





GO SEE REBECCA

By Mindy Raye Friedman

I was a few months into my mission in the Illinois Chicago South Mission and still serving in my first area. The sisters' area next to us had recently been closed, so we had responsibility for all of the Spanish-speaking investigators from that area. Among them was a woman named Rebecca.

The first time we met Rebecca, I was impressed by her faith. She lived in the basement of a house, so we had to knock on her window for her to come open the door for us. The previous missionaries had begun to teach her after she requested a Church video. If she had not called for a video, the missionaries may never have found her.

I could tell from what she told us that Rebecca had a hard life. She had once been a very happy person, but now she was separated from her son and other family. Although she was in humble circumstances, I felt the Lord's love for her.

As we taught her, I could tell she was feeling the Spirit. Our visits would lift her mood considerably. Unfortunately, she lived far away, and it was hard to visit her as often as we would have liked.

One Friday when we had zone conference, we planned to go out to that part of our area afterwards since we were already halfway there. We asked Rebecca if she would be home, but she said she would be working. We decided we would still visit other investigators we had in the area.

We ended up with some extra time there, and we weren't sure what to do. Then my

companion said, "I think we should go see if Rebecca is home." This suggestion didn't make sense to me since Rebecca told us she would not be home. It was then I heard a voice telling me, "Go back and visit her." I felt as if my body was literally being pulled in the direction of Rebecca's house. It was the strongest impression I have ever felt.

I told my companion to turn the car around, and we went to Rebecca's house. We knocked on the windows twice, and no one answered. I was so disappointed because I knew there had to be a reason the Lord sent us. I suggested we knock one more time. We waited, and then just as we were about to leave, Rebecca answered the door.

She was home because she had just been fired from her job, and she really needed someone to talk to. She had been praying that we would come. She told us we were her angels. We were able to talk to her and help her feel better by teaching her more about the gospel.

I'm so glad Heavenly Father cares for each of His children and listened to Rebecca's prayer, and I'm glad we could follow the prompting to go visit her, so we could be that answer. Our Heavenly Father knows all the things that are going on in each of our lives, and when we rely on Him and ask in faith, He will help us with the things we need. **NE**

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No one came to the door when we knocked, but we knew we had been sent there to help one of God's children.