

THE HOLY GHOST CONFIRMED MY CALLING

By Jeffrey A. Keay

I didn't understand why I was called again to serve the young men until the reason sat down beside me.



As my wife and I left the bishop's office, I felt frustrated. It wasn't that I didn't want to serve. One of the first things I learned as a convert was to follow Church leaders, and I had always recognized the inspiration of callings I had received. But this one—again?



MAGNIFY EVERY CALLING

"The pressures at every stage of life can tempt us to reject or neglect calls to serve the

Savior. That can put us in spiritual peril for ourselves, our spouse, and our families. Some of those calls may seem unimportant, but *my* life, and my family, was changed for the better by my accepting a call to teach a deacons quorum. I felt the love of those deacons for the Savior and His love for them."

President Henry B. Eyring, First Counselor in the First Presidency, "To My Grandchildren," *Ensign*, Nov. 2013, 69.

For the third time, I had been called as Scoutmaster. Wasn't there a calling that would allow *me* to grow?

We walked into the chapel and sat near the back. During the opening hymn, two people slipped into the pew beside me. I turned to see Susan,* a young mother who was enduring a painful divorce. She was always early for church and always sat near the front with her children, but today she was late and was accompanied only by Sam, her deacon-age son.

When I saw them, the Holy Ghost's silent words pierced my soul: "This calling is not about you; it's about them."

Tears filled my eyes as I considered Susan's challenge in raising five children while dealing with a less-active, challenging former husband. I knew that Sam was torn between his parents, with only tenuous strings holding him to activity in his priesthood quorum.

**Names have been changed.*

As one of Sam's leaders, I could befriend and support him, and I could offer his mother the assurance that a worthy priesthood holder cared about her son and would help her teach him the gospel. My calling took on new meaning as I realized the need to forget myself and serve.

As I served, I grew to love Sam and the other young men, and we enjoyed learning and growing together. I was happy to see Sam make wise choices that kept him active in the Church.

Since then, I have served the deacons repeatedly in other wards and stakes. I'm happy watching them learn outdoor and leadership skills, build lasting friendships, and strengthen their testimonies of the Savior. And I have come to understand the counsel from the Apostle Paul "that [we] present [our] bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is [our] reasonable service" (Romans 12:1). ■

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