

(continued from the front)

to earth only to destroy more trees. The stone was now out of our sight, but we heard the terrific echoes resounding from the canyon floor as it finally came to rest.

The next day, on our descent, we traveled the canyon route and saw the stone and the trail of ruined and marred trees it had left behind. Near the canyon floor, the huge stone had caused an avalanche of smaller rocks.

Then we were frightened. What if there had been people in that canyon yesterday? What if someone today loosened such a stone above us? Look at the timber we had foolishly destroyed without thinking—and even if we had tried, we could never have stopped that stone!

Yesterday, in anger, I said a word. It started slowly at first, and its initial effects were not very harmful, perhaps, but today, it has caused an avalanche, and I can never recall that word.

Yesterday, I repeated a rumor about a friend, and today, a dozen hearts are scarred.

Yesterday, I committed an ungodly deed, and though I thought no one would suffer, today, innumerable people are wounded because of it—and I cannot take back that deed.

Yesterday, I had a thought to do evil—to hurt an acquaintance—and I kept that thought to myself. Today, no one is hurt. Today, I feel differently. With God's help, I have overcome evil with good.

God help me never to roll another stone that will injure my brother or my fellow man—ever!

Leonard Waggoner



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## We Rolled a Stone

The three of us were reared on the prairies of West Texas. After crossing the Colorado Rockies and arriving in Utah, we decided we were seasoned mountain men. So, one afternoon, we set out to climb to the summit of a saw-toothed mountain in the Wasatch Range. Slowly and painfully we climbed . . . without a mishap.

Being young and inexperienced, we threw caution to the wind. Near the summit, there was a large, round stone precariously close to the edge of the precipice, weighing no less than two tons. Using pry poles, we easily dislodged the stone and watched it roll—slowly at first, then rapidly gathering momentum. Since we were well above the timber line, there was nothing to impede its downward progress.

Faster and faster it rolled, until it bounced into the trees below. The pine trees snapped off like so many toothpicks—and the stone kept rolling. Many times it bounded as high as fifty feet into the air, each time crashing

### Elders

Ron Akers  
Phil Degelia  
Tim Simmons

### Deacons

Mike Fox  
(Building and Grounds)  
Jeff Kiel  
(Building and Grounds)  
Dean Rosser  
(Safety)  
Roland Snipes  
(Benevolence)  
Keith Tolbert  
(Education)

### Minister

Bryan Winn

(continued on the back)