

By Nettie Hunsaker Francis

(Based on a true story)

“Direct me, protect me, and give my soul His light”

(Children’s Songbook, 106).

Mom, can I ride my bike over to Jason’s house?”
Zach called as he ran into his bedroom.

“Sure,” Mom said. “Just be careful.”

“OK!” Zach skidded to a stop next to his bed and grabbed his tennis shoes. When he glanced up, he saw the picture of Jesus he kept next to his baseball trophy. His grandparents had given him the picture at his baptism last month. Zach could hardly believe he was finally baptized. He thought back to that important day.

He remembered sitting in the chapel next to his dad. Both of them were dressed in white. His Primary teacher, Sister Jones, gave a talk about the Holy Ghost. She told Zach if he listened to the still, small voice he would be blessed.

Sister Jones held up a whistle. “Sometimes the Holy Ghost will warn you of danger, almost like a whistle in your mind.” Then she held up a helmet. “Following the Holy Ghost is like wearing a helmet in a dangerous world. His still, small voice will prompt you so you will be protected spiritually and physically.”

Zach had thought about the talk a lot since then. He was grateful to have the gift of the Holy Ghost. As he finished tying his shoes, he stood up and noticed his bike helmet in his closet.

“Wear your helmet,” a small voice inside him seemed to say.

Zach stood still. *Is that the Holy Ghost?* he wondered. OK, he thought. *I’ll wear my helmet.* He put it on and ran out of the room. “Bye, Mom!” he called as he ran outside.

The afternoon hurried by as Zach and Jason played pirates in Jason’s tree house. Finally Zach noticed it was getting late.

“I’d better go,” he told Jason. He picked up his bike and snapped his helmet into place again. “See you later.”

Zach pedaled carefully along the side of the street. When he came to the corner, he looked both ways, then started across the road. Just as he reached the other side,

Safety

a huge blue truck raced around the corner. Suddenly it hit the back tire of Zach’s bike, knocking him to the ground.

Zach caught his breath, then carefully sat up. The road was empty, except for his twisted bike lying nearby.

Zach stood up. He was shaking, but he didn’t seem to be hurt. Then he remembered—his helmet!

He reached up and felt it still fastened firmly on his head. It had protected him!

Zach picked up his bike and walked the rest of the way home. When he reached the front door, he ran inside.

“Mom, Mom!” he said, hugging her tightly, his voice shaking a little. “A truck hit my bike!”

“What?! Are you all right?” she asked.

Zach nodded. “I was wearing my helmet. I felt a still, small voice tell me to put it on before I left.”

Mom sighed with relief.

“Sister Jones was right,” Zach continued. “The Holy Ghost is real! I followed His prompting and He protected me—just like my helmet.” ♦

The author lives in Nevada, USA.

and the Spirit



Following the Holy Ghost is like wearing a helmet in a dangerous world.