

Two, letter postmarked November 29, 1990

Church, support the leaders in all they say--because they're inspired, obey obey obey....and do it the Lord's way.

I see how much there is to do and the list doesn't bother me. What bothers me is that I and many other members take so long to understand why we're here and to do it all and do it happily. Why do we have to tell people to go to the temple? Why do we have to visit them and convince them to go to Church and to be on time? Why was I such an idiot in high school? How was it that I accepted so many of the lies the world feeds me?

It's as if someone told me there was a ton of gold under my bed, and I knew it was true and didn't get rich because I didn't take the time to find out how to sell it. Except that it's much bigger than that. For crying out loud--they tell us so clearly--you can be gods some day, and here's the things you can do to achieve it, and I say..."Oh, I really don't feel like it. Maybe tomorrow."

And our branch members and investigators do the same thing. Sometimes one feels like opening up their heads to see what's really inside. I tell one woman: "You can go to the temple if you want to, you know. If you have an interview, we can find out what we need to do, and you can go." And she says, "I don't feel like it. I'm going to wait 'til I have the desire."

I have to leave them when they say that. I can't force them. That would be Satan's plan. Bug, oh, how STUPID we human beings are.

Our poor prophet, Ezra Taft Benson. Only he knows who is really going to make it. Or at least has an idea. Am I letting this get to me too much? Maybe so. But I thank God every day that I was born to you two and that my parents are so AWESOME and didn't send me to military school for being such a brat. Thank for your patience.

I'm finally learning--after all the gray hairs I gave you two. That's all right. I think you two wear real halos. They're bright and white, and you earned them when you raised a teenager like me. Don't ever blame yourselves for my bad grades or anything. You two deserve a pat on the back and a gold medal for being the two best parents a boy could have. I love you guys more than anything.

Love, Elder Bartholomew

[Pres. Wood says to frame letters like this and enjoy them while they last because the sentiments end as soon as your missionary walks in the door and you ask him to mow the lawn. Smile.]