



ROADSIDE SERVICE

My grandma was driving and I was in the passenger seat playing a game on my phone when suddenly my grandma shouted, “Oh no!” I looked up and saw a truck bouncing again and again against the guardrail along the side of the road, as if the driver were steering directly into it. We could have just passed the truck and kept driving, but instead, we followed at a safe distance to see where the truck would eventually stop. We watched in horror as it eventually veered off the road and down a slope, finally coming to a stop.

I called the emergency number. Once the ambulance was on the

way, we went down to check on the driver. It was a young man. He couldn’t stand and said that he had not been feeling well all day and was trying to get home. We thought he’d had some type of seizure, so we stayed with him until the ambulance arrived.

As a Church member, I’ve been taught to serve others. I’m glad I have the gospel in my life, because it helps me to have a kind heart as I try to follow Jesus Christ’s example of helping people. It may not always be convenient for me, but when I serve others, my troubles seem lighter.

Cameron G., New Mexico, USA

SEMINARY GOT ME SMILING AGAIN

I started attending a new school when I was 14. I was overwhelmed at the idea of having to start over. I wasn't good at making friends, and I wasn't good with change. Every day after school at my new school, I would cry on my dad's shoulder. I was so sad and missed my old friends. All I wanted was to go back to my old school.

That was also when I began taking seminary. Seminary got me through each day. I began to realize it was because I felt the Spirit there. I started praying more often, listening in Church meetings more intently, and having a meaningful fast each month. Over the next few months, I became truly happy again.

I love the gospel of Jesus Christ. Thanks to the gospel, I found true happiness during the hardest trial of my life, and I learned about the pure love of God.

Alison W., Utah, USA

A MOVING PRAYER

When I was a Mia Maid, the secretary in our Young Women presidency, Sister Moore,* was moving to a new home, so all of the leaders and young women volunteered to help. The morning we showed up to help pack, everything that could go wrong seemed to be going wrong, and Sister Moore was feeling very overwhelmed. We tried to keep positive and do what we could.

After packing the boxes, we waited for the moving truck to come. But it didn't come, and we waited, and waited, and waited. After a while, we called the driver. He explained that he had gotten lost on the way and then had run into traffic. Finally, after another two hours, we saw him turn the corner onto Sister Moore's street.

But before the truck got any closer, it stopped. It had broken down—just far enough away that we wouldn't be able to carry any heavy furniture to it. It was all too much for Sister Moore and she started to cry.

Our Young Women president started to comfort her, and lovingly and calmly she asked, "Did you pray before you started your day today?" Sister Moore looked surprised and said no. Our president said, "Let's pray now." We all knelt in the kitchen. Immediately after the prayer, we heard the truck's engine start. It was working again! We were finally able to finish the job.

I know the power of prayer is real, and I always make sure to start my day off with a prayer to invite the Lord to be with me throughout the day.

Christina B., Ontario, Canada

* Name has been changed

