

to all who have followed his ministry. It was a world-mindedness made possible not so much through his acquaintance with the world, which was extensive, as through his insight into the condition of the human soul.

I am concerned, of course, not with the recent rapid growth of the Church or its geographic extent, but rather with transformation in its character. The importance of our becoming a Church which in some way embraces the world rather than simply calls men "out of the world" to settle in the valleys of Western America, can best be seen by a glimpse or two of religion in the past. I have in mind the magnificent transformation of the religion of Israel when its prophets gained the vision of their God as the God of all mankind. Or Paul's determination that Christianity was to be a religion of the world, a conviction which defeated those who would have kept it a sect of Judaism.

Universality as a religious ideal is possible only where there is an authentic conception of the reality of the individual, a genuine concern for his dignity and worth, and a full measure of human sympathy. It was not an accident that Jeremiah, who may have been the first of the prophets to declare unequivocally that there is only one God and that he is the God of all men and all nations, was also the first to clearly champion the moral freedom and responsibility of the individual. Nor was it an accident that in teaching that Christ came to save all men, Paul declared that each is precious in the sight of God. I believe that the universalism of President McKay, his identification with humanity, was grounded in his respect and concern for the individual, his reverence for the freedom and autonomy of the moral will, his sympathy and compassion for every person.

My point, then, is a very simple one: that President David O. McKay, whom we knew and loved as a charismatic leader and friend, combined the virtues of kindness, compassion, love, and profound commitment to the moral and intellectual freedom of every person with a strong consciousness of the unity of mankind and the ideal possibilities of human brotherhood. We may hope that future historians will find that his ideal was in fact the beginning of a new era for the Church.

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THE PROPHET IS DEAD

The prophet is dead. Feeling a special quiet in the chapel this morning I sensed others were experiencing his going too. What did this mean to me? Why my tears and sorrow? Surely he was old enough to die. The Church would continue. Was his death stopping something for me? Why sorrow?

Not finding answers in my sorrow I turned to my joy and then I knew. Here was a great human man, a prophet, who had freely given himself to others. Because I had received of his giving I cried. This sorrow I felt at his dying was a reflection of the joy I had experienced in his living — the self he gave and the message.

The summer I was nineteen I worked in the Church office building. I had come from Florida, a convert who had never seen a prophet. I had hoped that by working in the same building, one day by chance I would see him. It was very important to me that I see a prophet. The last week of my summer job I went to President McKay's secretary and explained my desire to see the prophet and asked if she would tell me his coming and going schedule so that I might see him. Accepting my desire and persistence she told me to come in the following day at the time President McKay would be coming out of his office to check his schedule with her. The next morning, when he came to her desk, she called me over and introduced me. I remember well



that great big man with deep, still eyes looking down into my face and extending his hand. As we shook hands he invited me into his office and there offered me a chair. The visit must have only been five minutes but to me it could have been a wonderful hour. He was unhurried. He asked me how I was but before I answered I sensed he already knew my deep inner feelings. As our brief visit ended he said, "You're from Tallahassee. Oh, we have a wonderful little branch in Tallahassee." You would have to have lived there then to know it was a branch with highly unusual love and support among its members, but President McKay seemed to know this and sent love and greetings to the Saints there.

This all comes back as a memory of his giving self, who thought everyone was important and worthwhile.