



*It was after midnight,
but Tate knew it was
time to talk.*

Finding Help

By Kimberly Reid

Based on a true story

“Heav’nly Father, now I pray, guide and guard me ev’ry day” (Children’s Songbook, 19).

Tate lay awake in the darkness, blinking back tears. He had prayed for help, but it seemed like a heavy black cloud hung over him, shutting out the Spirit.

“What if I never forget that awful TV show?” he worried.

A few days ago, he had finished his homework early and flipped on the TV. But he hadn’t expected to see something like *that* on the screen. Tate was so shocked that

he forgot to turn off the television as quickly as he should have.

It was an accident. He hadn’t meant to watch a scene like that, but now he couldn’t forget it. Sometimes it popped into his head in the middle of school, at the dinner table—even during church. At times like that, he was glad Mom and Dad couldn’t read his mind. Tate’s parents had taught him not to look at pictures of people without clothes on. He knew that they also expected him to avoid violent TV shows, movies, and video games.

“Now I know why,” Tate mumbled to himself.

Tate got out of bed and onto his knees again. What could he do?

“Heavenly Father,” Tate whispered. “Please help me stop thinking about what I saw.” He wiped away the tears that had been forming in his eyes and listened. His heart beat faster. He thought he felt the Holy Ghost prompting him, but it wasn’t the answer he wanted.

He needed to tell his parents.

“Why?” Tate wondered. He would feel like a baby going into his parents’ room in the middle of the night. And to *tell* them? He felt embarrassed and sick all over again.

Then a clear thought came into his mind: Heavenly Father wanted him to be happy. Heavenly Father wanted him to feel the Spirit again, to think about good things, and to be honest with his family. He especially wanted Tate to become a worthy Aaronic Priesthood holder when he turned 12 in a few months. Tate realized that if he held on to what he had seen and kept it a secret, he would stay unhappy about it.

Tate knew he needed help—and the Holy Ghost had just told him where to find it.

Tate looked at the digital clock’s glowing numbers beside his bed. It was nearly 1:00 in the morning. He stood up and headed into the dark hallway toward his parents’ room. Swallowing nervously, he tapped on their door.

“Mom? Dad?”

“Tate, is that you?” came Mom’s sleepy voice.

“Is something wrong?” Dad asked.

“Yeah,” Tate said. “Can we talk? And can I maybe get a blessing?”

Dad clicked on his bedside lamp and invited Tate inside. For the first time in days, Tate felt warmth, hope, and light. ■

The author lives in Utah, USA.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ROBISON