

## A Stirring to Remembrance

*Helaman 11:4–17*

Out of love's abundance came the famine  
Sent to save them from their own hands  
Clenched like stone around their hearts.

Blossoms on the fruit trees curled and withered  
Drifting through the air toward the dust,  
Where seeds of all variety  
Lay parched and tightening like fists.

Whole fields of wilted grain,  
The pale stalks kneeling in the unrelenting sun,  
Burned whiter,  
Their shriveling kernels hardening in the husk.

Dwindling flocks and herds, half starved and wild with dryness  
Reeled and fretted in a frenzy maddening as the sun.

And children, thin as the shadows of noon,  
Lay wrapped in whimpering and fear.

Still, the people waited until thousands  
Drifted stubbornly beyond the edge of death  
Before they sacrificed their grasp  
And let their proud hearts break.

— Randall L. Hall