

# SERVICE COMES FROM THE HEART

BY LACY  
DOUGLASS

**M**ichael and his mom moved into our ward when he was 11. Like the other boys in the ward, he was excited to receive the Aaronic Priesthood and pass the sacrament when he turned 12. But unlike the other boys, passing the sacrament would be a challenge for him.



Michael was born prematurely and suffered such severe brain damage that doctors doubted he'd develop normally. The fact that Michael has cognitive skills at the same level as his peers is nothing short of a miracle, but he still deals with physical limitations.

Michael can walk only with assistance, and he needs help taking care of basic needs. Still, he attends church, participates in his classes, and shares his testimony with others.

When Michael was ordained a deacon, some people in our ward wondered how he would be able to pass the sacrament with the rest of the boys his age. One of his fellow deacons found a solution. This young man pushed Michael's wheelchair down the aisles of the chapel as Michael passed the sacrament tray.

We watched with tears in our eyes as Michael served us, and his friend served him. We learned that day that true service comes not only from hands, arms, or legs. Service also comes from the heart. **NE**

## HE LIVES

BY CAMILLE SHOSTED

I had the opportunity to sing "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" (*Hymns*, no. 136) at the General Young Women's Meeting in March 2000. As we practiced this hymn, it began to take on a different meaning to me, and the words have touched my life.

## WALKING OUT

BY ANNA JEFFERIES

I breathed hard as my math teacher talked about our upcoming activity.

"I know most of you young people listen to rap," he said. "It's not very good music, and it's often hard to leave it alone."

He wanted to show us how bad it was by having the class count the seconds to the first swear word of each song. He explained that after we collected the data we were going to put it into graphs.

"Now, I expect you all to be mature about this," he lectured. "But if anyone's uncomfortable or you know your parents wouldn't approve, you can take your book and go into the hall."

I gripped my chair. I knew I couldn't stay here—but I was afraid to move. No one else seemed to be thinking the same thing I was. "I'll be the only one if I leave," I told myself.

I rationalized that maybe it would be okay if my teacher stopped the

The beginning of the hymn says, "He lives, who once was dead." That is a powerful statement because so many people don't believe in Christ's Resurrection. I feel so blessed because I do. The hymn goes on to say, "He lives to wipe away my tears." It doesn't say He will take

song after the first swear word.

I was so petrified to stand up that I lost my chance to leave. The first song came on, and I felt my heart sink as the Spirit disappeared from the room.

The song ended, and its data was written on the board. Before I could think, another song blared curse words through the speakers. I couldn't take it anymore. I knew that this kind of music drove away the Spirit, and that Heavenly Father didn't want me listening to it. I picked up my book and asked the teacher if I could leave. As I walked out of the room, the Spirit returned, and I knew I had done the right thing. **NE**

them away, but to me it means He will stand by us, listen, and comfort us in our times of need.

There is power and strength in the words of this hymn. It has strengthened my testimony. I know that Jesus Christ lives and loves us and that He will always help us. **NE**



# FAITH OF A CHILD

BY KATY L. JEPSON

A few years ago, my family and I were driving home when we decided to stop by a friend's house to see their new baby goats. My little sisters, in their excitement, managed to lock the keys in the van. We were far from home, and my dad was working, so he couldn't bring us his set of keys.

My mother started to get frustrated. She enlisted the help of a local fireman who tried for 45 minutes to unlock the door, but to no avail. He threw a hopeless glance at my mother, said he was sorry, and walked back to the fire station across the street.

Once the fireman had retreated, six-year-old Leah plopped herself down on her knees and proceeded to offer a fervent prayer to help us get home.

My mother watched in

silence and gave Leah a giant hug as soon as she was finished.

About 10 minutes later, my mother's friend pulled up. Her husband emerged from the car and asked what the problem was. After we explained, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his keys. "I used to have an old Ford van just like this one. I still have the keys. Shall we give it a try?" We were all for it, and, miracle of miracles, the key fit!

We gave out a whoop and piled into the van. As my mom started the engine, little Leah approached her and said, "See, Mommy? Heavenly Father always helps us when we ask him."

Once she heard these words, my mother's eyes filled with tears. She praised Leah for doing the right thing. Leah taught us all a very important lesson that day—to turn to our Father in Heaven. We should all remember to have the faith of a little child. **NE**

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[newera@ldschurch.org](mailto:newera@ldschurch.org)

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New Era, Instant Messages  
50 E. North Temple St., Rm. 2420  
Salt Lake City, UT 84150-3220, USA

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