

# PURE RELIGION

## A Moving Experience

Much of the work of relieving suffering and fostering self-reliance in the Church happens one-on-one between Church members and members of their quorums and Relief Society. This was the case for one particular family in need.

Three 26-foot rental trucks backed into the driveway and the transfusion began. More than 50 ward members—young men and women, elders, high priests, and Relief Society sisters—arrived and began the work of packing the tons of furniture, files, mementos, and memories that had been collected over the years. The young family of six was preparing to leave the place they had called home for more than a decade and move to eastern Canada, a journey of 3,000 miles.

Slowly, the contents of the home vanished and the truck beds settled heavier upon their wheels. Finally, after a full day, the work was finished and, except for a few odds and ends, the family was ready to begin their long journey.

And so the friends hugged each other, said their goodbyes, and went home. All had gone well. Unbelievably well. Almost too well. And that's when the father realized that something was missing: the folder that contained their important documents—the birth certificates, the titles for the vehicles, the moving van manifests. He had set the folder aside, knowing he would need the documents to get across the Canadian border. But the folder wasn't where he had put it.

He scoured the house. The more he searched, the more his heart sank. The documents must be

inside one of the moving vans. As weary as the mother and father were that night, they couldn't sleep. All they could do was spend a sleepless night wondering how they would ever find those documents.

Morning came and the downcast father resigned himself to the task. He opened the door of one of the vans and began to pull out, one box at a time, the contents of the trailer.

“You're going backwards,” one of his neighbors teased. “The boxes go in the trailer until you get to Canada; then they come out.”

The father explained what had happened and then went back to work. His neighbor stayed with him, and the two of them began unloading the trailer.

It wasn't long before another neighbor arrived. And then another. Three, five, seven. Soon, eight men joined in and 16 hands began unpacking the trucks, checking each box for the precious papers.

The documents weren't in the first box they opened. They weren't in the second or the sixteenth. But in nearly the last box—the one at the very back, the one in the hottest part of the trailer, the one at the bottom of the pile, the hardest one to get to—were the precious documents. And as they were discovered, a look of indescribable relief and joy washed over the faces of the mother and father.

Almost immediately and without a word, the long process of repacking began. It was a hot day; the sun burned their necks and arms and heads, but no one complained. They worked



through the afternoon until the last box had settled into the last truck.

Before they left, the father asked the brethren of his quorum if they would give him a priesthood blessing. There was no furniture in the house, and so the grateful father knelt as the members of his quorum laid their hands upon his head—hands covered with the marks of their sacrifice: dirt, sweat, scrapes, and bruises—and

blessed his family that they would complete their journey safely.

The young father wept openly, and many in the circle wept with him. All seemed to sense that this was a holy and hallowed moment—a moment sanctified by the love and consecrated effort of faithful members of the Church, brothers and sisters who had given of themselves to help someone in need.