



FROM THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Remember the

Forget-Me-Not

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A while ago I was walking through a beautiful garden with my wife and daughter. I marveled at the glory and beauty of God's creation. And then I noticed, among all the glorious blooms, the tiniest flower. I knew the name of this flower because since I was a child I have had a tender connection to it. The flower is called forget-me-not.

I'm not exactly sure why this tiny flower has meant so much to me over the years. It does not attract immediate attention; it is easy to overlook among larger and more vibrant flowers; yet it is just as beautiful, with its rich color that mirrors that of the bluest skies.

As a child, when I would look at the little forget-me-nots, I sometimes felt a little like that flower—small and insignificant. I wondered if I would be forgotten by my family or by my Heavenly Father.

Years later I can look back on that young boy with tenderness and compassion. And I do know now—I was never forgotten.

And I know something else: as an Apostle of our Master, Jesus Christ, I proclaim with all the certainty and conviction of my heart—neither are you!

You are not forgotten.

No matter how insignificant you may feel, your Heavenly Father has not forgotten you. He loves you with an infinite love.

He who created and knows the stars knows you and your name.

Never forget that your Heavenly Father knows, loves, and cherishes you. ◆

From an October 2011 general Relief Society meeting address.

