

Embrace in the temple, story about my Mom, LeGrand Baker

This story is one my mother told to me (therefore my first hand knowledge of the voice inflections), but I have also heard it several times from her friends.

My Mom had been a worker in the Provo Temple for several years, and was responsible for coordinating the daily assignments for a shift of other temple workers. On one occasion the temple president gave her a gentle chiding. "Sister Baker," he said, "we do not hug patrons in the temple."

She replied in a matter of fact way that sounded like: "Ooooh, I do."

Now, those words won't read right unless the "Ooooh" sounds a little bit like a hug; the "I" has a smile with a twinkle in it; and the "do" rings with an inviting kind of enthusiasm which suggests the temple president really ought to hug more people. He never mentioned it to her again, and she never stopped hugging her friends. ". . . at least she always hugged me," concluded each one who told me the story.