

Ministering with Chicken Pot Pies

By Jacquie Fleming, Alberta, Canada

My friends helped me feel my Heavenly Father's love when I needed to feel it the most.

When my mom died unexpectedly at age 61, I felt completely blindsided. She was my source of love, gentleness, support, strength, and laughter. I felt that I had been robbed of my mother and that my three children had been robbed of their grandmother. I even felt anger toward Heavenly Father. How could He do this to us?

For a while, I would wake up in the middle of the night unable to fall back asleep. One morning, I woke up at 3:00 a.m. Hoping to distract myself from life without my mother, I looked on my phone and found a cooking video on my newsfeed. It was comfort food in all its glory: chicken pot pie. I thought how amazing it would be to have a chicken pot pie, but I didn't feel up to preparing any food for my family other than pouring milk into a bowl of cereal. For now, I would have to do without any comfort food, or so I thought.

Within one day of each other, two friends brought me chicken pot pies. I broke down and cried. I was incredibly touched by their kindness. I knew this wasn't a coincidence. It reaffirmed to me that God was mindful of me, that He loved me, and that He cared about my

seemingly insignificant desire for a chicken pot pie even when I had been angry with Him. I needed this reminder so much.

I'm grateful for those friends who brought me chicken pot pies. They ministered to me in ways they couldn't have imagined. They helped me feel my Heavenly Father's love when I needed to feel it the most.

This experience taught me the importance of recognizing and following through on promptings from the Holy Ghost. They very well could be the answer to a prayer by someone who is struggling.

We shouldn't let our insecurities or doubts get in the way of ministering to others. May we always strive to be an instrument in the Lord's hands and share His love with others. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN GARNIS

