



## SHARING IN THE SALON

**O**ne day I was getting my hair done at a salon and I started talking to the woman shampooing my hair. We were talking about my summer plans and came

across the subject of the Church. I told her a little bit about what we, as Latter-day Saints, believe. Before, when I had been waiting to get my hair done, I had been reading the Book of Mormon in the waiting room. So when the topic of church came up in my conversation with this woman, the Book of Mormon came up too. She had no idea what it was about. I continued to tell her the basics of what the Book of Mormon holds. She was very open to what I had to say and willing to listen.

I had a strong feeling that I needed to give her a Book of Mormon. I had one of the blue copies the missionaries usually share! It was perfect to give to her. After my hair was done, I sat down and wrote my testimony on the inside cover of the Book of Mormon. As I was leaving the salon, I gave the book to her and invited her to read it.

A couple months later, a Church member I know who works in the salon saw a Book of Mormon in the break room. She picked it up, and on the inside cover she saw a testimony with my name at the end. It's good to know the woman still has it, and I hope she felt inspired to read it.

I continue to pray for her, and I hope she will feel of the Spirit. It brings so much joy to my life when I can be a missionary and a tool in the Lord's hands. I hope all of us can achieve the happiness that comes along with sharing the gospel with another (see D&C 18:15–16).

**Lauren K., Missouri, USA**

# PEACE THROUGH PRAYER

“**W**hat hymn do you want to play?”  
“Um, ‘Sweet Hour of Prayer?’”

I could not believe I was doing this. I had just turned 12, and Mutual was a new experience for me. Even though I was eager to participate in my youth activities, I wasn’t sure that I was prepared to play the piano in Mutual.

I was extremely nervous, and several of the harmonies were off-key. I had only a few measures left, but I was not sure how I could go on. I said a short prayer in my heart, and suddenly playing this hymn was a lot easier than it had been before. My playing was still not perfect, but I was calm and was able to finish the hymn with ease.

“Sweet Hour of Prayer” is a beautifully inspiring hymn. I love the section that reads: “In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief . . . By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!” (“Sweet Hour of Prayer,” *Hymns*, no. 142).” It is a great reminder that prayer is a blessing from our Heavenly Father.

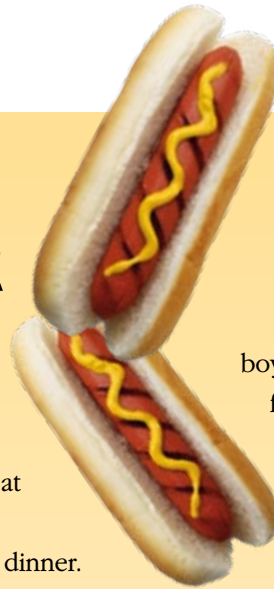
While I was playing this hymn on that Tuesday night, I was given a powerful reminder that prayers

# HEIMLICH MANEUVER

**L**ast summer, my family and I were on vacation in California. While shopping at a local grocery store, we decided to eat hot dogs for dinner. I was starving, and I love hot dogs, so the first bite that I took was a huge one. I swallowed it wrong and started choking. I had to get my mom’s attention by making the universal sign for choking for her to notice. When she saw me she jumped up and started the Heimlich maneuver. After she tried a couple of times, the hot dog popped out, and I could breathe again. It was a really emotional, scary experience. For a few months after that, I wouldn’t even wear the shirt I had been wearing when I choked, because of the bad memory.

Six months later, I was at school, sitting at lunch with a group of friends. All of a sudden there was commotion in a corner of the lunchroom. I looked over and saw that a

are an important blessing that can change our lives. Although being able to play that hymn was not in itself a life-changing experience, the reminder I received that night



boy was bending over and flapping his arms.

Everyone who was watching was in shock, standing around just watching the uncomfortable scene.

I got the impression that this boy could be choking. I jumped up from my table, ran over to the boy, and made the choking sign as a question to him. He nodded his head. I quickly got behind him and started doing the Heimlich maneuver. The food came up, and he started breathing again. The lunchroom erupted in applause, but I knew that it wasn’t me. I knew the Spirit prompted me to do what I did.

I am so grateful for what I learned from the experience during the summer so that I was prepared when the situation in the lunchroom happened. It added to my testimony that the Lord allows everyone opportunities to have experiences so they can then use them to help others.

was powerful and has helped me to remember that prayers are a blessing that can make a real impact in our lives.

**Rachel D., Utah, USA**