

**By Janet Halling**  
(Based on a true story)

*The voice of the Lord came into my mind* (Enos 1:10).

Jamie ran outside, the screen door banging shut behind her. “Can I go for a bike ride?” she asked Mom, who was pulling weeds in the flower bed.

“Sure. Don’t go too far,” Mom replied.

“I won’t.” Jamie wheeled her brand-new bike out of the garage. She loved how the silver spokes gleamed in the sunshine. And she loved how fast it went—much faster than her old bike.

Jamie buckled her helmet and looked up and down the country road in front of her house to make sure no cars were coming. Then she jumped on her bike and started pedaling up the hill. She loved to go all the way to the top and then coast back down. With the wind in her face, it felt like she was flying.

Jamie’s legs ached as she pedaled. When she was halfway to the top of the hill, she saw something square and tan-colored in the middle of the road. It looked like one of the worn-out foam chair cushions she had taken to the trash last week when Mom had reupholstered the kitchen chairs. One of the cushions must have fallen out of the garbage truck and been left in the road.

Then Jamie got a great idea. “What if I run over the cushion on my way down?” she thought. She imagined how it would feel to run over the squishy cushion with her bike’s tires.

Jamie finally reached the top of the hill and turned her bike around with a grin.

Now the ride down seemed even more exciting.

She wanted to hit

the cushion exactly in the middle.

She gripped the handlebars and pushed off. She pedaled hard a few times and then started coasting. The wind whipped through her hair, and the road was going by in a blur. The cushion was straight ahead, and Jamie pedaled a few extra times to get even more speed.

Then, when she had almost reached the cushion, Jamie heard a voice say very clearly, “NO.”

Immediately, Jamie turned the handlebars. Her bike tire whizzed by the cushion, just missing it. She braked hard and skidded to a stop at the side of the road.

Jamie’s legs were shaking as she got off her bike and walked over to the cushion. When she got closer, she saw it wasn’t a cushion at all. It was a big, flat, heavy rock.

Jamie didn’t feel like riding anymore. She pushed her bike the rest of the way home and told Mom what had happened.

“Do you know what would have happened if you had hit that rock?” Mom asked.

“I would have been hurt,” Jamie said.

“The rock would have stopped your bike, and you would have been thrown

**A BUMP**  
in the road



off. You could have been hurt very badly,” Mom said.

Jamie’s eyes got big. “It was the Holy Ghost that said ‘no,’ wasn’t it?”

Mom nodded. “You were blessed because you listened and obeyed right away.”

Jamie gave Mom a hug. “I’m glad the Holy Ghost was there to protect me!”

“So am I.” Mom hugged Jamie extra hard. “Why don’t we say a prayer of thanks right now and then go move the rock so no one gets hurt?”

Jamie nodded. Her heart felt happy and light. She knew this was also the Holy Ghost telling her that Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ love her. ♦



**“We listen for that still, small voice. When it speaks, [we] obey. Promptings of the Spirit are not to be postponed.”<sup>1</sup>**

President Thomas S. Monson

