

at a simple ward party I visited. We all enjoyed his lively interest. They were all proud to claim him as their own.

Sometime between 1931 and 1938 he came to Palo Alto Ward at times to visit his son Llewelyn, who was attending Stanford University. My husband, the bishop, called him to the stand, and we all enjoyed his messages to us, full of encouragement and enlightenment. He always showed much love and personal concern.

In 1963, my husband and I embarked upon a new experience, and President McKay's wiggly little signatures on two missionary calls to the Scottish Mission are still greatly cherished by us both. While at the Mission Home, we ate all of our meals in the basement of the Hotel Utah, near the barbershop which President McKay patronized each morning, and we had a number of encounters with him. Some of the young missionaries, hoping to serve him in some small personal way, got the idea to walk him back to his apartment, but later reported that they had to run to keep up with him.

When we told him that we were on our way to his beloved Scotland, the land of his forefathers and his own earlier missionary labors, he just beamed, thrilled and happy to hear this news, and visited with us in his gracious manner.

We love and honor President McKay among the great of our times and will try to live so that we will meet him again. He was truly a man of God. He drew many of the great of the world into his presence, by his wisdom and his dedication to his calling — men who recognized that he would enrich their lives and perhaps help them to understand their problems and possible solutions.

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“WHEN SPIRIT SPEAKS TO SPIRIT”

The deep sense of sorrow that I felt upon hearing of the passing of the prophet was incurred not because of any direct relationship I've had with him, nor was it the type of remorse that is prompted by the anticipation of missing or being without a loved one.

My sorrow was motivated by a fear, a fear that was couched in the recognition that there are those members of the Church, i.e., new converts, young people, etc., who have known President McKay only as a white haired man who because of the aging process needed to be assisted constantly and who “usually spoke about the family” rather than as a vigorous, athletic, inspired Prophet, with profound insights on making this life a great experience.

I've resented the demeaning attitudes of some within and outside the Church who respected the kindly David O. McKay, but felt he never spoke out on the major contemporary issues. His discourses on the Family, Fatherhood, Motherhood, the Christ-like acts, etc., were felt by some to be “skirting

the real issues of our time." My personal life has been enriched by the counsel of President McKay because, for me, rather than skirting issues he went straight to the very core of the problems of our society.

The central problem of our society and our larger world community is the lack of Christ-like character. Poverty, immorality, man's inhumanity to man, violence, etc., the influences that Professor Toynbee found to be destructive of any civilization, are the *results* of the lack of the Christ-like character in man. President McKay dealt with the *cause* of these problems. His was the voice of a prophet who was concerned with the *prevention* of the social disorders of our time. President McKay's writings were not the philosophical exercises of a Pratt or Talmage, but rather a penetration through the superficial into some of the very practical everyday acts that *any man, anywhere, in any situation* could do to bring into his life the peace and serenity that come only with putting into practice the gentle and emphatic principles of Christ.

To me, David O. McKay was the paradigmatic man of our dispensation in exemplifying, through the written and spoken word, the rewards of Christian living. I've felt that no man with whose life I've been acquainted has lived this type of life more profoundly than he. For this reason I have become greatly concerned to search out, through studying the insights of this man, the keys to the happy life for myself, and I have personally resolved that my children and the university students I teach and counsel at the L.D.S. Institute at Stanford will have further opportunities to know the prophet. It would be a great tragedy if the writings of President McKay, with their sense of urgency as it relates to the *family as the vehicle by which personalities and attitudes can be changed*, were to end up as "dust collectors" in our personal libraries.

There is a need in our Church to respond to the living prophet, Joseph Fielding Smith, and to his insights and clarifications, but there is also the necessity for us to reread and retell and reacquaint ourselves with the inspiration and revelations which were given to the living prophet of the 1950's and 60's.

Perhaps my fears that the Gospel as mediated by the prophet will have its impact diminished with time are unjustified, but my desire is that his writings and insight should live on. *Not as mere memorial*—for this would have been repugnant to him, but rather because the joy, happiness and sense of awareness of the good life which I've found are a direct result of "the secrets of the happy life" which flowed from the pen of David O. McKay. I've become a better man, a better husband, a better father because of the application of the above suggested principles. Only my wife and God really know how true and significant that change has been.

President McKay's spirit has spoken to my spirit through the written word, and I was edified; and because I was edified I could give of self to my family, friends, and neighbors.

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