loved playing that harp. Sometimes when I'd walk by our living room and see my beautiful pedal harp standing there, I would pinch myself. I finally had my harp.

And then one day, I told my granddaughter, her grandpa got really sick. And he couldn't work. And some other hard things happened and we lost all our money and we had to move out of our beautiful home and we didn't know how or where we could move. And in the middle of those hard things, her mommy told me that she was going to be married. We were so happy for her! But I was sad, too, because I wanted her mommy to have a pretty wedding dress and I didn't have any money.

And then, I thought, if I could sell my harp, we would have the money we needed. I knew the family next door had girls who were learning to play the harp and I asked them if they would like to buy it. They said they would and told me they would come by the next night to pick it up. All day I cried and cried and cried. I didn't want to sell my harp. But then I looked straight into my granddaughter's eyes— we both had tears in them— and I said: "I loved my harp. But do you know what? I love your mommy more than I loved my harp."

We sat there in silence for a few moments. I could tell she was processing the story—and then she ran off. A little while later she came back with a picture she had drawn to capture what she was seeing. There I was, with tears streaming down my cheeks, sitting out in a little boat, 'selling my harp'.

You probably can't see it, but even the little fishies have tears on their faces.

I love this sweet picture and I treasure it, not only for the memory of that moment we shared, but as a reminder of how often our words are misunderstood and how inadequate words can be to say exactly what we want to say.

We use the same word— awesome— to describe the birth of a new baby, a sunset, and a quarter pound cheeseburger. Are they really all the same experience?

And the deeper our hearts feel something, the fewer words there are to express it. Remember the Nephites as they gathered around the resurrected Lord?: 'no tongue can speak neither can be

written by any man .. So great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard.

The deeps of the soul like the deeps of the ocean are silent—where words are concerned.

Yet, from the time a child can pick up a pencil, we lead him carefully into the world of words, eager to show him how to form letters and decode their sounds. And we begin to fill his head with facts and information.

Please don't misunderstand me. Words are wonderful and useful! But there are places in the heart too deep for words alone.

Let me offer a simple illustration.

Imagine you are walking down the street and you notice a man walking on the other side of the street. After a few moments, a second man comes up from behind and taps the first man on the shoulder. The first man turns around and after a brief interchange, he reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet and hands the second man a hundred dollar bill. The two men then walk away in different directions.

What is the fact of what you just saw? You saw a hundred dollars transfer ownership from the first man to the second. It is an indisputable piece of information. Is that all you need to know?

Let's try again and this time I'm going to add the story so your heart can understand what you just saw. What if I told you the second man was a robber; when the first man turned around, he said, I've got a gun in pocket, hand over all your money, or else.

Or, let's try this. What if I said the two men were old friends. The second man was down on his luck and had previously phoned his friend and asked if he could borrow a hundred dollars and they had agreed to meet there.

Or what if it was the other way around? What if the first man had been the one to borrow the hundred dollars and he had asked his friend to meet him so that he could pay him back?

Let's go back to the first robber scenario. What if I told you the first man was a multi-millionaire? No, let's say he had been unemployed for several months...no, let's say several years. He has just been to the bank and withdrawn his last hundred dollars. He has a little girl at home and she is sick. In fact, the doctor told him if he didn't get medicine for her right away, she was going to die. He was on his way to get that medicine and now his money is gone.

Isn't it interesting—that same hundred dollar bill yielded greed, joy, sorrow, anguish, gratitude, love, despair and annoyance. The fact that it was a hundred dollar bill really was the least important piece of information of all. It gave us a point of reference, but that was about it. And notice—if I were to ask you to tell me in words what greed or joy or anguish feels like, could you?

The heart understands things that cannot always be expressed in words or directly taught. But still, it knows. And as the fox in *The Little Prince* so rightly observed, “It is only with the heart that one can see rightly. What is essential is invisible to the eye.” It is this realm of the heart that separates humans from machines and it’s all these feelings that make life worth living.

The Apostle Paul teaches us to look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen; for the things which are seen are temporal—and temporary—; but the things which are not seen are eternal. (2 Corinthians 4:18)

For example, on earth, the richest man is the one with the most money. In heaven, the richest man is the one with the greatest capacity for joy. Man is that he might have joy. God’s greatest gift to us represented as the fruit on the tree in Lehi’s vision is His love and in that love is a fulness of joy. Heaven’s treasures are the unseen but very real gifts of the heart and they are everlasting.

“Thrust a man into prison and bind him with chains, and then let him be filled with the comfort and with the glory of eternity, and that prison is a palace to him. Again, let a man be seated upon a throne with power and dominion in this world, ruling his millions and millions and without that peace which flows from the Lord of Hosts—without that contentment and joy that comes from heaven, his palace is a prison. When a person is filled with the peace and power of God, all is right with him.” (Brigham Young)

And outward circumstances fade in importance.

Heaven’s ways are not man’s ways. The last several months, I’ve had two images placed on my inward eye that I have been studying that has deepened my understanding of this idea of the seen and the unseen; of the differences between the world’s ways and heaven’s ways.

The first image is a tower—like the tower in Babylon. I notice the purpose of the tower is external. The tower is designed so that one can climb the stairs that circle round and round the outside of the tower with the intention that one will eventually be able to climb all the way to heaven by his own efforts. Although artists have depicted the tower with windows, when I look inside, it is dark and empty. It is not designed to go inside. The tower climber’s progress is visible to everyone. Tower climbers can compare their progress with other climbers. Those higher up on the tower feel confident and self-assured; they are in control of their destiny, while those lower down often feel overwhelmed and discouraged. There is yet so many stairs to climb. And sadly, some of those highest on the tower look down upon those who are far behind. So focused are they on their own climb, they offer no helping hand to those farther down the tower. Although the tower was never finished, I picture that had it been completed, it would have eventually come to a point at the very top where there is room for only one person to stand. I wonder how many other people the climber has to push out of the way to claim the spot. And although that tower climber will see how much higher the heavens are above him, he will be powerless to take one step further. He will have reached his limit.

The second image is a temple or a holy place. By contrast, I notice the temple is filled with Light

because it is designed to go inside for in its innermost sanctuary is found a holy of holies where one can commune directly with God and be lifted by His power and glory. The work that goes on in the temple is not on display for public view or scrutiny. The temple dweller is compared with no one. The work that goes on within temple walls is private and personal.

Babylon is used to represent the ways of the world. And don't we see it all around us? The world is concerned with all the outward things—the size of our bank account; how many awards we have received, how many letters behind our name. We obsess over the size and shape of our body, how beautiful we are, what kind of clothes we wear. We are conditioned to climb to the top of the class, climb to the top of the corporate ladder. We must aim to be #1—to be the winning team, to be the fastest runner, the highest scorer. There is only one winner. The rest are all losers. It's an endless push to the top. Yet, for those who make it, they often look around and say, "Is that all there is?" And they look for another tower to climb. After all, it's lonely at the top.

We very much use a tower model in education. From the moment a child starts the climb, he is constantly compared with other climbers. We test and measure to see how high up the tower he has climbed. We talk about levels all the time. We congratulate ourselves when our children score on a higher level than the average child and panic when they fall below level. But we are only testing those outward things that can be tested and measured—which completely excludes the inward condition of the heart.

For most students in this system of learning, as they walk across the stage and pick up their diploma, rather than a commencement to a lifetime of learning, it's a conclusion. Studies show that the majority of graduates will never pick up another book, and if they do, it certainly won't be a book of history or poetry or great literature. They've reached their peak of learning.

Here is a visual of the difference I see between the world's way and heaven's way. The world works from the outside in. But heaven works from the inside out. Let me try and explain.

Everything the Lord teaches has layers of meaning. A single letter in the Hebrew alphabet is said to have 70 layers of meaning, with the number 70 also having a layer of meaning. When we stop at the literal or outward meaning, we are shortchanging ourselves. For example, from the days of Adam, man was taught to sacrifice animals unto the Lord. Yet, it wasn't the outward act that pleased God—through Isaiah, He said: I am sick of your sacrifices. Don't bring me any more of them. I don't want your fat rams; I don't want to see the blood from your offerings. He was trying to teach an inward meaning which they were so slow to grasp because they were so focused on the outward compliance.

In fact, at a Passover feast, while over a million diligent, obedient followers brought their unblemished lambs to be sacrificed, the true Lamb of God was being sacrificed on a cross just outside the city walls. And they knew it not.

It's significant that we are a temple building people. I love going to the temple where I am surrounded by peace and beauty and order. But I have to ask myself is there also an inward

meaning?

Of course I believe there is. I believe one thing the Lord is teaching us is how to build an everlasting temple within our hearts—a place of beauty and peace where He can come and commune with us for He promises—If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.” Didn’t Paul teach, “Ye are the temple of the living God and as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them.” We go to the Temple to receive an Endowment of power. An endowment is a gift and God’s power is Love. Love—or Charity-- is His greatest gift to us. “Without charity, ye are nothing.” As my invited guest, He brings His gifts of love, joy and peace.

I cannot expect Him to dwell in my dirty bathroom. I must prepare a place where He can come—a place fit for a King.

No expense is spared in the building of our temples. The finest materials are gathered from around the world with great effort and attention is placed to the tiniest of details which are all designed to lift our thoughts heavenward. My inward temple requires nothing less. Every thought, every deed, every picture that hangs on the wall of my temple within must be pure and worthy of Him.

Marion G. Romney taught: “The only safety we have in the world for our children is what they build within themselves.”

When the Lord is the center of our lives—the very core of our being—I see an upside down tower. Everything which God does is about gathering, increasing, expanding, layering, multiplying, lifting—there is no end or limit. There is no peak. His joy is not that He made it to the top; His joy is that He is lifting myriads of His children to enjoy all He enjoys. They are made joint heirs to all He has. His glory and his influence will continue to expand infinitely.

As you seek to educate your children, are you focused on climbing the tower or on building a temple where the Spirit of the Lord magnifies all we do? Are you more focused on that which is seen or on the unseen? Do you care more about test scores or the condition of their hearts?

Samuel lived in a world not unlike ours. A spiritual indifference had settled in. The Israelites were deserting God and drifting toward material gods they could see with their eyes and handle with their hands. And ‘Everyone did what was right in his own eyes.’ Samuel’s remedy to the conditions of his day was to establish a school for young men—a school of the prophets—as a barrier against the widespread corruption. These were not prophets as we might think of one—someone who as been called and ordained to a position of authority by one who is authorized to do so. These were prophets in a more general sense—A prophet was someone who saw the unseen things of life through spiritual eyes and who could recognize and comprehend the voice of the Lord, or as Elder Uchtdorf beautifully expressed it, they could ‘hear the music of the spirit.’. Because of their spiritual sensitivities, the Lord could write messages on their hearts that they would in turn deliver to the people. And as Amos taught, the Lord will do nothing, save He revealeth his secrets—his truths—unto his servants the prophets. Moses wished: “Would God that

all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them!"

We see many, many prophets appearing among the people throughout the scriptures, who aren't necessarily called by one in authority, but they are delivering messages. John Widstoe taught: "In ancient and modern times there have been schools of prophets...These 'prophets' need not to be called to an office; they go out as teachers of truth." And yes—we are cautioned to beware of false prophets.

Samuel started this first school of prophets in his home at Ramah. I found this name interesting because it sounds just like the Greek word Rhema, which means the spoken word of the Lord. It's divine illumination, a divinely inspired impression upon your soul, a flash of thought or a creative idea from God. It is the still, small voice deep within our hearts. The hard heart and literal mind cannot comprehend this voice. It is with this voice the Lord speaks within the temples of our hearts.

It appears Samuel's primary concern was helping these young men develop their spiritual sensitivities so they could hear the voice of the Lord. Other schools were started as well. The teacher was referred to as Father and the students were called sons of prophets, showing a warmth in relationship between student and teacher.

A couple of hundred years later the schools had fallen into decay and much of the work of Elijah and especially Elisha was to restore these schools and put them back in proper order. Which was vital to what came next—the scattering of the seed of Israel. Remember—the Lord promised that through the seed of Abraham, all nations would be blessed and this scattering of Israel was necessary to fulfill this promise. My reasoning tells me these schools prepared a remnant of prophet-servants who would carry and plant His messages throughout the world. We are given an account of where a couple of these seeds landed—Lehi—a prophet-- carried the truth to the Americas and as I study the teachings and traditions of many of the Native American tribes, I see threads of truth that have been passed down for generations.

We know that Daniel landed in Babylon and was highly influential in the royal courts of both the mighty Babylonian and Persian Empires, which is primarily the land of today's Iraq and Iran.

And although we have no direct record of proof, I can't help but wonder if some wandering prophet met up with Socrates, who, not long after the scattering, started teaching of the inner light and the one true God or Confucius who, after his travels, returned home and started teaching to do unto others as ye would have them do unto you and the importance of family and honoring your ancestors among other truths designed to make one happy. Around that same general time, Buddha started teaching a people of an afterlife, of the importance of lovingkindness and compassion, to not lie or gossip or use rude speech, to not kill or cause injury, to not steal, to be morally pure, to not seek material gain but rather purity of thought and a focus—an eye single—to higher unseen things.

And although scholars don't agree as to when Zoroaster the Persian lived, many believe it was around 600 BC—which places him in the time of Daniel who was also in Persia. Could Daniel or

his equally righteous friends, Shadrach, Meshach or Abed-nego have influenced Zoroaster who taught of the freedom of the individual to choose right or wrong. That by thinking good thoughts, saying good words, doing good deeds, we increase the divine force and come closer to being One with the Creator. The magi were the priests of Persia and hundreds of years later, they were watching the skies for the sign of the birth of a King.

In modern scripture, the Lord tells us He is gathering His elect from around the world. And who are His elect? He says: "...mine elect hear my voice and harden not their hearts." (D&C 29:7)

So wouldn't you like to know what curriculum was used in this ancient school of prophets that softened the hearts of these young men so they could hear the voice of the Lord? Although we have been given very few details of exactly what went on in these schools, we are given some scattered hints. We know they were taught the laws of God and were counseled to live lives of righteousness and purity. But here are a few other subjects that were taught.

## MUSIC

The sons of prophets learned sacred music.

Saul was told that maybe Samuel could help him find his father's lost donkeys. As he headed toward Samuel's home, a band of the sons of prophets met him coming down the hill playing various instruments of music.

Music has a powerful influence on our inner lives. Movie makers know that music makes the sad parts sadder, the happy parts happier and the scary parts scarier.

The greatest possession of The Daghdha, the god of Irish mythology, was his harp. He could make anyone who heard it laugh for joy or weep for sorrow and by the playing of his harp, the seasons came in their correct order. When enemies came upon his fighting men, his playing would make his men forget their fear, and they would charge into the fight thinking of nothing but honor. At the end of the day, his song would take all the weariness out of the hearts of the survivors, and helped them forget their grief over their fallen comrades.

His enemies, knowing of the power of this marvelous harp, one day stole it. When the Daghdha discovered it was missing, he immediately set out to search for it and found it guarded by a formidable guard of soldiers. He simply called to it and it flew to his hands, awakening the guards. His aid whispered, "I think you'd better play your harp."

The Daghdha struck the strings with his hand, and called out the Music of Mirth. In spite of themselves, the enemies began to laugh. They laughed so hard that the weapons slipped out of their hands, and their feet began to dance. But when the music stopped, they snatched up their weapons again, and started to advance.

Again, the aid whispered: "I think you'd better play your harp!" And this time, when the Daghdha struck the strings, he called forth the Music of Grief. All of the Formorians began to weep. The

children wailed, and the men hid their faces in their cloaks so that no one would see the floods of tears they were in. But when the music faded, they took up their weapons again.

And then the Daghdha struck the strings of his harp so softly that it seemed it would not make a sound. But he brought forth the Music of Sleep, and, though they struggled to keep their eyes open, every last guard fell down into slumber.

The Daghdha and his men left them sleeping there, and stole away. And never again was the harp of the Daghdha stolen.

Jehoshapat chose singers to lead his mighty army into battle, and they sang: Thank the Lord, because His love continues forever. And the enemy was destroyed by unseen hands.

When Elisha's advice was sought in the fighting of a great battle, he first called for a harpist, and when the harpist played, "the hand of the Lord came upon him" and he saw clearly what to say.

When Captain von Trapp opened his mouth to sing in the Sound of Music, his hard heart was softened and joy came back into their home.

The voice is the great connector between mind and heart. It is said that it was the attention the Greeks placed on oral expression that caused them to be the most artistic of peoples. Greek children were raised on the recitation of poetry—evidently they didn't have a separate word for music-- rather than on written language, like we do. Their writings were great because they were founded upon and developed by their speech—by their voice.

According to tradition, lessons in the schools of the prophets were primarily oral.

And if the voice is the grand connector of mind and heart, the hymn is the grand connector of heaven and earth. We receive divine communication through hymns that cannot be delivered in another way. There is a reason why we sing a hymn before the opening prayer is offered and before we take the Sacrament. It opens and prepares our hearts.

I serve as the organist in my ward and it falls on me to select the hymns we sing in Sacrament Meeting. A year ago, last January, I was choosing the hymns for January and February. I had just one hymn left- the intermediate hymn for the last Sunday in February. As I flipped through the hymn book, it opened to a hymn that we never sing and my first reaction was to keep looking because I know that my ward doesn't like to sing unfamiliar hymns. But as I went to turn the page, I had a strong impression: they may not like to sing unfamiliar hymns, nevertheless, someone is going to need that hymn that day. So I added it to the list I submitted and put it out of my mind.

The Friday before that last Sunday in February, I got a phone call from my daughter in Utah. I had been sick in bed for a week and was feeling miserable. Her baby was due in just a couple of weeks and I had my plane tickets in hand to go out and welcome this new little man-child into our family. In our family of girls, a boy is a rarity and we were all excited. After we chatted a bit,



my daughter said, “You know, mom, the baby has been really quiet today.” I said maybe it’s time and he is resting up for the big event. But I told her she should probably check in with the doctor.

A couple of hours later, she called back. Mom. There is no heart beat. I’ve lost the baby. I’ve heard the question posed which hurts more—a broken bone or a broken heart. I know how I would answer that. She said they were going to induce labor that very night and I cried buckets of tears all night long as I thought of my daughter going through the pains of labor with no hope for a happy outcome.

She called about noon the next day. Mom, he is so soft and warm. Practically perfect in every way. There was no apparent reason why his little heart had stopped beating.

The first plane I could catch was Sunday afternoon so I went to church to play the organ Sunday morning. As we began to sing the intermediate hymn, that impression came back to me: Someone is going to need that hymn that day. And I realized that someone was me. There are only 3 hymns in the hymn book that are written as though the Lord is speaking directly to us. This is one of those hymns. These are the words:

Lean on my ample arm, O thou depressed!  
And I will bid the storm cease in thy breast.  
Whate’er thy lot may be on life’s complaining sea,  
If thou wilt come to me, Thou shalt have rest.

Lift up thy tearful eyes, Sad heart, to me;  
I am the sacrifice offered for thee.  
In my thy pain shall cease, In me is thy release,  
In me thou shalt have peace eternally.

I shared the hymn with my daughter and her husband when I got there and it played through my heart that whole week. I watched its fulfillment as my daughter and her husband stood and bore testimony to a chapel full of friends and family of the love of God and that peace that surpasseth understanding.

Surely He speaks to the deepest parts of our hearts through the hymns and other inspired music.

In the midnight hour, in the dark, damp dungeon in which the naked, hungry and weary Paul and Silas were cast, they sang hymns and the prison walls crumbled around them and the prisoners were freed.

Is it a wonder that prior to entering the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus prepared for the ordeal by singing a hymn? According to Jewish custom, the hymn that was sung following the Passover supper would have lasted nearly an hour, and included the words:

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee;

For his lovingkindness endureth forever.

President Nelson begins his day by playing the hymns and Johann Sebastian Bach on the organ. He says: “By the time I leave home in the morning, my mind is filled with good things —the scriptures and fine music. This gets my day off to a good start better than any other way I’ve found.”

I’m afraid today’s popular music is desensitizing our youth to this language of the heart. I listened to a young man from Sierra Leone tell his story of how he was kidnapped as a pre-teen and forced to kill as a child soldier. The way they numbed these young boys to commit such atrocious acts was to blast loud rock music 24 hours a day which kept them from feeling or thinking anything. Strong, repetitive beat shuts down feeling. And that is the nature of today’s popular music.

I saw a video that showed all 40 of today’s top hits are based on the same four repeating chords. The same two composers are writing nearly all the music for today’s top performers and they are using familiar hooks to draw listeners in.

Leading them away from this kind of music is a challenge we face. One thing you can do is to counter by using their tricks-- make inspired music the familiar music to your children. The great music masters approached their Maker in reverence as they sat down to compose. Their intent was to reveal the very glory of God to human hearts. What a priceless gift to us. Pay attention to the music that is surrounding your family in your home. And sing. I wish there was time to talk about the power of melody and harmony in the souls of our children. But that will have to wait for another day.

Let’s turn to the second subject, which, for lack of a better word, I have labeled IMAGERY

God spoke to His prophets through visions and dreams and through pictures He would place in their minds. Symbolism with its layers of meaning is used abundantly. And for good reasons. We say ‘in one ear and out the other’, but we don’t say ‘in one eye and out the other’. Dr. Rich Melheim wrote that ‘while the human ear can process 10,000 bits of information per second, the human eye can process up to 7 billion bits of information per second. Therefore, neurologically speaking, a picture is not worth a thousand words. It’s worth 700,000 words.’ It’s a very efficient means of communication.

Leonardo da Vinci said, “I hear it and it’s gone. I see it and it is there again And again. And again...”

When someone is explaining something to us, how often do we say, “I don’t see what you are saying” and the response is “Let me illustrate it for you”. Without the power of image-ination ....imagination—the ability to create inner images, we cannot see God or heaven or eternity in this life. We cannot empathize with others because we cannot see what they are experiencing. We can only create that which we first ‘see’ in our mind’s inner eye. Without vision, the people perish.

“Logic will get you from A to B. Imagination will take you everywhere.”

So although we don't have specific evidence of what was used to increase in these sons of Prophets the power of Image-ination, it must have been part of their training.

And nurturing the Image-ination must be a vital work in the education of our children. One wonderful tool we have to work with are the visual arts. For many centuries, there was little written language. People relied upon paintings—pictures-- to learn about the Bible. Consider this experience of one man:

“The first time I saw Raphael's Disputa, which decorates one of the walls in one of the rooms of the vatican in Rome, I had set out with my guidebook, intending to study all the paintings by Raphael that decorate these rooms. I entered the first room, and, I suppose looked around the other walls, seeing three other paintings, but all I recall during this visit was the Disputa. I sat down before it and remained seated! I do not know how long, but the morning slipped away. What I thought about as I looked at the picture I cannot tell you. My impression is that I did not think at all; I only felt. My spirit was lifted up and purified and strengthened with happiness. Returning to my hotel, I read about the picture in my guidebook..I noticed things that I had missed...[but]the whole subject as far as it could be put into words had escaped me. I had no knowledge what the painting was about; only I had felt its beauty.”

Now contrast this experience with the learning objectives I pulled off the Virginia State Standards list, which begin in the First Grade:

“Demonstrate understanding of the elements of art: Color, form, line, shape, space, texture, value, balance, contrast, emphasis movement, pattern, proportion, rhythm unity, variety. Identify, analyze and apply criteria.

Again... starting in the First Grade.

Where is the part about opening children's inner eyes to see the beauty in all the world?

“The heart and soul of the masterpiece, the sheer beauty of it, are considered least of all, and students end up heartily hating something they might have enjoyed and loved...It is better to create a capacity to enjoy art than to have a technical knowledge of its pieces.”

And now I have a sad story to tell you. By the mid 1800s, artists had discovered the greatest secrets of art – the rules--that made it possible to communicate profound messages to human hearts instantly.

When I came across this work of art, I was so captivated by it, I couldn't stop looking at it. It stirred feelings I can't put into words. It was painted by W. H. Gore and when it was first exhibited in a London gallery in 1885, one of the premier art critics of the day who was used to examining art through a critical eye, broke down and wept. Any sister, daughter, wife, mother, friend who has sent a loved one off to war knows the meaning of this painting, which is entitled

'Listed' and the ribbon on his cap designates him as an enlisted soldier. But without even knowing that, I felt the sorrow of separation; of the resignation of doing a hard thing because it's the right thing to do, even when you don't want to.

This painting was created in an era of classical realism, which lasted from around 1848 to 1920. About twenty years ago, a lover of art who had studied art history at a graduate level at Columbia University came across a work of art from that era that had stirred powerful emotions in him, like we've been talking about – and he couldn't figure out why he had never, in all of his studies, heard of the artist before. Upon investigation, he discovered the intellectuals of the early 1900s looked down on this kind of art as sentimental and unsophisticated. They despised storytelling in art. So they completely erased it from all the university textbooks and from all the courses of art history in our schools. Museums put many of the paintings into storage.

It has been his work through the Art Renewal Center to restore these beautiful works of art to public awareness and also to preserve the knowledge of those secrets the artists of this era had mastered and pass them along to a new generation of painters.

I went through all 80,000 art images that are archived in his site and guess who I bumped into all over the place? Mother! And although sometimes she is barefoot, she isn't repressed, miserable or trapped; she is content, joyful; she is beautiful. And I found Father. In the last 50 years, we've gone from Father Knows Best to Father Knows Nothing to Who Needs a Father. But here he is! He is working hard to provide for his family. He is strong and protective. His children adore him and he adores his children. I found sisters with their arms around each other. I found families happily engaged in work and play and learning—all over the world! And I found dear, beautiful Mother Nature everywhere, nurturing her children!

Some years ago, the American Psychiatric Society estimated that the average American child will have seen some 200,000 violent acts and 14,000 murders by the time he is 18 years old. . I suspect that number is much higher today. The visual impressions made on a child's tender heart last a lifetime. How many images of beauty and love will they have come in contact by the time they are 18? If you want to strengthen your families, let these be the last images they see hanging on their walls when they go to bed at night and the first they see when they rise in the morning. In tomorrow's class, I will give you some places to find works of art like these and some tools to help study them by heart.

"You must look at pictures studiously, earnestly, honestly. It will take years before you come to a full appreciation of art; but when at last you have it, you will be possessed of one of the purest, loftiest, and most ennobling pleasures that the civilized world can offer you."

- John Van Dyke

Now there is something else you can do to awaken that inward eye—sketch what you see. When the camera was invented, John Ruskin traveled around teaching people to not stop sketching just because it was so much easier to capture a picture with a camera. He said the danger was that they would lose the ability to really see. And how prophetic he was. There is so much in the world we look at but never really see.

We would do so much to counter the damage we are doing to our children's hearts by encouraging them to draw before we teach them to form letters. Drawing produces an exactness of thought. Those who take a sketch book out into nature see infinitely more than those who do not.

Drawing is a way to capture feelings in a way words cannot.

Listen to Elder Henry B. Eyring

2 minutes

Next subject: POETRY

The Sons of Prophets were taught sacred poetry.

The prophets of the Old Testament were all poets—and to the literal mind, their teachings are difficult if not impossible to understand. A poet sees pictures in his mind. He doesn't say what he has to say in plain language, rather he gives one picture after another, giving us comparisons that make us think of his meaning. When you combine these images with the rhythm of music, the message is carried deeply into the heart.

History teaches us that when a people have lost their heroic spirit; when their hearts have grown cold, it's not the scholar or the scientist who fans the flame again. It's always the poet—a Pindar in Greece, a Thomas Moore in Ireland or a Lord Alfred Tennyson in England—who rises up and breathes new life and plants new hearts in nations. No wonder there were so many poet-prophets who appeared in Old Testament times. And it is exactly one of the prescriptive medicines we need today.

Do you remember that wonderful opening scene in the movie *Dead Poets' Society* where Robin Williams stands up in front of his class and tells his students to rip the dry introduction pages out of their poetry textbooks and then follows with these memorable words:

"We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for."

I was at a library sale a couple of weeks ago and picked up a thick 1927 anthology of poetry. I was reading reviews of the book and smiled at this comment:

This book contains "all the classics you should know to get you through everything if you don't want to spend money on therapy."

O poet, what power lies in thy magic wand!  
No sooner dost thou touch us, the dull gray day

is aflame with color and sunshine.

A poet can capture in just a few lines what a scholar may attempt in 1000 pages and still fall short. In fact, poets have captured in these two short poems the message I will spend 90 minutes trying to convey.

King's daughter!--There is a volume of meaning right there!  
Wouldst thou be all fair,  
Without--within--  
Peerless and beautiful,  
A very Queen?

Know then;--  
Not as men build unto the Silent One--  
With clang and clamor,  
Traffic of rude voices,  
Clink of steel on stone,  
And din of hammer;-  
Not so the temple of thy grace is reared.  
But--in the inmost shrine  
Must thou begin,  
And build with care  
A Holy Place,  
A place unseen,  
Each stone a prayer.  
Then, having built,  
Thy shrine sweep bare  
Of self and sin,  
And all that might demean;  
And, with endeavor,  
Watching ever, praying ever,  
Keep it fragrant--sweet, and clean:  
So by God's grace, it be fit place--  
His Christ shall enter and shall dwell therein  
Not as in earthly fane--where chase  
Of steel and stone may strive to win  
Some outward grace--  
Thy temple face is chiseled from within.

I love that last line--Thy temple face is chiseled from within.

Here is the second poem:

TWO TEMPLES

A builder builded a temple,  
He wrought it with grace and skill;  
Pillars and groins and arches  
All fashioned to work his will.  
Men said, as they saw its beauty,  
“It shall never know decay;  
Great is thy skill, O builder!  
Thy fame shall endure for aye.”

A mother builded a temple  
With loving and infinite care,  
Planning each arch with patience,  
Laying each stone with prayer.  
None praised her unceasing efforts,  
None knew of her wondrous plan,  
For the temple the mother builded  
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder’s temple,  
Crumpled into the dust;  
Low lies each stately pillar,  
Food for consuming rust.  
But the temple the mother builded  
Will last while the ages roll,  
For that beautiful unseen temple  
Was a child’s immortal soul.

—Hattie Vose Hall

Poetry seems to have fallen out of favor today. In our hectic ever-rushing noisy world, poetry requires us to slow down and feel; the meaning cannot be sensed by the literal mind; it requires a heart comfortable with imagery. Tomorrow I’ll talk about ways to nurture a love of poetry and will share some resources.

## STORY

A story is moving pictures attached to feelings. Sons of prophets were taught the stories and history of their people. They gathered all the legends and traditions of their heritage and it’s largely due to the copywork of these stories in the Schools of the Prophets that they have been preserved for us.

Stories show us life in action and allow us to see life through a thousand different eyes rather than through the narrow view of our own experience.

Orisen Swett Marden’s sweet mother died at the age of 22 when he was only three years old.

While he didn't get to keep any pictures, his entire life he could see with his inner eye her beautiful face and her auburn hair as she tucked him in his bed. His grief stricken father—a tall, rugged 6 foot 2 man—took on the role of father and mother in their backwoods home in the hills of New Hampshire. He not only carried on his duties of farming, hunting and trapping, he took care of all the household tasks of cooking and cleaning and sewing and caring for the three little children left behind. Orisen cherished the memory of the little Christmas outfit his father stayed up late to sew for him.

He loved his father. But one day, an accident with a bear trap ended his father's life. Orisen now had no home. He was separated from his sisters, this little boy of seven, and was sent to homes who took him in as the 'hired boy' who was required to work hard to earn his keep. He would pass through five such homes before striking out on his own. He was cuffed and whipped, starved, worked to the limits of human endurance, abused and insulted. There was no one to give him comfort or love or answer his questions. Yet, it was out of the bitterness of his own experiences—his joyless childhood and the utter starvation of body and soul—that he was able to learn the glorious secrets of real happiness.

And he came to learn for himself to build a temple within his soul.

That journey began with a story. When he was in his early to mid teens, he happened upon a dilapidated copy of a book stored away in an attic. It was written by a Scottish man named Samuel Smiles—the book was called Self Help. It was written to give hope to the young people of Scotland who were living in such dire conditions. Orisen wrote: "I felt like a poor man who had just by accident discovered a gold mine." It was a book of stories; stories of great men and women who had overcome hard challenges in their lives. It lit a fire of hope in his own heart, and by sheer perseverance and push, he went on to graduate from the Harvard School of Medicine and the Boston University School of Law within a year of each other as well as earning degrees in science and art. He put himself through school by working in hotels—which he later owned.

Then came the depression of the late 1800s and he experienced great financial loss, including the loss of his hotels. Yet, it wasn't growing a hotel empire that held his heart. For fifteen years, he had used every spare moment to gather stories of great men and women because he wanted to do for the youth of America what Samuel Smiles had done for the British youth—and for him. It was his way of paying it forward.

He was preparing the manuscript from his thousands of pages of notes he had gathered when a fire broke out in the hotel where he was staying. He escaped the fire with nothing but his nightshirt on. His labor of years went up in smoke.

But not one to be discouraged, he immediately walked down the street to buy some necessary clothes, and then he bought a twenty-five cent notebook, and while the ruins of the hotel were still smoldering, began to write from memory the manuscript of his dream book.

Of course he was overwhelmed and heartbroken. He had little money, but with what he had, he



bought a train ticket to Massachusetts, rented a small, plain room and diligently continued his work of writing. After a short time, he made three manuscripts of the book, sent it to three local publishers, and all three of them offered to publish it.

Pushing to the Front became a runaway bestseller. Letters poured in from presidents like William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, the British Prime Minister William Gladstone, kings and rulers from around the world, telling him of how it had influenced their lives. A noted educator of the Italian Parliament strongly recommended the book be made obligatory reading in the schools of Italy, because he regarded it as a 'civilization builder'. The government schools of Japan and Peru and other countries adopted it into their studies. Thousands wrote and told how the book aroused their ambition, changed their ideals and aims, increased their confidence, and how it had spurred them to the successful undertaking of what they before had thought impossible.

He went on to write 50 more books. Yet, for all the fame and fortune, he understood the true secrets of happiness – the treasures of the heart – and that's what he taught and lived.

I have devoted most of my time for the last 15 years to the gathering of stories in my Libraries of Hope. It has not been an easy journey—in the beginning, most of what I did was met with apathy. One day I was particularly discouraged and I knelt down in my basement and cried to the Lord. Could these stories really make a difference? And I immediately felt a strong impression, "Go upstairs and turn on the radio", which I did. Just then, the commentator on the radio said, "Stories can heal our nation."

I believe with all my heart that stories not only have the power to heal our nation, they can heal the world because they shape individual hearts. The destiny of the world does not lie in the outward battles—it lies within the hearts of individuals and the stories we come to love and believe in shape our hearts.

As we daily invite great and noble souls to dwell with us within our temples through their stories, they begin to serve as ministering angels to us and teach us the ways of happiness. Kings and queens, prophets, poets, sages, great musicians, artists, scientists and explorers can be the daily companions of our children through stories. If only we would be wise enough to quit using the study of history as a study of facts and information in youthful years and instead use it as a study of lives; if we would quit having our children analyze components of literature and instead let its life examples freely speak to their souls, we would see a seismic shift in our culture.

I keep a notebook of Great Souls. I create a page for each one who comes into my home and teaches me—adding pictures if I can find them, jotting down stories I want to remember and especially pieces of wisdom for happy living. Here is my grandmother—who inspires me when I get discouraged. When a crop would fail .. .again...she would calmly say, 'Next year will be better.' And move on. I have a separate notebook for lessons I glean from great souls in literature. These are great treasures to me and have influenced me beyond anything I can describe.

I'm not jotting down facts and information; I'm holding on to things that feed my soul.

When you consider the three brief years of Christ's earthly ministry, he didn't leave us volumes of brilliantly crafted written discourses to persuade us. He left us a handful of stories. The example of His life was the greatest story He ever told.

Music, Imagery, Poetry and Story—these are four languages of the heart. We call them the Arts. “Each art is a distinct language which expresses some aspect of the human soul and realizes some truth apprehended in no other way”. Happy is the person who becomes fluent in all of them. These languages soften the heart and enables us to hear the delicate still, small voice of the spirit. Hard heartedness blocks it.

Childhood—especially the first 8 years of life—is divinely reserved for awakening these languages of the heart through a process of immersion. What beautiful imagery we have in baptism by immersion as a symbol of being reborn into spiritual things—to be able to see the unseen kingdom around us through spiritual eyes. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God—they shall see God in the stars and the flowers and the trees, in works of fine art, music and literature, in the pages of history and in the chapters of their lives. To deprive a child of these languages is to cause them to remain dormant, or worse, to atrophy from disuse. Our focus on academic learning in childhood is hardening the hearts and blinding the spiritual eyes of our children.

Charles Darwin, with his great scientific mind, experienced this atrophy:

“If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellectual and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature. . . Formerly I was led to the firm conviction of God and of the immortality of the soul. . . In my journal I wrote whilst standing in the midst of the grandeur of the Brazilian forest, 'It is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, admiration and devotion which fill and elevate the mind.' ...But now the grandest scene would not cause any such conviction and feelings to rise in my mind. . . Disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress.'

Pestalozzi, a heart educator of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, wrote: “When men are anxious to go too fast, and are not satisfied with nature's method of development, they imperil their inward strength, and destroy the peace and harmony of their souls...The schools hastily substitute an artificial method of words for the truer method of nature, which knows no hurry, and is content to wait.”

Nature herself is a child's best first classroom, for it is filled with the languages of the heart—a perfect immersion experience.

Continuing with the story of Orisen Swett Marden, he wrote:

“Everything in Nature seemed to speak to me to try to make up to me for my homelessness and loneliness. I loved every bit of it. Often in an ecstasy of emotion I would throw my arms around

the trees and hug them—They filled me with a sense of the very presence of God, and I felt that I could read His thoughts in the flowers, in the grass, in the trees, in the birds, —in all the beauty He created.

“Something spoke through all these things to me; gave me assurance and hope, and in a measure satisfied my hunger for love. When out in the sunshine, under the blue sky, I could not believe that I was left quite alone in this great universe...This love of Nature was a special refuge. I only knew that I was happy when out in the fields or in the woods, listening to the birds and watching the butterflies and the bees gathering honey from the wild flowers whose fragrance and beautiful color delight my heart...”

And he offers a suggestion to you mothers: “When you are jaded and worn from the strenuous life of motherhood; when exhausted after a year’s run, struggling with the daily problems that face you—it is to the ‘everlasting hills’ you must turn for help and renewal. “I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.” You must go into God’s laboratory, the great outdoors, where Mother Nature will ...lay her healing hand upon you,...and in due time, send you back to your tasks, as new women.”

I frequently hear moms say something like this:—I don’t know what to do with my 6 year old- He would play outside all day if I let him. He will not sit down so that I can do school with him. And what is it that she is so anxious to teach him? Periods, commas, semicolons and a smattering of facts and information.

There is a time for that. But please—childhood is for far more weighty things! Neuroscientists can see an intellectual shift in the brain of a child at around age 8. Prior to that age, their hearts are wide open to receive impressions that will lay a foundation for a lifetime. Yet, even if your children are older, it is never too late. As C.S. Lewis wisely observed: “You cannot go back and change the beginning. But you can start where you are and change the end.”

Jesus loved the sea, the mountains, the groves of trees, the gardens, the hills of Galilee.

Frederic Farrar in his *Life of Christ*, writes:

“The schools in which Jesus learnt were not the schools of the Scribes, but the school of holy obedience, of sweet contentment, of unalloyed simplicity, of stainless purity, of cheerful toil.

“Had Jesus received the slightest tincture of the technical training of the Scribes, he would have been less, not more....”

“In the depths of His inmost consciousness, did that voice of God, ...commune with Him. ...Written on His inmost spirit, written on His most trivial experiences, written in sunbeam, written in the light of stars, He read everywhere His Father’s name. The calm, untroubled seclusion of the happy valley, with its green fields and glorious scenery, was eminently conducive to a life of spiritual communion...from which he drew food for moral illustration and spiritual thought.”

It was in the hills around His home where He would have gathered the lessons of the sparrow, the mustard seed, the Good Shepherd.

Living among the poor in Nazareth, home was likely his school as a boy. His teachers were his earthly father, Joseph and his mother, Mary, who would have sung the beautiful hymns into his heart in infancy and would have planted the stories of the prophets into his imagination.

Mothers-, like Mary, nurturing hearts of children is your divine gift. And I see evidence and events lining up that tell me that God intends to re-establish schools of prophets in our day of spiritual indifference-- but this time, in homes with Mother and Father as teachers.

When Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society in 1842, he said, "I now turn the key in behalf of you" which Elder Packer interpreted as in behalf of all women and Emma said "We are going to do something extraordinary."

History bears out that, from that time, something extraordinary started happening for women—for all women. Opportunities for education started opening up. She was given rights—no longer would she be chattel to her husband. In 1888, the women of the world gathered to organize a society for women. I am pretty sure the original organizers would be horrified to see what it has become. In the beginning, mothering was the central idea of the new movement. Ironically, the leaders of the movement—Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony and others—were not married nor had children of their own. But they recognized the vital influence of the mother-heart and the importance of mother-love. In her inaugural speech, Frances said, "Mother -love works magic for humanity." "It is our task to make society more pure, more free from vice, than it has ever been before." Their call to 'home and humanity' was met with overwhelming enthusiasm.

The wonderful advances of modern technology have now freed women from many of the labor intensive tasks she used to have to perform. Now we can push a button and a machine washes our dishes. Push another button and our clothes are washed. Drive to the store and pick up food. Instead of fighting off starvation, we are fighting eating too much!

What all this means is we have reached an age where women are free to take on holier and higher labors, if we will.

Marden wrote:

"The very foundation of our national life is laid in the home, and the wife and mother is the center, the mainspring of all true home life...Our wives and mothers have as yet hardly entered the outer chamber of the beautiful edifice of the ideal home of the future. It is the holy of holies...and in it lies the very secret of human progress. The highest civilizations have scarcely as yet glimpsed the possibilities of home."

And he added:

"The time will come when our children will be taught...to consider beauty as a most precious gift...and regarded as a divine instrument of education. Beauty is a quality of divinity, and to live

much with the beautiful is to live close to the divine. Every beauty in any form...refines and elevates character.”

Frances Willard echoed his thoughts:

“The time will come when we will be told as a relic of our primitive barbarism that children were taught the list of prepositions and the names of the rivers of Thibet, but were not taught the wonderful laws on which their own happiness is based, and the humanities by which they could live in peace and goodwill with those about them.”

Frances and Orisen said ‘the time will come’. I believe that time is now and you are the first generation of mothers to arrive on the scene when all things have been prepared for you to accomplish something extraordinary and angels are standing by to assist you.

I say the first generation of mothers because look at the curriculum for the heart that has just been delivered to your homes—to your primary classrooms—for free. Mothers did not have access to this curriculum even ten years ago.

Youtube now makes it possible for you to listen to and watch the most inspired music ever composed, performed by the finest musicians around the world. Leonard Bernstein will bring his entire New York Philharmonic orchestra to your kitchen to play for you while you do your dishes. “Maestro—could I hear that one again?” “Certainly.” You have front row seats to the Bolshoi Ballet or the Metropolitan Opera. Without leaving your living room.

A simple Google search will pull up hundreds of thousands of images of fine art that have previously been hidden away in private manors and estates, palaces and museums, accessed only by the very wealthiest. Our children, in a single afternoon, can take in more works of art than kings and queens of the past might have taken in during an entire lifetime.

Internet Archive has now digitized over 20 million books—and the number grows by hundreds every single day-- They’ve made them available for us to read in our homes for free. While our public libraries are clearing their shelves of the classics and that which is ennobling and inspired, Internet Archive is providing enough of the best books at your disposal to last a lifetime. From your home, you can read ancient and modern poets; ancient and modern works of literature; endless works of history and stories of great lives. When you think of how few people in the history of the world ever learned to read let alone have access to books, our generation is blessed beyond measure.

We are living in the great day of the harvest. When those seeds of truth were scattered and planted in all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, they passed through the hearts of great and noble souls and were preserved in music, visual arts, poetry, and stories of folklore, history and great literature. If feelings, ideas, pictures, and deeds are the materials with which we can build our inner temples, this generation has just been gifted with the highest and noblest curriculum for the heart that has ever been created.

It is a day for the children to turn their hearts to the lessons learned by their fathers and then pass

them along for the generations who follow. To ignore the work of the past is to make a waste of all the Lord has so carefully prepared in order to be able to raise up a generation capable of establishing His kingdom upon the earth.

As Luke reminds us: “A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good.”

It is time to gather the truths that have been scattered into one great whole. As I have been feasting on this great harvest of knowledge, I clearly see God’s hand in the history of the world; that God loves all His children, for he has planted among all people everywhere seeds of truth that will lead them to live happy and joyful lives. The Hand of God is not revealed in the world of facts and information with which we commonly surround our children. It is revealed to the heart through the Arts.

Where much is given, much is expected. Sadly, we are surrounded by all stirring things, unmoved.

So what needs to happen next? We need mothers who are willing to re-learn the art of cultivating hearts through the arts because they must awaken a desire in their children to start reaping; we need moms who can sing songs into the hearts of their children.

Years ago, when I started my work of gathering stories, I was asked how I planned on marketing my books. I was told children don’t like to read anymore, especially old books without pictures. The truth was, I had no marketing plans. In fact, I had no money to market them even if I had a plan. I was simply acting on an impression. And the thought that was planted deeply in my heart was that the Lord was preparing a network of mothers and when the time was right, He would begin to write messages on my heart that when these mothers heard them, they would resonate within them, and they would want to know more.

I believe you are the very mothers He has been preparing.

I am watching the fulfillment of that promise unfold and am humbled every single day when I get letters from mothers around the world, who frequently say they don’t know how they found me, but when they heard the message, it resonated in their hearts and they want to know more. They are starting to gather together and form Mothers of Influence groups for the purpose of helping each other learn how to cultivate the arts—the languages of the heart—in themselves and in the hearts of their families. I’ve prepared a free Mother’s University filled with resources to draw from. And moms tell me of the increased light and joy they are experiencing as they add more of the Arts into their lives. It’s like a flood of living waters flowing on parched ground.

Which is exactly what Ezekiel saw in vision. He saw living waters flowing from the temple into the barren lands round about.

As temples dot the earth—not only the physical temples, but the temples within the souls of millions, the light of Christ that will fill them, His living waters, will flow outward and

righteousness will flood the earth, as Isaiah saw.

And as desolating scourges and whirlwinds overtake the earth in the final scenes, those who have built temples within their souls will find a Holy Place to stand, wherever they are. And their shining example—like the shining stars against a black sky—will be an influence for good for everyone around them.

I think of the apostle James. As he was being led to the place of execution where he was to be beheaded, because of his countenance and the conduct of his life; his perfect peace and joy within, his very accuser was converted to Christianity, and by the declaration of his new found faith, willingly went to the execution block himself that selfsame day.

I think of William Tyndale, who penned so much of the beautiful poetic language of the King James Version while in exile. The world, as it always does, thanked him by locking him up in a damp, dark prison cell for the last two years of his life before tying him to a stake and burning him. But because of his kindness, his humility, the conduct of his life, the jailer and all his family were converted.

And I think of Jesus Christ, mockingly clothed in purple robe and crown of thorns, standing in majestic silence before the most powerful worldly rulers of the day—when has a more influential sermon ever been preached? As Frederich Farrar wrote: “All things are done by Him in majestic silence.”

Who we are always speaks far louder than the words we say. And for that person who has built a temple in his soul where the Spirit of the Lord feels at home, a power much greater than words always flows outward. While man organizes marches, slogans, studies and lavish PR campaigns to effect change in the world, Jesus’ way is much simpler: Let your light shine.

Julia Ward Howe, who, under divine inspiration, gifted us The Battle Hymn of the Republic, wrote:

“One night I experienced a sudden awakening. I had a vision of a new era which is to dawn for mankind and in which men and women are battling unitedly for the uplifting of the race. There seemed to be a new, a wondrous permeating light, the glory of which I cannot attempt to put in human words—the light of new-born hope blazing. And then I saw victory. All of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was ready to march forward in a new era of human understanding—the era of perfect love, of peace, passing all understanding.”

This is the dream of the ages, the hope of mankind from the beginning. It is your privilege to play a key role in its realization. “Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion! Put on thy beautiful garment – and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and the kings to the brightness of thy rising.”

If you find yourself on that weary climb up the tower, I invite you to climb down and tend instead to gathering materials with which to build temples for you and the souls of your children.

When you leave this room, most of the more than 10,000 words I have thrown at you will have blown away. You may have captured a few words with your pen and pinned them onto your paper. But the rest are already gone. It is likely you have some images that have been stamped in your memory. Many of you will remember a story I told—at least enough to tell the essence of it to someone else—but already the details will feel hazy.

What will you hold on to? You will remember how you felt. And if I have done my job, a seed of desire has been planted in your heart to do something. And now if you tend and water that seed, it will begin to take root and will continue growing until one day it will bear fruit. If it is a good seed, you will multiply and replenish some measure of love, light, joy, peace and beauty in the world—for these are the heavenly and everlasting prized fruits the Lord of the vineyard is watching for.

In summary, this is my wish for you.

That the spirit of beauty may continually hover about you  
And fold you close within the tenderness of her wings.  
That each beautiful and gracious thing in life  
May be unto you as a symbol of good for your soul's delight.  
That sun-glories and star-glories  
Leaf-glories and bark-glories  
Flower-glories  
And the glories that lurk in the grasses of the field  
Glories of mountains and oceans  
And little streams of running waters  
Glories of song and poesy  
Of all the arts  
May be to you as sweet abiding influences  
That will illuminate your life and make you glad.  
That your soul may be as an alabaster cup filled to overflowing  
With the mystical wine of beauty and love.  
That happiness may put her arms around you  
and wisdom make your soul serene.  
This is my wish for you.

"The whole world is full of unworked joy mines. Everywhere we go we find all sorts of happiness-producing material, if we only know how to extract it."

May we diligently learn this art of joy extraction, using it to build our temples within, and then heed the invitation extended by hymnast Isaac Watt:

Come, we that love the Lord  
And Let our Joys Be Known



