

Stones, Arrows, and

By David L. Frischknecht

(Based on a true story)

The Spirit of the Lord was with him, insomuch that they could not hit him (Helaman 16:2).

Walking home from school was usually not very exciting. Sometimes I thought about my math homework, sometimes I thought about what we did in gym class, and sometimes I walked without thinking about much at all.

But this day was different. My mind was racing. Ahead of me I could see two of the guys I sometimes played with—Josh and Marcus—making snowballs and pointing at me.

“Hey, David, come here!” Josh yelled, laughing. “We want to show you something.”

Marcus laughed too.

Josh and Marcus were both a year older than me, and they could throw hard. I knew it was only a matter of time before they would start hurling snowballs

my way. Even though they were usually nice to me, I thought maybe they had even packed ice into the snowballs.

I started to think of ways I could stop their attack.

Run across the street to avoid them? No, they would make fun of me and call me names.

Run as fast as I could past them? No, they were faster than me and would catch up to me in no time.

Mount a snowball attack of my own? Not a good idea, considering there were two of them and only one of me. They also had the advantage of being at the top of the hill, and I had no place where I could take cover at the bottom.

I decided to do the only thing that made sense—walk calmly past them and wait for the snowballs to fly.

As I neared the hill, a thought came to my mind. I remembered Samuel the Lamanite, who preached the

Snowballs

gospel while standing on a wall. When the people didn't like what he was saying, they threw rocks and shot arrows at him.

I knew the Lord protected Samuel from the rocks and arrows. Perhaps He could make the snowballs miss me.

I said a prayer in my mind, asking Heavenly Father that the snowballs would not hit me. I knew I needed to be brave and not doubt—just like Samuel. As I reached the hill, I felt confident that I wouldn't get hurt.

Just as I expected, the snowballs began to fly. A couple of snowballs whizzed past my head so close that I could feel the breeze as they zoomed by. Some of the snowballs flew past my arms, and a few landed right at

my feet, but none of them hit me. Not one!

The boys kept throwing until I was out of range, but I knew I was safe. The rest of my walk home was not very exciting—and I couldn't have been happier about it. I had been protected like Samuel the Lamanite. I knew that praying and exercising faith in the Lord had blessed me. ♦

"I testify that prayer becomes meaningful as we ask in faith and act."³

Elder David A. Bednar of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

