

## A MINUTE AND A HALF IN THE RAIN

Growing up, I was the kid you didn't have to worry about. I had been active in the Church all my life. I had been the president of my priesthood quorums and seminary classes. I went to every youth conference, temple trip, Scouting event, and Mutual night. I also had a testimony of the gospel. Yet when I became a member of my priests quorum, I struggled, though no one knew it. After all, I was the kid you didn't have to worry about.

Those first few weeks and months in the quorum I did what I always did:

I went to church, Mutual, and Scouting activities. Inwardly, however, I was battling. I didn't feel that I was a part of the group or that the other young men wanted me there. I wanted desperately to belong.

As time went on, I had questions and doubts about whether I wanted to be a part of the quorum. But I remained active, silently suffering and hoping that something or someone would help me feel welcome.

My father and I had just finished fixing up my first car, a beautiful 1967

Ford Mustang. Brother Stay, my Young Men president, asked about it from time to time. I thought his questions showed his interest in a classic car—not in a young man.

All this changed one rainy evening after Mutual. Because of the down-pour, Brother Stay drove us all home from the church, dropping me off last. When he saw my blue Mustang in the driveway, he again asked about it. I offered to let him see the engine I had spent hours and hours repairing.

Brother Stay knew little about cars, and he had a wife and young son at home waiting for him. Yet there he stood in the dark, in the rain, looking at a barely visible car engine. At that moment I realized that he wasn't doing what he was doing to see a classic car—he was doing it because he cared about me.

Because of that minute and a half standing in the rain, I found what I needed. I finally felt welcomed. My silent prayers had been answered.

Since then I have been to the temple, served a mission, graduated from college, and tried to keep my covenants. Brother Stay may not remember that moment, but I will never forget it.

We all have struggles, but we all can find an extra minute and a half each day to show love to one of God's children. It just might make all the difference—even to the one we think we don't have to worry about. ■

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