



# Goats on the Run

*Could Heavenly Father help me find my goats?*



**By Evelyn E., age 5,  
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I was born on a farm in Iowa, USA. When I was three, my parents traded some old windows and doors for two goats. The goats were so small. A woman brought them to my house in a dog crate. They were beautiful. I named the white, black, and red one Alice. My mom named the tan and black one Tawny.

Mom and Dad helped the woman load the doors and windows into her truck. She was going to turn them into artwork. I watched the goats nervously look around our yard. All of a sudden Alice took a running leap and jumped right over our pasture fence. Tawny looked from us to Alice and decided to leave too. She sprang over the fence like she could fly!

We tried to round them up by bribing them with sweet feed. But the two goats just trotted down

the road. They disappeared into a cornfield. We were all scared that they wouldn't be able to find their way back to their new home. I thought they would be lost in the hundreds of acres of corn that surrounded our house.

I told my mom that we should pray. We had read in the scriptures where Amulek said to "cry over the flocks of your fields" (*Alma 34:25*). I knew Heavenly Father was watching over our goats.

After I took a nap, I woke up and looked in our yard. Alice and Tawny were there. They had found their way back! I know Heavenly Father hears and answers our prayers. Sometimes it's even quickly and in the way we hope! ♦

