

SWIMMING LESSONS

By Hannah L., Alberta, Canada

When I was in Grade 4, I changed schools. At the new school, things were OK until one day our gym teacher told us that we would be taking swimming lessons. But I had already taken swim lessons at my old school. So after class I told the teacher that. “Oh, lucky you, then,” was her response.

No, I thought. *Not lucky me, more like unlucky me.* Ever since I was little I had hated swimming lessons. I was terrified of them. So now that I had to take swim lessons twice in one school year, it seemed like the worst thing in the entire world.

The night before swim lessons, after my mom tucked me in, I sat on my bed and asked Heavenly Father to help me somehow, because I really did not like swim lessons and I needed His help.

The next day I was really nervous as we went to the pool and got ready for swim lessons. As I sat on the pool deck, still cold from the showers, they began to call names and put kids in groups depending on their swim

level. As they called my name, I realized that I had been put in a group where the swim teacher was a lady who was in my ward.

When the lessons were finally over, I found out that I had not passed the level I had been in. But this did not matter to me because I knew that Heavenly Father had helped put me in the group with that swim teacher in order to help me—and it had. Having that swim teacher there gave me strength.

I know that having that swim teacher there was no accident. Heavenly Father knew my struggles and cared about me. I know that no matter who we are or where we are, Heavenly Father knows us. And if we need His help, all we have to do is ask and He will help us. ◆

