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GO HELP HER

I stood in line at a gas station. In front of me, a mother with two small children asked for \$3 worth of gas and two vanilla ice cream cones.

At first glance I could see that they had very little. The children were barefoot and wearing tattered clothing.

I heard the woman place what seemed to be an infinite number of coins on the counter to pay her bill.

After paying for my gas, I walked out and glanced at the mother's car. It was an older model that likely got very poor gas mileage.

I felt a twinge of sympathy for this mother of two, but I started my motorcycle and went on with my day.

Less than a minute into my ride on

the highway, a voice came to me: "Go help her." The prompting came twice.

I shook my head, thinking that she had probably already left. What would I say to her anyway?

The voice came clearly a third time: "Go help her!"

I turned back toward the service station, trying to figure out what I was going to say if she was still there.

Upon arriving, I saw that her car doors were open. She was in the driver's seat, and her two small children were enjoying their ice cream in the backseat.

I offered a small prayer, asking Heavenly Father what I should say.

The same voice said to me, "Introduce

yourself and ask if she needs help." I approached her car and introduced myself. I shared with her that I felt impressed to ask her if she needed help.

She began to cry and said, "I just finished praying to Jesus, asking Him to send someone to help me."

Heavenly Father had answered her prayer. I paid to fill up her tank with gas and gave her the phone number of someone in our elders quorum who was hiring at the time. I do not know what happened with this young mother afterward, but I am grateful I followed the prompting to help her. ■

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