

ABC

JESUS LOVES ME

By Megan Withers Roxas

(Based on a true story)

I am encircled about eternally in the arms of his love
(2 Nephi 1:15).

Miss Walker stood at the front of the classroom beneath a big alphabet poster. “Good morning, class,” she said. “Welcome to kindergarten. We are going to learn so many great things this year! Let’s start by learning how to write the letters A, B, and C.”

The assignment wasn’t easy. I turned to Heather, the girl sitting next to me. “This is so hard,” I said.

Heather looked up and nodded. “It is hard,” she said. “But my teacher at church told me I can ask God for help when things are hard, and He will help me.”

“Church?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I love church. I go every Sunday with my family.”

Heather told me about some of the things she learned at church. She even taught me a song called

“Jesus Loves Me.” I loved singing it.

My parents had taught me about Jesus Christ, but my family had never been to church. I wondered why we didn’t go to church like Heather.

On Sunday morning, I woke up and ran into my parents’ room. I jumped on their bed and said happily, “Good morning!”

“Good morning,” Mom and Dad said together.

I decided I should tell my parents what had been on my mind all week.

Rolling over, I looked at Mom. “Why don’t we go to church?”

Mom’s eyes widened. My question surprised her. She was quiet for a few seconds and then said, “Would you like to go to church?”

“Yes, I would!” I said.

“OK. We will go next week,” she promised.

I was so excited that I would be able to go to church like Heather. The next week went by quickly as I





counted down the days until Sunday.

When Sunday arrived, I woke up early and put on my white dress with pink flowers and big, puffy sleeves. I only wore it for very special occasions.

In the car I asked, "What church are we going to?"

"The church near our house," Dad said. "It's called The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

After arriving at the church, we walked into the chapel. Instantly I knew that there was something special about the place. It wasn't like anyplace I had ever been before.

I learned many new things in Primary. There was so much to remember. I began to feel overwhelmed, just as I had when I learned to write the letters A, B, and C.

My Primary teacher, Sister Anderson, realized how I felt. She gave me a big hug and said, "You have learned a lot today, but for now, all you need to remember is that Jesus loves you."

Immediately the song that Heather had taught me

came to my mind. I felt peace again, and I knew that it was true.

After church, I asked my parents if we could go again next week. They had felt the Spirit strongly too and agreed. After my family and I learned more about Jesus Christ, we were baptized. We have attended church every Sunday since then.

Of all the things I learned that year, the greatest lesson was that Jesus loves me. I am so grateful that Heavenly Father gave me a special friend, Heather, to teach me that church is a place where I can learn about God. And just as I will never forget my ABCs, I will never forget that Jesus loves me. ♦

"Each of us is precious to our Elder Brother, even the Lord Jesus Christ. He truly loves us."³

President Thomas S. Monson

