

## Worldly Series

I enjoyed the years I worked at Johnson Wax. It was fun work and a great company. With all the consumer goods we marketed we also ran about 60 million dollars a year of advertising on television networks like ABC, CBS and NBC. The networks loved us. Because we did so much advertising, we also got perks from the networks like tickets to concerts and sporting events. Even tickets to baseball's World Series if we wanted them.

As October approached one year it became more and more evident that the Los Angeles Dodgers were going to be in the World Series. I grew up worshiping the Dodgers. Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax, Maurie Wills, Walley Moon...these were some of the greatest ball players in the game. The two or three times I had the chance of actually going to Dodger Stadium as a boy were unforgettable. The Dodgers were definitely my team.

Knowing the Dodgers were going to be in the series I began to maneuver and scheme on how I could get to LA and of course get to the games. I went to the director of advertising at Johnson Wax and explained to him how important it was for him to get me tickets for the series in Los Angeles. He said he would try but that they were in very big demand. I also went to the sales department and spoke with the national sales manager about the upcoming regional sales meetings. They wanted product managers from the marketing department to attend the meetings for added emphasis. I begged him to assign me to the Los Angeles meeting.

You can imagine how incredibly elated I was when everything fell into place just like I had planned. I was assigned to go to Los Angeles for the sales meeting and I got a phone call from the advertising department to come pick up the tickets! I could hardly contain myself.

When I picked up the tickets I felt like I had pure gold in my hands. Across the top of the ticket it said "World Series". I had never been to a World Series game in my life. As I left the advertising director's office I was floating through the air – L.A., the Dodgers, visit old friends...and someone else was paying for it all. Then, I noticed something that about dropped my teeth to the floor. The game was for SUNDAY! "No," I thought to myself, this can't be. I didn't tell him what day I wanted, but I never thought about getting tickets for the Sunday game.

I quickly rationalized that it didn't matter. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity and that going to the game was not going to ruin my salvation. After all, I could go to sacrament meeting before the game. It was not as if I was a perpetual "Sabbath-day-breaker". Given the slim chance something this fantastic ever happening again in my life, I justified my decision to go to the game.

For the next weeks leading up to the game I felt troubled – there was this gnawing in my gut that I was doing something wrong and I knew it. The Holy Ghost was telling me that I was doing the wrong thing. I was uncomfortable, as I would partake of the sacrament on Sunday knowing that I was planning to deliberately break the Sabbath in just a matter

of a few days. The harder I tried to put those feelings aside the more uncomfortable I became. "Good grief! These were the Dodgers. Give me a break." I would rationalize.

The Friday night before the game I sat on the bed of my Los Angeles hotel room and pondered my dilemma. There was no question on what I should do. I was a confirmed member of the church. I knew from the promptings of the Holy Ghost what was the right decision. I knew my family knew what the right decision was. I had heard the prophets teach and warn us to keep the Sabbath day holy. It really came down to whether or not I was going to honor my covenants.

I picked up the telephone and called the mother of Arnold Cortez (not a member of the church) who lived in Hacienda Heights and was an avid Dodger fan. She was ecstatic when I offered her the two tickets. She could hardly believe her ears. We made arrangements to get her the tickets on Saturday and had a good visit. She could not quite understand that going to church was more important than going to see the Dodgers in the World Series.

On Sunday I spent the morning at the Los Angeles Temple Visitor's Center. I cannot explain in words the beautiful spirit that pervaded the temple grounds. There was quiet, beautiful music coming from the concealed speakers throughout the premises. I saw wonderful exhibits within the visitor's center. I heard faith-promoting testimonies from the missionaries. My spirit was touched and uplifted.

I later went to church and was able to partake of the sacrament and renew my covenants with Heavenly Father. What a tremendously wonderful blessing that was. I rededicated myself to living the gospel and becoming a better disciple of Christ. I sought forgiveness for even contemplating the decision to go to a baseball game on the Sabbath. I do not remember what was taught that day in church, but I will never forget the increased closeness I felt to my Heavenly Father for having made the right decision.

Additionally, I cannot even remember who the Dodgers were playing that day or even who some of the players were on that team. I can't even remember if they won. In the long run, it made zero difference. It was only a game. A worldly game, played on the very day of the week designed to keep us unspotted from the world.

D&C 59:9-19  
Mosiah 2:41