When I was young, my brothers and I liked to sleep outside during the summer. We would spread our sleeping bags on the porch, then find constellations in the stars and listen to crickets as we fell asleep.

One night my older brother Larry and I were out on the porch. We stretched out and looked up at the stars. Larry wasn’t usually very talkative, but that night he said he wanted to tell me some stories. He told me stories from the Book of Mormon, starting with Lehi and his family leaving Jerusalem.

I had heard stories from the Book of Mormon in Primary before, but when Larry told them, it was different. It felt more real. As I looked up at the stars and listened to my brother, I felt very warm and happy inside. Though I didn’t know it then, I was feeling the Holy Ghost telling me the Book of Mormon was true.

A few months later, I found a book of illustrated stories from the Book of Mormon at our house. When I started reading, I got the same warm, comforting feeling that I’d had when Larry told me the same stories.

Years later, when I was trying to decide if I had a testimony, I was a little disappointed that I had never had a big or strong answer. Did this mean I didn’t have a testimony? Then I remembered how I felt when my brother told me stories from the Book of Mormon, and I knew that I did know the Church was true.

A testimony doesn’t always come in one big moment. Usually it comes in a lot of small, quiet moments when the Holy Ghost whispers to us that these things are true.