

# Best Two Yarns

by Cory Bickmore  
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May I tell you a mission story?

We LDS young single adults LOOOOVE stories from the old mish, especially since no one in singles wards ever tells them during sacrament meeting talks, or Sunday School, or elders quorum meetings, or Relief Society, or shoot-the-bull sessions with roommates, or on dates, or to smelly strangers on the bus. I too can dispense tale after mission tale till the elders come home, and have done so with relish to the intense boredom of many former potential girlfriends.

Before I begin, I ask a favor. When a returned missionary like me commences with yet another anecdote from the “field”, please exercise patience. The mission represents by far the most significant event as yet in this young whippersnapper’s life, even beating out that high school prank where the whippersnapper and his henchmen carpeted the entire principal’s office with Kentucky bluegrass. Missions are that good.

On a side note, a friend of mine once confided when she’s suffering through a particularly dull date, she asks the guy about his mission. Mr. Oblivious launches into an avalanche of *Called to Serve* yarns while she tunes him out the rest of the evening, happy as a devil clam. I took this as an extraordinarily cruel tactic, and further proof women sure understand us men better than we do.

Oh yes, my story. Here we go:

## ***The Family of Elderado: The Lost Investigators of Gold***

*“When I was still a new missionary, as green as the dirt is brown, my companion and I were pedaling like the*

*wind from the local constable after we broke into the...”*

Hey, that reminds me! Tell me if I’m wrong on this, but I suspect a law of heaven somewhere dictates every missionary must endure one of THOSE companions—you know, the fellow whose peculiarities causes one to suspect, however briefly, that humanity evolved from monkeys after all. For example, my buddy James, while in France served with—and I am not kidding here—the Riddler. Seems James’ companion slipped away during a district meeting only to re-emerge shirtless and serious, his brilliant green chest spangled with purple question marks in an alarming imitation of Batman’s infamous adversary. He was, thankfully, still wearing pants.

Now, only this elder knew exactly why the Riddler was so needed in France at that particular time. Maybe he felt a bare-chested comic book villain would spruce up a lackluster district meeting. Or perhaps, and I believe this far more likely, he believed the Dark Knight himself had just arrived from the Missionary Training Center, a homesick, culture-shocked Dark Knight who could use a small taste of home. But who can tell, really? All I know is there he was, the Riddler, standing glorious on a folding metal chair. James, of course, crawled under a table and wished for death.

This brings up an excellent point: why can’t we have more superhero companions? Wow! Just imagine *that* door approach! “Hello. My name is Elder Pierce, and this is Elder Batman. May we come in and share a message of joy?”

What? The story. Sorry. Once again:

## ***Formelderhyde: A Stale Fable of the Mission Dinner Table***

*“Never take part in a leg-waxing party with the mission president’s assistants and your zone leader. This seldom turns out well...”*

Now that opening sounds like a moral. Hot dog! I suppose missionary stories ought to have morals, both the “trite-end-of-the-story-lesson” morals, as well as the regular “keep-the-commandments” variety.

What’s the moral of this column then? Is it “nary a Sabbath goes by in the singles ward world without someone sharing a rambling account of how he and his companion found themselves blessed after 36 consecutive hours of fruitless tracting in a downpour by stumbling across a hobo whose rich uncle wanted to introduce them to a celebrity whom the missionaries had taught the first two lessons fifty-three years ago but had lost track of them when they never returned after a double-transfer due to the imminent eruption of the nearby volcano, though it ultimately turned out be a false alarm”? No. It’s...

Flippy fetch. I’ve run out of space. You’ll have to find the moral next time when I share the always delightful ***Helder-Skelder 2: The Continuing Saga of the Great Missionary of Dance, Translated From the Original Scots Gaelic.***