



RAPPELLING THROUGH FEAR

I used to work at a camp where I helped campers rappel (or abseil) down a 100-foot cliff, a difficult and terrifying task for some. Most of them struggle with it for one reason: they lack trust. When rappelling, you need to trust your partners, the gear, the rope, the belay, and the carabiner. But most importantly, you need to trust yourself—or nothing can be accomplished.

Many people who approach the cliff come with wide eyes and shaking hands. But before they can scramble away in fear, I look at them and say, “Everything will be OK. I *know* you can do this. And I’m holding you up the whole way.” And when they make it to the ground, everyone cheers and

hugs them, celebrating that they were able to conquer their fears.

During my time there, I realized something powerful: in order to overcome our fears, we need to place our trust in the Lord. Sometimes I get scared or lose trust in myself, but then I remember the rappelling wall at camp. I see myself turn away from the cliff’s edge, but it’s like I can hear the Savior calling to me, saying, “Trust me! I will guide you and encourage you the whole way down. I *know* you can do this.” Putting my trust in the Lord, I can make it through any trial or fear. It may be hard and scary, but I know the Lord is there, helping me along the way.

Christian E., Colorado, USA

THE UNINTENTIONAL COMPLIMENT

This was my first year at a new high school. I thought I'd been getting along all right, making friends and fitting in. Then one day in history class I overheard a group of people talking—right in front of me—about something they were going to do. They were talking about going to an activity that all the Mormons wouldn't be able to come to because it was on a Sunday and because of the things they were going to be doing. I was friends with them, but they didn't invite me.

It got me thinking. At first I was hurt that I wasn't even considered to be part of the group, but then I thought about it. Did I really want to be invited when they would be doing something "Mormons" wouldn't do? And after thinking about it for a bit more, I decided they unintentionally gave me a compliment. I've been living my life in such a way that I'm an example, and they knew—without my verbalizing it—what I stood for.

Lynette R., Utah, USA

THE GRATITUDE COMMITMENT

Last year around Thanksgiving, my family and I were sitting around the table, about ready to stuff ourselves full of warm, flavourful food. Starting our Thanksgiving tradition, my mom said, "Before we start to eat, let's go around the table and say five things we're grateful for. Don, would you like to start?"

"Sure thing," my dad replied. "I'm grateful for you guys and your mom and that you're always there for me even when work gets tough. I'm grateful for our home and that we're all healthy and happy." He turned to me. "What about you, Alison?"

"Um . . ." I said, thinking about how the year had flown by. It seemed like just yesterday that I was at last year's Thanksgiving dinner, struggling to find five solid things for which I was grateful.

I thanked everyone in my family for being so loving and for each of their unique contributions in my life. This lifted my spirits for a few hours, but I soon felt like the gesture seemed inauthentic. Unsatisfied, I made a commitment to myself that I'd try to find reasons to be grateful every week instead of just around Thanksgiving.

This seemingly small decision made a huge difference in my life. I'm not sure how or if I've made a difference to my parents or siblings by being more grateful toward them, but I know I've been blessed. By committing to being more grateful in my life, I've been able to develop a stronger relationship with both my family and my Heavenly Father—something definitely worth feeling grateful for.

Alison R., Ontario, Canada

