



By Elder José L. Alonso
Of the Seventy

A Patient Prayer

I grew up in Mexico with my siblings, my mother, and my grandmother. Every day after doing homework and chores, I played soccer. I loved soccer! I would pretend that my right leg was one team and my left leg was the other team.

One day when I was playing soccer, I suddenly couldn't breathe very well. I rested for a few minutes, but I still had trouble breathing. I became so sick that I had to go to the hospital.

The hospital room had many other children in it, but I missed my family and felt very alone. Although I was not a member of the Church yet, I believed in God. Every day I prayed to be healed, but instead I got worse and worse. The doctors thought I might not live.

The doctors finally sent me home from the hospital, but I had to spend the next year in bed. I took many pills and had two shots every day. And I still had a prayer in my mind and heart. I told Heavenly Father that if I got well, I would serve Him all the rest of my life.

Then one day when I was reading in bed, I accidentally dropped my book on the floor. When I leaned down to pick it up, I realized that I was breathing normally. I dropped the book again. Again I could pick it up without any problem!



I got out of bed. At first I was dizzy because I had not walked by myself in such a long time. I looked in the mirror and saw that I was smiling. I knew that I had received an answer from Heavenly Father.

Every day since then, I have tried to do something to express my gratitude to Heavenly Father. When I grew up, I became a doctor to help answer the prayers of other children. And now I am trying to serve Heavenly Father with my calling in the Church.

The answers to prayers do not always come easily, and they do not always come right away. But I know Heavenly Father answers our prayers. He knows our needs, and He knows what is best. ♦