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## “JUMP IN THE RIVER!”

One day my grandmother asked me to take some food she had prepared to my aunt. It was a hot Saturday afternoon, and there were a lot of other things I wanted to do instead of go on an errand for my grandmother. I told her to ask one of my cousins to go instead, but she insisted that it should be me.

An hour passed, and I began to feel that I should do what my grandmother had asked. I picked up the food and made my way to my aunt's house. It was far away, and when I arrived, I didn't plan on staying long.

I found my aunt and her five-month-old baby in a hammock tied to two young mango trees. The trees

were beside a river that ran behind the house. I walked toward them to deliver the food. Suddenly, the ropes to the hammock broke. My aunt and her baby rolled into the river. Fear gripped me. I didn't know how to swim, and no one was around to help. I didn't know what to do.

Immediately, I heard the voice of the Spirit: “Jump in!”

Without a second thought, I jumped. Fortunately, I found the baby in just a couple of seconds, and my aunt was able to get out of the water. As I came out of the water with the baby, I couldn't believe what had just happened. I jumped in a river when I didn't know how to swim, but because

I listened to the Spirit, my baby cousin and I were saved from drowning.

I realized how important it is to recognize and listen to the direction and inspiration that God gives to us through the Holy Ghost. I am grateful that I eventually did what my grandmother asked and took the food to my aunt's house. I know we must make efforts to be sensitive to spiritual promptings so we can be the hands of God to help His children. ■

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## FEELING AT HOME AGAIN

I was not prepared for my brother's phone call. "Mom just passed away," he said. "She fell and hit her head."

I was shocked. My mom was gone at age 60, and I had just talked with her the night before. I kept asking myself why this had happened. I couldn't understand why she had to leave me. I was angry! I dwelled on my anger for several weeks.

Eventually, I decided who was to blame. It was God's fault. He took her away from me too soon. My mom missed many milestones in my life, and I thought it was because of Him. I was not a member of the Church at the time, but I was a devout Christian. Instead of relying on God for strength,

I turned away from Him and shut Him out of my life.

I missed my mom so much. As I was growing up, my home with my parents was a safe place. No matter where I was or what I was doing, every time I talked with my mom or spent time with her, I felt at home. Now that "at home" feeling I loved was gone.

Years went by, and I lost my faith almost entirely. I tried to understand why my mom had to die, but nothing brought me peace. Then, for about one week, the following thought repeatedly came to my mind: I needed to look heavenward for understanding. I told this to my dear friend who was a member of the

Church. She asked if I would like to learn more about her faith.

I didn't realize it right away, but the Spirit woke up my soul from a sound sleep. The more I learned about the gospel, the more I felt I had found a safe place again. The feeling of being "at home" returned.

I was baptized in May 2013. I am grateful that my faith returned. I no longer turn my back on God. Instead, I embrace Him. I am still saddened by my mom's sudden passing, but because of my faith in God, I know that I will one day be "at home" with my mom and my family forever. ■

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