

PURE RELIGION

“I guess we done some good”

Helaman's Warrior Hunt, like any other missionary, wears a suit, white shirt, and a tie. Each day before he begins his work he says, “let's do some good today.”

But Elder Hunt is different from other missionaries. When he was a baby, massive bleeding in his brain combined with spinal meningitis caused doctors to proclaim that, if he were to survive, he would be a vegetable for the rest of his life—he would never smile, talk, sit up, or be able to do anything for himself.

But through the faith of his family and the blessings of the priesthood, Helaman survived. As he matured, it became apparent that not only could he smile, but he could laugh and speak. He even developed the use of his right hand.

As Helaman grew, his desire to serve a mission grew as well. But that goal, along with finding a place where her son could work, seemed to be impossible. His mother desperately tried to find a place for him but it seemed that everywhere she went, she heard the words that broke her heart, “We don't take those kind of people here.”

That was until the day she walked into the Welfare Square bishops' storehouse in Salt Lake City. There she saw several disabled people stocking shelves and assisting people to fill orders. Hesitantly, she asked the storehouse manager, “Do you think there is a place for us?”

A few days later, Helaman Hunt took the precious name badge in his right hand for the first time and placed it on the pocket of his suit coat. His dream had come true. He was a missionary.

For the last three years, Elder Hunt has served in a mission district composed of 18 special needs missionaries. Each day, those great souls arrive at Welfare Square where they don work aprons, and then go about their day serving others and doing good.



Sister Van Asperen launders and irons the aprons. Elders Briskey, Bean, Englehart, Fairbanks, and Keller stock shelves and fill plastic bags with potatoes, oranges, and other produce. Brother Montague separates the bishops' orders that come from 460 wards and 50 stakes. Sisters Alvarado and Madsen input orders into the computer and assist customers. Elder Hunt delights in throwing

cardboard boxes into the compactor and crushing them.

“What you feel when you come to Welfare Square,” one woman said, “is love.”

For her part, Sister Hunt knows that being at Welfare Square is a priceless blessing. For the last three years, she has worked alongside her son providing leadership and inspiration to the small mission district. “The worst feeling in the world,” she says, “is to feel that nobody needs you.”

Her firm belief is that everyone has something to offer. “No one should be sitting at home wondering who is going to make me happy today,” she says. “We need to give what is ours to give.”

Elder Hunt who always has a big smile on his face agrees. At the end of every day as he is traveling home he smiles at his mother and says, “I guess we done some good today.”



Elder Fairbanks puts five pounds of produce in a plastic bag



Sister Van Asperen irons the aprons for Welfare Square



Elder Helaman Hunt with his mother and father