



GOD
IS WITH
Us

How We HEAR HIM

DIONY & TRENT
HEPPLER

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PART I

HEARING HIM THROUGH PRAYER AND SCRIPTURES

“Search diligently, pray always, and be believing, and all things shall work together for your good.”

Doctrine and Covenants 90:24

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“I LOVE YOU”

“Pray without ceasing.”

1 Thessalonians 5:17

One of my fondest memories begins and ends with tears.

At age fifteen, I was dealing with what many other teens do—I hated myself and I craved control. Both of these feelings led, among other things, to a rough relationship with food. It had been a struggle for months, and I was overwhelmed. All I could see was negativity—negativity in the people around me, negativity in things around me, and negativity about myself. It was awful.

One day, I felt a strong urge to kneel down and pray.

Praying was something I hadn't done in a while, at least not the kind of prayer that was sincere and open. This time, when I knelt down to pray to my Heavenly Father, it was different.

I began to thank Him.

I thanked Him for everything.

I thanked Him in spite of everything.

I thanked Him for little things, like trees and sunsets.

I thanked Him for bigger things, like my family and the gospel.

Tears flowed steadily down my face even though my eyes were shut tight.

It wasn't a prayer I would have thought to give until that very moment. I truly had no idea what I was going to say until I spoke. I prayed for several minutes like this, finding anything and everything to be grateful for.

At the end of my prayer, I said, “I love you.”

It was so simple.

They were the easiest three words I have ever spoken—and probably the truest. I felt like He didn't hear it enough from me, or from anyone really. I will never forget what happened after I closed my prayer.

I heard, in a voice both strong and soft, "I love you too."

I have never cried so hard in my life as I did in that moment. It took a long time for the tears to stop.

It's been five years since then, but that was the moment that eternally cemented my faith in God. It was such a simple thing to have happened: I said a prayer, and I got a response—immediately.

I didn't just hear it.

I felt everything that was meant with it.

It felt like the warmest memory of my family.

It felt like my favorite song.

It felt like someone had wrapped me in their arms, lifted me up, and took all the weight from off my shoulders.

God knew.

He knew me, He knew what I needed, and He gave me what He could.

"When you know and understand how completely you are loved as a child of God, it changes everything."²

It got me out of bed for months. I started a gratitude journal. And even though I have since stopped writing in it, I still remember to tell Him "I love you" and to offer up my gratitude.

Nothing compares to that moment. Nothing in the five years since has even come close. He became my best friend, the person I go to when I need someone to listen, and the person I go to when I see something good happen. I went from barely praying to praying whenever I can. I tell Him about my day or pray to Him on my way to work. Sometimes, when I have a lot of energy to expel, I pray when I run or go for a walk. I pray to say hello, to say thank you, to ask for help, or just because I want to.

He knew. He still knows. His words are engraved on my soul. I've learned to hear Him, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

*“As we cheerfully submit our will to the
Father, even in the most difficult
circumstances, the Savior will lift our burdens
and make them light.”¹*

Brent H. Nielson

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