

F L A S H E S

THOUGHTS ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

O F L I G H T

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRADLEY SLADE



For anyone who has studied law here, this awe-inspiring building holds a lot of memories—and some terrors. I spent my first day of law school in this very room. Kalleen and I had been married for just about one week. Where I now stand stood the formidable Rex E. Lee, dean of the Law School and sitting solicitor general of the United States, who taught our Introduction to the Law class. I remember that by the end of the week, he had reconvinced me that I probably *should* become a lawyer, despite all of my second thoughts. I also remember looking around at my 140 highly accomplished classmates and thinking that everyone seemed pretty certain that they were at least the second- or third-smartest person in the room. By the time first-semester grades came out, it was clear that about 137 of us were mistaken.

I have been mistaken about many things in life. Attending law school was not one of them.

My hope today is to leave you with a testimony of another thing about which I am not mistaken: we are children of God, and He is with us still.

To Walk by Faith

Faith and belief are complicated things. I serve on the Young Men general board and am especially attuned to youth whose gospel moorings sometimes fray. And it is not only youth but many among us who find ourselves sometimes unsure of the doctrines or of the narrative. We cannot judge each other for what we do and do not know and believe. Testimony comes through gifts of the Spirit, and gifts of the Spirit are, after all, gifts. They do not always come through axiomatic processes (if you do A, you get B). They are highly individualized and measuredly dispensed by a Heavenly Father who knows our hearts and needs and administers to them with divine precision.

Moroni chapter 10 famously *does* contain an axiomatic, condition-bound promise about how to discern the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. The chapter then goes on to describe a variety of religious experiences, which are given some to one and others to others, but all “according as he will” (Moroni 10:17).

[T]he gifts of God . . . are many; . . . [a]nd there are different ways that these gifts are administered; . . . and they are given by the manifestations of the Spirit of God unto men, to profit them. . . . [T]o one is given . . . that he may teach the word of wisdom; And to another, that he may teach the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; And to another, exceedingly great faith; and to another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; And again, to another, that he may work mighty miracles; And . . . to another, that he may prophesy concerning all things; And . . . to another, the beholding of angels and ministering spirits; And . . . to another, all kinds of tongues; . . . And all these gifts come by the Spirit of Christ; and they come unto every man severally, according as he will. [Moroni 10:8–15, 17]

Heavenly Father intentionally ordered our world to require us to walk in faith. He put together this sophisticated jigsaw puzzle of mortality and then pulled out a few of the pieces, which He keeps in His pocket to ensure that faith is required when we come up against the gaps. He has ensured that we will not be able to think our way to heaven—to discover Him or to see His handwriting through provable math or science—obviating faith.

A struggling friend recently said of the gospel, “It just doesn’t add up.” His is a fair observation: the puzzle is incomplete, so it does not always add up. This should not surprise us. Even in mathematics there are numbers, like pi, that are irrational—but constant.

We walk by faith, and evidence of the divine will almost always be circumstantial. Still, circumstantial evidence can accumulate, “here a little and there a little” (2 Nephi 28:30), like drops of water fashioning stone into hard and reliable substantiation of that which is.

Since we are at a law school, let’s consider the doctrine of chances, an exception to Federal Rule of Evidence 404 that applies by analogy to our walk of faith. Rule 404 proscribes evidence of prior crimes and other acts. But the doctrine of chances essentially

asks, “What is the likelihood that an inexplicable combination of facts is mere coincidence?”

It first appeared in common law in the 1915 case of *Rex v. Smith*, in which a husband, Mr. Smith (of no apparent relation to Dean Gordon Smith), was accused of drowning his wife in a bath. Smith claimed she had fainted and drowned. Normally, under Rule 404 a prosecutor could not introduce evidence of Smith’s “other acts.” But in *Rex*, the prosecutor asked the judge, *What are the chances* that it was by innocent coincidence that Smith’s two prior wives had also drowned in bathtubs? The evidence was allowed, and Smith was hanged.

When multiple overlapping sets of data form a pattern of evidence that decidedly points toward a certain conclusion, and alternative conclusions are implausible, the veracity of the conclusion must be considered.

The Composition of Testimony

While serving as an Area Seventy, I was assigned to preside over a stake conference in the Uinta Basin in Utah. We were encouraged to use part of the Saturday evening session for questions and answers. This was daunting because, as we learn in law school, the only thing worse than asking a witness a question you do not know the answer to is being asked a critical question you cannot answer. These Q&A sessions felt like walking unprepared into a law school class. I carried a silent dread that I might add to someone’s confusion.

On this occasion, after a few friendly questions, a large man in blue coveralls stood up in the middle of the chapel and asked challengingly, “Have you seen God?”

There was an uneasy shuffle in the room. His question was inappropriate on so many levels. I thought, “Really, Korihor? Here? And in coveralls?”

My first impulse was to skirt the question and move on, but I was prompted to consider a facet to his question that was on the minds of many members: What does it mean to be an “especial” witness (Doctrine and Covenants 107:25)? A memory suddenly flooded into my mind, and I proceeded to share an experience of which I had never before spoken:

Once on a business trip, I landed in the predawn darkness at an airport in Asia and wearily found my way to a waiting car and driver. The drive to my meeting would take a couple of hours, so I used my overcoat as a cushion and positioned myself in the left corner of the rear seat, planning to sleep for a while. But my attention became riveted on the moonlit landscape of that exotic place, with lovely wooded hills and open expanses.

As the morning sky gradually lightened, I saw evidence of an estuary off to the left and an approaching bridge. As we drove onto the bridge, I was disappointed to find that the view was blocked on both sides by large concrete-slab walls, which apparently had been erected to contain the traffic noises of the heavily traveled expressway. I found myself absently staring at the wall opposite me, wondering what was beyond as I whirred by it at a high speed.

As we left the bridge and the barricade ended, I glanced back at the vista that I had not been able to see and noted that it was just as I had imagined: a large body of water with a forested far edge and a few boats coming and going.

I found myself leaning forward to see farther behind us to confirm that, through the morning fog, a large sailboat was approaching the seaway under the far end of the bridge. Suddenly my jet-lag-muddled brain snapped into a moment of clarity, and I wondered, “How did I know to look for that sailboat?” I could not have known it was there, but somehow I had expected to find it. Somehow I had been looking for it.

In fact, I realized, none of what I saw in the fully revealed vista had surprised me. I seemed to know where to find the wooded outline of the far shore, the barges, and the building on the distant rise. But how?

It dawned on me that the sections of the massive concrete wall on the bridge had small gaps—a fraction of an inch—between them. As we sped across the bridge, my eyes had been fixed upon the blur of gray punctuated by minute flashes of bright light from the morning sun through those narrow slits—slits too small for me to detect anything but bright flickers and flashes. Yet somewhere in my mind, those bursts of light were

*Delivered as
the Honored
Alumni Lecture
on October
17, 2019, at
BYU Law.*

compiled into a latent vision of what lay beyond. I knew what was there before I knew that I knew.

Back at stake conference, I finished recounting this experience and noted that the brother was still standing with an arm looped through his front suspenders.

“Does that help?” I asked.

He shrugged absently and sat down.

I was filled with wonder. The Spirit had just answered my own long-standing prayer about my ministry and about my witness.

Clive Staples Lewis described a ride something like mine. At the time, he was a young professor and atheist teaching at Oxford between the world wars. J. R. R. Tolkien was among his best friends and a devout Christian. Over time, as they spoke of religion, the Spirit worked with young Clive. One day Lewis’s brother gave him a ride in the sidecar of his motorcycle to a zoo that was opening in a town some distance away. Lewis later wrote, “I was driven to Whipsnade one sunny morning. When we set out I did not believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and when we reached the zoo I did.”¹

St. Augustine, perhaps the greatest mind of his age, also spoke of sudden, unexpected inspiration. Steeped in Greek philosophy, he attempted to reconcile his understanding of Christianity with the formal logic of his day. One day he had an experience connecting him with heaven that later caused him to dismiss his life’s work of reasoning as “so much hay.”² Of that experience, Augustine said simply:

*[My mind] withdrew its thoughts from experience, abstracting itself from the contradictory throng of fantasies in order to seek for that light in which it was bathed. . . . And thus with the flash of a trembling glance, it arrived at That Which Is.*³

I do not know what Augustine saw, but it was miraculous and compelling. The heavens emitted a charged glint of light that converted abstract theology into testimony.

How long does it take for a testimony to ignite? Apparently, somewhere between “the flash of a trembling glance” and the time it takes to drive to Whipsnade.

A Few Bursts of Light

These experiences of gaining knowledge through flashes of intelligence are similes of my spiritual life—and I believe of yours. My testimony—my “reason of the hope that is in [me]” (1 Peter 3:15)—is a composite panorama of countless bursts of light through an otherwise impenetrable earthly veil. I speak here of such flashes in hopes that they may bring to your mind similar glimpses that have informed your testimony, so that in those questioning moments you might “remember, remember” (Helaman 5:12). While these anecdotes do not amount to proof beyond reasonable doubt, they do combine to remind me of a tangible reality that is not always before my eyes.

Military Blessings

After my mission to the Netherlands, I was preparing to return to BYU and spent a day with my temple-worker grandparents at the Oakland California Temple, seeking guidance about my future course of study and career. While sitting in a quiet ordinance room, a thought proclaimed to my mind that I should join the military.

That impression could not have evoked a stronger allergic response in my soul. Two years earlier as a freshman at BYU, I had pensively watched the Vietnam War draft-lottery play out on the dorm television and was relieved that my birthday did not pop up until the 346th draw. I would not be drafted. Had I been born a few hours later, my number would have been 10, and I would have been on my way to Vietnam. “Clearly,” I had reasoned, “the Lord doesn’t want me to be a soldier.”

Sitting in the temple, I tried to dismiss the impression as a random thought, but I had been a missionary, and I knew what inspiration felt like. So after building courage for a few months, I found myself in Basic Combat Training at Fort Ord,

California. I was then stationed for a year in Fort Stewart, Georgia, followed by orders to Frankfurt, Germany. All the while I was bewildered and a little tortured. In Georgia I lived in an unair-conditioned cinderblock billet with 30 other soldiers. My work was unstimulating. I came to love some of my fellow soldiers, but they were living quite different lives from this newly returned missionary.

Church was my refuge, especially in Germany. I longed for Sundays and for young single adult family home evenings. Those gatherings were the bright spots of my weeks in which I could recharge and be reminded of who I was during those lone and dreary Frankfurt winters.

One night I was working in my battalion office, counting down the minutes until 5 p.m., when I would need to race out the door for family home evening. Time was of the essence because our little band of young single adults was carpooling from the church to a downtown apartment across town. Minutes before 5, my boss handed me an urgent and lengthy assignment and told me to hurry. I finished the assignment and then raced to the church, but the group had already gone.

For me, this was a disaster. Some of you will know that the streets of Frankfurt are designed like a spider web that has been in a fire. The streets wander through each other in random disorder, crossing rivers and tram tracks and back again. It seemed as if someone was assigned to go out every night and reverse one-way street signs so that even when you thought you knew where you were going, you could not go that way. A couple of months earlier I had ridden to this same apartment in the back seat of a car, but I had observed nothing. I knew only that it was many miles of tangled streets away.

I drove home as a sad, dejected soldier. I remember folding my arms, intent on grumbling a little, and saying, “Heavenly Father . . .” But before I could continue with, “I am really trying here,” something of a map flashed in my head: a well-lit sequence of streets started at the church and traveled down Eckenheimer Landstraße, through a number of intersections, around a traffic circle, left, right, left, over a bridge, more turns, and onto a broad-bending street in front of an apartment building. I could see in my mind’s eye the very features of the streets.

I was incredulous. There was not a chance I could drive to that place. But I returned to the church and followed the route that had been impressed upon my mind. After driving perhaps 20 minutes, I turned onto a broad street alongside an apartment building that filled the entire length of the long, bending city block. I was astonished to see that I was pulling up to what may have been the right building.

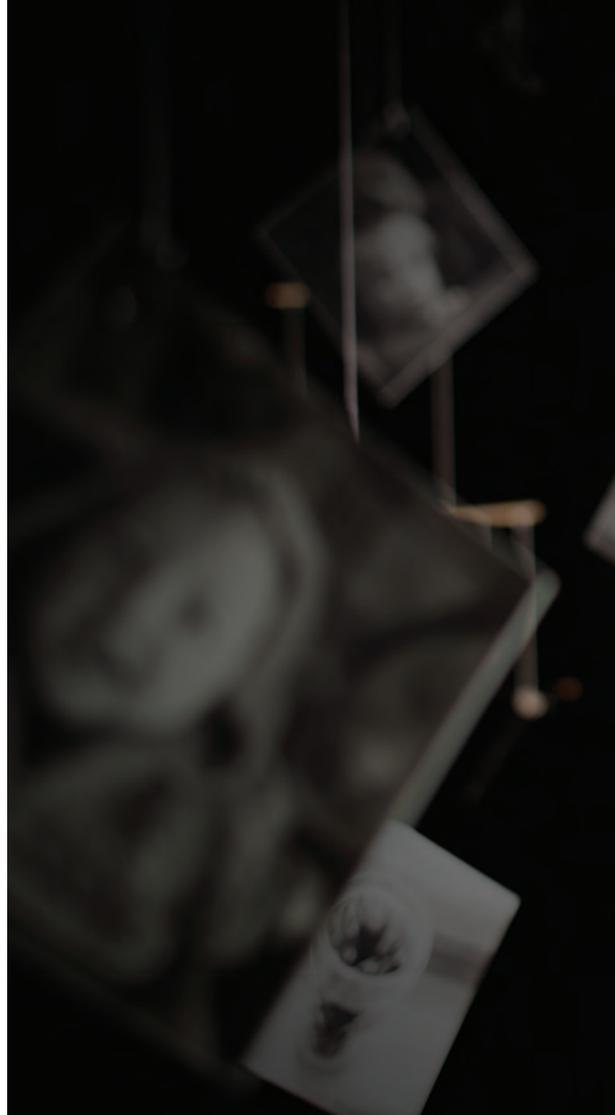
Now I had a new problem. There were about a dozen passageways through the building into small parking areas behind that held stairwells to the four floors of apartments above. “Impossible,” I thought. “I don’t know which of those driveways we drove into, and there are hundreds of apartments.” But it seemed to be a miracle that I had gotten this far, so I slowly drove past several drive-throughs and blindly turned into one.

Standing at the base of a dark, cold, four-story building, I thought, “Even if this is the correct stairwell in the correct building, they could be anywhere on any floor.” I started climbing the stairs, hoping for a hint. You get the idea. Ultimately I stopped on the third floor. This way or that? That way. Was the door on the left or right side of the hall? I walked past eight or ten doors, heart pounding, my feeble faith vaporizing. “I may not even be in the right building. Do I really need to just start knocking on doors?” I stopped to contemplate that question and heard singing: the Spirit of God like a fire was burning.⁴

My friends were oblivious to the I-was-blind-but-now-I-see caliber of miracle I had experienced, but as I stepped through the door, I was the most astonished 23-year-old in the Church. Heavenly Father had sent a shaft of light that replaced my bewilderment with wonder. Later that night I needed to follow someone else’s car to find the church again.

What were the chances?

Before enlisting, I had been confused about how it could make sense for me to drop out of school for three long years. I returned to BYU at age 24 after a six-year summer vacation between my freshman and sophomore years, still befuddled about why. Subsequently, many reasons have become clear.



After returning to school, I started dating a girl I had met in Frankfurt, a girl from Tooele, Utah, whose father had taken a government assignment in Germany, a girl so far beyond me in every way that I could never have gotten her attention in Utah if I had not known her in Germany, where she had been a fellow stranger in a strange land. And so it came to pass that against all odds she agreed to marry me.

I have learned that the Lord sometimes withholds blessings from us to eventually deliver undeniably discernible miracles. I would serve 100 army enlistments for that one stunning miracle that formed our family.

While in school, I served in the bishopric of a singles ward and became friends with the ward finance clerk, who had just returned from a mission in France. He finished his finance degree at the same time I finished law school, and he invited me to help him build a company. Thirty-five years later, our company has sold more than \$30 billion in products and today touches



something

of a map flashed in

my head millions of people every month in 50 countries. I marvel that, but for that burst of light in the temple, I would have come and gone from BYU and never met Blake Roney, who has enabled many miracles in my life.

The list of blessings flying from that still, small spark of inspiration goes on and on. None of these things are coincidences. They are consequences of a string of heavenly interventions that have burst through the veil.

Relief for a Boy

Years later, Kalleen's and my nine-year-old son, Tanner, came home from a touch-football game with a pain that turned out to be cancer. He bravely endured three years of aggressive treatment, two bone marrow transplants, and 10 weeks on a ventilator hovering between life and death in a medically induced coma. When he was 12, after about a year of remission, the cancer recurred with a vengeance and went into his bones and head.

A Miracle Diagnosis

Kalleen and I were called to preside over the Georgia Atlanta Mission. Miracles flashed through our mission with such regularity that we came to think of it as having a front-row seat to the Greatest Show on Earth in which the powers of heaven were wielded by heavenly agents in black name tags as they gathered Israel home. Kalleen called missionary service a "miracle-a-day program."

She had the formal assignment of overseeing healthcare for our missionaries. If one of them got sick, they would call her. It is a challenging role because it is hard to diagnose problems over the phone, even if you have had medical training. Kalleen had received only the on-the-job training of a mom raising a family.

Just a few weeks into our mission, she got a call from a missionary who tended to call a couple of times a week with one issue or another. She was used to hearing him out as he came to the conclusion that he was well enough to go to work. On this particular morning he complained of a stomachache. His stomach had been hurting for a while, so she decided to ask a senior missionary couple that lived near him to go over and take a look, just in case. She later told me, "I opened my mouth to say that and heard myself say words that never passed through my brain: 'Elder, your appendix is about to rupture. Go to the hospital. Go now.'"

In the emergency room they found nothing wrong and concluded that he must have overeaten—which was entirely plausible; he was a missionary. They ordered him home. But our elder told the doctor, "No, Sister Lund told me I have appendicitis."

The doctor, thinking that "Sister Lund" must be a nun somewhere, said, "Then we better run another test." The test was again negative, and they started to send him home again, but he kept insisting that Sister Lund had diagnosed appendicitis.

One night he was so sick that we moved his bed into our bedroom, where we could be with him. He awakened in the middle of the night with severe head pain. We tried to comfort him, but we had no effect.

Suddenly, in the silent, darkened room, he looked at me with an incredulous look on his face and said, "They say I'm supposed to go in the kitchen and sit up on the couch."

"What do you mean? *Who?*"

No response. Then, a little impatiently, "I'm just supposed to go sit up."

He spoke with such unusual certainty that we helped him make his way into the kitchen, where he sat on a couch, pulled a blanket around his shoulders, and slept peacefully the rest of the night.

The next morning we admitted him to Primary Children's Hospital for what would be his last time. I told an oncologist of this exchange in the night. The doctor reasoned that Tanner's head pain was likely caused by pressure blocking a tube that drains cerebrospinal fluid away from the brain. The only way to get the pain to stop is to take the pressure off of this area by sitting the patient up so things can normalize.

This made sense, but who were *they*? And, *what were the chances* that 12-year-old Tanner could know that?

“Is she a doctor?” someone finally asked.

“I don’t know, but she knows a lot of stuff.”

They kept him under observation out of deference to Sister Lund, whoever she was. He was still in the emergency center a couple of hours later when his appendix did burst, prompting an immediate appendectomy, which the surgeon told us barely saved his life. “Five minutes later, and we may have lost him.”

You might think Kalleen made a lucky guess, but she will tell you that she was only an innocent bystander as the Lord kept His promise to His missionary: “I will go before your face. I will be on your right hand and on your left, . . . and mine angels [shall be] round about you, to bear you up” (Doctrine and Covenants 84:88).



Others’ Stories of Faith

As a young missionary in Catholic Belgium, I would occasionally come across memorial shrines commemorating religious experiences. It struck me that if we built such monuments in any stake of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, there would not be room left for a church building. Some among us are very nearly amphibians, straddling both sides of the veil. Stories of faith surround us.

Last Tuesday an Uber driver told me about being in a combat zone in Vietnam when an “angel” awoke him in the night and ordered him out of his quarters, saving him from certain and immediate annihilation from a mortar round.

Last Friday an old friend, who remains strong in faith while struggling mightily along the covenant path, and his brother told me of the recent passing of their 94-year-old father. He had been in steep decline and in hospice for some time. Just before he died, his head had cleared, and he called his children and grandchildren around him, becoming for a time, they said, like father Lehi, powerfully blessing each of his posterity. These brothers could hardly speak of the majesty of the event. He finished the last blessing, softly laid down his hands, and soon passed through the veil.

This past Sunday I felt the confirming power of someone’s testimony that, “in a flash of light, Saul changed to Paul, and Paul changed the world.”

The Great Train Wreck of Aught 10

The spiritual experiences of my life and yours come as gifts, but we generally do not think of them as characterizing our lives. More often, life is characterized by events like the one my family calls the Great Train Wreck of Aught 10.

I had splurged and bought my wife a train for her birthday. She had wanted a little home-made lawn tractor-train to pull grandkids around our ranch, but I thought they were too dangerous. So I found a California company that builds little parking-lot trains with electric locomotives that were just big enough for a conductor and that pulled two passenger cars behind.

When the train was delivered, we pushed it out of its transport trailer. I was impressed at how heavy it was with its banks of deep-cell lead-acid batteries in the floorboards. In minutes we had it hitched together. I gave the throttle a bump—and it moved.

“Jump in!” I said to my wife and kids and a couple of friends.

It drove beautifully along our flat street. I wondered if it would be powerful enough to climb the steep hill into the cul-de-sac down the block. We bumped through the drainage dip at the bottom of the hill, and I was delighted at how effortlessly it climbed to the top.

When I made the U-turn and started back down, the electric motors began to shriek as gravity took charge and the train picked up speed. My son Ryan says it went from “zero to dangerous in one second flat.” We were instantly careening down the hill, brakes locked, transmission screaming, smoke billowing, engine howling, landscape blurring, and time slowing. There was a complete loss of even an illusion of control. The engine’s massive weight was too great for the settings on the brakes, which locked up only some of the wheels, throwing shredded rubber into the air as the train continued to pick up speed.

My wide eyes were on the approaching dip at the bottom of the hill. When we hit it, the change in pitch of the roadway caused the engine to violently tumble, slamming the cars laden with my family onto their sides and flinging them around the engine like a whip across the asphalt into the curb ahead of me.

Well, the emergency room staff was alarmed when they saw patients arriving from a “train wreck,” but, somehow, we all limped in with only minor injuries—a fact that *doesn’t add up*.

I tell you this story not only because of the clear miracle that we all escaped death in a violent high-speed smashup but also because it describes the context of earth life. Sometimes there is that exhilaration of speed and light and the charging of the

barricades, but there is always an awareness, at least in my psyche, of that dip at the bottom of the hill with its potential for catastrophe. Often that is where angels gather.

The poet Thomas Carlyle complained that “the Universe . . . [is] one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb.”⁵

Sometimes life will try our faith.

The book of Joshua provides comfort: “Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest” (Joshua 1:9). My experiences testify that Joshua’s phrase is not mere

“I opened my mouth . . . and heard myself say words that never passed through my brain: ‘Elder, your appendix is about to rupture. Go to the hospital. Go now.’”

poetic rhetoric. It is a covenant that is kept in circumstances so improbable as to compel the question *What are the chances?*

Wisdom for a Law Student

Other flashes through the veil have come when I have been on the Lord’s errand. My journal is full of notes about doctrinal insights that I recorded only *after* I had talked about them in the course of my Church assignments.

A young woman asked me how she could succeed in her first semester of law school and be a Relief Society president too.

I started to say, “Good luck with that,” but, following an impression, I asked, “Who shall we blame? Who called you?”

“Heavenly Father.”

“Why?”

“I suppose because I am just home from a mission and know how to work. Because He knew I would say yes. Because I can accomplish things, even under stress.”

I told her, “All, no doubt, true. But there is another reason”—which was a presumptuous thing for me to say since I did not yet know the reason.

But I said, “He may have called you to save you from law school. They are changing you down there. They are reshaping your mind in very material ways. But, while they are causing you to be able to defend every side of every argument, Relief Society will be reminding you that there are immutable truths.

“Law school teaches you that passion for your profession is critical to success in the world of the law. Relief Society service is teaching you that the world is too much with us and that joy emerges from balance.

“Law school will teach you to love ideas and to respect brilliant shapers of thought and theory. Relief Society will remind you that some ideas are better than others and that the philosophies of men pale alongside the profusion of intelligence dispensed through prophets.”

I looked back at her through misty eyes to see her weeping and nodding. I had gotten something right. Maybe I had simply guessed her needs and responded with words I had never before formed, but you would have to be me to understand why that explanation simply *doesn’t add up*.

The Veil Leaking Light

Sometimes we can be distracted from the truthfulness of the gospel because we are unsettled by a doctrine that runs afoul of our own sensibilities. As an undergraduate I attended a fire-side here in this room in which Dr. Robert Patch taught us that every question about every

doctrine of the Church can be answered with a simple syllogism: *If* the Book of Mormon is true, *then* Joseph

Smith was a prophet. *If* Joseph Smith was truly a prophet, *then* the Church is true. *If* the Church is true, *then* its doctrines are true. All of them.

We must not wrap ourselves around the axle of doctrines that trouble us from time to time. Sometimes our mortal vision is obscured by too much concrete and too little light. Look to the source of those doctrines to determine their truthfulness. If the Book of Mormon is true, then the Church and its doctrines are true. And we learn in this building that truth—even unpopular truth, especially emergent truth, certainly countercultural truth—must be defended. Indeed, it is this impulse that brings many of us to the law in the first place.

To keep us connected to the central truth of mortality, the Lord proffers us a binding covenant almost every week. The sacrament prayers are not poems we recite nor anthems we rehearse. They are ordinances. They are words spoken to Heavenly Father by holders of keys over the very ministering of angels, bearers of the priesthood who implore the heavens that, then and there, the power of the Atonement may cleanse and purify and sanctify lives. Every week miracles happen as 12-year-olds stand in the stead of the Savior and present us with the emblems of the Atonement, inviting us to be cleansed of our pain and sorrow and mistakes and sins.

The soft, penetrating light of healing that warms our souls in sacrament meeting is as profound a miracle as the parting of the Red Sea, as a soldier being guided to sanctuary, as an angel commandeering a telephone to save a missionary, as a holy whisper leading a child from pain, as Saul finding the Savior on the road to Damascus, as an Oxford don finding the Savior on the road to Whipsnade, or as the Divine hurling of the stars and the planets into their ordered rotations. All evidence a pattern of the veil leaking light as the Savior relentlessly pierces it to bless His own.

I bear this testimony, informed as it is—and very probably like yours is—by the accumulated weight of a thousand flashes of light, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen. cm

NOTES

- 1 C. S. Lewis, *Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life* (1955), ch. 15, para. 8.
- 2 Taken from my personal notes in a philosophy class taught by BYU professor Truman G. Madsen in 1979.
- 3 St. Augustine, *Confessions*, book 7, ch. 17; emphasis added.
- 4 See “The Spirit of God,” in *Hymns of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (2002), no. 2.
- 5 Thomas Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus: The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh* (1831), ch. 7, para. 8.