

Elevator Samaritans

When a family in my ward posted photos on Facebook about their experience being stuck in an elevator for two hours, I could not relate to it. That was, until I got stuck in an elevator myself.

I had left my cell phone at home, so I pounded on the elevator doors and called out for help. I also prayed. Soon, several young men heard me and—like good Samaritans—called emergency services. Then they said they lived in apartment number 38 and joked that when I got free, I could bring some food by their apartment to say thanks.

They left, and I found it hard to calm down. What if the emergency crew didn't arrive? I prayed more. I knew that my husband would soon return home from work and would not know where I was.

I began pounding again. Between the crack in the elevator doors, I could see people walking by. I called out to them and asked if they could call my husband and tell him about my situation. They did, and I was able to calm down. My husband now knew, and he would make sure I didn't stay stuck.



I sat in the elevator for about an hour. Finally, a maintenance worker came and freed me. He said the elevator had jammed, so he had to climb up the elevator shaft to get the elevator working again. I thanked him for his help.

Later that day, I went and thanked my neighbors in apartment 38. I brought them some home-cooked food. They said they were just joking about the food, but I was glad to thank them. As I look back on this experience, I now know what the family in my ward went through, and I am grateful to the people who did not pass me by but stopped and helped.

They might not have known it, but they followed the Savior's example. He did not pass us by or leave us. He gave His life so we can be saved from physical and spiritual death. Because of this, I will try to follow His example and never pass by someone else's trouble. I'm grateful for this experience that has unexpectedly given me a greater appreciation for Him and for His blessings. ■

Katerina Tyltina, Kyiv, Ukraine

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