

I invite you to the emotional resilience class. 3 p.m. on Sundays here at the Greenbluff Building, in the Primary room. You can come closer to your Savior by learning about gospel principles and your emotions at the same time. I've witnessed many receive personal revelation in the quiet moments of the class. I've seen wonderful moments happen in the discussions. The Savior is there in that room. Come and see.

Today, I'm here to testify of Jesus Christ. His power to heal. And, I suppose, how He's made me emotionally resilient.

When I was 8, I stood at a pulpit, much like this one. In a room much like this one. Big tall white walls. We were inactive, and I'd only been to church a few times. When they passed the tray, I wondered why I couldn't have one more piece of bread.

My mom got up to bear her testimony. I went up too. I don't even know what I said. Something about my grandma. I didn't understand what I was doing. I just knew I wanted to be there.

That same little girl also thought she didn't belong there. She was dirty, unclean. I tell you something difficult today for the purpose of testifying of the Savior's healing. Elder Kearon talked about it in General Conference, so I can talk about it too. From the ages of four to eleven, my father sexually abused me.

I didn't remember that it had even happened. I shut those memories out of my mind so I could survive. Six years ago, I had my first child. That broke the memories open. A slow leak. Four years ago, I began to remember my father had done something to me.

I was like Mary Magdalene at the tomb. I reach out to to Savior, but I could not recognize Him. John 20. Easter morning. Mary stands, staring into the empty tomb.

"Why weepest thou?" the angels ask her.

She says (I paraphrase), "They have taken my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." Or, I'm trying to pray, but I cannot feel His love.

A voice from behind her. "Why weepest thou?"

She turns. Jesus stands behind her. She does not recognize Him. "I don't know where He is!"

"Mary," He says.

"Rabboni," she replies.

It took Mary many times to turn, turn, and turn again, away from the empty tomb and toward the Savior.

In my own path, healing through PTSD, post traumatic stress disorder, I've practiced turning from the tomb to the Savior many, many times. This is repentance! Turn, *metanoia*, as President Nelson says. That's the whole story of the scriptures. Us, turning to Him.

Now, I didn't heal by telling myself to stop feeling things. Pushing those feelings down. I tried that way.

In John 11, Jesus approaches another tomb. Lazarus' tomb. All the people standing around weeping. He knew He was about to heal Lazarus. He could have told all of them: Stop crying. Buck up. You're fine.

What did Jesus do? When the distraught people said, "Lord, come and see."

That most wonderful of two-word scriptures: "Jesus wept."

I needed to take time to heal. Remember when the Salt Lake Temple closed for renovations? It was highly inconvenient, wasn't it? I had to be inconvenient—to my children, my husband, my callings. To the dishes. I spent four years rebuilding.

In Moses 7, Enoch sits peacefully in Zion. His people are safe, in the bosom of the Father. Except, when Enoch goes to be with God, God is weeping. "How canst thou weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?"

God points out the wicked below. His beloved Creations. His children. "[W]herefore should not the heavens weep, seeing these shall suffer?"

Enoch learns to see as God sees, Enoch "wept and stretched forth his arms, and his heart swelled wide as eternity; and his bowels yearned; and all eternity shook." God feels emotion, deeply.

Now here is the temptation that comes in deep emotion. The temptation to bitterness. "And as Enoch saw this, he had bitterness of soul, and wept over his brethren, and said unto the heavens: I will refuse to be comforted."

"[B]ut the Lord said unto Enoch: Lift up your heart, and be glad; and look."

What, what did the Lord ask Enoch to look at?

"The Righteous is lifted up, and the Lamb is slain from the foundation of the world; and through faith I am in the bosom of the Father, and behold, Zion is with me."

It is Jesus Christ who heals all pain. He has healed mine.

I didn't spend those four years in bed doing nothing. I sat in bed and wrote. Prayers to Heavenly Father. Here's a part of a poem from that time.

Around us both, wings of fire and a familiar face. Him – person sized, yet also impossibly huge. And He sings.

Starling sister, tell me, what does the Savior sing?

His words are not words, but light before my face

*Golden, burning, roaring, leaping – I become aware of my own body in the fire –
I cannot look anywhere but in – Deep at my golden center, blackness pulses.
I reach my little hands and hold it, this festering pustule of pain, pull it
Forth and offer the whole monstrosity to Him.*

Alma 7:11. He sees and knows our pain. “[H]e will take upon him the pains and the sicknesses of his people.”

I hear: the flutter of wings or the roar of a fire?

My little hands become ... empty.

Light rushes to fill the space, through my hands, and into the gap inside.

Above me, a storm of starlings, clouds made of golden wings fluttering,

A roar of thunder and lighting crashes

The starling song.

And there, I see you, starling sister,

Flying with your flock,

On wings of golden fire,

Lightings erupt from your throat,

And you join the others in His thunder song.

Mosiah 3:19. “[T]here shall be no other name given nor any other way nor means whereby salvation can come unto the children of men, only in and through the name of Christ, the Lord Omnipotent.”

I testify the Savior has power to heal all wounds. We must turn, and turn, and turn again. Away, away from the empty tomb. Toward the Savior. Lift up your hearts, be glad, and look.

In the name of Jesus Christ, amen.