

“AM I YOUR CHILD?”

Even though I had been to church only a few times, my home teacher faithfully visited me. One night he called and asked if I would share some thoughts about eternal families in the next Gospel Principles class.

“Yes, I’d love to,” I said.

I didn’t think much of it until the next morning. That’s when I realized I had agreed to talk about eternal families to a group of people who probably already knew all about it. I didn’t have a clue what I could say to them.

Over the years, I had made choices that separated me from the gospel. How was I supposed to share my thoughts about something I wasn’t sure I even believed? I felt confused. Then the words to the hymn “I Am a Child of God” (*Hymns*, no. 301) came to my mind. I had not heard those words in years, but I knew them by

heart. Then it struck me: I needed to ask God if I actually was His child.

At that time, I was rearranging the furniture in my bedroom, so with my bed askew in the middle of the room, I kneeled next to it and waited for the words to come. What could I possibly say to God? I wasn’t sure He even existed. In that moment, my heart’s deepest desire brought these simple words to my lips: “God, are You really there? And if You are there, am I Your child?”

The answer came immediately. It was as if He had been waiting for me to ask. I felt God say, “Yes, Camille, I am here, and you are my child.”

When I opened my eyes, I was still in my disheveled bedroom. Everything around me was in disarray, but I felt like my life had been put in perfect order. I knew that I was a child of

God, and that was all that mattered.

In class on Sunday, I simply told my story of how I came to know for myself that *I* am a child of God. “If I am His child,” I said, “then so is everyone else.”

It took another three and a half years for me to make all the positive changes I needed to make, but my life has never been the same. Since that day, I have never doubted who I am. I know that Heavenly Father is always there. He loves me because I am His child. ■

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