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WAS MY MEAL TOO SIMPLE?

For a couple of years, I visit taught a neighbor and friend named Sister Morgan. She was a few decades my senior, so I learned as much from her and her life as she did from my visiting teaching messages.

While I was her visiting teacher, Sister Morgan was diagnosed with cancer. I marveled at how bravely she endured her medical treatments and how she almost always had a smile on her face.

During one of my visits, she mentioned that the following day was her wedding anniversary. Our conversation soon led to other things, and our visit ended.

The next afternoon I felt prompted to take what I was cooking for dinner to Sister Morgan and her husband for their anniversary. At first I ignored the prompting because I was cooking an ordinary weekday meal. Surely such simple food would not do justice to such a special occasion.

But the prompting would not leave me. I called my husband at work, hoping he would agree that the idea was a bad one. Instead, he encouraged me to call Sister Morgan and tell her I was bringing over dinner.

Embarrassment over my simple meal and what I thought was presumptive behavior on my part kept me from calling my friend, but I could not shake the feeling that I should share my dinner. So I put the food on a serving dish and nervously walked across the street.

As I entered their yard, I found Brother and Sister Morgan getting into their car. I announced that I had brought dinner for their anniversary and that I hoped they didn't mind.

A smile spread over Sister Morgan's face. She explained that they had resigned themselves to celebrating their anniversary at a local fast-food restaurant because her cancer treatments

left her too tired to cook or go anywhere else. She looked relieved to be able to stay home for dinner.

A sense of relief and happiness washed over me as they accepted my simple meal.

Not more than two months later, just as Sister Morgan had completed her cancer treatments, her dear husband passed away from a sudden illness. Their anniversary just weeks before was their last.

I learned a great deal that summer about following the Spirit's still, small voice in serving others. The service we are asked—or prompted—to give may be uncomfortable, inconvenient, or simple in our eyes, but it may be just what is needed. This experience gave me courage to serve in any capacity the Lord needs me, and it increased my faith to do "the errand of angels" ("As Sisters in Zion," *Hymns*, no. 309). ■

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