

HINCKLEY BUILDING DEDICATORY LUNCHEON

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Editor's Note: The following remarks were delivered by President Hinckley's daughter at a luncheon before the Hinckley Building dedication on 22 October 2002.

Thank you, President Bednar, for the invitation extended to family members to join with you on this wonderful occasion. I've been asked to share a few remarks on behalf of the family. Now I'm sure this is a bit worrisome to Dad. To turn one of us loose at the microphone to talk about him carries with it some inherent risk. But he need not worry because today, as usual, he will have the last word.

It is a privilege for us to be here on this day. This building which will be dedicated today and will carry his name is a fitting tribute to a man who has always valued education and excellence.

One of the memories I carry from my childhood is of Dad reading. He read everything from the *Deseret News* to the *Wall Street Journal*, from poetry to prose, from Shakespeare to the scriptures. He was raised by a mother and a father who were both educators. His childhood home was centered around a library; and it was filled with a thousand volumes, including Shakespeare, the Harvard Classics, and much more. It was an inviting place, and over the years he developed a familiarity with good books and came to appreciate what his parents valued—including learning and education.

His own university years occurred during the Depression. They were difficult times, and there has stayed with him a deep appreciation for the opportunity of education. He values it, and he considers it a privilege. His own education in English, Greek, and Latin developed in him a love of words. It was around our childhood dinner table that we received our first grammar lessons. We were sometimes ahead of our teachers when it came to knowing the parts of speech and the Latin derivatives of many words.

As a seventh-grade student, I was required to write my first research paper. I diligently followed the course of instruction but was absent the day we were taught footnotes. Not to worry, I thought, and turned to my father for help. He quickly showed me how to number and place footnotes at the bottom of each page, and then he showed me the correct use of "Ibid" when repeating a footnote. I don't think they even use "Ibid" anymore. Some of you probably don't even know what it is, but it was an important part of footnoting when I was learning it. I turned my paper in, feeling competent in my completed work. A few days later the teacher

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returned the paper with the word “Ibid” circled in red and a note saying: “You have not yet learned this.”

So it has been on many occasions that education has been and continues to be an ongoing, never-ending process. As children we learned from everything we did. We worked together—learning the basic elements of gardening and repairs. There was no such thing as *It can't be done*; but, rather, *I'll figure out how it can be done*.

We played together, learning from our experiences. Our family vacations were interspersed with stops at the historic markers along the roadside. And much to our amazement, Dad would recount the events memorialized by the marker. He would include detail of dates and people's names. If we went to a city, he would share the history of the city and the significant events surrounding it. If we went to open spaces and national parks, he would marvel in the beauties of nature and the creations of God. Every experience was a learning experience, and time and distance have increased our appreciation for this exposure.

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He expected us to do our best and was always interested in our accomplishments. He opened our eyes to the world by helping us think beyond the moment. He believed in us and in our abilities, and it was not that we were exceptional children. It was just that, in his experience, those who were disciplined and had a vision of what they wanted to accomplish and worked hard usually succeeded. It was not uncommon for him to say, “There is nothing you can't do if you want to do it and are willing to work hard enough.” The potential he saw in us is the same potential he sees in the rest of the young people of this Church. We were just the practice field.

We have come here today to pay tribute along with you to a man who has devoted his life to the building of others. On behalf of his family, we thank the University for this great honor. For his posterity this building will stand as a reminder of the legacy that has been passed to us and to all those who walk the paths of this campus. This building will serve as a constant reminder of his commitment to excellence and to the potential of each individual who pursues an education on this campus. May each of us inculcate into our lives the values represented in this honor. May we, in his words, “stand a little taller.” May we “move forward with purpose.” And may we “rise to the divinity within us” is my prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen. ☪