

MORMONS **DO** BELIEVE IN GOD



At an airport far from home, I had a chance to share the gospel with a stranger.



By Brenda Hernandez Ruiz

I was traveling from Mexico to Montana, USA, and had a layover in Denver, Colorado. I walked around the airport, looking through huge windows at planes landing and taking off. I was nervous because I had never flown before. The airport seemed really big.

I looked at my ticket and realized I had two hours before my flight would depart. I decided to find a place to sit down and read until I boarded the plane. I felt scared as I looked for a place to sit. Almost every seat was taken. I decided to sit next to an older lady who seemed to be alone. She was the only one who didn't seem scary to me.

An hour or so passed before I decided to talk to her. I introduced myself; she seemed really nice and eager to talk to me about her grandchild's accomplishments. She

asked me a little bit about myself, and I told her all about my life in Mexico. Then I had a sudden urge to share the gospel with her. She asked me about my religion, and I told her that I was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

She said she had never heard of it.

I smiled and said, "We are also known as Mormons."

She immediately changed her attitude. Her facial expressions and the way she talked to me changed. She didn't seem to know what to say. I had a feeling that our conversation had come to an end, but I tried to keep talking to her. I asked her about her religion. She said without hesitation, "I am Catholic."

She then said, "I don't understand. You are such a nice



girl. You seem decent. Why, then, would you want to be a Mormon?"

I was shocked by this comment, and I didn't know how to respond. I offered a silent prayer, asking Heavenly Father to help me explain what being a Latter-day Saint meant to me. I told her that I loved being a member of the Church, and because of the teachings of the gospel, I was able to be a better person and see things with perspective.

She looked surprised and said, "Mormons don't believe in God."

I tried not to laugh at this comment; instead I smiled and realized that this was my chance to share the truth with her. I explained some of our basic beliefs. I taught her about the plan of salvation and the importance of families.

She still didn't seem convinced, so I decided to bear my testimony to her. There in a huge airport, I was blessed with the courage to share my testimony about Joseph Smith, about the living prophet and apostles, and about the love I feel toward the gospel and the Book of Mormon.

I looked at the clock. It was time for me to catch my plane.

That afternoon strengthened my testimony in a way that I had never experienced before. I was happy that I shared my testimony with her and grateful that I was able to help change her mind about members of our Church. I can now be more confident when someone asks me about the Church. ■

The author lives in Chihuahua, Mexico.