

# He Knows My Name

By Sherry Krull

In 2007 the University of Washington invited me to a banquet honoring its female athletes. I had played tennis at the university 44 years earlier, and my tennis partner and I had won the Northwest championship in doubles. At the banquet I would be recognized for my achievement.

On our way to the dinner, my husband and I picked up Lynda, a friend from our days as students. She was also the one who introduced me to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when I was 33. Together we enjoyed seeing our former campus and old friends.

However, when I went to pick up a packet and name tag prior to the banquet, I was disappointed to discover that printed on them was the name “Sharon Krull,” not Sherry Krull. “Oh, well,” I thought, and I crossed out *Sharon* and wrote *Sherry* instead. But the mistake

continued through the night. Later in the evening, when the host introduced me as an award recipient, he called me “Sharon.” The plaque he handed me also included the error.

It wasn’t a huge problem; I was grateful to have been invited to the banquet, and the people in charge of the event promised to replace the plaque with one bearing the correct name.

The next day was Easter Sunday. My husband and I had spent Good Friday at the temple and had spent much time during the week pondering the Savior’s last days on earth. But the most powerful part of Easter that year came during sacrament meeting, when our bishop made this statement: “How grateful I am that the Lord knows my name.”

I felt a great joy come over me. As much as I had enjoyed the previous evening, the happiness I felt at this truth far outweighed anything I felt from



*I am grateful that the Lord knows my name, but more important, I am glad I came to know His.*

receiving “the honors of men.”

I too am grateful that the Lord knows *my* name, but more important, I am glad that at age 33, I came to know *His*. I am eternally grateful that when two missionaries asked Lynda if she knew of anyone they might visit, she wasn’t afraid of offending me by giving them my name.

I came to know the reality of the Savior by reading the Book of Mormon, which testifies of Him. And as I came to know the Savior and joined His Church, I became a new person in Him.

My life changed then, at my baptism and confirmation, and it changed again that powerful Easter morning when I received the witness that Heavenly Father and the Savior really do know our names. I cannot fully express the joy that it is to know Heavenly Father and the Savior—and to know that They know me. ■