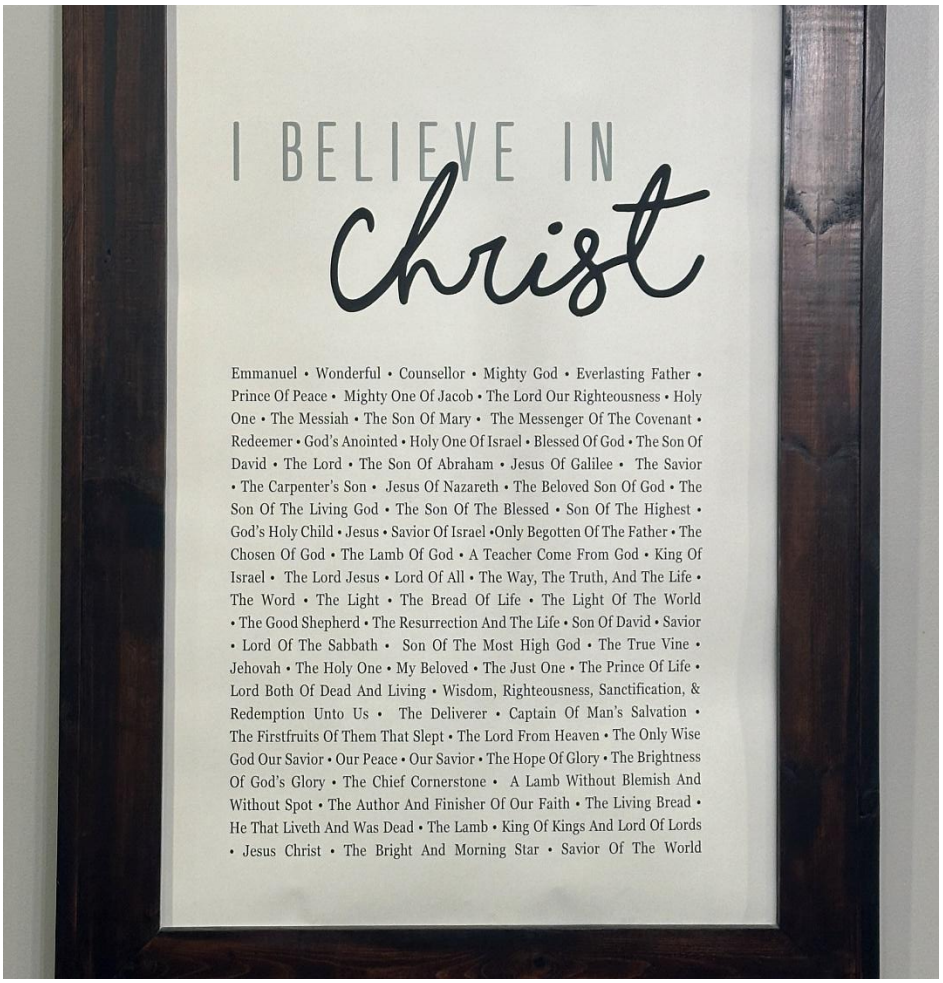
# The Savior of Man, the Savior of Me

I love that Jesus Christ has so many names He is known by. In my dining room I have three large picture frames over my table. In the middle is a picture of Christ, on the right is the Family: A Proclamation to the World, and on the left, is this frame here. Hopefully you all can see but it says at the top “I Believe in Christ” and under that there are 75 names of Christ. I love having this displayed in my home for my kids and I to see. I find myself looking at it on different days, phases or seasons of my life and seeing which name He is to me at that point in my life.






I have found that my favorite name of Christ has changed in different seasons of my life. Years ago, when asked what my favorite name was, without a doubt it was Comforter. During those years, that is what I needed and that is who He was to me at that time. In this season of life, my favorite name has taken on a whole new light to me, and is, I think, one of the most used names; Savior. I've said it my whole life, I have loved, and was grateful that he saved me from my sins, but to be honest, that is where the thoughts on the name Savior ended. Little did I know that as I grew older, I would see just how much Jesus Christ saves me.

I love Fast Sunday. I don't know how it is in your ward, but in mine, the instant it is opened up for testimonies a flood of primary children run up to share first. It's my absolute favorite! Their testimonies are so pure, so true, and I know they believe in what they are testifying of. One of those Sundays one of the cute primary kids walked to the pulpit, and this sweet boy got up to bear his testimony and said, "I know OUR Jesus loves us." This brought tears to my eyes. It is so amazing how these beautiful children

see things that are so simple, yet so profound at such a young age. Yes! He is Our Jesus; He is my Jesus.

This has changed my mindset greatly since thinking of Him as my Jesus. So, it should come as no surprise that one of my favorite talks this last conference was “I Glory in My Jesus” by Elder Aaron T. Hall. In this talk Elder Hall speaks of Nephi and how he concluded his teachings, and bore powerful witness: I glory in plainness, I glory in truth, I glory in my Jesus, for He hath redeemed my soul from hell. Elder Hall says that “that short phrase “I glory in my Jesus” beautifully captures Nephi’s loving relationship with the Son of God, and one I want with Him as well. “He is my Jesus and He is yours.”

It has taken me growing older to realize that Jesus’s saving didn’t just stop at the Atonement, but is ongoing. I have realized that His saving comes in many forms, and throughout my life.

I feel we all have someone or multiple someone’s in our life that have fallen away, or are not living the life we know would bring them joy. It can be extremely hard to witness. For me it has led to many sleepless nights, many hours on my knees, and in the temple, and just this sense of urgency. My parents, some of my siblings, my own kids, there have even been kids in callings I have served in, where all I wanted to do was to save them, to know what to do, what to say. It wasn’t until a very good friend, a very wise friend, got up in testimony meeting and shared an experience of worrying for their own child. She shared that she came to the realization that it is our job to love, and it is His job to save. This touched my heart and felt like an answer to my prayers. Just another reminder that it is He who Saves, He who is in relentless pursuit of those we love. In relentless pursuit of us. Our Savior.

Another time I felt my Savior, was at the end of last year. I was in a calling that brought great fulfillment to my life, it brought me great joy, great purpose, and most of all great people to be around and serve with. And when my time was up, I was heartbroken. All my thoughts were consumed by these amazing people for years, and frankly, I just missed them. There was an emptiness that I couldn’t figure out how to fill. For the record as I tell this story, I realize that there are many different levels of sorrow, much greater than the loss of a calling. I have been through many things that were very hard, but I’m sharing this to show it doesn’t matter how big or small the challenge is. If it matters to you, it matters to Him. So even though this was not huge on the “real problem” scale, to me, it hit hard, and it was a HUGE loss to me nonetheless. After a very long time of being as Taylor Swift would say “I might be okay, but I’m not fine at all” I had a moment where I realized I needed Him to save me from this sorrow, that there was no way this was going away on its own. So, I prayed, but at the time it felt more like pleading, for Him to take this from me. At that point of my life, I had never asked such a thing, for feelings of sorrow to be taken. I always just tried to deal with it on my own. Part of me wonders if I didn’t ask before because I didn’t have enough faith to believe He could do something like that, just take sorrow away, or that this sorrow was not significant a thing that I needed saving from. Well did He ever show me…there is no other way to explain it other than, that day He took that sorrow away from me. It didn’t

matter that it wasn't a huge life changing challenge, He knew I needed Him and My Jesus saved me from my sorrow.

Savior also took on a whole new meaning two years ago. When He saved my physical life. One day I woke up with the worst headache I have ever had. It had been going on a few days and had seemed to hit its peak. I had been feeling off, and was having some weird symptoms. We had decided to head to the hospital after dropping off our kids at school that morning, but on the way out the door I had a seizure. I remember fighting the urge to close my eyes. I was so afraid that if I did, that they would never reopen again. I came to fairly quickly, but was unable to speak, or move my body. I was taken by ambulance to the local hospital. Upon arriving, I was unresponsive, and had no function on the right side of my body. Even with a lot of different tests, they struggled to find the problem. I was lucky enough to receive a blessing from my husband, and a good friend. I don't remember a lot during this chaotic time, but I do remember during my blessing the words "we know you are a God of miracles". After that blessing, the miracles began. They were able to determine that I had had a stroke. They located three blood clots in my brain. One had hemorrhaged, which caused the seizure and stroke. They were able to get on the phone and consult with many qualified specialists. They decided that they did not have the resources to best treat me and my injuries at this facility, so I took another ambulance ride to the University of Utah Hospital, where I would be admitted into their critical care unit. A room had abruptly opened up in a normally very crowded unit. During this time, I was able to speak again, but was still unable to walk and use my hands. That first night was very scary for me. I was trying to put on a strong and brave front for my family, I wanted them to think I was going to be okay. But the truth was, I didn't know if I would ever be the same both mind and body again. My first visitor was President Johnson, whom I had seen a few days before when he had come over to give a calling to my husband, he walked in, came over to my bed and said "you know Ashley, there are less dramatic ways to get your husband out of the Elders Quorum Presidency". I don't think he knew how much I needed that laugh. Everything was so scary, so uncertain, so down, but the Savior knew we needed a friend and President Johnson filled that need.

To make a very long story short, many tests were done, a plan was made going forward. I stayed in the critical care unit for three days. I had made so much progress that I was then moved to the recovery unit, then was discharged the next day. I quickly got all my function back, with very little, and minor lasting effects. Three months later, I had a follow up CT scan and meeting with my neurologist where he told me that the clots had resolved, were no longer there, and no new clots had formed. Gone… He had saved me. To those that have already heard my story before, I'm sorry you have to hear it again, but I feel the need to share how bad it was just to show how miraculous His saving was. This very easily, and most of the time goes the exact opposite way. I could've died (honestly, I thought I was going to at one point) or I could've never been the same again both physically and mentally. But there is no other explanation except for His saving miracle to explain how well, and how quickly I recovered. Multiple nurses in the critical care unit told me that on many occasions. I know Our Savior is a god of miracles because my family and I received one. I know that prayer and fasting for other

people works because I had so many friends, and family doing it for me, and I felt it. I know God loves me and has more he needs me to do on this earth. I know He saved me.

In 2019 there was a change to the temple recommend questions, previously one question asked if you had a testimony of Jesus Christ's role as Savior and Redeemer. It now asks if you have a testimony of His role as YOUR Savior and Redeemer? He is my Savior; He is your Savior. As that sweet primary boy shared, He is our Jesus. What name is He to you at this moment? How is our Jesus saving you now? Maybe from guilt, sorrow, physical pain, emotional distress, spiritual waywardness? Maybe the better question is how can our Jesus save you now? The Savior physically saved me, and I will not let it be in vain, I will continue to testify of His saving, and in all the ways that He does save. Let Him in, let Him be your Savior. Nothing is too hard or too small for Him to save you from.