

## A SCOUTMASTER'S PRAYER

I was a Scoutmaster leading 20 young men and two leaders on an activity trip in southern Utah, USA.

When we got to the turnoff that would take us to the campsite, I stopped and surveyed the desert in front of me. I had made this trip many times, but for some reason, I couldn't see anything that I recognized. I scanned left and right, looking for something familiar.

No matter how many roads I turned onto, they were all dead ends.

It was getting dark. Finally, I stopped and told everyone to stay

put. I grabbed a flashlight and told them that I'd find the road on foot and signal to them once I had found the way.

What I actually did was kneel down and beg Heavenly Father to help us out of this awkward situation. I poured my heart out to Him, detailing my preparedness, my love for the boys, my gratitude for the fathers who had come with us, and my absolute faith that He would answer my prayer quickly. I finished my prayer and stood up. I expected to get up off my knees, point my flashlight out into the

darkness, and have the beam immediately fall upon the right road.

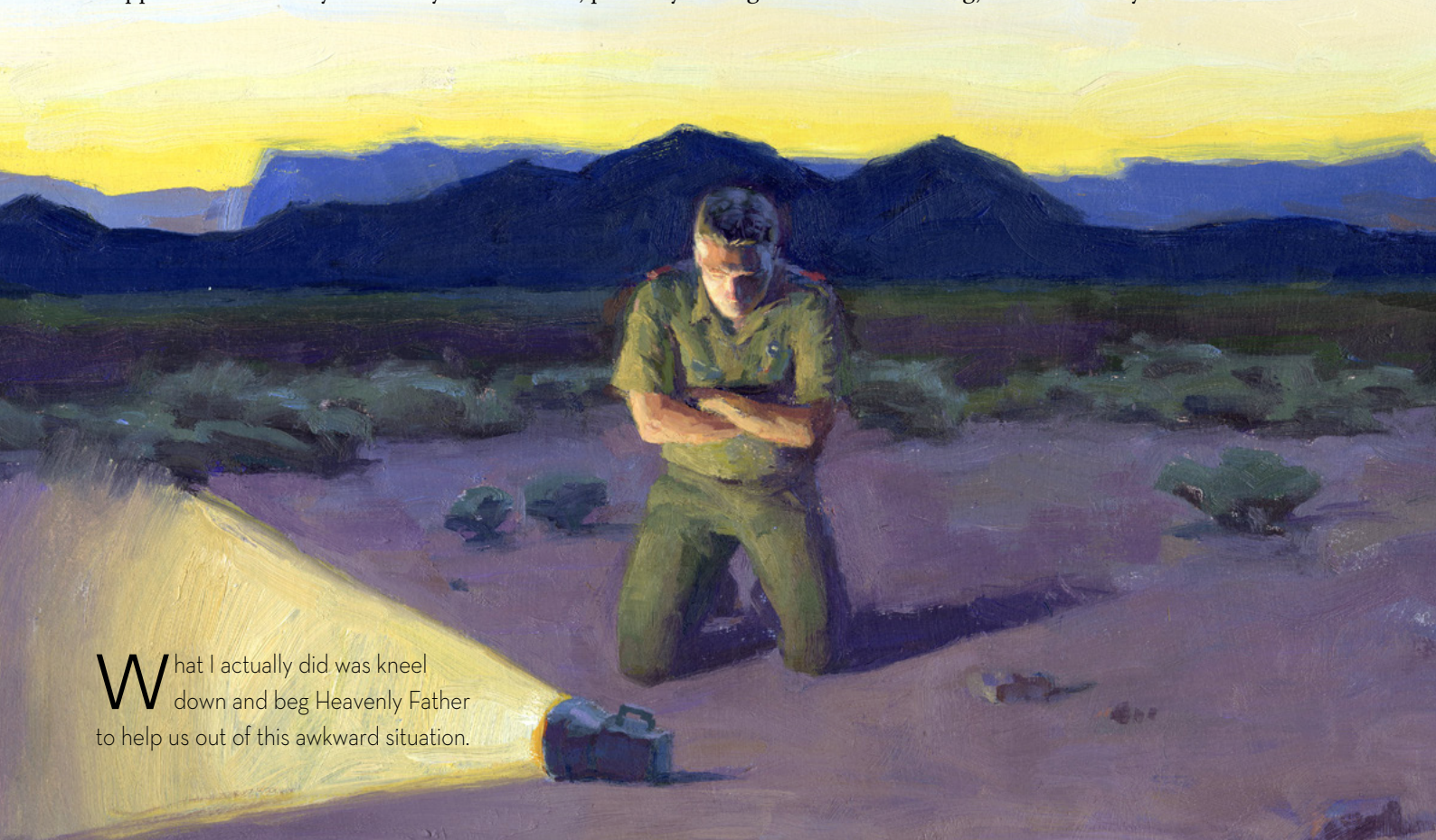
But nothing happened.

I silently scanned the horizon as far as my beam would reach.

Still nothing.

I couldn't believe it. I *knew* that as soon as I stood up, I would see the road. I *knew* that the Lord would not let me down, especially with so many people depending on me.

I now had to face two frustrated fathers and their vans full of rowdy, anxious young men, all of them asking, "Are we there yet?"



What I actually did was kneel down and beg Heavenly Father to help us out of this awkward situation.

I apologized and assured them that I had made this trip 20 times in my life and that I knew the road was there. I just couldn't see it.

Finally, we decided to drive into town and rent two motel rooms. We would start out fresh on Saturday morning.

Since we couldn't build fires to cook the campfire dinners we brought, we went to the local pizza place we'd seen at the end of town.

The pizza was delicious and the boys were happy, but I still felt guilty about the motel and dinner bills.

As we ate, I wondered why Heavenly Father hadn't answered my prayer, when suddenly I heard a loud boom.

I got up, swung open the door of the pizza place, and saw the biggest downpour of rain I had ever seen. There were lightning bolts to the northwest—right toward where I had been praying for an answer not an hour earlier. At that moment, the Spirit came over me, and I realized that the Lord *had* answered my prayer!

The next morning, the sky was blue, and as we headed back into the maze of dirt roads, I drove straight to the exact turnoff I had been searching for the night before. I know now how prayers are sometimes answered with a no, but they are *always* answered. ■

Tony Rogerson, Utah, USA

Sleep  
Restart  
Shut Down

Log Out



I had reclaimed a lot of time—time that I was now spending caring for and playing with my children, reading, and studying.



## ADJUSTING MY PRIORITIES

Shortly after I started our family blog, I found myself spending all of my free time updating it and thinking about how to make it more creative or appealing. I spent a great deal of time reading others' blogs too.

Within a few weeks, blogging had taken priority over my daily scripture study and other reading. I couldn't concentrate while studying, I didn't want to read as much, and I felt a lack of the Spirit in my life. I had less patience with my children, and the time I should have been spending with them, I was spending on the computer.

It wasn't that blogging was inappropriate; after all, it is a great way to stay in touch with family and friends. But since I could feel my focus shift away from things that would give me a strong spiritual foundation, I knew something needed to change.

I started by admitting to myself that I didn't need to blog every day and that I didn't need to check other people's blogs daily either. I decided

I could still spend free time on the computer but only after I had finished my scripture study and other reading. By the time I got the most important things done, there usually wasn't much time for blogging, but that was OK. I had reclaimed a lot of time—time that I was now spending caring for and playing with my children, reading, and studying.

After just a few days of adjusted priorities, I noticed that I was feeling the Spirit more abundantly in my life again.

I know that as I make a priority each day of doing what will benefit me spiritually, I will feel the Spirit more and more on a daily basis. I know that making time for studying the scriptures, reading Church magazines and other good literature, and thinking about things that matter eternally can help me be a better wife, a better mother, and a better member of the Lord's Church. ■

Jinny Davis, Texas, USA