

# From Crisis to Friendship

One Sunday during sacrament meeting, I sensed something that disturbed me. I did not know what it was, but the feeling would not leave. I looked nervously at the clock and longed for the end of the meeting. This was unusual for me.

After the closing prayer, the feeling was still there. I glanced around the chapel and noticed a man clutching his chest. I went to him, and he asked if I would take him to the train station. I told him I should take him to the emergency room instead. He said he had medication at home that would help him. I told him I would drive him home because taking a train in his condition would be too dangerous.

I helped him into my car and asked again if I should take him to the doctor. He said that was not necessary and that I could just go to his home. I silently prayed, asking my Father in Heaven to help him be all right and to help me drive him home safely! I drove carefully, opened the car windows, and tried to calm him down. After some time, he leaned back in his seat and slowly began to relax.

When we arrived at his home, he invited me in. I was glad because I wanted to make sure he got his medication and that it worked. He took his medication and started to feel better. He said his chest still hurt a bit but that he felt safe at home.

He invited me to stay for dinner, and since that afternoon, we have

become good friends. We often go on outings together and help each other. Before this experience, I had many friends who were not a good influence on me. But my friendship with this man has blessed my life.

Sometimes out of a crisis, a great friendship can arise. If I had simply put him on the train, I wonder if he would have made it home. I would

never have forgiven myself if something had happened to him. I am grateful to my Father in Heaven that the Holy Spirit led me into this situation and that, in the process, I was able to gain a true and dear friend! ■

**Rolf Schweizer, St. Gallen, Switzerland**

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