

GOD WAS CALLING ME AGAIN

After I completed my college education, I became a research scientist. Trained in the scientific method, I accepted only what could be sensed and proven. I lived without God's influence in my life; I was practically an atheist.

Then one morning I received a call that my son had been in a serious automobile accident. On the way to

the hospital, I felt prompted to say the Lord's Prayer, which I had learned in childhood. I could not remember it, but I felt that I needed to pray anyway.

Even though God had called to me, when the crisis subsided and my son recovered, I continued to live without Him in my life.

Years later I began dating a woman named Rubí. She was a member of

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though she was not active. We were together for three years when she began to feel the desire to go to church. She would ask me to go with her, but I always refused.

One day the missionaries came to our door. They gave me a Book of Mormon and left me with reading assignments. I read what they

Now I see the hand of God in all things.

