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CHRISTMAS PACKAGES FOR ME?

I was serving in the California Sacramento Mission during Christmas 2003. My companion and the two other sister missionaries we shared an apartment with began receiving gifts and letters from their relatives and friends. I knew it would not be the same for me.

My family in Argentina had few resources, and their letters were usually delayed two to three months. I was far from my family, but I was happy to spend Christmas in the service of Jesus Christ.

On Christmas Eve, we were getting ready for bed when one of the sisters told me that someone had left some packages at the door with my name on them.

“For me? It can’t be!” I said, amazed. Two large boxes had my name on them but no return address. I was excited, and the other sisters were excited for me too. I opened the packages, which were full of gifts, sweets, children’s drawings, and other items! I couldn’t hold back the tears.

“Who could have sent me these packages?” I wondered. None of us knew, but we all rejoiced because of the generosity.

Several days after Christmas, I still did not know who had sent the packages. So I called the mission office and asked the secretary if she could tell me the name of the mysterious sender. She told me that members in a ward who wanted to remain

anonymous had decided to send packages to me with Christmas goodies. I will always be thankful for the generosity of the ward that brought so much love that Christmas Eve and for the support I received during my mission.

I learned that every member of the Church can make the missionaries—though far from home—feel at home through their encouragement and service. That was one of the best Christmases of my life. I was serving the Savior and felt His love through the members of His Church. ■
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