

YOU MUST PRAY

On January 12, 2010, Heavenly Father showed me His power after a four-story concrete building collapsed around and on me following a terrible earthquake that devastated Haiti.

While I was crying out under the weight of the rubble, a peaceful voice spoke to me: “Jimmy, why don’t you pray instead of shout?”

I couldn’t stop shouting, however, because I was afraid I was going to die within a few minutes. The voice, which sounded like a good friend motivated by a great desire to help, spoke to me again: “Jimmy, you must pray.”

The pain in my legs was becoming unbearable, and I was running

out of oxygen in the darkness that surrounded me. The voice came one more time: “Jimmy, you must pray.”

At that moment I stopped resisting. In a feeble voice I said: “Heavenly Father, Thou knowest my strength, and Thou knowest how long I can bear this pain. I ask Thee, please take this pain from me. In the name of Jesus Christ, amen.”

Immediately after uttering this simple prayer, I fell asleep. I don’t remember what happened after that, but when I awoke from a profound sleep, the pain was gone. A short while later, rescuers found me as they searched for victims among

the ruins of my office building.

Afterward I learned that of the five employees on the second floor of the Port-au-Prince building where I worked, I was the only one who came out of the debris alive. Because of my injuries, I lost one of my legs and spent several months in the hospital. But I know that the Holy Ghost prompted me to pray and that Heavenly Father answered that prayer.

I can testify that Heavenly Father answers our prayers in His own way and according to His own desires—wherever we are and whenever we pray. ■

Jimmy Saint Louis, Haiti



WHAT I LEARNED CHANGED MY HEART

After the death of our 18-year-old son, Jaxon, I reflected deeply on the quality and direction of my life. I had a child in the eternities, and I had an intense desire to live my life in a way so that someday we could again enjoy our family relationship. I also wanted to better understand the scriptures so that they would guide my life.

I am not quite sure when my interest in the heart began, but it was fueled by the hope of seeing our son again. As I read the Book of Mormon, I began to notice how the heart was used symbolically as the condition of a person's life or a people's direction or condition.

Every time the heart was mentioned, whether hard or soft, I would make a little red heart in the margin. I began to see patterns. When the hearts of the people were softened, they had strength to handle adversity, their love for others increased, and they became kinder and gentler. I learned that repentance is what changes hearts as we call upon the Savior and His atoning sacrifice.


I enjoyed a wonderful journey through the Book of Mormon. What I learned changed my heart, which has changed my life. What I learned has also helped me in my professional work as I assist couples through their

challenges. I have come to understand that I can teach and remind couples about the common principles that bring marital satisfaction and true intimacy. But until they bring a soft heart to their marriage, change has little chance of occurring or enduring.

Since the time I made the hearts in the margins of my Book of Mormon, I have returned often to reread those passages and have continued to learn from those verses. I have even found new heart passages that I missed on the first reading, which reminds me that there will always be something new in the scriptures to learn, understand, and apply.

Most significant, I am reminded of the love of my Heavenly Father and my Savior. Because of that love, I will have my family forever. I know this with all of my heart, for which I am deeply grateful. ■

Darcy Logan, Alaska, USA



The pain in my legs was becoming unbearable, and I was running out of oxygen in the darkness that surrounded me.



After quickly cleaning and buffing my companion's shoes, I would carefully put them back where they were.

MY COMPANION'S CELESTIAL SHOES

Years ago, after leaving the Provo Missionary Training Center, I arrived in Florida feeling prepared and excited to get started in the mission field. When I met my new companion, we had many of the same interests and our companionship seemed like a perfect fit.

After a few weeks, however, I noticed some differences. For example, I was ready to go tracting every day, but my companion was not so enthusiastic about knocking on doors. In fact, even though he was the senior companion, he chose not to do much of it.

I also noticed that my companion seemed to talk a lot about himself. His family was financially well-off, and he had experienced many things

that I, coming from lesser circumstances, had not.

These things started to develop some uncomfortable feelings inside of me, almost to the level of resentment. Harboring resentment toward my companion affected me spiritually, especially while I was attempting to teach the gospel. I had to do something. At first I considered talking to my companion and simply venting all my frustrations. But I chose a different approach.

Each morning my companion and I would take turns showering and preparing for the day. While he was in the shower, I decided to sneak over to the foot of his bed and shine his wingtip shoes. After quickly cleaning and buffing them, I would carefully put his

shoes back where they were. I did this every morning for about two weeks.

During this time I noticed that my resentment began to leave. As I served my companion, my heart began to change. I said nothing to him about my little act of service. One day, however, my companion mentioned that he must have been blessed with "celestial shoes" because they never seemed to get dirty.

I learned two great lessons from this experience. First, I learned that the real problem was within me—even though the catalyst for my feelings came from outside. My companion was fine.

Second, I knew that we generally serve those we love. But I didn't realize that the same principle works in reverse: we come to love those we serve. ■

Michael Reid, Arizona, USA

I RECOGNIZED THE PROPHET'S VOICE

One Sunday night about three months after I had moved from my native Mexico to the United States to attend school, I flipped through several radio stations trying to find some good Sunday music. As I listened to several local stations, I heard a familiar voice and stopped.

I suspected that the voice was that of President Gordon B. Hinckley (1910–2008), who was President of the Church at the time. I realized that it was odd for me to be able to distinguish his voice. I was accustomed to listening to general conference, Church Educational System firesides, and other Church broadcasts through the voice of a Spanish interpreter speaking over the speaker's voice. Yet somehow I knew the voice on the radio was that of President Hinckley.

I wasn't yet fluent enough in English to understand what he was saying, but I listened to the talk on the radio anyway. His voice brought a feeling

of peace. When the talk ended, the radio announcer said, "We have just heard President Gordon B. Hinckley."

I knew that the Lord speaks through His servants and that whether the message comes by His voice or that of His prophets, it is the same (see D&C 1:38).

I thought about how unusual it was that I had recognized President Hinckley's voice. Having done so made me realize that I always want to be able to recognize the voice the

Lord uses to communicate with His children—regardless of the source.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me," the Savior said (John 10:27).

In a world filled with many voices—many "stations"—to flip through, I hope I can always be attuned to recognize the voice of my Shepherd and His servants and to be willing to follow their counsel. ■

Miriam Ruiz, Utah, USA

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