

I'M A LATTER-DAY SAINT

When our son Nicolás was five, he went to one of the best schools in our city. The school is run by another church. Nicolás was accepted even though he wasn't a member of that church.

One day one of the school and church leaders led Nicolás out of the chapel to ask him why he didn't participate in the school's religion.

Nicolás said, "I'm a Latter-day Saint."

The man tried to convince Nicolás to change his mind, saying that all churches have truth and believe in Jesus Christ.

Nicolás replied, "My parents teach me to respect your church, but I like being a Latter-day Saint." The man accepted this answer and didn't trouble him anymore.

Nicolás is a good example, even to his parents, of following the example of Jesus Christ. ■

Luz Yesenia Moreno Rivera, Colombia

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12).

A BUCKETFUL OF LOVE

After a small accident, I have to use a cane, and I walk slowly. Stairs are very hard for me. At church I always felt scared of falling down the steps—until that Sunday when I heard a soft voice and felt a little hand holding mine: "Come on. I'll go with you."

I looked down and saw nine-year-old Gabriel's confident smile.

"Very well!" I said. "From now on, you are my helper. Let's go!"

No one sent Gabriel. He just saw a grandma needing help and presented himself.

Now each Sunday, Gabriel and I go down the stairs without fear.

I later told Gabriel's parents: "It is not physical strength that makes me unafraid. It is the bucketful of love that he gives me each Sunday. Gabriel is a giant of kindness!" ■

Norma Ramos de Oliveira, Brazil

