

## 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 downpour, 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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