

A Trying Hour



Stepping Stones

By Newel K. Young

III.—A TRYING HOUR

Have you ever noticed how even very young children become alarmed and awfully anxious when anything goes seriously wrong with their mothers? The fear and anxiety I suffered on such an occasion thirty-seven years ago lives vividly in my memory yet.

The summer I was six years old, while we were living in Grandmother Knight's home in St. George, mother was suddenly stricken sick. Her suffering was terrible—in fact the pain was so severe that she could hardly speak. Frantic with fear we ran to the nearest neighbor's for help.

The good woman who came could do nothing for mother. Other women were called—but in vain. Soon one of them called to me, "Newel, run to the store for Brother Eyring! Tell him your mother is dying!"

Running with all my might I raced into the store breathless and wild with fear and excitement. Every little detail of this incident burned itself into my young soul so that it stands out

fresh and bold today. I tried in vain to keep back the tears! In spite of myself I was crying aloud as I appealed to Brother Eyring to run to save mother. He handed me a large stick of candy. I sobbed out, "I don't want candy, I want mama to live."

Taking my hand in his big, warm, soft palm Brother Eyring said, "Don't cry, my little man, your mother will be all right." The comfort and hope that this gave to my troubled heart is past understanding. Years afterwards during my youth and early manhood in Old Mexico where I occasionally met Brother Henry Eyring. I always thought of this when I saw him.

I stood by hushed and breathless catching eagerly every word spoken, while Brother Eyring and the Elder he had brought with him anointed and blessed mother.

As they said Amen and removed their hands from her head she arose, exclaiming, "Thank the Lord! I am well!"

Yes, it was so. She was instantly and wholly healed.