

# THE PASSING OF A PROPHET

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The ancients of light radiating wisdom on wings of eagles  
break through the sky in a surge of compassion:

In the Milestones section of Time  
Magazine a few cramped words: "Died, Harold B. Lee,  
President of the Church  
of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints"  
a cool note to the world  
at large  
the passing of another  
prophet  
these wise old men  
Standing in silent oaks  
Long-falling through Time  
Gray pillars of light  
breaking on rock-strewn shores  
casting milksilver to the ocean's  
spray  
Faces aged in brown charcoal  
White pearl eyes  
The extended hand  
Back Bent  
in Supplication  
and Strength  
Forever yielding

The visible Church of Christ is the economic and religious organizational arm of the true Church of Christ. The Holy Prophet presents to the world a contemporary American image that does not challenge the present social order, but to the spiritually discerning membership the Mormon movement is seen in its true transcendental power as a totally unique and all-embracing vision of the future rooted in traditional human values and the evolution of the Human Spirit. It is a welling, and surging, and blossoming development of humanity reaching a new evolutionary dynamism while retaining its roots in the historical perspective. It is an organic, spiritual spearhead of human growth leading the entire world to new capacities of loving.

I remember that sunny day in Long Beach on April 30, 1973 when I first heard that gentle man say, "Be loyal to the royal in you." It was a call to a reawakening, a call to a rediscovery, a call to a renewal of purpose—divine purpose.

I was born to Jewish Russo-Polish immigrant parents on February 15, 1941. I went to synagogue regularly, was taught Hebrew and the Old Testament scriptures, and sang in the temple on my thirteenth birthday to celebrate my emergence into Jewish manhood.

I promptly embraced the world and all its riches and majored in atheism in college. It was in medical school that I began to see that faith was necessary for my happiness. I began to search the world's by-ways for the evidence of truth and vowed that I would follow the spirit of truth wherever "It" led me.

For many years I had been searching. I had crossed both oceans and journeyed to the four corners of the earth to seek the Holy Man. In August, 1972, in Dehra Dun, India, in the Valley of the Himalayas I walked and talked with the Grand Lama of Tibet, Sakya Trizm. In the course of our month-long companionship this learned teacher told me that the single most important question I had to answer in my life was whether or not I believed the Bible to be true!

I began reading the literature of the world's great religions and found truth in all of them. More and more—as a moth circles the light—I was drawn back to the Bible as the most powerful source of truth. I began reading the New Testament and the words of Christ ignited my heart and mind with a magnificent flame that still rages within me. I began to feel His presence beside me; His example became my example; His burden my burden. Yet I could find no church that was His church.

One evening as I was sitting alone meditating, attempting to clear my mind from extraneous thoughts, I was struck in one shattering instant with what I can only say was revelation: that the North and South American Indians were related to me and other Jews through the House of Israel. It was a marvelous discovery and I decided to write an article about it to see what interest it might generate. I happened to mention it to a friend (an apostate Mormon) who told me the Mormons believed that to be true also. What a surprise—there was a group of people that shared that same truth. I was excited. I wondered what other beliefs they adhered to. I rushed down to the Visitors' Center in Los Angeles where a curiously jolly and elfish old man welcomed me and announced that Harold B. Lee, the Prophet of the whole Mormon Church, was to be at a devotional in Long Beach the next morning and that if I attended, it would change my life. He then gave me his wife's ticket.

So there I was, feeling the Spirit of Truth leading me to a convocation of young

Mormons, a group of people I had not heard about before. The auditorium was filled with happy and shining faces that day. I was literally overwhelmed. Waves of love were sweeping over the assembly. Such a spirit of love was present that the Prophet appeared to be at a point of swooning. With each phrase his breaths came slower and with greater humility of expression. The young men gazed into the eyes of their lovely partners with the tenderest of concerns. It was as if 2,000 Romeos and Juliets had assembled that day. Then the Prophet spoke those challenging words: "Be loyal to the royal in you." And I knew that he was speaking to me as a member of the Tribe of Judah and the Royal House of God, and I knew that he was the Prophet of the Church I had been seeking, the Church of the Living God.

I contacted the missionaries, received the instructions, and was baptized and confirmed on July 7, 1973. As an adolescent I had turned away from my Heavenly Father and from that loving relationship that I had with Him as a child. As a man my Lord Jesus Christ restored the love of my childhood and returned me to the only path that I know will take me back to my Eternal Father in Heaven.

Wizened children  
hearts too big for their  
Positions of responsibility  
Burst  
with the weight  
of this world  
Pain's thousand needles  
their footpath  
of thorns . . .  
of roses  
winding a weary way  
through this thicket of darkness  
and light  
leading us with their  
aching  
loving  
hearts  
Bringing us closer  
to home  
Peace be with you  
old child of God