

GO TO THE MISSION HOME!

The morning after I returned home to Ghana from my mission in the Ivory Coast, I woke up at 6:00 a.m. My appointment with the stake president to have him release me was not until the afternoon, so I decided to sleep in. While I was falling asleep, an impression flashed through my mind: “Go to the Cape Coast mission home.” I knew the Ghana Cape Coast Mission home, but I had no idea why I needed to go there that morning.

After having these thoughts, I began to feel anxious about the impression, so I headed to the

mission home. On my way I worried about what I would say to the mission president. I knew he would ask me the purpose of my visit, so I tried to prepare a suitable answer.

When I arrived, I still did not know the answer. The mission president, Melvin B. Sabey, invited me into his office, thinking that I came there for him to release me. After asking a few questions, President Sabey told me to go to my stake president to be released.

“I know that, President,” I replied.

He paused for some seconds and

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then asked me the very question I had been striving to answer: “Why are you here this morning, Elder Mobio?”

“President Sabey, I don’t have a suitable answer to that question,” I said. “It’s just that this morning I had a strong impression to come here.”

He paused again for a moment and told me softly, “Elder Mobio, your presence here is the assistance I prayed for yesterday.” He explained that his assistants had just arrived with new missionaries. Among them was an Ivorian, the first French-speaking missionary he had ever received, and he didn’t know how he was going to communicate with him. Then he declared, “I am certain Heavenly Father heard my concern yesterday night.”

I had finally learned the reason for my morning impression. We immediately joined the new missionaries, and I interpreted for the Ivorian elder as he started his mission.

Seven months later I traveled back to the Ivory Coast to renew my passport and to share that wonderful experience with my mission president. He told me, “We are instruments in the Lord’s hands. He knows how and when to use us in His work.”

I know that if we immerse ourselves in the glorious work of Heavenly Father, we don’t need to worry. We just need to give heed to the promptings of the still, small voice and let the Lord guide us. ■

Felicien Dogbo Mobio, Ghana



I LISTENED THE SECOND TIME

I was drifting off to sleep the night before a trip when I received an impression to buy a rim and a tire for our 15-year-old minivan, which came without a spare. The next day I was busy and forgot about the impression. We loaded the vehicle with our three children and gear and headed to my dad's house four hours away.

On the way, a tire on the van blew. We had the van towed to the nearest town to replace the tire. It cost three times what it would have to buy a rim and tire at home, and we lost 90 minutes waiting. I gained an appreciation for the promptings of the Spirit and decided to better follow them in the future.

Four years and two more children later, we were again planning to visit my dad, who now lived 13 hours away. By then we had a different van, one that was 14 years old. About a week before leaving, I felt that I needed to replace the van's spare tire. Remembering my previous experience, I followed the prompting. A couple of days later I felt an impression to buy some ratchet tie-downs to use on some gear we had previously tied with ropes. I needed two but bought a case of four. I put the extra two in our emergency kit.

On the way back from visiting my dad, we stopped to buy dinner. As I was getting some items out of a container on the roof of the van, my three-year-old daughter touched the

sliding door. It fell to the ground! We were grateful the door didn't hit her. We were almost 500 miles (805 km) from home on a Friday evening, so I wrangled the door into place so we could be on our way, but it wasn't on the track and we could hear the highway as we drove. I pulled over again and used one of the extra tie-down straps to secure the door.

Several hours later the van began to shake violently. A loud banging came from the shaking door, but the strap held it in place. I pulled

over and found that one of our tires had lost its belt. I quickly replaced it with the spare tire I had bought a few weeks before, and we were again on our way.

I am grateful for the promptings of the Holy Ghost, which have kept us safe during our travels. I know Heavenly Father watches over us if we listen to the "still small voice" (1 Kings 19:12; see also 1 Nephi 17:45; D&C 85:6), heed His promptings, and ask for help when we need it. ■

Matthew D. Flitton, Church Magazines

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I WAS PLANTING SEEDS

In a business ethics class for my master's program at the Schiller International University in Heidelberg, Germany, each student was asked to do a 20-minute oral presentation at the end of the semester. The professor asked me if I would talk about ethics from a Latter-day Saint perspective.

I was baptized at age 18 and was called to serve a mission in Brazil a year later. Since then I continued

to share the gospel with many.

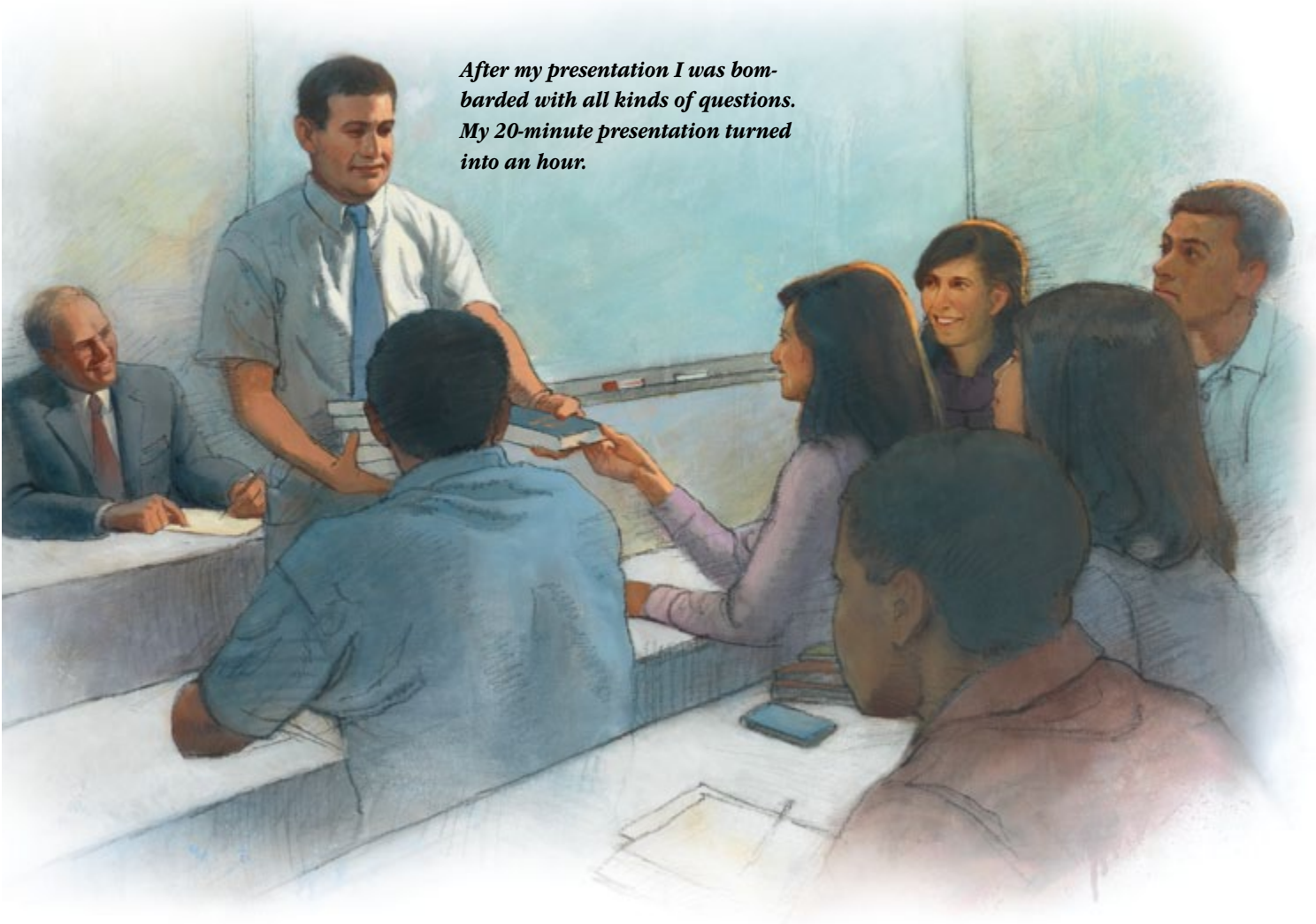
I knew it would be a challenge to discuss religious issues in the university environment, but I accepted the challenge. I decided to prepare a presentation covering information from Mormon.org.

My university has students from all over the world. My ethics class reflected that diversity, with 18 students from various nations.

The ethics presentations began with two students from India followed by a student from Myanmar. I was the last to present. I talked about “The Family: A Proclamation to the World,” the Articles of Faith, and other gospel topics. For most of the students, it was the first time they had heard about the Church.

I concluded with my testimony of the gospel and the importance of doing what is right despite the

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HOW DID YOU KNOW TO COME?

pressure around us. Finally I gave everyone a Book of Mormon in his or her own language. After my presentation I was bombarded with all kinds of questions. My 20-minute presentation turned into an hour.

The next school day, a friend from India told me he was impressed with my presentation and had read part of the Book of Mormon already. His friend, also from India, asked for a copy as well. Later a friend from Myanmar told me she was happy to hear about the Church, especially the teachings about families and the law of chastity because she believed those principles. She promised to read the Book of Mormon.

My friends from Ghana thanked me for telling them about the Restoration, promising that they would try to see the temple in Accra. My friend from Liberia told me my message was an inspiration to him and gave him hope for the future.

I was pleased that the Spirit of the Lord had confirmed my message. We may not always witness the impact of our words, but I know my class presentation will produce fruit in the future. I hope that some of the people in that classroom will someday accept the gospel and become instruments in the Lord's hands to spread the message of the Restoration to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people (see D&C 133:37). ■

Abel Chaves, Germany

When I was 33 years old, my husband died of a brain tumor. Suddenly I was a single parent raising our three children alone. It was a challenging time in my life, but the Lord's counsel that "all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good" (D&C 122:7) gave me the courage to go on.

Later I remarried and moved to a new ward, where I was called as the Relief Society president. One day while I was cleaning my house, I had the distinct impression to visit a less-active sister who had recently lost her husband. I brushed away the thought, thinking that I needed to do other things that day. I'm embarrassed to say I received the same impression two more times before I finally acted on it.

When I arrived at the sister's house that evening, it was dark. I rang the doorbell and waited. I knocked loudly and waited some more.

As I turned to leave, the porch light came on, and the door slowly opened. The sister hesitantly poked her head through the opening. I will never forget what she asked: "How did you know to come?" She told me she had spent the whole day crying and felt that she couldn't go on without her husband.

We talked for a couple of hours that night. I don't remember much of what we said, but I do remember telling her, "I truly know what you are going through." I assured her that



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time was her friend and that the Lord would watch over her. As we talked, I noticed that the grief-stricken look on her face had been replaced with an expression of peace.

At the end of our conversation, I gave her a heartfelt hug. I felt so thankful that I had been prompted to visit her. I knew that our loving Heavenly Father had allowed me to help Him help this sweet sister in her time of need. ■

Sherrie H. Gillett, Utah, USA