

the services. Just as I was about to resume my pace, his eyes happened to focus upon me, whereupon he threw open his arms and motioned me toward him. I suppose that words are inadequate to express the feeling of love which I felt as he reached out and embraced me, kissing me as was his custom with his children and grandchildren.

There, in the sanctity of a house of God, Joseph Fielding Smith — the grandfather — was not concerned with whether or not it was proper protocol to greet me in such a fashion, especially in front of that room full of people. At that moment he was displaying the love and concern which he had for a grandson. I believe our Father in Heaven looked down with pleasure upon that moment, which to me, was as sacred as any moment I have spent on earth.

What kind of a man was Joseph Fielding Smith? A man of great compassion and warmth, and filled with a love for all of mankind. Just ask those who knew him best.

A CONVERT DISCOVERS A PROPHET

DENISE ST. SAUVEUR

When I encountered missionaries from the Church two years ago, they questioned me as to the need for prophets, both ancient and modern. At that time I was a student in a Catholic College preparing for the future. I was not quite ready to revert to the past and "Bible tales" whose validity I doubted. Believing in a modern prophet seemed an absurdity after studying a wide range of contemporary theologians and philosophers. To me there was no need for a prophet. Yet, three months later I bore testimony that Joseph Smith and his grand-nephew Joseph Fielding Smith were called to be prophets in our time.

Soon after I became a member, however, I discovered it was easy to take the Prophet for granted. I had never seen President Smith in person, and I came to wonder how a man of 94 years could understand me and my problems. As time passed the academic world came to encompass reality for me. Struggling to live the Gospel became as everyday as my class assignments. That President Smith had grown through some seventy-five more years of experience than I had did not relieve the apprehensions resulting from my new life in the Church. I did not know Elder Smith as a man, or as a man of God.

Two weeks before President Smith passed away, however, I met him. It was not the usual introduction; I sat far from him, but the spirit of that man filled the room and greeted me warmly. While attending June M.I.A. Conference I experienced an alteration of my feelings toward Brother Smith. He became a real person.

During that weekend I witnessed things that I have since tried to fashion into an image. Simply said, I beheld a living testimony of Jesus Christ. Before me sat a father with two righteous sons supporting him on either side. The filial devotion of the two younger men reflected the love, patience, and faith of a generous father. A father for the Church as well as his own family. As he presided over our first general meeting, it was as if I too became an adopted member of President Smith's family. My spirit witnessed glimpses of godliness