

# FINDING PEACE IN THE SACRAMENT

As a young mother I struggled to find moments of peace during the hectic days when life revolved around caring for five active and demanding children. Five minutes here and 10 minutes there were all I managed to carve out, but I cherished each small slice of quiet.

Frequently I turned to my Heavenly Father in prayer, asking for strength, patience, and peace. Sundays were especially frantic with nursing a

baby, dressing a toddler, and supervising the older children in getting ready for church. Ironically, it was on a busy Sunday that I found my solution.

As I listened to the sacrament prayers that day, the words took on special significance: “. . . that they may always have his Spirit to be with them” (D&C 20:77).

I was entitled to have the Lord’s Spirit to be with me. How had I never

before realized the significance of that promise?

The sacrament became the quiet, contemplative moment in my otherwise noisy life. In the ordinance of the sacrament, I found the peace I had sought.

Though I might have left sacrament meeting with a squirming toddler after partaking of the bread and water, I made sure I was there for that special time of remembrance. I looked forward to those precious moments with a fervency I had never experienced before.

Now that my children are grown, I enjoy the luxury of many more quiet moments. Nevertheless, I still cherish those moments spent taking the sacrament. ■

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