

## A Spiritual Experience

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Winter, 1973

Jennifer, age 5, and Le Ann Shepherd, a neighbor girl age 3, were playing in our backyard, Linda was home early and the other children were at school. I had finished my morning work and, as I did every day, lay down to take a short nap. There was an outside door from the master bedroom to the backyard and I could hear the two little girls playing as I began to go to sleep. I don't know if I was asleep or in that quiet state just before sleep. I was unaware of the passage of time. I suddenly became fully conscious when I heard a man's voice firmly say my first name. I listened. Was someone in the house? No, there was no sound at all. I wondered if I had been dreaming, but I didn't know if I had even been asleep. I thought it strange, but as I was trying again to sleep I remembered that I had been preparing in the last week for my Relief Society lesson. That lesson was on the Article of Faith about the gifts of the spirit. In the stake meeting someone had told of receiving revelation as the mother in her family for the good of her family. Another said she had had similar experiences but in each case her name was called. I thought at the time that that had never happened to me.

Some time later (I figured out later about 20 minutes after I had first laid down) I heard a loud and urgent and frightened scream. It was Jennifer and she was not a child who screams except in an extremely frightening matter. I usually undressed partly for my naps but that day I had not. I dashed for the bedroom-patio door and looked out to see Jennifer hanging by her two hands from the roof with nothing under her but a fallen ladder. I ran faster than I ever had before. She was shouting to Le Ann, "LeeLee, go get my Mommy, I'm going to fall." I got to her in time, grabbed her around her waist and told her to let go. She sobbed while I held her tight and she said she was so scared. (I knew how she felt). She told me she climbed on the ladder that had been left on top of the picnic table because she wanted to see how many white rocks were on the roof. We had a serious talk about climbing ladders and she promised never to climb on a ladder again without

asking. Then she ran off to play again.

After I calmed down, I remembered the voice calling my name. I wondered if it were possible that I had been warned in that manner of impending danger and had not heeded the warning. I thought about that for a very long time. If it had been a warning, I was grateful for it and was deeply sorry that I hadn't really listened to it. I was even more grateful that there hadn't been a tragedy. I was sorry most of all that Jennifer had had to go through such a terrifying experience.

It was several days before I could tell anyone about the warning I thought I had besides Harold, of course. But I thought it might help someone else to listen to promptings they might have, as I had not. I have prayed many times since that day that I might live in such a way that I might be worthy to receive help where the well-being of my family is concerned; to listen to it, and to act on it wisely.