

Calling My QUORUM

By Mark Tensmeyer

I was serving a family in my ward, and I needed help to get everything done.

One Saturday afternoon I received a phone call from the father of a family I home taught. “I was wondering if you could watch our kids while Cindy and I go visit her grandma,” Brother Stevens asked (names have been changed). “She hasn’t been doing well, and we think this might be our last chance to see her.”

I assured Brother Stevens I would be glad to help. “That’s great!” he said. “And if you could, it would be nice if you could straighten up around the house, since today is our anniversary.”

When I arrived, Brother and Sister Stevens left me with some microwavable noodles and a list of chores to do around the house. Then they drove off. I had a strong impression that I should do more than just watch their children. This was a difficult day for them, and I wanted to make it a bit better. I decided to do all the chores on the list and more, including washing the

dishes and mowing and edging the lawn.

Obviously, I couldn’t do all of that and take care of their three kids in just three hours, so I thought I should call some

members of my priests quorum. There was just one problem: I wasn’t exactly friends with the guys in my quorum. We got along all right, but aside from the Church, we didn’t have a lot in common. We went to different schools, and I rarely saw them outside of Church functions. I felt awkward calling them for something like this.

I called the Young Men president and asked if he could get some of the guys together to help. He kindly replied that he was simply an adviser and explained that I should call Peter, the first assistant to the bishop, who had the calling to help me in my priesthood responsibility. That was exactly what I was afraid he would say.

Nervous and with a little hesitation, I called Peter and asked if he could come over. “Sure,” he said. “I’ve got Scott and Kevin here, and I’ll bring them over too.”

Together, we mowed and edged the lawn, did the dishes, and straightened up the house. Brother and Sister Stevens came home just as we were finishing.

That experience taught me that priesthood quorums are united by faith in Jesus Christ *and* in service, regardless of differences in interests, personalities, or backgrounds. ■

