

By Heidi Lewis

(Based on a true story)

Hearken to the words of my servants the prophets, whom I sent unto you (Jeremiah 26:5).

Kinsey watched through the car window as soggy brown hills zoomed past. Patches of snow clung to the ground. Tiny green leaves dotted the barren trees, not quite ready for spring.

“Why does the drive to Grandma’s house take so long?” Kinsey complained.

“Just a few more minutes,” Dad said.

“Why don’t you play a game?” Mom suggested.

“I already played the alphabet game and the license-plate game,” Kinsey said. “I colored pictures in my notebook and made paper animals. I’m bored!”

Kinsey pressed her nose against the car window. She glanced at her little brother, Taylor, asleep in his car seat. Even though she was bored, Kinsey was too excited to sleep. She hadn’t seen Grandma in so long. Grandma would have new books for her to read. They would gather at Aunt Michelle’s house for a family dinner with all the cousins. Most of all, Kinsey looked forward to a whole weekend of spending time with Grandma.

“Oh! It’s already started,” Mom said as she turned on the radio.

A clear, calm voice came from the speakers. Kinsey sat a little taller. She closed her eyes and tried to think. Where had she heard that voice before? Suddenly, she remembered.

“I know that voice!” she said with a smile. “It’s the prophet!”

Kinsey loved the prophet’s voice. It was strong and peaceful and kind. When the prophet spoke, it felt as if

he were talking right to her. She listened closely to his words.

The prophet announced new temples being built in faraway parts of the world. Kinsey thought about all the people who would now be closer to a beautiful temple.

The prophet talked about missionaries. Kinsey remembered the letters they wrote in Primary for an older couple from their ward serving a mission in Slovenia.

The prophet talked about being kind to others. Kinsey thought about how she had been trying hard to be kind to her brother, even when he grabbed her toys or scribbled with her markers.

Finally, the prophet talked about families. Kinsey thought about how much she loved visiting her family at general conference time.

“We’re here!” Dad announced.

Kinsey looked out the window. How did they get to Grandma’s so fast?

“Let’s hurry inside so we don’t miss any more of conference,” Mom said.

Kinsey ran up the steps and rang the doorbell to Grandma’s house.

The drive hadn’t been boring after all! ♦

I KNOW THE

PROPHET'S VOICE



The ride to Grandma's seemed so long. Then Kinsey recognized the voice on the radio.

"What a comfort it is to know that the Lord keeps a channel of communication open to His children through the prophet. What a blessing it is to know we have a voice we can trust to declare the will of the Lord."³

Elder L. Tom Perry of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

