



Type: Magazine Article

I Am Brought Forth to Meet You

Author(s): LaPreal Wight

Source: *Improvement Era*, Vol. 53, No. 10 (October 1950)

Published by: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Page(s): 781, 810

Abstract: The Book of Mormon prophet and writer Moroni prophesied that he would come forth “triumphant through the air” at a future date (Moroni 10:34). Wight sees a quite literal fulfillment in this prophecy in the statues of Moroni on the top of the Salt Lake Temple and the Hill Cumorah, saying that Moroni now stands triumphant in the air.



STATUE OF MORONI
AT HILL CUMORAH

FIFTEEN hundred years ago, on this continent, a man by the name of Moroni, a recorder of history and a custodian of ancient and sacred records, bade good-bye to this world with these words:

And now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and body shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the Eternal Judge of both quick and dead. (Moroni 10:34.)

Moroni's words were strangely prophetic.

Just before the turn of the twentieth century, a statue, symbolic of the quality of Moroni's life and work, was brought forth, triumphant—in the air. It stands on the top of a temple spire, overlooking a beautiful modern city, whose foundations were laid from the power of his message. It stands as a guardian in the clouds at times, overlooking the buildings of the Church archives. And he who was the last great prophet to guard and write upon the records of his own

I AM BROUGHT FORTH To MEET YOU

By LaPreal Wight

race appears to guard and protect the records of other races; all of these records weaving the story of the house of Israel, of one kingdom, of one God.

The statue of Moroni stands on holy ground, where buildings have been erected and dedicated to the performance of a divine work. It is fitting that it should stand there, a symbol, trumpeting to all the world that the gospel spoken of through the ages, promised to the prophets by the Father, has been at last ushered in.

He stands as a missionary, representing the gospel he wrote about and preached. Many people stop below him, look up inquiringly at the radiant dignity of his bearing. They are people from all walks of life, from many lands, from across the seas. Though they appear to rush hurriedly onward, they will have caught in some small measure the message of Moroni.

This message may come to them from the tones of a great organ, from the arrested flight of a sea gull, from the push and pull of a handcart, or from the stately pattern of flowers—the heart of a single flower perhaps—each having an existence through the restoration of the gospel.

Who is Moroni?

He wrote only a small portion of the Book of Mormon, ten short chapters. And then his father, Mormon, supplied the words for most of them, as a father's counsel to his son, beautiful and wise. But when the books are opened and all things are made known, Moroni will stand forth as one of the great men of the earth, his own words, brave and poignant, bearing out his spiritual strength: "And I, Moroni, will not deny the Christ. . . ." (Moroni 1:3.)

Moroni's life is so linked with the work of the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints that he seems a part of the Church, as alive as his message, an integral part of its doctrine.

Across the nation in Palmyra, New York, a bronze statue stands, high up, of this same Moroni. It stands on the very hill he knew so well—the hill that has been privileged, like the temple site, to become holy ground. In his hand is clasped the precious book he helped to bring forth—the Book of Mormon. As though attesting to all the world the authenticity of this book, his right hand is raised upward unto the heavens.

President Heber J. Grant, in a dedicatory prayer at this same Hill Cumorah when the statue was unveiled, said:

We thank thee, oh, Father that thou didst allow thy devoted and faithful prophet, Moroni, to visit the boy Joseph Smith; that thou didst allow him for four long years to meet the Prophet on this hill and instruct him regarding the principles of the gospel, and fit and prepare him to stand at the head of thy Church, again established upon the earth, the Church of thy Son, Jesus Christ.¹

(Concluded on page 810)

¹Dedicatory Prayer, President Heber J. Grant, Hill Cumorah, July 21, 1935.



ARE YOU A FAMILY NIGHTER?

(Concluded from page 789)

together, even the youngest Millar could see that it was impossible to buy the Christmas presents and the new car, too. As the parents scratched busily with their pencils, the little ones whispered together and came up with the proposition that all their Christmas lists be withdrawn. Daddy needed a new car, they reasoned, but they didn't need the toys they wanted.

The family began to consider this most generous offer, and the college members went into a huddle. Their plan was to be extra careful of the money allotted to them for school and to pick up a little extra work so that they could play Santa to the younger members of the family.

The final plan was a bit of heart-warming democracy. Dad drove the new car in front of the window on Christmas morning so that the family could look at their present. In the afternoon, they all went for a pleasant ride. The college members were as good as their word and played Santa while the younger members had the joy of knowing their part of the plan had been cutting their lists to only a few inexpensive gifts.

In our own home, family nights are divided into sections, one for each member of the family old enough to participate. At the present

time, our nights are classified as: spiritual, cultural, and recreational. These sections are rotated regularly in order to develop the entire family in each field.

Our cultural activity proved so interesting last winter and summer that we had to increase the allotted time into whole days to finish what we had started. Fred brought home a book entitled *Runner for the King*, by Rowena Bennett. He reviewed it as his contribution for culture. His sister followed the next week with a book showing pictures of the ruins left by the Aztec Indians about whom *Runner for the King* was written. Here was an opportunity to dovetail the interest of our children with our religious teachings. Using this book as an example, we were able to prove that Joseph Smith could not possibly have had any information regarding the ruins of South America because there was no such material in this country at that time. There were only two handwritten books upon the subject in the world, and both of them were in Europe where another young American was reading them. At the time Joseph Smith was giving the Book of Mormon to the world, the young American had returned to this country prior to going to South America as one of our diplomats. While there, he sketched the ruins he found and returned to write about them. His work was

not published until years after Joseph Smith was dead.

The children's interest in the Indians was whetted and resulted in exploring on many Saturday afternoons the Indian relics to be found in this part of the country. We studied and searched and have come to see from the mistakes of our predecessors that misunderstandings between races and peoples only cause hardships, bitterness, and destruction.

Young people are proud and fine and intelligent. Family nights enable families to discuss touchy matters in an impersonal manner. A youngster does not mean to do wrong, and almost always he can be made to see he is "off the beam" more quickly if the subject is treated as if it were some other race or person or circumstance. Minds remain open and can more readily see wrong when looking impersonally at others. A child who sees the error of his ways and corrects them in this manner has achieved the goal without resentment, rebellion, or any exchange of hateful words.

Today, when juvenile authorities, educators, judges, and psychologists are crying for parents to assume their obligations to their children and society, it behooves every Latter-day Saint to pause and consider well the plan sent through our spiritual leaders to save us and our children from destruction.

I AM BROUGHT FORTH TO MEET YOU

(Concluded from page 781)

An eyewitness to the unveiling ceremonies on this occasion was Carl Carmer, the author of *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*. In a chapter entitled "The Magic Hill," he gives an impressive account of what he saw. He perhaps did not understand the significance of all the ceremony, but he beheld something great in what was being done, and he wrote honestly about it as follows:

As I sat down in the tremendous outdoor auditorium, four white-clad figures appeared at the foot of the towering canvas far above us. They raised long gleaming trumpets and stood silent for a moment in sharp relief against the blue sky. Then they began to play.

When they had finished, a bearded, largely proportioned man who had some-

how the look of a prophet stood up on the platform before us. In a deep, resonant voice he announced a hymn, and as the audience sang it, I saw that beside him stood other big men of strong features and dignified bearing. I thought—these people have come back here to a country I have known a long time, in whose little towns I played ball games when I was a boy, a country I have always taken as a matter of course, an ordinary, folksy section. I thought of Mecca and Bethlehem, and I suddenly realized that the minds and emotions of a million people over the world were turned at this moment to this hillside just out of Palmyra in York State.

The big crowd were all singing lustily now, led by a choir on the platform.

"When I leave this frail existence
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high? . . .

After the last chord crashed out there was a hush, and suddenly the canvas

fluttered down and flattened out on the ground, and high in the air above us stood a gleaming bronze Moroni clasping a book to his breast with his left hand and pointing heavenward with his right.

Then the big bearded man who had announced the hymn stepped forward and spoke:

"We stand on holy ground."²

Moroni is more than a Nephite prophet, more than a keeper of inspired records, more than an instructor of a new era. He is a man who lived ages ago, died, and returned as he stated he would, triumphant through the air, to meet us, with his message from the Lord.

Moroni is a living example of the resurrection—of the promise of eternal life.

²By special permission of Carl Carmer