

MY VISITING TEACHERS FOUND ME

When I was a young mother with a two-year-old son, I lived for a short time in Santa Catarina, Brazil, and knew very few members of the Church there. I lived in a growing but remote neighborhood, so there weren't many neighbors close to my house.

One day I began to feel ill and quickly became dehydrated. Soon I couldn't even get up to take care of my son or go to the nearest telephone on the street to call my husband. I began to pray, but with each attempt to get up, I felt weaker.

It wasn't long before my visiting teachers knocked at my door. They recognized immediately that they had been guided by Heavenly Father to find me. They prepared a remedy for me, helped me with my son, and washed the dishes. Then they told me that they had walked for quite a while to find my house and had thought about giving up, but the Spirit had told them not to.

By the time they left, I was already feeling better. Before they left, we said a prayer together.

They probably don't know how much they helped me and nurtured me spiritually with their example of kindness and promptness in listening to and heeding the voice of the Spirit. ■

Enilze do Rocio Ferreira da Silva,
Curitiba, Brazil



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