

Memorial Service for Lloyd M Rasmussen  
Remarks by Susan Carter  
December 8, 2010

## TEMPLE SERVICE

There may be some here today who only know our father because of his temple service. Lloyd Rasmussen loved to be in the temple. Following his service as Mission President in Oregon, he came home and began the next chapter in his many years of church service in the Los Angeles Temple. After only a few months serving as a recorder, he was called to be a sealer. He and my mother flew to Salt Lake City where President James Faust conferred the holy sealing power upon him.

Our parents, like many others, were thrilled with the announcement that a temple would be built here in Orange County. Dad was as excited as a schoolboy to be invited to be part of the Temple Dedication Committee. He served as the Chairman of the Ushering Committee responsible for planning and executing all logistics pertaining to hosting and ushering guests through the open house tours and dedication sessions.

In June 2005, Elder Stephen Oveson was called to be the President of the soon-to-be-dedicated Newport Beach California Temple. President Oveson later told me that when he was called he was given a list of many names. As he pondered on the names, he knew immediately the two men he should choose as counselors and what callings they should have. Even though he had never met President Oveson (at least in this life), my father was called to be the First Counselor and Recorder and was told that he had until July 23 to organize and issue callings to the hundreds of volunteers who would make up the temple workforce. This was a monumental task to accomplish in a short amount of time. He took it on with faith, and he tenaciously delivered what was asked of him.

One evening, Dad came home while Sandi was visiting. He described to her witnessing craftsmen meticulously shaving designs into the carpet of the Celestial Room. My father felt fortunate that he and Mom could be involved with the launch of the new temple in such an intimate fashion.

As a family, we are so grateful for the unique opportunities my father's temple callings have given us. For instance, we were introduced to President Gordon B. Hinckley when Dad was set apart in the presidency. And those who were old enough were seated in the Celestial Room to hear my parents speak during one of the dedication sessions.

However, the spiritual strength we have received from his temple service is the most far reaching. As a sealer Dad performed the marriages of five of his granddaughters: Katie, Jennifer, Chrissy, Allison and Anne. The only married grandson, so far, married a girl whose own grandfather was also a temple sealer. Otherwise, Dad would be six for six.

We were also fortunate to participate in temple sessions as a family. It was incredibly rewarding to share that time together serving and being taught. David remembers Dad teaching in the temple more than once that the family is the perfect unit. Not that the individuals are perfect, but the family structure is perfect. He would usually follow that up with "If there was something better, then Heavenly Father would have used that instead." Dad continually emphasized the eternal potential of families and that the covenants we make bind us as families. As a bishop, my husband Jim often shared counsel that my father used before a sealing when he would tell the couple that they NEED each other. Not just for companionship, but to progress eternally.

We have one universal memory of the sealing ceremonies Dad performed. He would tell the bride and groom at the beginning of a sealing that this isn't just a wonderful marriage. It is a "GLORIOUS" marriage. Because the marriage is occurring in the temple, it is a marriage of glory.

He loved to use that word “GLORIOUS,” and it will always remind us of him.

Both Mom and Dad deeply love their friends from the temple. They loved visiting other wards because they always had friends in every ward of every stake.

Last month when Dad wasn't feeling well, he considered missing a sealers meeting at the temple, but changed his mind. When he came home he told us that he was so glad that he attended. Elder Craig Christenson of the Seventy was presiding. They had a wonderful meeting, and came to realize that Dad had grown up in the same neighborhood with Elder Christenson's mother and that they had other close ties. While he was there, Elder Christenson offered to give him a blessing. Blessings are rare in the temple, but he received it gratefully and drew great comfort from the beautiful spirit of that blessing.

Now, whenever I attend the temple, I walk past the temple office and feel the urge to go in and visit with my parents. Dad often invited people into the President's office for instruction and advice or just to visit. He loved to discuss scriptures and doctrine with his family and friends. I know that I will always expect him to come walking around a corner or out of a door at the temple. In a fitting tribute, President Thomas Borquist told my father recently that his footprints are throughout the Newport Beach temple.

“Only the home can compare with the temple in sacredness” (Bible Dictionary) My parents brought the spirit that exists in the temple home with them. People who visit can literally feel it. Dad commented once that he felt that his living room was as sacred to him as the temple because it is a special room, clean and beautiful, saved for special occasions and specific purposes. Over the years, we have gathered there as a family for special priesthood blessings.

Last week, as our family rallied around my father at his home, one grandchild came often. She sat in his room with us and enjoyed the wonderful feelings of love that were there. As she left one night, she told her mom, “I love being here. I feel the same feeling here that I feel in the temple.” Even in his final days, he exuded the joy of the gospel and the spirit of the temple.