



LEAD ME, GUIDE ME

They may forget, yet will I not forget thee (1 Nephi 21:15).

By Anne-Mette Howland

(Based on a true story)

When I was 10 years old, my family moved from Denmark to Canada. We had lived there only a little while when two sisters who lived across the street from our new home invited me and my 12-year-old brother, Poul, to take a bus ride with them to see the city.

Poul and I were excited to go. My mother wasn't sure about the idea, but she finally gave in. Mother gave the two girls the money for our bus ride. She asked them to look after us because my brother and I didn't speak English yet. The girls promised they would take good care of us.

We all got on the bus and started the ride. After a while the bus stopped, and the girls motioned for us to get off. We followed them as we all started walking around the city.

Then suddenly the two girls started running in different directions! We tried to follow them, but they disappeared around unfamiliar corners. At first we thought they were just playing a trick on us and would soon come back. But after a while we

knew we were lost and on our own.

"Should we ask someone for directions?" I asked Poul.

"We can't speak English, and we don't know our address," he answered.

"Let's call Mother," I suggested, pointing to a nearby phone booth.

"We have no money, and we don't know our phone number," Poul said.

I started to cry. Poul put his arm around me. "Stay calm, Anne-Mette. Let's say a prayer."

We huddled together and asked Heavenly Father to help us find our way back home.

After the prayer Poul pointed down a street. "I feel we need to go this way," he said.

I started to cry again. How could he know which way to go?

Poul comforted me again. "You need to have faith that we will be guided," he said.

When he

said that, a feeling of peace came over me. I had the thought that I needed to have faith and let my brother guide me.

After walking a long time, we came to a pond. "Do you remember this pond?" Poul asked. "We drove past it on our way from the airport to our new home!"

I felt better hearing the excitement in his voice. We sat down by the pond and said another prayer.

Suddenly Poul looked into the distance. "Do you see that?" he shouted. He got up and started running, and I jumped up to follow him.

"What do you see?" I called.

"It's the Laundromat sign near our house!"

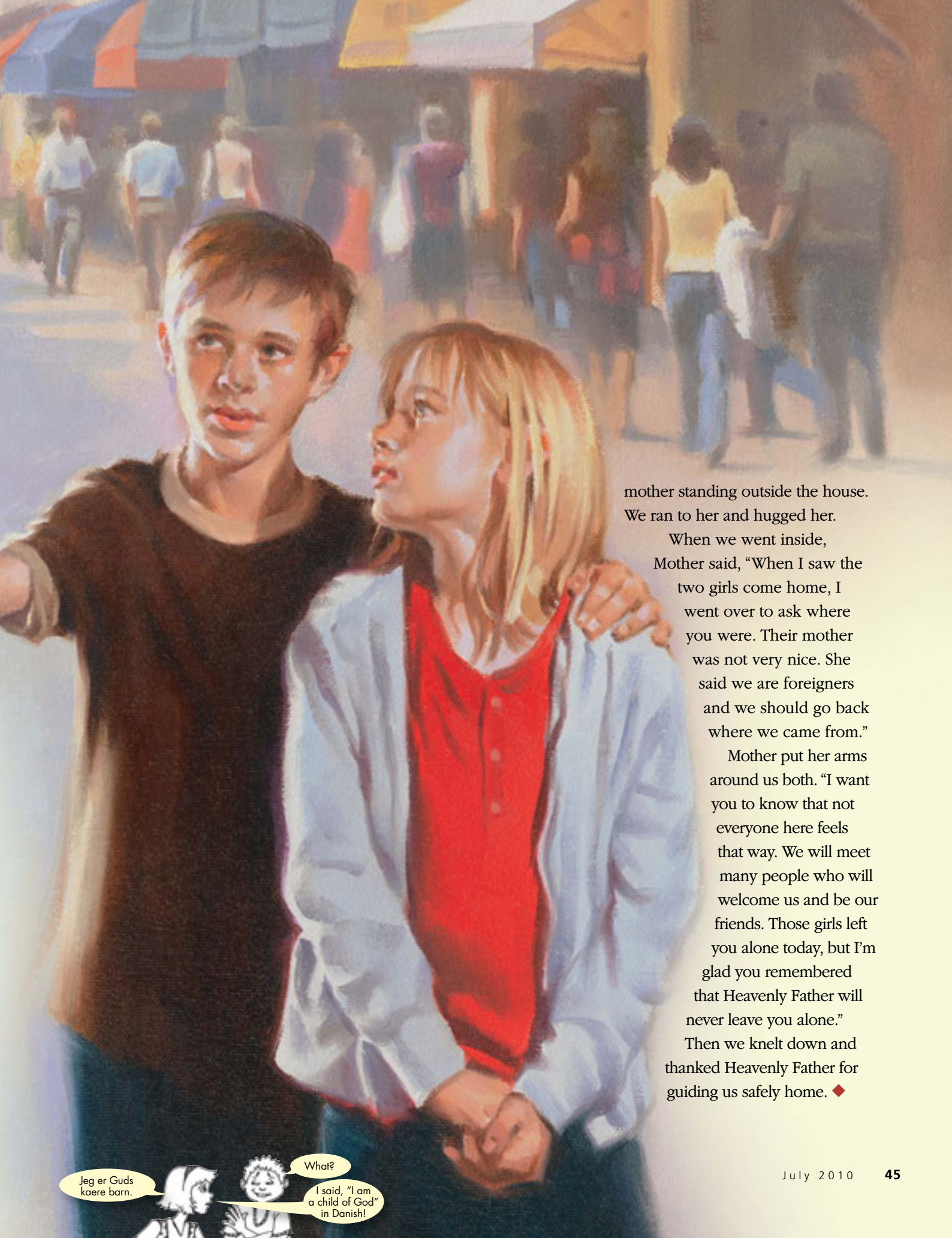
We followed the sign to our street, and soon we could see our



"Believe in yourselves. Believe that you are never alone. Believe that you will always be guided."⁴

Elaine S. Dalton, Young Women general president





mother standing outside the house. We ran to her and hugged her.

When we went inside, Mother said, "When I saw the two girls come home, I went over to ask where you were. Their mother was not very nice. She said we are foreigners and we should go back where we came from."

Mother put her arms around us both. "I want you to know that not everyone here feels that way. We will meet many people who will welcome us and be our friends. Those girls left you alone today, but I'm glad you remembered that Heavenly Father will never leave you alone."

Then we knelt down and thanked Heavenly Father for guiding us safely home. ♦

Jeg er Guds
kaere barn.

What?

I said, "I am
a child of God"
in Danish!