



RUN!

ONE EVENING, I was walking to my house. It was only a few blocks away from where I had met up with some friends earlier, but now it was completely dark. I could barely see where I was walking.

I noticed that three young men were following me. I began walking faster to distance myself from them, but they kept following me. I felt a heavy feeling inside me. Then a clear thought came to me: run! I began running up the hill. The hill was really steep, but I felt a strength that wasn't mine. It was beyond my own.

Now the young men were running too and catching up. I wasn't sure what to do next. Again,

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 "You can learn how to follow the best guide of all—the whisperings of the Holy Spirit. That is individual revelation. There is a process through which we can be alerted to spiritual dangers."

President Boyd K. Packer (1924–2015), President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, "Spiritual Crocodiles," *Ensign*, May 1976, 31.

a clear thought came to my mind that told me to go down a narrow passageway. When I did, much to my surprise, I saw a police officer. Exhausted from running all those blocks and almost out of breath, I asked him for help. When the young men saw me talking to the police officer, they stopped chasing me and eventually walked away. To make sure I was safe, the police officer walked me home.

That night I kept thinking about the promptings I had received. I felt at peace knowing that Heavenly Father had helped me. I said a prayer thanking Him for His guidance. I know that if we obey the voice of the Spirit, we will be safe.

Martín S., Puerto Madryn, Argentina

How can I be ready to hear and follow promptings?

1. **Be still.**

Taking quiet time to ponder and reflect will help you hear the Spirit (see Psalm 46:10).

2. **Repent.**

Repentance makes you clean so that the Spirit can be your companion (see Alma 34:36).

3. **Study.**

When you know the words of the Lord, it can be easier to recognize His voice (see Doctrine and Covenants 1:38).

GETTING UP IS UP TO ME

ON SUNDAYS my mom usually woke me up so I could get ready for church and get there before the meetings began. But one Sunday my mom didn't wake me up. I woke up by myself and noticed that I didn't hear the usual noise of my family getting ready for church. I nervously looked at the clock and realized I was half an hour late for church.

I had missed the sacrament. I probably would miss Sunday School too.

I felt confused and abandoned. Why didn't my mom wake me up this morning? She always woke me up. But then it hit me: It wasn't my mom's responsibility to wake me up so I could get to church on time—it was mine. I had made my own covenants with Heavenly Father, and it was my responsibility to keep them.

Later that day my mom commented on not waking me up for church. She said that she wouldn't wake me up again. She told me that I should put in my own effort and gain my own testimony.

During that week, I found myself thinking about how I couldn't live on my parents' testimonies forever and how I should try harder to strengthen my own testimony. Since then, I have worked hard to wake up early every Sunday so that I can make it to church on time and take the sacrament. I am learning to be spiritually self-sufficient.

Lia Alves, Ceará, Brazil



FROM KICKED TO KIND

I WAS STANDING in line with my mom to pay for our groceries. The line was crowded, so my mom had to bend over this little boy in front of us to buy our things. The little boy started to kick her. The second time he kicked her, she backed away and said, "Will you please stop kicking?"

The boy's mom turned around and told my mom it was her fault she got kicked. She said all sorts of insulting things to us. I started to glare at her as she turned back around and was rude to the cashier too! I acted calm, but inside I was angry. It bugged me. I knew that what happened wasn't my mom's fault or mine, but I still felt hurt.

When we got home, I went to my room and pulled out my scriptures. After reading for a minute, I felt a need to pray. I hardly felt in the mood, but I knelt down and started to pray. Eventually, I found myself praying for this woman who had treated us so awfully. The calmest feeling I've ever felt settled all over me. I couldn't find room in my heart to be angry at her anymore. I felt love.

Teresa G., Idaho, USA

