

This is a poem memorializing Alfred Eugene Hemingway as quoted by President Thomas S. Monson.

A prompting came: “go visit” an aged widow friend.
And when I went she was delighted to see me once again.
But in the midst of conversation, another came to say
“Your aged friend of years gone by lies near to death this day”
I quickly left to see my friend and found his family there
To shower love and say goodbye and kneel in grateful prayer.

My heart-drum throbbed a cadence sweet of feelings soft and pure
I laid my hands upon his head. The promises were sure.
In silence born of gratitude my heart reached out to pray
In thanks for silent promptings that brought me there that day.

He died that day at peace with God. I thanked God silently
That I could be there for him as he was there for me.

The following poem was inspired by the poem above.

IMPRESSIONS

By Robert Fitt

When I hear a silent prompting, and act without delay,
I find that God is using me to help someone that day.
Such promptings, rarely sought for, come quietly withal,
How easily ignored they are; but if I'll heed the call
I then become a conduit through whom the Lord can crown
With blessings those whose prayers rise up,
Though struggles weigh them down.

When I follow these impressions I am guided to a place
Where I can be of help, where I can eagerly embrace
A child of God within my arms, to soothe, to heal—inspire—
To fan the crusted embers of their slowly dying fire.
How trivial the sacrifice, how sweet this life can be,
Whenever I am there for them as they are there for me.