

## A PATTERN OF DOORS OPENING

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For the past two and a half years, I have been the temple historian on the local temple committee. In general, the temple committee planned for the groundbreaking service, the open house, the celebration, and the dedication. My specific responsibilities have been to write for the Church a history of the temple from groundbreaking through dedication and to assemble materials to put in the temple cornerstone box.

I have received many blessings that illustrate two simple principles: the Lord's hand is in the details of our lives, and the Lord uses ordinary people to help him accomplish his work. I have also been blessed to watch others on the temple committee show selfless and unified service in the Lord's cause. Finally, the most precious blessing for me has been getting to be in and around the temple often.

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### THE LORD'S HAND IS IN THE DETAILS

Perhaps the details I have seen the Lord attend to in my temple history work would just seem to others like life bumping along. But I see a pattern of doors opening to let me accomplish my work. For example, one night I had set the goal to scan all the newspaper articles I had saved during the two and a half years of the temple construction. I could not—even with help from my computer-literate children—get anything to scan onto my computer, and I went to bed frustrated. First thing the next morning, I tried the Copy Spot on campus where I talked to Deena Larsen who was there only for a minute before going to a meeting at the press. She heard my needs, went to her meeting, and soon called back to tell me she'd been visiting with people at the press, and that I should come up there.

By the end of the morning, a series of events led me to Mike Whitworth, who took the whole process out of my hands. The press's scanning far surpassed anything I could have done, and I sensed the Lord saying, "See, I had a better way for you to do this—just hang on." Now, he could have just prompted me to go to the press in the first place. But my experience has been that he lets me muddle along trying, and I just have to keep moving because I never know when or where the next door will open.

The doors don't open far ahead to let me know where I am going. I can think of several times when something would occur to me that I needed to do, some question to ask someone, some paper to track down, some information I needed to write about. Then the thought would pass, and I was left with the nagging feeling I had forgotten something. I'd try to remember and offer small prayers to help me recall what I needed to do.

These requests were not granted when I offered the prayer or when I was trying to remember on my way to bed or running to the grocery store. But when I was in the location where I needed to get the information or with the person who could answer the question, the thought would suddenly come back. For me this was a blessing of learning that help often comes right when I need it, not in advance to ease my mind that all will work out.

#### THE LORD USES ORDINARY PEOPLE

Another blessing for me has been a witness that the Lord does use the “weak and simple” (Doctrine and Covenants 1:23) or the “weak things of the earth” (Doctrine and Covenants 124:1) to accomplish His purposes. I have heard President Hinckley talk about how “ordinary people” move the Lord’s work forward, and seeing how the Lord let me help with opening the temple here confirms his teaching. I would expect the Lord to have some important person with remarkable spiritual insight, rich experience in writing histories, and fluency in all computer skills to record the temple’s history.

But here I was, sorting on my kitchen table all the papers I’d stuck in my “temple box” for the past two years and asking my daughter how to import pictures into my document. I would expect some important person in some official capacity to be responsible for recording the open house attendance numbers. But here I was reading the counters every night, writing the numbers in my little spiral notebook, and emailing them to Salt Lake on a spreadsheet my son helped me figure out. I don’t know how I imagined the items to go in the cornerstone box would make it to the temple, but it wasn’t in my ten-year-old Astro van. I go forward now with greater courage to offer my efforts because I realize the Lord may need someone like me to get a little job done.

I have never been associated with any group that worked so selflessly and with such unity as the temple committee. We may doubt glowing reports of people never complaining about overwhelming tasks, but I observed people who consistently listened to counsel on what needed to be done and then planned every detail to make it happen. I hesitate to talk much about these experiences because it will sound like I am glossing over difficulties and forgetting frustrations, but I want to acknowledge the blessing of eternal friendships formed. I learned from leaders who, when changes were required, looked forward with the attitude, “What can we do to make this work?”

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## SPENDING TIME IN THE TEMPLE

My greatest blessing has been my time spent in the temple. Now when I walk past the cornerstone imprinted “2008,” I can picture exactly what is behind that stone. When I walk in the front doors I see, in addition to the beautifully furnished waiting area, the bare sheet-rocked walls of the first time I went into the temple last spring. When I walk down the hall toward the celestial room, I see myself with my son early on the first morning of the public open house, directing guests into the celestial room and standing in the room during the quiet times between tours.

When I walk up the northwest stairway, I remember all the days during snowy January when I walked up those stairs to get a mid-day number from the counters on the sealing room floor. When I start down the southeast stairway, I see my daughter standing by her elevator and think of her stories of people she transported back down to the baptismal level. When I see the agate in the art glass, I think of the sweet tour Kip and I took with the designer of that art glass. When I drive by the temple and look at all the windows, I know what is behind them, and that makes it my temple. And the best blessings are yet to come as temple experiences continue over the years to enrich my memories of every corner of the temple. ∞

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