



Prayer at the Start Gate



**By Noah G., age 10,
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It was a cold day, and I was scared. I shook hard in my speed suit. It was my first ski race since I had been injured. The course was a long blur of blue and red gates. My coach skied by me.

“Noah, are you OK?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, but I was actually scared out of my skin!

It was time for me to be at the start gate. *Oh no!* I thought as I skied down to the start gate. But then I remembered something I had learned in Primary: I can pray anytime, anywhere.

So I prayed, *Heavenly Father, please help me to be safe and do well.* Right then, I pushed out of the start.

What came next was natural instinct. Left, then right, gate after gate, for what felt like days until I finally crossed the finish line. *Boy, I was slow!* I thought. But I looked at the timer. I was 12th in my category!

“That was so good!” Mom said.

During the excitement, I silently thanked my Heavenly Father for answering my prayer. ◆