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Grant Scollick

Mrs. Cannon

Periods 3-4

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Howie?  
East Lecture

I slouch in my chair, at the edge of casual attention, drowsiness threatening to put me under. Yet again, our discussion has looped back on itself because of one simple thing: Truth. Whether we discuss Aristotle or the principles found in *Life of Pi* and *Man's Search For Meaning*, all our conversations come back to beat this dead horse. Truth. You'd think after two years we'd find the right place to search for it. We'd have found the dusty tome or the peer-reviewed article that encapsulates this. Yet still, we all must continue searching for Truth.

But where?

I like to search for Truth in stories, whether fantastical in nature or more bound in realms of fact; there are nuggets of Truth all around us. We just have to pan away the mud. Lately, as my mind gazes back in fondness to the comforting pillow of my memories, more and more, the Truth I'm so desperately grasping for has been by my side this whole time. So I will expound a few of the simple truths I have discovered, heed what you will, but I've always thought it is very easy to listen to stories.

So here I am, fourteen years old, being used for grunt labor on my grandpa's farm, I'm tasked with removing four huge rusty screws from a Disker. There I am, pulling away on a wrench as tall as I, sweating out what feels like my entire body weight under the heat of the sun. Three screws and hours later my grandpa ambles towards me returning from his chore. He pulls out a battery pack and a small power tool, walks over to the final screw, plugs the tool into the

battery, and places it on the screw. 'Vrrt' for about a minute the tool runs, and the screw pops out like a cork. TRUTH: Using your muscles is nice; using your brain is better, but using the right tool is best.

Another revelation of truth was about the grace of God. A God whom I reconnected with in earnest within the slums of the Dzaleka refugee camp in Malawi. It is easy to believe in the kindness and love of God when your life is going well, but when you have been driven from your home because of famine or war, you'd expect such faith to dim. However, These refugees' faith never dimmed. Because of this, I realized how truly blessed my life had been, and that God was almost always with me. Challenges like tests, finals, and applying to college no longer seemed so insurmountable, now that I could truly see the guidance he has been giving me. TRUTH: God is always there for us if we only open our eyes to see his miracles and tender mercies.

As Elder Scollick walked through airport security, I remember waving goodbye thinking, for two years, Grant, you are the big brother in the house. But being the 'big brother' is not as easy as my brother made it look. It was a pain to cover my brother's usual chores. Trying to help my parents not lose their minds without the extra set of hands was a herculean task. Yet, I did it. I drove my sisters to extracurriculars, vacuumed, cooked, and did dishes; slowly, surely, I managed to fill my big brother's shoes. Working to fill those shoes helped me to realize that I'm not walking the same path he is. Where my brother might offer to help my sisters with their homework, I am capable of more: like lending my younger sister my ear when she has "DRAMA" at school. TRUTH: I cannot always walk in my big bro's footsteps; I've gotta be ready and able to walk my own walk, wear my own shoes, forge my own path.

The glorious thing about Truth is that it isn't only found in some ancient text. You can find it in the day-to-day, the ordinary, the common. You may think less of a truth that isn't being espoused by some ancient Greek philosopher or hasn't come as the result of years of research and inquiry. But thinking so would discount the myriad experiences and stories every one of you has made throughout your lives. Every single person here has lived TRUTH. All of us are going through life, and what is life if not a story. So when you are writing yours make sure to uncover the Truths hidden within.