

SING YOUR FAVORITE HYMN

I had just given birth to our daughter, Rebekah. My labor had been intense, and I was exhausted.

When Rebekah was placed in my arms, I had the overwhelming feeling that I should sing my favorite hymn, “I Am a Child of God” (*Hymns*, no. 301). My initial response was, “No, I’m too tired. I’ll sing it to her later.” But then the thought came again. So, though I was exhausted, I began singing the first verse. My husband and my mother joined me.

When we finished the song, I felt a special feeling in the room. Even the doctor, who until that point had been professional and rather aloof, had tears streaming down her face. She thanked us for singing such a beautiful song. She said that in all the years she had been delivering

babies, she had never felt as she did at that moment.

I reflected on that experience and wondered if I should find a recording of the hymn and give it to her. Unfortunately, I became busy with life and forgot about it.

Then the day arrived for my postpartum checkup. As the doctor walked into the room, her face lit up, and she gave me a hug. She said she hadn’t been able to get that song out of her mind and had even tried to find the music on the Internet so she could sing it to her family. That’s when the Holy Ghost reminded me that I should have gotten a copy of the music for her. I promised her that within the week I would be back with the music.

That night I

prayed for help to find the arrangement of the song that would be best for her. The next afternoon I ordered a CD that features the song. When it arrived in the mail a few days later, I couldn’t wait to give it to her.

She was thrilled to receive it and thanked me for the gift. She told me that she wasn’t sure why, but this song was very important for her to share with her family. As we continued to talk, I shared with her not only my love for the song but also my testimony of the simple truths it teaches.

As I drove home that day, I felt the love of our Heavenly Father for one of His daughters—my doctor. He knows and loves her, and He wants her to understand that she too can return to live with Him once more. ■

Angela Olsen Center, Ohio, USA

When we finished the song, the doctor, who until that point had been professional and rather aloof, had tears streaming down her face.



Why would Heavenly Father not “always” watch over us and warn us?



HIS PROMISE OF ALWAYS

As I sat in sacrament meeting pondering the prayer on the bread, the words kept repeating themselves in my mind: “that they may always have his Spirit to be with them” (Moroni 4:3; D&C 20:77).

“Always,” it said—not just at certain times. Why, then, several months earlier, had my husband and I not been prompted regarding how to protect our 11-year-old son before he was killed in a bicycle-automobile accident? Why would Heavenly Father not “always” watch over us and warn us?

I had been taught in Primary and believed that the Holy Ghost would protect us. He would use the still, small voice to watch over, guide, and warn us of danger. This thought had been in my mind since Ben had

passed away. I missed him very much, and my heart ached for understanding and peace.

Where was my warning voice? Where was the Holy Ghost? I felt that we were doing our best to be righteous. We paid our tithing, attended our meetings, and served whenever we were asked. We were far from perfect, but we held family home evening and scripture study. We were trying.

About this time I was sitting in a Relief Society class when the teacher told a story of a close relative. While waiting at a stoplight, the relative had felt a distinct impression to stay where she was as the light turned green. She heeded the prompting, and almost immediately a large truck came barreling through the intersection, running a red light. Had she not heard and obeyed that voice, she and her children might have been hurt or even killed.

This story hit me hard, but as I sat in my chair in tears preparing to stand and leave the room, a great comfort washed over me. I felt peace that the Holy Ghost had indeed been with me. In my case He had not been there as a warning voice but as a comforter.

From the time of Ben’s accident, I had felt strength beyond my own and had been comforted by my Heavenly Father’s love. I lacked understanding at times of why certain things happen, but I had never doubted His love.

I have faith that God understands all things and will never leave me comfortless. The Holy Ghost plays many roles in our lives. He can protect us, but He also guides us, comforts us, teaches us, and provides understanding and other blessings.

I learned that Heavenly Father does keep His promises. He had “always” been with me. ■

Robyn Casper, Utah, USA



I noticed two boys about five and seven years old running through the store parking lot with tears streaming down their faces.

THE SPIRIT WHISPERED TO ME

“Hey, guys! Come back!” a frantic voice called out.

I turned to notice two boys about five and seven years old running through the store parking lot with tears streaming down their faces. The salesman looked concerned as he called to them.

As I turned back toward my car, the Spirit whispered, “You can be of help here.” The whisper was quiet yet so clear that a moment later I was running through the parking lot toward the boys.

I found the older one standing by a brown minivan. I approached and knelt beside him.

“Hi. My name is Christina. Are you OK?”

At my words, he cried harder and hid his face in his arm. The salesman and the other boy joined us.

“I think they only speak French,” the salesman told me. “We just found

them running through the store, lost.”

I repeated my introduction to the children in French. French was my first language, but I hadn’t spoken it since I was adopted into an English-speaking family as a small child. Normally, my French is poor. At that moment though, it was neither clumsy nor stilted. The words were clear in my mind and my voice as I comforted the boys.

Between sobs, the older boy explained in a quick torrent of words that he and his brother could not find their parents anywhere in the store and had run outside looking for them. As I listened, I became vaguely aware of how amazing it was that I was not only conversing freely in French but also readily understanding and consoling two frightened children.

“They’ve lost their parents and want to wait for them here at their car,” I told the salesman. The little boy told

me the names of his parents, which I gave to the salesman so he could page them. A few minutes later the boy spotted his father coming out of the store and ran to meet him.

As I followed the boy to his father, I found that I could no longer manage even a good-bye in French. I tried in vain to say anything the boys could understand, but I could say nothing more than a few random words. Finally, I resorted to English, saying to the boy, “Bye. It was nice to meet you.”

As I left the boys with their parents, I was full of gratitude. Heavenly Father had worked through me to comfort two of His little ones. I was humbled that the Lord could magnify my limited abilities to fulfill His purposes. I was grateful to witness what can happen as we offer ourselves to Him when called upon, even in the most unlikely of settings. ■

Christina Albrecht Earhart, Washington, USA

WE MUST GO TO THE TEMPLE NOW!

One Sunday morning a recently baptized member was introduced to the ward. Her name was Lydia. She won our hearts at once.

Lydia was older and blind from years of battling diabetes. She quickly came to know ward members by their voices and footsteps. She would say our names and shake our hands, and we never alluded to the fact that she was blind.

After the required year's wait, Lydia met with the bishop and the stake president to receive her temple recommend. In Relief Society one Sunday, she pulled me down beside her and exclaimed, "The stake president told me I must go to the temple as soon as possible. Will you take me?"

It was the first week of December—busy times were upon all of us. I tried to make the usual excuses and said, "Couldn't we wait until January?"

"No, we must go now!"

"The stake president told me I must go to the temple as soon as possible," Lydia said. "Will you take me?"

A group of women from the ward went to the temple every month, so I approached them about making the trip with Lydia. They were also very busy. But Lydia, with tears in her eyes, again told us the stake president had told her to go as soon as possible.

At that we all agreed to make the 150-mile (241 km) trip the following week. On the way, we filled the van with the chatter and friendship of eight women. Lydia was overjoyed by her temple experience and the blessing of receiving her endowment.

The first week of January, Lydia's condition worsened and she entered the hospital for emergency care. A week

later she was gone. But Lydia went with the eternal blessings she had received in the temple just a few weeks earlier.

Later I related to the stake president the story of our trip and told him how impressed I was that he had felt prompted to tell Lydia she must go to the temple immediately.

"I really didn't mean she must go now," he responded. "I always tell new recommend holders to go to the temple soon. The Spirit spoke to Lydia, not me!"

Lydia taught us all to listen to the Spirit and to act upon it immediately.

I am thankful for her reminder to listen to the still, small voice. ■
Mary Holmes Ewen, California, USA

