

ANDREW MCARTHUR – A TRIBUTE (BUT HOLD HIM DOWN WHILE WE GIVE IT.)

In my research on Andy, he appears just too handy  
As he labors with groaning and grunts.  
Now, it's not all that tragic, but JUST HOW, without magic  
Can he be so many places at once.  
He's at Conference, at Church, maybe doing research  
And has civic affairs always brewing;  
I'll bet Gabriel's Trump couldn't make Andy jump  
Any faster'n he's already doing.  
If I've figured it rightly, from the DAILY and NIGHTLY'  
Calls coming from God, and elsewhere  
He's used ninety-nine YEARS down in this Vale of Tears  
Just trying to be EVERYWHERE.  
Why, the Fire Department in its varied assortment  
Of jobs took him years numbering forty,  
Then his mission, two more; Bishop's Councilor a score.  
Such loads would make anyone "Shorty".

Twenty-third of December is the date to remember  
Beginning his earthly career  
Liz Oxborrow his mother; James McArthur his father;  
And nineteen thirteen was the year.  
As his life's occupation, Andy chose the creation  
Of doughnuts and pies long ago  
Did he use some green yeast in preparing such feasts—  
Since he also made THAT kind of "dough"?  
Yes, his pockets would juggle all the while he was single  
And just worked, eighteen hours a day  
But there was something missing (such as hugging and kissing)  
And the guy didn't like it that way.  
Then he saw cute Miss Merl, and knew SHE was the girl  
And in Church, where they'd mostly be found  
He would give her a wink which would make her turn pink  
Though HE says 'twas the other way 'round.

Well, of course the two married, though a schedule so harried  
As his, kept them both on the go  
And they worked side by side as cakes baked and doughnuts fried  
And they just kept on making more 'dough'.  
Then the War going on and the Draft coming strong  
Took his bakers right into the fray  
So he felt mightly lucky that a girl all that plucky  
Would pitch in and help him that way.  
Andy never said "no," if they asked him to go  
No matter the time nor the hour

And the Community called him often, you see  
Just to get his hands out of the flour.  
And his calls from the Lord kept him working so hard  
There's no doubt that his jobs overlapped,  
But the Priesthood to lead him and Merl's cooking to feed him  
Kept our Andy from feeling TOO trapped.

Eight years Bishop so fine; As High Councilman nine  
And then on the Hospital Board,  
Until, by and large, The old Bank of St. George  
Became Zions, and still Andy scored.  
At Committee on Loans, he hears plenty of groans  
Since that interest would scare any man  
For in spite of the signers, it would take all the "dinars"  
That the Shah escaped with from Iran.  
As Priest's Quorum President countless hours were spent  
And as Teacher's Quorum President, too  
Then Advisory Committee of Southern Utah our city  
Found plenty for Andy to do.  
As group Leader of High Priests there were Spiritual Feasts  
And still responsibilities fell  
So, with bread still to bake, they decided to take  
A vacation – in other words, sell.

Next, the Dixie Helath Group 9(Has your child got the croup?)  
And the Municipally-owned Power Plant  
Asked Andy to serve, which was what he deserved  
Since he never will say, "Nope, I can't."  
But he and Merl talked it over, and though being a rover  
Would help keep their souls more in tune,  
And they'd have in Hawaii, beneath the Blue Sky  
A Swell Second Honeymoon. (Sing this Verse)

They'd sold out in November; now they tried to remember  
The dear folks to whom they must write,  
Because January, if things went not contrary  
Was when they'd take off on their flight.  
They'd attend a Convention, with friends we'll not mention  
Who were going along for the ride;  
But Church Conference was slated, which meant that they waited—  
Friend Andy and his second-time bride.

And then they found out what the Lord was about—  
A Stake President was what He needed.  
Ivins came from Salt Lake with decisions to make  
And their protests were simply not heeded.

Cried Andy, "We've tickets, and it's simply not cricket  
To stop us from keeping this date."  
"You have long years ahead," the Authorities said,  
And you know that Hawaii will wait."  
But as Merl has remarked, they have still not embarked  
Although twenty years have gone by  
Though Honeymoon Number Two lies beneath some sky blue  
To this date it has not been Hawaii.

Now, Merl did such good cooking, that when no one was looking  
Andy often would have a nice snack  
Presidnet Kimball once came and called Andy by name.  
It seems HE had noted the fact.  
"You have much work ahead, and you're just too well fed  
So unless you can get rid of that—"   
He put his hand on the tubby of Merl's nice little hubby  
On the place which collected the fat.  
Well, the way his friends laughed sure created a draft  
But Andrew had gumption, they found  
A blind Medical man really helped Andy plan  
And he lost at least fifty-two pounds.

Now, Andy loves sports, though I doubt he wears shorts  
At Tennis, soft ball or the basket  
and I'm wondering away how he fins TIME to play  
Though I'm almost too timid to ask it.  
Is his time multiplied, or does he just divide  
Himself, when new duties pile high—  
Councilor in the Temple, a task that's not simple  
requires a real humble guy.  
Now, as Regional Representative, he must be Presentative  
And keep everything in accord,  
And as you can guess, there is One who will bless  
And Andy has the help of the Lord.

Their three children's names are Dan, Marilyn and James  
With grandchildren, fourteen and a fraction  
And with that new one due, I will leave it to you  
If McArthurs won't soon see some action.  
So, to conclude, may their family keep growing  
And Hawaii-ward may he and Merl soon be going  
Because, since his callings have come from the Lord,  
We know his time schedule can't really be marred.