

Our Heavenly Father's Way -- By Newel K. Young, grandson

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I do not know when my faith in God began. But there is an incident of my early childhood that always seems to me like my introduction to or first acquaintance with my Father in Heaven. It happened when I was about five years old. A heavy snow, bringing with it very cold weather, had caught me barefooted. My mother, who was working early and late, was doing all that she possibly could to provide for her four small children. But there was no way for her to get shoes for me. In response to my complaining and coaxing she said, "I cannot get you shoes. When you pray evenings and mornings ask the Lord and He will either send you shoes, or open some way for us to get them."

Twice each day during my prayer, said at mother's knee, I put the case up to our Father in Heaven. I had to wait only two or three days for a glorious answer. My older sister, Vilate, returning from school one afternoon, came rushing into the house shouting, "Uncle Gurnsey has come! Uncle Gurnsey Brown is here!"

I scampered out to Uncle Gurnsey's wagon that had just stopped before our door, unmindful of the snow and cold and my bare feet. "Hello! What have we here? Bare-feet! A barefooted boy in all this snow! Climb up here, Kinky, (my hair was thick and curly, hence the name Kinky) and see what I have for you."

I was on the wagon by his side before you could say "Jack Robinson." He handed me -- what do you think? Some of you girls have guessed shoes. And that is a good guess for a girl -- but girls don't know boys. Some of you lads can beat that the very first guess. Surely! Boots! Yes, of course it was boots! Almost breathless with joy and excitement I ran to my mother, exclaiming, "See here how good my Heavenly Father is to me. I asked Him only for shoes, and He has sent me red topped boots!"

Of course I was the jolliest and happiest (boy) in the world. I not only had the boots, but I also had a slight acquaintance with our Father in Heaven. I now had a faint idea of the kind of Father He is to us His children. He gave me better than I asked for. Through the years since then, in health and suffering, in joy and sorrow, in peace and trouble, I have learned that that is His Way. May you come to see and know Him and always put your trust in Him where it should be placed and deeply rooted.

Grandpa Newel K. Young wrote this for "Stepping Stones," September, 1920