

# TWO BOYS, TWO GEESE,



By Allen Davis

One day, my brother Rick and I decided to go goose hunting. That day we had success and both of us shot a goose. With the two geese in the car, we dreaded what was to come. Our father had taught us that we hunt for food. We knew that meant we would have to pluck both of these large birds and prepare them to be put in the freezer.

As we drove home, we talked about how hard it was to pluck a goose. We tried to find ways to get out of the job.

"Wait a minute," said Rick. "Didn't

Brother Owen lose his job?"

"Yeah," I replied.

"Maybe they need food," said Rick.

We decided it would be a good deed for us to deliver some food to their door. (Of course, we were much more interested in getting out of the work than in doing a good deed.) We dumped the geese on the Owens' doorstep, rang the doorbell, and ran back to the car as fast as we could. As we drove away, we were excited that we had found a way to avoid the work of plucking the geese.

The next day was fast Sunday. Brother Owen was the first one up to bear his testimony. He explained that he had lost his job and his family was struggling to get by. The night before, he was getting his three daughters ready for bed. They were crying because they were hungry and there was no food. His oldest daughter, still in Primary, explained that if they prayed, Heavenly Father would bring them food.

Brother Owen was overcome by the faith of his daughter. With tears in his

# ONE HUNGRY FAMILY

*Hunting was fun.  
Cleaning was not.  
But we had an idea.*



eyes, he asked his daughter to pray. He explained that she had said a simple prayer, explaining to Heavenly Father that she and her family were hungry. Then she asked Heavenly Father to bring them food. As the prayer ended, the family was surprised by a knock on the door. They opened the door and found not one, but two large geese sitting on the doorstep. They thanked Heavenly Father for such a quick answer to their prayer. Brother Owen testified that God answers prayers and sat down.

Rick and I had tears in our eyes.

From then on, every time my brother and I went hunting, we would drop our birds on the Owens' doorstep and run to the car. We left pheasants, ducks, quail, doves, and even some fish.

One day, as we were emptying the birds from our vests onto the Owens' front porch, the door opened. Brother Owen stood in the doorway.

"I thought it was you," said Brother Owen.

We apologized for leaving the birds there without cleaning them. He assured

us that he was happy to clean the birds, and he was thankful for all the food we had left him. He told us how much he appreciated our thoughtfulness.

Initially, my brother and I had been trying to avoid the responsibility of cleaning after a hunt. But our loving Heavenly Father was able to use us to bless the lives of others. Now I look for opportunities to bless the lives of others—not to get out of work, but to be an instrument in God's hands. **NE**

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