

GRASS, BLISTERS, *God's love*

By Pauline Mooney


It was an early morning in April. The sun was shining brightly, and there was not a cloud in sight. I gazed out my bedroom window and laughed. Here in Ireland we don't say, "Is it going to rain today?" We say, "What time is it going to rain today?"

It had been such a difficult couple of months. My health had taken a turn for the worse, and it was taking longer for me to recover than usual. I was becoming frustrated over having to stay in bed. As a single sister, I am used to pushing myself and being on the go.

My gardens resembled something out of a Tarzan movie. Even if my asthma had allowed it, I couldn't cut the grass because my lawn mower had broken. Having no strength most days to even make it down the stairs, I cried

*The Savior's love for me shone
forth in a young man's willingness
to serve me no matter the cost.*





and pleaded with the Lord that I might get well as soon as possible, but I guess I had to learn patience.

By the end of the sixth week I felt beaten. As I lay in bed one night, I felt lost. The only person I could confide in was my Heavenly Father. I could not kneel but perched myself up on the bed and began to pour my heart out. I was overcome with a sense of peace, and I felt the Lord's reassurance that this trial was just about over. By the next morning I was feeling a little better. So I booked a flight for the following Monday to take me to the Preston England Temple for a week, with no regard for the jungle surrounding my house.

Young Men to the Rescue

The day after I got home from the temple, spiritual batteries recharged and feeling like a new person, I was surprised to receive a call from my bishop. The young men needed a service project. Did I still need my grass cut? "Yes, please!" I answered. While I was attending a Church meeting that evening, the young men came and did a wonderful job.

I was very touched when I saw the hard work the young men had put into cutting down the jungle that had sprung up in my yard while I was sick.

But there was more.

Willing to Suffer for Me

During Sunday School the following Sabbath day, we discussed the plan of salvation. A mother asked if she could share something. With tears in her eyes she told of an experience she had had that week. Her son had gone to do a service project with the young men. He came home with painful blisters on his feet, hardly able to walk. She had asked him, "Why did you do so much? Why did you not just do a little?" He looked her straight in the eye and said, "It really doesn't matter, Mum. Look at who it was for."

That was me he was talking about. I was the one he was willing to suffer for. And in that moment I caught a glimpse of my Savior's love for me. In his one act of service, this young man had helped me realize the lengths the Savior would go to just for me. After all my years of study, praying, and listening, I finally got it. My heart was full. Tears flowed freely as I knew my Heavenly Father had shown me my divine worth, allowing me to see the Savior's love shine forth in this young man's willingness to serve no matter what the cost. I truly had a stripling warrior cut my grass! (see Alma 53:16–22).

I know without a shadow of a doubt that my Savior lives. I have a purpose here on earth—to try to be like that stripling warrior and do all I can do to help and ease the burdens of others. ■

The author lives in Dublin, Ireland.